

THE ARENA

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

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ROTC CRISIS!

by Harvey H. Hukari, Jr.

With the publication of the majority report of the Ad Hoc Committee on ROTC, it has become appallingly clear that the Reserve Officers Training Corps program is simply the first target for those Liberals and Radicals who desire that the University be kept free of any influences which do not conform to their particular political, philosophical or moral aesthetic. If the majority report's proposals are accepted by the Academic Senate, such an action will have the effect of virtually banishing the ROTC program from the Stanford campus. The rationale for doing so is simple. In the words of the majority report, the ROTC is not compatible with "the University's primary commitment to the unrestricted creation and dissemination of knowledge."

There are a number of charges and arguments made by the majority report against the continuation of ROTC. One of the more blatant ones is that the ROTC courses owe a primary loyalty not to the University but to the branch of the armed forces that they represent, and thus they cannot have a basic commitment to academic enterprise. The fundamental charge is that a conflict of interest exists. One must assume that if ROTC instructors are banned on this basis then every other professor who does research for any agency or institution not connected with Stanford will suffer a similar fate. Even the majority report tacitly acknowledges that conflicts of interest do exist on campus, but why pick on ROTC?

It is taken for granted that Robert McAfee Brown, as a professor of religion, has a primary commitment to a supreme Deity and not to Kenneth Pitzer, although in some people's eyes the two entities are interchangeable. Virtually everyone in the University community accepts the fact that Maoist professor Bruce Franklin's primary loyalty is to the Revolution and not to any academic enterprise which serves the interests bourgeois students. What bothers the authors of the majority report is simply that many military instructors manifest a laudable and necessary loyalty to the nation and not to the goals of some Liberal tyrannists. (Perhaps the conflict of interest question could be resolved by making Stanford tattoos mandatory, as a symbol of devotion but this suggestion was not included in the majority report.)

ROTC A BURDEN?

The Liberals and Radicals on the Ad Hoc Committee charge that ROTC is a burden on the University, since Stanford must supply classroom facilities and administrative offices to the military. What the majority report fails to point out is that the ROTC program provides \$250,000 in scholarships and financial aid to students who otherwise might be unable to attend Stanford. Furthermore, the salaries paid to the instructors of ROTC courses come from the government and not the University. Far from being a burden on Stanford, ROTC is a financial and educational asset.

Another serious charge leveled at the program was that military officers were being used to train men to be military officers. In other words, training is being carried on by the armed forces in the interest of the armed forces. In reality, the ROTC program is training officers in the interest of the nation as a whole and in the interest of those individuals who have voluntarily decided to participate in the ROTC because



ROTC NEEDS YOU!

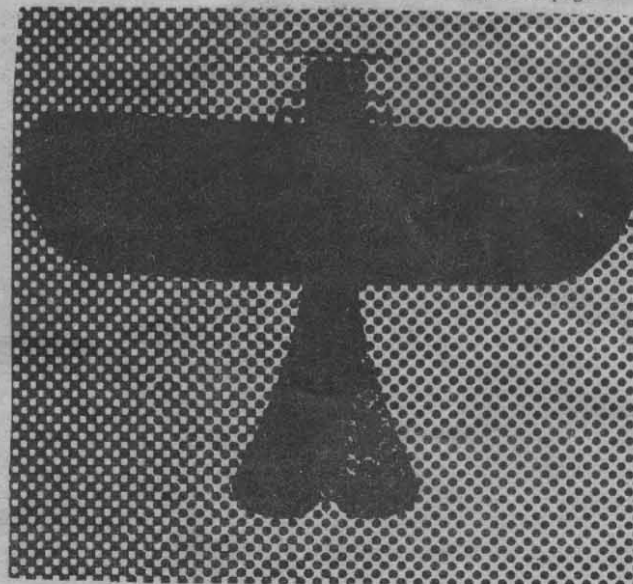
they feel that it provides them with an excellent opportunity to fulfill their military obligation.

The majority report claims to be judging the ROTC courses not on the basis of their academic quality but on the basis of its goals, yet the report slyly implies, without substantiation, that ROTC isn't up to snuff. "...the Committee heard public testimony that ROTC courses were of very high calibre. We do not wish to contest this, though members of the Committee have also heard informally and confidentially that the contrary is also sometimes the case." Ironically, the report's condemnation of ROTC comes at a time when a great deal more flexibility is being granted ROTC instructors with respect to teaching and course content. It was stressed time and time again at the ROTC open hearings that those who participated in the program felt that the courses offered them provided far greater opportunity for free inquiry and the expression of divergent opinions than did many courses in the Humanities and Sciences.

MICKEY MOUSE

It is not clear at all why the goals of the ROTC program (i.e. the education of junior officers and the

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Draft Dilemma

by Leo

Opposing the draft on college campuses like Stanford today is roughly equivalent to supporting apple pie and motherhood in the suburbs. Libertarian conservatives oppose the draft because it is coercive and violates the principle of a free labor market. Radicals oppose the draft as being a particularly odious (i.e., immediate) part of the total military-industrial system. And most students in between show emotions ranging from passive acceptance to indignant opposition.

In response to this pressure, Richard Nixon has already directed his Secretary of Defense to prepare to phase out the draft. Clearly the new President considers that relieving students of the fear of military service, along with giving 18-year-olds the vote, is crucial to blunting youthful discontent. The alternative to eliminating the draft is former Defense Secretary McNamara's idea of national service, by which every young man would be required to serve his country for two years but could take his pick of VISTA, the Peace Corps, the military, or other service organizations. Despite the obvious appeal of McNamara's plan, Nixon has chosen to remove, rather than refine, a young man's service obligation. The thinking of Chicago's libertarian economist, Milton Friedman, is reported to have greatly influenced Nixon in this matter.

Elimination of the draft will put pressure on the armed services, but the Pentagon's response may not be that envisioned by many students. Far from accepting a diminished role in society, the military will increase its recruiting efforts substantially. Since the Navy and Air Force already fill their ranks with volunteers, dramatic changes in recruiting procedures will come from the Army. We can expect that increased recruiting will be particularly noticeable in urban and rural ghettos, since the Army remains, notwithstanding, an avenue of upward mobility in the minds of underprivileged people.

REINFORCEMENT

At the same time, the Army will find its own military value system reinforced as it loses the civilian influence of enlisted men who were drafted and officers who went through ROTC under the Gun of the draft. The planning and conduct of war will be more detached from civilian influence than it is now. This will be a loss which campus opinion cannot now appreciate.

Campus opinion of war in general, and the Vietnam war in particular, has focused on the brutalizing rather than ennobling effects. As a result, by and large we have overlooked the profound influence brought to Vietnam battlefields by the huge corps of civilian-minded enlisted men and junior officers. While the news media have dramatized a few cases of American Callousness, they have overlooked the infinitely more numerous actions at platoon and squad level that show respect and concern for civilian life, actions which stem in great measure from the influence of two-year soldiers.

The loss of these men will be felt both in domestic life and in the manner in which we wage war. The dichotomy existing today in France between Gaullism and socialism, while not an exact projection of America's future, gives an idea of the split that can develop in a society where the military lacks a strong civilian influence.

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Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

Your paper is a great source of encouragement to those like myself who are Stanford graduates and stand appalled as we see a once great institution being eroded by a small group of revolutionaries aided and abetted by a majority of unthinking, but self-esteemed intellectual student body and an administration which seems totally unaware of the true nature of the problem. Keep up the good work.

John H. Jenks

To the Editor:

When the "silent majority" (i.e. Name Withheld) finally raises its voice against the excesses of radicals at Stanford, after a few years of self-imposed exile, rightists of all colors jump out of their books and test-tubes and cheer. They cheer the daring defense of the AEL lab and the exposure of all campus radicals by suddenly conscientious students who don't even dare to sign their own poison-pen letters or check their research. Instead of banally responding to every campus demonstration with pompous self-righteousness, why doesn't the *Arena* either return to responsibility, formally call itself an entertainment review, or go back into exile.

George Wadleigh

THE ARENA

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COPS PART II

by Spectator

Last week the breathless readers of this space were introduced to the Maximum Physicist and the sincere but alienated members of the Student Counter-Research Electronics Works (SCREW).

A gifted cartoonist among them embodied the new organization's ideals and raised its morale by depicting a mural-sized Superman, his broad head sharpened and threaded, power-diving toward the Capitol dome.

As a consequence of their continuing efforts to rid Southeast Asia of U.S. imperialism, SCREW members and their parent organization, Children of Plutocracy, determined to destroy the effectiveness of the Pentagon-developed "People-Sniffer."

Rumor had it this was an odor-sensitive device employed to detect terror-driven coolies padding along the Ho Chi Minh trail and other such night streets. Clearly a fundamental invasion of privacy.

Laying plans one night for the assault on the people-sniffers, Max. P. asked: "Shall we de-odorize or hyper-odorize?"

Precisely! A question so large as to be almost metaphysical, nay cosmic. But the COPs knew how to handle it. Just like back in junior high, during three hours of "correlated" language arts and social studies. Confidently, they formed buzz groups.

Some of the peripheral members of SCREW, still tainted with reformist and voluntarist heresies, could think of nothing to send cans of family spray deodorant to Hanoi. They noted brightly that this would, at least, break a law or two.

More imaginative speakers remembered the five-

day deodorant pads soldiers use to gloss their boots and shoes. Why not urge sympathetic GI's to supply the pads to the VC?

When Max. P. overhead this, rotating from buzz group to buzz group, he asked who would go to Vietnam to start this clandestine operation.

Nobody responded. Each COP was booked solid with classes for the rest of the year.

Other discussions seemed to be making more progress. A veteran devoted to "radicalization" of uncommitted masses argued forcefully the hyper-odorous approach.

People would never work against the people-sniffer, he explained, until they truly understood the importance to a man of his own smell.

If the next rally were in a windowless, too-small auditorium, and if, on signal, as an outpouring of love, each person turned to his neighbor, armpit to armpit, there would develop such an effusion of radical understanding as would make any task possible.

Winning as this idea was, it was not acceptable to those COPs who had made the sensitivity-awareness scene. Far too gross, they said of the armpit stroke.

Convinced of the innate superiority of their own plan, some of the latter members left the meeting and went up into a high mountain.

There the air was thin and they could smell nothing. The key, said a leader of the delicate dissidents, is to keep smelling nothing until you smell something.

Together, matching inhalations and exhalations, the group sniffed, fulped and wheezed until they fell down the mountain in a faint and were never heard from again.

Games People Play

by Susan Hudgens

Peter piper picked a peck of pickled people....

In Rosemary's Baby, it appeared that John Cassavettes was more uptight about being an actor than about aiding and abetting Satan. He seemed to grasp his role in his head, but he gave the audience little assurance that he was really with it.

However, Cassavettes, with Faces, has really finally gripped onto the role he should play: directing, for he does more with his actors, gets more out of them, than almost any other director (exception: Mike Nichols, Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf). The movie should be called the Postgraduate. Cassavettes makes a point about boozy, brash, bourgeois Los Angeles not unlike the message dished out in The Graduate.

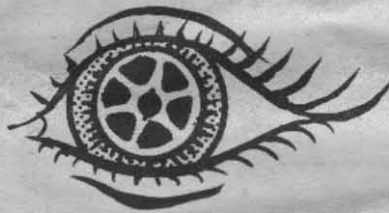
But Faces is a far more mature, well-constructed, subtle collage of impressions, this time centering the story on the creators of the sick L.A. scene, not its innocent sufferers. (Funny how one has to see a movie which does a similar thing ten times better to realize what was wrong with the other film).

Other amendments: we don't know it's L.A., that over-used scapegoat for all our national ills, until the movie is half-over; the film is black-and-white, has a grainy texture, is shot with a hand-held camera; the soundtrack echoes, as though it were made in a huge studio or perhaps with a taperecorder stuck under the sofa (this very effectively gives a hollow ring to everything said).

Sketchily recapitulated, Faces is about one night and the morning after in the life of a successful "finance" businessman, played brilliantly by John Marley who received the Best Actor Award, at the Cannes Film Festival, for this part. The film captures

a crucial few hours during which he tells his wife (Lynn Carlin, a secretary whom Cassavettes recruited for the role) he wants a divorce. The reason? She is tired of the routine of marital sex, which is a symptom of her general disillusionment with the routine of her life as wife and housekeeper. Her plight is brought out after Marley tells her his decision and goes up to the poolroom, takes a few shots, and flashes back on a bedroom scene when he tries to cajole her into a loving mood by telling her riddles and elephant jokes — she laughs alot, then rolls over and goes to sleep.

The viewer soon realizes that he uses riddles, jokes, word games often to communicate, or more often disguise, his desires, as when he and a friend pick up a chick (Gena Rowlands, Cassavette's wife) at a bar and go to her place and chant "Peter Piper picked..." to



prove they're not drunk, tell jokes, and revive a routine the two men did when they were in college.

Unlike Jean Renoir's Rules of the Game, their experiences are neither genteel nor are they cathartic (unless the ending could be interpreted as hopeful). For example, after Amory leaves his wife, he goes to Gena's place, finds her with a coarse, boorish, pulpy-faced businessman who jealously tries to pick a fight with Marley. They end up having a punny, funny time with more Peter piper, jokes and limericks.

Also, the hunt for game and games in the Renoir film frequently ends in death or tragedy, or at least a

complete turnabout of events; Faces contains no definitive climaxes or resolutions. At the end, after Marley has spent the night with Gena Rowlands, after his wife has gone out with the girls to a discotheque and picked up a young hip cat (splendidly played by Seymour Cassel) who spends the night, Marley returns home as Cassel runs out and the still-very-much-married couple sit on the stairs, smoking, weary, sad, tired-out (this sequence is partially flawed by the quick, too well-timed shifting of shots back and forth between the two which is too succinct, too smooth, too punchy in context with the rest of the film).

It's almost George and Martha all over again — the games went too far, the threats became too real, but there's nothing left to do but go on.

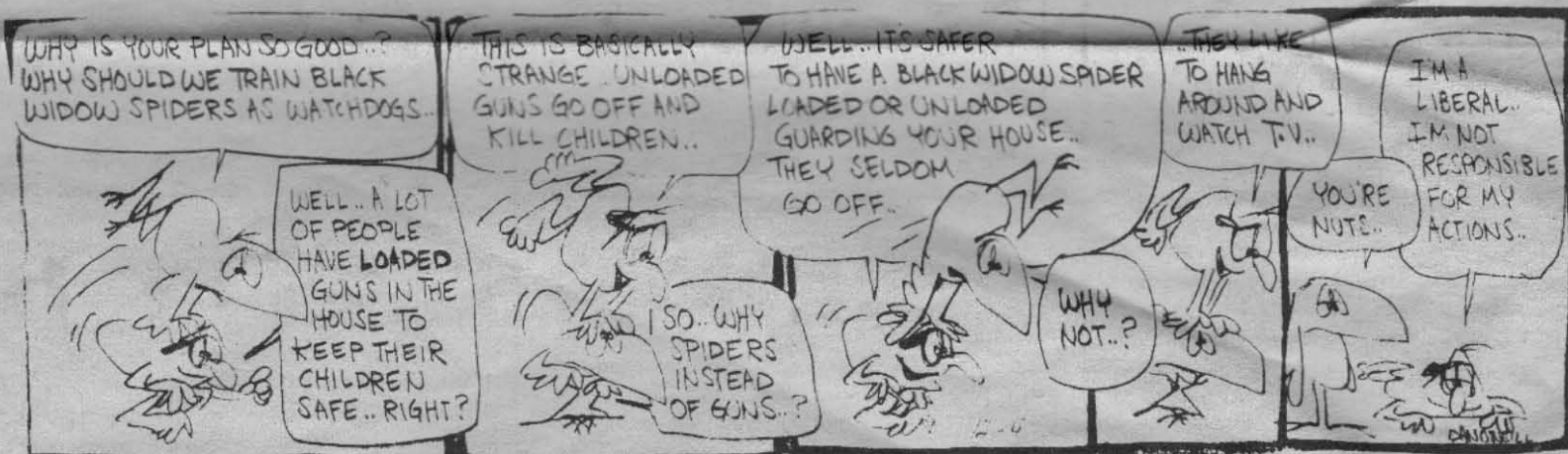
And down in lovely muck I've lain,
Happy till I woke again.
Then I saw the morning sky:
Heigho, the tale was all a lie;
The world, it was the old world yet,
I was I, my things were wet,
And nothing now remained to do
But begin the game anew.

A.E. Housman

"Terence, This is Stupid Stuff"

Faces is a difficult film to gamble on in criticism, because one feels it in the heart and guts as well as experiencing it. And I wonder how many of us could say that about most "good" cinema which gets to our senses of seeing and hearing, makes us walk out of the theater scratching our heads, but rarely gets to our sensibilities. Faces hits hard. And how.

Perhaps this is why my memories of the movie pass through me in waves of impressions, too strong for words, through tracts of my consciousness where only a poem could really describe what I was made to feel.



WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER

Avalon/Fillmore

by Bruce Borgeson

The Avalon Ballroom is:

- Right next to Butterfield and Butterfield, though Paul hasn't been there in years.
- Dancing.
- Some ambitious cat in the line outside asking passers-by, "Can you spare three bucks."
- Howlin' Wolf gettin' right down with the front row chicks and saying "I didn't mean no harm."
- The black-light puppet show.
- Friendly pushers with white Owsley
- Moby Grape fighting an ailing sound system and losing.
- The black rent-a-cops, who have never busted anybody for anything fitting, in spite of their official garb.
- The beautiful flicks that Jerry Abrams merges into his light shows.

Bill Graham's Fillmore is:

- No longer in the Fillmore, but rather the better half of Waters' Buick.
- Lying on the floor and feeling The Yardbirds' bass vibrating through your liver and gall bladder.
- Shoulder-to-shoulder, packed-in togetherness for

Cream's debut and Big Brother's farewell.

- Bill Graham tripping out courtesy of the Grateful Dead's specially brewed coffee.
- Ray Manzerek kicking his amplifier to simulate the gunshot in the Door's "Unknown Soldier."
- The "speaker freaks" who hold on to the huge speaker enclosures and sway with the earsplitting volume of music.
- Terry Reid acting like Paul McCartney and singing like Donovan imitating Janis Joplin.
- Bumping into Marty Balin of the Jefferson Airplane and spilling your coke.
- Loaning your pen to some cat and receiving a joint when it is returned.
- Country Joe so stoned he can hardly sing.
- A list of dances (fox-trot, waltz, etc.), a relic of the old Carousel, now attached to one of the speaker cabinets.
- Janis Joplin joining England's Fleetwood Mac to top off an incredibly heavy second set.
- The "Whooo" accorded by the regulars to those groups who are really getting it on.
- Bill Graham moving equipment between sets, thereby making him the world's highest paid stagehand.

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ROTC....

inculcation of a sense of duty and dedication to one's country) should be in any way antithetical to Stanford. If the goals of the ROTC program are not commensurate with the goals of the academic community then what about all the Mickey Mouse courses that are taught in every department of this school that make a veritable masquerade out of education? One can suppose that if the people who presented the majority report, Van Slyke, Kostelanetz, Grissom, et. al., are so intent upon exorcising the evil, non-academic spirits of the ROTC program from Stanford then they will be just as zealous in cleaning out their own departments and banishing the dead wood professors to exile at Berkeley or Parsons College. If every department were subject to such scrutinization, far more courses than simply those in ROTC would fall by the wayside.

The minority report of the committee, which was published at the same time as the majority report, was far more reasonable and moderate in its approach. It suggested reforms and improvements in the ROTC courses and advocated that the program be retained with full academic credit. The faculty of the ROTC department has indicated a willingness to accept changes and modifications which will strengthen the program.

The arguments for keeping ROTC at Stanford are persuasive. First of all, there is definitely a demand for the program as evidenced by the more than 300 students who are presently enrolled in it. Whether one likes it or not, the military is an essential part of society and is likely to remain so for some time to come. The national interest demands that the armed forces be staffed by college educated officers who are cognizant of and sensitive to social and political conditions. We cannot permit those who wish to become officers to be shunted off and isolated in sterile military academies. Rather, we must allow those individuals who choose ROTC to be free to enjoy the same educational benefits and opportunities that the rest of us do. We must not make them outcasts from the academic world.

The Academic Senate is now faced with the decision as to whether or not they will accept the majority report and kick ROTC off campus. To do so would negate the principle of an open university and set a dangerous precedent for eliminating courses for which there is student demand. A lot of pseudo-liberal professors will go into that Academic Senate meeting and self-righteously vote to banish ROTC from Stanford, perhaps feeling quite proud about it afterwards. Yet if they do, one day they're going to wake up, look out the window and suddenly discover that their sacred ivory towers have somehow become as yellowed and as hollow as their own academic integrity.



High Hypocrisy

by Bill Randolph

Up tight and out of sight went the pot puffers after a rash of campus arrests by the local constabulary. Up too went cries of "Save us, save us!" from the raw throats of the smokers as they asked the Corporate University to interpose itself between them and the cops.

Some asked Stanford to declare itself Private Property (sic) and consider outside police trespassers. One bustee even suggested the school provide counsel and a bail fund for future arrestees.

It was a sad, freaked-out show indeed, and deserved a name worse than paranoia, the best the *Daily* could do by way of description.

The incidents of campus arrests by off-campus police, and the accompanying outcry for refuge behind the university's apron raise two issues about the relationship between Stanford and its students.

The first concern is in loco parentis, or paternalism. The struggle to establish an adult-to-adult relationship between students and their colleges has been waged with slow progress in this country over many years. Hardly anywhere has it met more success than at Stanford, which is a tribute to both the school and its students. In the vanguard of this progress in recent years have been social reformers and non-conformists. With allowances for their excesses, this counts to their credit.

But now these same elements are leading the way back to paternalism with their calls for sanctuary on campus.

They are asking the University to protect them from the law, (some would maintain only from the excesses of law enforcers) while simultaneously admitting widespread illegal possession and use of marijuana. To do that is to make strong precedent for the University intervention to regulate legal student behavior.

Asking to be saved from pot busts is asking to have it both ways on campus, and is — pardon the catch word — hypocrisy.

Which raises the second issue in the pot bust-bag. It is about what kind of morality is going to govern conduct by students and the university. This is not to debate the pros and cons of marijuana, or even to suggest that one's time ought to be spent changing the law rather than breaking it. It is rather to suggest that this community has to function in a framework of law, and act consistent with that law.

The alternative suggested by militant, pot-smoking, paternalists is that they and the rest of the University move in accord with some over-arching morality, a morality which disapproves of illegal wars and military research, and approves grass and protection from cops. In short, their own morality, which runs through the list of their experiences approving and disapproving, point by point, as suits their convenience.

Parochial, self-serving morality has no more place as a guiding doctrine on this campus than does paternalism, and together they ought to be snuffed out in a willingness to face the law.

DRAFT...

Continued from page 1

FOREIGN POLICY AFFECTED

Our foreign policy will also be strongly affected by the elimination of the draft. We will be forced to throw more of the burden of defending the free world onto our allies, and, in particular, onto our two most economically successful allies, Germany and Japan.

For years, America has been trying to get these countries to assume a bigger share of the common defense. Elimination of the draft, combined with the decline of our balance-of-payments (which will be exacerbated as the higher salaries paid to a volunteer army are spent in the gift and appliance shops of Japan, Germany, Okinawa, etc.), will give Nixon a strong club with which to persuade our reluctant allies.

Whether Germany and Japan should be encouraged to expand their military preparedness is beyond the scope of this article. But that they will is inevitable, and the pressure among American students to eliminate the draft in our army will be an important contribution to the ascendancy of Japan's and Germany's military role in the world.



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