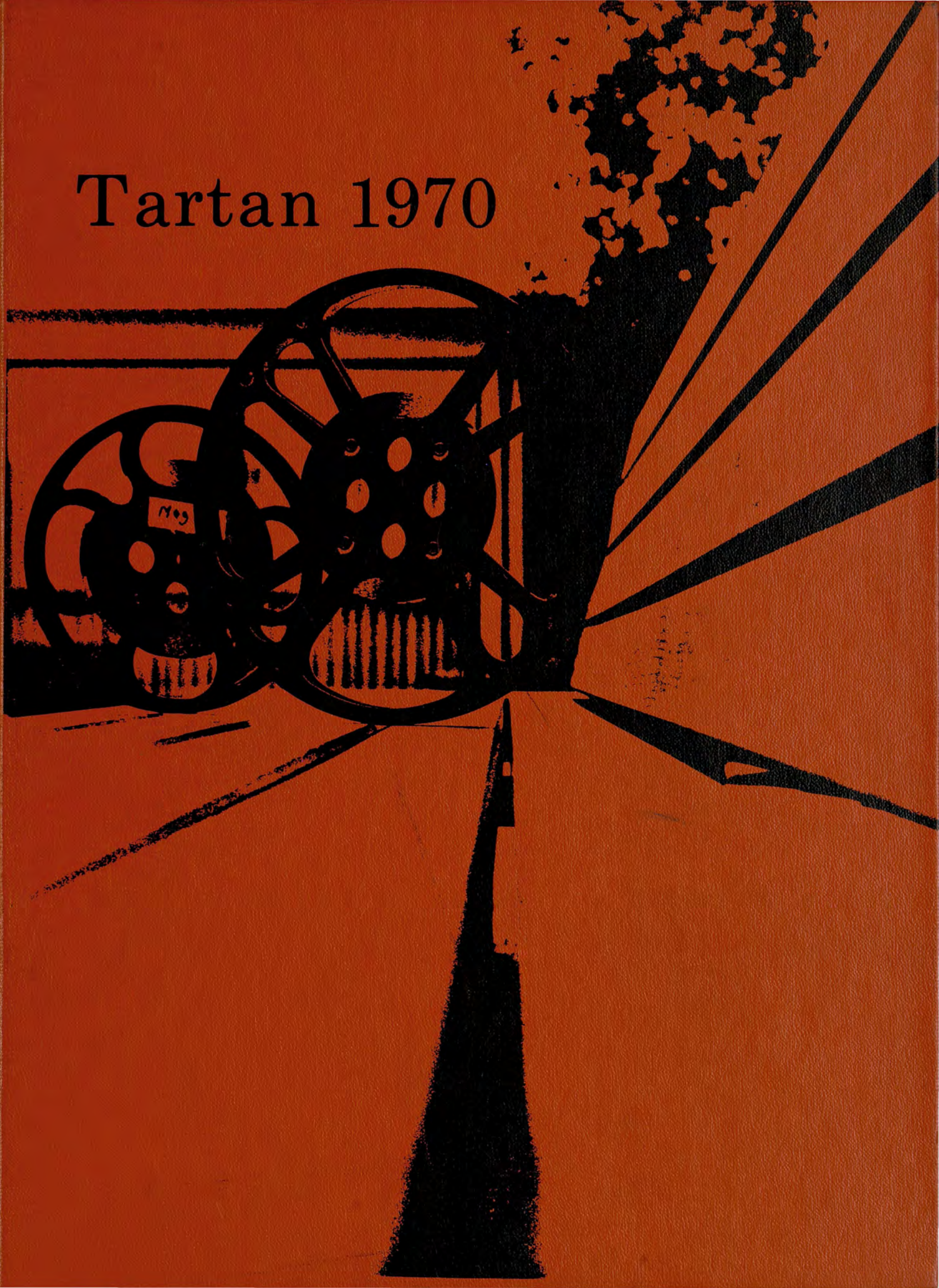


Tartan 1970



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Yearbooks Are Mostly Dishonest



On several campuses yearbooks are passing into oblivion—gone the way of goldfish swallowing, the panty raid, and now even Homecoming.

When once hung, “irrelevant” and “meaningless” are tags that damn beyond all hope.

While the yearbook tradition is valid, much contained in the traditional yearbook is usually not: the more-or-less standard formula of posed photos of every group on campus—regardless of contribution—and the heads all in little boxes of class members. Those group shots convey very little of the group’s worth or worthlessness; and those little boxed heads seem in need of a puppeteer manipulating their mouths; but there is none. Sensitized by the mass media of print, movies, and television, people now demand more from a yearbook.

In frustrated rebellion, some editors have jumped off the deep end, gasping up books abounding in arty photographs presented with arty design, but too often communicating little beyond, “That’s good design. That’s a good photo.”

Yearbooks are mostly dishonest—made so by the obvious difficulty that experiences at a campus are highly fragmented—relevance for one may be irrelevance for another—and by the more obscure twilight factors of what words and pictures mean.

Also, like a ghost in a fog, yearbooks prowl around long after the year has died, speaking with a hollow stereotyped grin, pointing a boney finger back in time, whispering their dry rattle that causes half-forgotten shapes to stir and walk the brain.

This is *TARTAN 1970*—not a highlight of the year but a shadow of it, not a continuous chronological history but some fragments of it, not reality but a rather subjective suggestion of it.

At this point in the Twentieth Century we are moving to a complex cacophony of both ancient and new cadences.

On these pages are frozen some of the cadences that moved people at UCR this year, some of the ways complex human beings sought to infuse meaning into their lives, some of their successes and failures, and—as nearly as we could make out—some of the why.

We have focused narrowly and broadly within these 208 pages, narrowly to illustrate, broadly to suggest context, being rather critical in places—change must feed on criticism. The intent has been to say something, and to that end new yearbook styles have been fused with some old ones.

The search and these people are here trapped in a world of their own for as long as paper and ink endure.

They should not be frozen in the stereotype that is any yearbook but alive and free—free to grow and change as they will in life.

This year will someday seem as remote as the covered wagon; and perhaps this form of dishonesty can be overlooked because here time stands still—forming some measure by which in future years to judge something of the distance of the human journey.

—Bill Elledge
editor

Images! Images!

I sat at sunset in mid-September in the Barn. Down through its black skeleton fluttered a few leaves. They skittered around like little dancers when a breeze moaned in through an ajar door. I shook the dust from a yellowing *Highlander*: Saturday, May 9, 1970. "Students canvass half of Riverside," its headline read. I remember that issue well. We stayed up all night. So did many protestors. Page five's headline read, "Canvassing the mall/ Mostly it doesn't seem worth it." Later that day had contained a big rally on the Mall which oozed along and congealed into another big rally in Fairmont Park.

Now, a dead newspaper in a dead building. Not very contradictory images. But 1969-70 was. People seemed rushing about, working in an almost theatrical frenzy, then—some of them—burning out. There was the three-year Dean of Students Norman Better who worked too hard at a very hard job, then a physical sickness (ulcers) seemed to feed a sickness for the job. He resigned toward year's end. So did Associate Dean of Students Brenda Owen: "Mostly, I guess you'd say I'm just tired." "I'm just resting," commented BSU leader Al Celestine after the Chancellor wouldn't restore the Black Studies Department. Bruce Henderson—two year's the energetic *Highlander* managing editor—this year put out two *Cleaver* publications and took some great photographs, when you could get him vertical from horizontal sleep. And the opposite: John Zaller and Rich Maxwell rushed about furiously to put out two *Highlanders* weekly. In May students rushed down to the Courthouse and bustled about in the Commons. I thought we often hurry faster and faster to remain in the same place.

Surely an ageless condition, but this age contains new complications. This is television's generation. Too many heroes have shot too many bad guys on the streets of sleepy Western towns propped up on a movie lot. So we not only group people too easily into heroes and villains, we then become frustrated when our villains act heroic and our heroes villainous, when real problems defy the quick solution of an hour and a half, when no orchestra crescendo a finale befitting a great endeavor—no "The End" flashes on the horizon. Our minds are conglomerated by images and stereotypes. They warp us in cunningly obscure ways. No accident that some of the *Pueblo*'s

crew dubbed a certain guard "Deputy Dawg." This media is two-faced. It has sensitized and educated this generation while infusing some awesome hang-ups. Our stereotypes hinder human contact in an age that cries out for it. We are too filled with fear. At Fawcett Lab some police shook with fear of the students. They had seen student riots on TV, read about them in print. *Highlander* reporter Alan Moore sat down in a ball to avoid getting hurt, doing also the "Selma thing," a form of protest. And you wonder: is this a generation more imitative than creative. The media, being superficial itself, can only foster superficiality. We can be too easily duped, believing that the act of protest is an end in itself, that repeating slogans has its own life. We fail to discern rhetoric from reality—not only in the listening, but in the speaking. Style supercedes content.

Messages that kill come cloaked in velvet. Those innocent cartoon creatures that are absorbed by the young contain all the fears, hatreds, hopes, and anxieties of the old. One generation's mind enters another's. We have preserved on film hatred for "Japs" and "Krauts" long after the war this hatred helped win.

Old and new interfuse. Rock music, for example, contains musical elements from other times and places. The light show is no accident, but the inevitable product of a generation raised amid a forest of flickering neon, flickering TV scan lines, and Christmas Tree lights. But there is too quickly a dead-end. In an hour's time you've heard the same song on radio three times. Perhaps you rebel. Your hair grows long. Now, different from one segment of society, but not another. And human anatomy does not allow too much variety in what can be done with hair on face and scalp.

We place far too much emphasis on beauty. The growing of beards to hide an ugly face is far older than Lincoln. A whole generation of young girls want to imitate Miss Clairol. Some rebel, going barefoot, wearing tattered bluejeans, braless, with a floppy hat and a vest. The Huck Finn image is our heritage; so is the American Indian. Had we never seen an Indian on TV, the Hippies with beads and headbands would have imitated something else.

Too, the media encourages aspiring C.B. DeMilles and Alfred Eisenstaedts. But we try to imitate

professional standards too quickly. Tracy Farrington started a monster flick called "Wolfbane," with the help of 6' 7" Bob Crites as a gentle monster, and Dr. Crellin Pauling who took time from his promising DNA work to act the mad scientist. Farrington abandoned his film; it wasn't much good, he thought. "I used to be a photographer," said one student, "but I gave it up. My pics didn't look like those in the magazines."

Crellin's father Linus once told UCR of the "joy of discovery." How much joy do we have? Are we too much a fatalistic, cynical people? Have we entrusted our hopes in too many heroes, believed in too many Camelots—then seen two Kennedys become memory, and one an Onassis.

This generation floods into the university where the joy of learning can die in a vat of boring lectures, boring professors, and boring books—the kind that manage to expand two or three good ideas into 500 pages.

In Public Affairs Officer Art Sutton's film "Occupation: Student" there is the idea that students are searching. But the superficiality of the movie's way of depicting the search says something of how we treat the complex.

The administration often treats the complex by responding with complex confusion. Poor communication, too, accounts for a good deal of the thunder in UCR's controversies—and, come to think of it, for a good deal of the controversies. Not only between the various elements of the campus, but among them. Too many administrators are trying to build their own little kingdoms, guarding their own secrets, concealing errors, fighting off the assaults of other barons. A feudal society in a modern University!

And so as administrators kept one weather eye on the drawbridge, they kept the other on the television. And so they stereotyped! Delving into books on radicalism, and riots, and race rather than talking extensively with students, white and black, moderate and radical.

"Most students can be broadly divided into builders—both activist and passivist—and destroyers The destroyers' alternatives for change are, in fact, an invitation to repression. They impair or destroy any chance for expanding individual or institutional freedom. Any student who subscribes to their philosophy, or who consents to be used to implement this philosophy, becomes a destroyer. He doesn't deserve the advantages available to him in a university After due process, if the facts warrant, as Chancellor I will have no hesitation about permanently separating such students from UCR." Ah, but if only humans could be so neatly classified: one group here, to be encouraged—the other group here, to rot in hell. "I've been trying to get him out of that office," Dean Better once

commented. "There are certain places he cannot go. There are certain people he can't talk to. So I do it for him." Thus, sincerely, spake Art Sutton. Another administrator said: "He's never been in my office. I meet him in the elevator and he's very pleasant, but he's up there [pointing towards floor four]." This administrator, who began with Gordon Watkins, added: "We aren't a team anymore. Nobody puts his cards squarely on the table."

If only it were that simple. On the surface there is *the* administration. Looking closer, it becomes the administrations. There is a degree of alienation, for example, between those who began with Watkins and those whom Hinderaker has recruited. There are often clashes. And while the ghost of Gordon Watkins continues to haunt Ivan Hinderaker, the spirit is being exorcised: fewer and fewer of the old group remain. This is not to say they are better administrators; some aren't.

This year a tremendous number of administrators left: Commons Food Services Director Jack Messenzehl (he wasn't doing a very good job); Richard Pesqueira as Executive Dean of Students (he wanted advancement and didn't like reporting to Vice-Chancellor Tomas Jenkin); Lloyd Jones as Housing Administrator (he and Better didn't get along); Russell Krieger as Dorm Supervisor (his post was deemed unnecessary); Wayne Leavitt as Health and Safety Officer (he was discouraged at how little his reports were heeded); Eugene Cota-Robles as Special Assistant to the Chancellor (to head the Microbiology Department at Penn State); Jack Osborne as police chief (he wasn't universally liked in the department); Mrs. Marie Jones retired as long-time Dorm RA. Each could be endlessly dissected; some were eased out; some wanted to avoid being eased out. Still others became bored and tired: running in a rut.

There were wise personnel moves, too. Student Dave Lee helped Dean Better paint his house, talked about student problems, and was appointed dorm Resident Advisor. Pesqueira asked Lee to keep his beard: images! images! And the dorms became more liveable with hall paintings and virtually open visitation.

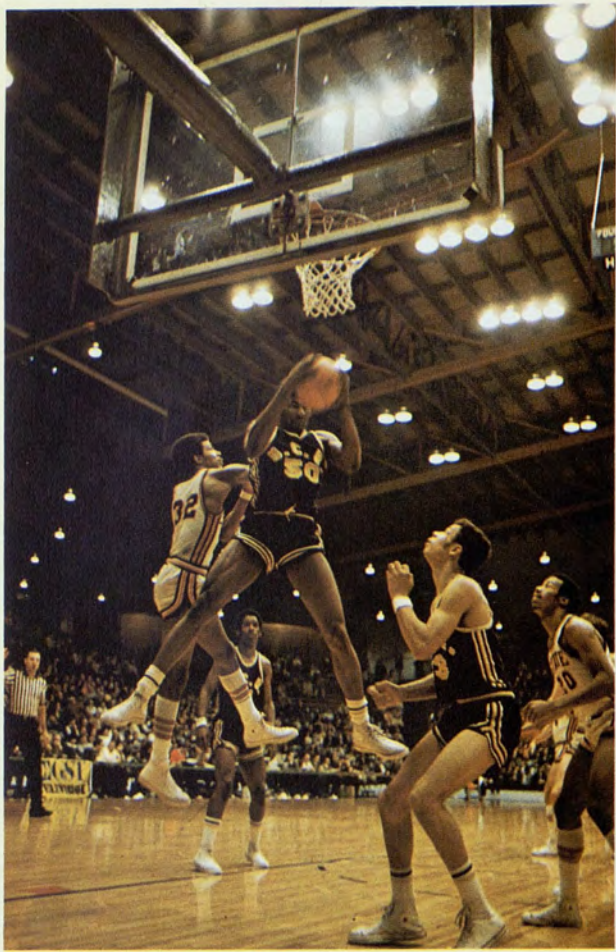
But dorms don't allow students to become very close—neither does the campus. And, worse, UCR will hit 27,000 someday. The Bell Tower's resting on an earthquake fault is funny in its way, but other hidden crevasses are not. An Agriculture Department secretary says, "Up here we feel out of touch with things." A chem prof confesses never having set foot in the Commons. An original faculty member queries, "Do they still have that dance room in the Gym? I haven't been over there for years." A janitor asks if the Barn will reopen. Yes, to both. So this rambling essay returns to the Barn where I no longer watched the leaves. It had grown too dark.



Old car burns during Festival of Change



Allman Brothers concert on the Mall



Tim Buckley Concert



Indians



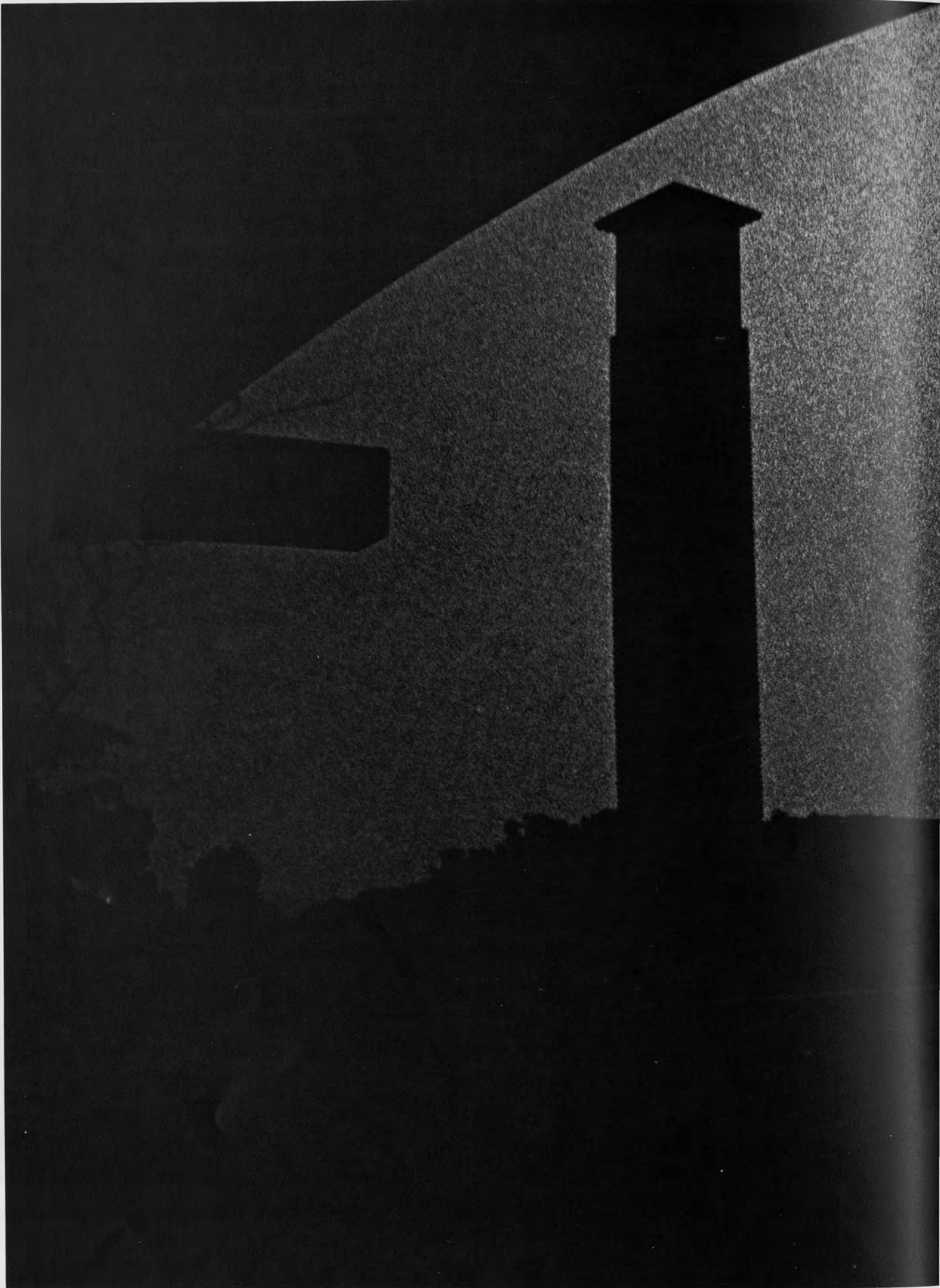
Steve Carr conducts noon jazz concert



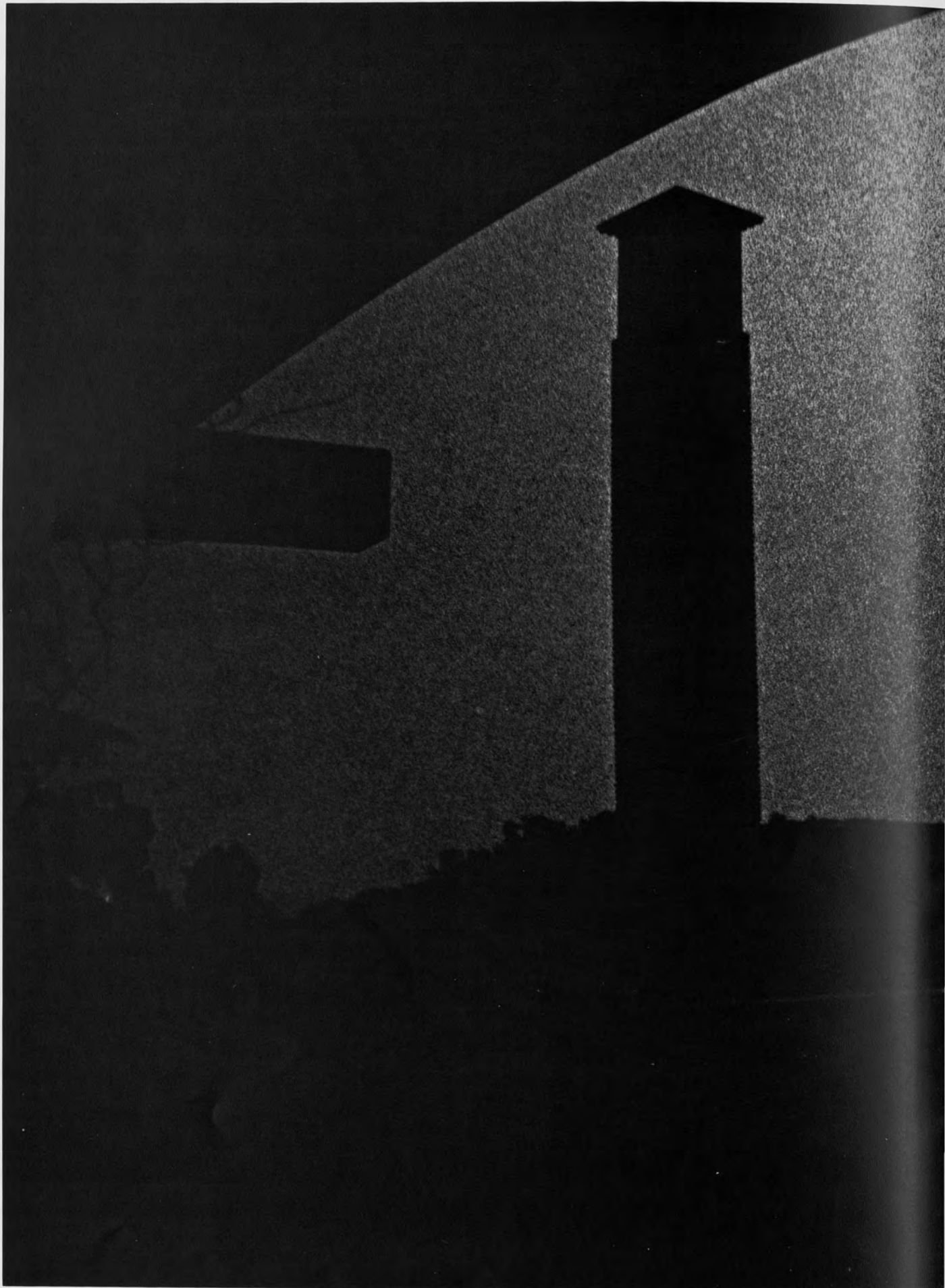
from Sherman Institute on the Mall



UCR Choral Society Christmas Concert









An Impossible Orientation

Orientation proved once again that trying to orient 950 freshmen three months out of high school in three days for four years of college is impossible at best.

Student Sharon Okun handled it fairly competently but provoked some personal wrangles among a few of those she worked with in the Dean of Students Office.

She handled the affair in broad scope and in fine detail—even making sure the sprinkler system was turned off for the Wednesday evening Tower Mall meal garnished with Chancellor Hinderaker's welcome speech.

The outside world intruded into that balmy twilight: two MP's looking for two deserters.

She and some others had worked till the dead hours of that morning making dorm room assignments by hand. The UCLA computer had unthinkingly assigned some students to such inhospitable places as supposedly empty rooms, hall lounges, broom closets and bathrooms.

Finally, everyone was located in the dorms where counselors were encouraged to lead bull sessions; from these freshmen probably learned the most.

Planned activities are not always best, and orientation seems to deliberately by-pass the real problems of freshmen. Painfully aware of their low state, frosh grope for clues on how to behave. With the passing of the traditional frosh beanies and the Clan Court—where frosh were forced to do all manner of silly things—it is now easier to be a freshman. And at some point amid the orientational trappings the realization surely comes: nobody really cares that you're a freshman.

Sharon tried to foster some thought. *Highlander* editor Richard Maxwell at a Friday Lothian Hall panel discussion on the campus media projected charisma and interested several freshmen in the paper: "One thing you've got to realize is that there's a lot more to education than books and classes."

At another panel on drugs Bill Duxler and Ladd Seekins wrangled with Counseling Center head Ronald Roston and the former head of the County Sheriff's nark squad over scientific evidence and laws relating to drugs. Most students already had minds fixed on this question and came only to find out the apparent dangers of getting busted in the wake of the June bust.

During the panel on "Getting Involved, What Does It Mean?" this generation of freshmen seemed to demonstrate more political awareness than its predecessors. Several times Tom Carew of the University Community was asked when the first meeting was to be.

Yet as the year moved on—until in May—relatively little involvement found its way from student rooms where the quarter system with its heavy academic load seems to help stifle participation.







For many students orientation seemed at least to help foster some perception of their immediate environment. The eleven thousand dollar Public Affairs Office film "Occupation: Student"—narrated by Raymond Burr and starring previous year's freshman Richard Smith—was shown in the Cafeteria.

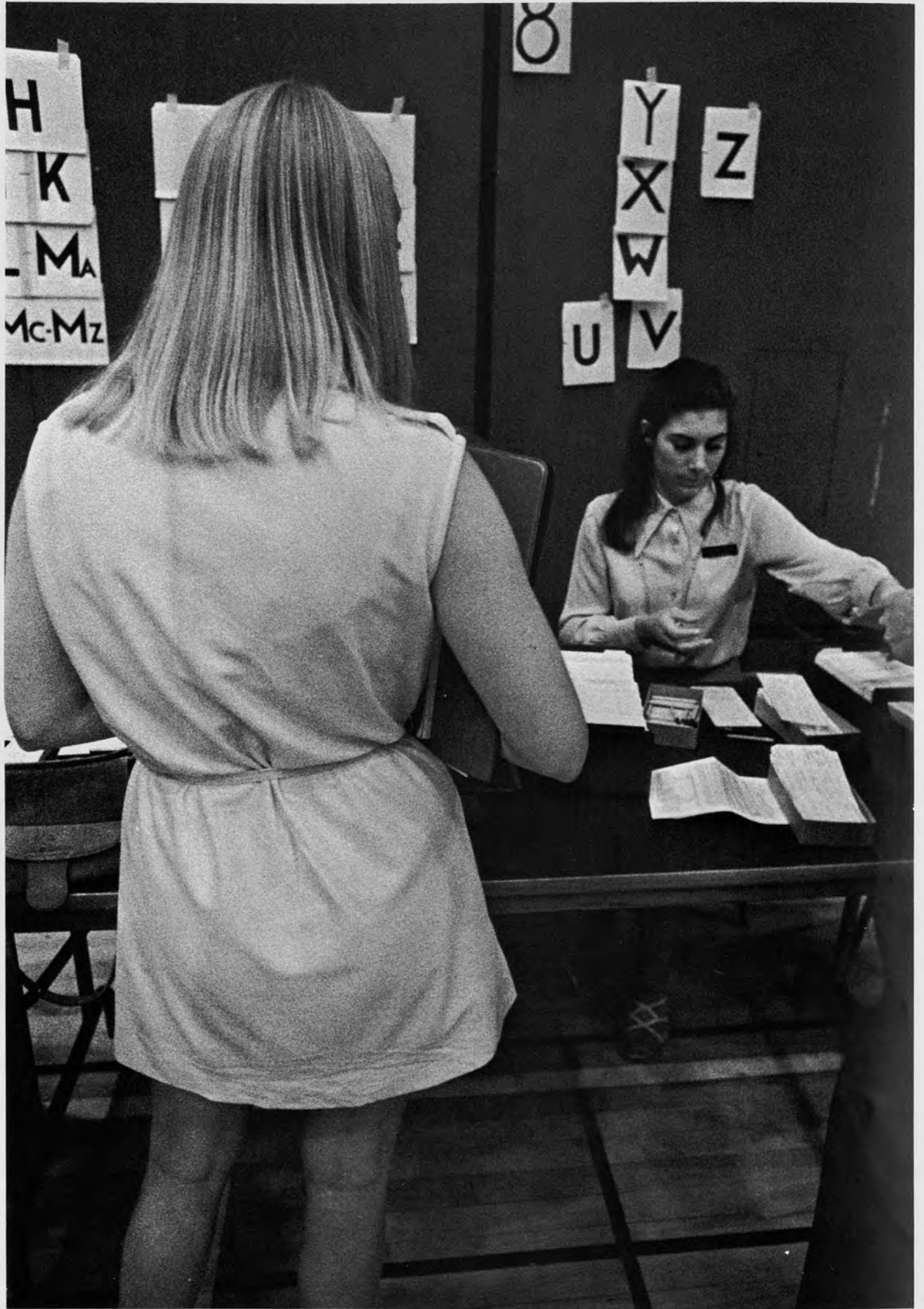
Freshmen watched and listened as upperclassmen emitted all manner of boos, hisses, and moans as UCR appeared distorted on the screen. By film's end, many frosh had caught on and spontaneously raised their voices in protest as the camera panned a staged closing scene away from the occupied student entering a car to Chancellor Hinderaker, Vice-Chancellor Golino and Dean Better all strolling together along the Administration Building sidewalk.

Standing in lines during Registration Week gave another perspective on UCR—especially when the class that fit perfectly into your schedule was marked "closed" on the board.

Orientation really ended a week later on October 11 when two truckloads of frosh and upperclassmen were bounced up the Box Springs Mountains for the traditional painting of the "Big C." Some old hands seemed disappointed that not as much sticky yellow paint was splashed. Still, some was; and trucks and occupants were hosed off in the orange groves at Trek's end.

Warned somewhat inebriated dorm Resident Advisor David Lee (page 18): "Anyone who gets paint on me is out of the dorms." A Canyon Crest resident stalked up behind and hurled a quantity of paint across Lee's back, retorting—with a touch of genius—"But I don't live in the dorms."















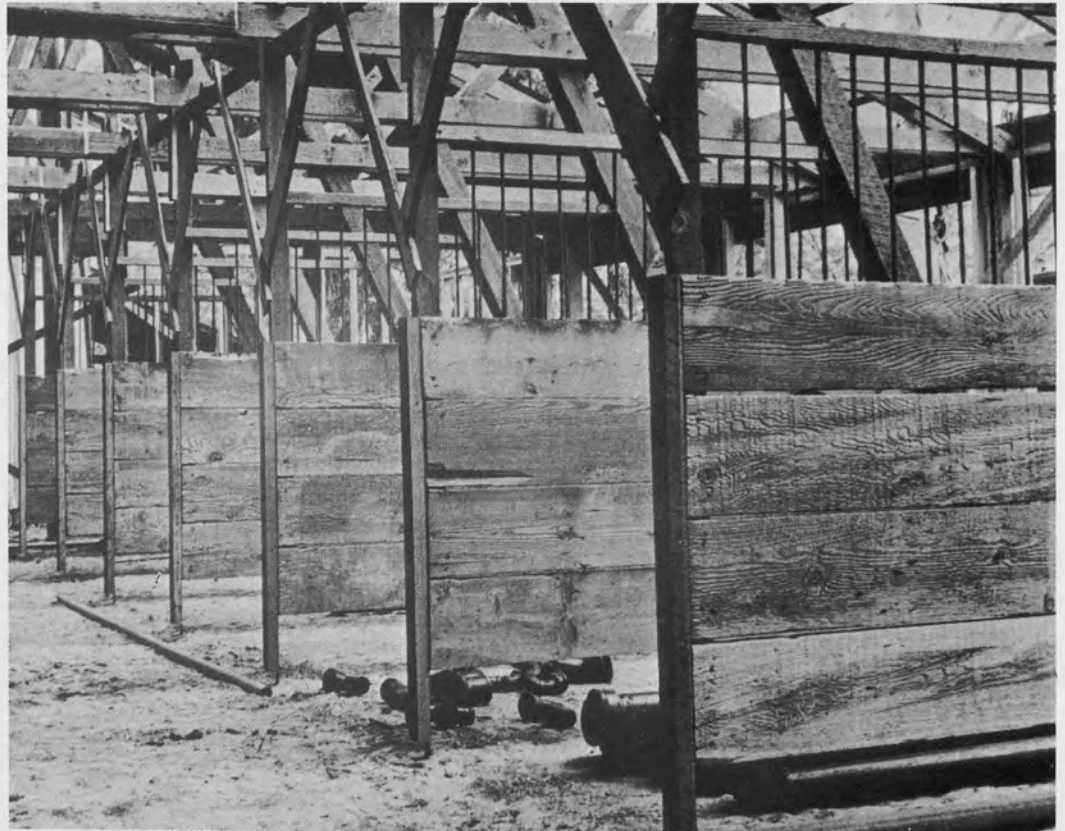


The UCR Club

VOL. 2—NO. 24

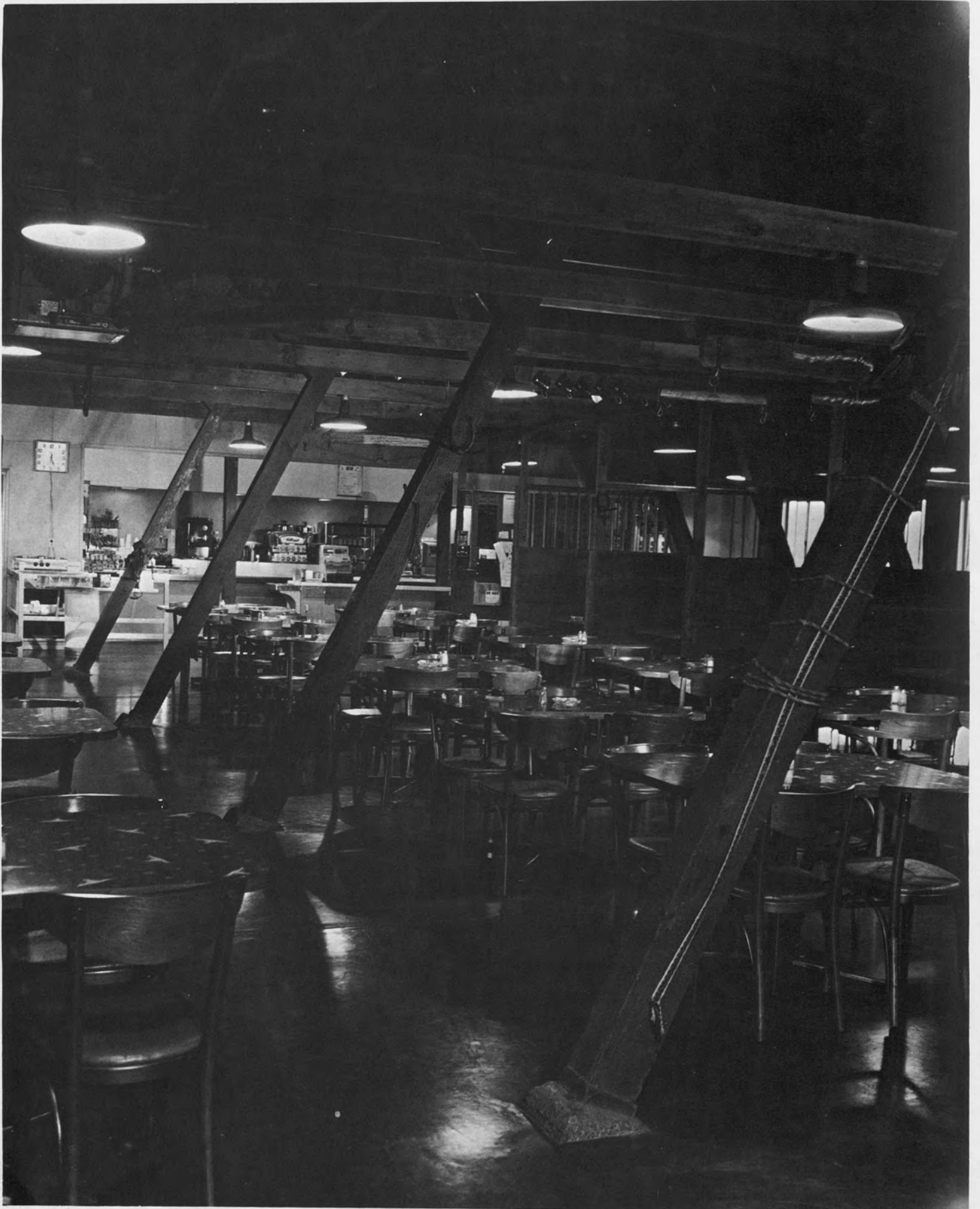
THE UCR CLUB

MAY 6, 1955



STALLS TO BOOTHS—These stalls in the Barn are being turned into booths for the expansion of the coffee shop to be ready for use this September. The Barn will offer the same menu as the coffee shop in the Physical Education Building.





Within Wooden Walls

In the old days it stored hay and stabled the horses that pulled machinery for the Citrus Experiment Station.

When the College of Letters and Science opened in 1954, a coffee house was set up in the basement of the PE Building.

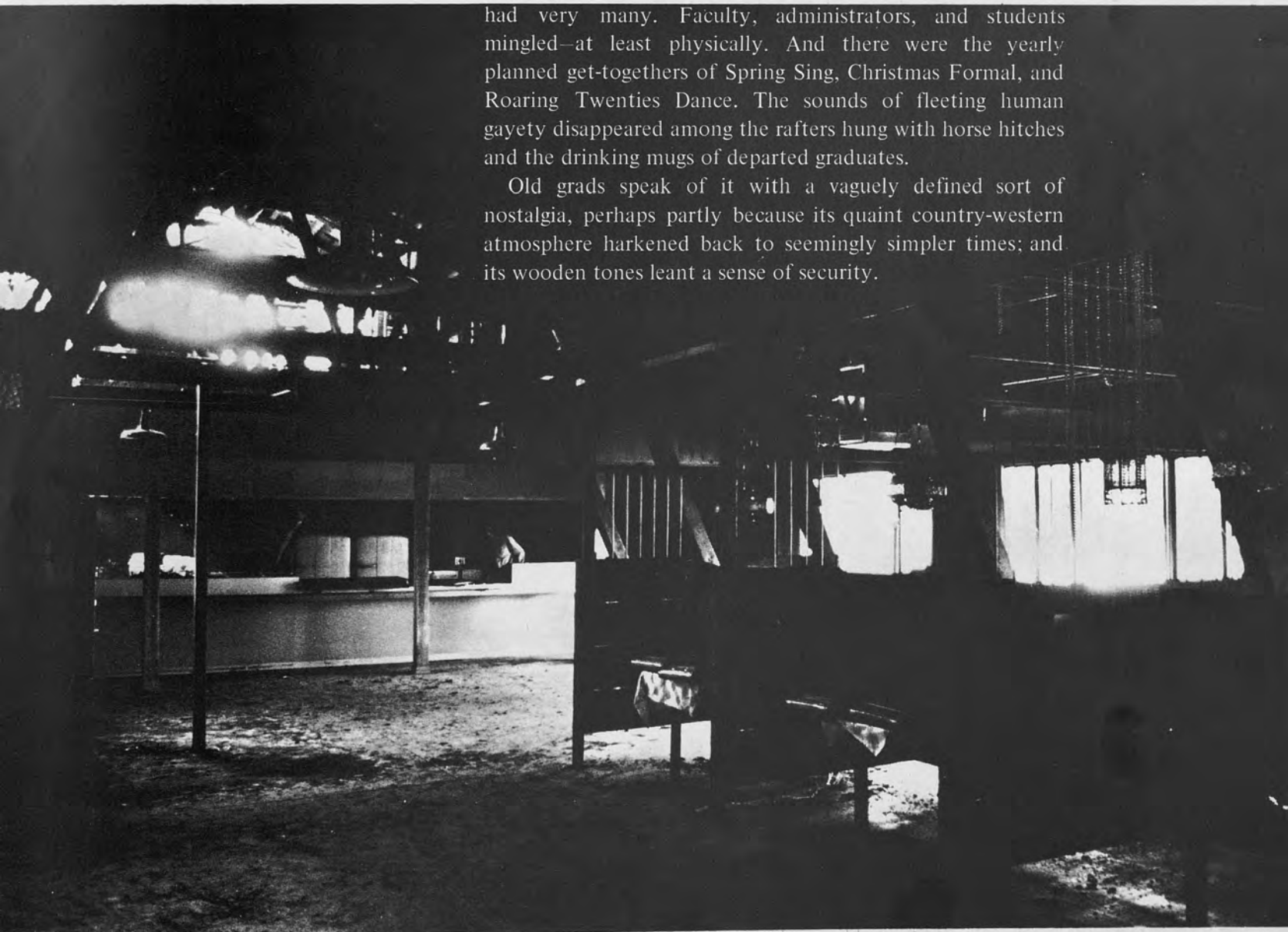
One day Business Manager Chuck O'Neill and Chief University Architect Robert Evans were walking over the campus trying to locate a place for a new student lounge and eating hall.

They found it; and, following much work by O'Neill, in September, 1955, people replaced the ghosts of horses long since gone to the glue factory; and hamburgers replaced hay.

Through the years, the Barn by day served food and on certain nights served up the music of guitar, banjo, and voice during cabarets.

It was a coming together place on a campus that has never had very many. Faculty, administrators, and students mingled—at least physically. And there were the yearly planned get-togethers of Spring Sing, Christmas Formal, and Roaring Twenties Dance. The sounds of fleeting human gayety disappeared among the rafters hung with horse hitches and the drinking mugs of departed graduates.

Old grads speak of it with a vaguely defined sort of nostalgia, perhaps partly because its quaint country-western atmosphere harkened back to seemingly simpler times; and its wooden tones leant a sense of security.







But with the February 1967 opening of the Pub over in the Commons, the Barn stayed open less and less, tending to be eclipsed by a newer generation of students who patronized the more centrally located young upstart with its contrived atmosphere of Scottish plad and dark-stained wood.

Student Steve Sax worked hard trying to revive the Barn the following school year; but his Red Barn with its Greenwich Village coffee house atmosphere, elaborate espresso machine, table waitresses, exotic menu, and fairly high prices flopped with a \$5,000 loss.

And as if bead curtains across the booths made from horse stalls (labeled with horses' names) weren't anachronistic enough, the Barn's exterior remained grey, leading one student to remark that "red must refer only to financial status."

So the Barn rejected this foreign intrusion, and went back to what UCR wanted and what it did best—serving good food at low cost.

Sax's beads remained, proving that a small degree of assimilation was perhaps possible. But the rustic building itself could never feel completely comfortable, situated between waffle-like Sproul Hall and the box-like Administration Building.

There it stood—an eyesore to a few in the administration who plotted against it. But to a great many others it was one of the last remnants of an older UCR untouched by the onrush of plastic, concrete, and steel.

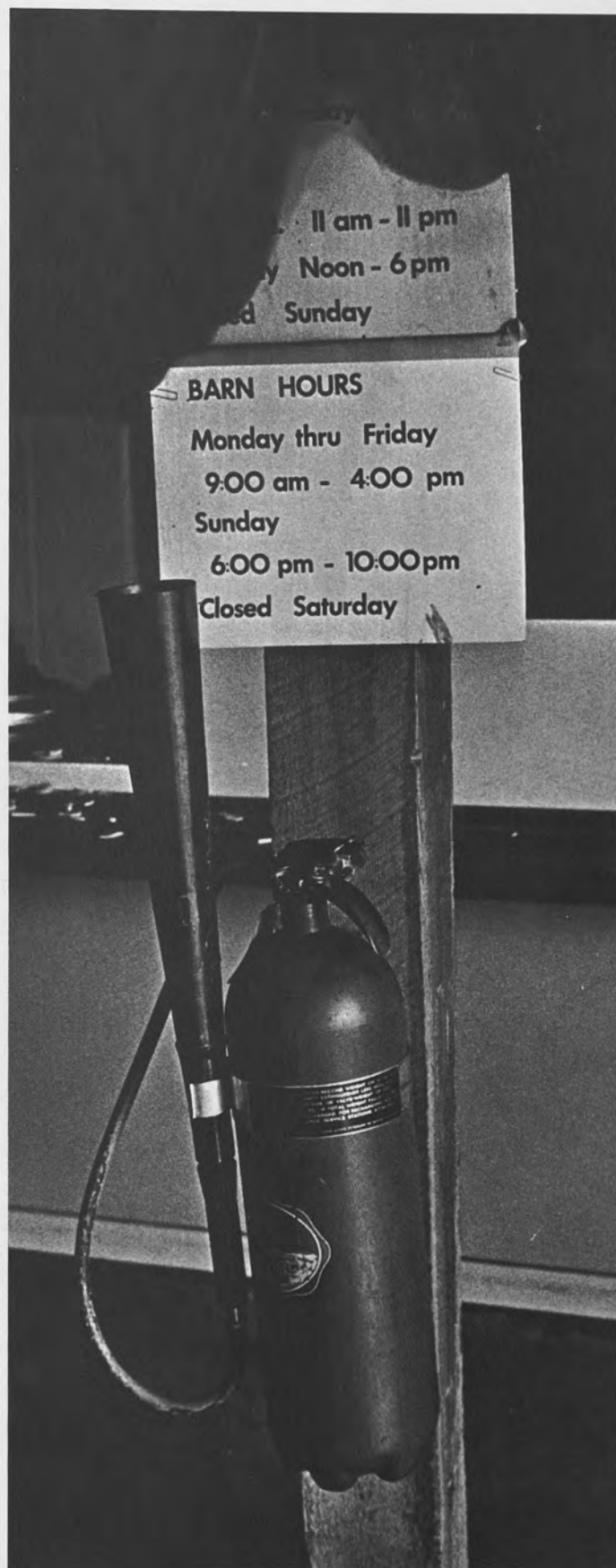
But the Barn preserved its atmosphere within a frame of wood and under a roof of asphalt paper—a fact understood only too well by the unknown arsonist who used gasoline and matches early on the morning of December 19.

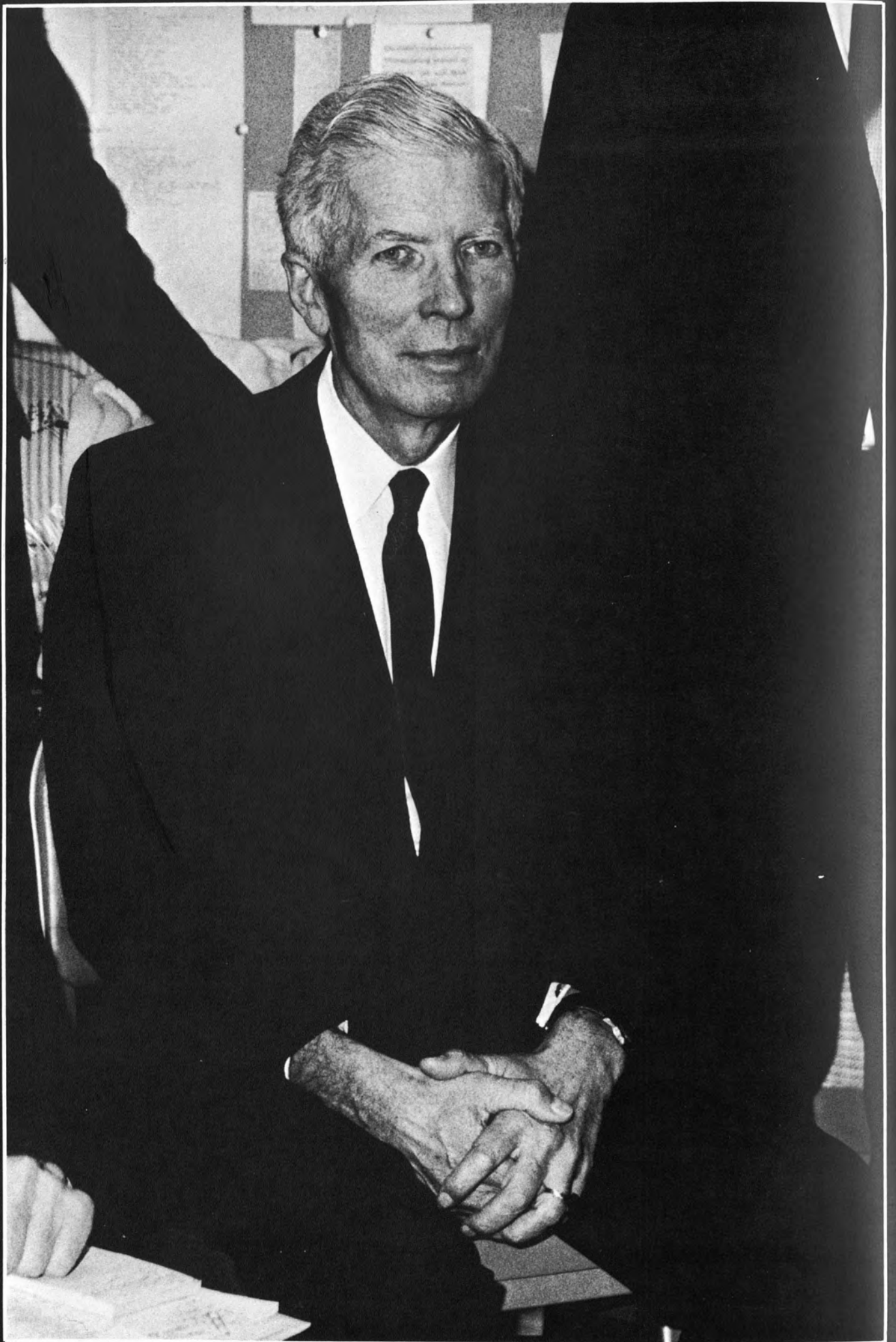
As of press time in mid-March nothing at all had been done with the ghost building.

The arsonist was, at least, decisive.









Dr. Philip Ellis Wheelwright died of a heart attack in his Santa Barbara home on January 6, 1970.

He had been retired since 1966 from a career of teaching and research that spanned four decades and included ten books, teaching and lecturing at several schools across the nation, and many honors. One was being the first American appointed Winston Churchill Professor at Bristol College, England, in 1960.

He became influential in both America and Europe, specializing in aesthetics, ancient philosophy, literary criticism, and the philosophy of religion.

Rising very fast very young, he taught at Princeton, and then at New York University where he was philosophy department chairman at age 30. He next held the same post at Dartmouth.

His reputation made, he joined the original UCR faculty in 1954, Letters and Science Dean Robert Nisbet writing to Provost Gordon Watkins, "His appointment is of the highest moment to the University."

He seemed the essence of the distinguished professor: punctual, sensitive, friendly, gentlemanly, ever properly dressed in suit and tie, very human, possessing also that tint of eccentricity somehow expected from such a man.

He cast his shadow over the old UCR—seeming to some also the personification of it—making an impact on students and faculty alike with his rather impressive lectures.

His was often the task of hosting other distinguished men around campus. Though usually composed, he was so taken with talking to poet W. H. Auden in late November, 1954, that he absent-mindedly left both wife Maude and mother-in-law at the Mission Inn after a dinner with his idol. Only when he and Auden were back in the dance room of the Gym where Auden was to speak did Wheelwright remember to correct this oversight.

At meetings of the old Humanities Division, he would always cast the sole vote in opposition to an otherwise unanimous decision.

Socially hospitable, Wheelwright plied his guests with "Dartmouth killer," a punch that seemed very smooth until two drinks; and after three, the world assumed fluidity.

He never drank it.

Thin, he was something of a health faddist. English Professor Milton Miller once came upon him downing alfalfa tablets.

And Dr. Miller also remembers: "He was given to practicing certain rituals, though usually and preferably of his own making." He admired T. S. Eliot greatly. When Eliot died, Wheelwright invited some friends over to his house where they all listened to Eliot on record reading his own poetry.

It was with Eliot that Wheelwright concluded his best-known book *The Burning Fountain*:

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

The end of the turning wheel is the still axis which is the *arche* of its turning. The end of the cosmic dance is the quietude of love beyond desire. The end of dying is the ever-renewed threshold experience of potential rebirth.

The Death of a Man and His Dream

“We were so poor that as I was accompanying my father to church he inquired of me: ‘Gordon, are those your good shoes?’”

“Yes, father.”

“Then take longer steps.”

Horatio Alger could have written an authentic poor-boy-makes-good story of the life of Gordon Samuel Watkins.

Born March 9, 1889, in Brynmawr, Wales, a coal miner's thirteenth son, Watkins went down into the pits at an early age. In 1906 at age 17 he bought a steam ship ticket to America with \$35 he had saved from the mines.

He earned money by working in a railroad machine shop for preparatory school at Fargo College Academy in North Dakota and for Wheaton College Academy in Illinois. He worked as a lumberjack in Montana to help pay his way through the University of Montana where he got his A.B. in 1914 and where he met his future wife, Anna, while she was secretary to the University's president.

His A.M. came one year later at the University of Illinois, his Ph.D. in 1918 from the University of Pennsylvania. At Illinois where he taught economics from 1917 to 1925 one of his students was football great Red Grange. Afterwards, he taught at UCLA, later becoming Dean of the Summer Session (1930-36) and then Dean of the College of Letters and Science (1936-46).

By this time he was a leading figure in the field of labor economics, his wife—who was herself an economics instructor—helping with many of his widely-used books, plus numerous articles and speeches. Never reticent about publicizing his ideas, Watkins in 1929 even appeared in an MGM short on inflation—as an economist, naturally.

Though a Republican, he was summoned by Presidents Roosevelt and Truman to labor arbitration boards. When a railroad strike threatened in 1951, he spent three and half months in Chicago on what he termed the “longest [board] in history and one of the most difficult.”

In going to Chicago he took time from his life's greatest work: replacing orange and walnut groves with the original five buildings and filling them with competent people to form the unique UC campus he championed—a place where total enrollment would be deliberately kept small to foster close personal

contact, teaching over research, and a broad liberal arts education. After being named provost by President Robert Gordon Sproul in 1949, Watkins visited a number of small US liberal arts colleges: “The educational pattern of these splendid colleges impressed me favorably and added a touch of excitement to my more prosaic approach to the Riverside challenge.”

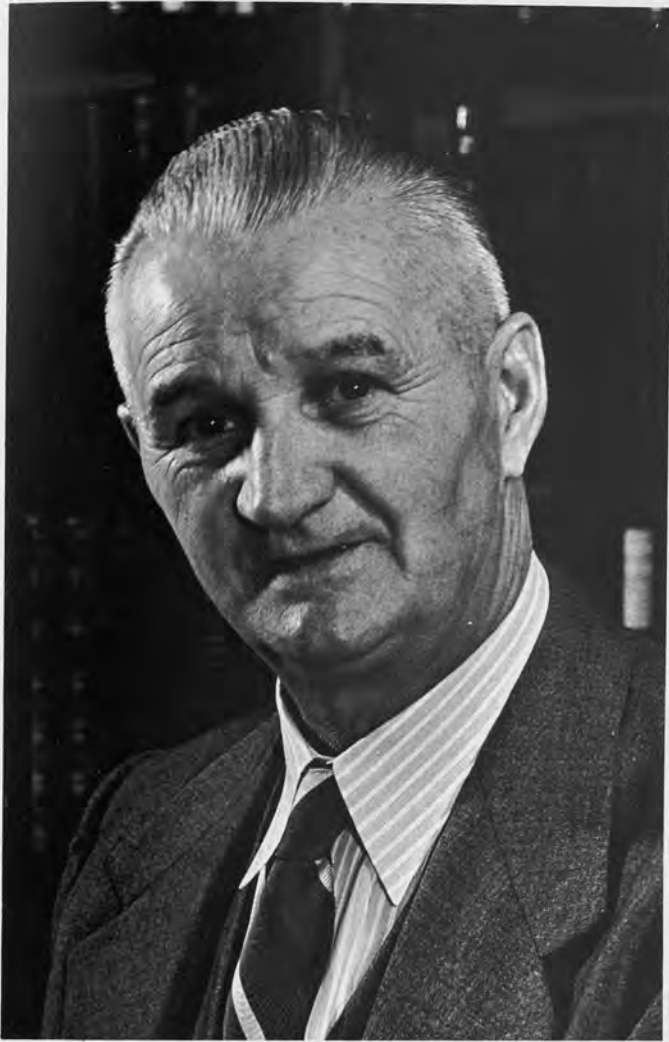
His UCLA years had sharpened this educational philosophy; and he came to feel that despite his efforts, the College of Letters and Science had become a “college of associated specialities.”

He recruited what came to be a closely-knit core of administrators but nevertheless oversaw even the smallest details. Some problems were anything but small. The Board of Regents and the US Government felt that building tanks and planes for the Korean War was more important than constructing buildings for a new UC campus. Watkins and the Citizens University Committee applied pressure. The Regents lifted their construction ban in May, 1951. And needed materials were reluctantly wrung from the Federal Government. Watkins with characteristic enthusiasm also overcame a cement shortage and a lack of steel—even paying a personal visit on Henry J. Kaiser: “Within minutes he was on the telephone contacting his Oakland and Los Angeles offices, instructing them to give us all the help possible to obtain necessary building materials.”

He detected a certain hostility towards UCR, especially from the other small colleges in the area. So he went all around giving speeches, his Welsh accent assuring that UCR would not rob away their students or donations. He seemed at times to be talking too much; two of Watkins' friends once met on a street. Asked one, “Have you heard Gordon Watkins' last speech?” Jokingly replied the other, “I certainly hope so.”

His dream was infectious. A 1953 radio interview was broadcast overseas by armed forces radio and drew over 100 requests for enrollment information—one from United Nations Prisoner of War Camp No. 1 in Korea.

Although he predicted fall, 1952, as the opening date, cumulative delays pushed the opening to February, 1954, when 127 students had enrolled and found themselves walking on the tops of packing crates. It was raining; sidewalks were not yet finished.



This did not dampen the excitement, as Watkins wrote: "It was an extraordinary experience for both faculty and students. Here at last was a truly small college of liberal arts with its possibilities of individual attention; recognition of the needs of the average student; and close, friendly relations between teacher and student . . . We cherished the idea of a student-centered college."

He donated his 3,000 volume set of rare books on economics to the Library, established the Watkins Scholarships for UCR seniors, and suggested the religious center that came to be called Watkins House; a devout Congregationalist, he had earlier helped found a similar center at UCLA.

Watkins Hall, the original administration-social sciences building, was named for him in 1966; and the Watkins Oak—planted in his honor—stands beside Watkins 1000. Watkins Drive runs up past the Chancellor's residence.

He retired in 1956, telling a farewell gathering that he had rejected an offer to extend his retirement three years beyond the present time. "I said no, I believe in young men."

"So farreaching and vigorous was our recruiting that on many college campuses we were characterized as a 'band of bandits' and 'loathsome seductive creatures'."

—Gordon Watkins

"Few institutions represent so fully the Emersonian concept of 'lengthened shadow of one man.' If Dr. Watkins' determination had ever flagged, if he had taken the easy way out and gone back to his library at Westwood, there might never have been a new college here."

—*Press-Enterprise* editorial

As an administrator, he was ever enthusiastic, honest, friendly; and, as UCR Business Manager Chuck O'Neill put it, "Once he made up his mind, there was no doubt who was running UCR . . . He could disagree with you without it being personal. Once I opposed him pretty strongly at a Regents' meeting. Afterwards, we were walking out and he put his hand on my shoulder, smiled, and said, 'You know, Chuck, a yes-man isn't worth a damn.'" O'Neill sat back in his chair and reflected, "He was always talking to students, especially over in the Barn. I'm only sorry today's students couldn't have known him."

He was called out of retirement later to serve as Dean of the School of Education at UC Santa Barbara.

When UCR began to lose its small-school character, he was concerned: "It would be untruthful and dishonest for me to disclaim a real measure of disappointment and disillusionment, for the dreams I had woven from the fine threads of a sensitive appreciation of the social value of broadly cultivated men and women seemed inevitably to disappear in the mists of hyperspecialization which normally, not necessarily, result from departmentalization."

His dream had died in 1959 when the Regents voted UCR a general campus, now destined to eventually exceed 25,000. He died the morning of May 5, 1970, at his Santa Barbara home—a long way from South Wales, a longer way from what UCR is becoming—after 81 years of taking long steps.





Upper left: Watkins with UC President Robert Gordon Sproul and Vice President Harry Wellman on the site of the future P.E. Building.

Upper center: with State Senator Nelson Dilworth and Assemblyman John Babbage who helped win legislative approval for UCR.

Above: with his wife, Anna.

Lower left: as he looked in the 1929 MGM short on inflation during the Great Depression.

Near left: a publicity shot as UCR's first football team was organized in 1955. Behind Watkins is former Citrus Experiment Station Director Alfred M. Boyce.





A Soggy Traditional Homecoming



Thom Tucker

For this year's Homecoming, Thom Tucker worked hard for several months putting together the best of traditional trappings: a bonfire and a dance behind the dorms, floats parading around campus, plenty of rah-rah spirit whooped up by the cheerleaders, the night football game against Cal Western (we won 29-28 in the final minute), the crowning of Sue Morgan as queen at halftime, and the Homecoming Ball later that night at the Mission Inn where semi-formal attire made boys and girls resemble animated mannequins.

In preparation, Tucker put ugly posters all over campus and hassled the *Highlander* constantly for publicity; one publicity fragment he would probably rather not have had.

A pre-Homecoming story by Katherine Tracy, alias Managing Editor John Zaller contained the line: "Also participating in the parade will be the Poly High School ROTC Drum and Bugle Corps, the Sherman High School band, and Debbie Paynter's Baton and Drum Corps. Since Saturday is also Moratorium Day, the RSU will be on hand to confront the ROTC unit and march to 'bring the war home.'"

A deliberate joke—considering the non-together state of the Radical Students Union—in fact, the enthusiasm of the whole story was mock; Zaller held Homecoming in rather low esteem. However, everyone took the story seriously, including the ROTC; they decided not to show. "They're just little kids and didn't want trouble," Tucker commented later.

UCR's anti-war movement did chug along with a fake canon muzzle thrust out from a crepe paper camouflage. On the sheet-draped hood sat a student holding a fake machine gun.

Both the Women's Liberation Front and the Black Students Union issued statements in the *Highlander* urging non-participation in an event students are increasingly coming to regard as meaningless.

Especially disturbing to these liberated women was the emphasis on beauty as a criteria for election. In its statement, the WLF said: "Look at the poster soliciting applications for the Homecoming Queen contest. The woman pictured there is the embodiment of slick superficiality. Her stringy hair has been teased, poked, pushed, curled, dyed, sprayed, and pinned into a towering pile of lacquered untouchability. Enormously long, false eyelashes add to this vision of lovely dehumanization."

The non-liberated girls didn't seem to mind, however, and displayed their beauty from every possible angle for publicity photos—including a group pose in a picture frame as *Press-Enterprise* photographer Fred Bauman snapped away.



Sue Morgan: a publicity shot never used

The BSU remembered the sourness of last year when Renee Dawson was elected UCR's first black queen, and fraternity Delta Sigma Phi seated her at the rear of a float they'd built: the "back of the bus" it was called amid a silly depressing wrangle. The frat explained the seating was decided on before anyone knew who would be queen, there she could be seen from both sides, and no slight was intended. The *Highlander's* editors were so busy laughing it up after their joke candidate—Spiro Agnew—got the most votes they didn't notice the photographers were using color film that couldn't be developed in time—had attended a private party instead of the Mission Inn crowning; so no photo was run. News Editor Bill Elledge had been counting on a photo caption to tell of her, and so mentioned her only in the concluding portion of an essay on Homecoming. In anger few noticed that her crowning was described in detail in another front page story he wrote telling humorously of Agnew's victory. The paper ran a candidate publicity photo and an apology.

One student commented: "I don't see what the BSU is so upset over Homecoming for. This obviously isn't racism—just a screw-up. Homecoming just isn't worth it."

Float designer John Tillinghast was made a scapegoat and expelled from the frat he'd done more than anyone else to found. Hurt and angry, he later accused fellow frat members of assisting him in the election irregularities of ballot stuffing and tearing down posters to aid the election of the frat's own queen candidate. The frat went on probation for a year after an investigation by the Student Conduct Committee substantiated the charges. Eventually, it all blew over, some BSU members coming to feel they had overreacted, and some administrators realizing their fears of a race riot were also overreaction.

This year in an ironically appropriate move, Tillinghast drove Renee Dawson onto the field.

Tucker was determined not to repeat these past errors. Came the day, and despite around nine other workers, the ultimate catalyst was tradition-minded Thom—one of the last of a dying breed. He seemed everywhere. He clanged the cymbals in the Pep Band, rolled out the carpet for the queen, and with a wave of the hand commanded fireworks set off in a noisily pretentious announcement of her crowning.

"Everything I did came out right except the weather, which I couldn't control," he said. The sky during the day intermittently spurted rain, turning the floats into droopy crepe paper, the ground into a soggy carpet, the sky into a wreath of grey.

Up in the Faculty Club old grads imbibed at a somewhat lifeless alcohol party, proving that more liquid was the one thing Homecoming didn't need.

Few old grads came home this year, but then not many of them ever do. UCR has long been a fragmented place; not many alumni feel much in common with each other—or with a school that has changed so much.

And in the end, the floats ended up back in the Aberdeen Dorm parking lot, shed their nails and lumber, streaky crepe paper and chicken wire to become ordinary trucks, cars, jeeps, and trailers once again.





PERSONALS

I'M THOM Tucker's roommate. That doesn't mean I know anything about Homecoming, or even where Thom is: I Don't. I never do. So don't ask over the phone. I'm ignorant. Thank you.



Renee Dawson



Queen Sue Morgan



269
1969 Homecoming Dance
\$3.00





No election irregularities this year—no sign advertising a candidate above a voting booth.

BSU on Homecoming

"The BSU position regarding Homecoming and all activities related thereto, is that our major concern is not a social one. It is our feeling that the "Homecoming voyage" has proven to be a bad trip for the Black people on this campus and has taken us away from our primary goal ...the liberation of Black people.

1969 Homecoming Dance

Changes

Spanish Room, Mission Inn
11 pm - 2 am

Music by
"THE ART MICHAELS"

November 15, 1969 Couples \$3.00



Debbie Asper and Brenda Clark



Becky Au and Sharon Derrick



More liquid didn't improve Homecoming

Of Stereotypes, of Tarnish



UCR Police Department: Standing: (L to R)—Parking Officer Paul Wilson, Officer Brian Parmer, Lieutenant Jack Osborne, Sergeant Larry Larson, Officer Murray O'Neal, Clerk/Typist Kay Wantland, Parking Secretary Mary Ellen Singer, Sergeant Richard Nist, Police Secretary Yvonne Anderson, Sergeant Jerome Rieck, Officer Dale Jones, Parking Officer Jose Hernandez; Kneeling: Detective Ron Willis, Officer Carl Valdrow, Officer Gene Hardison, Officer Donald Smith, Chief Weston Robinson.



We have never really liked police. Perhaps too many ancestors immigrated from police states. This generation has seen police states in microcosm: Selma, Alabama, and Chicago, Illinois. The friendly cop on the beat has been replaced by the impersonally shiny, fearsome black and white cars. Stereotypes grow fat on fear and alienation, feeds on itself. Some of us call cops pigs and threat them accordingly. And police begin to feel as outcasts from the very society they are supposed to protect. They wonder: why perform an unpopular job? Some call kids punks and act accordingly, retreating, too, further behind the badge, feeling more secure with a gun and the thickness of the patrol car's walls.

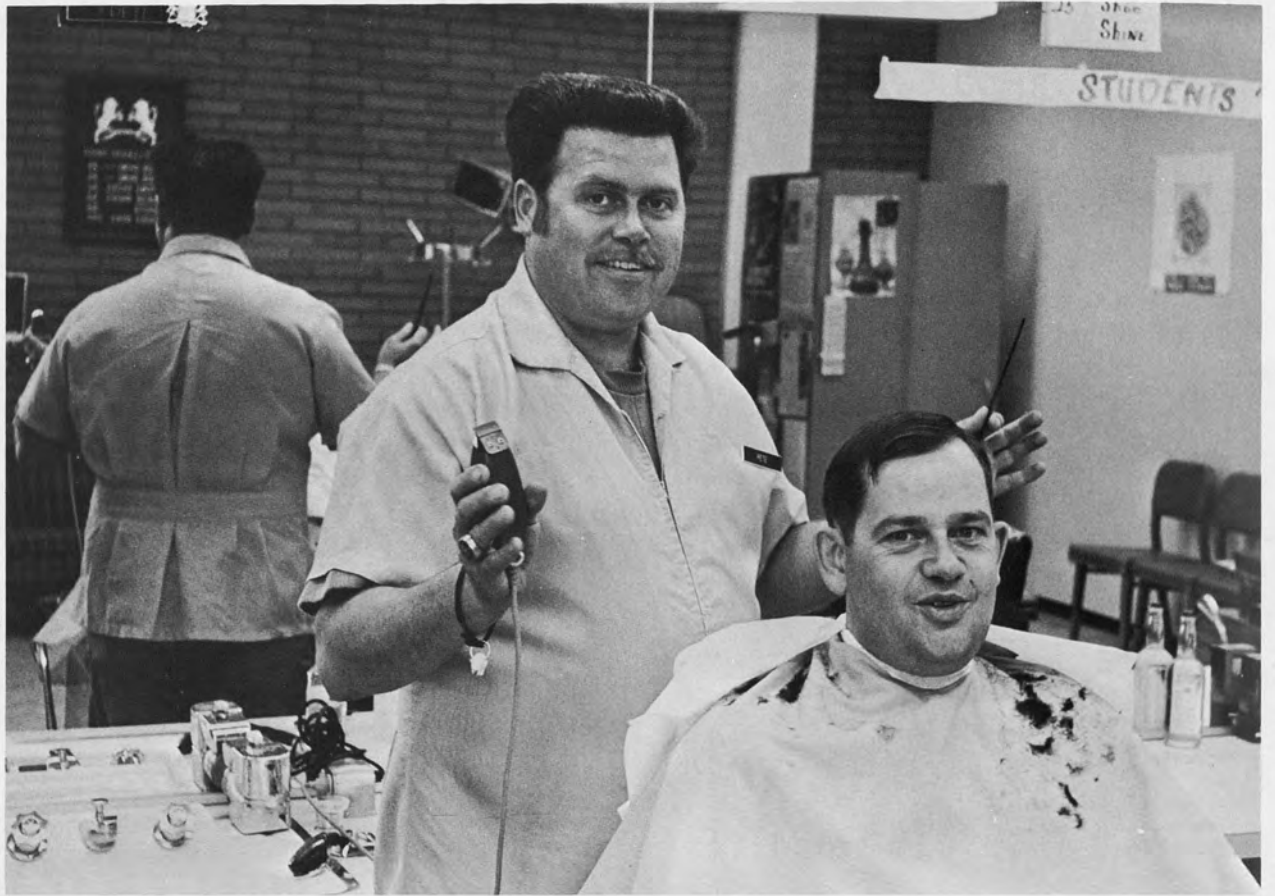
Uni-cops have always been special. Generally friendly and gentle, they chose the low crime and leisurely atmosphere of UCR deliberately. They don't want to change—to become hardened to the city with its beatings and knifings. Once two uni-cops entered the dorms to transport a student with a blood-oozing broken wrist to the hospital. One became nauseated; made a hurried trip to the head.

In the old days with the uni-cop office in Canyon Crest and student publications in the Pub Shack across from the Barn, cops and journalists would sit around in the dead hours drinking coffee and beer. That has all changed. Rather than more student contact, there is less.

This is complex. This year, for example, friendly Larry Larson talked frequently with publications people and tried to get other officers to follow suit, apparently without much success. Perhaps they feared seeing their secrets in print. And sometimes we suspected Larson of putting our secrets on the police blotter. So, the problem in microcosm; the job is also a barrier.

Editor Maxwell and new Chief Weston Robinson talked on this in the Public Affairs Office publication "Transitions": Maxwell, "[Larson] is a nice guy, but it is a little hard to accept him as a buddy. After all, he might have to arrest me sometime A student can accept a police officer as a human being. Certainly. And talk to him and enjoy his company. But as a friend? Hardly." Robinson agreed: "I do not advocate the buddy idea. What I do advocate is increased dialogue and understanding between students and police I want my men to be fair, impartial and respected by students, but I don't suggest or enter into a personal relationship A police officer cannot do his job and be a buddy."

Larson illustrates this dilemma. Told by Managing Editor John Zaller of plans to publish the "obscene" *Bruin* photo, he had to reach a decision of whether to tell Robinson. He told, explaining later: "This was rough. But I didn't want Maxwell and Zaller to afterwards say, 'Larry looked at the picture, and he didn't say anything, so we thought it was alright.'"





That day, rope barricades for the crowd to assemble behind were strung across upper and lower sections of the north-south street, leaving an empty space in between. And the atmosphere that gathered was a strange hodge-podge of excitement, curiosity, frivolity—some had pets—a few wanted some form of protest. Two girls suggested the comical—taking off their clothes. Two other girls kissed the cops. Irv Hall, naturally, was more interested in dialogue—rapping—approaching and asking, “Let me talk to you—as a person.” Some laughed; others were aloof and rather surprised. A surprising number were frightened of the students, frightened, too, of the prospect of trouble. One later told the *Tartan*: “I’ve got three kids, the oldest about the age of those there. I didn’t want to hurt anybody. It would be like hurting my own kids, you know.”

Jack Goldwasser was trying to organize a sit-down and removing the ropes from the barricades. Uni-cops asked him not to and replaced them. Officer Hardison’s report: “Goldwasser was spinning the rope and taking it off the barricade. When Sgt. Rieck requested he leave the rope alone, Goldwasser came up with the usual ‘F— Off Pig’ and ‘This is my school and I will do what I damn well please.’ Later, Officer Parmer had same problem with rope and Goldwasser. Received same, ‘This is my school’ and ‘F— Off Pig.’”

The Dean of Students Office was to be responsible for crowd control, police taking over only should that office fail. Executive Dean of Students Richard Pesqueira around 2:20 “decided to alert the crowd to move off the street, to the side of the road, as the Governor’s arrival was overdue. I moved beyond the barricade, and in a loud voice stated, ‘Could I have

your attention—I must ask you to move aside, off the street. The Governor’s car will need to pass through here.” Perhaps half complied. To the 30 or so remaining seated, he repeated his request. A few more obeyed. He recalls comments like, “Stay where you are. Don’t chicken out.”

Failing to move any more, “I asked Sgt. Larry Larson who was with me to notify acting UCR Police Chief Nist on top of the building that I was unable to move the crowd and had requested that the UCR Police do so.” Larson, too, asked people to move, but at about 2:40 he said in his report: “Chief Nist advised that the street was to be cleared.” Then, dramatically, unexpectedly, blue-uniformed riot-helmeted city officers concealed in the Lab (even with the window covered) single-filed down a sidewalk. Hinderaker told the *Tartan*, “It was our hope the police would be out.” However, he added, “they weren’t because they said their experience was that that makes the crowd mad.” Larson hoped this “show of force,” as he termed it, would clear the crowd. The exact opposite happened: for now many felt they had a perfectly legal right to remain behind the barricade—seated or not—and resented what one termed “intimidation by these pigs.” Some locked arms. At this crucial juncture, Larson approached and asked clearance for “vehicular traffic.” His exact words are disputed. He seemed frightened and unsure, did not make it a direct order—if anything, was not forceful enough; didn’t declare it an illegal assembly (Nist said later it really legally wasn’t that), used no bullhorn, and it is hard to judge how many heard him. He feels his voice carried and was understood—especially by those arrested. Hinderaker feels definitely that “the quality of notice left something to be desired,” that a bullhorn should have been used, and “I wish now I had spoken to the crowd myself.”

The police unhitched their riot clubs and skirmish-lined their way into the crowd. *Highlander* reporter Steve Green rushed up to Hinderaker and asked if he couldn’t do something. The reply: “I am saddened because the Governor, who is President of the Board of Regents, could not safely and peacefully come onto the campus.”

All was confusion. Police hoisted people to their feet, pushing and prodding with their clubs. Some students claim city police showed more restraint and professional “cool” than the uni-cops. Pesequeira said, “I did not see ‘overreaction or brutality.’ I saw force seemingly appropriate to move students away from the designated path.” Officer Parmer said, “We weren’t trying to hurt anyone.” John Bice: “They were trying to act just like big city pigs. They were clubbing.” At any rate, as the curious rushed around to see the clash, a rear door became clear; and Reagan’s car deposited him there. And he slipped

safely inside, which raised the question to many: why clear the road in the first place? Larson said, “We did, at that time, think that’s where his car would come.”

Arrested were students Daniel McCaffery (by city officer J. D. Williston), Gerald (Chip) Greene (by city officer Cunrade), and Goldwasser (by uni-cops Hardison and Parmer). Cunrade’s report says Greene was lying in the street, arms interlocked with others. Told he was under arrest, “Suspect made his body go limp and he had to be carried physically approximately 100 yards to the RSO booking van. Suspect was not violent at any time.” Williston’s report says he asked McCaffery to get to his feet “at which time he stated ‘F— You Pig.’ He began resisting violently by kicking writer in the leg area several times . . . at the request of Sgt. Larson . . . he was placed under arrest . . . It should be noted that subject McCaffery continued to resist while enroute to the booking van.” Parmer’s report says Goldwasser was “locking arms with other subjects and shouting, ‘Hold tight, they can’t take us all.’ This officer along with officer Hardison then attempted to separate the arrestee from the rest of the crowd at which time the arrestee repeatedly fought off this officer and officer Hardison by kicking at us. After a lengthy scuffle, the arrestee was finally separated from the crowd continually fighting this officer and officer Hardison . . . During this time the arrestee shouted to the crowd, ‘Come on you guys, kill those F—— Pigs.’” Later, against Fawcett, Goldwasser shouted, “They haven’t arrested me. They haven’t advised me of my rights. I cannot feel my hands anymore.” He explained later he meant the handcuffs were too tight. Parmer said, “They were, and I loosened them. He got them tight by struggling.” Goldwasser maintained the arrests illegal because “they didn’t declare it an illegal assembly.”

Around this time somebody threw a hard punch into Officer Carl Valdrow’s chest, sending him down. He hurt his leg and spent two days off work, later saying, “I had gone up there with the idea that I didn’t want to arrest anybody. If I ever find the guy who hit me, I’ll arrest him on the spot.”

The fourth arrest was strange. *Highlander* reporter Alan Moore sat down at one point, apparently partly in fright and partly in protest. “I do what I do. The Selma thing,” he later wrote. He told the Student Conduct Committee he was waded up in a ball when arrested because he was “frightened” and didn’t “want to be hit in the head or kicked in the crotch.” Several times, officer Dale Jones said, he “physically moved the suspect back two or three times, but the suspect would not get up and move.” Finally, Sergeant Rieck ordered his arrest. Initially limp, Moore then walked to the booking van, yelling at one point, “They’ve got me. They’ve got me.”

Laura Hippe tried to enter a closed door guarded

by Fawcett employee Irvin Mateer who said in a report, "I tried my best to hold her back without being rough or hurting her. She began to scream and holler for the others to come help her and that the door was open into an area where the Governor was speaking . . . I then had to resort to trying to push the girl away from the door entrance rather than just block it . . . I was still struggling with the door and protestors when a number of police arrived and pulled them away." Identified later by an officer who had contact with her over a traffic incident, no charges were filed, but she did have a long talk with the Chancellor.

The Chancellor suspended all four from school pending a hearing by the Student Conduct Committee—and then reinstated them, saying the suspensions might prejudice the legal case. *The Highlander* editorialized that the suspensions amounted to an "act of blind maliciousness." Later, following guilty pleas by all but Moore (he got probation) in Municipal Court and sentencing, Hinderaker by letter denied Goldwasser grad school admission: "Although this was the first time you were found guilty of violating a university regulation, it is not the first time that you were involved in an activity that could have seriously injured the university." Some speculated this meant leadership roles Goldwasser played in the Fawcett demonstration and in protesting the cancellation of the Black Studies Department. Hinderaker would not comment except: "You should make a distinction between letting him graduate, which we did, and letting him enter grad school. We don't have an awful lot of openings. We have to be selective. I took a whole lot of factors into consideration. It was on his total record."

Goldwasser said, "The Chancellor definitely feels threatened by my presence on campus . . . There is no doubt in my mind that it was a political action . . ."

All three had earlier spent ten days in jail, but only after some fancy legal footwork by Deputy Public Defender Robert Keller extricated Goldwasser from a 90-day sentence by Judge Roland Wilson. In a pre-trial meeting between Wilson, Public Defender Patrick Maloy, Keller, Deputy DA David Prescott, and John Ingro (Greene's attorney), Wilson—the lawyers claimed—said, "If there was no violence, then I wouldn't give them any more than ten days." "The Deputy District Attorney and defense counsel were completely candid in describing the circumstances of the offense and the specific conduct of each defendant," said Maloy in an affidavit. On this basis, the three all pleaded guilty to an amended complaint of disturbing the peace on campus. Originally, the charges had been resisting arrest, obstructing a public thoroughfare, and disturbing the peace. During the

meeting, Ingro said, "Each attorney assured the court that there was no physical violence such as throwing rocks or objects, battery, destruction of property, or threatening of other persons. The court indicated that it did not approve of violence and treated said acts accordingly on sentencing."

Then, after viewing the tapes, Wilson gave Greene and McCaffery 10 days and probation; but for Goldwasser—the maximum: 90 days and a \$250 fine. During the hearing, History Professor Robert Hine urged leniency, calling Goldwasser—his reader for a year—"the finest young man I have ever known." Wilson replied it was indeed a sad day for the University of California when a professor would publically defend a student who admits to using profanity. "This appalls me. Why I know many nice young people who would be appalled at the use of words such as that." Hine rose and asked to address the court. Wilson replied, "Sit down, sir." Later, with 11 days served, Goldwasser was released on a Writ of Habeas Corpus issued by Commissioner Alex Yakutis, acting as a Superior Court judge. Keller argued that in a "bargained for plea" any sentence beyond the agreed period was outside Wilson's jurisdiction. Wilson maintained in an affidavit: "I came to the judicial conclusion that violence had taken place at the time of the defendant's arrest" and Goldwasser "was not only a participant in said violence but was in court's opinion the instigator of said violence."

In the aftermath of Fawcett many charges flew. Many administrators agree with Ombudsman Robert Herschler: "It was a big mistake. Planning was poor." *The Highlander* concluded that a bullhorn should have been used "with an appropriate explanation," and that "Worst of all, the handling of the barricades was idiotic . . . It was the barricades and the way they were handled that led pretty directly to the arrest situation." Chief Robinson feels the police should have cleared a path first, and then made any arrests necessary. But, moreover, Fawcett proved—really as no other incident this year—what happens when stereotypes are allowed to juggernaut, when poor planning feeds on itself. On becoming chief after the easing of the—to some—unpopular Jack Osborne from chief to parking operations head, Robinson said: "Generally young people tend to overreact emotionally when they meet a policeman because they tend to see him as a symbol of all kinds of authority. But reaction to an individual as a symbol rather than an individual is a very serious thing. This has gotten officers seriously injured and even killed . . . It is essential that police themselves do not overreact in this emotional and prejudiced manner, as they have in many cases."

Uni-cops and students should bear those words in mind—constantly.



A Somnambulistic Moratorium



Chancellor Hinderaker sat out on the Mall in the warm sunshine, munched his lunch and listened along with some 3,000 others to a noontime Mario Savio tell how US imperialism got us into Vietnam.

Many students boycotted classes and attended the anti-war activities of that October 15 Moratorium.

It seemed most were merely there—not involved, really—but present on the Mall listening to Savio and Irv Hall and Tom Carew and Joel Edelstein and Bernie Magnus, there in Physics 2000 watching “The Threatening Sky,” “Schoenbrun’s Vietnam,” “Time of the Locust,” and “Why Vietnam?,” there moving to the jarring rhythms of “Bones” and “Thang” and transfixed by the lights of “Spectrolysis Rising” during that night’s dance.

Savio’s speech was intellectual and somewhat somnambulistic—and thereby mirrored the entire day. But its limp matrix wasn’t really the fault of the planners who had wanted a “day of education” rather than a day of demonstration.

The day failed, largely, because there was little to say about Vietnam that hasn’t been reported, debated, and commented on endlessly.

Rhetoric was heaped upon rhetoric, producing a giant glut.

Savio seemed tired and disillusioned. He had tried to change the world; only it didn’t change that fast. This old bearded radical—who in 1964 called on students in ringing tones to hurl themselves on the machinery of society and break it down—now ended his speech with: “I feel very unhappy about the situation we’re in. That’s all I can say. It’s a sad thing to say, but that’s all I can say.”

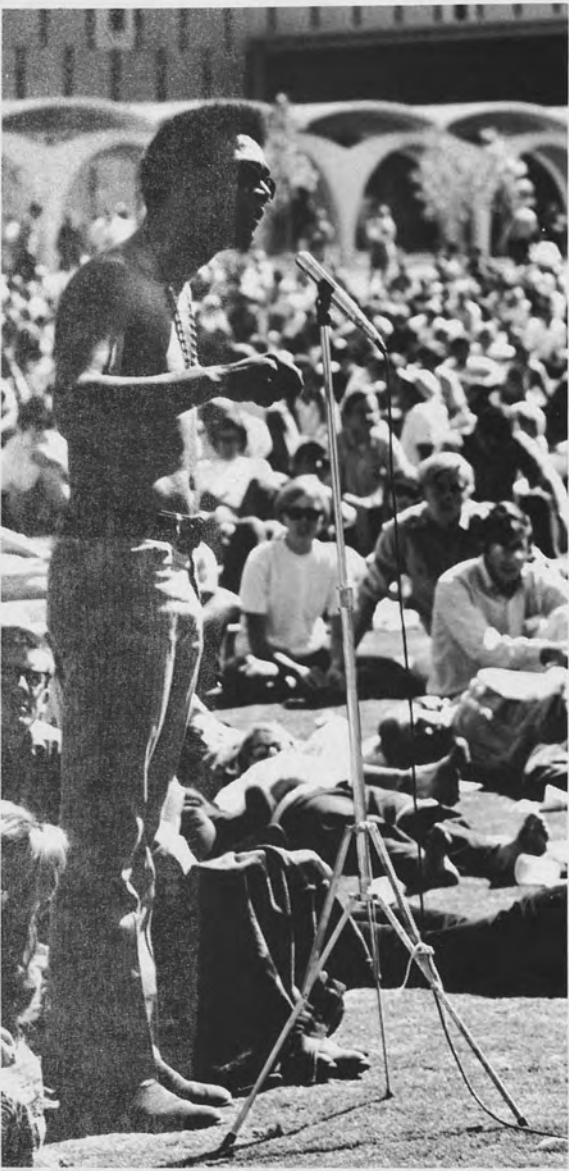
The most significant things spoken that day were new unspoken whispers amid the swirling winds of human thought. It seemed that the love and peace ethic kept alive by religion (though not always practiced by it) was gathering momentum. People even started calling each other “brother.”

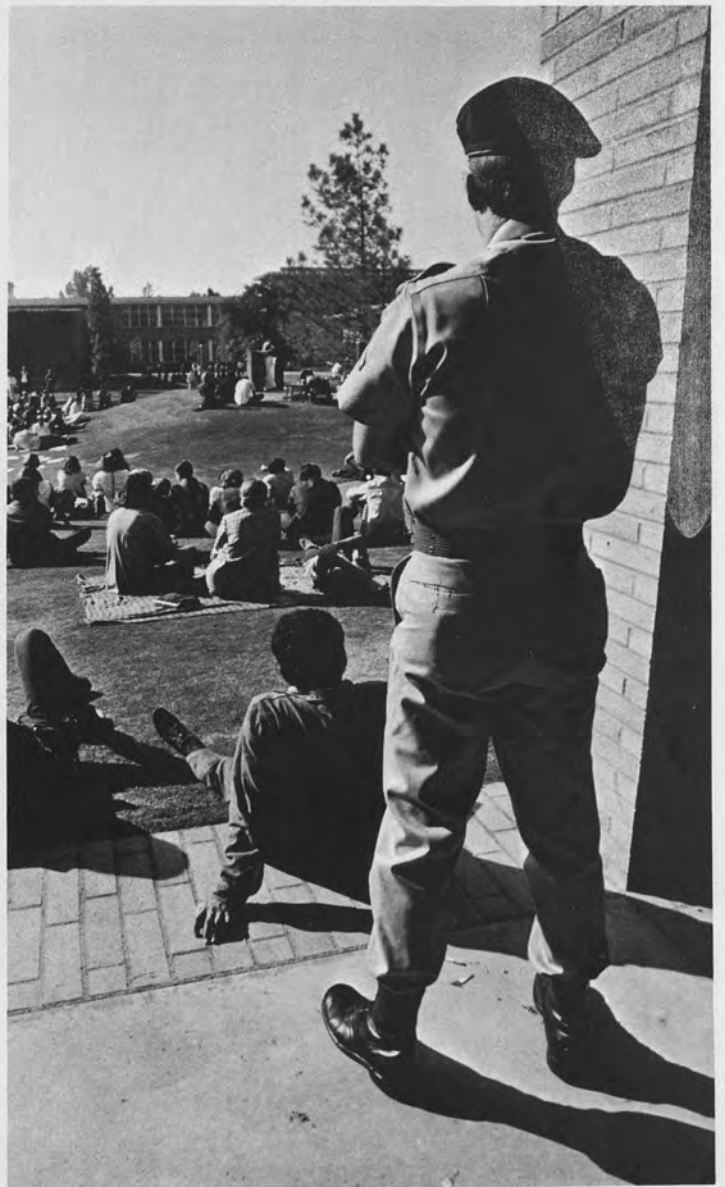
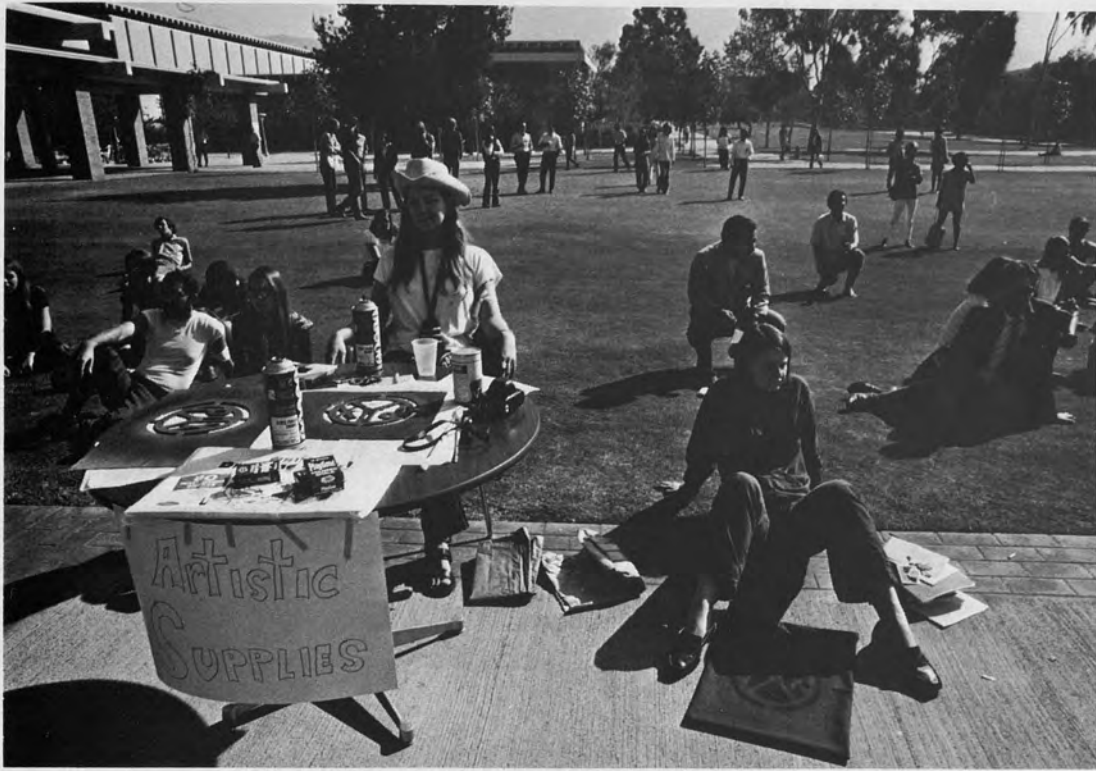
Protest movements are maturing and evolving along with their leaders. And, ironically, the damning curse of “irrelevant and meaningless” has begun to be applied to such tactics as occupying buildings.

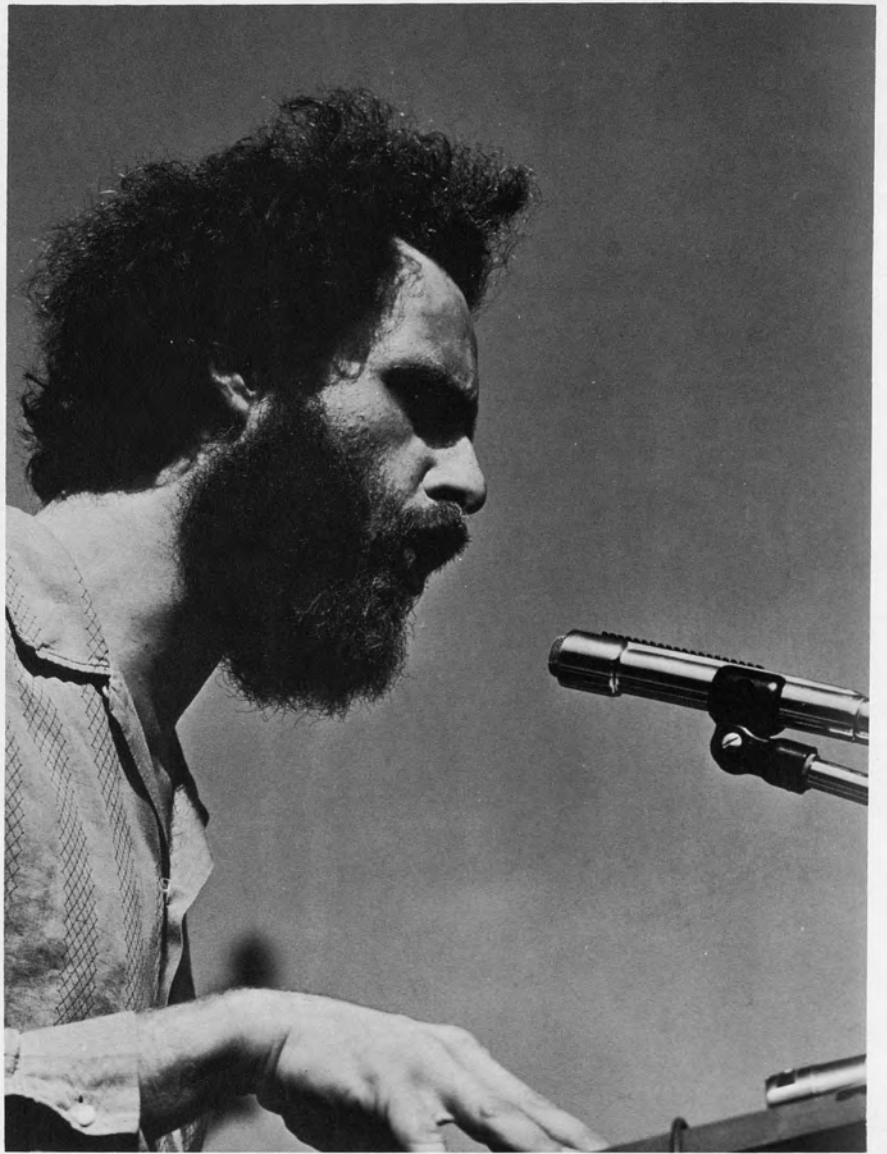
These whispers have to grow into a shout to be fully heard. And on many campuses, including UC Santa Barbara, they were drowned out amid the mindless chants of “Kill the pigs. Kill the pigs.”

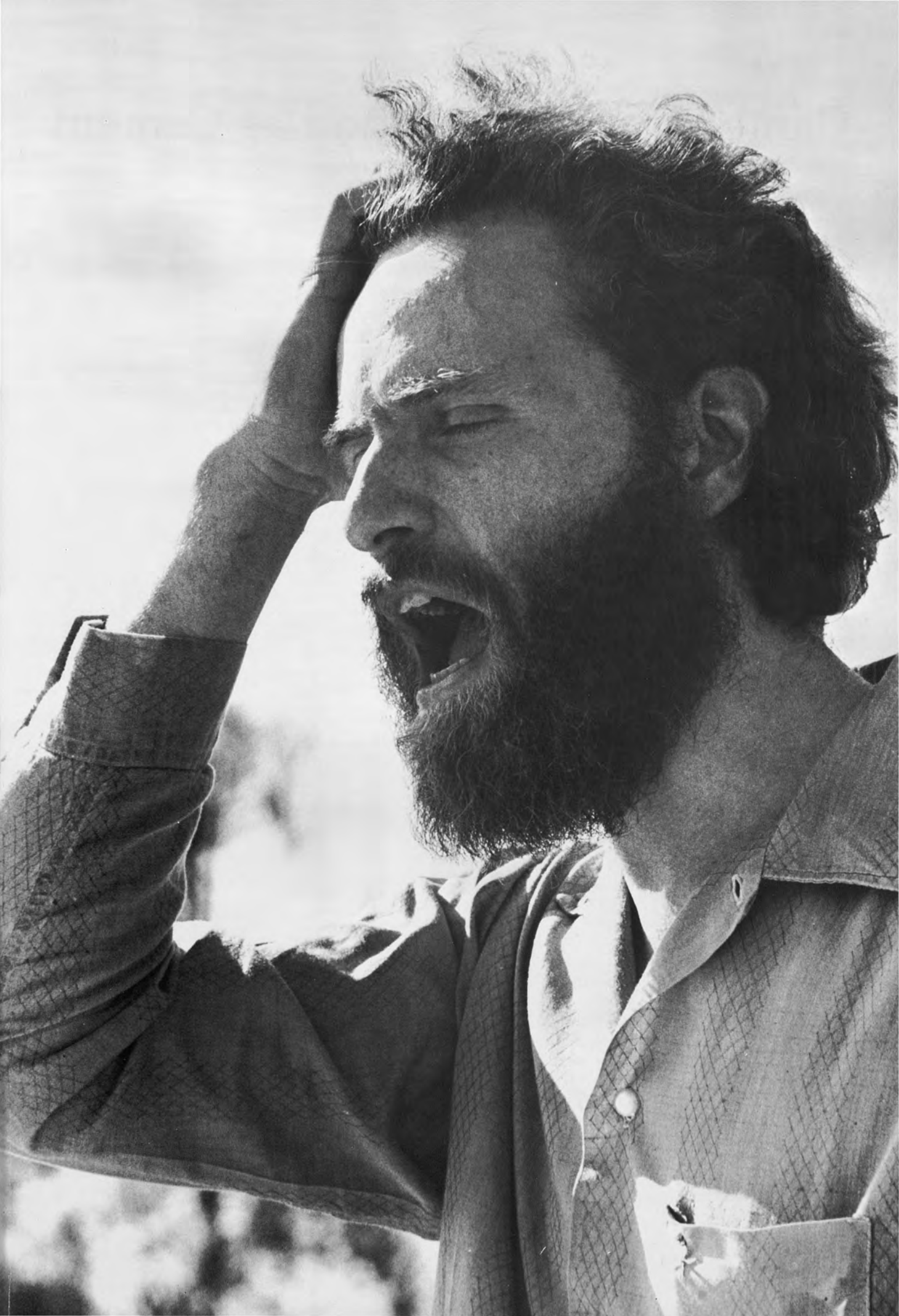
But you unmistakably sensed in Savio a frustration-born groping for some other way.

And for UCR it was to come in May.









Cambodia Days: Action as Cement

At the Friday, May 1, Ole Blue and Spirit Concert in the Gym during Scots Week, Irv Hall was upset: President Nixon on Thursday had announced the invasion of Cambodia. Hall took a microphone and announced a “cultural revolution” complete with rock bands was to begin Monday morning on the Mall and he was to make a “major statement” on Cambodia. “We are going to liberate the University . . . we are going to take it over and turn it into a commune.”

Sunday night plans were laid as Hall chaired a rambling Commons Lounge meeting. Monday’s protest was lengthened into a non-violent organized affair with delegations of functions.

Monday. No rock bands, but speech after speech: Hall went on for at least two hours. In fact, as morning became afternoon, enthusiasm seemed in danger of smothering beneath a huge rhetorical glut. ASUCR President Chuck Jenkins proposed a march downtown. Hall responded, “That’s the best suggestion I’ve heard all day.” And the eager crowd flooded across campus to University Avenue where they marched along chanting: “One. Two. Three. Four. Stop Richard Nixon’s War.” Riverside Police—bearded for the city’s upcoming Centennial—provided escort, blocking side streets and directing traffic around. A senior citizen, sunning himself in a lawn chair, crackled, smiling: “It’s a gettin’ so you can’t tell the cops from the kids.” They quick-paced through the Mall and assembled on the Courthouse steps, unfurling a huge banner, “Liberated Territory.” The police radio squawk-talked. Motorcycles gunned up and down the cleared street. It was an exhilarating moment—triumphantly they stood—as though having conquered society. Even the cops had been friendly. Suddenly, on that hot day in May the world didn’t seem so bad.

That night several students (some stoned) entered a staid dinner at Watkins House, held dialogue on the War. Irvine Chancellor Aldrich and Chancellor Hinderaker heard the emotional voice of Catholic chaplain Leo Sprietsman pray for the War’s end.

Next day, around 12:45, Dan McCaffery called the crowd of 300-400 to march through buildings where classes continued. The largest demonstration in campus history began: “On strike. Shut it down.” Happily, they wound through Sproul, Watkins, and Humanities—opening doors to amused or mildly irritated looks. Dr. Reynolds continued conducting a music class—and seemed all the more intense.





ERECTED

A.D. 1903

RIVERSIDE COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

LIBERATED TERRITORY

Through the Cafeteria before the curious stares of a businessmen's luncheon—to the fourth floor of the Administration Building where the lights went off and the temperature rose. At this point, something could have happened. The Chancellor was in Berkeley, said a secretary; some began tapping on the panes of glass. Vice-Chancellor Tomas Jenkin talked with those in front. Said one, "We're not disrupting the University." Jenkin, "I hope not." Later, "We have to operate. We can't close down," to a request to shut UCR down. Came a shout, "To the Library. We're not accomplishing anything here." They clambered down the stairs and outside. The fourth floor lights snapped back on. Bulletin boards knocked askew and tattered were quickly straightened. The building smoothly regained its air conditioned equilibrium.

They marched down to the City Council chambers—again with police escort. For three hours, councilmen gave their own views, listened to students, refused an official stand, sanctioned a big rally Saturday at Fairmont Park. The pleasantly rotund Councilman Sam Digati said afterwards to another councilman, "These young people. You just can't ignore them." And later he was in the Commons several times for meetings with leaders.

Wednesday came word that Governor Reagan intended closing California campus for four days. Around noon, a group marched clapping and chanting into the Chancellor's Office, asking him to speak. With a big dog distractingly before the podium, he said, "I hate to see the campus closed and I hate to see our not having a chance to talk in the way it would originally have been possible. I don't think it's right to close down, but somebody else said something different and I have to respond to that." Now—in stark reversal—many students wanted the campus open. Hinderaker reiterated again and again his having to adhere to governor and President Hitch with whom he had just spoken by phone.

Several times in that hectic time Chancellor and students sat down and spent long hours talking of war, of society, of life.

The Commons stayed open during the closure; and that evening Reagan's face flashed onto the screen: "Our own information, as of this morning, is that deliberate violence and disruption is planned for a number of institutions here in California . . . Go to your homes; take the next four days to review all that has happened. See if there is not a better way than going on with the torch and the club until, as surely as the sun rises, there are more Kent Universities . . ." He spoke of building "Camelots" by constructive action. Kent State Monday had shocked America. Four students fell dead after Ohio National Guardsmen fired. At UCLA on Tuesday, 77

were arrested during a three-hour melee that saw broken windows, police charges, the arrests of several faculty, and, later, accusations of police brutality.

UCR's frustrations were not exorcised in violence. In the Commons a beehive was in operation—a coalition of UCR students, non-students, high school students, RCC students, townspeople, professors—all working at everything from answering phones to writing information leaflets, from sleeping all night in the Commons to clipping newspapers for an information file, from talking among themselves to canvassing: collecting the signatures of townspeople on anti-war petitions (some 9,000 ultimately). It was Peoples Lobby reborn. Some of the same people, in fact. It was hard to determine where the social separated from the political. Some were dedicated to long-range action. Others thrived on the exhilaration of the moment. Dormies ventured out. It was part social club. People talked and ate and drank and tended their babies. The non-existent Student Government was displaced from its offices as easily as a giant hand knocking over a thimble: in the people moved, commandeering every available desk, table, and chair, setting up in the office of Jill Morgan (who had abruptly ended her office as Fine Arts Commissioner and run off to Berkeley, with Joel Selvin), and in the office of Chuck Jenkins who had never been around much. The mimeo machines were carried to a Commons storage room; the sign "Peoples Press" was hung. And fed with paper bought by the administration and ASUCR, the machines churned out over seventy different leaflets. Telephones lighted circuits with other campuses; gathering and disseminating news became the function of a communications group headed by Mike McEnroe. Nobody had ever seen a lot of the people there. Everyone was so intense, you didn't have the heart to suggest this all might be meaningless. For, there came the realization of how starved for meaning and human contact our lives are. And how sad.

Overhead, hung a cloud of paranoia. Many nervously eyed our cameras and perhaps wondered how many of us really worked for the FBI.

Joel Edelstein, Tom Findley, Jenny McMahon, Hall, and McEnroe all seemed leaders. But Tom Carew—a leader in the previous year's two-day strike—was turned off. He'd spoken before the City Council; but this all seemed useless; and besides he was busy with his Ph.D. in psychology.

Others felt the same. And so there came—as there must come—a turning point. Later on, "The Riverside Plan" was proclaimed in a pamphlet masterminded by Edelstein and Findley. May became June and June became July, and now there were no marches. When bold abandon ceases, thought begins: are we getting anywhere? what do we do now? what about this



“Riverside Plan”? A yearbook can only abstract. Several people attending the weekly summer meetings pounced upon the Plan, relegating it eventually to an arm of the “Movement,” that nebulously larger body of radical politics. And there came personal clashes. Once from Irv Hall’s inventive brain poured a scheme to close down LA International Airport as a protest. Edelstein opposed it as well as anything that seemed “too radical.”

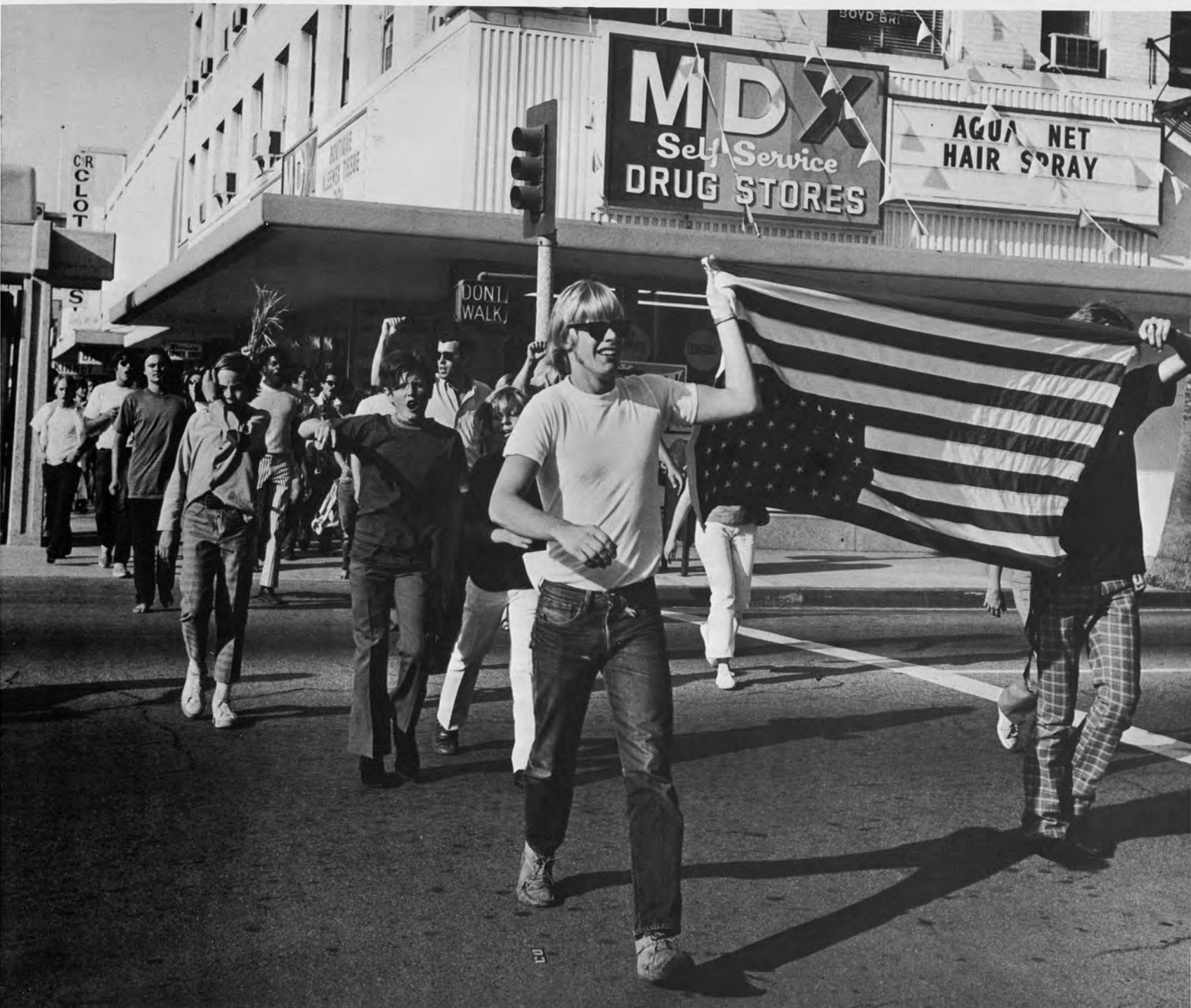
But the big break came—as big breaks often do—in a Mack Sennett moment at one meeting. Hall has submitted some travel expenses following a trip he and Edelstein made by plane to anti-war conference in Newhaven. Edelstein: “Irv had Scotch and I didn’t have any . . . I had two eggs only, but Irv had ham and eggs. I can do without ham.” They were never close after that. The gap between “Movement” and “Plan” widened; and several filled the void by joining the Young Socialist Alliance (YSA) headed by Woody Diaz. There was sniping across the void; McEnroe: “I’ve been spending the whole summer fighting the Riverside Plan.” Hall blasted out a condemnation statement; over a beer the *Tartan* asked his opinion of the Plan. His thumb headed straight down.

Before the lights went off, Vice-Chancellor Jenkin tells anti-war protestors UCR can’t shut down. The following day, Governor Reagan shut all UC down.

Edelstein and Findley lobbied the administration into providing seven work-study jobs for Plan members during the summer, \$1,000 for phones, plus a Canyon Crest house for offices. To the anti-Plan group, this reeked of co-option. One charged that the Plan “isn’t really a plan at all. They talk with people in the community. But there is no ideological base.” One Plan leader privately admitted to a clouded conscience. The administration’s support came, he said, because the plan was sold as non-radical. However, he felt it radical. One anti-Plan person scoffed that the Plan isn’t “radical at all.” A Plan person replied, “They say we’re just a bunch of liberals talking. But it’s hard to be radical in the community. There just aren’t too many radicals there.” And Edelstein keeps repeating at meetings that “we’re fighting fascism.”

So it goes, proving more than anything else perhaps that student politics are only too transitory—too confused—a phenomenon best demonstrated when demonstrations cease, when thought begins, when coalitions collapse and new linkages must be formed. That is the challenge to student movements. It is also their greatest weakness.





Upper Left: Irv Hall talks with policeman escorting marchers to Courthouse.

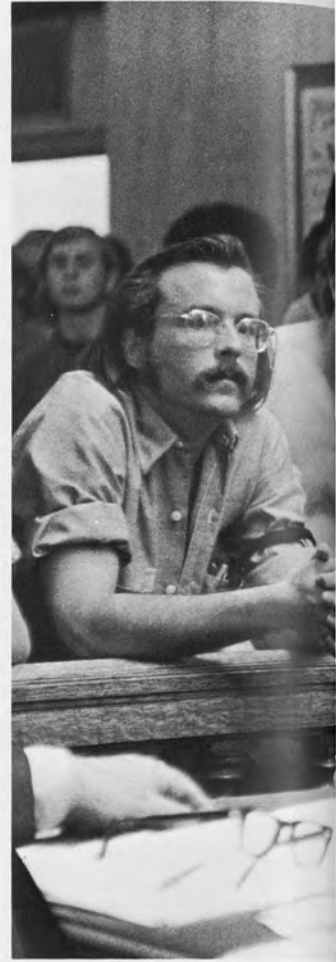
Above: UCR students (and some obviously not) approach Courthouse.

Left: Captain E. T. Fagan who instructed his men to absolutely keep their cool or else.



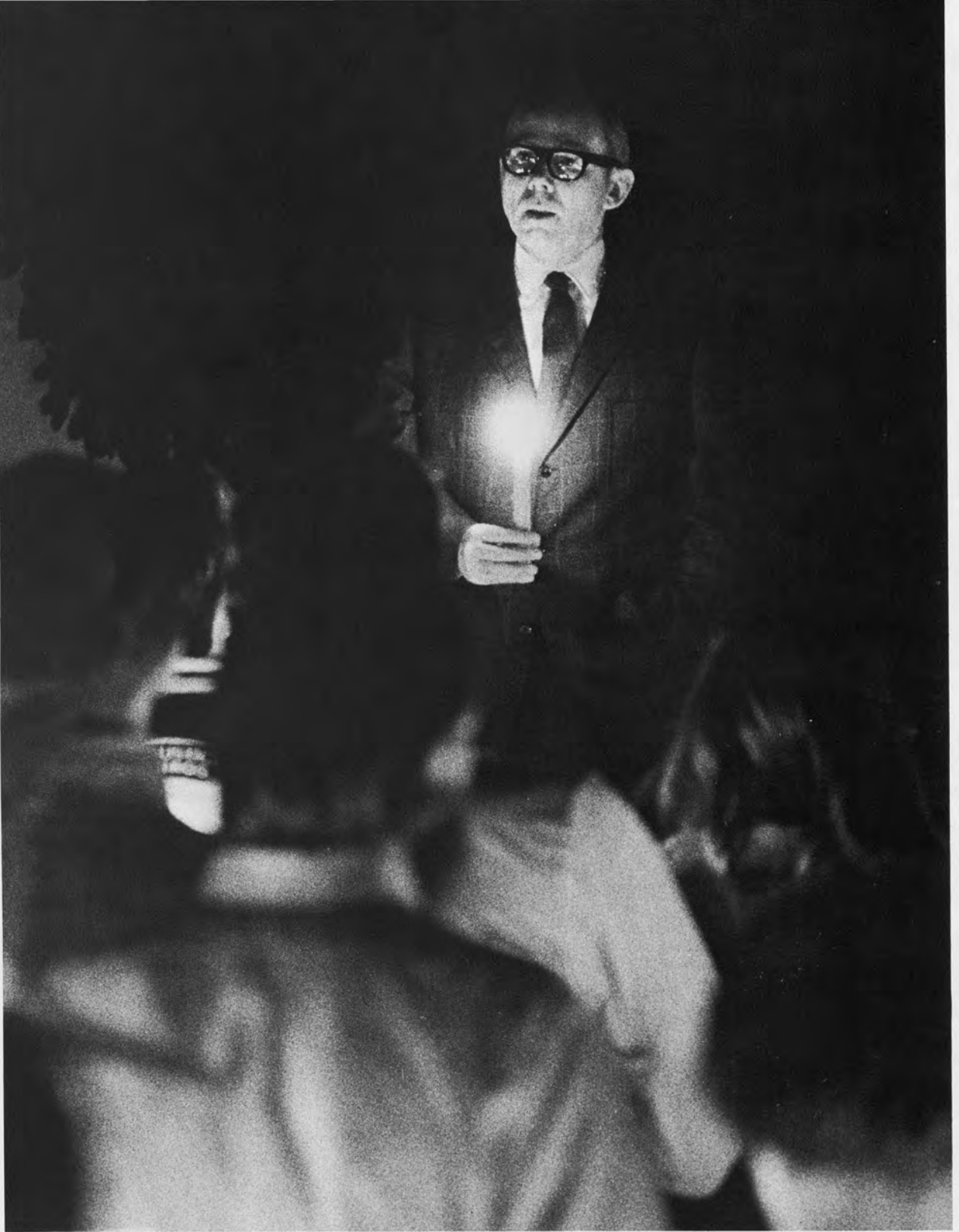
Above: Music Professor William Reynolds literally conducts a class amid "Shut it down."

Right: Councilman Sam Digati and lost kid during Fairmont Park rally on Saturday.





Upper Center: before the City Council. Left: before the TV, watching Reagan talk of Camelot (above). Upper Right: students emerge from businessman's luncheon in the Commons. Asked one, "What on earth did we march in there for?"



The night of Wednesday, May 27, candle flames flickered light onto the faces of about 100 students and Chancellor Hinderaker while wax dropped into messy puddles on his patio. The Chancellor's words caused his candle to dance wildly: "My number one priority in whatever I do . . . is to safeguard the academic freedom of the campus." He added it is necessary to safeguard freedom by getting "the electorate to understand us well enough" to support it also.

Earlier, academic freedom's funeral had been celebrated by Watkins House minister Ross Miller in a litany amid candlelight on the steps of the Administration Building. Angela Davis' dismissal by the Regents was a certainty; and so in the march that wound to the Chancellor's house, "Clementine" became, "O my darling, O my darling, O my darling, Academe. You have lost your precious freedom, dreadful sorry, Academe."





You walked out onto the Mall Friday, May 29, and, my god, UCR's "Festival of Change" looked more like the Iowa State Fair. A multitude of wooden frame booths—flapping their streamers in a balmy wind—lined a large open space and dispensed everything from dialogue to doughnuts. This was all organized by the Movement, but politics seemed an intruder into the atmosphere of balloons, free kittens and puppies, pottery-making, wine-drinking, and relaxing in the sun. Dialogue was generally not too serious; some rapped with a bearded cop at the Riverside Police booth and with blacks behind the ironically close Dwight Community Center booth.

For over an hour and a half militant WLFer Roxanne Dunbar talked revolution and women's rights, called sex the most overrated commodity, and downed ecology movements. One male Movement leader dejected, "Oh, no. She's driven fifty percent away."

Then up stepped the rather uptight Chicago Conspiracy's John Froines and threw some verbal water: "Where am I? I don't understand what's going on here. I don't see how you're gonna stop a war with frisbees and balloons. We're in a serious time, not a time for balloons and frisbees. It's not a time for lying in the sun and making love and taking drugs—or lying in the sun and drinking wine. It's time we became a tidal wave.... It's time we started throwing some tea in the water" *a la* 1776.

A couple of hours later, as the day yawned, somebody flipped a match into the gas tank of an old car already wrinkled from periodic sledge hammerings and poofed up a spectacular commotion of orange flames, black smoke, fire engines, disgusted administrators, and charred lawn. Roxanne wasn't the only one down on ecology that contradictory, very non-revolutionary day.

Above: John Froines throws water on Festival of Change.





"Just as a tree without roots is dead, a people without a history or cultural roots also becomes a dead people. And when you look at us, those of us who are called Negro, we're called that because we are like a dead people. We have nothing to identify ourselves as part of the human family . . . Formerly we could be identified by the names we wore when we came here. When we were first brought here, we had different names. When we were first brought here, we had a different language. And these names and this language identified the culture that we were brought from, the land that we were brought from. In identifying that, we were able to point towards what we had produced, our net worth. But once our names were taken and our language was taken and our identity was destroyed and our roots were cut off with no history, we became like a stump, something dead, a twig over here in the Western hemisphere. Anybody could step on us, trample upon us, or burn us, and there would be nothing we could do about it."

—Malcolm X

Carrying forth with the process of awakening Black cultural and political awareness which had begun at UCR two years ago with the formation of the first campus organization of black students—Ebony Social, Political and Cultural Organization—the UCR Black Student Union sponsored a Black Arts Week in mid-November.

Beginning with a soul food dinner on Monday noon and ending with a soul dance on Saturday evening, the week had a wide range of different activities and presented a wide range of perspectives on Black Culture, Black History, and the liberation struggle.

Black scholar Basil Davidson spoke on the Mall Wednesday, jazz saxophonist John Handy performed in the Gym Thursday night, and the "Black Voices" was brought to the campus Friday night. But, in one sense, the highlight of the week's activities was Wednesday's "Evening of Black Culture," a creative presentation put together by UCR black students.

"An Evening of Black Culture" was a program including gospel singing, the DeVonne Armstrong Jazz Band, a Black fashion show, African folklorist Charles Blackie, and a series of pantomime skits interspersed throughout the program dealing with the oppression of black people in the US and their resulting deculturization. Turning the black grease paint of the 1930's minstrel around on its head, black students wore white-painted faces representing white-ness and White society. The skits served an instructive purpose—putting culture in a social, political and historical context.

"An Evening of Black Culture" could have been an educational and rewarding experience for white UCR students, but very few attended—a few more chose to peer in through the glass windows of the Commons Cafeteria for a moment or two and then fade away.



Left: De Vonne Armstrong
Jazz Band.

Lower Left: white man's education
for black people (his-story).

Below: Charles Blackie, African
folklorist.



President Chuck
Jenkins as Uncle
Sam.



"Culture is a more effective weapon than guns for the purpose of domination. For it was scientific, technical, and technological culture which produced the guns. The prerequisite for any domination, exploitation, and oppression is the denial to the oppressed man or people of his or their human attributes, and therefore, in the first instance, cultural activities"

"Culture, a weapon of domination, will be one of liberation. In this instance, one must fight on ground of the enemy's choosing, but one where the issue of the fight will be governed by an adequate weapon: popular culture. The imperialists use cultural, scientific, technical, economic, literary, and moral values in order to justify and perpetuate their regime of exploitation and oppression. The oppressed people also use cultural values, but of a nature contrary to the former, in order to fight more successfully against imperialism and in order to free themselves from the colonial regime"

—Sékou Touré
President, Republic of Guinea



Scenes from "An Evening of Black Culture."



All Fall Down:

For most of the campus, the crisis began when Maurice Jackson resigned as chairman of the Black Studies department. But for those more intimately involved, the crisis had begun when Jackson had *accepted* that post.

1969-70 was the first year for Black Studies at UCR. The previous spring, the Academic Senate had instituted the program, which took the form of a department on the recommendation of a special committee. The Chancellor himself—so he said later—was reluctant to allow immediate departmentalization, but he acceded to the committee's advice.

It soon became clear that Jackson had not been a wise choice as chairman. He had the fatal flaw of trying to please everybody; but from the start he was unsuccessful in this endeavor. In October, Don Andrews (a sophomore EOP student) refused to allow his essay on Black Studies to be printed in the *Highlander*, till he was assured it would not appear next to a more orthodox paper by Jackson. At about the same time, noises of displeasure were beginning to emanate from the Administration building.

Soon after, Andrews became political chairman of the BSU and Larry Broussard replaced Jim Sweeney as president of that organization. Andrews had a nervous, probing intelligence, with which he articulated ideas almost too thoroughly: ran rings around them, so that the listener became confused. Broussard relied on Andrews as a mouthpiece; Broussard's own strength was a sense of conviction, a kind of stage-presence, which he possessed to the hilt. The interdependence of these two was curious, somehow haunting.

Towards the end of fall quarter, a BSU contingent headed by Broussard and Andrews, presented to the Chancellor a proposal entitled "Operation: Liberation," which called for vastly increased sums of money to be funneled into a special program, and for control of this program to rest with the Black students themselves. "Operation: Liberation" had nothing to do with Black Studies; but when Hinderaker, asked for a yes-or-no answer, said the plan was not feasible, relations between he and the BSU effectively ceased.

So came Winter quarter. Administrators discovered that Ed Bereal—a Black Studies instructor—had given all his students 'A's.' They discovered also that Maurice Jackson had had thirty-nine special studies students that first quarter. Neither of these facts was looked on with favor.

Soon, the situation escalated. Bereal, who ran an exciting, sometimes sloppy course in painting, drawing, and such other arts as the student might wish to undertake, became a charismatic leader for the more militant Black students. As the result of a



Above: Chancellor Hinderaker announces the metamorphosis of the Black Studies Department into an interdepartmental program and receives a standing ovation (right) from the UCR faculty in LS1500. When the shutter was snapped, a number of faculty had not yet risen. Some, however, rose only to leave.

The Crisis in Black Studies



“The stated goal in both ‘Operation Liberation’ and in the most recent statement from the Central Committee of the Black Students Union is to transfer University authority in the admission of students, the hiring of faculty and administrative department personnel, and the formulation of general academic policy to student control; or, stated negatively, to student veto.

While I realize that this has been the recent pattern followed on some other college and university campuses, it will not be the pattern here. Not, at least, as long as I remain Chancellor.”



scheduling problem, which some interpreted as a bureaucratic runaround, Bereal and his students crowded into Vice-Chancellor Golino's office, where ensued a confrontation between Golino and Broussard. The Chancellor later maintained that Broussard had made a direct threat on Golino. According to Broussard, he told Golino at that time, "If you think that's a threat, I can't take responsibility for where your head is at." Violence is in the eye of beholder . . . or is it? Judge as you will.

In December, an arsonist had set the Barn afire.

"Revenge for 'Operation Liberation'?' administrators wondered privately. A few dared articulate the thought; but nobody publicly mentioned such a possibility.

Jackson, meanwhile, was getting closer and closer to a nervous breakdown. One witness commented recently, "He told Broussard what he wanted to hear; he told Hinderaker what he wanted to hear. He was a perfect chameleon." Martyr or chameleon, whichever view one prefers, Jackson became more and more unable to handle his public and private life. Everyone



began to meet, Hinderaker with the Black community, the BSU within itself, the Black Studies department: and at the center of all these meetings was Jackson. In the *Highlander*, Golino excoriated Bereal; and Bereal called Golino “the great white father.” Jackson watched helplessly, trying to maintain favor with all parties concerned, getting ever closer to his own moment of crisis. That moment finally came.

It was at a BSU meeting. Jackson was presented with a “Statement of Unity” which declared, among

other things, that “any attempt to split-off the chairman or any member of the Department from the students, or the students from the chairman or any members of the Department for any reason, should be considered at best foolhardy and at worst dangerous.” The chairman read the statement quietly, as everyone else looked on. He made a few changes which strengthened the rhetoric slightly. Then he signed it. As Bereal recalls, what followed was absolute pandemonium; the meeting turned into a party, and Jackson was the hero. But he must have known in his heart that this was the end.

Within days, the Chancellor had made his decision. He would present the sequence of events, as he saw it, before the assembled faculty; he would sound out faculty reaction, before deciding whether to dissolve the department. At the eleventh hour, Hinderaker changed his mind. When he came before the faculty—summoned in emergency convocation, since the chairman of the Academic Senate had declined to call a meeting—he announced not only the resignation of Jackson but the metamorphosis of Black Studies into an interdisciplinary program. At the conclusion of a question-answer period Hinderaker stepped out through a back door, where several unicops waited silently. For the next two weeks, the Chancellor’s house was guarded at night by members of the city police force.

Ninety-percent of the faculty gave Hinderaker’s speech a standing ovation. Others, including Dr. Eugene Cota-Robles, who initiated UCR’s EOP program, sat quietly. “I am very sad,” Cota-Robles told a reporter. A few days later, word leaked out that he had for some months planned to leave UCR, to become chairman of Penn State’s Microbiology department.

Why did Hinderaker change his mind? Partly, his associates say, on the basis of a gut-feeling that the situation would spiral into violence unless he did something decisive. As well, the BSU had issued certain non-negotiable demands, its own way of making a bid for control of Black Studies.

But there was an extra complication here, because Broussard and Andrews had fallen from power. In their place had arisen a Central Committee, which, the Chancellor intimated in his speech, was even more militant than the previous regime. However, the night before the dissolution of the department, the Committee had taken its non-negotiable demands back, something Hinderaker seemed unable to grasp. Instead, he invisioned, for the benefit of the faculty, a veritable Revolt of the Students. The decision to play up this aspect of the crisis may have been conscious. The Chancellor did not articulate what some administrators later confessed to be their primary concern: that Jackson

TV cameras record the BSU Central Committee’s response the following day.



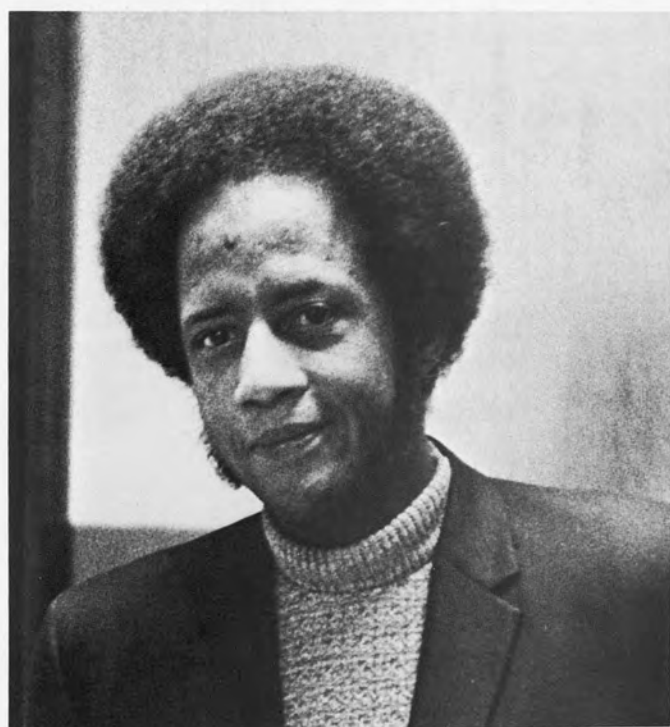
had allowed the department to degenerate into anarchy. Hinderaker still maintains that he tried to convince Jackson not to resign; but this statement seems more diplomatic than truthful.

There followed some days of extraordinary confusion. At night, the belltower was completely dark; and a custodian was stationed at its top, to look out over the campus. He was there, apparently, to make sure nothing got blown up. When Hinderaker found out about the custodian, he had him removed, and the lights went on again.

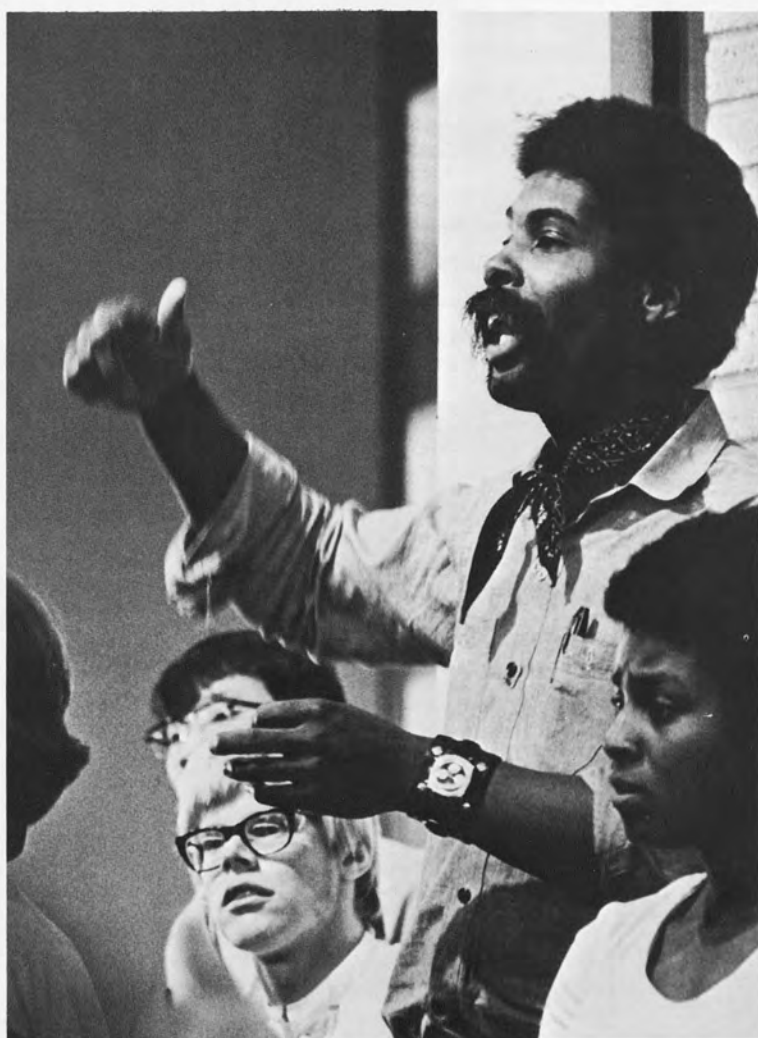
On February 5, the day after Hinderaker's big speech, the Central Committee called a press conference, at which reporters were not allowed to ask questions. Instead, members of the Committee read prepared statements. "The basic question," said Al Celestine, "is who runs the University?" But that question had been answered already by Hinderaker. The Central Committee, being unwilling to promote violence, or even stage a sit-in (militant white radicals were dissuaded from such notions) was reduced to issuing statements and more statements and yet more statements. It invited State Senator Mervyn Dymally to UCR, to investigate the crisis, prompting some to speculate whether it might not be the legislature that runs the university. Dymally did nothing. Celestine, an introverted intellectual obsessed by thoughts of death, decided that he was being followed and requested a police escort one night. He formulated elaborate codes, in case Central Committee members should suddenly begin disappearing. Then he dropped out of the picture. "I'm just resting," he announced the week after his political decease, echoing a similar

earlier statement by Andrews. Booker McClain, leader of the more conservative bloc in the BSU, began to dominate the proceedings; but when Hinderaker appointed him to an interdisciplinary committee on Black Studies, the Central Committee pressured him not to accept the appointment. McClain yielded to these pressures; but a day later he announced that he would join the committee. Now it was the BSU itself that dropped out of the picture. The organization died ignominiously, slain by an honest commitment to nonviolence, or—some maintain—by a complex deadlock in strategy—to the chagrin of some white radicals who were urging that *something* be done. Paralysis on the Riverside. Later, former Central Committee member Porter Tanner told a meeting on Commencement protest strategy: "BSU's may not be the answer anymore. People all over the country feel this way."

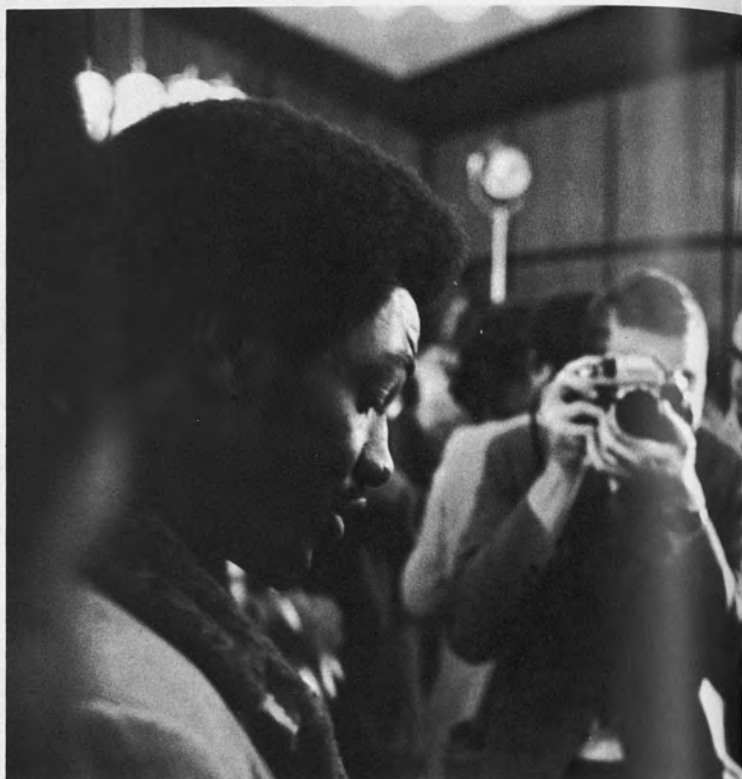
So ended the Black Studies crisis. Maurice Jackson, who lived anonymously in San Francisco while Hinderaker was busy dissolving the department, is now back in Riverside. He will not, in future, have anything to do with Black Studies: something for which he, and the rest of the campus, should be enormously relieved. Meanwhile, that interdisciplinary committee has been picking up the pieces. With luck, this year's Black Studies faculty will win the confidence and respect of both students and administrators. If that sounds like an impossibility, still one can hope. At the end of the summer, there still hung in Watkin Hall a sign announcing BLACK STUDIES DEPARTMENT. May it hang there till the reality approximates the fiction.

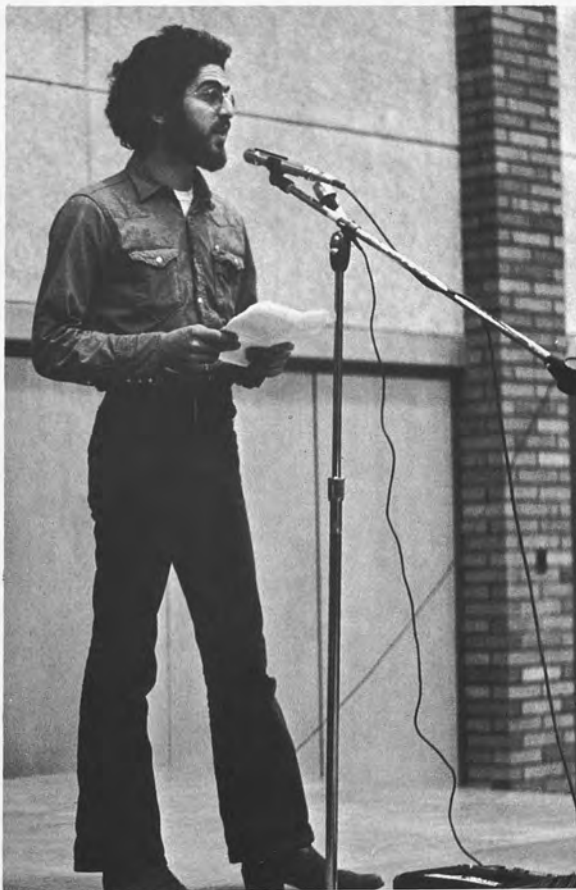
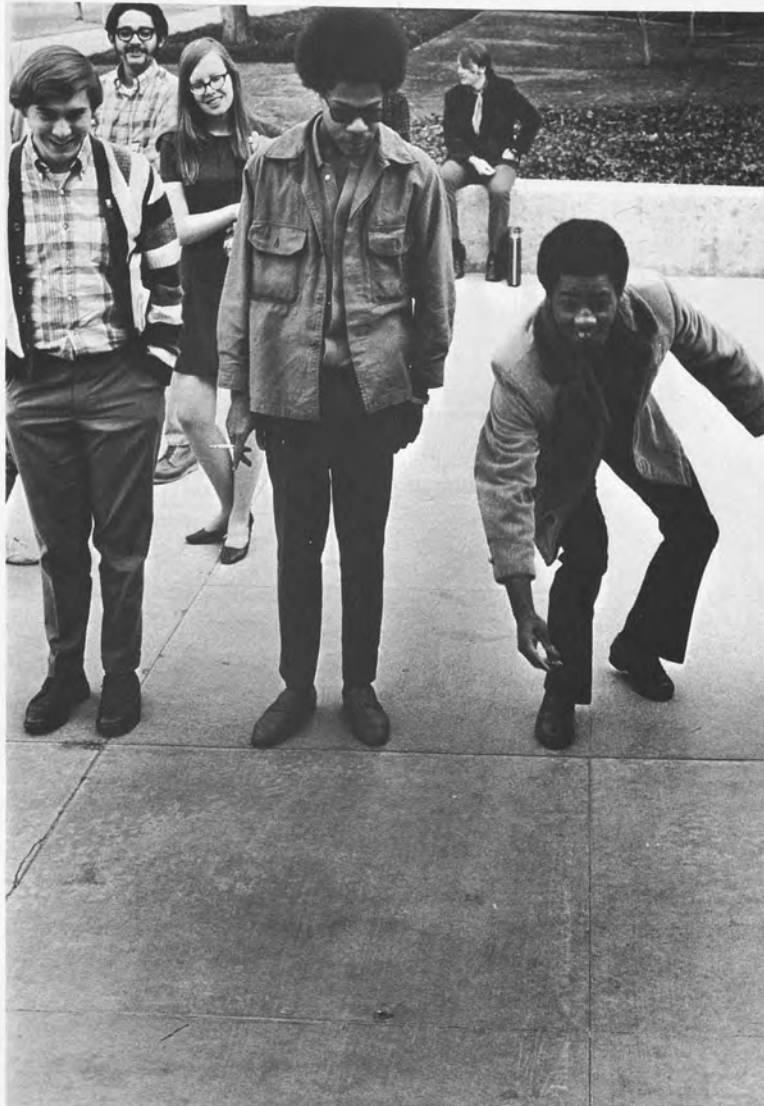


BSU Central Committee members: (L to R)—Ron Polk, Al Celestine, John Johnson, Booker McClain, Porter Tanner, Anita Gilbert. Top Right: reporters listen with varying degrees of attention. Above: Maurice Jackson two months later. Right: Art instructor Ed Bereal.



Right: Chancellor and Booker McClain debate the decision following Hinderaker's own news conference at the Faculty Club which followed the BSU's in the Commons. Far Right: outside LS 1500 as the department is dissolved.





Left: At a poorly-attended rally later that week in the Gym, Jack Goldwasser reads a History Undergraduate Advisory Committee resolution protesting the dissolution of the Black Studies Department. Over a dozen assorted student groups articulated similar positions—all to no avail, and looked to the BSU for leadership—also to no avail.

Grass Roots Dedication

Easy now to dismiss UCR's most remarkable organization as an idealistic fantasy—doomed from the start, its dedication and infectious enthusiasm uselessly spent.

All night long the lights would blaze away in the Peoples Lobby office in the back of the Commons; precinct maps coated the walls; the radio blared rock music; many volunteers were busily validating the signatures on stacks of petitions; Bill and Pat Duxler oversaw all.

The end result of this labor: trying to get two initiatives on the California general election ballot, one a Constitutional amendment laying the groundwork for lawsuits against polluters by explicitly stating every citizen's right to a pollution-free environment and stipulating that polluters must clean it up. The other initiative, the Clean Environment Act, set limits of allowable pollution from factories and autos. The auto provision would have taken effect in 1972 with escalating tougher regulations over the next few years.

Bill and Pat have been around UCR a long time. Bill got his BA in Physics in 1963, his Masters in 1966. Pat got her BA in History in 1964, her MA in 1967. Both were active during the heyday of SDS three years back and became involved in the 1967 Dow napalm demonstrations at the Placement Center. They are not of the angry breed of radicals. Very likeable, they radiate the kind of radicalism hallmarked by working within the system as far as possible to change it. Rather than, say, hurl a rock through a pollution-spewing factory's window, they would walk up to the door, smile at the owner, and hand him a court order to force abatement.

They have always been involved in something. Pat added depth to many a *Highlander* page four years ago with her news coverage of speakers.

They formed the lobby's Riverside chapter in late summer, Bill noticing Clean Air Now (CAN) posters and petitions "all over the place. They seemed to have impressive support but not a really significant chance. Then I came across Peoples Lobby. And I thought, wow, there's something here."

His enthusiasm was initially lost on Pat who "I guess felt it served once again the purpose of me copping out on my Ph.D."

"She'd just finished working as the assistant to the president of San Bernardino State College to help institute a new education program. She wasn't doing anything," and joined.

Biology grad student David Spafford solved the location problem briefly by providing table and phone in his Life Science Building office. But Biology Professor Eric Pengelley, according to Bill, "explained nicely but

firmly that we just couldn't use those facilities for political purposes and we'd have to move."

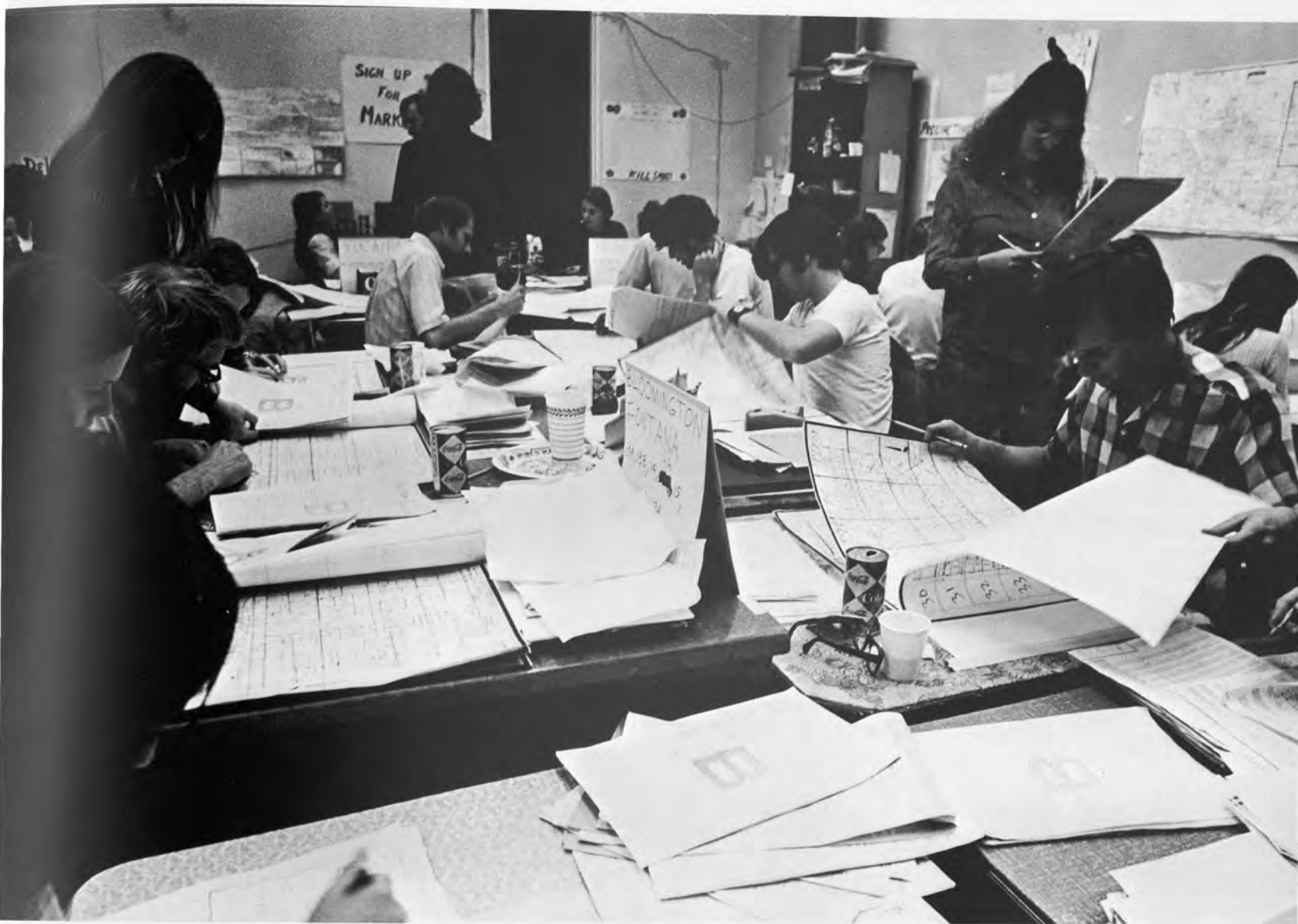
They swooped into ASUCR President Chuck Jenkins' office. Jenkins—cool to both the project and to the occupation of his office—eventually got them moved behind the Commons.

The campus had been leafleted; radio spots urged community support. Ruth Bratton had contributed roughly 1,200 respondents from a recent *Press-Enterprise* smog poll. Called by phone, a number volunteered to help collect signatures and precinct them—an arduously necessary process using giant computer lists to locate the precinct of each signer.

Pat, aided especially by Trish Geddes, spent hours setting up "marketing" at some 70 stores. Bill said that of the shoppers "thirty to fifty percent wouldn't pay any attention to us at all. But of the remainder, 95% would sign if you got them attracted to come over to the table." Serious incidents were minimal; one lady indignantly refused to market a second time. Wearing beads, she had been called a "hippie." A Market Basket marketer was given a small punch to the shoulder by somebody or other. At FedCo an old guard told shoppers to "get over there and sign that petition."

But setting up a test case table at Inland Center in October, Bill was ordered to leave by guard C. H. Barrett who then siezed petitions, ripped out *Highlander* News Editor John Johnson's notes, and warned photographer Mike Malloy to "stop taking pictures if you don't want to get sued." To Johnson, he threatened, "If any of this comes out in the papers you'll get sued, too." *The Highlander* printed it, of course; and the only court action was that taken by Duxler to test the First Amendment's free speech guarantees in a privately-owned public gathering place. After several adversely judged appeals brought by lawyer Roger Diamond, this potentially far-reaching issue remains unresolved; both sides say they will go to the Supreme Court if possible.

A grass roots organization, the lobby drew support from Congressman George Brown. But the *Press-Enterprise* refused support, as did Assemblyman Craig Biddle and Representative John Tunney. And as often happens, the lobby and CAN were on the same side of the ecological fence but on opposite sides of the political one. CAN wanted to go through the Legislature, the lobby to by-pass it, arguing they had had their chance. Finally, CAN gave very dilute support after some very strong words had passed. The lobby seemed too radical to some, too conservative to others. And from all sides came the head-shakers who flatly declared it just wouldn't work and they didn't support lost causes. Bill was clearly disappointed at the lack of support from the



“An important lesson we learned is you can get incredible radical change by just speaking to the merits of something without the usual labels and rhetoric . . . the initiatives were radical but they did not use radical symbols and arguments, so more people were willing to listen.”

—Bill Duxler

campus radicals: “For them radicalism meant yelling at the Chancellor, and not ecology.”

So the lobby worked feverishly in its twilight zone. And the critics were right: it failed. Statewide: 450,000 signatures, enough for the Act (it needed 325,000) but not the amendment (it needed 525,000). Almost half were disqualified because of technicalities, and the San Bernardino Registrar’s Office wasn’t at all helpful. Pat said, “If we got a date or an address wrong, they’d invalidate the signature. And if we got certain key dates wrong, they’d throw out all 28 signatures.”

Bill blamed failure on “total mismanagement in LA and just not enough effort in the state. There wasn’t really an attempt to get out and educate people as to the problems—too much getting straight signatures. We should have had more canvassing instead of marketing.”

Yet even in failure the lobby sustained the hardly new idea that in organized numbers there is strength, that for political change people must get themselves together. UCR’s lobby was together, not so for the rest of the state.

Something else, too. During the long hours ordeal, even some of the most enthusiastic workers expressed doubts of success. Why did they do it—the Duxlers and the others? From the moment came a sense of uplift—standing in the midst of the petitions and the people and the noise you could sense it—the feeling that in a passing age a life can be made to stand for something, a spirit of working together for a common cause.

So with the Peoples Lobby the people lost, but they gained a grand, brief moment in the sun—while we can still see the sun.





Upper Left: Inland Center guard orders Peoples Lobby out.

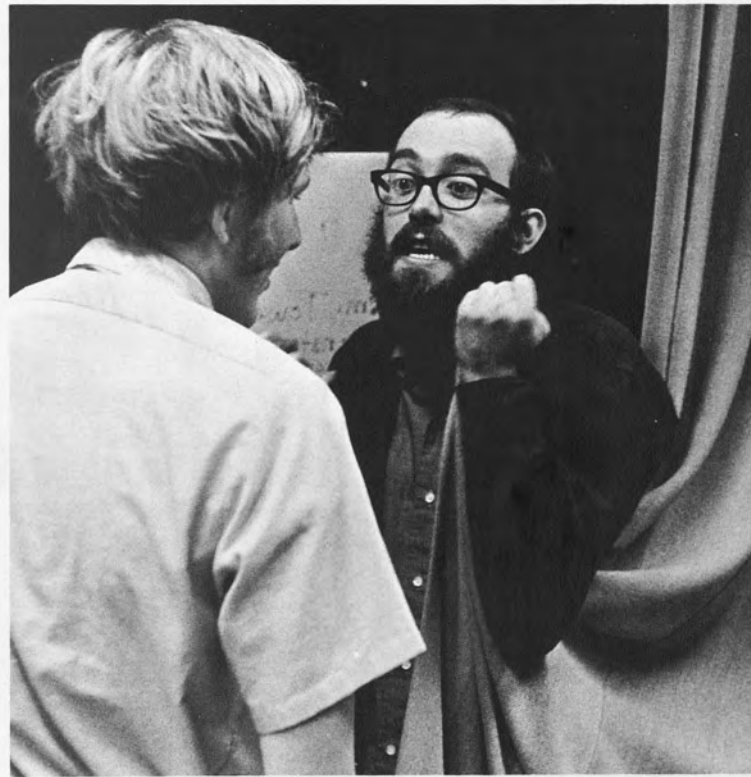
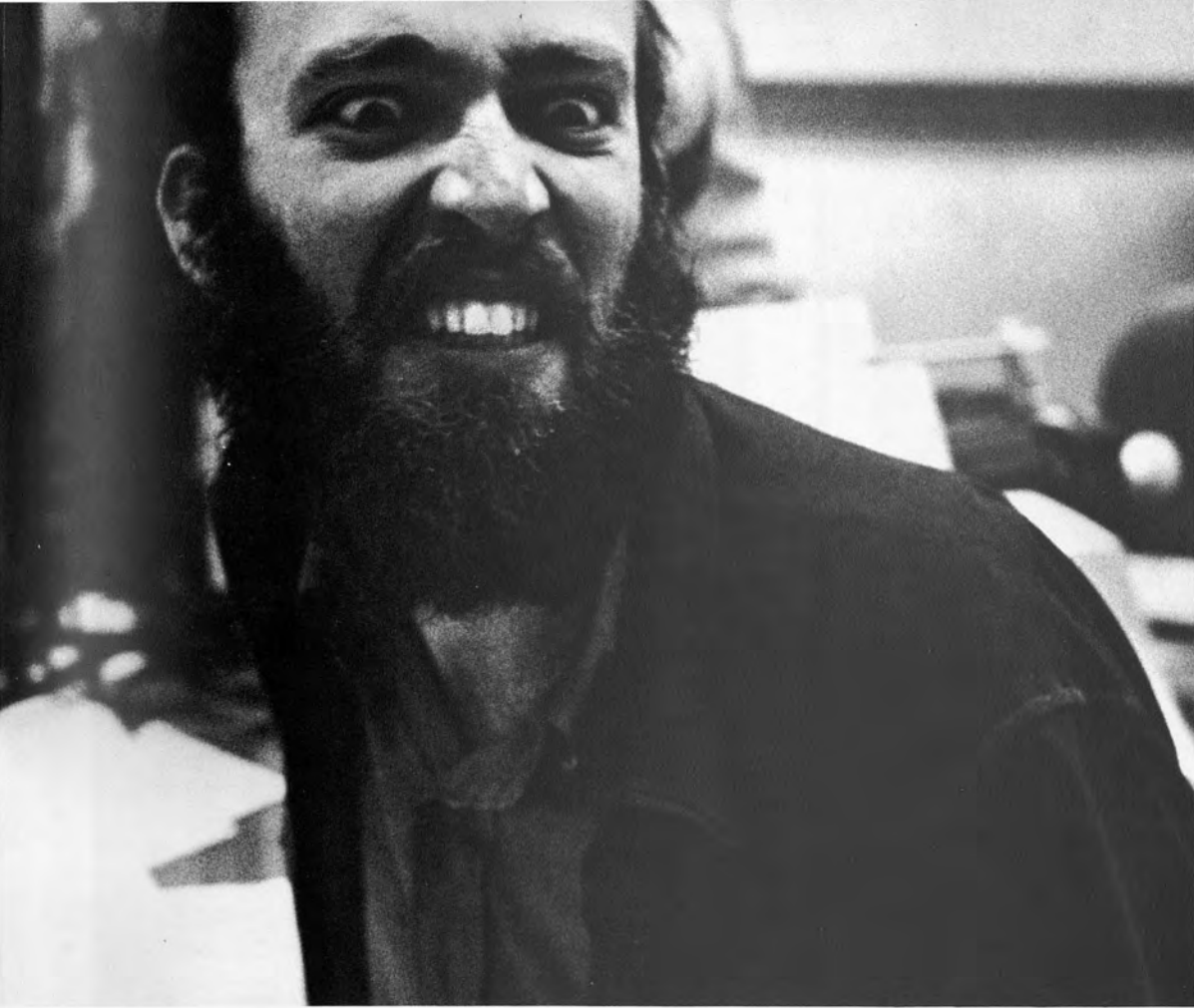
Upper Center: Bill and Pat Duxler

Within a Madhatter World



Maxwell as martyr (left), as devil (right), as frightened (below), as slave-driver (lower right).





If you are smart enough you can kick yourself in the seat of the pants, grab yourself by the back of the collar, and throw yourself out on the sidewalk. This is an axiom that I hope will be taught to future students of journalism as Liebling's Law.

—A. J. Liebling (writing on the pillory by government and press of AP Paris Bureau Chief Ed Kennedy after he broke a promise of silence to break the story of Germany's WWII surrender.)

Sure we drove ourselves. We weren't running a tea-party here. On second thought, maybe it was—like the Mad Hatter's in Alice In Wonderland; and Henderson was the doormouse.

—Richard Maxwell

Richard Callender Maxwell *looked* the perfect radical till you realized that his black beard was born one terribly unradical moment when he simply tired of playing sisyphus to a tender skin. This best *Highlander* ever dramatically proved that given the state of Western Civilization a few radical *symbols* can too easily foster the image of a rogue elephant, which—intoxicated on radicalism—maliciously crashed through the halls of academia determined to rape every sacred cow in sight. In truth, however, the paper was intoxicated on creativity, a strange mixture of technical brilliance and incompetence, independence, apoliticality, a sense of humor which fused with a sense of the absurd, a critical shrewdness which co-existed with more than a little naivete. These words, not coincidentally, come close to describing its creators: Maxwell and Managing Editor John Zaller.

The most radical thing this brilliant, charismatic poet ever did was to grow his beard. "Our favorite radicals were Nancy Curtis and Irv Hall," he said one day, "The rest could seem rather silly at times." Zaller once described his own politics to me: "Well, I believe in Social Security and Medicare." Most of UCR's sacred cows escaped with their virginity intact. For though Maxwell had the uncanny shrewdness to spot a phoney a mile away, he tended to blunt his observations in print, preferring to use his carefully crafted prose as the slapped glove rather than the rapier to the gut. This was partly political (he knew he couldn't afford too many enemies made, nor too many sources dried); but also a combination of the poet's abhorrence of blood with a sense of pity at finding several administrative emperors to possess no clothes. Deliberately unflattering photos—of which Chief Photographer Bruce



Henderson was past master--were considered acceptably mild commentary, however.

Maxwell's greatest crusades were dismal failures and often provoked completely unexpected responses. First Quarter he hoped his massive article on Project Themis would draw some response from the radicals. The only response came from the director of this defense-related work, Dr. Stephen White. Maxwell printed White's courteous, thoughtful, though not so tightly-reasoned defense.

A Second quarter front page showed News Editor John Johnson's posterior gloriously bared to indicate where ASUCR was seated. The reaction around the ASUCR Office was, "So tell us something we don't already know." But the reaction of Regent John Canaday to this Zaller idea was: "That's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen," as he told me following his exhibition of it to the June Regents' meeting. What a radical crusade: the revitalization of student government!

Beneath the Hearst headline, "Dorm Bust Threat," Maxwell wrote of indicative statements from the infamous

Carl Valdrow to Dorm Advisor Dave Lee. No bust came off; whether because of Maxwell or in spite of him is uncertain. In this rare moment of true maliciousness, he was after Valdrow's firing, which didn't come off either. The next time Johnson made the front page, he was facing my camera. Lewis Carroll might have understood that Maxwell by combining headline, photo, stories, and editorial was both panning and explaining rioting. "Johnson and Malloy acted looney," he said later. In the editorial he wrote: "...they (rioters) deserve to be locked up in padded cells." Our world was too insular; the real world too much a tangle of raw nerves. All hell broke loose with Ivan Hinderaker and House-candidate-Assemblyman Victor Veysey taking turns at playing Queen of Hearts.

Veysey blasted: "When two self-proclaimed revolutionaries such as the UCR non-students can drive off the campus with a University-owned car--travel to another campus--lead a riot--destroy the taxpayer owned car--and go scot free until they come home and brag about revolution, something is seriously wrong with our entire system of



checks and balances in the University." Hinderaker branded portions of this "demagogic in tone" but was himself "angrier than I've ever seen him"--as one insider put it--and asked the student Communications Board to investigate non-student staffers (an Operating Code violation) and the stories themselves in the context of "journalistic responsibility." A shocked Maxwell emerged from that farcical session upheld for journalistic responsibility, censured for non-student staffers, but able to accept contributions from anyone, which euphemistically meant this valuable, non-revolutionary pair could remain. "This does the university tremendous damage," Hinderaker said; and we later learned those issues appeared on desks all over the State Capitol and nearly destroyed Legislative approval of Project Clean Air. The most damage was to our world--as we worked under a cloud of depression, and the week of their trials fretted so much in Santa Barbara the paper nearly collapsed. A supplement on Earth Week was simply abandoned; Dr. Spock went unreported, though five staffers had noted down his every breath.

Simultaneously, the year's beginning huge body of staff was now skeletal, poisoned by too much work from twice-weekly publication and personal hang-ups against which Maxwell fought a steadily losing battle. I pay a very inadequate tribute to Intercampus Editor Greg Marshall, everything-girl Debbie Lavender, and writers Mike Mears and Alan Moore (whose Fawcett arrest we also suffered through) who worked grandly to prevent collapse.

Enthusiasm during the Cambodia days spurred out a record three issues in four days; and quite suddenly the year was ending--a 36-page issue conceived as a truly monumental finale. Almost as an afterthought, Maxwell decided to run in the intercampus news column, "The Other Eight," the *Daily Bruin* photo along with Zaller's already-written story of editor's and managing editor's arrest on charges that photo was obscene. "We might as well show everyone what the mess is all about," he said. Told of its running by uni-cop Larry Larson, Chief Robinson blew up, taking two DA Office men to confront a sleepy, exhausted Maxwell at his house early Saturday morning. Maxwell refused alteration or removal. Unable to stop the presses, Robinson stepped aside while a hapless Vice-Chancellor for Business James Sullivan carried out the confiscation. We watched sadly and somewhat angrily that dark Saturday night as two weeks of hard work sped from the printers in two uni-trucks.

Dean Better heatedly argued to me that in view of Regent Canaday's proposal to stop student fee support of student papers, "This one photo could just do it...I've been angry at the newspaper the entire year. Especially that series on narks. I thought that was outrageous. Maxwell is stupid and irresponsible. He's trying to destroy the university." The Dean later said he didn't mean it personally.

We had earlier smuggled some stacks of papers under beds and into closets all over Riverside; and these were distributed at graduation along with an extra four-pager



Kneeling: (L to R)—Diddy McBride (lay-out), Brooke Bailey (lay-out), Mike McKibbin (writer), Richard Maxwell (editor), came-in-for-photo, Alan Moore (writer), Jerry Carlos (sports), John Zaller (managing editor); Standing: (L to R)—Joan Blake (writer), Audrey Ryan, Woody Funderburk (lay-out, writer), Pat McGuckian (writer), John Tillinghast (sports), John Johnson (with basketball, news editor), Mike Malloy (photographer), Steve Bloxham (writer), Bobby Rolfe (girl, writer), Jim Hearne (with cigar, delivery boy), Steve Green (writer), Janet Furnee (with dog Zappa, writer), Joel Selvin (rock-and-roll writer), Teryl Springstead (business), Sue Scott (writer, lay-out), came-in-for-photo, and what's-her-name. Pictured elsewhere: page 2, Cindy Ross (photographer, writer); page 111, Mike Mears (writer); page 131, Bob Crites (photographer); page 136, Jim Thill (sports); page 182, Mike Sokol (sports); page 200, Nancy Curtis (typesetter). Not pictured: Laura Tannenbaum (writer), Dave Nelson (drama critic), Cathy Allo (art critic), Tom Armbruster (writer), Barbara Downie (writer), Jan Peifer (secretary), Gloria Williams (secretary), Mary Mesmer (writer), Ray Schultze (writer), Gail Biberstein (typesetter), Howard Yoffe (artist), Glenn ImObersteg (cartoonist), Joe Jackson, alias English Prof. Ralph Hanna (sports), and Uncle Bill (over-advisor).

hastily printed by a cheerful Covina pornographer. It contained Maxwell's last crusade--for the Bill of Rights: "The Regents, so goes one line of reasoning, must be kept happy...the UCR administration has gotten its head turned, has begun to see its relationship to the Regents as a kind of Sacred Trust which must come before all else. Which must, incidentally, come before the Bill of Rights of the United States Constitution."

From his own world downtown, Assistant DA Jerry Benoit had been on his own crusade--against law-breakers and radicals. He hadn't been very happy either with Maxwell's printing the photos of narks John Hansen and Sandra Kook First Quarter. (Maxwell felt that though narks may not always violate the letter of the law, they violate its spirit of fairness.) So Maxwell, Zaller, and I were indicted for pornography; at mid-summer our lawyer opened a briefcase of racy but legal photos before Municipal Judge McFarland who then closed the legal case.

At summer's end, UCR announced a new tougher uncar policy: perhaps the paper's only true legacy.

Too bad A. J. Liebling and Lewis Carroll never met Richard Maxwell.

--Bill Elledge





Lower Left: (L to R)—Maxwell, Johnson embarrassed (no pun intended) but comforted by girlfriend Mickey Denis, Greg Marshall, Joel Selvin, lay-out staffer Woody Funderburk, Managing Editor John Zaller directing, Alan Moore laughing, Malloy directing. Left: Zaller and godsend Debbie Lavender assemble four-pager on dining room table to tell of Vice-Chancellor Sullivan's confiscation (below).





We led the Revolution

Were this that March 2, 1970, *Highlander* front page, here would be one of the most remarkable stories in any campus newspaper this year—News Editor John Johnson's first-rate first-hand report on the February 26 Santa Barbara riot. He vividly described how as night settled down on Isla Vista, the crowd generated itself into a mob and battled the police. He and photographer Mike Malloy for reasons that will ever be obscured in the tangle of human psychology ran alongside and then with the mob, throwing rocks at and, at times, directing others toward police formations.

The same kind of emotional reasoning that led them to become involved was duplicated over and over in the resulting reaction. And, in retrospect, the proportions of what they did became hopelessly distorted in the grinding of the journalistic and political mills.

First, there was the headline, "We Led the Revolution," put on by Managing Editor John Zaller with Editor Richard Maxwell's approval, but without Johnson's—overly romantic, he objected. It derived from Malloy's having facetiously called out those words in the background of a phone report Johnson was making to

Intercampus News Editor Greg Marshall who had assigned them to cover the riot. But the irony of leading a leaderless riot that was certainly no revolution came through to almost nobody.

They emerged from the phone booth and returned to their uni-car parked across from the burned-out Bank of America in time to see it, too, burning. But, they protested, that's our car; we fought the cops, too. Malloy stopped a guy making off with his camera from the jimmed trunk, but the school's camera was long gone. He and Johnson had been running around, getting gassed; and then to return and find the car burning. It was too much. "I was struck by the ludicrousness of the situation, and carefully removing the credit card, threw the keys over my shoulder and walked away," Johnson wrote. Returning to the phone booth, they called the office for a ride home. Marshall, Zaller, and I took a uni-car checked out to Fine Arts Commissioner Jill Morgan. The gods were not smiling on uni-cars just then. After we picked them up at an off-ramp, smoke burst from the inside of the front seat. Marshall at the wheel sheepishly exclaimed: "Oh, that's where my cigarette went. I

... Through the Public Arena



Santa Barbara Weighs Action Against UC Riverside Writers

BY NOEL GREENWOOD
Times Education Writer

Santa Barbara Dist. Atty. David Minier said Wednesday that his office is looking into the case of two UC Riverside journalists who joined last week's rioting near the UC Santa Barbara campus and then wrote about their adventures.

Minier said no decision on whether to prosecute the two for their actions during the riot will be reached until he has a chance to study their articles.

Meanwhile, the editor of the UC Riverside student newspaper, The Highlander, said the two journalists would remain on the staff although he did not approve of their participation in the riot.

Their articles were published Saturday in The Highlander under a headline, "We Led the Revolution," accompanied by a photograph of the two standing next to a UC Riverside car they drove to Santa Barbara. The car was destroyed by rioters.

The editor of The Highlander, Richard Maxwell, was censured Tuesday night by the campus Communications Board, an elected student panel which oversees operations of the newspaper and other student publications.

His censure was for violating the newspaper's operations code which bars nonstudents from The Highlander's staff. The two staff members who joined the rioting, John Johnson and Mike Malloy, have attended UC Riverside as recently as last year, but currently are not registered student.

The board also ordered Maxwell to bring his staff into compliance with the code. This was first taken to mean that Johnson, Malloy and a third former student who also is a staff member, Associate Editor Joel Selvin would have to be dropped from the staff.

Please Turn to Page 3, Col. 1

COLLEGE PAPER JOURNALISTS

UC Riverside Pair Write of Joining Santa Barbara Riots

BY NOEL GREENWOOD
Times Staff Writer

Two UC Riverside journalists who abandoned their reporting assignment to join the rioting at UC Santa Barbara and then wrote an article describing their actions were censured Tuesday by Chancellor Ivan Hinderaker for committing "criminal acts."

A university car in which the two had driven to the Isla Vista riot area was destroyed during the violence.

Their article, headlined "We Led the Revolution," appeared in Saturday's issue of the UCR newspaper, The Highlander, together with a photograph of the pair standing by the burned-out car.

The two, John Johnson, 22, of Colton, and Mike Malloy, 21, of Burbank, told how they stoned police cars and even issued directives to rioters during last Thursday

night's disturbances in Isla Vista, the small community adjoining UC Santa Barbara.

Wrote Johnson about one attack against trapped police cars:

"... I fingered a smooth, palm-sized rock I had been given earlier.

Curfew lifted at UC Santa Barbara area. See Page 3, Part 1.

As we ran up the neatly planted embankment to the elevated parking lot, I could see arms drawn back, rocks balanced. Then cheers and tires squealing and I quickly got rid of two small stones—and picked up a piece of asphalt, and heaved it.

"... Excitement mixed with shame; we were stoning the cops..."

Please Turn to Page 31, Col. 8

. . . And the Courtroom

thought it had fallen on the floor.” I jumped out and doused the fire with a gas station’s radiator hose. Only nobody thought to tell Jill Morgan; and when the already upset Central Garage made the discovery, she spent a lot of time explaining.

Isla Vista was dead quiet when we arrived at the ghostly uni-car. With our headlights and those from a patrolling sheriff’s car illuminating the unearthly scene, I snapped some pictures, and then asked Malloy and Johnson to stand by the wreck. We were dead tired and numbed by the absurdity of it all; and so they innocently hammed it up. But that photo taken so innocently carried the same dual interpretation as the headline: Johnson’s sick smile—Malloy’s long leg that had helped win him fame as a high school and UCR track star now falsely suggested a big-game hunter boasting over his freshly-bagged prize trophy. They were transformed by a camera snap into monsters, punks, destroyers, and worst of all, boasters—what gall, what brazen cheek.

They had not intended to boast at all—in fact, all the incriminatory phrases in Johnson’s story were added at the persuasion of Zaller and Maxwell as little typeset pieces after the rest of the story had been assembled on the page. This, if anything, though it enormously added to the story’s drama in one sense, degraded it in another. For now an originally objective account mixed in subjectivity in a confusing way. He described getting involved, but did not explain why. For that purpose, Maxwell called on Malloy to write one of the worst pieces of journalism to appear in a college newspaper this year, “Page from a Santa Barbara diary.” This hastily-written muddle—which Johnson said also reflected his feelings—perfectly conveys the confused state of their thoughts, and, in so doing, contributes something toward an explanation. But it was far too unsure, speculative, and confusing for the revolutionary proclamation it was often interpreted to be.

Maxwell, moreover, strongly disapproved of their joining the mob, editorializing under the title, “Cheap Thrills up Santa Barbara way,” “So the Santa Barbara riots were stupid and destructive . . . This is an evil game to play. Cheap Thrills for most of the participants, death, often enough, for one or two . . . As for the rest of the rioters: they are a small piece of history, but they deserve also to be locked up in padded cells.”

The red-hot stories leaped from the *Highlander* to the *Press-Enterprise*, to the wire services, to the *LA Times*’ front page, to the television screen. Three

stations sent cameras. But reporters seemed disappointed at finding not a Mark Rudd or a young Mario Savio, but two nervous soft-spoken kids struggling for logical explanations—more interested in intellectually dissecting those three mad hours of their lives than in a life of revolution. Ten minute interviews were chopped down to forty-five stereotyped seconds on the air. But as news the story was a dead end—good only once. The *Times* printed another lengthy story on page three saying that the Santa Barbara DA was investigating, but dropped subsequent coverage down to a few inches on inside pages. The *Press-Enterprise* (which at my insistence paid me \$7 for the photo) continued coverage that became less lengthy and less accurate as time went on, once ironically getting Malloy’s prosecuting attorney down as his defense attorney.

A sore nerve was struck with the professional press. Editorials poured forth up and down the state, condemning the abandonment of the objective role (which overlooked the remarkable objectivity of Johnson’s story and the intent of Malloy’s as an essay), attacking UCR’s checking out the car to two non-students (which overlooked ASUCR Executive Secretary Mildred Tyler’s not knowing they weren’t students, Malloy holding a valid UC license). Many editorials got basic facts wrong, and one KFWB editorial even urged the DA: “If their editor told these reporters to join the riot . . . include him as a possible conspirator.” A satire by the *Times*’ Jim Murray likened it all to a racetrack reporter who drugs a horse for a Kentucky Derby story (which overlooked the fact that they didn’t go with the intent of joining in).

At this time, they rather enjoyed the notoriety; Johnson talked with Channel 9 about going on its “Tempo” show. But this fell through, for on Friday, March 10, The Man came to UCR—or rather two men, SB senior investigator William H. Steele and State Justice Department investigator July C. Dear. They questioned me an hour and a half at the uni-cop station with a concealed recorder in Steele’s briefcase. I hurried back and warned Johnson and Malloy; but next week, after being told his rights, Malloy confessed, thinking it would do no harm to verbally confirm the stories. Steele told the Grand Jury, “He stated that sometime after 9:00 p.m. he returned to the automobile, him and Mr. Johnson, and put his cameras back into the trunk of the automobile. I asked him why he did this, and he stated: ‘Because, like I told NBC, I couldn’t throw rocks and hold cameras in my hands at the same time.’”



Left: Judge Kenneth Chantry

Below: Johnson (left) and Malloy (right) just before sentence was pronounced by Chantry.





Above: The Man, Santa Barbara senior investigator William H. Steele.

Upper Right: Prosecutor David Battin.

Right: UCSB officer David Stronach.

March 27, Maxwell and I journeyed sleepily and nervously by plane to Santa Barbara and hedged to the Grand Jury whenever the crucial question came: Maxwell: "Q. Did he [Johnson] at any time verbally indicate to you what acts he engaged in during this Isla Vista visit? A. Now, that is a good question. He had it all down on paper before I ever talked to him. I can recall no specific instance where it was a situation where he said to me, 'I did so and so,' but that was assumed all along, because here was the article."

As we sat in the corridor outside, applause was heard for each witness. And we, too, were applauded and later told by two elderly male jurors as we entered an elevator: "Great job, boys. Great job. You did just fine." This Jury had the very serious mission of leading civilization away from the revolution. But there was a dichotomy: several jurors seemed genuinely trying to understand motive; others seemed to take the practical position—why didn't they just keep quiet. Riot and then write, how dumb can you get.

One lady asked why they burned their own uni-car. I replied I didn't think they did.

Later, came the indictments. And they turned themselves in at the SB County Jail, spending two uncomfortable days (Johnson was scared and didn't eat) until freed on \$6,250 bond each posted by an LA bondsman on \$1,250 cash (raised from a student and a rich prof.) and collateral from a gracious local lady's house.

From the handful consulted, a lawyer was belatedly selected for \$3,000 paid by Johnson's rich Kansas City banker friend Bill Kemper who also reimbursed everybody for the bail money. Robert Harris' cynicism irritated the more idealistic of us; but he was bright; and we thought that anyone who had a 1968 UCLA Law School diploma signed by Ronald Reagan, Charles Hitch, and Dean Richard Maxwell (Rich's dad) couldn't be all bad.

Came the trial; those of us from the paper were worried and cold in that cavernous hallway. Help came in the form of two other men, David Battin and Larry Chapman, two defense lawyers turned prosecutors because of trial overloads. The case against Malloy was largely his confession and that hastily-written article: "Fifteen minutes later I was throwing rocks at the police and making tactical decisions which the crowd followed, and soon my cameras were locked away in the trunk of our car." As the taped confession unreeled, Harris and Battin made a deal: Malloy pled guilty to the misdemeanor of urging a riot, and the felony assault with a deadly weapon was dropped by Judge Kenneth Chantry, an LA Superior Court judge called from retirement.

Against Johnson, however, there was the young and likeable UCSB officer David Stronach whose patrol car was attacked by the mob, its windshield broken by a rock thrown, he claimed, by Johnson

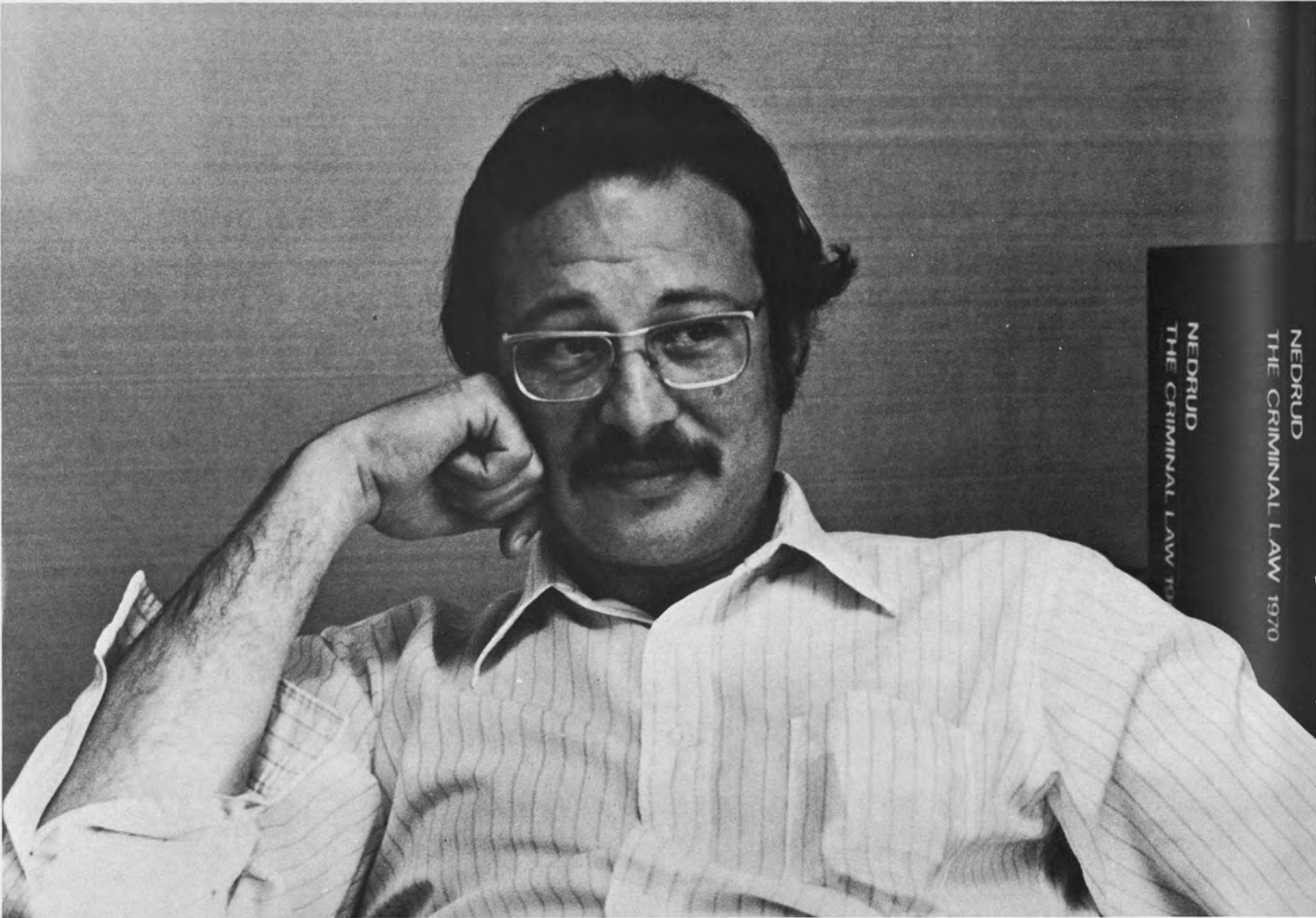
while leading "a crowd of maybe 80 to 100, maybe 120 people" up an embankment. Johnson steadfastly denied this—publically and privately—and took a lie detector test which bore him out, but Chantry ruled it inadmissible. Stronach under cross-examination radiated, as Maxwell wrote later, "both sincerity and confusion." He claimed remembering distinctly Johnson cocking back his arm, but then couldn't recall which arm—an important detail since Johnson's right hand has been crippled since a childhood washing machine wringer accident.

Chantry found Johnson guilty of misdemeanor Assault and misdemeanor Throwing a Substance at a Vehicle Upon a Highway or Occupant and innocent of the charge Malloy was convicted on. Originally, the first two charges had been felonies until dropped by Chantry. He seemed a paradox. Friendly, candid, he too was searching for why they joined the mob, saying he had lost sleep over the case and, in fact, wanted to take no more riot cases. He said he liked them personally, "But I do think we have a problem to teach these young people that when they violate certain rules and regulations there has to be some punishment." So ninety days for each. Probation officer Roy Flint—who later admitted pressure from the DA—wanted 6 months for Malloy and a year for Johnson. Battin and Chapman concurred in wanting thirty. Battin's recommendation of the Honor Farm not the "primitive County Jail," as he put it, was followed. "I was concerned about Malloy's health... this is a better deal," he commented, referring to an unhealed hole in Malloy's left lung from San Joaquin Valley fever—a disease contracted by working in the UCR Soils Department the previous summer. Chantry apparently had resisted the pressure that visited him earlier that morning in the person of a high-ranking member of the DA's staff who lobbied for stiff sentences, heatedly attacked dropping the felonies to misdemeanors, and said, "We don't like you coming up here and pushing us around." Harris fumed. "That was the most unethical thing I ever saw."

The Honor Farm's lenient air with its friendly guards and basketball games was no paradise, but proved surprisingly tolerable. And after 42 days, the Parole Board freed Malloy on emergency parole with probation when his divorced, emotional mother claimed her epileptic condition was being worsened by the sentence. Johnson's was modified by Judge Floyd Dodson to weekends only.

And so it was that in the end something happened nobody expected: the legal system as interpreted by Chantry, Harris, Battin, Chapman, and the green coveralled Honor Farm guards finally put leading the revolution back into some perspective. But, come to think of it, that's the way the law should work.

—Bill Elledge



. . . to the Honor Farm



Above: Malloy and Johnson depart the Santa Barbara courtroom in handcuffs.

Left: Los Angeles attorney Robert Harris.

Upper Left: Malloy as metaphor.



"Percy" guzzles.



"Come here, sonny."



Scots on the Rocks was the same sexy, drunken, muddy phonograph record it long has been. But the week-long orgy in late April-early May seemed like a record running down. Perhaps Scots, too, is becoming a casualty of the rebellion against tradition.

There were food fights in the dorm Cafeteria; the mud fight down between Lothian and Fawcett Lab; Buffy Sainte-Marie, Ole Blue, Dick Dale; several keggers—one by the moribund Marquis, another where KUCR Program Director Rich Fazekas' dog "Percy" guzzled Coors; and the longest water fight in UCR history, mostly on the Tower Mall. Hoses were hooked into the sprinkler system and waste-baskets quickly filled and just as quickly sloshed empty onto nearly every dry body in sight—including one woman whose husband blew up. "Come here, sonny," he angrily summoned the student he took to be the culprit. Sonny wisely kept back while the man cooled down some and stalked off saying she had been in the hospital before "because of this sort of thing."

While anger was rare, sheer Marx Brothers' madness was

not: at the mud fight Tom Luedtke threw in his girl and was asked, "Luedtke, how could you do that to her, you brute?" Came the reply, "With the help of about four other brutes."

The *Highlander* led the Scots revolution, editor Maxwell relieving the accumulated tensions by barnstorming the mall in the tri-wheeled delivery cart, staffers trash-bucket bombing already soaking students who ganged up and turned the cart's bed into a swimming pool. Then rounding a corner in the Commons, Maxwell turned the cart over—CRASH—a crowd gathered, but nobody was really hurt.

Another staffer accidentally let his metal trash-can accompany its load of water to the target—the head of the drummer in the afternoon's rock group. Blood oozing, on the way to the Health Center the not very hurt guy said he was actually grateful: he hadn't wanted to play with the group anyway.

Then John Johnson repeated Maxwell's performance and slid off the wet seat swerving to avoid hitting



somebody. The cart circled and ran over his feet—OUCH.

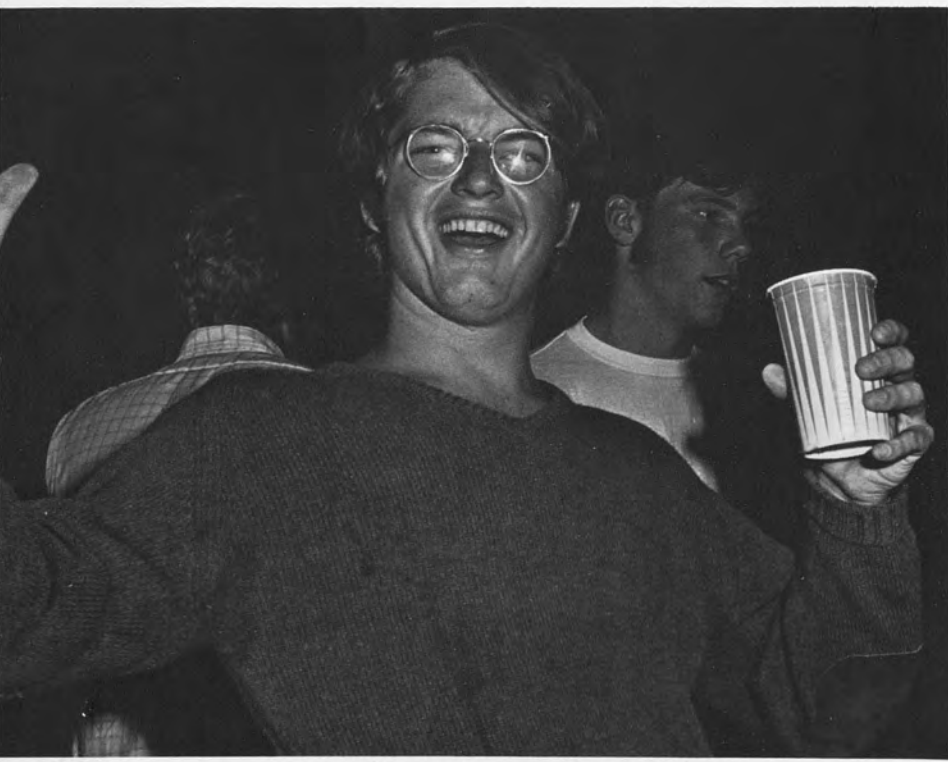
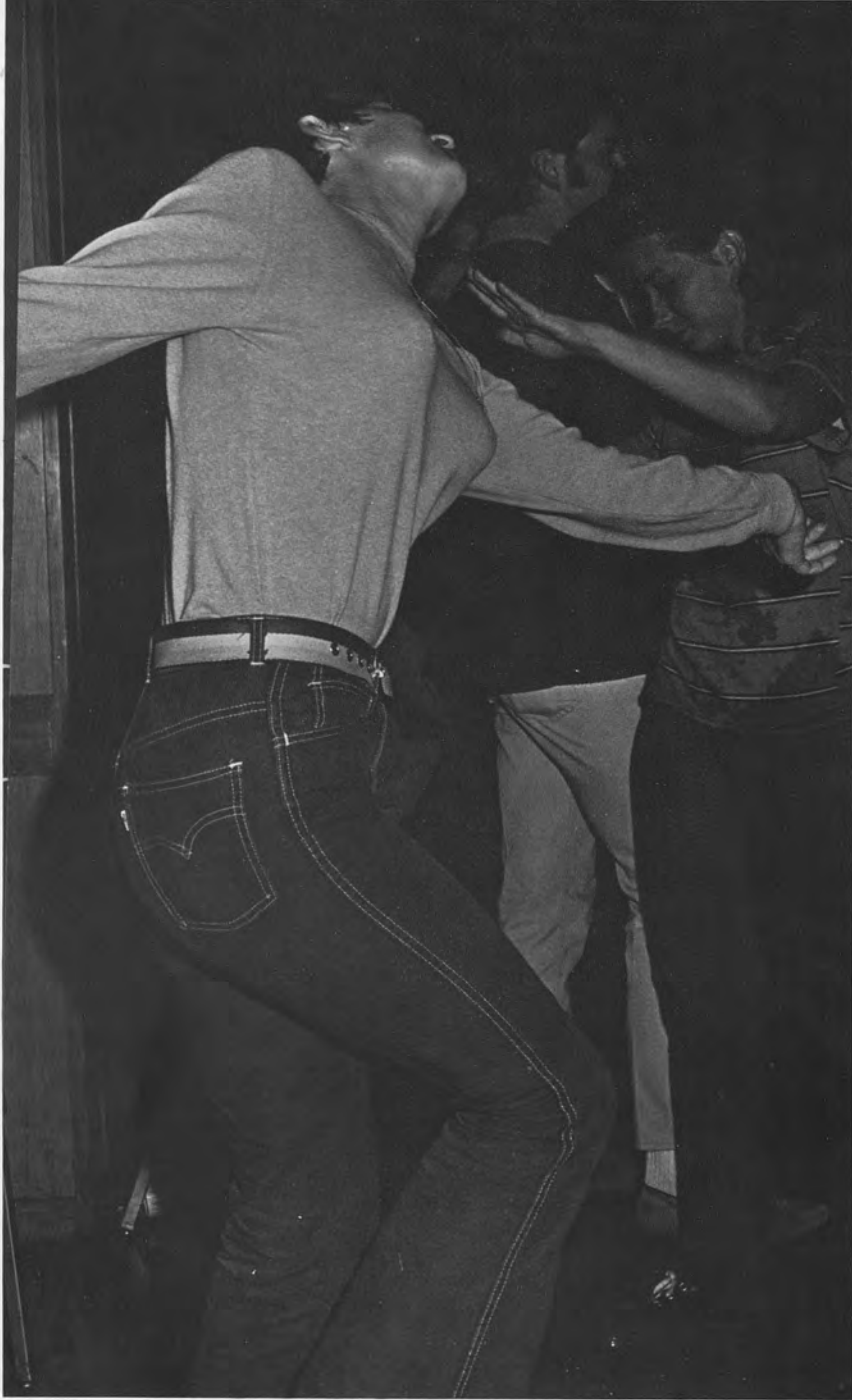
This was too much for ASUCR Executive Secretary Mildred Tyler. She surveyed the broken-out front windshield and smashed front bumper and took away the keys for a while.

In a rare moment of activity the RHA spent \$2,000 after receipts on Spirit, Ole Blue, and Buffy—former RHA president Ken Hill doing a lot of coordination along with Mike Boyd. The gym was packed, the sound system kept going off, and a broken string turned Buffy's guitar into a five string model. But she projected a wide range of moods, emotions, and voice ranges: now joyous and joking, now deadly serious, singing of the oppression of the Indian. Everybody loved her, but *Highlander* Entertainment Editor David Nelson was less enthusiastic: "But Buffy is still only an ordinary folk singer And most unfortunately, she allows her music and her message to become mired in the morass of her own simple minded philosophy. Generally, the concert was fine, but it could have been better had Buffy not insisted on punctuating

many of her numbers with scatter-brained assessments of the 'establishment,' the older generation, and whatever else she happened to think of." A lot of Buffy's fans went around for a while acting as though they wanted that missing string wrapped around Nelson's neck.

Dick Dale proved the surprise smash of the week. The King of the Surf Guitar shyed away from surf music. But then came *Misirlou* and the crowd wildly leaped up and surged screaming around the platform; Dale fell to his knees, sat down, and rolled over on his back—playing constantly, his face contorted, his forehead sweating. Later, he summoned embarrassed *Highlander* rock critic Joel Selvin onstage and introduced him as "the guy I want to thank for bringing me out of the closet. I've been in it these last five years." Selvin had gotten him to make his first public appearance outside his Perris, California, nightclub in five years.

So that was Scots, 1970. Some wondered if they weren't hearing in the metallic rattle of beer cans another more ominous sound—the death rattle of Scots.



Bridging the generation gap.





Tom Luedtke, the big brute.



Far Right: Assistant to the Vice-Chancellor Jack Adame whose biggest headache was the enforcement of UCR's dog policy. Lower Right: a freshman student. Middle Right: Dorm Administrator McCoy Williams. Right: Physics Professor Stephen White. Below: a typical evening of relaxation in the Dorms.



I. The University

A young man strolled, not many months ago, into an office in UCR's student Commons, carrying with him a sheaf of instructions for aspiring bomb-makers. Handing this *magnum opus* to the only Student Leader in sight, he intoned succinctly: "I want to make sure this gets into the right hands."

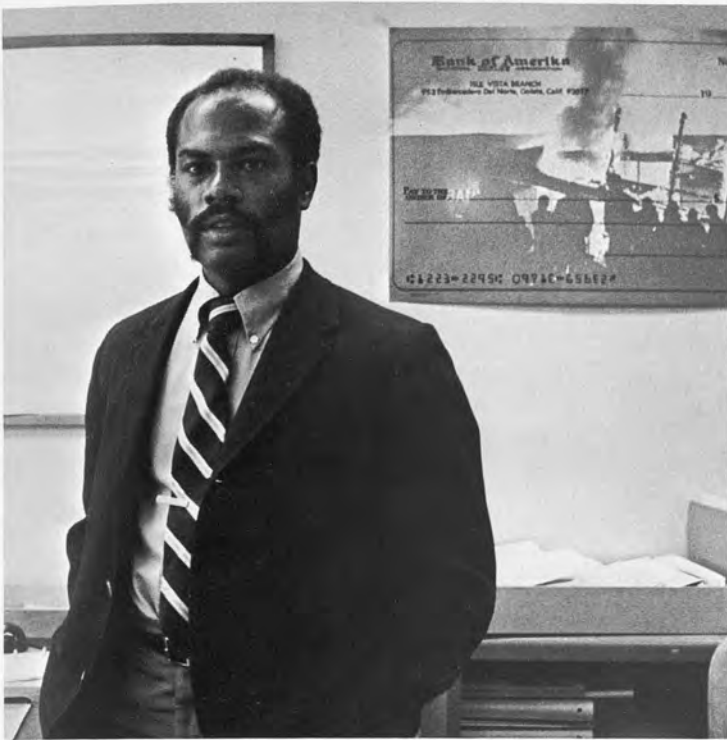
Whose hands are those? the reader is likely to wonder. There would be a number of opinions on this subject. The young man in question had the instincts of a good librarian, but these mixed oddly with the ambitions of the good revolutionary. The university, one begins to think, is creating some curious hybrids.

Those students who act under the heady influence of what they see on television, are presumably likely to follow certain national norms. Bomb-throwing is the business of the day. And while no one actually set off such a mechanism at UCR this year, there were multitudinous threats on the Administration Building whose employees were evacuated at regular intervals while policemen searched the premises.

Apparently, then, UCR has entered the mainstream. The notable events of 1969-70—the dissolution of Black Studies, the arrests at Fawcett Lab—followed faithfully in the trail-blazing path of other educational institutions. The year, it appears now, could have been predicted by computer.

Nonetheless, not all the members of the academic community were caught up in the rat-race. Ever some of those who seemed to be acting out the Great





as Circus

Cliches, were pursuing goals of considerable eccentricity. What we wish to suggest here is the diversity of student life; the variety of ways in which excess energy can be put to spectacular use.

The cast of characters is good enough for Dickens, combining as it does universality with a needed quirkiness. A sampling of figures includes: (1) the aristocrat-by-birth who supports a Mercedes-Benz on the salary of a typesetter. (2) the freshman whose mind is so blown by the diversity of the universe that he decides to experience the sum total of reality in the course of a single year. Naturally, he ends up in jail. (3) the fighter for women's rights, who by an artfully intimidating life-style throws administrators into a frenzy whenever she appears on the scene. (4) the effete intellectual, who is so enraged by the jolly Public Relations office that he makes his own anti-PR film, on funds from the Dean of Students office.

The university-as-spectacle is a theme to be grappled with. Nor is it, as we hope to show, entirely separate from another, more soothing theme: the Quiet Labors of the Scholar. As we will hint towards the end of this masterwork, it is the academic mode of thinking that allows the university to become such a pleasingly spirited circus. And so it is that we begin with the educational process itself: the attempt to diversify it; to give students a part in determining its structure; and finally, to justify it to the taxpayer.





II. Re-Inventing the University, or

UCR, so runs the familiar tale, was founded as a small liberal arts college, only to be caught up in the multiversity syndrome. The campus started out offering a curriculum based on a two-year Western Civilization course: the assumption, typical in such programs, was that a fairly stable body of knowledge should be imparted to every student as the core of his education. But in 1970, Western Civ—the course had long since shrunk to a single year—was finally squelched as a requirement.

The end of Western Civ was symptomatic. As the five-college plan went into operation; requirements of long standing were cut down right and left. Language requirement were rejected—in some cases after hot debate—in some of the new disciplinary colleges. The fifth college—a jumble of programs which

administrators re-christened the “Division of Undergraduate Studies”—voted down a proposal to establish a modest liberal arts curriculum. The moral was clear: undergraduates should be allowed to take pretty much what courses *they* want to take, except, perhaps, that they shouldn’t specialize too much.

Or perhaps on the other hand they should. The university seems to be throwing in the towel. It doesn’t know anymore what its students want or need: there are too many of them trying to do too many different things. Western Civilization—hah! ejaculates the wary freshman. What about Eastern Civilization? What about Africa? And increasingly his point is well taken. There are too many things to know. Who is to decide what is an appropriate *core* for the educational curriculum?

At year’s end, a Troika of (L to R) Margo Tobin, Peter Gautschi, and Ron Andrade became the ASUCR President.

The university, it appears, is capable of a certain openness, which may probe the base for a more adequate educational curriculum. You contain excess energy by breaking down outmoded frameworks, by setting up new institutions. At some point, if you are a university administrator, you find yourself on the defensive, speaking less of "innovation," and more of "academic integrity." The perilous political course between these two watchwords must carefully be navigated.

But how do you handle student demands not for change in the curriculum but for changes in the educational power structure? This is, perhaps, an even more difficult question.

UCR is seen by some as a bastion of educational conservatism. The five-college plan, administrators claim, is an attempt to break down this conservatism, to make the institution more open to "innovation." Curiously, it has been the students—the best of them—who have resisted most vigorously the breaking-up of the College of Letters and Sciences. Is it then students who are the real conservatives—or do they simply suspect the administrative line?

Either way, the institution *is* becoming more open to change. Sometimes, in the eyes of the academic establishment, this trend gets out of control. This year, the main debate was over political activism: its relationship to the classroom, its acceptability as an integral part of a university education.

Only a few years ago, the place of politics at UCR

of the day, often, if not always, from a radical perspective. "Relevant" also implies that education is a base for direct social action, and sometimes merges *into* such action.

This is a direct, practical kind of relevance. The sociologist who thinks of himself as a detached observer, working to the end of intellectual analysis, may find that his students picture him as a pedantic dawdler, wasting time and paper. He, in turn, may defend his work in terms of phrases like "academic integrity" and "professional scholarship." The exchange is not likely to go much further.

Such a detente occurred this year in the now-defunct Black Studies Department. The Chancellor's decision to dissolve Black Studies, dealt with elsewhere in this volume, was justified on two grounds: (1) Black students, under the leadership of the BSU, were trying to take the department over; and (2) Whether they were trying to take it over or not, the policies they wished to implement within it were unacceptable.

Regarding this latter point, Hinderaker remarked as follows, in a speech to an emergency faculty meeting:

I retain my feeling that the need for a Black Studies program remains extraordinary. I will continue to work toward developing a sound academic program in this field. I will not approve a program, however, which is academically inferior, which is primarily propagandistic, or has political or social action as its prime objective. . .

There is a tonic clarity in this declaration, whether one agrees with it or not. After the Black Studies crisis had passed, many assumed Hinderaker had made a fairly generalized statement of academic policy. Yet only three months later, he moved towards what seemed to many a renunciation of that policy.

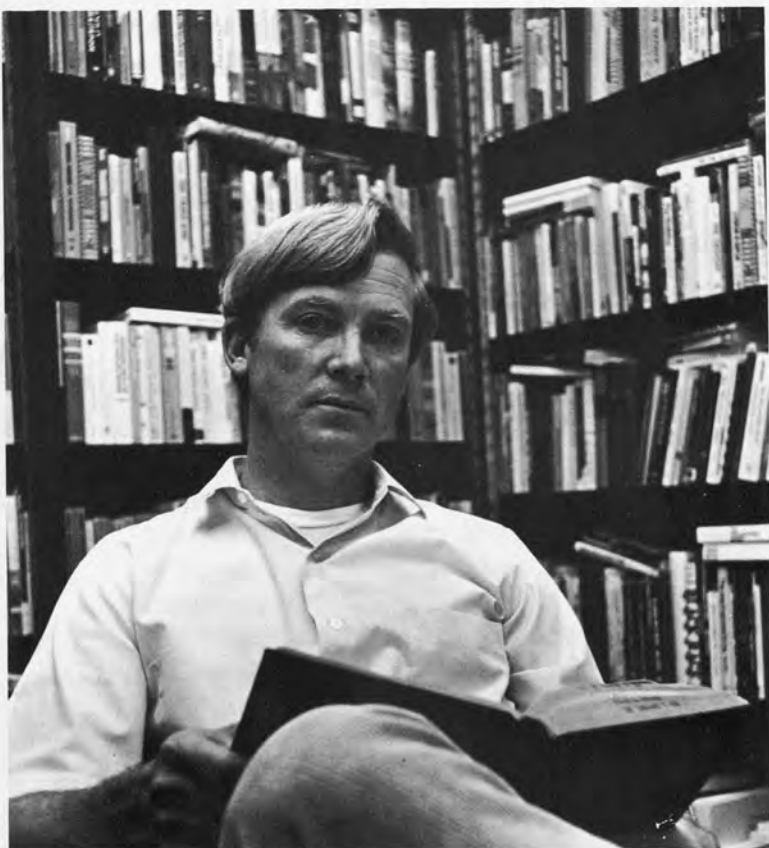
The occasion was the Cambodian invasion. During another emergency faculty meeting, Hinderaker made a qualified comparison between the national situation then and just after Pearl Harbor. He recalled writing his dissertation in a furiously busy two weeks, after the Japanese bombing. The implication, apparently, was that the present generation was about to change radically the thrust of its activities and interests, in the context of a national emergency, and that the university must in some sense change with it.

So the Academic Senate passed a resolution. The resolution allowed students to drop out of courses and switch to pass/fail, while (in studiously ambiguous language) encouraging teachers to grade students more leniently than usual. The rhetorical approach was: "Well, you really should stay in classes, students, but in case you've got more urgent things to do, here's a way out."

Relevance Revealed

was not a very prominent one. When members of Leg Con passed a resolution condemning police brutality at Selma, Chancellor Hinderaker—upholding the so-called "Kerr Directives" that prohibited a student organization to speak for the students in an off-campus political matter—forced them to rescind it; and the student body president and others promptly resigned. But the furore was effectively over.

Needless to say things have changed since then. The university itself has become a major political issue, mostly because of political actions initiated by the radical-liberal segments of the student body. The word "relevant" has crept into student conversation. To say that an education is "relevant," means usually that it allows a student to study the social problems



It was all very awkward. So many good teachers got fired. Some of them deserved to be, perhaps, but still there were so many. David Smith (center) got the axe at year's beginning after fighting with his Classics Department Chairman Anastasius Bandy and participating in the People's Park strike. Later, came the academic demise of Richard Doucette (right), a Russian teacher who forgot to get his Ph.D. Alan Green (left) was a History specialist who seemed to have been eaten alive by the sheer perversity of the bureaucratic process. And John Marsh (above), a sociologist who wore tennis shoes, ran a weirdo class on white racism, and thumbed his nose at a tenured clique. Said clique voted to fire him; it became known right at year's end. Some students—mainly from his classes and the Riverside Plan—tried to save him; but there seemed nothing that could be really done. And besides the year was almost over. Nobody is feeling much like a crusade then.

Well and good: but what did it mean? Could the resolution, for example, be said to have reflected a change in the *policy* of the university? Were efforts towards political and social change now to be encouraged as a substitute for classroom activity, as the reshuffling of priorities seemed to suggest? Several members of the Advisory Committee expressed privately the view that the resolution was a matter of "expedience," an emergency reaction to a momentary crisis which would at least keep idle hands from becoming the devil's playground. Others seemed to feel that the reaction to Cambodia marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the University of California.

To this latter possibility, the Regents reacted with horror. Following the Chancellors' reports on "strike" activities, one Regent remarked that he suspected a "whitewash;" soon after, conservative professors emerged from the woodwork with tales of academic terror. Reconstitution, it was maintained, meant in many cases, that the politics of Vietnam was being taught in classes where that subject had no relevance, at least to the curriculum announced. Students were passing courses where they had done not the slightest lick of work; in fact, in many cases finals had been cancelled.

At UCR, the situation was hardly so extreme. There were, to be sure, several large lecture classes in which strike activities were intimately connected with what was going on in the classroom. Students in Biology 36 (Ecology) were encouraged to participate in the Movement, in fact to write about what they had done in it. Two social science courses—one on white racism, the other on student movements—also became closely connected with the strike. Apparently, however, the departments which sponsored these latter courses did not enjoy so doing. One of the teachers involved had received a terminal contract before the strike began. The other received one soon after.

If the meaning of Hinderaker's Cambodian speech is still uncertain, the subsequent declarations of the Regents, and the actions of the social sciences faculty are somewhat less ambiguous. The Movement, and similar phenomena, are not about to become an integral part of the University of California. The faculty at UCR will not stand for it. The administration may warble in tones of love, but its heart is really elsewhere. The university has for many years been a tool for government research. But for it to cede its autonomy in that other direction—for it to become a tool of political activism—is simply not practical politics.

III. It's So Hard to be a Radical

Six times this year, a popular teacher received a terminal contract from his department. In each case, the man's students raised holy hell. The word "popular" must be defined here. We mean that these teachers had a loyal following, but not always a broad one. In the case of John Marsh (sociology), and in that of Allen Green (history), "popular" teachers both, negative student opinion was cited in the decision to terminate.

This raises a difficult point. How do you keep controversial, stimulating teachers in the university? If a man insists on thumbing his nose at the academic establishment (as did Marsh), or on treating his students with a certain Puritanical sternness (as did Green), he is likely to be discontinued.

Now not all of the six teachers about whom so much fuss was made were in the long run worth the effort. But several of them probably were. We can attach, therefore, some importance to the student effort to keep them. Let us examine closely the attempt of one coalition to plead the case of David Smith (classics) before the Academic Senate.

Last December, the Senate convened to consider various routine matters. It was scheduled to vote on an amendment to its rules and regulations, which, as they stood, allowed students full speaking rights. This amendment was not judged controversial, since it took away a power which the students did not realize they had, which they had never used, and which no one had ever intended to give them.

A small group of students got wind of what was going on. They showed up at the Senate meeting with the idea of (1) exercising their full speaking privileges, with an eye to seeing that these privileges were not taken away; and (2) arguing—since they had to have something to speak about—the case of Mr. Smith.

One of the students—Tom Carew—filed a petition previous to the meeting, asking that he be allowed to speak before the Senate, before his right to do so was revoked. However, Senate Chairman William Reynolds had no chance to read the petition before the business of the afternoon got under way; as a consequence, the fatal amendment was approved before either students or faculty realized the

ramifications of what was happening. There followed a sequence of events almost as confusing as it was instructive.

It must first be admitted: we owe to this Senate meeting one of the great moments in UCR's academic history. Professor Charles Adrian—whipping-boy of the liberal establishment and chairman of our redoubtable Political Science department—rose to speak on a topic of no importance whatsoever. As he opened his mouth to address the Senate, there emanated from the back of Hum 400 a piercing pig call, from a WLFer of awesome lung capacity. Adrian turned round slowly, a look in his limpid blue eyes of alarm mixed with disgust. A torpid silence hung briefly on the air, the precursor of torpidities to come.

Later, as the Senate adjourned precipitately, just before the matter of student petitions reached the floor, grad student Irv Hall leaped to his feet. Hall now bade the assembled faculty return to its seats. He did so in terms of anger, and perhaps of desperation, since nobody wants to sit through a three-hour Academic Senate meeting without getting to speak his piece. Perhaps three-fourths of those present sat down, the remainder (seeing their chance) sneaking quickly out the doors. Following a brief parley with Reynolds, Hall was allowed to perorate briefly before those who chose to remain.

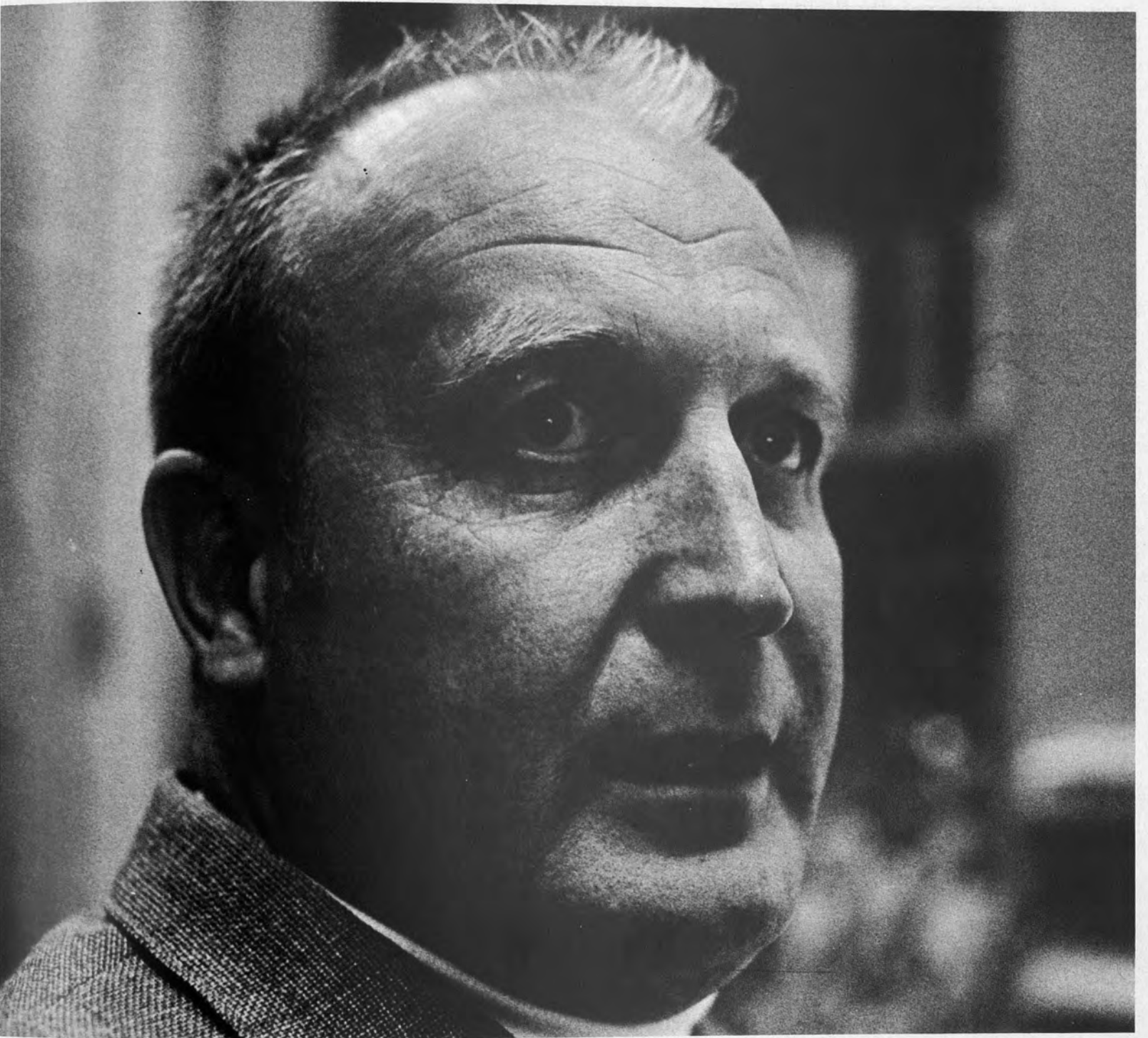
A few days later, the students met with the Advisory Committee of the Senate. The meeting lasted two hours; nor did it, seemingly, accomplish anything of substance. The Smith case was brought up, haggled over, then dropped. A second meeting was scheduled. After considerable negotiation, a grand compromise plan was worked out, according to which students would have full speaking privileges not at the Senate but at a deliberational body invented solely for the occasion, to be known, if memory serves, as the Open Forum. The Forum was to consist of students, faculty members, administrators, and staff; it was to . . . well, no matter what it was for, everybody managed to forget about it within a matter of weeks, from the most radical student to the most conservative faculty member, and for all we know it may never be heard from again. Like the matter of Mr. Smith, the business of speaking privileges was forgotten.

Now if the reader is not sufficiently instructed by

this episode, let him bide his time. Students, at the moment this controversy took place, had just been granted seats on ten-odd committees of the Academic Senate. On two or three of the most important, they were *not* represented, but this we suspect, becomes a quibble. Towards the end of the year, when Senate committees returned their annual reports, it was revealed that in almost every case undergraduate representatives had failed to show up at almost all the meetings of their respective committees.

Confusion reigns eternally! The ambitions of student power are so various that they tend to cancel each other out. Moreover, students, while fascinated by the abstract idea of power, are often bored by its actual practice. The other side—whether composed of academicians or administrators—soon realizes that purely symbolic concessions will do. In the few cases where substantial concessions are made, students don't seem to know how to handle them. The confusion merely increases; so does distrust, and alienation, on both sides. Finally everyone becomes so exhausted that it is necessary to go off and do something else.

We have emphasized so far the tendency of students to get sidetracked, to forget what they are doing. Curiously, it was the administration this year that provided students with the forum of most potential for the airing of academic grievances. Several "undergraduate advisory committees" have existed for two or three years now; last fall, under moderately discreet pressure from the Chancellor, practically every department at UCR created such a group. Many of them, of course, were ineffectual; one department chairman we know of formed a committee of undergraduates by simply picking them at random—not a procedure guaranteed to produce a coalition of strong and articulate individuals. Of the committees that worked, the one in Life Sciences was preeminent; third quarter it even set up an interdisciplinary Ecology course (Biology 36). In other departments, student committees made personnel recommendations. Whether in the long run these will have any effect remains to be seen; short-run efforts were not encouraging. But the distinct possibility remains: these committees could form a more viable basis for student government than the laughably out-of-touch ASUCR. They could also give some kind of coherent form to the push for student power.



"Adrian turned round slowly, a look in his limpid blue eyes of alarm mixed with disgust."

IV. Oh Sam Goldwyn, Sam

Year before last, UCR hired a young produced-director, Mr. Michael Creedman, to make a film. The film debuted last fall on LA station KNBC—and then on the whole NBC network after the World Series—under the title: “Occupation: Student,” and described a freshman’s first year at UCR. Creedman chose as his star an actual freshman, Regents scholar Richard Baines Smith.

The tale was told in a familiar fashion. Richard arrives on campus still wet behind the ears, everything seems big and confusing. He goes through stages of loneliness, of sexual initiation, of confusion about what he wants to do. At film’s end, he participates in the student strike, during which the half-mast flag is shown and Chancellor Hinderaker becomes the hero of the hour.

The film was produced under the tutelage of UCR’s ubiquitous, friendly Public Affairs Office, an organization about which it behooves us to say something. With the taxpayers constantly in a rage, and with the Governor of the state making statements about a bloodbath, good PR becomes a key to university administration. At least, so presumes Chancellor Hinderaker. Hinderaker has often been suspected of political ambitions; his immediate associates have recently speculated on the possibility of his becoming President of UC. Be that as it may, he is a man to keep on the good side of those in power: first and foremost, Governor Reagan, but also the Regents, and ultimately the taxpayers.

The Public Affairs Office has a number of duties, the main one being the creation of friendship and support in certain intransigent breasts: friendship for the university, friendship for Hinderaker. The two are not identical, but they are very closely connected.

Supervising this operation on the Ad Building’s second floor is Mr. Arthur E. Sutton, whose colorful journalistic career cannot be depicted at length for reasons solely of space. But having existed through the thick of some heady Latin American political intrigue—and a year’s intrigue as a PR man for a fellow named Richard Nixon (in that disastrous governor race)—it was only just that Sutton should find his permanent career at UC, where things are only a little less exciting.

Sutton is incorrigible: he also has excellent political judgment concerning who will do what next at UCR and in the Great State of California. The Creedman film is typical of the many projects he has brewed up in his three years of service.

“Occupation: Student” then was envisioned as a PR device, to lure students to campus by pleasing their parents, and to make friends for UC. It

attempted to walk a perilous course—between frankness about the nature of education (which is often a rather subversive process) and the image of college life which the taxpayer would *like* to have. Its successes on this score are considerable—whether due to Creedman or to Sutton we leave the reader to speculate.

For example, Richard participates in the student strike, the one that occurred during the People’s Park controversy of 1968-9. In a way, perhaps, it is reasonably daring to say to parents: “If your son comes to the university, he’s going to be radicalized.” But though we’re told that Richard is participating in a strike, and we see him sitting on the ground wearing a strike T-shirt, we never have the faintest sense of just what it is he thinks he’s doing. Later, students assemble on the mall to hear Hinderaker announce his decision to lower the flag to half-mast, in mourning for the people killed at UC campuses that year. The students look friendly enough, but, the announcer tells us, their mood is “as dangerous as a hungry tiger in tall grass.” Nonetheless, when Hinderaker lowers the flag, everybody is suddenly satisfied. These students are dangerous, perhaps, but they are also *responsible*.

We come away from the film with the sense of an exciting, stimulating place (not so far wrong), with students and administrators who are not afraid to face squarely up to the issues (hmmm. . .), a place which is tuned-in (dig those psychedelic credits!), which makes students into useful members of society, even while giving them a rationally critical view of that society. Last February, Richard Smith left UCR for Alaska, where we hope he likes it.

We can sympathize with Mr. Creedman’s attempt to do the impossible, but the same time it is easy to see why those students who saw the film thought there was something nasty about it. The tone was wrong: the ideas the film purported to express were undermined by lapses into condescension and cliché. As the narrator talks simply and seriously about the importance of education, there flashes onto the screen a montage of female legs. This was supposed to be a joke, we assume, but as jokes go, it didn’t seem relevant to anything in particular. Except to what the WLF calls “male chauvinism.” In a rigged bull-session, some big-wig administrators again discuss education. Dean Golino—caught in mid tete-a-tete with Messrs. Better and Hinderaker—observes: “Our society is ill . . . and I would rather say ill than sick.” His companions reinforce the point by looking ill themselves.

Late in summer of 1969, “Occupation: Student

Goldwyn; I'm Feelin' So Sad!

was getting its premiere showing, to a small group of UCR employees who had been involved in its making. An intrepid student journalist whom we shall call X, wandered inadvertently into the projection room, where he was startled to see Ivan and the boys romping busily across the screen. A mixture of outrage and exhilaration soon filled his heart. And when some days later he obtained funds from the Dean of Students to make his own film, the thought of producing an answer to Mr. Creedman's claims was not far from his conscious mind.

The Great American Novel remains to be written. But who cares anymore? Everyone is busy trying to make the Great American Movie, especially students. Attempts at UCR this year included those not only of Mr. X, but of multitudinous others. A particularly intriguing project was Tracy Farrington's attempt at a parody horror movie, called *Wolfbane*, which never, of course, got finished. The *Tartan* followed Mr. Farrington about with high hopes, as he pushed his cast and crew into the laboratories of the Citrus Research Station, into the Arcadian foliage surrounding these laboratories, and, finally, into the very Steam Tunnels. We lament that nothing came of Farrington's dream; he gave up filming in mid-course, deserted by the muse of the cinema. Like so many other students this year, he was simply unable to finish what he had started. The *Tartan* salvaged some pictures from this project; Mr. Farrington, we hope, garnered some needed experience in the art of film-making. Nothing is futile, not even *Wolfbane*.

We renew our attention to X, for though not as talented, he was certainly more persevering. Through part of August and most of September, he and a friend worked busily at the film. Neither knew anything about movie-making, so they were forced to start from scratch. The first step was to find somebody gullible enough to lend them a camera. Next, our heroes bravely attempted a script, not realizing the joys of improvisation. Soon, they were forced to improvise.

We cut to a dusty bedroom, somewhere on the edge of Riverside. Kittens dash over the floor, playing with small bits of film, which our heroes are attempting to fit together into a coherent sequence. They are assisted by an unlikely editing-machine, which they crank through its paces as work slowly progresses. Soon, they are assisted also by an unlikely filmmaker, an enterprising individual named Larry Larstead, who intuits correctly that they will never make it on their own. Larstead leads our heroes to UCLA where, assisted by less primitive but more intimidating machines, they finish their film in an

orgiastic fifty-hour burst of work. Tired but happy, the crew returns to Riverside—through the worst fog of the year.

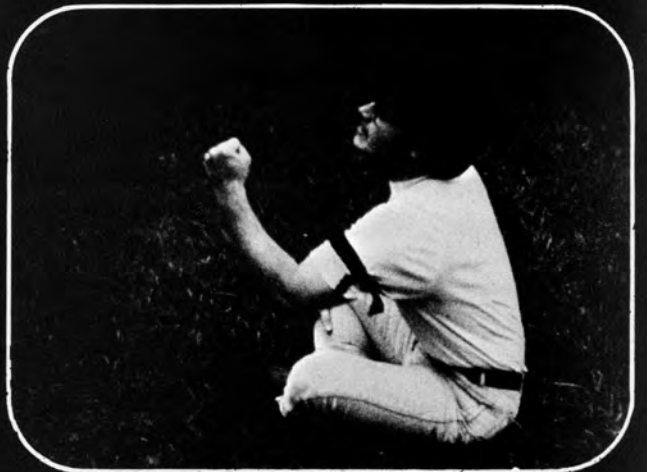
The film—christened “Down by the Riverside”—turns out to be rather horribly foggy itself. Our heroes, however, own up to having produced it. At the student film festival later in the year the primarily student audience greets it by peals of hysterical laughter!

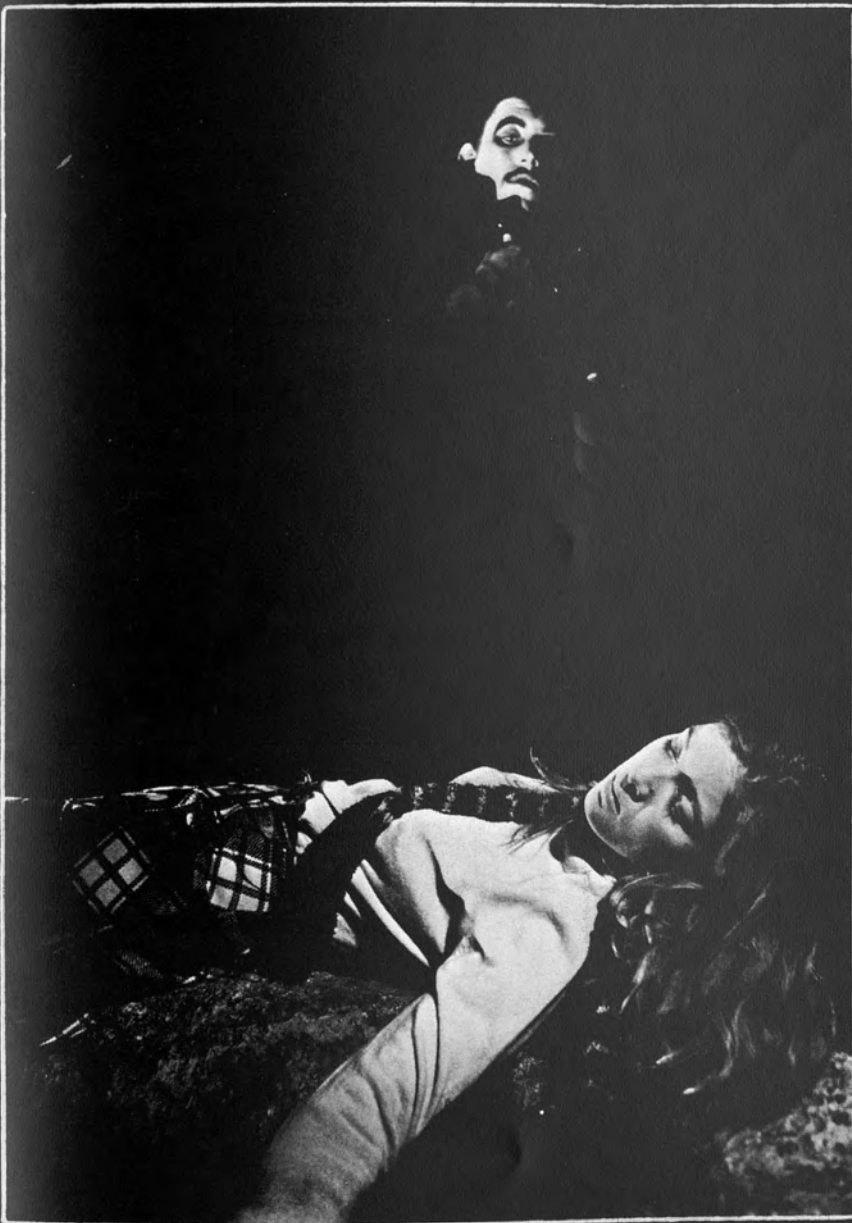
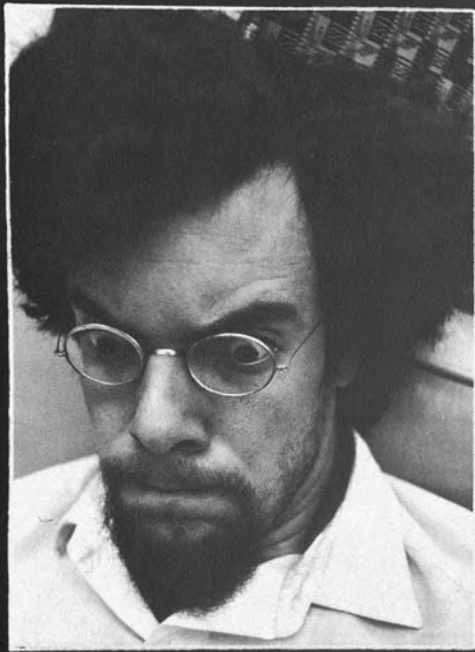
Except that it isn't any good, the film is reminiscent of early Bunuel. The controlling motif is a girl puffing sensuously on a cigar. At the end, as she blows smoke out through her teeth, a voice proposes: “I think the university is just a breathing space for students . . .”

Luckily, there is much much more. One voice after another declaims on the nature of education, to an often coherent visual accompaniment. One student speaks forcefully of the serious need for alternatives . . . alternatives . . . ALTERNATIVES—the camera cuts between shots of the Bell Tower and of a sinister smog-making machine, which echo each other formally but not functionally. Another voice lectures on the kinds of freedom available in the university: a hefty female dashes in slow motion through the Commons fountains, persued by a horde of enthusiastic dogs. A political science prof. speculates learnedly on the Myth of the General Strike. Meanwhile, ducks dabble in a bathtub; silhouetted students sail towards the camera in revolving chairs; then, as a professor enunciates the words “a colossal image,” the camera zooms in on the smiling face of a giant plastic man advertising a well-known gas station.

So, this is all good fun; but one gets to a dead end almost as quickly as Creedman. “Occupation: Student” is slickly optimistic. “Down By The Riverside” is cynical, self-indulgently so. The main advantage of the student film is that it is closer to the grass-roots, to the actual business of being a student—the confusion, the playing of roles, the searching. But it is too playful—it moves too quickly, and it has its attention too easily distracted—to be worth much as propaganda or art.

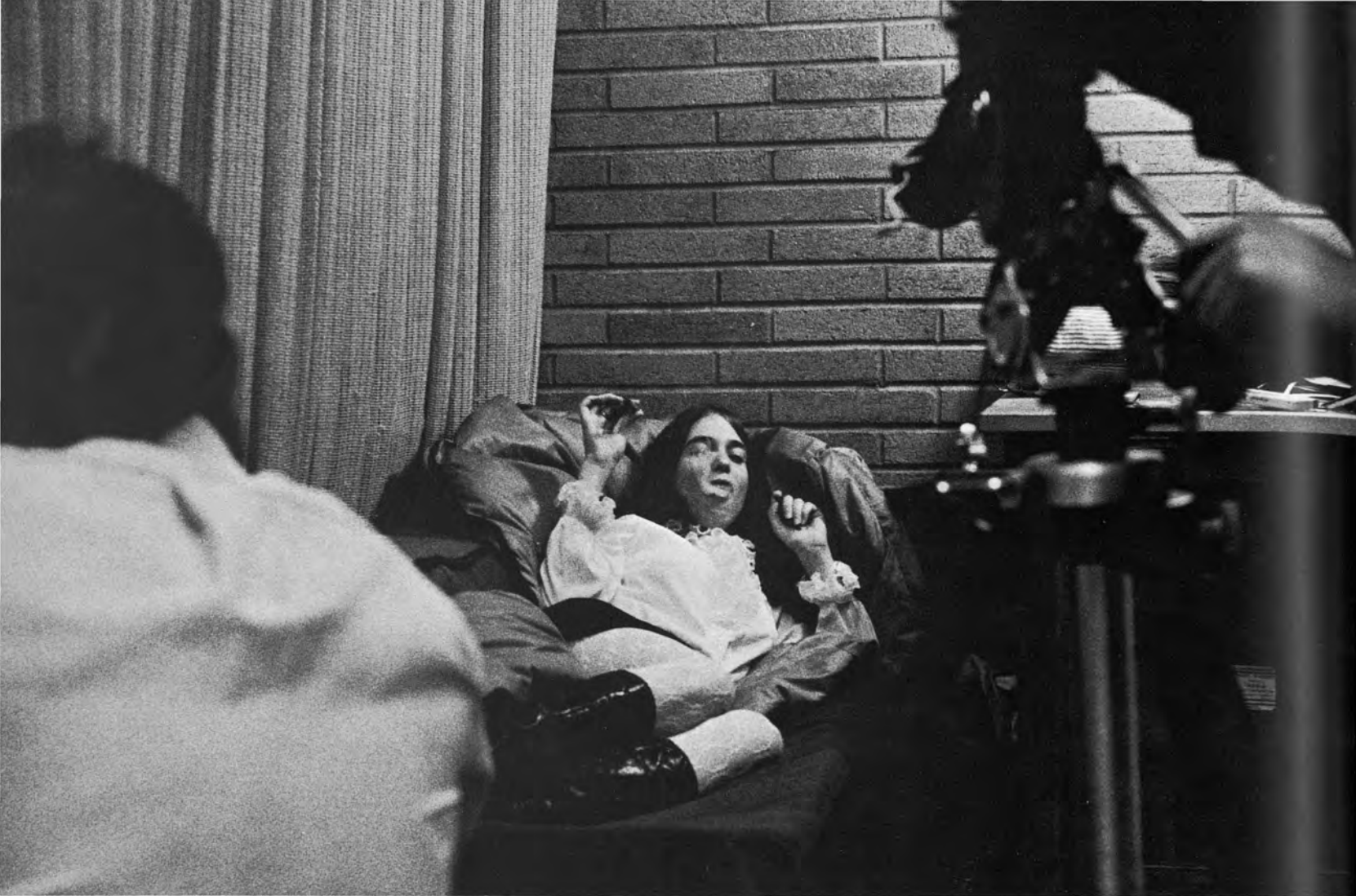
While we are thinking of it, there was another, somewhat better-publicized attempt to sink “Occupation: Student.” A group of indignant students, having learned that the film was about to be shown on KNBC, dispatched a late-summer telegram to the network, asking for rebuttal time. They got nowhere. It is significant, perhaps, that the man who handled the telegram was NBC's Public Affairs officer.





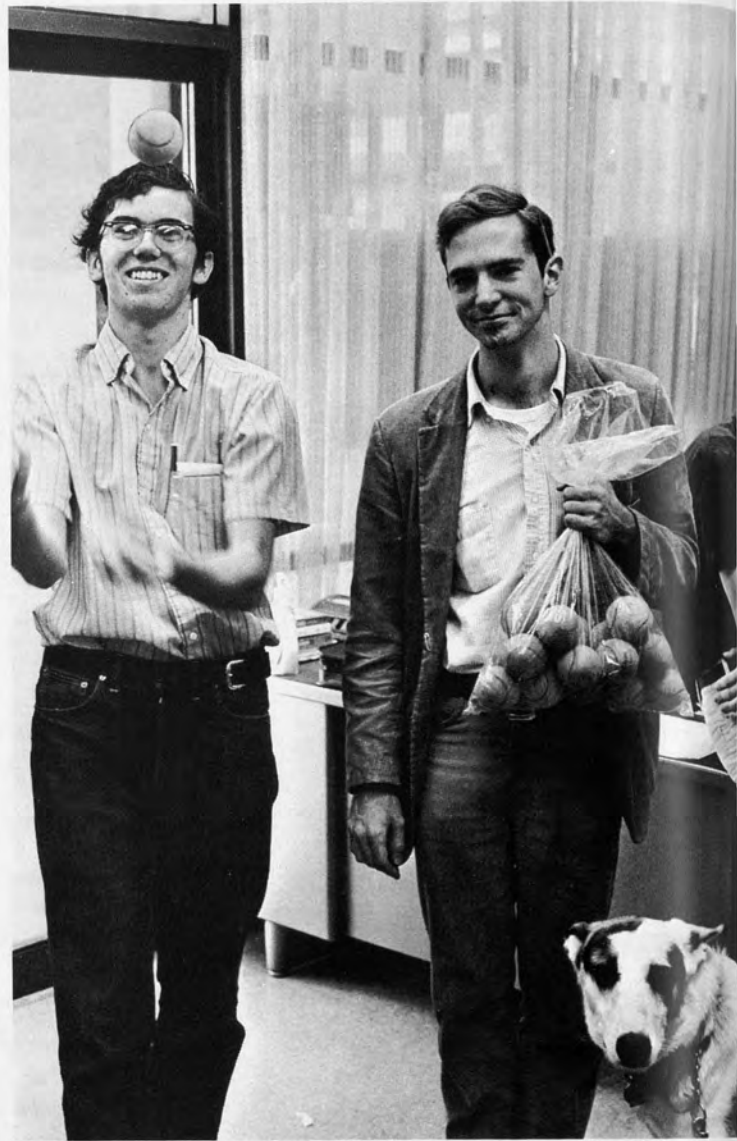
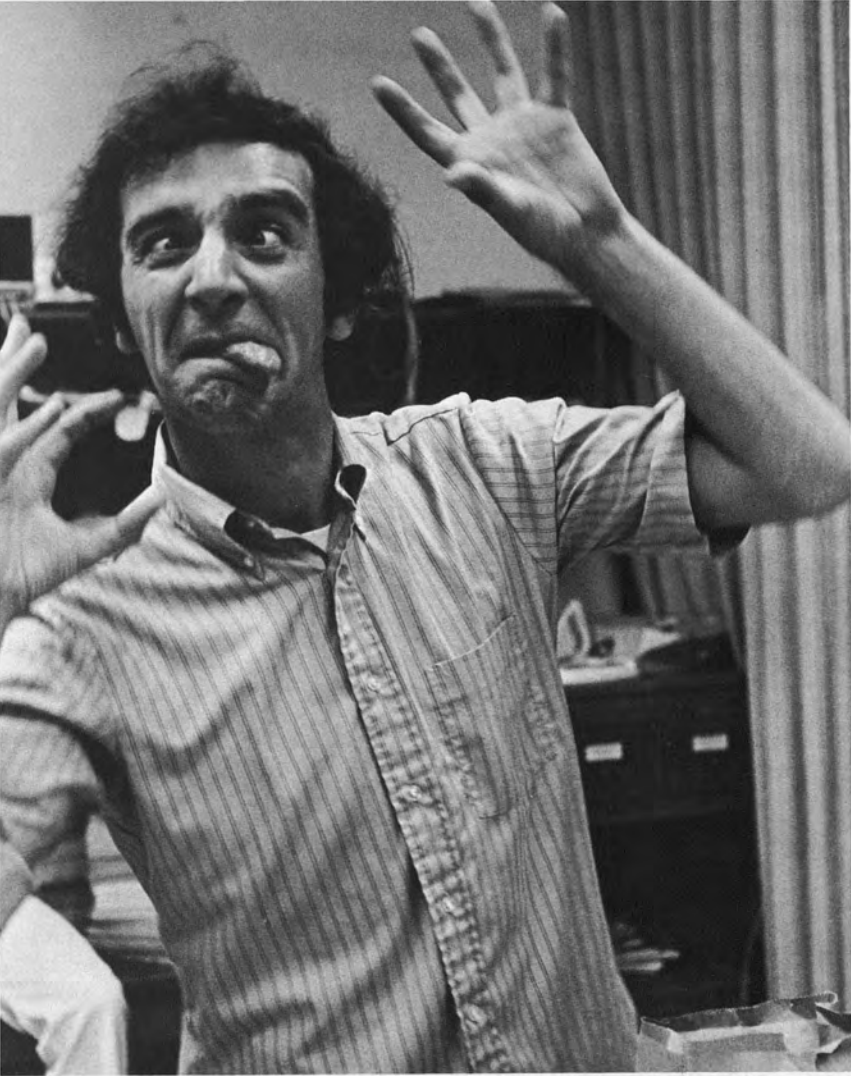
Lower Left: Art Sutton in whose film 1968-69 *Highlander* Editor Joe Plummer plays a fist-shaking radical and Dean of Students secretary Willa Rabinovich carries a "Strike" sign.

Upper Left: Tracy Farrington during the making of *Wolfbane* (left), which, alas, was never flashed on the silver screen.



Left: making "Down By the Riverside." Below and Lower Left: Nothing is futile, not even "Wolfbane." Bob Crites as monster.





V. The Force of Personality

The university has a function (formal education) which it must constantly attempt to transcend. The intellectual world is of necessity enclosed in a very different *kind* of world, which seems, on occasion, to be structured in rebellion against the academic mode of existence. Thus, in some curious way, the academic backdrop makes people seem larger than life. The force of personality overtakes the force of the idea.

This was a good year at UCR for personalities. We wish to pay tribute to a sampling of people who, sheerly by style, helped to make the year what it was:

Thom Tucker, the obsessive progenitor of this year's Homecoming, is an individual of whom it has been said: "Twenty years ago he would have been Student Body president." Perhaps that's why he bit the dust to the Troika. At any rate, Tucker, it seemed, was the busiest person at UCR (he *looked* busy), coordinating what seemed multitudes of Traditional Collegiate Activities. First, Homecoming, then later on, Medieval Week (or rather, day. Tucker worked. The others didn't), Spring Sing, and god knows what else. Tucker ended the year with as big a smile as he had begun it. He was the last of the big smilers, the last college student to drink milk, and in his better moments he prompted others to act in the same variety of primaeval innocence.

Tony Stypinski, chairman of Finance Committee, was the only natural bureaucrat ASUCR had this year. Moreover, he was an aristocrat and a gentleman, which is more than we can say for the other bureaucrats of our acquaintance. Stypinski, whose ties to the Polish aristocracy are known only to a small circle of friends, supported a magnificent Mercedes-Benz, while serving as chief typesetter in Central Duplicating. At the height of the Cambodian invasion, he drove his Mercedes from house to house, canvassing against Nixon's policy. Stypinski's rejection of the radical life-style was refreshing to those of the university community who were tired of pure rudeness.

For those who were not tired of pure rudeness, the

exploits of Nancy Curtis proved a constant source of edification and amusement. Curtis, the most reliable of UCR radicals, was always there when you needed her. Her sharp tongue and her keen will made more than one administrator tremble in fury. Indeed, her jolliness in private life did not prevent her from speaking out whenever and wherever she felt like it. The high point of her career came in June when she stole a doughnut from Vice-Chancellor Jenkin, causing him to consider seriously the institution of capital punishment for student demonstrators.

Mike Arnold was also a pace-setter of sorts, though he seemed to be running a different race than anyone else on campus. Arnold, who has been typed unfairly as a thirty-year old cockney, uses his British accent to superb theatrical effect. In fact, when the *Tartan* last took note of him, he had become *maitre d'* at the Mission Inn. This year, as Elections Commissioner of ASUCR, and organizer, with others, of a Professor Evaluation Committee, he seemed always on the edge of pulling something tricky. This added a touch of suspense to the year. Especially in May, when, before the MECHA coup, nothing seemed so likely as that Arnold would jump in as dictator, and start ordering everybody about. He never did, but, a little like a certain Duke of Gloucester, continues to hover in the wings.

The Mosaic Staff composed of James Hearne, Geoffrey Matthews, and a large dog named St. Stephen, were perfectly at home in the realm of pure nonsense, to the delight of one and all. Hearne, when not discoursing on Ludwig Wittgenstein and the Greek poetry of Richard Crashaw, was riding up and down on top of elevators in the library, or exploring the Steam Tunnels. His labors of exploration bore fruit when, after months of research, he assembled a definitive map of this exciting underground labyrinth. Hearne, a physics major (where else but at UCR would a physics major edit a literary magazine?) fathered an esoteric *Mosaic* which was organized on the basis of prime number sequences and included as one highlight some upside-down Chinese.

Upper Left: Mike Arnold in one of his more serious moments. Upper Right: Geoffrey Matthews (left), Jim Hearne (right), and Saint Stephen (K-9) who caused many problems for Jack Adame and Steve Cable, UCR dogcatcher. At one point, Hearne assumed Cable's duties for two weeks, providing a refreshing laxity in dogcatching policy. Left: How the mighty have fallen! 1968-69 Fine Arts Commissioner Larry Peitzman chauffeurs Tony Stypinski, son of a Polish nobleman, in his Mercedes-Benz.

VI. Upstaging Academia: the

Beyond the charisma of the individual gesture, there lies the possibility of sustained, even organized action. The university can serve as the context for a kind of disinterested entrepreneurial activity. The entrepreneur upstages the academic condition: subverts it and at the same time makes it live. It is as though--ideally--a troupe of elizabethan players were to burst into a class on 16th Century literature and start performing "The Merchant of Venice."

A good trick: but one which is not too often performed. This campus remains primarily the province of the academic, the theoretician, so that the poet or the musician is not likely to find his place easily. A couple of years ago, the English Department had two poets, but they both left. As a consequence, a good series of poetry readings went mostly on the rocks. This pattern is the same in other departments.

But it is not only faculty who get eaten up by the academic way of life. We recall the experience last April of the Life Sciences students who tried to put on an Ecology Fair. They started planning months ahead of time, working closely with Dean Mack Dugger of the Bio-Ag College. Soon the students had split into two groups. One group, it might be said, was activist. "We want to go out on April 22 and tear up freeways and stuff like that," a student off-handedly remarked. The other group--which consisted mainly of Bob Barton--conceived of Ecology Day as an information service. Barton, with the blessings of Dean Dugger, won hands down.

As a consequence, Ecology Day was dull, consisting of speeches, seminars, more speeches, and more seminars. Barton had graduated some weeks before, which meant that much work had to be taken over in mid-course by other students, especially Travis Johnson. This did not contribute greatly to the team spirit of the effort. When the 22nd arrived, someone buried a car motor--heaping up an unsightly mound of earth--and the ecology of this gesture was beyond comprehension. Benjamin Spock spoke ramblingly from the speakers' mound, drawing a thousand students, while the more tightly-reasoned speeches of UCR faculty members were largely ignored.

So what do you do? The attempt to escape from aca-

demia is so often doomed and the fear of failure cripples the potential achievements of so many to failure. The university insists on existing in a world apart, or assimilating everything to its own life-style. If you float with the tide--like Barton--you too often produce an atrocity of dullness--like Earth Day. If, on the other hand, you try swimming upstream, you are likely to be in equal trouble.

Take, for example, some recent maneuvers by the Dean of Students Office. A long-standing feud between the D of S and the Committee on Arts and Lectures ended in the mid-year resignation of CAL's manager, Mrs. Pearl Letz. The issue here was the nature of CAL's programming--felt by many to be too esoteric, intellectual, and altogether academic. The *Tartan* hesitates to fathom the depths of this controversy. We do, however, salute Mrs. Letz for the many years of service she rendered at UCR--before she felt the pressures of student power.

Now let us fathom the depths. The Dean of Students--let us say Dean Better--pushed for several policy changes in CAL programming, changes which Mrs. Letz seemed largely to have accepted before she decided to resign: (1) More big-name performers. This year we had Andres Segovia, at fantastic cost. For half the price we could have had Julian Bream, perhaps a slightly less well-known guitarist, but one of equal ability. (2) More "youth-oriented" performers. This year we had Lorin Hollander. Hollander, an excellent pianist, had gotten into his head an amazing idea of how to make classical music "relevant." "Mozart," he confided to one admirer at UCR, "was a guy with one hand in the toilet and the other hand with God." Clearly, what we have here is a student-oriented performer. He talks about toilets. Fortunately, when the man stopped talking, he played the piano superbly.

We do not intimate the year was without its successes. The Convocation Series, a well-heeled lecture program, produced presentable noon speakers week after week--many of them entrepreneurs themselves. Spock was brought here on Convocation funds, as were Ralph Nader, Alex Haley (delivering a rather quiet, good talk on a personal view of Black History), and Raul Loya. Other speakers included Lord Harlech (whose opinions all seemed to

Ambitions of the Entrepreneur

come from *Time* magazine), former Governor Edmund G. Brown (who was still sad at having witnessed his massacre by Ronald _____ and Harry _____ (who was sad at witnessing the Kent State Massacre). John Froines and his lawyer Leonard Weinglass told a packed Cafeteria of injustice in a Chicago courtroom; then Froines wore his welcome out by panning the Festival of Change during a repeat visit. Robert Sheer said political repression is real; Milton Freidman said the same for flying saucers. And Mort Sahl asked bearded students why they didn't stop looking like Charles Manson, get a haircut--and look like Mi Lai's Lieutenant Calley.

The most distinctive entrepreneurial efforts were those of two highly ambitious students (well, they weren't always students). The first was Joel Selvin, who was obsessed with rock-and-roll, and who carried his obsession to magnificent lengths. There was something academic in Selvin's very thoroughness, in the way he amassed a collection of books on rock's history. And with several friends, including Mike Malloy, he formed an enterprise known as Immaculate Conceptions, which conspired through the year to get rock bands on campus any way it could. One group--the never-to-be-forgotten Allmann Brothers--came for free, and played for five hours--driving the entire campus crazy, sending numerous phone calls into the administration, which, in turn, sent Assistant Dean Brenda Owen to the Mall, where she started tapping her foot in tempo--her mission drowned out as were he words of protest to Selvin. "What's wrong, it's a good group, isn't it?" he asked. With the able assistance of Fine Arts Commissioner Jill Morgan, Selvin organized a blues concert featuring Albert Collins.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of all this came third quarter, when the Selvin-Morgan matrix arranged for a festival of old films featuring rock stars of the fifties--to which absolutely nobody came, except its two progenitors.

For a time, Selvin showed signs of going professional, as he rediscovered Dick Dale and got the old surf guitarist started on a new concert career. Then a slick passel of PR men arrived in gold cadillacs from RCA Victor, Dale signed with them, and Selvin's revulsion to PR men drove him away.

Selvin, of course, was a specialist; UCR had a generalist this year too: in the person of Alan Moore. "I want a place where people walk in, get shaken up...at the end, they come out with some kind of direction. I was going to spend my freshman year getting involved intensely with a lot of different things, SDS, Campus Crusade for Christ, and at the end I was going to know where I wanted to go. But the SDS doesn't exist here, and the CCC meets in a foxhole."

Moore had a sweeping Utopian vision fall quarter when he organized a campaign for coed housing in the dorms, euphoniously christened The Sunshine Authority. The Sunshine Authority petered out; but Moore didn't. He was next seen participating in the formation of New College, an institution whose main step towards reality in the last twelve months has been the acquirement of a Dean and a host of interdisciplinary programs. Moore was interested in the experimental section of the College, whose curriculum was not, as of press time crystallized.

He was also on the edge of importing to UCR Alan Kaprow, the inventor of the "Happening." But having interested Kaprow in bringing one of his hair-raising concoctions to Riverside, he discovered that the university didn't have the proper insurance. Yet another exercise in futility came when Moore attempted to produce a film whose plot involved an epic battle, in the neighborhood of a cardboard castle, between people dressed in black and white and people dressed in color. The film never got finished. At the end of the year, the undiscouraged freshman applied for the editorship of *Mosaic*, the literary magazine; but Communications Board decided, naturally, that there might not be a *Mosaic*.

Moore's record was overwhelming. The most telling moment, perhaps, came when he was arrested at Fawcett Lab, after having marched up there beating on a big bass drum, taking notes for a news story, feeling frightened, and resisting the police passively. Suspended by the Chancellor, to the approving nod of Ronald _____ Moore was kicked out of the dorms where he had been sleeping in a huge box. Later he admitted quietly that, while at Fawcett, he had been trying to do too many things at once. A lesson for the ages, especially for budding entrepreneurs.





VII. ASUCR, WLF, Other Acronyms

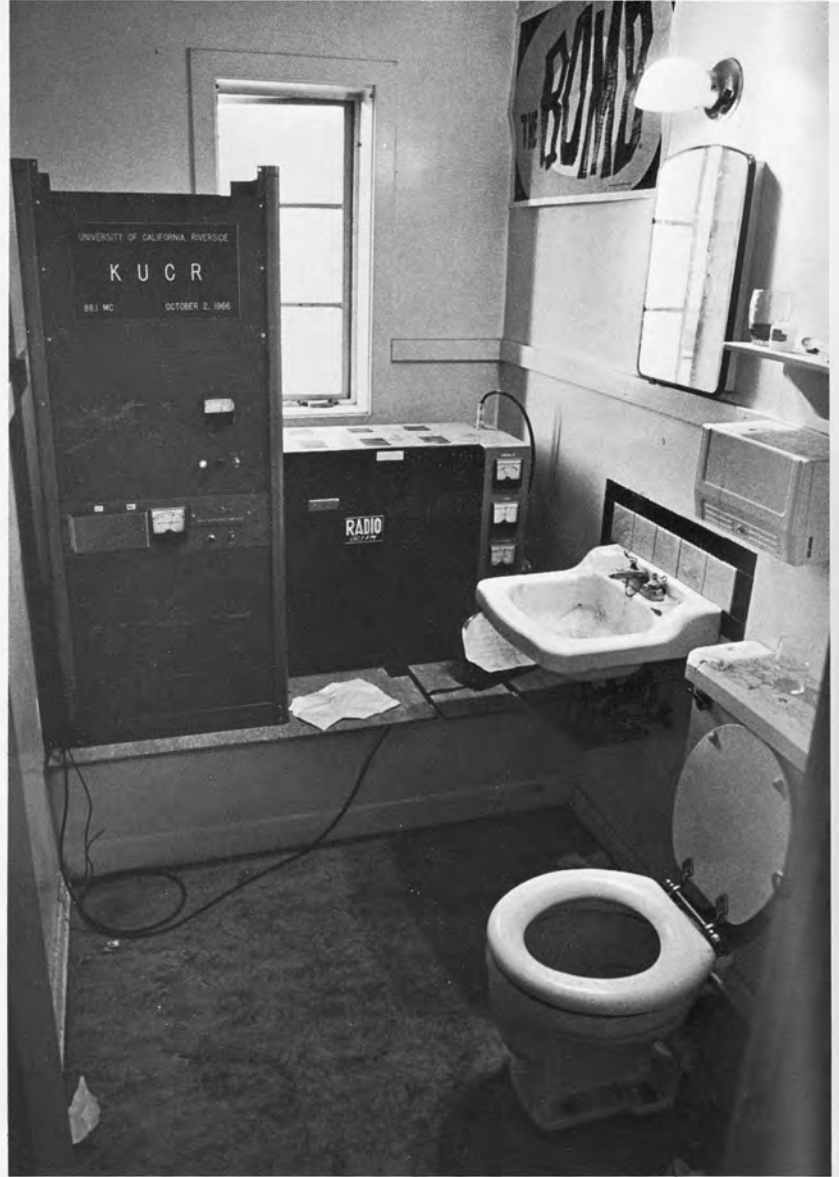
The wilderness is inhabited not only by voices crying out but by large masses of people chanting in unison. We must briefly survey the nature of mass organizations at UCR: their influence on the life of the campus.

The most obvious example of such an organization is ASUCR, The Associated Students. ASUCR this year was utterly utterly worthless—except for doling our money. In this respect, the efforts of Tony Stypinski as Finance Committee Chairman was noteworthy. Jill Morgan did a good job as Fine Arts Commissioner with a generally good film series and some good concerts. For the rest, ASUCR might as well not have existed. Chuck Jenkins and Jim Thill—while personally most likeable—were only average-poor as president and vice president. The negligible performances of other officers were often more embarrassing than usual. Leg Con was a nonentity: it simply gave up after a few weeks. Some measure of its strength can be ascertained in that it failed to mount any effort to argue against the *Highlander's* cutting attack. A succession of Social Affairs Commissioners had nothing in particular to contribute. Rock-bottom was hit with the

performance of Mike Fine as Academic Affairs Commissioner. Fine's problem was he didn't do anything all year. The one cheery spot in this bleak picture was Mildred Tyler, executive secretary, after long-time institution Carolyn Preston tired of holding ASUCR together for so long and quit the end of the previous year. Mrs. Tyler's amazing affability, under the most depressing of circumstances, largely made up for her inability to remember how many bank-accounts the Associated Students had, and where they were kept. Degeneration for ASUCR is, of course, an old story—partly resulting from a feeling it is no longer "relevant," partly from non-leaders in presidential chairs or, rather, in office but never in their chair. This year both conspired together.

We turn now from the Medusa of student government—having averted our eyes and spoken in gruesome whispers—to applaud the efforts of an organization that not only met regularly but which accomplished some deeds of note. We refer to the Women's Liberation Front, which formed at UCR during the People's Park strike and has functioned since.

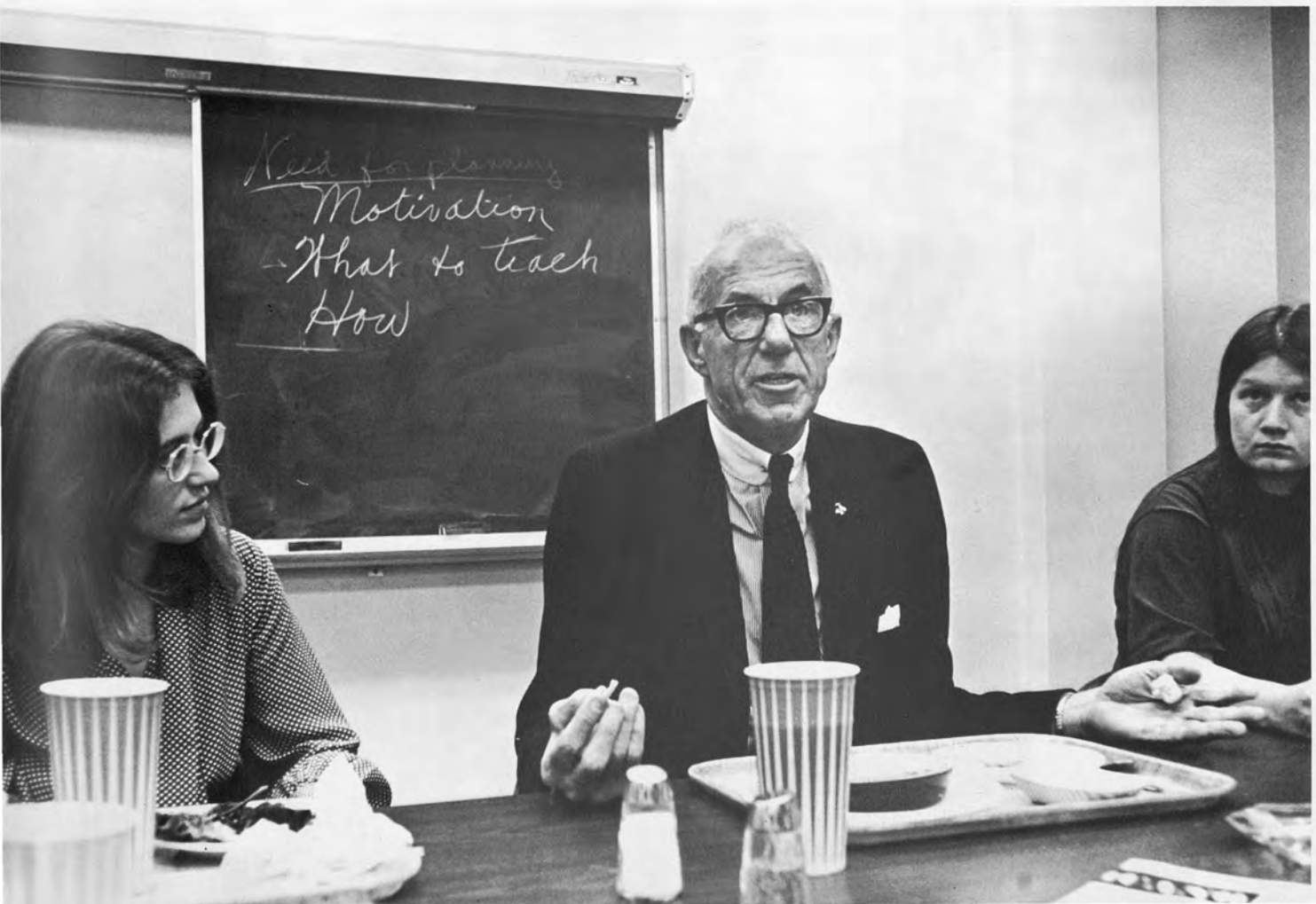
Year of the Ice Cream Cone: Upper Left: Communications Board Chairman Dave Lee; Upper Right: Finance Committee Chairman Tony Stypinski; Far Left: Vice-President Jim Thill. Left: Fine Arts Commissioner Jill Morgan. Above: Executive Secretary Mildred Tyler and son. She resigned at year's end, weary of the job.



Above: KUCR Manager Bob Stubenrauch. Upper Right: the transmitter room. Right: Dean Better on his weekly show was asked more questions than he could, or would, answer.



Left: WL Fer Harriet Edelstein is interviewed on a Channel 7 birth control show. Below: WL Fer Susan Moore raises holy hell with LA D.A. Evelle Younger for prosecuting abortionists. Below: WL Fer and ousted Political Science teacher Emily Card talks with Dr. Spock about raising babies. He favored it.



To the WLF, can be traced the Health Center's adoption of a policy of giving out birth control pills. Negotiation with Ombudsman Robert Herschler began during the summer, not long after the WLF's formation. They continued into fall, at which time the Center, under the reluctant leadership of Dr. Fred Veitch, began offering the pills to students. The situation was so delicate, WLF members were told, that if word leaked out in the *Highlander*, the whole thing would have to be cancelled. The paper agreed to hold off on the story, which it did for about a month. By that time, it was clear that several other UC Health Centers were distributing the pill, without harrassment from the Regents or from local politicians. The administration breathed a sigh of relief. Pill service, which had been slow and inefficient at first, improved by Winter Quarter.

WLF was persistent. The group met more regularly than any other political organization on this campus. It also accomplished more. Besides the pill, there was the Childcare Center, which was set up in a Canyon Crest Duplex, on a \$12,000 budget from the administration. Those parents who took an active part in keeping the center going, paid twenty-five cents an hour. In spite of occasional factional disputes, the administration of the center was accomplished fairly smoothly.

A few other organizations deserve more notice than we are about to give them. The Commons Board of Governors compiled a record of some interest, ridding the Commons of Food Services Director Jack Messenzehl—who was losing money like crazy and not paying bills very regularly—replacing him with SAGA. The Board also turned its attention to certain

administrative problems in the Bookstore.

MECHA—which replaced the former Chicano organization, UMAS—did some quiet constructive work during the year, then, in May, took over ASUCR, more or less sweeping the elections. It may be too late for anyone to really revitalize the Associated Students—but MECHA is apparently going to give it the old college try.

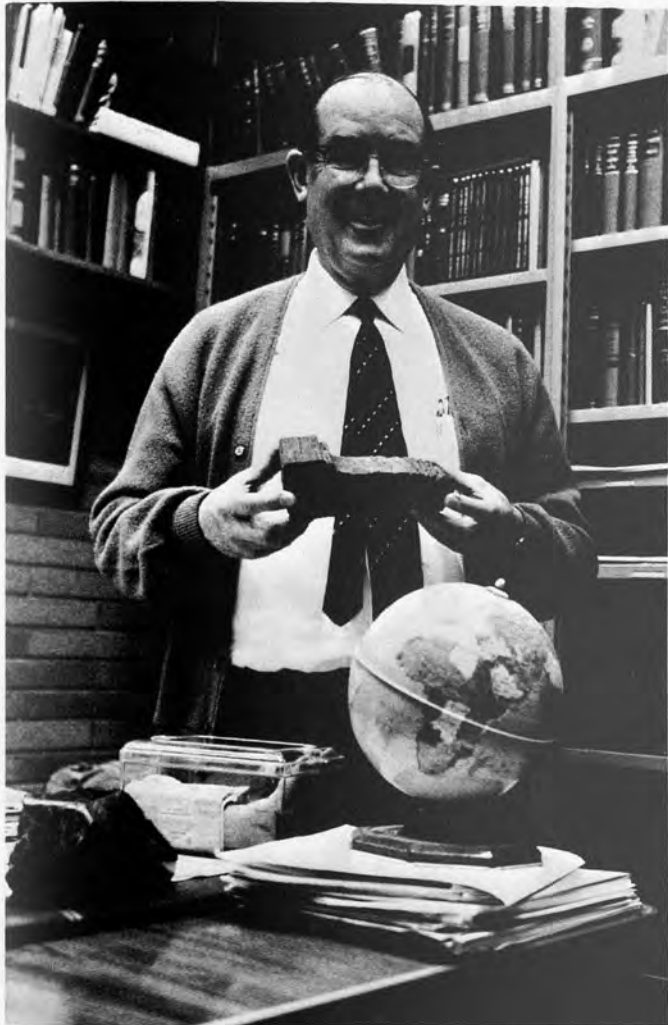
KUCR, meanwhile, this year could have stood some revitalization itself. This was the second year Bob Stubenrauch served as manager of that problem-ridden organization that continued on its less-and-less interesting way. He seemed to have lost interest sometime in his first year and spent more time in drama activities. The highlight of 1969-70 came for KUCR when Riverside station KPRO tried to get it kicked off the air for broadcasting an Angela Davis speech. Steve Tincher was news director for most of the year—mainly because nobody else wanted to be—supervising some good broadcasts from live rallies. But in regular evening newscasts, he read wire reports stumblingly against a muzak background. Some listeners, perhaps, wished KPRO had succeeded.

Is there any hope for KUCR to return to the quality of its first year (1966-67) when under manager Hans Wynholds and program director Kerry Kelts it ranked with the top college stations? Its new manager, Rich Fazekas, must try to steer the station away from being a perpetual rock machine. Otherwise, the station will continue dying its ignominious death. We can wish Fazekas luck, but he will probably need the support of God as well.

Rich Fazekas.



VIII. The University as Eucalyptus



Dr. Benjamin Turrell has been a plant pathologist at UCR since 1936. Several years ago, he acquired from an explorer who had visited Mount Ararat a piece of what may be Noah's Ark. "You know," Turrell speculated, "we'll never know for sure whether it is the ark or not. There won't be any inscription on the bow or anything." He remains fascinated by the prospect, yet at the same time curiously matter-of-fact about it. "Where did Noah get his labor? Who were they? How did he get them to work? That must have been a very famous project . . . this isn't an unusual project, though; they did a lot of unusual things in those days."

In these days too. The academician is basically a hedonist, whether he wants to admit it or not. His interest, deep down, is in celebrating the infinite possibilities of the world, to no practical purpose whatsoever. Short-range practicalities quickly dissolve: you are left with that most unfashionable of concepts—knowledge for knowledge's sake.

Above: Dr. Benjamin Turrell

Picnic Hill is no Mount Ararat; but it, too, has its Noah's ark. Many years ago—when Turrell was still a relatively new figure around Riverside—a UCR biologist went on a voyage to Australia. While there, he began to collect Eucalyptus trees. By the time he arrived back in Southern California, he possessed twenty-five or more distinct species of that interesting tree, all of which, today, grow up around Picnic Hill.

A small revelation, this—but one which is typical. Whatever purpose our biologist had in planting the trees, they have outlived their function and are currently engaged in simply existing . . .

Basically, we submit, academicians have such frequent trouble with the idea of "relevance" for the reasons intimated here. "Relevance" and intellectual curiosity do not cancel each other out, but they exist in an uneasy partnership at best. The university, in the long run, may never be able to enshrine "relevance" as its central goal. But it will continue, as an institution, to provide one hell of a good time for those who can adapt to its ways. The Faustian ambitions of the freshman, the elegant classifications of the botanist—both reduce to a single theme. The university, like Dante's Hell, has as its virtue variety.











Far Left: Becky Atkins dances during the Barn Theatre's *An Evening With the Little People*.

Left: Pete Lesnik during a rehearsal for *The Madwoman of Chaillot*.

Lower Left: John Stephano shakes in *The Trial*.

Below: Financial Aids Director Booker Williams waits for *Godot*.



A Year of Overproduction

In a field as mercurial as drama—with so many variables, so many individual efforts to coordinate—the necessity for precision, economy, tight schedules, and logical production planning should be obvious. Overproduction is a burden.

UCR's theatrical year of overproduction was, however, diversified. The graduate program got off the ground (indeed, came out of the basement of child's play). The quality of the main stage productions—though strained by overwork—had some value to practically everyone. Senior One Acts were a learning experience. In short, the drama season was a healthy work-out—for those with good endurance.

The GRE (Graduate Repertory Ensemble) mounted no less than eight plays on Watkins 1000's almost microscopic stage. Most all the presentations, however, were well-received—like Arthur Kopit's improbable farce, *The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis*; Tennessee William's *27 Wagons Full of Cotton*; the more contemporary play from Off-Broadway, *Joe Egg*; and Alfred Jarry's potpourri, *King Ubu*.

GRE's Michael Myers, almost single-handedly designed and built consistently stunning sets, and to his credit go the outdoor porch and swing for *27 Wagons*, the revolving and sliding walls for *Recollections*, and the austere landscape with rising moon in *Waiting for Godot*. Bill Gensel should also be mentioned for his breakaway wall in *Whores*, and for his inventive color block constructions in *King Ubu*. GRE costumer Beth Robinson, while complementing sets throughout the year, really outdid herself with the elaborate and uniquely colorful costumes for *Ubu*.

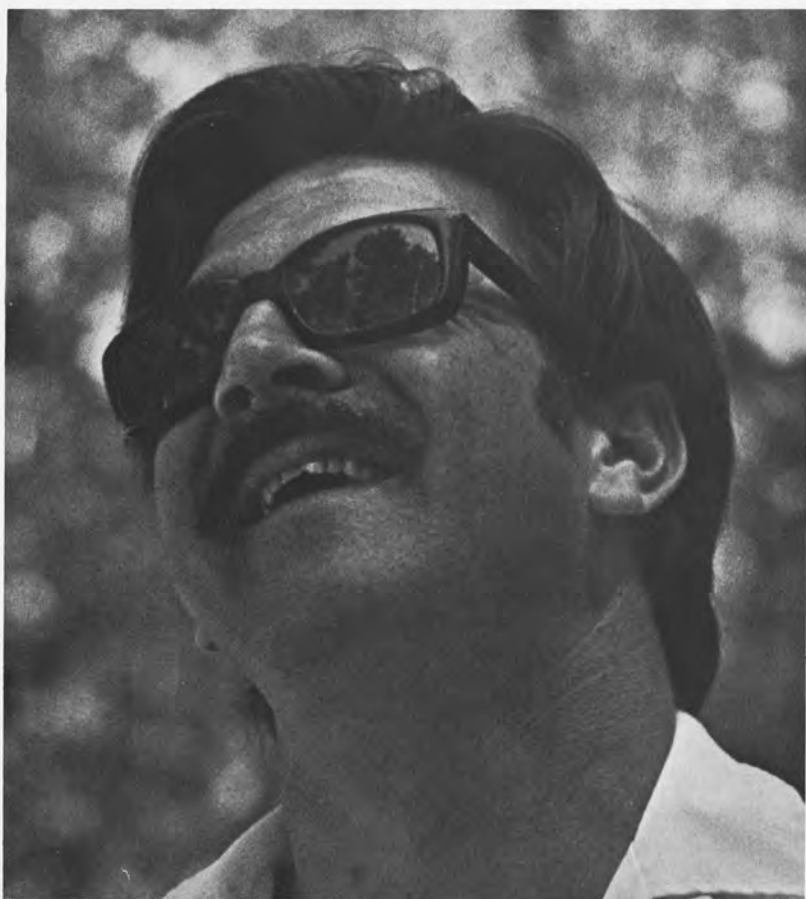
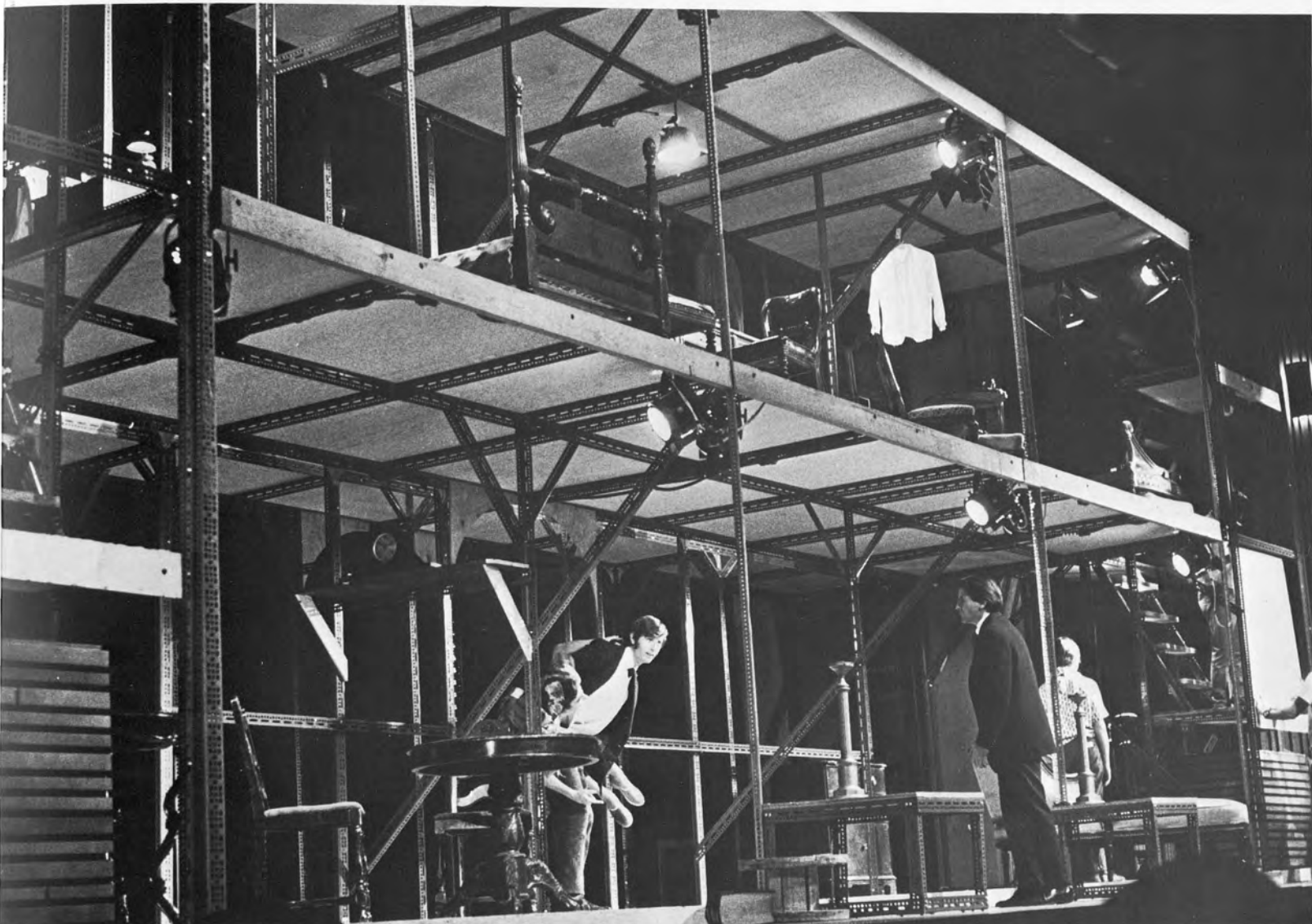
The quality of acting for the graduate students was fairly high (particularly for UCR). Some performances stand out for probably a multitude of reasons—but in this instance mainly because of believable parts: i.e., the parts where you weren't continually reminded of the actor's *real* identity. There were John Stephano's portrayals in *Rats* and *Joe Egg*, Kathleen Worley's excellent rendering of Mother Ubu, and Stan Grindstaff's roles as Old Gayve in *Whores* and as Silva Vicarro in *27 Wagons*. But some so-called non-GRE members also did considerable work. For instance, in such a production as *Waiting for Godot*—Duncan Gamble and Steve Lewis (both to be GRE members next year) and

Financial Aids Director Booker Williams had a good ensemble acting experience. Also, Gayl Kollenborn gave a sensitive interpretation of the naive Southern belle in *27 Wagons*. There was also Kevin Hoggard, an undergraduate actor with considerable potential—seen in *Whores* and *Recollections* in the complex role of Edgar. *Recollections*, incidentally, did not come off as it should, owing partly perhaps to the fact that director Grindstaff had only a very fuzzy notion of what it was about and the whole thing had to be re-blocked literally at the very last minute. On the whole, however, it was a profitable year for GRE. Next year's efforts will be two full length plays suitable for the main stage—but again in Watkins 1000.

The main stage shows were varied in content and rushed in production. At year's beginning, the Drama Department was a rubber balloon—ready to stretch and prove itself with an ambitious production schedule. This consisted of one major production in the Studio Theatre (and several one acts), four main stage productions, and eight GRE plays. On the side came the enjoyable *An Evening with the Little People* in the Barn Theatre under the able and creative hand of Grindstaff who—this time—felt in touch with the material. Grindstaff stole his first scene three years back when he enlivened the deadly *Skin of Our Teeth* with his nervous radio announcer. He's been stealing them ever since—and pioneering new areas in drama at UCR in the Barn Theatre and with his production of the Can-Can Cabaret in Watkins 1000—provoking some frowns from the more traditional thespians in the Drama Department—perhaps some jealousy; for he is skillful at bringing out latent talent.

The main stage season opened with *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, directed by Jerry Turner. With its bright, though not altogether practical optimism, *Madwoman* was a relief from some of the drier classics that UCR has sometimes stuffed into its paying audiences. The second act's bedroom set by Sergio Zapata was rich and colorful. Bonnie Yates was an articulate and zestful Madwoman. Costuming, because of the show's nature, allowed Sandra Finney to use practically every color in the spectrum and almost every fabric known to man. And as the Ragpicker, Brian Keith presented his most natural, and thus most convincing, role of the year.

Six Characters in Search of an Author was one



Top: *The Trial's* mammoth set designed by Drama Department Chairman Douglas Cook (above). Richard Risso (right) directed the staggering production.

production in search of an audience during much of its run. And for those who found it, there was a bit of a challenge. Few understood the problems of the play. The *Highlander* critic who reviewed it, for instance, didn't have the foggiest notion of what playwright Luigi Pirandello was saying, let alone what director Charles Lauterbach was trying to accomplish. It was, and is, a play of illusion and reality. It was, and is, a play which orients itself more to the ear than to the eye—and how many people do you know who would rather listen to a play than watch it?—especially for entertainment. Such is the switch in our society from the appreciation of good prose to the emphasis on spectacle and cleverly worked out bits of business. Geraldine Davies was, as ever, exquisite.

The Birthday Party directed by Roger Pierce in the Studio Theatre, was complex (as Harold Pinter always is) with innuendos lost but to the keenest observer. But it was a superb production. Again, the see-through wall set of the room in which Stanley (Brian Keith) gets broken down was one of the year's best designs. Gary Schultz (who now has his MFA in directing) turned out a refined and versatile performance as Goldberg—probably the year's best. Another really exceptional performance came from Peggy Arndt as Meg, the worn-out gal with an IQ of about 97—if that much. Roger Pierce did wonders with the script from using different dialects (Irish, British, Jewish, and so on), to having the play open with the slow, unaffected shuffle of Meg in her pre-occupation as she hummed gently to herself... and fixed corn flakes for Petey (Steve Lewis).

The intimacy of the Studio Theatre always allows a greater sense of closeness with the action on stage. The audience has a chance to "participate" in the more dramatic moments. *The Birthday Party* had many such moments.

The monumental production of *The Trial* staggered everyone—including the audience. Under Richard Risso's meticulous direction, the scaffolding set, reaching to the top of UCR's main theatre, took shape. Douglas Cook designed the mammoth spider web, and Paul Abe masterminded its going up. Dean McKennon headed sound with Les Barnum (and they spent over 1000 hours perfecting the sound track). Recording the heartbeat, for example, was difficult because it had to speed-up and slow down on cue. Before a solution was found, they had even tried varying the rate by electrocuting their volunteers. John Stephano did admirably as "K"—for any actor, no small feat.

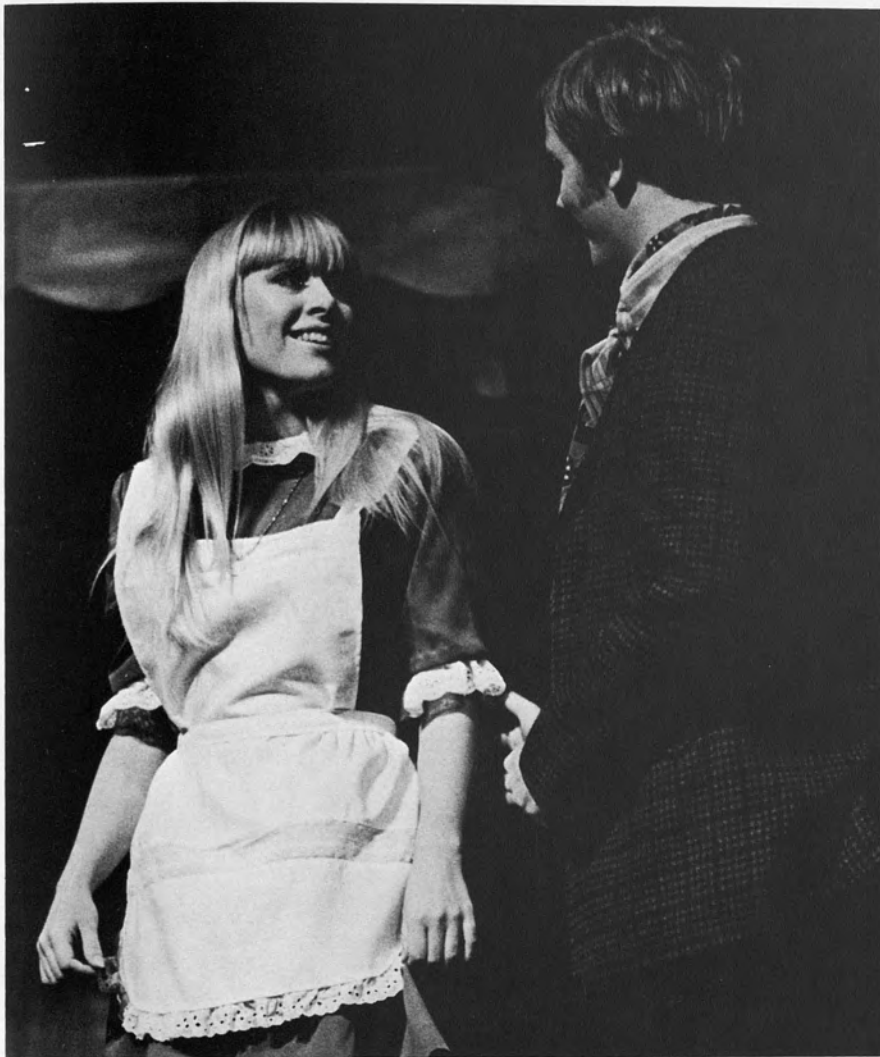
Then there were the senior one acts—attended with mild enthusiasm. (They might have been better had there been more time.) They were sandwiched in

between the GRE shows and *America Hurrah*—a main stage production with double the headaches of *The Trial*—directed by a newcomer, unfamiliar with the university system, Terry Nicholson.

With so many plays all jammed together, and considering many of the same students work on most of the shows, it's easy to see that towards year's end the drama balloon, which was resilient at the start, might be swelled and stretched to capacity. In fact, it almost burst with the gargantuan mounting of *America Hurrah*. The saying was circulated among exhausted crew members, "Never has so much been done by so few for so many." Such an attitude is not hard to understand when one remembers that in the third portion of the play the entire set was kicked, ripped, and torn apart before the audience... then put back together again for the next evening. They didn't even do that much for Humpty Dumpty. The play was received with mixed reactions. For some it was too loud in parts (opening music montage by Dean McKennon). Others liked its fast pace—particularly in "Interview"—and didn't mind the split focus on stage in "TV." But the actors and a lot of other people did mind, or lost interest. For on the one side there was Roger Pierce, Kris Avedesian, and Kevin Hoggard doing their energetic best to be noticed, and competing with two slide screens (with colorful and quite graphic slide projections) and another group of actors stage center. Nicholson even trod the stage himself when actor Dan Dwyer broke his shoulder three days before the opening. All in all, it was an evening of ingenuity and dissipation.

Though not part of the regular season, the summer production of the "Fantasticks" by a group of students under Risso provides a good example of success away from the mainstream of UCR drama. Risso hopes to form a permanent company of actors and the production opened first behind the Library and then moved to its Lake Arrowhead performances. Grindstaff was outstanding as the cockney-accented indian who mock-died with muscles taut in every performance. Steve Lewis as broken-down-actor Henry looked on as though somebody had handed Grindstaff a real knife. And Sandi Hornyak made herself into a properly innocent Luisa. Mitch Schneider's El Gallo unfortunately had too much of a gay flavor to be effective.

This was a year for experimentation. And the load was too great. The new chairman, Dr. Monroe Lippman (fresh from NYU, and originator of the leading drama journal TDR, *The Drama Review*), replaces veteran Douglas Cook who will chair the Pennsylvania State University department. Lippman's task is to provide a more workable framework in which everyone can best act his role in the theatre. Quite an undertaking.

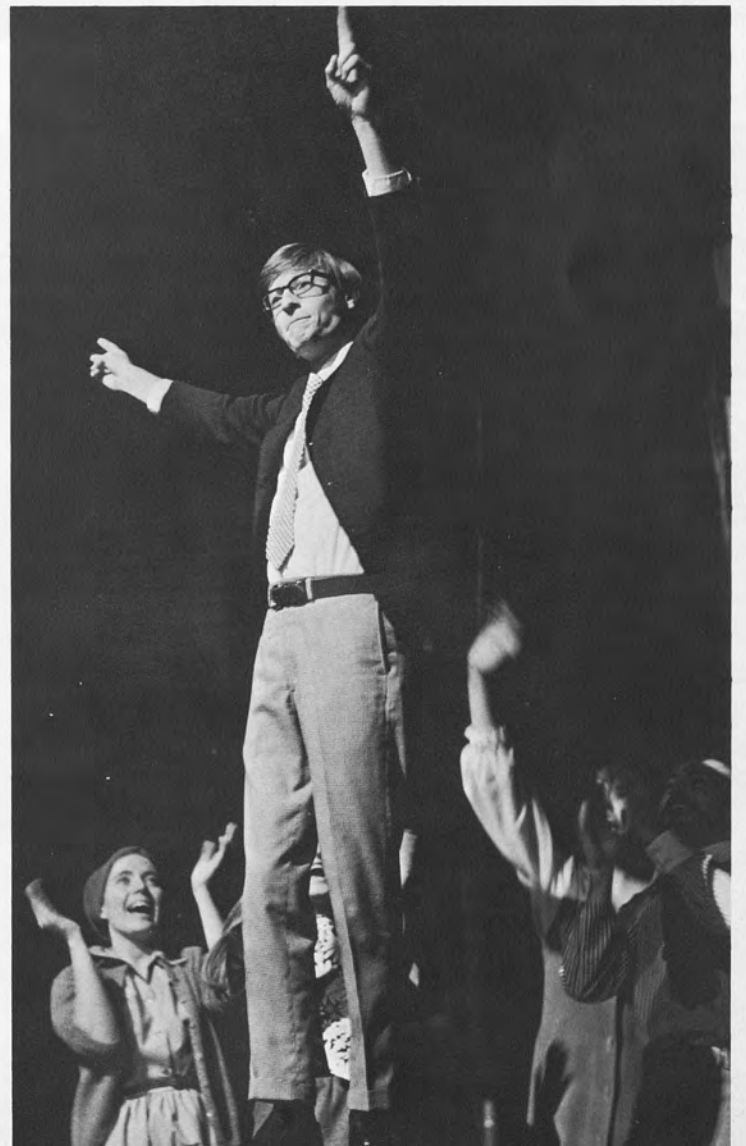
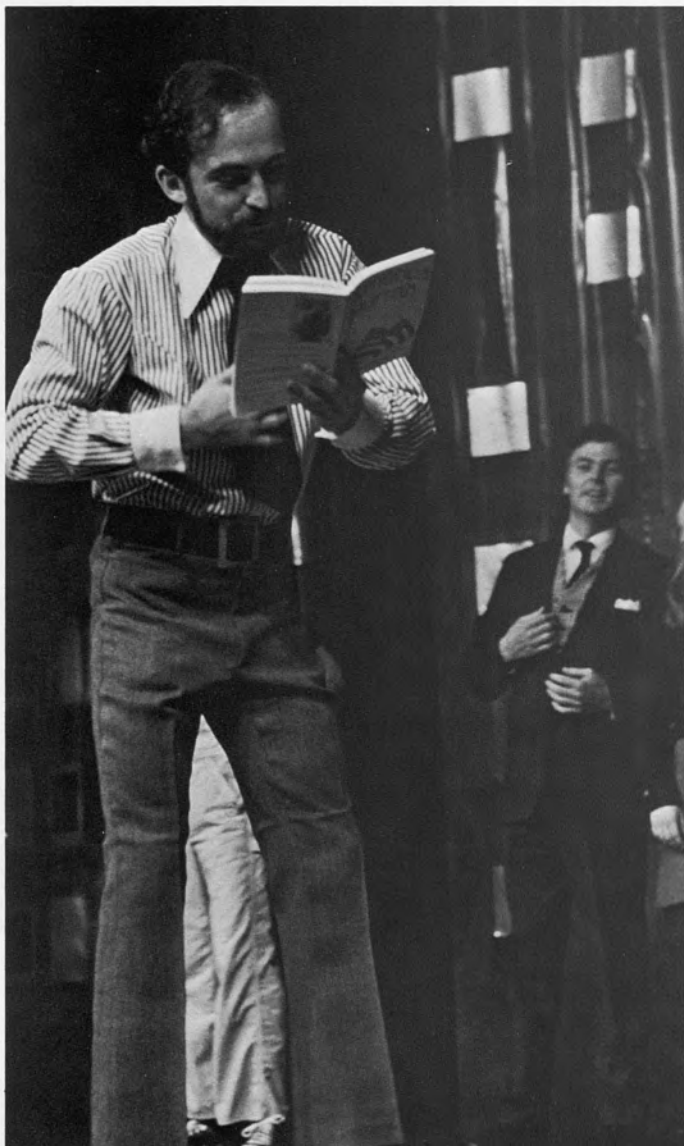


The versatility of Peggy Arndt—as the maid in *Madwoman of Chailot* and (below) as Meg in *The Birthday Party*.

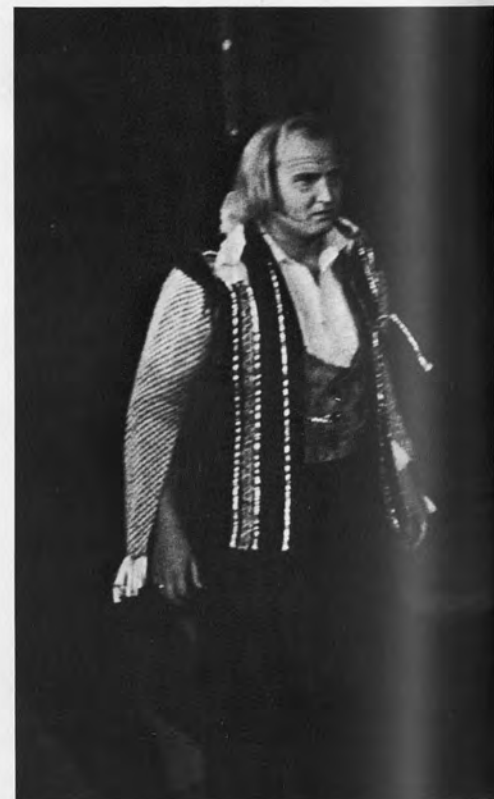
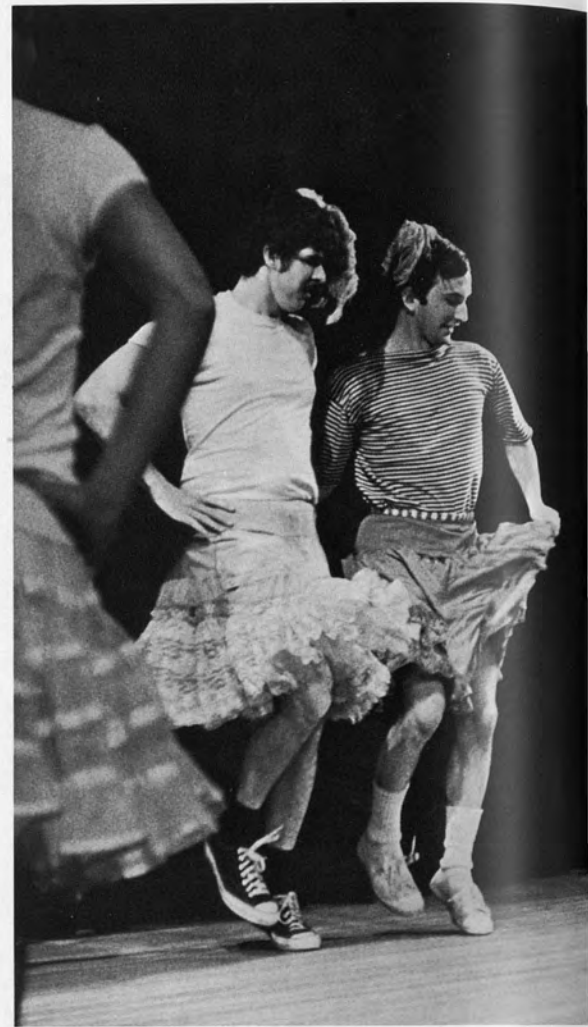




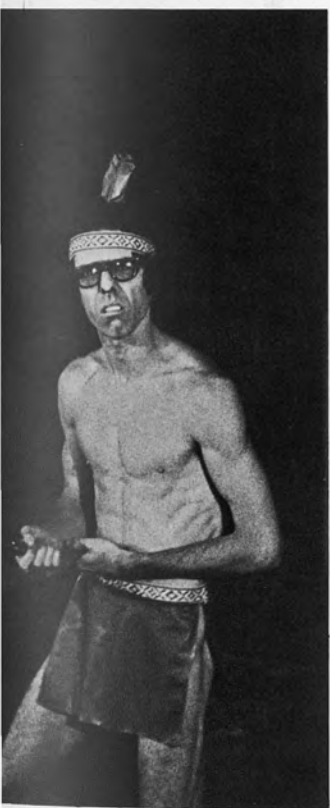
Above: Sergio Zapata, master set designer;
Top Left: John Stephano in *Rats*; Top Right:
Brian Keith and Gayl Kollenborn in *27
Wagons Full of Cotton*; Top Far Right: Kevin
Hoggard and Kris Avedesian in *America
Hurrah*; Right: from *American Hurrah*;
Bottom Center: Terry Nicholson takes over
Dan Dwyer's role; Bottom Far Right: from
America Hurrah.

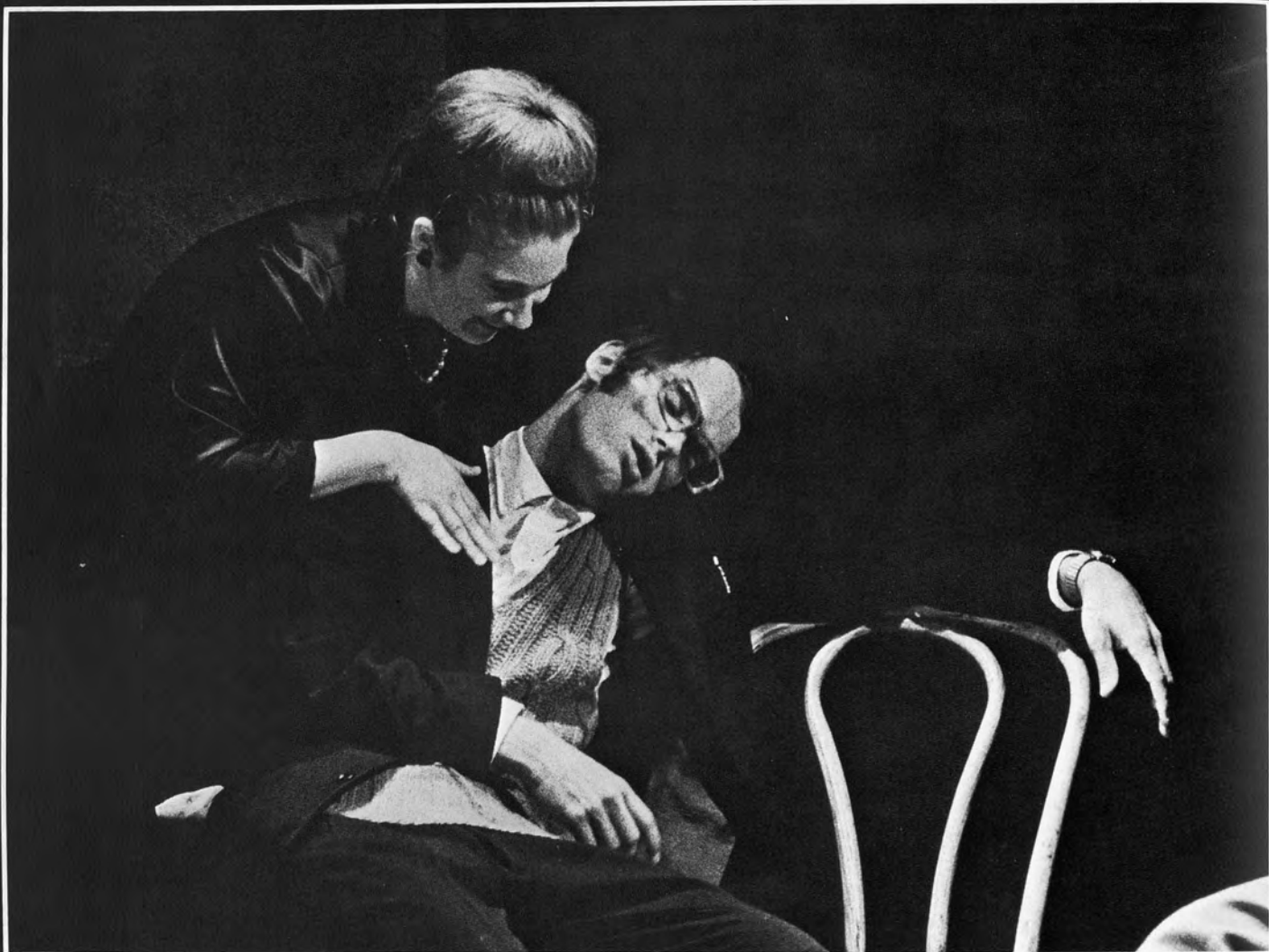


Below: Kathleen Worley, Brad Herrman, and John Stephano in *Collision Course*. Right: the beautiful and graceful girls of the French House's Can-Can Cabaret in May. Far Right: Kathleen Worley and John Stephano in *Ubu*.



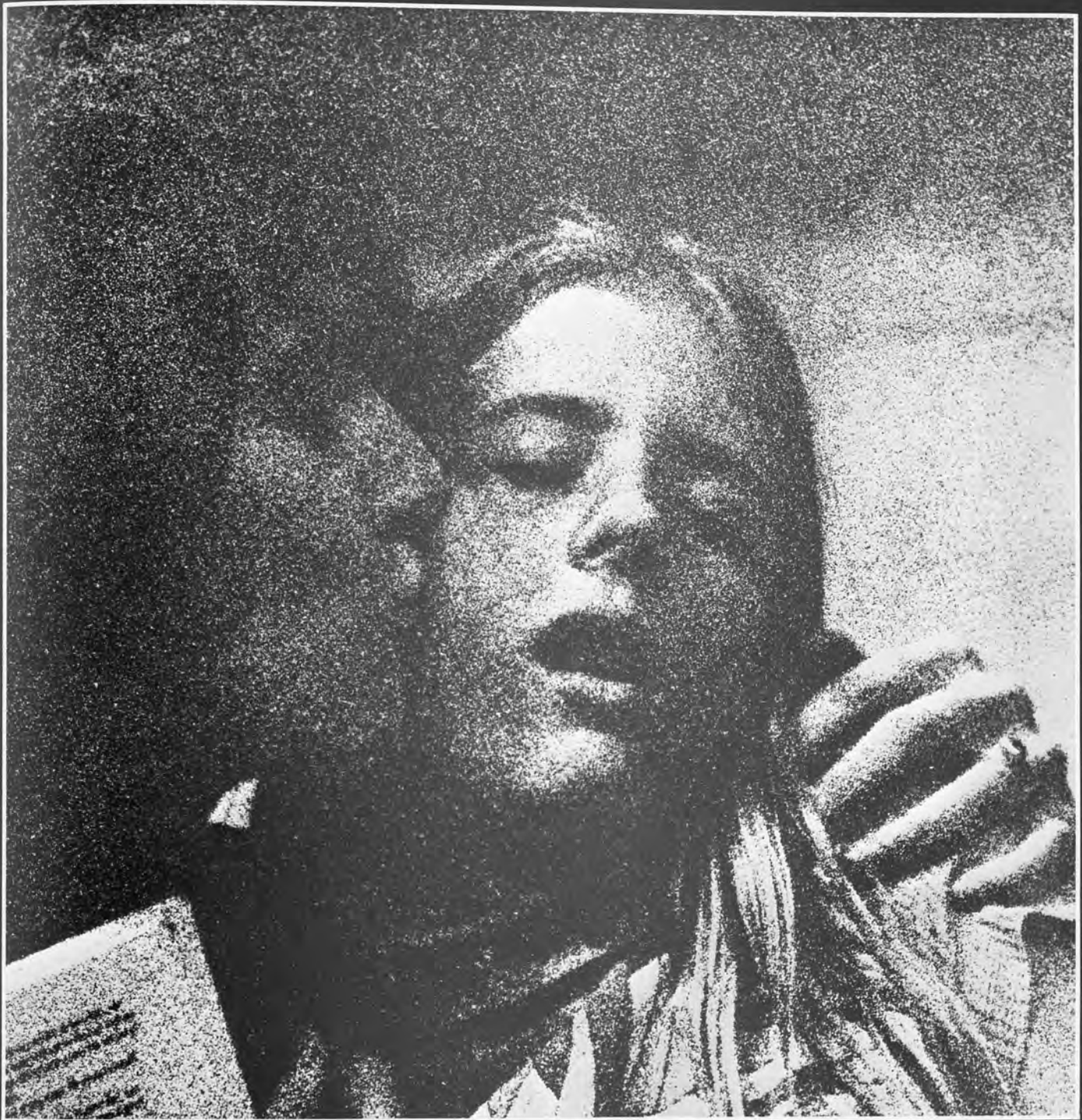
Above: from "The Birthday Party"; Right: Stan Grindstaff as dying redskin; Far Right: from King Ubu."





Above: Vicki Oswald mothers son Edgar (Kevin Hoggard) in the GRE production of *Recollections*. Right: (L to R) Gerald Johnson, Tim Tackett, and Stan Grindstaff in *King Ubu*. Upper Right: Geraldine Davies mothers spastic Joe Egg (Toni Breiman).





Circumstances in 1969-70 augured badly for rugby at UCR, but what could have been a disastrous year became instead the most successful season for the sport in the school's history. Rasty behavior by former squads—beer keg parties, non-existent training regulations, dorm raids—prompted the PE Department to eliminate rugby as a varsity sport before the beginning of this year's competition.

Even without official recognition, however, support was adequate throughout the season; dues were collected from members of the newly-created UCR Rugby Club, and the PE Department chipped in the cost of new uniforms.

Coach Gary Lumpkin provided a refreshing non-authoritarian leadership, which proved as effective as traditional blood-and-guts coaching. He had his work cut out for him; most of the club had never played the game before and had to be taught from scratch. Lumpkin handled it well, balancing good humor with insistence on instruction, which, in turn, elicited willing cooperation from the players. His formula for success was to have fun.

Since a match is divided into two forty-five minute halves with no time outs or free substitutions, endurance is crucial for success; and the Club demonstrated its stamina in all contests. Normally practices, too, are grinding ordeals which everyone approaches with dread—if he approaches them at all. Sessions could have been better attended, but everyone worked himself into at least a modicum of physical fitness. Lumpkin practices were spirited but loose. Things would happen to break up the working part. One day Ron Svare—the club's outstanding place kicker since signed by the LA Rams—trotted out onto the field, looked around and asked: "Where's Tom Gadd?" Someone replied that he was at seminar. To which Svare replied, "Oh, I didn't know he was going to be a priest." This confirmed rumors that virtually the only educated part of Ron's body is his toe. Also, perhaps, that rugby players are not noted for their brains.





UCR Rugby Club: (L to R)—Mike Mears, Jim Deveney, Dave Ochs, Pete McHugh, Tom Gadd, Dave McElroy; Second Row—Tom Miller, Bob Shook, Ron Svarc, Randy Lintz, Jack Bowman, Robert Maxwell, Tom Badillo, Claude Monkin; Top Row—Coach Gary Lumpkin, Ron Haddersbeck, Steve Williams, Ruben Moran, Nick Goldware, Craig Kimbal, Steve Farmer, Timothy Edward Palmer, III.

The club ended the year with a 15-12 record, including the University of California Seven-Man Tournament at Irvine—and the Santa Barbara Invitational. At Irvine Riverside was the talk of the town as they swept the first four games only to lose the final three to the UCLA, UCSB and Berkeley powerhouses. They took third in the losers' bracket at Santa Barbara; losing the first match put one in that bracket automatically. During the regular season, the club always played hard but was erratic due to its considerable inexperience. The club did well in defeat against Irvine, Old Mission Beach Athletic Club, the Finland Rugby Club, Cal State LA, and the UCLA Greyhounds. Good winning efforts included Claremont and UCSD.

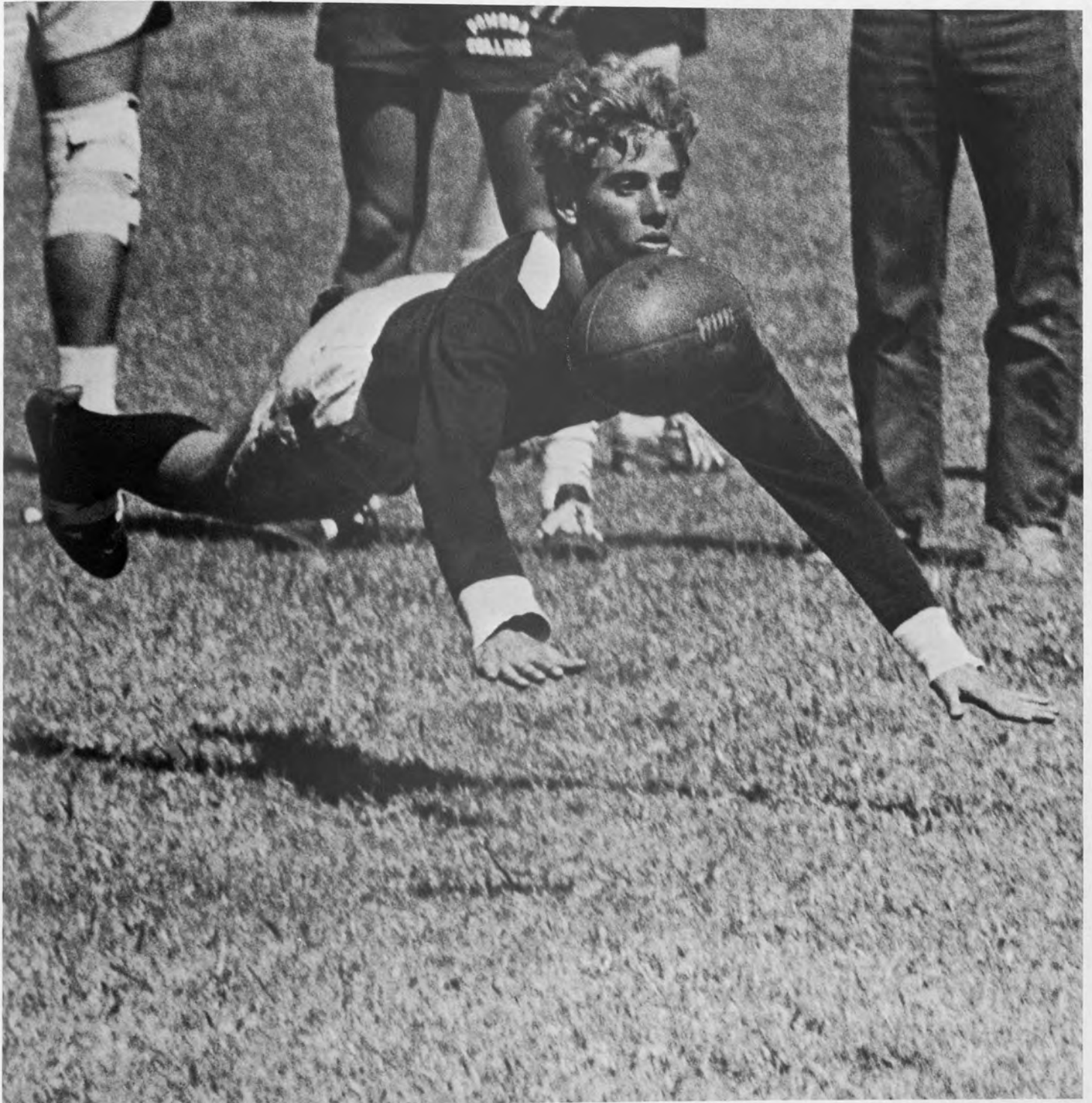
UCR was fortunate to have several outstanding performers. Kicker Svarc was nearly always the deciding factor in the wins; many of his scoring kicks

sailed home from fifty yards or more. Steve Williams, nearly a pro football player himself, did a very determined and fine job at scrum half on very touchy knees. He was a good leader in a position demanding leadership and mental and athletic excellence.

The season's success story, however, is of back Dave Ochs, who was selected for the University of California All-Star Team, touring Australia and New Zealand for six weeks during the summer.

In at least one way, rugby is unique: the only game in which the opposing sides gather afterwards to eat, drink and generally socialize in an atmosphere devoid of sour grapes. There may have been fistfights during the game. There will be only compliments and handshakes afterwards. This is undoubtedly good. Athletes should come down after competition. Winners should be humble.





The UCR Varsity Soccer Team began the season with its hopes largely built on superstar Hugo Salcedo. But, in the final minute of the second game at the Cal State, Fullerton, Tournament, he went dribbling toward the goal and collided hard with a Biola player. Both fell; Salcedo, his collar bone broken, didn't get up and remained sidelined for the rest of the season.

Coach Peter Hofinga had expected a good season with a strong nucleus of returning players. However, there was really nobody to replace Salcedo; and the

19 game season ended with a dismal 5 wins, 12 losses, and 2 ties.

Phil Brady and Sanford Miller were co-captains with Miller also named Most Valuable and Brady Most Inspirational. Buckley Lai was named the Most Improved.

Dave Birch earned his 4th varsity letter and will be sorely missed next year. Hofinga commented, "We really did not have much in the way of a scoring attack. I guess our motto should be 'wait till next year,' but I am a bit concerned about this also."

Varsity Soccer Team: Seated: (L to R)—Sandy Miller, Mark Krushat, Phil Brady; Kneeling: Dave Birch, Miguel Vilchez, Mike Giblin, Fletcher Duke, Mike Montijo; Standing: Assistant Coach Shellhaus, Ron Pina, Doug Homnick, Todd Collart, Jack Woodruff, Buckley Lai, Jerry De Rosa, Jesse Jacobs, Coach Hofinga; Missing from photo: Hugo Salcedo and Mitchell Preus.





JV Soccer Team: Front Row (L to R)—Dave Cieslitkowski, Charles Stamos, George Perez, George Coe, Al Borrego; Second Row (L to R)—Steve Karlstedt, Ron Svarc, Jeff Gaffney, Roger Horton, Mark Jacobson, Coach Schellhous; Missing from photo: Pedro Lopez and Thom Tucker.

The JV Soccer Team under Coach Robbin Schellhous ended its season no better than the varsity, winning one game, losing 7, tying once. Mark Jacobson was named the Most Valuable Player, and Charles Stamos was named Most Improved Player.



Coach Chris Rinne's cross country team ran its way through a disappointing season: 2-3 in dual meets, 4th in the Biola Invitational, 4 (out of 5) at the All Cal, and last in the Conference Meet.

Jay Mellon was named Most Valuable Runner as he consistently placed high in meets.

Coach Rinne hopes to have a better season next year when all will return but Mellon and 4-year letterman Tony DeLucia.

The track season's highpoint was UCR's victory in the All Cal Meet, upsetting Davis on fine performances by both Don and Juan Barfield, and by Jon and Jeff Gaffney.

Don Barfield had the outstanding individual

performance, finishing second in the Long Jump at the College Division Nationals.

He also set school records in both the long and the triple jump, leaping 25' ½" and 46' 3" respectively.

Raheen Hadee set a school record by clearing the pole vault bar 13' 6".

Star sprinter Willie Robinson broke both of Coach Rinne's own sprint records—although hampered by a pulled hamstring muscle—running 9.8 in the 100 and 21.6 in the 220. And in high school, he had been the California State Champion in both events: 9.5 and 21.5. There would be no future records. He died of two screwdriver stab wounds inflicted during a fight on August 29, 1970.



Upper Left: Juan Barfield takes the baton.

Upper Center: Coach Rinne talks with Jeff Gaffney.

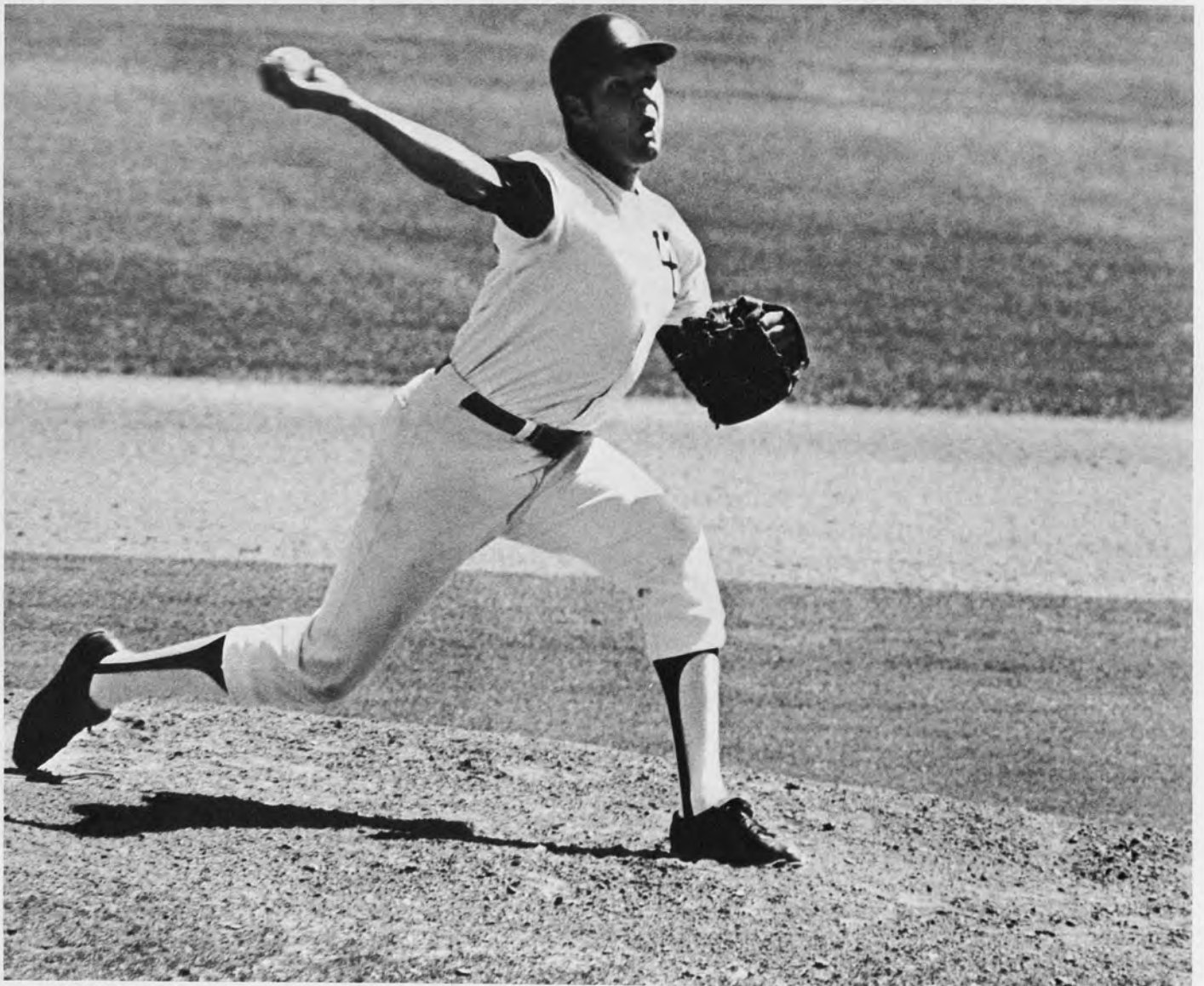
Above: Don Barfield has just broken the UCR Long Jump record.

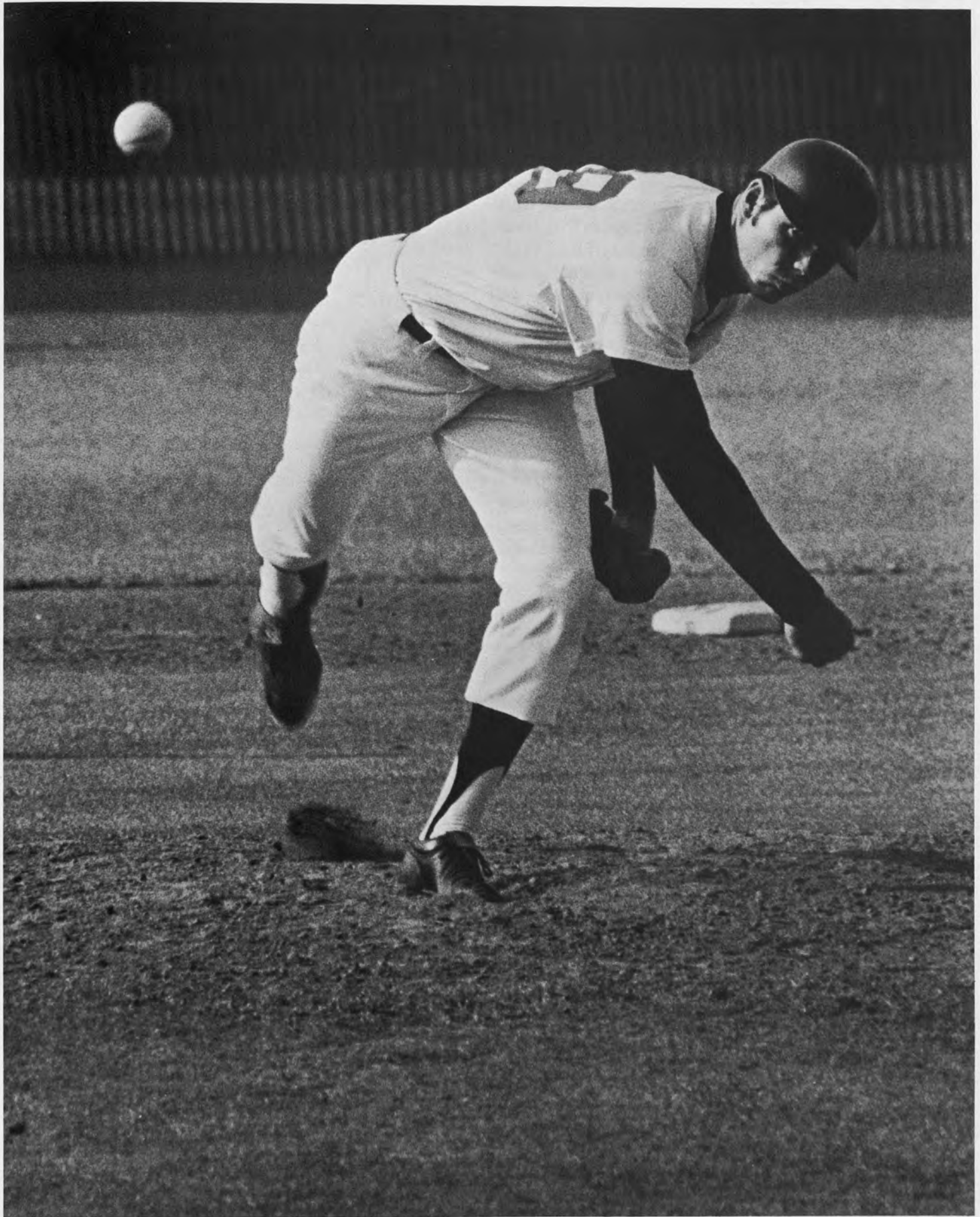
Coach Don Edwards' baseball team agonized its way through a season doomed from the week before school started when ace pitcher Dan Vossler signed on with the Minnesota Twins. There was no chance to recruit another star. Edwards said, "Pitching is the name of the game. Our pitching was pretty bad this year. And we were hurt right off the bat when he signed." The pun was unintentional; so was the season's 8 wins and Edwards couldn't recall during the interview how many losses. Over 30, he thought.

There were some moments. Leading hitter Phil Karmelich lifted the ball for two home runs (one grand slammer) against the Air Force. He signed with the Washington Senators—however, after the season's merciful end. Another highpoint was the year end 5-4 win over LA State, sparked by the pitching of Wayne

Dicky. Not just pitching; he bounced two home runs off his bat. UCR swept a three game series with San Luis Obispo right after a disastrous run of seven lost games as host team to the fourth Annual Riverside National Collegiate Baseball Tournament in late March. The Commissioner of Baseball was on hand for UCR's slaughter.

Coach Edwards completed his eleventh year as coach by resigning his baseball post to Lyle Wilkerson, eight years head coach at Corona (Calif.) High School. Edwards said, "I resigned to pick up teaching. . . . I really haven't been able to devote much time to teaching because of coaching and the department chairmanship." In 1970-71, Edwards will teach theory courses for the PE minor and continue as chairman.





Left: Charles (Corky) Phelps

Above: Kerry Greblo

Fencing

The UCR Fencing Team, proud champions of Southern California, for two years, this year were distinguished largely by a singular lack of success. Plagued by a lack of equipment, lack of preparation, and a grievous lack of experience, the UCR team achieved a conference record of 0-6, which Coach Stu Cipinko termed, "a true monument to futility."

Led by veterans Don Longerbeam, Chris Chaloupka, and Eric Jackson, the fencers managed a real rarity in the sport when they were shut out by Long Beach 27-0. But, amidst the wreckage of a disastrous year, hopeful signs were visible. First year fencers Byron Pollit and Henry Cleveland showed exceptional promise as they plodded into their new sport. Along with Martin Finkel, Thom Tucker, and Jeff Clark, they are the nucleus of what should be a strong 1971 team.

Even among the defeats was one sign of what may come: a surprising eighth place finish in the Western Intercollegiate Fencing Championships. Luck of the innocent, no doubt, but an omen, nonetheless.



Left: Ray Dalke

Golf

"This was the finest golf team we've ever had at UCR," said Coach Franklin Lindeburg of a team that by year's end had captured fourth in the College Division of the NCAA National Championships at Youngstown, Ohio. The team entered the tourney already first in the College Division (9th overall) in the Western Collegiate Golf Tournament, first in the College Division of the Southern Calif. Intercollegiate Golf Championships (4th overall), and first in the All Cal Golf Tournament.

Led by the outstanding swinging of Number One Golfer Gary McCord, the team in regular play won 9, lost 6, and tied two dual matches. Senior McCord, placing second the previous year, this year won the individual championship plus the Southern California Intercollegiate Championship. "A fine pro prospect," said Lindeburg, adding that success came because "McCord was such a fine golfer and the other golfers had pretty good scores."

Sophomore John Kisting was named Number Two Golfer, junior Greg Futch Number Three Golfer, freshman Bill Schlick Number Four Golfer, freshman Dave Lucis Number Five, and senior Pete Goedert and freshman Bob Larsen Number Six.

Karate



UCR Karate did extremely well. The team represented the West and took second place in the US Collegiate Karate Championships held in St. Louis on May 10. UCR was second in team Kumite (sparring) and 5th in team Kata (form). The combined wins gave UCR second place.

The trip east was earned by winning the overall team championship at the Western Regional Karate Tournament at Stanford University on April 11. Previously, UCR had captured the Southern California Championship.

The man with the sandy red hair behind this success is Coach Ray Dalke, twice the US Karate champion who represented the USA in Tokyo this year at the World Championships.

Outstanding performances came especially from co-captains Phil Blank, Steve Walag, and the surprising explosiveness of B. D. Duffin. Blank was named to the All US Collegiate Team; Les Reed (a member of the Kumite Team along with Kenneth Simpson) was on last year's All US Collegiate Team.



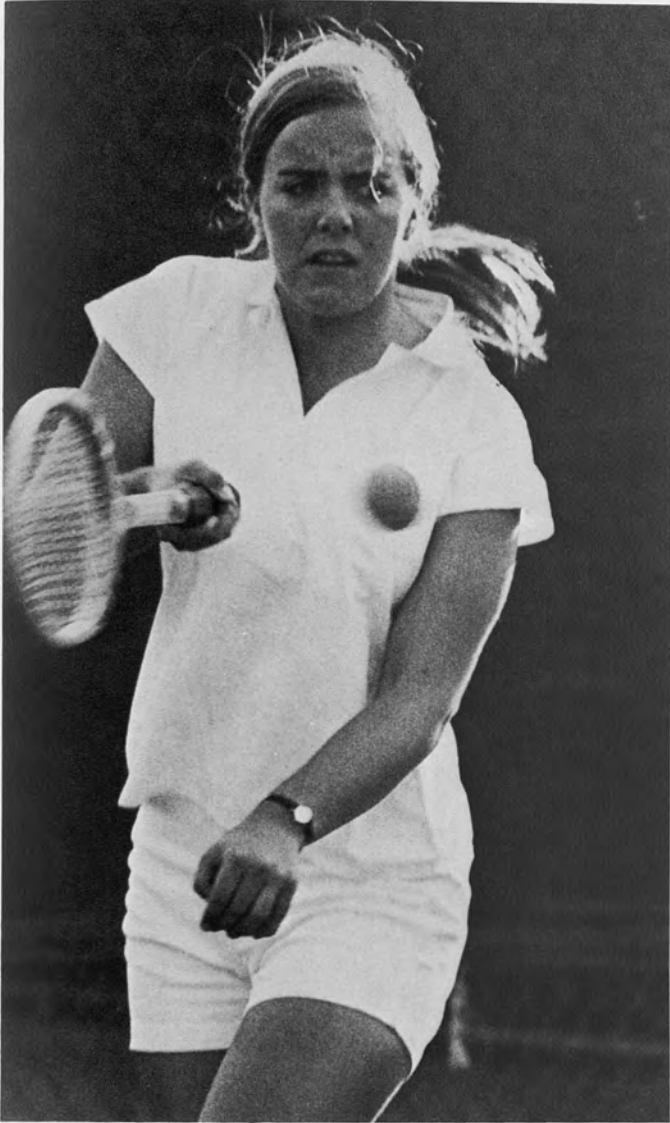


Varsity Tennis Team: (L to R)—George Hill, Don Valley, Jerry Carlos, Alfons Baumstark, Lew Yager, Ross Burnett, Bob Devine, Wes Hill.

The UCR Varsity Tennis Team had an 11-10 record under Coach Peter Hofinga, his first year with the team. The Highlanders finished third in CCAA competition and a very respectable third in the "All Cal" Tournament held at UCSD.

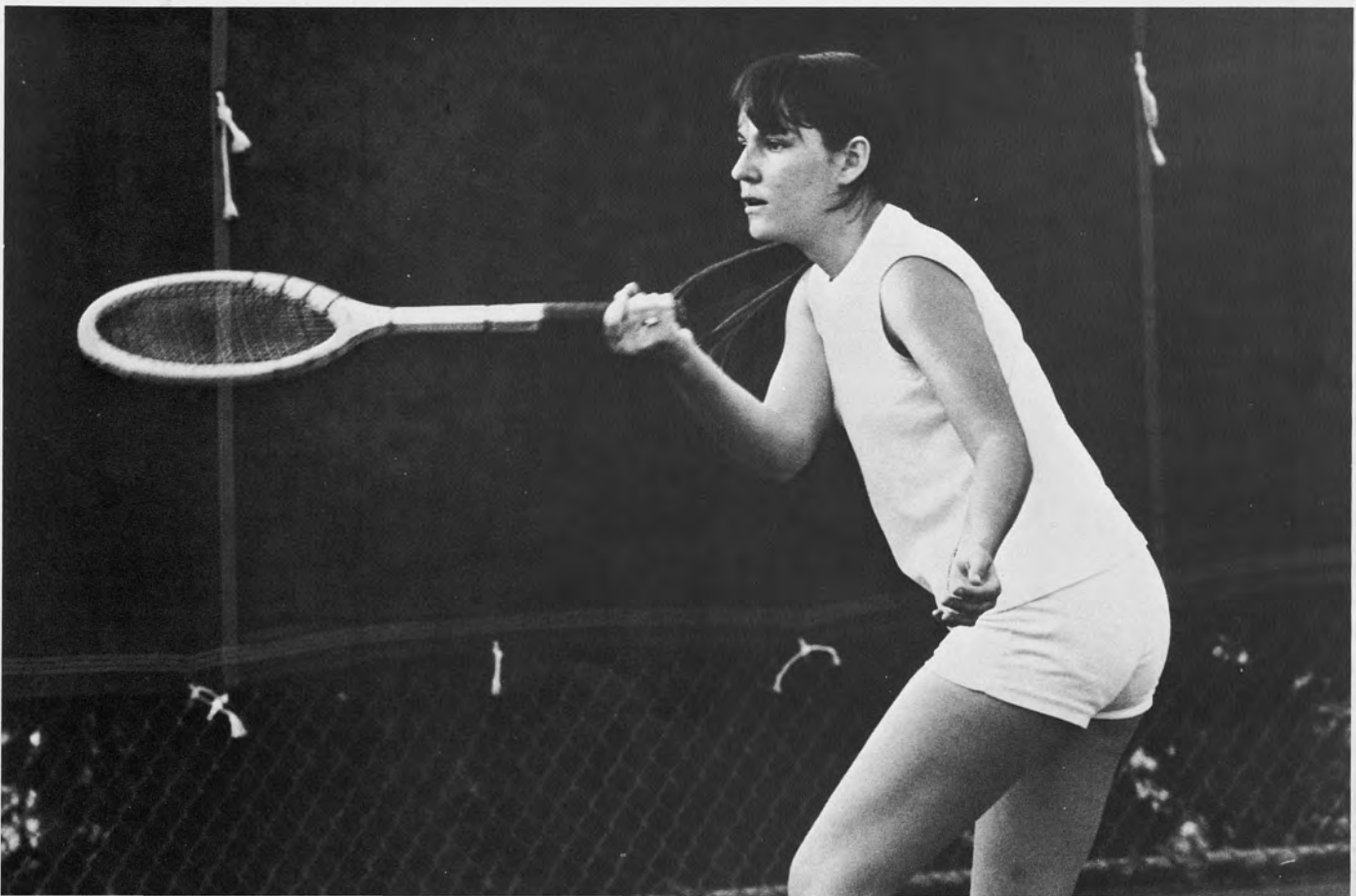
Four year varsity player and team captain Alfons Baumstark had an excellent record of 18 wins and 6 losses and was undefeated in CCAA dual play. Don Valley, number two player, had an 11-10 record, while Lew Yager posted a 13-10 season and Jerry Carlos was 14-9. In their third year of varsity competition, Yager and Carlos won the "All Cal" Number Three Doubles Tourney and came in third in the CCAA Tourney. George Hill and Carlos placed second in their singles division at the CCAA Tourney while Valley and Yager finished third.

Al Baumstark was named the Most Valuable Player on the team.



The UCR Women's Varsity Tennis Team led by Cathy Ballard and Peggy Dame participated in two tennis leagues during this year. In the fall the ladies took First Place in the Small Colleges Women's Intercollegiate Tennis League with a record of 6 wins, 0 losses, and 2 ties.

During the Spring Quarter, the team competed in the "A" Division of the Southern California Women's Intercollegiate Tennis League and placed 6th with a record of 1 win and 5 losses. Although not in the running for league honors, "they gained much valuable experience in this first season of 'A' competition and hope to place higher next season," said Coach Marilyn Carney who left UCR at the end of the year.

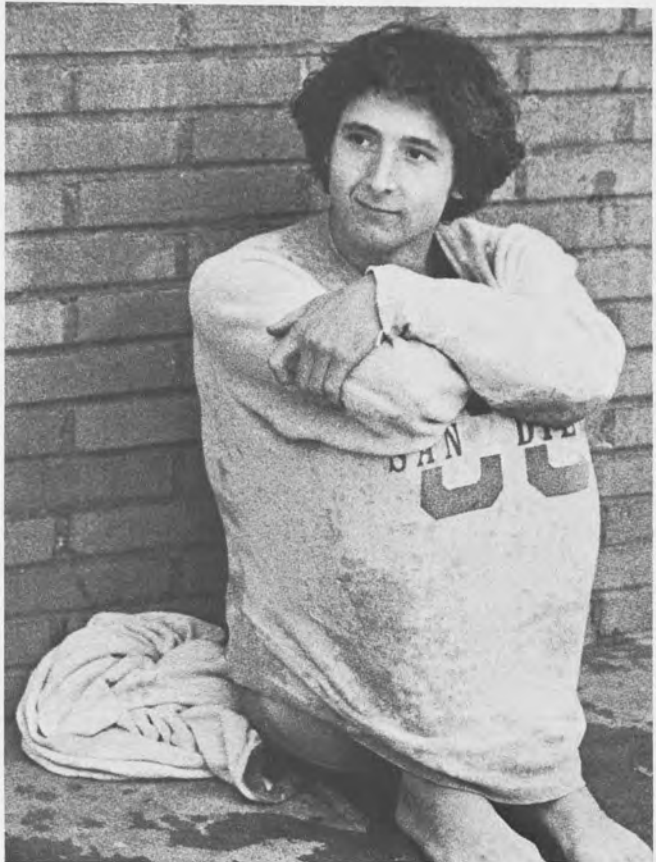




Greatly lacking in depth, Coach Gil Allan's UCR swim team still managed a respectable 5-5 season. The highlight of the season came at the NCAA College Division Championships where UCR—led by three-time All-American Keith Casenhiser—placed 27th in the nation. Keith set four UCR records while earning MUP honors for the third consecutive year. Gary Harris was named Most Improved Swimmer and set two varsity records. Seniors John Wallace and Ed Shaiman capped off fine varsity careers and were named co-captains of the 1970 swim team.



UCR Swim Team: Standing (L to R)—John Cox, Ed Shaiman (wearing glasses), Jim Davison, Cary McGreagor, Doug Wilson, Wes Maughan, Bob Cary, Kevin Hoggard, Coach Gil Allan, John Wallace; Seated (L to R)—Joe Cox, Gary Harris, Steve Stedry, Terry Jonas.





1969 Water Polo Team: Top (L to R)—Coach Gil Allan, Cary McGreagor, Captain Bob Barton, Keith Casenhiser, Rolf Lee, Bill Van Pelt. Bottom: (L to R)—John Pichel, Jim Davison, Ed Shaiman, Wes Maughan, Joe Cox.

Although Coach Gil Allan's Water Polo Squad had an unimpressive 12-14 record, the team showed the promise of future greatness. Their regular season scheduled game record was 8-3 while tournament play left something to be desired with a 4 and 11 tally.

Still, UCR finished second in the Pasadena Tournament and also second in CCAA play. UCR lost its bid for a share of the League championship with a 5-4 loss to Cal State, Fullerton.

Highlight of the league season was the 8-6 victory over tough San Fernando Valley State. This win was particularly satisfying for Wes Maughan who scored all eight goals vaulting to the CCAA scoring championship. Maughan was a first team all league selection while Keith Casenhiser garnered a second team berth.

UCR only loses two players for next year, but they

were two of the finest. Captain Bob Barton leaves after demolishing the goalie record—stopping 284 shots in 26 games for an average of 10.9 a game. UCR's other graduating senior, Ed Shaiman, was the inspirational leader while also leading the way in the pool. In the past two years, he was named twice each to the All Cal and West Coast Invitational Tournaments' All-Tournament teams. He was UCR's Most Valuable Player two years in a row and the only player to place high in both number of goals and number of assists. On top of all this, he also made All-Tournament at the San Luis Obispo Tourney.

With freshman varsity starter Jim Davison returning along with Maughan, Casenhiser, and leading assist-man Joe Cox, UCR will field a formidable team. Mike Alpert who transferred here in the spring will replace Barton in the goal position, leaving only the need for a replacement for Shaiman.





With eight of Redlands' eleven behind him, Fred Morawcznski emerges from the scrimmage on his way to a 26-yard touchdown.



Let It Bleed, Three and Six

The Highlander varsity football team took more long walks back to the locker room in 1969 than it had in quite a few years. UCR dropped five of its first six games en route to a disastrous 3-6 record that saw a potent team divided by factionalism and racial misunderstanding.

There was no question about the talent. While the Scots sorely missed the services of '68 veterans Ty Hooks and Nick Goldware, their replacements, were first rate. Brian Kilpatrick, at quarterback, lacked Goldware's sure-footedness, but his arm won him *Times* Player of the Week honors for local NCAA schools before the season was out. He was the first football player in Riverside's history to be so honored. And the rest of the backfield didn't lack talent or depth either. No one ever posed the break-away threat that Ty Hooks did in 1968, but there was a bevy of fine, hard runners. All-league contender Fred Morawcznski—who never made it because of UCR's poor record and allegedly low-calibre opponents—was a standout in '69 for the second straight year. He could always be counted upon for at least a short gain, and often

more. In his entire career at UCR, he lost less than twenty yards total on the ground. Double threats Steve Farmer, Ed Skeen, both returning lettermen, and Howard Pierce filled out the backfield.

UCR even had its own soccer-style kicker in Hugo Salcedo, whose three field goals in the Homecoming game against heavily-favored Cal Western earned him a share of the glory in that 29-28 squeaker.

On defense, three-year letterman Tom Badillo switched to linebacker for the '69 season and earned all-league honors for his performance. Bill Hunstock, Dennis Dannenberg, and Al Stroberg were among the returning letterman on the defensive line. Veterans Philo Smith, Jim Deveney, and Steve Peck anchored a defensive secondary that plugged holes in the '69 campaign when the Scots found themselves always liable for the long bomb.

But individual performances are one thing; team record is another. And the '69 squad had that truism rammed down its collective throat six times during the year.



Steve Farmer comes around end in a home game against Cal Poly Pomona.

... And We Certainly Did



La Verne	21	UCR	17
USF	22	Highlanders	6
Occidental	17	U-Cal Riverside	20
Redlands	25	Clansmen	22
Cal Poly Pomona	7	Riverside	6
Nevada	36	Scots	6
Saint Mary's	13	UC Riverside	23
Cal Western	28	Clan	29
UCD	35	Cal Riverside	34

The first loss was to long-time foe La Verne—a game the Scots should have won. Farmer and Morawcznski provided the scoring muscle on short runs; and Salcedo added a 37-yard field goal. But, despite a defensive rush by the Scots that dumped La Verne's quarterback eight times—including four by Badillo alone—the Cougars completed three touchdown passes in the second half to overcome UCR's halftime edge.

UCR's next loss was to a much improved USF club, and it was a loss the Highlanders earned. The Dons ran up a three point halftime lead, which was plenty for a victory over the seemingly impotent Scots. UCR's only score came after defensive lineman Dennis Dannenberg swatted and then intercepted a Don pass.

And that wasn't the worst of it. At that juncture in the young season, Salcedo had a broken collar bone; Kilpatrick had a dislocated jaw; starting end

Bob Olsen had mononucleosis; Farmer was nursing a knee injury; and tackle Jim Van Nest was hobbling with a pulled muscle.

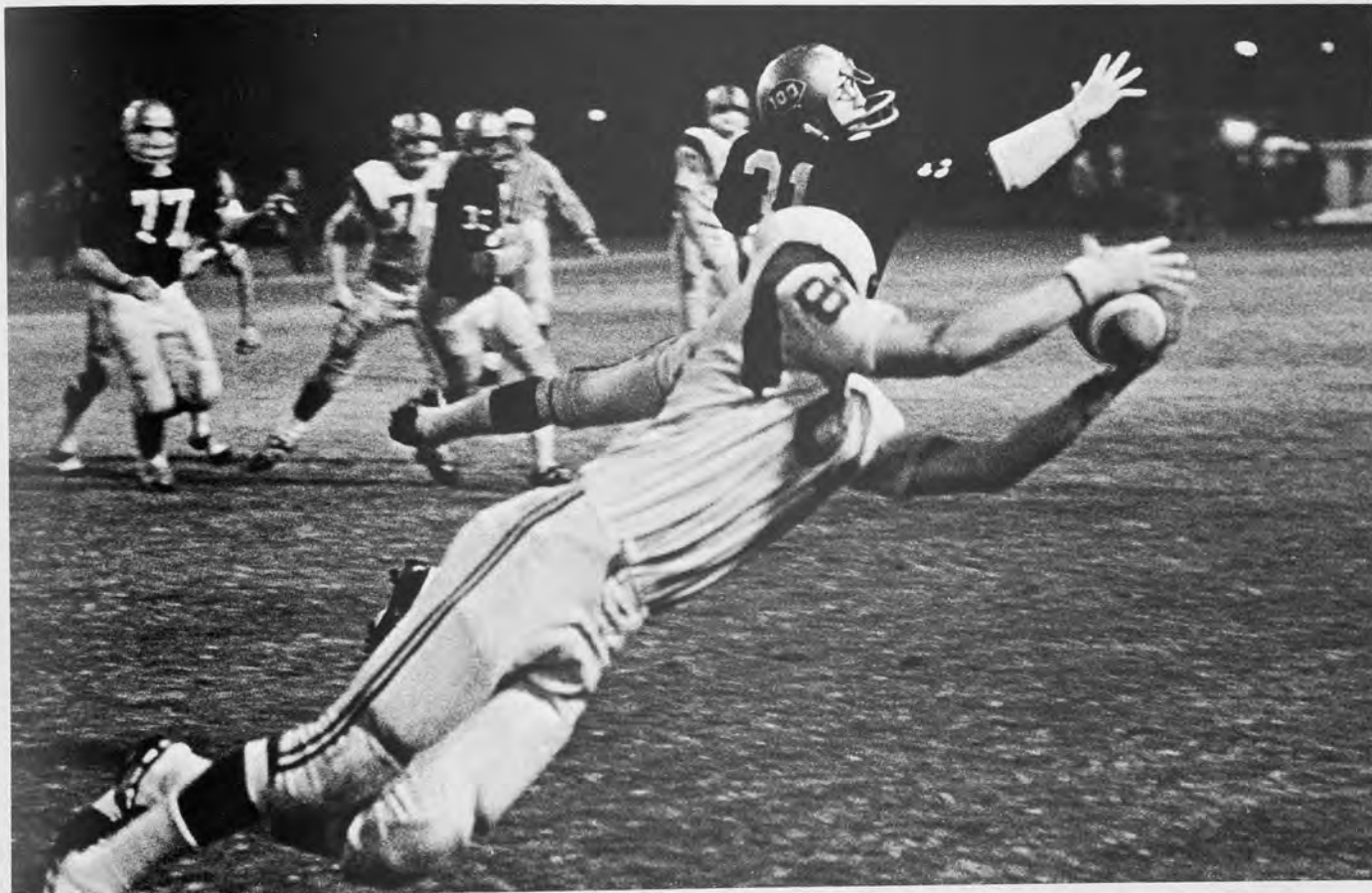
All this before school even started.

With some fine running, the Scots managed to top Occidental 20 to 17. Steve Farmer carried for 105 yards, while Morawcznski and Pierce collaborated for another 117. But the winning margin came on the wings of a fluke perfect kick-off return by Jim Baldwin. Untouched down the center of the field he ran—80 yards in a record-smashing 14.0 seconds.

The next three games proved real disappointments. The Scots gave Redlands a good battle, showing they could put together passing and running—but not for long periods. Final score: 25-22.

Then Cal Poly, Pomona: 7-6.

The third straight loss. After a long trip, the Scots got knocked around to the tune of 36-6 by the University of Nevada. You might say we bled a lot.



Brian Kilpatrick was a fine thrower, when his protection held up and when his receivers could get open. But when it came to scrambling, he just didn't have it—as these photos (top left and bottom right) show. Left, Kilpatrick is quite literally swamped by Occidental defenders who wouldn't let him run around end after he found his receivers covered. At right, he gets off rather lightly. He was only knocked down.

Middle—a UCR defender can't prevent a short out pass to a Pomona end.



But Nobody Said We Were Soft

Then we came alive. In San Francisco's Kezar Stadium against St. Mary's, the Clansmen outsmarted the disgruntled Catholics with a 23-13 drudging. The game, however, was closer than the score indicates. The Gaels kept pace with Riverside in the paydirt column through most of the game, but couldn't match Salcedo's 17-yard field goal. Then, with time running out, Badillo grabbed an errant Catholic pass and returned it to seal the coffin. The game showed the Scots could put it all together and keep it together; the experience was invaluable.

Next on the agenda was United States International University, formerly Cal Western. The Scots were given a one-in-a-hundred chance of winning, and they pulled it off in miracle fashion. UCR overcame a nineteen point deficit in the last ten minutes to pull off a 29-28 miracle before a Homecoming crowd.

Those ten minutes were something to see. After letting Westerner linemen dump their quarterback ten times in the first fifty minutes, the UCR line suddenly stiffened and gave Kilpatrick the protection he needed to throw seven straight completions, ending with a 17-yard toss to Bob Olsen for the score. With 6:44 remaining the Scots were still down fourteen points. The Highlander defense held firm when a perfect USIU punt spotted them on their own one yard line. But Kilpatrick hit two long passes to Skeen and Olsen; another touchdown—the score, 28-22.

With 1:22 remaining, everyone knew the Scots would try an onside kick. They did, and it worked. Once again Kilpatrick produced solid passing to engineer a crucial touchdown. Olsen caught a 15-yard Kilpatrick strike in the end zone for his third TD catch in ten minutes; Salcedo added the extra points. The game was over.

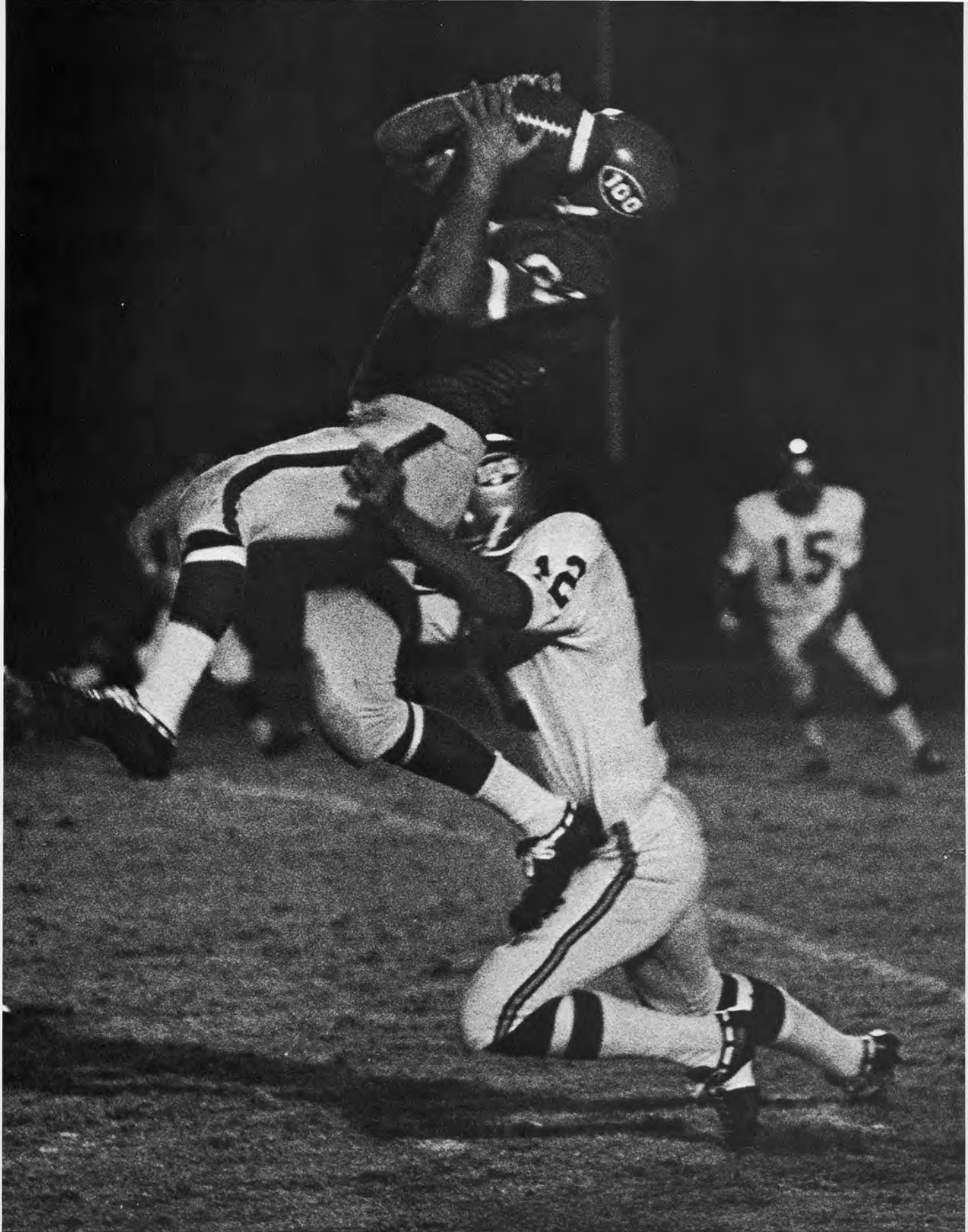
The game produced a multitude of heroes. Salcedo hit three field goals when UCR looked to have no chance. Olsen caught three touchdown passes. The offensive line came through in the clutch. The defense played gallantly throughout.

But the real hero was Kilpatrick. He connected on 25 of 36 attempts for 289 yards and three touchdowns. He was named small college Player of the Week and got a big gold plaque.

The next week against Davis, however, a replay of Homecoming didn't work. Spotting the rivals a 35-21 lead late into the fourth quarter, Kilpatrick's performance fell short when he was dropped behind the line on a two-point conversion attempt when the board read 35-34. Later Salcedo got a shot at repeat heroics on a 47-yard field goal attempt; but it fell wide as the clock ran out.

Kilpatrick had a good night at 19 out of 41 for 208 yards; Morawcznski churned out 144. But their efforts were not enough, and the Scots retired to the locker room ending what should have been a much better season.





Third-year defensive secondary starter Philo Smith times his hit perfectly. Contact is made just as the ball arrives making it all but impossible to hold onto. The would-be receiver, by the way, came down on his head.

Dennis Dannenberg gets in a near-perfect 'stick' on an unfortunate Redlands ball carrier. Dannenberg's feet are still driving forward while the runner's knees have already buckled. A split second before the shutter was snapped, that ball carrier was going full speed. A split second afterwards, the man was flat on his back.



Season Ends; Coach Quits

The Highlanders were already 1-2 when an October boycott crippled the limping squad. Five black athletes left the team charging various degrees of racial bias and insensitivity on the part of Head Coach Pete Ketella. In fact, during the long and complicated wrangle, his resignation was demanded; another demand was for a new black assistant coach.

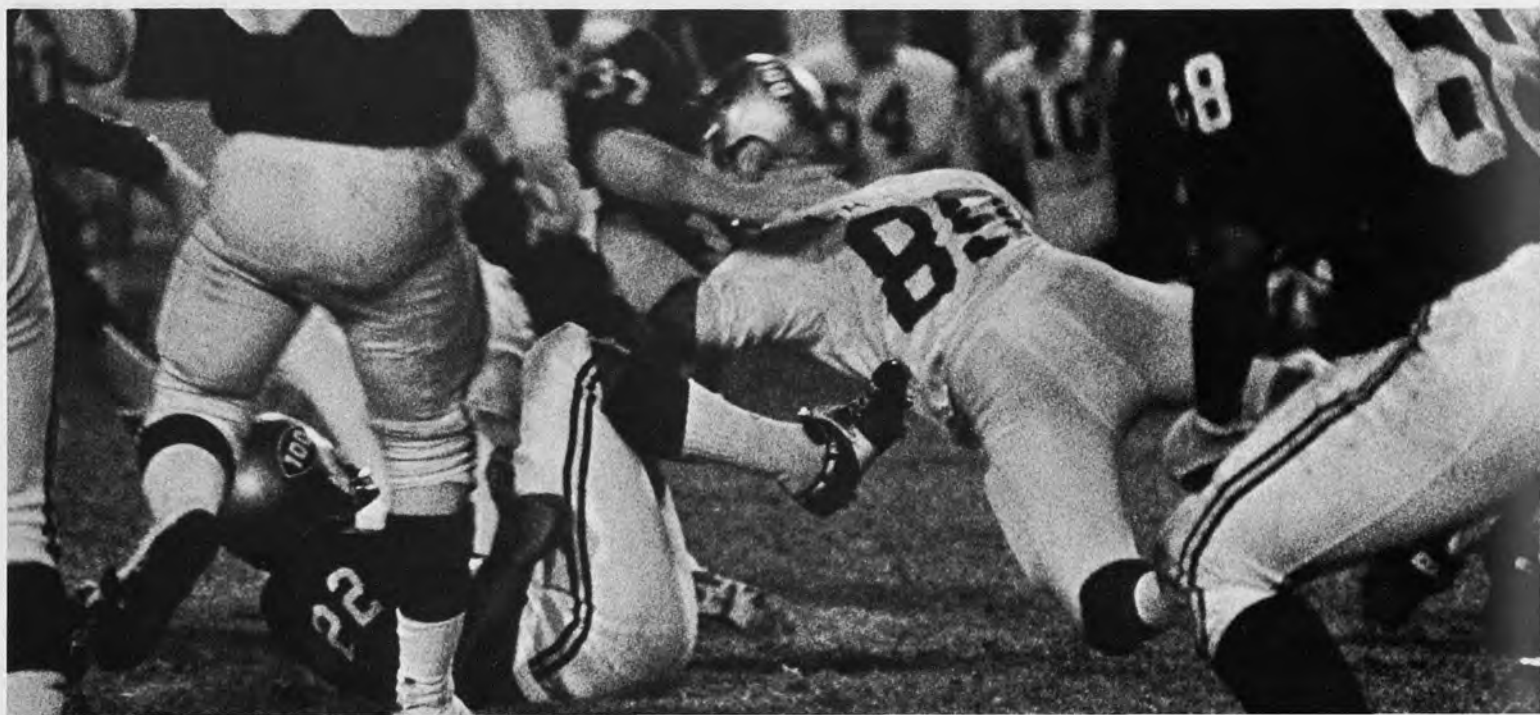
All but one of the players, Glenn King, rejoined the squad later that same week; and in late January, Michael Davis was named the black assistant coach, Ketella saying the department wanted his hiring last year but it came now because the Dean of Students Office put up the money.

Ketella decided he was fed up. In a somewhat bitter letter in February, he ended his five years as head coach: "Approximately one year ago we were ready to step forward," said the former quarterback of UCR's only undefeated varsity team, "today we are stepping backwards, and I am stepping out of the picture."

He said he considered the football program under-funded, the basketball program over-emphasized: "I cannot think of any major University in this country that does not identify primarily with its football program, and I cannot think of many colleges that identify only with their basketball programs that are not small." His reference, of course, was to rookie hoop coach Freddie Goss who, through private contributions, developed the varsity team into something of a cinderella squad. Ketella said, however, there was no personal friction with Goss.

Throughout the season, players—both black and white—had been criticising Ketella's coaching. He picked up the gauntlet in his letter, calling the program "second rate" and arguing for more money. He was replaced by Assistant Coach Gary Knecht and eventually found a job as assistant coach at UC Santa Barbara.

Out of this stormy year, one thing is clear: football has too long stagnated. Hopefully, Knecht can do something about it.

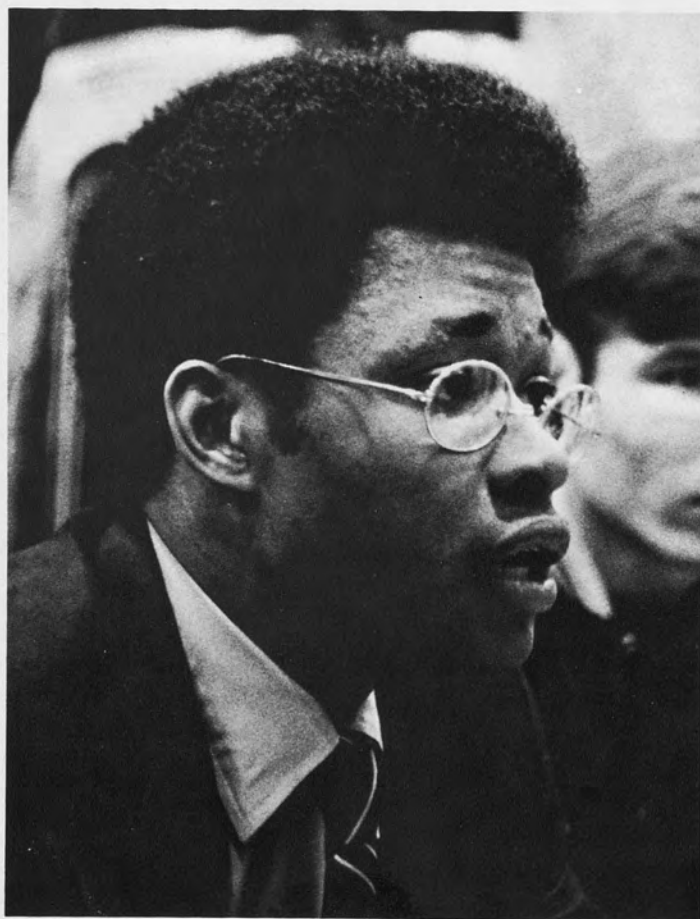
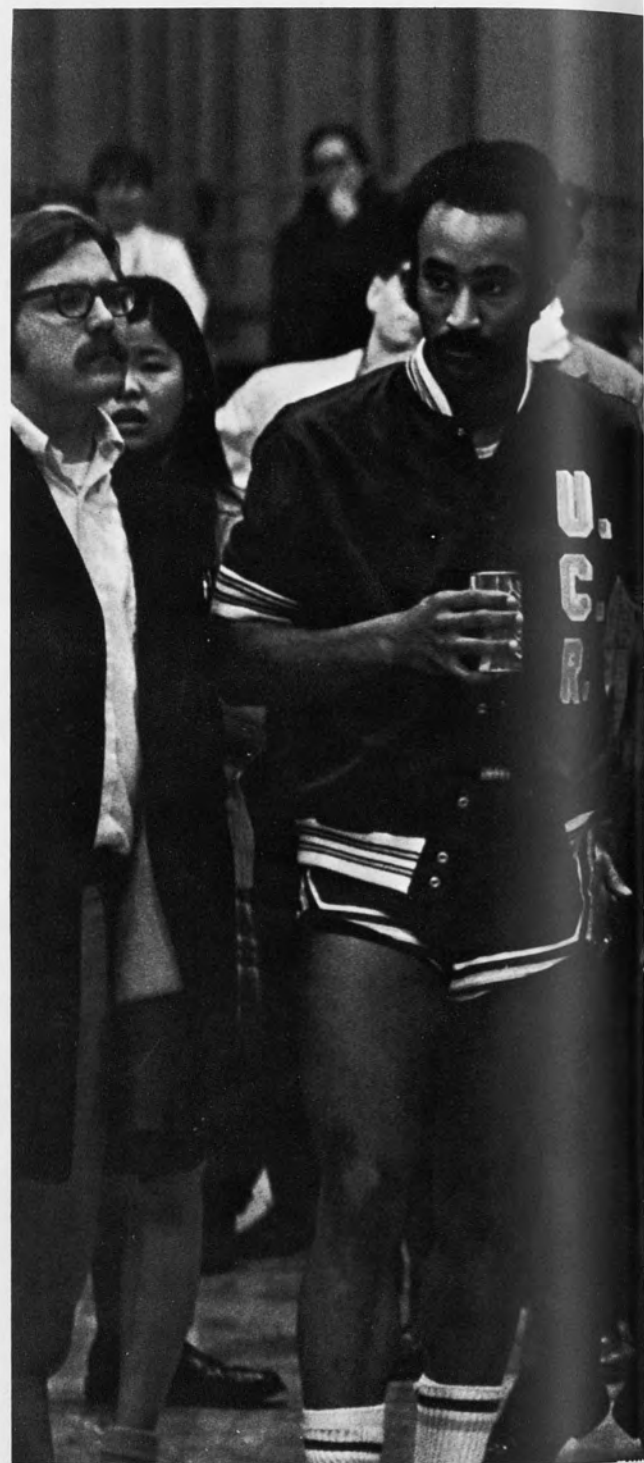




Left to right:
Hugo Salcedo
Brian Kilpatrick
Pete Ketella
Gary Knecht



Freddie's



Above: Coach Fred Goss

Troops Take Third in Nation



Left to Right: Mike Sokol (assistant manager and author of article), Reggie Greene, Kirby Gordon, Darrell Daniel, Lonnie Vanderpool, John Masi, Howard Lee, Steve Knapik, Leomond Jones (making "V"), Randy Lance, Clark VanEpps, Mike Washington.



Darrell Daniel (above) against St. Joseph and (right) against Philadelphia Textile.

This was supposed to be a year for rebuilding a Varsity Basketball Team decimated by the graduation of stars Dick Barton, Larry Schwartz, Sonny Festejo, and Carl Rodwell. In fact, only John Masi and Reggie Greene returned from a squad that won 15 and lost 10.

However, the many new faces brought a 19-10 season plus a league championship, a College Division Western Regional title, and a Third Place in the National Championships. The most important new face was Head Coach Freddie Goss, the former UCLA stand-out who built a team from the veterans, his own recruits, and those of former Head Coach Dwain Lewis.

At year's beginning, the team's strength was uncertain. Talent was there; cohesiveness was not. The players simply didn't know each other well enough; and so they were not then a team. In the building process, the season can be seen as three separate seasons: the first in December, the second in January, and the third in February and March.

The first season was a trial learning period during which Goss noticeably gained a few grey hairs. The Scots opened the season and fell on its home court to the University of San Diego Toreros who came from five down at half to a 100-96 victory. So inexperience and incohesiveness had cost the promising team what

proved to be its only home court loss.

Classy Mike Washington, an all-state guard transfer from LA City College, had given a picture of things to come with 33 points—in his first appearance making the fans fall in love with his playing. Masi and 6' 6" transfer from San Bernardino Howard Lee had put in good games. As the players left for Kentucky, things seemed well in hand.

The trip did three things. UCR fell to an 0-4 record by losing to national powers Murray State, Louisville, and Western Kentucky. Many weaknesses were found; and Darrell Daniel came into his own. UCR did well only in the final game, which was to be expected because the players were becoming a team. Unexpected, however, was that the best game would come against the best team. It took Western Kentucky almost fifteen minutes to catch and wear down a fired-up team. Facing 7' 1" All-American Jim McDaniels, Lee popped in 24 and even blocked some of McDaniels' shots. Superior board strength led Western to a 92-79 win after leading 45-39 at halftime.

A weary band of Scots returned to Riverside; but three days later got their first win by crushing Westmont 103-77. The first season ended, UCR spent the vacation practicing twice a day to erase weaknesses found on the court.



During the second season, UCR started strong, winning five out of six to bring the record to 6-5. Highpoints of this streak were many. UCR's first ever league appearance was successful as CCAA play opened with a resounding 93-72 victory over Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo. Arch-rival UC Irvine fell 97-95 as the Mike and Howard show rolled on. They combined combined for 55 points as Washington's 33 led the way. UCR blew a ten point lead and the game to San Fernando Valley State becoming 2-1 in league play as they traveled to the Davis Tournament.

UC's Irvine, San Diego, and Riverside joined host Davis in a weekend tournament. But disaster struck as UCR lost 88-86 to first opponent San Diego when a last second shot went in. Then Irvine clobbered the Scots the next night 86-70. So UCR had lost two games at a tournament they should have won. It looked then as if Highlander fans were once again going to have an inconsistent team to root for.

As the third season unfolded, UCR stood 6 and 7 and possibly in trouble. CCAA leading Cal Poly, Pomona, came into town, and the Scots were ready. In a run and gun shoot 'em up, UCR came out on top 105-96. All the starters played well with the scoring very balanced among them. Washington's and Lee's 23 paced the Scots to a tie for first place in the CCAA.

UCR then reeled off five more wins including revenge wins over UCSD and San Fernando State. In this streak, UCR picked up two more league victories to hold onto first place in the CCAA. John Masi was the hero of the 89-85 squeaker against Cal Poly, SLO. UCR trailed 67-65 with nine minutes to play when Washington stole the ball and passed it ahead to Masi. He swept in for the lay-up and was submarined by a Mustang player. The shot went in and Masi made both free throws to give UCR a lead it never relinquished. Masi finished with 17, Danied 25, Lee 20, and Washington 16.

The Mustangs felt the wrath of Daniel as he hit on 10 of 15 shots and hauled in 9 rebounds. He combined this game with a 13 for 19 performance the very next night against Valley State. He scored 29 and grabbed 19 rebounds to complete his best weekend of the season. He scored 54 points, took in 28 rebounds, and shot a blistering 72% from the floor as he earned his CCAA Player of the Week laurels.

After a tough one point loss to the University of San Diego, the Highlanders took on UC, Irvine, with the loser facing elimination from consideration for playoff competition. Paced by the outstanding individual performance of the season, the Scots defeated Irvine 78-76. Washington, hampered by four



Above: Everybody got excited about basketball. The captain of Ivan Hinderaker's All-Stars displays his form during a special October 27 benefit which saw a 97-88 loss to Bill Cosby's Crowd and some cash for Freddie Goss. Right: Howard Lee displays his form.





"That animal," Howard Lee, prowls under the basket during St. Jo game.

fouls, scored 18 of UCR's last 20 points including a jumper with 6 seconds left to win it. He scored 30 points and Lee 19 to lead the scoring in this pressure-packed game.

Cal Poly, Pomona, stood as the remaining obstacle to a CCAA championship for UCR in its first league appearance. Lee outscored Larry Parks by two points 34-32; and that proved to be the difference as UCR took it 93-91. Washington's 21 points counteracted James Dunn's 21 for Poly. It was Dunn's late bombing attack that made the game close. He put on quite a show in the second half getting 7 field goals and a free throw, but UCR's big man Lee was too much for Poly's 6' 8" center Phil Hargrove.

The Scots spent a restless weekend awaiting word from the Western Regional Selection Committee. Then on Sunday at 5:30 it came; UCR was in the playoffs. The first round opponent was to be Boise State of Idaho. UCR, then 13 point underdogs, flew to Seattle to start the Regionals on Thursday night March 5 with the game being played in Tacoma.

UCR's initial appearance in the NCAA play-offs proved memorable. Seeded last of the Tourney's four teams, UCR cruised by both Boise State the Puget Sound, the host team, to earn a trip to Evansville and the National Championships.

The Boise State game was a study in contrasts. The first half was slow with both teams making many errors. After trailing 7-0, UCR took a 35-29 lead into the locker room at intermission. Lee and Masi had carried the load with 14 and 8 respectively.

Although the second half was played at a much faster pace, fewer errors were committed. UCR increased its lead and ended with a 12 point advantage 83-71. Washington and Daniel came alive, scoring 15 and 14 respectively. Washington and Lee took scoring honors with 21 apiece.

UCR faced huge odds taking on third nationally-ranked Puget Sound led by All Coast Guards Ed Huston and Charles Lowery. However, another All Coast Guard player proved to be too much for them. Both fouled out trying to stop Washington. "Popcorn" hit on ten of 14 shots from the floor and 8 of ten from the charity stripe to lead all scorers with 28 points. Randy Lance added 19 in his finest performance of the season to help push UCR past Puget 83-72.

Beyond actual performances, the key to victory was the correct diagnosis by Coach Goss that the Loggers could not handle the pressure of the full-court press. So UCR pressed and ran and pressed some more and caused Puget to completely lose both initiative and momentum.

Both Washington and Lee were All-Tournament selections with Washington named the Most Valuable Player of the tournament.

With a noisy plane load of fans, the following Tuesday, UCR flew to Indiana as the Western Regional Champions to represent the West at the NCAA College Division National Championships. As the fans whooped it up to the popular scene-stealing antics of the cheerleaders that Wednesday night, March 11, UCR met St. Joseph's of Indiana in the final first round game. Earlier, Tennessee State, Buffalo State, and Philadelphia Textile had advanced to the semi-finals. UCR wished to join this select group.

As Head Cheerleader Hal Rasmussen attracted all eyes with his strip act down to longjohns and the Pep Band struck up the William Tell Overture, UCR overcame a horrendous shooting percentage by dominating the boards and knocked off St. Jo. 82-77. Daniel came through with seven straight on three tip-ins plus a free throw to spark the win. The Scots were tied at 69 when Daniel went on his spree. When he ended, UCR was 76-71, a lead never relinquished. Lee scored 29 with 17 rebounds, Washington added 21 and Daniel finished with 17 points while hauling down 20 rebounds.

UCR took 19 more shots and hauled down 21 more rebounds than St. Jo. Lee and Daniel completely dominated St. Jo's front line. Washington got 10 rebounds from his guard spot which was more than any Indiana player could manage.

The St. Jo. coach was quoted: "Sure, we missed a lot of shots under the basket, but maybe it was because that animal underneath was intimidating us." Howard Lee, "that animal," blocked numerous shots and held St. Jo's 6' 10" center to just 5 points.

However, UCR's dream was ended the next night with the 79-63 defeat by Philadelphia Textile. Washington with 22, Lee 16, and Daniel 15 paced an anemic scoring attack. Only Daniel shot well, hitting 7 of 14 attempts.

On the season's final night, UCR beat Buffalo State of New York for the Third Place in college ranks. Philadelphia Textile defeated Tennessee State for the championship. UCR played everyone and built up a 19 point lead en route to a convincing 94-73 win. Once again, Lee led the way with 27 points and 17 rebounds. Playing just 18 minutes, Washington scored 11; Daniel scored 14, and helped Lee control the boards with 13 rebounds. Lee was named to the All-Tournament Team for his fine performances of averaging 24 points and 16 rebounds for each of the three games.

Chanting, "We're number three," the 80 or so fans on the plane home drank about everything in sight. Booker McClain took over hostess duties at one point and efficiently dispensed soft drinks. As the plane shot high over the Great Planes, a rousing chorus of "He's Got the Whole World" burst forth; Chancellor Hinderaker sipped coffee.



UCR BASKETBALL AWARDS DINNER

Speaker: John Wooden

Master of Ceremonies: Bob Steinbrink

Tuesday Evening, April 14, 1970 at 7:30

University Commons UC Riverside

Left: Intercollegiate Athletic Director Franklin Lindenburg at Awards Banquet. Right: KPRO's Bob Steinbrink (left) who broadcast the games with vigor; Wooden (center) coached Goss at UCLA.



Head JV Cheerleader Sandra Sample

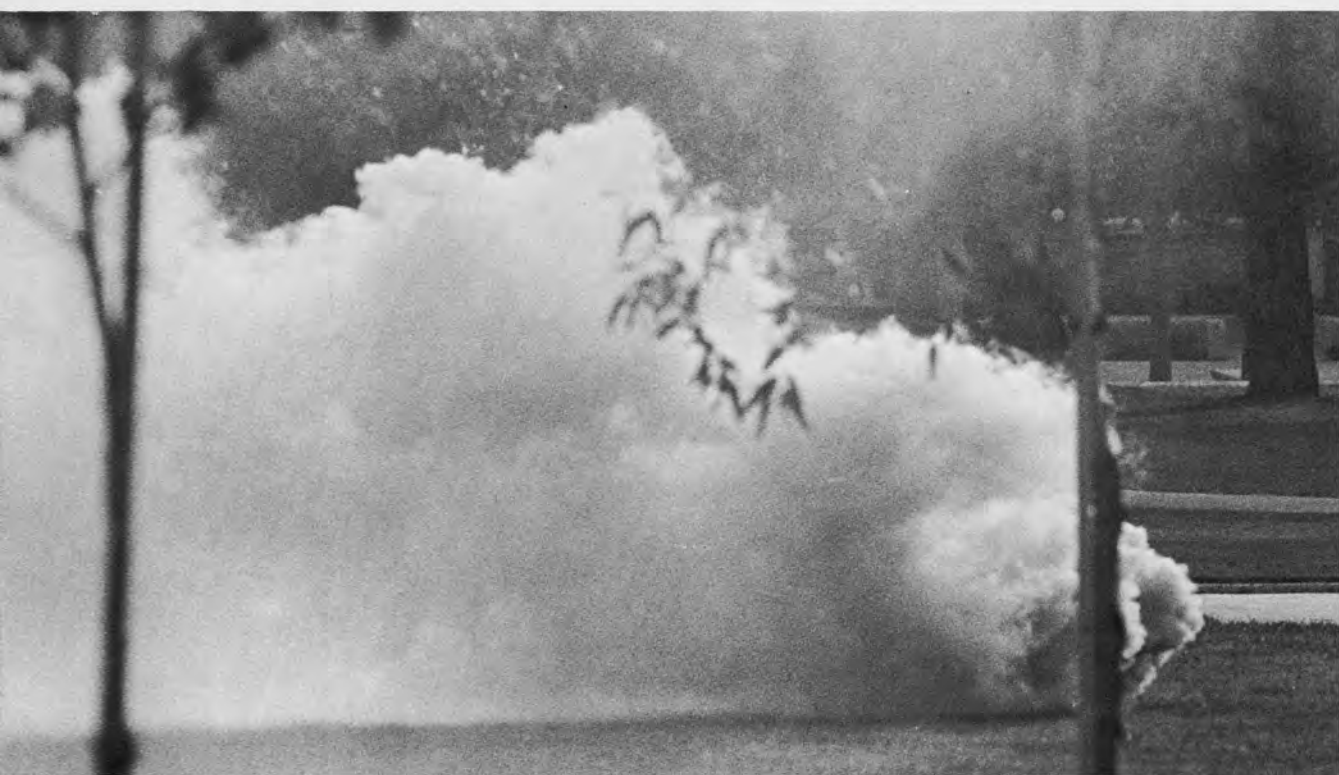
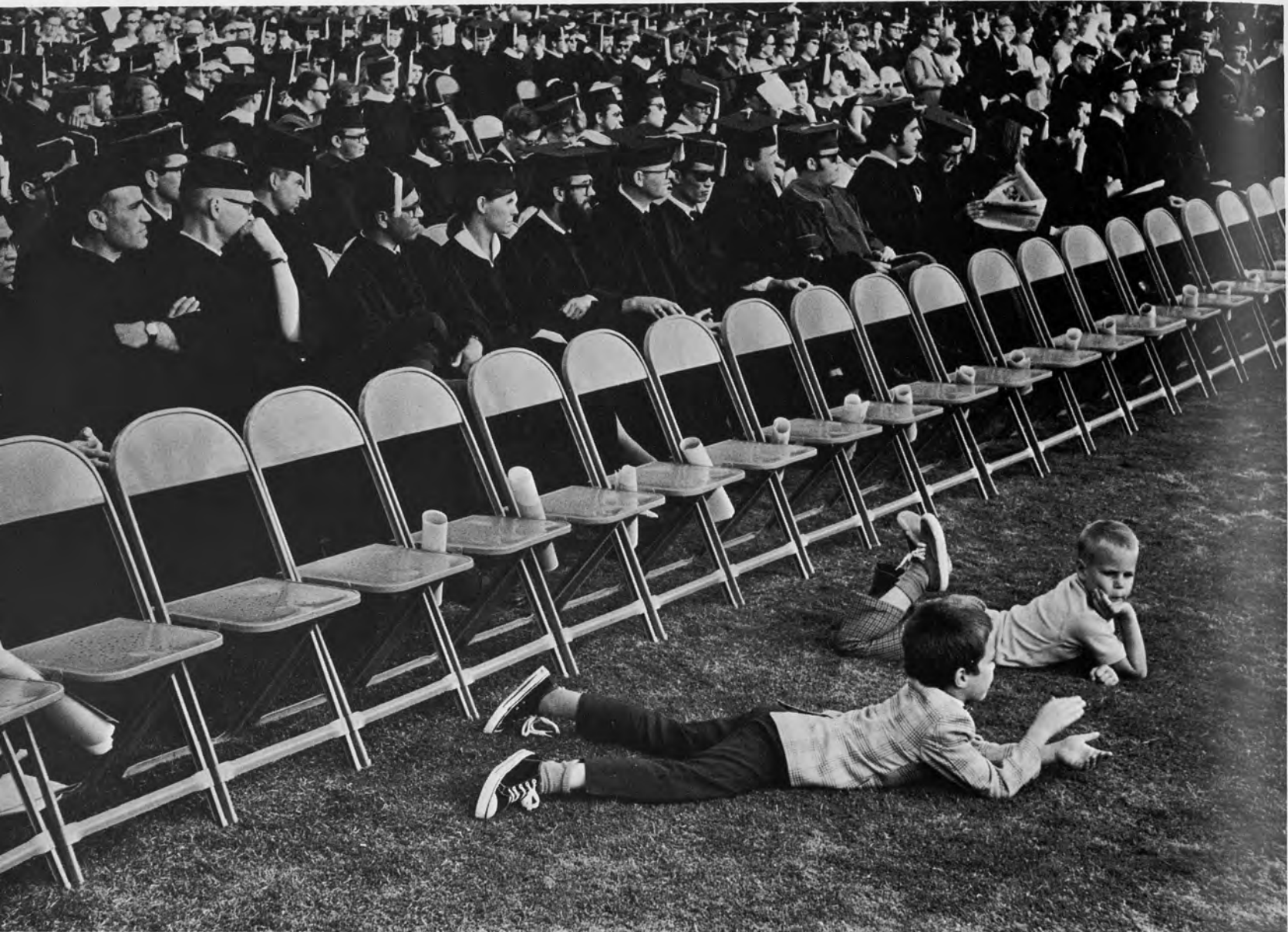


Pork, Protest and Paranoia:



The Year Ends





The year seemed graphically summed up in the June 17 graduation: the continuance of the traditional and the rebellion against it, the groping for viable forms of protest, the paranoia of administrators and students alike, the halo of the absurd that seemed to surround the campus.

Irv Hall got his M.A. degree, holding a pie and a miniature flag, attired in coat, tie, garters, and red undershorts. Nancy Curtis padded across the speakers mound and received her M.A. with her fleshy frame bikini-covered, a jaunty violet-pink hand-knit cap with tassel replacing the traditional flat black mortar board. Tucked under her arm was a large American flag.

President Chuck Jenkins spoke a cutting attack on the University: how it came down on Clark Kerr, Eldridge Cleaver, Angela Davis; how UCR ripped off the Black Studies Department, six generally well-liked teachers, and 6,000 issues of the *Highlander* for an allegedly obscene photo.

As he spoke, a number of students handed out the 36-page issue containing the photo, plus a special four-page issue reporting the confiscation and reprinting the page with the photo.

A jiggling box was carried before seated speaker William F. Buckley and a present made to him of a piglet, which he tried to ignore; but nobody else did. The porker threaded its grunting way amid the chairs of robed deans and administrators, peed on the podium from which the Chancellor was speaking, provoked two small boys to race around the podium in pursuit, and was finally painfully grabbed in the snout by a seated man and hustled away by another. Its shrill protest provoked Hall to shout "police brutality."

The Uni-Cops were out in teams of two, dressed in immaculate suits and wearing earphones connected to radios on their belts. The Chancellor had rejected the Committee for a Relevant Commencement's demand for an hour's speaking time to counter Buckley. Through the grapevine had come rumors of disruptions: the pig (the Chancellor decided to let it be presented), sticky stuff spread on chairs, blocking out Buckley's voice with rock music, cutting the sound system's wires, throwing pies, and planting some sort of plants around the podium. Chief Robinson had commented sternly, "Graduation will come off. We have the forces to bring it off" after students rejected his request for student monitors.

So Dean Better the night before had wandered the Commons, trying to dissuade disruption, commenting at one point, "It's only fifteen hours and forty-five minutes away. And then it will be all over. I can hardly wait." The only disruption he could detect: a bevy of beer-drinkers in the Commons Lounge—a very happy group. Nancy Curtis was drinking and giggling and drinking and giggling.

Uni-Cops were also out that night trying to keep order

in their own way, including looking for sticky stuff and cut wires. Officer Carl Valdrow spent eleven hours out around the mound. Around 2:00 a.m., Rich Maxwell, John Zaller, and Debbie Lavender were prowling toward the Library basement's typesetting facilities so the four-pager could be completed. Spotting a cop car and caught in Valdrow's flashlight beam, they panicked in accordance with that paranoia-laden night: surely the cops must be trying to stop the paper. Accordingly, Zaller and Lavender sneaked into the Library's rear entrance and set to work, hearts pounding. Zaller even sat concealed behind a large machine so he might carry on should Lavender be nabbed. They awaited at any moment the Uni-gestapo's heavy knock. But it never came.

As the sun lowered and the breeze rippled the black gowns harder, a yellow smoke bomb went off over by Sproul Hall; but whoever placed it demonstrated thorough incompetence as the smoke blew far from Buckley.

He, by the way, drew a surprising standing ovation from much of audience and graduates for a low-key bit of rather murky-worded philosophy which when probed proves rather shallow but still significant. But most seemed to have missed his points, understanding rather a line or phrase here and there. Maybe the ovation came from personal charisma, maybe appreciation at his not spouting a hard conservative line, maybe some feelings of pity: after all, a pig is not the best of presents.

Said one spectator: "This is the best show for miles around."

The media agreed. A photo of Buckley and pig made it onto page two of the *LA Times*. Buckley devoted an entire syndicated column to the day.

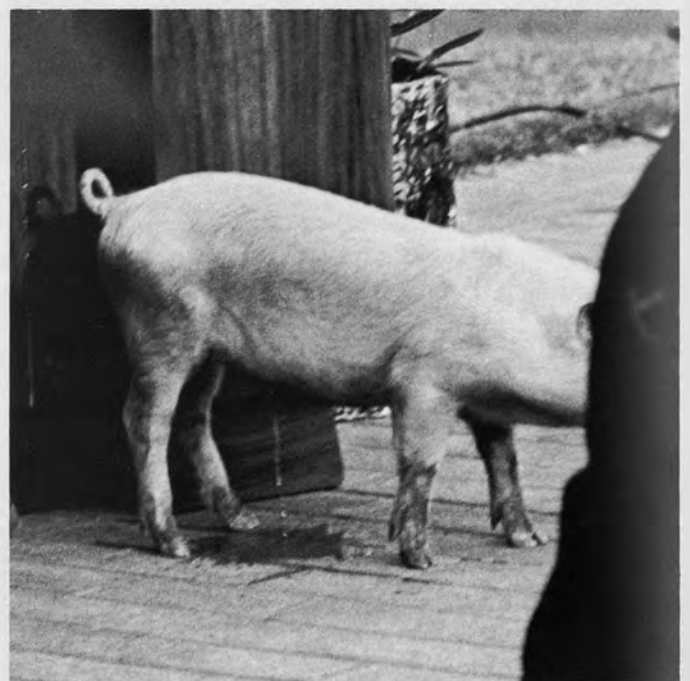
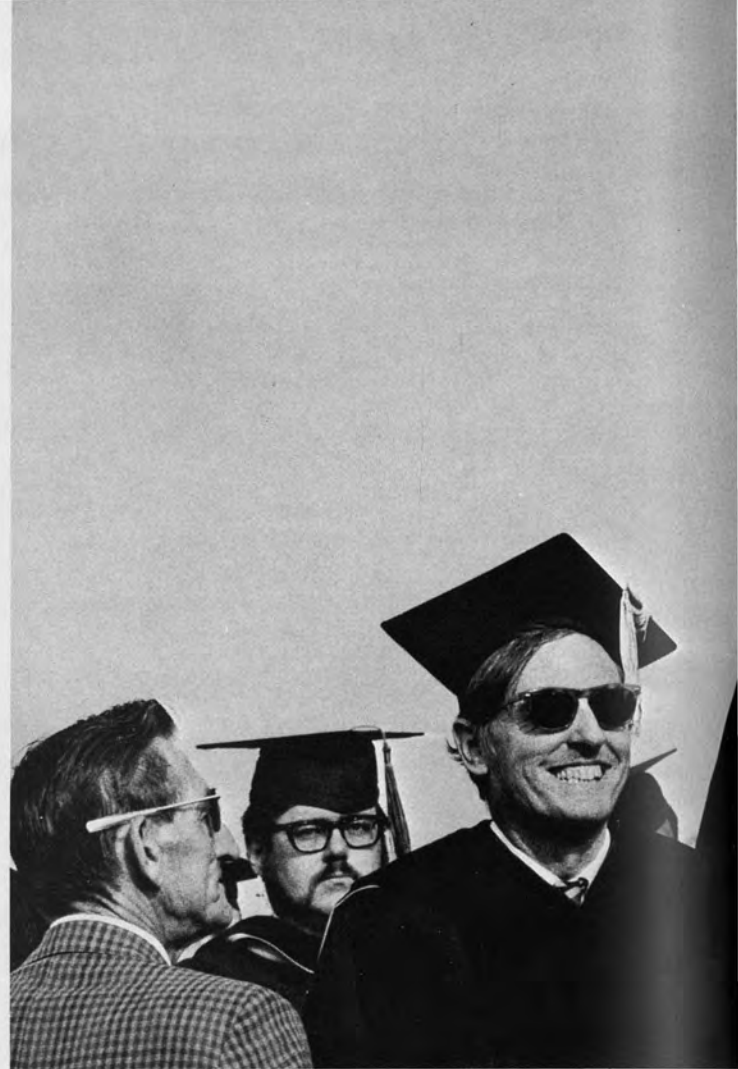
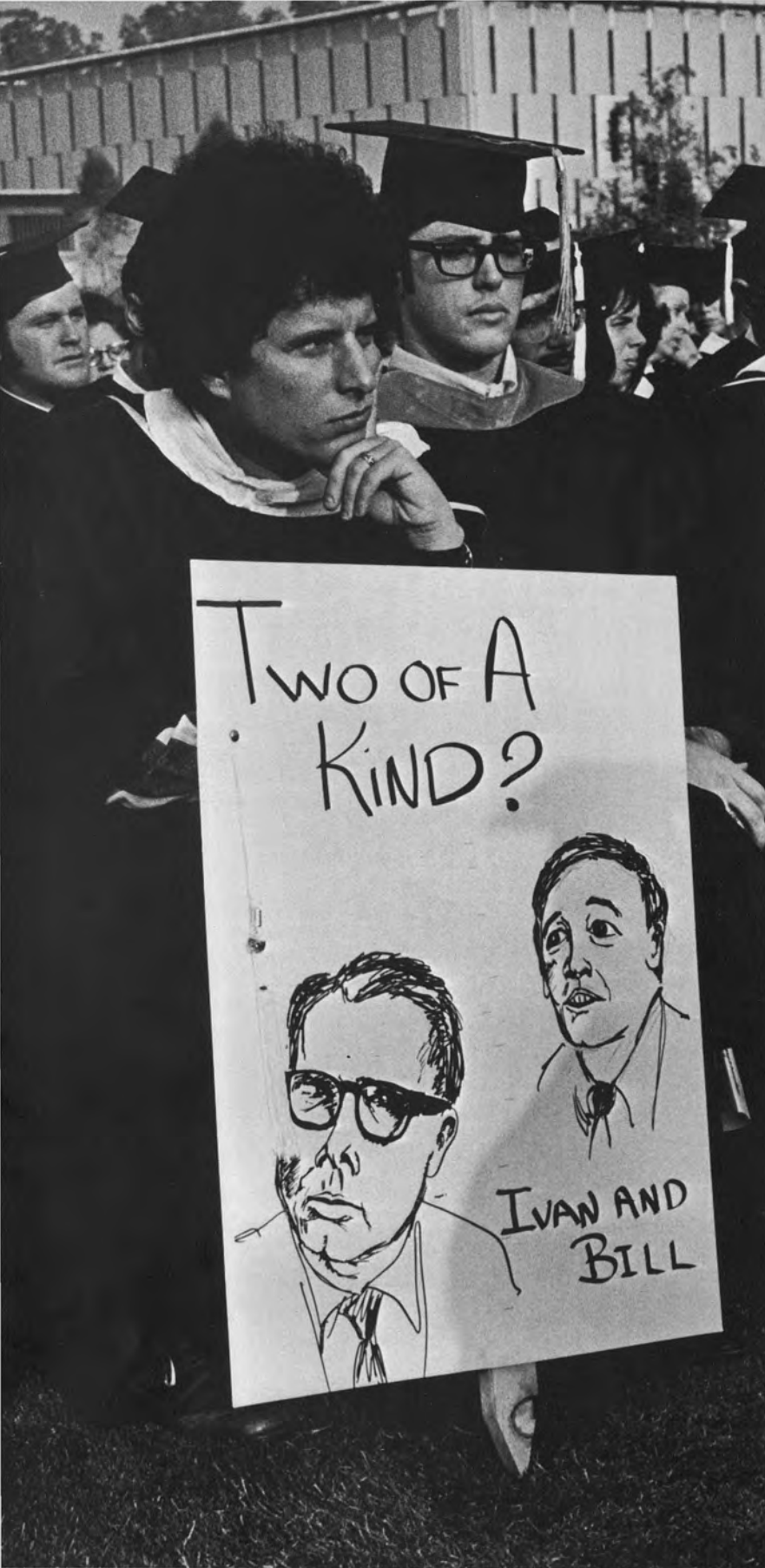
Hall and Curtis were also syndicated around the country and drew several fan and non-fan letters. Wrote a Phoenix lady to Curtis: "Are you proud of yourself for the rotten display you put on at the University commencement Exercise by dressing as you did? Here you are—supposedly a smart enough person to graduate as a Major in your profession you wish to follow, yet in the Public eye you was not very smart to bring humiliation and disgrace—first to yourself and parents, then to your class, then to the young people you will work with later—let alone your Lord in Heaven . . . I think you owe a public confession for your actions and also Irv Hall owes one for his actions."

Their story also appeared in the *London Daily Express* column, "This Is America."

The benediction intoned, the graduates marched out to Sousa's "The Fairest of the Fair," turning in cap and gowns at the Bookstore—while picking up more *Highlanders* from a stack on the Commons stairway.

Chairs and discarded *Highlanders* were left to the twilight and the workmen.

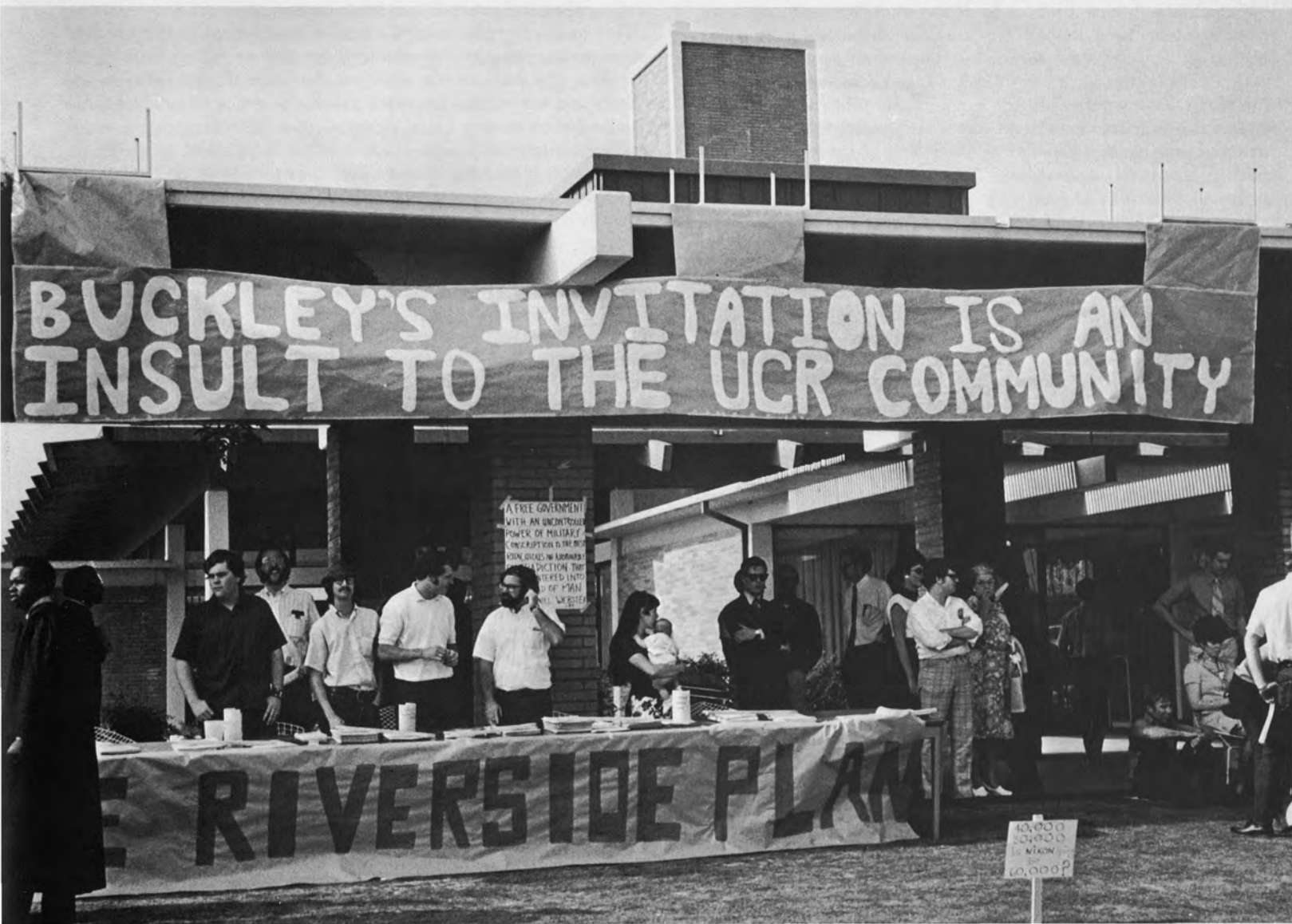
The year was gone.



—from the London
Daily Express

CALIFORNIA'S graduating students are coming up with quite a few novel ways to protest against the wars in Vietnam and Cambodia—some pasted slogans on their mortar boards.

But this week at the University of California Riverside campus, one girl picked up her diploma in a pink bikini and a young man appeared in socks and underpants



Murky, Shallow, Significant

Ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class:

It is the fashion to remark that you leave after today for the great wide world of adventure. It is more appropriate under the circumstances to say of those of you who are leaving the academy that you will be moving into a world of relative tranquility. I think it unlikely that in the months ahead Thomas A. Watson, Jr. will be hoisted physically from his offices at IBM by an employee of twitchy moral disposition. Or that the editors of the *Readers Digest* will moonlight an underground edition. Or that the junior members of Shearman and Sterling and Wright will argue that it is irrelevant to recite to their clients the provisions of laws which are after all unjust.

I say this even knowing that what I say can be made to sound dreadfully smug; indeed, that whoever says it, can intend it smugly. How would Mr. Babbitt have put it forty years ago? "There's nothing about student rambunctiousness that a couple of years with IBM can't cure." Such a reduction of the whole business reeks with self-satisfaction. Even though it is true that established institutions perform certain strategic services in taming the spirit—still . . . a lifetime's apprenticeship to the *Readers Digest* can make one woozy with uplift; but woozy just the same. They have their uses, our institutions, and although it has become fashionable to hold them in contempt, surely they do not, every last one of them, become the agents of a mindless conformism? I think I could imagine a partner or two of Shearman and Sterling remarking, even as they practice the law, that with distressing frequency the law is indeed a idiot, a ass; or an editor of the *Readers Digest* privately confessing that the most outstanding character *he* ever knew, was Roy Cohn. Or Tom Watson confessing to his wife late at night that if he has to Think! one more time, he's going to quit. Still, as you know—or as you should know—hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue.

Even so, then, these three giants and others like them serve as I say a certain purpose, conducive to the stabilization of the spirit—even as one worries, in our age, whether the spirit *can* be stabilized without being totally extinguished.

I discern that that is the worry of sensitive people of your age, here and elsewhere. It is also the worry of sensitive people who are older than you. A worry of those who have made it, but are still enough alive to know from the sensations in their head and in their loins, that they are not hollow men, dying from Portnoy's complaint, nor coupling their way through an eternal wastelessness with no higher goal than to make John Updike credible. But they worry: it is always touch and go: now you're alive, not you're not quite sure you're alive.

And a worry of those who have not made it, those who fall, and know that they have fallen: like John Cheever's Wapshots, who manage in their aristocratic destitution to be quite objective about it all, taking the precisionist's stock of their depleted reserves of puritan blood and their dissipated ethos—and reasoning that you can't change it, can't change the system; and anyway if you did, who is to say you'd even then come out alive? They worry too, some of

them, about those younger than they who have not lost their spirit: worry lest they should do so, lest the young become old.

I do not know the formula for a well-tempered spiritual adjustment that situates us safely between licentiousness and torpor. I do know that my Redeemer liveth, and that we are capable of being surprised by joy. But one is timid about expressing one's private formulas, because they are likely to disappoint others, but certain things can be attempted, obliquely.

One. I take it that you do not intend to repeal technology.

"I worked the hay load last night against the coming rain—by headlight, long after dark," Whittaker Chambers wrote a friend ten years ago. "I know the farmer's case for the machine and for the factory, and I know, like the cut of hay-bale cords in my hands, that [any political philosophy] that cannot find room in its folds for these actualities is a [philosophy] that is not a political force, or even a twitch: it has become a literary whimsy."

Just so. And yet the machine is nevertheless the enemy. And we come to terms with it uneasily because we know that good machines, like tractors, can beget bad machines, like tanks: or, more exactly, we know that machines can be used not only to liberate farmers but to enslave them. We know that the machine gives great leverage to human passions, and that such passions as fired the human spirit before the machine age, fire the human spirit now: so that our disposition to protect ourselves against the machine requires of us in given circumstances quite inhuman activity, in which even poets and priests engage us, for instance, thirty years ago, when we elected war over against peace, because we reasoned that the machine had got into the hands of people whose possession of it we could not tolerate. Now the machine, engorged by scientific discovery and technological ingenuity, has got so big that even though such reasoning as took us to war 30 years ago easily applies, we are, or believe ourselves to be, powerless to dispossess the contemporary menace. And so we simply make do, as best we can: and, sometimes, to make things easier on our conscience, we persuade ourselves that perhaps the old equations have changed, perhaps the human disposition has altered: persuade ourselves, even, that nothing that can be done to us could be worse than the price we would need to pay in order to prevent its happening. The dilemma is, for some people, a real spirit-crusher, and, inevitably, the public rhetoric dwells more on the explosive horror of the battlefield, than on the encephalophonic hideousness of the slave state. I do not know what will be the final resolution of this great tension. The Vietnam War is an expression of one adaptation to it, but that war, so remote, so unloved, so inglorious, teaches us that the disposition to fight those who abuse the machine runs nowadays thinly in our veins, leaving us uncertain and introspective, wondering whether we are left even with the powers to distinguish the just from the unjust cause; leaves us so much disposed to resent the use of force, that we force our judgments into alignment with our desires: but in so doing, we torment ourselves.

Two. I take it that however caught up you are in the romanticisms that sweep the world, you will not deny the occasional uses of reason.

Reason is to be sure in disrepute, because reason has been used to construct whole systems we abhor. Reason must be denied when it becomes presumptuous, which is when it goes forward as rationalism. Michael Oakeshott reminds us that in the civil order, rationalism is “making politics as the crow flies.” We have done a fair amount of that kind of thing in recent times in America, and have bred ourselves great frustrations. We fused rationalism with utopia, and the result fair blew our minds. “To some people,” Oakeshott observes, “‘government’ appears as a vast reservoir of power which inspires them to dream of what uses might be made of it. To capture this source of power, and to use it for imposing their favorite projects upon their fellows, is what they understand as the adventure of governing men. They are, thus, disposed to recognize government as an instrument of passion; the art of politics is to inflame and direct desire.” Even so in recent years America gave itself over excitedly to the promulgation of utopian goals. In so doing we watered dissatisfactions which we are unable for metaphysical reasons to appease. The resulting disappointment is especially acute because many Americans take their idealisms literally, having had so very romantic an experience with history on the whole.

So it was that we began singing, a few years ago, Freedom Now: when freedom now, in the sense that Martin Luther King dreamed of freedom now, was no more realizable than the evanescence of color. So we began chanting that we would overcome; and when we *did* overcome—recalcitrant states, sluggish Congresses, a wary Constitution, a reactionary Republican threat from Arizona—nothing much happened. Along came a president, voted in by the greatest landslide in history, who announced a thing called the Great Society, wherein the government would concern itself not merely with the material welfare of its citizens but also with the quality of our lives, such a government as would give us a heightened sense of spiritual wellbeing. The audacity of that concept quite overwhelmed millions of Americans, among whom were those few who discreetly wondered at the government’s taking on a job which the churches had not succeeded in doing even after two thousand years of trying.

And there came, as there had to come, the great disillusionment. Some went so far as to drop out—and yet they, in their Adamite detachment—seem especially sad, especially lonely. “Now that I’ve dropped out,” says Claude plaintively in the play *Hair*, “Why is life dreary dreary/ Answer by weary query/ Timothy Leary dearie.” Mostly, they didn’t drip out, but such disillusion as set in colored whole world views, rendered reason suspect—though not, curiously, utopianism. There are those who are angry because Richard Nixon has failed to eliminate poverty, but who are unquestioning about Mao Tse-tung’s incapacity to produce shredded wheat. Reason may not save us, any more than it saved the Delian League, but the absence of reason will not help us. How else, for instance, without invoking reason, do we discover some very simple things. Such as that if, as Jerry Rubin and others are claiming, what we are experiencing in America today, in the campuses and in the cities, is revolution: —how, except through the use of reason, do we communicate to them that in that event, the state is authorized to exercise counter-revolutionary powers, which is to say, to start building gibbets?

And Three: I take it that you will not want to deny the idealism of other men, who pursue other visions than your own.

It is dangerous to do so. Whittaker Chambers wrote to me on one occasion to remind me what were Bukharin’s last words to the court that condemned him to death. “I do not understand,” Chambers



wondered, “how men, knowing that in our own lifetime, another man spoke these words at such a moment, can read them and fail to be rent apart by their meaning. Yet these words are scarcely known. I would print them bold and hang them at the front of college classrooms, not to be explained as a text, but to be seen often and quietly reflected on.”

Bukharin, it must be remembered, is literally innocent. He is guilty only of the logic of his position, the fact that, in the given historical juncture, the position which he held in theory, might, if pushed into the realm of practice, work against the revolution. It is his uncommitted crime that he now pleads guilty to. So he said to the court that framed him: “I shall now speak of myself, of the reasons for my repentance . . . For when you ask yourself: ‘If you must die, what are you dying for?’—an absolutely black vacuity suddenly rises before you with startling vividness. There was nothing to die for if one wanted to die unrepentant . . . This, in the end, disarmed me completely and led me to bend my knees before the Party and the country. At such moments, Citizen Judges, everything personal, all personal incrustation, all rancor, pride and a number of other things, fall away, disappear. . . . I am about to finish. Citizen Judges, I am perhaps speaking for the last time in my life.”

“Is there not,” Chambers asks, “a stillness in the room where you read this? That is the passing of the wings of tragedy.”

It is by the exercise of reason that one discovers the errors of the particular idealism to which Bukharin remained faithful, and gave his life. But reason also reveals the symmetrical cogency of his final decision to repent, even as reason discloses the irresistible arguments for considering this impure nation of ours as the altogether proper vehicle for our hope, as a continuing source of our critical pride, as the deserving object, my accomplished friends, of your devoted attention.







Above: Angela Davis teaches her first class before 2,000 students jammed into UCLA's Royce Hall. Right: UCLA Chancellor Charles Young (left) reacts silently to Chairman DeWitt Higgs' announcement that the Board will not accept Young's re-hiring recommendation, and are removing the matter entirely from his hands.

Angela Davis: The Red Bracket

The UC Board of Regents started and ended the year with Angela Davis. Hired by the UCLA Philosophy Department to teach a course on "Recurring Philosophical Themes in Black Literature," Miss Davis was an avowed Communist and a student of UCSD's Herbert Marcuse. But before the year had ever started, newspaper stories brought attention, and the Regents reacted by firing her. In so doing, the board ignored its own by-law which forbids the application of political tests.

Predictably, academia rallied behind her, and a federal judge in Los Angeles soon ruled the firing unconstitutional. Meantime, her course was taught as scheduled, attracting a good deal more attention than it otherwise might have. The lecture class was moved to UCLA's huge Royce Hall to accommodate all interested listeners, including many a suspicious Regent. One of the more conservative trustees was overheard to comment after one lecture: "I didn't hear her indoctrinating them, but she must have been. She must have been."

Determined to be rid of her, the Regents found

another chance in June when her contract came up for what is normally routine renewal. Rejecting the recommendations of duly authorized committees of the UCLA Philosophy Department, the Academic Senate, the personal recommendation of Chancellor Charles Young, and the resolutions of all nine UC Academic Senates, the Regents—who are supposed to deal only with broad policy matters—took the Davis matter into their own hands. Not the first time the Regents had withdrawn delegated authority, and not the last.

They did wait, however, until after school was out to make the firing official in a June meeting in Los Angeles. They announced her termination was because of militant speeches, not her Party membership, provoking numerous charges the Board was using a phoney issue.

The affair reached an ignominious conclusion when four guns allegedly purchased by her were used in a Marin County Courthouse shoot-out which left several dead. She was soon put on the FBI's Ten-Most-Wanted List after her disappearance.



An Ulcerous Corrosion

In late February, the long spring of UC unrest began when Santa Barbara, previously considered the surfer, party school of the nine campuses, erupted into a late February's several nights of spontaneous rioting. Before the riots were put down by the National Guard, a Bank of America branch had been burned. In a later riot, student Kevin Moran was killed attempting to put out a fire started in the bank's newly-opened temporary branch. A policeman said his rifle accidentally discharged.

By April, ever-restless Berkeley had gotten into the act. Early in the turmoil, the Regents issued a new, tougher set of campus disturbance rules--over the objections of the chancellors who argued that their discretionary power was limited. The rules specified mandatory expulsion for *anyone* participating in a violent demonstration. Said the Governor: "These rebels are not hiding any longer behind false issues like food in the cafeteria. . . they must be stopped." He later spilled out: "If there is to be a bloodbath, let it be now."

Cambodia protests on several campuses proved massive but peaceful. Reagan suspended classes, and some students laid plans for "reconstitution" of the university: old courses were altered, new ones set up.

Arguments over "reconstitution" raged in academic senate and faculty lounge. Some experimentation was approved on even the most conservative campus as the long-asked "relevance" question seemed destined for some sort of resolution.

But the Regents stepped in and quashed the debate, withdrawing, again, delegated authority, taking into their hands the approval of new courses. In short, they killed reconstitution.

This year the Regents ended the three-year tuition debate, approving a plan doubling fees by 1971-72.

Regent John Canaday continued the year-old campus newspaper debate, trying to get approval for his measure to remove their compulsory student funding. He argued at the June meeting they "abound in obscene editorial and pictorial content," are tools for spreading radicalism, and advocate "generally unacceptable norms of human conduct." Quoting at great length from his collection, he

turned the air blue: "Now here's a photo of a girl with very voluptuous breasts and nipples that stand out. . . Here's a sign that says, 'F---, Reagan.' Of course, that goes all the way through them" Regent William Roth hauled out the latest issue of *Playboy* and charged Canaday's judgments are "based on his ideas going back to his youth of what is right and wrong, decent and indecent." Canaday looked a little blue himself as Roth graphically described the issue and concluded, "I know as you do, John, that sex can be fun." State Superintendent of Public Instruction Max Rafferty snorted: "Our university publications should be operating at a level more elevated than *Playboy*. They're journalistic cesspools now." Canaday accepted a compromise that cuts off funds in January, 1971, if there are no corrective measures, Reagan adding, "I'll keep an open mind and then vote yes (for cutting off funds) when the time comes."

Amid the laughter it was easy to forget that the effect of this debate and so many others has been to steadily increase paranoia and distrust in a university which should be operating on exactly the opposite. Now, administrators scurry to keep their controversial faculty--in fact, anything which might offend regent or governor--from the spotlight. This is an ulcerous corrosion producing an atmosphere in which everyone is so wrought up they can overreact to the essentially innocuous--as the UCR administration did to the *Bruin* photo.

There is a trend from moderation, illustrated by the resignation this year of Riverside's Philip Boyd who cited old age, said he had nothing to hide, but the newly-adopted financial disclosure law infringed on privacy. Boyd as an assemblyman helped bring UC to Riverside; his philanthropic works include the Bell Tower and the Boyd Deep Canyon Desert Research Center, dedicated this year 70 miles from UCR. Though a life-long Republican, this former Palm Springs mayor was not afraid to talk with students and followed a rather independent path: for example, he strongly opposed Reagan's budget-cuts and gained notoriety for breaking deadlocks with his compromise plans.



Upper Left: Regent John Canaday reads a petition urging the continuation of fee money to UC papers—with *Highlander* Editor Rich Maxwell reading along. But they didn't talk with each other. Maybe they should have. Above: Regent Eleanor Heller abstained from voting on tuition because, she said, there was inadequate discussion time. Left: Regent Philip Boyd is interviewed by KUCR News Director Steve Tincher. He retired from the board in March.

I Leave You Here

In Las Vegas, I heard, odds of 10 to 1 were being offered against this book ever being finished because I spent too much time on the *Highlander*. Frankly, at 4 a.m. when I was carrying unfinished pages in a box on my head from the Library basement to the composition room in the Commons, I would have given odds closer to 100 to 1. Too, people kept coming around with grim tales of somebody or other trying to stop the yearbook, or that somebody was trying to kick me out of the composition room. I turned out to be my own worst enemy. I lost pictures, negatives, copy, plans, staff, and, very nearly my sanity. There was some, humor, however: once the typesetting machine was clattering out the line in the graduation story about Zaller fearing the uni-cops were trying to stop the four page paper. As the word "Valdrow" was typing out, the door behind me burst open, and there was Valdrow. "Sorry, Bill, there's a note on the bulletin board at the station that the *Highlander* isn't supposed to use the machines." But, I protested, this is the yearbook. "I'm just doing my job." My thanks to *Bob Brown* of Central Duplicating for allowing continued typesetting.

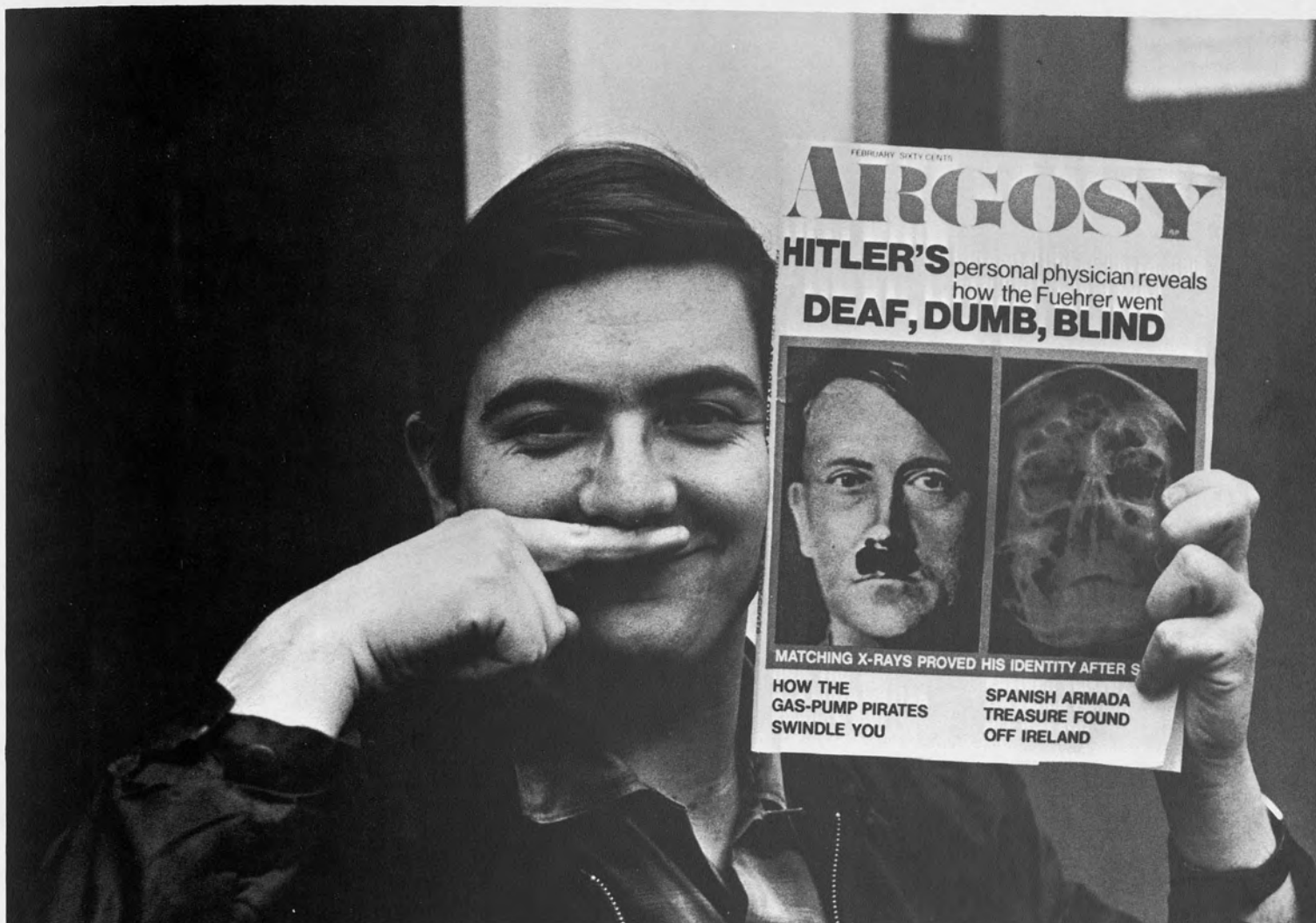
My thanks to these people who contributed in their own unique ways: *Rich Maxwell*—who took time from finishing up his incompletes to lend customary brilliance to the book's central essays, plus the Black Studies section after Don Andrews simply failed to come through with his promised essay on the controversy. *John Zaller*—"Big Z," who hurt this book greatly by keeping me in the darkroom for the *Highlander* at all hours printing his crummy negatives (he rarely used a light meter), then helped by lending his talents to the basketball and football sections. *Debbie Lavender*—"who was fed up with Elledge and *Tartan* by August," unquote, but who returned to help Zaller with the Regents section. *Howard (Gaston) Yoffe*—faithful photographer and printer who kept me running all over town helping with *Fantasticks* publicity, and who unsnarled the technical problems to make prints from Art Sutton's film. *Mike Malloy*—faithful photographer (he took the Barn photos) and friend who along with John Johnson gave this book its best story. *John Johnson*—the best of success, and please avoid all riots in future. *Mary Mesmer*—who helped with sales, publicity, and who begged to be fired for not doing a good enough job. *Stan Grindstaff*—author of insightful drama copy and portrayer of delightful roles (I inserted the favorable references to him in his copy). *Jim Thill*—no thanks because he said he was too sick to do his promised one third of the sports writing, but was not too sick to run off in summer for a cross-country trip with an ASUCR secretary! (I had to do the writing myself, you dog) I'll buy you a beer sometime. *Jerry Carlos*—who came through

with his sports copy. *Mike Sokol*—whose post of team manager enabled an informed basketball story. *John Tillinghast*—thanks for the football story (which Zaller re-wrote). No thanks for no WISP story, which is why there is no WISP in the book. *Mike Mears*—with the talent to play rugby and then write about it well. *Dave Lee*—curses for talking me into editing this carcass. Thanks for letting me throw my exhausted carcass into a dorm room bed during the daytime—also for capturing on film a truly great moment: the pig's emptying his bladder before 2,000 people. *Communications Board, 1970-71*—who one worrisome day as I paced outside voted this book's completion over the summer. *Bruce Henderson*—who took great photos when I got him awake. Then who ran off to New York photography school during the summer just when I needed him the most. *Bob Crites*—gentle giant sports photographer and maker of a strap for my little Nikon. *Bob Clevenger*—who was as hard to wring photos from as oil from a gnat, who must keep his cool better, who must take more time with his printing. *Dan Hansen*—ditto on cool-keeping. *Howard Pritchett*—who I hope becomes a better photographer. *Cindy Ross*—who helped with sales, whose hang-outs enlivened us and whose hang-ups troubled us. *Paul Mason*—a fine photographer who tires too fast of his pictures (special photo on pages 10-11). *Jon Bosak*—who took a few good photos (as he usually does) and who I wish had taken a lot more. *Keith Nordine*—who took sports photos before quitting school to turn pro (photographer, that is, not athlete). *Art Sutton*—who also quit school to turn pro (he started UCR as a grad student in political science), whom I like despite his image as official image-maker. *Chancellor Hinderaker*—who kept me in school this year and who seemed more worried, harried, and confused than ever before—because that's the kind of year it was.

A special thanks to *The American Yearbook Company* of Visalia, California, for their patience with my numerous blunders and incompetences, especially in changing page numbers at the last minute when the janitors threw out my plan sheets one dismal night and I had to try to remember what went where.

I'm sure much will be said of this book, fusing at it does yearbook and magazine styles. There are already many, many things I'd like to change. But I hasten this page into its envelope so this may leave my life and enter into yours. Beware! In dealing with images, stereotypes, the interfusion of old and new, this book creates its own images and stereotypes. Is this not a contradiction you ask? I leave you here—with a Hitchcockian ending—and a photo.

—Bill Elledge



Me.

These people graciously paid an extra \$5 toward the book's financial plight.

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