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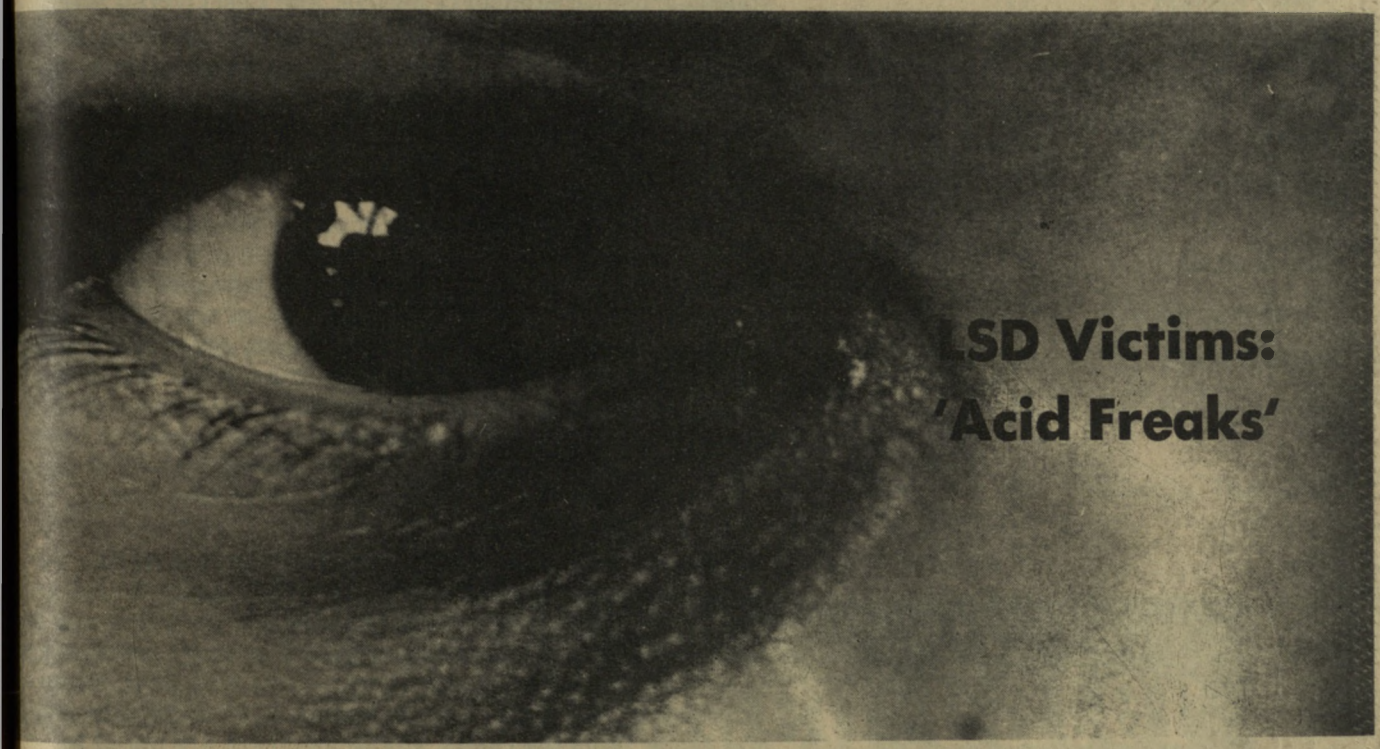

- *Interracial dating*
- *Where it's at with hippies*
- *Brainwashing on campus*
- *State colleges' financial mess*

About the Magazine

INSERT is produced by the editors and staff of the Golden Gater as a supplement to the daily newspaper. Started as an experiment in 1964, INSERT has become an established, award-winning magazine. The January 1966 issue received top honors from the California Intercollegiate Press Association in state-wide competition. The awards included First Place Magazine Writing—"Focus on Film Making" by Paul Scanlon, Second Place Magazine Writing—"The New Breed — a Turn to the Left" by Phil Garlington, First Place Layout, Magazine Sweepstakes—greatest number of awards, and Best Overall Magazine.

From its first issue, the focus of INSERT has remained unchanged. The magazine presents subjects of interest to SF State students. The focus is broad and ranges from the controversial to the amusing, from professors to students to state legislators. It is within this focus that we present this, the sixth issue of INSERT.

In this issue there is a study of one of the most talked about yet least understood problems facing college students today—the acid freak. An acid freak is a person who has been mentally damaged by the use of LSD. Research on the story began in January. At that time there were no laws governing the use of LSD. However, as INSERT goes to press, a law restricting the use of the drug has passed the Assembly and seems sure to pass the Senate. The case histories used in the story are based on actual happenings. For obvious reasons the names of the persons involved have been changed, as have minor details, to prevent recognition.

Another little understood problem presented in this issue is the plight of the interracial couple. "The Lonely World Across the Color Line" presents the frustrations, problems and opinions of SF State's interracial couples. The story presents many aspects of interracial dating—from those who do it, those who advocate it and those who denounce it. Interestingly enough, the Black Students Union, whose members are noted for shoot-from-the-hip charges of racism as slight—and usually nonexistent—provocation, is the only organized group on campus denouncing interracial dating.

Brainwashing, shrouded in polysyllabic, psychological jargon, has existed on the SF State campus for several years. This year it moved from the Psychology Department to student government where it blossomed to form a religious - like cult. "Brainwashing on Campus" probes this t-group sensitivity training cult at SF State.

Other articles in this issue include an examination of the lopsided structure of financing higher education in California, the story of SF State hippies in their own words and profiles of faculty members and students.

Frank, honest reporting of controversial subjects has been the rule rather than the exception in this and previous issues of INSERT. This reporting reflects a concept of freedom of expression that is the foundation of student life at SF State. Without this concept of freedom, INSERT could not and should not exist.

—Dave Swanston, Editor

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In This Issue

Golden Gater

INSERT **NUMBER SIX**

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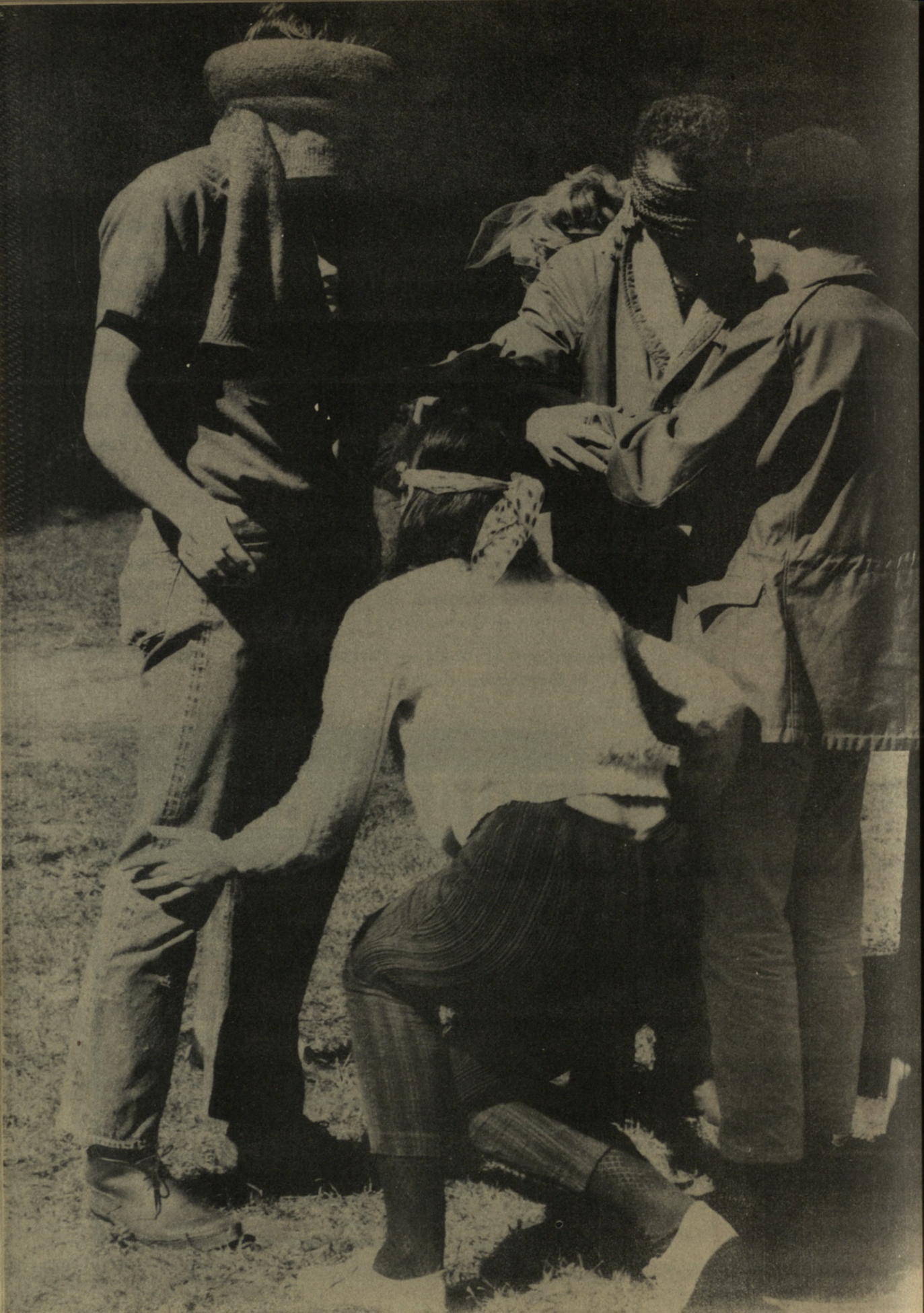
184



Brainwashing on Campus

Using a gimmick called t-group, student government leaders, abetted by the psychology department, are engaged in something called "sensitivity training," in which manipulation, sexual coercion and amateur psychotherapy form the main ingredients.

By PHIL GARLINGTON

During this year's Associated Students elections, SF State's students demonstrated overwhelming support for the Experimental College. Naturally, newly-elected AS president Jim Nixon, who has plumped the hardest for what he likes to call the "special" college, favored its continuation and expansion. More surprisingly, his opponents without exception also supported the "college without walls."

Not only are the students behind the Experimental College, but the faculty and administration have watched its growth with a benign encouragement. Acting SF State president Stanley Paulson has given this "college within a college" his "unqualified" blessing.

What somehow never has come to light during the year it's been on campus is that the Experimental College is something more than just another free university.

SF State's special college has a clandestine purpose. Along with teaching courses in Community Organizing, Black Nationalism, and Non-violence, the Experimental College washes brains.

Washes them delicately, mind. Not like the Red Chinese psychologists who subjected captured GI brains to scrubbings with hard water, wire brush and the harshest brand X on the market.

The sophisticated laundromat at SF State gives its brains a comparatively gentle soaping and rinsing. Nevertheless, the victims' attitudes and values are manipulated through the use of a psychological device. The device at SF is the t-group.

T-groups are used not on-

Often times a part of sensitivity training, this exercise in non-verbal communication involves the "discovery" of another person's body by feeling it. Blindfolded, the participants grope around until they stumble into one another and examination begins. Sensitivity training of this sort was part of the AS-sponsored La Honda adventure conducted early in last semester.

ly in the Experimental College, but also in student government, and the psychology department offers courses in the methods of manipulating groups.

SF State t-groups are used, among other things, to control group thinking, to coerce participation in sexual activities and to give amateur psychiatrists a chance to practice without a license.

At SF State, these t-groups are more than condoned; they're worshipped. They've grown from a fad to a popular front. They're the psychology-oriented college kid's answer to religion. God may be dead at SF State; Freud has never been in better health.

Sensitivity training, as it's dubbed by the para-politico-pseudopsychologists who practice it, is ostensibly the study of group processes, the ways groups operate.

In reality, however, people join t-groups less to learn about group dynamics than to indulge in an emotional binge.

In an article entitled "Patterns and Vicissitudes in T-Group Development," Warren Bennis explains that the t-group evokes an "elemental situation" where "orderliness, precision, specified degrees of intimacy, control and authority" go out the window.

There is no agenda. The trainer, the person who conducts the group, discourages discussion of topics unrelated to "group life." He cuts off those who want to talk about Vietnam or civil rights. Sometimes, an hour of almost unbroken silence is the product of the first meeting.

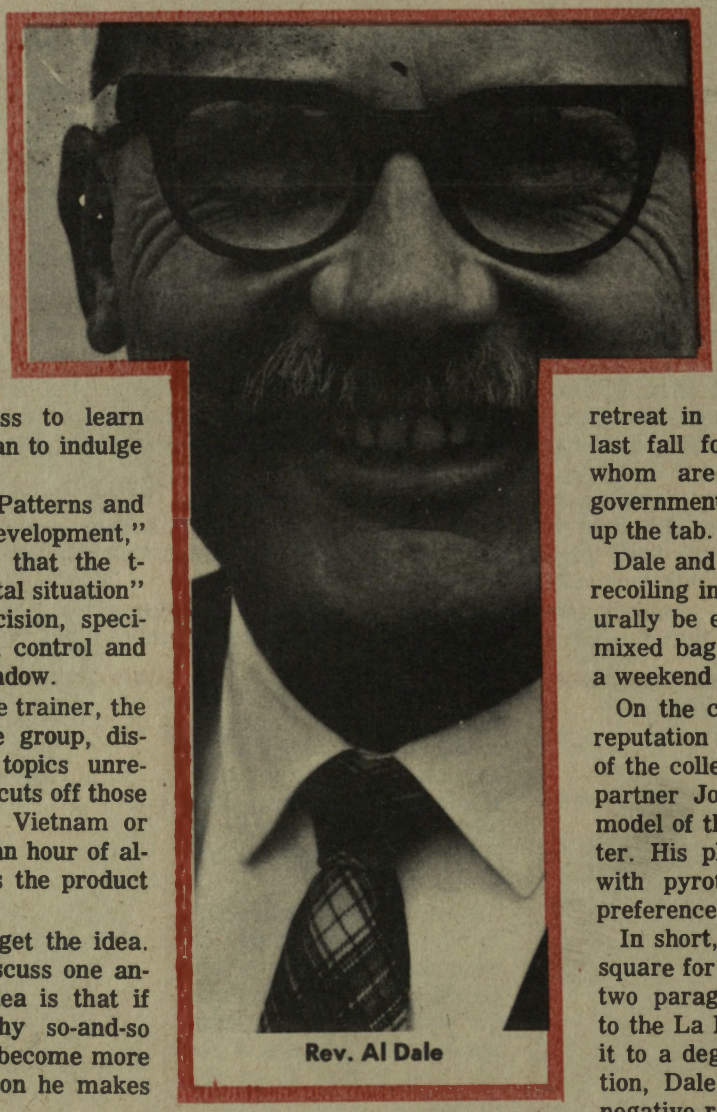
But participants soon get the idea. They are supposed to discuss one another's behavior. The idea is that if the group discusses why so-and-so picks his nose then he'll become more sensitive to the impression he makes on others.

Conversely, when nose-picker discovers that so-and-so across the table is belligerent because he has a secret anxiety about his receding hair line, he'll become sensitized to the other's problem and not allude to baldness in his presence.

The t-grouper is expected to get personal about both himself and others in the group. His business is everybody's business. Unfortunately, some people (usually those not programmed by the psychology department for emotionalizing) balk at a group discussion of their personal lives.

Not yet tapped on the skull by the magic wand of Tinker Cerebellum, these unenlightened won't cooperate because, frankly, they think it's nonsense. They either withdraw or rebel, but, whatever, woe unto them because the group is merciless.

Two veterans of the group's wolfpack tactics are the reverends Al Dale and John Jones. Dale, who runs the Ecumenical House across the street from the campus, and Jones, his assistant, are both outspoken critics of t-groups.



Rev. Al Dale

They took part in what may be the culminating phenomenon of the sensitivity training movement: the La Honda Adventure. Staged by Jim Nixon, coordinator of the Experimental College, Mike Vozick, paid consultant to the Experimental College, and Cynthia Carlson, director of the Experimental College, the La Honda Adventure was a weekend retreat in the Santa Cruz mountains last fall for fifty students, most of whom are associated with student government. The AS, of course, picked up the tab.

Dale and Jones are not ecclesiastics recoiling in horror at what might naturally be expected to occur among a mixed bag of college students during a weekend at a mountain resort.

On the contrary, Dale has made a reputation as sort of a hoodlum priest of the college radical community. His partner Jones is equally the perfect model of the modern Methodist minister. His plain speech is inter-larded with pyrotechnics resulting from a preference for anglo-saxonisms.

In short, Dale and Jones stand four square for liberality. So how did these two paragons of sophistication react to the La Honda expedition? To dilute it to a degree fit for public consumption, Dale and Jones had "a strong negative reaction."

Mike Vozick, garrulous, rotund "high priest" of SF State t-groups, admits Dale and Jones had a bad experience.

"I understand where it's at with them," Vozick says his sensitivity training in evidence. "It was their first trip and they got hung up."

The two ministers, however, say they weren't exactly picking off lanugo when they went on the La Honda jaunt. Jones claims two years in clinical training at Cooks County Hospital, Chicago, as a trainer in group processes.

"I know what the techniques of group manipulation

are," Jones says, "and I know when they're being used on me."

Describing what happened at La Honda, Jones concedes he fought the group from the start, beginning when the trainer required that everyone take off his shoes. City-born and bred, Jones feels going barefoot is uncivilized, because "you might step on an oyster." Not wanting to be put through his paces anyway, he was especially reluctant to go it barefoot.

Jones says the group loosened up even more by taking part in an interpretive dance. As a record player cranked out a Spanish air, the dancers interpreted the music through body movement. Jones says he struggled manfully to get in the spirit, but had to retreat under a cannonade of intimacies when his female partner wanted to act out the friendliest thing two people can do.

"I'm as (desirous of sexual relations) as the next guy, but not in front of 50 people. Besides, I'm married." Jones says he'd rather see people go after sex in a natural environment rather than be coerced into it.

In the t-group environment, those who refuse to participate are "hostile;" those who are scornful "don't understand;" those who are embarrassed have "sex problems;" and anybody might find himself being told he's in need of "long term psychiatric care."

In regard to the last point, Dale says many professors in the psychology department moonlight as psychotherapists. Dale alleges some of these profs pick up clients from the kids who've been unnerved by the t-group experience.

The major gripe advanced by Dale and Jones is that those opposed to t-groups don't have "the freedom to vote no." Sensitivity training at SF State has grown so powerful that nobody has the fortitude to stand up against it. The administration, faculty and student government have closed ranks on t-groups and criticism has been shut off.

"Everybody's afraid of this gang of amateur psychologists," Jones says, "who want to fingerpaint with other people's guts."

"It's like McCarthyism," Dale says. "If you were against McCarthy you were communist. If you're against t-groups then something must be wrong with you."

Mike Vozick

According to the disgruntled duo, the popularity of t-groups results from the "emotional vacuum" created by the cold impersonality of the city. It's a cinch to make friends in a t-group, as long as you don't resist. "It provides a place to huddle," Dale says.

"Sure," Jones says, "It's a weekend of thumb sucking."

Sensitivity training and the t-group are very big in the SF State psychology department, which, in terms of bodies, is the largest in the nation, and third largest in the world. The department offers nine sections of t-group under the unassuming title of Group Processes, Psych. 141. Nevertheless, there's never enough room for all the faddists who want to hop on the t-group bandwagon.

(One aspect of 141 that may account for its popularity is that in many sections students are allowed to grade themselves.)

Psych. 141 has been offered here for seven years. Once students started becoming keyed to the t-group idea, it was inevitable somebody would take advantage of a fad guaranteed to engender enthusiasm for, in Vozick's words, "doing good in the world."

Like a pampered child with an itch to grow up unhampered by parental restrictions, the t-group ran away from its overly lenient parents in the psychology department; but it wasn't at large for long. The idea was corralled by student government and employed as a means to solidy the SF State student government machine.

T-groups were pressed into service in the political wars. Under the generalship of Jim Nixon, most of the rank and file in AS government have seen combat in t-groups. The striking thing about these junior politicos who revolve in Nixon's orbit is their almost fanatical earnestness about sensitivity training.

True believers Vozick and Nixon prosyletize without respite. The language of sensitivity training — processes, feeling levels — crops up whenever they speak. It was under their influence that sensitivity training entered its most contagious phase, becoming an integral part of the Experimental College. At least six courses in the Experimental College are conducted by the t-group approach.

Nixon, who was first to recognize the benefits of combining t-groups with politics, denies senstivity training is manipulative.

"It's easy to slip into manipulation," Nixon says, "but we're trying to break away from that."

Explaining how he applies group processes to student government, Nixon says hard work is encouraged by convincing the individual that he's accomplishing something "meaningful." He says frictions among his people are lessened by "breaking to the feeling level" from time to time to discuss underlying conflicts. Group process is a way to crash through emotional stalemates, Nixon says.

Albeit novel to the college crowd, sensitivity training is nothing new. It's an old technique used extensively by industry and the military, two groups not ordinarily thought of as having an overweening interest in the "personal development" of their members.

It's difficult for t-groupers to explain their sudden enthusiasm, their sense of euphoria, to those who haven't had the experience. Claire Salop, an advisor in the Activities Office, attended the same La Honda adventure that so repulsed Dale and Jones.

"I can't explain to people who haven't been through the t-group, but on the last day of meetings, WOW, something happened, and WOW, it was wild."

But in the August 1961 issue of Fortune magazine, an article by Spencer Klaw entitled "Two Weeks in a T-group" succeeds in finding descriptions for this strange educational ordeal. Klaw gives a scarey Orwellian account of how a group of hard-headed businessmen isolated on a "cultural island" underwent deep changes in attitude. A dozen pragmatic corporation executives completely forgot their work and their families and plunged into "group life" with grim determination, giving one another "a fairly stiff psychological buffeting" and discussing one another's behavior "with a frankness not usually advisable in real life."

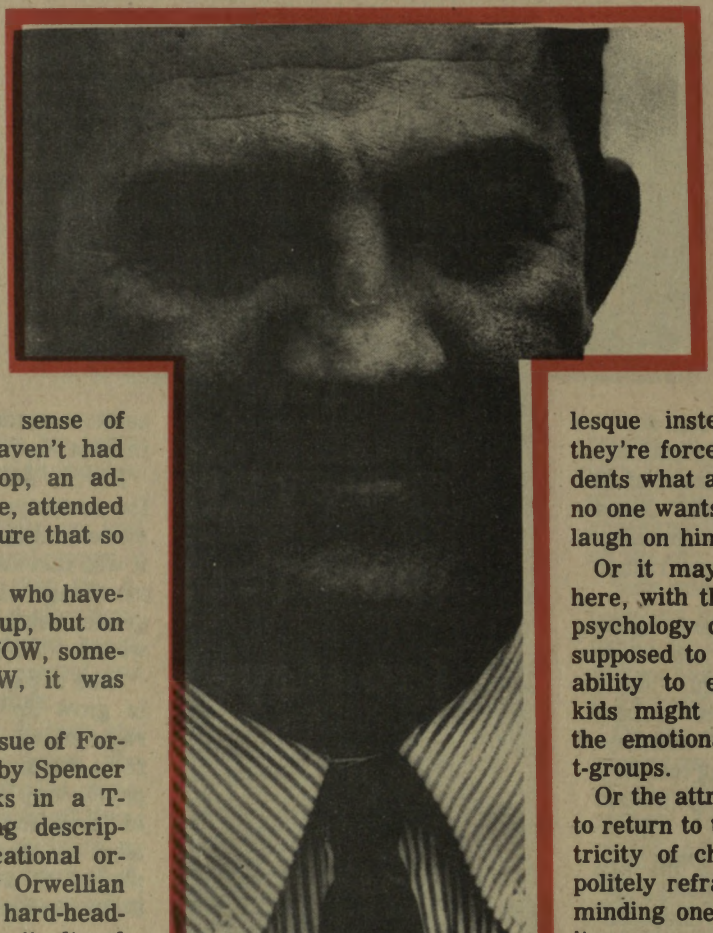
And in the March 16 Business Week, an article called "Yourself as Others See You" quotes George Odionrne, Professor of Industrial Relations at University of Michigan, as saying the study of group dynamics has been "perverted" by the sensitivity training cult.

"It's an emotional binge that should be outlawed like amateur surgery," Odionrne says.

Ted Kroeber, associate professor of psychology here, and a trainer in one of the 141 sections, admits the t-group is "anxiety provoking." "A good learning situation is never comfortable," Kroeber says.

All in all, the t-group has the look of a camp meeting, a psychological cult with religious overtones. Students who would sneer at the Elmer Gantry grotesqueries of a revival fall over themselves to Confess, Testify and Exorcise the devil of maladjustment, all in the name of sensitivity training.

Furthermore, once committed, there seems no backing out. People who've had their sensitivity trained have real difficulty saying what happened to them, except that they've suddenly "discovered themselves."



Rev. John Jones

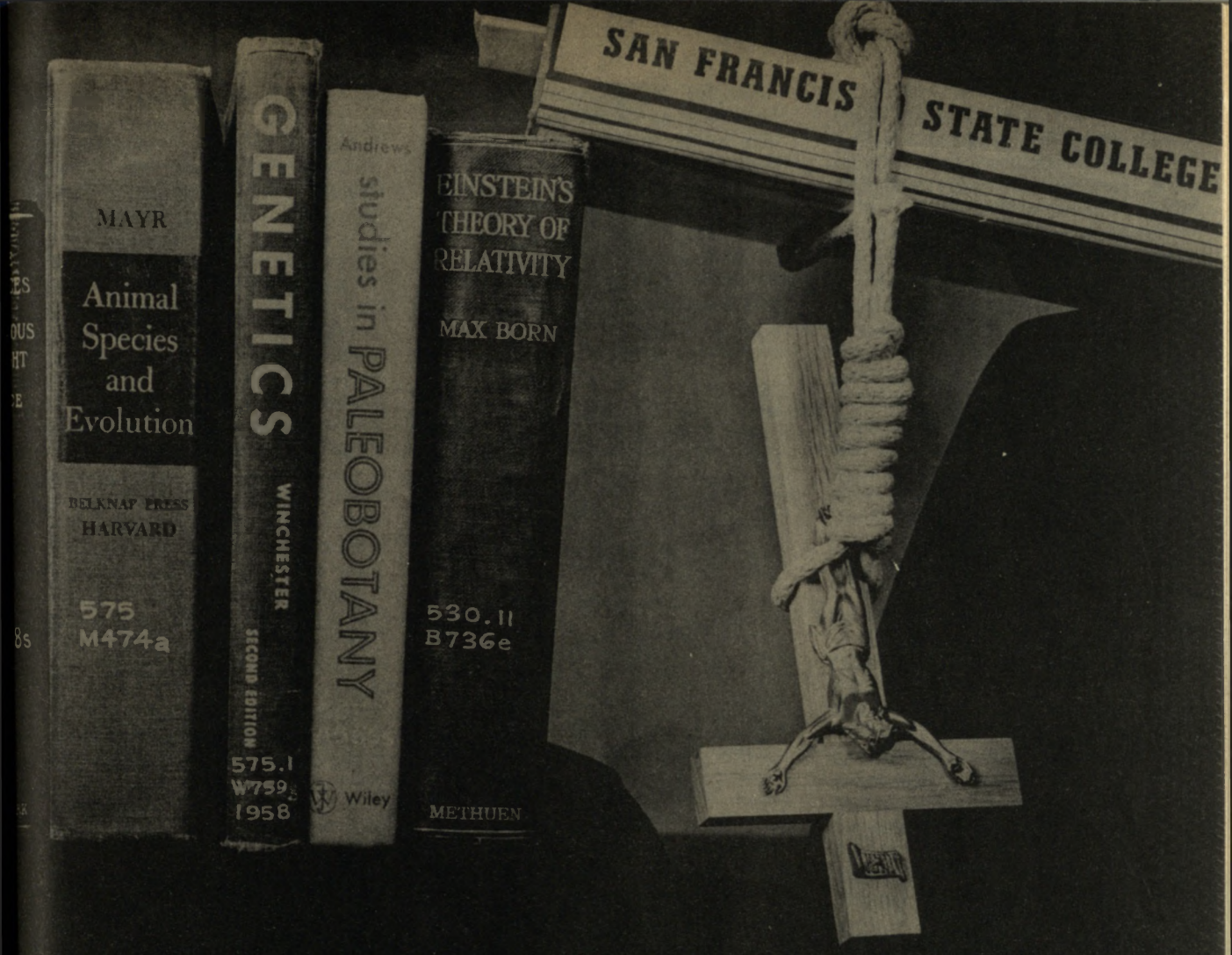
It may be that, like the citizens of that rude Mississippi hamlet described in Huckleberry Finn, t-groupers went to the theatre expecting Shakespeare and got burlesque instead. Thoroughly bilked, they're forced to tell their fellow students what a great show it was, since no one wants to let his peers have the laugh on him.

Or it may be that many students here, with their circuits wired by the psychology department, know they're supposed to feel guilty about the "inability to express emotion." These kids might be expected to glory in the emotional catharsis provided by t-groups.

Or the attraction may be the chance to return to the uncomplicated egocentricity of childhood, in a world that politely refrained from ceaselessly reminding one of his ludicrous anonymity.

Anyway, students who decide to have their sensitivity trained by other than qualified psychologists should know they risk being outfitted by tailors as suspects as the Emperor's. After the t-group experience, these kids may come to think they're parading in glittering robes before an admiring throng; there may not be anyone to tell them they're going about naked.

PHIL GARLINGTON, a 22-year-old sophomore, is in his second semester on the Gater, handling general assignments, and has written one article in previous issues of INSERT. The Cleveland-born journalism major edited The Word, a Naval Reserve monthly magazine, between 1962 and 1964.



Thou Shalt Not Believe

God and Christianity may not be dead at SF State, but over half the faculty thinks so.

When an establishment begins to note a decline in business, its caretakers re-study figures, chew a few fingernails, and vow to make a few changes to bring about an upswing.

America's churches are finding a smaller proportion of the population attending each year. Polls show that while 97 percent of the American people say they believe in God, less than half of that — 43 percent — attend church regularly, and only about one in four can claim to be deeply religious.

So the churches, having rushed through the nail-chewing stage, have swung into progessive action:

In San Francisco's Grace Cathedral, jazz pianist Vince Guaraldi's trio swings through Mass.

In Boston, teenage worshippers shake the pews with a frugging session and pray, "Help us to remember that to You good looks are deeper inside than a clear complexion and neat-looking hair."

In Los Angeles, a priest declares the need for a "priests' union."

In Selma and in Washington, nuns and clergymen lead marches and demonstrations for racial equality.

And self-examination, through an under-current of questions on God's existence and "death," has focused national attention on religion, its potentially barren churches and its changes—in role and meaning as well as techniques.

It was a hundred years ago that Nietsczhe voiced his obituary for God. At that time its was like water off a duck's back.

But today's claim that "God is dead," from a Protestant theologist in Atlanta, comes during what is called the "new wave in theology." And the water becomes almost representative of God—perhaps transparent, perhaps not—and it lingers, as if settled in a tub.

A very definite part of this New Wave is the role being played by those in the higher echelons of education—laymen and mortals, to be sure, yet as important to the church as the regular customer is to the small businessman and the majority stockholder to a corporation.

Yet, as Sir Julian Huxley has claimed, "the advance of knowledge is making supernaturalism in general, and the god hypothesis in particular, untenable for an increasing number of educated people."

The downward path towards humanism seems indeed to be the vogue, if a comprehensive survey of a major college's faculty is any indication.

One such survey, conducted by Insert of SF State's faculty, revealed over half of the college's professors to be atheists or agnostics. In addition, comments on Christianity were sought — and found. One pantheist, a firm secular post in the New Wave, wrote: "Religion, like patriotism, has often been used as an excuse for cruelty. The world will be better off when both of them are extinct."

The survey results didn't exactly stun campus ministers Alfred Dale and John Jones, who agree that Protestant circles have more or less given up the concept of an anthropromorphic deity—a god with human attributes.

Just like children's images of a Santa Claus watching over them from the North Pole transcend into an image of goodwill for fellow man, more and more believers are de-emphasizing a single, white-bearded god in heaven. The stress today, according to Reverend Jones, is on humanism.

"Christianity as I see it," he says, "is really a form of humanism with Christ as a focal point of ethics." And supernaturalism, he adds, is not necessary.

This, to others, is the "anonymous Christianity" label used on those who have abandoned the churches—but not religion—by focusing on eradicating the world's evils through work in civil rights, the Peace Corps, and other such endeavors.

"Anonymously" religious, too are those who've found what they call meaning through Zen, mind-expanding drugs, and psychiatry.

In Rev. Jones' mind, Jesus Christ might have been a leader in this New Wave. "Jesus was very rational," he says. "He probably was an agnostic himself."

If he were, one would think that San Francisco State's faculty would approve. Of 236 survey answers, 32 per cent labeled themselves agnostics—those who believe that God's existence can neither be proven nor disproven—and led the field.

In general terms, agnostics are usually seen as those who consider God's existence—the "death" question notwithstanding—to be highly unlikely.

More than a fifth of the faculty—21 per cent — checked "atheist," saying, outright, that God does not exist—not even as a "spirit," as Jesus defined him.

Third-ranked among general religious beliefs were the theists. 18 per cent of the college faculty, the survey results indicate, believe in a personal God concerned with mankind. This is evangelist Billy Graham's God who, as the Bible teaches, "has personality and all the attributes of personality," who is a spirit, fills all space, and "can be everywhere at the same time."

Deists, who say that God created the world but is no longer concerned with man's welfare, number eight per cent of those professors answering. Five per cent declare themselves pantheists, those who identify nature with God and who deny God's "personality."

Only one in a hundred, according to the survey, are polytheists—believers in many gods. And 15 per cent of the faculty declined to answer on this particular question.

Theorists have been explaining the New Wave away with recognition of science, capitalism, socialization, and urbanization. Nowadays, as Jesuit theologian John Courney says, people have been forced into an atheism of distraction, being just "too damn busy" for religion.

It all adds up to secularization, the way of the New Wave, the crumbling of supernatural myths and sacred symbols, and the easing of tensions linked to the necessity of understanding exactly who, what, where and why God is.

"You don't have to believe in the traditional concept of God to be a Christian," says Rev. Dale. And SF State's faculty, when asked to indicate which religion they favored from the long list, bore Rev. Dale out.

Shunning, for the most part, specifics such as Catholicism, the major forms of Protestantism, Buddhism, and Judaism, among others, most of the faculty members claimed "no affiliation or commitment." One professor added to his vote for noncommitment: "Even Existentialism, a bastard form of Christian ethics, is inadequate," he wrote.

In descending order of faculty popularity, votes were cast for Unitarianism (emphasis on the importance of character and tolerance of different views); the anti-violence Society of Friends (Quakers); Humanism, and Judaism. All religions, save the Seventh-Day Adven-

tist Church, received at least one vote.

The spread in affiliations and the predominance of independence from a specific religious tag shouldn't be any major concern," Rev. Dale emphasizes. "Descriptions of God are merely signposts; one can't really describe, in words, the dynamic process known as God," he says.

In sharp disagreement, didactic Julian Huxley attacked the "dynamic" concept: "For theologians to claim that God is 'in reality' some abstract entity or depersonalized spiritual principle while in practice their churches inculcate a belief in a personal divinity who rules and judges . . . is to resort to intellectual dishonesty."

Churches may speak of a personal divinity, but the Rev. Robert Skillman of the Psychedelic Chapel, a New Wave church hoping to use LSD in its services someday, agrees with Rev. Dale. "Jesus did not believe in an anthropromorphic deity," he says. "In the Bible Jesus speaks of the kingdom of God as being within you."

Closely related, in "The Secular City," Harvard divinity school's professor Harvey Cox writes: "We must learn to speak of God in a secular fashion. It will do no good to cling to our religious and metaphysical versions of Christianity in the hope that one day religion or metaphysics will once again be back."

This trend towards secularization is well recognized by SF State's faculty, the survey indicates. On the question of organic evolution, an overwhelming majority of the respondents—73 per cent—said they consider evolution to be a fact. Only seven per cent believe in "special creation." The remainder were in doubt.

If there is one particular spearhead in the secularization movement, science can take the bows. It was science, with its methodology, hypotheses, and experimentation that first trounced the biblical assumption that the sun went around the earth, then went on from there. One by one, the mysteries of life could be credited and explained by scientific laws and theories, not by God and his myths.

But there has always been an understanding between empiricists and ecclesiastics despite the fundamentalists' strident denials of the findings of modern science. Huxley, for one, can visualize the ideal relationship: "Religion must now ally itself wholeheartedly with science. A scientific study is needed to give religion a fuller understanding of human destiny, and to help in deriving better methods for its detailed realization."

Huxley's perspective on science and religion was reflected in the survey results. The faculty was asked, "Would Christianity be able to survive the advance of science?" and whether or not drastic changes were called for.

More than 40 per cent of the polled faculty saw a need for drastic modifications, while 31 per cent thought only a few changes were necessary. And 12 per cent sounded the outright doom of Christianity. One fateful atheist cried verbally, "Drastic changes? Only the 'Second Coming' could do the trick!" And a moan of "Let's face it" came from a Unitarian, who wrote, "It's time we recognized we are already living in a post-Christian era."

On the other side of the theological see-saw, a Catholic claimed, "Western civilization without Christianity will not survive."

The modifications, drastic or not, are in effect, with the church's new role in socialization and the layman's new view of religion in today's scientific, urbanized world. "God will be seen," as one prominent theologian has put it, "as the order in which life takes on meaning, as being, as the source of creativity."

SF State's faculty, while chastizing modern Christianity in their answers to most of the survey questions, switched to general approval when asked to opine on Christianity's role in history.

Four out of ten professors praised Christianity as beneficial to the progress of mankind, while 24 per cent thought it was both beneficial and detrimental. The religion was chastized by only 14 per cent of the faculty.

One theist sighed, "If Christianity had remained Christlike, it could have been beneficial." As it is, he wrote, "I feel Christ would be ashamed."

In much the same vein, Billy Graham has a description of this New Wave: "a spectacle of men who want to hold on to the word 'Christian,' but who are proclaiming loudly the death of God."

But while the consensus seems to indicate disfavor with Christianity, many of the college's faculty think its existence — if it truly still exists — necessary. "Civilization requires such beliefs to quell the savages in our midst," a philosophy professor wrote. And a Quaker sympathizer remarked, "The childlike need for coping with reality on a magical level is so strong in humans that I'm afraid religion is here to stay for a long time."

Like the harried teenager who, as reported in Time Magazine, screamed, "I love God, but I hate the church!" faculty members expressed an aversion for the alleged and well-publicized disparity between Christ's teachings and the practice of the Christian churches. Essentially, critical barbs were aimed at the notion of "Churchianity, not Christianity." But many also proposed the diminishing need for modern man to cling to the theological dogmas of the past.

It may be a downward path towards humanism that educated people are treading. But it's downward in the sense that followers need not shift gears — they coast on humanism's devotion to rationalism, its concern with man's relationship to man, without reliance on rituals and creeds.

This, apparently, is what Americans are becoming attached to; it is what the clergy of America, with its seemingly radical changes, is trying to provide.

When they manage to grope through the recent darkness into the light and find each other, the newly-strengthened links may lead to the resurgence of devotion that the church desperately needs. For religion's caretakers, even with the overbearingly stark realities of science, have quite a bit at stake. Not only changes, but concern and considerations for the modern world, are needed.

By BEN FONG-TORRES
Researched by ROBERT KIMBALL


SF STATE'S
WORLD OF
HIPPIES
SOMETH-
ING'S
HAPPENING
by Edwg. Torres

From the Commons lawn to the Trips festivals to the shores of Carmel Valley -- SF State's 'happy people' tell their story.

By **BEN FONG-TORRES**

They're in the Fillmore Auditorium, dancing with coats and purses dangling from their bodies; she's sitting bowlegged on the floor, completely transfixed by a flickering spotlight, and they'll look at people and say, "Who — US? We're not hippies."

They're on the patch of lawn behind the Coffee Shop; one of them, face swathed in red hair and beard, skips among the small groups, giggling, and plunges an electric drill into the soil. And they'll look at you and say, "What do you mean? There ain't no such thing as 'hippies.' "

The couple, just back from picking flowers in Golden Gate Park, are leaning against a radiator in the Humanities building. The girl, in a white straw hat with a big daisy springing out from the top, is singing; her boy friend's blowing on his harp, and if you stop them they'll say, with perplexed contortions of their faces, "Just because we're happy doesn't mean you can categorize us."

The hell it doesn't.

While one coed, peering from behind tinted "granny glasses," vehemently claims, "The one category should be PEOPLE," this just isn't so, most of the other 15,000 students on campus would agree.

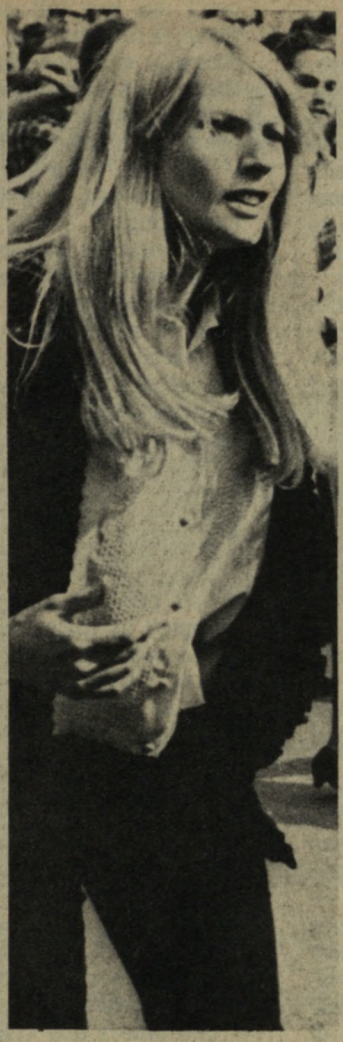
Self-admitted rah-rah girl, Cathi Davis, ran up against a bird-calling, flower-chewing Earth Mother in her homecoming queen campaign last October. An art major, she's "involved with a lot of those people."

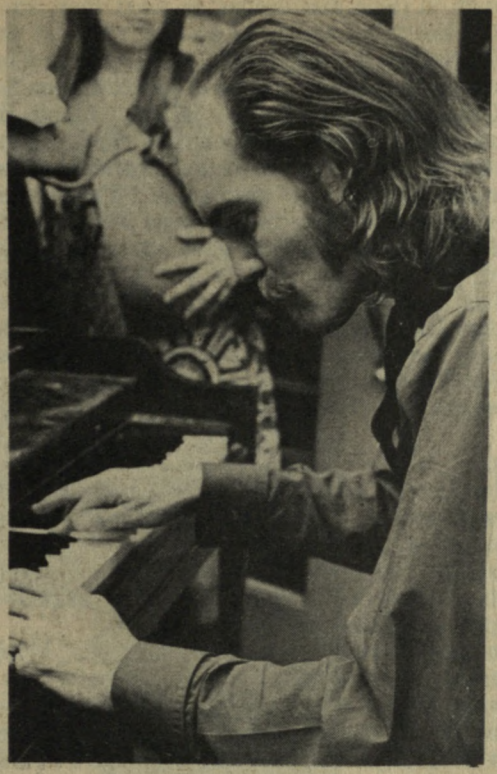
And "those people," Cathi assumes, "must think I'm different."

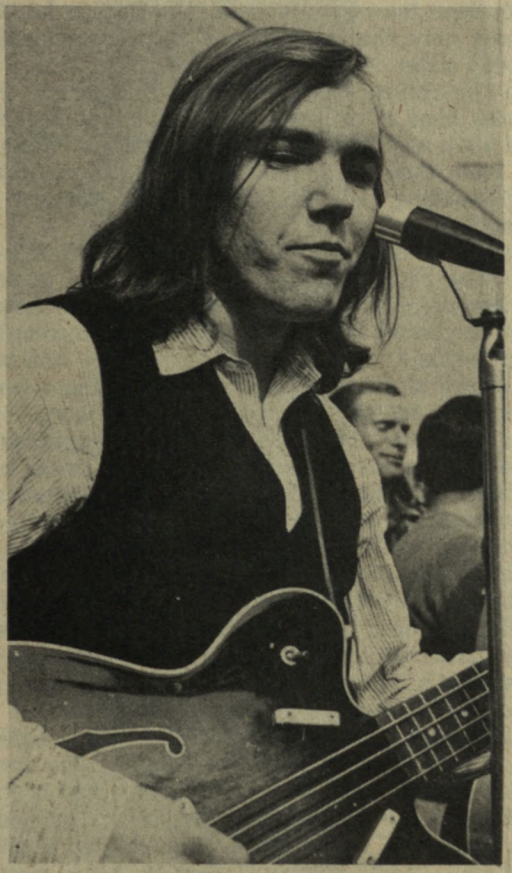
Lounging in cutoff cords and a red-and-white plaid shirt in the Redwood Room, fraternity man Ken Cook had another way of putting it: "They don't bother me; I don't bother them."

But "some people in this Room do feel antagonistic," he adds, "because they're different than what's accepted here."

Even the "different" ones, the students who wear either ultra-bright Sonny and Cher costumes or extra-drab Goodwill Industries basement bargains, and who play hopscotch and have garbage-can








LOVE

concerts on the Quad, let the word "hippie" leak through in their discussions on what they are.

"It's the thing about 'in groups' and 'out groups,'" Paul Potter, a sophomore philosophy major, says. "Even we get lonely and need identification."

"Labels are obviously necessary," hippie firebrand Susan Tanner agrees. "Everyone has to conform to something, whether it be non-conformity or the Establishment." And a gap does exist. "I'm aware of how other people consider me because when you choose to conform to a group that goes against the Establishment, you can't help but be aware you've done this."

Miss Tanner is being too serious, considering the simple, lexiconical history of the word "hippie." Prevously, the term was a workhorse of the jazzman's jargon. To him, things were either square or cool. And a cool cat was "hip."

Nowadays, according to freshman English major Ezra Auerbach, the word has evolved into use as one of society's "lazy words. Like 'groovy.'"

And the girl in tinted glasses explains, in ten words, another attraction of the word: "A beatnik is a dirty; a hippie is a clean."

To most outsiders, however, beatniks, hippies, amalgams — they're all a dirty, if nonconformity is to be frowned upon. "Hippies seem to be those who've never been 'in' in the sense of high school groups," frat man Cook says while signing a pledge's notebook.

The straights aren't ostracizing the hips — "Both groups are merging," Cook thinks — but they do consider them too close-minded. "There're a lot of experiences here that the hippies can't appreciate," one sorority sister says.

So the rah-rahs and straights categorize, whether anyone likes it or not. But, then, so do the hippies, once they acquiesce their own existence. What develops from their definitions and delineations is a clear wall standing between them and a younger set of "pseudos."

Gangling Carl Fosselius, a 20-year-old folk-rocker with The Final Solution, categorizes the adolescents as "band hippies" who have more money from parents than they know what to do with. Their music, blaring from teenage nightspots in Los Angeles and at local imitations of Family Dog and Bill Graham presentations, "has nothing to do with art," he says.

On the other side, true hippies are represented by bands whose members "don't have to wear uniform clothing and who can kick each other in the ass while playing. These guys are interested in art and creating music," Fosselius says.

The younger ones, he adds, are those who've been perpetrated by commercial interests. This has led to paisley-flowered bellbottom or hip-hugger pants wrapping hordes of long-haired kids who toss terms like "it's what's happening" and "turn on" like they used to scream "hang five" or twirl hula hoops.

"The slogan nowadays seems to be 'Be Different—Like Everyone Else,'" says Fosselius, who dresses in dark sweaters, cord jackets and pants, and boots.

This irks the real hippie. Pseudos are to them what San Francisco police have been to dance promoter Graham — a bad scene. "These 16- and 17-year olds," a pretty hippie named Barbara ("I'm NOT a hippie so don't use my full name!") says, "take acid maybe three or four times a month — and this is a drag. Sure, drugs is a major part of being a hippie, but most of them don't know how to use it."

Susan Tanner, too, feels hurt that "psychedelic drugs are being bandied about, which gives them a bad name.

"To me," she says, "it's very important. Psychedelics means something specific — 'consciousness-expanding.'"

But misuse and consequent "lumping together of drugs with kids" has resulted in the mass media's slapping of the word "psychedelic" onto anything they think is hippie. The pseudos have latched onto it, too, to describe what used to be little more than a "gas."

Another hippie, who considers psychedelics "participatory exorcism, the exercising of all evil spirits," gets "psychedelics" tossed at her as a fad-word, and she screams back, "I hate it — oh, I hate it!"

Next to haberdashery habits, comparative awareness of drugs is most responsible for the barrier between pseudos and the ones who reluctantly accept "hippie" as their nomenclature.

The pseudos are the ones who "took drugs because it was a ball" during the "big phase when LSD first became popular, back in the beginning of October," according to Miss Tanner. "But if you haven't got it in you, all a drug can do is bring this out. It can't teach you to be a hippie."

Susan, a freshman drama major from Hollywood known around campus for her long blond hair, rimless round glasses, and an FDR snicker-smile, thinks the pseudos — symbolized by LA's Sunset Strip set — are taking hipness as just another fad. "These greatly adorned kids," she snipes, "only call themselves hippies." They're number three in her four-parcel categorization of SF State people.

The others are (1) the "straights — who wear suits most of the time;" (2) the "Redwood Room people who wear — I don't know, they just have a certain look — let's say up-to-date fashions;" and (4) "those with beards and sandals who dress without worry either because they're poor or comfortable in whatever they find."

In her delineations, the locquacious Miss Tanner sees numbers One and Four "most alike when you come down to things — they're the intellectuals and progressives." Number Threesies can be found in both high school and college, and many of them, in college, magically "turn into Number Twos," Susan says. But that still leaves plenty of pseudos in college, and this is a problem.

A self-proclaimed Number Four, Susan thinks the public at large confuses the extraneous-jewelry set with the beards-and-sandals set, coming up with a stereotyped hippie — weirdly-dressed, wildly happy, overwhelmingly apolitical — who digs on folk-rocking and free-form dancing, drugging, and sexing.

Stereotype or no, clothes do make the hippie. "You can't judge people by the way they look," Miss Tanner

Continued on page 55

The World Watchers

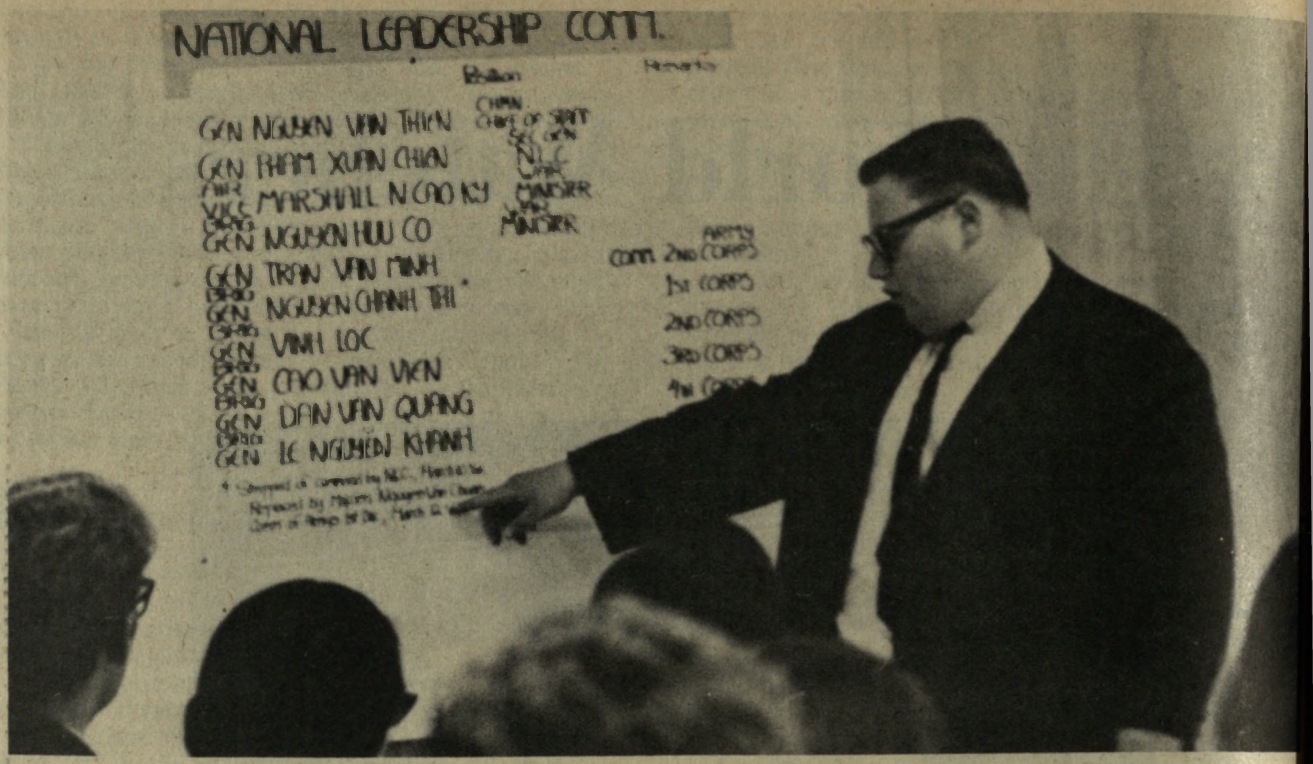
A flashy new IR Center dispenses up-to-the-minute briefings on a world in turmoil.

By HAROLD KENT

The audience of 75 waits expectantly, reviewing definitions of Vietnam war terms prepared by the briefing staff. Colorful charts and maps of Southeast Asia line the room, and four people behind a long table leaf through pages of notes.

The red "briefing now in session" light above the door flashes on. The briefing begins. The first speaker outlines the events leading up to the latest crisis in Saigon, pointing to charts illustrating the political organization of the Buddhists, Catholics and the Ky government.

In great detail, illustrating conclusions with specific evidence,



A briefing audience listens intently to Jeff Freed of the Vietnam Task Force explain the political structure of the Buddhist leaders in the strife-ridden Southeast Asian country. Using extensive charts and maps prepared by the Center's staff artists, the briefing teams can interpret for their audiences the complicated situation quickly and concisely. Overlays on the maps graphically illustrate military campaigns and areas held.

each speaker concisely describes one aspect of the complicated situation: internal politics, the military's role, effects on US policies and on international diplomacy.

Later, the audience will ask questions to clarify points made during the briefing.

This scene could have taken place in a paneled State Department office in Washington, or at a military analysis post in Saigon. In fact, it took place at SF State's International Relations Center, where a unique experiment is in progress.

If the experiment proves successful, and all indications are that it will, it may point the way to a new technique for colleges to give the public information on current events.

No ordinary citizen can read a dozen daily newspapers and monthly periodicals in several languages, listen to radio broadcasts from around the world, then organize, condense and analyze all this information — and finally tell someone else about it.

But a fully staffed and equipped International Relations Center can do just that.

Government departments and the military have long used the "briefing session" technique as a means of permitting experts to give government officials large amounts of information in short periods of time.

Now SF State's IR Department hopes to adapt the technique to inform students and the general public.

Eight briefings have been held this year and they have met with an enthusiastic response. Students enrolled in IR 199 or 299 are organized into Vietnam and Latin American Task Forces. Each student sorts out information available on one aspect of the situation and presents it in oral form at the briefings, which are open to all students. Speakers are limited to ten minutes for each presentation. Consequently, students are required to condense the facts into sharp, concise statements. The result: vast amounts of information are crammed into a few minutes of speaking.

The Center hopes to be able to determine the best techniques for giving oral presentations of information. A new area for research this could include giving tests to the briefing audiences to find out how much is remembered afterward.

The Task Forces have also written extensive fact sheets on their areas of study, including a day-by-day chronology of events in Vietnam. They have drawn the charts and maps used at the briefings and prepared the information for the Center's permanent files.

Students are required to analyze and evaluate the information, for the Center's philosophy holds that bare facts without some interpretation are of little use. The major criterion, however, is "scholarly objectivity." While the Center may influence the political process because the public will be better informed, the briefings "are not designed for the advocacy of partic

Radio Tokyo is monitored on the Center's short wave adio equipment by Tahmoores Sarraf, graduate assist- nt to the IR department. Sarraf, who is from Iran, is ne of a number of foreign students working with the Center and playing a role on the briefing teams. These students provide translations and interpretations of foreign language broadcasts and publications. Most members of the Latin Task Force speak Spanish.

r viewpoints." Reactions of the riefing audiences suggest that this olicy has been successful.

The briefing sessions are only one art of the Center's work. Gather- g, sorting and filing news reports the major task. Information is eceived from a wide variety of ources. Included are newspapers uch as the Times of London, the Manchester Guardian, the New ork Times, the Christian Science Monitor, and the Washington Post; agazines and periodicals, includ- g foreign language publications; e wire service of the Associated ress; and short-wave radio equip- ent for monitoring broadcasts. oreign students involved in the rogram provide translation and in- rpretation of the foreign-language oadcasts and publications.

The Center also receives official tatements and maps from foreign mbassies of nearly every nation. udents write to international rela- ons experts and foreign corre- pondents, who forward valuable in- rmation. Government officials nd foreign relations experts pass- g through the Bay Area and re- rning Peace Corps Volunteers are vited in for "debriefing" sessions.

Founded only this year when the IR Department moved into new quarters on the third floor of the new wing in the Humanities building, the Center features a Briefing Theatre, sound studio, data processing room, and Information Center, which contains "desks" assigned to various areas of the world. Each desk is manned by the students who specialize in gathering information about that area.

The data processing room contains computer equipment primarily financed by grants from the National Science Foundation. When the Center is in full swing, newspaper clippings and scripts of radio reports will be recorded on microfilm and filed. Indexing will be done on computer punch cards. Reprinting equipment will allow multiple copies of filed information. The touch of a button will provide instant "data retrieval" of information about the latest revolution in Latin America or overthrown premier in Southeast Asia.

As is usual with new projects, the Center is hampered with problems of growth, mostly centering around lack of time and money. Budget limitations restrict the number of periodicals the Center can receive and prevent hiring technical assistants to run the computers. The Center's plans include a telephone message service which would analyze news events of the day, but the money is not yet available. And the students and faculty, involved in various other projects, can only devote part time to the Center.

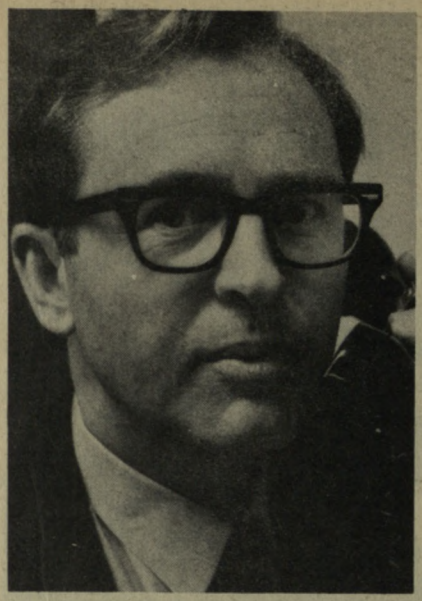
The Center's founders, however, have ambitious plans.

"Eventually," says Marshall Windmiller, professor of international relations, "we hope to expand into a communications center for citizens in the community as well as students here."

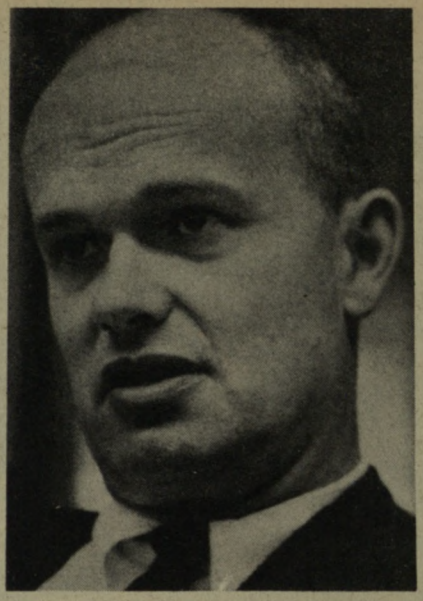
Windmiller envisions a San Francisco businessman, bound for Ceylon, for instance, coming to the Center to be briefed on what he needs to know to conduct his business there.

"We want to be a source of expertise and information for the whole Bay Area," says Devere Pentony, professor of international relations. "Briefing sessions will be open to the general public and perhaps broadcast over educational television and radio."

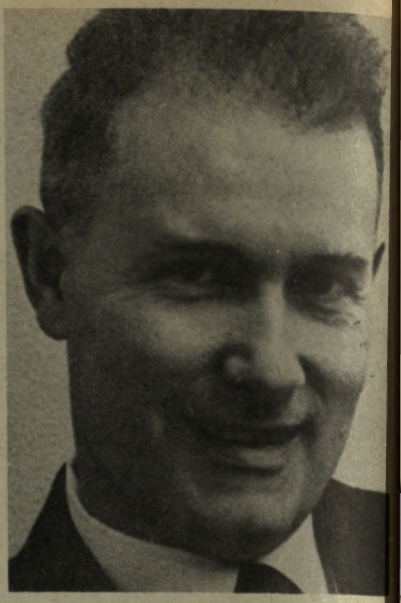
This will be done because "we need to involve the whole commu-



MARSHALL WINDMILLER
". . . fantasy to fact"



DAVID MARVIN
". . . involve community"



DEVERE PENTONY
". . . source of information"

nity to inform our citizens," says David Marvin, chairman of the International Relations Department.

The philosophy behind the Center developed in response to the current "knowledge explosion," a fairly recent phenomenon in Twentieth Century life. This explosion involves the tremendous gains made in nearly every field of human knowledge during the last twenty years, made possible by the growing use of computers.

But while the frontiers of knowledge have been pushed out almost beyond belief, there has, unfortunately, developed an ever-widening "information gap"—a gulf between what the experts discover and what the public learns. While the experts grow more knowledgeable, the average citizen somehow remains blissfully ignorant of most of this new information.

Windmiller notes a "growing recognition of the need to do something about this fearful gap."

He cites a Survey Research Center poll in 1964, which showed that 28 per cent of the public did not know what form of government China has, 39 per cent did not know of the existence of the Nationalist Chinese government, and 25 per cent had not heard of the war in Vietnam.

The problem, then, is to discover new techniques of communication, new ways of keeping the public informed.

The Center hopes its technique—the oral briefing—will provide one of these new methods of communications, a way for the experts to bring their knowledge directly to the public in a form readily understandable.

The problem is particularly acute in the area of foreign relations, where swift-moving events and constantly changing situations try even the experts' patience. Because events move so quickly, "there is an urgent need for immediate analysis," says Windmiller. "We are trying to learn how to analyze events as they happen."

To fill this need, the Center will train students for government service, but also expects to be useful to students who will enter journalism, broadcasting, teaching and other professions.

Marvin sees the Center as a "doorway through which students can pass" in their pursuit of new methods and techniques of gaining knowledge. He considers the Center valuable in itself because it gives the student a chance to study on his own, and get out of the traditional classroom-lecture situation.

More generally, the Center, in the view of those involved, is part of an overall effort in this country to raise the level of understanding about international relations.

"That level is now quite parochial, quite American-centered," says Pentony.

"As the world becomes smaller," he explains, "we must prepare students and citizens for working out ways of resolving conflicts—or destroy the world."

Windmiller speaks of the "depressing quality of the public dialogue on foreign policy" as evidence of the widening gap between what the experts understand about foreign relations and what the general public knows.

"A society which prefers fantasy to fact in discussing problems like Cuba, China and DeGaulle's France," he says, "cannot expect to remain influential in world politics, and a democracy which fails to come to grips with realities may not long remain a democracy."

HAROLD KENT, a 29-year-old senior, is in his second semester on the Gater covering the Academic Senate. The New York-born journalism major attended Cornell University for two years and spent four years working on Navy publications before coming to SF State.

The Lonely World Across The Color Line

Interracial couples meet in a "liberal" atmosphere; They love in the gloom of rejection and silent stares.

The petite, attractive girl flinched as she caught another one of "those looks" from a passerby. Her tall, handsome boyfriend reached down and wrapped his hand firmly around hers.

The girl is white. Her boyfriend is black.

"I'm sick and tired of strangers looking at us as if we're oddballs. I wish people would mind their own business and leave us alone," the 20-year-old SF State coed said. She described this daily ritual as "pure agony."

But this is the way it is with students who cross the color line. There is no way to avoid the sneering, behind-the-back comments and silent alienation. The voices of disapproval are most often heard in the form of a whisper that bounces from ear to ear like an echo. State laws, parents, fellow students and old time friends repeat the condemning sounds — sounds the interracial couple hear clearly but react to silently.

SF State College is not free of the prejudices and snide comments which give the interracial couple a constant feeling of rejection. Much of this feeling is enhanced by the very nature of the student body.

"Have you ever walked into the

By SUSAN HULL

Commons during noon and not seen each corner sectioned off?" one interracial couple said. "The Negro students have their own corner, the Arabs theirs, the hippies theirs, and the frats theirs. They just don't mix and it's a hell of a feeling to know you can't belong."

The most outspoken and probably the only organized group on campus to frown on interracial dating is the Black Student Union. BSU members don't like the idea of "their women" dating "white guys." However, a male BSU member can be excused for continuing a relationship with a white girl if he admits he is "just sleeping with her."

"It's offensive to me," BSU member Aubrey LaBrie said, "to see a black guy with a white girl or a Negro girl with a Caucasian guy. They put themselves in a very humiliating position. The Negro is always stepping aside in deference to the white. I pity people like that."

Much of the pity and indignation expressed by the BSU is lodged in strong sympathy for black nationalism — preservation of the black race. Just as in some circles Jews and gentiles, Catholics and non-Catholics don't intermingle, so it is with black nationalists — whites stay with whites and black people stay with black people.

"This is stupidity. Ignorance," says Offie Wortham, a strikingly handsome Negro student married to a svelte, auburn-haired Caucasian.

"I came to SF State because I heard it was so liberal. This just isn't so. I've experienced more discrimination here than ever before in my life," the 28-year-old international relations major from New York says.

One painful incident of discrimination occurred when Offie's wife Linda discovered that the BSU was holding "closed meetings" — off campus — no whites allowed. "I was very hurt," she said. In the course of her three years at SF State Linda has felt ostracized by the BSU. When BSU members discovered that Offie was married to a white girl, "they overtly shunned me," she said.

"I don't feel comfortable around white girls," LaBrie, past president of the Negro Students Association, predecessor of the BSU, said.

Although BSU members are most vocal in opposing interracial dating, criticism and condemnation comes from both sides of the racial fence. But this discriminating color line at SF State was drawn before Offie and Linda or any other interracial couple came here. And it's an anathema to students who choose to date out of their race.

"I usually spend quiet evenings at my apartment with my boyfriend," a white coed — "Mary" — said. "It really gets to be too much at times . . . noticing the stares."

Mary has been dating a Negro — "Bob" for over two months. She never really thought about dating Negroes. "I don't think of him as a color," she said. "He's just a guy."

But this doesn't remove the problems of interracial dating. Her roommates "accept" her decision, but "don't particularly like the idea." Her father got "awful mad" when she told him she was dating a Negro and she said her mother would never speak to her again if she ever caught wind of her interracial dating.

Mary comes from a middle class Jewish family. She hasn't seriously considered the possibility of alienation from her family. "No one can run my life," she says.

One black male student on campus thinks that some Negro men date Caucasian women "only to sleep with them. It's a way of getting even with the white race. Some girls on campus ought to wake up. They're awfully stupid not to see that they're being used."

Mary doesn't feel Bob is "using her" although they have gone to bed several times. "I'd marry (Bob) if it ever came to that stage of seriousness and love, and I know he would marry me," she said. Mary said she wouldn't mind having to live in a "Negro section" because she is "attracted to Negro people." But the problem of raising children is one she hasn't thought out carefully.

"Would I want mulatto children?" she asked herself. "I don't know. That thought does scare me. It would be an awful thing for my kids to go through, I guess. Society isn't ready to accept mixed marriages involving children."

Another student, a Caucasian male who dated Negro women exclusively for over a year, admits he wouldn't think of exposing mulatto children, during their early years, to the "cruelty of rejection" in most areas of America.

"I'd send my kids to private school — probably Quaker," he says. And this would be his way of sheltering them from the possibility of ostracism. Rejection would be a pretty painful thing for his would-be mixed-bred children, he understands, although he hasn't felt much rejection himself and has been dating Negro women for four years — two of those years in this country.

He started dating black women while working in Africa. "There were white women there," he explains, "but it seemed logical to date African women." Without condescension, his black neighbors accepted his dating black women, he says, and he comfortably associated with Negroes. He came to understand the African personality.

But making the transition from a "comfortable" society to one wrought with fears and prejudice, he says, was difficult. The 24-year-old admits he simply ignored any element of social ostracism when he returned to the US and "thumbed his nose at racism in America."

Disregarding American racism includes, for most interracial couples a "don't bug me" attitude toward wordless stares of peers and friends. But one attitude — parental disapprobation—isn't easy to shrug so lightly. Parents, by nature, "don't want their kids to marry out of their race," one interracial couple says.

One white coed had to drop out of an exclusive midwestern college because her parents didn't want to pay for her education if she was to continue her "deviant behavior" — dating a black man.

Another white coed was given these parting words from her par-

nts when she made the jump from igh school to college: "Just remem-er, you as much as date a Negro nd we'll disown you." She con-essed she'd never dated or even ocialized with Negroes previous to ollege, but when she got there, he "tried it." They never found ut.

A Negro male said his mother – his only living parent — was shocked" and directed him to see everal Rabbis. His white date was ewish. "I knew all the arguments r and against interracial dating nd marriage. The Rabbis didn't nfluence me," he says.

"My mother thought I was going hrough a stage when I informed r I was dating Negro women," one hite male says. "But she never ried to stop me. She just told me of he consequences of an interracial arriage. If I married a Negro my elatives would make it unpleasant – for a while."

"I have a pretty liberal attitude bout dating white men," a Negro oed says. "But it would be im-ossible for me to marry one." Her rong family ties would prevent r from crossing the line.

"My parents would go out of their inds," a 22-year-old blonde says, owing her parents have never en considered that she would "be een" with a Negro man.

The gnawing pressures and fears disapproving parents cause most udents to at least think twice fore considering marriage. Some udents who date interracially are ly toying with the idea of mar-ge and haven't thought out all e limitations it would involve.

The legal aspect of interracial arriage already sets the taut undaries where a mixed couple n live, work and raise children. enty-one states, most in the uth and East, label it a crime to er-marry. (California repealed anti-miscegenation law in 1948). ese states forbidding inter-mar-ge have their own "no social uality" codes, notes Dale F. eeman, professor of sociology. asically this means "preserve the rity of the white race."

LaBrie believes a similar attitude ould be held by all Negroes. "Re-tain the dignity and respect of our African heritage," he says. Without engaging in personal evangelism, he would like to see all Negroes "accept the mission to work for liberation of the black race."

His mission, in part, he believes, is to discourage interracial dating and marriage to the point of not attending parties where interracial couples are invited. But LaBrie's crusade is not a popular one.

According to the text "Racial and Cultural Minorities," "most Negroes" have a high degree of tolerance for miscegenation. They are opposed to anti-miscegenation laws, the text says, because such laws imply the Negro is inferior; a Negro woman impregnated by a white man is left unprotected, and freedom of choice in marriage is limited. It is not because the minority race advocates interracial marriages, then, that Negroes oppose anti-miscegenation laws.

Even though 29 states have no anti-miscegenation laws, life for the interracial couple is far from easy. Problems with jobs, housing and social life confront the interracial couple even in "liberal" San Francisco.

Offie and Linda Wortham are quite aware of "where we can and can't live and work." It took them three months to find a "decent" place to live in San Francisco. Every agency they went to tried to steer them into the ghetto areas. This is the case with most Negro couples and it makes no difference if one partner is white.

Laws, taboos, and social pressures work against the interracial couple. Some students feel these pressures greatly, but not enough to discontinue dating. Relationships based on sincere feelings of equality and mutual respect seem to be able to weather society's disapproval. But interracial experiences founded in "personality hang-ups" and "dating for kicks" crumble almost as soon as the novelty and feeling of rebellion wears off.

For example, two white, former SF State coeds said they came to this campus because they liked San Francisco and weren't really sure about college. When they met Negro men they said they "liked dating them." Both decided to live with their Negro boyfriends. Both had never dated Negroes before. Both were rejected by their families and old high school friends. Now — two years after dropping out of SF State — the two girls wish they "hadn't gotten so involved" with Negroes.

The relationships these girls experienced, along with an unsure attitude about college, caused them to drop out of school after three semesters.

They admitted they didn't really know what they were doing.

A white male said he didn't think he was hung up on Negro women although he has dated Negro women ever since he came to SF State — two years ago. He was entranced by the beauty of the Negro.

"Few people recognize the aesthetic qualities of the Negro woman," he says. "Even male Negroes adhere to the 'white standard' of beauty and don't appreciate short, unstraightened hair, and large facial features of their women."

He continues to date Negroes but mixes with white women more now than when he first came to this campus. He doesn't believe his interracial dating has hindered his social life with white girls.

Although the problems of interracial dating — parental disapproval and social pressure — are serious at SF State and in most areas of North America, they are minor compared to the life or death question created by interracial dating in the South.

One two-summer veteran of civil rights work in Mississippi said a Negro who dates a white girl, even if she is with "The Movement," faces a number of threats of murder from whites. The white girl, he says, encourages the interracial relationship and is unaware of the danger involved. The Negro knows it is dangerous, but dates the white woman rather than face an accusation that he's not acting like an equal.

The white girl who solicits the attention of the Negro in an effort to "express equality" usually ends

Continued on page 58

Shortchange in Higher Education

While the University of California bloats on a rich diet of big budgets and generous grants, the State College system struggles under the pressures of subsistence financing.

By PATRICK SULLIVAN

When the allocation pie for higher education in California is spread out each year in Sacramento, the big Golden Bear of the University of California always gets first licks. And each year, the bruin gobbles up most of the pie's filling.

When he finishes, the five-year-old State College system cub gets what is left — a little filling and a lot of crust.

In terms of money, the University gets the dollars, and the state colleges get the cents.

"The state colleges are getting shortchanged," Les Cohen, the State Colleges' Director of Governmental Affairs in Sacramento, says. "They have a role in producing teachers and business management graduates that is as important as the University's role."

This state-wide shortchange in higher education permeates every aspect of the state college system, from the basic financial structure itself down to the individual student level.

The best example of the imbalance is a comparison of the support-per-student figures used by the state for the university and the state colleges. These figures indicate that the 16 state colleges are getting the smaller part of the pie at a rate of over $50 million a year.

Specifically, this year the state subsidizes every student in the university with $2900 from the general fund. At the same time, the state college student's subsidy is $1200 — a difference of $1700 per student per year. The difference is highlighted by the fact that there are 65,000 students (FTE) in the university, but more than 117,000 (FTE) in the state colleges.

In total figures, the state appropriates more than $192 million to the university, but only a bit more than $140.5 million to the state colleges.

In other words, the university this year received 36 percent more in appropriations from the state than the state colleges received, even though the state colleges have 80 percent more students.

Another example of the state college shortchange is a comparison of the percent of the total education budgets that students in the two systems pay. At $220 a year per student, university students contribute $14.3 million — 6.9 percent of the UC budget, State college students pay material and service fees of $8.9 million or 5.9 percent of the state college budget.

Again, university students get more for less. Although they contribute only one percent more than state college students for their education, the state comes back with 36 percent more in appropriations for the university students.

Another glaring disparity is the amount of money allocated for building programs in the two systems.

In 1964, the state received about $20 million in federal funds for new buildings in higher education. Of this amount, the university got $11 million, the state colleges a mere $2.6 million.

Incidentally, the University of California maintains

two-man staff in the national capitol, and each UC mpus has administrators whose job is to deal with e federal government in promoting university inter-ts. State College Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke is cur-ntly making efforts to get Washington representa-n for the state college system.

Another building plan, Governor Brown's five-year ogram in 1965 for "minimum basic facilities," rec-mmended an expenditure of $530.7 million for build-gs for the University and the State College system rough the 1969-70 fiscal year.

The university is to receive $356 million. Its antici-ted increase in enrollment in the next five years is 000 students. The state colleges, however, were located only $174 million, despite an estimated in-ease in students of 56,000.

The plight of the state colleges is decried loudly administrators and faculty of all the state colleges. ofessor Joseph McGowan of Sacramento State, iting in the newsletter of the Association of Califor-a State College Professors, points out the frustrating equities quite clearly:

"We are not asking for a seaside campus (as at UC a Jolla) or one isolated in a redwood grove.

"We are not asking for single faculty offices with panoramic view of San Francisco Bay (as at UC erkeley).

"We are not asking for a room with wall-to-wall rpeting, huge paneled walls, and a six-foot square eplace with marble facing, such as I experienced a University campus a month ago.

"We ask only for some degree of equity. We ask ly for enough money to get qualified professors, ough rooms, and a reasonably similar expenditure funds for library and student cultural development."

The range of reasons why expenditures aren't "rea-nably similar" in the University and the State Col-ge system runs from the tangible fiscal structures rough the intangible "images" of the systems.

To begin with, the economic structures of the two stems are at opposite ends of the financial pole. The iversity is fiscally autonomous, while the state col-ges are under the control of the Department of nance, and Sacramento legislators.

In other words, money generated within the Uni-rsity system stays in that system. When more stu-nts enroll than expected, or when there is money t over in UC budgets at the end of the fiscal year, e surplus revenue is retained by the university. It then applied to either long-range planning or toward e development of one of the newer campuses.

Not so in the State College system. If extra revenue mes into state college coffers, the individual college s to submit a supplementary budget request in order benefit. And, at the end of the fiscal year, unspent oney reverts to the state general fund, where it can en be allocated for anything from freeways to un-mployment checks.

One of the sorriest aspects of the "reversion" policy the state colleges is that some of the returned money from accounts supposedly paid for by students M & S ees.

From this campus alone, more than $10,000 was returned to the general fund last year, according to William Yakse, SF State Business Manager. Some of the $10,000 was from items financed by M & S Fees. But, Yakse says, "we can't budget down to the last dollar."

The Department of Finance argues that these leftovers balance out over the years, that sometimes more money is spent than allocated, sometimes less. But this position doesn't fit in with Yakse's statement.

If a system can't budget down to the last dollar, then money will be left over every year.

Another example of the difference in basic economic structure of the two systems is the "flexibility" of the university budgets and the "rigidity" of the state college budget system.

In the university, money is shifted, if the need arises, from one item to another. The University regents have the power to authorize the changes. Conversely, any state college request for a money transfer is reviewed not only by the Chancellor's office, but also by the Department of Finance. This has the effect of making the state college budgets rigid and unrealistic.

Fiscal autonomy in the university and fiscal control in the state colleges are the visible attributes of two systems that have different "images" and different histories of evolution. The image of each system has developed from the history of each system.

UC got on the ground floor of higher education in California, and over the years has built up a reputation for "distinguished faculty" and important research. As one faculty member put it, "At UC, legislators can see atom smashers and scientific display." This, the faculty member says, assures the legislators that something is being accomplished.

On the other hand, he says, "they look at a humanities class and all they see are 35 chairs and a blackboard, and they wonder 'what are you doing?' "

The desire to see "something being accomplished" in higher education was magnified in 1957 when the Russian "Sputnik" ran rings around the world and the minds of educators — and legislators — across the nation.

As grants and allocations for scientific research mushroomed at the university, the State College system was just beginning its breakaway from the State Department of Education. That was in 1961, when the Chancellor and the Board of Trustees became the governing body of the state colleges.

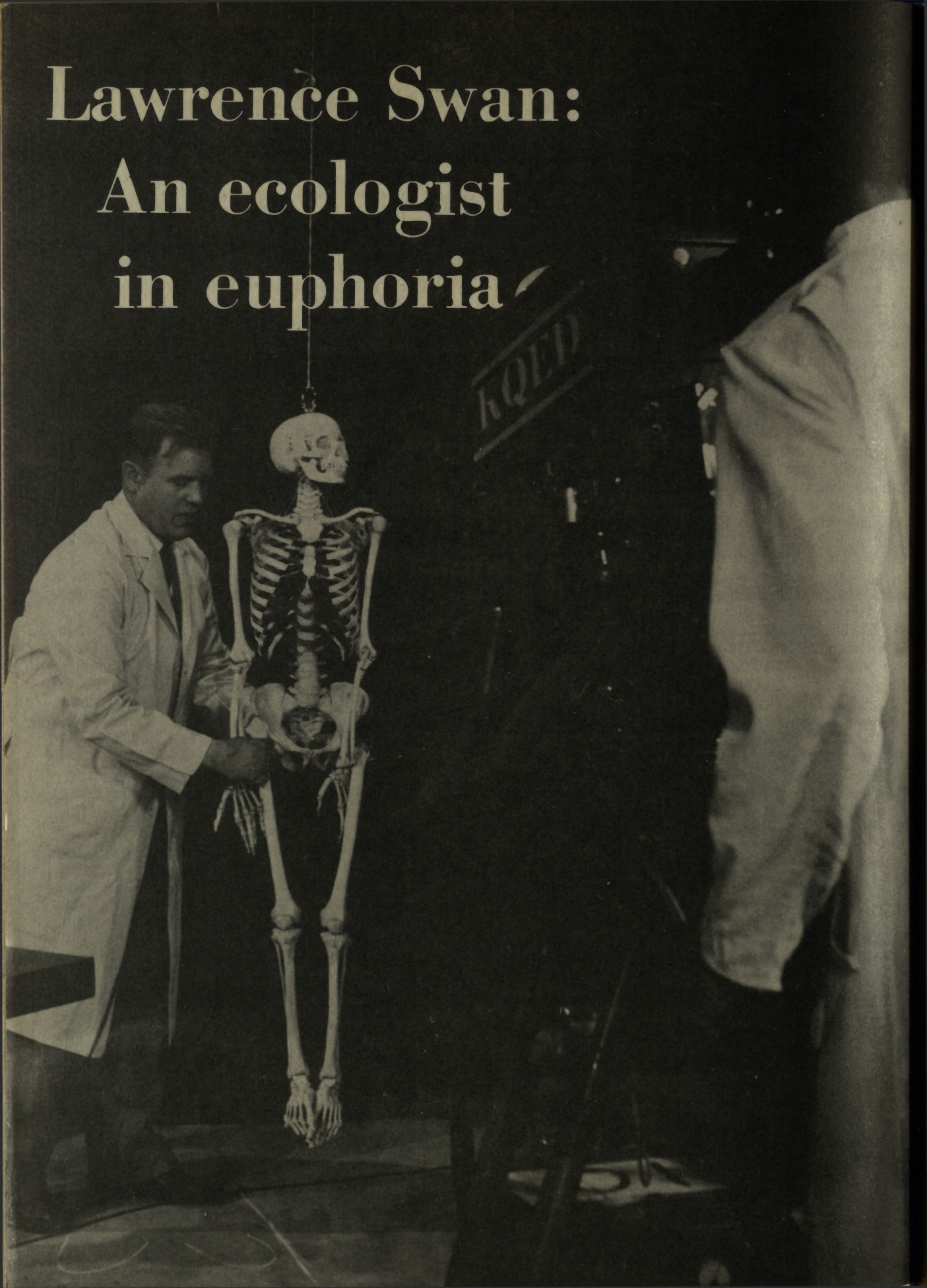
Up until then, the state colleges had evolved, first, as "normal" schools — with predominantly women students — and, secondly, as "teachers' colleges." It wasn't until a few years ago that the state colleges got away from the teachers' college image in terms of student majors.

But the side image remains fixed in the minds of Sacramento legislators.

"It's as if we haven't won our varsity letter yet," says Glenn P. Smith, Assistant to the President here. "Educational institutions are different than state agencies, and the state colleges have long been differ-

Continued on page 54

Lawrence Swan: An ecologist in euphoria



An SF State professor wings his way from lab to TV studio to mountain peaks on a robust flight through life.

By PAM BERG

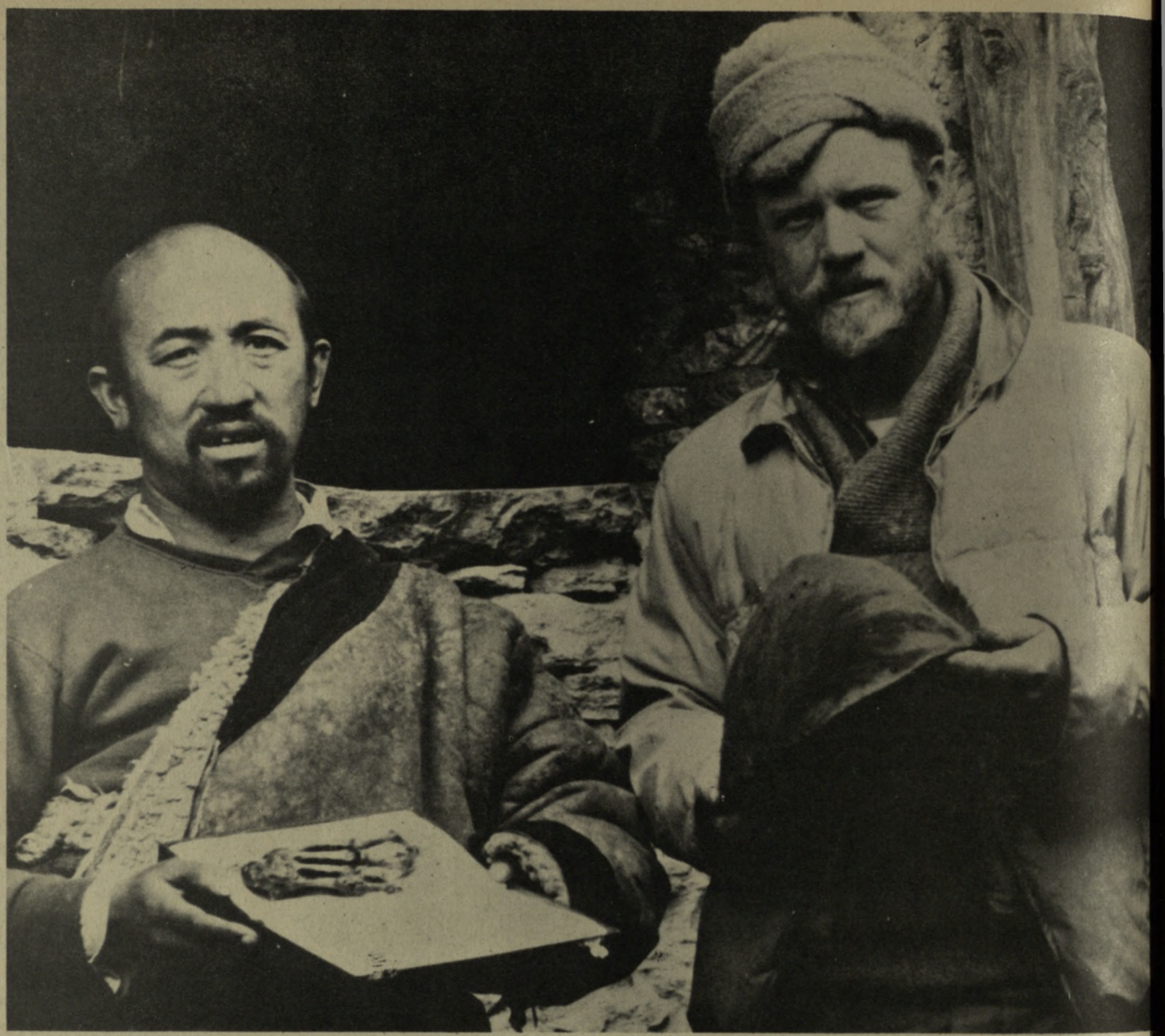
Lawrence W. Swan, Professor of Biology at SF State is an agriculturist of sorts. He has kept a firm plow to the fields of anatomy, biology, scientific research, world travel, authorship and mountaineering.

Lawrence Swan is a man of adventure. A man who grabs life by the tail and tries to put it in a cage — or a test tube. He estimates the future, plays upon the past and always, always cradles in the present, a vigorous love affair with life.

He spends his time on campus in a small, crowded office. Stacks of books, notes, photos, diagrams, graphs, and maps decorate his cubicle in neat disarray. Dried-out bones pitch and roll across his desk as avant-garde paperweights. A calendar hangs onerously on the wall in tilted pop-art fashion, laden with circled dates — scribbled names, memos. Daylight squeezes in through half-closed blinds, catching in reflection a biologist's delight — floating bugs and suspended spiders — captive in thin test tubes. Specimens of all genera, cow and human foetus, stand in wordless testament to a vast studied knowledge.

In appearance and demeanor, Swan bespeaks the style of life he leads — rugged; solid. His hair is a

(LEFT) Lawrence W. Swan makes last-minute adjustments before his national television series, "Science Attic," is beamed out to classrooms nationwide.



As the days progress and weeks sometimes pass into months, Lawrence Swan stops at one of the many hidden outposts spotted along his way. His research has taken him to the four corners of the earth and here, in the Himalayas, he sports a lusty chin-growth for protection and for warmth. With him is a native-assistant.

Both inspect articles connected with his search for th abominable snowman. Swan holds a battered skin ca and his assistant displays bone fragments of an anthr poid foot. Swan's beard has come to symbolize th efforts of many long hours spent in the jungle an mountain terrain, for he grows it only when explorin

sun-scorched blond; his face tan. His rolled sleeves reveal strong arms; his speckled lab coat, work in progress.

Professor Swan conducts the lecture and a lab session of Zoology 124, an upper-division human anatomy course. His lectures are somewhat unique. He punctuates each hour with humorous anecdotes and digressions to his own anatomical background. His approach to the subject is an attempt to convey all the interrelations of anatomy with form, evolution, art, growth, even philosophy. He tries to get away from a conventional form of rote-memory learning. Once he even lectured on "A History of Prostitution," tying in a bit of discussion as to why certain parts of the female body attract the male. But maybe that's a digression.

Swan's specialty is researching high altitude ecology, but he also teaches and studies zoogeography, entymology, and human biology. He was born in Darjeeling, India in 1922, the son of English missiona ies, lived and went to school the until 1937 when he came to t United States. He took his unde graduate work in Zoology at t University of Wisconsin and ceived a MA and Ph.D. in Biolo at Stanford University.

But his life is told best, perhap in episodes rather than chronolog

As a Naval officer in World W II, he was sent to the mountains Mexico to make a study of high al tude climate and environment. B the war cut short what would ha

been an extensive research project. In 1949 he returned to Mexico to continue the study. This time he was struck by lightning. Almost. His eyes flash as he recalls the incident: "It was quite a harrowing experience, just lying there on the ground while lightning hit the rocks all around us; my coat buttons crackled. My native guide only made matters worse; he lay huddled behind me moaning in prayer."

Swan has made two expeditions to India and the Himalayan Mountains. The first, in 1954, was a mountaineering escapade to Hilton's country of Lost Horizons, high in the Himalayas. And time for Swan seemed to lose its grip, as it had for Hilton. "When you're in a region like that, it's like going back to the 9th century; you can't remember San Francisco. Farness isn't distance; it's where and who you're with."

But he wasn't seeking a Shangri-la. He was seeking spiders. And he made a qualified discovery. He found a species of jumping spider, of the family Salticidae, which exists above the plant line, at 18,000 feet. Since all spiders are universally dredaceous, this indicated there also had to be insects at that altitude and, in turn, plant food for the insects. Swan found that the spiders appeared to prey on small flies and springtails — probably blown there to the mountain top by the wind. Their body heat resisted extreme cold and they survived on fungus and dying vegetation found at that level. The Salticidae spider had first been noted in 1924 by members of a British expedition on Mt. Everest, but their method of securing food had not been solved. When he found the spiders, Swan recalls experiencing a kind of silly excitement.

Not all the excitement stemmed from the discovery. As the expedition had progressed higher and higher, the party was subjected to alternating attacks of lethargy and lightheadedness and were forced to take "pep pills" and tranquilizers to control moods and activities. But when I saw those little black spiders jumping around," he says, I was on my 'green pep pills' and got so excited I threw rocks off the Himalayan mountainside for hours and hours." A picture of the scientist in the throws of discovery.

A second trip to India, in 1960, led Swan to crack the legend of the abominable snowman. He concluded that the supposed creature's footprints were no more than impressions in the snow, melted by the sun into "foot-shapes." "You could get the same result by sticking your two thumbs in the snow," he says. As for the snowman's "pointed head and feet always facing backwards," there is a mountain gorilla whose head is indeed pointed, and who places his hands on the ground palms up, facing backwards when he walks. Some of Swan's companions on the trip, he describes, "really went out expecting to catch something; they carried tear gas and special guns which shot tranquilizer-filled syringes." And what defensive weapon did Swan bring along? Only the instruments of a scientists. He carried a small vial to catch—of course —beastial droppings. But Swan is not an iconoclast. With a twinkle in his eye, he added: "We didn't really crack that legend, you know; it's a symbol, a Homeric legend of sorts; you can't really destroy or disprove it, so . . ."

He is also a TV personality. Known by millions of 3rd, 4th and 5th grade students, Swan "stars" in a KQED children's science series, "Science Attic," begun in 1958. "We taped the programs live," he explains, "played it by ear. Children were invited to appear in the series; neither I nor the director knew what would happen." One Thanksgiving his own three children appeared in the series. They dissected a turkey and dubbed the program, appropriately, "Swan on Turkey." This school series is still sent to schools all over the country, and is viewed on channel 9 as one of the oldest programs aired. At present, the series is a "bit outdated," according to Swan, "my double - breasted, wide - lapel suit really stands out." Plans are in the offing to make another more up-to-date series.

In 1960 Swan spent a summer taping a 3rd grade series of 28 programs, and in 1964-65 a 4th grade series covering all phases and types of waves. The last program of this group received an award from Ohio State, "a big plaque," Swan notes, "but no money." Even to this day, he receives bundles of letters from students and teachers. "It's a tremendous feeling;" he explains, "it will be interesting to note the effect these programs have had when those students begin college in another year or two."

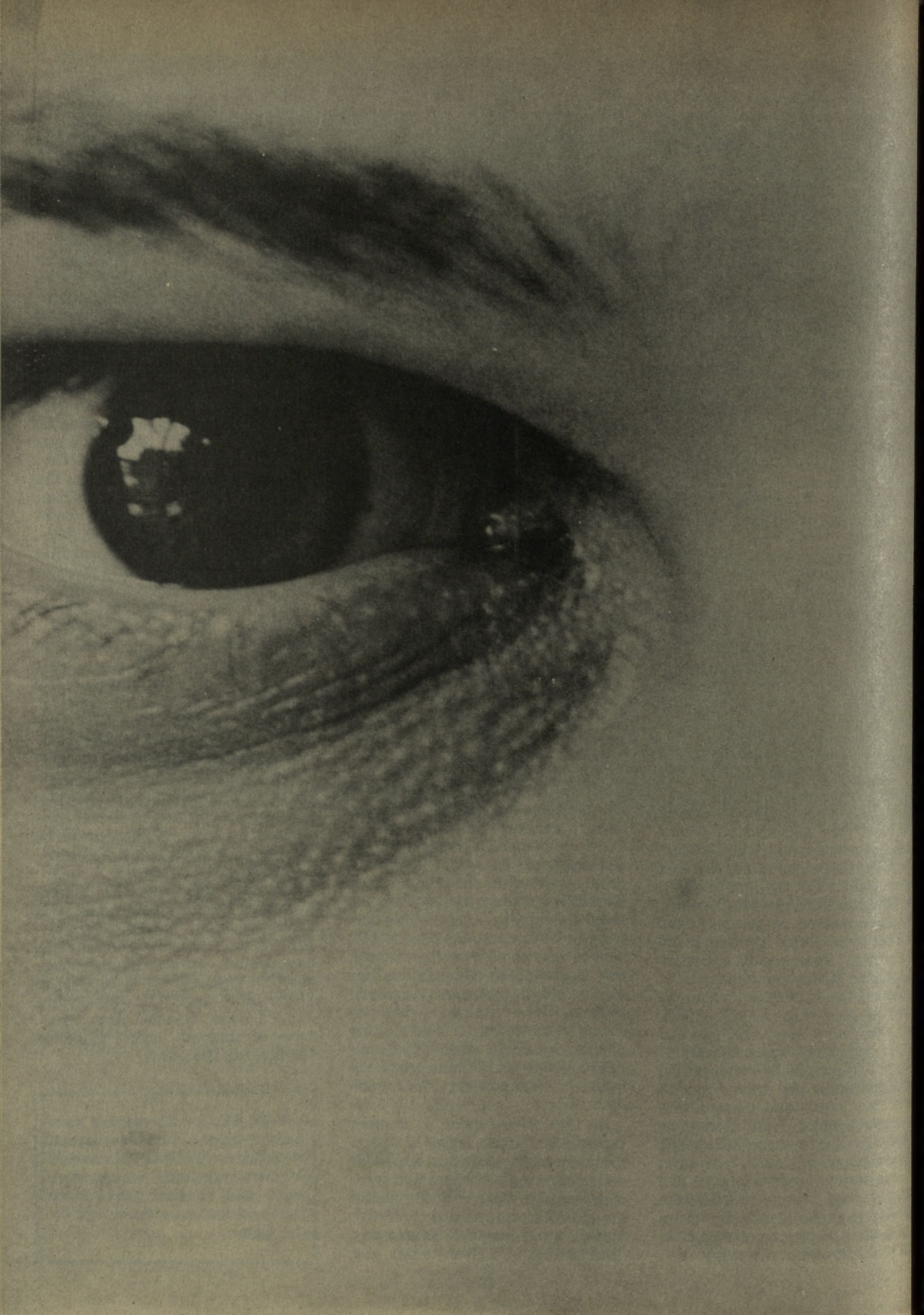
Presently Swan is preparing for a bio-geographical tour of the world. He plans to invade relatively unpenetrated regions, look for three-eyed turtles, pink insects, and visit the Olduvai Gorge in Africa, where the oldest human fossils are found. For Swan it will be one more scientific adventure; for some of his companions it will be a rugged experience. Again he'll climb the Himalaya, descend into an African volcano, and all the while push on, across the equator six times, through jungles, up mountains, into valleys, completely around the world in 62 days. Swan, again putting his scienific ventures to double use, hopes to bring along a KQED cameraman to synthesize an elementary school television series from the tour.

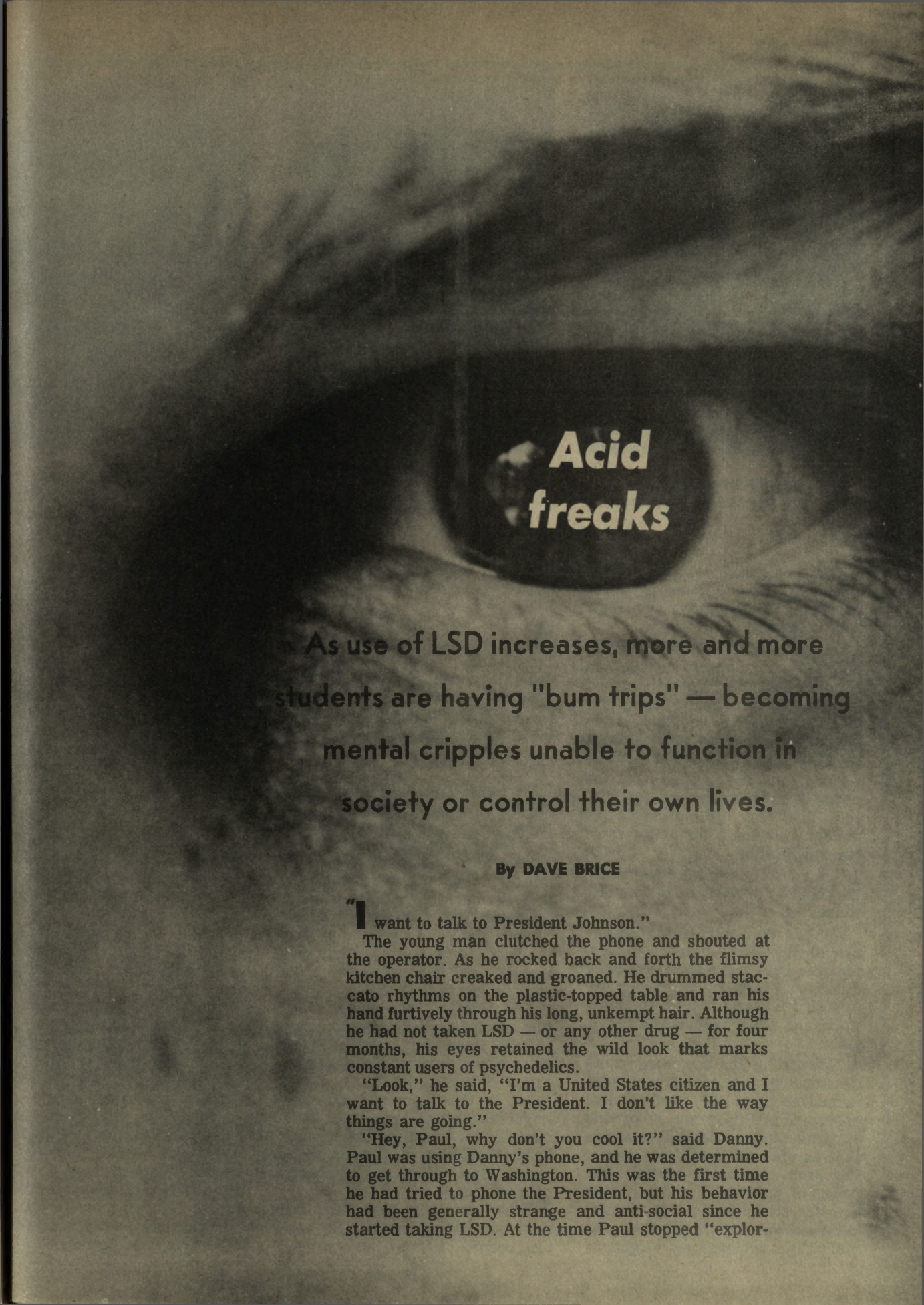
A first book is also underway. It will be the story of his studies and discoveries in the Himalayas and will differ from other accounts of montaineering expeditions by presenting the biologist's viewpoint rather than a simple expeditionary travelogue.

Swan is a man caught in the spirited rush of life. And, merely, because it is there. Nothing is to be missed. Everything must be seen—or bottled, or booked.

And as he talks about his life, his eyes scan the desk before him. His hands reach out for two of his "paper weights." "Isn't it fascinating how similar cow and human bones are . . . look, the cow's condyle is just a little bigger." And on, rambling a little, he sinks into structures of anatomy, trying to get to the heart of the matter.

PAM BERG, a 21-year-old journalism major, is in her second semester on the Gater. She writes for San Francisco's Where Magazine and covered the Science beat and feature assignments for the Gater.





Acid freaks

As use of LSD increases, more and more students are having "bum trips" — becoming mental cripples unable to function in society or control their own lives.

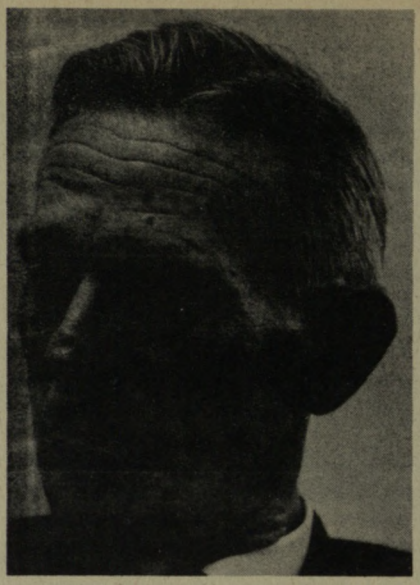
By DAVE BRICE

"I want to talk to President Johnson."

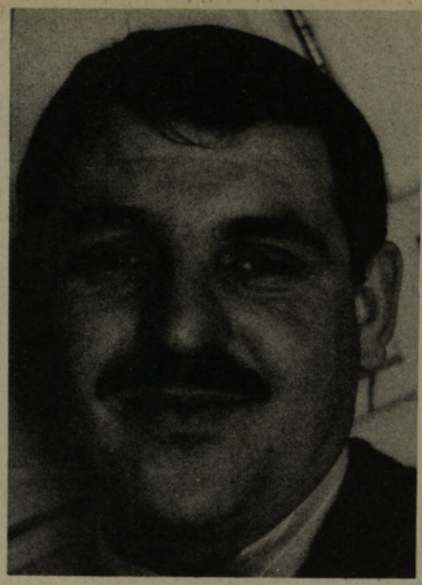
The young man clutched the phone and shouted at the operator. As he rocked back and forth the flimsy kitchen chair creaked and groaned. He drummed staccato rhythms on the plastic-topped table and ran his hand furtively through his long, unkempt hair. Although he had not taken LSD — or any other drug — for four months, his eyes retained the wild look that marks constant users of psychedelics.

"Look," he said, "I'm a United States citizen and I want to talk to the President. I don't like the way things are going."

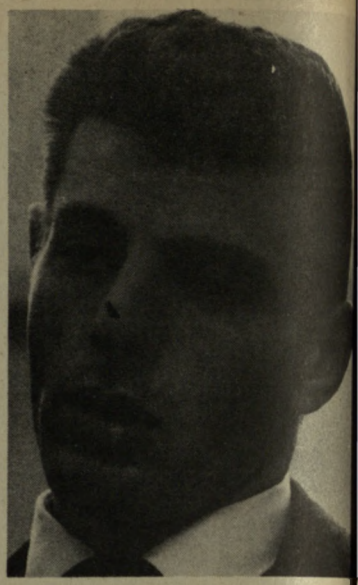
"Hey, Paul, why don't you cool it?" said Danny. Paul was using Danny's phone, and he was determined to get through to Washington. This was the first time he had tried to phone the President, but his behavior had been generally strange and anti-social since he started taking LSD. At the time Paul stopped "explor-



NORBERT CURRIE
" . . . not against valid research."



HANK HARRISON
" . . . mishandled first trips."



ROBERT MOGAR
" . . . estranged from normal."

ing his consciousness," his friends expected his symptoms of acute paranoia to go away. Somehow they remained.

Danny walked over beside Paul and laid a hand on his shoulder. In a quiet, controlled voice he asked him to put the phone down. He didn't want to force Paul to do anything, but he was worried about the trouble that might be caused.

"Paul, would you please put the phone down," Danny repeated himself. Paul took off his sunglasses and put his hand up to his face. He was shaking.

"I want to talk to the President," he sobbed, "before he steals my mind."

Paul is an "acid freak." He is one of a growing number of people who have been psychologically damaged, possibly permanently, by misusing Lysergic Acid Diethylamide and other psychedelic chemicals.

"Misuse" is the key word in understanding the acid freaks phenomenon. Even the most cynical observers of the spread of private experimentation with LSD concede that careful and intelligent use of the drug can be beneficial. The power of psychedelics, not just as aids for alcoholics and psychotics, but as tools that might help normal people achieve new heights of creativity, is universally recognized.

San Francisco's Narcotics Bureau Commander, Norbert Currie, is generally skeptical about the private use of LSD, but he tempers his remarks, saying, "LSD could be of great value someday; we're certainly not against valid research."

Conversely, even the most ardent devotees of LSD experimentation express concern over the victims of reckless psychedelic use. "Mind-manifesting" drugs are easily obtainable in most large cities, and they are being gulped like canapes by people who have no conception of their immense power or by people who are so unstable that they should never take psychedelics under any circumstances.

Acid freaks are people who, through large and frequent doses of LSD, make the drug the pivotal point of their existences to such an extent that they can no longer relate to the real world. Or, they might be people who take LSD once, have a bad experience and become disoriented, then continue to use psychedelics and compound the problem.

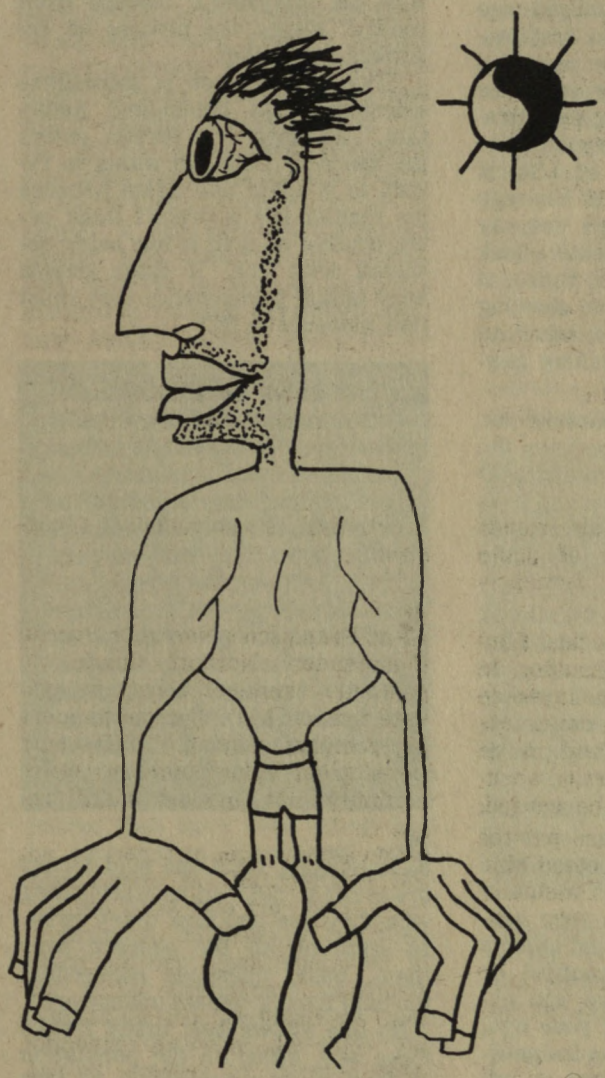
Either way, the acid freak has used psychedelics recklessly and has become socially and psychologically emasculated.

Life magazine estimates that [illegible] million doses of LSD will be [illegible] sumed in the United States [illegible] year. This will undoubtedly [illegible] duce new acid freaks, and pred[illegible] ing the type of person who will [illegible] mentally scarred is not diffic[illegible] Researchers like Robert Mog[illegible] SF State associate professor [illegible] psychology and head of the P[illegible] chedelic Institute, are able to p[illegible] dict with reasonable accuracy [illegible] any individual will react t[illegible] "trip."

"An in-depth study of the fre[illegible] would show that most of them [illegible] the drug in barren surroundi[illegible] without companionship," Mo[illegible] says.

"Some people take LSD [illegible] often," he adds. "The drug [illegible] completely alter and someti[illegible] obliterate your frame of refere[illegible] If you remain under its influe[illegible] for any length of time you are g[illegible] to be estranged from normal [illegible] ple. You are going to have to [illegible] with people who are 'turned [illegible] in order to communicate."

"Never give LSD to anyone [illegible] shows marked signs of paran[illegible] says Hank Harrison, an SF S[illegible] graduate student who directs [illegible] Institute for Contemporary Stu[illegible] an organization actively conce[illegible] with the effects of psychedelics [illegible] lot of freaks are produced by



An SF State student drew this graphic representation of the way LSD affected his perception of his own body. This self-portrait was one of several produced during the last hours of a 300 microgram trip. Although no two of them were alike, all showed portions of the subject's anatomy in extreme states of elongation, contraction or missing entirely. Users of LSD often feel that their bodies, like their minds, are plastic.

handled first trips, and the first trip sets the stage for all subsequent psychedelic experiences."

Harrison's reference to paranoia is important in understanding the acid freak phenomenon. The paranoid person has an enlarged ego which manifests itself in frightening ways. Commonly, the paranoid thinks of his day to day existence as a series of plots being perpetrated against him by everyone else. Since the major effect of LSD is temporary dissolution of the ego (proponents of the drug's use say it gives the user an objective look at the world for the first time), it is easy to see why anyone showing signs of paranoia would have an extremely rough time taking psychedelics.

Timothy Leary, the famous ex-Harvard professor and perhaps the best known exponent of private LSD experimentation, summed up this aspect of the problem with one sentence: "The bigger the ego, the harder the fall."

The first-time objectivity offered by use of LSD might also be a contributing factor in the creation of acid freaks. The damaged people are usually socially emasculated, and most of them, in a sense, have retired from life.

An SF State professor who has friends in this condition says of them, "They'll tell you, these acid heads, that the 'trip' does basically two things. It heightens your senses, so that colors move and objects become vibrant and beautiful or horrifying (and they give you examples). It strips you of your ego, so that you see yourself as insignificant, so that you see others as unimportant, so that the problems of life are unimportant. In short (and here's the glory that releases you from the world of sordid reality) life is just a game.

"What disturbs me," he continues, "is that the tripnik concludes that if everything is a game, why worry about the criminality of napalm, about the gross unemployment rate among Negroes, about a world two-thirds poor? It becomes a pleasure trip to escape from the pain of reality. Non - addictive? Physiologically you may be correct, but psychologically—well, I've yet to meet an acid head who's only taken one trip."

An SF State student user of the drug who describes himself as a "psychedelic devotee and disciple of Learyism" feels that most acid freaks arrive at their condition voluntarily. While he does not agree with the professor's "escape from reality" thesis, the process he describes is similar.

"This phenomenon is sometimes referred to as ontological addiction," he says. "A person enters the world of LSD and wants to return to it again and again because his regular life is drab. I think being freaked on acid is like being obsessed with sex. If these people keep taking psychedelics they must find pleasure in it."

Arthur, 34, is in a mental institution after two LSD sessions. Amiable and extroverted before commitment, Arthur is not showing any signs of derangement or paranoia. He is generally calm and passive. He seldom talks and never laughs. When his friends visit him and ask him when he will return to his home and his job he replies he isn't sure. His condition has not altered significantly for four months.

Establishing what the acid freaks are is not so difficult as establishing who they are and how many exist. In spite of all the concern over them, basic questions concerning the acid freaks remain unanswered.

No one knows how many freaks there are, either in the population at large or as a percentage of LSD users as a whole. Few experts want to hazard a guess as to their numbers. Mogar says he doesn't know any freaks, and has only heard about them. This is not an indication, however, that they don't exist.

"These aren't the kind of people who would come to me for advice or aid," he says.

Currie feels the number of people being damaged by LSD must be on the rise, since the overall use of the drug is rising sharply. Currie's men do not attempt to confiscate LSD; no law presently covering possession or use of the drug exists. Some LSD, however, has been confisca in raids for other drugs, and narcotics bureau is finding it m frequently.

"In 1964 we identified LSD ten occasions," says Currie. 1965 we identified it 168 times. P centage-wise, the number of p ple damaged by LSD must be creasing."

Harrison estimates that "arou ten per cent" of all LSD users freaks.

"That's a liberal estima though," he adds. "We can say sure that the figure isn't any hig than that."

Identifying the acid freaks i little easier than determining t numbers. Drug authorities, f the Narcotics Bureau to the searchers, agree that most of people using LSD today are eit students or recent ex-stude Most freaks do not attend sch for the same reasons they d work and don't have friends side the cliquish psychedelic cu they are socially incapacita Most, however, were students one time.

Harrison delineates the stu classification a little further. study he conducted at SF State found the incomes of parents students who use LSD and m juana to be substantially hig than the incomes of parents of drug users. The implication is that most acid freaks, along the total psychedelic-using pop tion, are students from substan ly upper-middle class families. rison's study, however, included acid freaks and was relevant to SF State. No definite conclus can be made on this point, and vague classification of acid fr as "mostly students" remains

The difficulties of compiling tistics notwithstanding, an freaks problem definitely exist is a comparatively recent prob but it is gaining in scope and n nitude.

Several solutions have been posed, running the ideological g ut from complete prohibition LSD to complete tolerance.

There are presently no laws ering the possession of use of and law enforcement officers f legislation that would prohibit

e use of the drug. As the law nds now, police can only regue sales of LSD. According to the lifornia State Penal Code, sales "unregistered drugs" are punishle as misdemeanors. San Franco Police have used this law y once in attempting to combat spread of psychedelics.

"I favor more and stronger laws the control of LSD," says Cur- "at least until competent medl research provides us with some clusions concerning its safety l value. The mind is a tremenus instrument, and anyone willing put into his system a drug as werful as this is in danger of etting the laws of nature.

"Anyone who exposes himself to drug without the proper kind consultation is simply the stupidtype of person I can imagine," rie concludes.

Bill, 22, took LSD regularly for six months. When he stopped using drugs (his break from them was sudden) he kept having unexplainable hallucinatory "trips." He committed himself to Napa State Hospital where he was under sedation for two weeks. His doctor says he was unstable before he began using psychedelics, and the drugs worsened his condition considerably. Now, after a year of abstinance from LSD, Bill is recovering.

But other people, particularly se who have had pleasant exriences with LSD are strongly posed to any legislation that uld prohibit "personal explora- of the consciousness."

"Discussing LSD as a safe or ngerous drug is ridiculous," says tudent user. "The drug itself is utral. It only takes on overtones danger when it's used improp-y."

Rev. Robert Skillman, a former State student who heads the litantly pro-LSD Mystical Hunist Church, says, "Sure, LSD dangerous — if you're greedy l materialistic."

The argument over legislation is ily boiled down, and it centers und the plight of the freaks. The pro-legislation group contends that if LSD retains its legal status its use will spread and a great number of people will be damaged. The anti-legislation side persists in its claim that LSD is not dangerous, and that restriction would be tragic.

Perhaps both sides are mistaken, for the argument over the potential harm of LSD is becoming polarized. Those who would prohibit private experimentation with psychedelics might deprive mankind of a tool which carries potential social value. On the other hand complete tolerance entails the certain misuse of the drug by a large number of people. A year ago there were not enough acid freaks to be noticed. Now they can be seen on any night wandering through the Haight-Ashbury district, staring hazily at the world around them and looking like mesmerized storks.

The solutions for the acid freaks problem that make the most sense lie somewhere between the poles. Hank Harrison suggests the formation of government - sponsored boards of "enlightened people" (those with first-hand knowledge of psychedelic effects) that would license people to use LSD and appoint "guides" for the licensees sessions. This would release the users from the paranoi which surrounds illicit drug use and provide atmospheres that have been found safe by researchers. The board would also screen out the unstable people not fit to take the drug.

James R. White III, a San Francisco attorney, suggested in a letter to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare that "government - controlled privately - supported centers be created under limited licensing (a policy presently used with radio isotopes) which would provide a suitable setting and assistance for any responsible member of our society to carry out explorations of his consciousness with psychedelics for whatever purpose he chose."

White hints in the same letter that government restriction of psychedelics might increase the number of freaks. Prohibition of LSD, he reasons, would cause an increase in the manufacture of homemade chemicals having little or no quality control, and would increase the paranoia connected with psychedelic use, thus increasing the danger of negative reactions to the drugs.

Establishment of the kind of centers Harrison and White envision might not be so complicated as it appears. The rules for LSD use are firmly established. Researchers know that any stable person who takes LSD in surroundings he considers pleasant attended by a person he trusts, will probably have a safe experience.

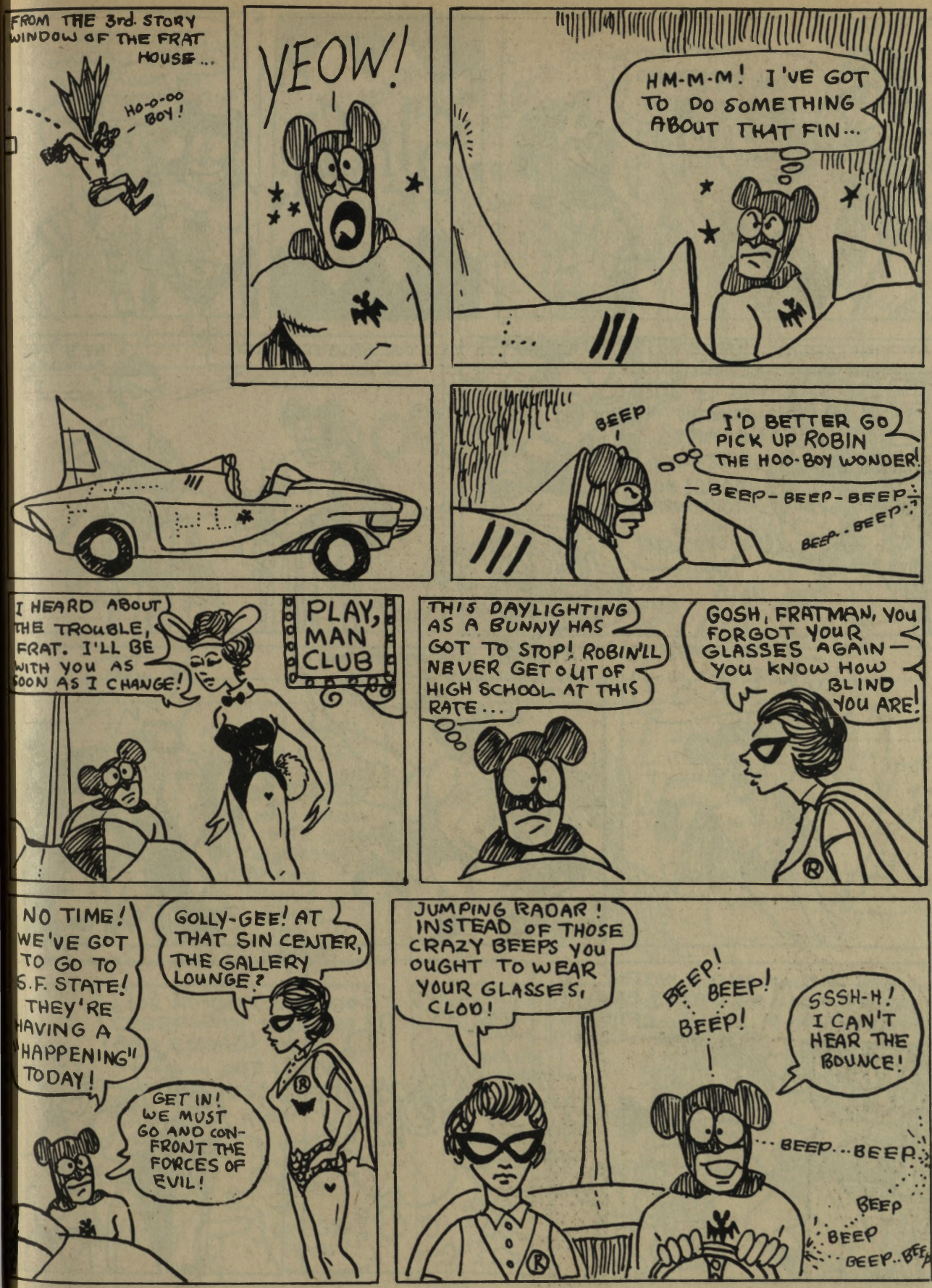
The procedural rules for the use of LSD are fairly simple, but it is clear not everyone is following them. The potential value of the drug is just beginning to be realized, but if people continue to misuse it, if the numbers of freaks increases, LSD could acquire such a bad name in the eyes of the public that total prohibition is not inconceivable. The argument for private exploration and expansion of the consciousness is commendable, but at the moment, too many people are expanding their consciousness out of existence.

Frank, age 23. Carl, age 21. Frank had taken LSD twice, Carl never had. They "went up" together with a group of four other persons. The two, alienated by the four who weren't "high," clung to each other on the floor. The four left the room and turned off the light leaving Frank and Carl alone. They were in each other's arms the next morning. They have been inseparable homosexuals ever since.

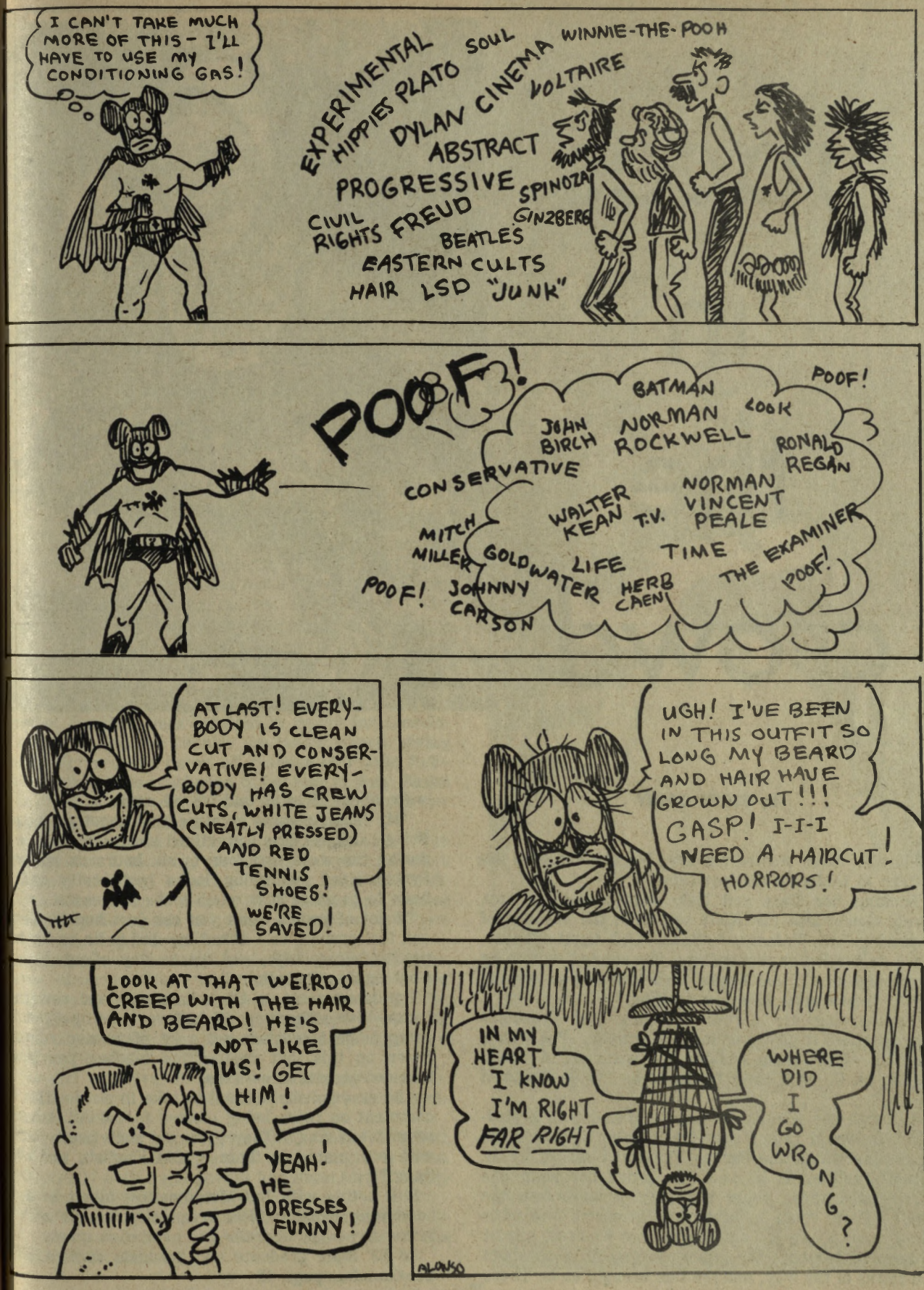
DAVE BRICE is in his fourth semester on the Gater covering general assignments. The 22-year-old journalism major is a professional drummer with Bay Area folk rock combos.

ALONZO GONZALEZ ("Frat Man") is a 24-year-old drama major — with emphasis in technical theater. His cartoons have appeared in three previous issues of INSERT and he has done covers for the Alumni Quarterly and Stateside magazine.


FRATMAN
HAZY, THIS FILTHY, TRASHY, PINKO JUNK HAS TO STOP! DO YOUR DUTY! CLEAN UP THAT DEN OF EVIL!
S.F. STATE HOSTS MIMI TROUPE
THIS IS A JOB FOR THAT ACE FILTH-FIGHTER, FRATMAN— THAT CLEAN CUT EXAMPLE OF ALL-AMERICAN YOUTH!
7516. INCONVINIENT WRIST T.V.
AT A LOCAL FRAT HOUSE
SIGNA-FIE, NOTHING
HM-M-M THE FRAT PHONE...
BUZZ-Z— BUZZ-Z—
KEENO
SURFER
RIGHT! I GOT IT! THIS IS TRULY A JOB FOR...
KEENO
SURF!
FRATMAN


FROM THE 3rd. STORY WINDOW OF THE FRAT HOUSE...
HO-O-OO BOY!
YEOW!
HM-M-M! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT FIN...
BEEP
I'D BETTER GO PICK UP ROBIN THE HOO-BOY WONDER!
- BEEP - BEEP - BEEP -
BEEP - BEEP
I HEARD ABOUT THE TROUBLE, FRAT. I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I CHANGE!
PLAY, MAN CLUB
THIS DAYLIGHTING AS A BUNNY HAS GOT TO STOP! ROBIN'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL AT THIS RATE...
GOSH, FRATMAN, YOU FORGOT YOUR GLASSES AGAIN — YOU KNOW HOW BLIND YOU ARE!
NO TIME! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO S.F. STATE! THEY'RE HAVING A "HAPPENING" TODAY!
GOLLY-GEE! AT THAT SIN CENTER, THE GALLERY LOUNGE?
GET IN! WE MUST GO AND CONFRONT THE FORCES OF EVIL!
JUMPING RADAR! INSTEAD OF THOSE CRAZY BEEPS YOU OUGHT TO WEAR YOUR GLASSES, CLOD!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
SSSH-H! I CAN'T HEAR THE BOUNCE!
BEEP... BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP.. BEEP


AT STATE
LOOK! A BEARD! HE MUST BE A PINKO! GET HIM!
SLASH!
THERE! NOW YOU'RE DECENT!
AT THE LOUNGE...
THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE ART? WHAT?—NO KEANS! NO ROCKWELLS! THIS IS TRASH!
You SAID IT, CLOD! You'RE IN IT!
HE'S BLIND AS A...
YEEKS!
SHAME! SHAME! SHAME! YOU SHOULDN'T DANCE LIKE THIS! TSK! TSK!
HEY!
BOO!
A BAR OF SOAP AND A WATER TABLET FROM MY UTILITY BELT WILL HANDLE THOSE LEFTIES!
WOOSH


I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS - I'LL HAVE TO USE MY CONDITIONING GAS!
EXPERIMENTAL
HIPPIES
PLATO
SOUL
DYLAN
CINEMA
WINNIE-THE-POOH
VOLTAIRE
ABSTRACT
PROGRESSIVE
SPINOZA
CIVIL RIGHTS
FREUD
GINZBERG
BEATLES
EASTERN CULTS
HAIR
LSD
"JUNK"
POOF!
BATMAN
POOF!
JOHN BIRCH
NORMAN ROCKWELL
LOOK
RONALD REGAN
CONSERVATIVE
WALTER KEAN
T.V.
NORMAN VINCENT PEALE
MITCH MILLER
GOLDWATER
LIFE
TIME
THE EXAMINER
POOF!
POOF!
JOHNNY CARSON
HERB CAEN
AT LAST! EVERYBODY IS CLEAN CUT AND CONSERVATIVE! EVERYBODY HAS CREW CUTS, WHITE JEANS (NEATLY PRESSED) AND RED TENNIS SHOES! WE'RE SAVED!
UGH! I'VE BEEN IN THIS OUTFIT SO LONG MY BEARD AND HAIR HAVE GROWN OUT!!! GASP! I-I-I NEED A HAIRCUT! HORRORS!
LOOK AT THAT WEIRDO CREEP WITH THE HAIR AND BEARD! HE'S NOT LIKE US! GET HIM!
YEAH! HE DRESSES FUNNY!
IN MY HEART I KNOW I'M RIGHT FAR RIGHT
WHERE DID I GO WRONG?
ALONSO

faces in the crowd

By STEVE CASEY

She may have started out late, but she came on like a tiger to make up for lost time.

Tucking her fiery red locks into a bathing cap, lovely Gaelic lass Pat Kelly set about the business of capturing four Women's National AAU team synchronized swimming championships. She started swimming at the age of 12, and began synchronized swimming at 16, "when most kids are quitting."

Commencing her career with the San Francisco Merrionettes, a group of local mermaids, Pat was a member of the team winning the nationals in Washington, D. C., at a meet televised by "Wide World of Sports."

Although she won meets as a solo and with a partner, Pat would rather compete in team synchronized swimming which she insists, Prescott Sullivan, et al, notwithstanding, is a sport. To prove her point she participated three years ago in a swim across the Golden Gate, "just to prove synchronized swimmers could really make it. Some old codger who's an expert on tides told us how. We swam towards Alcatraz about two-thirds of the way, and the tide brought us in. There were about 15 of us and we all made it.

"My father used to give me heat about all the pr ticing I did, because I practiced about two hours a during the week and four to six hours on weeke Synchronized swimming looks real pretty and have to practice that much to be successful.

"A lot of people think you can just hop in the p and fool around. So I asked my dad to lie on his ba put his leg up high, and try to stay afloat. Zoop, went right to the bottom."

Pat is adamant on the advantages and rewards competitive swimming. "I believe in competition. going to be a teacher and a lot of women educa frown on this, but competition teaches you how take defeat, and success too."

And success she learned to take in stride. Her comment on twice being elected to the All Ameri swim team was, "They give you such pretty scr with your name on them in Old English, and eve thing."

Still active with the Merrionettes, albeit in a swimming capacity, Pat frequently travels with team, and helps organize the exhibition meets.

An SF State graduate and graduate student, Pa

Continued on page 45

Melody: a sequence of single tones, usually in the same key or mode, to produce a rhythmic whole; often a tune, air or song.

Symphony: an extended composition in sonata form for full orchestra, having varied movements related in subject.

If a pretty girl is like a melody, Susan Houghton is the personification of the beauties, dynamism and complexities of Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony, assembled into a magnificent package.

Singer-actress-model-dancer Susan late last month walked off with the "Miss San Francisco" title, bringing her lifelong dream of going to the "Miss America" pageant a little closer to fruition.

A dancer since the age of four, Susan has taught for the last six years. With a pleasing, "but untrained" voice, she specializes in musical comedy, and utilized her storehouse of talents to compete in many beauty contests while preparing for her assault on Atlantic City.

Now the 20-year-old sophomore faces the biggest hurdle of all, when she meets about fifty other girls in Santa Cruz who have all walked the same road, dreamed the same dream.

"I'm reasonably optimistic, though," she says, "I think I stand as good a chance as anyone, and San Francisco hasn't won the "Miss California" contest in quite a while. We're about due."

Susan entered the world of beauty contests as a high school junior competing for the 1963 title of "Miss Teenage Modesto." She took first runner-up, and came back to win the following year. The next two years saw a repeat performance pulled in the "Miss San Francisco" pageant.

While "Miss Teenage Modesto," she and two other national finalists were selected to travel for Lincoln-Mercury. Round the country the lasses leaped, giving safety lectures and doing all manner of Public Relations work. At the conclusion of her tour of duty, Susan was given a new, red Comet convertible, which her heavy right foot still motates about town.

An ardent believer in the contests, Susan says, "I'm a competitor. I know my personality has changed since I've been entering. I used to be very quiet and withdrawn. I've gotten to meet a lot of people and learned how to handle myself in many a situation, it's been a wonderful experience."

Voicing a natural enough preference for male judges, Susan observes that "men are nicer. Women feel you're competing against them, or something. That must be it. Men are just nicer, they'll give you a big smile as you walk down the ramp, and make you feel more confident."

The girl who loves to party — "that's my weakness, I love to go out" — is also fully oriented toward home and family life.

"My family has always been really close," she said, "they've always been behind everything I've done. We're really active and always had some sort of family sport we could do together."

Susan grew up in an atmosphere of permissive development, studying piano, dance, "and whatever else

Continued on page 44

Jim Brown has jumped, shot and ran his way from the ghettos of Chicago to national atheltic prominence and has been selected as a State Department representative to Africa. Now he plans to share his love for sports by embarking on a teaching-coaching career.

The 26-year-old senior, who may soon become the third man in the country this year to jump 7 feet, credits athletics with dramatically changing his life.

"Athletics kept me from the gangs that dominated my area. Many of my friends were involved in criminal acts because there was no one to recognize them for what they were or were trying to become. Through sports I had the respect

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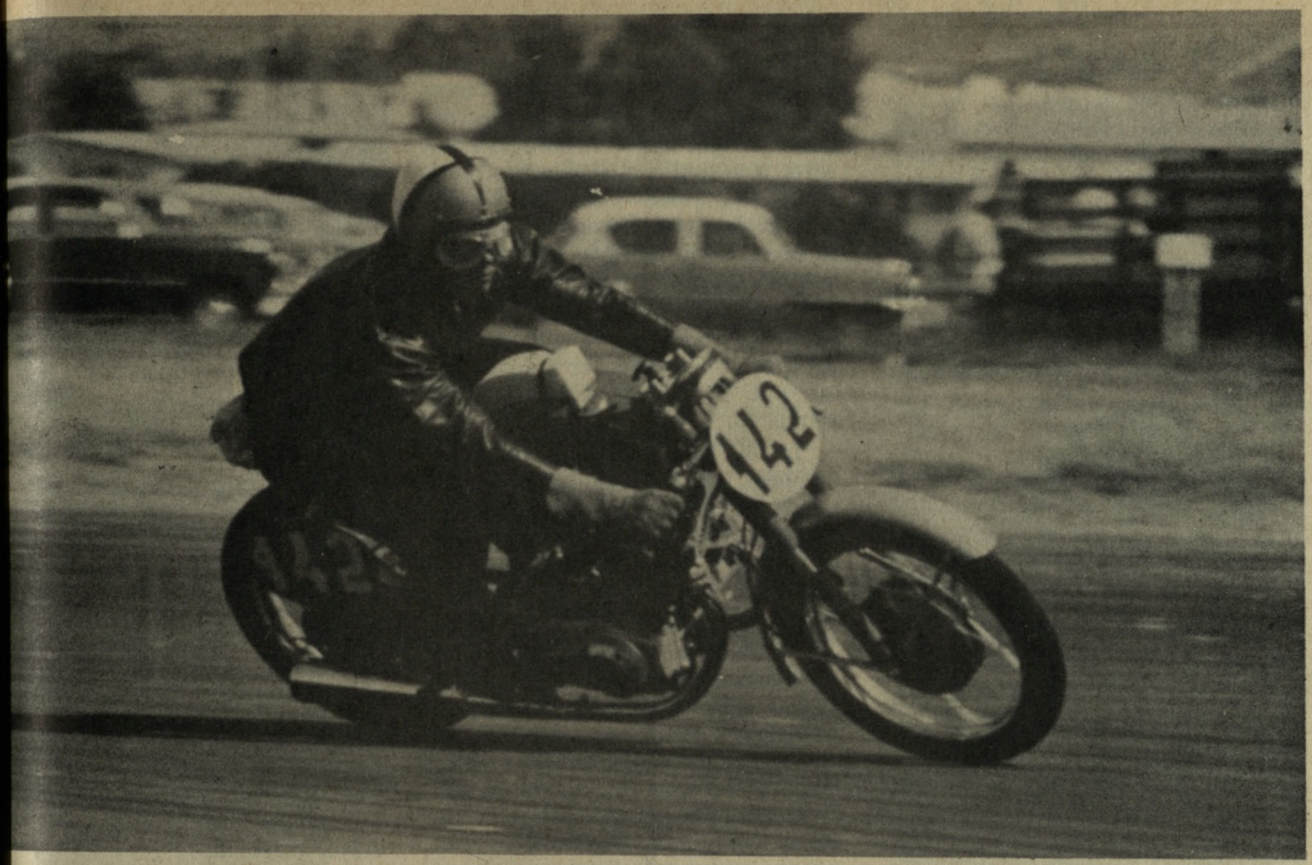


Not content with traveling at the speed of ordinary men, Rich Arian skips about a circular track at well over 100 miles per hour crouched around a beefed-up Honda. Several weekends a year the SF state art major may be seen at races throughout the state attempting to claim additional trophies for an already overloaded fireplace mantle.

Unlike many fellow bike buffs, 25-year-old Rich, currently American Federation of Motorcyclists champion, began racing almost by accident.

"I got all hot on machinery and started working for the Sports Car Club of America as a pit marshall. Going to the races, I got all turned on about sports car racing and made every race in 1960-61, while I was going to City College.

"I tried some nickle-and-dime financing to buy a Porsche to race in the SCCA sedan class, but the deal fell through. I'd dropped out of school and been working to try and get money for the car. So I thought of getting a bike for transportation

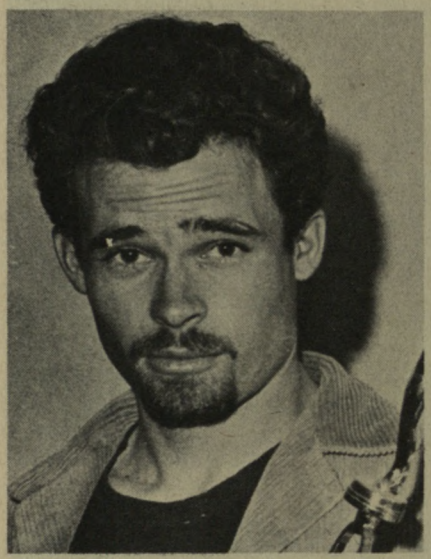
Continued on page 44

Rich Arian

Continued from page 43

because it was cheap. I thought if I could run it through the summer I could save some bread and buy a good car."

So Rich headed for a bike shop run by a racing acquaintance, whose cunning backfired Arian onto his first stack of trophies. In motorcycling, points are awarded depending on the number of contestants in



RICH ARIAN

each class. To receive maximum points, a winner must be racing against a "full class" of at least five other bikes. So Rich's buddy, with eyes on future trophies, sold him a bike of the same class he himself raced, figuring that if he could talk Rich into racing there would be one more bike he could beat — and more points in the kitty.

But on Rich's second day out he waxed his more experienced friend and went on to capture six trophies that first season, in 1962. He took seventh highest in California for 1962.

That November he bought a VW and beefed it almost beyond recognition. But in the face of a sudden SCCA rule change, his car was ineligible unless he reconverted it to stock. "I had too much invested in it to do that, so I went with the bike thing," racing a friend's machine.

But then Uncle stepped in with the Greeting and nipped the barely blooming career in November of '63.

Resentful young Pvt. Arian was led before a "big fatherly sergeant" at Fort Ord who asked in a big, fatherly tone, "Son, what would you like to do in the Army?" "I want to get out, right now," Arian told him. After a verbal battle over the merits of the Motor Pool, Lead-with-your-chin Arian resigned himself to become an integral part of his nation's defense system as a clerk.

"After Ord I was stationed near King City and drove up here to work or race whenever I could get off. But '63 and '64 were bad," he grimaced.

"In '65 I was back in the bike business, after a fashion. I had a better job, driving for the post commander. After I did what he wanted I could get off, and he'd let me off to race if I could find a substitute. Which I did with a certain degree of regularity.

"I got out of the Army in August of '65 and went back to school. Schoolwork never got done and the bike never ran right, so this semester I'm working for Honda of San Francisco and going to school a bit. My parents are bugged that I'm not in school full time, and I am too. I want to finish and wish it could be now, but I'm totally involved in the bikes. I picked what I figured I'd put the most into."

Although convinced that "every family ought to have four bikes," Rich is putting one of his machines up for sale to make his a three-motorcycle household, while he builds up some cash reserve.

"I'm trying to finance two new machines. A 350 and a 500 to race in Europe. That's what we're shooting for at the moment. That and a lot of practice."

Susan Houghton

Continued from page 41

Although the family has been well represented at all of Susan's previous contests, the "Miss San Francisco" contention saw her go it alone. "My parents had been planning a European vacation for months before I decided to enter, and I just couldn't tell them to 'stay home,' but I called them in

SUSAN HOUGHTON

Paris as soon as I won."

There is a difference in the va ous contests, she asserts. "M Universe is looking for a classic ly beautiful, sophisticated girl. M America wants talent and poi You have to be attractive, of cour but beauty takes a back seat to t other attributes."

With attractiveness nailed dow Susan spends hours every d "practicing my talent, thinki about my walking, practicing a swering questions." The gus stereotyped beauty-contestant a swers are not her style.

What lies immediately ahead a confounding pack of giant "If' If she wins "Miss California" S san will travel to Atlantic City. she captures the "Miss Americ crown, it'll be off on the whirlwi tour annually chronicled by the sli magazines. If not, it's a one ye "Miss California" stint as the e clusive property of the pagea people. And if she doesn't emer triumphant at Santa Cruz, it will back to SF State with the dra major for another year at the ac demic gristmill.

"I want to get my BA, and th dance masters in Europe," s says. "Eventually I want to live a West Coast suburb and have abo three kids. I'd like to marry outgoing person, and although I home-oriented, I don't want to just a housewife."

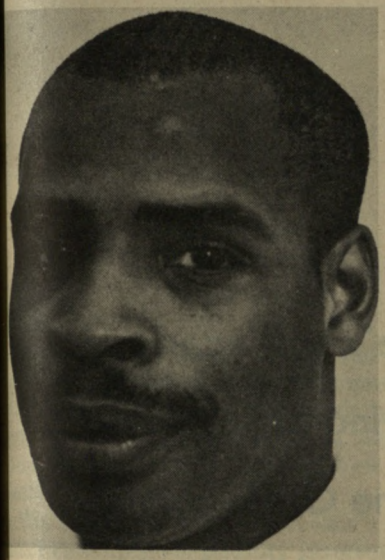
"I think I'll be married in thr to four years," she said with smile, "there are so many thin I want to do first."

im Brown

ntinued from page 42

the neighborhood and the entire y," he says.

"Chicago didn't do me any harm; rruption is a way of life there," ys the man twice busted on pho- y charges. "But I was too busy th sports to let it get to me. I ew up pretty fast, and saw a lot things there as a boy I haven't en here as a man."



JIM BROWN

Forsaking Chicago for southern lifornia, Jim enrolled at Santa rbara JC, where he competed in otball, basketball and track. He s named to the "Little All-Amer- n" team, but he injured his knee d the future was suddenly uncer- n.

He soon recovered and came to State in 1960. A member of Joe rducci's undefeated eleven, rated top small college team in the tion, Jim also competed in bas- tball, playing on the Paul Run- l-coached conference champion- p team. He was named to the all nference squad that year.

Then, turning his attentions to ck, Jim rounded out the year by ting the school record with a 6'- high jump, bettering Johnny this' record by two inches. He k the conference high jump mpionship and the small college AA title.

The following year he suffered recurrence of the knee injury and restricted his competition to basketball and track.

But he kept in shape competing for the Santa Clara Youth Village and getting off a 6'11" jump at a San Jose State meet. That jump placed him first in the nation and qualified him for the African Goodwill Olympics, a three month tour through eight African nations.

In Africa, "everything exceeded my furthest expectations," Jim recalls. "The trip will never be forgotten because of the many people who somehow influenced my life, showing me the feeling of being a Negro and part of the heritage."

"The things I learned in Africa were so personally rewarding, I wanted to share them with others. So I started giving lectures on Africa to elementary schools and community centers."

When Jim completes student teaching, "and after the baby" — his third—"is old enough to travel," he plans to take the family to Africa for a two year stint as a coach. Four countries have offered him jobs.

"The reason I want to go is that I feel more of an association with the African people than I was ever aware of. I'm now aware of the tremendous needs in every area and I've come to realize that certain things like engineering or medicine, I cannot contribute to. But athletics and teaching I can. Africans rate skills highly and made me proud I had something to offer."

"Skills here are not such a rarity, and we take them for granted," he says. "But there, there are so few qualified people to teach capable students eager to learn. There's a tremendous emphasis on youth."

Consistent with his desire to help young people, Jim works as a counselor at San Francisco's Youth Guidance Center. "I'd like to be a part of a program helping boys stay out of the trouble that I knew when I grew up," he says. "I'd like to teach them how to compete."

And in competition Jim has found security and self-respect. "I'm never aware of what color I am because competition is a part of my life. They say you have to be twice as good to beat out a white man, but trying hard is a part of me. If I lose I don't use my color as an excuse. I believe you can obtain respect through your ability."

Pat Kelly

Continued from page 40

student teaching two girls' gym classes in San Anselmo's Drake High School.

"I was scared stiff of student teaching," she admits. "But there isn't anything to it, I love every minute. I'm looking forward to teaching high school, but not in San Francisco.

"I was originally majoring in biology, but even though I liked it I knew I wouldn't want to teach it forever, so I got into PE. In this

PAT KELLY

field there's so much you can do for kids that they'll enjoy," she said.

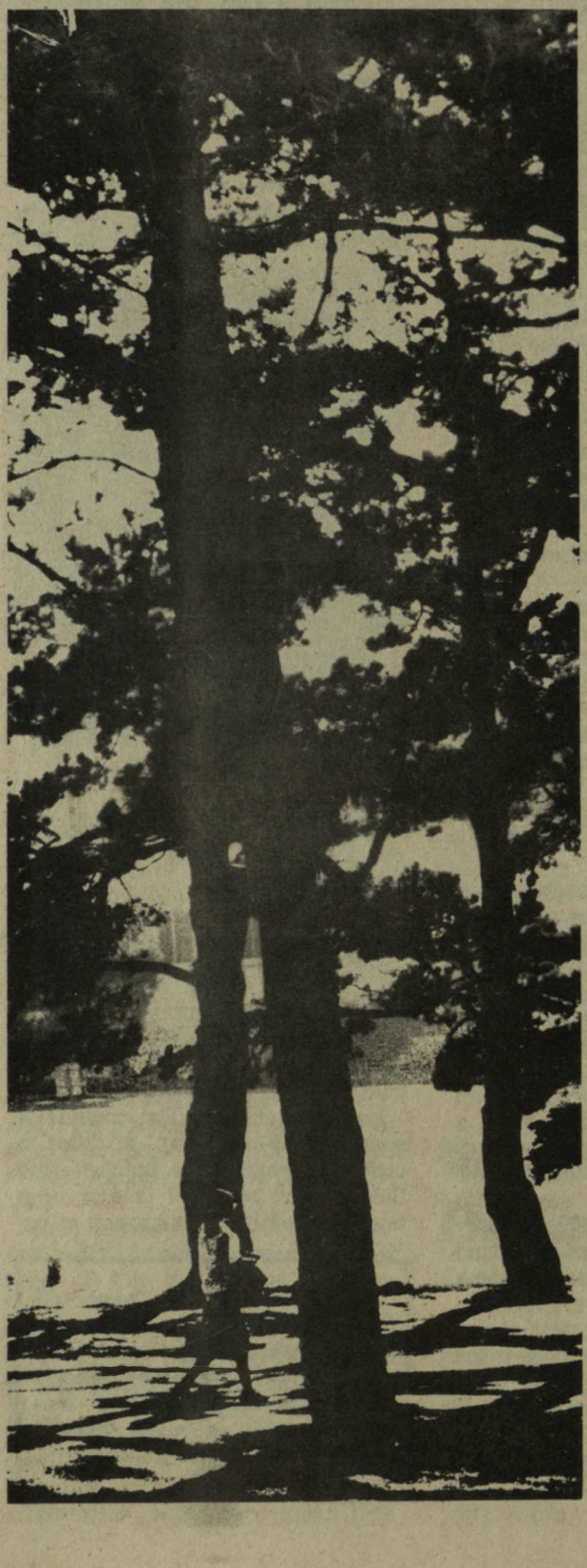
As if she didn't have enough to do, Pat teaches a synchronized swimming class on campus.

"I'm a graduate assistant, but really teach the entire class. The main thing is to put on a water show each year. Pat's show was held earlier this month.

Future plans for Pat include a summertime wedding, at least a couple of years as a teacher, and then a stint as head trainer of a brood of family aquanauts.

STEVE CASEY, a 22-year-old junior, is editor of the campus humor magazine, Garter. A journalism major and Gater general assignment reporter, Casey also wrote the "Faces in the Crowd" feature for the last two INSERTS.

Ultimatum in Learning



SF State's anti-academics are leaving the classroom for the City's slums, seeking education the college hasn't offered.

By KATHY ELLERY

John transferred to SF State from a junior colle in the fall of 1964, bringing with him 66 units of cre and a grade point average of 3.2. After two years he John has accumulated 51 units and his GPA h dropped to 2.3.

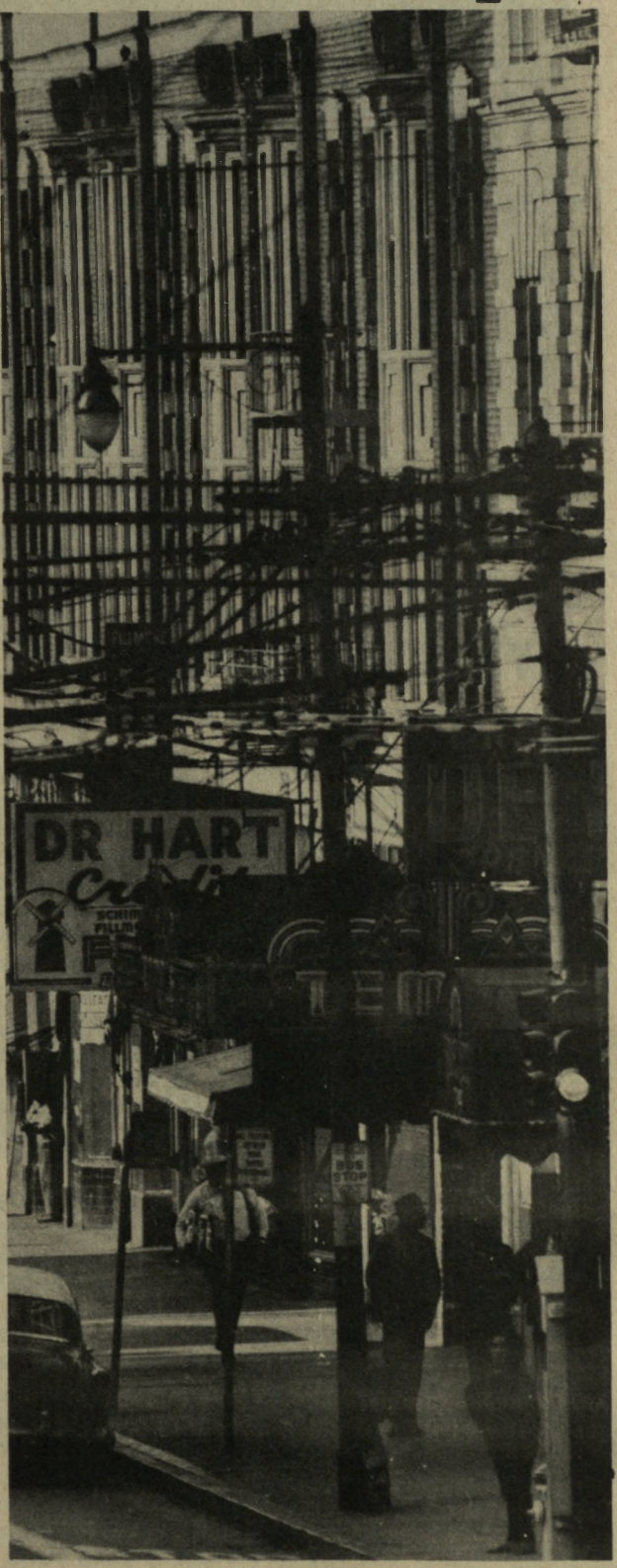
John came here as a student. Now he is "involved

SF State offers considerable opportunity for a s dent to become involved in off-campus activity. Co peting with the traditional academic life, the Tutor Program, the Community Involvement Project (CI and a host of political and social action organizati vie for the student's time.

This year, more than 600 students are participat to some degree in an AS-sponsored campus progra These students, according to Claire Salop, activit advisor associated with the Community Involvem Project and the Tutorial Program, "work long, ha arduous hours — in some instances, to the detrim of their academic careers."

Though praised and encouraged by most memb

Campus or Community?



f the administration, faculty, and student body, a stu-ent's participation in the community can impede his ttempt to remain in good academic standing. Student eaction to the threat varies. Some ignore the low rades. Others drop classes. Few drop their involve-nent.

The college and the Chancellor's offices are reacting, oo. Predicting community involvement to be the trend f the future, the administrators and academicians ave begun a series of moves to allow the student to emain involved and yet are trying to woo him back nto the academic fold by offering classes in commu-ity involvement. The classes, the involvement and he problems for students abound at SF State.

Ken Johnson, a senior social science major in charge f many CIP activities, says that the involved stu-ent's academic life can suffer for two reasons.

"When a student becomes involved," says Johnson, his attitude towards the classroom changes. He be-omes impatient with professors who try to tell him what's happening when they have never done anything bout it themselves."

Also, the involved student can put in up to a thirty our week of community meetings and campus work. his student is termed overly involved by administra-rs and faculty who feel that this time should be de-oted to the more academic aspects of higher education.

Johnson describes himself as an "overly involved tudent," but for a slightly different reason. His con-ept of an overly involved student is an individual who spends a lot of time at meetings that never produce nything and wastes a lot of time with too much talk nd not enough action."

While some involved students will let their GPA rop, others usually end up dropping a course or two. ssociate Dean of Students, Dorothy Wells, says, Many students don't realize how demanding an out-de activity can be, until they are disqualified."

Breaking down the barriers between the college and the community, Dave Richter of the Community Involvement Project and a group of boys from the Fillmore district's Freedom House watch the ocean from a San Francisco beach. CIP members also take chil on tours of parks and museums, to plays, and to ball games. They teach graphics arts classes and assisting people in city public housing developm

Even if the drop in his GPA doesn't disqualify the student from school, it can make him ineligible for participation in various programs offered by the college. One student active in the Community Involvement Project is unable to get into graduate school because of the beating his GPA took. Other involved students are no longer receiving Economic Opportunity Act funds because their GPA dropped below the required 2.0.

Also, Uncle Sam is considering a change in the requirements for a draft deferment. Merely being enrolled in college will no longer be enough to keep a young man out of the Army. Deferments will be determined by class rank so that men ranked low in their class will be drafted first.

Another example of an outside activity's adverse affects occurred last fall when seven students elected to responsible positions in student government were unable to begin their term of office because their GPA dropped below the 2.5 required at the time. In this case, the college responded to the problem by lowering the GPA requirement for participation in student government to 2.0.

Not all involved students suffer academically. But all are seeking something not offered by the normal channels of higher education and, in so doing, are experiencing a shift, or at least a questioning, of educational values.

According to Christopher Jencks, writing about this shift in values in New Republic magazine, stud are crowding the nation's college campuses bec they know they need a BA in order to become citizens of the world. These students, writes Je "have no desire to apprentice themselves to acad discipline" and, "traditionally, have been he through a mixture of professional and service cou injected with a mild dose of liberal arts vaccine, then sent on their way."

Jencks applauds the movement away from this of education initiated by a group of "able but academic" students who are no longer willing to ac the kind of higher education — few experiences ou the classroom, no future except graduate school, no adult models except scholars — offered by the colleges.

"The quest for other kinds of experience," w Jencks, "leads these students in many direction living among the poor in a slum, to manning a p line, to civil disobedience and jail, to drug taking to bed."

Perhaps these students' needs cannot be satisfie formal education but Jencks is certain that this the case. He suggests two innovations that woul peal to this new breed of college student:

- Undergraduates should have more contact non-scholars like poets, ministers, journalists, rights workers, and anyone else from whom think they can learn.
- They should have more opportunities to from participation rather than reading.

Both "innovations" are currently available to students at SF State through community involvement. Students are being sent into the field to tutor culturally deprived students in the Mission and Fillmore districts, to organize tenant unions in housing projects, provide youth counseling and recreation along with sex and health education, and to try to determine the college's relationship to the city's cultural life.

In addition to learning from their participation in the community, students are returning to the campus with questions suggested by the problems they have encountered. The questions asked most often are "How do you rationalize the irrelevancy between what you learn in the classroom with what you learn in real life?" and "Why isn't our educational experience providing us with the tools to solve the problems that plague society?"

Community involvement practiced by classes in the Experimental College and through organizations like the Tutorial Program and the CIP is an attempt to create a relationship between what the students are learning and what's happening outside the campus.

Moreover, a few faculty members reacted to these questions by setting up community involvement classes in an effort to provide the students with the "tools to solve the problems of society." Arthur Bierman, associate professor of philosophy, teaches two such classes. Bierman sees community involvement as an opportunity for the student to use what he learns in college while he is still in college.

To transform this belief into constructive action, Bierman set up "The City and the College: Their Culture," Philosophy 199 and 299. Bierman's 20 students are working on projects to determine the college's relationship to its surrounding community.

One student is examining the present nature of the community to ascertain the upsurge of interest in community activities whether it's fashion or a permanent feature of the college environment. Another is doing research into how the humanities and arts might modify the recreation services offered by the city.

Several students, along with an anthropologist, architect and city planner, will be involved in a community planning project in the Upper Market Street area. And still another student is exploring the possibility of making a series of movies on San Francisco neighborhoods. This cinematic profile would discuss the neighborhoods in terms of population, age, professions, and changes, and would treat them as a series of small towns with individual flavors and historical identities.

Bierman initiated these classes at the beginning of this semester partly because of a belief that "people don't stop being citizens when they start being students."

The classes also are in accordance with Bierman's conviction that "you've got to research and think about what has to be done before you do it. There is already too much mindless action."

Claire Salop carries the concept of community involvement a step further by saying the various programs were "created and implemented by a group of students who felt they had a responsibility to try to use their education for some social good."

This is a view shared, in one way or another, by everyone associated with the involvement movement.

John Pearson, director of the CIP, believes that "the college harbors talent and skills which can be effectively used by the community if the traditional barriers isolating colleges as communities within communties can be removed."

Since joining last summer, the 70 students in the infant CIP have been trying to achieve this end by participating in numerous community projects. The CIP's two-fold operation consists of organizing other people into some sort of action and providing service programs with the idea of educating groups of people.

Still another facet of community involvement is expressed by Claire Salop. "It consists," she says, "of students going out into the community and trying to figure out ways to deal with the insoluble problems of contemporary life, the problems of peace and poverty, the problems of alienation and annihilation. It is a sensitivity to the problems of humanity."

This sensitivity was demonstrated a few years ago by a few students of psychology and anthropology who were aware of the problems confronting children living in a culturally deprived environment. Many Negro children, for instance, are from three to five years below their grade level in reading ability and the situation only becomes worse as they progress in school so that they eventually drop out of school completely.

A group of students led by Guy Sandler, a senior philosophy major, decided to see if they could do something about this situation. With the help of Associated Students funds they established the Tutorial Program. Centers were set up in the impoverished neighborhoods of San Francisco and tutors extended individual help to children who were not receiving the help and encouragement at home.

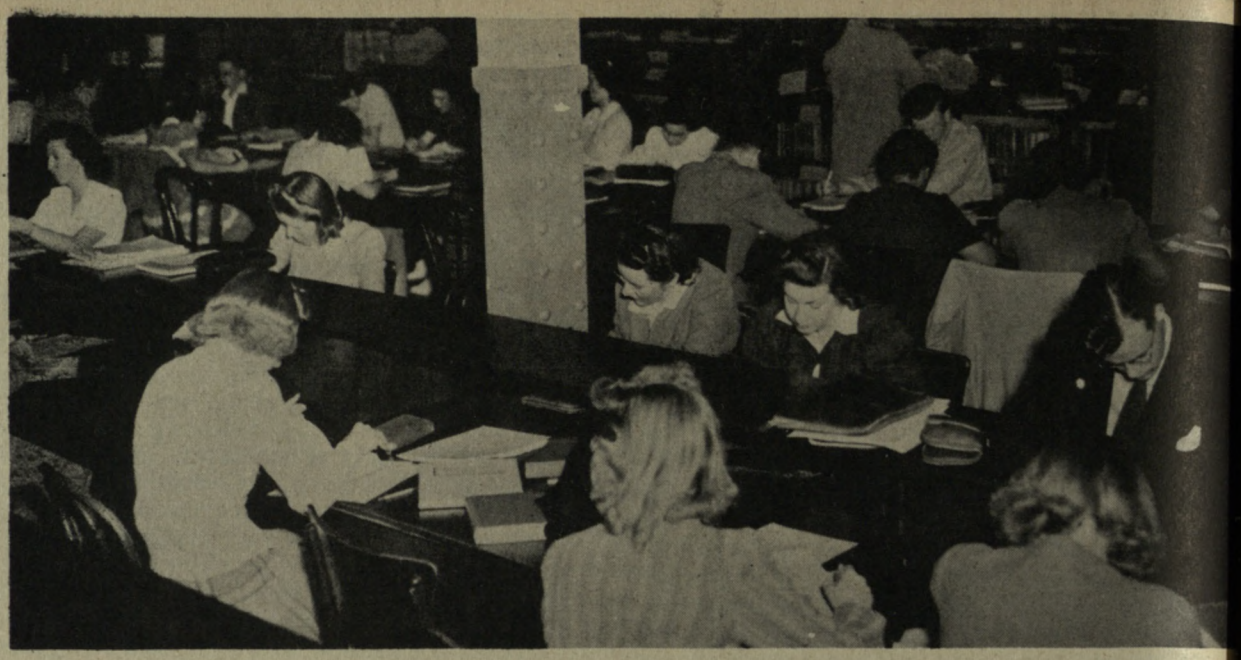
The Tutorial Program has since grown to a total of 300 tutors who devote four hours a week to tutees in a dozen Centers in the Fillmore and Mission districts and Juvenile Hall.

While the students' efforts in the community involvement movement are impressive, they are a relatively small group. It is estimated that out of a total enrollment of 16,000 students, only between six or seven hundred students at SF State are actively involved in the community.

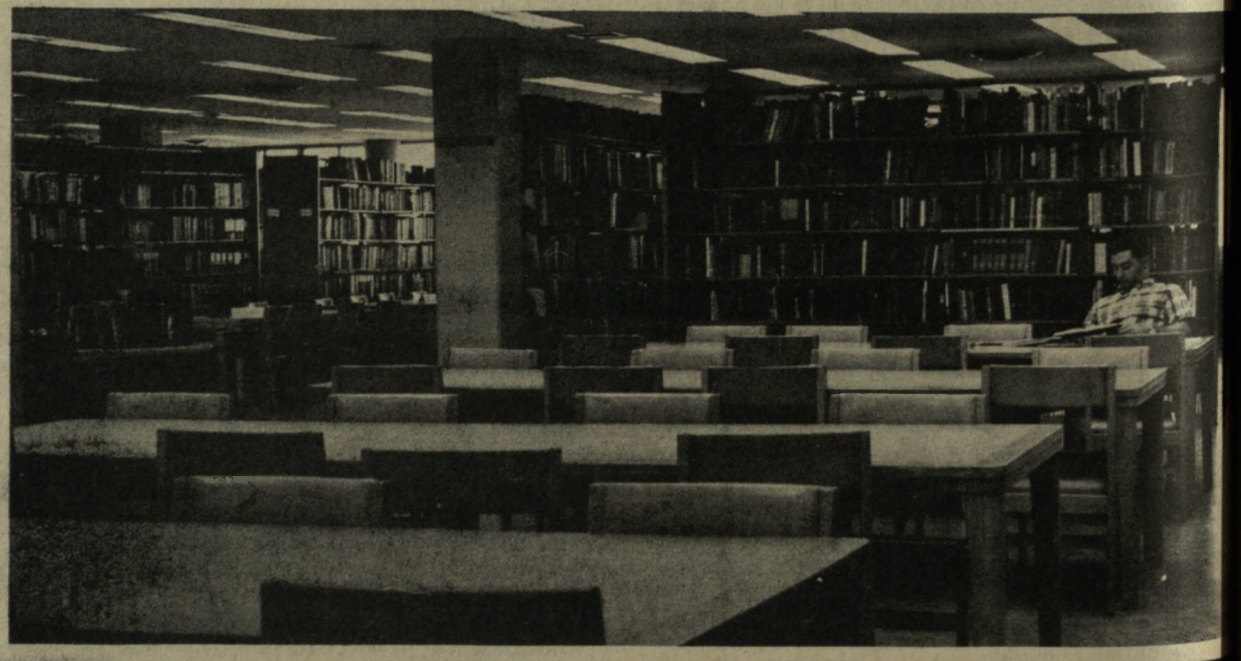
The next year or two will determine the direction of community involvement and its effect on higher education. It may be a constructive fad or it may be a trend with implications in the college education of the future.

Leo Young, Chairman of the Journalism Department and member of the Master Education Planning Committee, is against putting community involvement programs in SF State's curriculum, saying that "until the regulations set up by the State of California are changed, the prime duty of the college is to provide

Continued on page 57



In the 1920's SF State students were crowded into a small, poorly equipped library located in downtown San Francisco. Now, forty years later, the Lake Merced campus of the college boasts an up to date library with four floors of modern facilities. Nearly every aspect of SF State of the twenties is gone. Everything except one person: Blanche Ellsworth, professor of English.



Ellsworth and SF State-Partners in Growth

During four decades at SF State, dedicated grammarian Blanche Ellsworth has developed her own textbooks, an exciting classroom manner, and has become the college's foremost historian.

By GEORGIA THEMELIS

Forty years ago, in the unpretentious little campus of the San Francisco State Teachers College on Buchanan Street, a nervous 24-year-old English teacher stood before the first class she was to teach.

Armed with little more than a handful of textbooks and notes, she embarked that day on her chosen career. The dream was done. With years of preparation behind her, this now was the reality.

But the reality was not nearly as glamorous as she had expected. The building was nothing more than a converted orphanage. Her room was cubicle-like, musty, and poorly lit; rats were a common nuisance as they scurried across the floor of the basement.

But this determined new teacher was of a special breed. She found ways to ignore the inconveniences. She wanted to teach, so she stayed with the dilapidated campus. Her sojourn grew into five years, then ten, then twenty, and now, in 1966, Blanche Ellsworth, Professor of English, is still with that college. She is almost a tradition at SF State.

Upon meeting Professor Ellsworth on the first day

he new semester, students often get the impression will be the personification of the old-time English fessor — set in her ways, too straightlaced, and a dder for grammaric details and traditional writing m.

ut Mrs. Ellsworth cannot be categorized. She is from typical of anything.

n effect, she is neither wholly a traditionalist in Mr. Chips fashion nor a chameleon-like creature bends whichever way the current wind in educa- may be blowing. In a time when sophistication to point of confusion and ambiguity is often the rule n college professors, Mrs. Ellsworth remains a link ween tradition and the present. She professes to as much akin with the character of SF State 1966 with the SF State of 1926.

—

e still believes teaching should be simple. While many English professors are wrapped up with the chological manifestations of Huxleyan thought, D. Lawrence symbolism, or utopianism in literature, s. Ellsworth concerns herself and her students with basis of all communicative language — grammar. uses her own texts and workbooks, appropriately ed "English Simplified," which are sold through- the United States and Canada at a rate of twenty usand copies a year.

he notion that grammar is glamorous is far from espread, but Mrs. Ellsworth, an advocate of the se, uses all her talents and ingenuity to make the on more believable to her students.

hey, in turn, corraborate Mrs. Ellsworth's zeal for "exciting" by filling her sections of English and ch classes before any of the other sections offered. he has devised a curious method to incite her Eng- 137 students' interest. Each semester she presents n with a specially-designed crossword puzzle of lish grammar, with clues ranging from "Always s an object and introduces a phrase" to "An ex- sion peculiar to a language."

er Speech 11 classes have become almost famous heir own right among students. To arouse them to oint where they can deliver an exciting and in- native speech, Mrs. Ellsworth relies on tactics. is to encourage them to bring some of their favo- "goodies" to class as subjects for speeches. Stu- s have gone to class with their trumpets, babies, St. Bernards. One student she remembers drove motorcycle into class for his demonstration speech, e another engaged one his fellow classmates in a game of tennis.

nd, not so long ago, a quiet, shy freshman named nny Mathis sang before his first audience in Mrs. worth's English 6.1 class after her gentle but per- nt prodding.

erhaps her fondest memories are of her Speech 11 ents last year who brought her a gift at the end he semester and gave her a standing ovation.

er favorite type of people, she says, are those who e life exciting. "I like extroverts. I like my students to be spirited and confident in themselves." Mrs. Ellsworth is from the same mold. While only a little over five feet tall, she can stand up to the tallest and most rambunctious of them.

She feels a special affection for students who have not been in college long enough to become pseudo-sophisticates. "They are still a little over-active and open from their high school days, and they are wonderful for class spirit."

But Mrs. Ellsworth admits that she did not always have the confidence to allow her students to be so informal in class. When she came to SF State in 1926, she was fresh out of the University of California and "scared stiff." Part of her fright was a result of her experience while student-teaching at what is now City College of Oakland. She had to instruct art to "thirty awful little boys who painted on everything but the canvas, including themselves and each other."

After only a short time on the SF State faculty, she became advisor to both the yearbook, the Franciscan, and the Bayleaf, the newspaper since renamed the Golden Gater.

For the past eleven years she has been a member of the faculty Promotions Committee, and she has been its chairman for ten of those years. She also has become the unofficial historian-public relations director for SF State. Besides having written a number of brochures about the college for entering students, she is the traditional speaker at Campus Kickoff each September, recapping the history of SF State for new students.

In 1954, the Associated Students voted her the "Outstanding Teacher of the Year," an honor which remains one of the favorite feathers in Mrs. Ellsworth's cap.

Now, after spending forty years of her life at SF State, Blanche Ellsworth is leaving. This semester is her last as a teacher.

By no means, however, is she retiring in the old Mr. Chips fashion. On the agenda is a trip to Europe next year with her husband, an Oakland high school principal, also retiring this year. And they plan to spend a good part of every year homesteading at their ranch in the Sierra Mountains.

"A forty year habit is hard to kick," Mrs. Ellsworth says, "but I'll have more than enough to do."

She admits it will be "a tug" to leave SF State, but she will be returning frequently to appear at speaking engagements. She also has promised to write a complete brochure of the history of SF State. In effect, then, she is not leaving for good.

"I couldn't do that," she says. "I will still be interested in college students. I've known generations of them. Besides, I get bored with old ladies."

GEORGIA THEMELIS, a 21-year-old English major, is in her first semester on the Gater. The San Francisco born writer covered the Humanities beat and wrote feature articles for the Gater.

Shortchange

Continued from page 25

ent than closely reviewed agencies.

"But the **modus operendi** has been state agency-like."

Legislators received added fuel to burn the state colleges with last year, when the Chancellor's office miscalculated the amount of money for faculty salaries. To the legislator it was an example of a system not being able to run itself.

However, the state colleges maintain they hadn't been given the staff and independent opportunity to take care of the money shortage. Because of the rigid budget structure, the state colleges couldn't transfer money from another item or request any more from the state. As a result, faculties took a 1.8 percent pay cut.

The miscalculation reinforced the legislative notion that state colleges can't stand on their own feet. Thus the legislators hang on to control of the state colleges.

Cohen points out another dilemma: "When we ask for more money, they come back with 'why don't you guys charge tuition?' "

Legislators, and recently a number of state-wide organizations, have proposed this before. The Collier Bill, AB 600, introduced in 1965 and again this year by John L. E. Collier (R-South Pasadena), requires students to reimburse the state for their education for a period of 20 years after graduation. Payments would be graded according to a graduates' taxable income for each year.

That plan has yet to be approved by either house of the legislature.

The state Chamber of Commerce recently proposed another plan whereby tuition — $400 a year in the state colleges and larger sum in the university — be charged so Gov. Brown could cut his $4.6 billion budget for next year.

The Statewide Homeowners' Association last year came out in favor of the Collier plan. Also, Arthur Coons, President of the Coordinating Council for Higher Education favors an outright tuition in the university and state college system.

In a news release accompanying his tuition proposal, Collier said opponents of tuition have argued only that there is a tradition of "free" public higher education in California. But there are other arguments.

The California State College Student Presidents' Association says higher education benefits the state in four ways:

- "Since there is a widespread use of the initiative and referendum, an intelligent electorate is needed. As our problems become more complex, a college educated electorate becomes a greater asset for California's progress.
- "Since higher education has become a major vehicle to upward social mobility, providing accessible higher education opportunities for all individuals . . . benefits employment in the state.
- "Higher education provides a laboratory for research.
- And "the state's economy progressively improves as more of its citizens receive college education."

Chancellor Dumke, who strongly opposes raising fees in the state colleges, believes California's economic resources are such that they can be expected to produce sufficient revenues to continue to support a quality program of tuition-free education.

"Because of California's attractive geographic circumstances, educational resources, and the high level of education of its citizenry, there have been attracted to this State a disproportionate amount of industrial research and production facilities, contracts, and economic investments," Dumke reasons.

Irrespective, M & S Fees — $38 a semester — may be raised in the future. Cohen says the possibility "is always hanging over our heads." If they are raised, the added revenue will pay for student services such as foreign student advisement (foreign students pay $38 a semester plus $17 a unit), financial aid administration, housing administration, and cultural events programs. These items have been added to student services in recent years but have been staffed by "borrowing" from other areas.

On the other hand, the outlook for the future in regard to the imbalance and rigidity of the state college structure, as compared to the university, is moderately bright.

One ray of hope is a joint resolution in the legislature to give the State College system autonomy similar to that of the university. That would mean an end to line-item budgeting and the reversion of monies to fund at the end of each fiscal year.

"Growing pains are what plague the State College system at the present," says Yakse. "It is at a size now where it is going to be heard and receive fiscal responsibility as it proves its capabilty."

Whatever the present hangup, the State College system is on the move. Dumke predicts that by 1981, the state colleges will have a combined enrollment of some 300,000 students, spread out over 25 campuses.

In addition, by 1981, he says, operating costs will be substantially higher, thanks to inflation, a higher level of income for college personnel, and higher expenditures for a higher proportion of upper division and graduate students.

"An annual operating budget of near half a billion dollars may well be required," Dumke says.

If so, the rate of allocations for the state colleges as compared to the university will have to be put in better balance.

It would be rather hard to finance a half-billion dollar operation with leftovers from the Golden Bear's banquet.

PATRICK SULLIVAN, the Gater's administration reporter, is in his second semester on the Gater and is Assistant City Editor. The 22-year-old journalism major is also Assistant Managing Editor of this issue.

Hippies

Continued from page 16

would claim, but one of the college's most outlandish former students, Mike Costello, enthused on how he got his kicks: "I just put on the weirdest threads I can get a hold of, go out in the streets, and just watch the people reacting to me."

Cherubic Bonnie Whyte, a senior radio-television major suited up in "a hand-woven Mexican something-or-other," skips around campus in stockings that'd make any 1920 baseball team proud. She makes most of her own clothes, habitually sports ponchos, and explains, "I wear more colorful clothes because I have a more colorful personality."

A more general reason is that "things are drab, what with bureaucracy and our architecture here. The people can brighten the landscape and add a bit of joy to nations." Which makes no less sense than one fellow's explanation of his rimless glasses: "I feel I might as well get the cheapest. Besides, they're outrageous."

Bonnie's glasses are cheaper still. "I wear an old pair I found in my car one day," she revealed.

Optometrists aren't the only ones losing out. Barber shop-shunning seems a tradition among the hips. Fosselius, who admits he wouldn't keep his hair as long as it is if he weren't with his group, theorizes, "During the Eisenhower years, it was just a clean-cut thing, short hair and uniforms. Looking much the same became sort of a masculinity symbol. But nowadays, on the Vietnam war, people are rebelling, and it's not necessarily a sign of manhood to be submitted to the Army game."

All together, Bonnie Whyte counsels, "A person should find only clothes they have a feeling for — not just what's stylish"— or commercialistic. In the Coffee Shop, anonymous Barbara tells how she follows this line: "I dress the way I feel. If I feel like a girl, I dress like one — or a slob, or a librarian . . ."

The stereotyped hippie feels happy, and not just because of drugs. "Everybody's trying to get back to when they were children," Fosselius thinks. "There was symbolism. Like the devil meant pretty colors and laughter." Or people might be getting ridiculous "as more or less a satire on themselves and society. You've got to laugh at yourself."

A lot of the laughing goes on at SF State, declared by hippie Auerbach to be ten years ahead of other colleges and by Sue Andrews as "the most out-front" on the West Coast.

"No one really hassles you here," Iz says, and, besides, San Francisco's got parks. "They're beautiful things."

"There IS a love of nature among us," Miss Andrews says. "There's a strong pagan element in us that worships Golden Gate or Buena Vista parks and the flowers in the Mission district."

But not all hippies eat flowers and psychedellicly wig out onto what Iz calls "a pretty color trippy stage," telling the world, in effect, that there are no problems.

Miss Tanner, who can fly around with the best of them, is disgusted with the lazy hippies, "people who flatter themselves as sensible and perceptive with psychedelics, then sit back and not take part."

The hippies' predecessors, the beatniks of the late Fifties, contemplated world dilemmas in smoky espresso houses, offering answers in free-form poetry. But the new breed, according to Miss Andrews, "is getting non-political," partly, Potter would guess, because Proposition 14 and the May Second Movement "disillusioned a lot of people."

Besides, "you get tired of it," Auerbach says. "If the world blows up tomorrow, you want to have your volume finished by then."

Miss Tanner, a veteran of brickbats—she was called a Communist and beatnik back in junior high — emphasizes, "I'm happy, but there're a lot more things in life than frivolity."

Fosselius, who doesn't side up, reasons, "It's not apathy. Inside, I sympathize. But I don't get involved in politics because it's stupid."

A coed who used to count herself among the ranks of the Vietnam Day Committee sighs, "I pick flowers nowadays. It's more peaceful and enjoyable for happiness and what I believe in."

Don Tattenham, a knowledgeable, straight-looking hippie, thinks that a lot of the hippie movement stems from defeatism "that comes out of a feeling that more common modes of action are useless. It's from the need for immediate experiences."

Psychedelics are pretty immediate, and they serve convenient purposes — as a symbol of "rebellion against mommy and daddy," Tattenham says, and as spurs to the realization of beauty, which then lead to other important facets of the hip life.

But most people who turn on don't enjoy it, Tattenham claims. "A lot of them find a real sense of beauty, but plain risk negates it for some. Also, the hippie never attempts to approach his problems from a sense of beauty. I'm shocked by the absence of insight, and this is the unfortunate part."

But hippies do trip out, and if they can't find total perception within themselves, they'll move out to dances, to Trips Festivals and their light shows, where their "happy" image was born and nurtured to its presently staunch place in the hippie stereotype.

At the concert-dances, which began last October with a Lovin' Spoonful concert in Longshoremen's Hall and hit their frenzied full stride following benefit dances for the SF Mime Troupe, the hippies knock themselves out in pursuit of nothing.

"You go in there and take your life in your hand," one concert devotee says, "but it's fun."

The thing to do at these dances, according to Miss Andrews, "is just be free — flop around and throw things out of your skin and into the air."

There, the high get higher, making themselves at home with the helium balloons hugging the auditorium ceiling. Watching the Sons of Adam perform, a man in a furry white Eskimo cap flays the surrounding air with his happy arms. Later, another fellow cavorts onto the stage, puffing his pipe and doing delicate prancing steps next to a tambourine man.

Costumes, silent movies on side walls, and protoplasmic light effects beamed onto the stage area are "consciousness-expanding," in their own ways, but they

all play second banana to the driving music that has become, to the hippie, what third-stream jazz was to the beatnik.

The phenomenon of collegiates taking a liking to what Bob Dylan calls the "mathematical sound" is easily explained. They didn't "take a liking." Rather, they grew up with rock music and didn't have to make the expected switch to folk or jazz because rock — especially with the advent of the Beatles — began to carry more meaning than "Oh wo wo wo yeh yeh yeh, hey, little devil."

And besides, one student says, "rock and roll is bending toward jazz," having already gathered folk, classical, rhythm and blues, cowboy, and Indian music into its conglomerate makeup.

Body-flopping dancing and listening are intensified, many say, when psychedelics are involved; indeed, Dylan lyrics often enough allude to tripping out, although straight pot parties are about as "in" nowadays as Arthur Murray dance lessons. The kicks now come from perception of meanings of lyrics, of sights, and of sounds.

But crowded dance halls don't necessarily mean empty beds.

"Nothing will ever replace sex," several hippies literally shouted. Psychology major Ron Collins theorizes, "People can dance apart now because they hold each other when they finish." Which is nothing new. But Miss Tanner says that LSD, in its last couple of hours of effect, gives a person "a terrific, sensuous desire" for, in her case, a man.

Enter the police, another factor in the decreasing number of hippie Haight-Ashbury parties, according to Potter. "They think everybody's feeding dope into their noses," he says.

Police have also been, recently, a logjam to the weekend dances, using antique, dusted-off municipal laws to fight entrepreneur Bill Graham's bid for a dance permit and plucking youngsters off the dance floor for being under 18.

The hippie battle, too, is against the other outsiders: the pseudo interests who endanger the name of drugs and the commercial interests who further complicate the categorization of people to fatten their own wallets.

But the struggle is bound to be a futile one, with no one willing to be a spokesman and with everyone pshawing at the thought of being labeled a hippie. If certain of the movement's elements are indeed alarmed at the outside forces, they'll have to spearhead a drive to organize themselves, to wipe out the contradictions that result in people nixing their own existences then trying to define them scientifically.

So the real hippie is difficult to point out on campus. Says Fosselius, "it really doesn't matter what he is if he's not hurting anybody or breaking laws. He should be left to be free and spontaneous."

To senior Dave Miller, "hippie" means an attitude or approach possessed by a person who "actively pursues an open life, un-hungup by social restrictions that would predefine what's good, bad, right, or wrong."

And unlike the old-generation beats in Berkeley and North Beach, he's not hanging around nondescript coffee houses decrying bombs and political bungles. While the Sonny-and-Cher pseudo will, as Sue Andrew sees it, "just fall into the next thing," the Number Four, true-drab-blue, okay-so-call-me-that-word Hippie thinks he's got a future all set.

Ezra Israel Auerbach calls a girl over, bites off a hunk of her ice-cream cone, and shoos her away. Then he turns back and discusses vocations. "You can always get a gig teaching or driving cabs and buses or doing post office work. These jobs don't give you after effects. You don't have to worry about improvising things, see?

"Then you make your money, go home, and wig out."

Hippies have wigged out onto a threshold. It's a portal fogged by uncertainties and complexities, but it's a portal every other distinctive social group has stepped across — bearing more than political nonchalance and futures stuffing pigeonholes.

The hippies have been on this edge since October. But they still have plenty of time to stumble.

BEN FONG-TORRES, a 21-year-old R-TV major and journalism minor, is City Editor and columnist for the Gater, and will be next years' Gater Editor. He has written four articles for three previous issues of INSERT.

Ultimatum

Continued from page 49

higher education in the classroom."

"Without the theory provided in the classroom, experience in the field has no value," says Young.

Many individuals hesitate to criticize community involvement, says Young, "because they confuse it with the liberal philosophy. If you are against community involvement, you are against civil rights and other liberal causes. This is nonsense."

Jordan Churchill, Dean of the School of Humanities, has a different view of community involvement. He is convinced that there is a place for community involvement within academic life.

"I don't think that this sort of activity should dominate higher education but it is very possible that academic credit will soon be given for this kind of course," says Churchill.

Glenn S. Dumke, Chancellor of the California State Colleges, is also aware of the community involvement movement. "By 1981," Dumke says, "there will be a much closer three-way linking of student, college, and community. The influence of the college on the student is especially great when the student is involved in programs that allow him to exercise his growing knowledge and skills as he acquires them. Increasingly he will be shaping programs that take the student and the college into the community for the mutual benefit of all."

Originally students left the campus and academic life to become involved in the community because they felt that there was something lacking in the education provided by the college. They felt that they were not learning enough about the realities of life outside the campus. Though it sometimes means a drop in their academic standing, community involvement is giving these students the experience they want.

The college is responding to the question of community involvement. Because of this, students are returning to the campus and are joining members of the faculty and administration in an attempt to fully integrate the college with the community.

Whatever the future of community involvement, either as a part of the curriculum or as an extracurricular activity, the involved student today seems to be profiting from his experience in the community, is learning through participation and is enriching his education with the insights he has acquired into the limits of his ignorance, understanding and compassion.

KATHLEEN ELLERY, a 20-year-old journalism major and history minor, is in her second semester on the Gater as a general assignment reporter covering developments in the community involvement movement. She was Copy Editor for last semester's INSERT.

Lonely World

Continued from page 23

up proving her equality — by sleeping with Negro men, the civil rights worker said. The result of this, for most, is mental turmoil, frustration, and, inevitably, social ostracism.

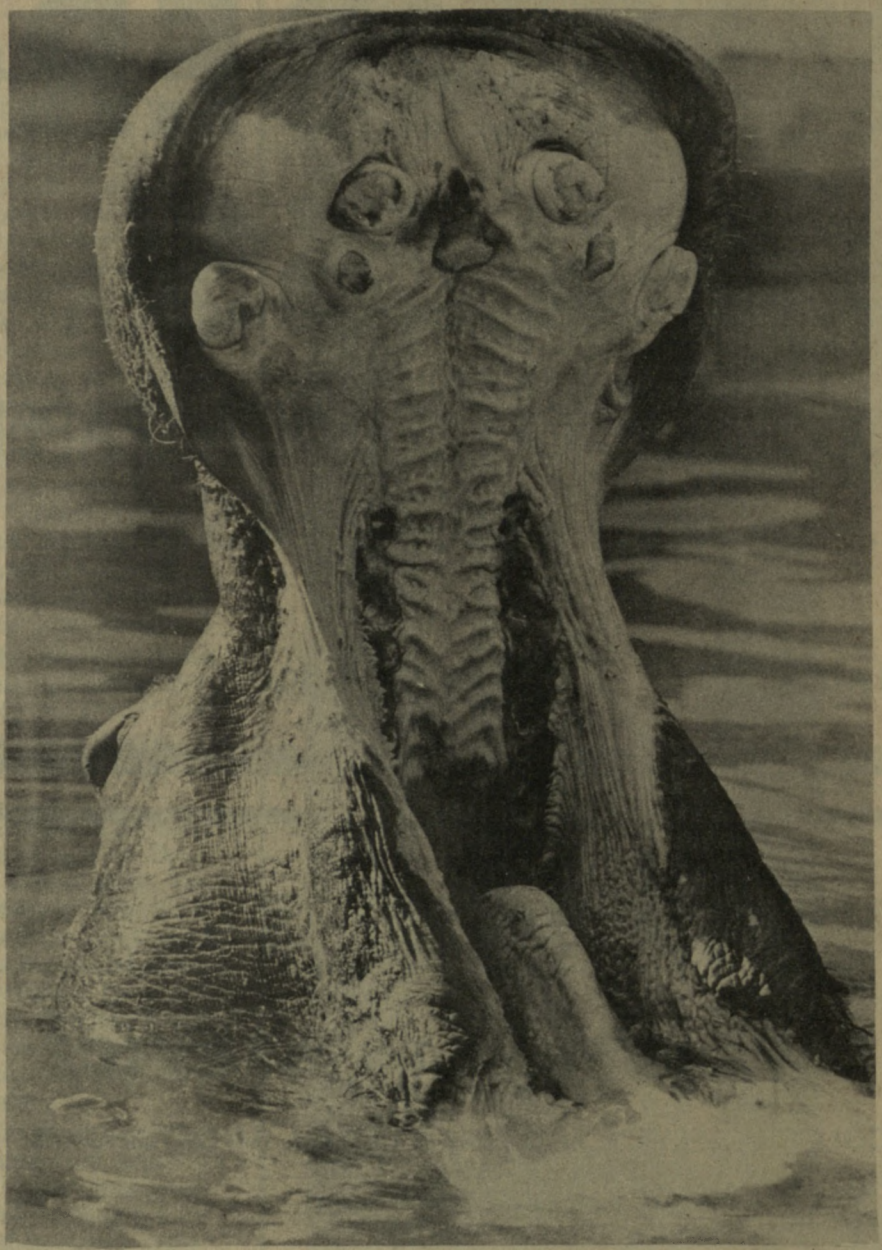
Students who experience a deep, involved interracial relationship admit that previously they weren't fully aware of the high degree of prejudice in American society. America's prejudices and social codes are strong, yet conflicting. The Movement loudly and proudly sings the words "black and white together" in the famous ballad "We Shall Overcome." Black nationalists in the Black Student Union preach for liberation of the black man by disassociation with the white race. White supremists yell "maintain purity of the white race." And parents teach their children to "Love Thy Neighbor" and yet reject their children if they express the slightest affection for the black man.

The interracial couple at SF State is faced with each one of these codes and mores almost daily. The social laws forbidding interracial dating are sometimes expressed in a blank stare, a whispered sneer, or a loud proclamation from the Speaker's Platform. The interracial couple receives each spanking with pain and anguish, knowing there is almost no escape.

Offie and Linda Wortham came to SF State because they heard it was "so liberal." But encounters with discriminating campus groups have been more than discouraging. They are fed up and look forward to the day they can leave the country and raise their children in a society that "isn't so cruel."

SUSAN HULL, 21, is in her fourth semester on the Gater. The 21-year-old senior journalism major is Gater News Editor and, in addition to four previous INSERT stories, has written for the magazine Where and the San Francisco Observer.

OPEN MOUTH POLICY



THE UNCOMMON COMMONS

ON CAMPUS