

newUniversity

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"We have a land grant mandate, as far as I am concerned, of coupling the university with industry." — Robert Saunders, Dean of the School of Engineering, UCI.

"One of the functions of the university is to criticize society, and the military-industrial complex is one thing that should be criticized. We're not only not criticizing it, we're supporting it." — George Reiter, Assistant Professor of Physics, UCI.

"What possibly is the undergraduate going to get out of this program? — Spencer Olin, Assistant Professor of History, UCI

"Our use of it will probably come down, practically, to the employment of graduates." — Jules Platt, physicist, Opcolite, Inc.

The question of whose interests the university serves, and how, and why, came to the fore again this week as a group of faculty members asked the Academic Senate to take up a motion sharply criticizing the UCI Industrial Associates Program as "involving the Irvine campus in a service role that may be antithetical to its proper function in a democratic society."

According to history professor Spencer Olin, who drew up the resolution, the proposal calls for a permanent Senate committee to examine the process by which the University takes grants — and maybe obligations — from non-State sources.

It is only partly coincidence that this concern comes right on the heels of the First Annual Industrial Associates Day, held at UCI last Saturday. The day's activities and the publicity surrounding them helped to get off the ground a previously low-keyed program under which local industries pay entrance fees and dues and in return can "draw on the University's broad resources in achieving (their) objectives."

Roger Russell, Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs, made it clear in the day's opening talk that the program involves the basic philosophy of a university that Chancellor Aldrich and others considered when they started UC Irvine as "a brand new enterprise." Russell stated: "Any institution of education... is a development of society. It exists because of the support of society and it has obligations to society." He stressed "the importance of establishing good smooth clear channels of communication with all parts of society. This certainly includes our industrial friends."

As the day wore on, it became increasingly evident that even many of the UCI participants equated "community" with "industry." At a not very sumptuous lunch in the Faculty Club, Vice Chancellor Russell said, "We're getting back to the concept of the medieval collegium — of the whole community being a community of scholars." This remark was elucidated in the next speech when Nicholas Yaru, vice president of Hughes Aircraft Company, proposed that "One of the things that should be stressed is increased fellowship sponsorship by industry." He said that "25% of our management are graduates of our fellowship programs."

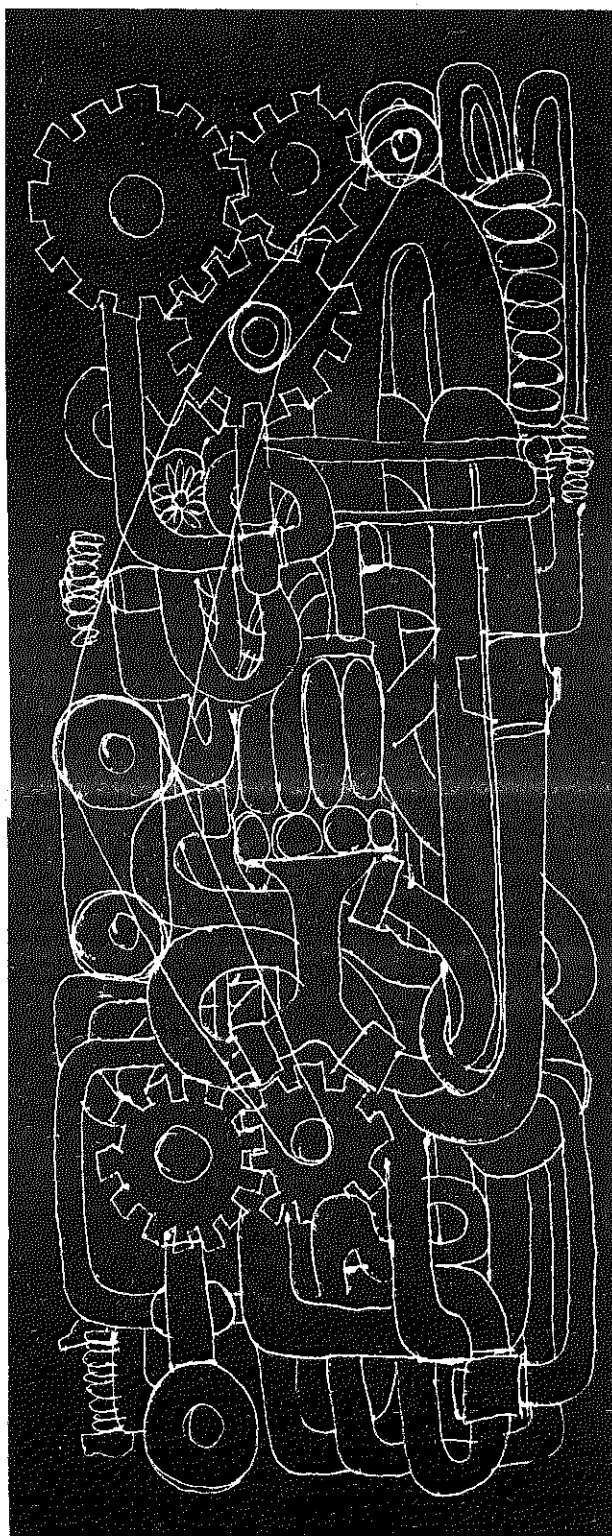
Yaru, who kept talking about "an interface between industry and the university," proposed some other ways that industry could aid the university. In particular, he suggested that several companies could jointly sponsor a research project, since they have similar interests because "most of us are in the defense industry." He pointed out that both the university and defense industries have problems with volatile government funding policies, and that if they pooled their resources on long-range programs "both the university and industry can profit from stability."

"I don't expect any university to prostitute itself to the buck," Yaru went on, but he was perfectly candid about industry's objective — making money — and he counseled his colleagues to encourage professors "who have a bent for short-term, practical research, to exploit this in other types of programs, ... and give us some results that are in line with our interests and help us stay in business."

In one of the afternoon seminars, Dean Saunders spoke on an educational TV project whereby UCI courses will be beamed to companies that buy into the program. Saunders repeated that "integration of university and community has been an objective of the university since day one," and indicated that he felt only the Extension and Engineering divisions were carrying this philosophy out fully. The TV program was of particular importance in Dean Saunders' list of several projects aimed at "coupling the university with industry." It would "keep current the technological bank of knowledge of people in industry. If we can somehow bring our courses to industry we can remove the geographical bar-

The Defense University?

by LESLIE LINCOLN



rier... and provide them with the same academic atmosphere as our students on campus." He said that a company's savings per student per course would be about \$200. Moreover, engineering professor Paul Arthur's printed description of the system suggested that "A competitive recruiting advantage accrues to companies which can offer on site educational opportunities to their employees." A loan from the Regents and pledges from industry would finance it.

The Industrial Associates Program's prospectus lists ten "specific, tangible benefits" a member can receive, such as "the opportunity to address to the UCI faculty technical inquiries... systematic mailing of preprints, reprints, technical reports... an Industrial Associates Yearbook... recruitment opportunities among University students..." "In turn, the University receives support to develop projects and programs that will maintain and increase these benefits to the community."

Although a few students attacked the program when it began last spring, many faculty members say they weren't even aware it existed until this fall. In fact, this is one source of their opposition. Olin's Senate motion says that "There has never been formal discussion in the Academic Senate," about it. George

Reiter, who spoke on Industrial Associates Day about "Solid State Physics at UCI," told the NEW UNIVERSITY that there was "no faculty approval of this arrangement at all. There is a clear danger that there will be riders attached to the funds from these industries to limit the use to which this money is put. So far there are probably no strings attached, but the point is we don't even know. There must be a faculty committee to scrutinize continually the way these things are handled."

UCI administrator John Spear, Executive Secretary of the IAP, says it was the "outgrowth of a number of faculty, the Chancellor, and members of the industrial community... I'm not sure it would have come up as a province of the academic senate... it is not directly related to teaching programs." Besides Spear, officers and director of the IAP are all senior faculty members and industrial executives.

Bernard Gelbaum, Associate Dean of Physical Sciences, says the idea for the program originated in a conversation he had with John Rau, President of David Industries, two years ago. Gelbaum said, "I pursued this with all the Deans, with the Chancellor, with a large number of faculty in the Sciences and the School of Engineering."

John Rau, now President of the IAP, told the L.A. Times that the associates would bring UCI \$100,000 yearly, which would go to programs with emphasis on "the forgotten undergraduate student." Spencer Olin said he was very skeptical of the latter prediction, and pointed out that the Humanities school has so far received \$250 from the program — which George Reiter described as "hush money."

Spear said that about \$50,000 is presently coming in from the IAP, and that much "is going into specific programs that have already been established. There is a professorship provided by McDonnell Douglas and assistantships by Collins Radio and Hughes." But, he went on, "This does not mean the IAP will not be benefiting the whole university. There are guidelines established. Money will be provided on a certain priority basis that has been checked with the Chancellor. The priorities are set up not on the basis of which school but on the basis of which phase of activities gets it." He mentioned scholarships, fellowships, and professorships as important benefits of the program.

Whatever the possible money benefits, may be, concern with the nature of the organizations to which the University is tying itself is not likely to die out. Professor Olin, in a back-up memo accompanying his resolution, recalled Senator J. William Fulbright's concern that universities are joining the "monolith" of the military-industrial complex, helping condition the country to permanent conflict. Olin said that 2/3 of the Charter Members of the Industrial Associates program are part of the aerospace-defense industry that is the basis of Orange County's economy. IAP members Hughes Aircraft, McDonnell Douglas, Philco-Ford's Aeronutronic division, and Collins Radio are some of the area's largest employers. The largest of all, North American Rockwell's Autonetics, had a representative at the Industrial Associates Day who told the NEW UNIVERSITY that his company was thinking of joining to "help give us technical stability."

George Reiter told the NEW UNIVERSITY that "The kind of people we're soliciting this money from, who directly depend on the Department of Defense, have far too much power in this country." As an example of how this power is exercised for their economic interest, he pointed to the anti-ballistic missile program, which was pushed through congress despite the convictions of such authorities as Nobel Prize-winning physicist Hans Bethe that it was "totally unfeasible, totally irrational, and would result not in an increase but a decrease in the country's security."

However, Reiter pointed out that scientists are faced with a real dilemma: "The physics establishment in this country is by and large supported by the Department of Defense. We can't say 'We won't take their money' because we'd have to shut down the physics departments." He proposed, therefore, that "We should use Industrial Associates money to set up in the Humanities division a research program to investigate the military-industrial establishment."

The future of Reiter's proposal is unclear, but Olin's resolution has been sent to the Executive Committee of the Academic Senate and will probably come up for discussion at the Senate's December meeting. The twelve professors who signed it include two department chairmen and represent four academic schools. Besides Olin, they are: Duran Bell, Luci Berkowitz, Theodore Bruner, Pete Clecak, Michael Cole, Keith Nelson, George Reiter, Alan Rogers, Steve Shapiro, William Sharpe, and Grover Stephens.

The Day That Never Was

by GARY SHANAFELT

A lot of people at UCI have probably wondered what was happening last week in conjunction with the proposed Draft Day scheduled for the end of the week. On Tuesday, the NEW UNIVERSITY announced the program, which was supposed to last from 2:00 until well into the evening, with speakers ranging from the state director of the Selective Service System to Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon. Then, Wednesday, pale orange posters blossomed across campus proclaiming that the whole thing had been cancelled.

What, exactly, was going on? What was going on, evidently, was something that even the ASUCI was not too sure about, and since the ASUCI was supposed

to be sponsoring the presentation, this proved to be fatal.

The NEW UNIVERSITY was first informed of the event two weeks ago, and drafted a preliminary announcement for last Tuesday's paper. The final proofs had just been sent to the printer Monday afternoon, when Don Sanfilippo, ASUCI speaker/lecture program chairman, breezed through the office and remarked that the entire thing had been called off. Even the office secretary was caught agape by the news.

But then it developed that it wasn't called off, after all, Ron Ridgle, thinking it was, explained how slipshod the preparation for the program had been: it was still uncertain how many of the invited speakers would be able to attend, the publicity campaign had never gotten off the ground,

and the whole cost—around \$3500—was too big a chunk for the ASUCI financial purse to digest. Worst of all, nobody had remembered to reserve a place in which to conduct the program, and it had been discovered that Campus Hall, the logical place to hold it, was unavailable. Meanwhile, Don evidently had changed his mind, for debate continued for the rest of the afternoon whether or not the gathering could, indeed, be held with hope of success. Perhaps something could yet be salvaged, if only they could decide what.

By Tuesday, it had been resolved to present a modified, shortened program, although how to give it the requisite publicity in three days remained dubious. Then, Senator Hatfield called, saying that he would be unable to make it to UCI to participate. And with that, what was left of the Draft Day just sort of faded away.

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John 16

NEWS/CAMPUS

Students interested in federal employment should plan to take the Federal Service Examination, which will be given on campus November 23 from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. in trailer 903. The trailer is one of those located near the Fine Arts Building.

Paul Bailey, publisher and writer, will speak at the Orange County Public Library November 21 at 8:00 p.m. on "The Art of the Book: Publishing." The presentation is part of a lecture series being sponsored by the Friends of the Library at UCI, the admission is free.

Arthur Melville, former Maryknoll missionary in Guatemala, will speak at noon next Tuesday in the 3rd floor Commons on "The U.S. Military Presence in Latin America." He is being sponsored by the UCI Community Projects Office.

Today at 3:00 in the Science Lecture Hall the ASUCI and SDS will present a conclave on the subject of Korea. The speakers are Michael Crow, history professor at Orange Coast College, Ignatius Kim, a Jesuit born in South Korea, and William Rose, newspaper correspondent for the National Guardian.

A campus union planning committee is currently being formed. All graduate and undergraduate students are welcome to participate on this committee. Applications are available and can be obtained either from the secretary in the third floor Commons offices or from the Dean of Students office. The deadline for applications is noon of November 21.

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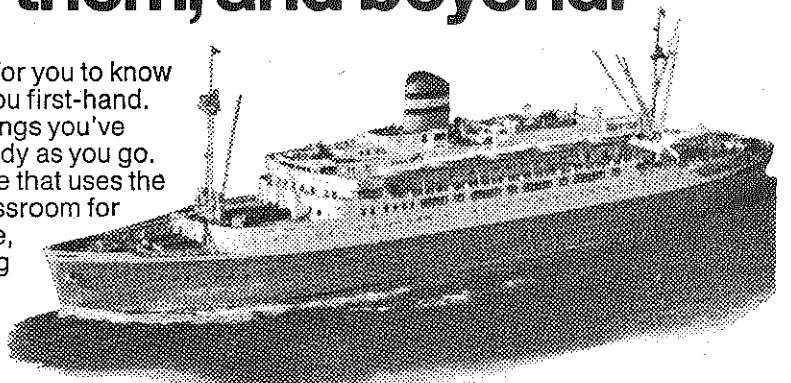
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In this concluding section of his analysis of the university, Mr. Kerrigan sets forth the grim outline of the university in our future: a university of computers, TV classes, and social scientists in silk suits.

III. Our Two or Three Futures

Though pessimistic by nature, I shall try to project a reasonably favorable future. It is obvious that a college education will soon be analogous to a high school education thirty years ago. If Negroes now demand a decent secondary education, they will soon demand, quite rightly, a college degree. Thus the socialist university, square in the liberal tradition, will be forced to adjust its entrance requirements in such a way that SAT scores do not discriminate between the graduate of ghetto schools and the graduate of suburb schools. Or else it will have to admit an inequity in public schooling; better by far to let Harlem go to college. I am also encouraged that more and more students consider psychiatric counselling as one of their rights in an institution of higher learning. Up to a point, most of the larger universities accept this claim.

A serviceable example of the coming institution is the State University of New York at Buffalo. Its president, Martin Meyerson, is a Columbia graduate who clearly understands elementary sociology:

"As I see it, scholarly excellence depends on a vertical thrust of the disciplines, but education depends on horizontal exchanges. We therefore have to create a grid."

The socialist university is becoming a waffle. The social sciences expand accordingly:

"So we're reorganizing the whole university. I've broken the university up into eight faculties: Social Science and Philosophy, Arts and Letters, Natural Sciences and Math, Law and Jurisprudence, Health Sciences, Educational Studies, and Engineering and Applied Science. So, for instance, the business school and social studies departments might be merged in the Social Science Faculty, bringing greater professionalism and outside problems to the departments, and more scholarship and breadth to the professional school."

Thus each faculty will be asked to consider "outside problems," the needs of our society. All of these plans require administration, but in the future administration will be a more prominent foe, sophisticated enough to give the illusion that it does not exist:

"For each Faculty, I have appointed a fine Provost, and we'll give him block budgets to play with. Cutting across the eight faculties will be three university-wide deans. . . The third idea to encourage intellectual cohesion is that of building 20 or so separate colleges of about 400 students each, with commuters and residents, graduate students and undergraduates, married and unmarried all mixed in. We hope to have seminar rooms and cultural events in each college, and we'll probably allow each college to develop its own flavor — bohemians, grinds, premeds, or what have you."

The President will "probably allow" the colleges to be different; there is no question about who has the power to make such decisions:

"As for running the university, we now have six vice presidents: for business, student affairs, research, university relations, facilities planning, and an executive vice president."

I suppose that this decentralized organization will be more tolerable than the monolith of today. Much depends on the degree of autonomy granted the small colleges. More depends on the relationship between the State Uni-

opinion

The University in Our Future

by WILLIAM KERRIGAN

The following article is reprinted with the permission of DARE magazine.

versity and the State Legislature of the State of New York. But in any case, this thrusting grid is no Utopia.

But possibly I have overestimated the subversion of creativity in the social sciences, and underestimated our society's tolerance for rebellion. At the darkest limit of bourgeois desire, many have said, is art itself — the rebel tamed, hung on the wall as a

Picasso print, stuck on the shelf as the Great Books of the Western World. Everybody loves Norman Mailer.

America remains a Calvinist society. We are dualists, it is our vision. There are two worlds, the Communist World and the Free World. Between them, inevitably, is an Iron Curtain. There are two choices in the voting booth, Democrat and Re-

publican. There are two positions on any given issue: Hawks and Doves, you are either one or the other. Like our ancestors who divided the world into nature and grace, the damned and the saved, we need to split reality in order to be secure in our righteousness. Heaven implies Hell. The American husband is more certain in his virtue because Norman Mailer stabbed his wife.



Letters to the Editor

Editor:

I should like to concern this letter with a recent article published in your fine newspaper on Nov. 7, 1968. The title of the article with which this letter is concerned was "Auschwitz, U.S.A." Murray! Let's hear it for those titles. I really have to hand it to the Free Press; they really know how to title an article. Oh yes, and that inspiring line right below the title — "The Jews Went Quietly. Will You?" It sort of — well — makes you want to run down to the nearest Federal Building and take over the third or fourth floor; that choice of course, depends on your own personal preference.

I suppose I should make one thing clear; I am not opposed to the printing of the article, just the way in which it was printed. And even at that, I'm only upset about the title and that subtitle, or whatever the hell

that was that was right below it. It seems like just another attempt to stir up a bunch of unstable, insecure activists, who need a cause to fight for; any kind of cause, good or bad, it doesn't really matter.

I don't feel like elaborating on this thing, because it's no different than the majority of everything you print in this fine newspaper; practically every article is so damn pessimistic. Why don't you people print something good about anything for a change. I really think that you're all a bunch of pessimists. Sure hope you don't die of unhappiness before you're 25.

Well that's my opinion about the whole thing — for what it's worth. I am not really upset with you or the paper in general, just a little pessimistic.

Ecstatically yours,

Jeff D. Brown

Perhaps the legislatures and foundations, with an almost unconscious sense of the national character, will end up subsidizing the anarchist, the radical, the criminal, the artist. And perhaps the serpent sin will sting them all.

More likely, the rebellions of our students will fail. They are not, really so easy to get along with, especially when they are managed by jungle tacticians with no vision of what a university might be. A few think that a bloody confrontation with the police is mere tactic, desirable insofar as it appeals to the sentimentalities of the community. But most students discover a valid hedonism in their sit-ins. The psychology of a police bust — and this is a well-kept secret — transcends heroic martyrdom. A fine joy resides in the actualization of a fantasy. If you predicate your life on the fact that society represses basic freedoms, you triumph when society charges you in a riot helmet, brandishing its club. Then you know you are sane.

At Columbia the students failed to suggest an attractive alternative to the existing university — which is not to criticize them, for the obligation to find such an alternative belongs as well to the faculty which betrayed them. Suspended from the university, the students have begun a Liberation School. The offerings of this school assume that a radical change in curriculum would solve the difficulties with American education. You can study "guerrilla warfare," "guerrilla film-making," "the creation of the New Socialist Woman," or "the accepted high-points of literature as symbols of domination." This is absurd, it won't do. Except in extreme cases, I think the mode of teaching is far more significant than the subject matter. Besides, America is not a Cuban jungle, and it can only damage the mind to take such metaphors literally. But I am wrong to quibble — every revolution must consolidate its believers.

The Columbia students achieved partial success because of the ineptitude of the administration. The day after the police first cleared our campus, Vice President David Truman was on the radio justifying this decision. Students who had been lined up and beaten in the groin, been dragged down steps by the hair, been clubbed savagely and gratuitously, listened to their vice president explain the situation. The rebellion, he said, was caused by unrest over the Vietnam War and by the permissive child-raising of Dr. Spock: the problem, dear Brutus, was always in the stars. Truman boasted that when he was Dean of Columbia College, he instituted the fireside chat; once a year he went to each dormitory for two hours, listening to the grievances of Columbia students. A sympathetic ear indeed! Columbia, and places like Columbia, are easy game.

But imagine a university which is both repressive and intelligent. Trained in sociology, the deans have discarded the more archaic sex-and-drinking rules. Bertrand Russell found that if he let his students copulate, then they would study mathematics with a fervor; in the future, let us say, American educators have learned the value of this technique. You can also sign up for a course in the student rebellions of the 1960's. You possess, therefore, a form of historical identity. The old radical songs stir your heart. Certain kinds of protest at this imaginary university are accepted, even encouraged. Your therapist (who is perhaps also your dean) shows great interest in your criticisms of the institution. Following a suggestion of

(Continued on Page 5)

FOAM

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A Review

Barbarella

from THE CAROLINIAN
Univ. of North Carolina-Greensboro

(CPS) - Barbarella is almost as good as the Follies Bergere at revealing the female form. Director Vadim has once again permitted the rest of the world a not so fleeting glimpse of his mate, none other than Jane Fonda, once a rather genteel Cat Ballou.

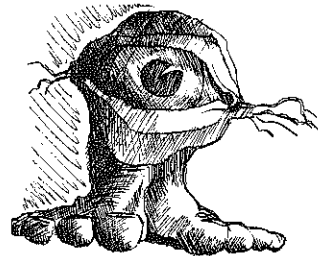
Miss Fonda portrays the French space heroine, Barbarella, with the appropriate amount of naivete peculiar to this pacified Earthling, suddenly at odds with the Baddies of the universe.

In search of Duran Duran, the creator of the last weapon to which earth is vulnerable, Barbarella sets out into a space of multicolored babbles and ooze only to be brought down on some remote planet; to her delight, only a few yards from her is the long-lost craft of Duran Duran.

Proceeding from one mess to another, she most often uses a cry of "Help" as her only defense. It's hard to believe that handsome males answer all of her screams, each asking only one thing in return.

The most vivid of these gentlemen is Dildano, a "young revolutionary leader" dedicated to overthrowing the Black Queen and destroying the Evil City of Sogo. Portrayed by David Hemmings, Dildano could be the only bungling "young revolutionary leader" around. His one request of Barbarella is LOVE, EARTH STYLE - THE PILL.

As all good comic strips end, Barbarella accomplishes her mission and destroys Evil Sogo; No more, No less.



"All my films are artificial, but then everything is sort of artificial. I don't know where the artificial stops and the real starts. The artificial fascinates me, the bright and shiny. . ." Andy Warhol.

PAPARRHEA

ON CAMPUS: A poetry reading today at 4 p.m. in the Writing Center featuring Mark Strand, author of "Sleeping With One Eye Open," and "Reasons for Moving," is free to all. . . El Teatro Campesino, the Chicano farm workers theater, presents the play "The Shrunken Head of Pancho Villa," in Campus Hall, Sunday at 8 p.m. Admission is 50 cents for students; \$1 general public. . . "Le Conservatoire Agace," works by Mozart, Webern, and Bach: today's free noon concert in Fine Arts 178. . . "Golden Apple" runs Wednesday through Saturday in the Studio Theatre, through November 23. . . Irvine Film Group presents "Cat Ballou," Tuesday at 7 and 9:30 p.m. in the Science Lecture Hall. . . "Assemblage in California" will remain on exhibit in the Art Gallery through November 24. . . OFF CAMPUS: "Yellow Submarine," new Beatle-inspired art-film opened Wednesday at the Village Theatre in Westwood. . . Carson McCullers', "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter," starring Alan Arkin, opens Wednesday, November 20 at the Picwood Theatre, Pico at Westwood. . . "Hair" comes to Hollywood December 3 at the Aquarius Theatre, which is actually the old Moulin Rouge, old Kaleidoscope, the latter of which closed under very mysterious and worth investigating circumstances. At any rate, "Hair" is moving in where rock moved out. . . Joan Baez, Saturday, 8:30 p.m. at the Forum. . . Simon and Garfunkle, Sunday at the Anaheim Convention Center. . . Roger Miller, plus John (Kingston Trio) Stewart and Buffy Ford at the Troubadour through Sunday. . . Velvet Underground at the Wiskey a Go Go through Sunday. . . The Sunshine Company and Hoyt Axton at the Golden Bear, this Friday and Saturday only.

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REHEARSALS HAVE ENDED FOR "The Golden Apple," a musical by John Latouche and Jerome Moss opened Wednesday in the UCI Studio Theatre. The play, the first production of the

year for the fine Arts Department, will run through November 23. Tickets are \$1 for students, \$2 for staff, and \$3 for the general public and are available at the Fine Art Box Office.

Big Ford Suck-In

by PATSY TRUXAW

We should have suspected something from the start. We were in New York and were invited to a free luncheon. The fact that the luncheon was free, the first no-expense venture of our stay, and was the conclusion of the Associated Collegiate Press Conference, we felt, warranted our attendance.

So we entered the elevator and ascended to the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria. We were early and were met by waiters dashing madly and some sort of rock group, I thought, warming up on stage. "A ha!" I thought. "Entertainment." Quickly I consulted my Official Program, turning to Saturday. "Conference Luncheon sponsored by the Ford Motor Company. Remarks: Lee A. Iacocca, Executive Vice President and music by 'The Going Thing.'"

We sat and waited. Any minute they were going to start hanging Mustangs from the ceiling. But no, the curtains soon closed. Students and advisors started arriving in masses, totaling almost 2,000. The show was about to start.

Naturally, we were well fed. Some sort of gourmet chicken thing. Cookies on a lovely silver-pedestalled platter.

The remarks commenced. Mr. Lee A. Iacocca was introduced by an Associate Collegiate Press person. "We at Ford want to be your friends. We talk to our people. Everyone of our managers is instructed to know his men. We are a large corporation — but we are a close corporation. Now I know that most of you are journalists. I don't want to take up too much of your time. But there is a place for you at Ford. We are interested in the youth of our country. blah, blah, blah, blah, blah."

I didn't listen too closely to Mr. Iacocca. Not only was his little speech dull, it was offensive. I'm sure we all want to rush out and join the friendly Ford Motor Company. At that point, however, I was really too bored to be bothered with getting overtly affronted by his REMARKS.

But then Mr. Iacocca made a big mistake. He introduced their group. "A Going Thing." The Ford Motor Company's answer to where it's at. Their proof that THEY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY. It didn't take me too long to realize that soon I'd lose my obviously expensive luncheon.

The group, comprised of five girls and five boys, including a male negro singer, started out really socking-it-to-us. "It's a going thing. Ford's a going thing. baba baba ba, baba baba ba. It's a happening. It's a brand new thing. Fo-o-o-rd!" Behind them waved the blue and white banner: FORD MOTOR COMPANY — IT'S A GOING THING. All they lacked were big F's across their you-know-whats. About thirty minutes of plastic mass where-it's-at-culture followed. Very, very clean (in pale blue blazers/jumpers with white stockings/turtlenecks how could it be anything else?), but very, very cool. A history of rock and roll number, minus the dirties — a Fifth Dimension/Association type sound.

Between inane shoutings of "I drive a Volkswagen," "Sing Heroin," and threatening to hurl our water pitcher, with its perfect throwing neck, upon the bedecked stage, we mainly just sat and writhed in helpless anger and frustration. Feet were tapping, heads were bobbing, lips were moving — the Associated Collegiate students and advisors were lapping it up and being sucked right in.

The painful thing was that this was not an un-

talented group. But the most complex song they did was a wild Ford commercial. They ended amidst wild applause with their theme, "It's a going thing. Ford's a going thing."

All through the festivities we kept awaiting some sort of demonstration in which we would have eagerly participated. The three of us, sitting isolated in a second story balcony, were in a rather ineffective position. But nothing happened. Back at the elevators, we milled around, trying to determine the general reaction.

People were humming, moving, singing, "It's a going thing. Ford's a going thing. baba baba ba, baba baba ba."

And now I read William Burroughs in this month's ESQUIRE. "The youth rebellion is a worldwide phenomenon that has not been seen before in history. I don't believe they will calm down and be ad execs at thirty as the establishment would like to believe. Millions of young people all over the world are fed up with shallow unworthy authority running on a platform of bullshit."

This Ford suck-in was not even a subtle one. It was as obvious as FORD MOTOR COMPANY WANTS YOU. WE'RE COOL, TOO. And apparently most students, most "youths" at this conference bought it. As student journalists they are the opinion makers of our peer group. It's up to them, to us, to spread the word; hopefully, the truth. What kind of word, of truth, are these people capable of spreading? "It's a going thing. Ford's a going thing. baba baba ba, baba baba ba."

A student from Pittsburg and I had decided the evening before that the biggest danger lies in becoming comfortable. To become completely comfortable is to become dead. Yet Ford beckons, with immediate managerial positions. And journalists make excellent PR people. Ford offers security. Ford offers prestige. Ford will buy your soul and make you comfortable for the rest of your life.

Of course it was a gross insult to our intelligence for them to try and grab at us in that way — feed us, talk to us, entertain us — then pull. But what we considered a severe underestimation of the average college student was apparently a severe overestimation of them on our part.

"It's a going thin. Ford's a going thing. baba baba ba, baba baba ba. (really catchy)"

To what devious measures has the Ford Motor Company gone to create this lure? First, they understand the importance and potency of music. "It's a going thing." They get themselves a young pop group, who never financially has had it so plastically good. They then proceed to completely control and manipulate this group upon the American public in Ford Commercials and in their private public relations, i.e. the luncheon.

The group was being filmed, taped, recorded while they entertained us. Two balconies were full of Ford people and electronic devices. Every move these kids make is watched. They've already been sucked in, now their talent and youth is being prostituted by the Ford Motor Company.

Besides being an obvious control of the arts, the quality of which pretty well speaks for itself, it is, apparently, a not so obvious manipulation of people, of us. As far as control of the arts goes, it's a disgusting feed into the computer of what the American public, especially the youths, are buying; the feedback is this group, this commercially oriented, clean sterile version of popular music.

And Ford Motor Company is certainly not the only company exploiting these tactics. Look through any magazine, watch the commercials on television. Psychedelia abounds, graphics have never been better. On an artistic level, maybe

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it's nice, maybe it's pretty. Ad execs are wising up. But on the suck-in level, it's damn scary. Promotion people are creating our culture. We are being manipulated, lured and trapped by what we like, by what we do, by commercial hip.

"It's a going thing. Ford's a going thing. baba baba ba, baba baba ba."

For the Pritzkers, Goggins, Hofmanns, Lincolns, Youngs, Cranes, Cowans among us who can see through and if not disrupt at least ignore this not-so-really-subtle lure, we need not worry. Some people have X-ray vision.

I'm worried about the Smiths and Jones: those who are going to graduate, don't yet know what they want to do with their lives, want security, or don't even know what it is they want, and are waiting for offers. Watch out for the suck-ins. When recruiters come on campus, watch out for their version of where it's at. Don't trust their understanding. It's not you they're selling, it's their corporation. They're buying you. Don't give them the satisfaction of adding one more sucker to their list, unless you want to find yourself in five years comfortably dead.

Dare Article. . .

(Continued from Page 3)

yours, he officially changes the rules so that you can use the coin-slot pot machine at the neighboring dormitory. You find him rational, but square. In the last analysis, the courses on your television are, you think, quite informative. Once a week you spend two hours chatting by the fireside with a well-informed graduate student. Twice a year you strike, come to terms, and argue to turn on your TV again. Every night at eleven the university provides masturbatory fantasies on three channels; one of them is bound to fit your mood. As for face-to-face-learning, the exchange of rational men, nobody remembers very much about it. Research for the power of humanity is your goal. The great Socratic concept of knowledge as virtue is dead — but you wrote three pages on it last term, discussing the way an idea can be strangled by a horizontal-and-vertical thrusting grid. The computer gave you a C plus. One of those joke signs on your wall reads THE BETTER THE OPPRESSOR, THE BETTER THE REVOLUTIONARY. Occasionally the statement puzzles you.

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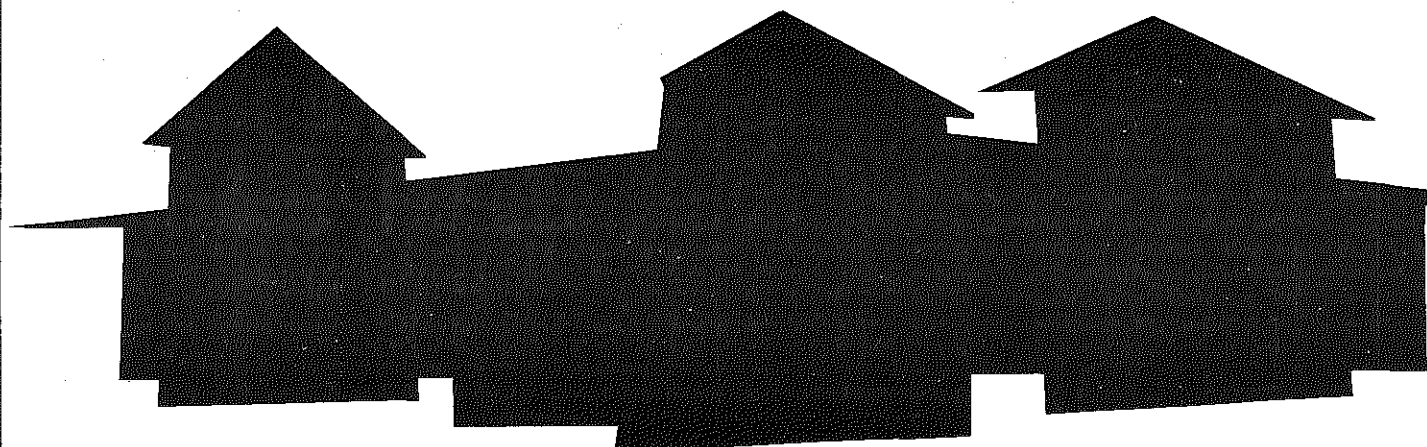
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MESA COURT THE LONELY PEOPLE

BOB FAULKNER

If you look closely, you can watch them disappear. Every day someone slips out of your crowd of familiar faces and disappears into the blankness of your memory. The faces around you never last for long, they change and shimmer, and always moving, they disappear. Every day of your life the people around you collapse into an ever decreasing circle of face-images. We all move in and out of our social-environments, like a river moves through a series of mountain lakes: but the water is always moving, and the faces change. What happens to the people left behind in the blurring glimpse?

When you came to Irvine, you were forcibly submerged into a student community. The old friends and houses can never be the same, you change with the changes your mind makes, and the time of years moves with everything. And you meet new people and you have new classes and the chatter of voices fills your ears. If you are lucky and social and have all of those fancy devices that flock people around you, you are safe. But if the outside circle of people ignores you and nothing you do can bring people to you, what then?

When students come to Irvine, they all shop around for other people. The girls, in all their unmerciful tenderness check out the male faces that line the walls of the dance floors, and they appraise and judge and select. And the boys all look for someone who can fill the gaps of their loneliness, someone who is beautiful enough to share their life. And there we have the famous, (and very subtly,) the Mesa Court stand-off: everyone so alert, and watching. All the faces checking each other out, each looking to find a place.

And in a week or two, everyone slips into their little holes and it seems as if all the people that you had just seen a week ago, have disappeared. Where are they? If you have been lucky, you are on top of the world with a circle of friends who will appreciate you for your good looks and your dazzling mind. Yes, if you are on top, everything is fine, and the world moves along with you. But what about the unlucky people, the people who did not connect, the people who disappear in Mesa Court?

It is strange that it takes so little time for everyone to get locked into the great Irvine social situation. If you haven't involved yourself in all the busy affairs, you only drift between classes and your room, already starting to disappear a little. And after you have had all your classes, you lapse into routine: you eat, get up, and go to the bathroom, all in the tight schedule of a day; you blend in, and the people around you close in, and all that you know of life, restricts and constricts ceaselessly. You exist in a small, air-tight system.

The student body of Irvine is composed of two large groups: the commuters and the Mesa Court residents. (There is little intercourse with the married students of Verano Place.) The life of the commuting students is far different than that of those who live on campus. Living in a completely different world, they compose almost two thirds of the entire student population. But their lives are strung out over two worlds: one at home and the other at school. They have to extend themselves into this new university situation and work at making new lives. But they can never really commit themselves to the idea of becoming involved with an entirely new set of friends. Their old lives, still bound up with thoughts of High School, confine them within the old structures. They are safe, but from their safety they can only sample at the idea of the University. Their mouths voice their new university words, but their sounds only taste at the real situation of students learning to use their own minds and hearts. The University is something more than a place where kids come to stuff their minds with math, science, and something vague called the Humanities. The University is a complex human involvement that demands the commitment of all the students in order to make a working system.

The people of Mesa Court have it much worse than the commuters; they have been thrown into a strange situation with which they have no hold. Few have any friends to play with, so most are shoved out into the human experience of forming new relationships. And unless you have that god-given talent of social confidence and can walk into a room and announce yourself, when you come to Mesa Court, you are in much worse shape than lost, because most people around you are wandering lost too. And there is nothing worse than a lot of lost people wandering around, all looking for a firm place they can grab on to and hold on for their dear, dear lives.

Mesa Court does offer one important safety feature, they issue you upon arrival one (1) guaranteed roommate and an official, sound-proofed, thick-doored room in which you can hide. It doesn't take long to successfully loose yourself within the dormitory, and without much added effort, from the members of your suite. Irvine's dormitory arrangement is almost difficult to criticize, in relation to other school's where the hallways line up like a military installation, but still, how often does the one side of the dorm know the names, much less the faces of the other side? The Mesa Court dorms are honeycombed with lost people.

Alright, so you are lost and confused and need someone to hold on to, what do you do? If you have the strength, you reach out and touch someone else who has loneliness in their eyes. But more often you will find yourself sucked up into the whirl of boy-games and girl-games within your suite and let them work to offset your drive toward affection and human involvement. But all of this is wrong, there are too many people locked up in their rooms, so many, too frightened to extend themselves outside into the courtyard and beyond the classrooms. And the boys always have sports and grabass, anything to funnel their needs into male recreation, like driving to Tijuana and getting drunk.

If this all seems contrived and overdone, just walk up to someone and tell them that you would like to know them as close as possible. Just walk up and say, "Please help me, because I have been screaming the walls for someone to talk to and someone to hold me and give me the love I need." Walk up and offer to share something of yourself. In every dorm there are people who move within the tightening motions of their lives and need other people to hold on to. Every time a person reaches out, he discovers someone, but first must come the act of reaching. You say, "please, my dreams follow the light and when I was young I felt that I could fly with the air." And too often the response is, "but I have lived the same way and my dreams are the same as yours." There is a vast similitude that spans us all.

When I lived in Mesa Court, I had everything a boy could desire: I had friends, and football, and a loneliness that stretched out into hysteria. When a person goes away to school, he has to discard his parents, his family, and all of the old relations and friends he used to have. But the most painful of all my experiences of isolation in Mesa Court was the fact that now I had no one to turn to and let loose with all the emotion and feeling that normally runs through me. Myself, I have never been much of an extrovert, so I found in a very small time I was alone in a world in which I had no emotional ties or outlets. Football and sports do not release all the frustrations and problems that build up during a quarter.

And in the evenings I would sit up on the balcony and watch the people moving, moving outside of me and the burning want inside of me to pull all of them in with me in my isolation. So many times I have hovered on the insane wondering how I could end my confusion, and where I could find her.

Sometimes when it was light, I would go walking, looking at the faces as they went by. I remember the way my eyes flickered over their forms, and all the time wondering if I was looking at someone who could

return my love. I have never been the kind of person who has advocated a general, all-encompassing, Platonic love of mankind. This has always seemed a little meaningless to me: I will never know what mankind really is. But I do know a few people, and I demand of them that they give me the love I lost when I came to Irvine.

I suppose if someone is always looking, sooner or later he is liable to find a person who will share his heart. I was lucky, I unusually found someone. But what about the others? I wondered about the others who lived alone in Mesa Court, living alone without affection, living alone without. So many covering up their loneliness with laughter, and others

But the problem of reaching out to people is always there: you get your fingers crushed in the act. I remember when I had no one, and there was no way in which to turn my mind away from my frustration. At night I walked between the dormitories and looked up at the windows filled with light, and I listened to the sounds of talking and typewriters pounding away in the night. I kept thinking: this is sick, this is sick. And I realized that the whole situation was sick, and that there would be no outlet for my loneliness. And at night I walked the pathways around Mesa Court looking for someone who was looking for someone like me. But too often the darkness was hollow and my isolation continued.

who cannot act, and are forced into hiding. College is not a good thing if you are alone, and all the homework in the world will never fulfill a person's need to be loved.

Once I wanted to be loved by someone, because I loved them, but since she could not agree, so much loved me. Isolation is one thing, but so much worse when it is compounded by rejection. I could not tolerate the situation of being alone again, and being rejected on top of that. There are some things over which my reason has no power. Where could I go in Mesa Court for help? I didn't have to think too long, because there isn't any place. The RA's are nice attractions, but they cannot handle emotional and physical need. Where can you go when you are isolated from the others? What can you do?

There are no easy answers, there are seldom any answers at all. When you finally find someone, it is all too frequent that you both explode with emotion. People should not be so starved and strung out that they become emotionally unbalanced from their isolation among people. Something is wrong with Mesa Court. But the real problem lies within the children who are forced out of the womb, and realize that they are on their own, and now must earn their own love.

The problem of individual isolation neither begins nor ends at Irvine, nor is it particular to the university situation, it is a part of all life. The problem does not lie within social and environmental structures, it rests within people. I hate being trite and foolish suggesting that tomorrow people try to smile at each other, or to say hello to someone they don't know between classes. I suppose this all sounds foolish to you. Now that it is out on paper it all seems a little foolish to me. But I remember how many nights I walked the Mesa Court asphalt paths and I remember the lonely faces I saw echoed in the crowd waiting for dinner. It is foolish to hope for such a human response from people. But still my memories come back.

Tomorrow I will be leaving the University and Mesa Court behind, and once again I will be stuck out in a world in which I have no friends, nowhere to go. And it will be happening again and again. (Peter you never should have left me, because I loved you most of all.) And I remember all the emptiness and the faces of all those lost and confused people, and the special isolation that is Mesa Court.

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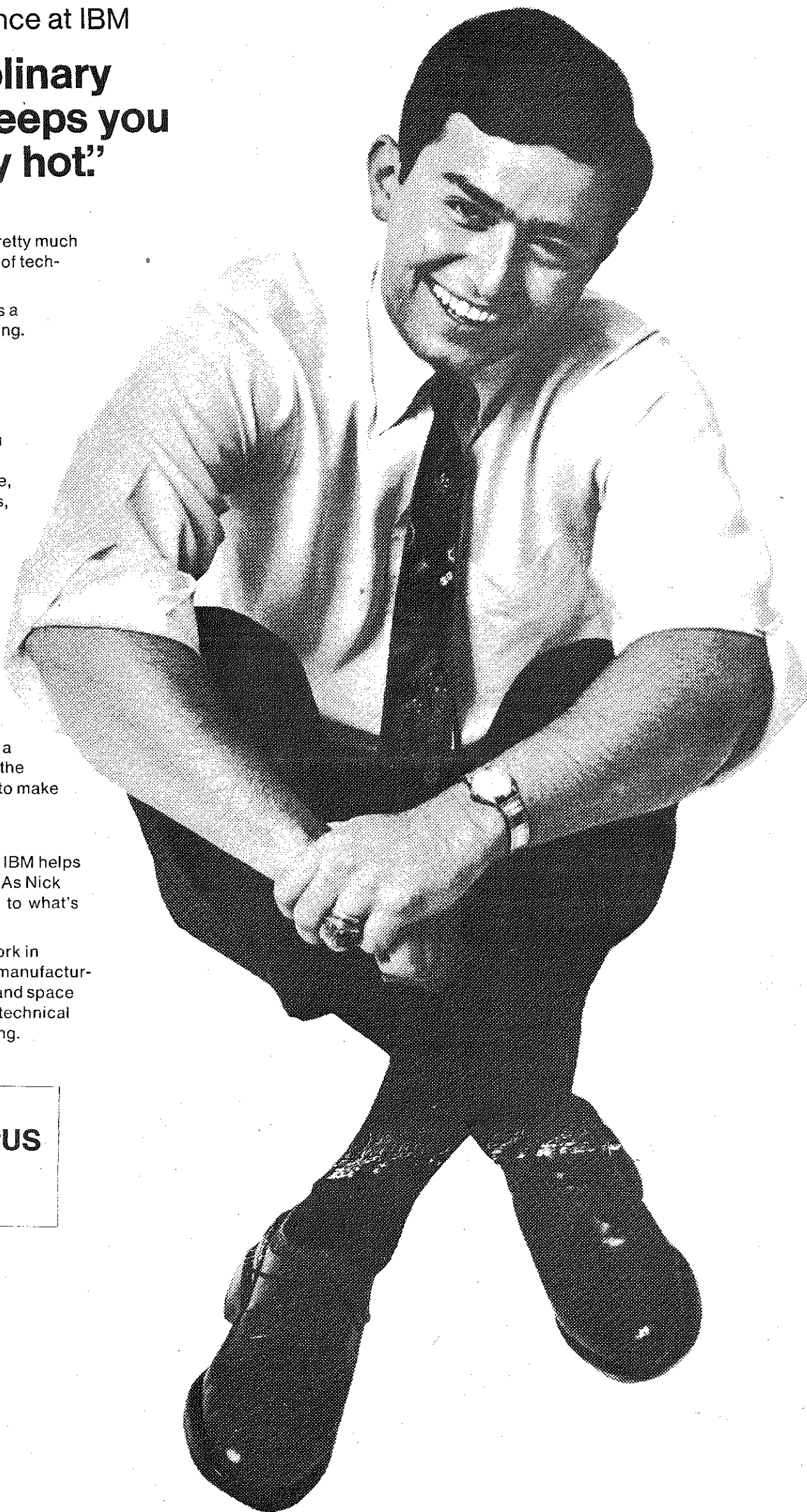
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sports

UCI Poloists Squeeze Past UC Bruins 6-5

Last month, the Anteater water polo squad traveled to UC Berkeley for the All UC Water Polo Tourney and returned with their first tournament championships as they defeated top-ranked UCLA by a score of 7-5. It was the first Anteater victory over UCLA in four years.

Last Saturday, the Anteater water polo squad traveled to the Bruin pool and crushed any doubts about our top position in the water polo world. The Newland-coached polo squad simply beat UCLA for the second time this year 6-5.

"Although they were 'up' more for this game than the one up at Berkeley," replied Coach Newland, "we were able to take advantage of their mistakes." The Anteaters were led by Ferdie Massimino who scored four goals and Pat McClellan who tossed in the other two.

The Anteaters started slowly and ineffectively in the first quarter as they committed three turnovers on bad passes. "We

have always had problems in the opening minutes of a game," says Newland, "the guys seem to just sit." In the opening half, then, the Anteaters trailed by a score of 3-1.

The Anteaters moved out of the doldrums in the second quarter and tied the score at three before retiring for the half. In the second half, UCI took a two goal lead and were leading 6-4 before UCLA scored on a penalty shot in the last minutes of the game.

"UCLA tired out," said Coach Newland, "and we were able to keep them swimming. They committed a lot of fouls which allowed Massimino to score on penalty shots. In the latter part of the game, when both of us were using substitutes because of players fouling out, our reserves proved stronger than UCLA."

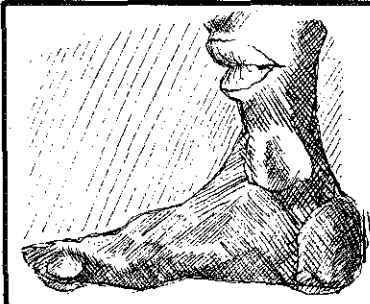
McClellan playing one of his finest games this year scored two goals and played excellent defense.



IRVINE HORDE...thunders down the first turn in the X-Country race held last week. Individual winner: Bob Sevitz.

Team winner: Loma.

Photo by GORDON COLE



athletes mouth:

by RON TAKEMOTO

The First Annual X-Country run last Friday saw 65 runners starting off from the far goal-post on Irvine's athletic field and weaving through the campus in their almost two mile race. Surprising at it may seem, 62 out of 65 finished the race and 61 out of the 65 finished under the required 13 minutes.

Seven men from Loma combined their talents to win the team race as they compiled 35 points. Two points were given to each participant and 25, 22, 19, 16, 13, 10, and 7 points were given for the top seven finishers.

Camino came in second with 29 points (12 entries the most of any team), followed by Ciudad and Arroyo with 26 and 25 points respectively. Ciudad had six entries, while Arroyo had the winner of the race, Bob Sevitz.

Lago and the Lewzers picked up 14 points each while the Unknowns and RATMAC both collected 8 points.

Bob Sevitz finished the course in a blazing 8:08 time followed by Tad Kleindienst from Loma, Barney Voorhees, Greg Sutcliff, Mike Kovacich, Steve Semarico, Rich Newton, Gary Adams, Bob Viera, and Lewis Ferris.

Two faculty members, H. Tucker and Prof. Denny Wulff, both had fine times. Prof Wulff finished with a time of 9:06 while Mr. Tucker had a time of 10:20. Mr. Tucker, by the way, is 46 years old. On Friday morning, Mr. Tucker warmed up with a two mile run and swam one mile in the Irvine pool before participating in the race.

Pat Colburn, the only girl to

run in the race ran an excellent race with a time of 11:43.

Collecting their second win of the season, the Irvine soccer club defeated Cal Tech by a score of 2-1 last week. The squad has a practice game this afternoon at 3:15 on our field.

The squad had a fantastic defense which kept Cal Tech from scoring although Cal was in Irvine territory most of the game. The two Irvine goals were by Achilles Palomino and Roger Isaacs.

Achilles scores on a beautiful

shot in the opening minutes of the game as he kicked the ball in from about 20 yards out. The other goal was scored on a penalty shot by Isaacs in the first half.

To kick-off the 1968-69 basketball season, the varsity and frosh teams at Irvine will meet in their annual game on Monday, November 25. This should be an excellent opportunity to look at the teams that will represent Irvine this year. The game will be a kick-off to the season which starts November 30 against UC San Diego.



ON COURSE...John Welch and Keith Gladstein members of the winning Loma squad try to keep up with Pat Colburn from Prado. Pat was the only girl in the race.

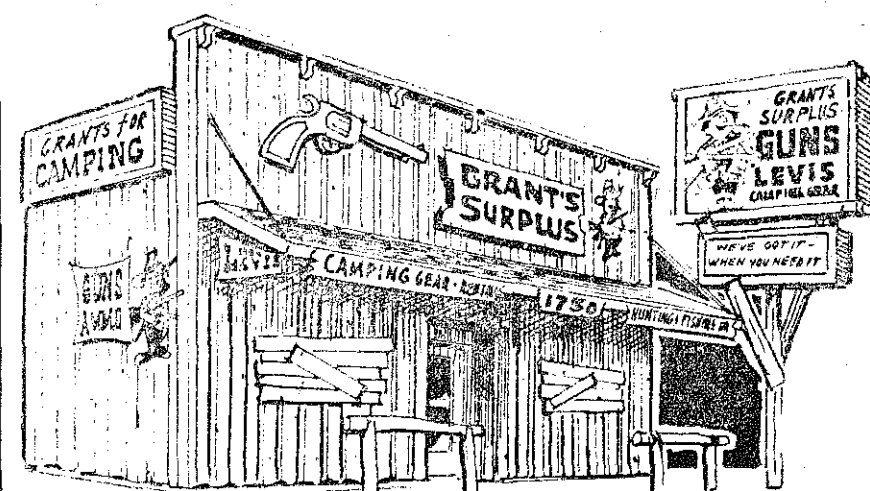
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