The Highlander
VOL. XVII NO. 4

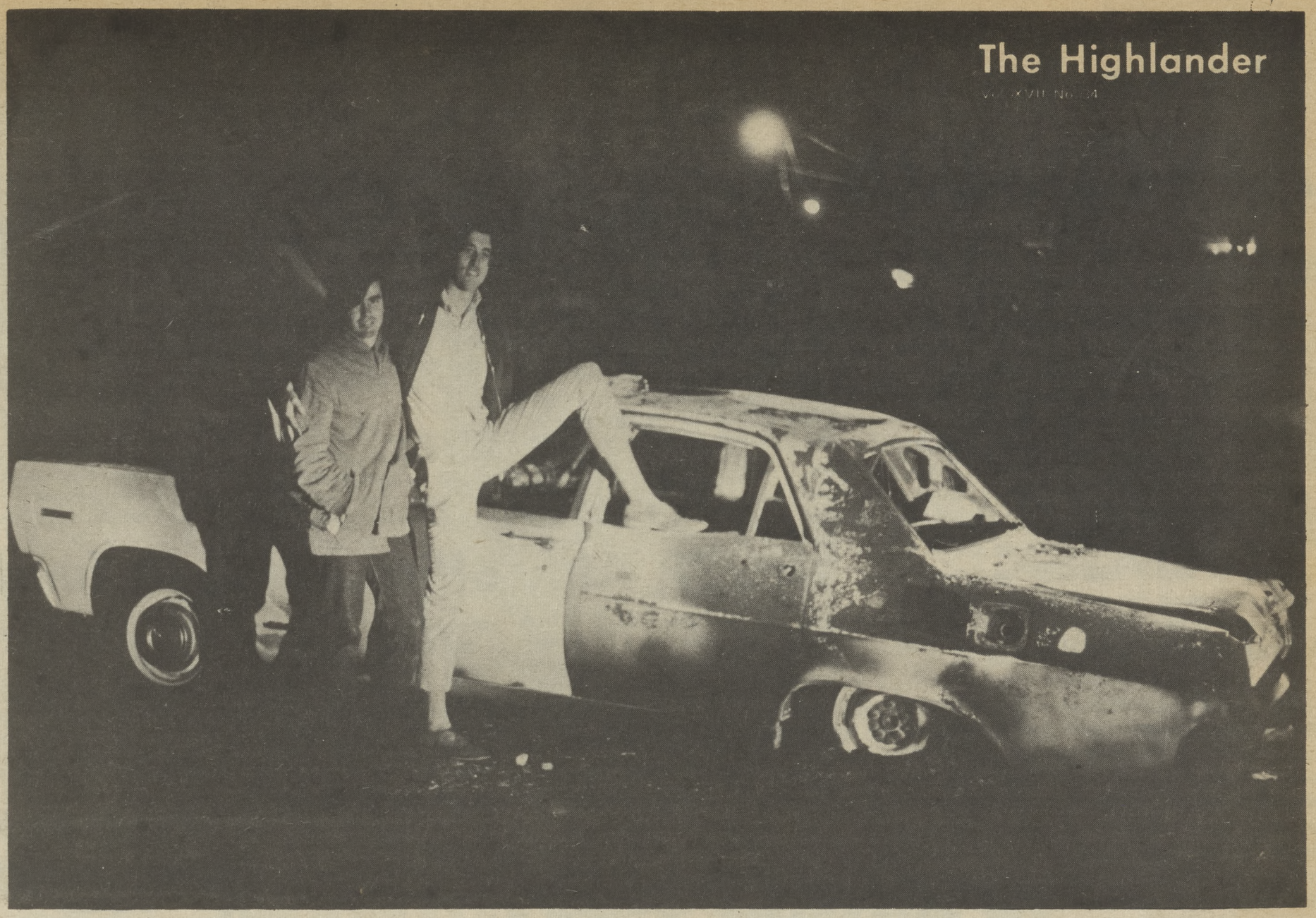


Photo by Bill Elledge

Thursday night, Santa Barbara: reporters Johnson and Malloy, in front of riot-torn unicar.

We led the Revolution

John Johnson

At 3:30 a. m. Friday morning we stood over the remains of the university car we had obtained for the purpose of gaining a firsthand report of the Santa Barbara troubles. Aided by the headlight beam of one of the many patrolling sheriff's vehicles, we snapped pictures of our toasted marshmallow car. All the windows were broken, the trunk had been jimmied open and a camera stolen, and everything burnable had been. The rear tires had exploded and char was spread around.

It was quiet now, and had been for a couple of hours. Only the slick, prowling cars, the razed Bank of America behind us, and rocks scattered about the street reminded us of the five hours of disorder that began shortly after seven, when a fire was started on Embarcadero Avenue in front of Perfect Park.

We had arrived Thursday afternoon, more or less with our hats in our hands, and headed for the *El Gaucho* office, hoping to find someone who could brief us on the events of the past few days. We found a spacious office, where only half the desks appeared to be in use, and a small blonde city editor named Cindy Heaton, who was too busy raising bail money to talk to us. She gave us to the editor, Becca Wilson, who was being interviewed by a Black writer from Newsweek.

Becca showed us the most recent *El Gaucho* and told us to read it and then ask questions.

The Black writer was neatly hip, with his short natural and trimmed moustache-beard combo. Like many of the correspondents around, he had to try to play both sides of the sociological fence.

One fortyish newsman we couldn't believe; long grey-black hair flipped under neatly below his shoulders, he wandered around saying things like, "What do you think of this?","Why are you here?" or "Whats happening?" and getting answers like "Fuck off," "Having a good time," and, an assortment of unintelligible gutteral noises.

Later, when the violence began, most newsmen retired to balconies and phone booths. Their calls of "Whats going on down there?" could be heard above the general clamor.

One demonstrator said, "When the revolution comes, you'll be home watching TV." The most important information we were able to obtain from *El Gaucho* was that the disorders were essentially leaderless.

Greg Nell is ASUC Vice President for Santa Barbara. In Thursday afternoon's press conference, he interpreted the outbreaks as responses to police harassment of the Isla Vista community, which lies both inside and outside UCSB itself. It is just outside geographically and just enough inside politically.

"Isla Vista," Nell said, "is an unincorporated area with 11,000 residents. There are only 1,000 registered voters. . . .There is a concerted effort to keep students from registering. . . .Law enforcement is left up to the county sheriff's department and the CHP."

"There are conflicting values between the Isla Vista community and the police. . .It is almost impossible to walk in groups without being stopped. . . .70-80% of the residents (this is probably a high figure, in all senses of the word) smoke dope, and are so felons. Over half of the arrests made are from illegal drug searches of cars. The residents have had enough police harassment. . ."

The recent trouble began Tuesday night when a drug arrest was made of a Black student, James Trotter. This event sparked rock throwing incidents in the Perfect Park area, which is a kind of peninsula extended into the river that is Embarcadero Avenue. This area is called 'the Loop' and includes the Bank of America and some office buildings.

Wednesday afternoon, William Kunstler, attorney for the Chicago Seven, gave a speech—later termed by some media as "incendiary."

This, Nell said, was ridiculous. The violence began Tuesday night with Trotter's arrest, and Wednesday, he indicated, was just an extension. The single event Wednesday which touched off the burning of the Bank of America by people who set a trash can afire in the building, was the arrest of an individual for carrying an open wine bottle.

Then, on Thursday, the stage was set. An assembly had been announced for 6 p. m. in Perfect Park. One of the strangest points was that the meeting did not appear to have been called by anyone in particular.

The protests, if that is what they can be termed, were completely leaderless and directionless.

When long haired commentators ask for reasons, some of the more

Please turn to page 5.

Down by the *RIVERSIDE*

Fair warning

We were reminiscing one afternoon about the good old days, when the THEMIS Project funded by the Department of Defense showed signs of becoming an issue at UCR. We happened to be in the vicinity of Vice-Chancellor Tom Jenkin, to whom we complained bitterly about the apathy of a student body to whom even the DoD wasn't an object of suspicion. "Oh," he replied, "you'd have a hard time making villains of those geographers . . ." He smiled at us shrewdly and shuffled some papers.

Ah, but one can smile and smile . . . .

Acting snotty and loving it

We had a grand old time at the Regents meeting Thursday before last. Bipping in and out of the secret passageways that honeycomb the ancient UC extension center no Regent was safe from our prying purview. When a Reagan economy removed donuts from the pressroom, we snuck back and ate the Regents coffee cakes. And when Ronald Reagan tried to go to the bathroom, we intercepted him for questioning. The best security the university could manage was in the person of their secretary, Marjorie Woolman, who threatened to spank us if we didn't give the Regents some peace.

But, alas, the situation changed drastically Friday. All of our favorite passages were plugged with uni-cops. At the attic door we found three of them, so we weren't even able to listen in on the closed executive sessions, as is our habit. And the San Francisco police brought up a paddy wagon to drag away anticipated demonstrators.

Our heart aches for the pre-tuition days.

Even better than a matching belltower

We were sidling through the English department the other day, when we surprised a Milton scholar in the act of reading the *Highlander*. He was looking at a rather old issue, actually, which featured a two-page spread on the Lily Cup. This fabulous structure is at least forty feet high and is situated directly in front of the paper cup factory on Iowa Avenue. We accosted our scholar.

We attempted to humor him. "Have you seen it at night, with the colored fountains?" we asked. "Oh yes, oh yes, I've seen it at every possible time of night or day," he replied, with the restiveness of one whose intellectual rigor is being unecessarily question. "Perhaps," he added, "you could suggest to the Chancellor that he move it onto campus. He could put it next to the belltower."

Thus saith the Lord.

If Davie-pooh can do it . . .

SEEN IN THE INVERNESS LOUNGE: David Lee's jeep & David Lee taking pictures of it. We ourselves have some other contributions for his scrapbook.

To the glory of old UC at R

Four seniors awarded Wilsons

Four seniors at UCR have been named Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Designates for the 1970-71 academic year.

The designates (or finalists) were named following a national competition in which more than 800 colleges nominated 12,000 graduating seniors for the honor.

Three other UCR seniors received honorable mention in the competition which seeks the most intellectually promising 1970 college graduates who are planning careers as college teachers.

The UCR finalists are Mrs. Mary G. Kremer, a psychology major and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Camille Gaulin of Huntington Beach; Steven J. Lambert, a geochemistry major and son of Mrs. Ruth Lambert of Riverside and the late Squire V. Lambert; Richard L. McCreery, a chemistry major and son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. McCreery of Pomona, and Donnel B. Stern, a psychology major and son of Dr. and Mrs. T.L. Stern of Palos Verdes Estates.

The names of the Woodrow Wilson Designates will be sent to all graduate school deans in both the United States and Canada with the recommendations that the schools provide these winners with graduate fellowships.

The UCR seniors receiving honorable mentions are Michael L. Bain, a mathematics major and son of Mrs. Thelma E. Foutheringham of Lynwood; Robert A. Bauslaugh, a classics major and son of Mr. and Mrs. George Bauslaugh of Coronado, and Ronald J. Bieniek, a physics major and son of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Bieniek of Downey.

The names of the honorable mentions also will be circulated among deans of graduate schools in the United States and Canada.

UCR Aids office exhausts funds

John Zaller

The Financial aids office is again out of money, according to Francia Sweet, a loans officer. Although some short term loan money is still available, the last of President Hitch's Emergency long term loan fund has run out.

Students who come in asking for loans, said Mrs. Sweet, are directed to local banks for federally-insured students loans. The rate on these loans is generally higher than the rate on federal or University loans.

There is no recourse, however, for students who are ineligible for bank loans.

The aids office received $67,000 in President's Emergency funds at the beginning of the quarter. The office sent out all students who were eligible for bank loans as they came in during the quarter; and even with this device for conserving the President's Loan fund, the money was spent is a quarter.

Although the office has been able to find some form of aid for every student who has come in so far, Mrs. Sweet expects there will be students soon for who the office cannot find long term aid. "And relief," she said, "is not in sight."

A congressional bill that would have provided additional national defense fund loans, was vetoed by President Nixon earlier this month.

The whole area of financial aids is crucial now that the Regents have passed tuition. The Regents did declare their intention to make availbale sufficient student aid, but the same commitment was in effect this year and the Riverside aids office, at least, has run out of aid two thirds of the way through to year.

"I think tuition is going to force a lot of students to drop out of UC because they simply won't be able to afford it," observed Mrs. Sweet.

"To do the job the way we think it should be done, we'll need an awful lot more money. And you never get as much as you need."

She also noted that the financial aids office will have to serve around 1000 more students next year with, hopefully, an expanded program- but won't get any more personnel to help do it. "Life," she said, "will be a lot more difficult."

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Physical Ed. students ask for re-evaluation of department

John Zaller

Five students, three of them women, asked Chancellor Hinderaker Thursday to appoint a committee to "re-evaluate the Physical Education department" in terms of student need. Hinderaker seemed responsive to the idea, and asked that the request be made to him formally in a letter.

Asserting that staff members in the P.E. department are hired for their ability to coach a specific sport, the students charged that this did not serve the needs of the over-all student body.

"Recreation and theory courses are given secondary consideration in hiring," said Carol Gilpin, (of the P.E. student advisory committee) "since the department has a minor program and hopes eventually to have a major, it seems logical that the programs should have quality instruction in all areas of physical education, not just men's athletics."

"In the opinion of most of the students," said Jim Thill, "most of the theory courses we have now are Mickey Mouse, with the exception of Jim Whitley's."

Noting that half the minors in the program are women, the women students complained that there were fourteen full-time men in the department and only one woman: "Schools of comparable size and status in the area have about a 2:1 men to women ratio."

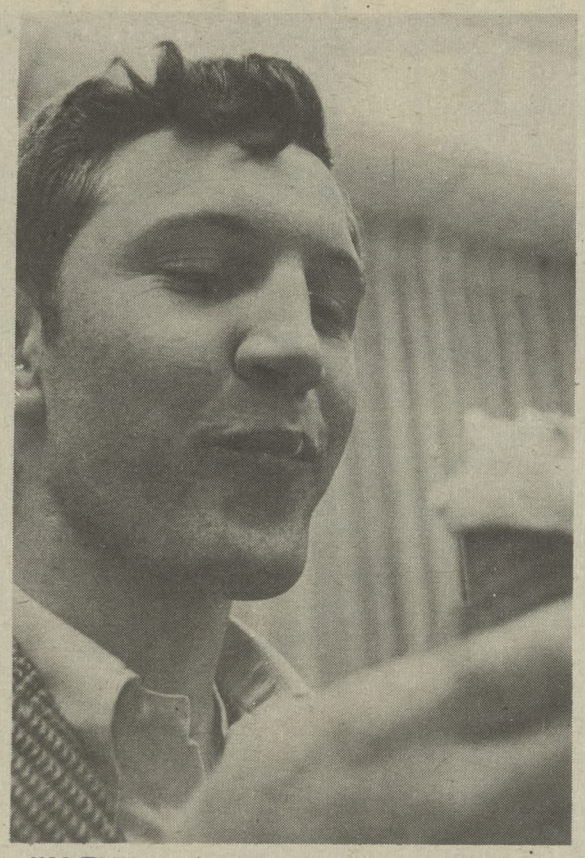


Photo by Bruce Henderson

JIM THILL: More overall FTE are needed.

The women said that their needs were different. Citing particularly women's physiological differences, they said their training needs were not like men's.

They asked that Pete Ketella's slot be allocated to someone who was primarily competent to teach theory, and who, if possible, was a woman.

Jim Thill said that it was not a matter of reassigning slots, and that in order to *have* a college football team, three coaching slots were vital. He said more over-all positions were needed.

Hinderaker said that Ketella's slot had already been committed, presumably to football. But he added that there was "gross undersupport" to some areas of physical education. "The whole area of physical education," he said, "is one of the best investments we can make in terms of broad service to the university."

He cautioned the students, however, not to expect change overnight. He said, "we should get together once or twice a year to check progress on a regular basis."

Carol Gilpin suggested instead that he appoint a committee composed of faculty and students to re-evaluate the physical education department.

Hinderaker asked that the request be put in writing, which she agreed to do.

Alcatraz Indian will speak at UCR Wednesday

John F. Trudell, one of the Indians living on Alcatraz, will speak Wednesday, March 4, at UCR.

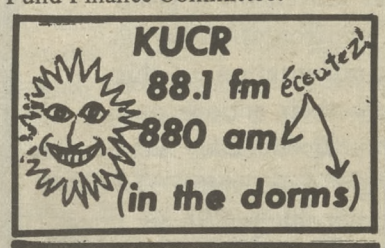
The speech, sponsored by the Campus Convocation Series, will begin at noon in the Speakers Podium of the West Tower Mall.

Trudell will discuss "The Alcatraz Movement—What Brought It About, What It Means Today, and the Ultimate Goal."

A Santee Sioux, Trudell lived on an Indian Reservation in Nebraska before enlisting in the Navy in 1963. Following his discharge from the service, he was a student of telecommunications at San Bernardino Valley College.

Trudell joined the Alcatraz occupation in December and shortly afterward began a live broadcast from the island with the assistance of a Berkeley radio station.

He is a member of the seven-man council on the island and also of the Alcatraz Relief Fund Finance Committee.



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Photo by J. M. Malloy

Children playing inside burned out Santa Barbara bank

Page from a Santa Barbara diary

Mike Malloy

When most of UCR's students use the term 'the Revolution' they are merely reflecting their exposure to the mass media. A term that one reads about in the newspaper cannot be dealt with personally unless it is given some reality to support it. What is the reality of ' the Revolution'? I am not sure what it would be for others, but I had my dose last Thursday night in Santa Barbara.

Fellow reporter John Johnson and I drove up to Santa Barbara Thursday afternoon to find out what had happened during the previous two nights of turmoil and to cover any developments that might arise. During the day's activities both John and I became participants and at one point leaders of the attack against the cops. What I want to deal with here is why I put down my cameras and became an active participant and what my relationship was to the others involved in the demonstration.

At the initial gathering of people at Perfect Park, a few random thoughts ran through my head: 'These stupid, screaming radicals; they sure seem like asses. If they were more intelligent, it would be much easier for me to feel a part of this thing.' (Mobs had always rubbed hard against my more intellectual side.) 'I sure feel strange. Why doesn't everyone just go home? What the hell, I'm a journalist. I'm just covering it.'

Soon things got violent. Some will disagree, saying that rock throwing between demonstrators and police was not real violence, but merely a symbolic gesture. At the time, the possibility of 'worse' violence was not ruled out completely. If I was copping-out by not shooting at the police, then I plead guilty. The importance lies in what went on inside myself. My uneasiness grew as the rock throwing increased. I was running hard to keep near the front of the demonstrators. But I was still not part of the crowd. I cast myself in the role of the objective, detached reporter.

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. Was I swept away by the mob? Had I become just another hippie radical who wanted to 'burn it down'?

I was forced to think of 'the Revolution' in the terms in which it was being defined around me—as a confrontation between demonstrators and police. I saw basically three types of people present: police; active participants in the demonstration, or rock throwers; and innocent by-standers, or non-rock throwers. I saw myself first as an individual and second as a member of the group. If on a Saturday afternoon I were to discuss politics over a joint with any of the demonstrators, we would probably be in accord on most of the 'issues'. But in the cold light of reason, I thought to myself, 'am I going to *join* this group, or am I only letting myself go to become a part of something I *already* belong to?' I found that reason didn't help me any. I was not dealing with an intellectual problem, but a political one. The USA must change, violently or otherwise; whether our tactics were the right ones at the moment, or the fact that I thought that some of the demonstrators were stupid fools with nothing better to do no longer mattered. It was time that I put something on the line; time that I risked something for my safe hours of intellectual contemplation. Nevertheless, the whole confrontation was nothing more than a grade school rock fight. Even if I had now justified to myself my presence in the crowd, and my personal commitment to the Revolution, what of the incident at hand? What the hell was I accomplishing throwing rocks at helmeted policemen? A political stand that says the USA must change is committed to action, violent or otherwise. A social movement is given impetus by confrontation, even if the confrontation seems almost meaningless itself. I saw the confrontation in this larger context, just as the policemen saw their actions as a duty to their oaths as law enforcement officers. They were right from their side and we were right from ours. The question of right or wrong depends on what side you're on. I decided to be on the side of the demonstrators.

Was I nothing better than the stereo-type white liberal whose committment to social change is nothing more than nods of approval at cocktail parties? To risk getting knocked in the head with a rock or a billy club is not a hell of a lot, but it was more that I had ever done before. And most important of all, to all you who, like myself, have seen yourselves as apolitical, I did *something*. The gap between political thought and action cannot be bridged over a joint on a Saturday afternoon.

from page 1 uninitiated will cough up phrases like 'the Vietnam thing,' 'the Chicago Trial,' et cetera. But most who have their 'shit together' know it is all and none of these.

The point to them is revolution, and it's a state of mind—not an event. Those who took to the streets did so for no particular reason, with no specific demands. Its just time to tear it down, they feel.

We arrived at 5:30 p. m. and sat on a grassy incline to watch the darkness come. By six there were about fifty people, and we waited for the sound of a bullhorn. No speeches, then or any other time. Small groups assembled and conversed quietly among themselves. One Black in a crewcut and leather jacket was asked about the board at his feet. "That's my walking stick, man . . .it keeps me walking."

At about 6:30, thirty people gathered around a sheriff's car with four officers huddled inside, and listened to one officer appeal to them to "hang it up before somebody gets hurt."

Also at this time the sheriff's department issued a warning that later turned into a curfew. "Anyone out on the streets between 6 p. m. and 6 a. m. will be subject to arrest for loitering."

"This is our park," said one with his feet planted. "They are not gonna tell me to leave."

By seven, there were a hundred people milling about—spoiling for a fight. "If only someone would provoke us," seemed to be the feeling.

At ten after, while most people were still scattered about the park area, a guy I went to high school with came up and started shouting:

"What are we waiting for people, let's get moving . . . .fuck the pigs."

He gathered some wood and paper and he and others started a fire on the Embarcadero. The crowd gathered on both sides of the street to watch the flames grow higher. Every couple of minutes someone would casually walk over to the remains of the Bank and bring back wood to feed the fire.

Seven thirty, and a fire truck arrived, meagerly staffed with one hesitant forty-five year-old fireman. My friend let fly with a rock and others shouted "pigs go home." He went.

By this time the prowl cars staffed three or four per car had stopped cruising the park, and stationed themselves a block or so away, surrounding Perfect Park. Finally cries of "get the pig" aroused ten or fifteen rock throwers and sent the prowl cars off at a screeching rate.

The mob swelled. By eight o'clock residents and tourists, high school and college kids watched the fire lick a caution sign.

"Come on, people," my high school buddy said, "and lets move into the streets."

The crowd swelled down Embarcadero, turning back cars, and chasing pigs along the way. Each time a squeal of tires and shouts of victory would accompany the hail of stones.

Now and then, a long hair would ride up on his vespa and announce, "The pigs are two blocks over," and about twenty longer-haired, scrubbier types would rush over to rout the patrol cars.

After two more of these forages, "Join us brothers and sisters, take to the streets."

A station of sorts was established at Embarcadero and Seville, about three blocks from Perfect Park. Large trash bins were rolled into the intersection, one filled with ammunition (rocks, that is), turned over and set afire. By eight thirty, the ever growing crowd was standing beneath an Enco sign and on both sides of a brightly burning barricade, listening to "Street Fighting Man" emanate from a nearby discount record store. Cheers went up and some began to dance.

An old Ford pickup arrived. Short hair leaned out. "Over in the parking lot of the University, pigs massing." Some wanted to stay, having heard rumors that a large number of police on foot and decked in riot gear were forming somewhere. Police helicopters were also flying overhead, frequently telling the crowd "to disperse," and shooting down beams of light in an effort to pinpoint the disturbances.

Despite the warnings, about a hundred people left and went to attack the parking lot.

We jogged the two blocks to the parking lot. My notebook was now flapping against my side, tucked in my coat pocket. I fingered a smooth, palm sized rock I had been given earlier.

UCSB VIOLENCE.....



Photo by J.M. Malloy

As we ran up the neatly planted embankment leading 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.

The cars were caught in the partly filled lot, and stalled each other at an island dividing intersection. We pounded them and retreated for more rocks, returned and began thumping them again.

Excitement mixed with shame: we were stoning the cops, it was like fucking your mother.

About ten patrol cars were caught and could not get out fast enough. One car came roaring up to the crowd, and was pelted badly before it could back away.

A few minutes later, rows of helmeted police marched down the street past a taco joint two blocks up and two blocks down from the barricade at Seville. About four hundred police menaced their way down Seville and were pummelled until they charged the demonstrators; we immediately broke and began to run for homes and apartments. About two blocks further away from the University the mob regrouped. There were now two different groups on parallel streets.

One person overturned a trash bin and tried to set it ablaze—when a thirty-five year-old woman came running out in slacks and seated herself atop it. "I live here and you are not going to set this on fire. What do you thing you're doing, anyway?"

"What about Vietnam, South Korea, Alabama?" implored a sandy haired demonstrator.

"It doesn't apply here," she said.

The fire was never started.

Ten o'clock and more tidings of police massings, another charge, demonstrators retreating and throwing rocks, police throwing them back, and regrouping. It went on like this until about 10:30, when a line of four sheriff's cars streaked down the street through the demonstrators, hitting one. He was bleeding badly and was carried into a nearby house. A short time later an ambulance arrived and took him away. "He's bad off," we heard. KCSB, UC Santa Barbara, radio station, later announced he was DOA, but later reports indicate he is still alive.

"Back to the revolution," someone said, and a counterattack was launched, driving the police back down to Embarcadero and Seville. Another attack by demonstrators, screams of "They're running away," ringing out, and the police yielding to Perfect Park. A third try, and they were driven back to the police command post where they began their march.

Our furthest penetration was the taco stand intersection, which we held for about ten minutes before being gassed.

The tear gas was both shot and dropped from low flying helicopters with their blinky red lights blazing.

A mosquito-copter came buzzing down, someone shouted "tear gas," and we pressed up against the layered brick wall of a five and dime, until it passed having dropped its gas filled bombs. We ran. Around the corner through a rutty field, one of the guys near me was hit on the foot by a cannister of gas, and another exploded on the roof above our heads.

Jubilant members of the crowd pressed further but were driven back by tear gas, both shot and dropped by helicopters. It was pepper gas, and by 11:30 the entire area was permeated by it.

It was also about this time our car was burned. We arrived in time to see the flames leaping and doing shadowy tricks on the inside of the glass, and a number of people in the process of overturning it. We explained who we were and one camera was found and returned. "Excuse me, said one Mexican as he wielded an iron hatchet-like instrument in an attempt to break out the back window, while we were still explaining our plight.

"Oh well, this is the revolution," said one.

"After all, it is a state car," another consoled.

I was suddenly struck by the ludicrousness of the situation, and carefully removing the credit card, threw the keys over my shoulder and walked away. The Chicano retrieved them as a souvenir.

We left a short time later; two girls took us out in a beat up VW that kept popping out of gear, explaining they were glad to do anything they could for the revolution.

Standing at the off ramp from 101 waiting for our ride to arrive and take us home, we observed green trucks with white stars on the door and blankets over the back, hiding, we were sure, dozens of menacing ex-football players.

"Well, the National Guard has arrived."

Editorial . . .

Cheap thrills up Santa Barbara way

"There is a big difference between believing something theoretically, and putting your beliefs into action . . .When I threw my first stone, it didn't feel like I thought it would feel . . .

I think that when the revolution comes, it will be led by high school students; they're the only ones with enough energy and enough ignorance . . .

Things like the Santa Barbara riots are going to be what's happening in this country for a long time. I'm just not sure now that I want to be part of it."

—comments by Santa Barbara rioter, February 1970.

At Santa Barbara, for the last few days, the inhabitants of a student ghetto have been rioting without apparent cause. The rioters have one significant and verspecific pressure on them: they are under intensive surveillance by the sheriff's department. There is also a less specific pressure, namely, the nastier aspects of American society as a whole. (Vietnam, the Chicago 7, etc.) The problem is to decide whether there is any intelligible reason for burning down the Bank of America, or for throwing stones at cops.

From a certain perspective, *no* such reason is needed. Revolution, it might be said, is a *state of mind*. One must be psychologically prepared to fight before one can even begin setting straight one's ideological justification for violence. The Santa Barbara rioters have feelings, and have taken action, and this is all that can be said with surety about that particular disturbance.

One suspects, though, that there is a peculiar weakness of mind inherent in what the rioters have done. They have created a very artificial, insulated kind of situation, where they can have radically different feelings about their lives than they had before. Also, they can have fun. (Being pursued by helicopters armed with teargas is just dangerous enough to be interesting. So is baiting Ronnie.) It is all pretty much in the tradition of the Boston Tea party—but not the more laudable on that account.

So the Santa Barbara riots were stupid and destructive; but, as might be guessed, we are not about to deny their significance. They embodied a species of violence in which lie the possibilities for a genuine revolution. The rioter understands the reasons for what he is doing in terms of having fun, or in terms of an Existential Committment, in which he makes the choice most tolerable to him. What one gets, ultimately, is action without dogma.

One gets also a drastic separation from reality. The rioter acts ambiguously as his own leader and as the member of a cohesive group. So he has the enjoyment of having made a committment, without the responsibility. This is an evil game to play, Cheap Thrills for most of the participants, death, often enough, for one or two. The man who was run over by a police car Thursday night is apparently still alive, but not by much. 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.

Letters to the editor

PE priorities

Editor:
The current policy of the Physical Education Department is to put UCR on the map and in the newspapers by developing an outstanding men's athletic program, with special attention to basketball and football. Indeed, this is a worthy goal, if one identifies with these activities. However, the intensified development of men's major sports jeopardizes all the other facets of the physical education program: theory classes, recreation, activity classes, women's athletics, and men's minor sports. Even the students who do not realize we have a Physical Education Department are affected by men's athletics. One third ($50,000) of student fee funds is alloted to men's athletics.

The policy of expanding men's major sports has a direct impact on the quality and content of theory and activity classes within the department. First of all, staff members are selected with priority given those who can coach a specific sport; secondary consideration is given to the ability or qualifications for teaching theory and activity classes. Since the department currently has a minor program and eventually hopes to develop a major, it seems logical that the program should include quality instruction in all areas of physical education, not just men's athletics.

The most overt result of the priority given men's athletics is the departmental disregard for the needs of women students. One third of the students enrolled in activity classes are women; one half of the PE minors are women; last year over three hundred women participated in intramural and intercollegiate events. There is only one full time woman staff member in the department; she has one parttime assistant. They coach seven women's intercollegiate sports, supervise the women's recreation, co-ed recreation and two co-ed intercollegiate teams. They also teach activity classes. [There are fourteen men employed fulltime on the staff and several parttime assistants. Other schools comparable to UCR have an average ratio of two men to every woman in staff proportionment.]

Aside from the fiscal implications of the staff proportionment, there is the problem of theory classes again. Women become PE minors primarily to teach women at the high school level; in the minor program offered by the department, there is very little, if any consideration given to the theory and development of women's athletics. The women minors find it difficult to reconcile the men's philosophy of teaching and coaching to the needs and philosophy of women's physical education. Specifically, women's athletics are concerned with the development of skills for recreation and amateur competition. The men's philosophy is geared toward the development of the superior athlete who competes on an expert level.

In the past years there have been two fulltime football coaches at UCR. Last quarter, a third fulltime football coach was hired. He was hired at the request of the chancellor to alleviate some racial misunderstandings between Black athletes and the coaching staff. With the unexpected resignation of Pete Kettela, the football staff is now back to what it was last year. Currently the department is seeking another football coach to bring the total once again to three.

It is my feeling that since the university is founded on the principle of educating students, the needs of students should be the primary consideration in formulating policies. Given that the conflict on the football team has been solved. I question the validity of the Physical Education Department's need to hire a third fulltime football coach. I feel the areas discussed above are more relevant to student needs than expanding the football program.

Carol Gilpin

A new pinko!

To the Editor:

Governor Reagan's action in bringing about a raise in University of California fees is at best irresponsible and at worst dangerous. It is just this type of self-serving behavior that gave me no alternative but to resign from the conservative Young Republicans.

State universities are created to provide a trained group of leaders capable of contributing to the general welfare. It is largely for this reason that legislatures finance them. Imposing excessive fees on students hurts not only the students, but also the general welfare. Who will suffer from a decline in the number of students at the University of California? California will.

Some people believe that they are striking a blow against communism by destroying the University. On the contrary, they are helping subvert their own and their children's way of life. The educational system provides the leaders of tomorrow. Should political leaders attack the University at every opportunity for petty political gain, or should they place the University and the State of California first?

Teddy Roosevelt wrote in 1900 that it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the interest involved in higher education or the importance ot considering them solely from the point of view of the general welfare of the state, without regard to political or partisan considerations. This holds true just as much today as it did 70 years ago.

California and its outstanding University deserve more than petty political tricks of the neo-demagogues of the far right and the far-left. As a Californian and a Progressive Republican, I must deplore both.

Richard Mulanax

You wish

To the Editor:

Although I receive more publicity in the *Highlander* than I need, perhaps you will give me a few more lines to correct a possibly misleading statement in the story on the Political Science Undergraduate Advisory Committee.

I did not say that "students are not qualified to give advice." I favor formal and informal arrangements by which students can provide advice and I was seeking such advice long before it became fashionable to do so. The point I tried to emphasize with your reporter was that undergraduate advice is only one input in a complex set of factors involved in making departmental policy suggestions.

Charles R. Adrian

Dum de dum dum

To the Editor:

The dum-dum bullet is indeed aptly named. What seems to be even dum-dum*mer*, however, is that the alternatives for stopping a man (woman or child?) "under such circumstances" finally resolves itself between .38 cal. mutilation by a hollow nose bullet or .38 cal. ventilation by a standard bullet, with the victim in either case usually dead-dead. How dum-dum can you get?

E.F. Higgins
Grad Student
English Department

Physics physics physics

An anonymous member of the Physics Department called up to point out an error in the article entitled "Women are scarce among UCR's faculty." If you counted up departments and women the implication was that there is only one woman on the faculty of the Physics department. In fact, said the caller, there are two women on the staff, "a sizeable percentage."

With this new information we recomputed the ratio of women to the total staff and found that he was right. The percentage of women in the Physics Department is 11.5%, which is 3.7% above the campus average.

a New College parody

Linda Coleman

The 20th century professional is a strictly educated specialist, lost in a language of his own, jaded to the glories of world culture. To insure the renaissance of Universal Man, and in response to the proposal for the New College, The Board of Thinkers submits this revised proposal for the Quasi-Ultimate Academic Campaign Kaleidoscope.

For the student who seeks knowledge, broadly but profoundly, The Thinkers propose rigorous exposure to the potpourri of academia. Our objectives are:

1) To train the sophisticated sage in all areas of thought worth thinking about.

2) To train the mind to constantly muse on what it means to be human, with the intent to cherish this trend of thought as a life style, as a means to no end.

Program

The four year curriculum in interdisciplinary studies is divided into four Areas of Concentration. A minimum of one course from each Area is required each quarter.

Areas

1. The Synthetic Idiom. The core course, with four elective emphases, (Philosophy, Science, History, Art), intends to instill the essences of the five general developmental modes of man (Philosophy, Science, History, Art, Literature-Language). As an illustration, the scientific approach consists of the study of:

The Science of Art
The Science of History
The Science of Philosophy
The Science of Literature-Language

2.Independent Intrigues. Under the tutelage of an advisory Thinker, the student will research a favorite tangent.

3.Polish. The complete intellectual image must be meticulously created. Courses in this Area include: 7A-7B-7C. Cultured Accents. Theory and types of important ways of sounding; vocal and bodily expression; intensive practice. 131A-131B-131C. Esoteric Quotes (all languages). Ancient-Classical; Apollonian-Dionysicc; Modern. Although the approach is historical, 131A is not prerequisite to 131B or 131C.

4.Intellectualism and Reductio ad Absurdum. Since unlimited exposure might result in mass neuroses, the problem remains: How to insure against simple ennui and/or angst and/or suicidal cynicism? Area four presumes to study the life styles of thinkers from Gilgamesh to Hoffer.

Degree

After four years of intensive study, the student will receive his B.S. in dilettantism.

NEW COLLEGE
still in Limbo

The faculty proposal for the New College was submitted to the Chancellor several weeks ago, but he has not as yet acted on it. Faculty members are pressing for a New College which would begin in the fall of this year, but the administration is still restive about having a "College" instead of a "Division of Undergraduate Studies." In the meantime, here are more ideas about the presumably upcoming College or Division . . .

Division one ...

Draft submitted for consideration by Ronald Chilcote, Political Science

Conditions for Division I of the New College: Division of Critical Studies:

(1) That faculty and students meet for a one-week period at the beginning and end of each academic year to discuss common concerns and agree upon and assess orientation of study for each year. That this orientation be subject to constant revision by the community of faculty and students. That the orientation be relevant to societal problems.

(2) That no structure be imposed at the outset. Rigor, critical thinking, dialogue, challenge will characterize the milieu, and that whatever structure and discipline does emerge will be determined by the full community of faculty and students. There will be no formal grades, with performance evaluated by faculty and students alike on a pass-fail basis with descriptive comments. There will be no departments, no formal committees (always on an ad-hoc basis and constituted by faculty and students). It would be hoped that eventually the two divisions of the New College be eliminated.

(3) Each student or group of students would be encouraged to submit a program of study, subject to approval of a review committee. Faculty and students in mutual consultation would be encouraged to develop programs of study, emphasizing essential foci. Such programs would avoid the establishment of a formal sequence of courses, prerequisites, and so forth. The program would include at any appropriate time some writing task based on research and inquiry which might be the consequence of exposure to library materials and/or community experience. Qualification for undertaking this major proposal would depend upon the development of certain tools (writing, techniqes of research, language or whatever might be necessary to carry out the investigation).

(4) While there will be a program oriented to the faculty-student concerns decided upon each year, a major emphasis of study will be upon tutorial effort (individual and small group). Both faculty and students will involve themselves in tutoring of others. Thus each year's orientation will be to a common theme and common study bringing together students of the division into plenary and seminar sessions; individual and small group study would spin off the common study emphasis.

Division two . . .

In the Chancellor's plan to forge several new colleges out of a single old one, New College would serve as the vital, otherwise missing fifth link.

While the division into disciplinary colleges strengthens the position of most departments and gives them greater flexibility, it poses special problems for a small group of recently established, somewhat experimental programs, which have been innovative enough to enter into symbiotic relationships with departments across the lines of the traditional disciplines. In plain English, while the traditional departments batten on the new colleges, the interdisciplinary programs may wither on the vine if their roots are transplanted into three separate areas. If forced to, each interdisciplinary program will seek out the shelter of a friendly disciplinary college, and then attempt to extend its reach across the college gap to former associates. But this will be hard. The colleges will by their very nature exert strong pressures on their constituent departments to develop a sense of disciplinary identity, and the small interdisciplinary programs will all too likely yield to these pressures.

What is needed to avoid such problems is a separate, unified entity: a Division of Interdisciplinary Studies within a friendly New College.

To begin with, Division II could consist of the Departments of Black Studies and the Committees on Latin-American Studies, Linguistics, Mexican-American Studies, and Religious Studies. All of these programs bridge the gap between the social sciences and the humanities, and some of them go further, into the biological and physical sciences. Like the "interrelated studies" envisioned for Division I, they have in common a concern for bridges, and a concern with the particularly intricate bureacratic and budgetary problems that come from building bridges, that is, sharing faculty and facilities with (and borrowing from) other colleges and departments. The Dean of New College, his staff, and the faculty would be united in determination to erect and maintain such bridges with other colleges, and would become skilled in the special bureacratic techniques bridge-building requires. This College would be the sole academic unit on campus dedicated to keeping the lines between colleges from becoming barriers—depending for its very existence on its ability to interrelate separated disciplines.

Division II of New College would be a natural home for other innovative programs that would cross the boundaries of the disciplinary colleges—area studies, ecology, pollution control, and the like. This is not to imply, however, that all experimental programs would belong in this Division or this College. The disciplinary colleges will undoubtedly sponsor innovative programs of their own. Interdisciplinary programs whose range is restricted to a single disciplinary college, such as Comparative Literature, might well prefer to remain within that college. But for a significant and growing number of programs, the division into traditional disciplinary areas simply will not work.

Once established, Division II, and probably New College as a whole, might find even more to unite its

Please turn to page 12.

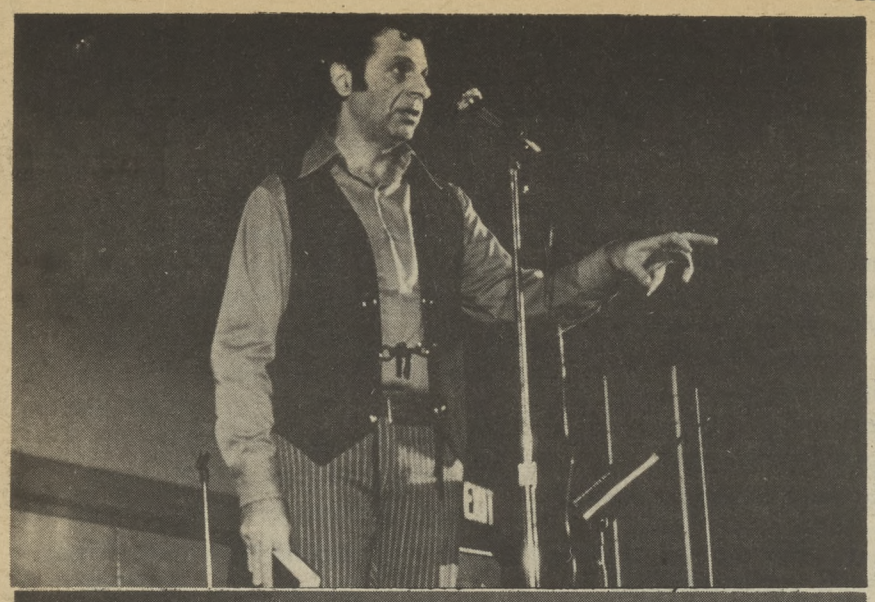


Photo by Bruce Henderson



Photo by Gaston

(Above) Mort Sahl entertaining last week. (Below) "The Trial" of Joseph K. (John Steffano) begins Wednesday, and will run through this Saturday.

In the UCR gym

Mort Sahl, free and easy

Mike McKibbin

Mort Sahl and the Sound of Feeling performed in the UCR Gym last Friday night, February 20. A crowd which half filled the gym turned up to greet him.

The Sound of Feeling was first up. They were seven people who really got it on musically. The vocals were excellent, with three part harmony on the part of the Andrice sisters, and organist Gary David. The medley they did from the Beatles "Abbey Road" album was a fine example of this.

Then, after a short intermission, Mort Sahl bounced on stage. One thing about Sahl. He had a TV show a few years ago, since eliminated because of what KTTV called insubordination. But Mort Sahl on TV is very different

On TV, Sahl is restrained and beep-beeped. On stage, Mort Sahl is free and uninhibited. If something is on his mind, he says it. He is indignant towards society and he lets everyone know it. As a matter of fact, nobody really escapes, as his apology ("If there's anyone here I haven't offended, I am sorry.") at the end of the show indicates.

Sahl's talk covered many topics. They ranged from the Chicago conspiracy trial (the constitution is being edited again in Chicago. Its law and order as opposed to justice), to Steve Allen as a representative of Hollywood's 'Left,' to ex-President Johnson (We'll miss him because he fit our fantasies), to Agnew (he's fitting our fantasies), to Nixon (He's either very benign or very malignant), to facists (they never win, but the problem is that when they go, they take everything with them), to the military whose decorations are impressive to a twelve year old, to society's desire that we don't look like Charles Manson, but rather like a good American—Lt Calley. And finally, to those two things which are characteristic of Mort Sahl—the Kennedy assasination and his famous chart.

Sahl is hung up on the Kennedy assasination. He has been for a long time. The only items he brought to this show were two volumes of the Warren Report. And nothing in that report escaped his scrutiny. Due to the tannic acid base used in making the volume covers, a warning reads 'Dangerous if swallowed." Sahl remarked on this irony in relation to the falsity of the report. To Sahl, the Warren Report is just a big joke. The only problem is that it could be a serious case of the government withholding the truth from the people.

Mort Sahl's most famous mechanism is the chart. This is his way of classifying everybody politically. This is the way that you find out that everybody is a right-wing social democrat, no matter what they say. **Please turn to page 12.**

George Hitchcock reading less than successful

Jim Hearne

Judging poetry readings is a risky business but any way you look at it George Hitchcock's appearance at UCR last week was not a success: there were not enough people and those who did come were considerably less enthusiastic if I remember correctly, than even the high school students he read for when he was here several years ago. In addition, there wasn't enough coffee for the few people who showed up. Of course, a dearth of coffee is not what 'makes a poetry reading bad, but it is one of the ways bad readings express themselves.

This is not supposed to reflect upon Hitchcock. He is an excellent reader and his poetry is entertaining, though a bit irresponsible with connotations. Probably most of the blame for the lack of success should lay with the audience. Hitchcock kept trying to get people to ask questions and a few did, though not enough to make any difference, so that the poet dismissed us after about an hour.

One of the more interesting events of the short evening was the appearance of Robert Peters, a former UCR Prof, now at Irvine, who collaborated with Hitchcock several years ago on a book of found poems. Hitchcock invited Dr. Peters to read one of the selections from the book entitled "Rats." Dr. Peters did read it well and it is probably the best in that particular collection.

As I said before the failure of the reading was not really Hitchcock 's responsibility. He is at least a reasonable poet, and an excellent reader and, incidentally, excells as the editor of a small poetry mag up north.

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Dirty Movies:



From Playboy

The Dubious Art

David Nelson

Until the recent crash liberalization of sexual attitudes, dirty movies ranked just below reruns of the old Gale Storm show on the list of things people wanted to see most. They were undesirable to everyone except tired old men in crumpled fedoras and smelly overcoats. Perusing the low-brow theatre advertisements in the newspapers was the closest anyone respectable came to viewing dirty movies.

But now, in the aftermath of the celebrated death of God, the *Pill, Playboy*, and Raquel Welch, morality has loosened considerably and the dirtier forms of entertainment are receiving the kind of attention they have never really warranted. Dirty movies, like the dirty novels of Harold Robbins and Jacqueline Suzanne and the dirty plays, *Oh! Calcutta!* and *Futz,* have proliferated in the present unrestrictive atmosphere. Dirty movies are everywhere.

Yet some horrified party-poopersdoubt the aesthetic validity of dirty films. Unfortunately, they misunderstood the methods, content, purposes and over-all effects of the various types of filthy cinema and this must be straightened out.

Dirty movies are films that either your morals or your mother will not allow you to see. They are not alike; even though sex is obviously their main subject and *raison d'etre*, they differ distinctly in tone (attitude of film maker to the subject), the type of audience to which they play, quality of photography, and plot. There are basically four types of dirty movies: stag, expose-art, nudie-cutie, and major production sexploitation.

The stag film. This is the most inferior type of filthy filmmaking. Because of its explicitness, the stag film is illegal (although this hinderance may soon disappear as it did for *I Am Curious-Yellow,* which was only slightly less revealing than a stag film) and, as a result, its circulation and audiences are limited. Stag films are usually shot on black and white, 8-millimeter film (16 mm is available) and are made at a 1:1 ratio--that is, for every one foot of film shot, one foot is used in the final movie. They are silent, so any dialogue (which is rare) appears printed between scenes, as in old-time silent flicks. They are always scratched from excessive use and are usually obtained through shifty acquaintances or connections at the local pornographic book shop. Los Angeles, appropriately, is the largest distributing center for stag films.

The format of the stag film is simple; there is usually no plot. A not-too-attractive couple merely copulate in every position possible within the four to eight minutes that the film runs. When there is a plot, it is minimal to avoid drawing attention away from the more important functions in the film. I think that the script of a stag film I saw last year at a bachelor party is fairly typical of stag drama.

Camera focuses on a man in a light sport coat with padded shoulders and wide lapels sitting on a flowered couch. His lips move. Printed dialogue: "I wish they'd get here with the money." A homely woman with bobbed hair enters. Man's lips move. Printed dialogue: "A woman!" Woman hands the man some money. Man grimaces, "Is that all? I ought to take the rest out of you!" Woman says unemotionally, "Why don't you?" Man ignores her, but she taunts him, "If you're man enough . . ." That does it and they strip for action.

Obviously, such simple action is deadening, intellectually and emotionally; there is nothing very stimulating or socially redeeming about this stuff. Even the most hopeless voyeur soon becomes bored watching these people run mindlessly, unpassionately through various Kama Sutra positions like trained dogs.

The expose-art film. This is just an artistic and legal step above the stag film. This type of film is usually found playing in your neighborhood Bowery Art Theatre. Ostensibly, the expose-art movie lets the viewer peep at previously unrevealed practices of our society. *Suburban Roulette, Sin in the Suburbs, Common Law Wife, Love Under Seance, and The Stewardesses* are admirable examples of expose-art cinema and its purported sexual muckraking. The 'Mondo' films (of which *Mondo Freudo* is my particular favorite) go on to expose the shady customs in foreign societies (i.e. the fertility rites of the Umgaru tribe in South America and the hideous activities of the tatoo parlors in the Paris slums).



The expose-art films are of higher technical quality than the stag films. They are usually shot on 16 mm color film at a 2:1 ratio, complete with scanty plot, tinny sound and washed-out photography. The acting, if it can be termed that, is properly atrocious. Interestingly, although not as low-budget as stag movies, the expose-art films are often too cheap to show actual nudity (it costs more to pay actresses to take off their clothes). In *Suburban Roulette,* for example, all sex scenes are hinted at rather than shown and the heroines's wardrobe is never reduced to anything less than a terry cloth bikini.

The factual information that these films spew out is preposterous, naturally enough. Who, for instance, are the Umgarus? And, as often as I have tried, I have never been able to find all that sin supposedly rampant in the suburbs.

The nudie-cuties. These films are the farthest removed from reality of the four types of dirty movies. They are little more than boyish sexual fantasies manifested on film. Until a few years ago, a typical nudie-cutie had plenty of big-busomed girls, one curiously inept hero, and not sexual contact. Inevitably the leading man was a short, dumpy clod who somehow was transported back in time into a harem or a tribe of suspiciously well-endowed squaws (no braves) or who somehow inherited 'magical' glasses or X-ray vision that let him see through female clothing.

Produced in the late 1950's by an able photographer named Russ Meyer, *The Immoral Mr. Teas* became the prototype nudie-cutie. It cost $24,000 to make, returned over a million dollars, and encouraged the spate of nudie-cutie production in the early sixties. The idea was incredible, but, with a public that tolerates television commercials and used car salesmen, it was a smash. Mr. Teas appeared as a pot-bellied sort of Every Man whose uncontrollable imagination undressed dental assistants and waitresses with abandon. Teas, after ogling naked girls for most of the film's hour and ten minutes, eventually becomes disturbed by his overactive imagination (moral scruples, undoubtedly) and goes to a psychiatrist who just happens to be a beautifully stacked little bunny herself. She too falls prey to Teas' imagination and, after that, he grudgingly accepts his unique power.

But nudie cuties have changed from that fantasy *Playboy*-on-screen approach. With the rising costs of production and increasing competition from films which contained just as much nudity and far more weighty subject matter, the nudie-cuties were forced into new territory. In the effort to get wider circulation in more reputable theatres for their movies, nudie-cutie filmmakers added various social themes to their scripts in order to justify the shoddy exploitation. Meyer's recent offering, *Vixen,* is an example of this new trend. Of course, the unkown forty-inch-plus busts are still standard and Meyer is still unrealistic enough to avoid showing pubic areas, but *Vixen* is nevertheless different from *The Immoral Mr. Teas.* There is sexual contact between good-looking people in this film and, in its eighty minute running time *Vixen* deals with draft evasion, nymphomania, racism, Communism, incest, marital infidelity, homosexuality, and plane hijacking (for good measure). The film, made for $76,000, is expected to gross $6 million.

Major production sexploitation. This is the big-time for dirty movies. With major studio backing, sexploitationists finally have the resources to exploit fully subjects such as the Marquis de Sade (in *De Sade*), classics like *Camille* and *Fanny Hill: Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (in *Camille 2000* and *Fanny Hill,* respectively), sexual egotism (in *Can Hieronymous Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?*) and socialism (in *I Am Curious-Yellow*). With the extra money, sexploitation film makers have dressed up (figuratively) their movies with excellent 35 mm photography, substantial plots, and fairly well-known people in starring roles; Jayne Mansfield, Mamie Van Doren, Carroll Baker (*How the West Was Won*), Anthony Newley (*Dr. Doolittle, The Roar of the Greasepaint, The Smell of the Crowd*), Keir Dullea (*David and Lisa, 2001: A Space Odyssey*), John Huston (*The Bible*), and Jean-Louis Trintignant (*A Man and A Woman*) have all appeared in major production sexploitations.

With such assets, the sexploitation movie is legitimate enough to be X-rated by the Motion Pictures Rating Board. While the content of these movies is just as trashy as that of the other types of dirty films, the rating lends the major production sexploitationer a dubious prestige. Dirty movie viewing has been officially sanctioned. No longer do morally upright patrons have to slink into Skid Row Theatres heads down, hats pulled low, and sit in remote corners to satiate their voyeuristic desires.

It is impossible to analyze dirty movies without saying something about their effect on 'community standards' and

Please turn to page 12.

Wilt Chamberlain: *Too much of an individual?*

John Tillinghast

Wilt Chamberlain has a thing about being an individual. It's earned him his career, and it's cost him a few fans.

But individualism doesn't just apply to Wilt the basketball superstar. It goes for Wilt the black athlete too.

"Black athletes have been exploited as spokesmen for a cause rather than being treated as individuals," said Chamberlain. "The black player has no special role in the black community."

"What a player feels is bound to show up on the court," he added, "but expression is an individual thing. When I'm on the court, I'm trying to do my best as an individual and a member of a team–that's my only role."

John Carlos, the sprinter whose clenched fist at the Mexico City Olympics raised a storm of controversy, has been labelled by some as a "new breed" spokesman for the black community. But for Chamberlain, the picture of Carlos has been distorted.

"John started something that he may not have wanted to get into," Wilt said. "It's not that our views conflict, only that his actions have been interpreted to mean something they weren't intended to."



"It's not fair to characterize the black athlete as a part of a larger whole or some cause. Athletics is an avenue of expression, but in the individual sense."

Chamberlain, who suffered a major knee injury early in the season, has recovered sufficiently to engage in a brisk game of volleyball now and then. But Laker team physician Dr. Frank Jobe is still being cautious.

"Wilt can jump as well as he did before the operation," Jobe said, "but we're still not sure about his ability to make the quick moves. We don't want to take any chances and risk re-injuring the knee."

"I don't know whether or not I'll be back for the playoffs," Chamberlain said, "but even if I am I won't be playing 100 percent."

"I want to get back to action now, " he continued, "but I have my career to think of. You always worry more about the present than you do the future."

Chamberlain has a quick retort to his being cast by the press as a hard player to work with. "You can't believe everything you read," the Stilt quipped.

"I've always enjoyed playing with the people I've worked with. I can't say I like it any better out here. I

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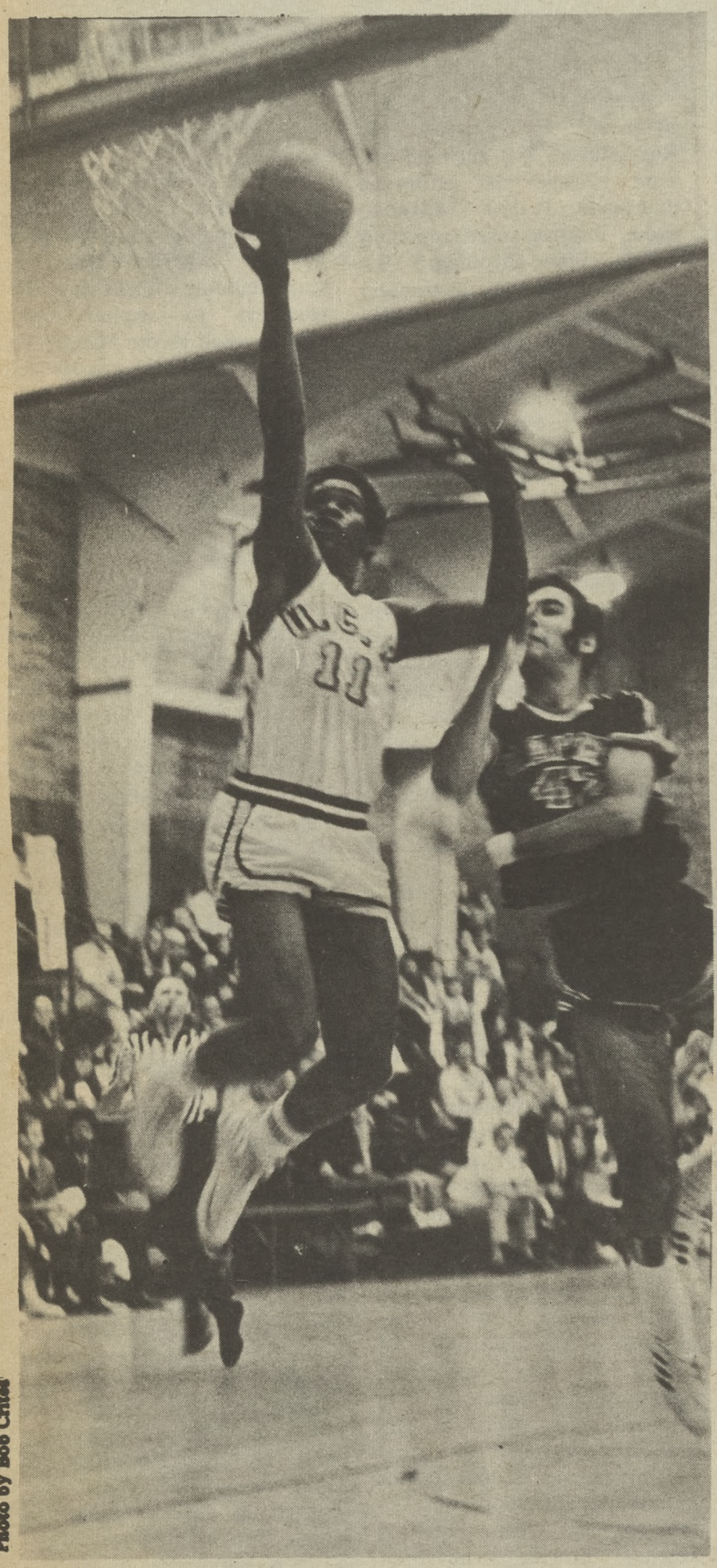


Photo by Bob Crites

Mike Washington in action against Chapman Tuesday. Tonight the Scots will clinch the league title as they will beat Cal Poly Pomona, 91-89.

SPORTS

Scots cream Chapman 94-75
Showdown at Pomona tonight

UCR squeaked by Cal Poly Pomona 93-91 Friday, in a pressurepacked slugfest for the CCAA league championship.

Sunday, UCR was named to the NCAA College Division Western Regionals this weekend in Tacoma Washington. UCR will draw Boise State in the first round of play Thursday at 7:00 PM.

Joe Jackson

The Highlander cagers closed out their home season Tuesday night by overwhelming Chapman College, 94-75. The game was marked by a first half which ranks among the worst of the season and a second which ranks among the best. The victory, which brought UCR's season record to 14-9, was the final tuneup for the CCAA showdown with Cal Poly Friday in Pomona; that game is doubly important, for a UCR win may bring the Highlanders an invitation to participate in the NCAA Far Western regional at Tacoma, Washington.

The first half was a sloppy affair in which the Highlanders continued the cold shooting habits which have vexed them in recent games; the team hit on only 15 of 43 attempts from the field, many shots coming from the extremities of the forecourt and finding no rebounders waiting to contest for the ball. On defense things were little better in the early going; the muscular Panthers drove well on Darrell Daniel and Randy Lance, and their gifted guard Martin broke away from both Mike Washington and center Howard Lee for several nifty layups. UCR put on a press for most of the game, but it was not until the second half that it began to reap dividends, forcing turnovers and making the visitors pick up the pace of their game.

In spite of these numerous errors, the Highlanders contrived to stay close throughout the opening period; in the first twenty minutes the game was tied eleven times and the lead changed hands on eight occasions. The closeness of the score was in large measure due to the persistence of Lee, who contributed in a variety of areas. Defensively, he completely shut out Martin, the opposing center, and had a hand in three steals, a rare virtue in a center; he pulled in eight rebounds, over a third of UCR's total, and in spite of being double-teamed on numerous occasions (the Panthers found they could sag off of Lance, who was icecold), was high scorer for the home team with 13.

In the second half, the Highlanders performed brilliantly. The game was last tied at 40-40 with about eighteen minutes left; at that point the clan went on a 16-4 tear which effectively put the game out of reach. Although the visitors once snuck to within seven at 58-51, a later spurt of 10-0 in a minute and one-half helped the Highlanders bulge their lead. The margin hit 27 points before coach Fred Goss cleared the bench.

The second half spurt was sustained through some of the clan's most effective marksmanship of the year coupled with disciplined pattern play and capable rebounding. As a team, the Highlanders shot 67% from the field in the half; the five starters–Washington (7 of 10), John Masi (2 of 2), Lee (6 of 8), Daniel (7 of 10), and Lance (4 of 5)–combined for a blistering 74.3%. In addition, Daniel contributed 13 second half rebounds, for a gameleading total of 15; this included two sensational near stuffs on missed free throws, both made possible by extremely quick moves to the basket.

Scoring was not so evenly divided as has been the case in earlier Highlander games. Lee led the way with 28, his second best total of the season; the consistent Washington added 23, and Daniel netted 22. Masi had a disappointing evening in his last home game as a Highlander; after receiving a standing ovation from the crowd and a fulsome paean from announcer Phil Blank, he was able to manage only eight points. A number of the twenty-foot jump shots which are Masi's stock-in-trade skipped tantalizingly around the rim but failed to drop. Lance picked up nine points, all in the second half, and Reggie Greene, slow in returning to form after a suspension of over a week, contributed four points.

Joe Jackson

Howard Lee:

'Gross, but he'll beat you every time.'

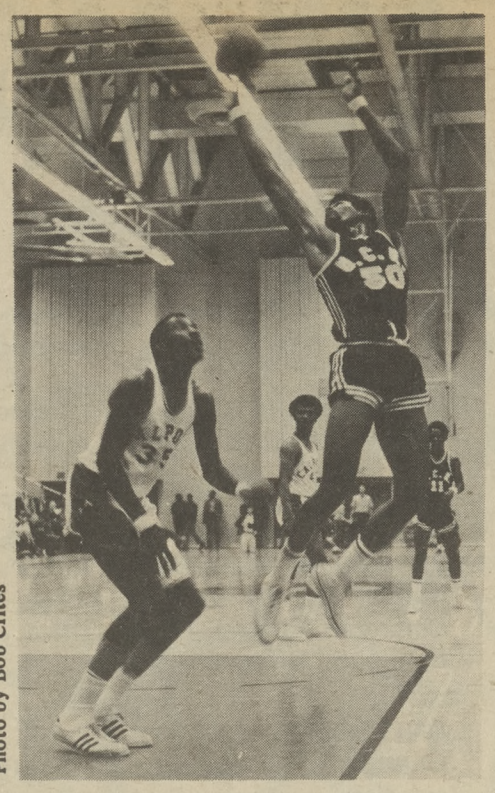


Photo by Bob Crites

Bill Mulligan, one of those happy J.C. coaches who will not have to face center Howard Lee again, assesses UCR's 6-6 center this way: "He's gross, but he'll beat you every time." Coach Fred Goss suggests one example of Lee's "grossness" in a play which the big sophomore made against Western Kentucky's vaunted Jim McDaniel early in the season. A long rebound came off the heel of the basket nearly to the free-throw line, where Lee and McDaniel both went up to get it. Lee tipped it from there—a tip without any softness, but one that whammed off the backboard straight into the basket.

That "wham" is going to be heard around the UCR gym for two more years, since San Bernardino's Lee is only nineteen years old. Already as a sophomore, he has been quite impressive—second leading scorer and leading rebounder on this year's team. Lee is averaging a shade over twenty points a game, second only to Mike Washington, who is flirting with the UCR single season scoring record held by Dick Barton; from the floor Lee has hit on 172 of 326 attempts, a 52.8% clip. The "grossness" Mulligan comments on has become more apparent in Lee's rebounding; as the season has advanced, he has become far more aggressive and mobile in his pursuit of errant shots. He has gathered in 277 rebounds overall, 12.6 per game, and has his best weekend of the season boardwise against UCI and CSF, when he totalled 36.

Apart from the statistical overview, Lee's floorplay generally has imprvoed since the earlier part of the season. Lee has good speed—he was a capable quarter miler at San Bernardino High School—and has learned in the course of the season to use it effectively as an offensive weapon. In the opening home game with USD, he seemed content to take the ball at his post position near the free-throw line and simply turn to put up a jump shot. He rarely tried the head fake and roll, a move which would allow him to beat a slightly slower opponent to the hoop for a better percentage shot. But under Goss' tutelage, Lee has worked on this playuntil it is now his most effective offensive weapon. As the shot totals show, Lee has a good jump shot, and is quite deadly from close range.

Lee was an All-CIF selection in basketball at San Bernardino High two years ago; he turned down a number of college offers to go to Valley College, and at the end of his first season chose to transfer to UCR—ignoring feelers from better-known basketball schools like USC, Nevada at Las Vegas, and Long Beach State. The transition between schools has not been altogether easy. First, there has been a continuing hassle about Lee's choosing not to play out his second year of eligibility at Valley; last week, coach Goss was not allowed to give a halftime interview on the floor at Valley, an event which gives some indication of remaining rancor.

Lee also found the transition to UCR difficult because it meant leaving behind a number of mates with whom he had been close for a long time. One of these friends is Sam Cash, Valley center who seems a good bet for an All-State J.C. berth. But Lee feels he has gradually adjusted to UCR, especially as the basketball team, for the most part made up of J.C. recruits like himself, has become a closer unit. Lee singles out as crucial in the development of team spirit Coach Goss' way of preparing the team for a game; the team is put up in a motel to relax and concentrate on the work of the evening ahead.

In spite of the impressive statistics which he has amassed in his sophomore season, Lee, who wants after graduation to teach and coach, isn't satisfied. Although before the UCI game he said, "I don't care if I don't score a point, so long as we win," he speaks disparagingly of his own consistency. "Twenty points and twelve rebounds a game are fine, but I'd like to break loose some time." Considering the effectiveness of a consistent Howard Lee, a game in which he broke loose would be slightly spectacular.

see Roxy.

"ROXY is a ripsnortingly tight outfit from Los Angeles. Live they are enormously exciting, running through fifties standards and their own own originals with unflagging energy and with a sound that for all its fast rippling instrumental tradeoffs is always absolutely clear."

Rolling Stone, Feb. 7, 1970

If you haven't seen ROXY during the last three months, your chance is coming. Thousands of other Southern California rock fans have; with Jethro Tull at Santa Monica, with Three Dog Night in Long Beach, with Eric Burdon at the Palladium, with Creedence Clearwater in San Diego, with Steve Miller in Santa Ana.

On March 9th and 10th ROXY is headlining the Whiskey a Go Go in Los Angeles just prior to a six week eastern tour. *But on March 6th, ROXY will be at the UCR Commons Cafeteria.*

Tickets: $1.50 advance, $2.00 at the door. Tickets available at Commons Desk, Betty's Records, Gillette's Records. Presented by Dollie Productions.

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MONDAY, MARCH 2:

BAND CONCERT: Sponsored by the Department of Music, Noon, Commons Plaza.

SOIL CHEMISTRY SEMINAR: Dr. James N. Pitts Jr., professor of chemistry, to discuss "Principles and Applications of Mass Spectrometry of Organic Compounds." 3 p.m., Geology 1100.

PLANT SCIENCE SEMINAR: "Fitness and Adaptation" to be discussed by (get this) Therapong Khananuraksa, the UCR horticultural science department's answer to Bob Richards. 4 p.m., Batchelor 2158. (Aha! Making fun of his name again!)

ENTOMOLOGY SEMINAR: Charles M. Lawrence, farm advisor of Humboldt County, to speak about "Biological Control Progress on Animal and Weed Pests in Humboldt County." 4 p.m., LS 1307.

WOMEN'S VARSITY BASKETBALL: UCR travels to Cal State, Fullerton for a 6:30 p.m. game.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURE SERIES: "Survey of American Antiques," program on collectors, collections and collecting today, to be coordinated by Dr. Robert B. Haas, head of the Department of Arts, Humanities and Social Sciences at UCLA University Extension. He haas the antiques, you pay the money—Credit course, $55; lecture series, $45. 7 p.m., Geology 1100. (You haave no heart!)

GERMAN HOUSE FILM: "Faust," part I directed by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. 7:30 p.m., LS 1500.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3:

ENVIRONMENT SCIENCES SEMINAR: Dr. Dennis R. Gere, group leader for Liquid Column Chromatography Applications, Varian Aerograph Corporation, to speak about "High Performance Liquid Column Chromatography." Noon, Geology 1100.

VARSITY BASEBALL: UCR travels to Cal State Long Beach for a 2:30 p.m. game.

SOILS AND PLANT NUTRITION SEMINAR: Toshiaki Kinjo, UCR graduate student, to speak about "Nitrate Absorption by Acid Soils." 4 p.m., Geology 1100. Cofffeeeeee at 3:45 p.m.

COLLEGIUM MUSICUM: Informal performances by various chamber music groups. 4:15 p.m., Hum 421.

ORGANIC CHEMISTRY SEMINAR: Graduate student Charles Kelly to discuss "The Chemistry of Learning and Memory." Something weird must be going on—you can pronounce both his name and the title of his lecture. 7:30 p.m., Pierce 3374.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4:

POETRY READING: Department of English presents Harvey Brody, 7:30 p.m., International Lounge.

RHA CABARET: Free to residence hall students, other students 25 cents. 7:30 p.m., Lothian Cafeteria.

DRAMA PRODUCTION: The UCR Deaprtment of Drama presents "The Trial," by Andre Gide and Jean-Louis Barrault, an adaptation of Kafka's novel. Admission: $2 general and $1 students; tickets available at University Commons Central Ticket Office and at the box office. 8:15 p.m., University Theatre.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURE: "Crises in the Ghetto" to be discussed by Dr. Douglas Glasgow, acting associate professor, School of Social Welfare at UCLA, guest speaker on "Helping People in a Crisis." Fee, $4.50. 7 p.m., Sproul 1102.

Dirty movies . . .

Continued from page 9

society at large. The social repercussions of dirty movies are difficult to determine, but surely, they are not as overwhelming as the Police department and the American Legion would make them seem. Dirty movies are such obvious trash that even the most delicate moral codes cannot be truly endangered. The only things most dirty films stimulate in impressionable audiences are yawns or chuckles. The only thing subversive or detrimental about diry movies is that they subvert all credibility and they have an adverse effect on insomnia.

The lessening number of panic-stricken Puritans who still decry this sort of thing focus on dirty movies as some of the prime sources for the collapse of American morality; dirty movies draw undue attention because they are more visible than dirty books and more accessible than dirty plays. But their effect is relatively small. In fact, as anyone who has seen one of these films knows, the greatest thing working against dirty movies is their own idiocy. If they are given enough time and are not made delectably foreboding by public restrictions, dirty films will fade out on their own merits.

WANT BIRTH CONTROL INFORMATION? Call Zero Population Growth freaks at 683-2119 for help.

PREGNANT? IF YOU need help and counseling, try these people: Connie at 684-8431, Sue at 683-0963, or Sharon at 686-4380.

THE YOUNG Democrats will hold an organizational meeting and present a speaker on Tuesday March 3 at 12 noon in Physics 2000. David Thoreau from the Unruh Campaign Headquarters in LA will be the speaker.

THE HIGHLANDER YOUNG REPUBLICANS CLUB [not to be confused with the Rough Riders] will hold a meeting Monday, second of March, in the South Lounge of the Commons at eight that evening.

STUDENT COMMITTEE on Undergraduate Mathematics (SCUM) will have an important meeting on March 2 in Sproul 2225 (math lab) at 3 p.m. All math majors please attend.

Chamberlain...

from page 10

live in California, and I dig the place, but the 76ers were a good team and I liked playing there, too."

Wilt had some words of praise for rival center Lew Alcindor of the Milwaukee Bucks. "For his size," Chamberlain said, "he's as coordinated and talented as anybody in the game."

At 7'1", Chamberlain isn't used to going against players taller than he. But the 7'5" Alcindor presents a formidable barrier. "The first thing I did when Alcindor came into the game was to let my hair grow longer," Chamberlain quipped.

Chamberlain comes across as anything but the ill-tempered, haughty player that the national press has branded him. He is witty and articulate, with a surprising air of openness.

But that's not Chamberlain the basketball player. Anybody who saw last year's final playoff game against the Celtics couldn't help but come away with the impression that it was Wilt that sabotaged the ship.

Perhaps the secret lies in Wilt's own words. The bridge that lies between Chamberlain on the court and Chamberlain as a man can be best described by his philosophy—"I'm an individual."

SPECIAL NOTE TO BANK OF AMERICA: Hi Bank. Guess you got yours, huh?Only one thing. There is a difference, not only in spelling, but in meaning, between the words revolutionary *jester* and revolutionary *gesture*. Myself, I think its nice to know that even Bank executives make grammatical mistakes, but that does not excuse you from the sin of handling all that *turpe lucrum*.

HELP MAKE POETRY UCR THE ABSURDITY IT ALREADY IS. Submissions may be left in the box in the Highlander Office. [Typesetters note: Whose box? Clarity is the essence of the *Highlander!*]

THE SCULPTURE OF MATISSE is the subject of a lecture, being presented by one Professor Albert Elsen of Stanford University, on Thursday night, March 5th at 8:15 Watkins 1000

New College

from 7 members than shared administrative problems. The faculty of Division II might offer joint courses in the methodology of interdisciplinary studies, in the rationale for them, and in the special techniques involved in integrating the findings of traditionally disparate fields. Common requirements for undergraduates in the Division would emphasize, if anything, flexibility and broad-ranging study. The methodology course might be required, as well as a major. Graduate programs would also be offered as appropriate. Both undergraduate and graduate progrmas would often involve a student with a double major in two fields, his field in the New College and a related field in one of the traditional disciplines. Just as New College would bridge inter-college boundaries, it would make light of intra-college boundaries as well. Establishing two Divisions within the College enables each Division to maintain its distinctive approach, while permitting New College as a whole to display a fine synthesis of approaches to interdisciplinary and interrelated studies.

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AIR CONDITIONERS 8,000 and 11,500 BTUs $100 and $125; protable dishwasher $50; walnut table desk $30; round teak table, 6 chairs $175; Danish couch, makes double bed $125; 2 modern chairs for $15. '65 Honda 160 C.B. $190; helmet, alrge $10; 2 file cabinets $15; portable typewriter, Smith-Corona $20; speaker $5; Baby items, reasonable; rocker $5; Corning elec. coffee pot $15. Toaster $5. Instamatic camera $6. 682-3083.

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TRAVEL

8TH SUCCESSFUL EUROPE Charters. Spring-Summer-Fall from San Francisco roundtrips for $275, one-ways to London for $99. SPRING IN ACAPULCO, MEXICO March 20 April 4 only $112. UCNA CHARTERS (415) 845-7800, 2119 Addison St. Berkeley.

TYPING

PAPERS TYPED only 50 cents/page. Call 688-3289 after 6.

PERSONALS

Zaller has cancelled next week in order to rest. Life will presumably resume on March 9, 1970. Be there or be square.

You're cute, Ralph—Rosie.

CRASS—HAPPY Birthday (29 more to go).

* * *

Students now enrolled at UCR who plan to continue in the Spring Quarter will find it greatly to their advantage to preregister by mail. Students who register by mail (1) avoid lines, (2) gain priority in class enrollment, and (3) extend their quarter break until classes begin.

The following steps must be followed:

(1) Pick up at the Registrar's Office between February 24 and March 20, a Schedule and Directory and a registration packet containing your prepunched cards and complete instructions for preregistering.

(2) File completed packets in Registrar's Office between February 24 and March 20, in accordance with instructions. If packet is picked up and not used for preregistration by mail, it must be retained by student for registration in person Tuesday, March 31. There is a charge for replacemnt of lost or mutilated cards. A $10.00 Late Registration Fee will be charged after March 31.

Sahl . . . .

from page 8

It was surprising that more people did not show up to see Mort Sahl. Rusty Henry, one of the promoters, said that the show received stiff competition from 'the Birthday Party' which sold out. Also, she said, many of the younger students coming into UCR might not remember Mort Sahl. This is understandable since Sahl has not received much publicity since his TV show was cancelled. But its still a shame, since Sahl identifies with this generation and its problems.