

CHAPARRAL

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SWOPSI report released

By TINA SWENT

A highly-publicized theme this fall in off campus newspapers was that college students had given up demonstrating and had gone back to their books. The *San Francisco Chronicle* ran interviews with U.C. Berkeley students who were out of politics and into studying. The implication, of course, was that the so-called radicals were not interested in education, but only in "politics."

However, student radical movements in the past ten years have always emphasized the quality of university education, starting with the Free Speech Movement in 1964. At Stanford in recent years, SWOPSI and SCIRE — student experiments in innovative education — were highly visible results of student concern over their own education.

Director's Report

Since 1969, SWOPSI has developed from an experimental project to a strong and popular student program. Its first director, Nick Corff, has recently released his report for 1970/71, SWOPSI's first year under a formal directorship.

Despite the success of SWOPSI's workshops during that year, Corff's report emphasizes the internal struggles over formalization of the program. These struggles resulted in SWOPSI's takeover by the Office of the Dean of Undergraduate Studies. Of the characteristic phrase "student initiated and student led since its inception," Corff states bluntly,

"Unfortunately, this has become a misnomer which no longer applies to the Program."

Volunteer and Hired Staff

The original staff for the program was entirely volunteer, notes Corff, but by spring, 1969, they decided to "establish a paid administrative staff to handle what was becoming a complex and overbearing administrative load." Corff entered into the directorship with the idea of retaining the spirit of volunteer student involvement in combination with a hired staff.

"It was always my opinion," says Corff, "that SWOPSI was not the staff's program, but rather the staff existed to support the workshops, which are the heart and soul of SWOPSI."

If the motivation for running a workshop were to become monetary or the administrative staff become permanent, he continues, the result would be bureaucratic entrenchment and eventual stagnation of a previously dynamic program.

Built-in Checks

In formalizing SWOPSI's administrative structure, Corff tried to build in checks against such standardization. The most important ones were a) a yearly turnover in the director, b) the retention of the directorship as a half-time, student position, c) volunteer workshop leaders, d) experimental directions in types of courses in addition to the proven formula of workshop-research, and e) a student majority on the Policy

Board.

"As is the nature of all programs," Corff warned, "there will be the tendency for SWOPSI to become a self-perpetuating bureaucracy for its own sake, and to treat workshops as inferior dependencies. The hope is that SWOPSI will remain intact as long as it can hold onto the built-in checks."

However, the newly-formed Office of the Dean of Undergraduate Studies, headed by James Gibbs, provided constant pressure on SWOPSI to, as Corff puts it, "somehow fit in or conform to their administrative convenience." When SWOPSI made it clear that they would resist any attempts at encroachment, an excellent rapport was established which continued throughout Corff's directorship.

Dean's Delays

In April, the Policy Board and the Dean's Office met head-on over the issue of the new director. While Dean Gibbs insisted that his approval was necessary, Corff says that there was actually some



Nick Corff frequently keeps evening office hours at the coffee house.

question as to whether the Dean's Office had any official say in the matter at all.

As a result of negotiations over this matter, the choice of a director was delayed several months, and the first-choice candidate accepted an alternative job in the meantime. The Dean eventually rejected the second-choice candidate. The candidate who finally gained the approval of the Dean after a

second search required, however, a full-time position.

Thus, not only was one of the crucial checks on SWOPSI's bureaucratization sacrificed at the Dean's insistence, but the money allocated for salaries had to be redistributed.

More Money; Fewer Staff

Says Corff, "Where a full-time Administrative Assistant had been scheduled a half-time one was not

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Fund campaign raises questions

By TIM COBURN

With all the publicity over police busts, air wars, and the delayed baseball season, the announcement of Stanford's newest fund drive in the April *Campus Report* seemed almost insignificant. This latest endeavor, a three hundred million dollar block buster, has been in the planning stages for many years, according to President Dick Lyman.

Money from the drive, if raised, will provide funds for a new law school, new buildings for athletics, as well as a number of less tangible projects. Lyman asserted that the fund drive was necessary to keep Stanford abreast of other institutions and without it tuition might increase even faster than it has in the past.

Does Stanford really need more money? Will it be a better

University with 300 million more dollars in its coffers?

Affirmative Responses

These two simple questions will be asked hundreds of times over the next five years. Judging from a preprint of the University's new fund raising brochure, the answers will always be affirmative if somewhat vague and interspersed with catchy banalities. Indeed, in a brief survey of some of the lower echelon administrators, the Chaparral received the following notable explanations:

A. "You must first understand University financing . . ."

B. "Inflation has an especially profound effect on universities . . ."

C. "Non-profit corporations aren't like other businesses . . ."

D. "If you don't grow, you will die . . ."

and the most common conclusion,

E. "The economics of the university is very complicated . . ."

These presumably well-meant responses raise some doubt if only because of their uniformity. They defy statistical probabilities; no random group of people will all reach the same conclusion on the basis of the same information. There must be a skew. And anyway, what is the information?

Not Complicated

University financing is not really very complicated. Many of the relevant figures are available in

Please turn to page two

News notes

Ken Kesey emerges

Ken Kesey, former frequenter of the mid-peninsula scene will return for a performing celebration the evening of May 16th. (See ad on page four). Although Kesey is known primarily as a brilliant young author, he made a name for himself in this area as the leader of an imaginative, fun-loving group of wanderers, the Merry Pranksters.

Since he was convicted of

smoking pot on a rooftop with an underage urchin, Kesey has spent most of his time farming and thinking about farming on his farm in Oregon. This year found him touring the country's college campuses, passing on mellow suggestions about local politics. His appearance at Stanford will presumably combine thought provoking recitations with participatory polylogues on what the world might come to, someday.

Chaparral

staff meeting

Tuesday, May 9

8:00 p.m. in the

Chaparral offices.

Celebrate, for a change!

Fund raising continues...

Continued from page one
Stanford's 1971 Financial Review. More explicit breakdowns can be found in a large volume on the reserve shelf in the library.

Stanford gets money from a variety of sources at a variety of rates. And it spends money in a similarly dynamic way. From 1961 to 1971 Stanford's operating budget rose from 45 million per year to 137 million per year, or 300%. Those figures exclude SLAC and the hospital. The number of students rose from nine thousand to eleven thousand in the same period. Where did the increase funds go? Choose any of the response A through E above.

Assets and Growth

How much is Stanford worth? The 1971 financial report lists Stanford's assets at 591 million, up from 558 million in 1970, a growth rate of about 6 1/2 percent.

This growth is distinct from the operating budget. Most of Stanford land is not included in these assets nor is the value of Stanford's "product," good name, faculty loyalty, etc. But even using their own very conservative figures 6 1/2% isn't bad in a rather mediocre economic year. How much is Stanford really worth? See one of the above responses.

Inflation is a popular cause of worry to everybody who doesn't understand simple mathematics. As a result of this common failing most any problem can be attributed to inflation with only a remote chance of critical examination. Let's face it Stanford doesn't pay yearly raises that are equivalent to the inflationary rate nationally much less locally.

Moreover, most of the salaries of staff members are tied to government grants which have a built in rate of increase. These are generally about 5% per year. The majority of day to day goods and services which Stanford purchases are also tied in to government grants and don't effect Stanford's assets. So what is all the hulla-balloo about inflation? Perhaps, Parkinson's law as applied to bureaucratic growth is more precise.

Non-Profitteering

Non-profit corporations may be different from profit making ones, but not very much. Like Stanford most growth oriented corporations continue to plow back their "profits" into the business rather than distribute them as dividends. Whether

controlling a non-profit enterprise is as satisfying to an entrepreneur as a profit making business is debatable.

In recent years the fluidity with which administrators move from the university to business to government and back again implies that the same thrills are available. Is Stanford, unlike the profit oriented enterprise, serving the needs of the community? nation? free world? other? Many of the students would wonder.

Finally, one should really examine the structure of Stanford and compare it to other institutions. In most businesses, the stockholders control the board in theory if not in practice. At Stanford there is no such theory, although if an alumnus has enough money or political influence he is frequently invited to participate in the decision making process. Sometimes he makes the board of trustees.

The potential donors are not always as astute with their giving as they are with their profit making. They should carefully compare the desirability of investing money at Stanford with other similar opportunities. What kind of leverage do they have? Are they basing their decisions on hard data or merely a smooth selling pitch? Are they swayed largely by reminiscences of the



Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

As a student at Terman Junior High School I am participating in Project Concern's "Walk For Mankind." In seeking a sponsor for this event who would contribute some money for each mile that I walked, I went into the Union Bank on University Avenue. I was told by the manager's secretary that the local office could not make such decisions and that I would have to call their Los Angeles office. Since

that would have cost a lot of money, I didn't call them. I was only asking for about 20 or 30c a mile in the first place. It seems to me that decisions involving us local people should be made here rather than by some unknown person in L.A.

Janet Herzenberg
Age 11

Eds. Note: The Union Bank used to be the Stanford Bank which had only one branch. They made decisions like this without calling L.A.

Stanford they once knew? There are still small rural colleges and universities; but Stanford isn't one of them. Donors should be very careful before giving money; after they've given it they will have lost their only vote in the system.

So, does Stanford need more money? Sure, everybody "needs" more money, but there may be better educational investments that need it more.

Will Stanford be a better University for 300 million more dollars? Probably it will. But

considering that this amount of money would support the whole Stanford student body for about eight years, or the whole faculty for about twelve the "improvement" will be rather unimpressive. The students will see more rising tuition, increasing costs of room and board, and plusher office space for the occasionally visible professor.

But business is business. On with the fund drive. Caveat Emptor!

With familiar corporate modesty, Stanford is touting its new \$300 million money-grubbing campaign as "the largest single fund raising drive ever undertaken by any university." Like so much Stanford self-congratulation, the claim is wrong. Five years ago Yale began a ten-year drive to find \$388 million, a sum later increased to \$443 million with the advent of coeducation. Stanford's rate of fund-raising, of course, is slightly higher; but no one made a claim about that.

Financing the farm

By BILL EVERS

It is indeed unfortunate that the language of fund-raising in higher education is the language of pauper relief (charitable donations and the like) for surely this obscures the true nature of donations and the character of fund-raising.

What is actually happening is that the donors are attempting to buy various kinds of satisfactions. They want to train people who will go to work in companies like theirs. They want to perpetuate the doctrinal views they hold. They want to revive maudlin sentimentality. They want to immortalize their name on the facades of dignified buildings.

Basically, they all wish to purchase some change in the educational environment at Stanford. The reason donors tell administrators that they won't give Stanford any money unless Stanford fires Bruce Franklin, is that the donors are trying desperately to find some surefire way of purchasing change at Stanford. But professors and administrators are very wily and cunning. They never (well, practically never) mean what they say, and always remain resolutely irresponsible to all parties but themselves.

Almost No Influence

It's really very difficult for

most people to purchase change in the educational environment at Stanford these days. After all, students spend a great deal of money at Stanford in the hopes of extracting something of educational value from the environment (modifying that environment in their own behalf), but how much influence do students have on teaching quality at a university? Practically speaking, almost none.

For professors at Stanford, there is the fleeting glory of the Dinkelspiel Award. There is the even more fleeting ignominy of a bad assessment in a student course review. This last is especially transient if the course the professor is teaching poorly happens to be a required one.

But realistically, all the money the students shell out cannot be used effectively to improve the quality of teaching, partly because below-cost pricing of tuition carefully insulates the university from any gales originating in competitive pressures and partly because of the tenure system with its institutionalization of senility. Another factor is the belief in "professional ethics," which prevent professors from sitting in on one of their fellows to see whether he is doing a good job at teaching. (Professional ethics are

usually the rules for an economic cartel.)

And thus we return to our main task—looking at the high finance of big money fund-raising.

Small Donors Like Students

At present, only the really big donors like David Packard, the aerospace companies, the federal government, and the Ford Foundation are able to purchase changes at Stanford, for several reasons.

The small donor is much like the student; his money can't buy him what he wants. Most of the small donor's purchasing power has already been carried off by taxes to the state government (which then sets up its own schools) and the federal government (which contributes heavily to higher education and to the aerospace industry). So the small donor has less money, and the money which used to be his has put the educational institutions beyond the reach of his remaining purchasing power. Having negotiated for the tax money on a bureaucrat-to-bureaucrat basis, the universities are then immune from the effects of any financial votes cast by students or small donors.

Laminated 'Quad'

But the big donors—the Daddy Warbucks and the Leland and Please turn to page three

CHUCKS CELLAR



Dining — Cocktails — Entertainment
4936 El Camino
Los Altos
Phone: 964-0220

Stanford Finances...

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Jane Stanford of gift-giving—not only know what they want to buy, but they have enough money to buy it. They're going to check up to make sure they get something substantial for their millions. They're not going to be satisfied with the soft sell, hearing (with five hundred other people) the mythic saga of the glorious future of higher education recounted by Dick Lyman, getting patted on the head for their good deeds, and going home with a laminated replica of the Quad. That's for the small guys. The David Packards can demand and get buildings and programs that

do war-related research, if that's what they want.

Nonetheless, it is the hornswoggling of the small fry donors that is to some extent the most interesting. They're the victims of a well-orchestrated experiment in social psychology. They're the ones to whom the flood of propaganda literature is directed. (The potential big donors get contacted by personal friends. Or get letters from fellow military-industrial complex executives like Roger Lewis.)

The small donors are sent evocative tidbits about educational "innovation" at Stanford, so vague that the reader has to supply his own content or

vogue ("Hey, lookie, we're studying ecology at Stanford. Aren't we relevant?") that, in the end, the recipient is left with verbal guano droppings, not substantive information.

Fund-Raising Tactics

The big donors get models of the buildings built for them. They have dinner at President Lyman's house. They are shown specially designed building books explaining that they can buy this auditorium as a memorial if they want to spend so much or that broom closet if they want to spend less.

In order to get the mob psychology right and to get the herd of small donors running with them, the planners of the fund-raising business use a number of tactics. First, they don't sound the trumpets for the campaign until they already have a lot of the money they want (from big donors). This gives the whole effort a feeling of momentum. Then, they announce large gifts at certain pre-selected points along the way, no matter when they actually received them. This is to give added impetus.

Then, they engage in elaborate and artificial "matching fund" games in an attempt to lure in the big money and to elicit the interest of the industrial tycoons and the foundation heads. Finally, they are careful to peak the drive

effort at the right point in time, and to try to establish a plateau of donations which is higher than the plateau before the drive.

Subsidizing Stultification

Throughout the propaganda effort, there is an emphasis on the supposed "specialness" of Stanford, of the unique product being offered by what can be described with only a constantly diminishing accuracy as the private sector of American higher education. In fact, Stanford isn't very much different from the University of California system. In fact, students and recent graduates who bother to think about it realize that any educational innovations at Stanford in the last decade have been stuffed down the throats of an unwilling faculty and administration by aroused and active students. Giving money to the administration's budget is simply subsidizing stultification. In fact, private universities aren't even private anymore. (The real laugh in all the verbal rumpus about the politicalization of the campus was that federal grants had politicized the campus decades earlier. What had already been sown was being reaped.)

Meanwhile, University Vice-President Robert Augsburger's subordinates in realms like Resource Management and Internal Audit are scampering around trying to supply data for the fund drive's propaganda effort. They're frantically trying to figure out what really measures Stanford's greatness. Is it diplomas granted? But might not

some diploma-mill easily top that? Is it Nobel Laureates? But how much do they teach anyway? Is it the income of graduates? But that seems crass in an age of envy whose slogan is "social responsibility." Is it the quality of the teaching? But all the professors say you can't measure that.

Professorial Amenities

In reality, Stanford, like all similar institutions, mainly manufactures amenities for its professors—secretaries, rent-free offices, paid leisure time, telephones with lots of buttons and tie lines, students who are interesting to talk to and smart enough to not be too demanding of one's teaching ability, etc.

This may seem to some to be an unduly harsh view of the university and its fund-raising activities, but in fact, a realistic view of the sort presented here is straight economic analysis and many of the same ideas have been voiced by prominent economists and political scientists like James Buchanan, Armen Alchian, Reuben Kessel, and Henry Manne.

In summary, when we submit the structure of the multiversity to rigors of economic analysis, we find a lot of interest groups fighting over subsidies and grants of monopoly. The main success of the system has been its ability to screw the student and deceive the small donor. In light of this, we can only look on giant fund-raising crusades as a snare and a delusion.

(Bill Evers was managing editor of the CHAPARRAL during 1970-71.)

El Camino 205

The following is the report sent by James C. Zurcher, Palo Alto Chief of Police, to the City Council concerning last Friday's El Camino arrests.

Members of the Council:

The culmination of five days of demonstrations in the Palo Alto-Stanford area took place at approximately 2:30 P.M. on Friday with the arrest of 205 demonstrators at El Camino Real and Embarcadero.

The decision to arrest the demonstrators, thereby ending the activities which were draining police manpower and resources, was reached after considerable discussion among the command staff of the Police Department and the District Attorney's office. The bulk of the demonstrators were arrested for violation of Penal Code Section 647c, "Blocking a Thoroughfare." No dispersal order was given, nor necessary, as it was felt inadvisable, as such warnings had resulted in disruption and trashing in previous encounters.

Though our philosophy is that the community must accept a certain level of disruption at particular times, this action was unannounced, the intentions of the crowd were unknown, and members of the community were in jeopardy, including those motorists on the El Camino who were being harassed and intimidated by the demonstrators, and those members of the business community located at Town and Country Shopping Center. Further, the resources of the Police Department and in fact those of the entire County were near the point of exhaustion after the week-long activity, necessitating the use of out-of-county mutual aid.

To continue following marauding bands of youth around the community was rejected as an unsuitable alternative. The most prudent course of action was containment which was effected, thereby reducing the possibility of personal injury and property damage. In point of fact, only one

demonstrator was injured while two sheriff's personnel were struck by missiles.

Arrestees were transported to Elmwood Rehabilitation Center, where they were booked and released on their own recognizance after promising not to engage in similar activities pending arraignment.

Respectfully submitted,
JAMES C. ZURCHER
Chief of Police

(Ed. Note: emphasis added by CHAPARRAL.)

More on SWOPSI

Continued from page one

necessary, and where \$500 had been set for salary requisitions to encourage the part-time hiring of student help, there was now little or no money for this purpose."

While the money allocated for salaries for 1971/72 was almost three times the amount for the previous year, the number of people on salary decreased from four to three.

Increasing Bureaucracy

According to Sue Block, former head of SCIRE (see *Chaparral*, Jan. 6, 1972), in the process of formalization SWOPSI has moved from a free-form "maverick" program not explicitly under the jurisdiction of any administrative office, to an increasingly bureaucratic program with power to make decisions about the program localized at higher administrative levels than that of the Program itself. SWOPSI no longer exists as an autonomous student program.

The student-controlled Policy Board, originally set up to serve as an "impartial body able to differentiate between the responsibilities incurred by a job as opposed to individual ambition," to use Corff's description, is now merely advisory to the Dean. In addition, the full-time director has become a permanent director responsible to the Dean. Last week B. Michael

Closson, a Cornell research specialist, was appointed assistant dean of undergraduate studies to, among other things, provide administrative liaison and guidance for SWOPSI.

With this move into administrative ranks, SWOPSI's budget for 1972/73 has doubled over this year's. Such a large financial commitment from the administration seems to ensure SWOPSI's permanence, but as a bureaucratic empire rather than as a volunteer, student-controlled, experimental program.

High Price

The price of this "permanence" has been that control of hiring, credit for courses, and financial decisions have raised from primarily-student hands to the Dean of Undergraduate Studies. Since these were the very aspects that gave SWOPSI the names innovative and experimental, perhaps SWOPSI has compromised its whole character and the baby has been thrown out with the bath.

One wonders whether it is possible for any truly innovative education to coexist with an administration bent on formalizing, standardizing, and bureaucratizing. SWOPSI's "flaw" was that it was, in fact, innovative.

Eds. Note: The sophistication of Stanford's fund raising efforts is exemplified by the material below. Information on donors, sometimes quite personal in nature, is stored at Encina and not normally available to students, alumni, or the donors themselves.

Frank Lindsay, Class of 1938, Grad. student at Harvard

... Located in Boston

... "Frank" to Dr. Sterling, J. Pettit, E. Arbuckle, C. Ducommun, and K. Cuthbertson

... President and Director of Itek Cor.p.

... Member of Engineering School Advisory Council

... Potential contact to the Rockefellers

... Director of First National Bank of Boston

Ralph T. McElvenny, Class of 1928, JD in 1930

... Located in Detroit

... "Ralph" to Dr. Sterling, R. Guggenlime, J. Ruetz, D. Packard, and C. Taylor

... President of Michigan Consolidated Gas Co. and American Natural Gas Co.

... Director of: Parke Davis, American Natural Gas, Milwaukee Gas Light Co., National Bank of Detroit, Detroit Symphony Orchestra

... Has helped with: Ford Motor Company, General Motors, Dow Chemical

... Was a national tennis figure at Stanford

Malcolm MacNaughton, Class of 1931, MBA 1933

... Located in Honolulu

... "Malcolm" to E. Arbuckle, Dr. Sterling, C. Ducommun, D. Pearson, and D. Packard

... President and Chief Executive Officer of Castle & Cooke

... Director of: Dole Company, C&H Sugar, Hawaiian Airlines

... Trustee of: Reed College, Hawaii Loa College

Robert M. Allan, GSB 1941, Cal. 1942-43, Loyola Law 1947-51

... Located in Southern California (San Marino)

... President of Litton International Development Corp.

... Director: Crocker Citizens Bank

... Trustee: Claremont College

... Has a strong interest in sailing and gave \$1,000 to the sailing team

Charles E. Ducommun, Class of 1935, Harvard MBA 1942

... Located in Los Angeles

... "Charles" to almost everybody; "Charlie" to Dr. Sterling

... President and Chairman of the Board of Ducommun, Inc.

... Director: Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Security First National Bank, Pacific Telephone & Telegraph

... Trustee: Stanford, Claremont Men's College

... Has helped as a volunteer with: Beckman, Bell & Howell, Bonanza Airlines, Broadway Hale, Litton, Safeway, Western Airlines, Western Electronic

S.C.O.R.E. Presents

Ken

KESEY

author of

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest



Sometime A Great Notion



Tuesday, May 16th

1 dollar at the door

Cubberley Auditorium 8 P.M.

Social Scene

A social event of note this week was the gathering at the College Terrace home of Ms. Tina Swent, out-going *Chaparral* editor, in honor of Mr. James Lyons, Stanford's newly-appointed Dean of Student Affairs. Sojourners to the party were treated to the sight of ordinary people watering their lawns with garden hoses.

The barbecue was well-attended by various student bureaucrats and politicians, most of whom, in typical Stanford fashion, seemed more interested in talking with each other than with the new Dean.

For Dean Lyons, the gathering was a warmup for a more high-brow affair held the following evening at out-going Acting Dean Robert Freelen's home. It was expected that the latter event would be attended by real University bureaucrats and faculty politicians.

It was an evening of contrasts — the old meeting the new. Diane Fields and Ann Kimball, members of the retiring Council of Presidents, put in an appearance. Also present were members of the new hydra-headed Council, Elaine Wong, Spike Van Petten, and Scott "Tresidder Union" Burke. Burke was seen trying to coax the last dregs out of an all-but-empty pony keg, a somewhat symbolic action.

Also present were the old and new ASSU Financial Managers, Tom Huseby and Sara Moore. Whispered comments overheard by this reporter compared Huseby unfavorably with Ms. Moore in regards to charm, but far ahead in stubbornness.

Though it was rumored that candidates for next year's *Chaparral* editorship were also present, Ms. Swent studiously avoided any indication of whom her successor would be.

While most of the guests busily "related" to one another, a number of the political activists present probed the new Dean verbally, trying to figure out "where he was coming from." An apparently silent fellow, the Dean gave very few clues.

Rumor has it that Dick Lyman and Bruce Franklin, both non-invite-ees, consoled themselves by saying, "At least on this issue we agree."

Dinner was a splendid repast of hamburgers on buns or frankfurters on a plate. For the inevitable vegetarian, Mrs. James McClenahan, wife of the Director of Cowell Health Service, contributed an extremely healthy green salad.

The meal was served on elegant paper plates with a setting of plastic forks. The few faculty members present appeared to be quite comfortable with the stand-up dinner, though several of the student bureaucrats who have attended similar stand-up faculty parties also handled themselves with commendable grace. However, the first plate was dropped by a recently-tenured professor, causing some speculation on how one so uninstructed in the social graces could have risen so high. It is believed that his department puts more emphasis on drinking than on eating.

—THE OLD BOY



A hectic moment at the barbecue found Scott Burke sharing the beer keg with Judy Kennedy and Dean Lyons in the background. Mr. Burke was neatly attired in faded blue jeans while Dean Lyons was noted for his daring yellow and red color combination, topped with a seersucker sports jacket. Below, Ann Kimball helps Spike Van Petten to more potato salad.



Women's cotillion

A sure sign of springtime, according to the *Chaparral* gossip columnist, is the upcoming "Women's Cotillion" on May 11 in the Women's Clubhouse Ballroom. The Cotillion is the first public event of the Women's Performance Class, a credit course offered by the Art Department.

"The Cotillion," said instructor Vicki Hall, "is both a social and educational event, as well as an artistic performance."

Open to all community women, the event is an experiment in feminine entertainment. Attire will be formal evening wear — either tails or a long gown — and records will provide the music for dancing. Decorations will be treated as environmental sculpture and judged on both artistic merit and function. Such things as food (edible culture) and dance cards

(there will also be "Mixers" and "Snowballs") will enhance observer participation in a situation laden with psychological significance.

"Women," says Ms. Hall, "enjoy elaborate social functions and just having a good time. But men don't, and, although they attend dances like this, they absorb women's vital energies by comparing and rating them against each other. So women have traditionally focused their energies towards the men and not the event."

She hopes that at the Cotillion women can simply enjoy themselves on their own without concerning themselves with bisexual or lesbian issues.

The dance will be Thursday, May 11, at 9 p.m. in the Women's Clubhouse Ballroom.

—THE OLD GIRL



Tinker Ramey and Vicki Hall of the Women's Performance Class.

Off to be the lizards

Would anyone like to hear another suggestion for the new Stanford mascot? Well, pull up a chair, then, and sit down. The symbol I want to propose, so nobly representative of all that is best in human endeavor, so courageous that its very name is a synonym for invulnerability, as virtuous as a Congressman, tough as nails and hard as bricks, faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive — in short, the very apotheosis of apotropaion — yet withal so unassuming that it has never enjoyed the recognition it merits, if, of course, the salamander.

In the halcyon days when I was an undergraduate in Silliman College at Yale, our athletic teams steamrollered to victory (usually) under the stalwart banner of the salamander. So far as I know, we were then the only team in the world to be known as the Salamanders. Plenty of Bullfrogs, Horned Toads, and Komodo Dragons, mind you, but no Salamanders. (In my freshman year a splinter group of malcontents, frustrated on less substantial issues, demanded that we replace the Salamander with the Bear. The universal outrage of the community quickly repressed the dissidents.)

Amphibious Renown

Yet the tradition of the Salamander rests on more than

mere uniqueness; and at the risk of abandoning forever the exclusivity with which the name of the Silliman Salamanders is entwined, I believe it is my task to share this glorious heritage with the world at large. The risk is compensated, I think, by the diffusion of their amphibian renown to wider audiences.

The story the Old Blues recounted to us at Yale was that the salamander, which according to an old myth (not to be confused with Old Miss, another football power) can survive in fire, was somehow associated with the red stripes in Benjamin Silliman's family crest. We all knew instinctively that this was nonsense; the salamander was simply the only animal that sounded anything like Silliman. Silliman Salamanders. Say it a few times. Stanford Salamanders, too, has a euphonious ring to it. Stanford Salamanders. Stanford Salamanders. Stanford Salamanders. Elocution teachers prefer it two to one.

Gertrude Stein

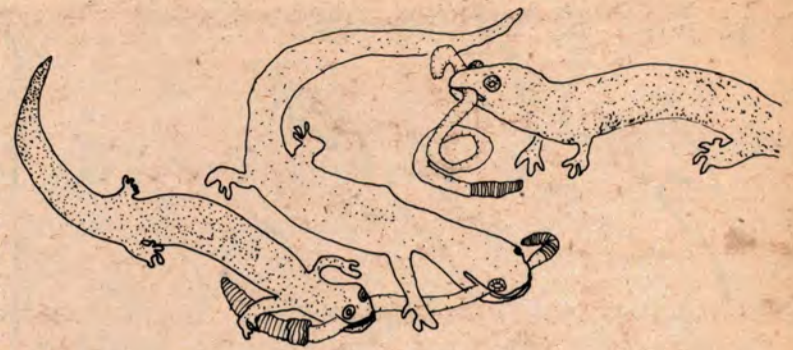
The salamander is justly celebrated in song and story. Everyone has heard of the Biblical "wisdom of salamanders." It was Gertrude Stein who wrote:

Salamanders
In the grass
Alas.

(All right, it was really "Pigeons in

the grass alas." But how many of you would have known that if I hadn't opened my mouth? How many of you understand Gertrude Stein? Would you prefer Stanford Pigeons? Frankly, I like it better my way; the extra two feet, anatomical and metrical, that the salamanders contribute to the poem lend it a pensive, almost lyrical quality. I have also taken the liberty of rearranging the lines. The grass we are talking about here, by the way, is green and grows in lawns, in case you were getting any ideas.)

As I was saying, the salamander, while normally as mild-mannered as Clark Kent, defends itself fiercely when provoked, by secreting a poison from glands in its skin. Perhaps this is why Stanford is a leading center for scholarly salamander research; on the other hand, it may be only the abundance of the clammy creatures in the swamps and sloughs and tide pools of the Bay area. In any case, the accusation that the poison is being tested by the Department of Defense for use in counterinsurgency warfare is completely baseless. Haven't you people anything better to do than fabricate canards about innocent, peace-loving salamanders? Did a salamander ever throw a rock at you? No, it didn't. How could it? And this is another good reason to



Salamanders are especially fond of munching on tubefex worms, as above.

choose the salamander as a mascot. see the headlines now:

Lively Sports Copy

Salamanders date from the Upper Jurassic period (about 140,000,000 years ago), although many are younger.

Sports scribes trying desperately to enliven their copy may note that one species of salamander is known as the hellbender, a nickname that should be menacing enough to satisfy the devoutest football fan. Other varieties are called newt (as in Newt Rockne), spring lizard (redolent with the fragrance of sweatsocks), eft (as in eftsoons), and triton (as in right on). A team named the Water Dogs would be a fine tribute to the many canines inhabiting the White Plaza fountain, and Mud Puppies would do almost as well. Congo eel, perhaps, sounds too much like conger eel, or Congorilla, but what could be more appropriate than the Stanford Sirens? I can

NEWTS NEUTRALIZE CAL

TRITONS TRIP TROJANS IN TITANIC TUSSLE

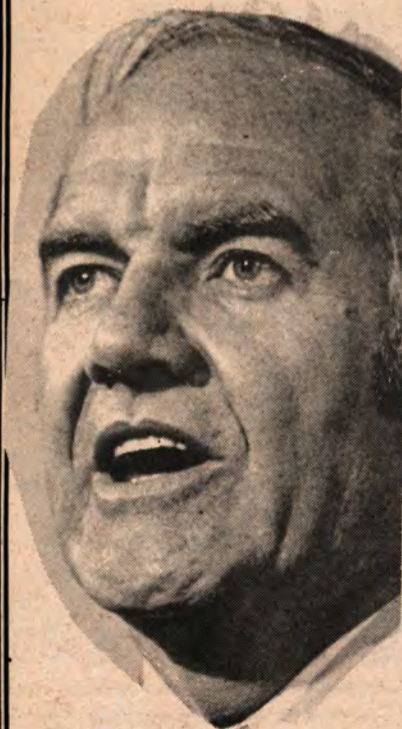
The salamander motif, moreover, offers a plethora of new possibilities for the pompon dollies' costumes: additional limbs, claws, tails, tubifex worms, and so on. The mating dance of the salamanders, however, is probably too explicit even by current permissive standards. And the sight of our mascot — a six-foot upright salamander, fire-engine red and breathing flames like a Dempster Dumpster (but perfectly harmless, remember) — is guaranteed to strike fear and trembling into the heart and kidneys of any opponent in the Pacific Eight.

Give me an S. Give me an A. Give me an

—ALAN WACHTEL

Is There An Alternative

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Students interested in helping to canvass should meet at the Women's clubhouse Saturdays at 10 a.m. Currently, we are working in the Sunnyvale and Santa Clara areas. As the campaign progresses we will work in other areas and at various times. Come and help.

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Are you one of the thousands of people who feel that Humphrey or Nixon is a non-choice? Would you like to vote for somebody instead of against a particular candidate? There can be a choice this year if we are willing to work hard to give George McGovern the Democratic nomination for President. California is crucial with its 271 delegate votes going to the winner of the June 6th primary, as well as the momentum to build victories in the important Texas delegate selection and New York primary following soon after.

The Campus Coalition for McGovern has recently organized to help Senator McGovern win in California. We need a lot of help. If you support us and can spare some time or money for this effort, please let us now by returning the coupon below. The alternative to supporting George McGovern is all too clear.

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Notes from the desert

One area of classical music which today is dominated by American ensembles is the string quartet. Stanford audiences so far this year have already been treated to the Juilliard Quartet and the Guarneri Quartet. When the Yale Quartet and the Cleveland Quartet are also taken into account, it is evident that the string quartet repertoire in America benefits from a profusion of brilliant and interpretatively different approaches.

The Fine Arts Quartet, the most recent visitor to Stanford, ranks with the above ensembles yet remains quite different from them, as was evidenced in its concert here last week. Their emphasis was always on control and restraint, with structural values dominating over coloristic ones and a great deal of rhythmic variation and discretion. Coupled with some admirably adventurous programming, this approach was refreshing and provocative.

Typical was their opening concert, which began with Haydn's rarely-heard Opus 76, Number 6 in E flat major (the

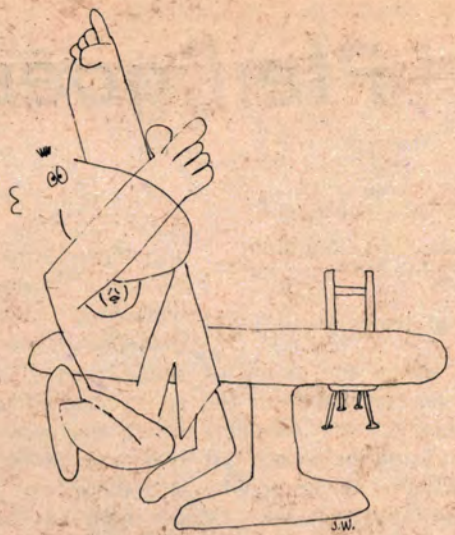
only available recording of which was done by the Fine Arts Quartet). While it is unlikely that the audience bombarded local record stores with requests for it afterwards, the work is pleasant and attractive with a great deal of typically-Haydnesque low downing. Here as elsewhere first violinist Leonard Sorkin took particular pains to remain integrated with the group, so much so that his control threatened to become strangulation. My only quibble with an elegant and effective presentation might be over what seemed to me an excessive amount of fooling with the basic pulse in the third movement which thus threatened, at times, to fall apart.

I have no such complaints about their treatment of the string quartet by young Charles Wuorinen. The work is intensely hypnotic, structurally complex, and requires just the tight ensemble and general control which the Fine Arts Quartet displayed all evening. After a first movement with an unnecessarily

large number of the cliches of modern chamber music (such as a great deal of loud pizzicato), two movements of incredible intensity followed. The audience may not have enjoyed it, but I doubt that it was bored.

The concert closed with the autumnal *Clarinet Quintet* by Brahms. Here the group was joined by clarinetist Mitchell Lurie, who has what might be called a French technique that is not generally associated with this sort of work. Brahms composed this particular quintet at the end of a long career. The aging composer, after telling all his friends that he had nothing more to say and would compose no more, was suddenly aroused to the expressive possibilities of the clarinet. It is thus usually played as the embodiment of *fin-du-siecle* romanticism, with gypsy violinists wearing their hearts on their sleeves.

What we heard last week was instead a highly restrained account in which the clarinet remained at all times merely one member of the ensemble. This



approach was most successful in the inner movements, particularly in the impossibly complex rhythmic filigrees of the third movement. Throughout the piece Brahms's unfailingly intricate rhythms were kept controlled and precise. In short, the Fine Arts Quartet showed themselves to be not only a first-class performing ensemble, but one with a great deal of interest for even the most jaded audience of string quartets.

An even more exciting event occurs this week with the two performances Thursday and Friday in Memorial Auditorium, by the Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. They should be seen by everyone, particularly those natives of the Bay Area who still cling to an obsolescent conception of San Francisco as California's cultural center. The Lewitzky company is merely one of the brighter jewels in a Los Angeles dance scene which, like most aspects of musical life in Los Angeles, puts this area to shame. There are sure to be plenty of student rush tickets, and I seriously cannot imagine anyone failing to be moved by some of

the very best contemporary dance to be seen anywhere.

Despite all my carping comments in previous columns, I would like to point out the tremendous expansion of the classical music scene here in my four years at Stanford. Both our own Music Department and the Office of Public Events have continually presented new programs without (so far) abandoning any of them. I have to thank them for the pleasure they have brought me and hope that they will continue at the same level.

—ALAN HYDE

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Views from the new dean

Earlier this week, a few members of the *Chaparral* staff talked with the incoming Dean of Students, James Lyons, at the Faculty Club. For some of the Chappies, it was their first time in the Faculty Club (attention John Schwartz). Mr. Lyons will be leaving Haverford College and coming to Stanford sometime this summer. The following comments are highlights of that conversation.

What were your reasons for accepting Stanford's offer?

I've been at Haverford ten years. I wasn't looking for a job when this one came along. It was a difficult decision to leave Haverford, but I asked myself what kind of Dean I'd be after another ten years at the same place. Once you put roots down, your perceptions tend to be influenced by that. Everyone I talked to described it (Stanford's offer) as a suicide mission; that's about all it took.

Why a "suicide mission?"

People in this field tend to be much comforted by stability. The Stanford situation has been explosive the past few years as a result of an it-could-never-happen-here attitude. Stanford has been getting a very bad press in the East.

How do you see the role of the Dean in a time of student protest and unrest?

A good Dean in some ways is a student advocate in the councils he sits on. Just what councils he sits on can be quite important. Of

course, students should be wary of having an administrator as their advocate. The Dean should not preempt the students' own advocacy. He can act, maybe, as a translator, an interpreter.

What general conceptions do you have of the job of a Dean of Students?

I'm interested in the students' macro-environment. When graduating seniors are asked what influenced them most at the University, they usually cite their friends or an activity — seldom academics in general. I'm interested in finding out what happens in the sub-communities which students live in and spend most of their time in.

Do you expect to make any changes in the Dean of Students office?

I'll really have to wait until I get here and see how things are run at Stanford. There is one thing I'd like to do, though. Decisions are often made on a hunch, on a set of unexamined assumptions. I'll establish a strong research division in the Dean's office to examine some of those assumptions.

How do you feel about the role of the Dean of Students in the current judicial system? (A student can choose to have his case heard by the Dean rather than going through the public CJP hearings process.)

We have a similar setup at Haverford. I probably won't take

cases where there is dispute over finding of fact. Peers have to be in the business of judging peers — this is the way we govern ourselves.

How do you feel about the role of students in the Dean of Students office?

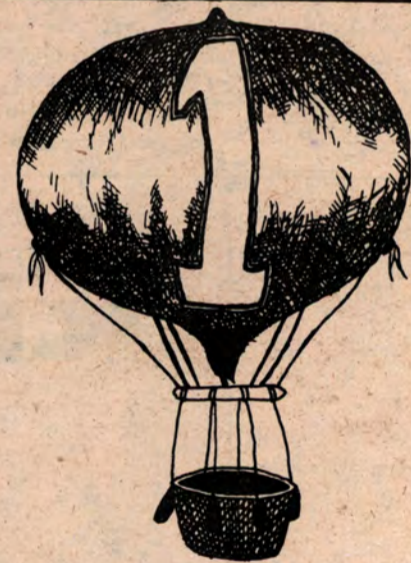
It's folly to think you can find a small group of students to represent all students. On the other hand, I don't know of any major decision I've made that was not improved by student consultation or that would not have been improved if students had been consulted.

What kinds of big problems have you had at Haverford over the last ten years?

In the way of general problems, there have been two main ones. How do we make a small elitist institution diverse? And secondly, there has been the problem of getting the University to view students as citizens and not as children.

How do you act personally when a group comes in with a set of demands?

First, recognize that it's a political situation, and no matter what, you act politically. That may mean negotiation, finding out what the issues of negotiation really are. I really don't like that situation. You have to look at what made it necessary to present demands in that form. Eventually you have to make a decision by judging the proposals on their merit and feasibility. I'm sure that I'll be tested in this regard before I'm here too long.



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Pfeil goes one for three in April

The Conformist (Aquarius I, Palo Alto)
Mary Queen of Scots (Fine Arts, Palo Alto)
The Hospital (Park, Menlo Park)

April is always the month of dull movie releases. I suppose the studios figure that the Academy Awards will bring the crowds out for the nominated movies, so why try to push anything new? Or maybe everyone gets tired in April. Whatever the reason, Hollywood's strategy put me in something of a bind this month. The new releases (*Z.P.G.*, *Puppet on a Chain*) were not worth criticizing and I'd seen most of the "big" releases of the winter season. So, in aimless desperation, I seized on some of the nominees for the more obscure Oscars.

The Conformist was my lucky hit. The New York critics waxed ecstatic over it, but I was avoiding it after a bad reaction to Bertolucci's previous film, *Before the Revolution*, a wreck that received similar praise. But Bertolucci has managed to stay bold and still get close to human beings in *The Conformist*, as well as to something resembling plot.

Both character and plot have to be strong in his films to balance the crazy daring of his camera style and cutting techniques; Bertolucci thinks nothing of quick-cutting from a two-second close shot of a man holding his love's face in his hand, to a three-second one of them from the middle of the street, and back again. The movement doesn't really tell you anything about the lovers or hint at an editorial point of view, but it's exhilarating to watch at first, as a novel might be if told by eight or nine warring narrators at separate distances from the same material.

This technique is taken largely from Godard, but it seems assimilated into *The Conformist* because it consistently shows us a more constructed, beautiful world than Godard ever chose to create. And not just sensuously constructed either; there's a scene where the conformist Marcello's new wife dances an erotic tango with the wife of the professor that our hero has been sent to kill, after which the crowd does a ring dance that closes tighter and tighter around Trintignant, the fine actor who plays Marcello. As if magically, Bertolucci puts a face on every person in the crowd, not a cartoon line, just a stamp. So when Marcello's panicked eyes darken, we know it's because the closeness of all that individuality is suffocating him.

Yet the technique finally derails the film. Some sequences (a wheezy, handheld movie chase through the woods; a Fascist standing behind a desk strewn with peanuts) are straight stylistic imitations of Godard and Fellini that distract us with cries to be recognized. The jump cuts within scenes become irritating as they shatter our sense of Marcello the Fascist and the origin and consequences of his obsessive quest of anonymity. The day after seeing the film, I realized what a good story was there, and felt a little cheated; but Bertolucci is getting better, and the shards of *The Conformist* are themselves worth your attention. (And Dominique Sanda's in it.)

Of the nominations given *Mary Queen of Scots*, it deserved at most only the one for costume design. Certainly neither Vanessa Redgrave (Mary) nor Glenda Jackson (Elizabeth) do much of anything, except occasionally

parody themselves. Glenda looks and acts bitchy while Vanessa runs through her repertoire of hurt looks and twitchy hand mannerisms. But for two-thirds of the movie, nothing more is required of them since the Wheels of History is the main character. Plots and counterplots succeed, fail, are concocted anew. Good and bad people fight wars, lose heads, change sides, show or hide their real colors. It all gets pretty confusing, really, with England and Scotland and James Rex, and the Pope in the wings. In short, everybody's a player in the different diplomacy games, but since you already know how it comes out (Mary loses hard, in case you didn't), you soon fail to give a sweet damn.

Some smart fellow, realizing there was a certain indifference factor to be coped with in all these you-were-there history movies, decided to get Redgrave and Jackson together in this one so your average star-struck viewer would pay and wait for the big scene between the two. Don't do it; Vanessa just jerks her hands and eyes around, and Glenda just snarls. They know better than to act in a film like this, though as you watch, it's hard to applaud their integrity. The rest of the cast (Patrick McGoohan, Trevor Howard, Oliver Reed) are all tepidly competent, except for Timothy Dalton — last year's Heathcliff — who, as Mary's profligate husband, over acts so badly that you're glad when his syphilis gets to the point that he has to wear a mask.

Come to think of it, maybe the costumes do deserve an award.

No amount of bribery or persuasion could have induced people of average intelligence to give Paddy Chayefsky an Oscar for the screenplay of *The Hospital*; this action could only have been the result of raw, confused stupidity. There's this hospital, see, that George C. Scott is supervising, and somebody's pilfering, and somebody's killing doctors and nurses, while wacky Diana Rigg is trying to get her crazy father out of the hospital and back to Mexico. Scott surveys this chaos with a rueful but wise eye, blows his top, and talks a lot about a suicide he's thinking of having for reasons unrelated to anything else going on. He and Diana have a long, adult rap. She

says "I believe in everything," he says, "I believe in impotence."

In the meanwhile, somebody wonks a nurse in the back with a heavy white object. Scott blows his stack at Diana cause she busted in on his suicide. So he screws her and they fall verbosely in love. Meanwhile, the nurse has been wheeled into the operating room in place of the true patient. Her uterus has just been blithely removed when it is discovered that she. . . . If this mess seems to you like stark, gutsy realism, maybe you and Paddy just know more about pain than I do, though I learned a lot by sticking this one out. Unless you're a masochist, don't go.

—FRED PFEIL

Incredible Country Joe

Incredible! Live! Country Joe!

Vanguard Records

Country Joe McDonald is one folk singer freak we heavy rads can appreciate politically as well as musically. He's not so much a performer as a spokesman for GI resistance and the youth revolt. His good music has always been icing on the cake. In his latest album of new songs, recorded live in concert, Joe gives us the same whimsical political sarcasm and down-home country sounds that had us singing "Fixin' to Die Rag" all over the country. But there's something new, something more fervent and meaningful; it goes a step beyond sarcasm and whimsy. Joe sounds inspired by the Vietnamese people's struggle, and the notion of an American people's liberation army that will

take this country quite a few steps beyond the peace movement.

Some of the first cuts on this album are mellow, sentimental and erotic — love ballads reminiscent of the twenties and thirties. The rest are explicitly political, anti-imperialist, anti-authoritarian, for the people. Joe has been working for the GI resistance movement recently, and one song, "Kiss my Ass," was written especially for that movement: "... never knew till I got in the army/ that thinking for yourself was a crime." Another ditty is a musical counterpart to *The Selling of the President*: "Tricky Dicky from Yorba Linda/ he's a genuine plastic man."

Country Joe expresses the joy and energy of the people's movement in several songs. One sounds like a Vietnamese folk melody and says "We love the Pathet Lao (Viet Cong, Che Guevara, Angela Davis)/ deep down in our hearts." Another, "We'll be Free Some Day," may replace "We Shall Overcome" in the next phase of the struggle: "make a revolution/ join the people's army."

Joe's song is more militant and explicit than the other, and, at the same time, still fun to sing. Never too heavy to handle, Country Joe can put a radical analysis into music and leave both the song and the politics better for the combination. The last cut extols the revolutionary ethic: "If you're broke and you need some cash/ rip it off from the ruling class." Right on!

Most important, these songs are easy to learn and to sing. They belong to the people, and if we make use of them, movement consciousness will spread and flower a hundred times.

—The Ad Hoc Committee to review Country Joe records.

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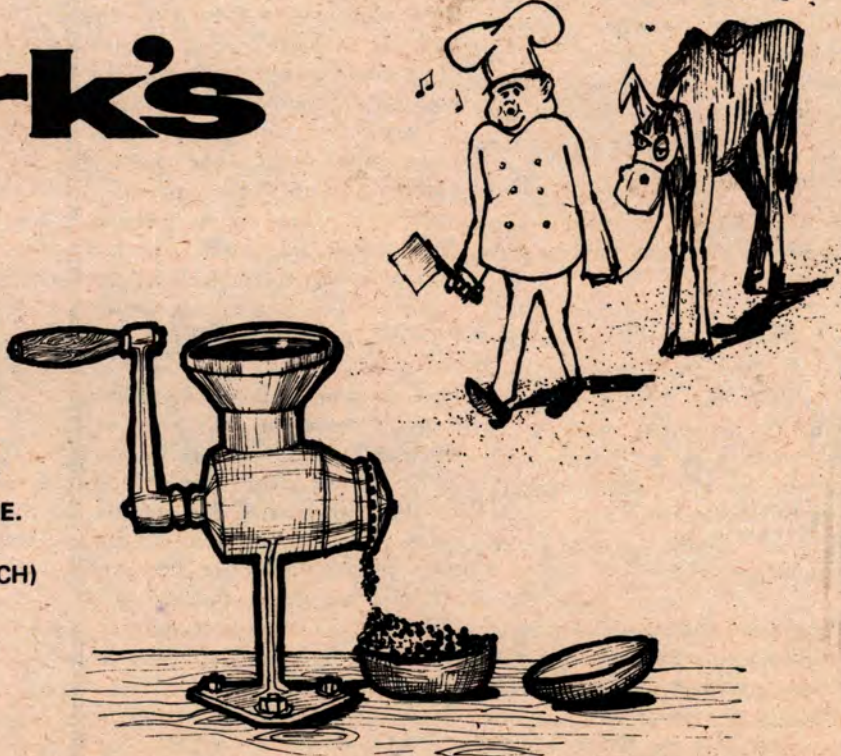
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