

C
S
B
F
I
u
in
al
cc
fe
sh
m
in
al
w
in
in
m
UC
UC
Sa
Po
ei
wh
Ja
wh
w
nc
ag
Wh



CONFRONTATION ON CAMPUS:

Student Challenge in California

By ART SEIDENBAUM

Foreword by HARRY S. ASHMORE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BRIDGES

THE WARD RITCHIE PRESS • LOS ANGELES

*To Kerry, Kyle and Jim
who were young enough to provide the motive
and*

*To Jim Bellows, Nick Williams, Jim Bassett
and Marshall Lumsden who were old enough
to provide the time.*

*Copyright © 1969 by Art Seidenbaum
Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 70-96733
Lithographed in the United States of America by
Anderson, Ritchie & Simon
Designed by Joseph Simon*

Students were helpful wherever I went, even students who mistrusted me and my mission. Administrators and professors were generally helpful when asked. I tried not to ask often because this was to be a student-centered search.

Several people whose names do not elsewhere appear in this manuscript were extremely helpful. I'd like to name them by campus:

- UC SANTA CRUZ: Paul Rosenstiel, Jerry Samuels, Nick Robertson, Maurice MacDonald, Susan Queary, Ann Griffin
 SAN FERNANDO VALLEY STATE: Dr. Julian Nava, Tim Harris, Nancey Oatey, Nancy Torbeck, Benjamin Caraveo
 POMONA COLLEGE: Hank Meyer, Dr. James Levy, George Sweeney, Mike Schulman, Eileen Wilson
 UC SAN DIEGO: Dr. John Stewart, Chuck Champlin Jr., Michael Einbinder, Dr. Gabriel Jackson
 USC: Dr. Joseph Boskin, Sam Hurst Jr., David Raksin, Dr. J. Wesley Robb, Dr. David Martin, Margaret Hallock, Jim Ansite, Stan Metzler
 SAN FRANCISCO STATE: Dr. Barry A. Goodfield, Petra Fischer, Bill Better, Noni Garner, Dr. John Bunzel
 STANFORD: Linda Thorne, Jeff Weil, Kathy Barrett, David Turner, Bob Beyers, Bob Freelan, Fred Lonsdale
 UCLA: Gene Wilhelm, William Johnson, Larry Borok, Glen Leichman, Andrew Hamilton, Dr. Lee McEvoy, James Howard, Dr. Keith Berwick
 UC BERKELEY: Peter Bailey, Barbara Cowan, Dr. John Bilorusky, Dr. Allen Cohen

CONTENTS

Foreword by Harry S. Ashmore	1
Santa Cruz: Doubts in the Garden	11
Valley State: Looking for the Silent Majority	25
Pomona: Exploring Generation Gap	38
San Diego: Signs of Today	52
USC: Up from Apathy	66
San Francisco State: On Strike! Shut it Down	80
Stanford: Testing Tomorrow	96
UCLA: The Humanity Gap	110
Berkeley: 'The Enemy is the Inhumanity . . .'	124
David Graber, Class of '69—A Valedictory	137
Epilogue	142

STANFORD: Testing Tomorrow

Final exams are among the few constants of university life. Confrontations erupt and subside. Old rules are thrown away as quickly as old school ties. Courses are in continuous flux. But finals are still the fearsome days of reckoning and Stanford University was in the midst of them when I arrived one downcast, drizzling morning.

The drooping eucalyptus trees near the main entrance shed high tears and low bark. The upright palms lining the mile-long approach to the 80-year-old campus looked like mammoth umbrellas, their tops torn by the rain and waving with the wind. A girl bicycled in front of my car, her red plastic raincoat matching the red roof tiles of Stanford's buildings. Her head was covered by a yellow hat but her long yellow hair streamed out from underneath, tangling across her back like seaweed. I beeped my horn as I went by and she turned to smile, a Lorelei in large-rim glasses.

The students who walked to their exams stayed under the covered arcades that frame the old sandstone classroom buildings. They moved slowly through the arches—the pace of penitents contemplating their faith at a monastery.

I parked near Jordan Hall, one of the old Romanesque buildings being renovated to accommodate Stanford's 12,000 student bodies. The plywood construction fence surrounding the project was full of graffiti and one particular message summarized the combination of blasphemy and reverence—of risk and tradition—I found all over the Palo Alto campus.

"IF GOD WERE SPELLED BACKWARDS," said the sign, "HE WOULD STILL BE MAN'S BEST FRIEND."

No major university in the country has tried harder than Stan-

ford in the last several years to stare at itself in the mirror, to look at its power backwards from the students' point of view, to anticipate the upset of former ideas. Stanford is the wealthiest, most prestigious private university west of the East Coast; it is also willing to chance change.

Stanford was among the first institutions to encourage truly coeducational residence halls. It was one of the first schools to offer a major in Afro-American studies leading to a bachelor's degree. It pioneered the establishment of overseas campuses and now there are five branches of Stanford scattered through Europe. It is in the midst of a three-year overhaul of its whole institutional philosophy called the Study of Education at Stanford, the project of a faculty-student committee determined to make the school as responsive to undergraduate needs as it is to trustees' decisions.

The place absorbs newness, partly because Leland Stanford's 8,800-acre farm gave the university an extraordinary great green space to grow in, partly because the several new buildings have the same earth-color exteriors as the originals. I wander around in the rain and decide that this is probably a campus that all the old grads will always recognize. They won't like the SDS newspaper—the *Street Wall Journal*—pasted on a temporary fence. And maybe they won't admire the two full-bearded boys coming out of the bookstore, even though beards seem to suit a sprawling educational park where there are more lawns than parking lots.

At Tresidder, the new student union, I walk inside the game rooms to see whether people are playing during finals week. The bowling alleys are absolutely empty. There are four boys shooting pool and one of them complains that he's rushing his shots because of an afternoon language exam.

I find Denis Hayes, the student body president, in his office upstairs at Tresidder. He's a gaunt, ascetic-looking man who, at 24, calls himself the oldest undergraduate on campus. Last year, after probably the most widely-photographed student campaign in the history of the United States, Hayes defeated a topless dancer named Vicky Drake whose candidacy advanced such apolitical measures as 38-22-36. Hayes upon victory said: "Surely there can be no stronger indictment of the sandbox nature of our contemporary student government than the platform of my recent opponent."

The students downstairs in the cafeteria look forlorn, eating

sandwiches with one hand and turning texts with the other, so we drive off campus for lunch. History major Hayes is not only older than his constituents, he's also more traveled. He interrupted his education to work his way around the world—Alaska, Russia, Africa, Europe—before coming back to Stanford.

"This is the best institution in the world for me," says Hayes. "To the extent that I could love any institution, I probably love Stanford. Most people's impression here is love at first sight. Then they grow to hate it. And then some learn to love it again. To the extent that love grows out of marriage. I probably love Stanford."

No other student politicians have talked to me that way. Most of them either despise themselves for becoming stooges of the system or they despise the system for its own immobility.

It isn't fashionable to announce a college loyalty but Hayes, who weighs his thoughts before broadcasting them, has outgrown fashion. He is wise enough to know that universities are infinitely complex; they have more intricate cogs and levers and balance wheels than a Rube Goldberg cartoon. His presidency has been an attempt to explain how the boggling machinery works and he tries to bring students into the procedure. Most undergraduates, Hayes says, have no real knowledge of how power is delegated from the trustees to the university president to the faculty. And while his classmates may consider him a middle-of-the-roader, Denis Hayes has been actively pushing for a fairly radical ideal: the resignation of some Stanford trustees to make room for student representation on the board. The school already has students on almost every committee influencing campus life, including a joint student-faculty judicial group that has legal power in disciplinary matters affecting teachers as well as kids. But power is a dangerous exercise unless it is completely understood and so this old man of an undergraduate president is wary of most movements.

He characterizes Stanford's SDS as a collection of students with deep moral concern but little comprehension of when to move, or how to shift the bulk of undergraduate opinion. He admires Stanford's BSU but says the 250 black students on campus are essentially middle class in their life styles, regardless of their rhetoric.

As for the silent majority, Hayes says: "They're silent because they don't have a helluva lot to say." He has been as worried about the conservative students as the radicals. "I'm really afraid,"





The grafitti of Stanford

he says, "that maybe kids on the right will take matters into their own hands during a radical demonstration to produce a kind of showdown that could really tear this place apart." Up until now, Stanford's sit-ins have been reasonably short and remarkably bloodless.

"The first thing you do in a time of crisis is take a referendum," says the student president. Stanford is attuned to referenda as a method of avoiding violent confrontations. In the same election that Hayes topped his topless opponent, the student body condemned sit-ins by a margin larger than two to one. Students have been voting against coercion ever since. That did not prevent the sit-ins of spring 1969, but it has served to stabilize the campus after militant protests.

I'm convinced that an unarmed faculty-student peacekeeping force would be a helpful alternative to police on all campuses. And a regular system for taking referenda would also help—possibly as part of the registration procedure at the beginning of each term. A vote on campus controversies before any crisis would give both the administration and the dissidents a working notion of how students might react. Suppose, for instance, 80 percent of the student body voted for the removal of ROTC as a course for credit. A smart administration could proceed to honor that vote. Or suppose 80 percent of the students announced opposition to any student strike. A shrewd SDS would understand in advance that it could not count on strike support.

Denis Hayes' road is not so much middle as his own. He does not live on campus but in East Palo Alto (the nearest ghetto) with a black family. In return for chores, this white young man from Camas, Washington, helps pay for his room and board. When he is ill, says Hayes, "Mama takes care of me." Mama is the lady of the house, his employer.

What Hayes intends to work for is the perpetual schooling of everybody: "I have a naive faith that one day the United States is going to get over the idea of a general education in the university and that the whole society will be structured as an educational experience. I talk to alums—two years out of here and they've stopped studying anything. Well, the old idea of a school producing a western gentleman is silly. A good school can only produce a student."

The typical Stanford student is a creature who began college life at the upper middle. More than 40 percent of the freshmen come from families earning more than \$20,000 a year. Nine out of 10 students intend to extend their educations beyond the bachelor's degree and into graduate work. Stanford is one of the 10 most difficult schools to enter in the United States, accepting only one applicant in five.

But, with all its socio-academic status, Stanford is not a cloistered refuge for the rich. It has an extraordinary proportion of people ready to work at street level. It sent more white students to the Deep South in 1964 to help black voter-registration than any other school. More Stanford kids participated in the Oakland Induction Center protests of 1967 than Berkeley students. Stanford has always had an extremely high percentage of Peace Corps volunteers.

The Tresidder Coffee House is one of the spaces that sets Stanford apart from other schools. It's a simple room furnished with old wooden tables and candlelight, serving espresso and fresh fruit and ices. The menu is scrawled across a blackboard. The managers and serving people are students. The entertainment is live.

During finals week, the Coffee House is a place to vent steam right on campus. Sam McGowan plays stride piano and Norm Cross accompanies him on guitar. They harmonize vocals, the black pianist and the white guitarist. Sam came to Stanford with a company from Studio Watts to do a play; he has stayed in Palo Alto to attend a nearby junior college until he can qualify for the university. Norm is a sophomore at Stanford; he plays for the pleasure and the pin money.

Tonight, the room is full. McGowan-Cross do *People Got to Be Free*, and that rock integration anthem inspires a few couples to start dancing in front of the serving counter. A girl in tights and a serape brings Cokes up to the performers between numbers, a soft-drink switch on the Joe E. Lewis ritual in Vegas.

Sam swings into *Don't You Know the Sound of a Man Workin' on a Chain*, and a few students halfway back in the room begin to stomp rhythm with their feet. Then the musicians chant *Baby, I Need Your Lovin'*, and a tall black student leaps onto one of the tables with a candle in his hand to perform a frantic solo dance interpretation while kids throughout the room start banging

their hands as background. The set breaks at midnight and this room is full of sweat and glee and good feelings. I look around and realize that this is the first campus I've visited where white and black students still sit at the same tables with each other. The new black-imposed apartheid hasn't yet happened here.

But there is one blond boy sitting by himself under a surrealistic painting in the corner. He's oblivious to the music and the noise and the modern dance. He has a book in his hands, something about geophysics, and he's able to concentrate even while the world quakes around him.

Dr. John Black is the head of Stanford's counselling center and a clinical psychologist who's been trying to stay abreast of what bothers students. In one of his seminar courses, Black asked undergraduates how they might change their behavior if they knew they had only six more months to live. He has saved some of the answers:

"I think I would stop worrying about myself and turn to others."

"For one thing, I would center my being in the present rather than always worrying about the future. I would spend less time breathing in and more time breathing out—more outgoing, more extroverted, a hell of a lot more trusting. I think I'd like it."

"I would become more giving, more loving and through that change I would hope to conquer some of the gnawing loneliness that permeates life so completely."

Only one student faced finality with greed: "I'd rape society for all it's worth."

Dr. Black sees Stanford kids as becoming ever more preoccupied with existential questions: that confirms a national survey of freshmen which indicated that the two chief undergraduate ambitions were to develop a meaningful philosophy of life and to help other people in difficult situations.

Two categorical pieces of graffiti near White Plaza, the Stanford free speech area:

"EDUCATION IS THE DESTRUCTION OF INNOCENCE."

"NONE OF US IS INFALLIBLE—NOT EVEN THE YOUNGEST OF US."

Soto House is the residence hall that caters to supposedly creative students. Just before the evening meal, the Soto living room

is a sort of a circus. A young man plays Chopin on the piano, his long brown hair almost touching the keys as he hunches over trying to hear his own music. Two girls on a couch sing the Beatles' *Hey Jude* at each other. And two boys offer an exhibition of Indian hand-wrestling, struggling between the living room and the lobby.

Coeducational housing came to Stanford in 1967, starting with a few dorms that sheltered men and women who shared particular academic interests.

The experiment proved so successful and so relaxed that Dr. Joseph Katz, associate director of Stanford's Institute for the Study of Human Problems, was soon able to reassure the university and the parents about what happens in mixed housing. Boys and girls who occupy common living rooms and dining tables, said Katz, begin to treat each other more like brothers and sisters and less like enemies or lovers. He even suggested the new arrangement might tend to produce "a partial moratorium on sex."

A Stanford fraternity jumped into the residential revolution. Having dropped their old national affiliation, the men of Lambda Nu decided to become a coeducational club with memberships for both sexes. Now the old brothers and the new sisters—each in a separate wing—are living happily under one roof.

In 1969, another fraternity tried to retain its national charter and rent surplus living space to women. Phi Gamma Delta was talking to the university and to its alumni about taking in female boarders. The unprecedented application has survival implications along with sociological ones. Like other ex-strongholds of the fraternity system, Stanford is gradually losing its Greek-letter organizations. New social groupings, including coed dorms and off-campus apartment houses, are replacing the lure of a secret male society.

The Phi Gamma Deltas, for instance, have a handsome new post-and-beam house on campus with room for 51 resident bodies. But there are only 44 residents right now, making the cost of fraternity living quite expensive for the present members. President Jim Greer admits that many potential brothers prefer to live elsewhere. Phi Gam must either lower its selection standards or take in roomers to fill the house.

In the old days, belonging to a fraternity was a student status symbol. Nowadays, it can be a hindrance. "Being in a house has taken on a kind of onus," admits Phi Gam Fred Lonsdale.

"If you wore a pin around here for five minutes," agrees one of the brothers sitting around the living room fireplace, "you'd be subject to ridicule. Our rule is to keep your pin in your wallet. At Stanford, you probably have less chance to date, to meet all the women, if you're in a fraternity. And in certain courses, you hate to fill out the blank marked residence because you know damn well the professor is gonna dump on you for being a Greek."

Even inside the organization, fraternity life is not the same. "You used to be able to call up the house at 3 a.m.," says a member with a handlebar mustache, "and tell anybody who answered that you were in trouble—somebody would show up immediately. Now, if a good friend doesn't happen to pick up the phone, you're just not gonna get any help."

Rituals don't hold, either. "We used to have penalties if a guy didn't attend meetings," says Jim Greer. "That's out. Now we have to give door prizes to get people to come." Some members claimed the doxology before dinner offended their moral principles, so the Phi Gams have quit that, too.

The only time Phi Gamma Delta observes all the old customs is when one of the national field representatives pays the chapter a visit. Then members rush to the book of secrets and memorize all the proper incantations. The national, says Jim Greer, doesn't understand that colleges have changed and that crosscountry allegiances are no longer built on exclusive social clubs. "All we get from the national," he complains, "are bills and a magazine."

Two outraged alums have already told the Phi Gams that having resident girls would violate the basic tenets of fraternity living. That argument means little to the modern members. But the university itself has frowned on the idea of nonmembers living amidst a national organization. One day, this Stanford chapter may also decide to disaffiliate itself and go its own way, coeducational.

Graffiti outside of Encina Hall, scene of the spring sit-in: "REVOLUTION NOW."

And in a separate scrawl next to it: "YEAH, PAY LATER."

The committee for the Study of Education at Stanford, SES, meets during finals week. Nine members—six professors and three students—sit in a conference room in the engineering building

and work up their recommendations for a new kind of university.

They've been sitting for day-long sessions for more than two years now, sharing box lunches and arguing with each other on a first name basis. The only easy way to recognize a professor is at the collar level—most faculty members still wear ties.

SES, under Vice Provost Herbert Packer, is now studying graduate education. It has already completed its undergraduate proposals which include such innovations as: allowing students to design their own majors; adding a reading period to each academic term; small seminars for freshmen; unlimited pass-fail grading; independent study for all students after their freshmen year.

The SES recommendations for undergraduates are subject to discussion by the student body and to approval by the faculty. They stand a good chance of being adopted.

But for Stanford and for all of us, maybe SES' most important contributions are in approach as well as substance. In the course of thrashing out proposals, the students and professors have had to define for themselves what a university is about. Some of their published definitions flirt with eloquence. For instance:

"The word 'education' comes from the Latin verb *educere* meaning 'to lead forth.' To lead does not mean to compel, or to pull. It means quite simply what it says. Education is a continuous process of discovery, beginning with man's first day and ending only when his mind closes in on itself and can find or conceive nothing new . . .

"Three things seem to follow. First, education cannot be limited by hours or years; it cannot be confined to time spent in a classroom. Secondly, education must be the concern of the student himself, self-willed and in large measure self-directed. It can never be compelled nor can knowledge be impressed on a mind unwilling to learn, if it is to be more than indoctrination. This leads to our third point: every student offers a new and untried hope that our imperfect world may be changed, that our understanding of ourselves and our environment may be increased by whatever imagination and creativity he can bring to his endeavors."

I wonder how many public schools, college or lower, proceed to educate from that student-centered perspective. They may offer lip service to ideas about untried hope but there are too many regulations to revise, too many red tapes to cut.

A public school, such as a wing of the University of California, must answer to a chancellor and a president and a governor and

a Board of Regents and a legislature and an electorate. Some of those overseers, especially the elected ones, are not exactly responsive to restructuring institutions for individual learners.

A private university, of course, has its own trustees to placate and many trustees at many private schools are more obsessed with improving the physical plant than improving the life of the mind. But private university trustees can be persuaded. Privately. They do not have to prove their political muscle in front of television cameras. They don't have frightened constituents to appease before the next election. They don't have to explain their policies in terms tax-burdened property owners will agree to.

The private schools are in a position to experiment. A privileged position. They can offer the public some valuable examples to follow.

The silent radical is a creature I first met at Palo Alto. He fits the Stanford tensions between traditional social manners and radical social motion. He's a bright student who cannot associate with organized radicals although he sees justice in most of their complaints.

"Let me lay my trip on you about why I'm going to Stanford," says a short, nervous boy while we walk across campus from the old Memorial Church to the new library. "I'm basically apolitical. When some kids say college is irrelevant, I don't care. Knowledge for the sake of knowledge is fine by me. But I've got these things that are tearing my brains out at the same time. My country is doing things I just can't approve of. So I talk to the SDS and they don't show me any logic. Just about every SDS member I've met, I've hated. And yet I agree with their demands. Some way, some other way, I've got to get involved. I'm not in school to avoid the draft. I've already turned in my card although I haven't told people about it. It's funny, I guess. I won't join the army and I can't join SDS."

Eckhard Schulz, a graduate student in engineering, is a vocal moderate. Stanford now has hundreds of them, collected in an organization called the Coalition for an Academic Community that includes conservatives and middle-roaders. If the silent radicals stay out of activism because they're repulsed by SDS, the vocal moderates have a similar problem. They're forced *into* activism because they're repulsed by SDS.

Schulz meets me for breakfast, a clean-cut, medium-sized man

who never had any intention of becoming involved until he went to pay his rent last year. "I'd forgotten the housing bill," he says, "and I went over to the Old Union with my check. I couldn't get in." The radicals were having a sit-in.

So Schulz went to a mass student body meeting instead and found himself arguing against coercive tactics. The television newsmen put a camera on him and suddenly Eckhard Schulz, the European-born married graduate student, was in politics. He was an activist. The next day, the press was expecting him to talk at the marathon meeting and so he became a spokesman.

"The average person comes here to study," says Schulz. "But a few malicious students are determined to cause any disturbance, any uproar they can. They sit around waiting to put a stick in the spokes and when they see a chance, they do it. I'm militantly opposed to militancy—and to force. I don't want an excess of disorder because I'm equally afraid of an excess of order."

Schulz is also a believer in referenda—as a way of proving to nonradical students that they are not alone. The inability to pay his rent has changed his whole life: "I'll finish my graduate work but I'm not sure any more what I'll do with it. I know now that I won't be standing in a laboratory somewhere."

Philip Taubman, a junior with curly hair and an easy smile, wrote the student handbook for the incoming Freshmen of 1968-69. After documenting the sit-in of the previous spring—all Stanford sit-ins seem to happen in the spring—Taubman wound up offering advice: "Going to Stanford means infinite experience. Each new student will live four unique years, most never getting too excited about a judicial structure or an administrative decision. You may be one. Stanford is not a hotbed of radicalism. It's not in its nature, or ours. But Stanford is waking up and ferment is growing on campus. It can be avoided. We ask only that you know it's there."

Phil Taubman leans toward the political left but he keeps one foot planted in the center, as a point of reference, as a base for progress. At lunch the day before the last finals, the history major says, "There are several institutions in this country that can be used to keep ideas competitive and changing. One is big business. Another is government. These are the same institutions many students despise; but I think they have a shortsighted view."

Taubman wants to shake up the Establishment. He also wants an enlightened Establishment to be there when the shaking is

done, with a new system committed to serving the needs of this new society.

If Stanford gets through its own constant examinations without serious violence, then it can be among the most usable of all institutions. By testing itself, this private school may yet be public education's best friend.