

# Art and Literary Issue II



drawing by Suzi Leaske

# The Newspaper

Volume 1 No. 18

Cañada College, Redwood City, California

May 16, 1969



## Warfare Is Keynote Of 'Virginia Woolf'

by Jon Funabiki

The drama department's final production of the semester will be Edward Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" announced Melvin Ellett, department head.

Ellett rates Edward Albee as one of America's hottest playwrights. "More of his plays are done on college campuses than anyone else's, except Shakespeare," said Ellett.

Directing the play will be Pat Day who also directed "Under Milk Wood." Pat Day and his company will be presenting "Virginia Woolf" in the round in the Flexible Theater.

### Tjader Jazz Concert Tonite

Tonight at 8:00 jazz will come alive in the main auditorium of the Fine Arts Bldg. as Cal Tjader and his quartet will perform in a concert along with a new group, the Winfield Trust.

A renowned vibraphonist, Cal Tjader will combine his talent with that of his bass, piano and percussionist to perform standard repertoire and a new sound created by an electric piano and electrified vibes along with some Afro-Cuban material.

The Winfield Trust consists of Cañada student Harry Long who plays guitar, vibes, flute, and is the lead singer; John Williams, who plays piano; Gary Arluck, from Sequoia, who plays electric bass; and Dave Acuff, from Woodside, who plays drums. The group delves into many facets of popular music-country and western, rag, jazz and rhythm and blues and gives a new sound to old standards with original compositions by the group also included in their repertoire.

Sponsored by the MENC music club, tickets are available at the Cañada box office in front of the Fine Arts Bldg. at a price of \$2.50 and \$2.00.

Presentations are scheduled for May 23 and 24 and again May 30 and 31, at 8:15 p.m.

Albee's drama focuses on the relationships between a college professor (George) and his wife, (Martha) and another couple (Nick and Honey) involved in the play. "The keynote of the play is savage warfare between Martha and George and between George and Nick," commented Ellett.

Dan Cole will be playing George and Debbi Grenn will play his wife, Martha. Cole has assumed major roles in both "No Exit" and "Marat-Sade," two past presentations of the Guild of Experimental Artists. Debbi Grenn appeared as a patient in "Marat-Sade."

Nick will be played by Guy Greene and Honey by Johnna Wise.

John Knowland will be in charge of sets and lighting. Marty Lepisto, drama instructor, is in charge of design. Melvin Ellett will supervise acting.

## Food is Art At Cañada

Tomorrow between 1 and 5 p.m. Cañada's Food Technology program will sponsor a Culinary Art Exhibit which will allow "Food Technology students to exhibit their progress and abilities in the preparing of food," according to advisor Robert Walker.

Also invited to the exhibit are high school and other junior college students. Each student will have the opportunity to exhibit one meal as their entry in the Culinary Art Exhibit.

Judges will be professional people in Food Technology. Trophies and ribbons will be awarded to first, second, and third place winners. Also, a sweepstakes trophy will be awarded by the public.

Admission is \$1 without a student body card and 50c with one.

# CSDP Wins Approval

by Jim Keffe and Colleen Burke

Last Wednesday night at College of San Mateo, after long months of dedicated work coupled with frustrations and setbacks, Cañada's Student Development Program became a reality with the unanimous approval of the San Mateo Junior College District Board of Trustees.

The history of Cañada's new Student Development Program is one that deserves recognition, for it is the people whose long and tedious hours of dedication to an idea that made the program what it is. It is a hope for essential, relevant education, financial aid and counseling to those students of minority races who would otherwise be denied higher education or compelled to integrate into a white oriented educational system that can't meet the needs relevant to a minority race.

The idea of a Student Development Program at Cañada was realized by a number of Cañada's faculty who saw the special needs of minority races in their educational, occupational and personal development. It was also realized that if such a program were to become a reality, it would be necessary for the Program to alleviate such problems as found in College of San Mateo's Readiness Program. With such faculty members as Ken Kennedy, Gerry Messner, Byron Skinner and Amy Whitmore among other faculty members and a number of interested students, a committee was

formed last semester to research and discuss ideas and problems that such a program would be faced with.

For more than three months the committee met and discussed every facet of the program, curriculum, financial aids, counseling, staffing, tutoring and the hundred other details that would be necessary to develop a relevant and workable program. In early March the committee had completed the program and submitted a copy of each faculty member for careful study and amending. Within a week the committee had received over 24 pages of amendments, fortunately dealing mainly with re-wording.

With the program amended by the faculty, the committee submitted the amended program to the Cañada Faculty Senate

for approval. It was passed almost unanimously. The committee was then ready to present the program to the Board of Trustees for final approval.

Last April 17, the proposed CSDP was placed before the Board of Trustees at their bi-weekly meeting. As there was only three of the five board members present, Trustee head Francis Pearson felt that the program should be held over to the following meeting. President Goss agreed that under the circumstances it was a controversial issue; it might be wise to wait.

On May 7, the program was again put before the Board of Trustees. This time all members were in attendance. President Goss spoke for the program, citing the need for such a

(cont. on page 4)

## Power Positions Vacant In ASCC

Post-deadline additions and a major candidacy withdrawal, added to a last-minute bid for re-election by Cañada's Student Body President changed the election picture greatly for next week's ASCC elections. Last Friday Ted Aune, ASCC President, filed a petition for re-election after previously stating his intentions not to run

again. This week Tom Geary, ASCC Vice President and candidate for Aune's job, announced his withdrawal from the race after a candidate's meeting Tuesday.

Also competing for the ASCC Presidency are Robert Burnett of Judicial Council and Frank A. Enriquez, both early applicants.

Petition deadline was postponed from last Tuesday to last Friday because of the low numbers of persons filing for office. At Friday's deadline, there were still eight vacant offices and two unopposed candidacies. This week, however, four days after the final deadline, Gerald Wentworth filed for ASCC Treasurer, putting him into opposition to Tom Bunker, and Tom Nordness filed for the vacant position of Recreation Association President.

The two late entries, which were accepted, made the tally seven vacant offices and one uncontested.

Three other offices were being contested, all in two-way races. Freshmen Gayle Hausladen and John Howe are vying for the ASCC Vice Presidency. Larry Smith of Judicial Council and Steve Giganti are contesting the office of Sophomore Class President, and Karen Smith is challenging incumbent Linda Sharpe for the post of Associated Women's Students (AWS) President.

Sharpe and Aune are the only officers currently serving who are now running for office.

Vacant on the ballot will be two positions on the Student/Faculty Rules Committee and three posts on Judicial Council, as well as the Student Council positions of Controller of Activities and Inter Club Council (ICC) President.

## ASCC Cards- New Benefits

Take notice, future ASCC card buyers; next Sept. you will have an added benefit. In an effort to expand the privileges attached to the card, a student discount plan is being worked out with local businessmen.

The plan initially began with a project by Karen Schooley in her Principles of Advertising class. With the help of Dean James Wyatt and members of the student government class, a number of businesses have already been contacted with a generally favorable response. At least one business, Gino's Restaurant, on Woodside Road,

would like to have the plan begin immediately if it were possible.

The plan is simple and will benefit both business and student. The student will show his ASCC card when patronizing participating businesses and thus receive a discount. One aim of the plan is to get a variety of businesses participating so the student would be able to get a discount for most things his or her money is spent on. Movie theaters, pizza parlors, art supply shops, sports shops,

billiard parlors, and bowling alleys are among those being approached.

This type of plan is a good example of how the community and Cañada can work together. It will not only increase the volume of sales for the businesses, but most important it will also save the student money. Wyatt commented that a similar plan has been used at the City College of San Francisco and has worked out very satisfactorily.

The discount aspect will also help end the dissatisfaction of some students about purchasing an ASCC card. Their complaint has been "I don't use any services, or attend any functions supported by the ASCC fund. Why should I buy the card?" The answer to that is simple: to save themselves money. During the course of the year a student could easily pay for the purchase price of the card.

A list of participating businesses will be supplied when the ASCC card is purchased next Fall and will also be published in "The Newspaper."

### The Newspaper

Michael Harrington and Joyce Maguire

Editors

Sports - Mike Jones Photography - Phil Demosthenes

Copy Editors - Colleen Burke and Jackie Toorenaar

Business Manager - Karen Boyajian

Reporters

Jon Funabiki, Karen Boyajian, John Davis, Gene Greer, Marsha Wallace, Errol Scott, Mike Brockman, Brad Getz, Dennis Hitchcock, Craig Patterson

### PART OR FULL TIME WORK

Earn \$100. per month for 1 hr. work per day. Can be developed into fulltime for summer. Advancement potential unlimited depending on your desire and effort. Work more earn more. Call Rich Diehl 365-6803 6:00-7:00 p.m.



## Holy Moly

Painter Portrays South  
Crawford Style--Marx, Lenin

by Colleen Burke and Erroll Scott

## CHARLOTTE PAINTER

"The future of the novel in America lies in the American female" — H.L. Mencken. With that quote Kent Crockett introduced Charlotte Painter, writer, poet, creative writing teacher at Stanford, and the first female to read in the Holy Moly series. During the first hour the sparse but enthusiastic group of people were treated to a poem and two short stories. After the traditional break at twelve the southern born novelist read an excerpt from her recently completed novel, "The God Book."

The poem read was based on the experience living with a group of people in what could be called a commune in the Santa Cruz Mountains. "When I first saw them they were making a sauna out of old doors." Among these people she encountered Charlie nothing, an artist who made it with what he finds. "His gesture the work of are his gesture, his gesture."

After reading the poems the authoress did a southern based story in a dialect which was both amusing and tragic. The story revolved around a white girl interpretation "of the way the colored folk talk." It emerged into an amusing game for the white girl. "It was just one of



those games that spring up from nowhere, like London Bridge." "My name's Lena. My names Teena. Who are yo? Where yo wokin? Down at Thomsons. Where yo wokin? Down at Jonsons. Who yo fella? Johnny Jonson. Who yo fella? Tommy Thomson. How yo like him?" The conclusion of the story is of a nature that will be a surprise to most of you.

From the innocent game story Charlotte Painter read another innocent short story based on her visit with her son to a playground. This story perhaps best reflected some tips on child raising, entitled "Sandbox."

After the "Sandbox" incident



the excerpt from "The God Book" seemed a little tame even though it involved human sacrifice. The novel studies the impact of western religion on a culture totally ignorant of it.

## MAX CRAWFORD

Max Crawford, contributing editor to the "Peninsula Observer," spilled out some "political stuff and non-political stuff" when he spoke at Cañada's Holy Moly, May 9.

Crawford described his short stories as Marxist — "Marxist in that it refuses to allow literature to be separated from politics." But his poems are Leninist because they "show an understanding of our society, but do not leave an answer to problems, leading you to believe in revolution."

On theatre: "Marxist Review of Living Theatre" — "Living theatre is post-revolutionary in a pre-revolutionary society, which leaves out the critical step of revolution..." "Is paradise in Berkeley? Paradise is not here because someone says it is...(with) the smell of tear gas in everyone's clothes."

On Richard Bunch: "Suicide" — "Small boy, thin, caved in chest

"He was sane enough for the

army, no one else...

"Was not loved, freaked out..."

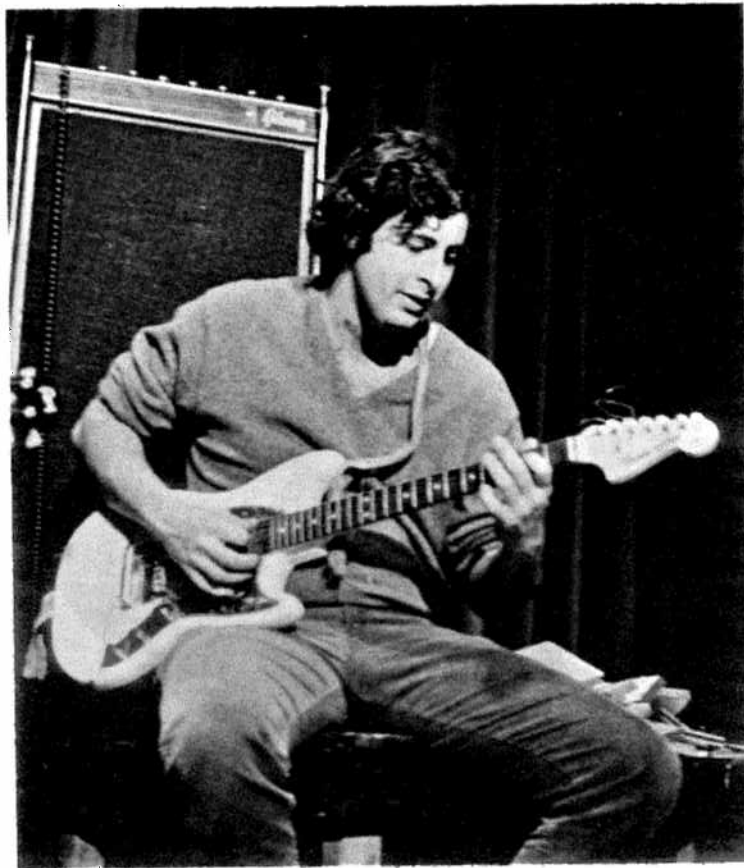
"His mother saw one chance to save his life, she called the army..."

"Please help me, he slit his wrists ... He made no friends in prison ... outside the stockade guard, back from Vietnam, was not afraid to kill ... to watch a man die ... If I run, please kill me — would it be in the head, chest or between the eyes? He trotted ten feet ... shot off the back of his head ... he had been killed correctly, that is by army regulations ... this is not the way every man must die ... looked at the world around him and wanted to die ... now 12 friends he never had were sent to prison for loving a man they never knew ... this is not the way every man must die..."

On Che Guevara: "Fat capitalist's song on the death of Che Guevara. Hee hee hee Che is



dead ... he was such a stupid man ... he should have listened to his less adventurous comrades ... I miss him already I do sort of ... our plan for you reds is simple ... in our book there are two types of Commies ones with cards and ones without ... I wonder what it was like a world famous fucker dying alone ... shitty I guess ... but he's dead for sure We got the pictures ... who was that stalking down my street? Carmichael Cleaver Them goddamn Black Panthers, Red Guard, Yippie, SDS, Third World where the fuck is that Oh I got this rotten feeling Che ain't dead Che aint dead at all."



John Bracci

photo by Demosthenes

Bracci--'Actors Find  
Rapport With Me'

by Jon Funabiki

John Bracci is an exciting twenty-one year old drama major at Cañada College who just recently directed the Guild of Experimental Artists' production of "Marat-Sade." True to the dynamic qualities of both the play and Bracci's own personality, "Marat-Sade" proved to be the Guild's most exciting presentation of the year.

At the beginning of this interview, John immediately leaped into praise for "The Newspaper." "I dig people saying what they have to say — that's why I dig 'The Newspaper'," Bracci enthused.

Bracci believes in people saying what they think. During the interview, Bracci did most of the talking, rambling somewhat erratically through the topics of school, power, weather, drama, philosophy and even Jesus Christ — all in half an hour!

Concerning Cañada, Bracci finds our school to be "much better" than the College of San Mateo, where he spent a year and a half. He enjoyed the flexibility a new school offers, but now finds Cañada to be more rigid than before. "At the beginning we had many loose ends for flexibility," claims John, "But now they've structured the school."

According to John, even the water fountains have fallen to structure. "That one down there (pointing towards the fountain in front of the administration building) squirts water and this one up here (in the courtyard) doesn't do a damn thing!"

Talking to John Bracci is like driving one of those erratic electric bumper cars in an amusement park. Suddenly, he is in high gear, expounding frantically on a topic like our water fountains and then, just as suddenly, he stops and shakes his head silently. After a short

pause, he is off again, but in another direction, on another subject.

Perhaps this diverse and pulsating quality stems from his basic state of being and his beliefs. "I'm so full of self doubts. Everything you think or say can be attacked by your own processes," John confides. "I can't see throwing myself on some philosophy or belief because you can destroy it."

Yet despite this apparent lack of commitment to any particular ideal, John Bracci is a person of many ideals.

WAR: "We're all here together — Instead of war, people should be making conclusions that will make this place better."

EDUCATION: "Why learn if you're not going to progress ... A student and a teacher should build together."

LIFE: "If you and I were just a little bit dumber, we would be happy."

POWER: "In the right hands, it can do good things. You've got to give it to people whom you respect — there's a lot to be said for a good king."

John doesn't believe in using one's power to belittle another. The type of person whom he would feel safe in giving power would have to be "A guy you can talk to and not feel vulnerable to..."

As an example, Bracci said it is like being able to tell a person "I eat socks" and not being afraid that this person will go around later and laugh at you.

To what does John Bracci attribute his success as director of "Marat-Sade?" "I think it's because actors find a rapport with me," he answered. "I don't talk down to anyone."

Bracci feels that it is important to "Know each person as an individual" when directing. To one actor, you may have to speak gently; to another, harshly.

# Soccer Highlights Intramural Round-Up

by Big Al Jones

With the intramural program ending soon there are still those who are participating in what is left for the year. These sports are softball, volleyball, five-man basketball, and bowling.

Intramural soccer was a huge success and has formed an all-star team that has been playing inter-collegiate colleges in the area. In a game against Menlo College the Colts won 6-2. Last week they took on the varsity of Stanford and were edged out 3-1. Tomorrow they will again try their luck against Stanford. The Patriots were the team to take the title in intramural competition and were composed of Rosen, Mariani, Paz, Kilday, Wallace, Goerke, O'Malley, Agi, Stewart, Miller, and Hammond. Next year Coach Vial hopes to see an official soccer team at Cañada formed by those who are playing on his all-star team this spring. His hopeful varsity for next year is made up of Tom Snow of Manila, John Lee of Hong Kong,

Michelle Julliard of Peru; local boys include Mike O'Malley, Gary Birchall, Richard Zylcar, Rich Stewart, Jim Wallace, and Bruce Kilday.

Intramural basketball ended last week with team number nine finishing in first place. The team was made up of Brent James, John Powis, Dave Gotelli, Dennis Thompson and Jim Hartnett. Team number nine topped team four in a best two out of three series by sweeping the first two games 24-20 and 26-2. This past Wednesday a five-man-basketball, intramural,

was started. Unlike the previous intramural basketball which played "hunch," the new teams will play with five-men-full court.

Intramural bowling, drawing to an end soon, has a new high score mark in the men's series. Dennis Neves has hit the pins for a score of 248. John Masar still has his high score of 224 and Greg Nash at 223.

In the women's competition, Willie Leggett was the new high score with 219. Kathy Rakestraw follows with 204 and Janet Walker with 194. High series in men's competition was taken by Ron Douglas with 616 scored in three games.

In the women's high games series Kathy Rakestraw holds the title with a score of 497. At the present time, and always at least a week behind, team number five is in first place. The team is composed of Ginger Pyle, Bill Kurtz, Dennis Neves, and Bill Walzberg. They have won 26 and lost 14 games with a total pinnage of 17,556.

Scores for intramural softball were not available at press time, but nevertheless it started up last week along with volleyball. Information and scores will be reported in the next issue.

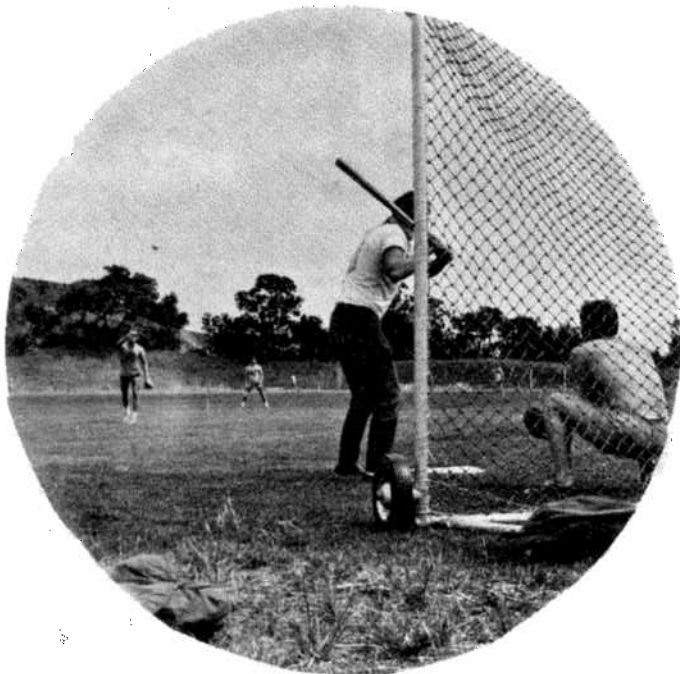


Photo by Demosthenes

## Letter to Editor

### Cañada Vampire Thanks Donors

Your friendly Vampire would like to thank all of those Cañadans who turned out for the blood drive on April 29 and would like to thank the Peninsula Memorial Blood Bank for making available their services. Thanks to the 79 who participated, we were able to collect 58 pints of blood for the Cañada College Blood Bank. Due to colds and other reasons 21 of the 79 were unable to donate. My thanks to all 79 for making it a success.

If anyone would still like to give blood to the Cañada College Blood Bank fund, the Peninsula Memorial Blood Bank at 1791 El Camino Real, Burlingame, OX7-4034, should be contacted.

Distribution of the blood will be as follows: Any Student, Faculty, Staff member, and Alumni who needs blood shall be able to draw against the school account for the full

amount. The only exception to this rule will be that if the account gets dangerously low, the Veteran's Club of Cañada College will determine what percentile shall be made available to all subject to the consent of the faculty advisor and the President of Cañada College.

In event that the account exceeds 10 percent in number of pints to the number of students attending Cañada College, blood will be made available to the immediate family members of all Cañadans. By immediate family we mean father, mother, sister, brother, spouse, son or daughter. These blood distributions will be at the discretion of the Veteran's Club faculty advisor.

Your friendly Vampire,  
Mickey Dignon  
President of the Veteran's Club.

## CSDP Approved . . .

(cont. from page 2)  
program at Cañada and emphasizing the pains-taking preparation that went into its formation. It was approved unanimously.

The draft for the CSDP's 1969-70 budget contains \$50,000. The program will be a nine-month operation, without a special summer session program during the first year.

According to the preamble the program will offer, "special and intensive counseling, tutorial services, placement in transfer institutions, vocational training and placement, special services, and social and cultural enrichment," are offered.

These services are offered to students who "lack normal college preparation, especially debilitating economic background and social discrimination."

CSDP has finally become a reality, but much work is left to be done. Hiring of a director and staff, formation of a counseling setup, and publicity to graduation minority high school students all lie ahead. Congratulations to all those who worked so long and hard on Student Development Program — especially to Ken

Kennedy and Gerry Messner, for without them CSDP may never have developed so soon. If those who now become the working parts of the program work half as hard as people like Kennedy and Messner, CSDP can never be less than a full success — a meaningful path to the educational, cultural and personal development of minority students.

### OTHER BUSINESS

A program called "Student Financial Aid Planning" was also proposed for 1969-70. The program was deferred by the Board until the next meeting.

Briefly, the program would allow the Financial Aids Offices to receive application beginning in May for financial aids for the coming college year. Students shall be allocated a certain amount of money per month if they live at home, and a larger amount if they live away from home.

Also during this meeting, President Goss presented a 70-unit series of new courses for Cañada in X-ray technology to serve the whole district, with assistance of the hospitals in our area.

## Sierra Club Sponsors Car Rallye

Cañada's Sierra Club will hold their first car rallye, "Scenic I," sponsored by International Motoring of San Carlos, May 17th. The rallye will begin from International Motoring on El Camino in San Carlos between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m.

The rallye is open to all types of cars and will be broken up into two classes with trophies awarded to 1st-3rd place in each class. Entry fee is \$3 with optional poker hands at 50c a hand or four hands for \$1.

The rallye will be pie plate and sign-hunt type. All proceeds will go to the Seprivarians Fund. For further information contact Bill Perkins at 368-7545.

## Cops On Speeders Due to Complaints

"We're not after Cañada students, we're after speeders," stated Officer Kerns O'Connor of the Redwood City Police Dept. The reason a radar unit is positioned on Farm Hill Blvd. is because a delegation of 20 Farm Hill residents have come down to the police station to complain about speeding cars.

Officer James Walsh explained that the radar device used on Farm Hill is a highly technical instrument that takes special training to operate properly. The radar unit can function

accurately up to 2500 feet and can track cars in either direction. Due to the \$1700 cost of each unit, there is only one in Redwood City.

There is no device made to jam this highly sophisticated mechanism short of equipment from Ampex costing as much as a new car. "Putting tin foil in the hub caps doesn't work," Officer Walsh said smiling.

As soon as the speed law is observed, the Redwood City Police Dept. will happily remove their unit from Farm Hill Blvd.



"The Elegance of Black," the B.S.U.'s spring fashion show, is to be presented tomorrow night May 17, in the Main Theatre at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$1. Top row left to right are: Carolyn Culps, Haleema Anderson, Willie

Laggert, Mary Preastly, and Elaine Owens, (not pictured) bottom row left to right are: Lolita Johnson, Joan Williams, Marie Johnson, Robin Bennett, and Madalyn Jacobs.

Photo by Demosthenes



May 16, 1969

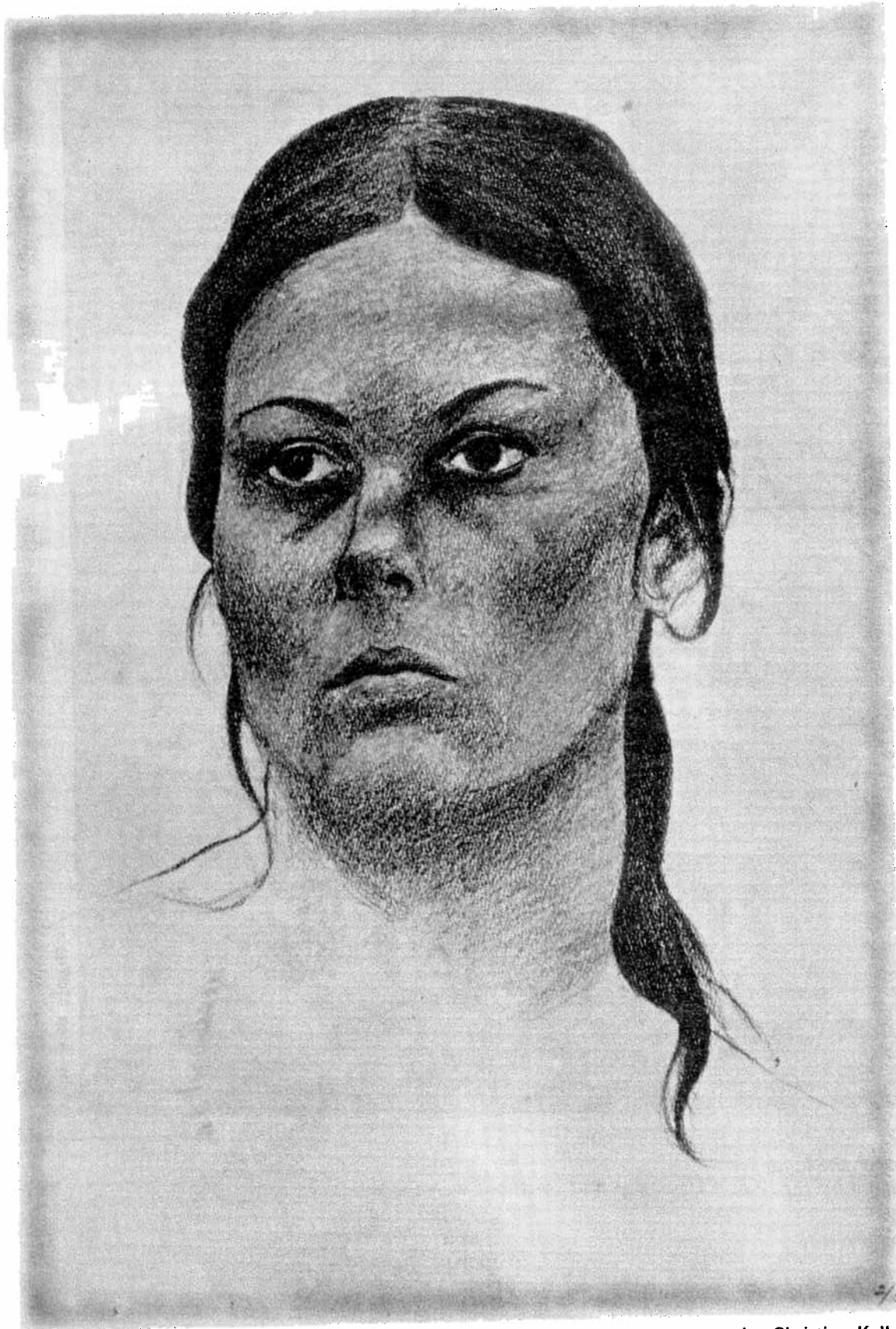
15 Love

*"War is not healthy for  
children  
and other living things."*

*Words like tennis balls  
bounce off  
heads of asphalt  
bounce off  
thick, white lines*

*only to be served again,  
and again...*

Steve Hart



by Christine Kelly

Death's Visit

*You could feel it,  
and terribly real it  
hanging, hot and humid  
on the plastic  
breathing flowers.*

*And you could hear it, too  
with the doorbell  
two by two*

*stepped in quietly  
thoughtful  
turkeys and pies  
whose donors dared not cry.*

*And you could almost see it  
heaped heavily  
on the carpet of nylon tears  
numb on which you stood*

*You couldn't touch it, though  
it touched you.*

*Sat I  
in its strong and silent tomb*

*and whispered I:  
"I want you to take your shadow  
and never return."*

*But who can stop the sun?  
Steve Hart*

Madonna

*There is a sunlight softness,  
a silken smoothness  
in the morning Freshness between  
the fragile fingers holding  
the golden poppy glowing  
on the loving chin,*

*as the paint brush sunrays  
paint its golden pigment  
on a picture  
common as a dime store copy,  
priceless as a Da Vinci.*

Steve Hart



art by Alan McWuaia

Clouds — where are they going?

They rush Eastward over the land  
guided unknowingly by the  
wind like puppets

They know not what they are;

They search

whisp

mingle

tear

flounder

and join in ecstasy

forever losing their

flight with stillness!

but — on occasion

stillness

and quiet

prevails —

— and - without warning the fury  
of the wind mounts

as if

to convey its madness and

to come forth with a

Howling - Haunting Whine

of the bitter consequences —

if — his demands are not

heeded —

Then

shadows of gray begin to

fill the ralley with uncertainty -

everbroken in its ranks and ever changing

in its degree of darkness -

AND

as if by the turn off a switch,

a

mystifying tranquility transforms

the entire ralley into a paradise of

lush green land and

endless blue sky

but as in a test of powers  
the wind

strikes back with

a fury never before seen -

and the trees on the horizon

near and far sway and tremble

with horror as the clouds are

tossed through the sky in

unmindful torture -

as light is slowly

eliminated,

and the

trees

and

bushes

CRUMBLE - - - and it is dark!

Jim Moreno

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We feel them pretending  
As we feel ourselves  
Somehow we are all pretending  
To give us meaning  
For our smiles

It knows no pretense  
No pretender  
No truth  
To be is just to realize  
That we pretend away our youth  
Charlie Copeland



photo by Hank Lebo

## PEOPLE

Now my thoughts go to your brain  
Distort and then bounce back again  
Charlie Copeland

## ODE TO TOADS

Sitting in their ponds  
At Night  
They sing  
Filling their throats  
With their desires  
They expell their feelings  
In the form of croaks  
Each with a different note  
Harmonizing with voice and mind  
As the frog orchestra plays on  
Charlie Copeland



You know sometimes I wish  
I could live inside your eyes  
And see what you see  
When you look at the world  
Because you look so interesting  
That I get lost in them anyway  
Charlie Copeland

What can I say  
To you today  
Except "Good Morning"  
What can I say  
To you today  
Except "Good Morning"  
\* \*

Which is really no way  
To try to convey  
How much I love you  
My friend  
Charlie Copeland

photo by Hank Lebo



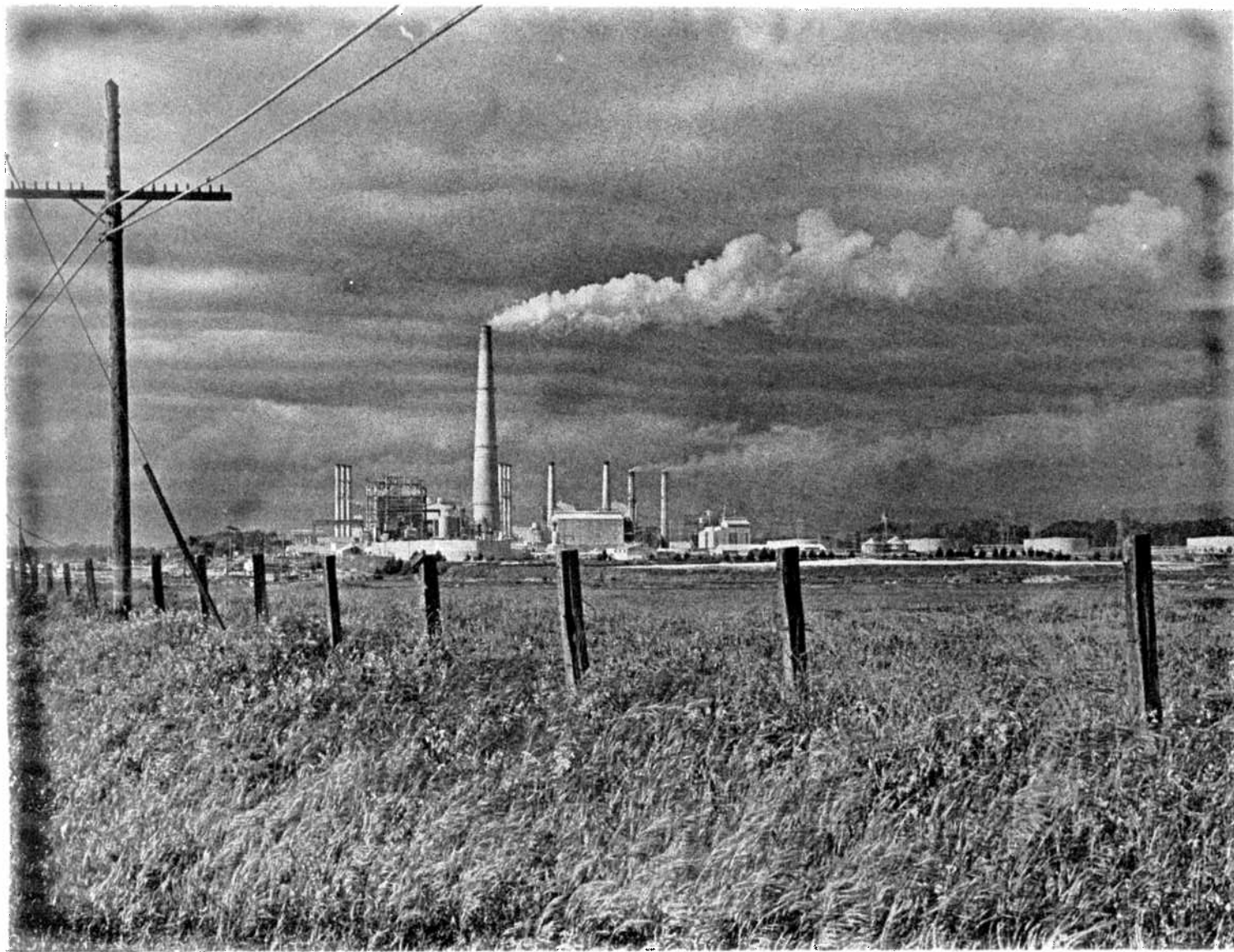


photo by Demosthenes

*The Didn't Why*

Did you ever wonder why you didn't  
wonder why  
then?  
When  
All that doesn't matter  
mattered.  
If you wondered why—  
It didn't matter.  
Doesn't matter—  
Why too late?  
Did you ever wonder why you  
had to cry  
then?  
When  
All that was is  
Torn asunder  
All that is,  
Is—  
hate.  
Did you ever—  
No you didn't.  
Why you didn't  
Doesn't matter  
It's—  
too late.  
All that matters in a minute  
of a thousand frightened days  
Melts away into a night-dream  
Of a long-forgotten hour  
In a frozen morning haze.

Touch-me-not—  
into a night-dream.  
Never question—  
In a night-dream.  
Never wonder—  
Never dare.  
And anyway — you  
didn't care.  
Did you ever wonder why you didn't  
care? Then.  
And  
Did you ever wonder why it doesn't  
matter;  
When you wander  
in a daydream  
Through the sound on sound  
Of questions  
All you hear  
is retribution.  
Did you ever wonder why you didn't...  
Why.  
All that mattered doesn't matter—  
Now it's gone.  
All that matters  
Is that somewhere  
In the lonely doubtful future  
In the sometime-quickly present  
You can wonder.  
Try.

Melinda Moffett

*The Becch*

Listen to the waves  
crashing against the rocks,

The sky is blue with majestic clouds  
floating in the air,

A bird flies overhead,  
There's a distant child heard at play,

There's two people standing together  
Together without a care.

Nothing disturbs the scene  
for it is sacred.

There's a presence of God  
He's there with the bird, the child,  
and the two people.

The bird stands for freedom  
The child for joy  
And the two, they stand for love.

Karen Boyajian

The iron weighs heavy on your young scarred body.  
All of your life you have tried to remove the burden  
But each time you gain an inch it regains two and  
Further down you sink into its metal body of cold.

Trying again and straining with all your life and blood  
The iron castrates and destroys your young will and  
Envelops the helpless mass of your destroyed flesh—  
The iron seems so cruelly to have won in the sinking denouement.

The despair of this destroyed stalwart is  
Discovered by a weak mass of matter written with despair.  
Approaching in fear for help and  
Love the two desperate, crumbled souls find unifying strength and  
Together put to death the mass of terror once called loneliness.

Michael Brockman



*Plastic Circus*

*A gilded cage I now build  
To tower over my world  
So that I might be safe  
From the lions teeth  
and the shit that the monkey throws*

*A thousand clowns I now paint  
To dance all through my world  
So that I might be happy  
Alone here without love  
and the shit that the monkey throws*

*A million animals I now create  
To graze the land of my world  
So that I might be watchful  
Hoping to forget your sweet face  
and the shit that the monkey throws*

*A plastic circus I have built  
To keep you from my world  
So that I might no see you  
In your stained vale of reality  
and the shit that the monkey throws*

T.M. Aune

*Anxious Not To Be Anxious*

*I must write in I though we are  
we together thee youth demanding in absolutes  
to the experienced ones of a sort preaching  
in habits flash for change while lyin  
back upon a hill of grass moist at  
morn lookin up (onto) fog  
rollin in over naked dew limbs  
stretching out for air and  
I by myself not alone now  
while growing into others through  
a respected mate who lingers  
about me in silence she sure  
to overcome the this and that  
chatter of everyday  
expression which soon dies  
on passing beyond into the  
down deep feelings expanding  
from within for all being a  
friend of compassion a person  
in need indeed may search forever...*

Lucky Anderson

*The high requiem mass  
has been called as a last  
in an assortment of the trilogy,  
defend or fell once strong will  
into a fit of assertion.  
We all declared  
majic was fair  
yet, all in the same repeating;  
and at last on time around  
perplexity propounded from air  
I cannot surround  
only consider and wonder aloud  
and time has no weight nor fate a set rate  
it all ends with undrawn conclusions.*

J. Alfred Prufrock



photo by Demosthenes



Blossom forth, bosom of natures spring  
and gather to your eternal refreshment the  
Mouths of lovers,  
Who seek your sweet nectar  
that they may cling to each other as they grow  
ancient and weary and still renewed,  
the fiery everlasting flow of love's power  
coursing through their veins,  
Until Winter comes and the paps run dry.  
Never is there a shortage in the proper season  
Of this elixer of love,  
Yet always the mother must ache  
for never are there enough mouths.

art and photo by Centagaea



*Last summer looking back I sat  
drinking wine feeling beautiful on the  
Russian River flowing knowing everybody  
is I am Huckleberry Finn contemplating  
a caterpillar given the name George  
hairs on end blowing today I am in  
my normal education learning details  
which amount to nothing but a desperate  
Sam belittling me to join the army  
Kill for Peace demanding Law and  
order Huck said Fuck Lonely Souls  
wandering about campus laughing  
I hear singing come on let's get  
together my teacher has us reading  
the net national income of 1961 young ambitious  
fool figuring out he will help the  
world someday passing by silent  
girl who just his hand and God  
within where is George now lying  
senseless upon the green water still...*

*Lucky*

*Yes, here I am,  
With red plastic shadows of night  
Surrounding my world of day  
I sit and wonder,  
For what is it to be?*

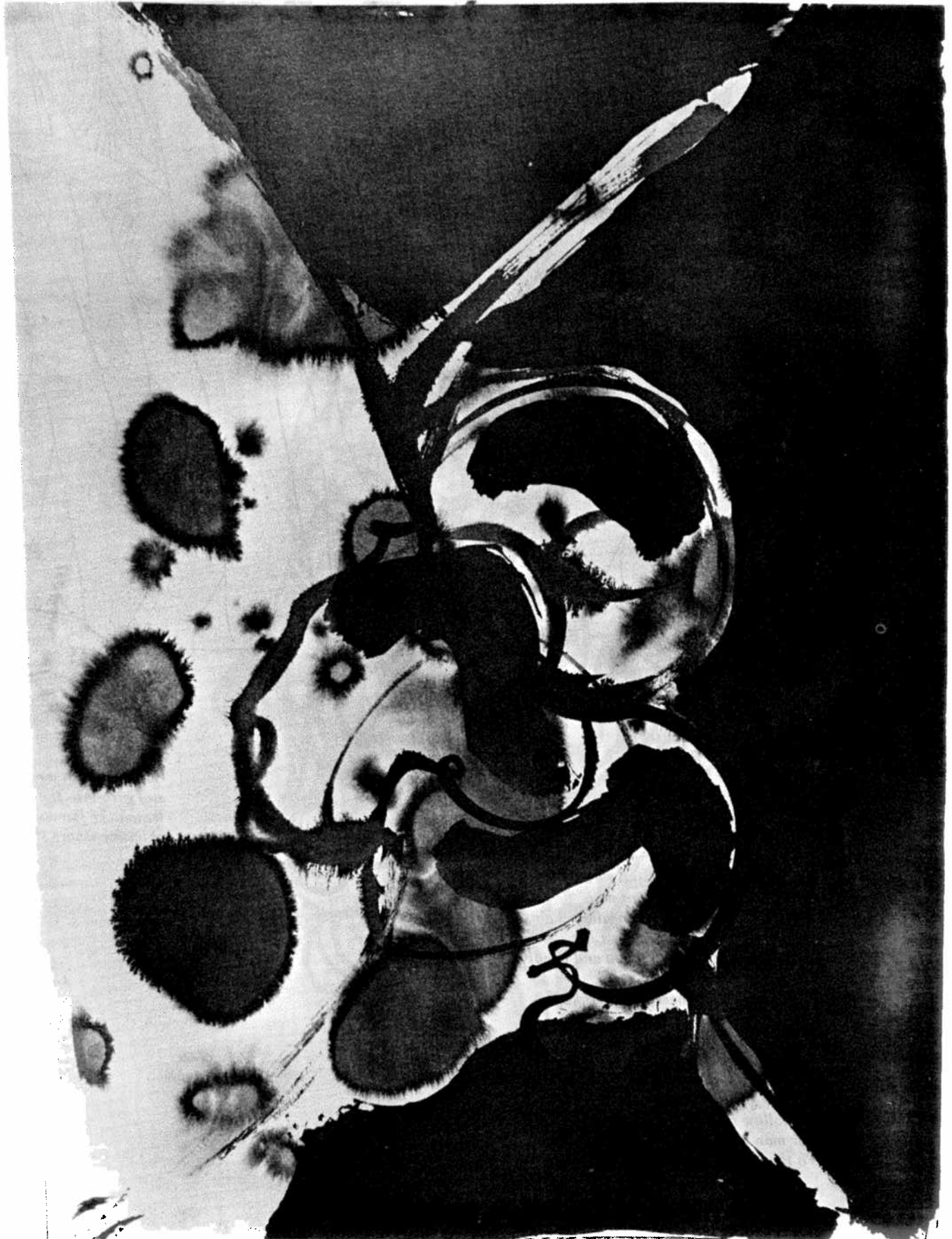
*Yes, here I am,  
A candle flickers  
My eyes twitch  
And I sit and wonder,  
For what is it to be?*

*Yes, here I am,  
The soft light of plastic day  
Begins to say,  
In tones of truth,  
Amazement,  
Bewilderment;  
"I sit and wonder too,  
For this is what it is to be."  
J.R. Shannon*

*At five in the morning  
When city streets  
Are still dark  
An occasional bus will come your way  
Grinding and fuming  
Louder than the sizzling sewers  
Until it steams on  
Leaving the morning air  
Holding its flowing white tail  
Around the corner  
Near five thirty  
A black and white  
And red flashing  
Confusion  
Hurtles past  
At least  
More and more  
Grocery stores  
Seem to sit and brood  
In their parking lots  
Staring blankly at  
The rising sun  
Which reminds them  
Of the bread trucks  
Parked in their ears  
The ringing of six million alarm clocks  
Bounces through my brain  
Its six-thirty*

*Charlie Copeland*

art by Tom Mogenson





*Stream of unconsciousness  
Heat of eternal flames  
Singeing your breathless body*

*Arise from bondage  
Honest souls of toil*

*Look deeply into mirrored gardens of the soul  
Yours is but the burden of man  
Yours is but the straining against chains*

*Strike fast with mighty hand and deadly sword  
Strike fast with nerve of steel  
To the building where-in soul is kept.*

*Plumage over rocky cliff  
To depth of ruthless ocean water  
Bubble and foam  
Speak your epitaph  
To hollow rocks and flying guns  
For man has not yet risen  
To the outcry of your need.*

Janet Borden

*Come sit with me my child in front of this lovely fire  
and gaze into the aromatic smoke of cypress logs.  
Watch the flames mount towards the icy winter outside the  
chimney where the magic of Christmas is coming.*

Janet Borden

*Comes into focus the world of my life  
A hazy pale tone of gray surrounds  
Two legs rush toward the open earth  
Green and yellow, blue and gold meet  
A flurry of black screeches to disrupt  
The gentle scene transforms to evil  
A smile rises from the pit and confuses  
Running in terror, clashing to a deadening halt  
The focus becomes hazy and sleep returns.*

Michael Brockman



## Sacramental Spectors

by alun osborne

They are multitude and all the same; unique unto themselves, commonplace to the rest of us. Short and craggy they are, with slick, thinning hair Brylcreamed straight back across their pates. Every upper lip sported a moustache, salt and pepper, the 78 hair variety, with a half inch gap in the middle. Cloudy, glass eyes stared directly ahead at nothing, to avoid meeting glances with anyone else; half-shaded grey windows — what was behind them? what passed before them?

They move in a short, choppy shuffle, hardly bending their knees, never generating enough energy to swing their pant-legs up high enough to expose their socks. But then nothing could bring those socks into daylight; buried as deep as they are beneath the heavy folds of those wide, high cuffs that touch the ground behind the heels. Cuffs at the bottom of reflective, glossy pairs of 34-26's, creased in the front, baggy behind the knees and droopy, shiny seats. Pin stripe suit coats up top, sort of that casual mobster look, usually about two shades lighter than the pants from doubling as a sports jacket. These brassy, little jackets run about 4½ inches too long in the body and 2 inches in the sleeves—depending on how bad arthritis has stopped the back and ironing board shoulders, hand-stuffed to the point of tailor-made deformity.

To a man, they were be-decked in Montgomery Ward's plaid flannel shirts, pocket flaps all around, extra long collar points, three color choices, S-M-L-XL, \$3.98, order blank on page 342 (add extra for handling).

Their handpainted ties—stubby and silk—were slightly off center, regular twice-over-under-and-through knots, no Windsors in this crowd. The paint was fading, yet you could still make out three leaping marlins, four palm trees, two flocking birds, and one Nativity scene. This day a few sports had forsaken their ties in favor of affixing polished, oversized rocks about their throats, a do-it-yourself thyroid swelling. They were things with the braided cords dangling down; cords with metal shafts and round ball tips at the ends (one always longer than the other); clinking, clanking, tinkling as the sports walked. Tinkle, clank, click, all the way to the Communion rail.

Shuffling, floating legs never moving; little dolls on conveyor belts, perpetual motion, pulled forward—pushed back—the tides of humanity.

Foot size average was a narrowpointy 6½, patent leather, inside heel scuffs. Look out! Giuseppe's got on his Cuban heels; I thought he looked taller than usual; those heels almost got him up to 5'7" — tough on those rebounds, that Giuseppe.

The floppy, once rakish felt hats—sweat-stained ribbon about the crown, no crease, solid dome, are clutched rib-high in reverence by the fleshy, liver-spotted hands peeking out from the too-long sleeves.

Carefully looped about the left wrist were the tarnished black rosary beads; spiritual life lines, scaling ropes to Heaven.

Their heads are all a bit too large; maybe just out of perspective. Dignified is the word for those proud hooked noses; and they all have long, flabby ear lobes—greyhaired tea bag affairs. The eyebrows are definitely John L. Lewis jobs, but only God knows the origin of those bristly nose hairs.

They are all cartoons, parodies of life; but in their quiet dignity and stubborn pride, they are real.

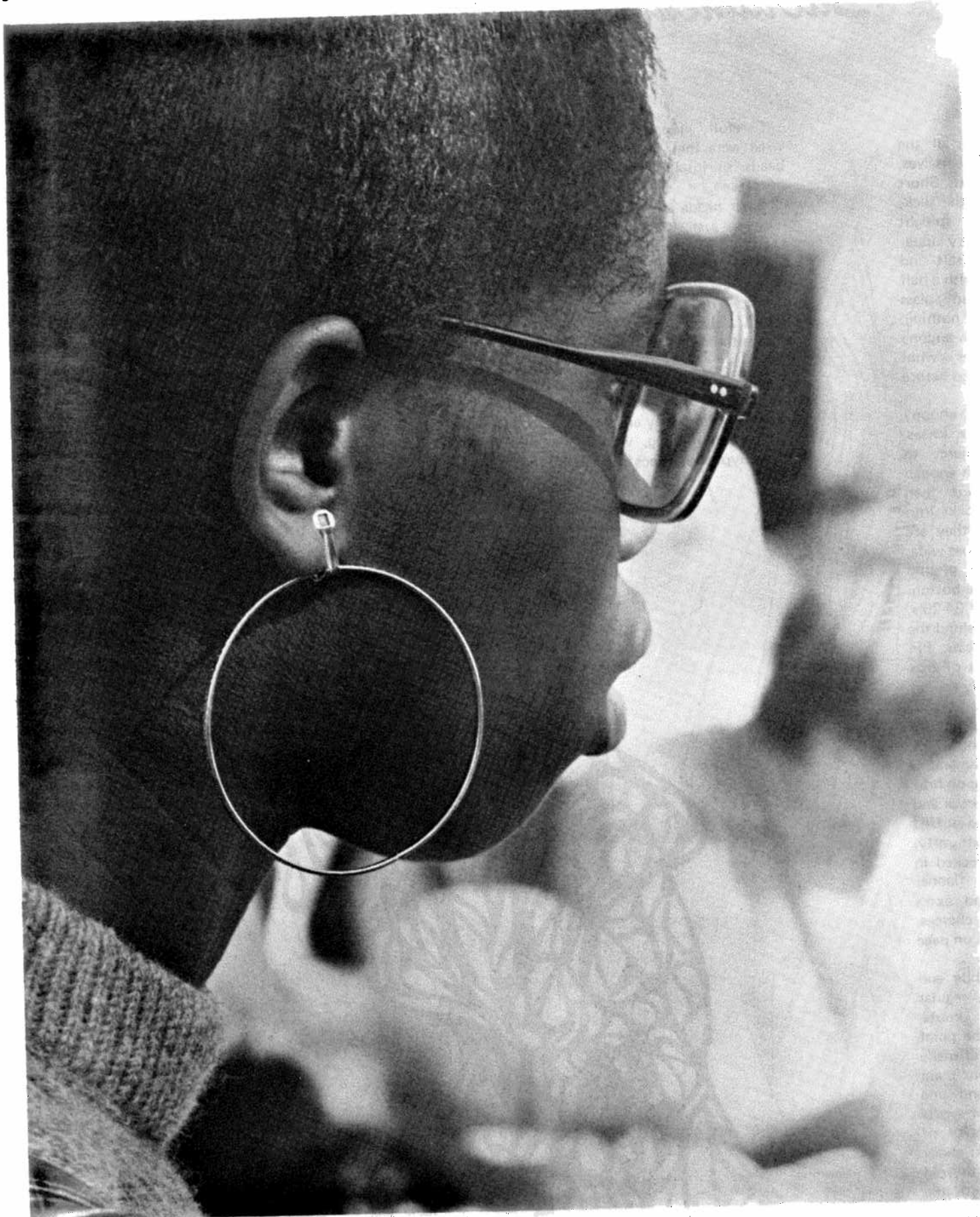
Small, mumbling, vino-sipping old men; hypochondriacs to their round,

little wives (or maybe to themselves, for Maria passed away two years ago), yet silent martyrs to the rest of us. Sad and remote, brusque and hurried with no place to go, mischievous with no one to play with; alone until Sunday afternoon and the visit with Mario and Sal, the wives, and the pudgy grandgrand children, with the curly hair just like Grandpa used to have.

Souls full of God and heads full of fond, mellow memories to be sipped on long, alone evenings; unspeaking specters from another world, heading for another; another world — maybe kinder, maybe better, maybe more loving. For their sakes, I hope they get there — I hope we all do.



art by Sherry Brown



There is no reason in love. It is the ultimate of unreason. People say opposites attract, and are contradicted on the other hand by those who say that like marries like. But people are unlike — being man and woman is opposite enough, and the similarities that make people alike are often the ones that make poor ground for a marriage. The pure core of love is something that no one can understand, and everyone defines in their own fashion. Part of the core is believing, and people who can't believe in themselves have a hard time believing in someone else, or in the nebulous stuff that love is made of. Physical love is tangible on the surface, easily broken down in biological terms, and just as impossible to really explain, or define, or understand, and the less tangible forms of emotion that are called love.

Wendy Watkins

photo by Wendy Watkins

#### Endless Journey

A cool breeze has cleared away the smoke of life  
from the red crusted fields  
and batters the tatters of stars and stripes.

"We regret to inform you that your son..."

The breeze carries no longer the pain  
of the thunderous, exploding air  
but just the knowing chant of the polluted grass.

"We regret to inform you that your son..."

The breeze whispers past scattered remnants of  
a nightmarish day:

a tear stained photo,  
a lonely ring.

"We regret to inform you that your son..."

The breeze carries its burden over the earth.  
It hangs in the air  
hides behind speeches  
but lashes out in words:

"WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON..."

—Steve Hart

I am older now  
though I still laugh as I did  
when I was a queen  
full of a ferocious energy  
high above the Earth  
on a swing  
swaying on magnificent waves of air  
unable to discover that  
which drove me to life  
and  
each pointless or meaningful moment since  
closer to death  
though I was a queen  
young as the dew upon the thick leafy trees  
Nancy Cato



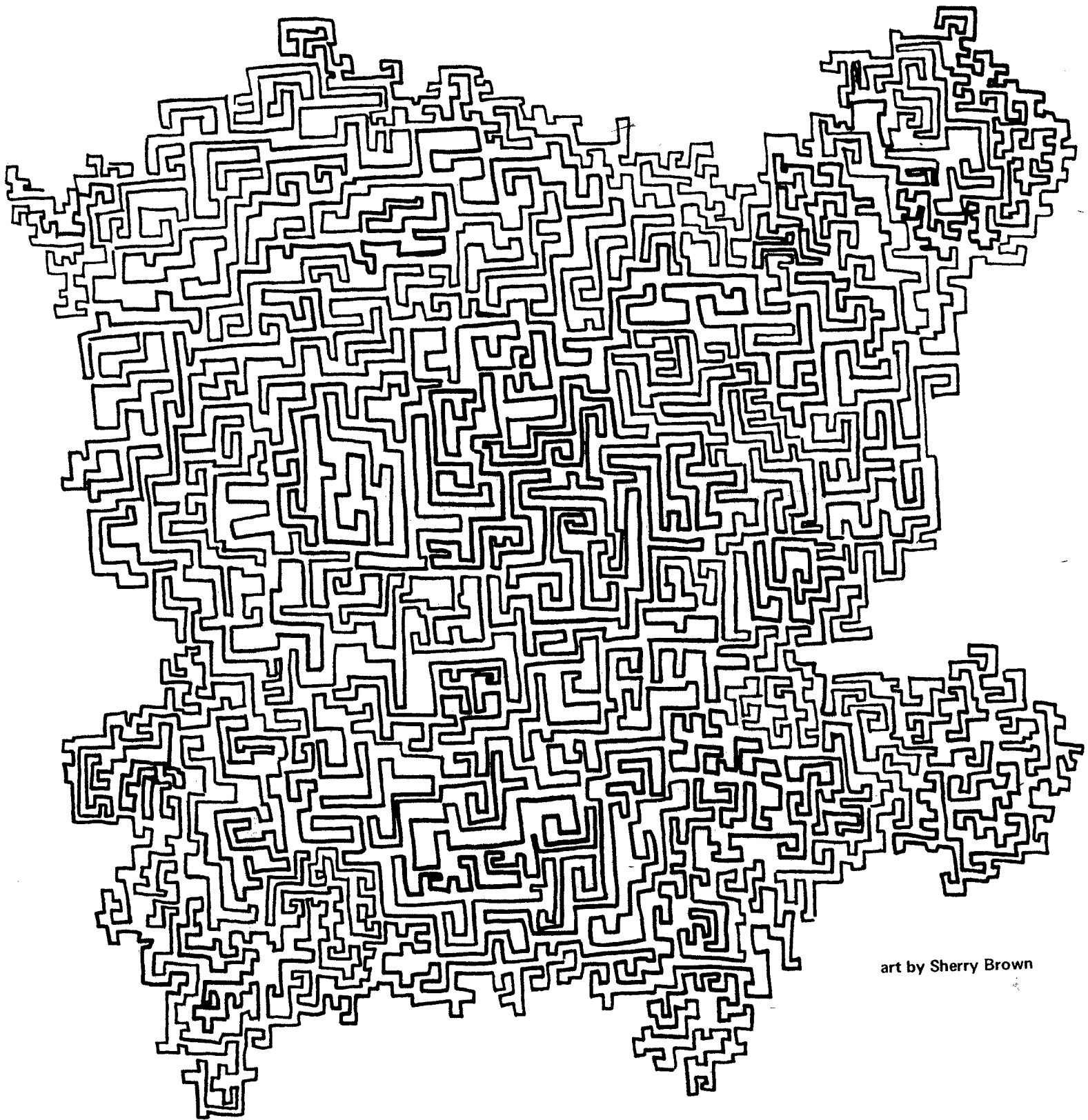
I MEET YOU

Red Geen Orange  
Yellow bounces from  
your sunshine face  
your eyes-Blue  
smile happy  
your fingertips  
touch mine  
my body  
caressing yours  
bleeding life  
we meet  
in joyful

T.M. Aune

to be a tender smile  
tears falling to water droplets  
joined happy mud puddle  
with a thousand rippled circles  
each a larger reflection  
of one another as people  
grow with love in echo give love  
through constraining mirrors  
to be a happy echo in love  
with a bright sun beam  
transformed to a tender smile

-Mitzi



art by Sherry Brown

Poem I

A World

He rests upon a beige and white sofa,  
His brain is taxed, but he understands so far  
The world of science, metals and ions,  
If problems arise, professors cry, "Try on."  
He lives in a world somewhere in the clouds.  
Neighbors are noisy, a stereo loud.  
Then down to earth he comes just to kiss me,  
If I went away now, would he miss me?  
Why should I worry, he's paying my rent,  
I really should act with lesser contempt.  
Something, you see, with which I must put up,  
The science world in which he is caught up.  
Here is my fate as an engineer's wife,  
I'm not complaining, Dear, hand me a knife.  
Christine Clarkson Bundy

About unemployment — How do you tell a man he's not needed?

\*\*\*\*\*

The kids, trees, and grass are reaching up for the sun and rain.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wool soxs slip down by leg, keep me warm and let my feet breathe, very kind.

\*\*\*\*\*

The furry black cat sleeps on the yellow bedspread in a shape I don't recognize as a cat's.

Sharon D. Collier

Shadow, shadow dance and play  
Here again from yesterday  
Not tomorrow, hapless wonder  
Just the grudge of hateful cover.  
Fellow man of kindful fellow  
Reach the top of linda's yellow.  
Crackers, man, foolish dolls  
Speak the words  
I've seen them all.

Candle light behind closed shutters  
'Neath the trees of oak and elm  
Fire crackling in the Autumn  
Like the leaves which dry and crack.

Whippoorwhil — sing to me  
I fear I am lost and will not find thee  
Shattering impulses upset my mind  
Are you here for me to find?  
Charletons dancing on  
Waving tunes, harmonica songs.  
What be this trouble?  
What be this fear?  
No sound here audible  
No sound is near.  
Shallow atonement.  
My goodness, I am in pain.

Janet Borden

"Victims of our over idealized system of dimocracy, Unite!"

Neon lights flashing on a bilboard for a Chevrolet ad rythmically  
over-expose the filmed message of a revolutionary party.  
Across the street in a leased warehouse. Movie projectors  
strategically placed near the winding freeways across the city  
fight a propaganda battle with the capitalist signs of progress.

A new housing tract is going up in Apalachia which will fit in  
perfectly with the landscape. Two car garage underground and  
the outhouse is in the back.

Can your new sporty car carry you through a mud hole the length  
of Louisiana?

Have you sent your annual 1% of your income to the Southern Christian  
Leadership Conference Foundation?

Should you drink cola with caffein or without?  
Or perhaps you perfer the uncola with your traditional Navajo  
dinner tonight.

Janet Borden

His voice floated as a wavering wind  
across channels of my mind  
to rest within the recesses  
in cloudlike vapours.

Wearily I netted the drops of  
liquid in my web of consciousness  
that he might not be left  
alone nor void.

Chasms crossed on bridged rope  
swaying precariously;  
such was the distance ebbed

For between realistic ventures  
and foolish patterning lies the  
truth of virtue.

Thus he held on, thus I led him  
onward. Through time  
towards eternity.

Janet Borden



Hank Lebo Photo