

CHAPARRAL

volume 73, number 11

stanford, california

march 1, 1973

Stanford produces Stonecloud II; editor plans publication for March

By MARI EDLIN

"The [Philosopher's] Stone is a certain heavenly, spirited, penetrative, and fixed substance, which brings all metals to the perfection of gold or silver... their effects transcend nature... it is a spirit or a 'quintessence'.... The cloud represents the creative power of the mind, which can assume any imaginable form," says the introduction to *Stonecloud*, an intercollegiate, literary magazine.

This untraditional, creative magazine has evolved out of the efforts of individuals at Stanford, USC, and Berkeley. Its first publication went on sale last fall, and the magazine plans its second issue for this March. Hopefully, *Stonecloud* will come out three times a year, depending on the availability of funds and literary material. Copies (\$2.00) can be found at the Stanford Bookstore, both Kepler's Bookstores, the Plowshare Bookstore, and the Town and Country Pharmacy.

Stonecloud presents the creative energies of students, faculty, people from the community, children, professionals and non-professionals, and anyone interested in sharing the artistry of the written and visual word. It contains not only poetry, graphics, photography, short stories, and the usual contents of a literary magazine, but also interviews, letters, essays, reviews, and critical articles.

The Pen And The Poem

The pen scribbling
its way to a poem
detours at times
when the light breaks through
with metaphors
and similes
and flickering signs
of unity and compromise

—Arthur Lerner

"We want to become involved in the instructional side of the University through contact with various departments. Hopefully, professors will submit good undergraduate papers to us for publication," commented this year's Stanford editor Autumn Stanley. Autumn graduated with an M.A. from Stanford in 1967 and is presently an assistant editor at the Stanford University Press.

This kind of interaction has already taken place with the art department. Under the direction of William Bowman, assistant art professor, students in his Advanced Design course worked on possible covers for the March issue as a class project. The work of Stanford student Kathy Eitner will decorate the new *Stonecloud*. Bowman gave his Intermediate Design class the assignment of illustrating poems, some of which will also be used. "This proves valuable to Bowman instructionally because students feel differently about doing something real instead of just an academic assignment," explained Autumn.

The first issue contains, among its more unusual contributions: an exclusive interview with Charles Bukowski, "the best poet in America," according to Genet and Sartre; an essay "On Public Knowledge and Human Revelation" by Joseph Zinker, a teacher at the Gestalt Institute of Cleveland; an interview with seven-year-old Susan Swain; poems by Allen Ginsberg; and an interview with poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Among this coming issue's highlights will be some original music, speeches on marijuana by two celebrated drug authorities, and an interview with a psychotherapist who uses poetry as therapy.

"The words within are to serve as a medium between the stone and the cloud, the stone to remind us that we are rooted to the earth and the cloud to remind us of moving 'forms' existing in the universe other than ourselves," explains Dan Ilves in the magazine's introduction.

The three staffs of the different universities involved in *Stonecloud* separately select the materials that they want for publication. All contributions are judged anonymously. "This is important because most staff members are apt to print the professional's work just because he is professional or perhaps, overlook the talents of a woman just because she is a woman," Autumn explained. The main editorship is at Stanford for this publication and essentially, the last word or what is published will be here.

believing that
if
it is
our collective understanding
that all things
are constantly changing,
it must follow
that
the real test
is constantly changing,
therefore
this certainly
can not be
the real test

—Melanie Allen

Stanford has a staff of about 15, currently headed by Autumn and previously headed by Nick Warner, who is now leading the Berkeley staff; Dan Ilves is the founder of *Stonecloud* and editor of USC. A small staff is starting to work at UC Santa Cruz, and several individuals are trying to start staffs in Japan, at UCLA, and at another LA campus.

Most of the finances for the magazine have come from USC with small contributions by Stanford. The



David Stephenson's illustration of a poem "Drunk in a Bar in Illinois," by James Alsop will appear in *Stonecloud II* to be released in March. Both David and Janice are students in Bill Bowman's intermediate design class.

Dean of Undergraduate Studies Office at Stanford contributed \$300 this year. The grant was given for several reasons: 1) *Stonecloud's* large student involvement; 2) its intention to become involved in the instructional side of the University and publish both academic and creative writing; and 3) its multi-campus format which enables students to find out what is taking place on other campuses. Autumn hopes that *Stonecloud* can become as nearly self-sufficient as possible, but she realizes the difficulties involved. The staff are working jointly to set up regular subsidies at all three schools.

INSIDE:

Psychic Guide	page 2
Research	page 3
Dennis Hayes	page 4
Opinion	page 6
Religion	page 7
And much, much more	



Friday night the Baltic Students Association host a rare treat — an extravaganza of Latvian delights and degeneracies. And you don't even know where Latvia is, do you? The bill features *authentic* food, (!), beer, a touring folk dancing troupe, folk dancing, immoderate indecencies and a general good time. Latvian women are known world-wide for their beauty and superb sense of timing. Could be the highlight of the winter season. Not bad for \$1.25 plus \$.25 for beer. Starts at 7:00 at the I-Center.



photo by Lile Anderson

Inside/outside unites students, prisoners; correspondence relieves inmate loneliness

By DON ALTSCHUL

"Do you like to get mail?" blares the leaflet. "You're not the only one."

So what? So a group of Stanford students have started Project Inside/Out in an effort to pair California prison inmates with students who care enough to write to them.

A letter is a small thing, but it can make a big difference to someone who doesn't get one often. You know how depressing it is to scrape the dust out of your P.O. box—this is how one California inmate feels: "I never get mail when I need it—when the walls start closing in, when the silence is deafening, when the dull monotony and unending loneliness begin to torture my mind."

Last fall, Ken McEachern decided to reach beyond the walls of his Georgia jail. He wrote to 13 universities, asking them to help him create Inside/Out. Dennis Conrad, of Stanford's Prison Information Center, was the first to respond to McEachern's call.

Almost a hundred Stanford students are already involved in the project, which could be more than a caring and sharing experience. Karen Erickson, one of the Stanford co-ordinators, is optimistic that "through individual contact with prisoners, the concept of prisons and prisoners would change, and that would be a step toward reform."

That hope is more than an idle dream. McEachern wrote to Conrad of one inmate's experience: The inmate had received a letter from a woman he had known, in which the woman referred to him as "my con." As McEachern said, "Who could stand to be so degraded and damned? . . . even a convict is human and subject to pain." The inmate, deeply hurt, described the situation to his Stanford correspondent and received this response: "I can feel the pain . . . and the disillusionment—every time the word 'con' came in my mind I said—'No it is a man—it is your brother—it is . . . another human being in prison, not a 'con' . . ." Suddenly, the sender and receiver of that letter were no longer strangers.

The barriers to friendship are not so awesome once the initial effort is made. "The most important thing," Conrad counsels, "is to be as honest as you can. . . . Try to show that you are a friend, and write as you would to any other friend." Try to verbalize your motive for writing. Tell your correspondent how you got his name, and ask if he has friends who would like to hear from Stanford students.

There are also some prohibitions to bear in mind: Don't make promises you can't keep, don't be

condescending, and don't ask your correspondent why he's in prison. The last point is particularly important if you want him to know that you consider him a man, not a criminal. Once you get to know and trust each other, your correspondent is likely to bring it up himself.

Project Inside/Out is a rare opportunity to form a meaningful relationship with someone truly in need of friendship. And in Karen Erickson's words, "Even if their interests are varied, it doesn't mean they don't have something to share."

(If you're interested in giving of yourself, call Karen at 328-7867, or call the Prison Information Center [located in the Old Firehouse] at 321-2300, ext. 2677. For information on bringing Project Inside/Out to other campuses, write to Ken McEachern, PMB 18397-149, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.)

As McEachern asks, "Is eight cents too great a price to pay?"

Towards cultural analysis

Castaneda, our new guide

By ROBB CRIST

If you're trying to have some impact on this culture it is hard to know how to go about it. The route to the top is as unmarked as ever.

Who would have guessed a few years back that one of the most potent influences in American Culture—1973 would be that of an illiterate Indian sorcerer from, as they say, south of the border. Yes, from Mexico! How could an old Chicano, with no teeth, no connections, and with no (visible) effort on his own behalf, have become the quasi-spiritual guru of thousands of bright Americans, i.e., American Americans (you know what I mean?).

Fads happen, but usually if you look behind the action you'll find a hype somewhere. But this old Mexican Indian has not written any "Advertisements for Myself," that is, books, scholarly or popular; he has not crisscrossed the States hustling for disciples; he has not done anything, in fact, except take as his apprentice a young anthropology graduate student from UCLA named Carlos Castaneda. And through that channel his voice, advice, and example pervade today's Scene.

If I mention this old Mexican's name, Juan Matus, you probably won't recognize it, because that's not the way he operates. He is not in the world of names, authorities, bibliographies. There is no "Juan Matus" in the "separate reality" where the sorcerer works. You've



Would you buy a new way of life from this man?

probably heard of him only as Don Juan, and if you haven't then you're either specially blest or awfully stupid. If you're not sure which, go to the bookstore or library and look up any of the three books in which Carlos has transcribed more-or-less verbatim his words of amazing wisdom—*The Teachings of Don Juan* (1968), *A Separate Reality* (1971), or *Journey to Ixtlan* (1972). Or look at the next to latest *Harpers* (Feb. 1973) or December's *Psychology Today*. And probably next month's *Family Circle*. (We're getting close with the *Chaparral*.)

What's going on? Why have half a million copies of the books been sold? Already!

My hunch is that we are seeing the first wave of nostalgia for the Soaring Sixties. Yet it is more than just nostalgia—we are being confronted with part of our own unfinished business. Something happened to a lot of us a few years back, something we can't quite forget and yet don't know how to remember.

The word "psychedelic" doesn't turn us on the way it used to. (In 1967 you were sure to draw a crowd for any kind of meeting if that word, or "LSD" was part of your poster's promise.) We came, we saw, and we were pretty scared by what we saw and experienced. But now that we've had a chance to reflect, to see that the world was not coming to an end just then, it is time now to remember a few things.

What we learned then, and what not even six long years of unremitting ordinary reality can make us completely forget, is that for a moment, a flash, perhaps, we actually were aware of an entirely different reality, a different "world" than the one we are in right now (while reading, or writing, this piece.)

Most of us didn't act on what we saw; for most of us it didn't last long enough to even begin acting on it; most of us, on occasion at least, have even denied that we had seen anything at all; but still, set now in perspective, it is there still.

And this is why Carlos and his guru are so appealing. For Carlos saw what we saw, but somehow he just couldn't let go. Probably it was simply because of his training: he was a graduate student in anthropology, and his Drudge Self—the self that keeps us coming to seminars and classes long after we know we are not getting anything out of them—that Drudge Self proved useful for once. It kept Carlos coming back for those interviews about psychotropic plants; it kept him writing those verbatim notes, kept him at his "anthropological field work." And it also kept his excitement from running away with him, and his fear from making him run away.

Even so, his excitement might have ruined his academic career. Twice the writings he intended to be his Ph.D. dissertation were published commercially before they were accepted by his department—twice his enthusiasm, or that of his agent or publisher, outran the prudent quest for academic preferment. But in this case it all turned out all right—*Journey to Ixtlan*, his third try



photo courtesy of Prison Information Center

Imprisoned. Stanford's Prison Information Center asks, "How would you feel in this situation — shut away, all alone." More than 100 students have begun correspondence with inmates to lessen their loneliness.

(please turn to page three)

Chicano students object to SCOR; medical research or manipulation?

By DAVID GUTIERREZ

Research, especially at Stanford, is not only held in the utmost regard, but also virtually exempt from the layman's control. Because scientific research aims at progress, and progress is considered beneficial to mankind, it is given great latitude and rarely questioned. Research and researcher are left alone, placed on a pedestal, and referred to as the "guiding light in man's struggle for survival."

However, a time comes when even research must be questioned. When a project's concern for its effect on the objects of research gets lost in terms of long-range gains, then one must criticize the research project. One such case is project SCOR (Scientific Center on Research).

SCOR began as a program to measure the impact of anti-cigarette commercials on the public. Because heart disease is the foremost killer of Americans, and preventative medicine is the foremost medical rationale, Stanford doctors decided to research prevention of heart disease.

Communication experts were drawn in to implement the Cartwright Model—a mass media, behavioral change technique that the government used to persuade Americans to buy war bonds during World War II.

After finalizing its proposal which now included a "triggering" interpersonal relations device, SCOR received a grant of \$4.3 million and began selection of study communities. Looking for equal size, stability, and proximity to Stanford, SCOR settled on Tracy, Gilroy, and Watsonville.

Castaneda; guide

(continued from page two)

has not only been two months on the national best-seller list, but got him his degree to boot. And now he is teaching anthropology, or sorcery, at U.C. Irvine.

But Carlos' adventures are not over. One late report (Harpers) has him on the way to Central Mexico to see another, perhaps even more advanced sorcerer.

You might say that Carlos is taking our trip for us. That is why he is valuable to us. It is one thing to sit all night in the dark on a cold mountain—it is another thing to read about it. Both can be valuable experiences. And there are advantages in each. You can close the book when you want to—but nothing you can say or do can get you off the face of that goddam mountain till dawn, and nothing can keep you from having the experience you carry down that mountain with you.

Carlos may well die one of these days, having gone just a little too far. And if he does, he will be that much more valuable to us. We can go all the way in our identification with him, vicariously experiencing the fear and pain of his last moments. And then, sitting over a cup of coffee, for a moment we may understand why we will never be famous.

Shortly after the start of the project, SCOR realized that in each of the three communities, about 30% of the population was Chicano, speaking primarily Spanish. After several months of considerations, the researchers decided to add a "Chicano component" by implementing an independent Spanish-language campaign and analyzing the results separately.

Originally, researchers sought the help of Chicano graduate students in communications. The students, however, decided that SCOR failed to meet the important needs of the Chicano community. SCOR went elsewhere and hired Latino ex-peace corp volunteers and Chicano film students from UCLA. Reasonable doubt remains as to whether the full program was explained to these employees.

Chicano opposition to the project stems from possible use and misuse of behavioral change information concerning a Chicano community. They are suspicious of increased knowledge that makes possible more effective behavioral change methods in the vulnerable and struggling Chicano communities. In white-American culture little danger comes from behavioral change attempts because the culture is large and stable enough to absorb the effort. In the Chicano culture which is smaller and striving for legal, political, and economic equality, the potential for use and misuse of manipulative skills is far too great.

On a lesser note, Chicanos have raised questions concerning SCOR's method of obtaining the consent of Chicano subjects. They hint that a dubious method might have been used when explaining the project to what SCOR terms the "functionally illiterate in Spanish as well as English."

In an attempt to end the SCOR project which they saw as having "serious implications detrimental to all Chicanos," the Chicano graduate students issued a statement condemning the project, while demanding certain changes. Primarily, they wanted the "Chicano component" incorporated into the overall program.

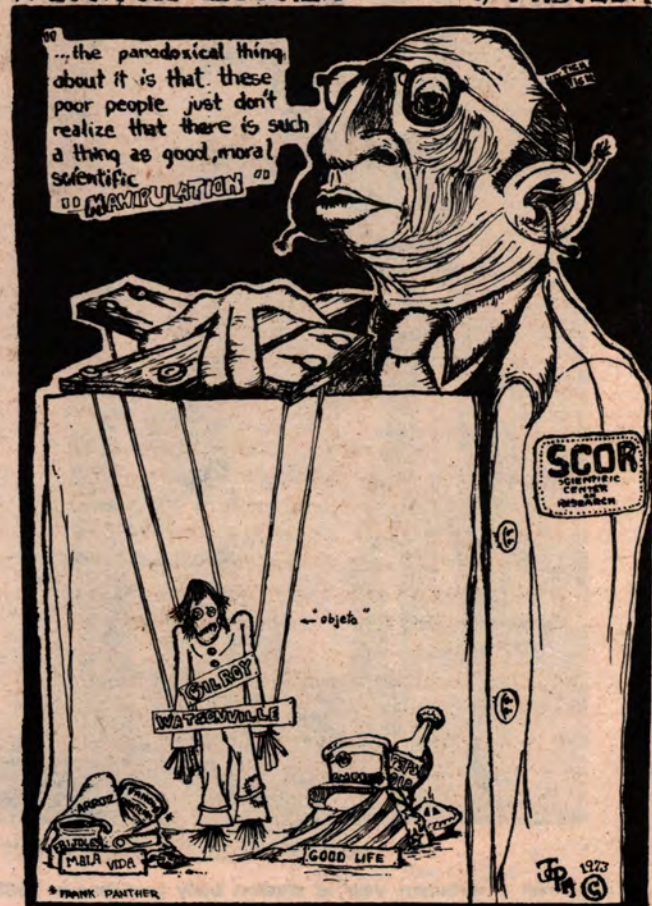
Later, several meetings brought the principle investigators for the SCOR project, John Farquhar from the Medical Center, and Nathan Maccoby from the Communications Department, together with the graduate students. However, no agreements came out of the meetings.

Because a Department of Health Education and Welfare (HEW) requirement stipulates that all research projects involving human subjects receive "institutional assurance" that their rights and welfare will be protected, the Chicanos took their case to the Behavioral Science Subpanel of the Administrative Panel on Human Subjects in Research.

Protecting the welfare of human subjects according to the Committee's stated purpose, includes "protection against undue or unnecessary invasion of privacy,

A LOOK AT LA-RAZA

by PADILLA



"SCIENCE AS GOD" DEPARTMENT: SCOR

disrespect for human dignity, and physical, psychological, or social harm." Also, determining whether the subject runs either physical, psychological, or social risk, is the primary concern of the Committee.

In Stanford's adaptation of the HEW requirements, the Chicano students found social risks defined as "procedures that may place the reputation or status of a social group or institution in jeopardy." The students reasoned that they had a clear-cut case against SCOR, and hoped the Committee would influence SCOR to change its project before continuing.

Last Saturday, however, the six untenured members of the nine-member Committee ruled in favor of continuing the project as it stands. Possibly, however, the data from the Chicano component may not be analyzed separately.

David Bradford, acting Chairman of the Committee, said, "We're setting a precedent if we're controlling data, saying what can and can't be released."

Committee member Francisco Concion said, "We hate to tell people (researchers) what to do because it limits academic freedom."

The controversy concerning the SCOR project is far from over. "Our fight will continue. We're going from here into the community—our home field. We have nothing against medical research, but as it exists now, this 'Chicano component' must be changed or stopped completely. There's no two ways about it."

And so, the questions remain. Academic freedom or social-ethnic freedom? Scientific will or minority will? Beneficial knowledge or harmful manipulation?

PENINSULA PREMIERE SHOWING

BENEFIT FILM

SOUNDER

for

Children's Medical Relief International
American Friends Service Committee
Medical Aid to Indochina

GUILD THEATER WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7
MENLO PARK

Sponsored by
Citizens Committee for Medical Aid to People of Indochina
and
Interfaith Movement for Peace

Family Showing at 5:00 p.m. — Special Rates:
Children under 12—\$1.50 Adults—\$3.00
and
Showings at 7:00 p.m. and 9:00 p.m. — \$5.00

Tickets on sale in White Plaza at noon

GREEN UP FOR SEEDS

Resident Store

indoor gardens

outdoor gardens

WITH SEEDS

NEW THIS MONTH



photo courtesy of the Stanford Daily

After a turbulent year as student body president in 1969 (remember the AEL?) Dennis was only too happy to leave the ASSUoffice for the last time.

When You're Denis Hayes And Find That Students Just Aren't With You Anymore

It's time to be losing your hair.
It's reflection time. Book writing time.

There's that business of the energy crisis to take care of. People just don't know. Someone's got to wake them up, someone's got to write something good — make them see how we're depleting our resources. Get them concerned, moving.

But then there's that novel as well. Maybe now, the third time around, it will take some shape and then finally be done with. No doubt it's going to be an environmentalist book as much as anything — all wrapped up in Zen approaches to the lack of harmony between man and nature. It's got to let people see how the champions of American business have screwed Japan, just the whole mess, how the most beautiful things about traditional Japan are being destroyed.

Somehow it seems that enough reflection time, book writing time, can be sandwiched in among all the Stanford rigmarole to get that accomplished. Between

"Your youthful perspective is just about gone, because, slowly but surely, you're becoming part of the problem."

the mathematics and the business and the civil engineering and the radiation biology — everything that's working to satisfy that stuffy desire to be called "Dr. Hayes" — it seems like it can be done.

Yet, my God, you're almost thirty! And your youthful perspective is just about gone, because, slowly but surely, you're becoming part of the problem — just like all the others — being co-opted into the system.

Or at least that, if you are Denis Hayes, is what you think about, worry about.

For him, things that usually come late in life have come early, like being a Trustee of Stanford University. Or being on a committee of the National Urban Coalition. Or serving on the advisory councils to national public television. Or working on the Democratic National Committee.

He realizes that even though his committee work was a lot of fun, it amounted, in practical terms, to "little more than half a diddle." It could very easily have made him an accepted member of the Establishment and destroyed his young-radical sensitivity to the events of the day. But he still has enough youthful perspective to realize that "when I was driving home today I heard this amazing story on the radio.

"Forty-five years ago, this guy, I believe his name was Harris, was sentenced to 10 years in prison. The cops had found him with a stolen suit of clothes, that was all, and for some reason had railroaded him at the trial. Harris kept on saying he was innocent and about six or seven years along the way he got into some sort of fracas with a prison guard that earned some time on death row.

Former Stanford trustee refl

"Now he couldn't quite believe that all this was happening because of a suit of clothes, which some guy had given him however many years ago. So he stuck it out, saw his death sentence commuted, and continued to wait for his parole. When it finally came today, all he had to say was something to the effect of: 'I just can't believe that this, my 68 years, can be considered a life. If I had known 45 years ago, when they found me with that suit, that all of this was going to happen, I would have prayed that they would kill me on the spot.'"

Denis Hayes asks you to "see how that one individual was totally powerless before that whole range of things. And then take that as a metaphor, even though it's pretty extreme, to the myriad number of everyday laws and institutions which are just buffetting us all around."

In his low-key, crusading, work-shirt sort of manner, he talks on seriously, earnestly, but good-naturedly. Underneath, poised, there's a love of debate, of the thrill of matching wits, of winning over just one more person to his activist position. "I see you don't agree," he says and stops to listen, respectfully, sitting behind his large, tinted glasses. Then, quickly taking another sip of tasteless coffee, he launches into another persuasive speech.

"The draft buffeted my friends and me around with something akin to that whimsical insanity that buffeted this fellow Harris around from jail to jail. But it was not without benefit. For as the insanity of that distant, anomalous institution called the draft was brought home to the white middle class, brought home to people who could organize and have an impact on public policy, so was the insanity of the war made very, very real."

Hayes leans forward and advises you to "look at the statistics and see that as late as 1970, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, combined, had seen only two of their graduates drafted and killed in action in Vietnam. Those schools produced some of the prime architects of the war — yet those around them, those parents of the privileged, deferment-carrying sons of the middle and upper classes had little direct contact with the war.

"Too many of those parents viewed the war with the kind of abstraction that you think about Ireland as a tragedy. Their sons were not involved, nor were the sons of their friends. If they had been, they would have done some damn serious thinking about whether that war was worth the life of their son. But since they didn't have to think in those terms, they essentially remained uninvolved and the war dragged on.

"Fortunately, however, the war eventually did touch more than lower class America and fortunately it finally seems to be ending. But, after seeing what this country is capable of, after seeing it ravage Vietnam with all the countless dead, I really fear what can happen in an America dominated by big multi-national corporations with all sorts of vested interests scattered over the world.

"God, we're so damned close to significant intervention in a number of Latin American countries right now that I would rather see our forces made up of upper-middle class draftees than lower-class volunteers. If the army were to get in a bit over its head, it would then — and only then — be possible to excite and mobilize the public to vote for a change in policy.

"And so what I'm saying is that more members of the privileged classes should have contact with some real frustration, some real buffetting, like that fellow Harris went through. Only then can real change be brought about. But that would mean getting rid of the volunteer army — and I suppose that's just about the most unpopular thing I could say at Stanford today."

And that is strange — not that students feel partial towards a volunteer army, but that Hayes is voicing something that's very unpopular around Stanford. For in past years he has worked within the mainstream of student opinion. With his "moderate" billing he stole the student body presidency away from topless dancer Vicky Drake in 1968 and then proceeded to pester the administration with several troublesome proposals.

He said that students should be involved in selecting a new president for Stanford; that students should be named to university committees that consider promoting professors; that students and professors and university employees should be appointed to the Board of

Trustees. And students agreed — though they failed to rally round the flag of "financial tactics" that Hayes raised in the fall of 1968. Instead of sitting-in, he wanted them to withhold payment of their tuition in order to persuade the administration to give students a greater voice in university affairs.

But students generally followed his lead, pushing for more and more responsibility. They demonstrated, protesting against the war and against the pollution of the environment. Like Hayes, they generally rejected violence as a tactic.

Now, however, Hayes has gone one way and students another. A change in spirit has taken hold of the campus since he graduated in 1970. Hayes hopes that the old activist spirit is only lying dormant, waiting to spring up again with the rise of a tangible, visible issue — like the draft. But he tempers his optimism.

He would "like to think that the war shaped us, made us, in some quantum sort of way, better as a generation." He pauses to "remember a lovely young girl placing long-stemmed flowers down the rifle barrel of an embarrassed 19-year-old National Guardsman — that was a real symbol for me of what was going on. Then there were a lot of things, oh I don't know, like . . . like folks

"We're now in a totally different era. Perhaps a different sort of frustration exists, I don't know."

sharing food and clothes and songs and building a community overnight. And all of it — the whole spirit of the movement — had something beautiful about it."

But, at least from looking at Stanford, "We're now in a totally different era. Perhaps a different sort of frustration exists, I don't know. But then there are some people, many people, who came through the last few years, got caught up in the movement, changed and then for God-knows-what-reason changed back again.

"Hell, just for an example, there was this guy who dumped all over me when we were sitting in at the Applied Electronics Laboratory, just because I didn't want to plant nitroglycerin down in the basement of the building. Well, about a year ago this same guy came into my office in Washington and asked me if I knew so-and-so in the Treasury Department or so-and-so in the Department of the Interior and if I could help him out. I couldn't believe it. He wanted to get a job in the upper echelons of the frigging Nixon administration — now that's a fairly distinct departure from the guy I knew at Stanford.

"But he's not unique. There's just a whole number of people that have made that same kind of 180-degree turn. It makes me think at times that all this generation crap is indeed just that."



In Washington Dennis headed Ecology Action, joined the Stanford Board of Trustees, and announced his resignation.

reflects on student movement

Perhaps the student movement is dead — or at least dormant. Hayes, the organizer of Earth Day, the head of Environmental Action, believes that the environmental movement is essentially finished, buried by advertising overkill. He says that in eight or ten years it might get going again, with new people and new slogans — a new image — but, according to him, right now everyone's tired of hearing about how we've ruined the environment.

Possibly, people are also tired of hearing about how we've ruined our schools. Possibly, the student movement also needs a new image. Yet a doubt lingers: Student power might be more than a worn-out slogan — it might be a worn-out cause. For even when a student goes after power, gets onto administrative committees, even becomes a member of the Board of Trustees, there's still something that stops him — at least in the case of Denis Hayes — from having any real impact on the university's future.

As Hayes, who served as an alumni trustee from 1970 through 1972, described the subtle things that led to his frustration: "There is a distinction on the Board between people who are members of the club and people who aren't. There are those who are part of the working circle of things and there are those who are, one would say, second-class members — people who just aren't members of the club. And there was no one who was ever less of a member than I was.

"Everything nevertheless was very warm and cordial. And so at first I felt this fear of being co-opted, or not really that, but rather of being perceived as having been co-opted. My urge for distinction, almost self-caricature I guess, made me show up in blue jeans and work shirt. And that led to a feeling on the part of most of the other trustees . . . well, let me give you an example.

"There was one time when I was really out to win support for something; I think it had to do with campaign GM — an attempt to create a shareholders committee for corporate responsibility at General Motors. And I showed up for the meeting wearing a white shirt and tie and the whole kit and kaboodle and it hadn't even occurred to me that I had an undershirt on, because I'm just not an undershirtish sort of person. And this one had, it's corny as hell, 'Trustee of Alcatraz Prison' written on the back. So during the meeting it got really hot and I took off my coat and went up for a cup of coffee and it showed through the shirt, catching the attention of several members of the Board. And I just know they were thinking, 'Well, there's Denny again trying to do his thing.'"

That sort of thing communicated, continually, that Hayes was the kind of person who, in his words, "has a great fear of anything that gets into rote patterns. I think that every once in awhile you've just got to pull off the table cloth and dump all the dishes on the floor to keep yourself, or an institution, in sharp condition.



Stanford Board of Trustees, and amused himself in various other ways.

That's why I hoped Stanford would move to a semester system, not because I think it would be better — I just think you should reshuffle things every so often."

A bit of tension was bound to arise when Hayes ran into people on the Board who had an instinctive dislike for reshuffling, who liked the way the dishes looked on the table. There were other young members on the Board, but most were over 50, were heads of respected law firms or large corporations, were in the upper 1/10 of 1% of America's economic elite, and were, well, conservative.

"But every once in a while a nagging fear takes hold — there's something phony about all this. There's this, that, and the other thing over which I have no control."

The typical Stanford Trustee, in Hayes' opinion, "is a fairly open, personable gentleman, who supported Richard Nixon, but is aghast at the thought of a John Schmitz. He views education as serious business, feeling, I think, that the future of the country depends on the people who are cranked out of places like Stanford. But, above all, he's a good, thinking, pragmatic manager — a solver of problems."

Yet he's not one who, like Hayes, is likely to solve his problems, do his thinking, in a renovated tool shack behind his one-bedroom house. He's not likely to have several bare light bulbs strung across his ceiling, nor decorate his walls with colorful glass mobiles, nor let his windows sit unadorned, dirty, marred by some nasty white that dripped off hastily-painted walls. Books may

fill his room, Japanese art may give it something of a homey feeling — just as in Hayes' room — but he will not, if he is a good Trustee, have a dartboard and a set of red, white, and blue darts and a desire to throw them, right above where it says "Et tu, Dickie," at a not-too-kind drawing of Richard Nixon.

It may be that Hayes' frustration with the Board had nothing to do with the fundamental differences in philosophy and life-style between him and the average trustee. It may have nothing to do with the System, but rather could be attributed to a lack of diligence on Hayes' part in performing the many duties of a trustee — although that is something that's hard to determine one way or the other.

Only the President of the Board knows for sure. And he really can't say, since it would be unwise to evaluate any trustee publicly. So Hayes and many others will go on thinking, rightly or wrongly, that Hayes' persistent attempt to persuade the President to appoint him to the committee on nominations — to him, symbolic of the entire range of things that caused him to become frustrated with the Board — was just another case of the ever-hopeful reformer versus the good-for-nothing administration, with the administration, as always, coming out on top.

"Because there was a great transition period," when what Hayes considered to be the worst members of the Board were leaving, he "wanted to get on that committee," thinking that he would be able to have some impact on the choice of the future trustees. "I kept pushing for that committee on nominations right on through, but I never even got a formal response to my request. I felt, to put it mildly, powerless."

But at times a sense of powerlessness, Hayes says, is not only experienced by young trustees and students and anti-war protestors and ecology freaks. That same sense of being buffeted around — the same type of thing that that unfortunate fellow went through who was caught with the stolen suit of clothes — is even felt by the well-to-do people on Stanford's Board of Trustees when they're dealing with the rest of Stanford's Administration.

"Around them there's this sort of corporate body — everything buzzes and whirs to give them the feeling that they are indeed moving along and shaping the future of the university. But every once in a while, a nagging fear takes hold — there's something phony about all this. 'There's this, that and the other thing,' they realize,



photo by Tim Coburn

Dennis Hayes, 28, achieved national prominence when he co-ordinated Earth Day's activist nucleus, Environmental Action. He and his wife, Gail are now back at Stanford, where Hayes is working towards a Ph.D. in Public Policy.

'over which I have no control.' Looking closely, they find that although they have an enormous impact on things like land use and the investment portfolio and the design and structure of the buildings, there's just a vast range of things that they can't even touch. Everything from determining what the research policy is going to be, to deciding what courses are going to be taught, to figuring out just who is going to be hired and who is going to be fired — all of those decisions are made at a much lower level.

"Take the admissions policy, for instance. There were a number of cases when people closely related to a trustee would be rejected. A couple of times some trustee would get upset and complain that 'All these goddamn revolutionaries are in Stanford, but my niece, who's a sweet little girl, didn't make it' — and that was something that they really couldn't comprehend. It was beyond their control, but they couldn't accept that. They, after all, were the Trustees of Stanford University."

It's funny — to Hayes at least. Just thinking of such irony triggers one of his rare, rippling chuckles. Just thinking that the Trustees, if only once in a long while, also get frustrated with anomalous institutional hassles, well, it does something for him. It makes him think that Trustees, when you get right down to it, are just folks.

And when you're Denis Hayes and you see the environmental movement gradually lose momentum and Nixon and Agnew win by a landslide, you're thankful to find something to laugh at. You're not really bitter about no longer being a Stanford Trustee, even though you were forced off the Board by a "stupid rule," prohibiting Trustees from remaining on the Board when they become Stanford students. You're not really angry, even though you believe that your former colleagues simply felt that they had found "a nice time to dump Denny."

Yet when you hear something on the radio that reminds you of how you've really been up against it — the draft, the war, the Congress, the Administration — everything comes back, that nagging sense of just not having any power over anything. That hits you and makes you want to pick up a dart and just sink it deep into that powerful face on the wall. That feeling hits you and you want to do something, just like old times, maybe write a book, maybe a novel.

There's no way to content yourself with working for a Ph.D. For when you're Denis Hayes — relentlessly approaching the not-to-be-trusted age of 30, decidedly worrying about losing a bit of hair, firmly battling desires that could co-opt you into the System — when you're there, sitting before your dartboard, and you decide that even students aren't with you in your thinking, it's time to be out, shaping the spirit of reform.

—John Schmitz

Tainted lettuce goes to market

By Gordon Lewin

How can you tell if the lettuce you eat is contaminated by Monitor-4, an organophosphate nerve-attacking chemical? Simple. If you're eating United Farm Workers (UFW) lettuce, which is sold at the Tresidder Union cafeteria and Co-op Food Stores, you're safe.

Three weeks ago, the San Diego Union published a story revealing that thirty-five Imperial Valley fields were plowed under when Monitor-4 failed to deteriorate after being applied as a pesticide. On January 4, 2,896 boxes of Mario Brand lettuce were seized at the Safeway Stores' Richmond warehouse. Last week, it was reported that some of the contaminated lettuce, grown in the Imperial and Yuma Valleys, had reached the markets on the East Coast.

Although the public is now aware of Monitor-4 contamination, few people realize that the danger of the pesticide is as great for the farm worker as for the consumer. After all, it is the farm laborers who must harvest the poisonous crop. Little outcry on behalf of the workers is heard because the effects of Monitor-4 poisoning might not show up for years.

Co-op and Tresidder lettuce is not contaminated because it is UFW lettuce - UFW union contracts prohibit the use of these chemicals. In sympathy with the UFW boycott against farm owners for union recognition, Tresidder and Co-op have refused to purchase non-UFW lettuce. In the past however, the Stanford Daily has repeatedly found Tresidder to be in violation of the agreement.

Gordon Starr, the financial director of Tresidder, blamed his predecessor for the breach of agreement. Gerald Pilpot, acting food service manager said, "We specifically requested Chavez lettuce from the Commissary. Knowingly, we have never violated the agreement." He stated further that they inspect each day's lettuce shipments and have returned scab lettuce.

(Chaparral inspected shipments on February 23, 26, and 27 and found the crates to have the UFW-Aztec Eagle label. However, one cafeteria employee said that Tresidder also receives some chopped lettuce from the Commissary.)

Lettuce for the dorms and faculty club comes from the Commissary, which purchases pre-shredded lettuce from Royal Foods in San Jose. Food Service director Sterling Silver said that the University has a policy of using only union lettuce - either "Teamster or Chavez lettuce." However, Larry Tramutt, Santa Clara County UFW Co-ordinator, says, "all shredded lettuce is scab."

Silver claims the University can not become engaged in a jurisdictional dispute between the Teamsters and UFW. Tramutt denounced Silver's statement and called the Teamster contract "a sweetheart agreement." The Spartan Daily, at San Jose State, editorialized on February 22 that "... pressure was used by the growers to force farm workers to join the Teamster's Union instead of the United Farm Workers Union." The list of benefits for farm laborers found in the UFW contract appear far superior to those in the Teamster contract.

Tramutt urges a boycott of non-UFW lettuce and Safeway stores, which sells 25% of all scab lettuce, in order to support the cause of the farmworkers led by Cesar Chavez.

Chavez was recently nominated by the American Friends Service Committee for the Nobel Peace Prize for his union's non-violent tactics.

Tramutt concludes, "It is difficult for students to realize the significance of their actions. The working and health conditions faced by farm workers are miserable. The pay is very low. With a boycott of lettuce and Safeway Stores, we can force the growers to give elementary human rights to farmworkers."



photo by Alan Wachtel

Warning: Such wholesome looking lettuce may be contaminated both physically and socially. Beware of Monitor-4 and Non-United Farm Workers greenery.

Letters to the editor

My dear Mr. Lee:

One of the members of the Chaparral staff tells me that you are at present the editor of Chaparral. I write to you, therefore, to protest the publication in a paper associated with the Stanford name of the article, "Newlywed Game..." by someone called Phil Lacio.

I have been at Stanford as a student and faculty member for about fifty years. In that time "Chappy" has reached some pretty low points. None has been lower than the one touched by this outrageously offensive article. It would appear that the commendable trend of the past few months towards a reasonably decent and responsible publication has been arrested. I trust that this is not really the case and that this juvenile and degenerate type of "humor" will not be repeated.

Harold M. Bacon
Professor of Mathematics, Emeritus

Dear Harold,

We think you've got a good point. Printing dirty satires is a new low for the Chaparral. Perhaps, if we had pictures in living color, like the magazines at the local stores, such trash would be more appealing. Unfortunately we can't afford to so gild our lily.

As for accusing the Chaparral of becoming a "responsible journal," we hope you weren't serious. How would you like to be called a "competent mathematics teacher?"

Let's face it Harold, we've both been around here so long that we are in danger of becoming institutions ourselves. So if we do something silly once in a while, well, it proves we're still alive.

And, hey, it's nice to hear from an old friend. Do you still learn the names of all your math 41 students?

-The Old Boy

Editor:

The Chaparral is not particularly well known for accurate or balanced reporting, but your portrayal of Tresidder working conditions ("TU workers object..." Feb. 15) was absurd. We have worked at Tresidder since the beginning of Fall quarter as buser, food runner, fry

cook, and dishwasher. First of all, no one works in unhealthy or unsanitary conditions. The leaky pipe does not leak "urine and excrement."

Secondly, your reporter's gullible reprint of the temperature in the dishroom at 118 F. is ridiculous. If he did measure it himself, he ought to find a more accurate method than running his thermometer through the dishwasher.

Thirdly, Tresidder dishwashers are certainly not "being overworked." Of all the positions either of us has worked, dishwashing is the easiest. Typically, the dishwashers are able to take longer breaks than anyone else (legal and otherwise), work less, and have an easier time of it. Undoubtedly if your reporter had attempted to check his facts, he would find our preferences shared by most other student employees.

Personally, we feel that Gordon Starr is to be strongly commended for his attempts to cut costs. It is safe to say that at any given moment, Tresidder has twice as many people on the job as it needs. One has only to observe the dozens of employees taking half-hour coffee breaks four and five times a day too realize this. The waste and mismanagement induced by overhiring is incredible.

Clearly, Mr. Starr is being exceptionally lenient in allowing excess employees to leave by attrition, rather than cutting down immediately by layoffs. It seems to be a singularly soft approach, given the size of Tresidder's present deficit.

Your reporter obviously didn't talk to any student employees. If he had, he would have arrived at the opposite conclusion. But of course, then it wouldn't have been as sensational.

-Michael Mahoney
Mark Ashley

OPEN HOUSE

An informal discussion of the various programs of the Institute of Human-Potential Psychology will be held Friday, March 2nd from 8-11 p.m. Persons interested in Humanistic Psychology are invited. 2251 Yale Street, Palo Alto. 326-6413.

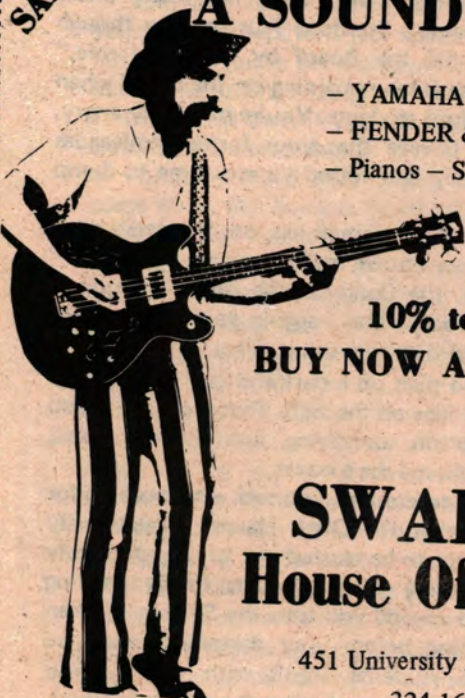
It certainly is not the water that counts.



WATERBED EXPERIENCE

379 University Ave. Downtown Palo Alto 327-3919

SALE! Inventory Tax Makes You A SOUND DEAL



- YAMAHA & LYLE Guitars
- FENDER & GIBSON Amps
- Pianos - STORY CLARK

10% to 25% OFF
BUY NOW AND SAVE!!!

SWAIN'S
House Of Music

451 University Ave. Palo Alto
324-1635

Mem Chu service given sparkle

By HERBERT G. SWINDON

If religion, as Marx claimed, is the opiate of the masses, then Stanford has gotten a bum stash. I've been going to the Sunday morning worship services in Memorial Church for the past few weeks, and it's not what I'd call a high. Definitely not addictive.

Religious services might be thought of as theater. Even one who is devout can be bored to tears by a worship service. One who is on the verge of conversion can easily be pushed over by a well-staged service. Much as we hate to admit it, a religion or church can succeed or fail through the "superficial" aspects of the service, the set, lighting, music, and delivery.

The Roman Catholic church, for instance, has been one of the masters of the theater. A good Roman Catholic mass, conducted in a beautiful, resonant, marble cathedral, with good music, organ or otherwise (the greatest musicians in the history of music have written for the church), and a nice, monotonous chant from the priest, can be one of the most awesomely mystical adventures possible. It is an overwhelming sensual experience.

The evangelist preachers work in pure theater. There is no subtlety in their presentation. It is pure emotional manipulation. Theater.

Memorial Church has its problems. The setting is not ideal. I always get the feeling the church was pieced together from old photos in *National Geographic*. The architect took something from every church he had ever seen, Spanish, Roman, Gothic, Italian, and Greek, and welded it together. The effect is so cluttered it comes as a physical shock upon entering.

The service in Mem Chu, as a whole, isn't too bad. The responsive readings and prayers are intellectually stimulating and good literature. There are often excerpts from poets and writers, W.H. Auden, Albert Camus, et al. The choir, unfortunately, acts as a discordant element. (No pun intended.) When their anthems fit into the moods and ideas that are going on around them, it's

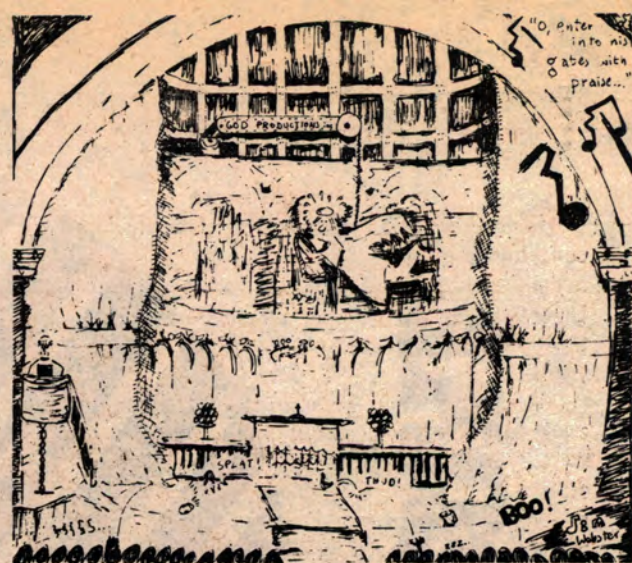
good. Too often the choir comes as a flood of emotion into a dry creek bed. The emotional effect of music is often too much to cope with when it comes without prelude or epilogue, as the choir's anthems do. Robert Brown, Interim Dean of the Chapel, has introduced or said a few words about the choir on occasion, and these are welcome, as it bridges the gap between the spoken and the sung.

The speakers range from excellent to God-awful. The ones I dread are the teachers from theological seminaries. These men spend their lives in schools, interpreting dead sea scrolls, only emerging to tell us what God's love means to our lives. They instruct us in platitudes, only interrupting themselves to relate anecdotes that have little to do with what has gone on before.

The classical minister is taught that a sermon has three parts, ten minutes each, and the only time he varies that formula is at the pearly gates. Here at home, whether he's discoursing on a Peanuts cartoon, ("with-it" ministers love them) or the fall of Rome, he will talk for at least thirty minutes, three parts. Perhaps it comes from reading Caesar at an early age, or maybe an illogical extension of the trinity.

Robert Brown, unpopular with some elements of Stanford (he has the audacity to insist that religion and morality have something to do with politics), is a refreshing change when he speaks. The unconventionality of his ideas alone is worth the price of admission. In past sermons he has compared Herod's slaughter of infants (to try to destroy the infant Jesus) to Nixon's bombing of Hanoi. In a sermon about the Israelites captivity in Egypt, he pointed out that God seems to favor the underdog, and that we, as Stanford students and personnel, are not the oppressed, but the oppressors. We are the Egyptians, not the Israelites.

Brown is not, contrary to many people's opinion, merely recanting liberal slush. He is an intellectual, a meticulous thinker, and his sermons reflect this. If he has a weakness as a speaker, it would be that he is not a



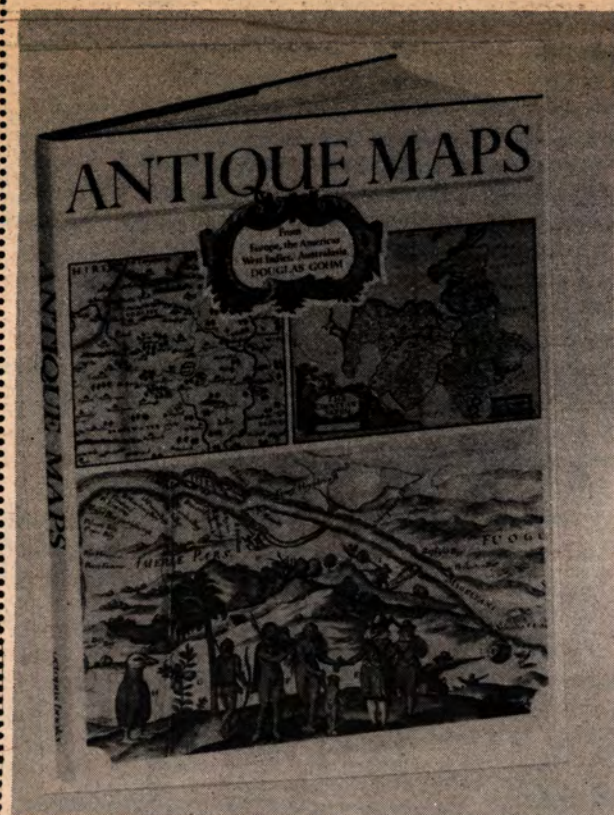
poet. His sermons do not affect people because of the sound or flow of words, but because of his ideas. He is not innately theatrical.

William Sloan Coffin, Yale Chaplain, is theatrical. He spoke last Sunday morning, and was sheer joy to hear. He reminded me of Lenny Bruce. He has

affected a New York accent, and the New York way of talking, loud and abrasively. He sounds like a used-car salesman, or the owner of a bargain clothing store. Like Bruce, he lapses into acting a scene when he wants to emphasize a point. Coffin gave a beautiful sarcastic glimpse of a bio student dissecting a butterfly. "Rip off the wings, tear off a leg...put it under a microscope..."

Coffin also lapses into the irreverent sort of frankness some might find obscene out of context. Speaking of the necessity for human beings to be sensitive and emotional, he said, in an emphatic voice, "Circumcise yourselves. Cut away the foreskins of your heart."

The core of Coffin's sermon, the dehumanizing of man due to science, is a subject I have heard before. I have never heard it discussed with the boldness and excitement with which Coffin discussed it. He commits what must be close to a sin in religion. He dares to be original (original sin?), to throw together ideas in ways no one has before. He makes God seem new, and he does it with sincerity and intelligence.



THE WORK OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT. Introduction by Mrs. F.L. Wright. 200 photos, drawings, and plans. A magnificent volume on the greatest architect of our century. Originally published at \$45.00. New, complete edition on sale at \$14.95.

Outlet Books Now On SALE!

WHY A DUCK? Edited by J. Anobile, introduction by Groucho Marx. A wildly funny volume of visual and verbal gems from Marx's greatest hits. Over 600 photos, including The Stateroom Scene, and The Tutsie-Fruitsie scene. Published at \$7.95. On Sale at \$3.95.

REMBRANDT by C.R. Marx. Over 160 reproductions including 34 full color plates. A definitive study of the artist's life and work. Published at \$20.00, on sale at \$10.95.

MAX ERNST by J. Russell. Includes a complete catalog of the surrealist artist's work. Hundreds of reproductions. Ablaze with color. Published at \$25.00, on sale at \$14.95.

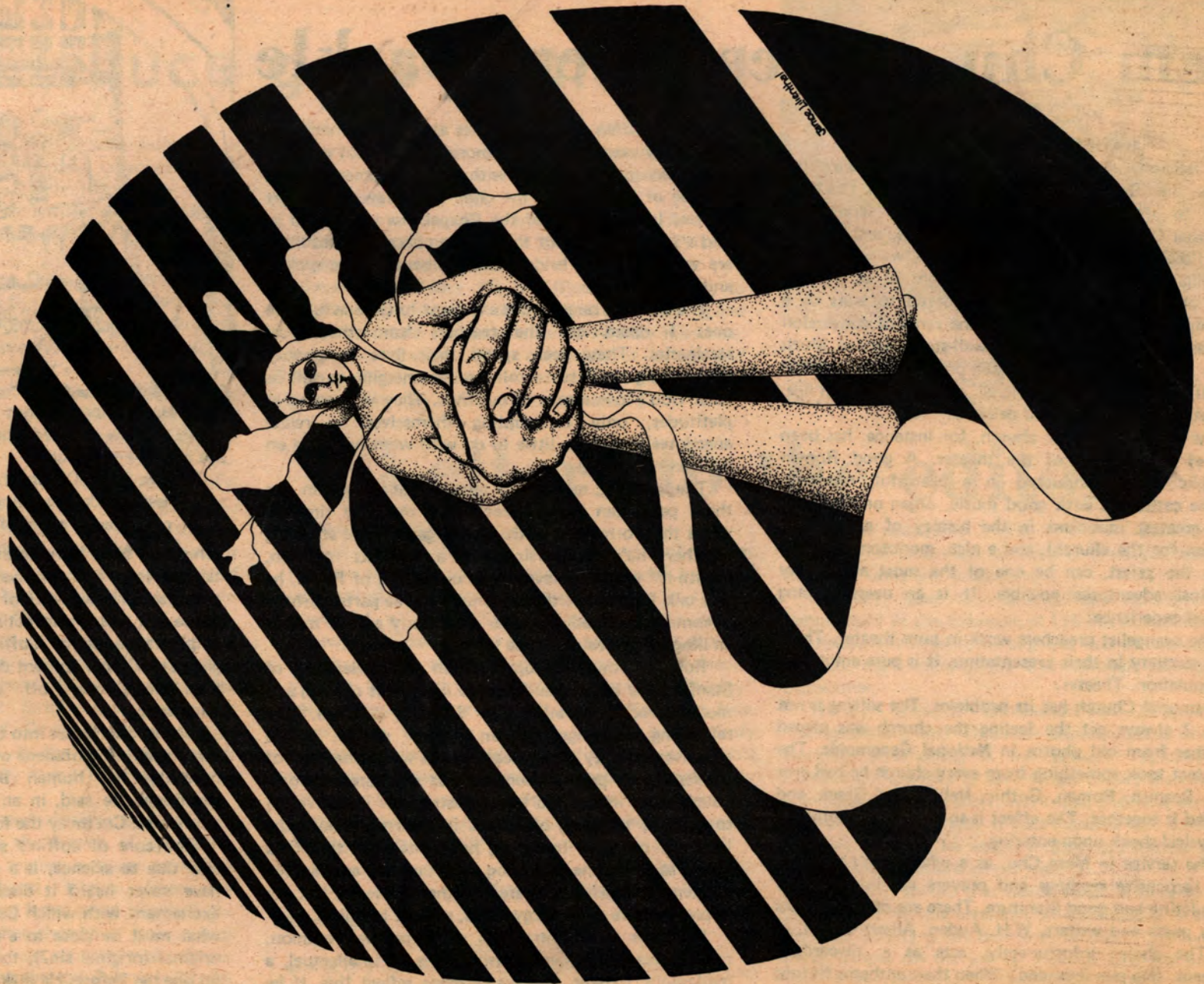
Including:

BRUEGEL by R.L. Delevoy. 54 hand-tipped plates in robust full color. Includes a biography and expert appraisal of the works of the 16th century Flemish master. Published originally for \$8.95. New, complete edition for only \$3.95.



STANFORD BOOKSTORE

Stanford
CHAPARRAL



Janice Lilenthal's illustration of the poem "a kid can't shoot straight with" by Merrill Kelly of radio station KTAO appears in Stonecloud II. See story page 1.

The Stanford Chaparral

volume 73, number 11
stanford, california
march 1, 1973

Jim Webster
Don Altschul
Dick Strubbe
Jim Stoler
Lile Anderson
Dwight Johnson
Dale Brodsky
Mark Cushing

Mark Lee
Tim Coburn
Gordon Lewis
Alan Wachtel
Dan Evans
Lenny Schapira
Frank Kenison
Mari Edlin

The Chaparral staff will meet as usual on Wednesday at 8 p.m. in its spacious offices above the Daily.

ESTABLISHED 1899
ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

Now that we're at least trying to revive humor at Stanford, we would like to pass along a helpful manuscript for future **Chaparral** contributors.

Late one night, a Chappie, while skipping through the Publication Building stumbled over a piece of litter outside the **Daily** office. Aware that the **Chaparral** is in constant need for filler, he submitted the following letter as his article:

To: Daily humor writers
From: Managing Editor, **Stanford Daily**

Several of you have complained to me about the pressure of writing humor and satire on a regular basis. You contend that good humor or satire is difficult to write consistently. Of course, you're wrong. Therefore, I have set down the following suggestions:

Rule 1. Use the first person. *I* always do. Besides, readers just adore the personal touch and love to feel close to a **Daily** writer. Furthermore, it makes creative writing *faster*. All you need do is imagine some scene, put yourself in it, and slap it down on paper. Example:

"Yesterday, *I* was riding *my* three-speed bike to *my* class, weaving *my* vehicle between pedestrians. Uncoordinated as *I* am, *I* ram *my* bike into a wheel-chaired, 70-year-old, paraplegic, falling off *my* seat, landing on *my* posterior." (see, isn't that hilarious)

Rule 2. Use silly names

Rule 3. Use alliteration

Rule 4. Use quotes

Rule 5. Use Tom Swifities

Rule 6. Use Rules 2, 3, 4, and 5 simultaneously. Example:

"Quickly, *I* pick myself up. 'Watch where you're going, you stupid speeding sadistic seedy simplistic sapless salacious sacklessanquinary satanic savage cyclist (sic),' said Sally Strongarms down-troddenly." (This is called the shot-gun method.)

Rule 7. (optional) To put the old icing on the cake, you should try and develop some catch. That is, some surprise or logical trick that will make the reader say, "Gee wiz." Example:

"Before *I* could reply, Sally leaped out of her wheel-chair and began thrashing me with her Irenology textbook. 'Hey, *I* protested, *I* thought you were crippled."

"She replied, 'Nah, *I* just ride around in this wheel-chair so's *I* can get to class faster and so's *I* won't get run over by some crazy bicycle!'"