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Golden Gater

INSERT

NUMBER FIVE

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THE NEW BREED— A TURN TO THE



**For the Sixties' malcontents, the
action's where the cause is; the
education's where the teach-in is.**

During the last decade, young college men and women who sought social change approached the political arena, looked over the parapet, and were chilled by the sight of Joe McCarthy and his senatorial lions. They understood that the price of victory in that arena would be a bloody martyrdom.

Understandably, they wanted no part of it. They were unwilling, even metaphorically, to contribute their lifeblood to a political battle they couldn't possibly win.

But they were young and in need of some outlet for the remnant traces of rebelliousness still lurking in their systems, even after the rigorous indoctrination in apathy they'd received in public schools. gingerly skirting the predators ranging below their ivory tower, they cast about for the moral equivalent to political activity.

And the spiritually invigorating pursuits they embraced were noble ones, involving phone-booth stuffing and panty-raiding—all in the great tradition of their fathers, who swallowed goldfish.

These students of the fifties, according to National Guardian writer Michael Munk, "have been accurately labeled the 'silent generation' whose alienated rebels, the 'beatniks,' posed no threat to the Establishment."

But following on the heels of that smile-along-with-Ike, don't-rock-the-boat era of student political activity, a new breed has emerged, a new kind of American student who is ushering in a new era of militancy, protest and rebellion. Developing from the CORE Freedom Rides, the Mississippi Summer Projects, the UC Free Speech Movement, and the anti-war demonstrations, college students of the sixties moved in ever-increasing numbers to the radical left. According to Amitai Etzioni, a Stanford sociologist, four percent (200,000) "of all college students are committed in varying degrees to today's radicalism."

Contrary to the popular "beatnik" stereotype, this new student can't be identified by his appearance. Although at times he is as conspicuous as an FBI agent at a peace rally, at others he blends chameleoically into the collegiate background, the pseudo-Wild Western levi-corduroy-madras syndrome affected by campus Marlboro men.

When he speaks, however, his works reveal him, for in no way does he resemble one of the silent generation of apolitical

students who passed like faceless shadows through the college corridors of the fifties. On lecterns, in classrooms, on picket lines, his voice is growing louder and more insistent. And it is beginning to be heard.

Although these new students possess varying degrees of ability, they all belong to a loosely-organized group of overlapping factions with nearly common goals. Whether knowledgeable or ignorant, articulate or incoherent, reasonable or fanatic, they are all part of the emerging new student left. What they have in common is an ungovernable eagerness to express their disenchantment with the tune the US government is piping at home and abroad. They won't fall in step behind the piper. They are vocal and stubbornly attached to their principles.

After taking a deep breath of contemporary society, they have come to the conclusion that something is rotten. They try to clear the air by protesting—against society, against the government, against the values imposed on them by the nebulous but forceful pressure of public opinion.

They have seen the plight of the Negro a hundred years after the Emancipation Proclamation and have gone to Mississippi — some to be beaten or shot.

They have seen America embark on what they feel is an unjust war in Vietnam and they have protested by exercising the basic American right of free speech, for which they have been called traitors. They have participated in anti-war demonstrations, facing riot-ready police and frenzied motorcycle hoodlums, for which they have been called cowards.

They are dramatizing their desire for drastic changes in what most Americans feel is the normal and proper state of affairs. In so doing, they have alienated a large segment of the American public, especially those who are unwilling to change.

To their detractors, they are reckless hotheads hell-bent on destroying "the American way of life." They are denounced as everything from Communists to queers, traitors



In 1962, the primary concern of young college activists was the civil rights movement. Members of the Ad Hoc Committee to End Discrimination sit in at the Sheraton-Palace hotel, protesting alleged unfair hiring practices. One hundred and sixty-seven demonstrators were arrested.

to dupes, meddlers to Marxists. But to their sympathizers, they are the conscience of a nation.

Whatever they are, they refuse to be silent. They are noisy in beating the drum for often unpopular causes, which makes them easy to call names, but hard to ignore. And they are on this campus.

The student in the new left can be distinguished by a number of character traits. He is a gregarious creature, gravitating naturally to the most "meaningful," and therefore to him the most interesting, centers of political ferment. While the Pepsi Generation heads for the beach "where the action is," the generation of new student leftists heads for the organization where the cause is.

Oftentimes, the student leftist becomes enamored of one particular cause — civil rights, possibly, or striking agricultural workers — and becomes married to it for his college life, or longer. Other leftists, however, are more the Don Juans of the protest movement, embracing first one cause and then another

as their passion cools and re-diles.

Consequently, each organization specializing in a particular cause has a hard core of a dozen or more members who run the show, while the general membership is made up of the diletantes, who shift from club to club according to which cause is in vogue.

A good example of this is the way the antiwar groups have pulled members away from the civil rights groups.

The most popular protest group in SF State now, as at many colleges, is the Vietnam Day Committee. It is engaged, according to the physiology of the left, in "direct action" to end the war in Vietnam through a concerted program of protest marches, rallies, and teach-ins.

Formed in Berkeley a year ago, the VNDC struggled along in the shadow of the civil rights movement until the growing US "complaint"—the VNDC calls it "Yankee Imperialism"—strengthened it, and it began to pluck some of the more shallowly-rooted leftists into

With the bombing of North Vietnam, the rush was on. Stock in VNDC skyrocketed.

VNDC now has thousands of members in the Bay Area, the majority of them at Cal and some 200. But in its infancy, the VNDC was little more than a discussion for a handful of malcontents satisfied with US foreign policy in general and the conduct of the "military aid program" to South Vietnam in particular.

During its gawky adolescence, it lived of and executed a few such pranks, like the attempts to hijack trains in Oakland, and picketing of General Maxwell Taylor, ex-ambassador to South Vietnam, in San Francisco. Now being more or less come of age, it has behaved with restraint, concentrating its efforts on "massive action."

Major projects for 1965 were marathon teach-in in May, running simultaneously at Cal, SF and across the country, and

the three marches held in October and November.

When 10,000 college-age demonstrators take the field, even the most optimistic observer might reasonably expect youthful exuberance to gain the upper hand. After all, the Pepsi Generation wrecked Fort Lauderdale, made a shambles of Daytona, and treed Malibu. It was only natural for Berkeley police to be "deeply concerned about the possibility of violence" when the VNDC took to the streets.

Instead, on three occasions, the VNDC conducted quiet and orderly marches. And at one time a potential riot was averted by the cool thinking of the VNDC leadership.

On October 16, 10,000 anti-war demonstrators marched from UC in Berkeley to the Oakland border, where they were halted by a barricade of 400 riot-trained police. When the marchers arrived at the border, several thousand of them massed in front of the policemen, the space between the two camps jammed with a milling throng of spectators and newsmen. The tense and explosive situation created by

the confrontation had all the makings of a riot. All that was needed was some incident to touch it off.

At this moment half a dozen members of the Hell's Angels burst into the packed crowd of humanity, tearing down VNDC banners and shoving the demonstrators. When Berkeley police rushed to the rescue, fighting broke out between them and the motorcyclists.

But there was no riot. Leaders on the VNDC sound truck immediately told the demonstrators to sit down, and the thousands of marchers quickly complied, making the job of rounding up the troublemakers much easier.

But, while the VNDC was growing and developing the maturity to conduct orderly mass demonstrations, the most prominent of the campus civil rights organizations, Friends of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), was waning. Many of its most active members had joined the VNDC.

"Well," says SNCC's chairman Tom Friel, with a philosophical shrug of his shoulders, "you have to expect the membership to fluctuate according to what's going on."

Still, SNCC remains "viable" as a protest group. This year its main project has been an effort to solicit support for the Delano strike in the San Joaquin Valley grape fields, where the long-suppressed Mexican and Filipino agricultural workers are striking for higher wages and union recognition.

Friends of SNCC, working with the DuBois Club, declared a "Huelga Week" (huelga means strike) last October to collect goods for the striking grape pickers and their families.

VNDC and Friends of SNCC are the two most important protest groups on campus, but a variety of other left-wing organizations compete in the market place of ideologies for attention.

Foremost in the ranks of these groups is the W.E.B. DuBois Club. Named after a founder of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the DuBois Club has no cause to call its own, but nevertheless is active in both civil rights and anti-war protest. This is the Marxist-oriented club that, in the opinion of FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, was "spawned



This year, it's the peace movement, with its teach-ins, demonstrations and protest marches. The Vietnam Day Committee parades through the streets of Oakland. A month earlier, the marchers had been turned back at the Oakland border by a barricade of police, and it took a court order to force officials to let them pass.

by the Communists."

The SF State chapter of DuBois began here two years ago and has built its membership to a hard core of 15. In the Bay Area, it participated in the forming of the Ad Hoc Committee to End Discrimination, which successfully desegregated Auto Row and the Hotel Association, worked in the Free Speech Movement and helped plan and organize the Vietnam Day program here and at UC.

According to Eda Hallinan, chairman of the DuBois Club here, the club is striving "toward a world of socialism and peace" and "offers a socialist-humanitarian sort of philosophy very appealing to young people."

Although the members of the new student left have a range of topics on which they basically agree, an ideological conflict does exist that splits many of the socialists into two camps. This is the sharp ideological differences between the Marxists and the Trotskyites. It's an historic fight, according to the combatants, and there are fundamental differences between the two philosophies. The Marxist-oriented DuBois Club is willing to work within the existing structure of society to bring about change, while the Trotsky-oriented Young Socialist Alliance feels society itself must be restructured before "meaningful" change can take place.

Attempting to heal the ideological split by forming a "radical national union of students" the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) organized here in November. SDS is active in opposing the war in Vietnam and has programs to improve Mission district housing, form student cooperatives and aid the striking Delano farm workers.

These organizations are the backbone of the new student left, not only here, but throughout the nation. But there are other, more radical and off-beat leftist student groups around, all of which have been less than successful in gaining a toehold here. These include the Progressive Labor Party, a Peking-oriented socialist group; the May 2nd Movement, another get-out-of-Vietnam group and an off-shoot of the Progressive Labor

Party; and the Industrial Workers of the World, a remnant of the Wobblies of the Thirties. None of these has flourished in the political soil at SF State, perhaps because they are obsolescent, like the Wobblies, or superfluous, like M2M, or because like the PLP, they practice "left sectarianism" and refuse to work with any group on any project that isn't their own.

While variously describing themselves as socialists, Marxists, Trotskyites, radicals, or revolutionaries, the members of these groups have at least one thing in common, an underlying ribbon of discontent, a feeling of not belonging either to their society or their environment.

"It's a basic, vague humanistic trait identifying and drawing together those on the left," according to VNDC member Mike Chegwyn.

Or, "It's a funny feeling you have that something is awfully wrong and you want to do something about it," says Jeff Freed, VNDC action committee chairman and chairman of the Friends of SNCC last year.

But Eugene Alexander, a DuBois club member, put it more concretely: "The serious international situation confronting us all has brought about a feeling of togetherness among members of the new left."

One of the most startling things about the new student left is what happens when they do get together. It's both admirable and discouraging the way the protest groups are obsessed with the democratic ideal. Not only do they believe in it passionately, the practice it indiscriminately and at every opportunity.

The meetings are so patently democratic, so wholeheartedly dedicated to the principle of free speech (which they worship as if it were mom, apple pie and the flag all rolled into one) that the uninitiated outsider is likely to feel a growing sense of frustration witnessing debate on some piddling issue drag on until everyone so inclined, no matter how fatuous his remarks, is allowed to evacuate his opinion.

For instance, at a recent meeting of the general membership of the VNDC, a minor question got bogged down in a swamp of murky debate that lasted two hours. A few people in the audience seemed compelled by some mysterious psychological force to make increas-

ingly erratic attempts to illustrate the discussion solely, it appeared, by the charisma of the voices. It was actually possible to see them wrestling with their compulsion to speak as they waited their turn to let go. It was being at an all night beer party in a house with only one bathroom when the urge hits everyone once.

This all-pervading insistence on endless talk and debate on every issue, however trivial, is called the new left "participatory democracy."

These young idealists, debating with society and among themselves and fluctuating from cause to cause, are probably neither savages nor subversives. They are, for the most part, just young men and women who are convinced that "direct action" they can right some of the wrongs. They are very idealistic. Some, of course, call themselves "realists" looking for realistic solutions and may coat their words and actions with a patina of cynicism. But it's pretty thin.

When the subject of patriotism comes up, for instance, it always elicits a few snickers, not only because the students on the new left identify "patriotism" with the flag-waving chauvinism of the extreme right, or because they realize the hazards of that brand of nationalistic fervor that subordinates the interests of the world to the interests of the United States. But despite the fact they play down "patriotism," all their arguments hark back to constitutional guarantees, the Bill of Rights, and the American democratic ideal.

For the fact is that the students on the left of all stripes are mainly interested in seeing the United States live up to its ideals. To the student on the left, it's very simple: If all men must be given equal opportunities, then that applies in Selma and Chicago, San Francisco and Berkeley, no matter what mint julep traditions are shattered. If the US is never an aggressor, then it must not be an aggressor in Southeast Asia.

Although these students demand

Continued on page 38



An Activist

In

Academia

Founder of the SF State chapter of the American Federation of Teachers, Art Bierman battles apathy and agitates for professor's rights.

State College professors' salaries have been cut because of an administrative blunder in the Chancellor's office. The ratio of students to faculty continues to spiral upward. And, as another straw to sprain professors' backs, a change to the quarter system looms darkly on the horizon. The professors react — albeit in the typical academic way — with resolutions, petitions, and, sometimes, court action. But most of them grumble.

These faculty members who grumble and don't do much else are "moral cowards," says Professor of Philosophy Arthur Bierman. "They are afflicted by the middle-age incapacity for revolt, and it's very unfortunate that eventually they'll multiply and inherit the earth."

Bierman wants Grumpy and his fellow dwarfs to shake off their laxity on such issues as salary problems, insufficient funds for sabbatical leaves, and overloaded classrooms.

As an example of what he's after, Bierman has launched a few campaigns of his own. In 1959, he established the SF State College Federation of Teachers, Local 1352, to combat unfavorable campus situations. And his ultimate aim is to secure a written contract between state college faculties and the college system's trustees.

Continued on page 36

Student thieves: **TAKIN' THINGS EASY**

Pilferers roam the campus
stealing lipsticks, books, and cars.
And the administrators offer
protection for penalties.

On a night before Thanksgiving, an SF State coed strode into a supermarket. By the time she left, she had become pregnant. In this case, however, her "baby" was a 20-pound tom turkey she'd somehow maneuvered under her overcoat.

"I used to live with five other guys," a Joe College-type says in the Redwood Room. "Four of us went shopping one night. We spent \$32 for a week's supply of food — and we stole \$82 worth at the same time."

Pot roasts and potted plants, cash and clothing, textbooks and toiletries — anything that is needed or wanted will be swiped by the college student. And often, after apprehension, he will explain with a shrug, "I stole it 'cause — well, it was there."

At SF State, enough is "there." Books are dropped from the Library's windows and retrieved outside; food and dinnerware are taken from the coffee shop, International Room, and dormitory dining hall; cars and motor-scooters disappear from their parking slots around the campus; lingerie and money are snatched within the two dorms, and almost anything set out for purchase in the Bookstore can be shoplifted effortlessly.

And should the campus become child's play for student thieves, there's always Stonestown, the nearby shopping complex where stores and merchandise are



By BEN FONG-TORRES



Stealing from the Bookstore's as easy as 1-2-3-4.
John Joseph, on the second floor of the store, (1) tucks
a clothbound book under his shirt and (2) adds another
to his back pocket, almost directly facing one of the

store's protective convex mirrors. With the book stick-
ing out, he stops to talk (3) to a clerk and (4) trium-
phantly strides away.

most unlimited in range and, some
students claim, often - enough un-
guarded.

College students are generally
reckless when it comes to pilfer-
ing. An *Esquire* writer rumbles,
They steal in the Big Ten, they
steal in the Ivy League, they steal
mid the corn, the wheat, under
northern hardwoods, on the shores
of both oceans, and in the hills of
Vermont. They steal, they pilfer,
they shoplift, they snitch, they
swipe," and, the manager of Stones-
town's Woolworth store says, "they
clean up."

A couple of springs ago, two
former Merced Hall residents fur-
nished an apartment they'd moved
into with a tasteful-looking couch,
amps, a rug, and a coffee table.
They felt pretty comfortable in their
new surrounding. As a matter of
fact, it was as if they'd never left
the dorm at all. But then, that's
where all the furniture came from.
"Men take big things," housing
coordinator George Changaris says.
and not just from the dorms.

Once, a young man needed a gift
for his girl. He walked through

Woolworth's front door, helped
himself to a \$15 pot of orchids, and
continued briskly out the back door.

In general, store manager F. K.
Bevan says, "the lower teens" are
more trouble than collegiates, and
girls are "a little more timid."
Which leaves men as the major
offenders.

Or does it? At Casual-Aire, down
the mall from Woolworth, the man-
agement maintains a detective serv-
ice, "at least one girl on the floor,
and some 'unknown' people" to
watch over the women's ready-to-
wear shop.

Ladies "snitch small things like
sweaters and blouses," cram goods
through bottom portholes of empty-
but-seemingly-filled "dummy-box-
es," and "can take a suit between
their legs" while primping about
in the store's dressing rooms.

Manager Rex Magee, scanning
the half-dozen customers in his
store, sighs, "They're not any dain-
tier than men when it comes to
shoplifting."

While Magee has never caught
anyone from SF State as a shop-
lifter, Bookstore assistant manager

Charles Soto has a different story
"Young ladies here are quite ag-
gressive," he claims.

Stealing, and stealing big, is ap-
parently the college way. At SF
State, students take the crime with
a grain of salt and a philosophy of
their own.

"I know it's wrong," a long-
haired youth says, "but I can't af-
ford school otherwise. If you've got
\$400 for the whole year, then you
have to have something else to live
on."

He lives on a steak almost every
night, and almost every steak has
been sneaked into his ski jacket
earlier that week while he shopped
for bread and canned foods — both
are "too bulky to steal," he says —
at his neighborhood store.

A girl, asked point-blank about
stealing, smiles, turns away from
her lunch companions, and tells
about how she wore a pair of Ber-
muda shorts out of Macy's under
her own slacks.

Outside the Bookstore, another
coed shrugs her shoulders and
theorizes, "People don't think they'd
get caught or they wouldn't steal."

She does. "But I call it "taking," she says, "which is a mild word, because what I do is mild."

If everything students stole were "mild," there'd be relatively little trouble. But if they get caught hanky-pankying off-campus, they usually won't be let off with a mere scolding.

While one men's shop believes in an old-fashioned, "quiet talk," a neighboring haberdasher employs a plainclothesman on the floor and an officer in uniform during Christmas rushes. "Once you let them get away with it, they'll come back again; they should be punished," the manager says.

The Emporium prosecutes "depending on shoplifters' attitudes and the seriousness of the crimes"; Woolworth slaps tricky hands with "immediate prosecution, definitely," and City of Paris decides action according to value scale.

"If it's \$50 or more, I prosecute," manager Mrs. Margaret Smith says, matter-of-factly.

On this campus, leniency is the code. The college affords students freedom unparalleled by any other California state college. The attitude's based on the notion that students are "adults and citizens of the community and have all the rights and responsibilities of adults and citizens."

But when administrators are faced with thieves, shoplifters, and other trouble-makers, they assume the role of understanding counselors. Then, the offenders are viewed as "students in a protected environment," according to Changaris.

"It makes sense to take a bad situation and make it a learning situation," he says.

While students usually receive less-than-adult punishment—"We've never suspended anyone from this college for stealing," Dean of Students Ferd Redell says—they are nonetheless expected to "behave as adults."

"Obviously we're having success operating under this philosophy," Redell adds. "We don't have repeaters."

And if there's a lot of stealing going on around SF State, counseling dean Dorothy Wells says, "there must be a lot we don't know about."

But the students themselves seem to know different.

In the Bookstore, for instance, they need only "the master tool, an overcoat," and "guts" to go on a free spree of shoplifting, one student says assuredly.

To prove it, he walked in and slid three boxes of recording tape into his shirt and walked around the store to check for clerks' reactions. Then he returned the tapes into their rack.

"It's easy," he says, "but I don't do it 'cause it's too risky. You can get thrown out of school and not get accepted by any other state college."

Not so. Those students caught stealing in the Bookstore are usually asked politely, by a clerk, to pay for the merchandise. And, if it gets to the administrative level, judgment is left, first, up to a Judicial Court, still not yet established this year. At any rate, disciplinary probation and a note on the student's transcript culminate his usual "punishment"—if it can be called that.

"We don't even like to use that word," Changaris says.

Theft makes only a slight dent on the Bookstore's gross inventory, management says—specifically, 1.5 percent. This comes out to approximately \$1,260, the "shrinkage" reported two fiscal years ago. Manager Sally Wilde concedes "an increase" since then.

She's pretty lucky. Most other college stores reportedly lose more, and while loss figures are not disclosed, shoplifting in the U.S. costs its merchants more than two and a half billion dollars yearly, or almost 15 cents for every dollar of profits.

Further, "1.5 percent" is misleading. A recent East Bay seminar on shoplifting revealed that "some 75 to 80 percent of thefts go unreported."

The campus Bookstore's preventative measures are fairly exhaustive. Six convex mirrors are propped up at corners to reflect over several aisles at a time; the shelves they reflect are only four and a half feet high; turnstiles control exits; stock clerks and supervisors roam the floors, and an intercom system links cashiers with managers.

"They all have protection," a

male student says, "but there's ways to beat them. Like, you can have two people go in and one block another from view." Students say they know many more methods, and the Bookstore suffers for it.

Small goods such as batteries, mascara, and eye-liner pencils are carted upstairs—where there are more shelves and less clerks—to out of their plastic "bubble-paks" and then easily slipped into a purse or coat pocket. The store finds about a dozen torn paks after a busy period, Soto says.

Also, the "convenience racks" in the lobby, for students to deposit books and other belongings before shopping, are often hit. And "when we're busy," Soto says, "we can never keep track of what goes out there."

He has no reason to brag, either, about the store personnel's sharpness within the store proper.

As an experiment, Gater reporter John Joseph, a photographer, and the author went into the store one afternoon at 12:10 p.m. By 12:30 and three short jaunts, Joseph had picked it cleanly for \$80 in merchandise.

He was tame at first, tucking away only \$7.50 in paperbacks and booklets. Then he went back for more—specifically, a huge, \$10 book and a bottle of aftershave lotion. To assure the photographer a good picture, Joseph went through the process of maneuvering the book into the back of his jeans four times.

All through the activity of a trip at work and a photographer adjusting and aiming his camera nearby, no one noticed—or, if he did, no one reported—foul play. The store was crowded with customers; a secretary was typing filing cards near Joseph; a stock clerk was roaming around, and manager Mrs. Wells herself was spotted on the floor at the time.

But the third trip, executed almost immediately after the first two, topped them all. The author walked in first and unhooked the light chain blocking an unoccupied cashier's line near the store's bums rack. Joseph then sauntered in, picked up a stack of 15 records, paused to survey the lunchtime crowd, and strode out through the vacant cashier's stand with the

as at his side — and in the open. Discussing how the Bookstore prevents thefts, Soto had claimed, before, that "students tip us about their motives by the way they look." And most students, he said, have the confidence and attitude that, say, our reporter had. Still, the day after Joseph turned his loot, they blocked all vacant exit routes with cartons "inventory" goods. Later on, management moved the magazine racks over to further block the doors — "for convenience," a clerk claims.

In the Commons, stealing is just easy. Food can be consumed while students wait in the crowded dining area; Pepsis can be, and are, drunk and refilled there; dinners are procured, then eased back into the entrance line of the International Room. And students pilfer tea and silverware like madmen. "Everyone steals silver early in the fall," one student reports, when they move into apartments. "We take usually amounts to eight or ten plates, cups, and saucers. The 'eight or ten' add up pretty fast, according to Foundations director Fred Avilez.

"Just a saucer-and-cup set costs \$50," he says. And the Greenglen and chinaware, Commons Manager Richard Mahoric claims, "is of very good quality."

To emphasize, he flashes an invoice — \$4,364 for supplements to the Commons' existing supply of silver and chinaware. In a basement storeroom, Greenglen crowds the walls in seven-feet-high stacks of saucers, coffee cups, soup bowls, dinner plates, and fruit bowls. "We'll probably run out of these supplies by the end of the year," Mahoric says with a wave of his hand and a hint of resignation.

As they may — or may not — Commons personnel have never stopped a person for smuggling food or utensils out of the dining rooms. The burgeoning crowds—estimated at 10,000 daily by Mahoric — also make it a Herculean task to watch for the pilfering of umbrellas, books, and an occasional typewriter from tables and convenience racks. At the Library, losses run up to

\$9,000 a year, a scant seven-tenths of one percent of the inventory; college librarian Kenneth Brough almost laughs book-stealers off as "informal borrowers."

Students often return stolen books, and about a third of last year's 1,807 lost books were recovered, Brough says.

The Library operates on the "open stack" system, "the most liberal in the state college system," according to senior Ed Gendason, supervisor of student checkers.

The turnstiles at the main entrance, able to stop suspicious-looking scholars with a stomp of a pedal, have been taken out.

And the checkers check only "brief cases and library materials," sociology major Bill Wehser says. Purses are too personal, the Library decided in 1964, and bulks will not cause checkers to stop a person. "Maybe some of them are just a little low-slung," Gendason says sympathetically.

Despite the liberality, the Library can boast "a good comparison with the rest of the country" in terms of losses. "Stealing isn't a phenomenal thing here," Gendason says, "but we know a good deal happens."

Still, problems such as stealing of personal property and students tossing books out windows are minor, Brough says, when the general population and student turnover are considered. When the turnstiles were in operation, they clicked 11,256 times on a peak day, not counting entrances through the library's west side entrance.

Things will remain liberal as long as Brough can smile at theft statistics. Anyway, he says, "we've always taken the opinion that the Library is a teaching instrument, and unless it's available to a maximum of students, we're missing our target."

So far, a minimum of students — none, to be exact — has been apprehended for stealing in the Library.

Also relatively safe are the dorms. Occasionally, furniture will be heisted from the lounge of Merced Hall by former residents who've made copies of their front-door keys, and, near the beginning of semesters, residents' registration and dorm fees become objects of pursuit in a rash of thefts.

But in general it's quiet on Font Boulevard. "There was never any

stealing last year," a Mary Ward resident says, "and we always left doors open. But this September one girl got about \$200 and we locked doors like crazy until she got caught."

The offender turned out to be a non-resident.

In the coeds' halls, "girls tend to steal lingerie more than jewelry and other things," housing coordinator Changaris says.

And girls sport more than just \$1.50 BVD's. Such apparel as penoirs — sheer "shorty" nightgowns — run, at the very cheapest, \$10 to \$15.

The girls lap up lingerie, Changaris theorizes, because "they like to have fine things. Also, lingerie and undergarments aren't visible and, therefore, recognizable. The garments are usually seized in laundry washrooms, Changaris says, and individual rooms are relatively safe from thievery during the year.

Over at Merced Hall, "there seems to be a code of honor," he says. "Men tend not to steal from each other."

However, they do go elsewhere. Expensive, \$65 tonneaus have disappeared from atop sports-cars; expensive cars have disappeared from the parking lot, and one resident brags about the semester he snatched 133 boxes of breakfast cereal from the dorm dining hall.

While administrators and operations managers seem to agree that SF State students are either very slow at stealing or too quick for them to notice, the college's security squad is kept busy.

Supervisor Wayne Beery's main concern is purse-snatching. Twice a year, he goes around to warn secretaries. Yet, spot checks show that they continue to leave their purses out in the open or in the most conspicuous places around an office. Purse-snatchers, Beery says, are especially active "when there aren't classes and the halls are pretty empty."

Such crimes, chief of plant operation William Charleston says, points to a definition of stealing: "Having the nerve to take advantage of an opportunity." To stifle opportunities as much as possible, Beery
Continued on page 38

faces in the crowd

By STEVE CASEY

At 19, angelically blonde, prodigiously intelligent and unconquerably energetic, Jan Arian, veteran of five major Hollywood films, operas, four years of SF State productions, and countless high school and civic shows is headed toward success in the theater.

By high school graduation Jan had starred in several shows and operas, was cast as the lover of a Negro — "quite an innovation at that time, but surprisingly accepted by the Marin County power structure" — directed a high school summer production for which she re-wrote "Wizard of Oz," worked in Marin summer theater, sang professionally in a Bolinas choir, compiled a 3.8 grade average, and won several music and dramatic awards and scholarships.

The summer following graduation saw the 16-year-old dynamo working at the Sausalito Gate Theater where she met and married Bruce Chesse.

Entering SF State in the fall, she carried 20 units while singing in operatic productions. Her father-in-law, a former SFSC art professor and world renowned puppet-maker, created the Brother Buzz television series Bruce worked in.

Trying to get in every school production she could Jan had quite a few successes with a sprinkling of heartaches.

She also sang for a time at the Opera Ring and did a stint as a North Beach dancer. Jan has turned down offers of \$250 a week to go topless, and an offer of like amount to pose in the nude.

Her then-husband, a member of the Screen Extras Guild, introduced her to motion pictures following her freshman year. She has had short roles in "Go Neighbor Sam," "Dear Brigette," "In Harms Way," "Once a Thief, Always a Thief," and "Experiment in Terror."

While making the films, Jan met and became friends with many of moviedom's elite. Despite her Hollywood contacts, however, she plans her career elsewhere.

"I want more than anything to act in European films. I don't think I could make it here because I'm not good-looking enough. I'd have to have all my teeth capped and lose 35 pounds."

Although a hard working, competitive actress, Jan doesn't suffer from a compulsion to be a star. She would, however, "like to be enough in demand so I could carefully choose my roles. At all costs I want to avoid something like 'Hercules and the Titans Meet the Gorilla Men.'"

But bikes are more in her immediate plans. "I'd love to race motorcycles next year," she says. "That'd be interesting. I'll probably kill myself . . ."



Herb Lebherz, who has lived all his 24 years in the same San Francisco house, is a handsome, athletic man who never thought he'd be a scientist. But after forsaking his architecture major for physical science with an emphasis in chemistry, he's become a good one.

While doing graduate work Herb stumbled across a heretofore unknown third hemoglobin, discovering it in much the same way Louis Pasteur found penicillin.

Although his research keeps him busy, he has managed to maintain a respectable grade point average. "Yeah, it's all right," says Herb, looking at his 4.0 gpa in science. He carries a 3.6 overall despite a disastrous semester of 1.6. He'll receive his masters this month and then be off in search of a doctorate, more than likely at the University of Washington.

As a freshman at SF City College, Herb says he "was just not mature enough to hack the college route." He joined a fraternity, spent more time socializing than studying — and wound up on the short end of a 2.0 point. Then he enrolled in the chemistry courses and did well. By the time of his transfer to State he and academia had reached an understanding.

But it wasn't a case of choosing books over brotherhood that made Herb's grade point soar. "I don't like all the people at State knocking fraternities," he says. "I was active in mine for a long time, and really accomplished some worthwhile things."

Herb's love for the out-of-doors resulted in his decision to work for his doctorate at Washington. Recreation more than something for him to do, it is a way of life. "I just can't work on the weekends or I'm sluggish all week. I have a good time and then feel guilty about not studying, so I hit the books all week."

Herb also enjoys painting, cooking, barbequeing, and parties, although "I don't like to sit and talk unless it's stimulating, or I'll go to sleep. I dance a lot."

He's been to Europe twice and would enjoy teaching there for a limited time. His insatiable desire to travel may one day point him towards Australia as well.



While studying for his doctorate, Herb will have to learn German and French. He plans to go four years, doing work in genetics, micro-biology, and bio-chemistry to get as broad a background as possible. After that he wants to teach and do research, probably in a state college because of the relative unimportance of publishing.

Herb became the first person in the world to discover a third hemoglobin while researching brine shrimp in an effort to find racial characteristics not found in human hemoglobin. He found it while working with a process known as electrophoresis, and thus far has found it only in females.

Fond of linking his manner of

discovery with Pasteur, Herb says "he wasn't looking for penicillin, and he cursed it because it kept getting in the way of his experiments. But it turned out to be the foundation of antibiotics."

In much the same way Herb was hoping to find racial characteristics in the shrimp which would have opened the door to a study of dominance of genes. Instead he found "this damn third hemoglobin." It may, however, someday be of aid in preventing malaria.

When asked what he'd call it, he said merrily, "Oh, I don't know. Hemoglobin A3 or something. It's not that important now. Everybody would think I was crazy if I named it 'Herb's Hemoglobin.' "

He dresses in black to "mourn the human condition"; is, at 23, an ordained minister; advocates a philosophy of "learning to love"; ministers to the Tenderloin's social rejects; studies black magic, mysticism and philosophy; advocates free use of drugs, and has founded the Psychedelic Chapel, soon to be known as "The Church of Evangelical Mystic Humanism."

His name is Robert "Hap" Skillman, and for all his mystic activity comes from a rather common background. His mother is a peninsula housewife who doesn't support President Johnson's Vietnam policies, his father a politician who does. Through high school and junior college Hap has a reputation as a student politico-type and actor.

"I was a rebel with a very respectable front," he says. Despite his family he has long been interested in the supernatural. "I had my first mystic experience at the age of 4," and he continued his search for meaning in life at theological college for one year.

What Hap is left with is what he describes as his "Doctrine of Love." "We are all taught what we are," he says. "We can learn to love at 16 as well as we've learned to hate. This entails work. If you have a personal clash with someone, you can learn to get along with that person. You have to make some concessions or become less doctrinaire."

After graduation from College of San Mateo, where he participated in dramatic presentations, read poetry to musical accompaniment, debated, wrote a number of pamphlets advocating individualism, and became a respectable personage," with the winning of the college's Award for Outstanding Service, Hap was ready for SF State.

Here he has continued winning speech contests and awards. In 1965 he took the State Parliamentary Debate Championship. Hap also continues writing, and has a manuscript entitled "Divine Psalms for Young Believers" ready for submission to City Lights, and a book entitled *Elements of My Humanism* in the rough draft stage. In February his church will publish a magazine called the "Psychedelic Evangel."

Preparing to graduate this month, Hap is devoting more and more time to his ministry. He circulates through the Tenderloin, trying to meet people and aid them with their problems. "They'll just come up and talk to me," he says. "They'll think I'm kind of a nice square. Then they find out I have legal means to vent their frustrations and they dig me." He says he attended at the scene of "20 to 30" suicide attempts and prevented people from taking their life.

"I want to help victims of social injustice," Hap says in explaining his raison d'etre. "I'll approach this as an evangelist. I realize that very incisive cogent criticisms can be brought against it. I wish somebody else would do the work but nobody seems to want to take the risk. So, unprepared, goes me — a nobody."

His church is a clear reflection of Hap Skillman. At the Psychedelic Chapel "we are interested in metaphysical research in psychedelic drugs. But what is essential to our philosophy is not drugs. Let it suffice to say that we do not use drugs in the service nor do we advocate the illegal use of drugs."

One of Hap's aims, however, is to be able to use LSD in community services.

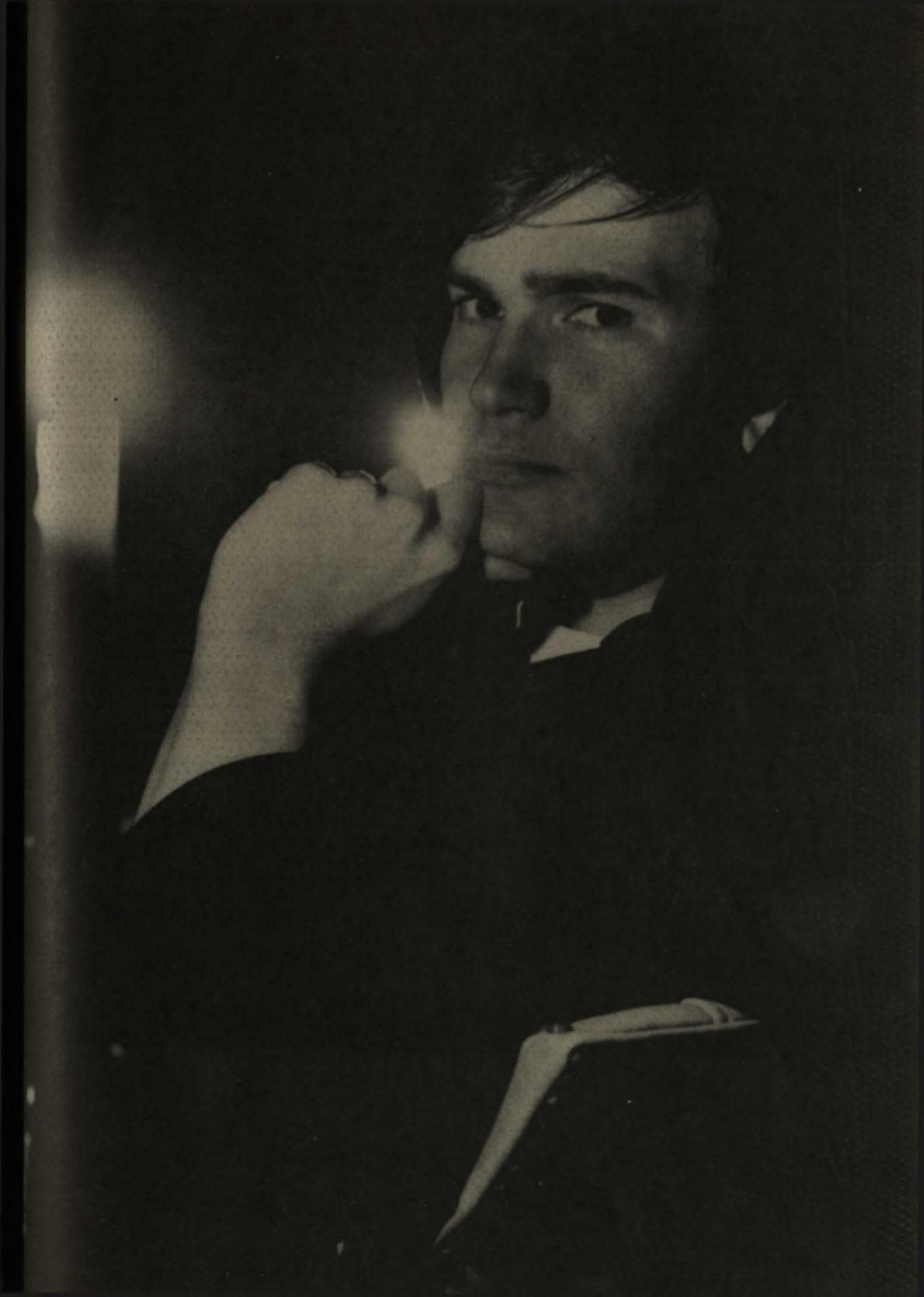
During the Saturday evening services Reverend Skillman ministers to his flock much the same way a television MC offers up the evening program. Dressed in a full-length monk's robe, Hap moderates the service, which may include several forms of entertainment.

"Essentially we are utopians," Hap says. "Any utopian may come and make a presentation. A poet will read his poetry, musicians will come and play their instruments, a singer will come sing."

Disavowing any pecuniary ambitions from the church, Hap says "none of us is interested in money. If necessary, I will work in construction and devote my earnings to a relief fund to help people victimized by society."

Hap claims several hundred sympathizers in the immediate vicinity. "Many of them were afraid to come to the services because law enforcement officers have extra-legal means of discouraging such things."

Perhaps it is because of the "extra-legal" pressures, but Hap's church has proven a disappointment to hippies "because we don't turn them on."



From an auspicious beginning five years ago, David Regal has become recognized as one of the school's most talented and energetic drama students. He has done 26 shows, including five major productions, worked in summer theater, become a member of the Actors Workshop, worked in television, and begun experimenting with directing.

Entering SF State as a freshman, Dave had never seen a play. His English instructor, Eugene Grundt, made the class see and review the Actors Workshop production of "Misalliance." "I didn't want to go," Dave said, "but I did enjoy it once I was there. It stimulated me a little, but I didn't do anything about it. I remember Grundt tore my review to pieces."

It was hardly a case of instant romance with the theater. After repeated proddings by Grundt had gnawed at him for two years, "I took a beginning course in acting, and another course scheduled for the same time. I fully expected to drop the acting class."

"After a week or so, though, I found I could do as well as the rest of the class, so I stayed on and dropped the other." With the encouragement of instructor of drama Paul Rebillot, Dave tried out for "Caucasian Chalk Circle."

"I went to the readings and sat for three days before I had the nerve to try out. I read and was cast. That really got the ball rolling. I was in a major production."

The following semester Dave enrolled in several drama classes and declared his major. Now, three years later, 22 year old Dave is looking forward to a June graduation.

As a relative newcomer to drama, Dave has to struggle to keep from using his inexperience as an excuse for an occasional failure. "For two years I was just here. I joined a fraternity because I didn't know anything about them. I participated in campus activities. If I'd gotten into drama right away I would have put in as much wasted time as I did anyway. But getting a late start I went full tilt."

"In acting you have to do as much as you can. With all the different productions that are going on you

can always work. Sometimes I spread myself too thin, but the more time you spend on stage the more profitable it is."

Dave was one of six SF State students accepted on a trial basis by the Actors Workshop last summer, and one of the four still with the company.

"Easily my most memorable experience," he says, "was getting to work with Tennessee Williams." The playwright flew out from New York to help with "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore."

Convinced that hard work is the only way to succeed in acting, Dave isn't heartbroken over the passing of the "Hey, boy, commere, I'm gonna make you a star" days. "Troy Donahue was the last one of those," he says, "and he's on the way out. People are demanding better actors."

Working with a mime group, Dave filmed for the Brother Buzz television series and may again utilize that medium. "You're never too obscure to work in TV, there's just too much work there."

"A lot of people leave school for New York or LA right away, and I've gotten cards from friends who

are on their way back. They all say it's great, but there's no work, and they're all living with 40 or 50 other unemployed actors. I plan on New York eventually, but I'm looking at repertory companies around the country now."

More interested in working a lot than in being a "star," Dave tries to achieve balance in his self-image. "Sure, acting takes a lot of push and guts. There are lots of people to fill your shoes. So you have to have a good deal of self-confidence. But you have to combine this with humility or you'll end up blowing your cool."

His latest bag is directing, an interest which began in class and culminated in his production of "A Taste of Honey" to be presented in the Gallery Lounge February 17-19. He is the first undergraduate to direct a full-length play.

Dave also works for the City recreation department, putting on two or three shows a year with high school thespians 17 and under.

Seemingly torn apart by his two loves, he smiles and says, "Hopefully I'll never have to choose between acting and directing. But if I do, well . . . "



Oh grad, poor grad, your association's hung up and you're feelin' so sad

SF State's Alumni Board has a 30-year record of poverty, apathy, and lethargy. New blood is sorely needed.

SF State's Alumni Association has been operating on a shoestring and dream for the past eight years.

To some members of the board directors the dream has, in the last six months, turned into a nightmare of cliques, bickering and childish games.

Board members have threatened to resign and have been known to leave meetings muttering, "It's like a three ring circus in there"; committee chairmen have expressed extreme frustration trying to get anything accomplished during meetings.

Committee reports have been interrupted by frivolous jokes, and board members' questions about the legality of some board proceedings have been quelled by the authoritarian hand of the alumni president.

When one member recently questioned the president, Art Blum, as to the extent of his term of office, Blum said:

"I'm going to be as dictatorial as can. You are out of order."

The question was not answered to the satisfaction of the board. Many members did not even know their own terms of office expire. Dates of when alumni officers were elected were not presented.

Some board members believed that Blum and members of the nominating committee were playing

"underhanded politics" when the nominating committee, including at least one officer, suggested that the present slate of officers succeed itself. The committee's suggestions were rejected after hours of debate.

A representative of the administration, an ex-officio member of the board, admitted the association has accomplished "nothing."

"Why can't we act like responsible adults?" Nick Cretan cried out at the December meeting.

This is the unsolved problem which has plagued many dedicated but not outspoken members who have sat through months of unproductive meetings.

Board meetings do not follow parliamentary procedure, and according to newly-elected board member Jack Feller, a '54 graduate, the meetings are not conducted "legally."

The association has been governing itself with "at least three sets of by-laws," Florence Bernhard, an executive secretary hired part-time by the association, said.

"I have not seen any positive action from this board," AS President Terry McGann said. "The students of this college are not happy with the association," he told the board.

McGann contends that because the alumni association has not made any "significant contributions" to the college, students are not even aware of its existence.

As with other alumni associations in the state college system, the board of directors is made up of graduates, usually well-established in the academic or business community.

SF State's 36 alumni directors are presently trying to increase the board to 50. Names of graduates who express a desire to become a director are submitted to the board, briefly discussed and voted in. Also, representatives from the administration, the student body and the faculty sit as ex-officio members.

Traditionally the purpose of alumni groups is to keep alumni in touch with the campus and to create interest among alumni in expanding the academic and social growth of the college.

SF State's association has made a few unorganized and unsuccessful attempts to follow this tradition.

Before Homecoming, the association sends out 10,000 brochures to graduates announcing an alumni luncheon. This year less than 200 graduates attended the event. Homecoming has become a standing joke. Not even all the board members attend the luncheon.

There are few signs that the board of directors made a concentrated, unified effort to organize the alumni Homecoming activities. One person, the alumni executive secretary, was responsible for the

work of contacting graduates and planning the luncheon.

The Alumni Quarterly, an eight-page magazine about alumni activities and campus events, did not meet its publication date before Homecoming because most board members were negligent in getting articles in on time. The fall Quarterly, scheduled to come out this month, also plugs Homecoming activities.

Certain board members have made an effort to bring order out of chaos. Feller suggested at one meeting that committee chairmen make monthly reports in the form of an "information report" and an "action report." But Blum, who recently resigned as president, said "We just don't have time for such detailed work. You see, we all have jobs, too. We are not paid; we are volunteers."

"You can always find excuses, can't you?" Feller charged.

Financial insecurity, the lack of time and the "human element" are excuses Blum has offered for the alumni association's failures.

But the alumni association hasn't been on secure grounds for 25 years. Between 1936, the date of its inception, and 1940, the association was an active, vibrant voice in college affairs. It virtually faded out of existence until 1957 when it made a feeble attempt to round up enough alumni interested in the college to form a board of directors. But because of a lack of finances and organization the new alumni association experienced little growth between 1957 and 1963.

"The only thing which has held the association together is the dedication of a few hard-core members," said board member John Keast, a '62 graduate.

So with lots of heart and little finances the alumni association started to function. Several members dipped into their own pockets, making three-figure contributions to help get the association on its feet again.

The sad story of low budgets and low membership has plagued nearly every alumni group in the state college system at one time or another. But other associations with shorter histories and fewer graduates have accomplished a great deal more than SF State.

Sacramento State graduates start-

ed with an alumni association in 1950 and now has 1500 paid members and an annual budget of \$6500. SF State, having begun its alumni program 14 years earlier, can claim only 817 paid members and has only recently beefed-up its bank account to \$2900. SF State has 45,000 graduates.

One board member here purports that SF State has a unique problem soliciting alumni because it is "not an ivy league school where students live on campus and have close contact with the college, but instead is a commuter college where students spend little time on campus."

However, Cal State at LA also has a "broad and commuter nature," according to Christopher Cross, board member there. The alumni group has solicited 750 paid members of its 27,000 alumni during its short 15 year history of graduates.

Membership in the SF State Alumni Association is five dollars a year or \$75 for a life membership. Last year the association gave all June graduates a year's membership free. It will hand out free memberships again this year. Members of the board of directors have expressed the desire to offer members more for their fee than the use of library facilities.

This fall the alumni association gave its first scholarship — a token gift of \$100. Other state college alumni associations donate anywhere from 10 percent of annual alumni dues to awarding as much as \$750 in special scholarships to individual students. SF State uses only the bank interest from about 100 life memberships for scholarships.

Since its re-birth the alumni association has struggled to find its place in the academic community of this college. In 1963 the Frederic Burk Foundation gave the association financial backing in order to hire a part-time secretary.

This move is what has held the group of directors together for two years.

"Florence Bernhard is the one who does the most work for the alumni association," Glenn Smith, assistant to the president of the college, says.

Mrs. Bernhard has done the jobs

of membership chairman, treasurer, supervisor of publications, organizer of alumni socials in addition to her stated duties as secretary.

"The alumni association has been 'hung up' in organization for a long time," says Bob Flynn, SF State activities counselor who is also alumni scholarship chairman. His committee has never met.

"The image of SF State is changing," Flynn says. "Students today express a greater interest in political issues, social change, and direct involvement in the San Francisco community than they did 15 years ago. The alumni association must reflect this change."

Flynn believes that some board members who graduated from SF State 15 or so years ago may be aware of the mood of the campus today. He also notes that the *New York Times* recently labeled SF State "The most exciting campus in the country."

If this is the most exciting campus in the country, the alumni association has done little to contribute to the image. It does not even have a written set of goals and purposes.

Blum suggested that the association's goals are five-fold: community involvement, legislative lobbying, job assistance to graduates, scholarships, and general assistance to the students.

Only one of these — scholarship — has been instituted as a continuing program. The association will award another \$100 scholarship during the spring semester.

For direct action Blum goes by the policy of "send a memo to the committee chairman if you have a good idea," he told a recent board meeting.

When McGann attended the October meeting of the board he presented these suggestions: work for harmony with the present faculty and student body, establish long and short-term goals, and assist the Associated Students in its community involvement program. The board did not discuss McGann's suggestions because Blum did not want to take up "board time."

"The board of directors is out of touch with the present generation,"

Continued on page 37

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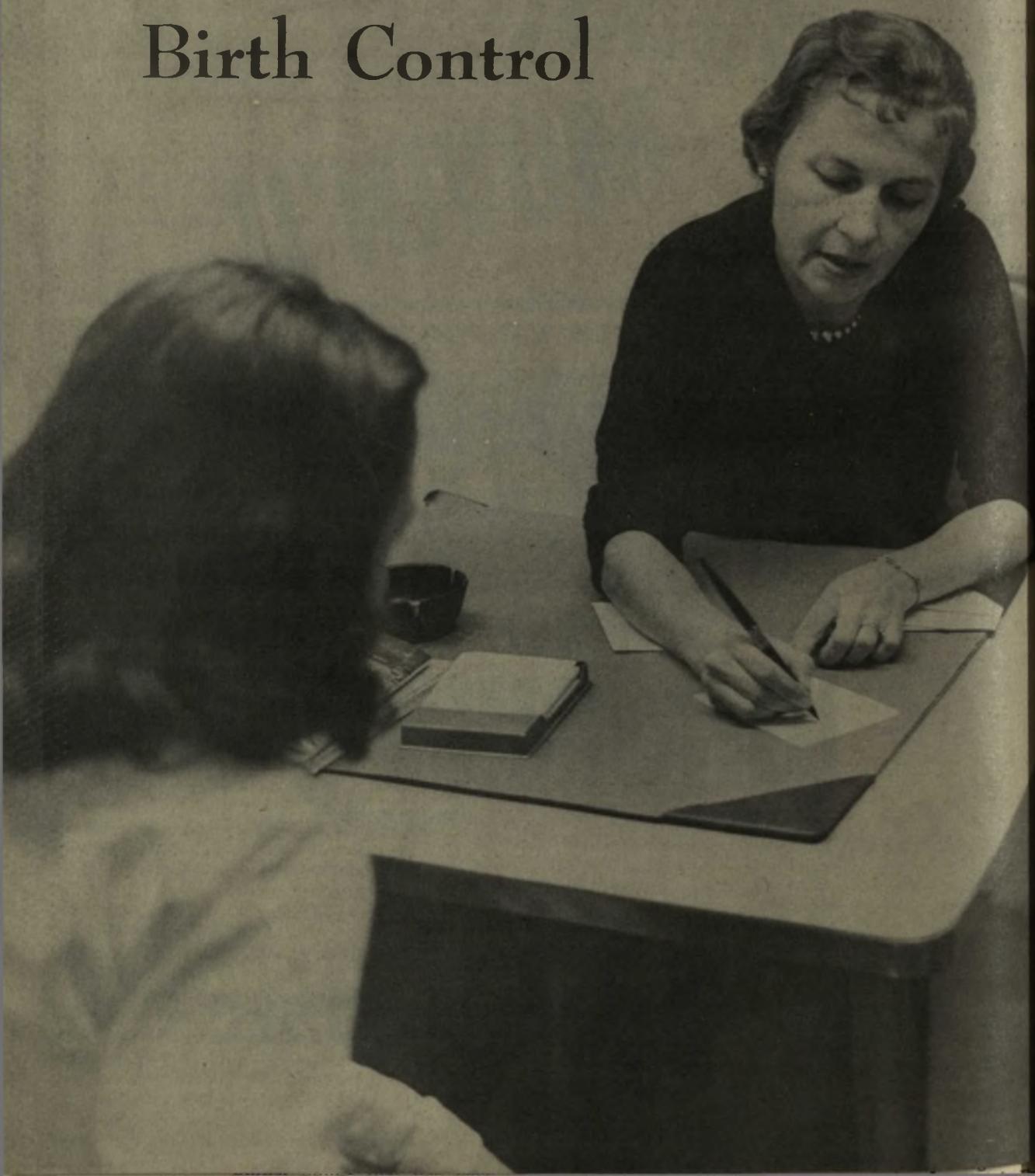
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Corollaries to Sexual Freedom: Education and Birth Control



While the rising sexual
generality of college students
locks much of the older
generation, the Health Center
acts realistically -- with
information for those who
don't know about sex, and
with contraceptives for
those who do.

Increasing sexual freedom on college campuses is nothing new. And at SF State, while academic restrictions tie formal sex education down, it's easy to get information -- and even contraceptives -- at the Student Health Center.

Last fall a young coed walked into the Center, requested consultation about the latest birth control methods, and was almost immediately directed to the staff gynecologist for a diaphragm fitting.

She didn't even have to show a marriage license in order to get the latest information on birth control and a list of names of community agencies where she could get additional help.

Things aren't that easy all over, however. A director of a health center at another California state college says, "Advice about contraception has no place within academic life," and he speaks for most of his colleagues.

On the other hand, if it were up to Dr. Eugene Bossi, director of SF State's Health Center, to decide, he "would have all the students on our campus come in for counseling. Sex is just something no one can afford not to know about."

"We don't refuse our services to anyone," he says, although the Center prefers to send a patient to a private doctor for examination.

The Center provides contraceptive information and counseling on the biology of sexual intercourse to anyone, regardless of age or marital status. Doctors will fit a coed for a diaphragm and even prescribe birth control pills "according to the needs of the individual."

This policy is based, to a great extent, on a personal philosophy of Dr. Bossi's. The discussion of sex, he thinks, is all a part of health education.

"It's amazing how many college students don't know what sex is all about. It's better to discuss it with them before they find out when it's too late."

The Health Center does see some early-birds. Several students come into the Center each day for advice on birth control, individual problems with intercourse or distraught feelings about homosexuality, Dr. Bossi says.

Among its staff of twenty doctors, the Center employs three gynecologists who specialize in handling those students who request pelvic examinations and assistance on personal problems concerning contraceptives.

Even they, Dr. Bossi says, are reluctant to reveal exactly what they discuss with patients. Besides, what a doctor will suggest or prescribe for each patient, he adds, is determined by a veritable plethora of variables.

Then, too, the Center keeps no specific records on

(At left) Dr. Evelyn Ballard, staff gynecologist SF State's Health Center, with a student. Informal consultations have replaced a sex education course juked two years go by the Biology department here.

the particular type of counseling given a student. Indications are made only on records of students "who express suicidal intentions" as a guide for future consultations between doctor and student.

Most of the students who need examinations for being fitted with a contraceptive diaphragm are handled by staff gynecologist Dr. Evelyn Ballard. She gives pelvic examinations, discusses "anything and everything" with patients, and, if the student is given a prescription for pills or fitted for a diaphragm, requests that she continue to visit the Health Center or go to a private physician for further assistance.

As a rule, Dr. Ballard will not fit an unmarried girl for a diaphragm, Dr. Bossi says, "but it varies with each individual case." She prefers to send an unmarried coed to Planned Parenthood for specific advice.

Most doctors in the Health Center "go along" with his philosophy on sex counseling, Dr. Bossi says, and he "hand picks" staff members. This is important because "some doctors are better able to handle consultations on intercourse and birth control than others," he says. Often, one doctor will refer a case to another doctor who may "feel more comfortable talking about sex," Dr. Bossi says.

A comfortable attitude on sex consultations seems noticeably lacking at other Bay Area colleges.

For one, Dr. Thomas Grey, director of San Jose State College's health service, doesn't believe that "this kind of health education has any place on the college campus." Anyway, he says, "very few" San Jose coeds request oral contraceptives.

Women seeking advice there, Dr. Grey says, are first asked if they are married. If they are, they are referred to an outside doctor. Unmarried coeds are denied advice or direction.

At Cowell Hospital, which serves 27,000 UC Berkeley students, "we immediately refer a coed to an outside doctor whether she is married or not," says Dr. Gertrude Mitchell, assistant director.

And while, at SF State, Dr. Bossi scoffs at directives from higher-ups, that "we should treat for such things as bellyaches, minor illnesses, emergencies, and health counseling only," the Center stands alone as an on-campus facility which freely discusses sex.

Higher education in California, on the whole, avoids discussing sex in the classroom. The University of California doesn't even offer a course in reproduction. The closest subject to it is Zoology 100 — embryology.

SF State's Biology Department once offered a course in "Human Growth and Development," with Dr. Ballard as instructor, which dealt with many aspects of human reproduction. It was dropped from the curriculum two years ago, after twenty years existence and an average of 80 students in each section.

The course was "not academic enough," biology department chairman John Hensill said at that time. Biology courses, he explains, should be more science-oriented and should not deal with sociological and psychological implications.

Dr. Ballard, arguing for the maintenance of the course, says that "biology is becoming more involved with the dual role that reproduction plays. There simply isn't enough open discussion about sex."

Agreeing with his Health Center colleague, Dr. Bossi thinks it "unfortunate that this course was dropped. There are more students, unmarried or engaged, who seek our advice about sexual relationships now than ten years ago."

At present, according to Dr. Bossi, no other California state college offers a course dealing with reproduction. The only thing even resembling such a class is one for home economics majors called "Family Relationships."

But, according to one class member, the two-credit course more closely resembles "a hen party where girls get together and talk about sex."

The course text is centered on adolescents and their attitudes on sex, dress, and peer group relationships. Class discussions have covered the San Francisco Sexual Freedom League and birth control methods, the coed says, "but the only thing I really learned is when during the day, I should take my temperature when keeping a temperature chart."

So an honest-to-goodness sex education course is non-existent. And while Hensill argues that "secondary schools handle sex education very well" and that at best, "sex has been a fetish in American society," many students here still appear to be quite lost on issues of sex.

An informal survey of 80 SF State students recently unleashed such expressions of anxiety as: "How can you enjoy sex if you're always worrying about having a baby" and "I had a bad experience once and now I don't like it at all."

One girl told of another who lost her virginity to "a real skunk. He said he loved her, and the whole thing was terrible for her. Now she is so much against sex, she won't even kiss a guy good-night."

Arising from such a situation are problems involving more than herself and her future dates. And they're problems not easily discussed among a handful of home ec majors.

And while Drs. Bossi and Ballard agree that "there is no one field in health education which is as lax as sex education," there is the other side to the question.

Members of the biology department's faculty "were properly horrified" when they discovered what "Human Growth and Development" had been encompassing for its twenty years, Hensill says. Also, "there were no demands for the course after it was dropped."

So the verbal jousting continues, with Dr. Ballard claiming reproduction to be "a vital part of biology" and, therefore, a vital part of the curricula.

Meanwhile, SF State students will have to be satisfied with "hen parties" or the Student Health Center. There they may find the answers to questions and the discussions on the sex problems they can't get answers to through the staid, grey course catalogue of SF State.

SUSAN HULL, 21, also wrote the alumni story in this INSERT. The senior journalism major, in her third semester on the Gater, is News Editor and, in addition to two previous INSERT stories, has written for the magazine *Where* and the *San Francisco Observer*.



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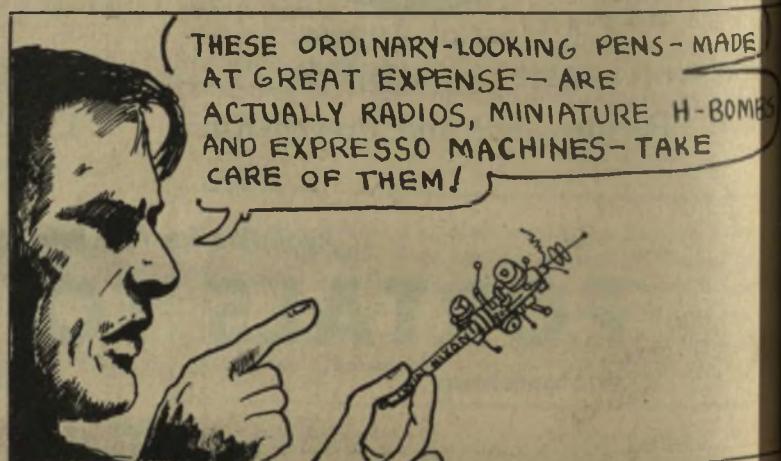
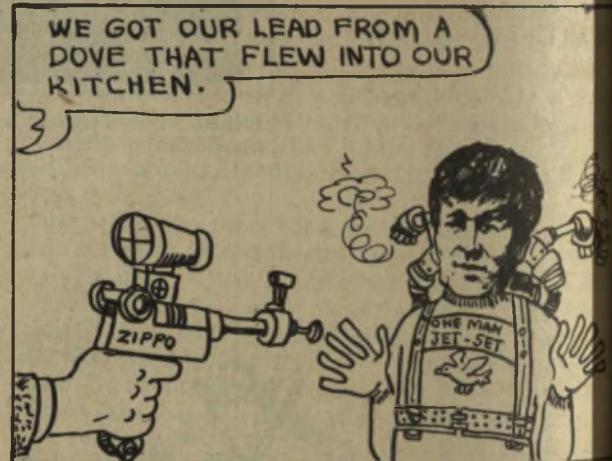
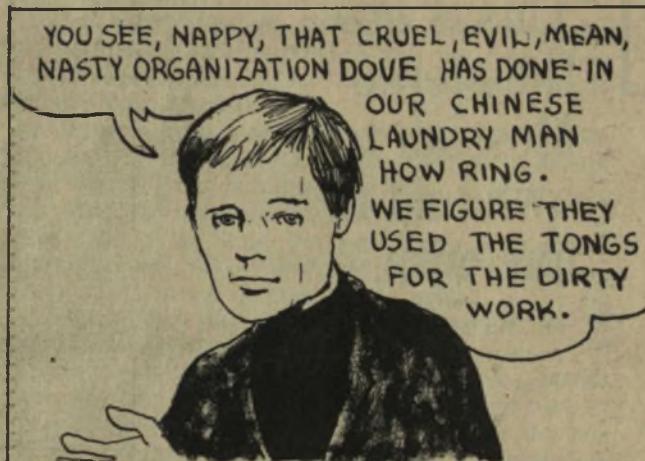
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THE MAN FROM NUNCLE



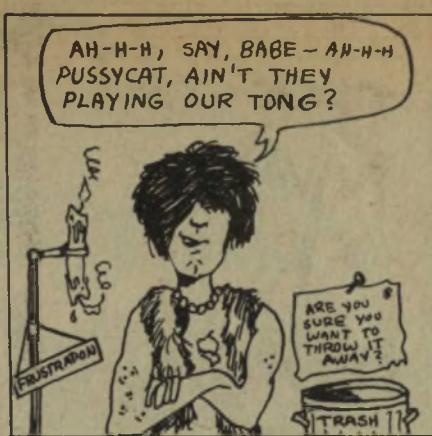
SPY AND ILL, DISGUISED AS
SF STATE ART MAJORS
SET OUT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S TONG



ILL, I'M GONNA' CHECK OUT THAT CERAMIC CHICK ABOUT THE TONGS - SHE'S WEARING A TRANSISTOR RADIO - I'LL USE THAT AS A SUBTLE EXCUSE TO TALK...



AH-H-H, SAY, BABE - AH-H-H PUSSYCAT, AIN'T THEY PLAYING OUR TONG?



WANT A BASH IN THE MOUTH? TRYING TO BE FUNNY SOMETHING?

WE'VE YOU AGAINST US YOUNG CONSERVATIVES? NO-FINK!



I DON'T THINK THEY'RE EVEN ART STUDENTS - MAKE THEM PROVE IT!



STAND BACK OR I'LL USE MY PEN!



DARN-GOSH! I PRESSED THE EXPRESSO BUTTON! UGH! WHAT A MESS! RIGHT ON THE PLASTER!



BEAUTIFUL!
WOW!
MARVELOUS!
HE BELONGS!



SUDDENLY...

IF IN THE WONDERFULNESS OF YOUR SELF, NAPOLEON SOLOW, YOU'D TELL I, SPY...



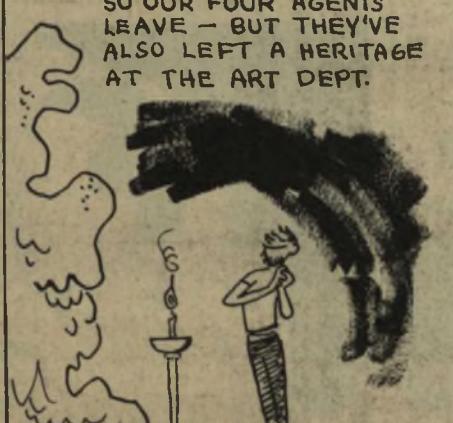
... AND ME, SPY, WHY YOU TWO CLODS ARE HIDING HERE! NUNCLE HAS A LEAD ON THE TONGS - AH, WHY IN THE WONDERFULNESS OF YOUR GROUP ARE YOU CALLED NUNCLE?



YES WELL IT'S KING LEAR: ACT I, SCENE 4 - THE FRONT OFFICE IS ON A CULTURE KICK.

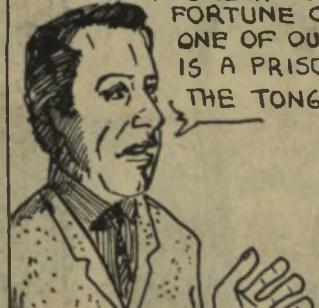


SO OUR FOUR AGENTS LEAVE - BUT THEY'VE ALSO LEFT A HERITAGE AT THE ART DEPT.



AN AGENT SHOWS UP...

NAP, YOU AND ILL GET OVER TO THE "JUDO CAFE." WE FOUND A NOTE IN A FORTUNE COOKIE - ONE OF OUR AGENTS IS A PRISONER OF THE TONGS THERE!



AT THE "JUDO CAFE"

ILL, LOOK! TWO TONGS BLOCKING OUR WAY!

NO SWEAT, NAP!
TWO TONGS DON'T
MAKE A FIGHT!

WITH A FEW WELL PLACED KARATE CHOPS (AND A LITTLE HELP FROM A MACHINE GUN) OUR HEROES TRIUMPH OVER THE FORCES OF TONG AND EVIL.

INSIDE THE JUDO CAFE

AH, MR. SOLOW, I AM WELLINGTON - THEY CALL ME THE "DUKE" - AND I WANT YOU, NAPOLEON, TO MEET...

THE FIERCE AND EVIL WATA LOO...

A TERRIFIC BATTLE FOLLOWS IN WHICH NAPPY DODGES A STETSON HAT, SOCKS, GARTERS, SHOES...

QUICK THINKING ILL RUNS TO THE JUDO MEAT TABLE...

JUDO
CAFE
MEAT
DEPT



ILL IS QUICK TO COME TO NAP'S RESCUE. HE KNOCKS OUT LOO WITH A JUDO CHOP.



ALRIGHT, DUKE, I'VE GOT YOU COVERED WITH MY PEN - YOU DID IN HOW RING - AND KILLING OFF A LAUNDRY MAN IS DIRTY BUSINESS - WHY?

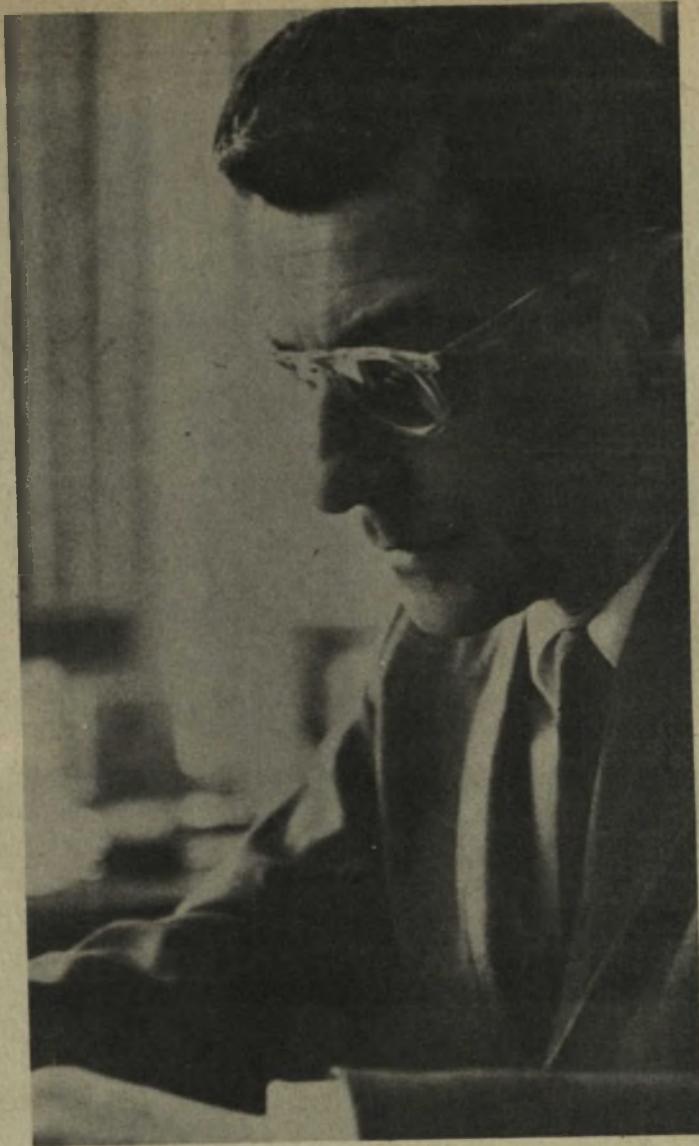
"DUKE" REMOVES HIS MASK

ACTUALLY, IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE - WE MEANT TO KILL OFF HOW LING NOT HOW RING! YOU MIGHT SAY IT WAS A SLIP OF THE TONG!

END

A Fine maneuver: from pulpit to lectern

When a man has spent his
life in the service of God,
can he adjust to
San Francisco State?



By CAROL GILBERT

Students persist in calling him "rabbi." Sometimes, they pointedly avoid calling him anything. Fine says, "They can't understand that I'm just 'mister' now. It isn't that I really mind, but it's hard to build a new career with an old image." Fine calls himself a "freshman teacher" unwilling to rest on past laurels.

But he is quick to point out that there is no real difference between being a rabbi and a teacher. "Rabbi" means 'teacher' you know," he says.

Despite the fact that Fine has spent his entire professional career as a "teacher," his enthusiasm for

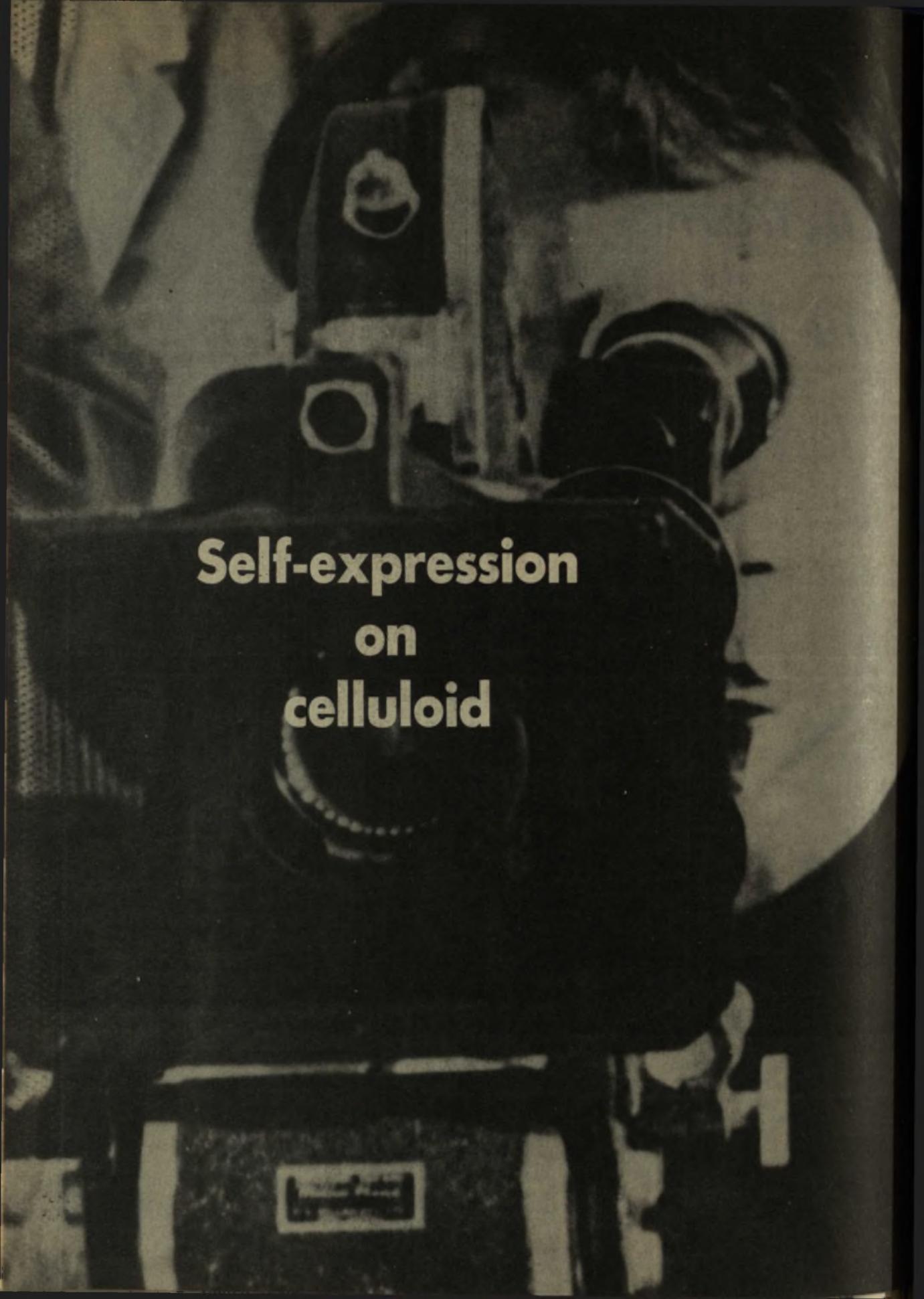
the academic world is as fresh as a child's.

He attempts to "stimulate students to do their own learning and their own thinking." But he adds, "If a student is going to wait for an inspiration to education, he may never get educated." As a beginner, Fine is still experimenting with techniques. Make-up exams, to give or not to give, is but one question plaguing him.

"The greatest danger is in understanding mind and motivation. It is important for a teacher to show confidence in his expectations of students," Fine said, summing up
Continued on page 35

The "dearly beloved we are gathered here" days of Rabbi Alvin I. Fine have ended. They have been replaced by proclamations of mid-terms and term paper topics. Two and a half years ago, Fine, senior rabbi at San Francisco's West Reform Jewish Synagogue, was struck by a near-fatal heart attack. And yet, at 49, he is beginning a new career, with his title changed from "rabbi" to "professor of humanities."

Although Fine has found problems inherent in the switch suitable, his students find adjustment to the change more difficult.



**Self-expression
on
celluloid**

Working on tiny budgets, student film-makers rely mainly on creativity to produce award-winners.

By PAUL SCANLON

On a chilly, quiet Sunday morning in Golden Gate park, the usual crowd of weekend strollers saunter along the Main Drive. Suddenly an overloaded Volkswagen bus with several young men hanging out the windows looms into view, followed closely by a 1950 Mercedes-Benz convertible containing a strange array of passengers.

The driver of the Mercedes has flowing grey hair, a thin moustache, continental sunglasses, and a yellow ashtray. The passenger next to him is 1940-natty in a blue serge suit, flapping red necktie, and a grey fedora. A cigarette dangles rakishly from his lips. The third passenger, sitting stiffly in the back seat, clutches his umbrella in one hand and holds onto his British bowler with the other.

The strollers stop and stare at the first two vehicles, then notice a small Hillman convertible which is obviously pursuing the Mercedes. A sinister-looking trio, wearing dark glasses, occupy the third car. A giant bass fiddle occupies most of the back seat.

Back in the VW, three of the passengers stand on a bank mounted on the back seats, and they clutch previously at the sides of the open sunroof. One is operating a motion picture camera on a tripod anchored to the VW with rope. It is focused on the other two cars. "OOooohhh . . . they're making a movie!" says the lady to her toy poodle, holding it up to give it a better look.

The lady, her dog, and the other strollers are witnessing SF State film-makers in action, in this case shooting a chase scene from "Mike Angels," a 30-minute detective comedy.

"Mike Angels" is one of dozens of films currently being produced by students at SF State. Literally dormant a few short years ago, the third division of the Radio-Television-Film department here has become a thriving world where students are discovering a new means of creative expression through the motion picture camera. Most of SF State's film majors began their college careers in another area, usually the humanities. The diversity of their backgrounds is mirrored in the diversity of the films they produce, ranging



Ed Baker, a junior philosophy major, lines up a shot during a screen test for the upcoming experimental film



A film and its corresponding sound track tape are run through a movie-ola, which projects image and

sound simultaneously, enabling the operator to synchronize them.

ing from three-minute silent shorts to sound productions of a half-hour or more.

Jim Spohn, a 33-year-old graduate student, discovered self-expression through film-making during a five-year stint as a high school English teacher. A 1958 graduate of UC Berkeley, he was also doing some writing and directing of little theatre productions when he decided to film a documentary on surfers, which he eventually finished after he had enrolled in SF State's graduate film division.

Last summer Spohn shot "Any Port," a tragic-comic film documenting a day in the life of two affable winos who roam around downtown San Francisco. He is

presently collaborating with Gaizka de Usabel, S.J., a Jesuit priest from Spain who is studying here toward an M.A. in Communications, on a film titled "Death of a Nun." Spohn calls the film "a poetic treatment of death, juxtaposing the death of a nun with the youth and innocence of a small child." It is being filmed in St. Monica's convent in San Francisco.

Chuck Barbee, a 24-year-old senior majoring in Radio-TV, finds film to be a refreshing medium where he can work on a project strictly on his own. This is impossible in television, he says. He is currently finishing a personal statement on civil rights entitled, "The Freed Man," which consists of a series of still photographs from

books, supplemented by narration and a music sound track.

Overall, student films cover a multitude of subjects and are filmed in a variety of ways. Photographic and editing techniques range from conventional to experimental. Stories range in content from simple narratives and pantomimes to complex and surrealistic experiments in space and form.

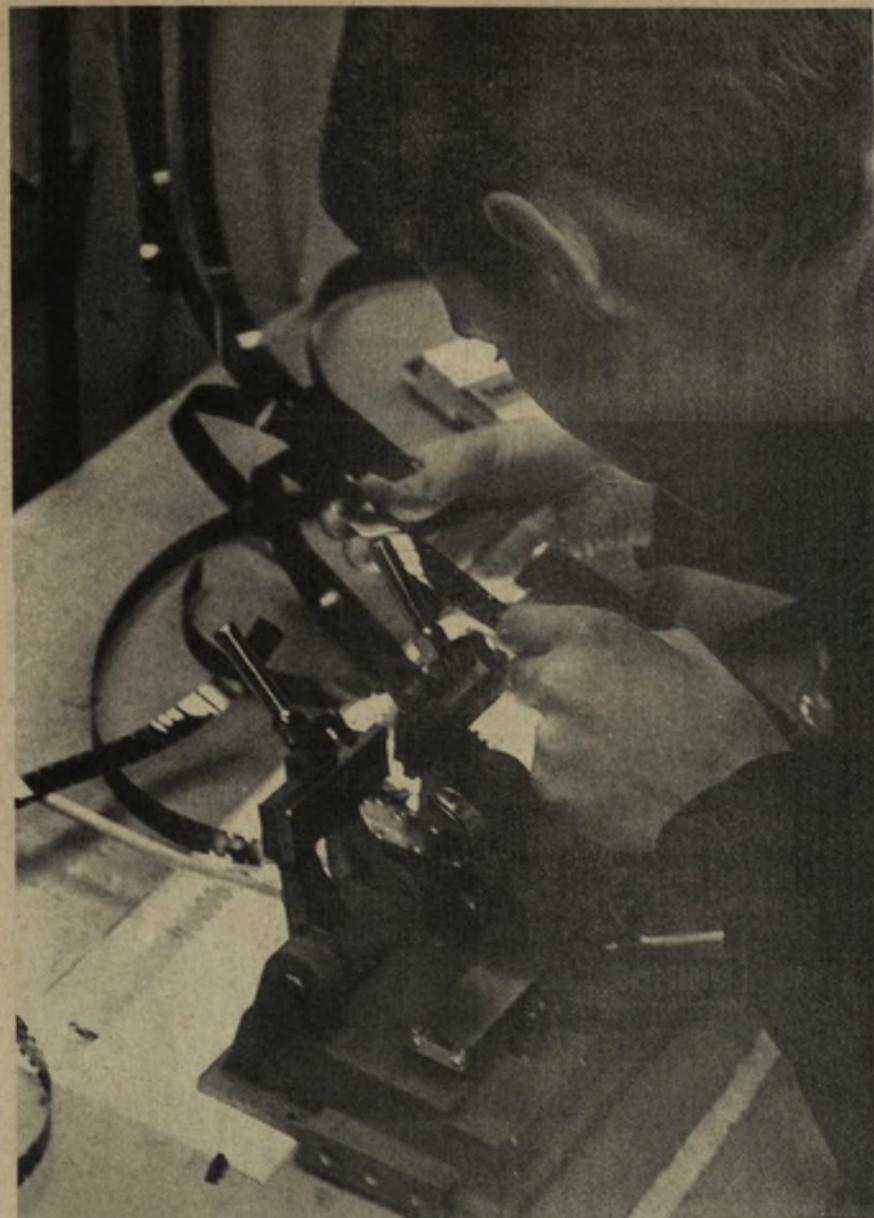
Advancement through SF State film curricula and increased experience in film-making does not necessarily mean, however, that the student film-maker becomes increasingly avant-garde in his expression, although he may become more artistic and proficient in methods.

Two graduate students, Tom Bullock and John Newton, are currently immersed in a most ambitious project, "Mike Angels." Efficient production of this film demands a professional caliber of film technique understanding, yet "Mike Angels" can hardly be considered avant-garde. On the contrary, some students in the film department say that it qualifies as "high camp." Bullock defines it as "just a comedy."

He and his crew have been shooting footage every weekend since early November and will continue to do so through January. Ken Stevens, a professional actor who has done character roles in several Hollywood productions, plays the title part of Mike Angels, who might be described as an aging Mike Hammer who speaks in cliches and nonsequiturs. The other two starring roles, Lorenzo Dela Cruz, a Spanish aristocrat, and Abel Smith, a stodgy British companion, are played by Will Marchetti and Dick Matthews, both of whom have had professional acting experience. All three of the actors are volunteering their services.

In the story, Dela Cruz enlists the aid of Angels to help him find the mysterious Maria. He is madly in love with her although he has not seen her in years. As the plot unravels, the three heroes become involved with a nefarious casino owner, Diablo Mosk, and three sinister-looking musicians who shadow them everywhere they go.

The weekend shooting schedule for "Mike Angels" is hectic, as any member of the twelve-man crew will quickly attest after spending a day of shooting moving-car sequences in Golden Gate park a few days ago. Time after time the Mercedes-Benz convertible containing the three heroes drove up and down the park's Main Drive, with the villainous musicians close behind. The VW bus containing the camera and crew took shots from the front and beside the Mercedes, getting different angles of what will eventually appear in the same scene. Cameraman Jim Catania spent most of the day wrestling with the 60-pound Eclair, a Swiss camera that belongs to the film department. Each time he desired a



The splicing machine invisibly joins individual strips of film by heat. Brian MacDonald, a junior R-TV-F major, selects a sequence to be included in the final footage.

different type of shot, the camera and its base would have to be untied from the floor of the VW and shifted about. Twice this necessitated taking all the seating and paraphernalia out of the VW.

Over 300 feet of film had been expended when the late afternoon sun no longer permitted filming. In six hours of shooting and re-shooting, the crew had completed what will eventually boil down to a two and one-half minute sequence in the finished production. Before the "Mike Angels" shooting has been

completed, an estimated 10,000 feet of film will have been exposed. Approximately one-third of this will constitute the final product.

Although few student films approach the production extremes of "Mike Angels," all of the filmmakers, whether they are working on a one-reeler for R-TV-F 60 or a more elaborate graduate project, will face essentially the same problems. Each film presents a myriad of problems which, unless resolved during production, will result in glaring flaws or lackluster craft-

manship when the film appears on a screen.

Jameson Goldner, assistant professor of R-TV-F and the department's film coordinator, says that the essential requirement of good film-making is a sense of logic that he calls the "film knack." Comparing filming with painting, another expressionistic medium, Goldner says, "The painter works mainly with static images, while the film-maker is dealing with a plastic medium in which tempo, space, logical sequence, and movement of direction all come into play. He adds that juxtaposition of camera shots is the key to success; the cameraman or the director must bear in mind that the shot is going into a certain context.

Photography comprises only about one-eighth of the total medium. The first step in the making of a film is writing a story treatment, a plot outline or sketchy narrative of the main film plot. Next comes a standard script, which lists every scene in chronological order, including a more detailed account of the action as well as a description of each camera shot (long shot, medium shot, or closeup).

The next step is a shooting script, which lists every shot in the order that it will be made. For several reasons, mainly economic ones, a film is never shot in the order in which it eventually appears. The shooting script is accompanied by a story board, which includes sketches of each shot, and the floor plan, which diagrams the scenes in the same way a football coach diagrams plays, in this case showing each camera and actor position.

After everything has been mapped out in the finest detail, the footage is finally shot, and editing, perhaps the most important phase of all, shapes the film into a story with both clarity and coherence. If there is a sound track, every corresponding inch of tape must be trimmed and matched with the film.

The most difficult problem that a student film-maker has to face is finances. As one student puts it, "Money is the big hang-up." The film department, while burgeoning with more new students each semester, operates on a rather limited budget and cannot possibly

finance every student project. The department does cut the students' production costs by offering the free use of filming and editing equipment, but students usually have to pay for their own film and the ensuing processing. A one-reel, silent film can be made for from \$10 to \$15, while, at the other extreme, a film like "Mike Angels," complete with synchronized sound-track, background music, and narration, could run as high as \$2,000.

The film division's curriculum offers classroom and laboratory experience in the key functions of writing, directing, and editing, but individual initiative and film-making, the best learning process of all, are stressed.

The classroom sessions in the two main production courses, R-TV-F 60 and 160, are lively and stimulating. Students bring and project any footage they have shot recently, whether it is for a project or not. The viewers are quick to criticize or praise the footage as they see fit, and the result is an intense interest in one another's work. Whenever footage is shown in the main editing room, all other activity usually ceases; everybody is anxious to see what his peer is doing.

"We're not training students to be compartmentalized," says Goldner, "but rather we are trying to train them to be complete filmmakers who can hit all the bases." He and three other professors handle the bulk of courses dealing solely with film. John Fell, associate professor of R-TV-F, who was hired by SF State in 1960, was the first film specialist to join the department. He is working mainly with graduate students this semester, and also teaches two courses in film appreciation. Joan Reynertson, assistant professor of Creative Arts and R-TV-F, teaches courses in direction and production design. Douglas Gallez, also an assistant professor of R-TV-F, instructs students in the use of motion picture equipment, and also teaches a course in music for films.

Although its program is only a few years old, the SF State film division has earned a reputation that ranks it among a handful of colleges and universities across the country. "Stones of Eden," a lyrical

study of life in Afghanistan film by former graduate student Furman, has been shown on campuses across the country and awarded a special prize by the Photographic Society of America. Jim Slick, another former student, produced "Everybody Hit Their Brother," a satirical look at the concept of brotherly love that honors at the Ann Arbor Film Festival and also appeared in the Francisco International Film Festival.

Commercial film exhibitors have recently been expressing interest in showing student films, but at present it is not feasible, due mainly to legal complications. Most students get at least one chance to screen their films to the public. The department's annual "Film Festival," presented each spring in the M. L. King Auditorium, last year turned out more than 200 away at the door. Meanwhile, Fell is trying to set up an organized exchange program with other campuses across the country.

As student interest in films, and in film-making, continues to increase, the film division has far been able to meet the needs of its students with some degree of success. There are currently 60 students enrolled in R-TV-F, and next semester will inevitably bring more. The Film Guild, under the direction of Steve Dakin, enjoyed its most successful year to date, and the Guild has announced plans to help finance worthy student film projects.

Why is there such a growing interest in film-making? Perhaps John Fell sums it up best when he says, "I think that film students today would have been creative writing majors ten years ago. Whatever the answer is, students seem to have discovered a means of expression that is successfully satisfying their needs."

PAUL SCANLON, 21, is an assistant city editor at the Gate. The senior journalism major from Burlingame is in his third semester on the staff, has written sports and general assignments, and is a former San Mateo Times staffer.

Alvin Fine

Continued from page 29

teaching experiences to date. Teaching two sections of Humanities 30 and an upper division philosophy course, he is "delighted with the whole thing." Next semester he will teach "History of a City." In this case, the city is Jerusalem.

Fine was born in Portland, Oregon. He majored in sociology at the University because he was terribly impressed by the head of the department." Upon graduation he enrolled at the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, Ohio. He received his rabbinical ordination and Master of Hebrew Letters degree in 1933. Fine holds several honorary degrees, including a Doctorate of Humane Letters from the University of Santa Clara.

Fine believes deeply in his religion and the freedom which it encourages. From the time he was a small boy Fine wanted to be a rab-

After ordination Fine intended to have a career as a teacher at the Hebrew Union College, but World War II interfered with his intentions. He was chaplain in the United States Army with the rank of major. He held the position of Deputy Theatre Chaplain in China and the Bronze Star Medal for "meritorious service" in the China-Burma-India Theatre.

Upon being discharged in 1946 with the rank of major, officer's reserve, retired, Fine became Assistant to the President of the Hebrew Union College. His duties did not include teaching, however. His time was occupied with administrative and student counseling, among other things.

In 1948 Fine became senior rabbi of Congregation Emanu-el in San Francisco. When he suffered his heart attack in 1963 he agreed to continue at Emanu-el for a one year period. "The duties and responsibilities of a congregation that size are more than my health would take," he said and added, "I didn't want to leave, but I couldn't do justice to the job and I have no regrets about my decision."

Fine had several offers from various schools around the country and chose SF State.

One attraction drawing Fine to this college is what he calls the "freedom to innovate. I have the feeling that what is here is excellent. No one wants to stand still." Although Fine is still learning the ropes of academia he appreciates that he can "teach what I want to teach the way I think it should be taught, within limits of the class, of course."

To Fine, academic freedom is "more precious than anything else" for teachers and students alike. Fine believes that with freedom comes responsibility. In order to "prevent the interference of vested interests, the academic community must take an active part in determining what happens. That's why I don't mind the committee meetings," Fine said.

Though Fine's career has taken somewhat unique turns, his ideas about education are not out of the ordinary. Nor is his physical appearance — with one notable exception.

That exception is his voice. Professor Fine is a slight man with deep penetrating brown eyes, a firm

handshake, a warm smile, and a rich enticing voice that has brought him both acclaim and embarrassment: "People used to come up to me occasionally and tell me they hadn't heard a word of my sermon but were hypnotized by my voice."

And it was perhaps his voice that led a sociology professor to remark, in explaining the concept of Charisma, that he didn't "know quite what it is, but supposedly Jesus Christ and Alvin Fine have got it." According to student comments, a conglomeration of gushy superlatives ("Fine is the finest," "fantastic," "the greatest"), the sociology professor was not far from wrong.

CAROL GILBERT, a 21-year-old psychology major, is a three-semester-veteran of the Gator and is the paper's drama critic. She contributed two articles on homosexuality and one on Gatorville for the previous INSERT.

9

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Bierman

Continued from page 9

"A written contract is just a matter of time," Bierman says — and hopes. "Without it, we don't have the ability to better ourselves, because the power of the state continues to grow and ours continues to dwindle. But we will keep trying. We shall prevail."

Concurrently with his union activities, Bierman is writing a book about philosophy for the layman. Philosophy as a scholastic subject is too "remote," he thinks; "it must be related to the times."

"Most individuals are 1960-ish in their dances — yet, they're mid-Victorian in their concepts of philosophy," Bierman says. "What we must do is teach individuals to frug philosophically."

While Bierman lays no claim to being a "Killer" Joe Piro of the lectern set, he is considered a handsome man with boyish charm. He has a sunny smile, laughing eyes, an infectious laugh, and a brilliant mind.

He has no hidden neurosis, no split personality. And he doesn't carry an "I'm really a nice guy, but when I step into the lecture room I become a different person" attitude.

Since his arrival at SF State 13 years ago, where he found "lively, argumentive, and driving students" who had "a certain moxie I like," Bierman has applied his knack for making logic interesting to his students.

They, in turn, consider the professor to be a "colorful lecturer, opinionated but lovable," a man "who thinks for himself." "He could never be called a phony," one student says. "Ask him a question and he'll answer you directly — maybe not tactfully, but directly. He'll never be a party to anything he doesn't believe in."

The hard-hitting, colorful diversity of Bierman's lectures matches his equally diverse life. He has worked in a mayonnaise factory, lumbermill, was a line setter for the telephone company in the desert, a clothing salesman, janitor, semi-professional ping-pong player,

and, during the depression, worked on a farm in Nebraska.

Bierman's interest in philosophy did not manifest itself until late in his college career at the University of Michigan. His love for studies diminished rapidly while at the University's law school, where he found the courses dull, tedious, and most unrewarding, he chuckles. "Prior to this time I had taken some philosophy courses which I found sprite, entertaining and most rewarding." His change from law to philosophy followed shortly.

Bierman is a person who is concerned with the changes and conditions in the institutions of higher learning. Last spring and summer, Bierman, accompanied by his family, went on a sabbatical. While traveling around Europe, he visited the Universities of Copenhagen, London, Munich, Paris, and Vienna, speaking with and observing the faculties and the students.

For the most part, he found the facilities poor, the professors dilating, and the students no more superior than the ones at SF State.



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I cannot stress enough upon our students that they should not apologize for attending this college."

This sense of personal dignity and esteem carries over to Bierman's family life. Both he and his wife share a mutual interest in politics and Bierman reports with ill-concealed pride that, through petitioning and lobbying, his wife saved Francisco's Sutro Forest from ever-increasing number of high-rise apartments. "Politics in our household is not a matter of adaptation — but survival," Bierman says.

On a change of pace, Bierman enjoys reading the works of his favorite poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins who used the term "inscape" to express the vital quality behind his creative activity — the quality of discerning the distinctive character of the person or object observed. Hopkins derived philosophical justification for this conception from the works of John Duns Scotus.

Although Bierman does not cite any particular philosopher as his favorite, he considers Plato to be the chief amongst the philosophers. There is no doubt that Bierman is a family man in every sense of the word. Nothing brings a smile to his face faster than the mention of his children, Benjamin, 11, and Megan, 15.

The concern that Bierman has for his family is accompanied by a love of animals. He is against people having pets in the city. "It is cruel and unfair to insult animals by cooping them up in an apartment or

In fact, Bierman says the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should pass a law which would forbid people to have pets in the city unless they have adequate facilities for them.

Cruelty to animals and moral turpitude have no place in Arthur Bierman's life — or his "frugging philosophy pattern."

PAT H. DUTTER is a 24-year-old speech major and journalism minor in her first year at SF State. A member of the Forensics Union, she is a transfer from City College, where she edited the newspaper.

Alumni

Continued from page 20

Joseph Edelstein, past alumni president says, "They must discover the needs of the college and work from there."

"There are a great many students who have deep-set loyalties to this college," Flynn says. "If we can discover where those loyalties lie, we can begin to support and strengthen those loyalties."

Keast, after a recent board meeting, inferred that the board is moving out of its embryonic state and accepting the ideas of the "new blood," the younger, newer members of the board.

Board members have considered developing closer ties with various academic areas of the college to recruit graduates who have vested interests in the department in which they majored.

Chapter organizations are in the formative stages in New York and central California.

New members of the board have offered their experiences with and knowledge of professional fundraising to begin projects that will beef up the alumni association's pocketbook.

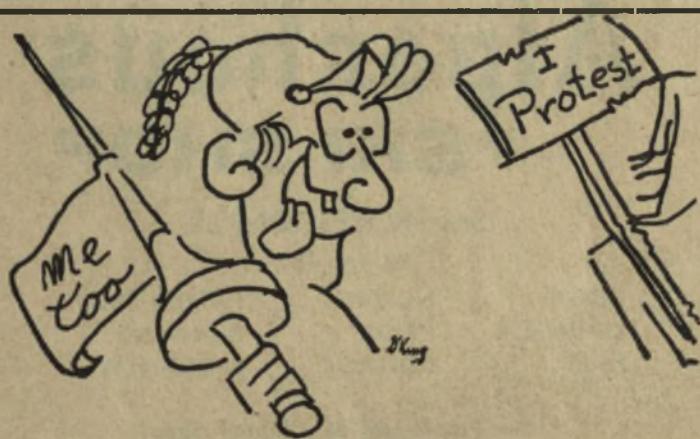
John Broom, a '65 graduate, donated the services of a stenographer to assist committee chairmen and also offered \$50 to the alumni scholarship fund at his first meeting with the board in December. He was voted in as a director of that meeting.

Two students have been asked to participate in board committee meetings, as a means of keeping the board informed about the activities of student government and AS organizations.

"We must look to the 'new generation,' the new blood in forming our goals," Blum said at his last meeting as alum president. "These new members of the board are from the new college, not the old college on the hill, and they can probably be better leaders than we have been."

The alumni association has a host of "new ideas." If it should succeed in establishing workable by-laws and active committees and finding dedicated board members who are more concerned with results than petty bickering, it will succeed in fitting into the changing image of SF State and add to the growth of the "most exciting campus in the country."

— By SUSAN HULL



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NEW BREED

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radical change, they are not dupes of Moscow or Peking or the "international Communist conspiracy." If they are dupes, they are dupes of their American heritage, dupes of their high school civics courses, dupes of the parade of shining American virtues they have come to realize exist primarily in the imaginations of history textbook writers. The students on the left want only one thing. They want America to be the way it's supposed to be.

PHIL GARLINGTON, a 22-year-old sophomore, is in his first semester on the Gater, handling general assignments. The Cleveland-born journalism major edited *The Word*, a Naval Reserve monthly magazine, between 1962 and 1964.

Student thieves

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maintains a force of nine security men, with two to four of them on patrol around the campus each day from 5 p.m. to 3 a.m.

The security officers have full powers of arrest, Beery says, "but in student cases we try to work things out with Dean Reddell as often as we can."

With all roads leading to Ferd Reddell and Dean Wells' "listening post," as she calls her office, those students who steal trudge about the community pretty freely. The risks aren't monumental, they think, and reasons for stealing are many.

"They steal from temptation more than anything," a store manager says; they steal "sometimes for money and very often out of some kind of sadistic, hostile impulse toward people," psychology professor Mervyn Freedman theorizes.

"It's easy to get away with," Woolworth's manager adds. "However, it's like playing Russian Rou-

lette. You eventually get caught. But "college students don't seem to be emotional about it," City Paris' manager says. Also, "I feel they have a right to steal. Some are cool, nonchalant," according to the manager at Wahlgren.

And they obviously know how to steal. "By the time it takes to catch you ways they steal," an Emporium security agent says grimly, "they think up many more new ways."

Stonestown merchants, in general, agree that "college students generally go about their business and Reddell has never received a shoplifting complaint from the shopping center. But they know better than to lean back and let the store mirrors do the work.

And while campus penalties are of the "protective environment" where they originate, even the administrators must often wonder about the feasibility of adopting outside world's harsher regulations.

George Changaris is emphatic about the college's philosophy. "When it fails, well — you've least tried," he says, making his point with a stab of his hand.

His wrist is noticeably bare. "Someone stole my watch and ran back," he says sheepishly.

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BEN FONG-TORRES, a 21-year-old R-TV major and journalism minor, is City Editor and columnist for the Gater, conducts a disc-jockey show on campus station KRTG, and has written three articles for two previous issues of *INSERT*.

ALONZO GONZALEZ (None From Nuncle) a 24-year-old drama major — with emphasis in technical theater — is in his first semester on the Gater. His cartoons have appeared in two previous issues of *INSERT* and he has done the covers for the *Alumni Quarterly* and *Stateside* magazine.

STEVE CASEY (Faces in the Crowd), a 21-year-old junior, is editor of the campus humor magazine *Garter*. A journalism major and a Gater reporter last year, Casey also wrote the "Faces in the Crowd" feature for the previous *INSERT*.

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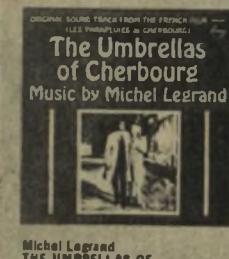
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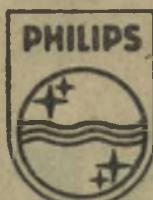
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