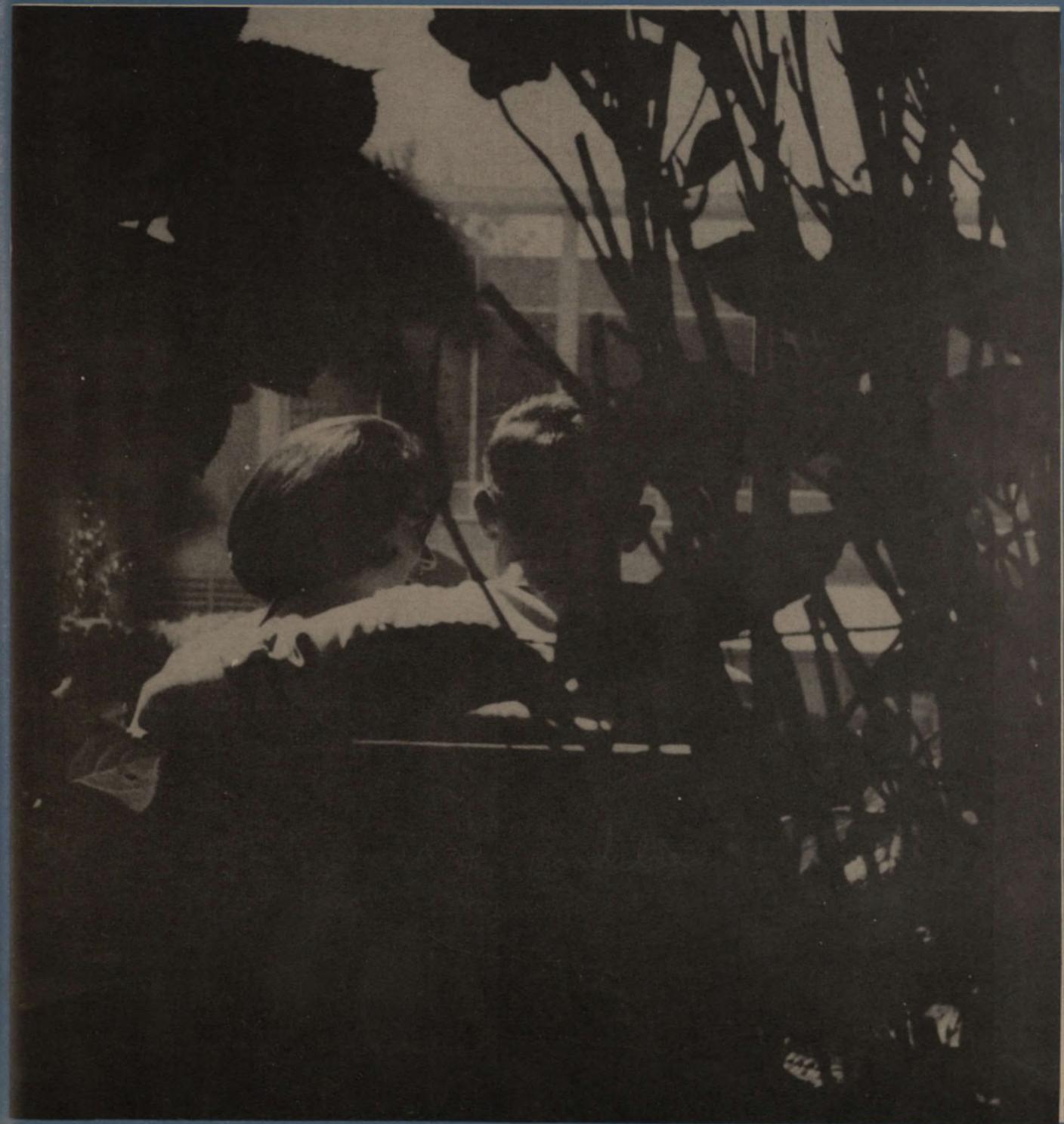


INSERT

Vol 1 No 2

May 1963

Sex
*and the
college student*



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Uncredited contributors — Stories: Dave Kleinberg and Gary Bosc, Faces in the crowd; Photos: Ted Brazil, Dave Fuller and Brian Farley. Printed at Gutenberg Press.



Although new on the staff this semester, Allene Thrasher is no novice when it comes to writing. The 19-year-old junior and journalism major has written for several women's magazines. Her part of the story "Sex and the College Student," involved some delicate and penetrating reporting. And we find the results interesting. Her story of the coed's point of view appears on page four.

Insert number one appeared on January 8, 1964. This second issue is different. But only in size. The idea remains the same. It is still produced by the Golden Gater staff and embodies the guidelines established by Jim Mildon, editor of the Gater last semester and supported by Jack Hubbard, editor this semester.

"Its scope includes anything that interests students. Its purpose is to communicate interestingly and effectively. Its objective is to give as penetrating a view as possible.

Insert number three may change again, but we hope the philosophy behind it will not. We hope you like this issue.

Our thanks to Journalism-English instructor Jim Leigh for his work and advice, AS printer Bob Holmes and our printer Arn Kloepel at the Gutenberg Press.

We also thank the Journalism Department at San Francisco State College for providing the climate where a new idea can be born and is encouraged to grow. —BRIAN FARLEY, Editor.



Geoffrey Link is a 21-year-old senior majoring in journalism. He had two articles, "Marijuana on Campus" and "Al Dale: Swinging Rebel of Soulsville" in the last issue of Insert. He was layout editor and also, for this issue, in an attempt to clarify the beginnings and directions of the Civil Rights movement in San Francisco, he went directly to the people involved to get an over-all view. His story on "Civil Rights in San Francisco" appears on page eight.



Walterene Jackson is no stranger to magazines; she was the originator and co-editor of a literary-humor magazine at Oakland City College last semester. She is 20 years old, a journalism major, and was copy editor for Insert. As a reporter for the Gater in her first semester at SF State, she has covered a number of important stories, and worked as assistant city editor of the Gater.

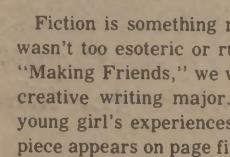


We asked our artist Nick Knatz to give us a fact sheet about himself for this space, which he did, listing in order these attributes: "24, industrial arts major, senior, athlete, good-looking, drive a sports car, artist, gentleman, real Don Cossack (by birth-right), about 6 feet tall, 220 pounds, Russian, veteran of WW II (his family fled Russia) and real sport." We agree. Nick's work appeared in the first Insert in "Images at the Watering Hole," and in this one in "Making Friends" on page five.



David Browning is now producer of the 11 o'clock news at TV station KPIX. His piece, "The Poor Student's Guide to Entertainment" on page 11, was originally scheduled to run in the first Insert but didn't because of deadline changes. Dave is a former Gater Staff member and was one of the originators of "The State of Jazz," the forerunner of SF State's Contemporary Arts Festival. He is 24 years old and was a journalism major who graduated last semester.

Much of the photography appearing in this Insert is the work of photographer Robert Hollis, a 20-year-old sophomore and journalism major. Bob is a staff photographer for the Gater. His photos appear on the cover as well as on page six, the photo quiz on page ten, "Faces in the Crowd" on page eight, and the entertainment guide on page 11.



Fiction is something new for Insert, and we wanted something that wasn't too esoteric or run-of-the-mill. When we read Marie MacKree's "Making Friends," we were delighted and said "this is it." Marie is a creative writing major. We think you'll enjoy reading her tale of a young girl's experiences in Barbaria and the fate that befalls her. The piece appears on page five.

One topic of conversation which never loses favor is Sex—especially with college students. Lately, mass circulation magazines such as Time, Newsweek and Cavalier (one of the classier Girlie slicks) have had their say about American Sexual morality in general and collegiate sexual mores in particular. Insert sought to talk to students representative of the campus to learn what they think about sexual relations between young men and women. The difference between what they said (the implications) and what statistics from surveys show, is revealing. For the record, a survey by SF State professor of psychology Duncan Giles last year on 103 women and 101 men recorded that 40 per cent of the women and 72 per cent of the men had engaged in premarital intercourse. Tennis anyone?



SEX and the College Student

What the men say...

At a laundromat, a senior majoring in political science stuffed wash and wear pants into the washer. Short, crooked nose, brown intent eyes, he smiled and said, "I look forward to going to bed with a date. And it's always on my mind whether I actually do or not. I suppose I'm successful 50 per cent of the time."

Whether this typifies the SF State male attitude or batting average, one can only guess. There are students whose passion and reason have not yet matured, and those in whom a plethora of reason governs a modicum of passion. The reverse exists, too.

One thinks is sure, though. The girl has the last word. Rape is hardly part of life at SF State. And when the male student here cannot find a compatible female, mentally and physically, he will search for sexual congruity or settle for a substitute. Generally he finds contentment—temporary or permanent. But pressures persist.

"The pressure on me," continued the senior, "is a combination of physical, social, and psychological forces." He said he was influenced by his friends who frequently sit and discuss sex, the constant biological build-up in his body (he called it the "hour-glass" theory) and the power of his ego. "I've probably got a male inferiority complex because I've got to periodically prove to myself that I'm capable in bed," he said.

He believes that his views are moral, but that they might not work for someone else. Further, he is happy and contented with his philosophy and its implementation. Asked about pregnancies he answered without hesitation, "If the act was done out of a mutual appreciation of sex, I would support the child. If it was love, I would marry her."

From time to time he has worried about a girl he's been with becoming pregnant. "I know girls on the pills, and I think it's intelligent—neither good nor bad. But what's really needed is a pill that's effective within hours. Nobody knows when they're going to end up in bed. The way it is now, you've got to plan so far ahead of time."

The Coed's Viewpoint

"A few of my girl friends are on Enovid," a slim freshman remarked, setting her bulging purse-load of books on the ground. "One girl is flagrant about it; she takes her pill in the Commons every day like it is a big joke."

"I wouldn't take it yet," the skeptical frosh added, "I've seen too many side-effects. I'll wait until it's been proven further."

SF State has been called "a breeding ground for anarchy." Perhaps individuality is a more objective generalization, and the subject of premarital sex gives rise to as many opinions as there are people:

"No one knows exactly what 'sex on campus' is," said Carlo Lastrucci, professor of sociology. The administration won't let us know. Sex statistics are bad publicity.

Sixteen thousand students, each with his own built-in set of morals which ranges from a fear of hand-holding to various forms of communal living.

Some girls are waiting for love—or a reasonable facsimile.

"I believe in premarital relations, but I just haven't found the right guy yet," one girl said.

There are virginal coeds on campus, despite speculation to the contrary as recently presented in such mass circulation magazines as Playboy and Newsweek—virgins who are preserving their chastity regardless of intellectual brain-washing and in spite of the temptations of "love" and in spite of sheer biological urges.

Mary Ward Hall is, according to its own solemn word, crawling with virgins.

"Every move you make is known," said a tiny-but-buxom junior, with a trace of protest in her voice. "When you have to face a guy—and all his friends—the morning after, it tends to give you a conscience."

It is simple to sum up the majority of virginal sentiments about premarital sex: an unequivocal "No."

But there are concessions. "If a couple goes out planning sex, and are prepared for it, then I think it's wrong," said a freshman.

THERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE GIRL who lived in the East and had as many friends as every little girl should. She learned her lessons and twisted her hair into metal gizmos every night to make it curl in a socially-acceptable way, and combed it out every morning, and found it quite impossible to do much else beside exist as a paragon of Spockian perfection. When she reached her seventeenth birthday, her parents said, "Gather your books and your comb, say goodbye to all your little friends. We are moving to Barbaria, where your father shall seek his fortune."

The first summer in Barbaria was most peculiar. The little girl knew nary a person to speak to, nor could she dialogue with her good dog Loki, for her parents, not relishing the idea of shipping him across the country, had payed the kindly veterinarian twenty-five dollars to do him in. Sometimes the little girl thought about her dog and her little friends back East, and could not go to sleep, but in time grief jaded away into a sort of anaesthetic numbness. Having nothing else to do, she read one hundred books, and indeed, became very wise in the ways of the world, of nature, and of man. In so doing, she forgot that other people existed. Then she read five hundred books more.

After a year of eating, reading, and excreting had gone by, her mother and father saw that their child had fallen down from the paragon of normality they had many years ago set for her. They consulted the kindly doctor who said "Send her to college." Then the mother and father and little girl set off for the city to find lodgings where she could entertain her many theoretical friends. They found her an apartment which overlooked the blue sea and a garden where a symbolic rose was growing. The mother and father unpacked her books and comb and told her to set off for college the very next day, which she did, since she was indeed a sweet and obedient child.

It was a very pleasant college, with long pink buildings and gay purple flowers, and many interesting students to watch. From her apartment she could also watch the ocean and the symbolic rose opening a little more each day, as if she were a hypersensitive stroboscope, she thought, and was delighted with the simile. She even tried her hand at poetry, which was like the mirror writing in *Alice in Wonderland*; it expressed her antithesis, but not the little girl. One day in spring she wrote a poem so ugly that she grew ill at her tumtum and decided not to write any more poetry ever. The symbolic rose, seeming to ignore that literary scenery is justifiable only when it reflects the consciousness of a character, bloomed a little more each morning, while the rosy dawn was putting her red hands all over everything, like in the *Odyssey*, she thought. It was a very rich season; she read

fifty books in two months. Every day she drifted into the college and sat in on a class in Greek or Creative writing, and drifted back to her apartment through a universe of clean pastel masses, impressions of a transcendent Utopia. On foggy days it looked just like a DeBeers Diamond Ad, she thought. It was as though she was the city and the city was she, and the symbolic rose was blooming in the garden.

Meanwhile at home, her parents had graduated from Spock and were reading Ashley Montagu, who said, "A person is a series of social relationships." They told their little girl in a letter that by this definition she had ceased to exist. Yes, she thought, how beautiful. Yes, yes, I have finally ceased to exist. The parents were very distressed and went again to the office of the kindly doctor, who Rxed that the girl make some friends. The parents came to see her in the city and said make some friends.

— How do you Make Friends?

— Join an Activity, said they, join the Red Cross and volunteer to drive around a jitney full of blood. Volunteer to play Monopoly with the patients in the city hospital. You have one week in which to accomplish this task. And until you succeed we shall withhold your food money.

Making friends. This was more easily said than done. The little girl ran blither, thither, and yon looking for friends to make, and did not see any that looked as interesting as Proust or Gide. There was a man of fifty years in her Greek class who looked like Zorba the Greek, but she was afraid if she spoke to him he might not be Zorba the Greek at all, but only a man who smoked his cigarettes tragically, and looked at them very sincerely, as do the thinking men in the Viceroy commercials. There was a spirit in her writing class who had Created a beautiful poem about gassing cockroaches, for whom she was pining away in her apartment like a lady poet, and the symbolic rose was blooming in the garden, and the white city, and the blue sea.

How American, she thought, and realized that her week to make friends would soon be up. That night after class she said hello to an old man who sat next to her. He asked would she like a ride home? Very well, said she, and watched him talk as he drove. The old man asked her to go out. She went, and wrote her parents that she had made a friend.

They sent her money to buy food, and said that she could have food money every week she had a date. After a few weeks of having to give up Friday nights with Proust to get food money, the old man asked would she like to go to bed? The damn stupid crass symbolic rose was blooming in the garden. No, said she. He asked why not? Because she did not feel compelled to do so. — Very well then, me proud beauty, you've seen the last of me. No wait, said the little girl.

At least she had money enough to buy food, not that she would have been hungry, but she had to eat to keep her mind running, even though it did involve several gross biological processes. And her parents were delighted that she was dating again, like their old paragon of mediocriety.

Then they read Erich Fromm and found their little girl must be a masochist, since she loved only one person. They ordered her to make another friend. This was more easily said than done. After two weeks without food money the little girl went where the Bohemians of Barbaria congregate. She sat on a bench. An old man came up to her and asked would she like a cup of coffee? She watched him talk at her about the karmasootra or some such thing. He asked her to go to a party with him, which she did. He said that she was cool.

At the party they brought out skinny little cigarettes and told her to smoke one, to inhale a lot of air with it, and hold the smoke in as long as she could. They all watched her and were delighted when she took her first trip. There is nothing more splendid, they said, than initiating a virgin to pot. That Sunday morning the little girl woke up in her apart-

more on twelve

Making Friends

A short story by

Marie MacKree





Bill Gee strikes a somber pose in his jump-ready gear.

faces in the

It takes a lot of guts. It takes a lot of training. It takes a daring love of seeing nature's attributes in a different way. But more importantly, it takes a parachute and ripcord. Bill Gee, 22, is a man who has these things that are all involved in a "free fall": the 20 seconds between the time he jumps from a single-engine airplane and the instant his body jerks from the opening chute.

Gee, a senior music major here, is a weekend skydiver who has jumped more than 62 times in the past two years.

"It's almost impossible to describe your feelings," Gee says soberly. "You don't feel like you're falling. It's a beautiful thing. It's like being inside a big transparent pillow.

Was the first jump his toughest?

"I wasn't as scared as you might think," he recalls. "You don't really know what to be scared of, because you do everything automatically from training. It's just kind of a numbed sensation.

Gee says he's never even thought about the time the chute wouldn't open—never had a nightmare about it either.

"It has to open," he says. "It's a simple device—just like a big umbrella. . . . We have two chutes," he adds.

At first, Gee's relatives had some fears. His initial jump detained a trip home to see his parents, who knew nothing about it at the time.

"My brother-in-law knew. He was with me. We had a few drinks and were feeling high when he blurts out to my parents, 'We'd have been here a day earlier but that idiot son of yours wanted to jump out of a plane.'"

"My dad hit the ceiling, but he came around. We convinced him it's not a sport for nuts."

Accidents, Gee says, rarely occur. "I've never had any malfunctions with the gear. But once I had a funny experience. A buddy and I had joined hands in a free fall. The wind shifted 180 degrees, and we landed a mile from the target."

"During free fall you can look around and see everything. And this time of year, it's all green. In the summer it gets kind of hazy, but it's still beautiful."

Undaunted by his misfortunes
Chester Wright
works for what he believes.



In a world flayed by bloody wars, frayed by disintegrating communication between countries and frightened by the ominous threat of mass extermination, few individuals step in to assume leadership in the seemingly hopeless chore of bringing order out of chaos.

But at least one person here at SF State has distinguished himself as a "peace leader." His name is Frank Carmody.

Carmody organized the "World Peace Study Week" that took place several weeks ago on campus. And he is the coordinator of the new SF State Campus Peace Center.

The 21-year-old junior became interested in peace organizations three years ago. And in his first experience he became a chapter coordinator for a Los Angeles group called "The Fellowship of Reconciliation."

In the summer of 1961, Carmody worked as a peace intern with the Berkeley group "Acts for Peace." He went to New York in October and joined the "American Friends Service Committee" in Greenwich Village.

He returned to Los Angeles and in early summer of 1962 Carmody joined the "Committee of Everyman." The committee backed the sailing of the catamaran "Everyman II" into the forbidden nuclear testing zone around Christmas Island in the Pacific. The act was a protest against nuclear testing.

Carmody entered SF State in the fall and began working for the student Peace Union. He became acting president, but only for a short while.

Carmody resigned from the group because he believed it advocated views in a Student Peace Leadership Conference that were neither responsible nor consistent with its regular proposed functions.

A Campus Peace Center—an organizational ambition of his since he came here—was achieved by Carmody with the help of an English professor. The center now has about 25 members and is located on the first floor of the HLL building.

The purpose of the center, he says, is to "let people know that foreign policy is related to the student on campus and to get people concerned about the world situation—there is a definite need for more discussion."



*Frank Carmody
is a man on the go
in his work
for a better world.*

crowd

"All we've ever wanted is a crap-shooter's justice. Don't load the dice against us and we'll do the rest."

This is the way Chester Arthur Wright explains the philosophy of his family. It has guided him through childhood, two wars and now to the center of the civil rights movement in the Bay Area.

The 41-year-old, barrel-chested Negro has participated in anti-discrimination demonstrations at Hinks in Berkeley, Montgomery Ward, Mel's Drive-In and the Sheraton Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

As a junior majoring in social welfare, Wright's interest in social justice has led him into various projects besides demonstrations.

The freckled 6-footer is a member of the Negro Students Association here and was one of the initiators of the Fillmore Tutorial Project.

Weekend nights, Wright puts theory and practice of sociology together at the Oakland Juvenile Hall receiving office where he works with many "highly disturbed youths."

When the depression of the thirties hit the small agricultural community of Hope, Arkansas, where the Wright family lived, all was nearly lost. His father moved what equipment that didn't have to be sold from his downtown dry cleaning shop into the house. He pressed clothes for neighboring farmers by the light of kerosene lamps. "I've known hunger and patched clothes," Wright says.

Eventually the family got back on its feet, and Wright went into the Navy in 1941.

On board ship a year later, Wright was

covering a gun when a strong wind whipped the canvas he was holding and him high in the air. "Like an idiot, I didn't let go until much too late," he says.

Wright crashed down on deck and suffered permanent leg and spine injuries. But he proved to the Navy he could still perform his job, and he was permitted to stay in the service. He now walks with the aid of an aluminum hand crutch.

In the service, Wright's interest in racial matters and social harmony was keen. Aboard the USS Princeton during the Korean War, he was chief steward to the Captain. He also had the unofficial responsibility of being race relations adviser and quelled two potential race riots on ship.

"The junior officers were afraid to advise the Captain on these matters," the bespeckled 200-pounder says. "Since I had a direct line to the power, and I knew all the 350 Negroes aboard and most of the 2,300 other men, the Captain listened to me."

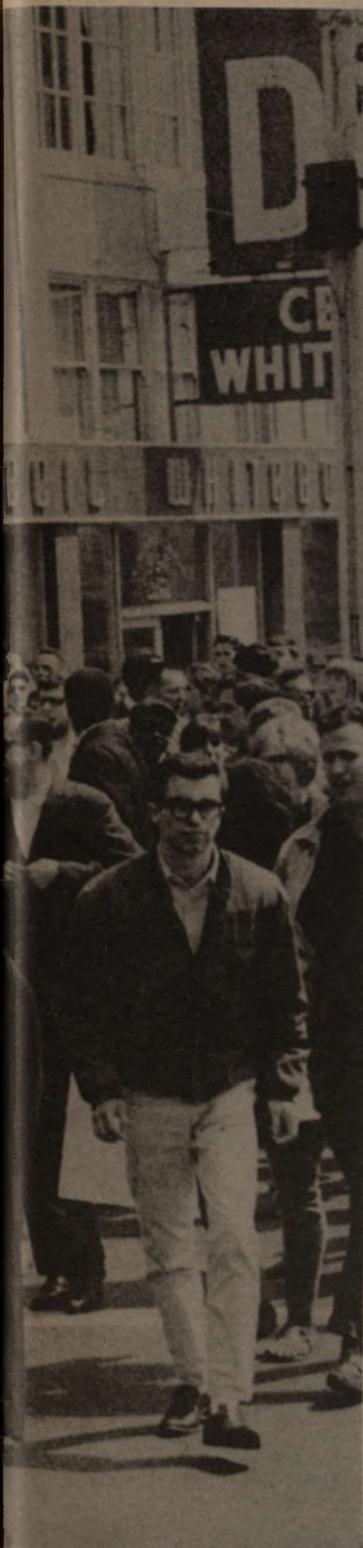
Wright had gone from mess boy to the highest ranking non-commissioned officer (E-9), earning a high school diploma in the process, when he retired and went to college in 1961. After two years at Oakland City College he came to SF State.

Of the 13 children in the Wright family, he will be the sixth to earn a college degree. From the outset of their search for a crap-shooter's justice, social work and education were themes. And Chester Wright believes that there are areas where the dice are still loaded. He's working to set things straight.



Demonstrators demand
"Freedom Now" as they
converge on Auto Row to
protest the car dealers'
hiring practices.

Civil Rig



What do you want?
Freedom!
When do you want it?
Now!
When?
Now!

Civil rights groups have diagnosed San Francisco socially ill. They want the ailments taken care of right now. Their remedy is a shock treatment which includes mass picketing and sit-ins. But not everyone wants to take the cure.

Moderates say, "Don't push. Force isn't the answer." Demonstrators shout, "We've waited too long. It's time to shove harder." So, with a grimace as though swallowing a bitter pill, San Franciscans are facing the new American revolution.

And San Francisco State College students first made them say, "Ah-h."

Action started here last April when news of the Birmingham riots hit the campus. As violence in the South compounded, the need to protest it here grew. 300 SF State students trekked to the Fillmore District to demonstrate. Several weeks later, 20,000 San Franciscans followed their lead and marched down Market Street to Civic Center to protest the treatment of southern Negroes.

To this point, the civil rights movement in San Francisco had mainly been passive. But heartened by direct action in the South, local groups decided to bring the issues here into the open.

In order to administer their treatment on the "white power structure"—the businessmen and community leaders who happen to be in authority in a given situation—rights leaders formed their own informal bureaucracy last summer: the United Freedom Movement (UFM) of San Francisco.

Dr. Thomas N. Burbridge, a UC professor of pharmacology and president of the local NAACP, was named chairman of the UFM's eight factions.

The three most active and their memberships are: NAACP (3,000), CORE (2,000), Ad Hoc Committee to End Discrimination (600).

The UFM provides a rallying ground for the groups, and when one takes on a "project" (a campaign to protest alleged discrimination), it can depend upon the others for support. Then when their combined voice is loud enough and their corporate body large enough, things begin to pop.

More than 700 protesters—many of them students—have been arrested so far in the city. The first arrests came last August on a CORE project against Select Rentals, a real estate office which allegedly discriminated in selling practices. 16 sit-ins were jailed.

The pace was stepped up in October when Art Sheridan, an SF State senior took his Direct Action Group (DAG) to Mel's Drive-ins.

This project set the tone for the protests as about 120 picketers were arrested for sitting-in at the restaurants owned by Harold Dobbs, then acting mayor and candidate. The demonstrators forced an agreement. And Sheridan's leadership was usurped by an 18 year-old girl who had walked on his picket line—Tracy Sims.

Miss Sims, a former SF State student, dropped out of the SF DuBois Club and formed the Ad Hoc Committee to End Discrimination last November. She made the move so she could have "a say in determining tactics" for the Mel's project, she said. Two of her seven arrests were from the Mel's sit-ins. Two more came in March when she and her group went to the Sheraton-Palace.

Protesting discriminatory hiring practices—as they did at Mel's—demonstrators surrounded the hotel. A court injunction was issued limiting the number of picketers to nine. It was ignored, and about 100 people—including comedian Dick Gregory—were jailed. Their case was later dismissed when the injunction was found invalid.

The following weekend, 1500 demonstrators jammed the sidewalks around the hotel. About half of them went inside. 166 were carted off to jail that night. The rest slept in the lobby. After 24 hours of harassment, the Hotel Owners' Association gave in and 33 hotels in the city signed an agreement with the Ad Hoc Committee.

Already upset with CORE for its shop-in tactics at Lucky Stores several weeks earlier, public protest against direct action was loudest after the hotel incident. But civil rights leaders defended their civil disobedience, and

more on twelve

ts in San Francisco

Closeups

1. Muni Man's ear: Yes—you are shaped like a sardine; No—you're too cheap to ride the M-car.
2. Cruddy looking plate: Yes—you eat in the Commons; No—you're a brown bagger.
3. Hand with key in door: Yes—you're a resident assistant; No—you don't need one.
4. End of turnstile: Yes—you got hit in the stomach; No—you avoid the library.
5. Chalk mark on tires: Yes—you won't spend \$13.75; No—you're always late to class.
6. Bushy head of hair: Yes—you have a CA lecture class; No—you're a psych major.
7. Someone's palate: Yes—you listen to noon rallies; No—you're a Redwood Room addict.
8. Stickdrawing: Yes—you're an Ed major; No—you're a Freddie Burk student.

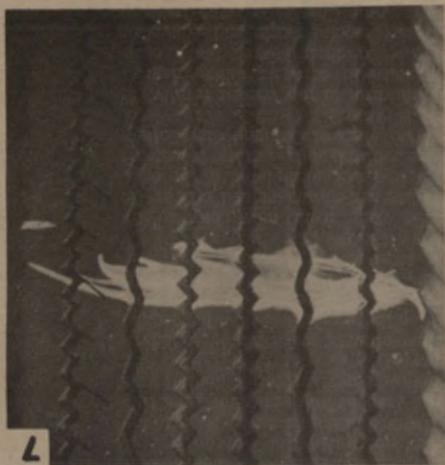
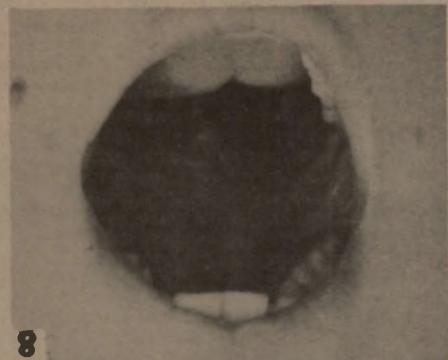
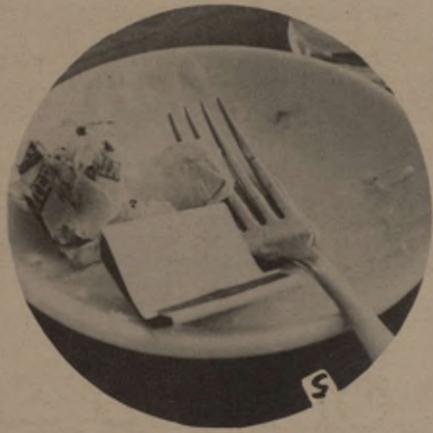
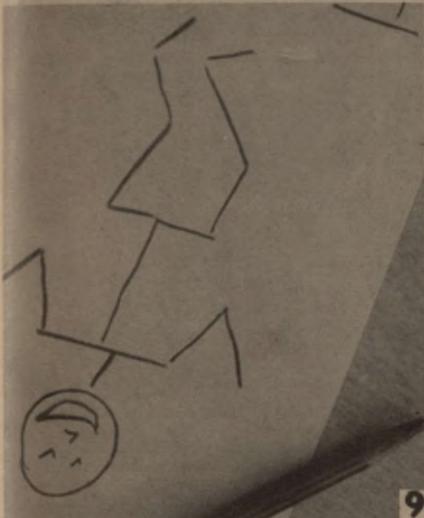


Photo Quiz Answers



Can You Identify These?

Photo Quiz:

The Bay Area, most will admit, offers students a veritable plethora of places to visit, all of them hopelessly overpriced. Thus, struggling college people are forced to cheerfully plan dates around (1) a walk across the Bay Bridge; (2) a tour of the Hunter's Point Shipyard; and (3) a double bill at the Hub Theater on Market Street.

It is with the student's pursestrings, not to say his intellectual and social development in mind that the following exhaustive list of Bay Area attractions is presented.

Miscellaneous Ways to Have Some Fun

1. The Balclutha, Fisherman's Wharf. Seventy-five cents puts you aboard this old trading ship, which spent much time on Pacific runs from Alaska to Panama. Decked out as a museum now, with photos of West Coast Marine activity in the late 19th Century. It is alleged that Jonathan Winters was once found in the crow's nest of the Balclutha, chatting amiably with men from Mars.

2. Golden Gate Park. Endless acres of grove, flower, animal, and aquarium. For a suitably outdoorsy way to get from one spot to another, several Stanyan Street stables rent bicycles for a dollar or two, depending on the length of your cycle.

3. Fleishacker Zoo. A veritable Noah's Ark of beasts from the world's corners. Purchase a packet of fish for a dime and feed the seals. Watch lions and tigers rip into a meal of horse side. Koalas, a monkey grotto, taciturn elephants, notably unfastidious hippos; in short, a cross-section of human temperament. Free. CAUTION: beware of a singularly disagreeable ape who throws things at people. His

missiles are not made of dirt, as the sign alleges.

4. Sea of Records, 9th Street near Mission. Collectors may spend a profitable afternoon plowing through the hundreds of thousands of discs, notable and abominable, sold for \$1.00 or \$2.00 in the basement. Everything on record from Gregorian Chants to W. C. Fields monologues.

Spots of Interest Outside the City

1. Mount Tamalpais. A winding drive, best negotiated in a Volkswagen, takes you to the top of Marin County's supreme vantage point. On clear days, S.F., Oakland, San Rafael and Antioch may be seen. Picnic grounds are available; heavily wooded areas lend themselves to secluded trysts, and other such sports.

2. Bay Tour from Fisherman's Wharf. Two touring boats offer sails around the bay. Under both bridges, near Alcatraz, unique view of the area from ploy in the middle of the Golden Gate. Prices range up to \$2.50 a head, and well worth it. A sandwich bar and bar bar aboard ship provide condiments for sea-worthy stomachs.

3. Bay Meadows, Tanforan, and Golden Gate Fields, when open. There is no truth in the statement that only gamblers, degenerates, and bums go to horse races. It simply depends on what price ticket you buy. If you pay the \$1.50 gate charge plus a few clams more for an upper level roost, you are a noble sportsman. If you just pay the \$1.50 and hang on the fence near the track, you are a bum. It is worth it to be a bum. It is also desirable to buy the Races Edition of the News-Call Bulle-

tin and pretend you are a gambler calculating the odds. Young ladies become quite taken with the whole idea. Unfortunately, they also drag you to the parimutual windows.

Restaurants Reasonably Reasonable

1. Veneto's, Mason and Bay. The genre is Italian, the atmosphere quiet, the service noble. Dinners can be digested beginning at \$3.00, a windfall in this city.

2. The Red Chimney, Stonestown. Prices comparable to the above. Service good, near SFSC, panoramic view of Stonestown Towers, if you care for that sort of thing. Not to be confused with the Red Roof, which is an entirely different matter.

3. Joe's of Westlake, Alemany and Lake Merced Boulevards, Daly City. Steaks, Italian dishes, posh-posh decor. Usually crowded on weekends. Five minute drive from the residence halls.

Decent Bars With Decent Booze

1. The Trident, Sausalito. Drinks around 80 cents at this Bayside watering hole. Great view usually some entertainment: viz, Vince Guaraldi, Jack Sheldon, etc.

2. The Cliff House Bar. Again, surf crashes beyond the glass. Quiet . . . almost too quiet. Not recommended for couples in the first throes of non-verbal magnetism. No music, no hubub. You pays your money and you either talks or stares.

3. Edinburgh Castle, 950 Geary. In the British manner, with bagpipes on weekends, dart games, and an occasional roisterer falling off his chair. To make it a meal, pick up a bundle of fish and chips around the corner at the Old Chelsea, 932 Larkin, and sup at the bar.

A STUDENTS' GUIDE TO San Francisco



making friends

from page five

ment beside the new old man. She asked why did he come to bed with her, without even any pajamas on? He said that he had always wanted to make love to a woman who reads. The little girl asked had he made love to her too? Yes, said he, don't you remember? Well I suppose you were still off on a trip.

When she wrote her parents saying she had been to a party they were very pleased that she loved another and was therefore not a masochist, and sent her a fifty dollar bonus, which she couldn't think of how to spend.

On Friday nights she went to bed with the old man from her class at school and on Saturday nights she went to more parties and slept the sweet sleep of the ? with the other old man; there was no longer any time for Proust or Gide. The little girl saw correspondences between the move from the East to Barbaria and the westward movement of the decline of civilization, and the "sensual music-monuments of unaging intellect" distinction she had read in Yeats the first summer in Barbaria. One night she came home with the bodhisattva of the karmasutra and they got into bed. The little girl was very quiet. She wanted to go to the woods or a park, somewhere where grass was. Compassionately, the old man asked was something wrong? Did she want to go out and have a drink somewhere first?

— Let's go find some grass.

— I don't know where any is tonight.

— There's always grass around. There's a park two blocks from here.

— OH. You mean That kind of grass. hahaha

— Why? What did you mean?

— Marijuana, naturally, said he.

The next day was Sunday. The symbolic rose was thriving. She got up and wrote her parents that she had been to another party the night before. They sent her another fifty dollars, her bonus dolors for spring.

Civil Rights

from page nine

apparently are unconcerned with lic condemnation.

The last agreement made under protest was in April with the car dealers along Auto Row on Van Ness Avenue. The NAACP headed this project.

About 330 protestors were arrested at Cadillac 226 — including actor-author Sterling Hayden — were jailed in one day to set a new



record for sit-in arrests in San Francisco.

A look at a list of sit-in arrests gives an indication of how important students are to the civil rights movement. Students far outnumber adults on the picket lines. They are more willing — and sometimes even eager — to go to jail for civil rights.

"Students have more time and less to lose than adults," Burbridge says.

"College students are always somewhat ahead of their parents," says Mrs. Aileen Hernandez, SF assistant chief of the Fair Employment Practices Commission. "They are generally impatient with the snail's pace of democracy."

Three SF State students feel they are hurrying the democratic pace along by serving as CORE committee chairmen.

Margaret Ho, a 20-year-old junior majoring in political science, heads education. Al Pezaro, 26, humanities graduate student and teaching assistant is in charge of housing. And Jim Bennett, 22, a senior in political science, is vice-chairman of employment.

Frank Quinn, chairman of the city's Interim Council on Human Relations, says students can do more than wear out their shoes. "They can educate people about minority groups so attitudes will change."

But right now, civil rights leaders are interested in changing more than attitudes. Their action has focused increased attention on the issues. Their main concerns include redevelopment, de facto school segregation, but primarily job discrimination. Here's why:

Male Whites	Male Negroes
1960	
4.8 pct. Unemployment	8 pct.
Unemployed — Job Types	
14.6 Professional and technical	3.3
13.2 Managers, officials, proprietors	1.9
20.9 Craftsmen and foremen	12.8
5.5 Laborers	23.7
6.8 Service Workers	16.2
\$5,436 Median annual income	\$3,944

There are similar figures for the rest of the state, and according to Mrs. Hernandez, FEPC assistant chief, things aren't improving. "In-equity does exist in employment," she said, "and the gap is widening."

So far, the only legal recourse civil rights leaders have is the Fair Employment Practices Commission (FEPC). But they rarely use it because it does not encompass the industry-wide agreements they seek and it is too slow for them.

Demonstrations
attracted more than
just curiosity
seekers.

for less than market value by claiming a Negro is moving into the neighborhood) which is not covered by state or federal law.

"We're working with the Department of Employment, unions and are starting to talk about training programs. And before we're through we're going to ask them what they are doing for themselves."

"It (the Council) sets up a police state," Bahrs said. "In an effort to help, they have created an evil to look into discrimination in every form." The areas the HRC is involved in are already covered by city, state or federal law, says Bahrs.

"The Mayor's Committee has been trying to persuade people to do something beyond what the law requires. They won't do it under coercion. The HRC in its present form would be totally unacceptable to both labor and management."

Thomas Gray, president of the Downtown Association, was reluctant to speak about civil rights. But Bahrs wasn't. He believes management has done its best to solve minority employment problems.

But Burbridge doesn't think so, and is hoping the HRC becomes permanent. "It will make either party less likely to back out of an agreement," he says. "But things will move slower."

It is the accelerated pace which civil rights leaders wish to maintain. And civic leaders want to slow down.

In an attempt to discourage sit-ins, many politicians — including Governor Edmund G. Brown — have said the anti-fair housing initiative may pass unless civil disobedience ceases. (If passed, this initiative would nullify by constitutional amendment, the six-month-old Rumford Fair Housing Act which now makes it illegal to discriminate in housing.) Civil rights leaders here disagree.

"I don't think the Rumford Act has been harmed," Miss Sims says. "One reason the Act passed in the first place was because CORE was sitting-in at the capitol."

"I have no patience for individuals who can't separate the moral issue from what specific individuals do," Mrs. Hernandez says.

Bradley believes direct action can help fair housing.

"It places in the minds of the white community that there is a crisis. If they don't do something about it, we do something to them," Bradley warns. "The Rumford Act should not be repealed. If it is, we'll hit the bricks and stay there until equality is achieved."

This militancy has caused some speculation that the civil rights movement is infiltrated by Communists.

Burbridge denies this and adds that he doesn't ask for political affiliations before someone joins his picket lines.

The Ad Hoc Committee, which has four Socialist groups in it — three W.E.B. DuBois Clubs and the SF Young Socialists Alliance — has been under particular attack.

"We are neither Communist-inspired nor Communist-led," Miss Sims says. "The Socialist groups by no means have a majority. Each of our 12 member groups has one

more on thirteen



from page twelve

vote."

Another sidelight to the direct action controversy has been concern about fewer Negroes than whites on the picket lines.

"Look at them out there," a Cadillac salesman said as he watched demonstrators troop past the agency's locked doors during the second Cadillac demonstration. "But where are all the Negroes they're marching for?" He couldn't answer his question, but a number of theories have been expressed.

"It's the same reason more Negroes don't picket the Atomic Energy Commission," Quinn says. "Most people on the picket lines are much more strongly liberal on racial relations and other social issues than most Americans. There are fewer Negroes who are this liberal."

Burbridge claims it is because "the demonstrators are mostly college students. Only a small percentage of Bay Area college students are Negroes," he says.

Bradley, Willie Brown and Miss Sims all share the theory that many Negroes aren't non-violent and don't participate because they don't want to hurt the movement.

"You can't compromise with my freedom."

If a policeman lays a hand on a non-violent Negro, there's no telling what might happen, says Brown, candidate for SF 18th Assembly District and lawyer for the sit-ins.

"Heretofore, Negroes thought they were just wearing out shoe leather on the lines," Miss Sims says. "But with the gains at Sheraton-Palace and Cadillac, the percentage of Negroes has grown."

The "gains" she refers to are the various agreements the groups have reached with the employers. Not all the agreements have been made by applying pressure.

CORE quietly negotiated with 318 supermarkets last November and came up with an agreement. Again in December they signed with 70 downtown department and specialty stores. Burbridge recently an-



The demonstrators meet San Francisco in the streets in front of the plush Sheraton-Palace.

nounced NAACP has made agreements with several businesses. But the agreements are more moral than legal and employers may not have to abide by them.

"If the employers back out, they will get what they would have gotten if they hadn't signed," Bradley says. "We will demonstrate."

George Bahrs, however, doesn't think the businessmen have signed agreements with civil rights leaders. Speaking for the auto dealers, he says:

"We didn't make an agreement. We just told the public what we're going to do. Neither CORE nor NAACP is mentioned; and there aren't any numbers in what we signed," he said.

The "numbers" Bahrs is concerned about are the "goals" of Negro hiring which civil rights leaders have demanded. The rights leaders object to "goals" being referred to as "quotas."

The NAACP asked for a goal of 16 to 20 per cent of the auto dealer's new hiring to be Negroes. This is to bring up the level of Negro employees.

"The work force should reflect the composition in the community," Alan Brotsky, NAACP employment chairman says. "If employers' doors had not been closed to Negroes in

the past, you could walk in and find about the same percentage of Negroes at work as in the population. This means they have to "increase minority hiring."

But Bahrs doesn't trust the Negro leaders. "They don't want an agreement. They just want to demonstrate. The whole damn thing is a maneuver to force us to take people who aren't qualified," he says. "I suspect a large number of unemployed Negroes are unemployable because they lack the skills."

Bahrs blames the Negroes for being unskilled, and Brotsky blames employers.

"Employers have very subtle ways of discriminating," Brotsky says. "And after so many years of being turned down, the Negro feels it is hopeless to go down and apply. Seniority also perpetuates discrimination."

Civil rights groups are asking for training programs to be set up so that the Negroes can become skilled workers. Bahrs claims there are enough training programs available.

Rights leaders have concentrated on the employers and all but ignored negotiations with unions.

"Employers are the ones who do the hiring and firing," Brotsky says. "By forcing employers you

automatically force the unions."

This has been true to a large degree because many jobs can be obtained without belonging to a union provided the person joins within 30 days. But for the first time, CORE is now negotiating with Teamster's officials on their bakery industry project in East Bay.

"Unions aren't sacrosanct," says Jim Bennett, SF State senior in political science and CORE employment vice-chairman, "but we've never had any real difficulty with a union once an agreement is reached."

Besides job discrimination, there are two other issues which civil rights leaders are presently concerned with — Area 2 Redevelopment and education. Margaret Ho, SF State junior, has been negotiating with the San Francisco Board of Education about de facto segregation for several months.

CORE is asking for a racial count of SF school children to find out which schools have a high minority rate. The census has been refused because it is not part of Board policy. If the census isn't taken, CORE is preparing to take action.

"A lot of quiet integration is going to occur as a result of the demonstrations."

As a last resort, there is the possibility of a school strike. "CORE doesn't shun the idea of a boycott," Miss Ho said. "But it is a weapon for extreme publicity to emphasize the precarious and immediate urgency of the situation."

Miss Ho believes there are at least two solutions to de facto segregation: redistricting or "compensatory education" which she calls "shelling out more money to educate the educationally deprived children."

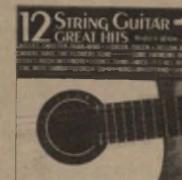
She also wants the Board to take a stand against the Rumford initiative. "If there is discrimination in housing, you get ghetto schools," she said.

Another area of urgency to civil rights groups is Area-2 redevelopment. This concerns the city's plans

more on fourteen

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Civil Rights

from page thirteen

to re-make 73 city blocks in the Western Addition. The vast project will cost \$42 million.

It covers the area between Van Ness and St. Joseph Avenues and between Bush and Fulton Streets. From 5,800 to 6,500 units for 18,000 people (there are now 15,000 people in the area) will be provided. This includes 2200 housing units to be rehabilitated and 1400 new units to be built.

The problem is where to put the people while the area is being redeveloped. There are now 2720 families and 5,000 single persons to be accounted for.

The city's solution is:

About 540 families will go into the new private housing planned for the area. Another 330 will buy into other housing both in and outside the area. 280 will go to rental housing elsewhere. Public housing throughout the city is scheduled to absorb another 1060. About 280 families will remain in their present houses. And 230 families will move into rehabilitated houses.

But Al Pezaro, CORE's housing chairman and a humanities graduate student here, doesn't think the answer is that simple.

"There are no adequate relocation facilities," he said. "The proposed middle income housing is between \$125 and \$140 a month. The median rent in Area-2 is now \$65.

"Public housing already has a waiting list of 3,000. And the people who will be able to return to their homes are mostly white.

"Sanitary and decent housing should be provided for all citizens," Pezaro said. "The redevelopment plan is a war on the poor and a move toward Negro removal. You can't get rid of poverty by sweeping it under the rug."

With the summer will undoubtedly come a change in the movement. But the exact prognosis is varied even among the groups involved. Civil rights groups claim their pace will be accelerated.

"This will be the hottest summer San Francisco has ever seen," Bradley predicted.

"That's what they said about last

summer, and it turned out to be pretty cool," Quinn says.

Either opinion could be correct. It will depend upon many things.

First, is what happens at the sit-in trials. So far, verdicts have been inconsistent. Tracy Sims got 45 days and fined \$200. The 13 others she was tried with were acquitted, as were 29 more last week.

If the leaders are imposed with heavy penalties, there may be new leaders. And if the present accent on youth continues, they will come from college campuses.

Second, job discrimination protests will probably be less frequent since businesses are now negotiating of their own volition, (like Bank of America) with civil rights groups.

"The companies are sort of buying themselves protection," Bennett says. "They feel they could be next."

And with schools closing for the summer, the education issue will have to wait for September. This would leave housing and Redevelopment as the city's hottest issues.

Unless Area-2 people can be relocated to the satisfaction of civil rights groups, there is bound to be trouble. And if the anti-fair housing initiative passes, whole new areas of protests will very likely develop since there will be no legal recourse to discrimination in housing.

Direct action has focused attention on civil rights and as Bradley says, "without direct action there would be no movement." And since it has proved effective, it will be used again.

So picket lines are by no means out for San Francisco. Demonstrators promise to be in force at the GOP convention at the Cow Palace in July to protest the seating of Mississippi delegates.

And a lot can depend on what happens elsewhere in the country. The movement here started in Birmingham. So, increased interest in militancy may be in store for this city if the South erupts again. This time as a result of such broad campaigns as SNCC's Mississippi Summer Project.

But whichever way the movement goes, by its standards it will be forward—and students will be on the front lines.



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ONE EIGHTY-TWO GEARY SAN FRANCISCO 8

SEX

from page four

Booze he condemned. "A person who relies on booze to seduce is disturbed. I've done it before, and it makes me ashamed. It's an underhanded trick that bastards resort to."

If there's an easy way out of sex, students will find it. In some cases, whatever works is moral; in others, sex is divorced from morality.

While the senior decried prostitution, another student spoke favorably of it. A 27-year-old pock-marked business major who had spent four years in the Navy said that he saw nothing wrong with paying for his amours.

"I've been going to brothels since I was 16," he said. "In the service I was in Barcelona, Rio de Janeiro, Istanbul, and a lot of other places. I had a ball."

"I think prostitutes are wonderful people. You know where you stand with them. You know the risk and the feelings are strictly biological. It's a convenient arrangement," he said.

SF State being a street car college, one might expect some students to associate more in their

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SEX

from page four

"But if it's an accident and they get carried away, then it's O.K."

Premeditated sex, though, is condemned by the following junior who claims she can't be "seduced or carried away." Shifting from one sandaled foot to the other she continued, "I know what's happening and I consider it my own responsibility to carry contraceptives. I don't believe in Enovid or prophylactics."

"But," she adds, "I consider long in advance how sex will alter my relationship with a guy. It has to be beneficial to both of us."

According to professor Lastrucci, two-thirds of non-virgin brides go to the altar "de-flowered" because of relations with their fiance. "We've been going together for two years," said a coed. Glancing up sheepishly the carefully coiffured freshman explained that her boy friend was "back home," yet close enough for weekend commuting.

"He's the guy I'm going to marry . . . someday."

So what happens if Mr. Right
more on fifteen



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SEX

from page fourteen

neighborhoods or certain parts of the city rather than the campus, especially if they are disenchanted with campus social life.

"Man, I don't want to date on this campus," a Negro graduate student said. "The girls are too middle-class with all their phony morality. They're saving themselves for something. I don't know why. They'll end up chaste at 40, and I don't mean chased."

"I like to go down to Fillmore," he said. "I'm understood there. There's no pretension. You can communicate with them. Girls here are great pretenders, but then take them to a party and they can't even pronounce Kierkegaard. They need to let their hair down and be human."

His morality, he admitted, was not like everyone's on campus — maybe not of even a significant percentage. But he was older and had been around. "Some guys get a kick out of just being seen with a girl. They'll learn. Give them a few years," he said. "We're on this earth to enjoy ourselves, not to tie each other in emotional knots and then crawl separately away and hide."

On a campus that stresses individuality, it is only reasonable that a great deal of diversity exists.

"Sex is a laughing matter," an art major said. "It's all very, very humorous. In fact you should be laughing the entire time during the act itself." His large black eyes bugged and he added, "Right at the climax should be the happiest time of your life. Oh joy!"

Contrasted to this is total abstention from the flesh of the opposite sex for reasons that aren't always clear.

On a campus bench sat a thin tow-headed scholar who traced the gold lettering on his books with his well-trimmed fingernails. A little bead of perspiration glistened just above his upper lip. "Do you know that college men masturbate 1.8 times a week?" he asked through pursed lips.

He got his figures from his psychology book. But that's all he got. He was a virgin, and he thought that figures in other sizes and shapes would eventually come into his life later. He said he wasn't worried about it.

In Merced Hall, a tall blond 19-year-old spoke of what he had expected in dormitory life on this campus. "I thought there would be greater pressure to conform sexually—that is, to make conquests and brag about them," he said. "But they talk about going out after it and that's about all. It seems that girls are out for sex more than boys. The freshman girls here think the only way to know a boy is in bed."

He explained that Merced Hall has many vacancies and no waiting list. (At the time, there were 12 vacancies in the dorm built to accommodate 404 occupants. There was a waiting list, but few students want to move in the middle of the semester.) He said that the dorm dwellers want to migrate to apartments for more freedom.

Ideally, many think an apartment would become a seduction chamber where brassieres, frilly undies, and nylons would periodically dot the carpet in a trail toward the sanctity of the sheets.

For those under 21, having an apartment insured freedom and getting a "contact"—a person over 21 in the area to buy booze for them. The perfect picture would include a well stocked bar. Booze — beer swilling or gimlet gobbling — is a universal disarmer on dates or at parties, he said.

Down the hall two juniors agreed on the effectiveness of booze in aiding sexual ploys, but disagreed between themselves on nearly everything else. "Sure," said a bespectacled, recently turned 21-year-old, "there are two kinds of girls—those that will and those that won't. But I try to go as far as I can with everyone I date."

"You've got to have a date now and then or the guys will start kidding you."

"No, no," his husky friend protested. "Not with a girl you really like. It's not religion that holds me back. I just don't need to go that far. There's plenty of time later."

And for him, too, the social pressure was the greatest—"You've got to have a date now and then or the guys will start kidding you."

But his friend grinned and said, "With me it's strictly biological."

They said that they had never heard rumors about freshman girls being loose. "I don't think sex is the problem that it's blown up to be. It's a lot of talk," the athletic 20-year-old said. "The promiscuous ones are a minority."

For some, sex has only impinged on the senses in crude forms; sex is something that happens outside of their worlds. Since sex is a common denominator of humanity, but as yet an unreal experience for them, they must deal with it in subterfuge.

From a smattering of opinion on this campus, there appears to be a dichotomy between the older student with often added years of much empirical study and the younger, inexperienced collegian. The older student at times has little to say. In between, regardless of age, a moderate collegian dwells in a limbo and has characteristics of both. But his philosophy has prevented gross promiscuity, though at one time or another he has been erring or impractical.

The older student in most cases has gone through the wringer of experiment, has learned from his crises and has settled for views that aren't apt to change. The moderates, their experimenting nearly over, are being galvanized for the immediate future. The inexperienced, or rather those of a more limited carnal knowledge, are looking around, but not too diligently.

SEX

from page fourteen
isn't? The result is, apparently, the remaining one-third of non-virgin brides.

Mr. Right and the Passionate Surrender (alias accidental—but meaningful—intercourse) is disputed by a senior:

"I lived in the dorms last semester and it was . . . back seat," she said. "Now I'm in an apartment. My boyfriend and I don't have that much sex, but it's less nerve wracking and we're more careful."

SF State is a commuter college, and the limited dorm space drives rejected applicants into apartments or flats.

From an ex-dorm resident: "When I want sex it won't be with a guy from the dorms—or a fraternity man. It would only be contributing to their ego."

Some students live together because it is "impossible to get married in college," according to a junior who adds, "my parents would cut off financial support if I got married."

The long green umbilical cord from home can, however, be nurtured through subtly applied parental psychology—and a few fictitious letters—but what do you do when your parents want to meet your roommate?

"A guy I used to date," said a junior, "finally had to move out of his apartment. His two roommates were always taking over the two bedrooms with their girlfriends and kicking him out into the living room . . . sometimes for two or three days straight."

"I didn't know how to react," said a freshman, smiling as she recalled an evening when a date took her to another couple's apartment for dinner. "He said 'Don't ask them how long they've been married . . . they aren't.'"

"Some of my friends live together co-ed," said a sophomore living in the dorm. Explaining the rationale of her friends she continued, "It seems to be a part of their political beliefs: rebellion against our society. To them sex is like food or sleep. Marriage isn't important," she concluded.

SF State may be more individualistic (or anarchistic, depending on who does the name-calling), but even "loners" probably have some kind of social pressure regulating their activities, whether they admit it or not.

An education major would have a different obligation to her professional image" than a creative arts major would have. Sex regarded as an esthetic experience or as material for a forthcoming novel

would have a different effect on a career than the loss of a teaching credential.

"Experiences are the most important part of my education as a writer," said a journalism major, "and one of the most important experiences is sex."

Sex can also be rationalized as part of the proverbial liberal education.

"My social identity is with an open minded group of students," said a freshman humanities major, "and their attitude tends to enforce, even encourage, my own liberal views."

"Sex for a girl is more psychological than physical."

Society can sanction and society can condemn, but some people don't give a damn about society.

"The only time I've had any guilt feelings about sex," a junior commented, "was when I found myself getting involved with two guys at the same time."

Guilt is only a minor repercussion. As an apathetic freshman put it: "Sex for a girl is psychological more than physical." But the ultimate price tag on premarital sex is pregnancy.

A dorm resident stated matter-of-factly, "Pregnancy is tolerated. Girls just drop out of school and that's it," she said.

Some escape, barely, and the market-price on sex is slashed somewhat, but still omnipresent.

"I had a bad scare once," said a sophomore wrinkling her ski-tanned brow in a retrospective frown. "When I found out I wasn't pregnant I had a mental block that even contraceptives couldn't overcome."

We don't know how many virgins there are on campus, but the virgins do exist—and many are firm in their convictions. Others just haven't met "the right guy" yet.

The other faction exists too. They may have joined the ranks of the "fallen" under the socially-sanctioned rationalization of love. Mr. Right may or may not lead them to the altar.

The remaining faction may fall into the category which professor Lastrucci considers the increasing trend in our society toward "sex for fun—accepted for its own sake without all the romantic-Christian trimmings."

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