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Harris
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Cook

"anyone who says I am JUST anything is wrong. I am a writer, an artist, a teacher."

The speaker is pacing around a small room. He stops, turns, and firmly plants his feet. He is a short man and has dark curly hair noticably greying at the fringes. His nose is wide, flat, and appears to have been broken. He juts out his chin, and his stance is that of a little guy ready to take on all comers. His teeth clamp down on a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth. But beyond the stogie and the mean stance, there is a trace of a smile.

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What Is This Man Doing

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Number One GOLDEN GATER Jan 1964

INSERT

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EDITORIAL

INSERT is produced by the staff of the Golden Gater as a supplement to the regular paper. Its scope includes anything that interests students. Its purpose is to communicate interestingly and effectively. Its objective is to give as penetrating a view as is possible.

For instance, take the lead story in this issue. Here a noteworthy but seldom-interviewed author tells what's on his mind, in no uncertain terms. Later, another professor takes time off a busy schedule to give tips on how not to be a damned fool.

Across our center spread a student marijuana user is interviewed. With all the current talk in publications about the increasing use of narcotics and drugs by so-called "intellectuals", our story becomes a most revealing document. To get it, we made a deal. We agreed to publish exactly what the student user said, with no comment in the story. The student user guaranteed us he would reveal the "mystique" of how intellectually beneficial marijuana can be. (In addition to his experience, he has a library jammed full of books, articles and clippings all boosting the use of drugs, dope, etc.) He read the interview (which took two days) after it was written and agreed this was exactly what he said. Reading the article carefully gives some extraordinary insights. The mystique is indeed stripped away and the picture that emerges is frightening. For the person who sees life through a cloud of marijuana smoke, the face behind every other textbook becomes that of a user, and the world has no more meaning than comparative apples.

On the lighter side, an interesting (and refreshing) view of students is presented on page 8. And there's a different kind of photo quiz on page 18.

Throughout INSERT you'll meet people, from white-haired gent who enjoys giving of himself for students' enjoyment, to a fellow named "Forktongue," to students who stand out.

This is INSERT. We hope you enjoy it. Our special thanks to the journalism department — the Drs. Young, Geiber and Werthimer — which provides the freedom for ideas for an experimental project like INSERT. It should be noted that the professors neither edited nor chose the copy herein.

JIM MILDON, Editor

INSERT

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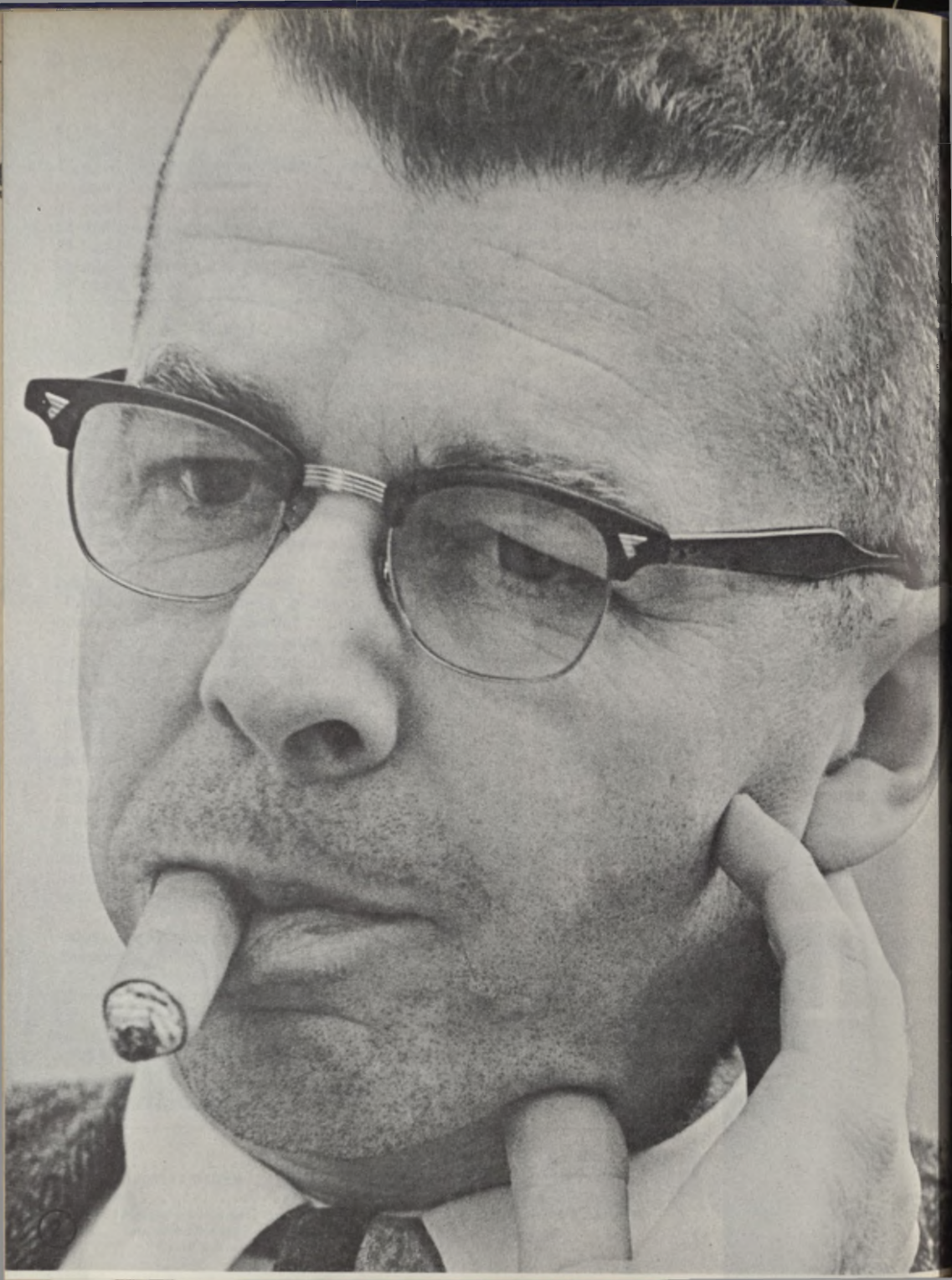

THE MARK of HARRIS

by STEVE COOK

"Anyone who says I am JUST anything is wrong. I am a writer, an artist, a teacher ..."

The speaker is pacing a small room. He stops, turns, and firmly plants his feet. He is a short man and has dark curly hair, noticeably greying at the fringes. His nose is broad, flat, and appears to have been broken. He juts out his chin, and his stance is that of the little guy ready to take on all comers. His teeth clamp down on a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth. But beyond the stogie and the mean stance, there is a trace of a smile.

The man is Mark Harris; he is everything he claims to be, and when telling you what he is, he will most likely leave nothing out.

An Associate Professor of English at SF State since 1954, Harris is probably the most published member of the faculty. He is so published that he considers it necessary to run off a dittoed bibliography of his works each year and distribute it to the faculty.

Listed in this bibliography are seven novels, three short stories, two long, non-fiction works, one play, eighteen essays and reviews and over fifty magazine articles. The most notable novels are "The Southpaw", "Bang the Drum Slowly", "Something About a Soldier", and "Wake Up Stupid". His only play, "Friedman & Son", was produced by The Actor's Workshop in 1962.

In this same bibliography is also a clue that, despite his apparent literary success, Mark Harris isn't satisfied with his lot — that he means to soar to greater heights.

"Mark Harris," he says, "was born November 19, 1922, at Mount Vernon, N. Y., the day after the death of Proust."

Harris admires Proust. He teaches a class about him. He is fond of quoting him and he indirectly compares himself to him.

Leaning back in the swivel chair in his office, the cigar still held firmly in the corner of his mouth, Harris looks out the window, his eyes glaze, and he says:

"Proust once said 'Work. Become famous.' I want to become famous, and I want it to be the type of fame that lasts over a long period of time in the minds of discriminating people. I want it to be a qualitative fame, not quantitative."

But this isn't to indicate that Harris is more interested in fame than writing.

"I want to create a work that will outlive me," he says, "and the only way to do that is to write as well as I possibly can."

When Harris tells you why he likes to write, he does it in the tone of a man explaining why he likes to make love to a woman. The glint in his eyes softens a bit, he lowers his voice and his hands caress the air.

"I enjoy the process of writing — the making, the shaping of something. I get satisfaction from seeing the form achieved. I suppose it could be compared to sculpture. In a way it's like conquering something."

Harris is an unhappy man when he isn't writing. He is now in between books. Ask him if he's taking a bit of a vacation and his face drops. He jerks the cigar out of his mouth, stabs it through the air at you and snaps:

"I hate vacations. I wish I could write all the time, but I just can't get started on another book right away. If I'm writing, then everything goes better for me. Everything becomes secondary to my writing, but I do a better job at it anyway. Some people aren't happy unless they're in love. Instead of love, I have my writing."

Harris is a writer first, a teacher second. If he were a wealthy man, he would probably spend all of his working hours behind a typewriter. But that's not the case.

"People seem to have the idea that writers are very rich," he says, "but that's just not true — or at least not in my case. I've always had to have the other job . . ."

If teaching doesn't come first for Harris, he is thankful for the job. He teaches an average of three classes a semester. This supplements his income and he doesn't have to write for a living. He would not like to do this.

"A lot of people who go into writing are trapped," he says, "They have to make a living at it. I always advise my creative writing students to get an outside income — teach or have a rich uncle. They have to work too fast to

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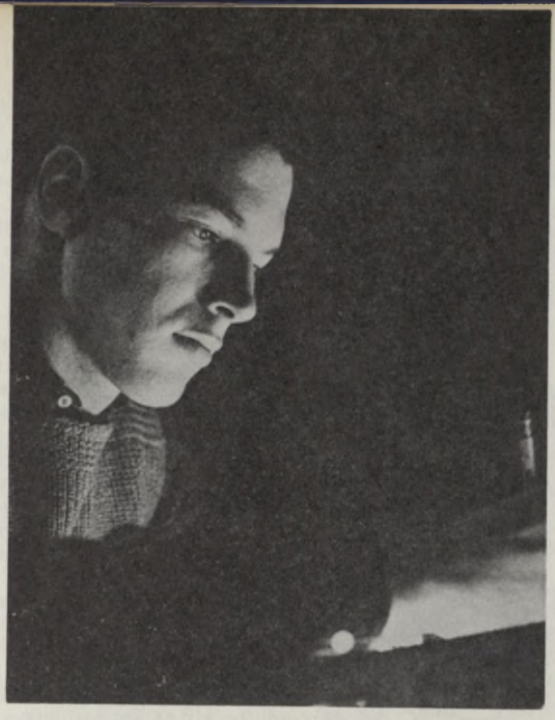
John Seaman Faces the



became fascinated with the Middle Ages when h found some of his ancestors were Crusader This interest led him to trying his hand at copy ing records, maps and drawings from that perio He started with pencil, went to pen, moved rapidly to copying with ink close in formula what monks used on the original documents. No Seaman copies elaborately complex figures, draw ings and text onto synthetic parchment, is workin on a way to artificially age his reproductions which take from four to twenty hours to mak A junior in social science, Seaman will go for Master's degree upon graduation, wants to teac college level Medieval history. Of his hobby, h says: "I hope to sell some things later, but even if I don't I will have learned something about lif in the Middle Ages I couldn't have learned an other way."

He copied his name above as a sample of h work.

CROWD...

Eric Cheney was 14 when he saw several mobiles hanging in a San Fernando furniture store. Something clicked. He went home, drew some plans, made several mobiles of his own. He showed the furniture store manager, who immediately began carrying them as regular items for sale. Now 20, Eric has sold more than 800 mobiles in major cities which include Munich, Stuttgart and Berlin, Germany; Paris, France; and Boston, New York, Madison, Palm Springs, Hollywood, and San Francisco.

Eric has developed more than 100 basic designs. Each balances perfectly, moves in the slightest air current to give a new design with each turn. He uses bright thread, dowels, fishing sinkers, metal tubing plus a minimum of ten hours' careful work to create a single mobile. Each sells for from $5 to $38.

Cheney was born in Brisbane, Australia, has traveled all over the world. He attended high school and the university at Munich, Germany, and speaks fluent German. He has blue eyes, sandy hair with beard to match, and puffs furiously on a pipe when concentrating. He will have a one-man mobile show in the Gallery Lounge this semester.

. . . FACES

Wally Levalley leads the dual life of serious student and man about town. Four nights a week he hits most of the major San Francisco nightspots: Bimbo's, Facks, the Black Cat, the Venetian Room, Finocchio's, etc. That's his job.

Wally is the top escort for Garry Tours. He shows tourists at least four nightclubs and many points of the city every work night. He speaks rapidly and gestures constantly.

"This job really swings," he says of his work. "You give the right pitch and everyone enjoys himself, me included."

Wally is 26, a B-average student, now going for a Master's degree in English literature. He hits the books during the day, gets extra study time while his tourist groups watch club shows.

"When I graduate," he says, "I want to teach in high school or junior college. I want my kids to really swing, to have the intuition and be able to express themselves freely. There is a little poet in each man."

Portrait of a Patron

BY TOM CARTER

A balding gray-haired man in his sixties and his wife each work a 40-hour week in the basement of the SF State library. But they've never been paid a cent by the college.

The man is Frank V. de Bellis who retired in 1941 — and then went to work.

For de Bellis, work is a love's labor of providing Italian culture for the Bay Area, with the emphasis on SF State. A former real estate businessman, de Bellis has contributed music scholarships, concerts, lectures, an archaeological collection, and now his 10,000 volume library.

In a quiet, secluded room in the western section of the library he and his wife index and catalogue the 18 truckloads of books that so far have been brought by movers from his downtown office.

When at work at the library, de Bellis looks like a businessman. His eyes are clear and there is a dignified, warm calmness about him. On this day he wore a conservative blue suit. His wife was busy at a desk at the far end of the room. He sat at a table to talk.

"The downtown newspapers have asked me before about my library's value. I don't like to put a dollar sign on it, though I imagine the students would like to be impressed with a figure. One writer said it was worth a half a million dollars, but he got that figure out of thin air. I've never said anything about how much it's worth.

"I was approached by many colleges for this collection, but it belongs here. At the time I made my decision, Chancellor Dumke was president here. We've been friends for years, and I like his thinking. He was responsible for my decision."

He rested his elbows on the table. His hands have a youthful quality of rough sensitivity. He explained his interest in the arts.

"When I started my so-called 'retirement' in 1941, I began to read quite a bit. I would get a book from the library on Italian art, and after finishing it, I would come to all the references. I went to the references and read them too. There were more and I read those."

He stroked his chin. His white shirt cuffs were lightly starched, well worn, almost frayed.

"I also began collecting phonograph records, and I studied the composers. The more I read, the more interested I got."

De Bellis also delved into sculpture and archaeology. The SF State library's first floor houses 356 Etruscan archaeological artifacts donated by him three years ago.

"I had to work a kind of deal for that collection. Most countries don't let go of their artifacts, seldom do they even loan. Through an excellent opportunity, I bought a pre-Columbian collection of American artifacts and gave it to the Italian government. In return, they gave me the Etruscan collection."

On the table were mounds of manilla envelopes. He opened the one nearest him and spread out the contents. There were dozens of reviews from Bay Area newspapers, several were mimeographed on one of many 8-1/2x11 sheets. Reviews of art exhibits, concerts and lectures given on the SF State, San Jose, Dominican, Mills and Berkeley campuses; cultural events at the Veterans Auditorium and the Marines Theater -- all donated by Frank V. de Bellis.

He opened another envelope and thumbed through scores of programs, all beautifully designed. The gold borders, like intricate picture frames, consisted of cherubs linked by olive branches. De Bellis had designed them.

"You see," he said pointing to the caption "Free Admission" appearing on each program, "always this. I love to do this."

He selected a program with a sketch of a bearded Italian on the cover. "Not many people have heard of this poet of the late 15th century. I sponsored a lecture at the Marines Theater, and the place was filled. I'm not afraid of people not coming," he said smiling.

Last summer de Bellis talked with Professor William Ward, chairman of the music department, to encourage a tribute in honor of Italian composer Guiseppe Verdi's 150th birthdate. The department made plans but ran into financial difficulties. De Bellis helped the project out by furnishing the programs and four professional soloists, which were hand-picked by the music department.

"The day of the tragedy, the faculty and I had the same idea."

On November 23, Verdi's Requiem Mass was dedicated in memoriam to the late President John F. Kennedy and was performed and televised in the Main Auditorium.

De Bellis got up from his chair. The thin web of nostalgia was suddenly swept away from him. Appearing fresh and well groomed after his 8-hour work day, he was restless. "Let's not talk about the past. Let's talk about now, today, and tomorrow."

Though his schedule belies his professed "retirement," there is no indication that the patron's activities will diminish in the future. He admitted working harder now than ever before.

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Images at the

BY REED NESSEL

The SF State student represents many things to many people. To Muni workers he's a complaint, to local merchants he's a "no sale," to nearby residents he's a car in the driveway or a set of footprints on the lawn.

But to Frank Billa, the SF State student presents a more pleasant, perhaps more glowing image.

Frank tends bar at the nearby Lake Merced Lodge. In addition, he is a combination wailing wall, advisor, and confidant to a clientele which is about 65 per cent SF State students.

His view of students is radically different. He describes them in tones of ringing respect and affection seldom heard inside a dean's office. In short, the way he sees it, the SF State student can do no wrong.

"You've got to respect them," he says. "They're willing to go to college, getting little money from home. Most of the ones I've met have jobs — it takes a lot of intestinal fortitude, believe me."

Frank is 47, has a ruddy complexion and black, curly hair. He has a short stocky build, and smiles easily when he speaks. Of course, that's not often. For like most bartenders, Frank does a lot of listening.

During a recent visit to the Lodge, Frank described what he hears and sees. The Lodge is dimly lit with a long bar running down one side, a brick fireplace with chairs and a couch circling it, opposite.

"You'd be amazed at some of the things people talk about in here," he said, chuckling.

He started to recount a tale of intrigue played out in the bar, then caught himself, as if remembering the bartender's equivalent of the Hippocratic oath. He shook his head. "You'd be surprised," he repeated.

Unlike most bartenders, however, Frank says he enjoys manning the listening post.

"They're good kids," he said. "When some of them want to talk over problems I consider it an honor. Of course most of the time the problems are pretty minor, but they seem big. All they need is someone to give them a little assurance," he said, and shrugged his shoulders. "I enjoy it."

Frank has worked at the Lodge a year and a half, though he had many opportunities to leave.

"It's our clientele that makes staying worthwhile," he said, ". . . much better than average."

In return for quick service and a ready ear Frank gets a fiercely loyal breed of customer.

"I get Christmas cards from all over the world from former students who remember me," he said. "Some of them are in the peace corps, others in the Army or just on vacation."

An incident which still chokes the muscular bartender up occurred last year.

"I had mentioned to somebody way last summer when my birthday was. Well, I came to work and there were two cakes on the back bar, and then everybody came busting in." He put his thick

watering hole

rms on the bar and shook his head slowly. "They ave me two sweatshirts from SF State and a foot- all autographed by all the 49ers."

A few students who irk him are the ones who hout across the mahogany, "Where are all the irls?"

"They're the ones you never see with girls," e said, and waved his hand disgustedly. "They'd ever say a word to a girl unless they had a cer- ain amount to drink." He grinned. "Half of those uys are just conning each other, anyhow. If a irl came up and touched one he'd probably jump ver the bar at me."

In the course of his duties, Frank has latched onto more inside tips on the real operation of the college than an upper-division fraternity man.

"The students talk a lot about professors when they come in." he said. "Also about snap courses and who's on the ball and who isn't. I guess by now I could probably be an advisor at the college with what I've picked up "

Frank shifted on his stool and leaned forward. His brow furrowed.

"You know, I've learned a lot from those students. It gives you faith in what the next generation is going to be like." He searched a little for the words, then said, "I'll tell you how much I think of them. I've got two children of my own, and I hope that they can be like some of the people I've met in here."

AL DALE -- *Swinging*

BY GEOFFREY LINK

Space age students often search in vain for 20th Century guidance — someone who knows what it means to live in an automated world of push-button death, exploding population, and social revolution. All too often, what leadership they find available is lodged behind a desk counseling a "not now" line. About the last place they expect to find any moral guidance is on the front lines of a protest rally or picket.

Not so at SF State.

SF State students have Reverend Alfred Dale, 37 year-old Methodist Campus Pastor. While the Wesley Student Fellowship he heads is small, the crew-cut clergymen's influence is large. He knows what makes students tick, and is sensitive to their problems and interests. They know they can rely on him, that he is willing to share any fight on their agenda. Like last May when 300 students trekked from SF State to a vacant lot on Fillmore Street.

They sang, waved signs, and chanted "We shall not be moved," loudly protesting racial strife in Birmingham and Negro inequality in America.

Then the mustached minister stepped in the center of the gathering. He raised his hands and silence swept over the crowd. He began to pray. Heads bowed and eyes became misty as he spoke: "Let the life, love, and justice of our participation sink into our bones and our spirit ... May we respond with the totality of our whole life."

The free-wheeling, liberal cleric responds in the interest of students and social justice with everything he's got. He is quick to support a minority cause, and has "starred" in several local TV newsreels with protest sign in hand. He answers roll in a number of groups, including: NAACP, American Civil Liberties Union, the unofficial Methodist Federation for Social Action, and the National Academy of Social Workers. He is also Campus Pastor for UC Medical Center, and is trying to start a Methodist group at City College.

He believes students should respond too.

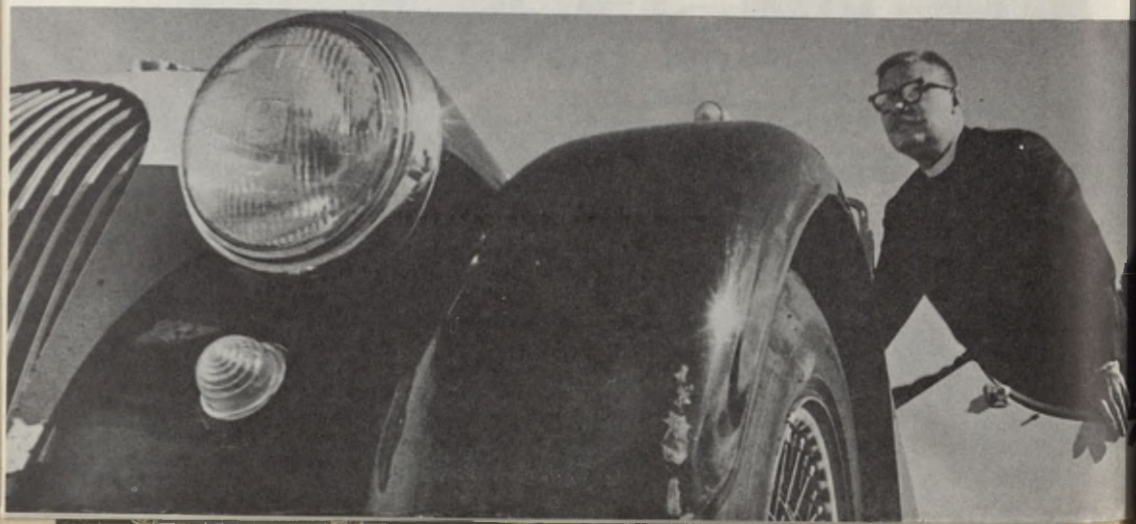
"I get really excited when students commit themselves to something besides their own navels," he says. He finds fewer umbilical-minded students at SF State than any college west of the University of Chicago.

"Many students here are scholars struggling for maturity, not just Joe Colleges learning a white collar trade," he says. "At times they demand more than their teachers are prepared to give." His only demand is that they learn to think for themselves.

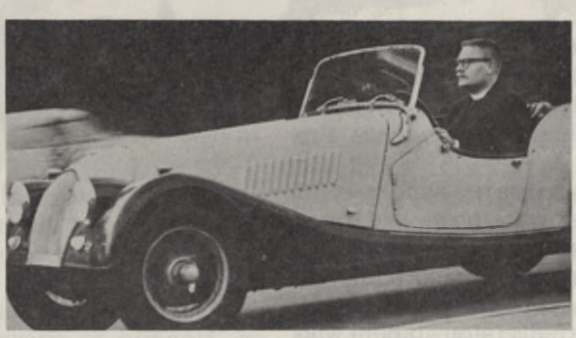
Rev. Dale is less concerned with proselytizing than many professors who, as he says, "are trying to make little artists, physicists, and anthropologists" of the students.

"Al Dale is no fuzzy-headed religious idealist. He's a good man seriously concerned about the welfare of the students," a faculty member said.

He is concerned enough to point out their mistakes, hoping they will listen and add to what he has discovered as SF State's most engaging feature — "its truly open and free academic atmos-



Rebel of Soulsville



phere" — which he finds lacking in the education department.

"I don't see future teachers seriously question the basic assumptions of the educational system, or the philosophy of their own education," Rev. Dale says. "Maybe this is because I'm not intimately involved in their program; or there are no significant issues in education; or maybe prospective teachers are basically 'chicken' ... I hope not."

Once Rev. Dale starts criticizing where he wants improvement, he does a thorough job.

"Future teachers are obsessed with being professionals. They aren't passionate for freedom and maturity of the minds and hearts of the children assigned to them. Many believe the School Board is some beautiful, good, benevolent grandfather or Big Daddy. They have no concept of the tremendous responsibility for freedom in their classrooms the Board has. They see their future as servants of the establishment."

Rev. Dale is not merely a gadfly idly nipping at the heels of education majors. He wants action. And he practices what he preaches. His extracurricular activities in the interest of social justice have gotten him into trouble with the Army Intelligence Corps, which considers him subversive.

"They found out I'm a dirty guy," he says.

The liberal cleric is guilty of: twice protesting, in 1961, the treatment of Methodist ministers in Angola, Africa; speaking against HUAC last spring in Union Square for harassing Methodist clergy; and leading a demonstration against unloading cargo here from a South African ship when that country was censured by the UN for its segregation policy.

He signed two petitions, one for clemency for Morton Sobell, accomplice of atom-bomb spies Ethel and Julius Rosenberg; and one for a moratorium on the deportation of naturalized citizens. And for belonging to the MFSA, listed as subversive by HUAC.

His excuse? "I'm a Christian and a minister."

These activities worried his Army superiors. His religious services at the Presidio, where he is First Lieutenant Chaplain in the Reserves, were monitored. His change of date application for summer training was consistently lost until it was too late and he could only be a standby chaplain He had to apply for security clearance, involving questions which "appeared to be worded so that any answer I gave would be damning." The final blow came when he was told to shave his goatee, leaving his face naked except for a red handlebar mustache.

Rev. Dale is always in the midst of controversial issues because he wants to see everyone get a fair shake, a primary Christian principle. "Al Dale isn't concerned with playing to the gallery," the head of one department said. "To him, Christianity isn't in a vacuum ... it has to be operational." The vigorous preacher has been demonstrating since his college days, picketing for CORE and lobbying for legislation — activities not always taken kindly to.

On other campuses people are shocked at his activities ... "like it can't happen here," he says

(continued on page 21)

MARIJUANA

(NOTE: See editorial, page 1)

"It's just unbelievable — the number of people at school who know about marijuana ... nearly half the students I'm acquainted with.

"I'm certain there are hundreds of people on campus who have had drug experiences. Some pretty regularly. Every time I turn around I find someone else who has. They talk about it freely."

An SF State upper division student who has been smoking marijuana for two and a half of his three years here said this. He has broad facial features, is about medium height and speaks slowly. He admits he doesn't know large numbers of people on campus, but feels confident that his circle of friends is roughly representative of the whole student body.

"I see people here all the time who are obviously high," he said.

He would not comment on the reasons his friends take marijuana, but described his own experience this way:

"It's very enjoyable. Sometimes when I'm blowing pot I feel like I've got the I.Q. of a genius. I'm trying to see the world as great artists see it."

He said that marijuana "frees you of what culture has beaten into your head. It turns you more inward, makes you more aware of things. Your mind becomes overactive and things keep pouring out.

He gave as an example a time when he and a friend were high and were eating apples, one a Golden Delicious and the other a Red Delicious.

"We had an intense discussion of the relative tastes. These things may seem foolish to the sober person, but to the person high on drugs they become very important."

One of his "greatest drug experiences" occurred when a friend poured honey on a window facing the sun.

"I meditated on the stream of honey glistening there until I actually felt like a part of the honey."

He'd rather be alone or with just one friend when he gets high because he can be more aware of himself, he said.

"If you take marijuana with a lot of people it generally turns into one big laughing thing."

The euphoric effect of the drug is one reason people don't become destructive or sexually aggressive while high, he said.

"A person isn't capable of attacking a woman, though he might think of it. He is so caught up with things in his mind that the sex act is antithetical to the whole experience."

What happens to the student drug user's grades?

"A lot of students get high and don't feel very ambitious," he said. "They don't get their homework done. Now," he noted, "my grades have gone up ... but I don't necessarily attribute this to using drugs," he added.

Most student users never get started with addicting drugs.

"Anybody using heroin isn't in school. For addicts the stuff becomes a way of life ... just like eating and breathing. It's really a dead-end. They never give it up. Once a person is hooked he doesn't go back to marijuana, either. It would be like someone used to driving a car trying to go back to riding a tricycle."

There are as many reasons people take drugs as there are users, he said. But there is a correlation between the person's sensitivity and society.

"Users are generally a fringe of society. They aren't really caught up in its mores. They see the relativities of things. When a person starts taking drugs he moves away from the society he has been relying on. Then he has to reconstruct his own value system."

Though non-addictive, marijuana can become a way of life, like social drinking, he said. But he maintains the drug is superior to alcohol in some respects — more flavorful and cheaper. A "matchbox" (a box the size of kitchen match containers) costs $5, a "lid" (four matchboxes) is $20.

"Six years ago cats at North Beach came up to me with the stuff," he said. "It's not like that anymore. Now it's risky. The police are all over the place."

He grinned broadly. "Of course you can make contacts if you hang around the right places for a few weeks, but if the regulars don't know you they can't just come up and offer. You have to build in. Even the cops wear beards," he said, and laughed.

He would like to see the use of marijuana legalized.

"If it were permitted, marijuana would ease a lot of people who work on Montgomery Street," he said. "If they could whip out a marijuana cigarette, they wouldn't be in such a hurry to get home."

He does not plan to use heroin "at this time."

"Maybe when I get old," he said. "Right now, I've still got my youth."

HAYAKAWA *in thought and action*

BY BRIAN FARLEY

The sex act becomes obscene when viewed as a "spectator sport," an expert on human behavior told a conference on obscenity laws.

Before a crowd of 1,000 a former columnist for a Negro newspaper said that a deeper problem than that of racial prejudice was that of "unawareness."

Speaking before a symposium on child behavior, a middle-aged father said that words are not enough for children. "I tell my daughter a dozen times a day that I love her, but the brat still hates me."

In the smokey atmosphere of the Sugar Hill, on Broadway in San Francisco, an ex-disk jockey, with the help of Barbara Dane's singing, lectures on the social importance of jazz.

An author, tired from a day before an NBC television camera crew, relaxes in his study overlooking a quiet, green valley, and examines reviews of his latest book.

All of these examples represent a tiny part of the far-ranging interests and personality of S. I. Hayakawa, semanticist, professor of English and resident iconoclast at SF State College.

Hayakawa has greying hair, a broad smile and speaks softly. His schedule includes teaching two days a week at SF State, delivering upwards of 50 lectures around the country each year, and snatching spare hours for his work as author and editor. What non-working time is left over, he spends with his family in Mill Valley.

Although his work has had a major effect on schools across the country, he often finds himself at odds with traditionally-minded English departments. For semantics — the study of all symbols as related to thought, behavior and reality — cuts across all discipline lines with often unorthodox methods of determining what is really important after all.

"Semantics," Hayakawa explains, "is the study of relationships between how we think, and therefore how we talk, and therefore how we act. If you think and talk like a damn fool, then you're bound to act like one."

Some of his beliefs even stir up the natives on home ground, though faculty opinion on the 57-year-old professor is divided.

"He's made some important contributions to learning," one faculty member said. By contrast, another stated, "He's nothing but an educational hot-shot."

Hayakawa recently provoked more controversy in a letter to the School of Humanities. He charged that SF State was following the lead of other Bay Area institutions.

Hayakawa discussing Semantics in front of an original Lazlo Moholey-Nagey painting at his Mill Valley home

(continued on page 20)

POLITICIANS' PROTECTIVE LEAGUE
Washington D.C.

"A penny saved is a penny wasted"

Golddust Devourer
Majority Secretary
United States Senate

Dear Goldy:

I have just completed touring the San Francisco area in connection with my western trip to pin-point future political prospects. After checking the delinquency reports, juvenile records, drunk tanks and flop houses, I had occasion to visit the local state college.

While educational institutions are usually beyond our purview, we must remember they mold the leaders of tomorrow. The schools take an active part in teaching football, social adjustment, art appreciation and other useful occupations. Unfortunately, most schools have ignored the art of politics and other money-making professions.

But the schools are making a half-hearted attempt at solving this problem by establishing what is known as student government. Such groups are usually made up of students with ambitions, delusions, or both, who purport to represent their fellow students in a democratic body of wisdom. Indeed, the preamble to the group's constitution contains the platitude "in order to achieve a better awareness of, and competence in, the practices of democratic citizenship."

While it is questionable how much competence the group gains under the paternalistic hand of administration agents, the members take their group seriously and go through the motions of a legislative body, much as children build castles in a sand box. The participants are thus able to develop the "qualities" found in all successful politicians and, as such, are useful to our cause.

With this in mind, I will present short profiles of those who impressed me:

Feeble Nowit, supreme pillar of wisdom: Nowit radiates the appearance of a successful politician--dull, unassuming face with a Lincolnesque physique. While his sartorial taste is the accepted indifference, it is not of the baggy pants variety found in southern Chautauqua tents. His clothing is usually arranged in a disorderly manner to effect an atmosphere of hard work.

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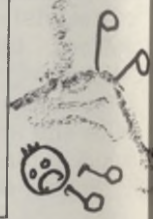


Nowit's main weakness becomes apparent when he is dealing with issues. When the representatives are clouding matters in the prescribed manner, Nowit will destroy the illusion of deep thought by defining the issue in a clear, simple style. He must break this habit if he is to succeed.

Judas Forktongue, sub-supreme pillar of wisdom: Excells at taking a sanctimonious position on any issue. Forktongue is very good at working behind the scenes to get what he wants. He is an expert at using group rules to confuse issues and muffle opposition.

When he is covered in the press, Forktongue appears as the beaten and stepped upon. He has the facility for making legitimate critics look like ogres or fools by the skillful use of words, of which he has an abundance.

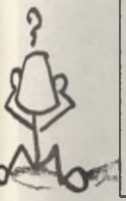
Forktongue has the characteristics of a presidential hopeful. First, he denies such ambitions, vowing to work unselfishly in the interests of the electorate. Second, he can straddle the fence on any issue and thus organize diverse support that has no principle or reason, but that is nothing new in politics.

Frederick "Mumbles" Frenzy, machiavellian: Proficient at creating mass confusion. Frenzy constantly interrupts discussions with meaningless statements and vocalizes in a low, stuttering tone that is hard to follow and difficult to quote.

Frenzy also alienates so-called public opinion by making candid, controversial statements instead of the guarded, wordy replies commonly associated with his kind. But he can be used for creating smoke screens and absorbing blame, such as Chester Bowles, a person always in demand.

Baldwin "Flashy" Bombast, machiavellian: Although he has little to say at group meetings, he can act as a foil in political squabbles. Bombast is capable of grasping the matter at hand and then throwing blame on opponents of his superiors.

His only drawback is his presentation. Totally devoid of sincerity, Bombast's pronouncements draw suspicion, rather than acceptance From even the most naive of reporters. A dose of humility might eliminate this not uncommon weakness.



This concludes my formal recommendations. Given the situation here, it is a wonder there aren't more prospects. The basic

(continued on page 24)

Points of

PHOTO

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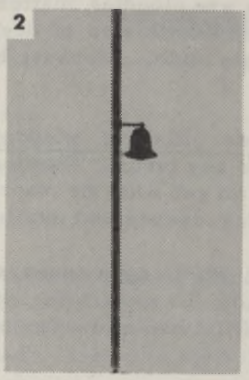

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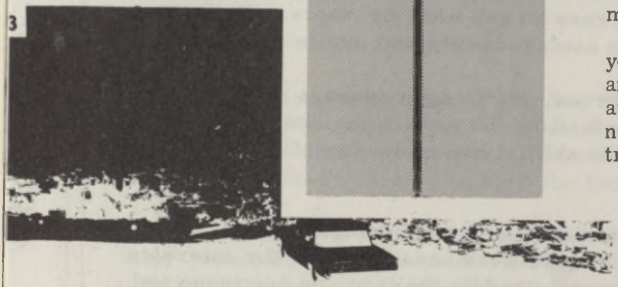

Some places in the city just naturally seem to attract people in cars. Sometimes its' the view that's appealing, other times it's the solitude. In either case, it's easy to understand why most are nicknamed "inspiration point."

How many of these spots pictured here can you identify? A score of under five correct answers indicates no access to a car. Five is average; six or seven, good; eight, very good; nine, outstanding; ten superlative; all eleven, truly inspired. Answers on page 22.

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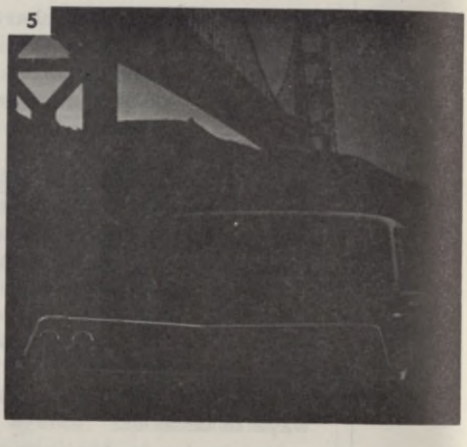

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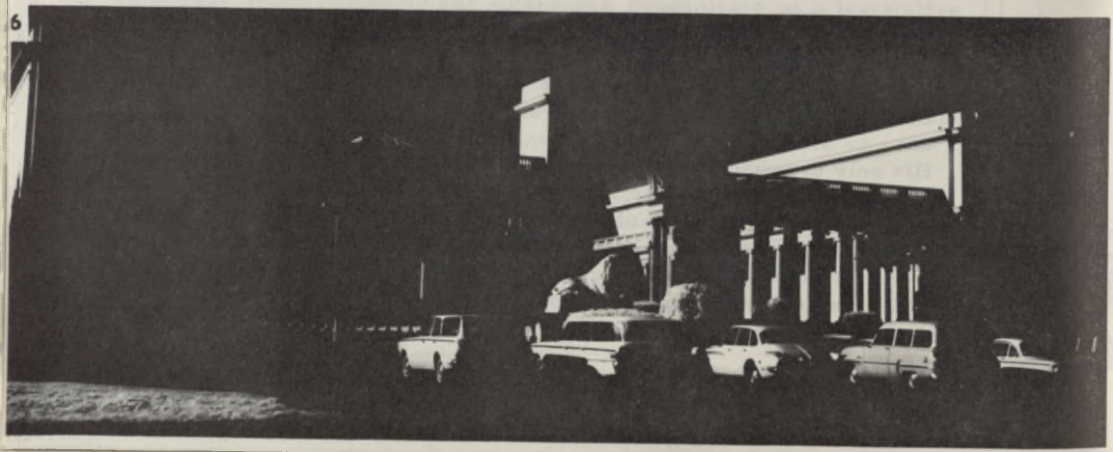

Inspiration

QUIZ

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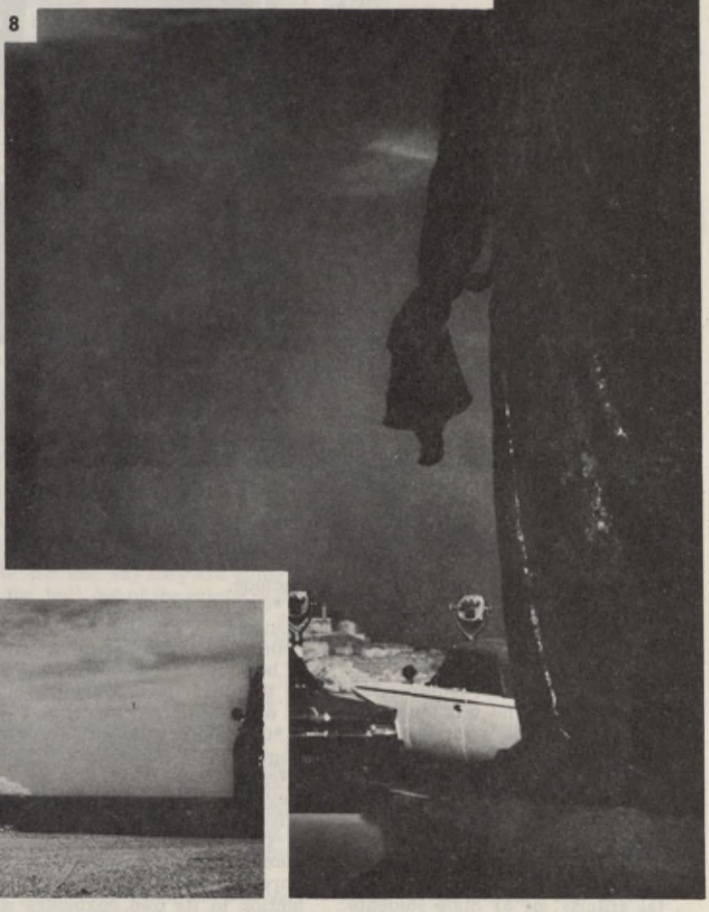

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HAYAKAWA (continued from page 15)

"SF State can be itself," he wrote, "not a half-baked UC or Stanford, but SF State unique and inimitable."

Colleague John Edwards, associate professor of English, returned the fire.

"If we do our jobs well, why may we not rest assured that, wholly baked, hot and steaming, we've got a decent dish to set before students?"

And Miss Antoinette Willson, associate professor of English, attacked education at SF State in general and Hayakawa in particular in a letter of her own.

"Do we really believe there is something dismal or depraved or dishonest about imitating what we may admire or respect — a man or a university curriculum?" it read, in part.

Whatever he is on his own stamping grounds, when away, he is considered something of a messiah.

In 1959 he delivered the Claude Bernard Lectures at the Institute of Experimental Medicine at the University of Montreal, the only person to do this without a degree in the physical sciences. During 1960 he lectured at the principle universities of Norway, Sweden and Denmark under the auspices of the U.S. State Department. And in 1961 he was Sloan visiting lecturer at the Menninger School of Psychiatry in Kansas.

Students are also enthusiastic about Hayakawa's ability.

"Every time he lectures," said one, "it's like he was teaching semantics for the first time. While we learn, he seems to learn, too."

"I don't agree with all his ideas," another noted, "but that's the thing about him. He makes you think. And a lot of teachers don't do that."

Hayakawa, who was born and partly educated in Canada, feels a special affinity for SF State students.

"They range widely in age, cultural background and national origin. Not like in some schools where they're all the children of prosperous realtors."

In a typical class, he enters the room, smiles, then glances around as he sheds his hat and coat. He habitually paces the room during pauses in his lecture, gestures often when making a point. He encourages student participation whether in agreement or disagreement with his comments; often, as many as 20 students have their hands in the air

at once, waiting to be called upon.

Outside the class, Hayakawa's ideas on controversial issues make him a natural for the newspapers. Quotable because he is unconventional, he has been headlined as "internationally renowned", "ubiquitous", and "peppery." Some of the more quotable Hayakawa-isms include:

*On the Dictionary of American Slang: "To imagine that the mere knowledge of words can be the cause of behavior described by those words is to subscribe to a primitive form of word-magic."

*On the practice of segregating Negro and white blood plasma: "Negro blood doesn't make one a Negro any more than eating French fries makes one a Frenchman."

*On All-Digit-Dialing: "The phone company is suffering from schizophrenia because it doesn't pay attention to its own engineers which say that all number dialing isn't necessary."

*On racial epithets as obscenity: "They are just as insulting as the dickens. If anybody calls me a Jap, I don't think of it as obscene. I think it's funny, and I might get mad ... and beat the guy up."

*On language: "The language belongs just as much to truck drivers ... and pool sharks, and all of them have their part in perpetrating it."

*On obscenity: "I haven't seen any hard-core pornography since my adolescense, at which time, of course, it corrupted me com-pletely."

It is with this kind of tongue-in-cheek humor that he attacks some sacred American cows in his new book, "Symbol, Status, and Personality," just published this Fall.

He describes "Time-Life" publisher Henry Luce and "Great Books" editors Mortimer J. Adler and Robert L. Hutchins as promoters of "Neo-Scholastics with neon lighting," and asserts "They are neither communicating nor inviting communication. They're just singin' a kinda song, hence they don't know nuthin' and don't want to know nuthin'."

In a serious vein, he makes some lucid comments about the Negro in America in his chapter on "The Self-Image and Intercultural Understanding, or How to be Sane Though a Negro."

"Symbol, Status and Personality," is his most recent work in a long writing career that began with "The Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes."

It was his second book, "Language In Action," written in 1939 as a freshman English text, that has made his name an educational household word. In December 1941, it was selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club and to date has sold almost 400,000 copies.

His experience in the literary world encompasses being editor of three other books, "Our Language and Our World," "Language Meaning and Maturity," and "The Use and Misuse of Language;" contributor to 8 dictionaries; and editor-founder of "ETC.," a review of general semantics, now in its 21st year.

His concern with writing led to a related interest in a certain Margedant Peters, editor of a literary magazine to which he contributed. They were married in 1937 and have three children; Alvin, 17 and a senior in high school; Mark, 15 who is retarded and goes to a special school; and Carol Wynne, 12, now in the 8th grade.

Their home rests on the side of a hill, overlooking Mill Valley's pine-covered hills. It is an older house, which exemplifies the redesigning done by Mrs. Hayakawa's brother, chief architect at Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesen.

Hayakawa walked across the living room and sank into a comfort-

(continued on next page)

HAYAKAWA *(continued from page 20)*

able sofa. He talked about how he became interested in his life's work.

"Getting into semantics was a political act. I was looking for the kind of education that would undo the effects of a Hitler or potential Hitler. Some people wound up Communists in their fight against facism, and I ended up a semanticist. He smiled, then frowned. "The rise of facism was a real danger then, and it took a world war to stop the bastards."

He also talks seriously about another field in which he is an expert — jazz, and how he got interested in it while teaching at the Illinois Institute of Chicago.

"It was like a white island in the middle of a Negro community. There was tension between white and Negro students because of the housing shortage. To ease it, I began to mention in my lectures some of the people in jazz history who had come from that community.

"I could point out the window and say, 'That's where the great Louis Armstrong got his start.' I suggested that the Negro community had probably made a greater contribution to society than the Institute's engineering department. That didn't go over too well," he said and grinned, "except with the students.

"After that, I had to know more about jazz. When you lecture on something you have to know more about it. In two or three years I became an expert — I had to — you learn fast when you have to."

He has done a number of lectures on the subject from the Newport Jazz Festival at colleges and universities throughout the Midwest and West Coast. The names of the people he has worked with sound like a who's who of the jazz world: "Memphis Slim," "Jimmy and Mama Yancey," "Mahalia Jackson," "Thomas Dorsey," and the dixieland bands of Turk Murphy and Bob Scobey.

"I also gave what was probably the most learned disk-jockey show in Chicago over WFMT, a series of 20 one-hour programs," he recalled. He stood up. "Would you like to see my study?" He walked across the room and went downstairs.

Here was the headquarters of his activities. It is a large room, packed with books, stacks of magazines, and volumes of records. Near the window overlooking the valley is a king-sized desk; on the walls hang abstract paintings.

He stopped in front of the largest painting.

"This one was done by Lazlo Moholy-Nagey. I studied in a workshop course under him. This was one of his last paintings." He walked along the wall and stopped at another, smaller one. "This is mine and the one next to it — is by Picasso."

He walked over to a bookcase and ran his hand along some of them.

"You know damn well I haven't read all of these. But I know what they are about, and I skim through and get examples I need out of them."

He went to his desk, picked up a photograph. In it was Hayakawa, dressed in an old jacket and cap, holding a fishing pole in one hand and his catch the other.

"That's a beauty of a striped bass, about 10-12 pounds I'd say."

Putting down the picture, he leaned back against the edge of the desk and folded his arms across his chest. He talked about his new book, a new dictionary he had worked on, and plans for his next book. The conversation drifted back to semantics.

"You know after lecturing on semantics, I've had ministers come up to me and say they are going to get the hell out of the ministry and go into the hardware business, and businessmen say they're going into the ministry."

"Semantics is about the self, it's healthy, and helps people make up their minds.

"I wrote 'Language In Action,' as a freshman English text because I wanted it to reach a large number of people. And I still believe very much that it should be made the basis of all popular education. — including what we say to ourselves."

He paused for a moment and then began speaking slowly.

"What was it Thoreau said about most people living their lives 'in quiet desperation', sort of half-satisfied and half-unsatisfied? Well, semantics helps people decide one way or the other to quit what is not meaningful to them."

He began to move around once more and check on details of a speech he was to give that evening some 200 miles away.

INSERT

DALE *(continued from page 11)*

"When I was at USC during the McCarthy Era, students told me to 'please shut up'." But at SF State, most have respect for his efforts, and often are influenced by his sincerity.

"Al made me look at a liberal point of view when I've tended to be conservative all my life," Doug Clark, present head of the campus WSF, admits. But Rev. Dale considers active liberalism part of being a student, particularly at SF State because there are so many freedoms here.

The outspoken minister says he is "only sharing in the Student Christian Movement," which has a long history of supporting liberal causes. He sees it as "the avante-garde of social, economic, and political change." Rev. Dale has been involved in the SCM since 1944. But his contact with liberalism came much earlier.

Rev. Dale's father rudely introduced him to politics when he was nine years old. His father was president of the Social Reform Party, North Dakota State Treasurer, and losing candidate for US Senator in 1935. He was purged in the same year for being a star witness against the governor in a graft case.

"I remember the loaded shotgun on the dining room table when the National Guard surrounded our house," Rev. Dale recalled. "The governor called them for our 'protection', but it was more to keep my father in, than anyone out."

Rev. Dale and his family, which included two older sisters, headed East in a house trailer. "We became white collar migrants," Rev. Dale said. They traveled for four years before returning to Bismarck. By this time, Al Dale had been to 11 grade schools, two high schools, and had a younger sister who was born en route.

The Dales moved to Portland, Oregon in 1942. Al got a job as a journeyman welder working the graveyard shift, and going to high school during the day. "I paid more income tax then, than I have since," he said. He graduated in his junior year and went on to a Missouri military school.

He joined the Army in 1943, and was trained in infantry, tank destroying, and parachuting.

(continued on page 22)

DALE *(continued from page 21)*

Two years later he won an appointment to West Point ("I wanted to be a general ... at least"), but was disabled after his plebe year because of his eyesight — he had a depth perception error — accounting for the dark-rimmed glasses he now wears. He continued his studies at North Dakota Agriculture College.

The turning point in his life came there when he attended a Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) vocational conference.

"That C kept looming big," Rev. Dale said. "So I took some theology courses one summer at the University of Chicago to try to understand what it was about ... I stayed on."

He went to George Williams College at the same time and wound up with 24 units. "My grades weren't too strong that term ... they never were," he said. "I always had something going."

By 1948, he'd had enough going to accumulate a good deal of social work experience, a BS, and a wife named Dottie. Within four more years, he had been made a deacon, became pastor of a South Chicago Methodist church, got his BD, and moved to Los Angeles where he was pastor-director of the USC Wesley Fellowship while working on his MA. About this time, like many students, he developed an interest in sports cars.

"I saved my pennies and finally got a Morgan," Rev. Dale said. "It's a very masculine thing." He belongs to the Bay Area Morgan Club. He claims he doesn't race because "I've got no guts." However, "Most people who ride with me are terrorized ... I try to keep within the speed limit." He does all the repair work himself, even on his wife's Morris stationwagon. And he's handy as an artist, too.

Rev. Dale considers himself a "Sunday painter", and is working on his MA in painting here mainly to keep in touch with the students. But this doesn't make him a dilletante. His work is a cross between abstract and representational art. His wife calls it "potent propaganda realism" — his subjects are primarily religious.

It wasn't his artistic pursuits which brough him to SF State two years ago, however. He wanted the job but no one else did. As a streetcar college, "it's an impossible task to establish a lasting religious group," Rev. Dale says. "It's like going into a pagan land." The natives are restless, and few are in the club longer than a year. But he takes it in stride. "My successes are on a one-to-one basis," rather than collective as in "a big swinging club like Stanford," he says. And successful he is.

Rev. Dale has established what one member calls "an intellectual relationship" with the WSF. "The free-thinking idea appeals to us," he said. Another claimed "Al has helped students to grow up and learn responsibilities for themselves. He talks to them on campus and gives them something to think about."

The robust reverend is the idea man for the group, and tries to think of activities which include the entire campus, such as the recent WSF series of speakers on birth control. His latest major accomplishment was engineering the plans for a campus Ecumenical Center.

The Methodists and four other Protestant denominations bought the white house on the corner of 19th and Holloway to establish a religious headquarters — an attempt at bettering communications between ministers and students. The $80,000 purchase provides office space for the campus ministers, a chapel, and a several thousand volume library for the students. "The Center will keep Al pinned down so we can get ahold of him," one student said.

Rev. Dale, always working, never contented unless he's helping someone, doesn't spend much time at home with his wife and three children. Many of his working days begin at 8 a.m. and end at 10 p.m. But his wife accepts this as a matter of course. She is enthusiastic about his work, and very much in accord. Better than anyone she understands his tremendous drive and zeal, and can explain his active liberalism:

"Al has complete passion for his fellow man, and the courage to speak up wherever necessary," she said.

PHOTO QUIZ ANSWERS:

1. Brotherhood Way & Lake Merced Blvd.
2. USS San Francisco Memorial.
3. Twin Peaks.
4. Palace of Fine Arts.
5. Fort Winfield Scott.
6. Palace of the Legion of Honor.
7. Dorms.
8. Coit Tower.
9. Land's End at Marine Yacht Harbor.
10. Marina Yacht Harbor.
11. Beach at Sloat Blvd.

write for a living. Their writing becomes sloppy and they lose their enthusiasm for it. I've been very lucky I've been able to teach. It's a shame when you have to make a living by doing what you really like."

Mark Harris has his own religion. He uses it to judge all men. A religious man by Harris' standards is a good man. He must believe in a future and take no action without considering its effect in the future.

"A pig eats his food with no thought of the next day's meal," he says. "One animal kills another with no thought of what it will mean to the future of that animal's species. It seems to me that man has a sense of time. It is his duty to perform an act that will stand up over time. He has a conscience."

Harris praises men who look at life this way and denounces those who don't. He just finished a book on Richard Nixon. He does not like the man and has indicated this by titling the book "The Last Days of Richard Nixon". Mention Nixon and he leans forward in his chair, his eyes narrow, he says:

"Politically, I don't care who is president, but if Nixon ever becomes president, I'll kill myself. He is an irreligious man, and like most men who have no religion, he is always talking about God. Richard Nixon does not believe in a future. He thinks the world began yesterday and will end on the day of his death. He has been exploiting the people for his own gains. His real motto is: be the first boy on your block to be President of the United States. He has no interest in the welfare of the people — he really hates them."

Harris' next book will be a novel. It's been five years since his last one was published and he says that's too long. In the past, all his novels have been written in the first person, in a dialogue, or in letter form. He wants no more of that.

"I want to do a novel in the third person, using the best possible English," he says.

Harris explains that his two major tools in writing anything are "memory and imagination". Ask him how he will work, once he gets started on his novel. A smile flashes across his face and he starts to talk. For a brief moment, he is almost working on that novel:

"Monday, I'll be at school all day. I'll go home at night, eat dinner with my wife and three children, then move directly to the typewriter. I'll work there until late at night, go to bed, then get up early the next morning and go back to the typewriter until noon. From noon on that day, I'll work on my classes. The next day, it's back to school and the sequence starts all over again.

"I write slowly, never in a bunch; but I write well and I write steadily. I once wrote 492 days in a row, stopped one day because of a cold, then went right back and wrote 190 more."

But right now, all Harris can do is try to plan the novel; and the going is slow. He wrinkles his forehead, rests his head on his hand, and explains:

"I have to get a framework for the novel before I can start writing. Is it going to cover one day in San Francisco, or will it cover 20 years in 50 states? Then I have to think of a plot, a conflict I haven't used before. I have to put the frame and plot together. Getting set up for a book takes me longer these days. I used to rush right into a plot, but that was when I was a young man. I threw away a lot of bad beginnings in those days. Now I think more and write less."

When Harris sits down to write a novel, he does it for his own satisfaction first, then for any market available. His interest in the book is gone when it's completed. When writing the book, he is not conscious of his readers. He says:

"A writer's only obligation is to tell the truth and to tell it as gracefully as he can. You can't separate aesthetics and content. Part of telling the truth is saying it well."

Although his first love is writing, Harris says that teaching runs a close second. He finds similarities between writing and teaching, and feels that teaching is consistent with his way of life. He compares the satisfaction derived from teaching and writing this way:

"I can get the same satisfaction as I do from writing a book by knowing that someone is better for having taken my class."

But ask him if he would ever sacrifice a novel he's writing to teach a student. He leans back in his chair, laughs, and says:

"I never have and never will sacrifice myself for anyone else. I am perhaps the most selfish man alive. When my students think I'm helping them, I'm really helping myself."

Harris does not believe that he can teach a student to write good literature.

"I can only hasten the process," he says. "It's possible that I can save a young writer several years. I can't do his thinking for him, but I can help him think. Actually in creative writing we don't teach writing. We teach a different way of looking at literature — a perspective of literature that the traditional English teacher lacks. As far as writing, the talent is either there or it isn't."

Harris wrote his first novel and saw it published at the age of 23. It dealt with the Negro problem. During the next five years, he had 50 articles published in Negro Digest and Ebony magazines. Thinking back on this, he blows a puff of smoke out the corner of his mouth and cackles:

"I'm probably one of the few white men ever put through college by Negro philanthropy. After my novel came out they asked me to do a little essay and then they asked me to do a few articles. Pretty soon, everywhere I went I was looking for story ideas for the Negro magazines."

Something of the same thing happened a few years later when he had published "The Southpaw" and "Bang the Drum Slowly", two novels centered in the world of baseball. There came a rush of offers from New York editors to write baseball articles. Grimacing, Harris says:

"They just immediately assumed that baseball was my field."

In all, Harris has written three baseball novels. They have all been well received, but he doesn't think he'll write another.

"I got them out of my system," he says. "They just don't capture me any more."

He wrote about baseball because he had always been a fan. He was intrigued by the lives of baseball players but he wouldn't like to be one. Wistfully, he says:

"I think it would be nice to be a baseball player — up to a certain age. Their lives are kind of sad though. They're finished at about the age of 30. I don't intend to be finished until I'm 90. That's three times the life of a baseball player."

Harris has published only three

(continued on page 24)

LEGISLATURE *(continued from page 17)*

elements are familiar. The pillars of wisdom can play around with $330,000 of student money, but few students consider the merits of their representatives and even fewer follow their actions. Indeed, more students vote for a Homecoming queen than vote for a representative, which shows their taste in beauty if not in politics.

It can't be said that the body of wisdom doesn't try to take advantage of this situation. While all representatives boast of their positions, some try to avoid work by constantly missing meetings, as is done in Congress. When some radicals tried to stop this, proposing that any representative who misses three meetings be thrown out, quick action was taken. The measure has been tied up in debate for a month, tabled twice, and, at this writing, is still sitting on the table. Adam Clayton Powell would be proud.

Needless to say, such an attitude allows for the accomplishments we like to see. But the student newspaper discourages such activities by focusing attention on the group's follies, and by speaking to the so-called public conscience. This tends to make the pillars docile and less active than they might be. It is too bad that such institutions as the press have discouraged the individualism that made Teapot Dome, Credit Mobilier, and Bernard Goldfine symbols of American politics. But take heart: where there's apathy, there's hope.

Judicially submitted,
George Boardman
Chief Scout
West Coast

de Bellis *(continued from page 7)*

He glanced around to the books piled near the walls and the ones in huge cardboard boxes in the middle of the floor ready to be indexed and placed in the metal bookcases. He began to walk toward the adjoining room where six towering bookcases had already been filled. Over 10,000 books would eventually fill the three rooms allotted for the "de Bellis library."

He stopped in one aisle and said, "I'll do anything in my power to help the education of young people."

Surrounding him were books of infinite variety on "Italian contributions to society." New books and relics, mostly in English. But many were in Italian, and some were in French and German. "If I hear of a good definitive criticism, regardless of the language, I'll get it. I'll always be adding to this.

"The library is not to be measured in terms of money. It means much more than that." Then in a low confidential tone he said, "You see, we have a responsibility to society, and an opportunity."

The indexing and cataloguing of his library books, record collection and historic music scores will take perhaps five years, he estimated.

For de Bellis this is the "now" and "tomorrow". And because of his work, where there was once opportunity for students of the arts, there is now greater oppprtunity.

HARRIS *(continued from page 23)*

short stories in magazines, but he is constantly being contracted to write more. His eyes twinkling, he recounts:

"Several times I've been paid to write a story. I write it and they never use it. I take their money anyway. It's kind of a subsidy.

Ask him what he thinks of SF State as a learning institution and he says:

"Well, I've learned a lot here. I came here in 1954 and I'm a lot smarter now."

Head Basketball Coach Paul Rundell is an excitable man, at least when his team is playing. During games he watches intently, his face becoming more mobile with each play on the court.

Rundell studies his players to see if they are performing well. If each man is where he is supposed to be, and doing what he is supposed to do, Rundell nods, grins, laughs. But whether the team is winning or losing, let one man make a wrong play or an obvious mistake and Rundell is off the bench, arms spinning in the air, feet stamping, voice either muttering or yelling.

Some say as many people go to see the coach perform as go to see the team that won last year's Far Western Conference.

Rundell

INSERT

3-3-3-3 and final

Mildon

Rundell studies his players to see if they are performing well. If each man is where he is supposed to be, and doing what he is supposed to do, Rundell nods, grins, laughs. But whether the team is winning or losing, let one man make a wrong play or an obvious mistake and Rundell is off the bench arms spinning in the air, feet stamping, voice either muttering or yelling.

Some say as many people go to see the coach perform as go to see the team that won last year's Far Western Conference.

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