

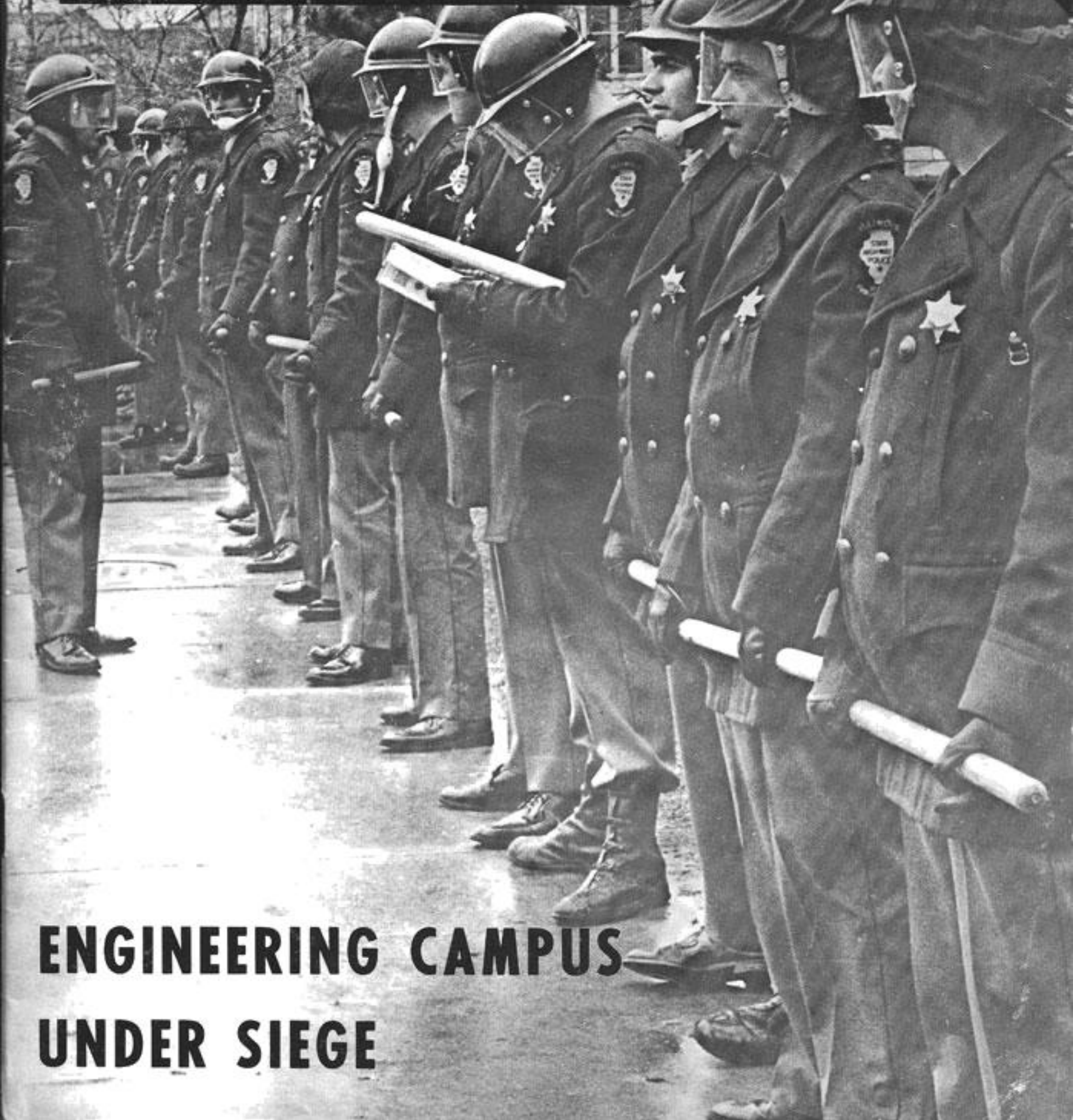
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UP AGAINST
THE WALL

FEBRUARY 1970

TECHNOGRAPH

STUDENT ENGINEERING MAGAZINE AT ILLINOIS



ENGINEERING CAMPUS UNDER SIEGE

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STUDENT ENGINEERING MAGAZINE AT ILLINOIS



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Paul Rapp

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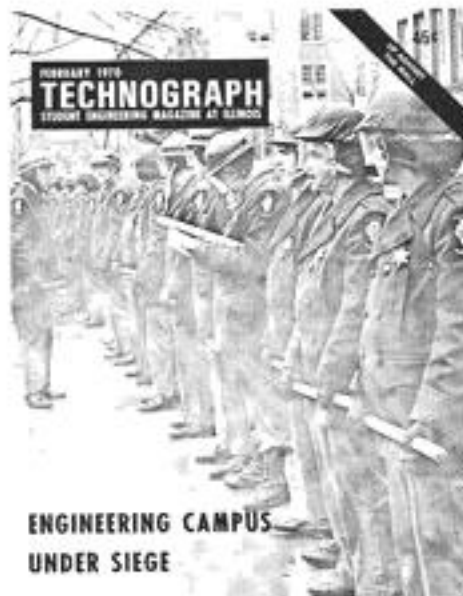
Mike Dehn
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UP AGAINST THE WALL

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CONSIDER

Consider:

Famine resulting from over population

The prospect of thermo-nuclear war

Mass suicide from pollution

The crisis of potential race war

Rapid polarization of political extremes

All this reduces to one ugly truth: our next mistake may well be our last. It is imperative that this fact be recognized and solutions sought with all possible speed. A sense of urgency is both justified and necessary if we are to survive. A reworking of old institutions and old solutions with new labels accompanied by a wave of altruistic rhetoric is insufficient. The same old BS with a new label is still the same old BS. The need is for an immediate and complete rejection of the axioms of the last two centuries.

Colleges of Engineering here and elsewhere do not exist independently of the rest of the world. A technological empire responsible for our condition is obligated to take an aggressive role in the salvaging process. Engineers are now assuming a leadership role in our society. However, the educating process of engineering colleges is such that these men are not adequately prepared for these leadership roles.

It must be recognized that the educational process of the College cannot be conducted independently of personal emotional and intellectual development.

The College of Engineering is mass producing men with technical competence and humanistic ignorance. This is wrong. Not undesirable, not simply regrettable but wrong in a moral sense. It must end **NOW**. It is wrong in two respects. First, it is a tragic and needless waste of human potential in terms of a lost capacity for graduates to reach the limits of their potential as creative, self-sufficient human beings. Secondly, it is wrong because it is dangerous to society in a very real, physical sense. Our next mistake may be our last. Thus the question of educational reform in engineering and the university as a whole is not an academic question of pedagogical viewpoint, but rather an issue



Rapp, cohort, and wall

that may prove to be vital to human survival. The perspectives of the leadership sector must change; Colleges must give the potential leadership sector these perspectives.

In view of the need for change, will the necessary corrections occur at this college? The answer is no, and this is the theme of this issue. Educational reform (a rather maligned term these days) will not occur at Illinois. The College may be destroyed by a general collapse of the United States or by the specific action of militants, but it cannot correct itself. The old axioms have, like malarial parasites, penetrated deep into the institutional being.

Student participation and genuine reform at this college is an obscene farce. The administration is aware of the fundamental rule of dictatorships: Always provide a highly visible but functionally impotent outlet for dissent. Direct oppression cannot be consistently used if the dictatorship is to live into comfortable old age (and we just "celebrated" centennial). The principle aim of the administration is to diffuse and deflect, to maintain institutional equilibrium, i.e., the status quo. The fact that "it hasn't been done before" constitutes sufficient grounds for not doing it.

The ed reform movement has failed. Stragglers hobble on, compromised, trying to pull together the spirit to continue. But the majority are now spent, cynical, bitter, and disinterested. The administration has met and turned the only major assault on its power structure in the school's history. The reformers have lost. This is what this issue is going to examine. Why it was so necessary to succeed, and why it was inevitable that they failed.

by Paul Rapp

THE WALL UP AGAINST THE WALL

This is Technograph's "up against the wall" issue. What is feeling "up against the wall"? I think of it as a state of powerless frustration. A person is "up against the wall" when his frustrations have built up to the point where he must take action. He realizes that his usual assertions of power are totally insufficient and that he then must increase his power. Interestingly, when a person increases his power and uses it, the most common result is a change in his definition of insufficient power. Let's follow this process through the disruptions in early March. Some people were frustrated with the war, the draft, the military, the Department of Defense, industry, the university, education, racism, Illiac IV, recruiting, etc. Their power - working through "channels" - had not been sufficient to effect real changes in anything so they banded together in the streets to increase their power. For those to whom peaceful demonstrations had already proven insufficient, throwing a brick and breaking a window did lend a certain sense of power. The local law enforcement agencies became frustrated, so they had to increase their power to handle the situation. Hundreds of uniforms, helmets, and 3-foot riot clubs made them more powerful. Other groups felt "up against the wall" and responded by banning Kunstler, setting curfews, calling out jeeps with barb-wire bulldozers, and forming vigilante groups. What are the results of all this? Those in the streets realized that rioting is insufficient power; they achieved none of their goals. Local officials realized that a few organized and dedicated people could totally incapacitate and possibly destroy the whole community in a few hours. The officials would have no power to stop it. Finally, almost everyone even vaguely familiar with the episodes has formed more rigid views on the various issues and groups involved. Call this entropy, if you like, or polarization. In any case, real solutions to real problems are less possible within the system than before.

What are some of these frustrating problems? I think most of them reduce to incongruities and hypocrisies in our society. It is the difference between the ideal and the actual, the professed and the real, the expected and the received, and the confusion between means and ends which is alienating and frustrating so many. When I try to break these problems into general areas, I always find myself slighting, emphasizing, or ignoring some basic aspect of a problem. Everything seems to be related. The following are just a few of the things I have been thinking about.

Along with most young men in America, I face a very real problem in the draft, the Vietnam war, and the whole military-industrial complex. With few exceptions, draft-aged males in the U.S. are forced to support the war or face grave personal consequences. Let's look at the alternatives. A man can go and fight, leave the country, or refuse induction and take his prison term. He can try for a deferred job or for C.O. status. A couple more imaginative possibilities are to go underground or arrange to be arrested for a felony (drug possession, for instance). CO's are hard to get. Prison cannot be much fun. Leaving the country is a very difficult and permanent decision. Living the rest of one's life incognito is definitely a hardship. Going and fighting involves risk of life and limb as well as

UP AGAINST THE WALL UP AGAINST

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extreme moral compromise for many. Deferments are largely for military-oriented jobs. Furthermore, temporary deferments now discriminate against the poor and the black. This system allows one of my friends to design lawnmowers for a military involved company while it drafts another because he wants to stay in school an extra semester to get his teaching certificate. Meanwhile 17-20 year olds come back from Vietnam in boxes. They were never even given an official "channel" - a vote. The military is the largest contributor in putting young Americans "up against the wall".

Another issue which I am personally involved in is the educational system. Psychologists cannot seem to agree on the extent to which four years of college affects a person's outlook and moral attitudes. They do agree, however, that the total educational process does have a great effect. The educational system in the United States needs to be revamped from the bottom up. This system is a very good example of how our society has confused its means and its ends. Americans allocate millions to insure that at a certain age everyone has accumulated a predetermined amount of information. If at any time an individual is not ready for a certain package of information, he fails and must try the same thing again - a very damaging process to the individual. If a person is beyond the subject matter, he is forced to sit through it anyway and becomes bored - also very damaging. For those who fit into the scheme and may even have some natural interest in the subject, some one usually finds a way of presenting the material in such a way as to make it totally uninteresting and irrelevant. Too often a teacher's only goal is to insure that the students master the material. The thrust in education is to determine what material the student should be taught. The effects of this process on the individual are ignored. Educators must realize that learning is a very personal thing. Education is not an accumulation of facts. Mass efficiency in presenting facts is not worth the price of stifled creativity and general disinterest.

Engineering education has followed this pattern and the results are starting to show. While students are knocking down the doors to LAS, Engineering enrollment is rapidly falling. This does not mean that LAS is doing a great job. Engineering has projected an image of not caring about contemporary problems. And, in fact, it has been a major contributor to some of these problems. Students today want to do something about these problems right now. Engineering has not taken its proper place as a way to really do something - solve problems. Moreover, reform is not likely in the near future. The most frustrating problem I've had with engineering education is trying to change it. Maybe a real change in attitude will occur when the profession itself becomes "up against the wall".

This editorial is the result of two months of thinking, reading, writing, tearing up, and starting over. Along the way I kept asking myself: Would anyone really think about my observations - or care? Would I effect any changes? Obviously I wrote in moments when my ego was high enough to answer in the affirmative. This moment is over.

"Up against the wall!"

Dan Nelson

THE WALL UP AGAINST THE WALL

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER

... we are the greatest city, the
greatest nation, nothing like us
ever was.

— Sandburg

by Harry Krulewitch

When I was a freshman in the fall of 1967, I attended a seminar, headed by Paul Schroeder, on 'what it means to learn'. The discussion was dominated by three clever protagonists — each was concerned in his own way with the student and the university, and each had the seminar stacked with well-earned followers. Dr. Von Foerster, a charming scholar with a German accent, was laying down the questions and smoothly answering them himself; a lanky grad student with a three-day beard, big grin, and devastating drawl was holding the discussion together with quick, darting gems, and his name was John White. But the center of emotion was coming from a curly-haired-like-Garfunkel chunk of a person. His fiery young appearance made him very attractive and he used it to his advantage with asides to feminine admirers in the crowd. He had been on the campus before and would leave again only after depositing the seeds of unrest and seeing them sprout. If you looked closely through the brown locks you could see a fairly receded hairline of not so young Michael Rossman, and you might wonder if maybe he was a diabolical gnome of the New Left.

There was a restless energy all around. People were banding together. There was a comradeship never felt before. And Patsy Parker, the activist they had all elected student body president

the spring before, would lead them. It was all proclaimed on The Fence of the new psychology building in bold and brilliantly colored graffiti. People were finding out they were alive. This was the Renaissance.

The airwar is at its height. King has a dream.

Ralph Ellison packed the auditorium. The fanatic crowds jamming the Ballroom for Crick were sent to NHB for a T.V. pickup, and even then their numbers presented a fire hazard. The community was exciting. Yet something was wrong. Inside the classroom the kids were still in high school. The university is supposed to be responsive and dynamic, but it is oppressive and sluggish. They didn't want to just fit in if that meant working hard at school and being a good American leading a good life, because America was pretty bad and there was no "good life" to lead any more. Large meetings were organized to discuss attacks on the university educational policy and to assign work to different committees. The educational reform movement was born.

These people worked hard. They wanted to change "the system" peacefully. They would show everyone that students are not "just kids." They were serious. With student support the school would take great strides to set an example of what the college learning experience should consist of. For them learning entailed responsibility

for others. There should be a love for learning. School should not be a painful task. A university should take a stand. Pedagogy and dogma and discipline are not as important as guiding young men and women to learn how to be decent and to make the world decent for all people.

It was a good year. Radical political movements grew. U. of I. sent a contingent to the Pentagon. Dow was turned away from recruiting at Noyes lab by 300 students. More people joined the ed reform movement. More people joined SDS. Crazy Spring was peaking. Everywhere people were going to activities during Centennial Week run by everyone's darling; Dave Eisenman, and his cohorts, Bill Platter and Bruce Morrison. It was perhaps the single outstanding event in terms of vitality this campus has ever known. Top people from diverse fields flooded the community seeking the students to be with them, to teach them, to be taught by them. There were teach-ins and debates and seminars and panels and speeches. And it didn't stop. Parker, Schroeder, and Bob Goldstein went off and tore off a rough draft of immense stature called the Ed Reform Manifesto, which set out ideals and programs for such a concept. For the first time, there was much organized hassling of administrators and mass education programs for students to become familiar with such techniques. The school was shook by

the outrageous mob on the south terrace of the Union whose bull-horns could always gather a crowd quickly. And the followers cheered heartily when the king of the bullhorns, Vic Berkey, took the stand, never to be conquered; he took on all challengers to debate, and many never answered his challenge. Like a lion he roared, his golden hair flowing to his shoulders.

Regent Gregory housing went up. Students flocked to see "The Graduate." Jim Kornibe, who had gotten a great deal pushed through the English department was elected student body president. The 500 program was begun. The Assembly Hall was sold out for Tim O'Leary, and again for Andy Warhol. Buses left weekly with kids eagerly canvassing a primary for McCarthy. If you called yourself a student you were doing something somewhere. Then Johnson resigned! Dancing on the quad. The convocation at the Assembly Hall was the grand finale. Platter got permission to put a student on the stage with the trustees and although Parker wanted the prestige as figurehead, the lesser known but academically respected Schroeder was selected. President Henry spoke and the SDS walked out of the place, banners flying. Schroeder stood up next. He took off his robes and headed for the rostrum. The place went up for grabs. Everyone went wild. He had a carefully-worded, scathing assault on the school and the way of life it stood for all prepared and in his pocket, but he did not have to use it.

"Why did those students leave? What is wrong?" And when he finished we rose again, exuberant, happy, and sure of ourselves, and together we walked back across the quad to the Union into the bright sun of a new day.

Martin Luther King is murdered. Crash. The blacks burn the ghettos. Crash. Robert Kennedy

is murdered. Crash. The war goes on. Crash. Humphrey has the nomination bagged. Crash. Nixon is picked by the GOP. Crash. Thurmond picks Agnew. Crash. The Democratic National Convention comes to Chicago. Crash. Convention '68. Crash. Daley. Crash. Chicago, Stalag 68. Crash. Crash. Crash.

When we come back to school, we are told there was a riot by the black students of the 500 program in the Union, and money is raised to bail them out.

It's all come back home to us. The hopes, the busts, the hate, the pain.

What happened was that a frustrated group of girls on campus early for special orientation were evicted from their rooms because they didn't understand that the rooms were temporary pending registration. They figured they were being discriminated against. They were angry. Would the dean of students talk to them? No, he would not. Make an appointment for the morning and leave the Union. No, we will not. They weren't white students, so they didn't know this was the way students should expect to be treated. Some restless neighborhood kids started fighting, 250 state cops with dogs and clubs converged on 200 blacks, mostly girls. The students were herded out and jailed in a basement overnight. \$2500 damage was done. WLS and the Tribune reported ungrateful Negroes caused \$70,000 worth of damage to the school. And only the bull-horns are heard calling out in the wilderness protesting the outrage to 30,000 struggling undergraduates, viciously competing against each other for grades, and, thus, survival. White kids can pay money, but they won't do anything to prove their manhood. Black Panthers are arrested in a farce to keep them off campus. Could there really be a plot in our free country to oppress a

political party? Meanwhile Kornibe is looking for ardent supporters. He wants to set up active committees. But the war and racism attract the crowds. And you can forget the problems of the U. of I. while watching sparkling performances in magnificent Krannert. What once was to be the great castle of Camelot now stands as a multimillion-dollar monument to the University's unconcern for the poor blacks and whites in the community.

Some programs like the LAS 199 are in full swing. The free university is operating with much assistance from Bobbi Fein. But the silence of the University to the vulgar arrest of half the 500 students on economic assistance hangs like a heavy shroud over the school and permeates even the most sanctified of radical consciences. How they wish they were black. How they wish they were revolutionary. How they wish.

And who could attend a free university with a regular class load and still get good grades? It was a vicious circle. Granted. FU is a good thing, but the spirit it has incorporated once was the goal ed reform people had for the unfree university. People are getting tired of the rhetoric. The last great rally to storm the administration building ends with Berkey and Rossman telling everyone the new governor, Ogilvie, means business to keep the school open and will bust heads. And Convention '68 still burns in everyone's minds so they lead a march to Henry's provincial grounds where they prostrate themselves before him to symbolize their disdain. Perhaps it made them feel secure. The comic element was too true. They all lost something that night.

A university cannot change overnight. It is a slow process. Changes must be based on a logical rationale that holds up

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over a long period of time, not an emotional appeal that fades with the times. Have you heard it all before? Two separate cases of black students fighting are brought before Subcommittee A. One student is given a suspended sentence. Another, active in the black power movement, is permanently suspended. The original ed reform people have graduated. The war and administration racial policy have taken over the spotlight. Who wants to work their hearts out for changes they themselves will never see? The unity and friendship is no longer present like it once was. Jim Harms leads the new UGSA after a bitter campaign, and the old student government is dissolved. With good organizing, Harms organizes a good machine. During finals week, a black man is killed mysteriously in a Champaign jail, and the community seethes but everyone goes rushing home to get away from it all.

Many precise goals are realized by UGSA. Today there is a drive for 50-50. But The Fence has been torn down. In a way it seems Harms will also be a victim of student apathy. For with so much going for the student today, with more freedom in their colleges, visitation, a free university, active community committees, a responsive government on campus, and many services, there is a maturing violent and rebellious student that is going to school here. Perhaps it is because the student probably is white, wants to be an American, but knows America is out to destroy. Perhaps it is because his friends now die in Vietnam. Perhaps he has heard a black man curse him and now knows why. Perhaps he has been brought before Subcommittee B for living out of the dorms illegally. Perhaps it is because he knows someone his age has sold out as a narc. He is probably into the drug culture and proud of it. Educational reform was an idea to make the

classroom a place for new and exciting things. Today school is worse than ever. It reeks with totalitarian force. Any spirit of human imagination is sucked up by an omnipotent and strangling bureaucracy. And no one can maintain a desire to learn, except as a way out. A job, a place, a niche, survival, eternal damnation. We have a prison mentality.

Better people than us have tried harder. Better people than us are fools. Spring will never come again. This is what *Hair* is all about. This is why the story of *Hair* is so popular. And a tragedy. Tragic is the story, tragic are the people that attend, tragic are the people who took something worth saying and sold it. Yet in a way there are many people alive and hiding out on our campus. They have to hide because the university does not protect. It only uses its authority to control. Thus there is no love lost between it and its children. You can look at some of the older leaders as examples for a choice to turn. But do not expect them to be looking far into tomorrow. You can step out of this self pity and try something. Or, knowing your efforts are useless, you won't try. Or like many, you will try and keep trying until you just get too tired. Everything repeats.

Eisenman is working for the school.

Platter is working for the school.
Morrison is working for the school.

Vic Berkey is a ghost of his former self.

Some have left the country.

All have become jaded.

Paul Schroeder is no longer a grad student at Stanford.

He is awaiting to be arrested for refusing induction.

And Nixon finally got elected President.

"We have not lived the right life."

Gass