Portland State University
PDXScholar

The Viking (Yearbooks)  

University Archives: Campus Publications & Productions

1976

Viking 1976

Portland State University

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: http://pdxscholar.library.pdx.edu/viking

Part of the Higher Education Commons, and the United States History Commons

Recommended Citation
http://pdxscholar.library.pdx.edu/viking/28

This Book is brought to you for free and open access. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Viking (Yearbooks) by an authorized administrator of PDXScholar. For more information, please contact pdxscholar@pdx.edu.
book of the year

viking 1976 yrbk
book of the year

viking yrbk  1976
portland state university
The Viking yrbk staff invites everyone to patronize Bianca's Coffee Shop in East Hall.

Copyright 1976. All rights reserved.
"... those who do not distort reality perceive the persistent truth of people in their own time, and reveal for subsequent generations the real transitions and evolutions of mankind."
—Alwyn Scott Turner

Take a little time with this book. It took a lot of time to put it together. A year, in fact. It's a book about the year 1976, and (getting around the barrier those four numerals create) it's a book about people, about us here in Portland, at Portland State. Not that anybody could really tell anybody else exactly what happened this year. The best we could hope to do was to catch a sense of time, place, and personality in our words and photographs. To produce a document of these times: what they've done to us, and what we've done to them.

Please turn the page. This book's beginning.
On the first day of the 1975-76 academic year, the temperature in Portland was 63 degrees and the wind was blowing out of the east at 32 miles per hour. By the end of the fall quarter, the average temperature had leveled out to 47 degrees. There were eight days of heavy fog in December and the day after Christmas saw the wind coming out of the southwest at 33 miles per hour.

It was a relatively mild winter; the average temperature for January was four degrees higher than usual and the lowest temperature of the year, 24 degrees, didn't come until February 7. Between February 26th and 27th, more than an inch-and-a-half of rain fell and there were trace amounts of snow in the air the following day.

By March 21, the first day of spring, the air was clear and the temperature had reached 62 degrees. Spring break was in process and the Park Blocks enjoyed 65 hours of sunshine over the ten-day period.

Between the beginning of the school year and the start of April there were 145 cloudy days; the average temperature was 45 degrees and the total precipitation was 26.52 inches. On the whole, the air during the academic year of 1975-76 was a little warmer and slightly dryer than usual.
On June 6, 1975, the Oregon State Board of Higher Education voted to approve a 25% increase in tuition to be spread over the next two years. The first part of this increase was felt last fall as full-time undergraduate students found their tuition raised from $199 to $225. The other half of the 25% increase will be passed on in the fall of 1976. Student protest of the increase was nominal and uninfluential.

The board also voted to increase the salary of Chancellor Lieuallen and his staff by 10%. During the previous winter, the state legislature allotted $8 million to cover salary increases for teachers and administrators. But this figure fell short so the board announced that salary raises would be reserved for the "top ranks."

"The desires of the students must supercede those of the faculty," Joseph Blumel, PSU President

In November, the ASPSU Senate voted unanimously to endorse a proposal calling for the publication of student evaluations of faculty performance. President Blumel said he also supported the proposal and would testify on its behalf. Later in the month, the Oregon State Board of Higher Education backed off the proposal, saying, "We'll put that stinky thing back in the president's pocket where it belongs."

Upon hearing this, Blumel tempered his enthusiasm and issued a statement saying he would wait until PSU's Faculty Senate voted on the proposal before he decided on any action. On February 2, the Faculty Senate voted to allow the release of student evaluations. As of early April, everyone had approved the proposal, but no action had been taken to implement it.
After four years of deliberation, the Oregon State Board of Higher Education finally approved an undergraduate certificate program in Women’s Studies at Portland State. ASPSU President Kent Lamoreux said, “It was about time.” But he added that he would not approve of a woman president. They (women) are entitled to equality, but they are different than men. They were meant to be pampered.

Later in the year, the Incidental Fee Committee decided not to fund the Women’s Studies Union with student fee money. In still later meetings, the ASPSU-IFC voted themselves an additional $4,000 to cover salary increases and another $12,000 to fund one of their projects, the Legal Aid Clinic. In the process, the Gay Student Affairs Board lost its allocation, which was later restored by a Student Senate vote. Earlier in the year, Lamoreux had said that dealing with the gay community was “a waste of time.”

“State property cannot be used for a commercial, money-making proposition or for personal gain,” James Todd, PSU Vice-President for Finance and Administration

The Oregon State Board of Higher Education lowered the admission requirements for out-of-state students from a 2.25 GPA to a 2.00 GPA. The reason for lowering standards was so that athletic programs, particularly football, would have better luck recruiting out-of-state athletes.

College,” said Roy Love of PSU’s Athletic Department, should be available to any average student.

The finanes of PSU’s football team had also been bumbling the past few years until Fred Meyer, Inc., granted the program $18,000. The money, combined with Portland State’s successful season on the gridiron, prompted President Blumel to announce that the football program is here to stay at Portland State.

In February, PSU, in conjunction with Fred Meyer, Inc., announced that Arnold Palmer and Pat Fitzsimmons would participate in a men’s Golf Parade of Stars to be held in Portland this May. The object is to help raise additional scholarship moneys for athletics.
On July 7, 1975, Governor Straub signed into law a bill which allowed three students from each university in Oregon to be present during collective bargaining sessions between the state and the individual universities. The bill had been supported by Republicans but resisted by members of the legislature with ties to union interests. After some delay, Straub signed the bill and students were allowed into the collective bargaining sessions as observers only.

"I have always seen participation as beneficial and although it will make the bargaining process more cumbersome, I support the bill," said President Blumel.

In November it was announced that the collective bargaining session had been delayed for a week when 60 PSU administrators demanded a hearing. Then, on January 9, 1976, the Vanguard ran a headline announcing, "Students ousted from collective bargaining." Later reports indicated it was the PSU administration that was "questioning the right of certain persons to participate in the collective bargaining process."

"I don't feel competent to comment on that issue.... Shotguns are a little scary to me, I guess." Joseph Blumel, PSU President

In the summer of 1975, ASPSU President Kent Lamoreux was invited to sit on a Portland Police Department advisory board. He was chosen as a representative of the Portland State community. When the issue of carrying shotguns inside police squad cars came up, Lamoreux said, "I personally feel shotguns should be carried. They get the job done and the person at whom they are pointed will have a greater appreciation for the shotguns than the policeman himself.... It does reflect student opinion. I asked a few people."

After his announcement, the ASPSU Senate voted 9 to 1 to oppose the equipping of Portland police cars with shotguns. Lamoreux then said, "This discussion has brought out feelings that I wasn't aware of."

When the advisory board held its vote on the matter, Lamoreux was forced to vote negatively on the issue due to pressure from the Student Senate and other student groups. But shotguns were approved anyway, and Lamoreux said he was "pleased."
It Was a Nice Place

On January 5, 1901, the Jacob-Dolph mansions, identical in every detail except for their inhabitants, took up the entire block where the Lone Plaza now stands. On this particular day it was snowing in Portland, or rather a mixture of rain and snow was accumulating in a slushy coat on the heavily-bracketed cornices and low-hipped roofs of the twin mansions.

Ralph Jacobs, the prominent Portland industrialist, had just returned from New York. He was lying quietly in his house, which occupied the southern half of the block. Jacobs was dying from a “complication of diseases,” primary among them being a “corrosion” of the heart and kidneys.

About 1856, Ralph Jacobs and his brother Isaac had come to Portland from Prussia. If the Hearstian-style journalism of the late nineteenth century can be trusted, the two Jacobs boys arrived in New York without enough money to buy breakfast. Soon afterwards, they secured a passage to the Isthmus of Panama. They crossed that narrow, marshy strip of land on foot and in the canoes of Panamanian natives. Unlike other California-bound fortune-seekers who died of malaria or went mad waiting for passage out of Panama, the Jacobs brothers met their shuttle ship and made a successful voyage to San Francisco.

Once there, they wandered the streets and attempted to make connections with families who, like themselves, were Polish Jews but who, unlike themselves, were wealthy. These connections having been made, the brothers proceeded to Oregon.

At this time, Portland was populated by a handful of small-time businessmen hoping to establish Portland as the center of commerce in the Oregon Territory. At the same time, the surrounding hills and flatlands were being settled by farmers. These farmers, mostly from the Midwest, spent a good deal of time just trying to keep things going. When the Jacobs began traveling the footpaths from farm to farm, with peddlers’ packs filled with merchandise from town upon their backs, their salesmanship met with considerable success. They expanded their trade until they had a horse and a cart and eventually a general merchandising store in Oregon City.

Meanwhile, a group of farmers in Oregon City built a woolen mill on the remains of some property swindled from Oregon's 'Founding Father,' John McLoughlin. McLoughlin was much despised at this time because of his former position in the British-based Hudson Bay Company, so the Americans, who considered themselves natives of the Oregon Territory, had few qualms about taking his property. The farmers’ woolen mill prospered, so the Jacobs brothers bought up the common stock from the settlers until the communal effort was in their hands.

The Jacobs brothers expanded their new business, eventually adding a soap factory and a tannery to the mill, and changing the name to the Oregon City Manufacturing Company. The wages at the mill were generally low and though the workers grumbled, it was one of the few places where regular employment could be easily found.

Their business interests expanded and the Jacobs secured the friendship of Joseph Dolph, an attorney. Dolph had worked for California land speculators who stole the railroad contract away from the New Englanders settled in west Portland. As a result of these dealings, the railroad was routed through east Portland, a situation which decidedly benefited the Jacobs' business interests.

During their efforts in Oregon, the Jacobs brothers had kept in close contact with their friends in California, and now that they were wealthy, the brothers made plans to marry into prominent San Francisco families. Both succeeded in making love matches. Arrangements were made for Ralph to travel abroad to Germany's Rhineland to pick up his prize, the future Mrs. Flora Jacobs. After an elaborate wedding ceremony, he and his bride journeyed back to Oregon and set up residence in Oregon City. Ralph and Flora had five children.

With all their money, their wives, and their children, the Jacobs brothers no longer found it amenable to live in Oregon City. They hired an architect to build a pair of "magnificent residences...in the fashionable quarter of Portland, exactly alike in every detail and furnishing." The Jacobs brothers had their mansions built on the block between Montgomery and Mill on Park Avenue, as it is not too far from the elaborate residences of "Portland's most prominent and successful pioneers," the Corbetts and the Ladds.

The Jacobs were moving into a neighborhood which, be-
cause of its proximity to the Park Blocks, was considered very attractive. The city fathers, working with the Park Blocks strip that had been donated to Portland in 1870, wished to create an atmosphere "corresponding closely in effect to Commonwealth Avenue in Boston." The blocks ran from the center of the most crowded area of the city to the most fashionable residential section, Portland Heights. The Park Blocks were "planted with trees, ornamented with walks, shades, and fountains, a pride to the city and a source of gladness and health"—at least according to an Oregonian article of those years. To provide for the soul's recreation, churches were built by enthusiastic congregations; to provide for the body's recreation, walks and pathways for horseback riding were cleared down the middle of the Park Blocks.

According to old newspaper accounts, the lives of the brothers Jacob and Isaac "exemplified biblical brotherhood." In stature and features, the brothers were so molded that strangers would readily mistake one for the other. They dressed alike, trimmed their beards in the same style, and walked in the same manner. They could be seen every day, together, going and coming to the office and back. They owned much real estate and stock in various corporations, but it was all jointly held.

However, after a while Isaac sold his mansion to the son of Joseph Dolph and went on holiday to Europe. Ralph, who had become ill, decided to follow his brother's example and go to Europe for his health. He left his house in the care of others and traveled to New York. But once there, his condition took a dramatic turn for the worse. His doctors sent him back to Portland. Though his physicians thought he had endured the journey surprisingly well and had returned home in good spirits, Ralph Jacobs died early the Saturday morning after his return.

Of Ralph Jacobs' five children, only one ever married. Two of his daughters, Hilda and Francine, spent the last years of their lives, after the demolition of their father's estate, living in northwest Portland. Hilda, once the star of a line debutante ball, died in 1957, still unmarried. She left her considerable wealth to charitable organizations. Today there are no living members of the Ralph Jacobs family.

The funeral for Ralph Jacobs was held Monday, January 7, 1901. Among the pallbearers were C.A. Dolph, son of the railroad lawyer, and M. Lang, a grocery store proprietor. The Jacob-Dolph mansions were demolished in 1949 to make way for the Lone Plaza. The Jennings House, built in the year of Ralph Jacobs' death, was demolished as a result of university expansion under the direction of Branford P. Millar. Millar, former university president, died last year. They named the library after him.
Portland State students are hardy animals. When the rains come, they disappear quickly but silently into their burrows, emerging only to make swift dashes home. And yet, for all the time they spend underground in passageways, or sandwiched together between windowless brick walls, these people carry on an intense loyalty to their mother earth, the Park Blocks.

Any sunny day will bring them out. On such days, if one looks closely, one can see the steam rising in hundreds of small clouds as they participate in their great communal rite, that of "Drying Out." They bring everything with them—bicycles, books, babies, even Food Service burgers—hoping to catch some of the magical powers that these narrow lawns and hard benches moored in seas of asphalt can bring them.

Portland State would be nothing without the Park Blocks.
Park Blocks regulars

Earth sciences students partying in the Park Blocks
Students on an autumn afternoon
"Not all the tiny beings of the slime mold escape to new pastures; some wander, some are sacrificed to make the spore cities, and but a modicum of the original colony mounts the winds of space. It is so in the cities of men."

Loren Eiseley, from *The Invisible Pyramid*
February in the Park Blocks
Leaving school in the afternoon

View with Smith Center in background
Winter day gathering at Farewell to Orpheus reflecting pool
These Things Happen

"Well, maybe it's not The Guiding Light, but it's better than a trail of breadcrumbs."
—Barney Excelior Black

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF people who matriculate into athletics, or into companies specializing in wire taps and other hearing aids not usually associated with the deaf, the educational process can be a very subtle, delicate thing, difficult to justify even in its early stages.

"What did you learn in school today, Teddy?"
"We learned all about the treble clef, Dad, and then the teacher let us go out and play prison ball."
"You what?"

PROGRESS ISN'T OUR most important product anymore, yet the faces of the inquisitors still screw sideways with disbelief and indignation. The treble clef and prison ball? For Jesus' sake, what are we paying those teachers for any­way?

What indeed?

Facts about the true value of a college degree are hazy because people have lied about it for so long. At various times, a college education has been indispensable, and at other times a joke. Ten years ago, America's horn-rimmed counselors were whispering across tattered desk blotters and agate paper weights, gently but firmly advising millions of unsuspecting seniors that if you don't get a college education, you're finished, forever. Nobody will ever hire you for an indoor job. Your friends will avoid you. Your spouse and children will be hounded through the streets in tattered clothes. But it wasn't long after that that Charles Kuralt was making video tapes of PhDs picking seasonal fruit. Now O.J. Simpson sidles up to the camera saying, "Hey, man, you don't need four years of college to make it anymore."

And O.J. is right. You don't.

SO NOW NOBODY KNOWS exactly what to make of a college education, least of all the people striving for one. But whether you're looking for a pot of gold at the end of this rainbow, or whether you'd be satisfied with a little pot, you still have to pay hard dollars for the privilege.

Do you know where your money goes?
Are you getting everything you're paying for?
Just how deep is this rat hole, anyway?

In addition to Portland State University's promise of a Better Tomorrow for you and your offspring, you wind up paying for a wide assortment of characters and services, including those beloved classes with 400 people carrying...
PeeChees and the stringy-haired zealots who rant and rave and chew up your semimute badmouthing their former spouses. You pay for the president and for the president's deans, and for all those faculty members with hardbound volumes built into the walls of offices which are locked and dark most of the time. You pay for a television station, a newspaper, a health service and a counseling center, for a bunch of lumpy, hairy guys in shoulder pads whose boss is named "Mouse;" for bathrooms with no mirrors where you turn to comb your hair and see cardboard. You pay tuition for students who take pride in deciding where your fee money will go. You pay for people pushing careers, people pushing their luck and for people pushing brooms.

Do you know any of these people?

Would you have any questions for them if you did?

It's your money. While you should pay close attention to your professors and administrators, and love them one and all, you should also keep in mind that they make their living from this place, and that you pay for it. So you deserve the very best they have to offer. No matter how severely limited their talents might seem.

How do you go about acquiring this? A few years ago, a popular suggestion would have been to start clicking chairs in the Park Blocks, but hardly anyone thinks like that anymore. So, failing conventional methods of communication with your instructors (such as setting the front door afire), you should resort to shameful trickery. Like passing them notes saying you have a line on some good weed. They'll be disappointed, of course, when they find out that you just had a question about the class requirements, but you can always reassure them by reminding them that disappointments are an integral part of The Learning Experience.

Establishing communication with the Higher-Ups will require a little more persistence. For example, President Blumel comes out of an unmarked door and dashes down to the bathroom two or three times a day. In order to talk with the president, you must hang around the third floor of Cramer Hall until you see his head turning this way and that from an opening in the wall. He's looking out for familiar faces. As soon as he closes the door behind him, he's all yours.

Present yourself with authority. Speak in a good strong voice so he can't pretend he didn't hear you. Gesture wildly.

"PRESIDENT BLUMEL, I AM A FRESHMAN MAJORING IN SOCIOLOGY AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW JUST WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE!"

If this doesn't work, try your Bob Hazen imitation.

This is bound to get you into trouble.

Higher education employees, you see, simply have not grown accustomed to dealing with individual customers. They seek instead the relative safety of their little blocks of credit hours and the federal revenue they represent. Credit hours don't ask a lot of questions.

Like any other state institution, the Oregon State System of Higher Education is expressly forbidden to spend more money than it makes. To this end, it is structured to keep itself in business at any cost. Its appointed decision makers are all successful, well-groomed and well-monied, just the type of people who follow the advice of fiscal analysts out of habit. So, whether the state system's analysts tell the board to lower part-time costs to encourage new enrollment, or whether they recommend annually raising full-time tuition to offset the effects of inflation, the board members can be counted on to react in a supportive manner.

The system's nine institutions of higher learning reflect this quest for fiscal responsibility by peddling contemporary thought and activity like soft pretzels, in volume, because the state's largest volume dealers receive the most state and federal money. Large amounts of cash make the fiscal wizards grin.

But when the analysts cluck their tongues and report that volume is down, men and women throughout the state system are taken aside and told, quietly, that we're sorry, but we just can't use you anymore. While the damage to the curriculum may be slight, the damage to the people involved is almost always irreparable.

The members of the faculty are aware that you, the individual student, are a vital cog in their day-to-day existence. You represent an important part of the Big Picture, which is run by Big Business, which uses a Big Computer, and you are shuffled, punched out, and filed into countless University cubbyholes virtually before you can draw your first breath.

Mistakes happen.

You were given the wrong grade for the wrong class and the instructor can't be found because he's doing research on his next book? You don't like what the twice-weekly newspaper is dishing out in the way of vital events? You keep falling asleep during lectures because the instructor talks in a monotone? You have a test coming up for a book that never arrived?

When faced with this type of adversity, you can either steal a little of the University's time or you can steal from yourself.

What are we paying those teachers for, anyway?
Dear Mom and Dad, ☺ 9/29/75

Well here I am at PSU! Today was the first day of class, and I think that everything is just wonderful! The students here are so mature, nobody believes that I'm only 18 and today after class one of my instructors came up to me and said, "Debbie you are very special." Can you imagine that, Mom?!! Remember Dad you always told me that I'd go places, well, here I go!!!

Luv Ya -- Debbie

P.S. Could you send a few dollars (about ten) for paper and pens?

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blake

2525 Cherry Lane

Sacramento, Calif.

67106
High school majorette waits to go on at PSU football halftime

Good Sports

AVID SPORTS FANS like nothing more than to be able to back a winning team. If the situation is desperate, they will settle for a respectable showing. In 1975-76, Portland State Viking sports spectators had many opportunities to support winning programs in both men's and women's athletic activities.

Under the coaching of Darrel "Mouse" Davis, in his first year at the helm, the Vikings' "run and shoot" football team posted a record-tying 8-3 seasonal record. Three players received UPI honors, being named to the Little-All Coast first team: Scott Saxton, receiver; Arthur Dixon, linebacker; and Charles Herring, back.

The men's swimming team sported freshman sensation Jim Mendell who, along with Dave Lucas, was instrumental in the Viks' 11-1 record and assisted in the shattering of 28 school marks.

Wrestling, under Don Conway, got off to a slow start, but the team managed to send four PSU grapplers to the NCAA nationals—Steve Daniels, Dennis Graham, Lorenzo Jones, and Bernie Kleiman.

Randy Carruthers worked with a gymnastics squad comprised totally of Oregon athletes. The team took fourth at the Northwest Regionals and Steve Monroe was an NCAA national contender for the Viks, capturing fifteenth in the all-around at the National finals.

Freeman Williams keyed a 17-10 varsity basketball season. The sophomore star was the NCAA's second leading scorer, averaging 30.9 points per game. Named to the All-West Coast team and to the Independent College All-American squad—firsts for a PSU cager—he also broke the university's single season scoring record, amassing 834 points.

Baseball fans were treated to a season which saw the Vikings dominate the NorPac League. Shortstop Gary Donovar was awesome both defensively and at the plate where he maintained a .300 plus batting average for the entire season.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS at PSU received national recognition in every sport that fielded a team in 1975-76. The volleyball team, under the coaching of Marlene Piper, went to the Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (AIAW) National Championships and won two games before falling to defending national champion UCLA and losing to Hawaii in the quarterfinals.

The PSU divers set a regional mark by placing three women in the top six at the Western Regionals. Two members of the swimming and diving team traveled to Miami and represented PSU at the NCAA Nationals.
Wrestlers and referee at PSU match

Basketball players hold a workout
A new coach, Sharkey Nelson, led the Viking cagers to a Western Regional title, qualifying them for the AIAW National Championships. Although the team failed to make a strong showing in the nationals, individual players Karen Strong and Teri Mariani showed great promise.

Hampered by inclement weather and injuries, the women's track and field team nevertheless gave consistently spunky performances. Monica Stoltenburg was outstanding in the javelin throughout the season.

The fencing team produced a pair of Olympic hopefuls in Debbie Waples and Robert Marx. The students' coach, Yves Auriol, was selected as one of four coaches for the 1976 Olympic fencing team.

The Intramurals office provided the Portland State community with numerous opportunities for competitive interschool athletics throughout the school year. Activities ranged from turkey soccer to mushball. The annual decathlon was held in late spring.

Sports and athletic activities at PSU do not exist simply for the sake of competition. Rather, they serve as a tie between the students, the administration and the community.
On the average, about 2,300 people pass through the turnstiles of the university's library every day and check out a total of seven hundred books. If these statistics are contrasted against Portland State's enrollment of 15,459, the indication would be that each student goes to the library once every week and checks out a total of four books per term.

The collected students of Portland State attempt to gain academic credit for 150,000 hours of study every term. Thirty-five per cent of the hours taken are graded with an A and less than 18% of students receive a differentiated grade of less than a B for any given class. More than 10% of Portland State's full-time students make the honor roll every quarter and close to an additional 5% achieve a 4.00 GPA.
Preparing closed-circuit broadcast for lab

Studying optics in the biology lab
Spending time in the lab
Annually, more than 2,500 students attain the fruition of their academic endeavors. Of the degrees granted, more than 25% come from the College of Social Science. The School of Education and the School of Business are next in line, each granting over 400 degrees annually.

Male students outnumber female students by eight percentage points. Statistics from the Office of Planning and Institutional Research also show that approximately 85% of PSU students come from the Tri-County area. Last year, there was no one enrolled from Harney County, in the southeastern corner of the state.
Home Was Never Like This

JUST ON THE FACE OF IT, Portland State is not a university that would attract people from as far away as Saudi Arabia, Pakistan and Ceylon. Where are the hallowed ivied walls that make Yale and Princeton so attractive? Well, PSU’s got the east wall of the Montgomery Building—but it seems that all the ivy there fell off at the end of December this year. Well, if not ivy, what does PSU have? A rating as one of the top colleges in the U.S.? Not only did Portland State fail to make the top ten of the first-class American universities, it also failed to make the second- and third-class rankings. Are there buckets or money from federal and state funding sources being poured into PSU? Hardly. The plaint rising from departments and programs all across this 24-square-block campus is a woebegone “We’ve been cut again . . . .” The roof leaks in Neuberger and Cramer Halls. Science I sways in the wind.

In fact, if asked why they chose Portland State, the majority of students would reply, “Because it’s cheap and it’s right across town from home.”

Such explanations wouldn’t apply in any foreign student’s case. In the first place, foreign students must pay non-resident tuition the entire time that they are at Portland State, and that tuition is currently $703 per term, or approximately three times that of an Oregon resident’s tuition.

Portland State, centrally located as it is in Portland, still isn’t across town from Qatar.

And yet, this year at PSU there were some 600 students from other countries.

In interviews with foreign students who volunteered to talk about their experiences at PSU, the general opinion expressed was that most students come here in order to take advantage of the superior quality of an American education in such fields as chemistry, engineering, physics, environmental science and business administration. Family savings and scholarships finance many of the students who come. Almost half of PSU’s foreign students are here for intensive courses in English at the Center for English as a Second Language. Sometimes foreign students come to Portland State because they already have family and friends here, and have heard that the weather is agreeable, the people are nice—“friendlier than on the East Coast”—and that the cost of living is not too high. This year there are quite a few (approximately 100-150) Vietnamese students on campus who, along with the Cambodians, have refugee status with the U.S. government and so are allowed to pay resident tuition fees and to work off-campus.

It is a wrenching experience to leave home and travel to a place that is perhaps known only through friends’ descriptive letters or from the colorful brochures that the PSU administration sent when asked for information. The bro-
chures extoll Portland as the cultural and business capital of Oregon, but tend to concentrate on the academic aspects of PSU itself. So the average foreign student arrives on campus well-equipped with the proper papers and transcripts and traveler's checks, but not really ready for what greets him on campus. The basic pleasure of being in a new place, with new people, and anticipating some new experiences, is great. There are, however, some adjustments to what one Cambodian student termed a "hamburger society" that must be made. Culture shock is made easier to bear by several foreign student organizations like the Iranian Student Association and the Organization of Arab Students, and by the PSU International Student Services, as well as classes in English as a second language and intercultural communication. The various organizations and classes sponsor activities, shows, dinners, and discussion groups in the interests of furthering good relations between the cultures.

An example of this is the work that Carole Bugier, director of International Student Services, does. She describes herself as an advisor, who deals with human problems, including those of adjustment to the U.S. However, she said that she doesn't see much real integration between the majority of foreign students and American students, except for "between graduate students and in dating situations." She stressed the fact that she doesn't deal with political problems and that she sees "no reason for political activity in the U.S. directed toward change in the home country" and that a better idea is "to get an education and then go home and work from within for change."

Despite this kind of disapproval, some foreign students may never be able to return home without suffering retaliation for their political activities in the U.S. Their risky activities include demonstrations in protest against repressive governments, such as that of the Shah of Iran; handing out political literature; and even engaging in conversations of a political nature. Whatever the threat of the CIA, the FBI, the U.S. Immigration Service, and local police is to a foreign student who is fighting for his political beliefs, it is not as totally disheartening as the prospect of many years in prison or possible execution upon return to one's homeland. Tensions in the politically active foreign student organizations run high, and there have been clashes between the groups.

Despite the culture shock, the tensions, and the worries that are inherent in any unfamiliar situation, most foreign students manage to get what they came to PSU for—an American education—and to return home to a good job with memories of a distant place where it rained a lot.
Arab students at a celebration

Friends at a dance
African student working in the copy center
Psychology student and experimental rat

Piano student and typical PSU piano
Applied Science and Engineering holds a paper airplane contest

Taking a reading in lab
Thirty Years Between Quarters;  
Or  
I Wonder What I’ll Be When I Grow Up

My children wonder too. “Joey’s mom works in an office. Are you going to be an office worker or a teacher or what?”

“I think I’ll opt for the ‘or what.’”

“Joey’s mom gets paid two hundred dollars every week. They’re going to buy a boat.”

I suppose I should devote some time to considering the “or what,” although I’m not particularly fond of boats.

Husbands have a more subtle approach. “I wonder if you’d mind sewing some buttons on my shirts.”

“Me?” I pretend great shock. “Surely you don’t mean me, the dedicated student with six papers to do and finals just next week.”

He goes back to paying bills. “Just how many quarters do you have left anyway?”

I promise myself that I will tidy up the house over spring break. I wonder if they have a pound in which to deposit errant wives and mothers.

Sometimes my mother comes to visit. She tells me just to relax, she’ll do up the breakfast dishes and start the roast for dinner. “It’s just like you were a little girl again and I’m sending you off to school.” She laughs and plans to indulge me in my silly game—but only for awhile. “It will be nice when you have more time to relax, to enjoy yourself.” She means time for lunches in fancy restaurants, long rides in the country, visits to old friends. More than anything else in the world my mother loves to eat out, go for rides and visit old friends—especially with me as an escort.

And old friends say, “Remember when...” Sometimes I would bake a lemon pie. There were times when we would scour all the junk shops in the area and then inspire one another to relish our treasures. And other times when we would spend whole days together conjuring up new recipes: once cannelloni—my friend had been to Rome, I had been to San Francisco. There were bridge games through long winter days while the kids were away at school. “We should do that again when you have some free time,” my friend says. I’d love to. I’ll do all those things again. I plan to build a doll house, too—once I’m out of college.

There were those other days when the P.T.A. (my eligibility for membership adds up to twenty-six years) calls: “Five dozen cookies, please;” or the church: “We’re simply desperate for Sunday School teachers;” or a carpool mother: “I’ll make it up to you if you...”
MEET MY FRIENDS each noon at the Portland Room (I'm attending Weight Watchers this quarter and tend to favor salad bars). Most of us are seniors and the same question always arises: 'Have you decided what you'll do when you graduate? Certainly not a real, every-single-day-of-the-week job. Together we come up with thirteen ways of looking at a college education:

1. I certainly couldn't put myself off as an English teacher when I've never even read Beowulf. That would be too unethical.
2. If we got out of school, we would probably all join the country club and drink at lunch which would cost infinitely more money than college tuition. Think of all the clothes we'd have to buy.
3. I have always wanted to write. I should apply for a grant to study the cultural development of the Danish immigrants who settled on the plains.

I could just ask for a Reading and Conference.

4. With no school to focus on, we might just sit around the house all day watching soaps and gossiping on the telephone. Of course, I suppose anyone of us could bake a lemon pie again.

5. I do type well, but business has never held much charm for me. I don't have the vocabulary for it.

6. We could indulge in menopausal lamentations...

7. or child-centered situations.

8. The library seems to be full of books written in Arabic or Hebrew or Spanish. Or they have something to do with science. The librarian means well. He says the problem is that I have never learned to read instructions.

9. I suppose I could spread out my last two requirements over a couple of quarters and build up to about two hundred and fifty credits. I wonder if they give gold stars for that.

10. They tell me that art can be put into a mathematical formula. I want to put myself into a mathematical formula. I don't understand the terms. I must sign up for a course on mathematical terms.

11. We could combine our talents and come up with a cookbook on soups instead of worrying about fine volumes of poetry.

12. I see earthquakes are promised by spring in California and I have never learned to put my worries in the hands of God. I should take philosophy.

13. or the elements of logic...

We drink our coffee black. One lady tells us that her husband resents her fine mind, another that she's taken to spending all her weekends at the library to avoid the confusion of television and games and yet another that she can't remember how to cook a turkey. We explain that it is no longer necessary to sew a seam and she relaxes. Thanksgiving will be good. We decide to skip our classes and listen to the preacher—just this once. I think I'll get a poem about men smashing Bibles into dust on Park Blocks afternoons.

I wonder, vaguely, if I'm peering around the corner of a few years and looking at myself.
Up-and-Comers

If and when you come to terms with reality, chances are good that someone will have beaten you to the punch. Chances are even better that the person will be a graduate of Portland State University, where truth, reality and fiscal responsibility co-exist like so much contaminated motor oil on wet pavement.

Portland State breeds an inordinate number of successful people, fully adjusted and carefully attuned to "what's happening." Graduates of Portland State include Xerox salespeople, Xerox repairpeople, Xerox executives and teachers. Many personnel managers of large and growing business concerns, upon hearing the job applicant is a graduate of PSU, gleefully cry out, "Groovy!"

Yes, up-and-comers have a very good chance of hitting the mark if they toe the line at Portland State. From the much-maligned business student hunched over an electronic calculator, to the crusading student politician representing a non-existent constituency, the up-and-comers all realize the student years are a time for accomplishment and name-making, a time to add a job title or acronym to their resume.

There are, however, two very basic divisions in the ranks of the student elite which must be distinguished in order to fully understand the abyss.

On the one hand, there are the business students, emerging from that little brick blockhouse on Hall Street like so many team players ready for the playoffs. Fresh from Mgmt 451, Acctg. 489 and Psy 484, they are ready to apply the principles of behavior modification towards personnel management and motivate the labor force over to the plus side of profit margin land, unable to do something about anything. The nerve center for this operation is Smith Memorial Center, land of hamburgers and student politics, indignation and idealism. The prophets reside here, the people who tell the rest of the world what the typical PSU student is thinking. Many are the young and not-so-young committee chairpersons who study Robert's Rules of Order until the wee hours of morning, probing the limits of responsible alternatives.

PSU students' environment

The ruling class, the year 2000, the people to watch.

But enough of this mindless degradation of corporate professionalism. The businessperson has, in the past few years, become society's whipping person. Perhaps this is because the liberal mass media can accuse businesspeople of being "dumb" and "sexless" without fear of reprisal—it being common knowledge that the business community is functionally "illiterate" and without "gender."

In any case, the second class of up-and-comers is a more interesting and provocative arena in which to generalize and oversimplify.

Here is the flip side of the same record, the side with a social responsibility fetish—those students generally

It is interesting to note that these students have made careers out of seemingly harmless extra-curricular activities. The old veterans of student politics have been around for years and years, forever chomping at the bit, always ready to keep things under control. Prospective employers are going to have to refer to the fabled attached sheet if they want to learn of all the applicant's achievements. Stars on the student political horizon, after dutifully doing their duty, can look forward to certifying public accounts in 40-story Portland office buildings or other equally prestigious occupations.

PSU provides a unique and powerful base of operations for student politicians and up-and-comers in general.
Besides being located in the commercial hub of Oregon, PSU possesses one ingredient essential to bolstering the apparent worth of any serious go-getter—lack of competition.

It is not difficult to stand out in a field of underachievers. The majority of students come to Portland State because there is nothing better to do. Once here, they spend a great deal of time ignoring their physical surroundings. Many students today cannot identify important campus landmarks, such as the General Stephen Coffin Memorial Brick or the Orpheus in Transit Reflecting Pool.

The typical PSU student is a part-time student, here and gone, leaving a vacuum the up-and-comers are only too glad to fill. The sheer physical presence of students in a classroom impresses many professors. Those students who actually study seem like bright young scholars compared to the rest of the unknown chowderheads on the class list.

But the student politicians are the ones who truly take advantage of PSU's sub-normal transient atmosphere. Student senators at PSU are "elected" when they garner thirty signatures from PSU students-at-large. Thirty signatures can generally be cajoled from total strangers in the cafeteria within an hour. Once a student politician has gained a "constituency," it can promptly be ignored. Accountability, a word much in vogue back in jaded Washington, D.C., is an unknown concept in PSU student politics.

To say that PSU politics are cliquish is understating the situation. Responsible to no one but itself, the PSU body politic is the result of inbreeding on a fantastic scale, both attracting and producing students satisfied with the power of position and the Work-Study salary it generates.

A terminal suggestion around Smith Memorial Center is that student government be restructured so as to represent the students. Unfortunately, this idea's time to come is still pending.

Two years ago, everybody from Joe Blumel to the never-ending succession of student body presidents seemed in favor of student representation through academic departments. The rationale behind this idea was that if student unity and concern was to be found anywhere at PSU, it would reside among students in the same field of study. The plan provided for each department to be allotted seats on the Student Senate, where elected representatives would be able to present the pressing concerns and problems of their particular constituency. Unfortunately, the idea expired in a blaze of disinterest.

Another intriguing concept in democratic reform at Portland State is government by and for the apathetic. Considering the interest coefficient of PSU students, the only truly representative government would be one composed of the uncaring who accomplish nothing and never convene.

Of course it takes a lot to rock the boat, and this sort of destructive (if creative) reform never looks good on paper—especially a resume.

But life goes on as usual at Portland State, with nary a ripple in the organizational flow chart. Students come and students go, down-and-outers sinking lower and up-and-comers gaining altitude, with the business students providing the comic relief. Things are as they always were. So if all of this makes you nervous, just remember that your time at Portland State is preparing you for something... it might even be important.
Recent PSU graduate celebrates at the reception
I enrolled at PSU in September of 1972. I was fresh out of high school and frightened of college academically as well as socially. I knew approximately one person here. He was a sophomore. He was drafted to escort me everywhere. I think my mother secretly paid him. I lived in constant fear that he might be sick one day and I would have to fend for myself.

Part of my academic fright came from being in the University Scholars Program. Through that program I was able to start into my major interest full force. I took almost all Middle East courses and I studied hard.

Most of my social fear came from hearing that 60% of the people at PSU were married and that the single men were all "wolves." Gradually I learned that married people could relate to me, too. I also had to cope with getting "picked up" in the cafeteria and Park Blocks. Sometimes I used my escort for a bodyguard!

I got through my first year with good grades and relatively few problems. Fortunately my friend Randy was rarely sick.

My sophomore year was again filled with my major. I also had to work at Meyer and Frank. I also fell in love. That was probably one of my biggest learning experiences at PSU.

One of my friends introduced me to the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship club on campus and I began to be involved with them. During Christmas vacation I went to their mission conference at the University of Illinois. There were 13,500 students in attendance. It was there that I decided to reaffirm my commitment to become a missionary.

That year I received a scholarship to study Arabic for the summer in Tunisia. Four of us went from PSU. That was my first time across the sea. I learned a lot—about Tunisian culture, Arabic, and especially about myself.

During my junior year, my heart got broken and so I had a lot more time to study and get serious about school. I completed all the requirements for my Middle East Studies Certificate and I finally decided on a major—General Studies. Of course, it was the height of indecision. I also became more involved in relationships with people other than my "sweetie." My Work-Study job at English as a Second Language helped to form some of the new relationships.

My senior year has been relatively peaceful. I tried to be a book worm fall term and found that it made my life so dull as to be unbearable. I have been involved in pulling all the loose ends together and I have had some hassles.

I have been thankful for the opportunities to learn here. I received financial aid three out of four years, thanks to our government. I also got to travel overseas, thanks to our government. I have enjoyed the diverse student body here and the relationships I have had with people from so many countries and age groups. I have had a lot of fun, but I am looking forward to leaving here and moving on.
WHAT HAS BEEN THE best part of my life here at Portland State? Probably moving away from it. And as I do, I think of all the things I’ll be missing.

For example, the bathroom facilities. If you can ignore the litter of towels and water through the water on the floor, and if you can keep the stall door closed with one hand while you reach for the roll of toilet paper that usually isn’t there with the other, you can appreciate the writing on the wall (if there is enough light to read by). You can usually find something humorous to put a smile on your face and get you through the day.

In the commencement address I gave for graduation from high school, I quoted Thoreau: “I am not made like anyone else I have ever known. And, if I am not better, at least I am different.” I mention this here not only to let you know how literary I am, but so you’ll know that in high school I was a “big cheese.” Let it be known now that I’m not even a thin slice of velveteen as I leave PSU.

Not quite four years later, I’m the same person (at least I go by the same name), yet I think my views have turned at least 180°. I arrived with a mustache, and I’m leaving with a beard, but unless my picture appears in this book, you’ll probably not know what I look like, or who I really am. Oscar Wilde is reported to have remarked, “I am the only person in the world I would like to know thoroughly, but I don’t see much chance of it at present.” I couldn’t agree with him more, but hopefully writing this will be helpful.

College life is supposed to be educational and expensive. I am sure of the latter, but hard pressed to agree with the former. What have I learned at Portland State? Perhaps my most important lesson was that taught by a favorite political science professor. He said it is best to remain the “informed skeptic.” That lesson is one of the few that has stayed with me. Not many others have. The only other thing I can remember was learned from the History of Science course, which noted that if a person studies hard for eight hours straight, what is needed to replenish the lost energy from such exercise is one-half of one peanut. No comment.

What has four years at Portland State meant? Among other things it represents close to three thousand dollars in tuition and books, and almost that much in rent and food. Six thousand dollars, I financed it all myself, and am rightly proud of it. I learned what it is like to be tired. Really tired. Like falling asleep while writing down notes in class, and having really short little dreams every time my eyelids closed. Like worrying that the teacher will think you’re making faces at him by rolling your eyes uncontrollably.

Exactly what effect Portland State has had on me the past four years is a little fuzzy. After all, these years coincided with the first years spent away from home. They were also the first four full years of steady employment. The first time I voted, the first time I made out my income tax, etc. The first four years of independence from home means you grow up fast. I don’t really think Portland State was helpful in keeping my independence, but I am sure it has helped me to remain the “informed skeptic.”

I came in the fall of 1972 near the end of a campaign year. I am leaving in the middle of another campaign year, and even though I have earned a BS in political science, I’ve become disillusioned with that whole scene. I came right after the Park Blocks renovation was completed, and I’m leaving about five years before the Dutch Elm disease destroys them. I came when tuition was $175.00 Next year’s tuition will be a 50% increase over that. I’m leaving just as Lincoln Hall renovation is completed and as the transit mall is started.

And now it’s time for this bird to fly the coop, but for all purposes it’s more like I should make like manure and hit the trail. If there is one single thing about this university that is totally unwarranted it is the poor journalism shown in the Vanguard. That publication takes a dim view of anything positive about the university. Its views have always been sick, slanted, disgusting, and decadent.

Living on campus for four years, I’ve come to know and admire the common cockroach. Did you know that it is relatively unchanged since prehistoric times? Did you know that it remains virtually indestructible, and that the only thing that will kill it, besides a smashing blow to the head, is boiling water? Did you know they make excellent playthings for housecats? Did you know that you can store a roach in a bottle with no food, no air, no nothing for up to six months and that sucker will come out alive and kicking? Did you know that if you squash the guts out of one of these pests, throw him in the toilet, he’ll still be there ready to go at it when you come home eight hours later? You might think Alfred Hitchcock’s Psycho is a thriller, but it’s nothing unless you watch the shower knife scene and out of the corner of your eye see a big roach crawling towards you on the sofa.

Portland State hasn’t been all fun and games, though. Sometimes it’s downright frustrating. Seniors no longer
have priority in getting into closed classes, which is a shame. Some of the secretaries and office personnel treat you like dirt and forget that you’re paying their salaries. You’re expected to do your work and you expect the same from the professor, but it can really be a shame when you get a B on a test you expected an A on, and, upon discussing it with the professor (who makes himself as unavailable as possible), he says, “It was probably one of those papers I read at 6:00 this morning.” This is the time you feel like saying to him, “What do you think hell will be like, sir?” but you don’t because he’s got the grade book.

It’s too late now to wish I’d transferred to some other school. Portland State isn’t the greatest institution of learning; but then, I am the first to admit that just maybe I haven’t been the most scholastic of students.

AFTER THREE YEARS of being at Portland State, there are a few things that stand out in my mind. Until I came here, politics was something I had stayed away from, but seeing how ridiculously easy it was, I decided to join the Student Senate. I had envisioned Portland State as a radical university and figured the student government would certainly be the center of all the activity, but this proved not to be, and I was sort of disappointed. After attending meetings for several months, it became evident that certain individuals were more concerned with power trips than accomplishing anything. It was a waste of time since no one cared what this body did with anything except the budget, and even then its decision meant little since someone else made the final decision.

I got away from university affairs until recently when there was a protest against higher tuition. Seeing the manner in which this was carried out was depressing, and it also proved to be a waste of time. It seemed that here was a chance for the APSU to do something as a body, but all that came was a mild letter from its president to the state board, and this was aimed primarily at the protesters.

For the student government to become a force in the community and the state, it must take stands on issues that have some bearing on the future. At this time, this govern-

ment is a microcosm of the federal and state governments in the amount of time it wastes on meaningless things and in its relation to its students. In my three years at this school, I’ve seen the voice of the student fade to nothing, and it’s too bad, because the foundation exists for the body of students to have a voice in university and community affairs. I hope it doesn’t take another war to get the juices flowing again.

As I look back on my educational experience at PSU I see good times and hard times. Often it has been difficult not to get cynical about this place, and about the people who inhabit these hallways. But one must have a sense of humor in order to survive four years of nothing but PSU. I’ve seen many people grow so bitter about life and its injustices that they weave themselves into a cocoon of inaction; many words but little action. That is a danger of PSU. The atmosphere can wear a person down if he’s not careful. Some people say PSU is a cold institution. It may sound trite, but it is as cold as one makes it. If people would be willing to drop the facade and reach out to someone else, in most cases there would be a positive response. This may be painful at first, but after awhile it won’t be so hard to do. If PSU is cold, that world out there is much colder. I’m glad I had the opportunity to study at this school, though I don’t hold any fierce loyalty toward it. I won’t be sad at leaving. The only thing I look back on with sadness is that the one teacher who took a sincere interest in me as a student got axed in a budget cut. Last I heard he was working nights as a janitor over in Neuberger Hall. These things happen. Life goes on regardless of who gets trampled under in the rush. We have to be there to pull a person out from under the
Lying in bed, I remembered the last time I had drunk Budweiser. I remembered it was in the tall cans and it was the night Professor Burnam was originally scheduled to appear on the Tonight Show. He got bumped, but not before we had downed a line of tall Buds. The next morning I awoke with Metal Eye (Oculus metallicus). I kept bumping into things and my jumpshot was off to the right. I swore then I would never drink a Bud again.

As I pulled on my clothes with my right hand, I cursed myself for falling prey to that Bud like some fraternity freshman. I knew it would take me all day to work the metal deposits out of my arm. Reluctantly I got out the heating pad and turned it to HIGH. I massaged my arm through the heating pad and watched television. This is the only way to drive the metal out; melt it. When I had Metal Eye I did the eclipse-observing trick and used the reflected sunlight to melt the metal from my eye. I saw black spots for days.

Nothing much was on television, except a tennis match. One of the players had a metal racket. My arm throbbed every time he hit the ball. I thought about how much I'd like to play tennis now that I was a college graduate with nothing clue or to do; no chance. Not with Metal Arm. I couldn't toss the ball up to serve.

I thought: it serves you right. I massaged my arm and moped. I could feel the metal beginning to melt. It stung. I was drinking cup after cup of coffee and tea through a glass straw, so that the liquified metal would join with those hot fluids and hopefully I could void most of it before it re-solidified elsewhere.

The tennis match was close. The first set went to a tiebreaker and Bjorn Borg and Rod Laver finally won. The cameras switched back to the studio where a Budweiser commercial came on. It showed drunk young people lifting up mugs of Bud in a tavern. I noticed that the ad agency had made sure the tavern's decor was done completely in wood. The consuming public must not make the metal connection. The ad seemed to go on forever.

Maybe, crazed with liquid metal in the brain, I was hearing things, but I could swear the ad's last line went, "When you say Budweiser, you've said metal."

---

[Vic Trelawny]

**Metal Arm:**

The NIGHT I Graduated From College

THE NIGHT I GRADUATED from college I drank Budweiser. Let me explain: I don't drink Budweiser. I got tricked into it. I was already sort of drunk and Mike came over with a shortcase of Budweiser. He said he had found it. I was drunk enough that I couldn't taste it. I couldn't taste the metal.

That's right: the metal. Budweiser is 59% metal. Really. I found this out from a friend who grew up in St. Louis. He has curly blond hair and a metal tooth: he should know. He told me the metal comes from Montana and gets washed into the Missouri River at the mining camps up there. Two thousand miles later, this is the same water that Budweiser uses to brew their beer.

As you can well guess, this is a tightly kept secret and I'm aware the Budweiser brewery might retaliate against me for revealing it here. They might put a bullet through my head. They could get the bullet by boiling down a keg of Bud. I mean it. This is why I have bodyguards. They carry metal detectors.

All in all, the only thing I have to be thankful for is that I wasn't drinking Bud in the tall cans. By an ionization process I don't fully understand, the metal in the Bud reacts with the container's metal and many times the Bud one drinks from the can is .8 or .9% metal.

A friend who is an intern told me that Bud drinkers suffer a higher rate of appendicitis than anyone else. Their appendixes fill up with metal and burst like grenades. This is sort of what happened to me. I woke up the next morning with an acute case of Metal Arm (Brachium metallicus). All of the metal from the Bud had accumulated in my left forearm. I could hardly move it.
Dear Mom and Dad: 12/10/75

It's a dark and dreary night. From my 12th floor window at the Ondine I can see the university out there, and sometimes it's hard to sleep just thinking about, well thinking about, I don't know, but then I think of Dean, the blond t.a. in Wr. 121 and how he smiles at me when the instructor isn't looking. Ever since writing that paper about my summer vacation I have seriously considered becoming a writer. I know it will be a long, hard road but Dean is so very encouraging.

Always -- [Signature]

PS Need money for socks. Mine keep getting stolen.
"I would say that having fun at PSU is a challenge. In fact, it's a challenge just to make sense of this place."

This section of the Viking yrbk is intended as a sort of handbook, a guide, for anyone who might have made the above statement. This is because the Viking is in the business of providing students with practical as well as aesthetic material. Response to the question, "What is fun at PSU?" was, though not overwhelming, entirely adequate to the task at hand.
"We're down here every day!"
"Actually, having fun around here is pretty cheap."

"Pinball is a way of life."
"I'm a philosophy major at PSU and I love Bruce Springsteen!"

"You could say we stand around here just to find out what's going on."
"Tenant meetings here at the Marabba are pretty good."
Medieval combat provides entertainment at the Dionysian Festival

**Dionysian Festival**

ON JUNE 6, 1975, Portland State held a festival in honor of Dionysus to celebrate the ending of spring and the rites of summer. In Greek mythology, Dionysus was a nature god of fruitfulness and vegetation. He specialized as the god of wine. According to one legend, Dionysus tore into pieces the son of a Theban woman who had refused to perform in his orgiastic rites.

At Portland State's Dionysian Festival, musicians played in the Park Blocks, battles were staged by the Society for the Creative Anachronism, and a group of young Christians shouted loudly about the evils of paganism. There was free food and beer in the basement of the Montgomery Building and the day ended with a street concert in back of the library.

The next morning saw broken bottles lying in the grass, paper cups rolling through the Park Blocks, and an occasional dog licking clean a paper plate. At this year's festival a different pagan god will be honored.
Hunger Strike

LAST SPRING, Francisco Ybarra of the Chicano Student Union decided it was time for the university’s Food Service to stop selling Teamster-picked lettuce and to sell instead lettuce picked by members of the United Farm Workers (UFW). Francisco got himself a bullhorn, some brightly-colored flags, pitched a tent on the library lawn, and there staged a hunger strike on behalf of the UFW.

On orders from Joseph Blumel, the CSSO arrested Francisco and confiscated his equipment whenever other students weren’t around. In the course of the summer, Ybarra and Cathy Collier, another protestor, were arrested eleven times. Of the July 9th arrest, Francisco said, “My head was held against the counter while they pulled my hair. Later they grabbed me violently, with one arm around my neck tightly, grabbed my hair and scalp and lifted me up in the air and took me to solitary confinement. While they carried me, they hit me two or three times against the bars, insulting me and pulling my hair.”

Ybarra and Collier were scheduled to come to trial on August 1st on charges of criminal trespassing, but Blumel, who was going to testify on behalf of the university, was out of town on vacation.

In October, Ybarra and Collier were convicted on three counts, acquitted on one and the remaining seven charges were dropped. On sentencing them to fifteen days in jail, the judge said, “He [Ybarra] said the university belongs to the students. I think it may be a good idea to have him penned up in another institution and see what it feels like.”

A higher court upheld the convictions and Ybarra and Collier were given a choice between serving the sentence or living under two years of probation. They took the former, but the case is being presented to the Oregon Court of Appeals by the American Civil Liberties Union to determine the legality of the convictions.
"You can tell a person by the company he keeps," and other sociocultural observations in the form of reports on some representative Portland State student organizations.

Black Cultural Affairs Board

BASED ON THE IDEA THAT the majority of the students at Portland State don't know of or don't think of culture from a black perspective, the Black Cultural Affairs Board organizes and sponsors programs in an attempt to demonstrate black culture. Bands, poets, speakers and plays that might be ignored by the other cultural organizations on campus are brought in.

"Other student organizations don't think of culture as far as the black people are concerned. Most of the programs are for the average white student. Take the film committee. They show foreign films, but not films about what's happening right here in America," said Rosemary Allen, chairwoman of Black Cultural Affairs.

One of Black Cultural Affairs' objectives is to educate whites about black culture. But the main one is to show black people what's happening in the arts from a black perspective. Allen said that some people in the black community have never had the chance to see live theater with an all-black cast. "They've never had the opportunity to see something they can identify with," Allen explained. "Look at television: most people get this idea that blacks are either wearing pimp clothes all the time or shooting someone up." Though television has added a few shows with basically black casts, it's hard for a non-black person to tell whether these programs allow the black people in them to have any sort of black identity. But then, it is also hard to tell if TV shows give the housewife a true portrayal, or anyone else for that matter.

Judging from the response they get (their production of Five on the Black Hand Side had an extended run), the people of Black Cultural Affairs have effectively satisfied a large audience and even created a new one.
KATHLEEN HAWKINS and Ray Worden, Vanguard editor and managing editor, had troubles in dealing with the university's Publications Board this past year. The board, a committee composed of five faculty members and four students which acts as official publisher of all student publications, attempted to fire the editors on several grounds: because the editors refused to run CIA and armed forces recruitment advertising; because the Vanguard had run out of money at the end of winter term; and because the editors allegedly weren't taking enough credit hours to satisfy board requirements for employment.

By the middle of winter term, the Vanguard editors and staff felt understandably harassed by the situation in which they found themselves. There was talk of moving the newspaper to an off-campus location, of destroying important files, of CIA infiltration in student organizations. The Vanguard news staff made the controversies over the editors' eligibility into front-page news. The March 12 issue headlined, "Editors denied hearing; university to close Vanguard." The same issue contained an editorial which gave free rein to emotions then current at the Vanguard, including:

"The next weeks will quite possibly bring an end to this publication .... There are some—many, perhaps—who think we have engaged in needless battles; ... We know student politicians who will have their colleagues followed by police to keep them in line; ... our supporters threatened with death if they dared divulge information to the press .... We have learned more about journalism and the principles on which it rests ... our successes will bring ... a free press to this university."

By the middle of April, 1976, none of the charges against the editors had panned out and the various accusations were tied up in bureaucratic processes within and without the university. Contrary to the Vanguard's fears, the CIA controversy was dropped; the IF Committee gave emergency funding to the Vanguard and publication continued without incident in spring term; and Hawkins (with the benefit of counsel) was accorded orderly hearings by the Publications Board.

A bystander to the Vanguard-Publications Board controversy noted with some resignation that "everybody, every year, always gets mad about the Vanguard. It's what makes this university go around." But supposedly this year some serious issues had been raised. The principal issue dealt with the definition of power and control of the content of the Vanguard. The Publications Board contends that as titular publisher of the Vanguard, it should have some power in deciding what is and is not included in the paper; while the Vanguard editors contend that the true publishers of the paper are the students of Portland State, and that the editors (as is outlined in Publications Board guidelines) are solely responsible for the content of the paper.

As of this writing (April, 1976) nothing concerning the editors' eligibility has been decided by the board. Hawkins' hearings are currently in suspension, waiting for her return from an absence due to illness.
Pi Beta Phi

THOUGH THE BOBBY SOCKS, pleated skirts and Hush Puppies have disappeared, sororities continue to be an interesting, if not well-known part of campus life. For the uninvolved student, sororities tend to be a curiosity, in much the same way that history becomes interesting after a good fifty years have passed. With just a few facts it’s possible to look at an historical painting and make quite a drama out of it. We imagine the best, we imagine the worst, but hardly ever do we suppose the mundane.

The sororities, swept up in the sixties by the peace marches, “new morals,” and an over-all shift in awareness, play a more important part in the collective student psyche than is usually recognized. Not many of us can remember panty raids, goldfish-eating contests, or wading-pool parties. But it’s no matter that most of us weren’t even there to remember—the main interest is in imagining what must have taken place.

At Pi Beta Phi, one of the three sororities at Portland State, members still keep their initiation rites secret and continue to obey certain national and local rules, which deal with everything from group elections to table manners. And of course there are activities. Once a month, the group’s various mothers come over to the sorority house to participate in a mother’s day, which centers around the mothers cooking a meal. This year the girls got together with the fraternity for a watermelon bust.

Despite the monthly dues of $15, and the fact that the sorority house is not used for living quarters, 22 girls joined up this year after the three-day rush that is held every fall. Members must have a 2.5 GPA out of high school and maintain this GPA throughout college. Michelle Gabourel, Pi Beta Phi president, said that most girls join a sorority because “there are no campus activities or ways to meet people. It’s a commuter school and most of the students are older.” The reasons for joining sororities no longer seem to be those of competition or social-climbing, but loneliness and a desire to have fun.
Gay Student Affairs Board

GAY PEOPLE ARE FOR the most part an invisible minority at Portland State. To capture the attention in the halls of this fast-moving university, a person has to be more than just visible. In a recent (and very limited) survey, some Portland State students agreed that the gay people they notice (and usually base their impressions of homosexuality on) are very visible:

"They wear tight blue pants, wide-rimmed glasses and their hair is either hair sprayed or blown dry."

"Gay people are skinny or short and plump, but never in-between."

"Their fingers flutter."

The Gay Student Affairs Board says that these impressions of the gay population are misleading because visibly gay people are a minority among gays. "You don't pick out the freaks in regular society and base your total impression of that society on them," said Nedra Bagley, a member of the board.

Bagley went on to explain that she wasn't calling out-of-the-closet homosexuals the freaks of the gay population. One of Gay Student Affairs' goals is to educate heterosexuals about the gay scene and, hopefully, break down some of the myths and stereotypes. "We have a board of speakers that goes out to high schools and colleges. There is a very good response from the high schools, even better than at the colleges," said Bagley. Considering the response at this university to the survey on student understanding of homosexuality, this seems very probable.

Gay Student Affairs received $204 this year. "That's seven cents a day after the telephone," said Bagley. With this kind of financial backing, it's no wonder that a lot of the information concerning homosexuality is secondhand. "I knew a girl once, she was living above a bunch of them, and she told me . . . ."
Chiron Studies

LOCATED IN A CONVERTED broom closet off the fourth floor elevator in Smith Center, Chiron Studies offers courses taught by people who aren’t members of the regular faculty. The ideas behind Chiron’s formation in 1969 have moved from political references toward a more academic perspective, something predictable in a university atmosphere.

During the first few years Chiron people were interested in changing the educational system and experimenting with different methods of teaching. Their philosophy had much in common with that of “free” or “alternative” schools, but Chiron classes tended to run off the track. Some of them turned into political or religious forums. Another problem with early attempts at classes, according to Katherine Sliter, 75-76 Chiron coordinator, was that most students couldn’t learn how to discipline themselves; they were used to leaning on an instructor. "It takes a certain amount of discipline in order to learn in a free situation,” Sliter also said. "Chiron classes are no longer used as political or religious tools. People are here to learn, not to learn how to believe.”

One of Chiron’s purposes is to give students a voice in what they learn. To this end, students are offered a chance to teach classes. To set up a class, a student must get a faculty sponsor and approval from a department and Chiron. Student teachers are paid $100-$150 a term.

The opportunity to be a Chiron instructor is open not only to PSU students, but also to the community and to faculty members who feel they have something to offer in the way of classes not usually included in the regular university curriculum. Qualifications are based on a person’s experience and “expertise.” As Sliter said, “You don’t necessarily need to be a certain age or hold a degree to teach something.”

Student instructors usually handle classes differently than regular instructors. Whereas most professors at PSU rely on lectures, Chiron’s student instructors act more as moderators than actual teachers. “They don’t give you the answers so much as lead you towards the question,” Sliter said. Of course, in a Chiron Studies class, just like everywhere else, you get assignments, grades, and all the other trappings of true education.
where students live

PSS: “Cheaper Than Burnside”

THE CORPORATION known as the Portland Student Services (PSS) extends its westernmost tower sixteen stories into the air at the corner of 16th and Clay. From the brick-walled, orange-carpeted apartments on the top floors of the Goose Hollow Apartments, tenants can look over their huge parking lot and out onto a tract of the city that is scattered with the lights of other buildings under the management of PSS. Ten blocks to the east stands the newest member in the corporation’s “Family of Buildings.” It is a fifteen-story, bile-colored castle—the Ondine.

On the night of January 5, 1976, PSS held its annual meeting to discuss the state of the corporation with tenants. The meeting was held in Mother’s Deli, the PSS-operated restaurant. Mother’s was a little cleaner than usual, but the large cooler near the cash register was still stocked with bowls of wilting lettuce, bean salads, cartons of yogurt, half-empty cans of peach nectar and other “natural” foods.

Cindy Parker, the president of the corporation’s Student Board, and John Werneken, then general manager, as well as most of the PSS staff aside from the building managers, were present. They sat around the tables, drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes and waiting until enough tenants showed up to justify starting the meeting. Twenty minutes after the scheduled time only four tenants had come and two of these were reporters.

After a rather embarrassing interlude, during which all the people from PSS introduced themselves, the meeting began to work its way through the tedious agenda. Cindy Parker served as chairwoman. John Werneken sat posed to interrupt her before she could answer questions from the press.

“I think I can answer that,” he would say. And then he would. And Parker would explain him. And Werneken would say, “Well, without understanding the basics of some rather complex...” and so on.

Eventually the business on the agenda had been finished and the meeting was thrown open to comments from the tenants. Fortunately, by this time about 20 of the 1,000 people who live in PSS buildings had come to the meeting, so some discussion was
possible.
One tenant complained, "PSS is no longer responsive to tenants. We're just room numbers and rent checks. The managers are never around and there is no one we can complain to. It's become a classic tenant-landlord relationship."

"We don't deny that PSS has become a bureaucracy," said Parker. "That's just what happens."

Another tenant complained that PSS had interfered with tenant efforts to redecorate the lobby at Marabba West after the corporation had informed them that no more money would be put into the building.

"The Marabba is such a funky old building," said Werneken with a grin. "We get a lot of strange stories from over there and I just don't pay any attention to them."

Parker told the tenant that she and Werneken would go over to Marabba to check out the situation, but Werneken said, "I don't have time." Werneken's salary with PSS was in the neighborhood of $15,000.

Werneken resigned as general manager of PSS about a month-and-a-half after the January meeting. According to the Vanguard, Cindy Parker attributed his resignation to problems in his dealings with staff members.

In later conversation, Werneken did not wish to elaborate on the Vanguard article, but said he resigned simply because "it was time to move on." Werneken did, however, enjoy talking about the days when he was president of the ASPSU in 1970.

"During Cambodia we declared Portland State a sovereign state for seven days. We had our own flag and we roasted hot dogs over the files. If the university hadn't had a very brave president at the time [Gregory Wolte], the National Guard would have been in here. They had the tac squad in as it was."

In those days, of which he is obviously proud, Werneken helped set up PSS, ostensibly to save old apartment buildings that the university intended to destroy. He became general manager of the corporation and served as political go-between for PSS. Later, to help legitimize the organization in the eyes of the Oregon State Board of Higher Education, Werneken and others organized the construction of the high-rise Goose Hollow Apartments in the middle of an old neighborhood just west of Portland State. The project was completed successfully, but not without protests from residents and students who wondered what PSS, an organization set up to save old buildings, was doing in the business of constructing high-rises. In one dramatic exhibition of dissatisfaction, buildings near the proposed site were set on fire. But Werneken disregarded the possibility of arson and, in fact, the incident was used as an excuse to go on with construction on the basis that the old buildings were fire traps.

"Politics is an interesting game for awhile. You just can't get too caught up in it," Werneken also said that now his time with PSS was over he intended to go to work for presidential candidate Jimmy Carter.

Cindy Parker has taken over some of Werneken's duties as general manager until a permanent replacement is found. She is an old hand at university politics and was involved in the fight to disfund football at Portland State.

It was a fear of the professional men-
tality invading PSS, originally set up as a tenant-run organization, that prompted Parker and others to adopt a new-wage-salary "philosophy" for the corporation. The idea behind the new philosophy was to set up a self-perpetuating organization that trained individuals in the areas of management and then let them go before they could become too entrenched at PSS or too expensive. There is speculation that this was the reason why John Wernekken was hurried out the door.

**At the January 5th meeting it was also announced that the corporation was taking over the publication of the Boilermaker, a dittoed news sheet distributed monthly around the thirteen buildings under PSS control. When the paper next appeared, it was six pages long and resembled one of those "house organs" which large corporations put out. Its stories contained such catch phrases as:**

"The promise of seeing PSS into the 21st century ... employees are being drawn up through the ranks ... PSS became a potential million dollar corporation ... get a handle on the use of influence and power ... Ondine joins PSS "Family of Buildings."

There were also a few homey articles in the paper, one of which advised tenants against eating produce from the PSS garden plots beside the freeway because it contains a high level of lead due to automobile pollution. The paper also said that the Tenants Council, the vehicle through which tenants feed "input" to the corporate hierarchy, was virtually ineffective. In an editorial, one member of the Board of Directors discussed the merits of disbanding the Tenant Council which, incidentally, has the power to disband the board upon which he sits.

At any rate, the Boilermaker makes it clear that PSS is probably going to be around for awhile and, whether through necessity or choice, it talks to its tenants in the language of the business world. The corporation is in the process of negotiating a 25-year lease with the university so that it can retain possession of the nine original buildings it was set up to save. In addition, PSS has over the years accumulated interests in two-high-rise apartments, a restaurant, and a food store, as well as being instrumental in the founding of the Portland Recycling Team, an active agency that makes recycling easy.

"The thing about PSS," said Parker, "is that it provides a good base of operations. There is a lot of money there to get other things started. The Montgomery Market was started by a woman on our staff—the board initially didn't even like the idea. But we don't have any intention to hold onto the market. As soon as it gets itself going, we're going to cut it loose."

According to Parker, most of the profits generated by PSS activities go into the Demolition Fund. The Demolition Fund is money set aside so that if and when the day comes that the university decides to tear down the Blackstone, the Montgomery and the other old buildings close to campus, there will be enough money at PSS to perform the demolition without any cost to the university. The other revenue generated by PSS is plowed back into existing projects.

PSS still retains the status of a nonprofit organization, as most tenants realize when tax time comes around and they discover that they are ineligible to receive property tax refunds because of that status. But as Cindy Parker pointed out, rents in the old Montgomery Building are "still cheaper than Burnside."
Late at night at home
Early morning at home

Couple at home with their twins
Corner phone booth in northeast Portland

Family gathering on Sunday afternoon
In January of 1976, a noticeable change took place in downtown Portland. Traffic was rerouted. Streets were blocked. Buses took over on Sixth Avenue. Other streets were simply torn up, the beginning of a transit mall that will stretch from Burnside to Madison. The general confusion was stemmed by a barrage of leaflets, posters, signs and "Ask Me" people—orange-bibbed Tri-Met employees whose function was to direct lost bus riders to their new stops. Meier and Frank's displayed a mock-up of what the completed Portland Mall would look like: quiet streets with wide brick walkways and shade trees. In the process of turning this mock-up into reality, three blocks will be demolished and new construction will replace old buildings. The old buildings don't fit into the plan, but their replacements—two large parking structures and the "Nordstrom Block"—will. All of this building and this planning is the implementation of something christened the "Downtown Plan."

The Downtown Plan came into being, oddly enough, due to citizen reaction to the First National Bank Tower. Five Portland people put together some "thoughts and recommendations" for Terry Shrum, who was then mayor. Shrum thought the suggestions valuable enough to follow up, and he instituted an advisory board.

"We simply felt there was a need for citizen involvement in the planning decisions made about downtown," said Dean Givvold, a local lawyer who was chairman of the advisory board. "We had a great number of meetings, but interest was very low."

After four years and a change of city administration, the original suggestions became part of the Downtown Plan that is now Mayor Neil Goldschmidt's baby. His staff for the past four years has "been working overtime to stabilize neighborhoods, keep families in the city and bring new families in."

Stari Goode!, public relations man for the Office of Building Owners and Managers, is spokesman for downtown business interests. "We particularly appreciate," he said, "the fact that the office buildings aren't a tiny little island by themselves. There
are many cities where the office buildings have gone on and on, while the rest of the city center has deteriorated. The retailers have moved out into the shopping centers, the theaters have closed down or turned porno. It's just a gradual deterioration."

But according to the city's planning commission, the nationwide urban slide is affecting Portland also. In the past 25 years, the downtown area has lost 30,000 people and 17,000 units of housing.

"Let's look at it this way," said Rod O'Hiser of the city's planning staff. "The number of people living in downtown is declining and now the diversity is slipping away. We hope to stabilize and reverse the trend. What we hope is that the plan will not only enhance downtown's diversity, but strengthen it. This makes downtown an interesting place to be and that's what makes downtown work."

The city planning staff has prepared development regulations concerning the downtown area itself and made plans for extensive urban renewal as well as improvement of the waterfront with a waterfront park. The plan encompasses major changes for the entire downtown area, stretching from the Portland State campus to the Broadway Bridge.

City planners hope to funnel growth into an identifiable core, the Portland Mall. The Mall will be surrounded by the city's largest buildings. Hopefully, the size of the buildings will be controlled by Floor Area Ratio (FAR) regulations. The effectiveness of the FAR zoning controls has been questioned, and there is considerable doubt as to whether or not adequate middle-income housing can be built in the city.

"You know the upper-income housing will take care of itself," said Goodel, "and the lower-income housing will be supported by various governmental agencies. But it's that middle band of productively employed people who won't have housing in any significant numbers."

Although the Downtown Plan provides for large parcels of land to be rezoned for residential use, many doubt that housing can be built because of today's exorbitant construction prices. Tax incentives and the installation of vest-pocket parks and wider sidewalks are some of the things which the city is considering using to attract builders. The city planners see their efforts to attract middle-Americans into the city as the key to the "reversal" of the trend that is causing downtown's decay.

"One example of the old trend can be seen in what was going on at PSU," said O'Hiser. "When PSU was in its early development stages they built several massive parking structures and had several more in mind. The University was planning on students
commuting by car from outlying areas. But the trend was reversed when Portland Student Services was formed, saying, in effect, 'don't tear down housing in order to build parking structures.'

Nonetheless, plans for a single transportation center at the present site of Union Station are bound to force Skid Row denizens to new haunts. Also, this northern area of town is the area reserved for buildings with the largest height-to-floor ratio. Already, farsighted businessmen have begun improving the property in Old Town. These factors, along with the recently enforced Federal Fire Code (Chapter 13), are slowly eliminating places for low-income people to live.

John Giorgias, a Jesuit volunteer who works at the Transit Bank, said, "I don't understand why the upper-class liberals have to force us out of here just to put in their little trinket shops. All of the services are here. Skid Row has always been here and you know that if it is moved out of this single location you are going to have two or three little Skid Rows scattered throughout the city."

After the experience with the First National Bank Tower, many people fear that Portland will have a matching set of sore thumbs: the First National Bank Tower to the south and proposed U.S. Bank Tower at the north end of downtown.

"We were assured by representatives of the business community that no one is going to build foolishly," said O'Hiser. "But on the other hand it doesn't preclude a bizarre unique building such as a pyramid structure or a space needle... We have the possibility of having 36-story buildings lining the waterfront. You could have a skinny 60-story building if someone wanted to build it."

At the present, the Downtown Plan is the concern of well-dressed, successful men and women who appear to be comfortable at City Council and give smooth testimony which includes in-jokes that only the politicos and businessmen understand. They are for the plan. They are the involved ones, the strivers for change. But public skepticism for the plan, and that which it promises, still remains. As the owner of one small downtown clothing store said, "I know that they are planning it, but I can't see it. People won't leave their cars, they won't take the buses. People are getting lazier these days. All they want is modern conveniences within easy reach."
Skateboarders pause in front of the Hilton

Flowers for Valentine’s Day downtown
Newspaper peddler waits for business
Religion in the Streets

The 1970 Viking Yearbook shows pictures of Portland policemen clubbing students in the Park Blocks, of students raising angry fists, of torn flags and bloody heads. But for the past year, as well as the previous five, the Park Blocks have been relatively serene. Last spring there was a protest by the Chicano Student Union on the lawn in front of the library. University administration reacted by confiscating the group's flags, tents and PA system, and the people in the ASPSU responded to the whole incident by snickering into their palms. There was also the Dionysian Festival, a celebration of paganism which brought out every religious group in the city.

But this school year the biggest issue was over whether or not the hot dog stand and the pretzel wagon should be allowed to park between Smith Center and Neuberger Hall. Those activists who remain from the "Good Old Days" have taken their battles into the university, to veneered tables where they argue the merits of their programs and, above all, fight for every cent they can get into their budgets. The streets have been given up, the Park Blocks abandoned to the occasional concert and wandering proselytizer.

They waited in lines, fumbling with food stamps, leaning on shopping carts, the fluorescent tubes striking their faces with the same shadowless indcriminancy imparted to the merchandise. The Safeway at 10th and Jefferson is always crowded; students, apartment wives, old women with walkers, high school kids debating over cigarette brands. These people would never meet in church.

A woman moved forward from the back of one of the lines.

"Have you been born again?" she asked the girl in front of her. Behind them the cashier slapped packages of cafeteria-wrapped meat on the counter. The girl glanced at the magazines.

"I used to think Jesus was out there." The woman motioned over the heads of the customers and out into the street. "But Jesus is here, in my heart."

She placed her hand on her breast and gave the girl a homemade, rubber-stamped card, which read:

FOR ALL HAVE SINNED AND COME SHORT OF THE GLORY OF GOD

Romans 3:23

The shoppers shuffled past the cashiers and into the streets. Their faces bore little resemblance to those happy people on the magazine covers. The woman, her stack of tiny paper cards stashed safely in the pocket of her flannel coat, slid through the automatic doors and out, into the city. She is freelance, distributing her own literature to the people appearing, in her eyes at least, to be "on the edge." But there are hundreds of others like her, attracted by the atmosphere of downtown, coming alone and in groups to hand out their literature, their pamphlets and their message. They are on the streets, they are organized, and one day we will set out after them.

1. SATURDAY NIGHT WITH THE PRINCE OF PEACE

The Prince of Peace Coffee House is in the Corbett-Terwilliger area. Portland's old hippie district. Founded about five years ago, it is the current base of operations for Ron Roman, the young man who proselytizes in the Park Blocks up by Portland State. Cleverly, the people at Prince of Peace put the name of Nicki Cruz, the nationally celebrated Cross and Switchblade hoodlum-turn-preacher-turned-writer, on their literature. He is not affiliated with the Prince of Peace organization, but his name attracts attention.

On the first floor of the Prince of Peace Coffee House, women behind a counter sing old-time religious ballads while cutting pie and serving coffee. People drift in from the street and down from upstairs where musicians are playing, ministering "the word" through their craft. One young man, wearing a country-western shirt and a string tie, leans against a post near the counter and talks religion to his girlfriend.

We walked past him up the stairs, though a reading room and into the main coffee house. The place was packed; people sat around wooden spool tables on small wooden
barrels. At four tables to one side of the room there sat silent men alternately leafing through their Bibles and listening to the music. Young women, talking quietly to each other, sat against the far wall. Between the two groups sat couples trying vainly to hush their children.

When the music was finished, Ron Roman, his hands crossed at his belt, walked up to the microphone. In a quiet western drawl dissimilar to the harsh voice he uses when preaching in the Park Blocks, Ron thanked the guitarist, said some words about Jesus, and delivered a message from the girls in the kitchen.

"We all like homemade bread," he said. A scattered chorus of "amens" came from the crowd. He nodded. "That's right. So we'd sure appreciate it if you folks would bake bread and bring it here to the meetings for everyone to share."

Ron stepped away and a sallow-cheeked, desperately sincere young man who had been "saved" a year and a half ago came forward. His name was Dan.

"A group of us are going to go downtown and give the word to lost souls. So anyone that is interested in coming along to testify for the Lord should meet us by the back door in a few minutes." Dan repeated the message a few times and stepped away from the microphone so the music could continue.

Marjorie and I debated it for a few minutes, and, deciding finally that we might as well go along, we went down the stairs. Ron Roman and Dan were in the kitchen. They were trying to decide how many new pamphlets to have printed, what design should be on the front, and whether or not to continue using Nicki Cruz's name.

The women were still cutting pie and singing the simple choral hymns. The young man with the cowboy shirt was still leaning against the post and his girl friend was still listening to him. We stood by a table top spread with shiny pamphlets bearing religious interpretations of contemporary problems, and we waited. Finally Dan came out with a few others and we followed them into their red station wagon. Ron Roman stayed behind.

There wasn't much talk on the way downtown but occasionally Dan would lean his head against the side window and murmur aloud "Jesus."

They parked the car on the corner of Fourth and Yamhill near the Sin City Adult Bookstore. Dan, apparently the leader, bowed his head and went into a spontaneous, five-minute litany.

"Oh, Lord Jesus give us the strength . . . those wicked souls who have gone astray . . . let us be your humble shepherds . . . Lord Sweet Jesus . . . if we can harbor just one poor soul . . . Sweet Sweet Lord Jesus . . . from the grasp of the devil . . ."

During Dan's litany the others made invocations as the spirit moved them. One young man in the front seat leaned his head against the window and muttered ceaseless incoherent sentences which fell into an awkward and formless syncopation with Dan's improvisations. Not knowing what else to do, Marjorie and I folded our hands in our laps and stared at the carpeted floor of the station wagon.

Eventually they were finished and we all got out of the car. After an awkward pause Dan decided to take us with

Working a pretzel wagon for Scientology
him and the other three disappeared somewhere into the Saturday night crowd on Fourth Avenue.

2. ON THE ROAD TO HELL

The sidewalk in front of the Hilton is embedded with tiny sparkling flakes which give the concrete an artificial sheen. We were standing on the corner across the street and waiting for the light to change. By this time Dan had guessed that we weren't saved, at least not yet, and he was explaining "the word" to us in slow, measured tones.

"I've seen some people who say that they are saved, who talk about it for awhile, but then they slide right back into the same old things. There is no way for me to know what's happened in their hearts. Only the Lord knows that. But when you accept Jesus it's for real. You can't fool God."

A pair of middle-aged couples walked up behind us. One of them, a reasonably stout man with fat cheeks, was weaving in his tracks. Dan started to hand him one of his printed cards.

"What are you trying to give me," said the man.
"The word of the Lord," said Dan.
"I don't need that. There's no God. There's nothing up there. This is all there is—right here."
"You don't believe that," said Dan. A woman moved between him and the man.
"Don't pay any attention to him," she said. "He's pickled."
"Yes, I'm pickled," said the man smugly, "and there is no God."
"You can't say that, you'll go to hell," Dan tried again to hand the man one of his cards. The man's friend grabbed the man by the arm and started him across the street.
"Don't worry, I'll explain it to him later," said the man's friend. Dan shook his head, the rejected message still in his hand.
"It's the devil that makes them so mean. He's going to hell, I don't understand it. Some people must just want to go to hell."

We stood with Dan on the corner and watched the couple walk past the Hilton, the sidewalk shimmering beneath their feet.

Later, in front of one of the less expensive hotels, a panhandler asked us for some money. He said he was trying to get a room for the night. Dan reached into his pocket and asked us for some money. He said he was trying to give the man one of his cards but the man wouldn't take it. So, Dan stuck with us and said everything he could think of to try and get us to take Jesus into our hearts.

"What is it with you guys? I mean this isn't a game. God is real. He isn't playing some mind trip. He isn't something you have to figure out. When you get right down to it, it's a matter of life and death. Eternal life or eternal death. God can get angry and how would you like to have all that come down on your head. The time to take Jesus into your heart is now."

Dan was still with us when we got to Marjorie's apartment building. As we tried to edge our way through the door, Dan said, "The time is now."

3. ABOVE THE EARTH'S VIBRATIONS

Their flyers, marked with the acronym UFO and stapled throughout the university, attracted between 75 and 100 people. The crowd was for the most part students, seemingly skeptical as they crowded together in one of those windowless rooms on the second floor of Smith Center. The four followers of the "Waldport Two" waited for the room to become silent, then took their places at a long table in the front. They folded their hands on the table and a long, disquieting pause ensued. One of them, a girl with flushed cheeks and a vacant expression, began to speak in a lifeless monotone.

"We have come here to give you a message in the same manner it was given to us. There is a kingdom above ours, a higher kingdom that we're told we're capable of entering if that is our only desire."

Last September, twenty people set off from Waldport,
Oregon, in search of this higher kingdom. They were following "The Two"—otherwise known as Bonnie Nettles and Herb Applewhite—who allegedly were sent to earth from this other kingdom in order to prepare earthlings for the transition. After selling their earthly possessions and breaking ties with friends, family and spouses, some of the followers of "The Two" were to return broke and disillusioned. Others, including the four who spoke at Portland State, continued with the "process" (as it's called) and are still looking for new recruits. Marjorie and I were there, sitting in the front row with notebooks and pencils.

"The only way to enter into this new kingdom is to communicate with a being in that next level who is willing to take you through the metamorphosis." The girl clasped her hands underneath the table, twisting her fingers.

Jesus entered into a flying saucer and was taken back to his father's kingdom. Two members have given up their membership to this kingdom and have come down to help raise the vibrations in this garden. In a matter of months, they will be killed and then raised up after three and one-half days and taken back to their father's kingdom in a flying saucer.

The girl made several long pauses in the middle of her speech. At first they were rather dramatic and added some tension, but after awhile the effect became overdone and boring. She said that to reach the higher plane of existence, people must give up all their emotional ties to earth and eventually even their bodies.

"It will be the hardest thing a human will do in this garden. The Two will take you through experiences that humans would think were disastrous. They will change your body spiritually and chemically. It will take 100 per cent of your energy. This process will help you overcome all your human emotions, desires, and attachments." 

After the opening monologue, the four disciples of "The Two" opened themselves to questions. They brushed off accusation that "The Two" were corrupt with noncommital shrugs and insisted that the only way to escape being repeatedly reincarnated on earth was to go through this metamorphosis that they were undertaking.

"One will become an individual. You won't need to breathe, sleep, or eat. You will be given a body that has overcome disease, death, and decay."

One spectator in the crowd asked the four if they, personally, were tired of being human.

All four nodded their weary heads affirmatively.

4. THE RELIGION OF MISEMOTION ELIMINATION

When Pastor Bill Landers gives his introductory sermon to potential members who wander off the streets into the Church of Scientology, he sits cross-legged on a table. Behind him, in a wooden frame, is a large map charting the relative positions of the stars in space. Sitting so that his head is in the center of the star chart, Landers faces a small crowd seated in metal frame chairs.

"If you came here looking for some universal answer, you're not going to find it. Scientology is not a religion. We don't care what you believe." While we sat listening to Landers, Scientology counselors peeked anxiously through the narrow glass slit in the door to look at us and other potential recruits.

"Most people find their troubles begin with basic communication. This, if you decide to stick with us, is what our first course deals with, the theory of communication. Imagine a point over here and another point over there. If this first point expends its energy in a certain way toward the other point, the result is an implosion." 

Landers shifted his position in front of the star chart and slapped one hand against the other so that they made imploding sounds.

Evangelist tries to persuade PSU students

"Human beings communicate in a similar way but only when there is understanding. Scientologists call this principle upon which understanding is based the ARC," ARC stands for Affinity, Reality, and Communication. These words, according to Scientology's founder L. Ron Hubbard, are the components of understanding. L. Ron Hubbard lives on a converted barge which sails the seven seas while he writes books explaining the various levels of consciousness as he discovers them.

"L. Ron Hubbard was one of the original team of scientists who worked on applying Einstein's theory to the reality of nuclear energy. Later, he traveled all over the world studying religions and cultures in scientific and objective ways."

Landers, the minister, used to be a graduate student in science at the University of California at Davis. Another Scientologist later refuted Landers' claim that Hubbard ever had anything to do with the development of nuclear fission.

"Scientology isn't some bunch of mysticism. It is a system based on scientific principles and backed up by scientific evidence," said Landers. When his lecture was over, the counselors who had been hovering out in the hall came rushing in, one for each member of the audience. The counselors circled about their chosen recruits and smiled accommodatingly.

"How did you like it?" they asked.
My counselor was a woman a good deal bigger than me. I told her that I liked the lecture just fine but what I was really interested in was seeing one of those strange machines I had read about in some magazine or the other. “You know, with all the wires and everything.”

“That comes later,” she said. “First you have to sign up for a communications course.”

That course costs fifty dollars and I told her no, what I wanted to do was see those machines so I could write a story about them.

“A writer?” she said. I nodded. She left the room.

Meanwhile, another counselor had Marjorie or by one of the walls. She was showing her some success stories written by people who had taken the Basic Communication Course at the Church of Scientology.

“I used to think that everything was garbage,” read one of the typed notes, “but Scientology showed me that I was the garbage.”

Not too long after, Marjorie made the same mistake I had and her counselor also disappeared. Before they could come back, we slipped out the door to wander through some of the other rooms in the building.

We walked down a well-lit corridor, which had on its wall mimeographed paradigms from the books of L. Ron Hubbard. In one of the back rooms, two rows of Scientology trainees sat face to face. Some of them were taking to each other, some were taking notes, and others were just staring at the floor. As it turns out, the ones with the notepads were audition-trained Scientology personnel whose function it is “to eliminate the misemotions originating in the reactive mind.” The ultimate goal of Scientology is to eliminate the “reactive mind” which is supposedly the source of all troubling human emotion. When the process is complete, a person becomes a “Clear,” the classification denoting a person who feels a “minimum of misemotions and is self-determining.”

In another room, other Scientologists sat in front of a variety of machines. They were twisting dials and scribbling in notebooks. One of these machines was a transformer with alligator clips hooked to two burnt-looking tin cans. We found out later that this machine is called an E-meter and measures something called “emotional mass.” The operator holds onto the tin cans and the meters measure his level of emotional distress. The lower the level, of course, the better. Not everyone can operate the machine;

Scientologists won’t let someone use the machine unless he has been properly trained. According to one Scientologist, the training costs about as much as a good stereo system. When the training is over, the person gets his own E-meter.

As we were looking in at the Scientologists and their machines, the woman who had for such a short time been my counselor appeared in the hallway behind us.

“Having trouble finding your way out?” she smiled. “Just follow the red carpet out past the receptionist’s desk.”

She stood in the hallway and watched us leave.

It is Saturday night and we are standing in front of the Church of Scientology on the Park-Haviland block. This block is legendary in the downtown myths for attracting such clientele as professional wrestlers, out-of-town businessmen, and prostitutes. Debbie, a girl with thick black hair and bracelets on her wrists, is, as usual, walking the perimeter of the block. She is looking for people to convert to Scientology and she approaches us, apparently unaware that we’ve just been escorted out.

“Do you want to know yourself?” she asks.

Just then the Krishna devotees, clad in their orange robes, appear on the corner. They chant and dance their way down Broadway past the Paramount where they will draw crowds from the young crowd waiting to see Supertramp.

Meanwhile, the Jesus people from the Prince of Peace Coffee House are getting ready to make their weekly sojourn downtown. They walk the bright, one-way streets, deliver their message as vehemently as people will tolerate, and, occasionally, they will turn their penetrating glances upwards, into the thick cloud cover.

“Knowing yourself is beautiful,” repeats Debbie, the girl from Scientology. “But there is only one way.”
Jehovah's Witness soliciting on Sunday
Mom -- Dad -- 4/29/76

Moved into the Marabba. Finished my farewell poem to Dean: "Alone Together With Wind." Mr./Ms. Frank Blake

I realized one morning after noticing his hairy white ankles that the essence of our being, the heart of our hearts, could never, finally, and totally, merge into a pure, soulful real relationship. The wind...freedom...together, but alone!! Well that explains it doesn't it. Such is fate. And so I have gone out into the city to experience what it is like to be alone, to be poor, and to be pathological and to be living in the Marabba.

ps Are you sure you want to come on my birthday? A check would be fine.
The Bicentennial bubble is bursting all across America, showering us with merchandise celebrating 200 years of Effective Control. Maple syrup bottles, medallions, table settings, stationery, coffee mugs, television sets—all these things have already hit the market, tastefully decorated to inspire confidence in the republic's loftier ideals.

It was no different during the Centennial in 1876. Advertisements from the Oregonian of July 4, 1876, reveal the true nature of that celebration.

IMMENSE LOT
OF
CENTENNIAL SHOES
just arrived at the
PACIFIC BOOT AND SHOE STORE

77 First St.
Geo A. Pease & Co.

and

When visiting the
Centennial at Portland!
the only way to
make expenses
is to purchase
Dry Goods
at
Sellings
Back in 1876 the Oregonian could soulfully wax rhetorical over the proven success of democracy over monarchy and the power of "moral forces to rule an empire." The confidence of the day was supreme: good or bad, the US of A had worked. July 4, 1876, was, in the words of an Oregonian editorial, a day for "enjoyment, not reflection. Leave for another day analysis and moralizing on the question wherein our development has been best and wherein deficient... let patriotism hold a joyous carnival."

Well, the republic is 100 years older. But wiser? Perhaps. A call for unreasoning joy over the sheer physical existence of America would, it is true, fall on the deaf ears of a more questioning public than that of 100 years ago. All these recent revelations concerning our government, you understand.

But the dry goods of 1976 are from the same red, white and blue commercial stock as their Centennial counterparts. This story, for instance, is being typed on Fox River Bicentennial Bond—a 25% rag content sheet with a commemorative watermark: available in 8½ x 11 20# Arctic White from the Fraser Paper Company, Portland, (503) 233-5131.

There is no denying it. The Bicentennial is here, and getting nastier. In the words of Dick Tracy, penny-ante extortionists will come out second best in their planned disruption of the birthday ceremonies. The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration has already granted major U.S. cities $500,000 to combat expected Bicentennial terrorism. A justice official was quoted as saying, "We're expecting some action, but we're ready."

Disgruntled consumers could perpetrare much of the violence, driven frenetic over defective Bicentennial products and a business world gone haywire. While many of the nobler freedoms and rights of the United States have been perverted, there are still, apparently, a few bucks to made from their symbols.

Demonstrating yarn spinning as part of a Bicentennial display at a livestock show
Bicentennial-style advertising of the products of American industry is appearing on billboards, television screens, and magazine pages. Robert Freedman, president of a New York ad agency, told Time magazine, "I don't know how many clients have called and said, 'Okay, come up with a Bicentennial promotion.'"

One such ad campaign is being undertaken by d-Con, the insecticide people. They have a promotional offer which features flag decals and Bicentennial T-shirts. The ad concludes: "So get a little American history free from d-Con, the people who are helping free America from bugs."

Nabisco has also developed a gimmick, a special display stand for grocers marked "'1776 Bicentennial 1976." The promotional kit is called "Profit Builder No. 1-W."

Other companies have taken to manufacturing and selling products with a distinctive Bicentennial motif. One company is offering commemorative postcards which double as 45-rpm records. The postcards have plastic grooves embedded in their surfaces that play renditions of patriotic songs.

Other Bicentennial products include: "Bicentennial Days the E-Z Way" cake mold in the shape of George Washington's head; a special-edition red, white, and blue 1,500-gallon septic tank from a plumbing company in southern California; Bonne Bell's Star Spangled Lipsticks; a Spirit of '76 catalogue of erotic paraphernalia; and litter bags with Betsy Ross' flag stamped on them.

The flood of promotional products, according to Time, has drawn a "beneficent nod" from the head of Robert Williams, executive secretary of the New York chapter of the Sons of the Revolution.

"There's nothing wrong with making a buck," said Williams. "Free enterprise is the thing that has made this country go zowee."
The People's Bicentennial Commission has come out in protest of what they consider the "Big Business-White House buy-centennial orgy." So far the organization has held two anti-big business demonstrations, one of which drew 25,000 protestors on the anniversary of the Boston Tea Party, and another during the Bicentennial celebration of the Shot Heard 'Round the World which brought 45,000 demonstrators to Concord, Massachusetts. Another demonstration is planned for the Fourth of July in Washington, D.C. Ted Howard, co-director of the People's Bicentennial Commission and editor of Common Sense magazine, has sent out letters to the editors of college newspapers urging them to get students "off their ass."

Also, as part of their campaign against big business, the People's Bicentennial Commission is sending a series of personal, tape-recorded messages to each of America's 6,000 most prominent corporate families. In part, the transcript of the taped message reads:

"We are communicating with you because your husband is one of the top business leaders in the country.... No doubt you are aware of the recent revelations of widespread corruption and criminality in corporate boardrooms.... Isn't it time to start discussing these issues.... What better time to begin with than when your husband comes home this evening?"

The efforts of the People's Bicentennial Commission are, according to Howard, directed toward preventing the Bicentennial from becoming "a national orgy of fireworks, plastic liberty bells, and red, white and blue ice cream."
"I know that behind every hung flag there's a manufacturer and an incentive. I also know that making and selling is a part of our heritage, our strength, yes—our genius. How else does a flag get made to be waved?"
In the Park Blocks, fall
On the library lawn, summer
In back of the library, winter