Literary Supplement Inside

CANADA COLLEGE

Weathername Archives



Vol. 1980 No. 9 CANADA COLLEGE, REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA 95061, June 2, 1980

Student Rep Objects

New District Plan Approved

Trustee Mark Student Robertson failed in his attempt to convince the San Mateo Community College District's Board of Trustees to re-examine its plans for reshaping the districts administration.

In an emotional appeal "on behalf of the students," Robertson objected most strenously to a part of the plan that requires Canada and Skyline to share one Dean of Students between them. He stressed that the change, "will not allow the Dean of Students to be available," as the students at Canada and Skyline have become accustomed to.

Cuisine **Artists** Win Big

By Mike Nakanishi

Seven Canada College food technology students showed off their food making skills at the "Los Angeles Culinary Exhibit" and made a great record for Canada College. The show was held at the Ambassador Hotel on May 19, sponsored by the Chefs' de Cuisine Association of California.

Sean Ryan, Steve Bertetta. Peter Church, Diana Dull, Debbie Slater, Colin MacLean and Joan Paladini, all won the "First place in team category" which each of them contributing his own talents and lots of time. Individually, students received many prizes.

Diana Dull won "Best in breads category" and she expressed her feelings: "Canada College was the only food tech program represented outside the L.A. area. The amount of time, effort and expenses the students collectively put in shows a real dedication to our field.'

Steve Bertetta who recently received "blue ribbon" and "honorable mention" prizes from the Kraft show in Concord again won "Best of originality of design" and "Second place of pate." "The duck pate took me about five hours preparation. I had to plan something that would hold up after the trip to L.A. I learned what to improve on by this show," Steve said happily.

Sean Ryan, who has been

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Members of the board approved the plan which was originally proposed Chancellor-Superintendent Glenn Smith that the board meeting of

Other parts of the plan affecting Canada include the loss of the Director of Extended Educational Programs (reassigned to the District office as Director of Community Education) and the combining of the Physical Education and Science-Engineering Divisions.

Canada will attain the services of Ardas Ozsgomonoyan, Director of Special Assignment, who is presently **Director of Instructional Services** at Skyline.

Chancellor Smith acknowledged Robertson's concern and asked if students had any suggestions for the board. Robertson suggested that the board include CSM in the position cuts and reassignments.

Canada President Samuel Ferguson states that the combining of the P.E. and Science Enginnering divisions, is not simply a way to meet budget cuts but is also intended to allow more efficient administration of those departments.

Ferguson feels that the administrative revamping can have a positive effect on Canada. He sees the creation of a new vocational programs in the works for Canada and in turn increased enrollment. Ferguson also noted that he plans to "ask for additional funds so that we can improve Canada's ADA (average daily attendance) based on program development and

When asked about the future of Josue Hoyos, once Dean of Students for Canada, and presently on leave from that position, Ferguson said that Hoyos will return to the district



Ardas Ozsogomonyan

next fall in a certificated position and was aware at the time of his leave that he would be returning as a teacher only.

Ferguson admits that sharing a Dean of Students will be "difficult" but emphasizes that students and faculty must take a positive approach to the

Elections a Bust

by Ralph Vonder Haar

A formal election of student body officers, which was scheduled for Wednesday, May 28th, was cancelled because only ten petitions were received for the fifteen senatorial positions.

The students who filed petitions were declared senators for the Fall-Spring 1980-81 terms by the present student representatives.

The "swearing in" ceremony will be held Wednesday, June 4th at 1:15 in the student government office, at which time the new senators will take office.

Glen Bourne, Brenda Fentress, Sonia Jackson, Maria Teresa Pfau, Dorothy Reed, Gloria Snyder, and Jennifer Terrell are incumbents, while Jessica Berg, Molly Curtis, and Denise Nelson are new to the senate.

Students will be able to apply for the remaining five positions in the fall, according to Peggy Election the Pribyl. Commissioner and present student senator.

No petitions were received for the office of student representative to the San Mateo Community College Board of Trustees. The purpose position is to represent Canada at the district level.

Pribyl said that it's difficult to "get people to sign up at this time of year for the fall (semester)." She pointed out that CSM (College of San Mateo) had only four senators, and that "ten's not too bad."

Pribyl said that even though no one petitioned for the position of student representative at the district level, Canada would still be represented.

A CSM student will represent Canada, Skyline and CSM colleges, Pribyl said, because it's "their turn" to fulfill this duty. Usually the district board votes choosing one of the three representatives from each school. The two not elected would participate in the audience.

This will not be the case next

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CBS Airs Student's Question

by Phyllis Olson

"How is it that Dan Rather can get smuggled into Afghanistan with a full camera creew and we cannot get into Iran to get our hostages out?," was the question asked by drama major Michael DeKom and which appeared in photographer Claudia Mulvane's Snapshots column in the May 19 issue of the Weathervane in answer to her query: "What's your question?"

DeKom, haviing seen that particular segment of 60 Minutes several weeks ago sent his question off to the broadcast at CBS where they read his statement on the air, three weeks

"I didn't get to see it, but some friends told me they (at 60 Minutes) read my letter and I was really flattered," smiled

"I was so impressed with that segment," declared the enterprising student, "how Dan Rather got smuggled into the councty, having to get false IDs and all, that I just had to write in. I've never done anything like that before.'

DeKom is the same



Michael DeKom

individual who executed a stimulating performance last month as Lord Essex in Elizabeth the Queen and is also the coordinator of the Peripheral Canal debate slated for noon on June 2 in the pit here.

The debate will present Richard Clemmer, principal engineer of the Metropolitan Water District in Los Angeles and Wayne MacRostie, Chief director of the Peripheral Canal from the

Department of Water Resources in San Francisco speaking on behalf of the construction. Nick Arguinbau, an Oakland attorney and San Francisco resident Bob Jackson will represent Friends of the Earth and argue against the building of the canal.

The Peripheral canal is a 43 mile long, 400 foot wide ditch which would divert the water from the Sacramento River directly to the aqueduct which carries water to Central and Southern California. This canal would have the capacity of draining three-quarters of the flow of the Sacramento, which is the source of the Delta and lower san Francisco Bay

According to Friends of the Earth, a coalition united to protect our environment, the Peripheral Canal is the most expensive single project in California State history, estimated to cost over \$24 billion, including inflation. This is \$1,000 per every man, woman, and child in the state. To this, add another estimated \$5.5 billion for the additional power needed to pump the water over the Tahachapi Mountains to the South.

VOICES

book & pencil

Endangered Cliches

by Karen Johnson

Due to the many changes in attitudes and social structure over the last few decades the majority of cliches no longer fulfill their function of being redundant truisms in our modern society. The familiar cliches heard so often no longer ring true and if their existance is to be insured, they will have to be updated for the 1980's.

For the last twenty years feminists have waged, with good reason, something of a war against the axiom, "a woman's place is in the home." With the cost of living as exorbitant as it is today it is highly unlikely that without working, a woman would not have a home to be in. Perhaps in Grandma's day "the way to a man's heart was through his stomach." However, any current issue of Cosmopolitan or Playboy would seem to indicate that it is now located approximately eight farther Furthermore, with the divorce rate skyrocketing, "they lived happily ever after," harldy seems appropriate. One of the more recently devised cliches, "love means never having to say you're sorry" might help explain the ever rising divorce rate. Needless to say, the various pharmaceutical companies who are making millions yearly on the birth control pill have chosen to

ignore that old addage "a man will never buy the cow if he can get the milk for free."

Although most are hopelessly archaic, there are a few old standards that with a little ingenuity could be updated to save the cliche from total extinction. With the current rate of inflation and the devaluation of the dollar, "a penny saved is a penny earned," should perhaps read, "a dollar saved is a penny earned." The musical idiom of the 1940's suggested "You're nobody Till Somebody Loves You." With the onslaught of New Wave psychology and the high interest in self-help groups such as EST, it would probably be more applicable if stated "you're nobody till you learn to love yourself." Money still may not be 'able to buy happiness," but it sure can help one enjoy misery. Finally, ask any psychiatrist about the "gay" divorcee. In considering present attitudes and the preoccupation with homosexuality, it could, without changing a word, take on a whole new meaning.

The value in updating these anachronous proverbs to save them from annihilation is debatable at best. Alas, however timely, to paraphrase another immortal platitude, a cliche by any other name would probably sound as trite.

From the editor

NO ON NINE

We urge everyone to exercise your right as an American citizen, tomorrow, Tuesday, June 3rd. Get out and vote.

While at the polls, The Weathervane recommends a NO vote on Proposition 9, also known as Jarvis II.

It should be noted that although voters were assured in 1978 that passage of Proposition 13 (Jarvis' first effort) should not result in cutbacks in education and community services. One look around our own campus belies that assurance.

Jarvis' intentions are apparently to cut state government spending...trim off the fat...get rid of the dead weight etc... Instead, cuts have been at the other end of the specturm. The citizenry, not the bureaucracy, took the machete chops

Proposition 9 adds insult to injury. Send Jarvis back to the drawing board.

This is the last edition of the Weathervane this semester, however, we hope (see above) to be back in the fall. What's a campus without a newspaper?

Thanks to all for support and participation.

Volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, storms, rioting and world-encompassing unrest coincide with this, the conclusion of the 1980 spring semester.

The Weathervane staff hopes these events are not a sign of future disasters here and abroad and that the summer hiatus is a pleasant one.

Renee Mitchell

Ferguson Reflects



Throughout my educational experience, the closing of the school year has always been accompanied by a tinge of pathos. In reviewing those years, I recall the thrill of achievement and the frustration of defeat, the joy of new friendships and the anguish of good-bys. Perhaps the most significant accomplishment achieved, yet often overlooked, is personal growth. Though often measured by exams, grades and evaluations, our true development comes not from the theoretical concepts of academia but as a consequence of human kindness and sharing.

In bringing this school year to a close, I should like to express my abiding appreciation to the students, staff and community boosters who, through their efforts, endeavors and intents, made possible a successful school year. May coming seasons bring with them the warmth of human kindness and the joy of success.

Samuel A. Ferguson May 29, 1980



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A Productive Year At Women's Center

by Joanne Steinrok

It would have been difficult to have been a Canada student this semester and not have been aware of the existence of the Brown Bag Special.

Prominantly placed flyers, Weathervane coverage, and Public Relations bulletins helped popularize the semester-long series of lectures presented by the Women's Center.

"Word of mouth advertising was the most gratifying," said Maxine Koop, Women's Center Secretary.

"Basically, we felt a lot of cooperation and support this semester. Student Services helped with suggestions as to what programs would be helpful; faculty members attended and brought their classes; and faculty members were speakers."

A wide range of topics was presented...from camping in the Hawaiian Islands, to sexual assertiveness for women, to income tax changes.

"We had good speakers and a good audience from the college and the community," Koop said. "And we hope to enlarge the program next semester."

Among the topics being considered for Fall 1980 are male mid-life experience, alcoholism and the family, and a series of lectures on women's issues based on videotapes of the Phil Donahue Show.

In spite of the success of the Brown Bag Special programs, Koop admitted that a significant number of Canada students still do not know where the Women's Center is (BUILDING 16, ROOM 5), nor what its purpose is.



Maxine Koop

"The primary purpose of the Women's Center is to provide an atmosphere of support and encouragement, a comfortable place for people to be when they have been away from school for awhile," she said.

Among the services provided by the Women's Center are peer counseling, rap groups, information and referral service, and a twice a year Orientation-Open House.

The next Orientation is scheduled for August 21st. Women and men are invited to come for refreshments, to tour the campus, and meet the staff.

Assistance with registration and a skills assessment test are offered. The skills assessment is hand scored and used in a counselling appointment that same day.

In the wake of Prop. 13 budget cuts, the Women's Center has had to take a cutback, but Koop felt that Administration has been supportive. "A lot of programs like ours are cut FIRST," she said. "We have been cut along with everybody else...not wiped out."

Exclusive Interview

Canada's Man in Sacto

by Albert B. Franklin

Republican Bob Naylor is the state Assemblyman whose district includes Canada College. A 36-year-old resident of Menlo Park, Naylor has degrees from Stanford University and Yale Law School. He was elected to the Assembly in 1978 in his first attempt to run for public office.

Naylor favors Proposition 9, the state income tax limitation initiative on the June 3 ballot. His office has sent out press releases saying that state-supported services would not have to be cut if Proposition 9 passes, because additioanal revenue will be available from other sources than the sales tax, such as offshore oil leases. He says he supports community colleges but agrees with some of his constituents that a \$150 tuition fee should be charged to students.

Naylor recently mailed a poll to households in his district, seeking opinions on 13 public policy issues, including Prop. 9 and community college tuition, bilingual education, rent control, welfare costs, automobile emission standards and other topics. Reporter Albert Franklin interviewed Naylor on the results of the poll and his views on the issues it raised.

Q. "Do you favor or oppose charging approximately a hundred fifty dollars per year to attend community college full time?" Doesn't it seem ironic to say by passing Prop. 9 we are helping poor people if we take into consideration that community colleges are west,



Bob Naylor

that's in San Mateo County and everything that's low income is east, like East Redwood City, East Palo Alto, East Menlo Park. Wouldn't it reduce bus transportation services to those types of facilities to people who don't have cars?

A. Well, not necessarily. If proposition 9 passes, no one really knows where the

reductions are going to come. Those particular bus lines from East Palo Alto to Canada College, for example, are the most used bus lines in the county. And if the transit district had to make reductions, and they would only have to if they had reduced funding from the state level, I think they ought to make reductions on bus routes that aren't traveled very much. But no one really knows where the cuts are going to come.

Q. Has the state made any moves for the support from the federal government if Prop. 9 passes, or would such a move be considered as premature at this time?

A. No, I don't. When Proposition 13 passed, Senator Cranston introduced a bill that would have returned some of the money the federal government got as a result of people not being able to deduct as much as property tax on their income tax and we got nowhere with that proposal. And In don't think there would be any serious effort to request assistance from the federal government. We will be getting some assistance out of the windfalls profits tax revenues in

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He's A Househusband

what's the housenusband to do after the dishes are washed and the beds are made and the baby is down for a nap? Natan Ziv has the answer, he studies. It only took Ziv two months to discover that being the house husband is hard work. Taking care of an 11 month old baby girl was no picnic. So he decided to return to school.

Mrs. Ziv worked for Raychem in Israel as an accountant and was offered a job here at the headquarters in Menlo Park. There was a special work visa which stated that the spouse, in this case Natan, could not work. And so, he became the house husband. He gave up his job as an electronics technician in Israel so that they could experience another country for a number of years.

"In the beginning, I was going crazy," Ziv said. "Taking care of my daughter and cleaning house is hard." Kerin, Ziv's daughter beamed behind him from her backpack carrier.

"We have arranged our lives so that I take care of Kerin when my wife works during the day and my wife and I do the big house cleaning on weekends together. I study days and attend classes evenings."



Naan Ziz

"People smile a certain way when they find out that my wife is supporting the family," said Ziv. It is hard to understand people's reactions at first but I am getting used to it. I have a chance to attend school and I like it."

Ziv and his wife each speak four languages and have a certain feeling os isolation here. "Our schedule is very busy and we have to turn down many invitations." Ziv smiled, Kerin smiled and everything looked like it would be just O.K.

by Claudia B. Mulvaney

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SPOTLIGHT

In the Flex

Sam Plays It Again

by John Boudreau

Once again the Canada drama department has come forth with a magnificently performed play with its recent production of Woody Allen's "Play It Again, Sam."

The story takes place in the apartment of Allen Felix (Thomas M. Henesy), a movie critic who is taking a stab at

becoming a swinger (with little success) after his wife has abandoned him.

Henesy, according to the program, is a native of Long Island and does a spectacular job of convincing the audience of his neurotic behavior.

Henesy's New York accent adds a special touch throughout the play. It would be impossible not to compare his acting talent to that of Woody Allen himself. Henesy not only looks and acts like Allen, but also at times he sounds like the famous comedian.

Henesy bumbles his way through various dates leaving the audience laughing consistently in his wake. One scene that stands out with exceptional brilliance is the one where Henesy goes to the disco to find the passion he desires

Henesy, upon viewing a gorgeous blond (Pam Silverstein) says, "To dance with her I would sell my mother to the Arabs."

After some coaxing from his best friend's wife Linda (sexy Joanna Forbes) Henesy takes to the dance floor with Silverstein only to be rejected by her when his style of boogying resembles that of a punk rocker with too much start in his pants.

Henesy brought the house to a roar when he explained to his friends that the one time he smoked pot, "I tried to take my pants off over my head."

And later when Forbes thanks him for remembering her birthday with a gift, Henesy replies that remembering her birthday is no problem. "It's the same day that my mother had her hysterectomy."

Forbes, a student at Canada, complements Henesy's superb acting ability with her own. Forbes displays the off the wall sophistication of the part Diane Keaton played so splendidly in the movie. Her look of teenage innocence matched with a sensual aura drives Henesy into a guilt stricken frenzy.

Linda's too-busy-foranything husband, Dick (Steve Mitchell) loses track of his dissolving marriage by being wrapped up in his business deals (such as buying real estate in Florida, only to find out it's all quick sand). Mitchell does a fine job of conveying the true warmth and love Dick has for his wife.

Matt Podilla portrays Allen's companion, Humphrey Bogart, with class. His constant advice to Allen adds a witty and delightful touch to the plot.

Director Michael Walsh does a lustrous job of delivering the play with care.

Martin Lepisto's set design adds a look of reality and depth to the stage.

The variously diverse cast of dates Allen goes through gives the play a solid backbone. The dates: Susan Wiegand, Pam Silverstein, Cher Parola, Virginia Elliott, Kathy Barcos, and especially the irrestibly funny melancholic "Intellectual Girl" Margaret Dusel.

Henesy's strong acting ability and a supporting cast of equal talent, along with the director, really makes this a hilariously enjoyable play.

Bravo!

George Lucas Builds A Space Empire

by Phyllis Olson

Okay. You can relax now. The first Star Wars Sequel is out and all that apprehension about being disappointed because that's what most sequels bring is all for nothing. The Empire Strikes Back, Episode V is a terrific success, thanks to that space-race genius producer, who brought us American Graffiti, Star Wars, and THX1138, George Lucas.

Yes, Episode V. Star Wars was episode IV, did you know that? That's only two-ninths the confusion, because Lucas plans on making seven more films to complete three trilogies of which Star Wars and Empire are the first two films of the second trilogy. But that's not the point to this story. (Aren't you glad I mentioned it anyway?)

That cosmic-wheeling, goody-two-shoes, wet-behind-theears, altar-boy type, Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill) has returned with buddies Han Solo (Harrison Ford), Princess Leia (Carrie Fisher), R2D2, C3PO (Anthony Daniels), Chewbacca (Peter Mayhew), and the malevolent Darth Vader (David Prowse) in tow, to bring us more fantasy, suspense, romance, and drama with a little metaphysics thrown in for good measure.

The end of Star Wars left us with Ben Kenobi (Alec Guiness) wasted by Darth Vader, and the rebels (Luke and the gang) had destroyed the Imperial forces' Death Star. But Darth had escaped annihilation by sneaking out the back hatch. Empire opens with the Imperial forces seeking out the rebel's new hideout on the ice planet Hoth (filmed on an unearthly mountain range in Norway) and carries us through some heavy-duty battle with Vader's troops advancing in

these enormous tanks that resemble armored turtles on stilts, to a close-call escape by Solo. Leia, Chewie, and C3PO in Solos' rattletrap Millenium Falcon. On we go through a load of surprises that will leave you longing for more.

Two new characters have been added. One is a little green, hobbit-like fellow with the most expressive ears, called Yoda. He lives on the planet Dagobah. In the course of the action, Luke is directed by Obi-wan-Kenobi, who materializes holographically, (the "force" never dies) to travel to Dagobah to see Yoda, a Jedi master who will teach Luke to master the "force."

Soon we meet Lando Calrissian, (Billy Dee Williams) who rules a city in the clouds which the voyagers on the Falcon seek refuge on in an attempt to escape the Imperial forces.

And, oh, the optical effects are phenomenal! Nothing phonylooking here (unlike the scene on the planet Vulcan in Star Trek, where the volcanoes looked like papier-mache ice cream disasters with blinking light bulbs within) from the downfall of those Imperial tanks on Hoth to the dodge 'em game Solo plays with a deadly asteroid field.

The actors appeared to know exactly what their roles demanded and delivered accordingly. Irvin Kershner's direction matched up to Lucas' in Star Wars and John Williams (Superman, Close Encounters, Star Wars) kept spirited musical page

A delightful fantasy filled with Lucas humor and pathos, the two hours will seem to travel light-speed and when the theatre brings you back to Earth, you'll be waiting anxiously for Episode VI, which, sorry to say, won't be visiting our solar system until 1982



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Success and Disappointment

by Rich Varriano and Tim Goode

The Canada spring athletic teams all turned in what could be termed successful seasons.

However, in their success came disappointment.

The Colt tennis team, which won the Golden Gate Conference round-robin title, lost to Foothill twice and paved the way for the Owls to win the state dual team title, which Canada won last year. Canada finished second to Foothill in the state individual tournament, 14-6.

John Heubner fell victim to Foothill's record setting John Sevely in the semi-finals, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3. Sevely went on to defeat teammate Brad Gilbert 6-4, 4-6, 6-3 to become the first player ever to win the State Junior College championship twice. Earlier, Sevely became the first player ever to win the NorCal tourney twice.

The doubles team of Huebner and Mike Codiga lost to Sevely-Gilbert 3-6, 6-3, 6-4 in the semi-finals of the doubles tourney.

This year's baseball team was a disappointment to Coach Lyman Ashley, who had hopes for a GGC title. The Colts finished at 15-11, which was good for fifth in the league.

"The key difference between this year's team and last year's team was that we couldn't win the big game," said Ashley. "We had a chance to make the playoffs with a win over De Anza, but we wouldn't come up with the pitching."

Ashley has high hopes for



Foothill's John Sevely displays the form which won him an unprecedented second straight State Junior College individual tennis championship. However, Sevely lost this match to Canada's John Huebner in the last two teams first meeting.

next year's squad. "We're only losing Bill Swanberg from our infield. John Grealish, Richard Scott, Pete Rodriguez and Pete Whisler will return," said Ashley. "Next year's pitching should also be stronger if the staff remains healthy. Michael King, David Winn and Phil Bachler are all good prospects."

Of the 11 graduating sophomores, ten will continue playing at four year schools.

Joe Flaherty, Lou Ayers and Kurt Jorgenson will play for Chico State. Michael Armstrong and Greg Eagleton are headed for San Francisco State and Bill Swanberg received a scholarship to former NCAA champion Fullerton State.

Other baseball players who will be moving on are: Neal Rockwell-University of San Diego, Chris Toohey-Claremont, Kevin Smith-Cal-Poly San Louis Obispo and Eric Mann-Santa Clara

The women's softball team didn't finish the season disappointed, they were too happy about finishing the season

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Local Club Features 'Brandnewwave'

by John Boudreau

The latest trend in the music world has finally crept its way down the Peninsula and has settled comfortably in the recently opened night club, Klancy's of Redwood City.

Klancy's, at 2635 Broadway, opened last May 24 to the sound of "brandnewwave" before a standing room only crowd.

The group, Trance, began the night at around 9:30 p.m. The Verbs followed with a pulsating set of rebellious tunes that shook the club. The Instamoids brought the night to a climax, beating and grinding out songs like "I Won't Fight For You," "Credit World," and "Society."

The new night club offers a friendly atmosphere and a chance to witness the latest in the local music scene.

Don Stop, the manager, and the drummer for the Instamoids, said that Klancy's is "for any one who likes to dance, it's an early rock 'n roll revival."

Stop said that the club's atmosphere is designed for everyone, not just the "new wavers." "You don't have to shove razor blades in your face." He said that members of the band and some people like the fashion. "Some people are into the trend or fashion while others come to get away for awhile, it's an outlet"

Stop accuses the "media hype" for giving new wave a bad name. He said that the definition of new wave the media has bestowed upon the public is that of "hard core punk rock."

Stop stated that the attitudes

of the Peninsula reflect the view presented to them by the media." The public views punk, or anything new, as a threat to their security...it's suburban bullshit."

"We're not hard core punk.
Until people come and hear us
they will believe the media," he
said

According to Stop punk rock originated back in the early 1960's with the Beatles and The Who. He parallels the 1960's music to that of today. "We're doin' the same thing" they did. "Society won't accept it until 10-15 years from now."

The Ramones, said Stop, started the new wave trend in London and New York. "New wave fills the hole disco left."

Stop also is the booking agent for new wave bands for Klancy's. He has had at least 100 offers from bands around the Bay Area and England.

The groups are paid very little in wages and have low expectations about making it as new wave bands.

Stop says that he's not working for the money. "I want to play."

Scheduled for this Friday, the 6, are two bands from England, the Imposters and the Negatives.

Appearing Friday the 13 will be the Instamoids followed by the Soul Rebels with Ex-Pearl Harbor and the Explosion's John Stench and Hilary.

Every Wednesday and Thursday night Klancy's has country and western. On Saturday's, rock, country and western and new wave play on alternating weeks.

Golfers Finish Fourth

The Canada golf team finished their season with a respectable 9-7 record, good for fourth place in the Golden Gate Conference League.

Canada also finished fourth at the conference tournament at Rancho Merrietta May 10 with a team total of 813. The five best scores count in this awesome 36 hole event.

Mark Cato, who has been leading the Colts all year, once again proved to be a rough competitor. Cato shot 78-72 to finish in the enviable position of third. The nineteen year old golf star had a thirty foot putt on the last hole of the tournament to tie for the lead, only to three putt and finish two strokes back.

"I thought I could win it," the recent recipient of a golf scholarship to San Jose State said while sipping reflectively from a



soft drink. "I really had it going the back side but it just wasn't enough."

Fred Maurer posted rounds of 78-79 to qualify, along with Cato, for the Nor Cal tournament.

The long tree laden Rancho Merrietta, which is rated in the top ten in the country, proved to be much more cumbersome for the other Canada players.

Dennis Mitchell (85-79), Ron Boicelli (85-84), Ralph Vonder Haar (91-82), and Jon Allain (93-88) were all disappointed with their rounds.

At the Nor Cal tournament the next week, Cato suffered an allergy attack and shot himself out of contention with a 79-80. Maurer also missed continuing on to the state tournament with the scores of 83-78.

Coach Jerry Drever said, "I'm pleased with the year. I thought we played reasonably close to our capabilities."

Drever is already looking forward towards next year though. "Five out of our top eight players are eligible to return," he said.

Asked about Canada's chances next year Drever laughed, "we're still undefeated. We're 0 and 0 and on the go."

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Cuisine Artists

Continued from page 1

working at the Peninsula Golf Country Club kitchen for the last five years, also won "First place in mollusks (clams, oysters)" and "Second place" for his mousse. "The show paid back all of our efforts. I'm leaving my work and it is kind of my thanks to my chefs," he explained. Sean will be going to the hotel management training at MGM Ground Hotel in Las Vegas next year

"Second place in Chocolate sculpture" was given to Colin MacLean. "This experience exposed me to what major hotel cooking is all about. It was a great incentive for me to further study in the gourmet field," Colin said and suggested that in his future he hopes to prepare gourmet food for 3,000 to 5,000 people for a day.

Also, Peter Church won "Second place for chicken gallantine" and "Second place for beef tongue." Joan Paladini won "Second place for Marzipan Sculpture."

Naylor Interview

Continued from page 3

our transit area and incidentally, that may make transit one of the least likely areas to be reduced for that reason because the additional funding will be coming in from the federal level out of the windfalls profits tax on oil companies.

Q. What about bilingual education?

A. I believe that for students who do not speak English, who are severely restricted in their English language, that we should make an effort toteach them a way to get this English as quickly as possible. I think that means an extra effort. You can't just sit them down in a regular classroom and expect them to pick it up without at least offering intensive language instruction, preferably by a teacher who understands some of their own language so they can relate to the material and they can bring them along. I think we can get them into English faster that way. I do not favor a sort of native language maintenance program where you teach subjects in their language and kind of continue to do that because that's not doing them a favor. You want to bring them into the mainstream so that they can compete and get along with their English speaking classmates as quickly as possible and I think you need the extra effort but I don't think you ought to maintain their language. It would be nice, actually, if we could afford a second language training for all of our children from grade school on up. I mean, I would like my kids to learn Spanish, but I don't think we have the resources to do that. 'Limited bilingual.' That's what I favor. Q. Do you have any

Q. Do you have any conclusions about the survey you sent to your constituents?

A. Yes, I think the survey indicates that this area is still very concerned about those high taxes and the level of government spending. On the other hand, they do seem to be also concerned about substantial support for bilingual education and that was slightly negative. I view that as a sign, from the public so that we have a usual dichotomy.

People do not like to pay high taxes but they also do not want to see a lot of services cut, the tough parts for anyone in public office and I don't think those two inconsistant signals match up somehow and try to run government more efficiently basically, to accomplish the things that we have basically committed ourselves to do in the community. The community

college system; for example. I think most Californians view community colleges as being very, very large public benefits that provides not only people just out of high school, but people who are coming back into education in various points of their lives with an opportunity to improve themselves and to get into new lines of work and improve their skills and invest their interests in various areas and we want to preserve that and I think most people would say-I didn't ask question on the questionnaire. At the same time, they seem to want to have at least some charge for those who can pay. And most people would agree to a scholarship program for people who can't-but some charge so that the use of this vital service is not kind of taken for granted by the people-maybe some people who sign up for courses that aren't all that committed to the courses and if they had to pay a little bit they would do something else and save public expenditure for higher

priority areas. I have endorsed Proposition 9. For me it was a very difficult decision. On the one hand, I think we need a sense of fiscal austerity in our national government and state government and particularly now, in view of our economic situation and I'm afraid that the defeat of Proposition 9 will send the opposite message, but the public really does not want to go back on some of the things or at least keep the level of government expenditures from growing as fast as they have in the past. On the other hand, there is a growing state surplus and there are some revenues which are coming into the state which we couldn't have predicted would come in a year ago like the sales tax on gasoline is out of sight. Because of the increase in the price of gasoline, everytime OPEC hss a meeting and raises the price of oil; we get more sales tax on the price of gasoline and the same thing with oil royalties from the oil taken out of woned tidelands. Leaving a tremendous profit (like the windfall profit) to the State of California that the state does not have to pay a tax on because it's not an oil company. So these things are going to make Proposition 9 a lot less drastic than I originally thought it was going to be.

I was opposed to it because I thought it was too drastic and too much. I don't think that's true now.

Ozsogomonyan

by Carla Schoof

The approval of the prosposed revamping of district administrative duties brings two new faces to Canada's Campus. Jack Greenalch, will be Dean of Student Services for both Canada and Skyline, Ardas Ozsogomonyan will become Director on Special Assignment for Canada.

Ozsogomonyan comes from Skyline where he was Director of Instructional Services. Ozsogomonyan is here on temporary assignment hoping to aid Canada in the development of new programs and review present ones. Other avenues of interest to Ozsogomonyan will be the attaining of grantsmanships (external funds) and the examination of ways to retain students already enrolled at Canada.

Ozsogomonyan feels that we need to "find the reasons why students leave classes." He believes that the reasons vary and between efforts of teachers and counselors, Canada may be able to assist those students and thus retain them. Between present programs such as reading lab and the creation of new ones, the potential drop-out student may be saved.

Ozsogomonyan came to the district in 1968 as a chemistry instructor at CSM, then moved on to Skyline also as a chemistry teacher. He then worked on his Doctrate, obtaining his degree at Berkeley.

Jack Greenalch, presently Skyline's Dean of Student Services looks at his future position of Dean of Students on both campuses not as a part time position but as a full time dean at both schools.



Canada's half Dean, Jack Greenalch.

Election

Continued from page 1

year as no one petitioned for this position. Pribyl said that the CSM representative would keep Canada informed of what was happening at the district level.

Senator Sonia Jackson said the lack of student participation in petitioning for senatorial positions, "just goes to show you that we have more apathy than we thought."

Prior to the "swearing in" ceremony, there will be a luncheon to welcome in the new senators. \$100 has been allotted from the general ASCC (Associated Student Community College) fund to pay for this occasion. The lunch, which will be served in the Cantina, will cost the students fund four dollars a plate. Along with the senators, President Dr. Samuel Ferguson, Chancellor Glen Smith, Dean of Students, Joe Marchi, Instructor

When asked how Dean Greenalch will split his time between the campuses he states it will be on a rotational basis. One week he will spend two days at one school, while spending the other three on second campuses. The next week that system will be reversed.

Greenalch feels that one dean of students can still be effective, with the aid of all those directly under his services, including counselors and teachers.

Greenalch feels that his primary goals for Canada will be to "build on strengths here at Canada" and to continue to expand students services.

Greenalch came to this district in 1977 when he became Dean of Student Services and Counselor Coordinator at Skyline.

Jerry Peal, and the Weathervane

advisor and instructor Peter

Sports

Continued from page 7

Magnani will be invited.

to even worry about their record.

The injury-riddled Colts were forced to play with only nine players during one stretch in March and were unable to take advantage of the designated hitter rule until the last week of the season. The rule states that there must be ten players in uniform for there to be a dh.

The numerous injuries marred the Colts most successful season. Canada finished in fifth place with a 6-10 record and made the playoffs for the first time in the four years that they have been a member of the GGC.

Judy Lynch was named first team all-GGC. Her .385 batting average was among the top three in the league.

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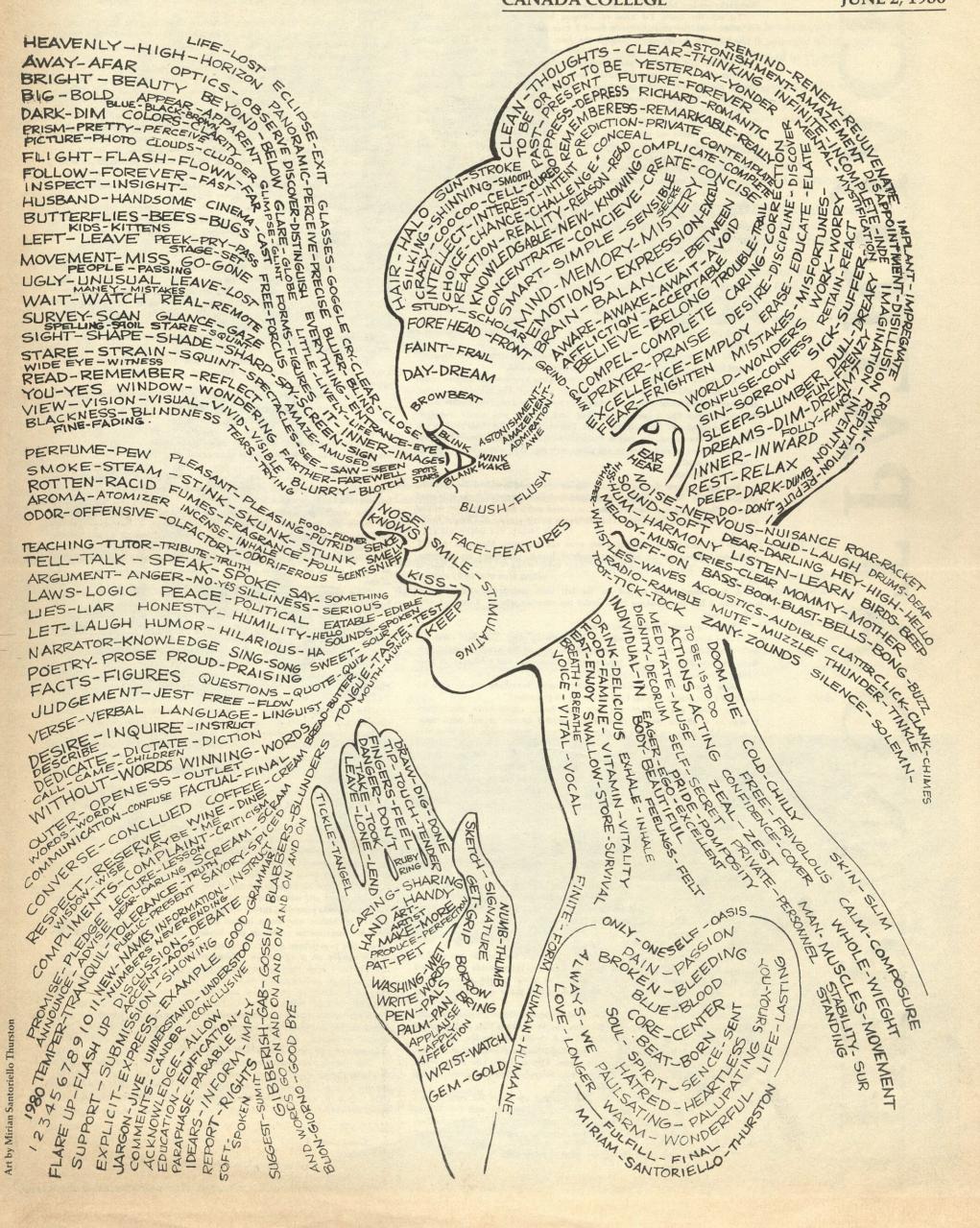
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VANE IMAGES

A LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO THE WEATHERVANE CANADA COLLEGE JUNE 2, 1980



by Richard Holeton

I picked up a hitchhiker going north on Interstate 5. Or maybe he picked me up. "WINE with ride to ORE.," his sign said.

California backlash: Oregon, sylvan splendor without billboards or empty beer cans, where mellow cowboys mix with former hippies in a mutual love affair with the land. Kesey returned there, didn't he? We're done with chemicals, kids, jest breathe the air and smoke organic. Clears yer head, no flashbacks neither. Maybe Kesey always was a closet cowboy.

To tell the truth, I'd been to Oregon before and Pendleton, in the northeast, was the most redneck town I ever tried to visit. You could see it like an aura, a rosy sheen through the dust, from miles away. The famous coast counterculture, I thought, was only spots on the big Western cow. Typical story: had to stop for gas, wanted a Pendleton shirt...

"Howdy" (I say, hopeful smile, hair tucked into shirt collar). "Y'all out o' gas, sonny?" (not getting up, ping-pong ball of Skoal fermenting in cheek). "Yes, sir!" (uh-oh, getting vibes). "Too bad. Closed fer th' rodeo" (mock sympathy, sip of Blitz) "Fine, good. Maybe you could tell me how to get to the wool mill?" (prick, the rodeo didn't start till next week). "Don' make no shirts here, boy, jest wool blankets" (flying wad of red spit, missing car). "Yeah, to keep horses' asses warm at night" (said to myself, pulling away quickly)...

So much for Pendleton, we weren't going there anyway. The WINE sign appeared like a one-man oasis outside Redding, another parched and crusty example of the American apple pie. The sign-holder leaned his bushy mustache in the passenger window, a real soup-strainer.

"Howdy," I said, "where you going?" Gotta be cautious these days.

"Hi, Seaside," said the mustache. It was trailed incongruously by long black silken hair tied into a pony tail. Sort of like Tonto with Nietzsche's wild upper lip. "Going home," said Tonto-Nietzsche.

Eye contact. I glanced into the rear-view mirror, stalling. The thought struck me hard, as thoughts sometimes do—well, suppose you were this hitchhiker and you saw me? You might think, This curly strawberry dude with the sort of arrogant blonde excuse for a mustache and sunburnt eye sags is probably one of these clowns coming north from California on some crusade.

"Well..." said the eyes. As brown and steady as a cowpie, his eyes began to mediate between his two types of hair; adding a twinkle, they struck a compromise.

"Do you believe in selling microwave ovens to the Third World?" I tested him, exploiting my brief tenure of power to the end.

"Of course." He didn't bat a brown eye. "Time saved in the kitchen could be used to decide which brand of toothpaste to buy." The hitchhiker smiled, exposing straight white teeth like pickets. His nose peered over the bushes above the picket fence like a curious neighbor, and his face was nearly complete.

We laughed, and I opened the door. The hitchhiker threw his pack in the back. "What else do you do, that is, besides interviewing hitchhikers?" he asked.

I could see I wasn't going to get away with much. "I write stories," I said. "How about you?"

"I play the piano."

We sipped from the hitchhiker's jug of wine and watched the growing shadow of Mt. Shasta. Fluffy clouds gathered like sheep at dusk; it started raining. We drank more wine, and the rain turned into a downpour as we wound our way through the Siskiyous. The hitchhiker rolled a joint of Oregon homegrown.

We convinced each other that we were not Moonies, Mormons, or EST graduates; neither of us had ever made a bomb, prevented an abortion, eaten Wonder Bread or worried much about Static Cling. Conversation passed the time.

A four-wheel drive passed on the left with gun racks and huge CB antennae. I hid the smoking joint under the steering wheel. "Cowboys with radar," I said.

"Space Cowboy," said the hitchhiker.

I told him my story of Pendleton, jazzing it up a bit. Rednecks crouched behind bushes on the plains of Armageddon, part of the general breakdown. Rednecks crucifing Christ and hippies, hanging niggers and wetbacks. A Lone Ranger scouring the West in search of Evil...

"And you're the Lone Ranger?" said Tonto, breathing a path through Nietzche's moustache. "What kind of stories do you write?"

The curves got sharper, the rain beat harder against the windshield. It was as if all the woolly cloud-sheep decided to pee at the same time. The windshield wipers kept a rhythm, Swish-swish, Swish-swish. The wine was cheap but effective; the marijuana was sensimilla; the conversation got profound.

"Cowboys and Indians. Ambush on the Oregon Trail." At Siskiyou Summit, it was a monent of stoned insight into the nature of things, or at least the honesty of travelers meeting briefly on the road. "I'm cynical and paranoid," I said. "I write out of sheer fear, maybe impotence. I admire action."

"Yeah!" said the hitchhiker. Swish-swish, the windshield wipers moved like a metronome, Swish-swish.

"What kind of piano you play?"

Any one that comes along," said the hitchhiker. "When I play—like maybe when you write—it seems to somehow bring things together."

"Yeah!" We basked in the warmth of our drugged wisdom for several minutes.

As we descended from the summit a sign flashed by in the headlights, "Welcome to Oregon." The road slowly started to straighten out, and the rain began to ease. I took a final sip from the wine jug. The hitchhiker wrapped up the roach, stretched, and cracked his knuckles.

"Gotta stop for gas."

"Good time for a break."

I followed the hitchhiker into Patio Jack's, right next to the gas station. It was a relief to climb out of the car, and the lights inside glowed red and warm. I crossed the muddy threshold; an image of the pick-up truck with gun racks next to my car in the parking lot did a double-take in my mind, deja vu. Flashback?

There were others inside. Three Mexican youths stood in white aprons. A small party of locals lounged in the near corner drinking Blitz and laughing loudly. The man in front, the biggest and clearly the leader, sported a ten-gallon hat. A woman in her 40's wearing heavy make-up sat in his lap.

And against the near wall was a piano. Old upright. The worn wood case needed refinishing, but the ivory keys, recently shined, showed all the promise of fresh chalk and a blank slate.

The big man under the cowboy hat glanced up when we entered and then began telling another joke. The hitchhiker conferred with two of the Mexican boys. I wanted only to be left alone with a hot cup of coffee. Coffee, I thought. I walked to a table in the far corner; the third Mexican followed me.

"Cup of coffee, please. And, ah, what kind of pie you got?"

"Apple, meester."

"Fine, good. Piece of pie." He disappeared into the kitchen. The other two Mexicans, dark-skinned and jet-haired, appeared to be brothers. The younger

one, short and skinny, must have been about 16. He was nodding to the hitchhiker, who motioned towards the piano and gave me a wink.

"Okay, great, I guess I will then," he said. The hitchhiker strode to the piano and pulled up the bench. He struck a tentative chord, tested the pedals, played a couple scales; he seemed satisfied it was in tune...

"Oh no yer not." The voice came from the corner. The old floorboards seemed to shake as the big cowboy shifted his boots and pushed back his hat. His sunburnt neck glowed redder in the light, his fat face contorted with chewing tabacco.

The hitchhiker played a low minor chord without looking up. "Why not?" he asked almost casually, into the ivory keys. My waiter returned with a pitcher of coffee and held it expectantly, but the cup of my attention had filled to overflowing by the action in the room.

"Because I'm gonna break both yer hands, if ya do, that's why." I sounded like a good reason to me. It didn't take a perfect harmonic ear to know when you've overstayed your welcome, I thought as I pushed my chair back and calculated the distance to the door.

But the hitchhiker rose before me, he stood straight up and scanned the room with his brown, unflinching eyes. "Who said that?" he said.

He caught me at half-mast; the two white-clad brothers hovered nervously in the middle of the room. The hitchhiker, apparently, had no intention of leaving; his jaw was set with the grim, intense look a piano player might have if someone threatened to break his hands. For the first time I noticed he was the same size as me, slender, about average stature.

"Who said that?" he repeated, louder and firmer.

"He said it," said the woman with the heavy make-up, jumping up to a sharp nudge. The big cowboy stood and set his beer on the table with a rap. His biceps poked out of a stretched black t-shirt like large potatoes from a pot-bellied gunny sack.

And he means it too," said another man at the table.

"Hee's name Jack, used to own thee place, mon," whispered my waiter, giving up the coffee and forgetting the pie altogether. "Sold eet to my cousins, but—" The other Mexicans retreated to my safe corner, where I'd managed to stand erect and take a tentative step toward the action. The younger one anxiously motioned me to stay put; this big gringo had caused him trouble before

The hitchhiker turned and looked the cowboy right in the eyes. They each took a step forward.

"God didn't make this country fer you squirrelly got-damned longhairs t' slide in, boy, and..." His voice had all the acoustic qualities of a rusty file, or heavy-duty CB static.

"Listen, Jack, I don't know who you are," the hitchhiker spoke slowly, in measured tones, "but the gentleman over here told me I could play his piano." His eyes remained evenly fixed while his arm gestured across the room; my corner was no longer safe.

The cowboy had to look. The other pairs of eyes he met, mine and the Mexicans', he knew instinctively to be easier prey. "an' just what 'gentleman' is that?" he said.

The hitchhiker said nothing, he simply turned and walked towards my table. The younger brother flinched and made a move toward the kitchen, but this time I held him back.

The cowboy sensed vaguely that he had lost the initiative; he had no choice but to follow this longhair piano player, a few steps behind. Half-way, he spat on the floor and left a slimy red dribble in the stubble on his chin.

"Chrissake," said the cowboy. His friends by the piano didn't stir. When he joined us we all stood in a circle, the Mexican boy almost right on top of me.

"This gentleman right here," said the hitchhiker. The boy lowered his head like a dog about to be punished.

"That right, Juan?" said the cowboy, and they both looked at him. The boy shifted his feet, he shifted his eyes from cowboy to the hitchhiker and back again. He must have heard my heart pounding next to him. The struggle that took place on his face resulted in a terse whisper. "Si," he breathed. "What's that, boy?"

Turning back to the stranger, who probably looked more like Tonto than Nietzsche to him, he seemed to gain new courage and finally raised his head.

The hitchhiker improvised. He began with a slow mass, early long-hair music circa Bach. I sipped my coffee reverently and ate my apple pie patriotically; the locals resumed their chorus of beer bottles. With growing intensity he slid into a rhythmic, romantic march, maybe Berlioz or Wagner. Voices died down. Surging to a crescendo, he let it hang in the air for a moment, then dropped to a quiet counterpoint of strange plinking noises and unusual scales. Heads turned. Debussy?

I had the brief impression of rain dripping from trees after a storm, but the hitchhikier was just getting warmed up. The Mexicans gathered by the piano in admiration, a couple of the locals stood up. He paused again, in concentration, then burst into a series of explosions, his fingers flying over the keyboard and crash-landing, shhh-Boom, shh-BAM, cr-RASH! It sounded like icebergs breaking loose in Spring, California falling into the ocean.

The emotions of the room were aroused anew. A couple more locals rose from their seats, more Blitz was passed around. Even the big cowboy got up and hiked his jeans to the top of his boots. The little Mexican removed his white apron and unhooked the frontispiece of his piano to expose its guts, padded hammers pounding against strings.

The hitchhiker, now aware he had an audience, made a smooth transition from his Stravinskian outbursts into modern music with a strong beat. His hands were everywhere at once, skipping down the black and white keys like a speedreader on a newspaper column, even strumming the piano strings directly like a harp, then plucking them like a guitar, producing a seductively jazzy rock, an unforgettably rocky jazz. He looked around a smiled, then pumped his knee up and down and launched into some good old downhome foot-stompin' music.

A percussion section was started by the Mexican cousins, who transformed empty napkin dispensers into bongos. I joined in happily syncopating a spoon against my saucer. The hitchhiker made drum rolls on the piano bench, unloosened his pony tail and let his hair fly without missing a beat...

The woman rose, spun her big partner around, and started dancing. What the hell, the cowboy, former owner of Patio Jack's, threw off his hat, guzzled a beer, flapped his wide wings like the Funky Chicken going out of style, which it was, but the locals stomped their feet and clapped their hands anyway.

"Good show, Tonto!" Back in the car, we waved goodbye to Patio Jack's, Ii-ho Silver!

"Hoedown of a showdown, Kimosabe," said the hitchhiker.

I couldn't resist asking. "What was the theme of all your improvisations?" "It's your story, Masked Man." We drove off into the sunrise.

LONELY

The old man's hand nervously patted the arm of the chair beside him. As many times before he had patted the hand that used to rest there. His eyes were quiet thoughtfully looking inside. Seeing the white, white blankets of sand stretching forever. The moon casting diamond light and ebony shadows on two. The wild blue, black sea bleeding in upon them. The handsome young man held his young beauty tight. Making love there in God's land with heaven and earth smiling fondly. The corners of his mouth struggled to smile slightly. The deeply etched laugh lines quavered and creased briefly. But the old eyes began to fill and tears slowly slipped down leather cheeks. The once strong hands trembled and a deep sigh came from inside his breast. The woman who made his life

—Holly Ferguson

faced life alone.

was gone and now he

THE DARKNESS

the darkness encloses my eyes as rest takes me to deep wandering past my mother calms me with her kiss and I'm content through my boyhood my friends urge me to run with them down the steep hill for a thrill but it's dark and I am resting and the speed on my cheeks is cold as darkness encloses my mind sleep holds me still with real dreams of my youth a girl lays smiling in my bliss driving fearlessly through the fog tossing coins into the well my father warns me of the weed yet I roll small joints for smoking the darkness encloses my soul as death lulls me into an abstract world a graceful woman holds my hand and I am willing to hold hers I'm caressed in careless slumber aware of nothing but peace but I somehow fear a something and wake up at midnight crying

-Ruben Herrera



SEASON OCCURRENCE

This summer,
I was glad I was single
when I heard lovers
quarreling under my window
filling the still air
with pleasings and tears.
From afar, one step back,
without the passion of envolvement,
games are transparent
and I was relieved
to be free of such foolishness.

I was sorry I was single
on warm nights when
I could hear
the couple next door
making love
through the open windows.
Wispered, secret, lovers laughter shared
in the comfort of each others arms
invaded the privacy of my seperateness
causing me to long for more.

Alas, the world being what it is I've been gladder this summer than I've been sad and when Autum arrives I'll still be single.

-Karen Johnson

I'm tired of books and music
I'm tired of singing songs
I wish I had some pot
So I could smoke a couple bongs.

-Ralph Vonder Haar

SLEEP

The blackness touched my thigh, with yellow eyes staring, and gaping, jagged jaw hungry, I tried to run, but could not find the path. My feet wee slow, as claws sunk into my back, and pushed me down, beyond the ground, to darkness.

—Holly Ferguson

BEAUTIFUL SISTER

Beautiful sister
You're in my thoughts
Floating thru memories and images of my mind
I can feel your love
Your warmth warms me warm
It reaches me from across the ocean
and feels so close
Just a shiver
or carress away
Heats my skin from the inside
Innate burning of your love

But now, the warmth is draining from my body
I slowly raise my eyes
Disheartedly surveying this barren room
Alone
Alone?
Was it just a wonderous dream
Or was it your hand upon my heart
thinking of me
Warming this tired lonely body?

-Ralph Vonder Haar

GROWING, GROWING, GONE

In the '40s, we lived in a flat with pictures of Pius the XII and FDR on the walls And Life Magazine on the coffee table.

And we saved tin cans in a box in the basement, squeezed the color berry in the oleo, And wore our leather shoes until the soles flapped, to help with the war effort.

And we learned to read with Dick and Jane and Sally and Spot And Father who wore a hat and went to work And Mother who wore an apron and stayed home.

And Tuesday nights we walked to the Noe Theatre
So my mother could collect another dish
And we could see movies like "Home of the Brave"
which I didn't understand
And "Song of the South" which scared me—
"Please don't throw me in that briar patch, Brer Fox"
(I was sure he would.)

And on Saturdays, Nana would bake us Irish Bread After we climbed the hill to pick Eucalyptus seedlings for her to plant in the yard (which she never did, but thanked us just the same.)

And once, when she thought we were old enough and wouldn't fall

She let us descend the steep, stone steps to fetch some onions from her cellar,

And we finally had a chance to see what was down there in the DARKNESS,

But we only thought of spiders and grabbed the onions and ran

And never did get to see much of the cellar.





Photos courtesy of Greg Kaar

In the '50s, we lived in a Victorian with a mortgage
And a second-hand Olds in the driveway.

And we went to see "Singing in the Rain" at the Crown Theatre with the gang And danced one-foot-in-the-gutter, down Mission Street on the way home.

And we discovered MUSIC and thought we could sing "Mr. Sandman" (yyeess?) Every bit as well as the Chordettes.

And drove our parents wild playing "Let Me Go, Lover" on the Hi-Fi.

And we wore Fire & Ice and felt skirts with poodle dog appliques And a dozen petticoats underneath.

And one day, my sister was suddenly pretty and went out on DATES,
And I suddently needed glasses and Clearasil and stayed home to develop my MIND.

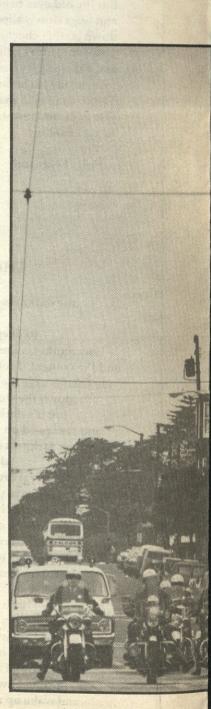
And everyone said my sister looked like Natalie Wood.
And I looked like my father.

But she was always kind
And let me borrow things
like her formal,
or her patent leather pumps.
Or her boyfriend
So I could go to the Senior Prom.

And my sister wanted to be a SECRETARY and took Shorthand and Office Practice and TWO years of typing.

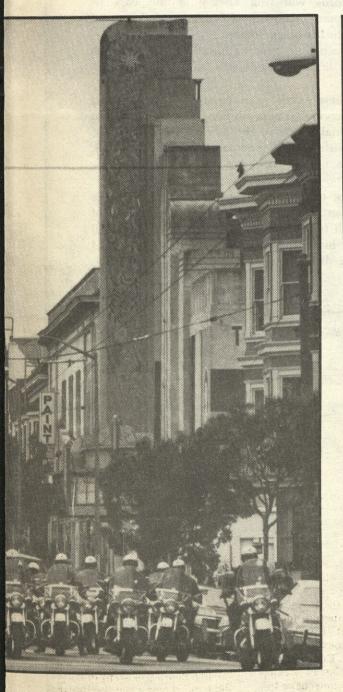
And when she graduated She went to work in an office.

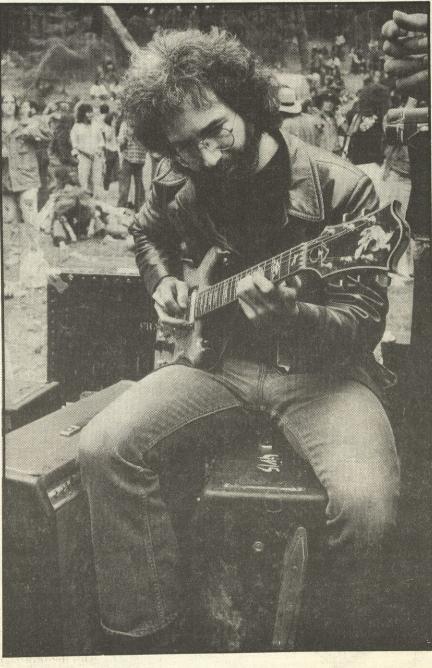
But I wanted to be a TEACHER
And took Latin and French and Chemistry
and College Entrance Exams
and one whole year of typing, grudgingly
("You can always use TYPING.")
And when I graduated
I went to work in an office.



-Joanne Steinrok







MAY THE BABY JESUS OPEN YOUR MIND AND SHUT YOUR MOUTH

Now that I'm thirty I remember: adolecent explorations of the universe looking for Nirvana, Hari Ramma Weighing Karmic balance, Hari Ramma, In the streets of Berkeley, Ramma Ramma, through the Haight, Hari Hari, trying to love everything. Crying for the junkies, dimepapers cut with strychnine wrapped in a blanket shivering on a stairwell, talking to God and reaching IT-(or at least, what they believed

to be a reasonable facsimilee)
for a millisecond of eternity.
I turned on to discover,
tuned in to understand,
but I couldn't really drop out.
I tasted the flowers,
danced at the Avalon,
and was shown secrets of the Universe
who's relevance somehow escapes me
in this plane of existance.

I remember:
when I was little
I use to drive myself crazy
trying to touch infinity with my toes.

Acid is like that.

I reached through other dimensions but could not hold, certainly would slip from my grasp. I would lament, so much is lost.

I tried to absorb all I could.

I remember:
working on my charkha's,
defining Guru,
hearing Mario Savio,

and playing Jug Band music in front of Spraul Hall.
The treasures of that time of life, adolescent dreams.

I remember: being definitly definite about almost everything.

Amazing,
that too now escapes me,
as the changes.
Nothing moves faster than time.
The world was to be so different.
We were going to change it.
Perhaps we did—a little—
but the freedom I first searched for,
then thought I could create
doesn't exist.

The revolution never came.

-Karen Johnson

TO MRS. DEWOLF

Torches, listening fires To Plath reading Plath, "That woman has been

Through some heavy trip." Candle lights candle, you Can't touch that red-headed

Sister. Her blood is yours, You breathed the same gas, Or took the same drugs

When you listened. However, Your veils are veiled Like earwax, you hear through

Years and years of static. That flickering burns from a Center, which strikes a match.

-Rich Holeton

Words... are fragile magic... Casting a spell, Creating a mood. The passion of madmen. The fear of the holy. The essence, of the wall... which entwines, yet seperates us.

Fate... is the lonliest of hunters. making her way... through the jungles of man's illusions. Strewn with fantasies of choice. **Tangled** by judgements and delusions of solutions.

—Deborah Rogers

AVOCATORY SUCCESS

Encouraged by the era, she scaled Mount Org and looked down on the menial caste while spiders knitted their shrouds and Notus shook dandruff from his head. Taj Mahal succumbed.

—Carolyn Garrison

KEEPER

From nowhere the madman burst on the scene in the crowded marketplace, crying "The living dead are among u s! Among us! Beware lest they kill us all!" Thus he continujed to shout up and down the street. The people looked at him, smiled patiently, and went on their way.

But day after day he continued to shout his warning, every day more stridently than the day before. Some began to wonder, "Is this true? Where are they that we might stop them?"

When asked this, the crier said only "Look to yourselves! Look to yourselves!" and continued his warning. Given only this answer, those who questioned soon agreed with those who already knew. "This man is mad," they said, "and so we should bear with him, for he doesn't know what he is saying." So the madman was allowed to roam the steets for many months, shouting his warning to all; and those who questioned were told "Don't be concerned, he is mad but quite harmless."

Then his shouting became tiresome, and he would sometimes be hit with rocks and rotten fruit, and be told to shut up. Yet when he turned to face this attack, his assailant was never there but would disappear into the crowded

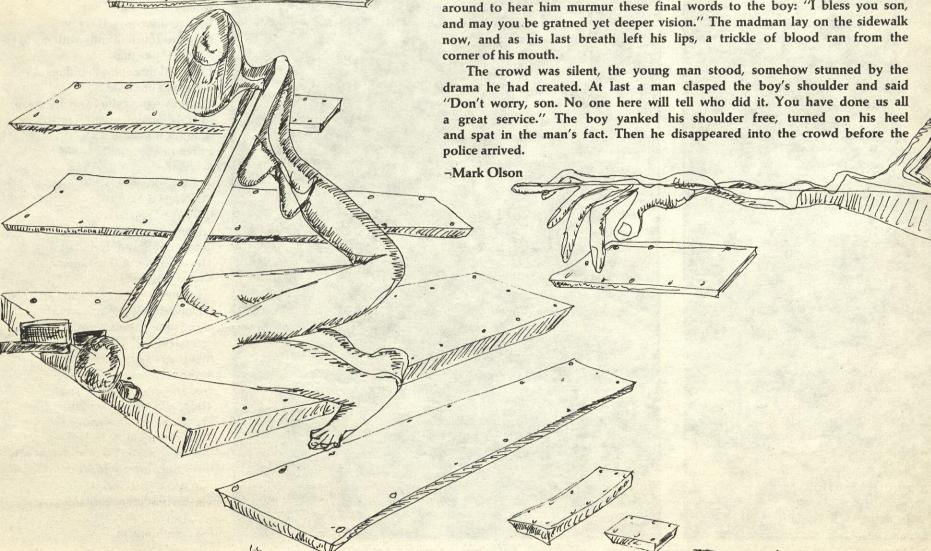
This continued for many days, and finally a policeman walked up to the crier and warned him most kindly, "I suggest that you shout your warnaings elsewhere, for if you continue here, I cannot guarantee your safety." Upon hearing this, the madman turned to the policeman and began to shout "The dead are here! You all asked to see, and now they show themselves! Beware! Beware! The dead are upon us!" Now the madman turned and pushed his way through the crowd, all the while shouting "Beware!"

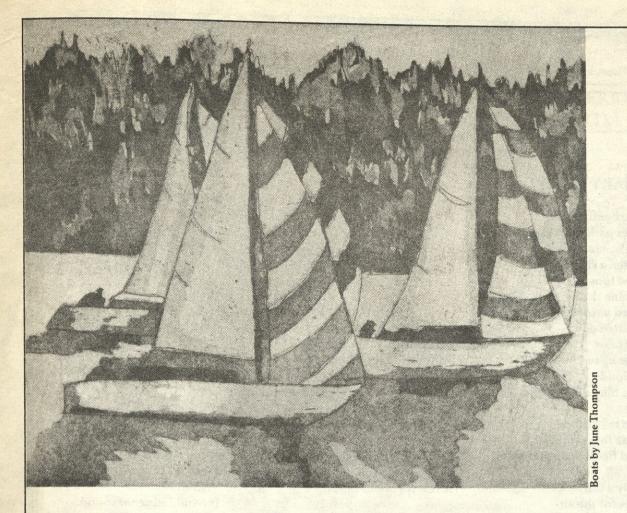
The crowd, upon seeing that it was the policeman whom the madman called dead, now were certain that the crier was quite insane. Surely, they could all see that the policeman was quite alive and well. The policeman shrugged his shoulders and walked away, for he had done his job and could

Now it happened that on that very day the crier was accosted by a young man who demanded that he stop his senseless shouting. "Never!" said the madman, "I shall never stop! I have seen the dead, I have gazed upon the very face of death itself, and I will not be silenced until I, too, am dead. Even then, my words will ring alwasy in the ears of those who heard them." The young man, being full of bitterness and h atred for the world, had no regard then for the life of a madman.

"You fool," the boy said, "these people hear nothing! They themselves are dead!" and he plunged a knife into the madman's gut to silence him

But the madman, upon hearing these words, grabbed and kissed the hand holding the bloody knife, as his legs crumpled beneath him. A crowd gathered around to hear him murmur these final words to the boy: "I bless you son, corner of his mouth.





OL' JEB

Ol' Jeb Walker, he left da' other day That fool man's gone, tired a' bein' a Slave Now he gone along the only road to Freedom.

Las' night 'bout sundown, he headed for Lincoln's North To a dream for his children, a promise of man's worth Now he gone along the only road to Freedom.

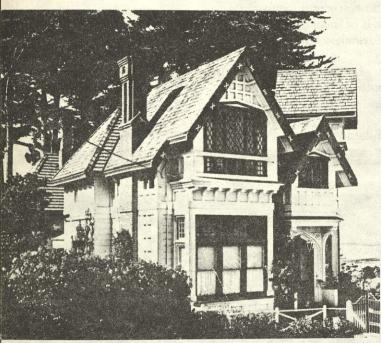
His good woman Nell, she begged OL' Jeb to stay 'Cuz she loved her man, for safety she did pray Now he gone along the only road to Freedom.

Massa's baying hounds chased Jeb all through the rough He ran fast, but fast was not enough Now he gone along the only road to Freedom.

Jeb never cried out as Snake bit through his skin He became a man; massa never did win. Now he gone along the only road to Freedom.

They hung Ol' Jeb from a Weepin' Willow tree They strung him up as a lesson for y ou 'n me Now he gone along the only road to Freedom. He done gone along the only road to Freedom.

-Ralph Renga



GREEN GABLES

Something woke me in the night Rustling skirts of Victorian ladies Or waves crashing on the rocks outside my windows.

Moonlight through the leaded glass
Casting diamond shadows on flowered walls
Makes no sound, yet
Something woke me in the night.

Ghosts of a hundred years ago haunt my dreams, Memories that are not mine And yet, so much mine I yearn for my lost love.

Tomorrow I must leave this house, so Something woke me tonight, Something Old, that wants to share the darkness with me.

—Joanne Steinrok

TRAGEDY

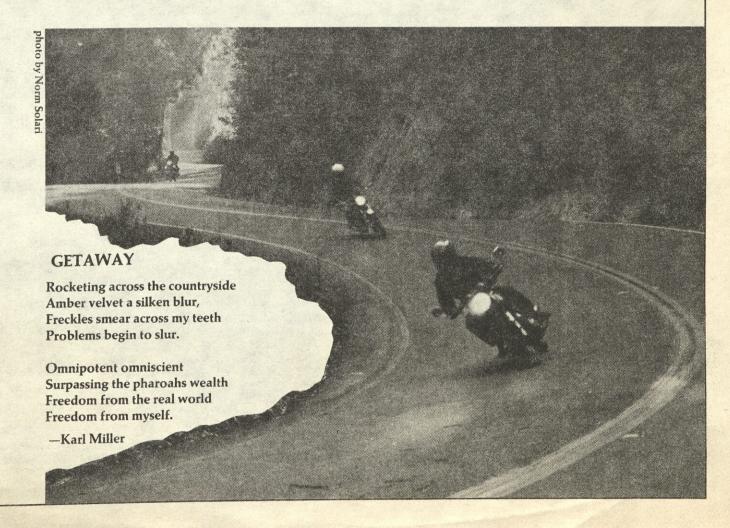
I always wanted a red balloon
It only cost a dime.
But Ma said it was risky
They broke so quickly
And beside, she didn't have time.
Even if she did, she didn't
Think, they were worth a dime.

-Gwen Nash

PISSING IN THE RESERVOIR

Liquid gold streams in the sunlight making circles in the water that expand like the eyes of everyone watching, my sister, my brother and the rancher's daughter, at seven I hardly knew any better, I only wanted to impress them with my muscle control and scare the cow drinking on the other side of the reservoir no larger than our living room floor, my mother said didn't I know people drink that water! Never, Never, Never pee in the reservoir! I could not face the rancher's daughter I had peed in her drinking water, I thought she hated me for years.

-Craig Hoffman



ANOTHER HUMMINGBIRD

He flutters by on tenuous wings. All I can do is look And be happy that he comes To feed by me.

Sometimes it's like a cruel game That the most beautiful things Can't be touched Because they'll break, or die, or Run away.

Like when I was little
And saw my first hummingbird,
And Daddy made me stand
Real Still
So the bird wouldn't fly away.

It was so hard.

I shook with excitement
And wanted so much to reach out
And capture the tiny angel
To look at for my pleasure
And let him rest his wings.

But I didn't.

As now I won't,
When my hummingbird
Stops by to show me his colors
That grow more brilliant with each sun
And his wings struggle valiently
To hold him
On his own.

-Phyllis Olson

IMAGINARY FLIGHT

I've hung around air machines parked on asphalt spongy in the sun on days when a cloud would crawl loosely in the eye-blue sky, and a bladed hawk spiral up the ocean of day. I could not take the machine up in the air to rip the cloud or mote the blue of heaven, but I could feel my ribs take hold in the breeze that rolled the mustard fields by the tarmac and lift off, missing only a cap and goggles for the airrush that would fill my eyes with tears and blur vision as my ears began to burn passing the hawk turning in its apple peel path through the sky.

-Craig Hoffman

When the weather's like this, Birds aren't sure what to do, Whether to fly South or not.

Some shakily stay and build A nest, imploring others. Some get confused and fly

East by way of West, searching For some reason, mistakenly. A few flit about the edges

Beating time, screaming onlyh At squirrels or small children That one wingless bird must

Bypass next areas altogether; It does nothing, it can only Watch the trails of others.

-Rich Holeton

FORCE I

Wind is a force
It has no body
Without the air
It would have no sound.

Imagine just space And the force we call wind. Now put a tree there. Wind

It moves you.

-Phyllis Olson

Photos by Rohn Wood

COMMUNICATION To think my own thoughts To dream my own dreams Of serene stars With you my love Standing in my sphere, Listening And loving. And you will treasure thoughts Tho different than mine, And you will have defined dreams Of things I have never sought And I Will stand in your sphere Listening my love To those things you consider dear. —Suzanne M. Josvai