



# open process



## Caution: Eating white bread may be hazardous to your health

by Paul Kangas



Part IV of a Series

You do not control your mind. Your body controls your mind. Your environment controls your mind. That is, your body controls your mind's ability and its plane of operation. Your mind responds differently depending on what you feed your body. Your mind's level of operation depends on your nutritional environment. Your mind merely responds to your environment. You become what you eat.

Nutritional deficiencies can simulate some psychiatric problems. Much lack of understanding of nutritional problems by doctors leads to diagnoses of borderline physical problems as having psychiatric reasons.

Dr. Carlton Fredricks, Ph.D., FOOD, FACTS AND FALLACIES points to this with the following data:

"In one study, 115 patients that had been diagnosed as being emotionally disturbed, were found eventually to have physical illnesses. This discovery resulted in the cure of 45, the improvement of 36, no response in 3, and the death of 31, 25 of whom -- remember they had been told they were neurotic! -- died from cancer."

Another medical problem further aggravated by people who feel they can skate on thin nutritional ice and get away with it forever is the problem of behavioral changes that sometimes show up after a viral infection. You drag around. You are disorganized. Your sex drive is down. You feel inadequate.

The problem is, your body may feel all right after you recover from an illness, but the nutritional reserves your body had built up no longer exist. This upset of the balance of minerals, vitamins and much more your body needed to maintain your mind on it's previous plane, can aggravate or simulate emotional problems. This condition, if not corrected with special purpose foods (like Brewer's Yeast), may allow other medical and psychological conditions to develop. An indication of the role your nutritional history plays is the wide variety of ways different people react to the same infection.

Healthy, well-fed people (the elite in America) suffer fewer and shorter illnesses. A story in the 14 November Chronicle mentioned how "one in every ten Americans has an uncared for medical problem." Among ghetto blacks and Chicanos the figure is twenty four percent. For us of the poor white trash segment the percentage of us who have a simple-to-correct but uncared for medical problem is THIRTY SIX PERCENT In America. For in America only the elite can afford to buy basic human dignities like medical care, education or justice. For in America basic human rights like medical care, education and justice have a price. A price far beyond the means of a substantial minority of our people.

Thirty six percent. That gives you a view of the poor in reality. The poor are not poor because they lack money. They are poor because they are denied medical care, because they are denied education and because they are denied wholesome food by an elitist government that wallows in an excess of all three of these things. Oink.

The 29 November issue of TIME dangles this data before the insensitive American too. Knowing the most action liberal Americans will take is to TALK around the problem. This condition of sophisticated violence called poverty must be changed.

Fredricks makes the plight of the poor clearer:

"One of our colleagues, Dr. Harry Swarty, some years ago remarked that the incidence of allergy in children confined for 'juvenile delinquency' is far greater than that which would be anticipated in a random sampling of the general child population. He also pointed out in

several of his textbooks on allergy that an allergic reaction in the brain can have impacts on behavior, for the very good reason that swelling which is confined in the bony skull must exert pressure. Dr. Swartz's awareness of the contribution of allergy to behavioral disturbances and 'mental disorder' was not widely shared, however, until recently, when (in two reports to the First International Congress of Social Psychiatry) physicians spoke of failure to recognize food sensitivity as a widespread cause of illness which may appear to be, in some cases, purely psychiatric-like depression. It is interesting to see the language used by one of these physicians, who obviously realized that the 'consensus' was not likely to look with favor upon this unorthodox theory. He acknowledged that psychiatrists and other physicians have generally 'given first place' to psychogenic factors in the cause of mental illness and that it sounded unorthodox therefore to suggest that environmental factors -- foods and their chemical contaminants -- may be allergic reaction involving the central nervous system be as important as purely emotional stress in the production of mental and functional disorders. He pointed out that when a symptom can be relieved by elimination of a specific food, reproduced by administration of the food, and again relieved by a subsequent withdrawal of the food, it is logical to assume that allergy is the cause of the symptom. He cited a case history of a thirty-one-year-old woman suffering from depression, who did not respond to psychotherapy or to any of the mood-changing drugs. It was discovered that administration of eggs, tea, rice, salmon, wheat, milk, peas, potato, butter, and cheese induced symptoms ranging from depression and fatigue to colds, itching, muscle cramps, stiff neck, and headache. Another case was that of a child with insomnia, nail-biting, bedwetting, compulsive masturbation, tremor of the hands, stammering, quarrelsomeness, and inability to concentrate at school. Elimination of PROCESSED CARBOHYDRATES -- the cereal grains -- brought 'immediate improvement.' Not only was the boy 'as bad as ever' when the foods were reintroduced, but the doctor indicated that an outburst of the pattern of 'delinquent behavior' could always be traced with certainty to the boy's inadvertently breaking his diet."

The chances that a boy from a "poor environment -- also meaning a diet of the cheapest, most processed, least nutritional food (carbohydrates) -- will go 'bad' is much

greater than a boy who comes from a nutritional environment that the microminority elite of America obtain at my expense. And how does the 1% who control the police of my country treat "juvenile delinquency"? In 1968? By subjecting them to the most inhuman living condition allowed by modern man. Including, of course, a diet of the cheapest food produced. Breakfast at Juvenile Hall or in our city prison consists of two small boxes of dry cereal.

People, a living being, are allowed to become mentally stunted and then they are forced to rot for their whole life because they can't BUY, BUY, BUY, the bare minimum of human dignity. How long will our oink government refuse to help it's own damaged people. America, America.

### VITAMIN "C" DATA

"Especially if you're restless -- or pregnant!"

Vitamin C is an excellent example of the "Factor of Demand," one of the elements in life which determine our need for vitamins and for other food elements. If you work very hard, "normal" nutrition -- normal, that is, for the "average" person -- becomes inadequate.

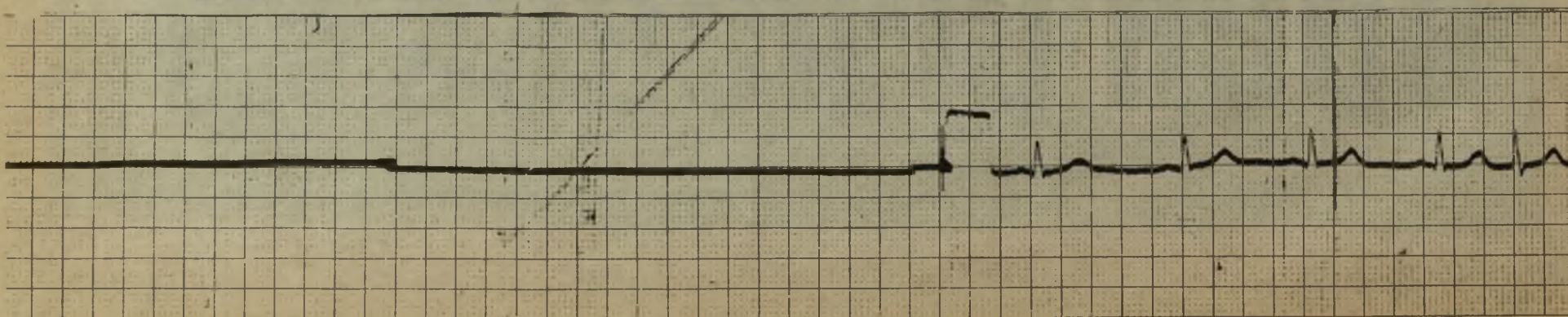
Thus it is that a pregnant woman may develop varicose veins. Not only is she carrying extra weight and walking for exercise (hard work) but her unborn child imposes a greatly increased demand for vitamin C. Unless the expectant mother's intake is appreciably higher than "normal", her supply becomes exhausted and, in protest, her legs develop varicosities. . .

Of all the vitamins, C is the easiest to obtain in assured amounts from natural foods, for citrus juice or whole fruit is always rich in it. One of the most important functions of the vitamin is in its material aid to the body in the manufacture of "collagen," the "glue" that holds the cells of the body together. An early sign of vitamin-C deficiency is bleeding gums; another is a tendency of the small blood vessels in other parts of the body to break, on slight strain. This breaking is called petechia. One of the clinical tests for vitamin-C deficiency is binding the arm and counting the number of petchial hemorrhages exhibited. If too many appear, the patient is sent home with a high citrus fruit diet.

The United States Department of Agriculture states that there are probably thousands of people in this country suffering from an unrecognized vitamin-C deficiency. Restlessness and irritability in infants and children, "spring-fever" in adults, or a run--down feeling at any time of the year may mark the deficiency. Without one outward symptom of trouble, a person may be in a state of deficiency more dangerous than scurvy itself, says the Department, which warns that such a condition -- undetected and unchallenged -- can damage teeth and bones and weaken the blood system to the point where it can no longer resist or fight infections."

The ideal vitamin-C intake for adults is set at up to 150 milligrams. An ounce of orange juice supplies 15 milligrams. An ounce of tomato juice supplies 7 milligrams. People who use large amounts of drugs (cigs and coffee included) might require up to 2000 milligrams a day. I personally use from 500 to a 1000 milligrams a day in tablet form plus two fresh fruits.

This column is dedicated to building the robust, rugged, revolutionary America will need to rebuild her sick nation and restore dignity to our burning flag.



# Look Out, Faculty!

## Due Process is gonna get Your Momma

By Peter Shapiro

In the last Open Process, we made a facetious reference to the fact that the Philosophy Department "contains some of the most liberal and politically active men this side of the English Department." We're not laughing any more. Last Monday, while the English Department was giving its wholehearted support to the Convocation, its Hiring, Retention, and Tenure Committee was busy denying tenure to Pat Gleeson, the man originally responsible for hiring George Murray.

No one is saying what the charges against Gleeson are. No one outside the committee knows the grounds for his dismissal. When Gleeson showed up on campus with his lawyer last Tuesday and asked to see his personnel file, he was told that it had been sealed and it would take a court injunction to open it. What the hell is going on?

### EPISODE ONE:

#### DR. GLEESON MEETS THE G. E. PROGRAM

When Pat Gleeson joined the English Department faculty two years ago, teaching was of secondary importance to him. He was, as he puts it, interested in doing research in 18th Century English Literature, in addition to creative work. His credentials on both counts were impeccable. Nevertheless -- as is common with young professors -- he was assigned to a "shit job," one that nobody else in the department wanted: administering the Freshman English program. At the time, Eric Solomon suggested that perhaps it was unfair to appoint a young professor with a strong personality to a job which required the abilities of an experienced bureaucrat. Solomon's advice was not heeded, however, and Gleeson assumed the responsibilities of the position -- which included hiring instructors to teach English 6.1 and 6.2.

It is common knowledge on this campus, and throughout the State College system, that the General Education program stinks. It didn't take Gleeson long to find out for himself. He was disgusted with the antiquated, rigidified courses, unimpressed with the concept of competitive grading, and appalled at the program's inability to meet the needs of minority students. The theory behind G. E. is dubious enough: it's supposed to serve as a sort of academic melting pot, wherein students of differing economic, cultural, and educational values can be assimilated and prepared for their "integration" into the process of higher education, after which they are permitted to go on to better things. At the same time, the G. E. process weeds out the "assimilables" from the "unassimilables." The assimilables put up with it; the unassimilables flunk out or drop out. Implicit in the whole idea is the assumption that the student must redefine himself to meet the standards of the college, rather than the standards of the college redefining themselves to meet the needs of the individual student. It's the sort of educational program a State Legislature would devise, and indeed, that's exactly what happened.

What keeps the G. E. program at S. F. State from functioning as it was intended to is that nobody takes it seriously. How can you? The boredom and contempt of the students might be tolerated, but not the disrespect of the faculty members, who react to G. E. courses as they would to taking out the garbage. A man of some compassion, Pat Gleeson quickly recognized what the Freshman English courses were doing to students -- particularly black students, who felt their abuses most acutely. One of his ideas was to set up a t-group among the Freshman English instructors, the purpose being to improve teaching techniques, build some kind of communication between the teachers, perhaps to make the course a little more humanized. His other idea was to pressure the Department to hire more black faculty. For his part, he appointed a graduate student in Creative Writing named George Murray to teach English 6.1.

### EPISODE TWO: THE GATER INCIDENT

Gleeson began running into static in November of last year, following the hysteria which swept the campus following the so-called "Gater incident." In retrospect, the whole thing seems a little silly. Some black students went up to the office of the Daily Gater, then under Journalism Department control and utterly reactionary as a result, to complain about the Gater's ill-concealed racism and its distorted coverage of BSU activities. The editor is supposed to have answered their complaint with a reference to black s.o.b.'s. A fight broke out; the editor lost. The next day the Gater plastered gory fight pictures across its front page, together with charges that they had been victims of an unprovoked attack. The mass media picked up the story and blew it up some more. Politicians declaimed, civic leaders pontificated, and white students on the S. F. State campus -- even the most enlightened of them -- found themselves beginning to perspire whenever they passed a group of blacks. Nightmarish fantasies about black violence were entertained; irrationality was the order of the day.

One of the people involved in the incident was George Murray. Under pressure from President Summerskill, the English Department's HRT Committee met -- in secret, as is customary -- to discuss Murray's fate as a faculty member. Pat Gleeson was asked to attend. He did, and began by informing the committee that the decision to dismiss or retain Murray was not theirs to make; rather, it was the responsibility of the hiring committee of the Freshman English program, of which he was chairman. He was promptly corrected by Department Chairman Carolyn Shrodes, who informed him that his powers were only advisory and the HRT Committee could, if it saw fit, disregard his advice. Gleeson lost his temper. He pointed out to the committee, probably in strong language, that they were trying a man in secret, that the accused was not even allowed to be present at his trial, and that the only evidence against him was a newspaper photograph on the front page of the Gater. He suggested that that added up to a total denial of due process, and left the meeting. The committee promptly voted to suspend Murray.

Gleeson then went before the Executive Committee of the Academic Senate and demanded that they overrule the HRT committee. The Executive Committee complied, lifting Murray's suspension and giving HRT a slap on the wrists. From that point on, relations between Gleeson and the English Department hierarchy began to deteriorate. The G. E. hiring committee found itself suddenly absolved of the responsibility for writing hiring letters for Freshman English instructors, which now came directly from the department office. At the same time, it became clear that the pressure would be on not to rehire Murray for the 1968-69 academic year. Gleeson was asked by Carolyn Shrodes to sit in on one of Murray's classes. "I did," says Gleeson now, "and he's a fantastic teacher."

### EPISODE THREE:

#### THE ACADEMIC STANDARD BEARERS

Meanwhile, Gleeson was still trying to get more black professors hired. To that end, he appeared before the English Advisory Board, the ranking committee of the department. Prior to his appearance Shrodes spoke to him and advised him to be "moderate" in his appeals to the Board. Unfortunately Gleeson is not a man of moderation. He called for the abolition of the G. E. program and demanded that the department hire more minority professors; indeed, we're breaking our backs looking for qualified ones. But we can't lower our academic standards. This concern for maintaining established academic standards seemed to be paramount in the Board members'

minds. The dilemma posed by their attitude was an acute one. Most academicians feel strongly that de facto segregation is reprehensible, that a lily-white department is a reflection on the college, the society, and their own values. And most department heads are, indeed, doing their damndest to find "qualified black instructors." But one reason "qualified black instructors" are so hard to find is that the term "qualified" implies anglicized, white in mentality and background if not in skin color. The academic rhetoric has no place for the language of the streets. The academic life-style is repelled by the realities of the black ghetto. The academic institutions demand that its subjects conform to a certain set notion of what academia is all about. That's why most professors are terrified by a man like George Murray, who speaks the language of the streets and preaches black liberation by any means necessary. The more liberal ones might admire the activities of the Black Panthers from a distance, but to have one in their midst makes them feel distinctly uncomfortable -- especially if they find themselves implicated in his attack on white America. It's not his blackness or even his politics; it's simply that he threatens the assumptions around which their lives and their work have always centered. Your college has never helped black people; on the contrary, your college has aided in the effort to destroy them. Your college and the frame of reference within which it operates are bullshit; they must be destroyed.

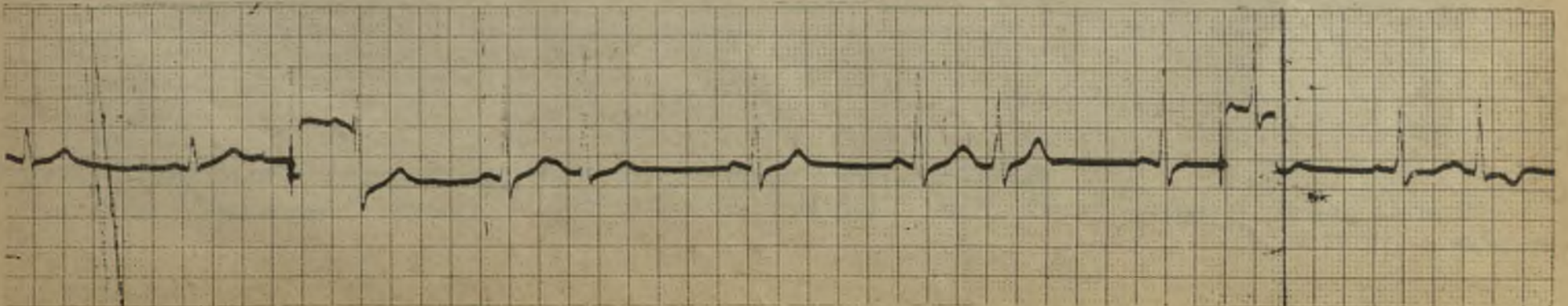
So the conflict between hiring black professors and maintaining "academic standards" was really an inevitable one, even in the liberal English Department. Speaking before the Advisory Board, Gleeson found himself saying that if the "academic standards" the department sought to maintain had no place for black people, perhaps those standards ought to be drastically re-evaluated. He found himself challenging the sinecure of most of the Board member. The atmosphere grew strained. Gleeson now feels that the what the department wanted was responsible, respectable, over-30 black professors. Naturally, they were kidding themselves. And they didn't appreciate being told so.

### EPISODE FOUR

#### THE AXE FALLS

Still, it came as a total surprise to Gleeson when, last week, he suddenly found himself out of a job. Having been on the English Department faculty for two years, he was up for tenure. At the beginning of the present semester he received the usual letter informing him that he had been retained for 1968-9. It contained, however, a veiled reference to the fact that there had been some problems with the way he had been executing his duties and that it would have to be straightened out. When he brought the matter up with Carolyn Shrodes, she brushed it aside and said it could be taken up later. Gleeson was arrested, along with two other English professors, during last May's sit-in; when he consulted with Shrodes before submitting to arrest, she simply said she hoped he wouldn't do it, but the decision was his. And two weeks ago, Gleeson spoke with Richard Bratset, Chairman of the HRT Committee -- with whom he had collided over George Murray. He asked him if there would be any problems when his tenure came up that would require his getting any new material into his personnel file now. Bratset assured him that everything was all right. But then, as Gleeson has observed, the people in the department aren't talking with him as freely as they used to. At worst, Gleeson expected that he might get a slap on the wrists or that the granting of tenure would be temporarily delayed. Instead, the HRT committee -- in one of its typical closed meetings -- voted to deny tenure altogether. Although there is reason to believe the decision

continued on page 6



# THE EMPEROR'S

by Bill Barlow

"If we are to call San Francisco State College racist, what term do we have left for the government of Rhodesia?"

S. L. Hayakawa.

It would be difficult to take S. L. Hayakawa seriously if he didn't happen to be Acting President of S. F. State. He is one of that breed of "public scholars" who somehow got into the public eye and made a career out of conforming to the popular stereotype of the intellectual. He is, according to the news media, an "Internationally renowned semanticist." Like Eric Hoffer, Vance Packard, and Theodore Reik, he has latched himself onto an academic discipline, vulgarized it, and peddled it for mass consumption. In so doing he joins the ranks of the intellectual mentors of the Rotary Clubs, the Junior Chambers of Commerce, and other such organizations which are willing to shell out the appropriate lecture fees in return for the illusion of being enlightened.

Hayakawa is well suited for this peculiar occupation. As a semanticist, he holds a virtual monopoly on a very under-exposed discipline. His books, while offering little more than a crude distillation of semantic theory, are nevertheless generally required readings at some point along the educational treadmill. About all one ever remembers about LANGUAGE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION is that it was about semantics and it was written by some guy named Hayakawa. Another point in his favor is that he is a member of a non-white minority who can nevertheless be counted to praise the virtues of the American way of life, with its resplendent social justice, equality, abundance and opportunity for all. At a time when the non-white minorities of this country are raising a lot of hell about the economic and social abuses to which they are subjected, Hayakawa's is a voice that warms the hearts of many white Americans.

Hayakawa's most recent intellectual meanderings have centered around the social effects of television. Unlike McLuhan, whose analysis of television is grounded in original and provocative theoretical insights, Hayakawa is content with overstating the obvious and lending an air of legitimacy to a lot of popular cliches. One of his theories is that television is responsible for much of the violence in American society. On the other hand, he also maintains that television is a major source in effecting meaningful social change. Taken individually, both of these statements are almost too vapid to lend themselves to concrete analysis. Even at their face value, however, they still contradict each other. In Hayakawa's world, violence is antithetical to meaningful social change. This anomaly is characteristic of Hayakawa's entire intellectual style. In place of content, coherence, and consistency, he substitutes a scattergun approach which is calculated to touch upon as many topical associations as possible. He then proceeds to define and relate the cliches in a manner that is supposed to lend credibility to his own conceptual panaceas. And the real irony lies in the fact that Hayakawa isn't consciously trying to put us on; most likely, he really believes his own propaganda.

## SAM, THE BUS BOY

At his Saturday press conference, Hayakawa made an embarrassingly sentimental reference to the fact that he had once worked as a busboy, adding that before that, "my father as a young immigrant worked as a houseboy in a San Francisco home." His reference to these humble beginnings were obviously intended to conjure up an image of himself as a sort of latter-day Horatio Alger hero who progressed from rags to riches through hard work, obedience, and putting his faith in the System. The ramifications of this experience are critical to his personal philosophy. As the son of a non-white immigrant who scaled the heights and became not simply an "internationally-renowned semanticist," but the "interim president" of a major state college as well, Hayakawa finds great satisfaction in exemplifying all those fine American ideals his success would seem to verify. Equal opportunity, individual initiative and advancement, the self-made man, education as the key to social mobility... these are just a few of the social myths to whom Hayakawa's life lends a little credibility. And no doubt they are precious realities to him, even though statistics suggest that his life has been closer to the exception than the rule. So it is no surprise that Hayakawa should cling tenaciously to his illusory vision of American society. And it is even less surprising that he should find intolerable any social turmoil within the university, to the point where he would volunteer to lead the repression designed to crush such turmoil, with all the fervor of a religious zealot in the Dark Ages.

For Hayakawa, the university must be nothing less than sacred. It gave him three degrees, prestige and fame, security and status. It opened doors that Orientals seldom

dream of having access to. Quite probably, it kept him out of a concentration camp during World War II. In return, Hayakawa could give nothing less than his complete loyalty and total obedience. An alternative vision of either the university or of American society was inconceivable to him. His allegiance to the status quo was inextricably bound to his belief in himself and his success. And if one gave way then the other would surely follow. As long as peace, tranquility, and business-as-usual prevailed on college campuses, Hayakawa was secure. But when the university became a source of social conflict and the academic community was forced to reassess its position, Hayakawa's sinecure was suddenly threatened.

Hayakawa came to S. F. State in the mid-fifties. He brought with him the prestige of his blossoming reputation, but aside from teaching a few classes, he didn't initially localize his activities. It was only when the Berkeley Free Speech Movement ushered in the birth of a viable student movement that Hayakawa began to take a keen interest in university problems. And his unswerving faith in the sanctity of the university of the '40's and '50's impelled him to denounce any and all forms of student activism, regardless of the issues involved. As the student movement began to build at S. F. State, Hayakawa's concern became more intense, and his politics became more violently opposed to student activism. Yet it was not until November and December of 1967, when things really began to erupt at S. F. State, that Hayakawa came out into the forefront and began searching for allies. Out of that search came the Faculty Renaissance Committee.

The Faculty Renaissance Committee was formally established in December of 1967. It held its initial organizational meetings off campus for fear of being infiltrated by faculty liberals--a fear more indicative of the Renaissance's own paranoia than of any threat of infiltration. The organizers of this group were some of the best known faculty reactionaries at San Francisco State. There was Carl Larson of the Business Department, the man who also helped set up Students to Keep the Campus Open (SKCO) through one of his regular business classes. Frank Dollard of the English Department, whose pet theory is that Mao is secretly financing SDS on campus. Howard Waldron, a professor in the Department of Design and Industry, and George Derugin, a professor of World Business. Derugin, who speaks with a thick German accent, received his Ph.D. in Economic Sciences at the University of Berlin in 1942. His views on Nazi Germany and Hitler have never been spelled out publicly, but given his politics, many people have wondered about exactly what he was up to in Nazi Germany during Hitler's reign. Finally there was Hayakawa, who functions as the theoretician and intellectual spokesman of the group. The Faculty Renaissance Committee spent most of its energies attacking the Academic Senate, which has traditionally been the stronghold of faculty liberals. Their favorite tactic was to call for a faculty referendum on any important question that came before the Senate. Aside from that, they published a newsletter and a recent Hayakawa position paper on setting of extension facilities in minority communities. For his part, Hayakawa also wrote letters to the Chancellor's Office, the contents of which have never been made public. The Faculty Renaissance Committee presently claims a membership of 200, while faculty members of other political persuasions say it is less than a hundred. In any event, the group is recognized as the base of the faculty right wing on campus, and Hayakawa is recognized as its leading spokesman.

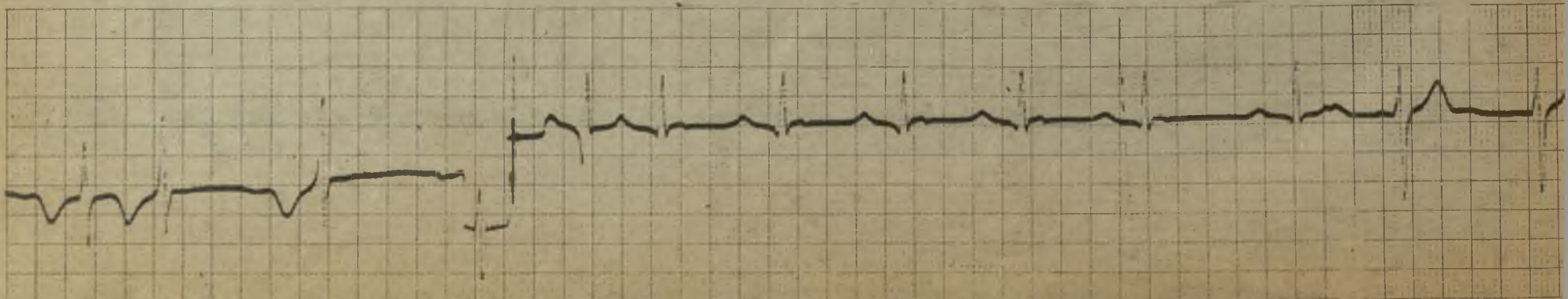
## RACISM REDEFINED

It may be that Hayakawa projected himself most totally into the Presidential picture on November 14, the day after the Tac Squad ran amok, when he revealed himself as the on-campus mouthpiece for Ronald Reagan. In a remarkable speech to a faculty meeting, Hayakawa introduced a new and bizarre concept of racism. He began by saying that neither San Francisco State College nor the United States could accurately be called racist; racism being more oppressive in Rhodesia than it is here, the term could be applied only to the government of Rhodesia. One might have thought that Hayakawa was simply saying, as several of the Trustees have said, that racism was not a relevant issue in the S. F. State strike and was therefore not a proper matter for concern. That was not the case, however; Hayakawa then proceeded to attribute racism-Rhodesia-style to his fellow faculty members who were sympathetic to the BSU demands. This required some fancy verbal footwork. To justify the charge, Hayakawa was obliged to set himself up as a spokesman for the "silent Negro majority." Echoing Governor Reagan, Hayakawa charged that support for the BSU by white students and faculty reflected "an attitude of moral

condescension which every self-respecting Negro has the right to resent -- and does resent."

It is difficult to say which half of that sentence is more pernicious: the first half, which attempts to define "Negro self-respect" in terms of a certain political position (which happened to be his own), or the second half, which glibly implied that the overwhelming majority of black people accepted that definition. This is a pretty precarious position for a man like Hayakawa, who is not black, to put himself in. How does he justify his presumption that he is qualified to speak for black people, whose demand for self-determination implies a demand to choose their own spokesmen? Read this quotation:

The main source of problems on campus is those starry-eyed idealistic white liberals who are swept away by Negro demands. They 'discovered' Negroes only four or five years ago. None of them have slept in Negro homes, as I have; attended Negro churches, as I have; traveled through the Deep South, as I have; gone into Negro bars and talked to Negro working



## NEW CLOTHES

er Shapiro

and "popular scholar." As a popular scholar, he sees vicarious experience as somehow being more legitimate than actual direct experience; hence, his incredibly patronizing references to "sleeping in Negro homes" and "listening to Negro jazz." A sure sign of a vicarious reality freak is his compulsion to show his credentials or endlessly compare them with those of others. As a semanticist, Hayakawa sees the world basically as a complex of symbolic references, and it is in terms of symbolic references that he invariably approaches social problems.

For example, there is the superficiality of his analysis of the sources of racism. For him it is not an outgrowth of economic, social, or political conditions, nor even a form of character neurosis or a symptom of sexual/psychological disorder. It is, simply, a matter of "stigmatization," of certain symbolic references being attached to black skin. Hayakawa is deeply concerned with the problem of "prejudice," and convinced that it will be overcome when people "get to know each other" well enough to transcend the symbolic references they attach to blackness. A possible approach to this might be taking Negroes to lunch and discovering that, lo and behold, they're just like us. Hayakawa is a positive fanatic about this. When he came to San Francisco at the end of World War II and was asked to speak before a Nisei group, he refused to do so on the grounds that he didn't believe in ethnic organizations. In egalitarian America, he maintained, ethnic differences were of no consequence and should be treated as such. Hayakawa was apparently impervious to the fact that the entire Nisei population of the West Coast had been incarcerated in concentration camps for the duration of the war, a fate Hayakawa escaped only because he happened to be in the Midwest at the time. He could not believe that objective social conditions could possibly exist which would give lie to his idealized vision of American society.

The absurdity of Hayakawa's symbolic references does not end there. In one remarkable passage in LANGUAGE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION, he quotes from Henley's "Invictus" ("Out of the night that covers me/black as the pit from pole to pole/I thank whatever gods may be/for my unconquerable soul") as an example of a work of art with which black people strongly identify. Why? First of all, because of the attitude of "defiance in the face of insurmountable odds," secondly because of the use of the word "black" in the second line.

By now we should have established that Hayakawa has peculiar ideas about who speaks for black people, but even this does not prepare us for his finding their spokesman in a mawkish Victorian poet -- particularly in light of the kind of attitudes Victorians had towards black people. But perhaps the payoff lies in a brief re-examination of his Great Television Thesis. "The fact is," he said on Saturday, "that America is not at all a racist society in principle . . . If you want an example of a racist society, go look at the Union of South Africa, where they are so afraid of social changes that the government refuses to permit television to operate in the country." Dig this: if South Africa had television, its oppressed black people would enjoy instant liberation. And we can include in the evidence that our OWN society is not racist the fact that we have not one, but three major networks!

Bizarre as Hayakawa's racial attitudes are, they have produced some pretty standardized results. At his press conference last Saturday, Hayakawa fielded several questions and then was stopped by a black reporter from KDLA. The reporter asked a penetrating question; Hayakawa, instantly suspicious, asked if he was really a newsman and demanded to see his credentials. Even for Hayakawa, it was an incredibly gross and revealing blunder.

## IN PURSUIT OF THE LAW

Hayakawa's unfortunate run-in with the KDLA reporter was characteristic of the general lack of finesse he displayed during his Saturday press conference. Moreover, it was a promise of things to come. But, as Will Rogers used to say about Congress, every time Hayakawa makes a joke, it's a law. His most outrageous whims and fancies are backed up by the full force of the Tactical Squad, the Highway Patrol, and--if necessary--the National Guard. It was hard, at first, to take his preposterous "state of emergency"--the terms of which included making the Speaker's Platform off-limits, turning the use of amplification equipment without the President's express permission into an act of heresy, and "accelerating" due process so that anybody accused of violating the New Order would be disposed of within a period of 72 hours--very seriously. Even his choice of words was ludicrous: "Due process is not being eliminated, merely accelerated, etc." But for the last

three days the New Order has been in effect, it's gotten progressively harder and harder to laugh.

It began Monday morning at eight o'clock, when the Emperor himself, attired in a red beanie, climbed up on a student sound truck and tried to grab the mike and tell all us kiddies to go back to class. When a group of students restrained him from that, he cut the wires, shutting off the power. A crowd gathered; the Emperor's beanie fell off and he shouted repeatedly, "I'm the President of this college!" Within seconds, the police were there to break up the crowd and arrest two people.

Monday night, on the 6 o'clock news, an astonished nation saw the new President of San Francisco State College standing on top of a soundtruck, beanie askew, screaming obscenities. "You should be ashamed of yourself," he was seen shouting at Creative Writing Professor Kay Boyle, whom it is rumored had told him he was acting like a fascist. When the cameras were turned off Hayakawa got down off the soundtruck and told Mrs. Boyle, a well-known author and an outspoken supporter of the strike, that she was fired. Later Hayakawa backtracked and told newsmen she had simply been "reprimanded." At least two other professors were suspended or denied tenure that day.

At noon Monday, an estimated 500 police broke up a rally on the Speaker's Platform after Hayakawa declared it an "unlawful assembly." Before the day was over at least eight students had been suspended, several others arrested, and an unspecified number of arrest warrants were out. No classroom disruption of any kind had taken place that day; all police activity was centered around breaking up on-campus meetings of people sympathetic to the strike, and to make it impossible for people who were boycotting classes to make their position publicly known and urge others to do the same.

Tuesday morning at eight o'clock the Tactical Squad dispersed a peaceful picket line at the entrance to the school at 19th and Holloway. When the students who had been picketing drifted back towards the Commons, the police followed them. Entering the Commons, they overturned tables, threw chairs, arrested at least two people and beat up several others while hundreds of horrified students watched. They then entered the kitchen and beat a student cafeteria worker who had been yelling for them to stop.

Two hours later a group of Science students had scheduled a meeting in the Science building. In accordance with the prescribed procedure, the students had reserved the room and obtained the permission of the appropriate authorities. Their purpose was to discuss the strike. When they arrived at the designated room, however, they were met by four policemen who informed them that the meeting would not take place.

As we write this, it is difficult to know what else has happened or is going to happen. But it is clear to everyone by now that these are not isolated incidents.

When he first assumed the Presidency, Hayakawa was reportedly "toying with ideas" like planting flowers, bringing in Mahalia Jackson, and piping music over the P.A. system. Now he seems convinced that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun. No one on this campus was consulted when this apparently unstable man was given such an awesome amount of authority. But he is what the Trustees want--a martinet who will do whatever the Trustees tell him to. And the Trustees, who don't live and work on this campus and don't have any stake in the EDUCATIONAL process that supposedly goes on here--they care only that this college turn out the proper amount of GNP--are not interested in why this strike came about. They are not interested in the problems of black and Third World students. They can not relate to the fifteen demands. They merely want the place open, now, even if they have to litter the campus with corpses to do it.

As we write this, a full-scale riot is going on outside our office. A man just walked into Hut C, his head horribly bloodied. Outside the window people can be seen running, panic-stricken, screaming. Rumors fly. We had hoped to analyze in this article Hayakawa's official statements on the 15 demands. Limitations of time make that impossible now. We do have a commitment to our readers and we do intend to publish that analysis soon, come hell or high water. We do intend to do everything within our power to see that the strike succeeds, that our college is REALLY re-opened--not as a garrison state, but as a place where people can live, grow, and liberate themselves and the world they live in.

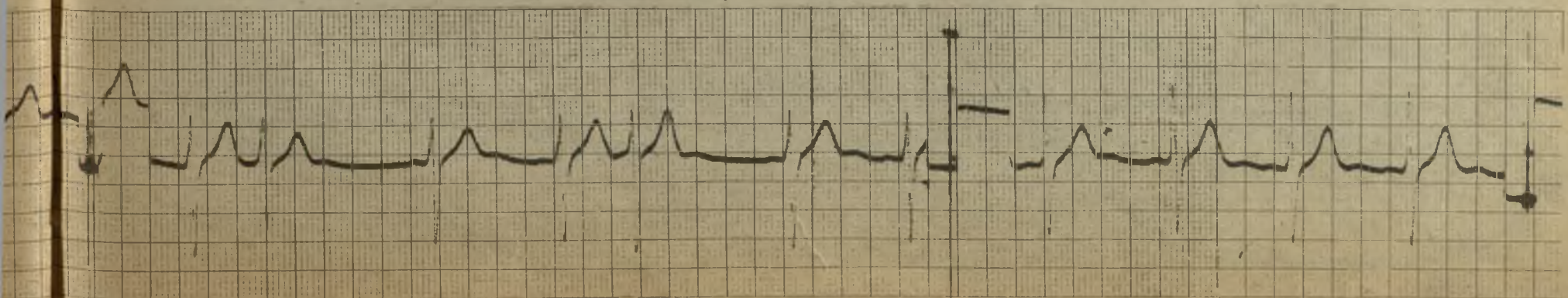
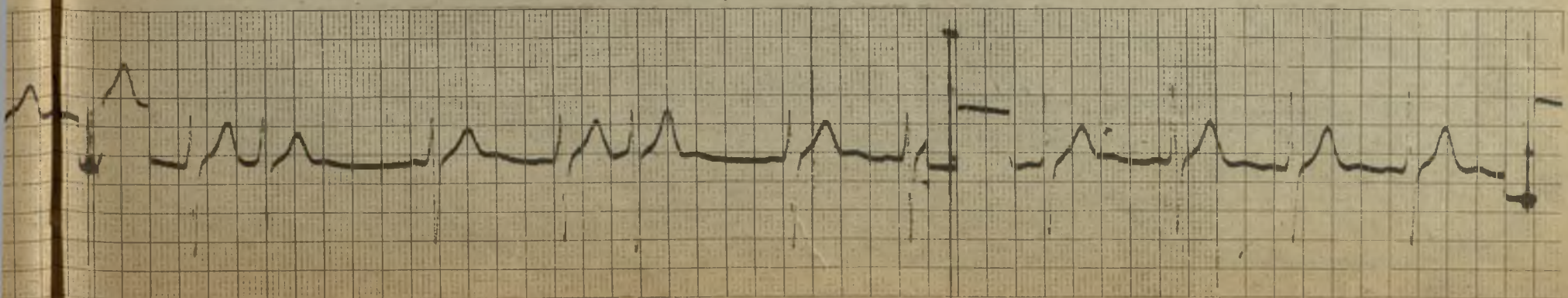
As for Hayakawa, all we can say is that it is a comment on the sickness and the desperation of our society that a man of his caliber could become not simply a "public image" pseudo-scholar, but the absolute dictator of what was once called an academic community,

men, to find out what they really think, as I have; or listened to Negro blues on the South Side of Chicago at six o'clock in the morning, as I have.

So said Hayakawa in a television interview Sunday night. He went on to say that the only segment of the Negro community that the white liberals recognized were the Negro militants, whom he contended were only a minority.

In part, Hayakawa bases his identification with black people upon his own experience as a Japanese-American Horatio Alger type. His racial philosophy stems from his educational philosophy: attend to your studies, don't make waves, and someday you too may be an Interim College President. In the black community, people who have this attitude are generally referred to as Uncle Toms. In white America, Uncle Toms are often blessed with positions of titular authority, for the purpose of filtering the pronouncements of the Great White Father down to the Ignorant Black Masses. To lend dignity to a position which he must subconsciously realize is basically degrading, Hayakawa persuades himself that he is not alone in his willingness to play the bootlicker.

Another basis for Hayakawa's identification with black people is derived from his vocation as a semanticist



continued from page 3

was not unanimous by any means, no one is talking about what went on inside the meeting.

#### A DIGRESSION:

#### DOPE FIENDS ON CAMPUS

As we noted earlier, no reasons were given for the HRT committee's decision, but there has been plenty of speculation within the department. Most of it has centered around Gleeson's personality. He is, of course, young, hip, and very outspoken. If he thinks people are full of shit, he does not hesitate to tell them so. He is given to making strong statements at open meetings. As head of the G. E. program, he was undoubtedly a sloppy administrator, though his performance showed no more lack of responsibility than the department's assigning such a delicate job to an inexperienced young professor anyway.

Then, too, there was an incident which took place nearly two years ago, when Gleeson was asked by the principal of San Rafael High School to talk to a group of students about LSD. The principal had already arranged for the students to hear a lecture on the psychedelic menace from a prominent psychiatrist, and in the spirit of fairness he felt they should also "get the other side." Since he was a college professor with a Ph.D., Gleeson -- who was publicly identified with the then flourishing Haight scene -- was a respectable spokesman for the other side.

Gleeson only vaguely remembers the speech today. He does recall that the main thrust of it was to discuss the phenomenon of cultural alienation, and the social conditions which made people feel that psychedelic drugs were necessary. In the course of his speech he mentioned that he had dropped acid 35 times. An alert reporter from the San Rafael Independent-Journal -- the same outfit which recently filed suit ordering Hayakawa to open the school immediately -- jotted the phrase down and blew it up to headline size in his column the next day. The Independent Journal proceeded to launch a public crusade against Gleeson, culminating with an appeal to James Thacher of the Board of Trustees for an immediate investigation -- which, incidentally, Thacher promised to come through on. The Daily Gater seized upon the story as well, and added its own two cents, but their coverage of the Gleeson speech was so vicious that even several Journalism Department professors were upset. They promised Gleeson that some sort of retraction would be printed, but their plans never came off. Shortly after the Gater did its story on Gleeson, the much heralded November 6 incident took place, and the Gater suddenly developed an inability to talk about anything but its own victimization at the hands of rampaging mobs of black hoodlums. Naturally, Gleeson's defense of George Murray didn't help matters any. And his personnel file filled up with letters from outraged little old ladies demanding to know why their tax dollars were being spent forcing dangerous drugs on defenseless children. If the English Department needs a pretext for firing Gleeson, those letters may well provide it with one.

#### THE LIMITS OF PROPRIETY

If all that were involved in the denial of tenure to Patrick Gleeson were a personality clash with older members of the department, it would not, of course, make it any less unjust. But it would at least absolve the department of any charges that Gleeson's dismissal was politically motivated or inherently racist. We're inclined to think that more than Gleeson's personality was involved. Half the Creative Writing faculty has dropped acid at one time or another. Eccentric behavior has been plentiful in the department, even among the older faculty. There are plenty of faculty whose personal style is to come on strong, plenty more who were involved in the Haight scene or have been personally and publicly attacked as such. Why was Gleeson singled out?

For all of S. F. State's atmosphere of hipness and freedom, which even Dr. Hayakawa saw fit to allude to at a recent press conference, its faculty -- indeed, the faculty throughout the state colleges -- work under conditions which can only be described as Kafkaesque. They have one of the heaviest work-loads in the nation. They are forbidden by law to strike; five days' absence from

work is considered tantamount to resignation. Their contract rights are nonexistent. Recently the Chancellor's office ordered an across-the-board pay cut for all State College faculty. It happened to violate the terms under which most of those faculty had been hired. But none of those terms were in writing, so when the AFT took the matter to court, they lost the case.

The personnel department, however, is probably the most grotesque. There's the question of those secret files; some departments permit their faculty to have access to their personnel file; more don't. The issue, as they see it, is not politics or civil liberties, but rather -- you guessed it -- "maintaining academic standards." Recently Nancy McDermid of the Speech Department tried to suggest that all departments open their personnel files; she was rebuffed with the contention that if every faculty member knew what was being said about him, no one would want to say anything, and it would be harder for departments to weed out the "unprofessionals" and "incompetents." In the strange world of academe, the right to confront your accusers and know the evidence being presented against you so that you may defend yourself is considered the hallmark of a Mickey Mouse department.

Then there are the HRT committees; some (like the English Department's) meet in secret and some don't, but very few keep any kind of formal records or minutes. The rationale for this is the same as the one for closed personnel files: academic standards must be maintained. As an obvious corollary to this policy, students are never consulted when their professors are suddenly fired; sometimes they are not even told why. When John Gerassi was fired, his students protested almost to a man; their protests were ignored. When Don Provence was denied tenure by the Philosophy Department, every grad student in the department -- with one exception -- urged that the decision be reversed. Their opinion was dismissed as "irrelevant." Indeed, any semblance of democracy is totally absent from most personnel decisions. In the closed atmosphere in which they take place, gossip, innuendo, vague charges, personality clashes; and subtle and not-so-subtle forms of political harassment are the rule rather than the exception.

#### THE PYRAMID CLIMBERS

What is perpetuated by all this is a prevailing attitude of careerism and highly competitive status games: "I've published more often than you. I've got more degrees, etc." Owing to their traditional social position few black people can fit into this kind of an atmosphere. Human relationships between student and faculty, or faculty and faculty, are stifled. The individual faculty member is completely isolated by the academic hierarchy; the only place he can go is up the ladder, often stepping on the heads of others. His integrity -- as a scholar, teacher, human being, political and social animal -- is all but obliterated.

To this, add a host of anxieties that arise from the ambiguous power relationships within the college. It's never easy to tell who makes the decisions and how they are made, despite all the painstakingly-constructed committees and bureaucratic prerogatives. Notice the way the English Department handled the hot potato of George Murray last winter: the G. E. Committee wouldn't give Murray the shaft, so it was superseded by the HRT committee. Recall the firing of John Gerassi two months later, when the HRT committee of the IR Department was superseded by President Summerskill. Finally, check out the most recent suspension of Murray, where a fiat from the Chancellor's office superseded the authority of then-President Smith.

Cultivate this kind of an atmosphere of perpetual uncertainty and you'll find people craving only one thing: stability. Too disoriented to give the conditions under which they live and work any kind of systematic analysis,

they merely want to know where they stand in the Great Pecking order. Given that understanding, they will accept that position as it is given to them and fight like hell to see to it that the Great Pecking Order stays as it is, so they can remain capable of at least comprehending it, even if they are powerless to control it. This is one of the soundest principles of American capitalism: the business world operates that way, and so does the military. The popular image of the college professor -- and the one which contributes a great deal to the smugness of professional academicians -- is that the scholar is a free agent, lofty, objective, able to analyze the world around him in a manner devoid of passions, prejudices, or selfish interests. Actually he might as well be an advertising executive, brown-nosing his way to more power -- relatively speaking, of course --, greater prestige, higher wages and softer working conditions. Competitiveness is as ruthless within the academy as anywhere in American society; indeed, one of the functions of the academy is to imbue the student with precisely that kind of competitive mentality. Don't take the phrase, "marketplace of ideas," too lightly; it's an incredibly appropriate metaphor. The professor -- and the student, to a lesser degree -- is simply an educational extension of Economic Man.

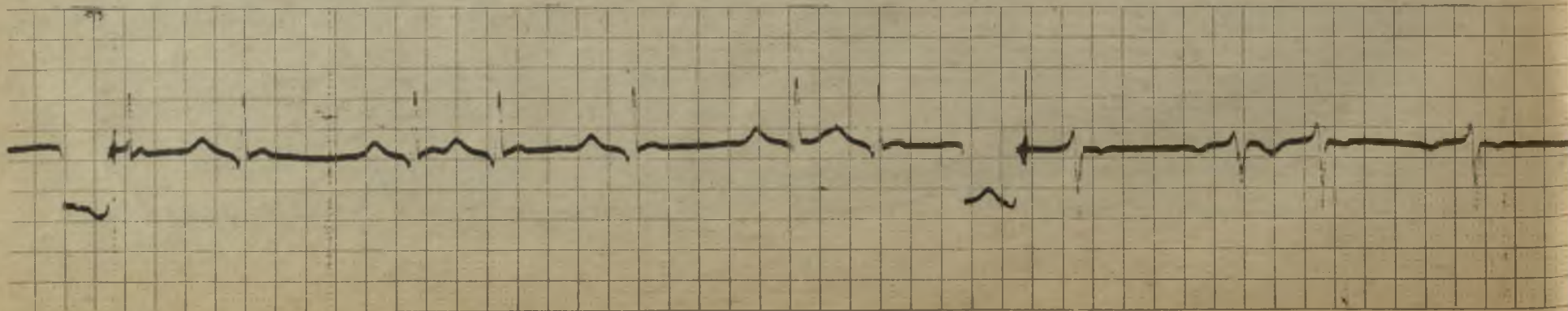
Of course, for the academician to admit this would be to wipe out, in effect, his *raison d'être*. Education, learning, scholarship are his justifications for existence; they must at least be given lip service, especially for those unfortunate souls who really believe in their own myths. So the academy maintains its aura of individual freedom, and tries hard to tolerate eccentricities and peculiar personal styles. But let one of those styles assert itself in such a way as to challenge the underlying assumptions of the academy, to lay bare its inherent contradictions, and, yes, to threaten "academic standards" -- as has been the case with both George Murray and Pat Gleeson -- and the academy immediately tightens up. One need not be personally square or personally racist to approve such a reaction; one can simply say it was demanded by the institution.

#### THE PANIC OF 1968

Individual professors like Gleeson and Murray are usually disposed of easily enough. But what if the contradictions of the academy are exposed, not by the actions of an individual professor or student, but by inexorable social pressures within and without? What happens when colleges become the targets of the black revolution, or come under the thumb of political repression? What happens when level-headed, bureaucracy-spawned liberal administrators like John Summerskill and Bob Smith are suddenly unable to carry out their duties and keep the lid on? What happens when the stock market crashes?

What happens is that we all develop an acute case of Reaganphobia. We denounce the presence of cops on campus. We declaim that our sanctuary is being invaded by outside political forces, the nature of which is never clearly defined. The faculty at S. F. State hates Hayakawa precisely because he isn't a tight-checked, predictable bureaucrat like Smith and Summerskill, but a ludicrous, anachronistic freak -- like our beloved Governor. The crisis they now face is whether or not they can come to terms with the new order, for the resignation of President Smith marked the utter demise of the old.

So it isn't as paradoxical as it seems that the same faculty members who lead the fight for "campus autonomy" are often petty tyrants in their own classrooms and their own departments. In the sense that all men are theoretically free to make certain choices, they are being victimized by a situation of their own making. In the sense that all of us at this college are victimized by the lie that education in this country has become, all of us have reached a turning point of sorts. We can commit ourselves to fighting for the re-structuring and re-orientation of the educational machine, so that it ceases to enslave black people and turn white people into commodities, or we can abandon any pretense of belief in the "educational ideals," and redefine ourselves -- probably not for the last time -- to meet the latest demands of an institution that has lost all rational purpose.





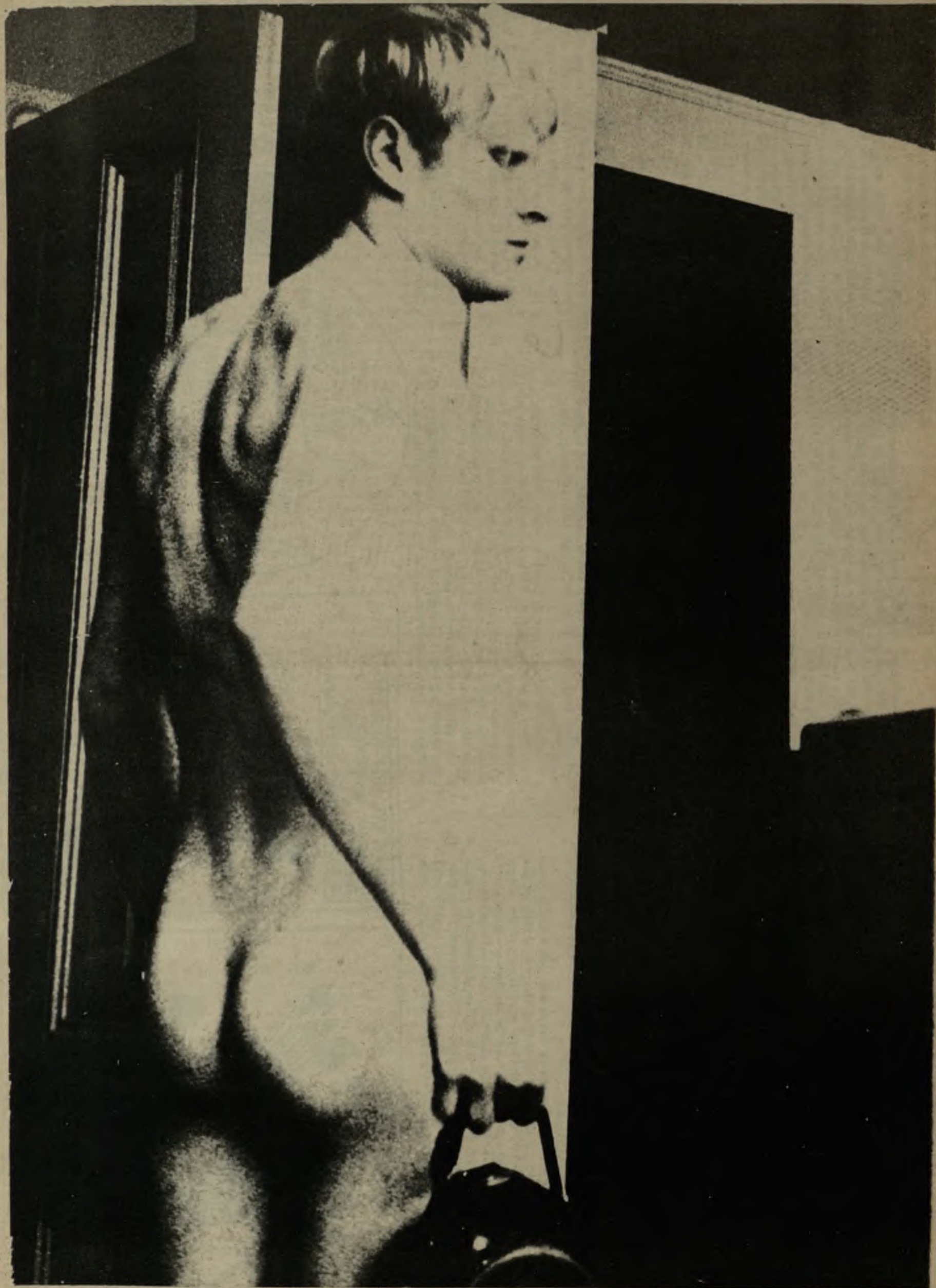


photo by Michelle Ba