

The Newspaper

Volume 3 No. 10

Cañada College, Redwood City, California

November 20, 1970



Bunker Photo

homestead

i. from
1831 and up until
a short time later
there was
in this land
something called the frontier.
it was almost a straight line
running from mexico to canada
and the line moved
in almost even increments
across the land.

but there was always
a place to go — THE FRONTIER
when a person was yanked into insanity
by the life-style of work-a-day, make-a-buck america.
even back in the good ol' days
there were flock of malcontents.
and all a person of the flock had to do
was cross the line and get into the FRONTIER
and resume any kind of sanity he wanted to.

anyone who is happy with the way things are
should not look so hard on today's other deviates.
keep in mind that the west was won by none other
than the ancestors of these present deviates.

the panic of those malcontents
who saw the civilization that they had run from
fast approaching them...
A BIG UGLY LINE SWEEPING ACROSS THE LAND
O CHRIST! ITS ONLY TWENTY MILES AWAY!!
WHAT'LL WE DOIT'SCOMING UP OVER THE HORIZON!??
but still someone with a soul
living along the hundredth longitude
spotting the BIG UGLY LINE at the ninetieth longitude
could pack up all his belongings and run
to Arizona, Nevada, Utah... the deserts were safe!
California, too!
and this was the last frontier
and here is where every malcontent who survived the BIG UGLY LINE
got shoved.

hundreds of thousands of us stood along the beaches
and hoped that the waves would part
but they haven't and it seems that in this life they will not
we are destined to drown in the tide but there will be
salvation in the deviates who come after us!

ii. what the alternative?
the FRONTIER is gone.
civilization has crushed us against the walls of its intolerance.

if only a new FRONTIER would appear
not the moon, not the stars, not subterranean drillings.
there is a frontier within everyman.
now is the time,
since the land is captured by unfriendly fences,
conquered by concrete, covered by asphalt,
now is the time
to clear away all the underbrush that has smothered the spirit of man.

so we can't escape across the border into the FRONTIER
we have nothing left into which to escape
there's nothing left
except the head on everyman's shoulders

the homestead laws of the mind are very liberal.

— Ron Federighi

Art and Literary Issue V

Dance Tonight-- For Fund Drive

Attempting to raise more money for "The Buck Starts Here" fund drive, there will be a dance tonight at Cañada featuring Together and Deluxe with lights by Crimson Madness. The dance is from 8 to 12 and tickets are \$1.50 with ASB Card and \$2 without. Last Friday, the benefit dance at CSM was cancelled since no one was 'concerned' enough to buy tickets.

Monday night, the 'concerned students' committee conducting the fund drive went around to classes and collected over \$300 from people attending night school. They will be soliciting donations during night school all this week.

Although things are looking up for the fund drive here at Cañada, we are still a far cry from our goal of \$6,000. As of Tuesday, the total amount of money brought in was \$900. The approximate total of the three San Mateo County District colleges has reached over \$3100, leaving about \$21,800 still to be raised.

Besides putting together the benefit dance and raising the necessary money to sponsor the special election, the 'concerned students' committee has sent people to the different high schools to explain the vital situation if the bond issue fails to pass.



The Concerned Students are still soliciting for money to pay for a special tax election.

Harken To College Ye Sons Of Freedom

Now is the season when the average second-year junior college student must come to grips with transcripts, applications, catalogues, medical statements, draft statements, financial statements and an assorted jumble of red tape that will determine his or her future for at least the next two years. It's time to decide on which four-year college or army camp to grace with your presence.

According to the tabulations of Cañada student transcripts for spring 1970 there were 651 applications to 17 of the 19 state college campuses, of which 309 were to San Jose and San Francisco State Colleges. Out of 300 applications to the University 233 were to Berkeley, Davis and Santa Barbara. These campuses being already crowded are turning more and more people away. Your chances of getting into one of the larger campuses is getting less each year.

The state colleges now have a population of 268,000 and were forced to turn away 18,000 students last year. Harry Harmond, vice chancellor for planning has emphasized the fact that there will be no new construction in 71-72 even with a budget increase of 46.9 million dollars. He has implied that state college enrollments will be frozen to next fall's level. As it is now the qualifications for transfers are that you must have no less than 60 semester units or the equivalent and have a 2.0 (C) grade point average, but with the stiff competition the better your grades the better your chances. Chancellor Dumke has suggested that entrance requirements should

be made tougher, the thought of which makes junior college administrators shudder.

While the larger campuses are dying of overpopulation there are some less well known state colleges such as Fullerton, located in south east LA. It has an undergraduate enrollment of 4,732 men and 3,495 women. There is also Domingues Hills State College located (after much searching) oddly enough in Domingues Hills also near LA. Stanislaus State College is near Yosemite. In 1968 it had an undergraduate enrollment of 1300 and accepted 40 of the 80 applications submitted by transfer students.

The due dates for applications is now the same for state colleges and the University. The initial filing period for the fall 71 semester is Nov. 2-30. An application turned in on the last day will be given the same consideration as one on the first. There will be a late filing period starting Dec. 1 and running until the campus quotas have been filled. Also you don't have to send applications to each school. You just list your preferences and if your first choice is filled, your application will be sent to the next choice. Thus the advantage of putting a smaller school first is that you will be earlier than had a more crowded school sent your application on after turning you down.

There are, besides the University and State colleges, over 200 institutions of higher learning in Calif. On the average, going to a private school is more expensive but it can be well worth the extra

(Con't on Pg. 3)

Letter

AS President Speaks Again

To the (copy) Editor:

We are all concerned with the same thing. How to maintain this district with the least disruption to students, faculty and the educational program? None of us want to turn away eligible students, none of us want to lose the excellent young members of our staff and none of us want the quality of education to deteriorate.

The question is how can this be done? In my field of economics we are constantly concerned with long and short run concept. Our instructors who are currently looking for other jobs (and some are being interviewed, most are finding that there are very few openings available), and to the student who might be turned away the short run is here and now. Fiscal solving for the next seven years is not nearly as important as solving the problem of financing 1971-72.

It is impossible to separate the adult tax from the overall tax campaign. Forty-one of the 68 districts are levying the adult tax, the average levy is about 5 cents, however, districts levy 10 cents, 4 nine cents, 2 eight and 3 seven. Our district attorney has given an opinion that we may levy such a tax

By combining the revenue from an adult tax with the twelve cent present rate we can operate next year without the disaster of a 35 cent tax rate. The 35 cent rate is not a real figure anyway; if we were to lose an election at a 59% cent rate, I feel sure that the board will levy the adult tax to the full legal extent. Not to do so would be an attempt to punish the electorate at the expense of their children.

We do know that one of the individuals that did not support our last tax election was the worker who was employed, or had lost overtime pay or was working a short week. As you know unemployment in California is above the national average and on the peninsula is above the state average. These unemployment figures will increase during the next five months, however by late in 1971 I think we will see a real improvement in business conditions and a decline in unemployment.

The basic question is, what will the voter do when he enters the booth? Will he be more likely to vote Yes to a ballot which says "increase the present tax rate to 59% cents" or will he be more likely to vote Yes to a ballot which says "maintain the present tax rate"?

In the last 3 years (up to Nov. 70) - 20 of the 21 tax issues submitted to the voters which have called for the maintenance of the existing rate have succeeded.

Dave Zimmerman.

Board Studies Council Request

The San Mateo Junior College Board of Trustees is "seriously considering" the possibility that there may be at least one student on the screening committee to select a replacement for President William Goss.

Requests from the Cañada student council and Faculty Senate that they be represented on the screening committee were presented to the board at its meeting of November 12. According to President Goss, the board will study the requests and "probably act on them at the next meeting" (Nov. 25).

Though the board's final decision has yet to be announced, Goss said it appears likely that there will be a screening committee composed of two faculty members, one administrator, and one student.

The method of selection of the student has not been settled.

One of the problems still to be resolved is the handling of confidential files of the applicants. As a matter of professional courtesy, all applications are held in complete confidence. The board is understandably reticent about allowing a large number of people to read the resumes of the presidential candidates, but Goss seemed confident that a solution would be reached.

A student voice in the selection of administration members is not unprecedented at Cañada, Goss pointed out. Dean of Men, Bob Fryckman, was selected partially by student vote a few semesters ago, and has done a good job in a position that tends to be controversial at times.

Don't Raise Taxes Keep Present Rate

by Janet Inman

The bond issue has been the topic of many conversations for the last few months. You have heard about it everywhere you turn on the campus, you have been massaged by it too long you say, but let's shine some new light on the issue, if possible.

As most well know an override tax election went to the voters of our community in Sept. to raise the present rate of taxation from 47 cent to 61 cents, an increase of 14 cents.

The voters of our community rejected an increase in their taxes, so first we must understand that the school taxes are the only taxes the voters have a voice in. Not only is it a rejection in higher taxes, but a voicing that taxes as a whole are too high. It is regrettable that the schools should be the target of this dissatisfaction.

At present the Board of Trustees along with the district financial director Matt Fasanaro are discussing another tax election to be held some time in March, asking the voters for an increase over and above the present 47 cent rate. Probably 59½ cents. An executive meeting of the board will be held Wed., Nov. 25, at Skyline to decide the rate of the tax override election. It is claimed by Fasanaro that the district is operating now on 57 cents and that we must ask the voters for at least a 59½ cent rate. It is plain to see by our last tax election the voters of our community have rejected an increase and asking them again for an increase appears

doomed. We will then be at the 35 cent rate and will with no question fall into the position of closing the door to many students and teachers along with at least one of our campuses. This could bring enrollment for the district possibly under 10,000 students and in turn losing much money from the state. For every student over 10,000 we presently receive \$625 from the State. Under 10,000 we receive \$120. per student, so we will lose money by a ricochet action.

The reasonable course to take at this time is to return to the voters asking to continue the present rate of 47 cents, keeping in mind who really should support our schools. The ones who reap the benefits of our institutions are the employers of our graduated students. Yet these past students and people of our community are the ones who are taxed most fully. So let us turn to the people who stand to gain the most, namely the communities' businesses, and tax them according to the rate of profit they draw from the employee and the training benefits they reap from our community colleges.

new century
trading co. &
family store
2419 Broadway
redwood city
handmade leather, cloth clothing, sandals...
come see us

Anything that was submitted for the Art and Literary Issue can be picked up in our office, Rm Bldg. 17 - Rm. 112.

'Comedy of Errors' Here Tonight, Sat.

Phil Althouse are two funny guys, and Bill Moreing are two more.

In COMEDY OF ERRORS, now being presented by Cañada's Drama department, Althouse and Moreing each play both sides of a set of twins. Of TWO sets of twins. That is, Althouse plays two twin brothers, and Moreing plays two more, understand?

Director Kurt Smith has moved the Shakespearean saga of mistaken identities from its original time slot into the Prohibition Era and compounded the ERRORS with vaudeville acts, tap-dance routines, pin-striped suits, and "pie-throwing, eye gouging, nose twisting, and stomach punching." Something for everyone, as they say.

The cast of 30 is led by Moreing and Althouse as *freres* Antipholus and Dromio, respectively, and includes Dan Cole, John Purcell, Karen Sauer, Gary Crosman, and a host of others.

COMEDY OF ERRORS will be presented in the Main Theater at Cañada tonight and Saturday, 8:30 p.m. Tickets, at 50c for students and \$1 for those with money, may be purchased at the door or in advance from the Community Education Office.

Asia Speaker Next Tuesday

On Tues. Nov. 24, Cañada will be blessed by an appearance by Dr. Haydn Williams, President of the Asia Foundation of San Francisco. Williams will speak on "Asia in the Seventies; New Problems - New Perspectives" at 8 p.m. in Bldg 3-Rm 117. Admission is free.

Petitions For Offices Now

For all those with some degree of political aspirations, elections for next semester's student officers will be held Tues. and Wed. Dec. 8 and 9. If you have a burning desire to try to succeed our beloved officers, petitions are now available in the Student Activities office. All positions are open.

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Dance Demo Set For Tues.

Tuesday, November 24, will be the day when the University Chamber Dance Theater of the University of California, Berkeley, will give a lecture demonstration in the Main Theater. The ten dancers of the group, directed by David Wood, will present a 20-minute lecture, a technique demonstration, and three short choreographed compositions.

The event is sponsored by the Associated Students, with the help of the PE Dept. and the Community Education office. Admission is 50c for students, \$1 for adults. The festivities will start at 4 p.m. and conclude at 5:30.

First Place On the Line For Soccer

This afternoon the Cañada soccer team will meet Skyline in a game here that will decide the league championship. Cañada will bring a 10-0-2 record into the game, while Skyline is 10-1-1. This puts Cañada only one point ahead of Skyline, and makes the game a must win situation for the Colts.

Cañada has won their last three outings, including an impressive 1-0 win over the previously unbeaten San Jose State JVs. Bill Hamre scored the only goal of the contest, and the Cañada victory stopped San Jose's string of consecutive victories at 13.

The Colts handed West Valley its fifth loss of the year last Thursday by defeating them 2-1. Raphael Luna scored both of the Cañada goals in that one.

On Tuesday, the Cañada kickers were hosted by Marin on a field practically knee deep in mud. Though the mud tended to have an equalizing effect on the teams, the Colts came out victorious, 3-0. Bill Hamre, Barry Birchall, and Jim Zylker scored the goals in that one. Tom McKinly played a fine game at goal, and the Colt defense held Marin to only five or six shots.

In their last meeting, Cañada defeated Skyline 1-0. While both teams are excellent, the edge goes to Cañada. Cañada has proved in the past that they can get up for a big game, and this is one game they will have to be ready for to win. The Colts are ready, mentally and physically, and this afternoon's game is one that they should, and in all likelihood, will win.

"Ballet Black" Praised

by Abe Oni

Black people have no culture? Then you ain't seen nothing yet! The "Ballet Black" playing at the Spangenberg Theater, Gunn High School, Palo Alto, gives the lie to that belief.

The "Ballet Black" is a professionally trained group of dedicated black youths who have done much to relive the pathos, tribulations, fears, and ecstasy of the black race through theatrical performances. And how well they have succeeded!

The Ballet, presented by The Palo Alto Unified School District as a Multi-Cultural Community Activity, was conceived, directed and choreographed by Danny Duncan, whose creative powers and aesthetic excellence leaves one breathless and spell-bound after every suite.

Devoid of extra-theatrical sensationalism and American flavors, the African Suite is quite representative and reminiscent of the virile vortex of indigenous traditional African dancers. Starting off with "Kakilambe", the terrible god of the Bagas, an obeisance is made in an attempt to appease their great god.

In "Drum Calls," the chief dancer in the village calls upon all proud drummers to test their skills against his own in a dance of endurance and strength.

"Adahoin," is a ritual dance by the men in the village. The dance represents all the destructive elements of thunder and lightning.

The Haitian Suite has as much humor and provocative moments as the African Suite. Starting off with "Flirtation Comedy," Danny Duncan and three other members of Ballet project a Haitian youth whose optimism exceeds his grasp when he flirts too many times.

"Waterfront Carla" is a brief encounter with Carla, a ruthless young woman on the docks of a small Haitian town.

"Slave," probably one of the best performances, was done by Danny Duncan himself. Thru a slave's hungering for freedom and love and understanding, the feeling in today's racial struggles is documented in dance as a young black man wins his freedom only to find himself in chains again. This was so well done that it drew tumultuous applause from the audience.

"Drum Passages" — performed by three drummers — Richard Paul, Oladipupo Ajala and David



Tyrone Hab Hanna is a principal dancer with the Duncan Company who present "Ballet Black".

Gardner — is quite a feat. An abundant use of the drums, the common denominator of ethnic dance, is made. The drums are the first and only voice to be heard above everything else.

The Haitian Suite was closed with "Yan Valou," a hypnotic voodoo dance of veneration to Damballah, the serpent god of Dahomey.

The Afro-American Suite is the empirical presentation of the black man's experience in America. But all did not look gloomy on the stage. There were thoughtful as well as cheerful moments.

"Congo Square-New Orleans, 1800 is a dramatic presentation of Congo Square, a section of New Orleans, populated solely by

blacks. There people would congregate to sing their Creole love songs and dance the Bamboula; a woman seeking her lost child, street vendors calling attention to their wares — all adding color to what was once Congo Square.

"Gospel House" a brief presentation to show the immeasurable contribution made by the black people of this country, followed.

The last performance, "Street Scene," is a picture of the Black Community as it stands today against War, Racism, Crime, Political struggles and Nationwide strife.

The Ballet will be playing again tomorrow & Sunday, Nov. 21 and 22.

Harken With Mind & Purse

(Cont. from Page 2)

money. The advantages of a smaller school don't have to be described as Cañada students are now realizing them with a glance around their classrooms. Last spring 101 Cañada students applied to private schools. Some were four-year liberal arts schools like Mills College of Oakland, which has just recently gone co-ed and costs \$2200 excluding room and board. Another is Whittier College of Whittier, Calif., a good liberal arts school despite the fact that President Nixon is a graduate. It has an undergraduate enrollment of 1835 and in 1968, 250 transfers were accepted out of 300 who applied. It requires a C average in college, SAT, high school transcripts and three personal references.

Parochial schools of higher education are changing to keep up with the times. Many have gone co-ed like Notre Dame in Belmont, and St. Mary's in Moraga Valley which charges \$1367 tuition and fees and \$990 room and board. To go to a denominational school you do not have to belong to the particular religion. They do give special consideration to members of their sect and in the case of the University of Redlands of the American Baptist Church, preference is also given minority

and poverty students. Other religiously affiliated colleges in the Bay Area are Santa Clara, University of San Francisco, City College for Women (Lone Mountain), Dominican, and Scripps. All these schools have financial aid and scholarship programs.

For students going into specialized fields there are private schools such as Menlo Business College in Menlo Park, Heald Engineering College at 1215 Van Ness Ave., SF and Northrop Institute of Technology 1155 West Arbor Vitae St., Inglewood, Calif. Art majors can try the College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland, the Academy of Arts College in S.F. and the S.F. Art Institute.

One may ascertain by now that the point to this article is that there is a whole spectrum of colleges for the student at Cañada to chose from, besides the already crowded well known campuses. It's up to you to see your counselor and dig up information which can be acquired in most libraries including the one here at Cañada. One valuable book to look for is The College Handbook put out by the College Entrance Examination Board. It lists the major private and public colleges across the country and the 1967-69 was the source of information for this article.

The Newspaper

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Unsigned editorials are the responsibility of THE NEWSPAPER.
Other opinions expressed are solely those of the author of the article.

To a World

When the finger tips of a new day's sun reaches out from the breasted hills
 Or when the rain falls like a woman's tears
 Your heart and mind beam of the same thought
 The thought that time doesn't come in years but in moments
 Moments of beauty and moments of sorrow when you feel what it's like
 to really be

—Mike Vreeburg

Everytime i try to write down
 the words be come swallowed
 the lines. with the pages
 of my thoughts the curved

— Suzie Hegarty

CURRENTLY I GO

Currently I go forward ever crying
 Splendid with my marquee lighted brightly;
 Soured like the dough of bread francaise,
 Eternally the ovens of my mind reel.
 Like the relentless eagle soaring high
 Bob Dylan warbles twangy laments; terrorized
 Because Weathermen reign on my parade. Splash!
 Poor polluted politicians pouring progress
 In the Bay; mightly stalwarts of sickth sense.
 Cents are no answer, only dried leaves of a question.
 The question answered on the back of the cereal box.
 The Box, like crackerjack, ripped open impatiently
 To discover the prize, reveals nothing but a pair
 Of your eyes beckoning me to the plateau of our love.

—William Kenney

White Blanket

The snow covered the ground like a soft white blanket
 covers a babe in slumber
 The sun's rays, like golden beams, reflected a cutting
 glare into my eyes
 And when I breathed the, fresh but frozen air seemed to crack my
 throat an drive needles through my nose
 But the morning was old, and I had a lot left to do
 So ignoring the elements, I went on with my chores

— Mike Vreeburg

The Sea

The sea...
 Endless.
 Endless as the waves that roll along its surface.

Cold, green, beautiful.
 Its spray, swirling above white breakers.
 Waves...long, watery veils.
 Green and spiraling.

Endless waves that come one after another.
 Always coming...ceaseless.
 Infinite motion of the sea,
 Cold, green, inspiring.

— Zach Coney



Once upon a time there was a liquid amber leaf named harry. harry was determined never to fall from his tree. Of course, he hadn't even been around one season so he didn't know that all the leaves eventually fell down. All the other leaves told him that it would never work. But he was DETERMINED! "harry," he said to himself, "you're going to be different." but he wasn't ...

— Chris Leonard

Canada Daydreams

Fog rolls over
 shady hills
 drifts slowly
 deeply
 softly
 into the green sloping valley
 Sow bugs
 safe
 within their insect armor
 crawl quietly
 pray softly
 and do not see
 the fog

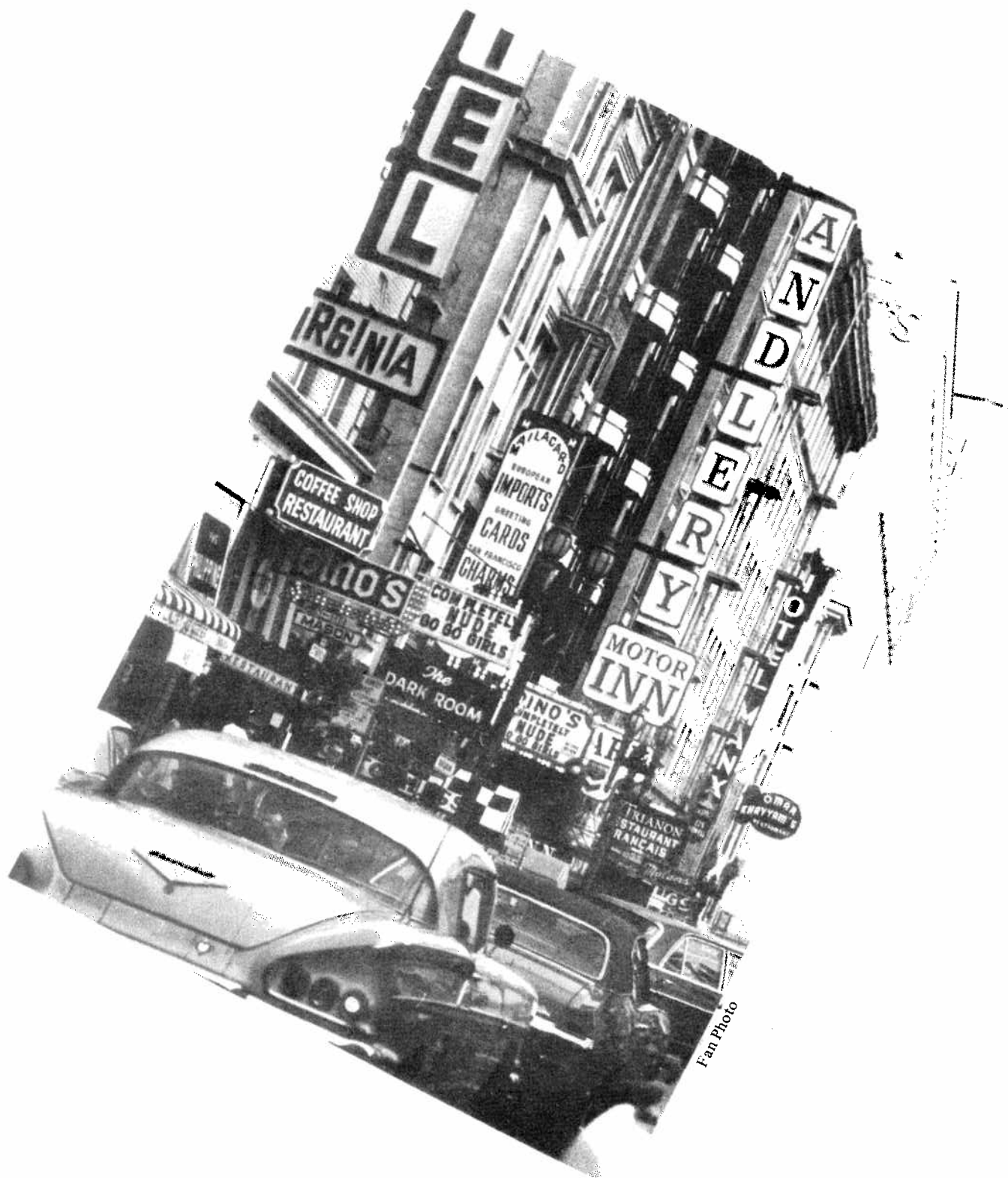
-nora clegg

Early Brightness

The sun
 creeping past the mountains
 casting a shadow on the early day—
 Leads one to think
 the flowers will silently grow
 reflecting their private beauty
 on the bright earth
 The moist soil
 draws in the rays of strength and light
 to mend her wounds of the day past
 Singing together in a light melody
 the earth and flowers
 play games with the orange sphere
 until the dawn is broken

— Suzie Hegarty

Sunday Journey



It was a grey planet.
An eye would water at the greyness
... had there been an eye to see.
The greyness was quiet.
Leaves did not rustle,
there were no leaves,
Birds did no romantic singing, (love had been scarce on this orb)
all that remained was their soggy bodies fermenting in the grey muck.
An ear would ache at the grey silence
...had there been an ear to hear.
The air was grey and heavy.
Nothing moved under its weight;
No furry bodies scampered,
No smooth sleek bodies stirred,
No rain fell, there was no place to fall.
The clouds rested on the ground, weary of their own heaviness.
Sticky like a dead slime
Sticky like fermenting life
Sticky like poisoned waters.
Suddenly, even the grey stillness seemed to stop,
The planet held her breath
...And choked.
And the gag brought forth a single lightning bolt.
From the poisonous gaseous air exploded and the raging fiery air seemed to fall
from the sky-waters boiled and sent more gases to the heavens-and the fire
still fell-the ground shuddered and belched rocks and dead soil-the rocks fell
back on the suffering planet.
The planet stoned and burnt herself to death.
"And the earth shall be destroyed in fire and brimstone."
— Chandrakanta

i journeyed from the city
through the forest
to the shore
i travelled from the drumming
through the silence
to the roar
been so long in the city
with its concrete-neon life
(it's time for a momental change at least)
so i drove the curving shady roads
up to the sun-glittered shady woods
i climbed up an incline
thinking how nice
to hear the rustling of autumn crisp leaves
the snapping of brittle gray-amber twigs
the quiet, restless flowing of the
cold, restless stream,
trickling, sometimes gushing
over time-polished rocks
over time-deadened logs
bugs flying and darting
buzzing madly while dodging me
with no city fears of swatters and Raid
in my hands
(fine dusty dirt logded with knuckles and lifelines)
i gathered orange and brown rocks
from the twig-blanketed ground
turning around, i saw a sunny-sky blue jay streak by
cawing to its friend
or maybe to its lover (and echoing)
and i tripped back to my car
to go find the sea
slowly curving the winding road
walled on one side by ancient
straited earth and
trees (gilded in red-amber-green)
pinned with private property signs
reaching into the blue-powdered sky

like giant colored snowflakes
orange-golden leaves drifted
to the street
on a light golden breeze
at last my hour's travels
united me with the sea
with the sand
with my senses
feeling light
feeling free
i could hear the seagulls crying
as they soared
hidden by the hidden-gray mist
that kissed the dampened shore
and as i danced along the water's edge
a lifeless sealion
swollen with death
(and DDT)
halted my prancing steps
my thoughts imagined it full of life's breath
once diving once gliding once living in the sea

here i gathered smooth sanded rocks
 some with holes drilled with ocean life
 tiptoeing, wading in the frothy coldness
 i mingled my forest rocks with the sea
 ancient cliffs bordered the coastline
 marred by gorged initials of unknown names
 of unknown hands
 with unknown chisels
 sunday journey
 life-giving beauty
 i'll have to return some moment
 (and bring my lover to share smiles)
 my own life love
 and lovers all
 come with me
 renew nature's call
 out to the forest
 out to the sea

- nora clegg

wandering minstrel
forest trail behind
bids farewell to Shaston
a home for many years;
springtime shadows
still betray the eye
coachmen groom their horses
young ladies lose their fears;
thieves plot in greed,
young rider kills his steed,
the butcher claims the meat,
and a king dies in his sleep.

—John Perry



midday:

a safeway parking lot.
80 proof in one hand,
his life in the other.

he is alone without a parking space.

he is secure
80 proof in one hand,
his life in the other.

it is a way of life, he is alone without a friend.
shopping carts are pushed aside,
so is he.

he has been rejected
80 proof in one hand,
his life in the other.

one by one the carts are collected

he will be collected
and he will have his funeral.
80 proof in one hand,
his life in the other.

— Robert Hawkins

FLASH ... BANG! ...
the FEELING spread and SPREAD until ...
TAKEN over by it until ...
created by it and MURDERED,
yes
MURDERED ... Breath
stopped and re-circulated to a dif-
ferent being ... Just conceived ...
NO! ... Always there ...
LOOKING
Restoring ... the first rusty leaf
turned shiny ... GREEN ... morning
glory roots ...
FEELING leaving there
soaking down into the dirt ...
Back in the sky EXPLODING ...
POUNDING
VIBRATIONS ... Built up SO high ...
NO!
HIGHER ... HIGHER ... HIGHER ...
good God
That IS peace.

— Jeanie R. Weber Taylor

JUNK LOVE

crystal explosion — an unplugged clock above mushrooming time

music lost in rhythm motions vibrating — radiating young breast
god busted second in frantic desperation to change gears
no more fake wisdom — tho indicting it is indeed
now putting it back together again in slow rhythm patterns
I can't understand other peoples desires — I am an idealist
smashed with truth.

voyager now inside
dampness flowing from her pores
opening and closing at random
concealed but not lost

not hot, not cold
I touch stone with shattered time demolished by hours
and exhaled nude woman
junkies strung on love

— Jerry Shephard

*The whisper of the Gray Wind
Whispers of Lyur
The cry of the Golden Eagle
crys of Lyur
The silence of the Majestic Mountains
is the silence of Lyur*

*Where now are those mighty Mortals
who conquered Land, Sea, and Sky?*

*They who conquered themselves and—
were freed from their doom of Time?*

*While the harmonies Lasted
they dwelled in Golden Peace*

*But then there came from o'er the Sea
a ship of mighty Grace*

*It brought with it, from far away
the Lords and Ladies of Light.*

*They walked this Land and stayed a space
with Elvish deeds and Elvish Grace.*

*But after them, there came to be
the mighty Lords of stone
who delved and worked, Bright Gold and Cold Gram*

*And following them, from far
below a great dark Evil arose
Exacting out its toll*

*So the old Narmonies were broken
and the Lyurians paid the Danesgild*

*Now strangers stay, and fight for the day
when those who died, shall rise once more
and make a new Lyur.*

*The whisper of the Gray Wind
whispers of Lyur
The cry of the Golden Eagle
crys of Lyur
The silence of the Majestic Mountains
is the silence of Lyur...*

— Tina G. Hobart



"only a moment"

*precious children
sparkle your sandy feet
upon the great queen's
patience.
run, dance, leap, see
yourself with golden pipe's
each bursting with fantasy.
offer the queen some timeless
dreams
and gaze with solitude
as she sends you swirling
beyond yourself.
the unexplored catacombs begin
to unfold within and without
your dormancy.
Let, as stars live and die
so shall your golden
moment.*

— Dan Calic



WARNING
THERE IS NO SUCH THING
AS A SAFE DISTANCE
BETWEEN A MAN AND
SOMETHING HE WANTS
TO FORGET

Fan Photo

Amelia

Suicide

"Daddy, my dreams are all gone,"
the note read.
And I thought of the many things I'd
left unsaid
And questions they'd ask when they heard
I was dead
They always would wonder, forever ask why
A nineteen year old girl had wanted to die
"Daddy, my dreams are all gone,"
I cried
"I can't get them back-believe me
I've tried"
"As soon as my dreams left-that's when
I died"
My father would wonder, forever ask why
His nineteen year old daughter wanted to die

— Amelia

The Optimist

Man is never so old
He hasn't a future
Never so lame
He can't start again
There are always tomorrows
Despite the todays
Always beginnings
Always new ways.

— Amelia

Wrap it up

cellophane souls
handywrap lives
wound
round and round
up and down
on a roller tube world
safely locked within a cardboard box universe
to be cut
on sharp steel edges
for the misuse
tattered abuse
of society's ideals
molded
pinched
torn and crumpled
(and at last discarded)
what of your coffin memories
before the ripping
the tearing
the gripping
the searing
your yearnings
your dreams
lost before wish fulfillment
as for your roller tube world
i and others will
light a joint in it
take a hit
and laugh
do you think me a hard creature?
Well, don't fold
staple
spindle
or
mutilate
(me)
I'll attend to that myself

—nora clegg

*I walk in the night, and the night welcomes me
with veils of darkness;
I walk in the night, and the night welcomes me
with shouds of blackness;
But the sound of the wind in the pines brings
the memory of a soul without care,
A soul that floated in the lightness of a
young girl's laugh,
A soul that had never known the shadow
of the scythe,
Or a man's decaying dreams.*

—John W. Ferrari

Ode to a Status Seeker
You can get ahead
But then everyone's got one.

—Eric Espen

— Eric Espen

an old timer sees the peace sign

everybody goes like that.
what they mean by it
is beyond me. i don't think
they know themselves.

— Ron Federighi

Banyan

he
was bleeding
like a stuck hog
in the grass
that was so high
you
could braid it.
we tied it around him
and buried him alive. the tree just grew another shoot.
no one
would miss him.
he began to die on the day he was born
and
died again everyday
until
he
was born again
in a nicer pen.
the branches are only uncomfortable resting points
on the
circular climb to the
nest of roots
lost inside the banyan tree.
he is the seed from whence he
came.
nurtured by the banyan tree.

—Ron Federighi

I stood on the small knoll overlooking the remnants of the battlefield. The dark gray sky seemed to muffle all earthly sounds and while my ears strained to pick up a noise in the deathly silence, my mind screamed with the sounds of battle.

My eyes took in the images of headless bodies and ragged, bloody horses. My minds' eye saw both men and animals tumble as an unseen scythe swept through the ranks, indiscriminating in its path of death. The banshee wail of grapeshot shattered my thoughts. It was the desperate frustrated cry of all the men that had died in wars they knew nothing about.

Seeing the dead and maimed on the field below I cursed war and an unjust God that sat by while despair and sorrow spread through the land. Yet, in that very same moment I thanked God that I was standing here on the knoll and not lying below.

The acrid smell of gunpowder was overwhelmed by the reek of death. The stink made my stomach turn and I felt the air would be stale forever.

The captain shouted the order to pursue the enemy. It struck me then as I left that small hill that the enemy we were to pursue was not men but death. How can I, one man, fight death, he who killed all those men this morning on a battlefield beneath a knoll.

— D.L

thought is like ripples in a pond.
It will just spread out and touch all the waiting hands. On the surface it glides sending shadows deepening underneath it. Seen in the lake the scenery divides up into lines and settles again as they pass. The ripples fan from here. Many spinning ripples caused from dots of water cast by my stick envelop and entwine each other. Each Other.
Flower in fantasy to have flowered.
Old bone becomes old again, flower again, evolve again. Simples and extremes growing next to streams. Plants and sunrises all the day. Not very far from societie's steaming edge. It is. It waits for advancement of order and oil. They invent their laws for someone else but they never feel them themselves. That is why reason breaks down. In the charge of contrived humanity. Be true i beg you for the pollution dissolves the unkept senses and its time we stood or died.

— Charles Copeland

if the washing don't get you the rinsing sure will.

"who says spades are evil"

clicking and clacking, the wooden
soldiers are quacking, the tin
women are swooning to the victorious
tune.
the red queen has landed with a shipload
of toys,
the weapons of youth have popped
the balloon.
come see all the battles, and give
them your sorrow,
for the spoils of growing
lay waiting with age.
but speak not of the bloodshed
you see in the red queen,
for she'll shatter your silence
with anger and rage.

—Dan Calic

LIFE AND WHAT IT HOLDS

LIFE grows in mysterious ways,
life some people say is making
A fast buck in this damn
WORLD!

BUT! to me LIFE IS WHAT YOU AND
me make of it.

LIFE can really be confusing
LIFE is Changes and Chances
that some of us have to take.

BUT for what!

WHY! WHY! WHY go through
CONFUSION, CHANGES, and CHANCES
WHY is it so hard for everyone to succeed
in this WORLD that is well known
as BABYLONIAN
YOU! you can do it baby
IT'S YOU! it's your WORLD
and your child's WORLD

LIFE is NATURE, NATURE that grows
on and on until! A tree that shades it's
leaves in the winter and DIES.

BUT when the spring comes we have
YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, EXCITING
PEOPLE!

THAT is ready for what the WORLD
is offered.

and some will be Robbering, Killing,
Sporting

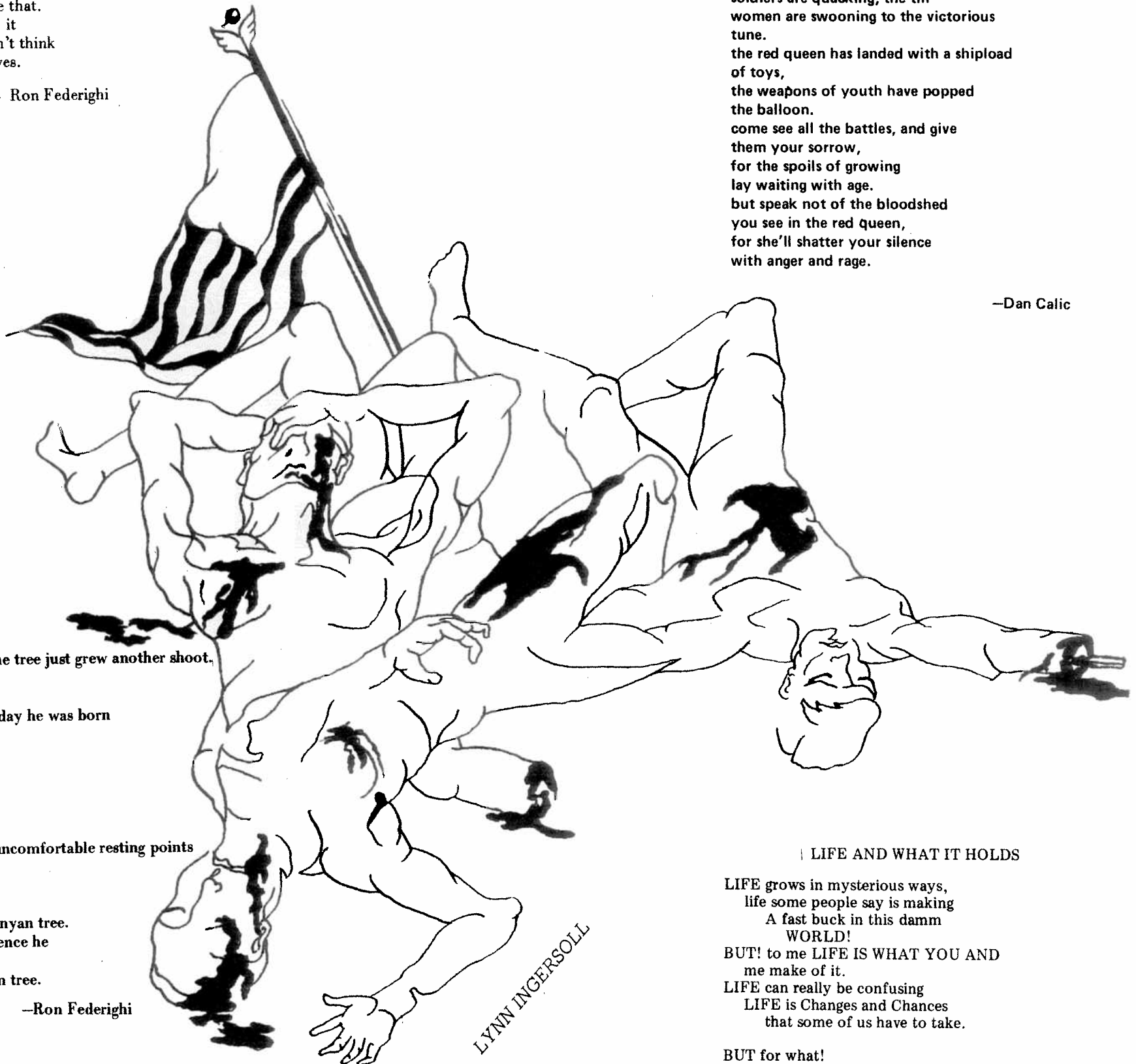
hooked on a LONGBLUES NEEDLE
JUNK! lowdrifting, MELODY ATTACKING
YOUR VEINS, and let it lifting OFF
ACHING ON TO the END TRACK!

AND some will be doing it baby!
just like the MAN been doing for so
long.

AND they want to let
WHITEY, BLACKIE, MARY, JUNK,
HAZE, or any kind of HAZES STAND
in their way

SO BROTHERS and SISTERS DO IT and WORK
YOUR SHOW LIKE IT WAS SUPPOSED TO
BE WORKED ALMOST 400 yrs ago.

— BY JEANNIE R. WEBER TAYLOR



mad cupid blows his nose

I had been sick all week and just now I was beginning to get a little better. The runny nose had ran away and now my nostrils were red and sore and dry as Nevada.

In my right nostril there was a big piece of stuff. It wasn't snot. It may have been a piece of cartilage.

Lynne says that after the human body has reached maturity the only part of the body that still grows is one's nose. This is obviously symptomatic of the Pinnocchio Complex so prevalent in today's adult community. This is especially true in political circles. (Most noticeable are the countries France and The United States.)

Anyway, there I was with this piece of stuff way up my most unexplored regions of my nose. I used an empty ball point pen to try and get it out. But nothing came out.

I used my thumb and forefinger and grabbed hold of my nose and shook the hell out of it. My hand hurt from shaking. But nothing came out. I tried all of my fingers. And they were all too fat or my nostril too small.

I used a nail and thought about using the hammer.

I used a car antenna much to the shock of the owner of the car.

I tried the point of a feather and even tickled myself to sneeze. But nothing came out.

I found a wooden match and stuck that up my nose. I smoked cigarettes and french-inhaled and exhaled thru my nose to see if that would help. I inhaled water.

I scraped with my car key and then with my house key. I even tried a pipe cleaner. Nobody would talk to me because I was always having to be playing around with my nose.

And this went on for weeks and weeks and I was getting a lonely feeling.

Finally, in mute nostril agony, I went to my girl friend's house. And in my very lonely state I asked her for her hand.

I was not proposing. I needed her little pinky to pick my nose. We sat down on the sofa and I took her hand and fisted it so that only her little finger stood. "Curve it a little," I said.

And up went the finger deep in my nose. It wrestled with the

impediment. Her fingernail caught hold of a snag on it. I grabbed her arm and slowly navigated the narrow nasal passage and we pulled the blockage out of my nose.

I could breathe again!! I smiled and kissed her. Then we looked victoriously at the glob on the floor. It was hard like candle wax, and was yellow and red and scabby. There was a small black capsule wound around and caught inside the glob. We picked it up and opened it.

It was a microfilm container. At the library in the microfilm viewer we saw these words projected in an ancient cursive:

UPON THE EVE OF THY
TWENTIETH SPRING
FROM DEEP INSIDE THY
NOSE SHALL STING
TO DIG ALONE SHALL
MAKE THEE SICK
A TRUE LOVE'S HAND
SHALL BE THY PICK

—mad cupid

I looked at her and got down on bended knee and asked her to marry me on the spot. And we could pick noses the rest of our lives. I took out my handkerchief and blew my nose.

— Ron Federighi

Someone told me
that love was for the blind
he said for others
it is just a waste of time
said it's just a waste of time:
"In moments of sorrow
just living on hope
I search for comfort close to me
and ease the pain of agony
that toys within my heart;
memories are faded
tainted with age
even so they twist my soul
by showing me the gaping hole
laughter never hides...

—John Perry

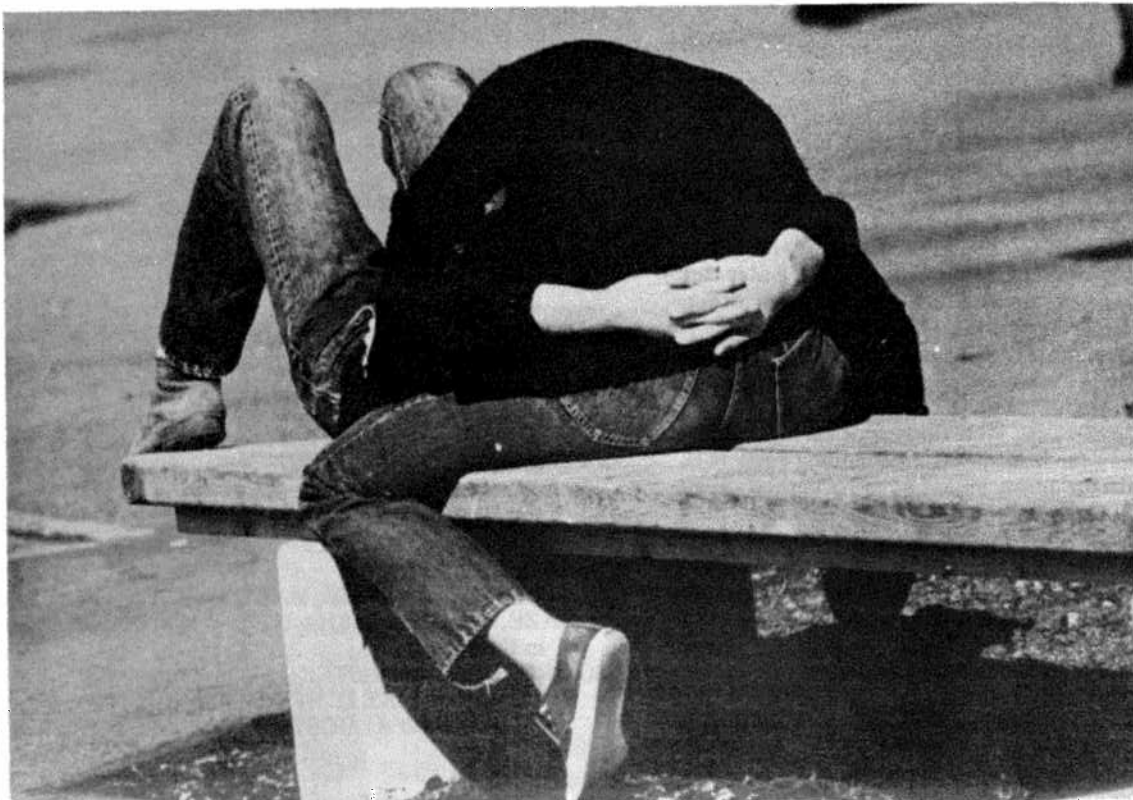
WHEN LOVE IS THERE,
LIFE IS SO HAPPY AND GAY,
BUT WHEN ITS GONE,
THERE NOTHING TO SAY,
AND NOW YOU'RE ALONE,
REMEMBERING A HAPPY DAY,
I DON'T REALIZE LOVE,
AND WHAT IT CAN DO,
UNTIL YOUR LOVE,
IS TAKEN FROM YOU,
LOVE AS A GIFT TO ME,
LEFT ME HANGING TO,
TO SET HER FREE,
FOR SUCH A BEAUTIFUL START,
THAT ENDED UP TO BREAK MY HEART.
NOTHING LEFT TO DO, BUT PRAY,
HOPING THAT LOVE WILL COME MY WAY.
HOW I WONDER IN DISTRESS,
FOR DANGER OF REMOVING MY HAPPINESS.

—Ross Imel

The You and I of Us

We are small like an ant under foot
Where our meanings aren't sure but our troubles are real
We all look for the answer but don't really know the question
And our lives go on ahead of our
minds
We're all on a pedestal of our own making
But still under the foot of another
Our lives are unreal with the stale taste of lust
And our coming death is alive with the thought of love

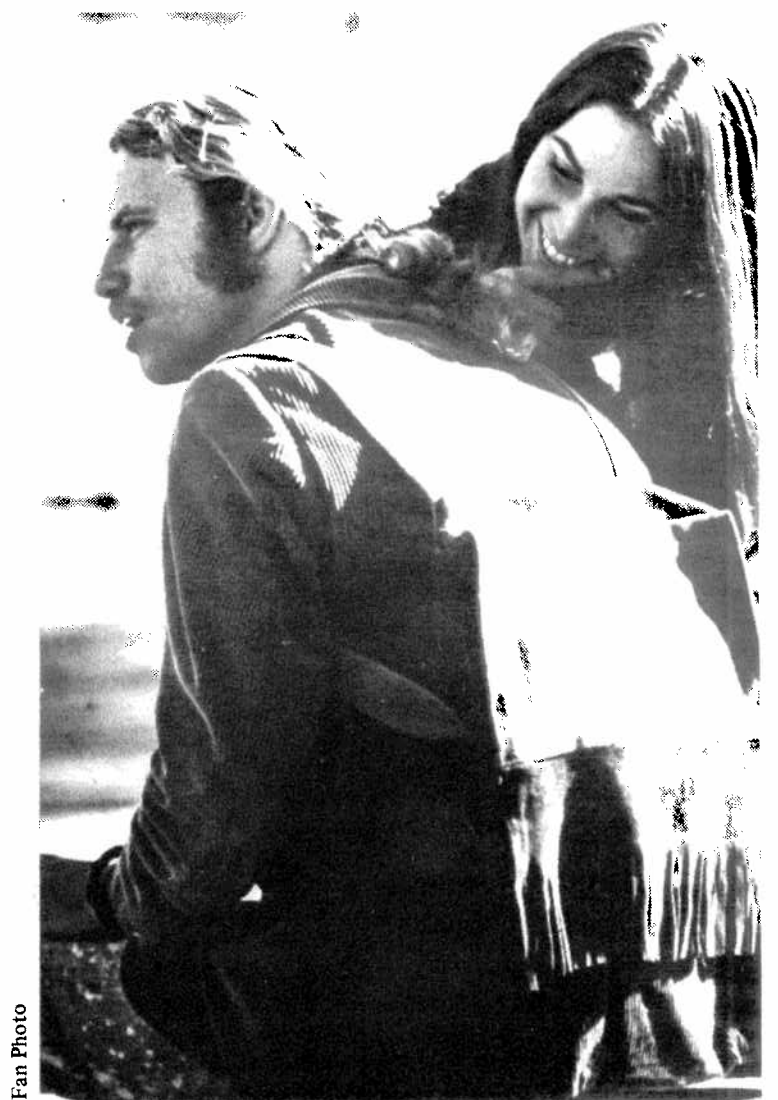
— Mike Vreeburg



Bunker Photo

Michael from Mountains
who sits by his chair
with eyes of soft questions
and hands of gentle care.
Understanding and intense
he listens, never judges
Your existence, and his
world apart yet so near.
Michael from Mountains
who is quiet and shy
has a force behind him
that moves towards
expression and artistry.
Michael from Mountains
who moves around so free
is tall and strong like the
young trees, Bending in the
wind Yet firm in the ground.

— Cathie Cline



Fan Photo

"COME WITH ME"

Come with me to the Misty Isles,
Beyond the Sea of Capricorn;
Where wimpes chorkle in the sun
And roses Bloom without a thorn.

There never is a clouded sky,
And you never see a shrew;
Yellow cats and jammers stop
to sip the morning dew.

The streets are lined with velvet
And the golden buildings shine,
The breezes bear the fragrance
Of the honey suckle vine.

Spring is always in the air
For never would you see,
A leaf turn brown, or tears fall down
From a weeping willow tree.

We could be so happy there
In a cottage made of candy-canes,
With sea foam for a pillow
And a bed of lion-manes.

The mockingbirds would sing each day
Upon our window sill,
Outside our door a tumbling brook
Where we could drink our fill.

Come to this magic land with me
And you never would grow old,
Dragon's fire on Mountain's top
Will keep away the cold.

But mortal maidens do not live
In a world of fantasy,
And idle dreamers never could
Control their destiny.

So you are gone, and I drift on
Without a thought or care,
Yet the golden land beyond the sea
Has vanished in the air.

— John W. Ferrari

Of all my favorite spots of travel,
a town in the middle of California,
is my favorite.

There I saw her step from the curb,
like a crab going underwater.
hungry searching for prey.
and there's a body lying on Main,
but no one has claimed it yet.
now she steps up on the curb,
like a cougar,
bounding forward,
anticipating.

The knock
on the door,
that's the man.
it takes him 48,475,000 aluminum cans a day
to support his habit.
he'll stop soon,
but first just one more.
Then he's got to kick his wife out of bed.
The car lot at the end of town
wants to know
if the police ever found liscense No. LZ-157
the cheerleaders are crying
Reach Out! to the fullback,
but the quarterback has already been there.

The bulletin board I was nursed under
the paper will not be delivered tonight.
the boy is on vacation,
the town does need a new boy.
Miss Jones is in bed now working on that one.
it is almost 7:00 now,
and the last light has gone out.
starvation is not present,
but W.C. Fields isn't either.

— Robert Hawkins

The Birch Trees

Leaves cover the birch trees now
But soon they will be gone
I take a birch leaf
And press it between the pages
Of the poems we love.
I will treasure it some cold day
When I find it difficult to believe
There ever were leaves on the birch trees

You are with me now
But soon you will be gone
I take your picture, press it to my lips
And lay it between the pages
Of the poems we love.
I will treasure it some lonely day
When I find it difficult to believe
That you ever loved me

We are here now
But soon we will be gone
Someone will look between the pages
Of the poems we loved
And find the crumbled fragments of a leaf
And a time worn photograph
They will wonder, as did I,
Why the birch leaves came back again
And why you never did

— Amelia

My life has been reborn
and never again shall
I be torn 'tween the past
and my destiny ahead.
My life has been reborn
Once a child now a woman
I stand, my arms out
stretched awaiting the embrace
of a warm and passionate man.
My life has been reborn
No longer do I await the
dreams that have failed
or letters never mailed.
No longer do I look the corners
for the warm and considerate smile.
My life has been reborn
and alone shall I face the world.
Like a child alone with its mother.
Alone shall I be reborn
Unto the world.

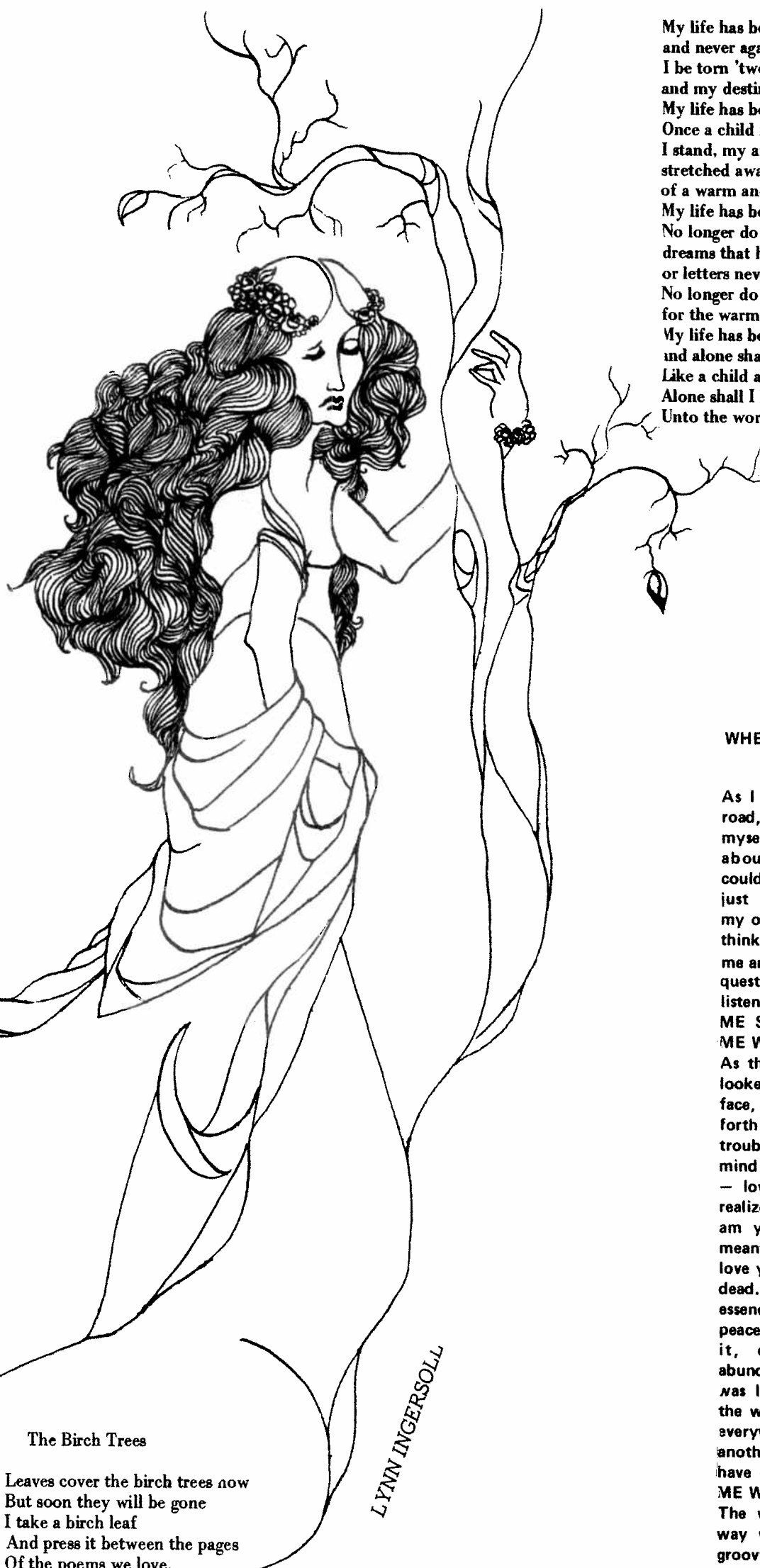
— Cathie Cline

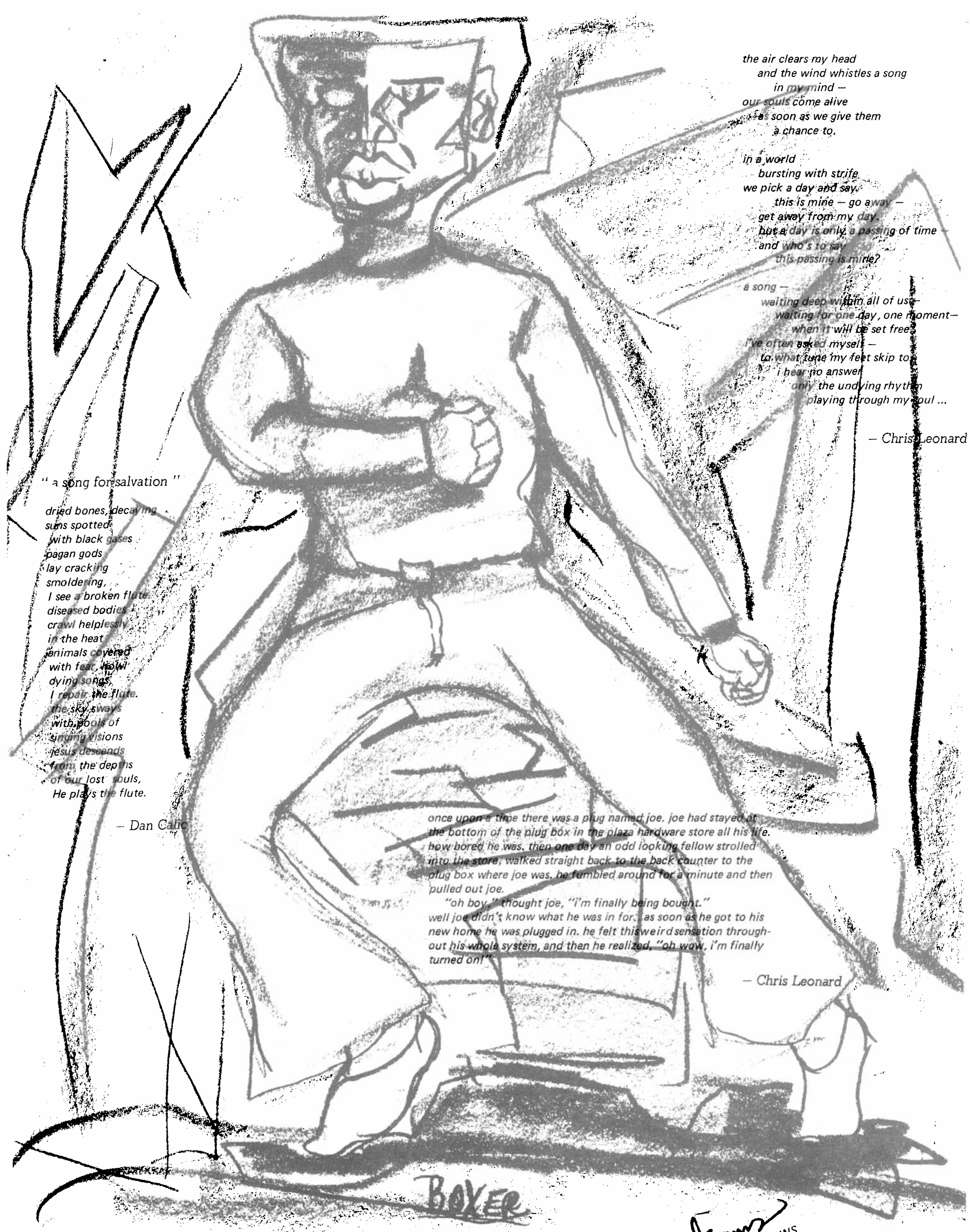
CAN YOU TELL ME
WHERE CAN I FIND LOVE ...

As I went walking down a lonely
road, thinking quite heavily to
myself, contemplating, wondering
about something that I just
couldn't quite understand, that I
just couldn't quite make out in
my own mind — as I walked along
thinking, a little girl walked up to
me and asked me a point blank
question: As I stood there and
listened she asked me: PARDON
ME SIR, BUT CAN YOU TELL
ME WHERE CAN I FIND LOVE?
As the little girl stood there and
looked at me with a smile on her
face, my mind began to bring
forth an answer to what was
troubling me. The answer that my
mind brought was just one word
— love. As I began to think I
realized, even though I am alive, I
am yet dead. Pray tell what is
meant by this? Simple. Without
love you are alive, but yet you are
dead. Because within love is the
essence of life, joy in its fullness,
peace and the actual awareness of
it, contentment in all its
abundance. What this little girl
was looking for, people all over
the world have been looking for;
everywhere, in some way or
another, the minds of this world
have cried out: CAN YOU TELL
ME WHERE CAN I FIND LOVE?
The way things stand, the only
way we can have a real life, a
groovy life, a together life is to
cry out; CAN YOU TELL ME
WHERE CAN I FIND LOVE?
And after we have cried out, then
with all of our hearts, souls,
minds, and wills, with the very
center of our being, seek to find
love and after it has been found,
hold on with everything. Our life
can give so that we may go on to
meet our fate with a smile.

CAN YOU TELL ME
WHERE CAN I FIND LOVE ...

— Calvin Haynie





"a song for salvation"

dried bones, decaying
suns spotted
with black gases
pagan gods
lay cracking
smoldering
I see a broken flute
diseased bodies
crawl helplessly
in the heat
animals covered
with fear, howl
dying songs
I repair the flute
the sky sways
with pools of
singing visions
jesus descends
from the depths
of our lost souls,
He plays the flute.

— Dan Calic

the air clears my head
and the wind whistles a song
in my mind —
our souls come alive
as soon as we give them
a chance to.

in a world
bursting with strife
we pick a day and say
this is mine — go away —
get away from my day
but a day is only a passing of time
and who's to say
this passing is mine?

a song —
waiting deep within all of us
waiting for one day, one moment —
when it will be set free
I've often asked myself —
to what tune my feet skip to
I hear no answer
only the undying rhythm
playing through my soul ...

— Chris Leonard

once upon a time there was a plug named joe. joe had stayed at
the bottom of the plug box in the plaza hardware store all his life.
how bored he was. then one day an odd looking fellow strolled
into the store, walked straight back to the back counter to the
plug box where joe was. he fumbled around for a minute and then
pulled out joe.

"oh boy," thought joe, "i'm finally being bought."
well joe didn't know what he was in for. as soon as he got to his
new home he was plugged in. he felt this weird sensation through-
out his whole system, and then he realized, "oh wow, i'm finally
turned on!"

— Chris Leonard

BOXER

Evans
JIM EVINS