THE HIGHLANDER

University of California, Riverside
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Rekindling the protest flame

Ten years ago this weekend militants in the small community of Isla Vista near Santa Barbara burned a Bank of America in protest. According to the Isla Vista Recreation and Park Department, the city has undergone a lot of changes since those days of political unrest. To celebrate 10 years of "community evolution" and commerate the burning of the bank, the city will hold a three day "festival" this weekend.

Events at the festival will include "guided tours of the area's trees, parks and community gardens," open houses, and a screening of the documentary film *Don't Bank on Amerika.*

Sounds like a great way to spend the weekend, should we bring our flame thrower or our fire extinguisher?

Honest Government

While keeping a weather eye around campus, we discovered red-white-& blue posters telling us that honesty could pay up to $10,000.

Intrigued, we read on. It seems a new group called American Citizens for Honesty in Government is being formed in Riverside. The poster didn't say exactly how the group would fight corrupt government. Although the group is very big on creating a safer environment, the poster didn't say anything more about how we could make $10,000.

While reading the part that told us there was something worthwhile that we could do with our life, we glanced at the bottom of the poster, to see what all the little asterisks after abbreviations meant, we discovered that the group is being sponsored by a local church in downtown Riverside—the Church of Scientology.

down by the riverside

On the cover

A very talented graphic artist and painter—Barbara Mendes Kunstler—designed this week's cover for us. After graduating with a Studio Art degree this spring, Barbara plans to continue her studies at UCLA. We hope to publish more of Barbara's unique artwork in the near future.

What's inside...

The Highlander went to Pomona to collect two awards. Jim Johnson brought back a picture, but they were out of cotton candy...page 5

The Highland dance club survives despite little contact with UCR...page 10

The *Classic Issue* has arrived, compiled from submissions by UCR students and staff...special insert.



Edna Ikeda

Sunday night a "Riverside Cares" celebration and thank you dinner honored all who had contributed to the Cambodian Relief fund-raising. Among the entertainers were Keith and Rusty McNeil who led the audience in rousing African drum music. Reverend Mike Manning emceed the show.

At the end of the evening (above) donation collector Bob Breeding, UCR student Bosseba Kong and Cal State San Bernadino student Theani Imacseng peered into the evening's contributions and discovered a grand total of $354.92.

Chancellor Rivera outlines UCR's new academic plan

Mark Muckenfuss

Every building must have a blueprint, every army a battle plan, and every institution of action an outline for the directions in which it intends to move.

On February fourth, Chancellor Tomas Rivera distributed an Academic Plan Statement for the review of faculty and administrative staff. Although much of the statment simply calls for expansion on already existing programs, a few new ideas have been submitted for general approval.

Rivera immediately stated that "the submission of an Academic Plan in the spring of Jarvis II is subject to a substantial element of risk. However, the uncertainties that face us do not warrant abandonment of planning."

Calling "the life of the mind" the main concern of any academic institution, Rivera stated that UCR's main objective "is to meet the intellectual challenges of our time through teaching, research and public service accomplished at the highest level of quality."

While making it a point to stress the number of degrees that the campus offers at the post-graduate level, Rivera said that he intends "to support as a matter of substantial priority a faculty proposal for a B.S. degree in Business Administration and urges the faculty's serious consideration of this concept." Rivera based this move on student demand for education in this area.

Rivera intends to put more of an emphasis upon introducing programs that will serve in areas that are not strictly academic. "A task force," he said, "is being asked to consider the development of what might be called 'career preparation minors'." These would consist of small groups of courses designed for a minimal educational background in areas looked for by employers of UC graduates.

At the same time Rivera said he intends to "pursue with vigor the objective of a

turn to page 5

Former Education official talks on women and blacks

Mark Byrne

Former Assistant Secretary for Education, Dr. Mary Berry, spoke on her experiences as a woman and a black , in government and academia, before a small audience at the University Theatre last Friday.

She described female advances in higher education as "change without progress." Despite the growing number of female educators, they have still not reached the same level that the males obtained 20 years ago, she said. Women, Berry noted, working at the same level as men, earn $1,000-4,000 less than their male counterparts. "At present rates," Berry pointed out, "women will reach parity with men in 100 years."

She illustrated the women's plight with an analogy from Lewis Carrol. "The Red Queen had to run very fast just to stand still; twice as fast to move."

The role of blacks and hispanics in higher education is poorer still, Berry asserted. Indeed, Berry called the current backlash against Affirmative Action unwarranted. "Its purpose has been misrepresented with scare tactics as the ultimate end of Affirmative Action will be to revitalize our institutions and to have hiring and promotion truly based on merit," she said.

Dr. Berry called for a revitalization of initiative in the area of Civil Rights. Noting that a famed Civil Rights activist has called current Civil Rights issues too complex and difficult, she said, "People who are the oppressors like to think that the oppressed feel that the Civil Rights issues are too complex and too difficult."

She said, "KKK incidents have risen from zero in 1977 to 44 in 1979; there is a 40 percent unemployment rate for black youth; and the mortality rate for black males is twice that for white males." Dr. Berry went on to point out that the life expectancy of black males is 62 years; thus, the average black male will never receive his social security benefits.

In a question and answer period afterward, Dr. Berry was asked her opinion on busing. "Busing should be viewed as a means rather than a end. The proper course would be to improve the black schools rather than bus to better schools elsewhere," she said.

Ideologies influence decision?

Office space fickle for political journals

Carolyn Bolz

A decision by the chairman of the political science department to offer office space to one journal following termination of space for another independent journal has prompted criticism from students and faculty.

The two journals involved in the dispute are *Western Political Quarterly,* a political science journal, and *Latin American Perspectives,* which deals with the politics and economy of Latin America.

Last spring quarter, office space and supply money given to LAP by the political science department for the past four years was terminated. In response, the Legislative Council adopted a unanimous motion in October in support of LAP.

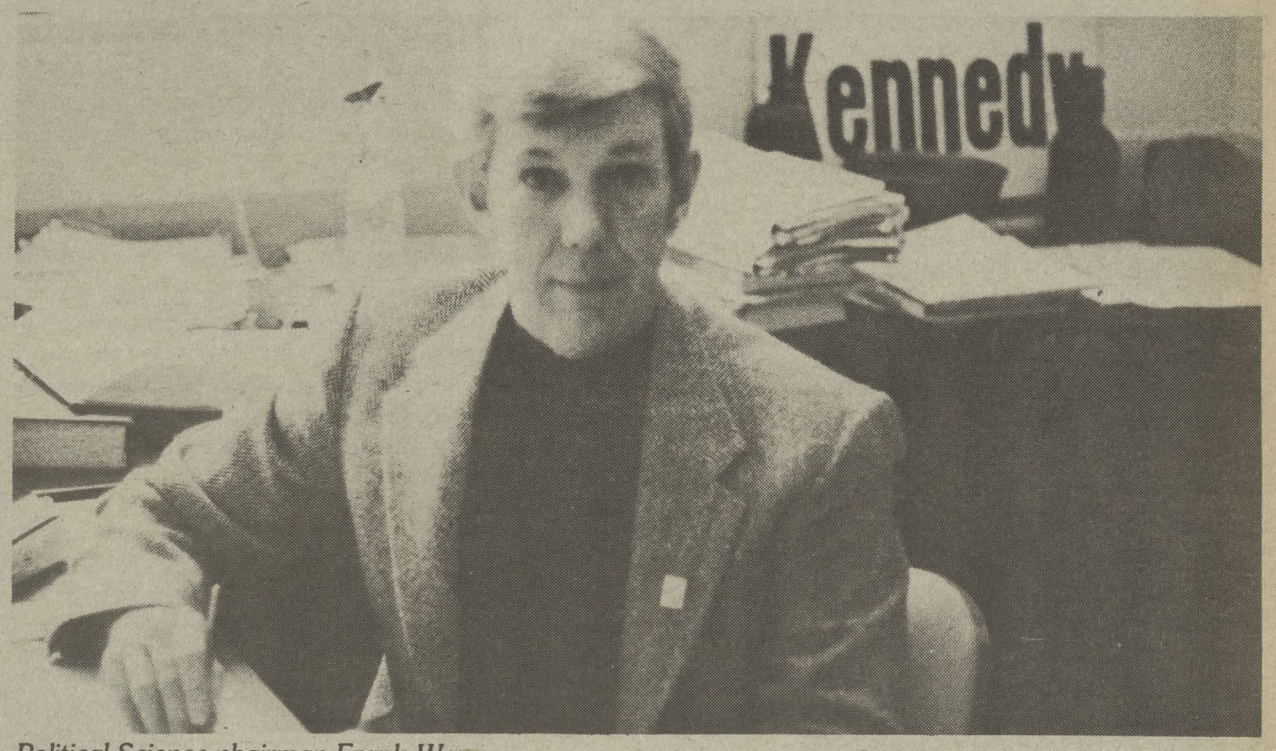
Chairman Frank Way told *The Highlander* recently that if Professor Charles Adrian is chosen as new editor of WPQ, he will offer office space in the department to the journal. Way says he told the president of the Western Political Association at the University of Washington "that should Mr. Adrian be selected as the editor, we would provide one faculty size office—which would have wide support in this department."

According to Way, the offer to house WPQ at UCR will probably not exceed four years, the amount of time LAP was given space.

Way says that last spring both Chancellor Ivan Hinderaker and Vice Chancellor Michael Reagan requested office space in the department, forcing him to ask LAP to vacate its office space. Since then Way has requested the California Internship Program to vacate its office space. WPQ has been offered space, says Way, because it is a broad journal with a large circulation.

Way denies allegations that the political viewpoint of LAP was a factor in the decision to terminate its space. "The people who suspect that don't even know me," he says. His accusers, he adds, think of a department chairman as a "fascist authoritarian."

"Simply because someone has a certain political perspective, for example a radical political perspective, does not exempt them from the ordinary rules which apply to everyone else—to wit here, space allocation," says Way.



Political Science chairman Frank Way.

Stephen Mitchell, internal president of ASUCR, believes WPQ was offered department space because the journal "is definitely within the ideology of Frank Way." Mitchell further emphasizes that LAP is "the most important publication in its field. It is *the* journal in that particular field," he asserts.

Mitchell says he spoke privately with Way following passage of ASUCR's resolution in support of LAP. "I was a little bit more upset going out (of the meeting) than I was coming in," Mitchell said.

"He (Way) asked me to go back to the public, which I did," says Mitchell. "A lot of students have talked to me about it."

Mitchell, who is a senior in political science, argues that Way "has never picked up a copy of LAP."

Professor Ron Chilcote, managing editor of LAP, says the journal will continue to work out of his office indefinitely. "I would hope that office space might be available sometime in the future—I'm not asking for it or anything."

In an article which appeared in the November 8, 1979 issue of *The Highlander,* Chilcote said that he hoped the Chancellor would "find a way to restore support to the journal." The Chancellor's office had recieved over one hundred letters from the United States and Latin America following the termination of aid to LAP. On November 25, 1979, however, Rivera reaffirmed his previous decision, confirming the decision of the political science department to terminate support for LAP. Rivera wrote, "I have made an impartial assessment of the situation."

Chilcote says his main concern is the student workers employed by LAP. In a memo sent to Way last July he asked the department chairman to reconsider his decision to terminate space and support for LAP saying the decision "does provide a hardship . . . (for) three students presently employed."

Way denies that the student workers have been affected by the decision. "If the students lost, it would not appear to be true," he told *The Highlander.* "They're still working for them."

Arab culture night supports unity

Mark Mansell

The UCR Chapter of the Organization of Arab Students in the U.S. and Canada held its 4th annual Night of Arab Culture and Palestine in the Commons Friday evening to deliver a message of "unity and solidarity of Arab students," according to OAS president Zohair Al-Khatib.

'Zionism is the system that most threatens world peace.'

Following an Arabic meal of Kufta Kabab, zuccini with rice, Homos Bit-Hini, Tabula, Arabic bread and Baklawa, the program consisted of a series of speakers. After the International Student Services director Dian Elton thanked the Arab students for representing their culture on campus, Clayton Webb of the All African Peoples Revolutionary Party spoke of the fight against Zionism and in praise of revolutionary movements around the world.

Webb, of the same party to which Stokely Carmichael, who spoke on campus last year, belongs, said, "Of all the world's systems, the system of Zionism is the system that most threatens world peace." Webb also said that he and the members of the All African Peoples Revolutionary Party "don't think the world is chaotic—the world is moving toward progress and revolution." He cited the examples of the revolutions of Nicaragua and El Salvador as cases where, "20 years ago the U.S. would have sent troops. Today the revolution in El Salvador is going good," he said.

"The task facing both Arabs and Africans is organizing their areas for real peace," continued Webb. "Zionism is the most formidable and dangerous force facing the Middle East." Webb concluded by urging support for Palestinians against Zionism.

Mrs. Helen Hattar, representing the Arab-American community in Los Angeles, and who served on the Board of American-Arab University Graduates, said that the present period of Arab revolution is a time of growth and rejuvenation, during her speech.

"Listening to the U.S. media," she said, "you tend to think the Palestinians are being forgotten." She then condemned the building of Israeli high-rise buildings around old Arab cities, as well as the plans to allow Israeli settlers to settle within Arab cities on the West Bank, as well as around them.

"If the West Bank doesn't belong to the West Bank Palestinians, who does it belong to?" she said. "We must support our Palestinian brothers and sisters in Hebron in their fight to keep their land."

Mrs. Hattar also said, "We don't want an American military presence sitting next door to our land," as she condemned the build-up of American forces in the Persian Gulf area in response to events in Iran and Afghanistan.

After the speakers, the program continued with a movie: "Palestinian Children," about life in refugee camps in Lebanon, and an Arabic folkloric ensemble the "Aisha Ali" Show, which gave a performance of Arabic song and dances.



'Not another Vietnam'

Former Afghanistan ambassador at UCR

Mark Mansell

Afghanistan should not be considered another Vietnam, according to Robert Neumann, former U.S. ambassador to Afghanistan, as he addressed a meeting of the World Affairs Council on February 14 in the Commons.

"Afghanistan is not another Vietnam in that there is no chance of driving out the Russians, although I feel the Afghans will give a good account of themselves. Also, the Russians don't have to worry about public opinion. There are no Jane Fondas in the Soviet Union," said Neumann.

Neumann, who served as ambassador to Afghanistan from 1966 to 1973, and then as ambassador to Morocco until 1976, is currently the director of Middle East Studies at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies. He was also a professor of political science at UCLA before entering the diplomatic service.

Neumann stated that the Soviet decision to intervene in Afghanistan was based on whether the Soviets wanted to let the Communist government running the country fall, since it was plagued by a country up in arms and large segments of the army deserting, or to take over themselves.

He also stated that the Soviets were knowledgeable about the April, 1978 coup which put the Communists in power in the first place, after deposing the government of Mohammed Daoud. He based this assumption on the fact that the Communist leaders prior to the coup prided themselves on their close ties to the Soviet Union, and Neumann said that they would have been unwilling to risk those close ties by taking such an action without notifying the Soviets beforehand.

Neumann did not feel that there would be an early resolution to the fighting in Afghanistan. "The Afghans are a proud people, independent and willing to sacrifice their lives. When I hear Babrak Kamal (present ruler of Afghanistan) say the Russians will leave when the country is stabilized, I say 'that will be the day'."

"All the Afghans need from us are some weapons," said Neumann, "especially shoulder-carried rocket launchers to keep the helicopters, their worst adversaries, at a distance. I hope we give some to them. Because of our lack of credibility with the rebels over our behavior in the past, we have to act to restore it."

The only way to supply that help, according to Neumann, is through Pakistan. "The Pakistan regime is not my first choice of a regime," he said. "In fact," Neumann continued, "*any* other regime would be my first choice, but if we want to support the Afghan rebels, we have to support Pakistan under whatever regime it has."

Neumann also tried to explain the recent Soviet moves in terms of Soviet long-range policies. "There is a dynamic in Soviet culture that pushes them outward," he said. "The Russians will move into a vacuum even though conditions are already quite favorable to them," he continued, saying that the Soviets have long had designs toward that region.

According to Neumann, U.S. foreign policy must become more realistic to world conditions. "We must learn that although we have common interests with some countries, our priorities may not be the same," he said. "When we think of strength, we must think not just of physical strength but in perceptions of will." He supported the move toward the draft, saying the U.S. "must make sure Carter's brave words are backed up."



Michael T. Sloss

Former ambassador to Afghanistan Robert Neumann.

WANTED

ORIENTATION COUNSELORS FOR 1980 BEAR FACTS PROGRAM



If you care about new students, about UCR, and believe in the importance of a good beginning, why not apply to be a 1980 Bear Facts Orientation Counselor? Earn $50 for the week of September 21-27. Applications are available in the Campus Activities Office and must be returned by February 25. Interviews begin February 25.

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the BARN

ELIZABETH COTTON AND MIKE SEEGER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23

SHOWS AT 8:15 AND 10:15 P.M.

$3.50 UCR Students

$5.00 General Admission



Jim Johnson

Don't you wish you could fly?

With all the large scale weather related disasters locally, we thought it fitting to dwell for a moment on the plight of our little friends. Here we find a squirrel attempting to ford a newly formed southern California river.

News Briefs

UCR student nominated

UCR's Registration Fee committee chairman Terrie Groth is one of three nominees for the position of Student Regent, according to the Student Body President's Council.

Groth is a graduate student in political science. His contenders are Nancy Laga, student body president from UC Santa Barbara, and Leslie Lurie, a junior Communications Studies and Political Science major.

The nominees will be interviewed by a Regents sub-committee, which will make its recommendation to the Board in March. The student selected will assume full voting power as a member of the Board on July 1, 1980.

Ex-President visiting

Former President Gerald R. Ford will be meeting with students and faculty at The Claremont Colleges on Tuesday, Feb. 26.

Ford will be available to answer questions during three sessions during the day. The first one-hour session with students begins at 9 a.m. in Harper Hall. The time of the faculty session has not been announced. He will meet with the press for the third session immediately following student's questioning.

This is one of about 10 annual campus visits Ford makes all over the country. He speaks as a Distinguished Fellow of the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, a publicly supported educational and research organization based in Washington.

New UCB Chancellor

Law professor Ira Michael Heyman will become the new UC Berkeley Chancellor starting July 1, 1980. He will succeed retiring Chancellor Albert H. Bowker after nine years as head of UCB.

Heyman, 49 was selected from nearly 200 candidates during a six-month search by a committee of Regents, faculty, students and alumni. His new position will pay $67,500 annually, and increase of $7,100 over his salary as vice chancellor.

Vice chancellor at Berkeley since 1974, Heyman joined the law faculty in 1959, became a professor in 1961, and served on the campus-wide Academic Assembly. He has continued teaching while vice chancellor.

Heyman coordinated the $2.7 million cut in the campus budget last year, including the elimination of over $1 million in staff positions.

Coordinator chosen

After two months, the position of Rape Prevention Education will be filled as of February 25.

Shirley McGee, an officer with the California State Men's Correctional Institution, has been slated for the position. McGee has served on the Governor's Rape Prevention Task Force training government employees rape prevention techniques.

She was selected by a search committee made up of Jane Brown, the Women's Resource Center Director, Randy Lingle, Director of Public Safety, and Ana Morales, a Chicano Studies counselor.

Former coordinator Tara Heitz resigned in December due to reported conflicts between herself and supervisor Jane Brown.

The purpose of the position is to decrease the number of assaults by increasing awareness of preventive measures on campus. It is a state funded program which works out of the Woman's Resource Center.

...Academic plan

from page 2

more coherent general education structure for this campus. A task force will be assigned to look into changes in the general educational requirements that now exist and propose possible changes."

Rivera also said he would support the growth of "human services programs, perhaps starting with our existing Human Development major and later branching into Social Welfare. Another new area may be that of a Public Service major, as a public sector equivalent to Business Administration."

Another area that was high on Rivera's list of priorities was research, especially undergraduate research. "It will be a major educational goal of the Chancellor to work as closely as possible toward universal involvement of undergraduates in research projects, the means varying with the department or program. ONl by the development of the strongest possible connections between teaching and research can we fulfill the promise that we extend to our students as a small, excellent university."

"In addition to its intrinsic value," he added, "basic research must be supported as a matter of prudential judgment even from the viewpoint of a technologically applied orientation, given our inadequate ability to predict what will and will not prove to be 'useful' ahead of the fact."

Rivera also stated his great interest in the continuing growth of graduate programs, especially those that are recognized for their work. "Graduate programs," he said, "that have received national recognition in the past and those that may do so in the future will be given appropriate emphasis in our resource allocation."

Not only is he interested in graduate programs, but Rivera is concerned with the growth and incorporation of new professional schools. "Our long-range plans," he said, "call for campus development of professional schools in the areas of engineering, law, social work, and veterinary medicine."

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Questions dodged in D.C., Mitchell says

Jim Johnson

Generalizations and sidestepped questions abounded at a meeting of student body presidents with White House officials, including President Carter, according to ASUCR Internal President Steve Mitchell.

"I had a feeling of disillusionment," said Mitchell of his overall reaction to the meeting last Friday, Fegruary 15, "Straight answers were hard to get."

Mitchell represented ASUCR at the meeting, which included 250 other student leaders from around the country.

The day was divided into three major sections: a session with top level White house advisors in the morning, small question and answer groups with lower level officials in the afternoon, followed by a reception with President Carter which included a picture taking session.

According to Mitchell, the major issues discussed were the Middle East, Oil deregulation, the draft, and defense spending.

On both the issues of the draft and the increase in defense spending Mitchell said the aides "sidestepped the issues and said that we just have to be prepared—that mobilization was a symbolic action."

"They kept sweeping along," said Mitchell. "They'd give a generalization and when you tried to follow it up they would point to someone else and say 'We have to move along.'

"They tended to sidestep the issues and promised to get back to us in the mail with detailed answers," Mitchell continued.

The fact that the aides said they would answer all questions in detail by mail made Mitchell feel like it was a productive trip. He said he felt the small group sessions with lower level officials were the most important part of the meeting.

The Highlander wins two 1st place awards

The Highlander received two first place awards at a college journalism convention last Friday.

The awards, for best sports photo and best cover design for a tabloid paper, were given by the California Intercollegiate Press Association at its annual convention. *The Highlander* entered the mail-in competition in 19 catagories which included various kinds of writing, layout, graphics, and photography.

The winning sports photo was a shot by Editor Jim Johnson taken at last year's Bicycle Criterium. The photo ran on the cover of the April 19, 1979 issue of *The Highlander*. The winning combination of covers was a drawing of an intricate gas line by Susan Helash from May 17, 1979 and a collection of photos by Robert Nachman, November 15, 1979.

"The awards were especially significant considering that we were competing against big schools like USC, UCLA and San Jose State," said Johnson, "All these schools have journalism programs and therefore much larger staffs than we have here at *The Highlander.*"

Four *Highlander* staff members went to the convention, which was held at Griswolds in Claremont and hosted by California State University at Pomona. Johnson, Managing Editor Mia McCroskey, News Editor Stephen Lovekin and Advertising Manager Rich Sawyer spent Friday and Saturday competing in on-the-spot competitions and attending seminars with professional journalists.

This was the first year *The Highlander* competed in the CIPA mail-in competitions, although last year a group of staff members attended the convention in Sacramento and competed in on-the-spot competitions.

"It was frustrating to sit through the awards last year and know we couldn't possibly win since we hadn't entered," said McCroskey, "Bringing home two firsts has made all the all-nighters worth it, I think."

In most categories *The Highlander* competed against both daily and weekly newspapers from all over the state. Other UC campus papers involved this year were the UCLA *Daily Bruin*, UC Santa Barbara's *Daily Nexus*, and UC Irvine's the *New University*.

Mail-in entries were selected by *The Highlander's* editors. CIPA rules limited the eligible entries to issues that were published between January of 1979 and December of 1979.



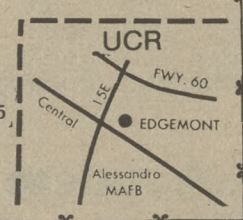
Jim Johnson's prize winning photo.

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At
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on Sunday, February 24

Choral Evensong at 4:30 p.m.
Program 5:00-6:00 p.m.

—PUBLIC IS WELCOME—

ACADEMIC ADVISING

College of Humanities and Social Sciences
1124 Sproul Hall

The following faculty advisers are available to see students who are Undeclared as to a major in the College of Humanities and Social Sciences:

Professor Fix	M 1-2; WF 1-3
Professor Ganim	W 9-11; F 9-12
Professor Neiman	M 10-12; T 1-2; W 11-12; Th 1-2
Professor Phillips	T 8:30-10; Th 8:30-12
Professor Purkart	M 8-10, 2-5

The following faculty advisers are available to see students who are majoring in Liberal Studies:

Professor Friedman	T 2-5; W 3-5
Professor Hansen	T 10-12; Th 2-5

(Professor Hansen will also counsel students who are interested in the sciences)

Associate Dean Ravitch	M 2-4:30; W 9-12, 2-4:30; Th 9-12
	Open door policy Th 1-4

etcetera

Pops' People

Tranquility for 8 bucks an hour

Larry Popelka

I've got a friend named Seymour.

Seymour's the kind of guy who makes you want to shout and scream and bang your head against a wall.

He never gets upset.

When I'm waiting in line at the grocery store behind a little old lady with 200 pennies, I get frustrated and impatient and have a mad desire to slug the lady right in the chops. But Seymour just stands patiently in line whistling or humming or staring off into space.

When I get a "D" on a test, I want to kick and shout and bang my fist against the wall. When Seymour does poorly on an exam, he just sits at his desk calmly reviewing his errors.

But worst of all is when I go to the laundry room to wash my clothes and all the machines are in use. That makes me steam! Yet Seymour doesn't even curl his lip. He politely takes a seat and waits for someone to finish.

At first I thought Seymour was on drugs or something, but once when I asked him for a joint he looked at me strangely and said, "What do you mean? I'm not a plumber."

Seymour's not into booze, either. He still thinks a Tom Collins is a basketball player for Milwaukee.

But there's something really weird about Seymour. He always walks around like he's floating on a cloud. He talks slow and soft as if his mind's somewhere in outer space And for some reason he's perpetually grinning.

Finally one day while slapping my typewriter in disgust after a particularly depressing term paper, I couldn't take it anymore. Seymour's nutty grin was driving me crazy.

I wanted to kick him in the teeth, but I knew that wouldn't do any good; he'd just keep smiling. So I asked him what his problem was.

"Problem? I don't have any problems," said Seymour.

"Seymour, come on! What the hell's wrong with you! Don't you ever get mad once in a while like the rest of us?"

"Oh, well, no, I guess not. Why should I?"

Finally after a good deal more prodding Seymour revealed the secret of his calmness: A wooden tank filled with salt water, which he floats inside for an hour or so until his mind becomes relaxed.

If you think it sounds a bit hokey, you're not alone. At first I thought Seymour was putting me on, too. But I've been doing a little research lately and found that Seymour is not the only kook who spends his time floating in tanks.

The float tank, as it's known, may be the biggest looney fad since transcendental meditation.

Since the fad started about a year or two ago, float tank franchises have opened up in Los Angeles; Chicago; Atlanta; Minneapolis; Austin, Texas; Phoenix and Scottsdale, Arizona; Denver, Colorado; El Dorado Springs, Missouri; Sacramento, California; and Chattanooga, Tennessee.

At these franchises you can pay $8 to float in a tank for an hour. Or if you care to invest $1,995, you can buy a tank of your very own.

The tanks are about eight feet long, three feet wide and bear a strong resemblance to wooden coffins. Inside, the rubber casing holds about 11 inches of very dense salt water, which is warmed and formulated to keep the human body afloat at all times.

According to one floater, when you lay back, close the tank lid and float, "awareness of self grows. Your sense of time and place diminishes. In time, in space, in a dramatic, measurable, brain shift, you may hear voices. You may witness visual displays. You may fuse with your surroundings or transform your self into something quite alien, something quite omniscient. You may feel tremendous joy, release, fear..."

Frankly, I think the person who wrote that just had a few too many joints (not the kind plumbers use). But then again, according to ancient floating folklore, everybody who does an hour or so of floating supposedly ends up like Seymour—calm, relaxed and totally disgusting to neurotics like me.

Sensing my frustration, Seymour gave me the address of a local float tank shop and suggested I give it a try.

So I did.

The shop, it turned out, was a small storefront with no signs, but several aquariums full of exotic fish in the window.

The girl at the front counter looked even more sedated that Seymour—truly disgusting example of how relaxation can ruin the youth of this country.

I paid her my $8 (although I'm not sure she noticed or cared) and she led me to my own private tank in a closet-like room.

After a quick shower, I took off my clothes, stepped into the tank and closed the lid.

It was dark inside and kind of spooky. I crawled around on my hands and knees trying to find the four sides of the box.

Once satisfied that there were no trap doors, I stretched out on my back and let my body float on top of the salt water.

It felt kind of like laying on a water bed, except there was no rubber mattress between me and the water.

At the time, however, I think I would have preferred a mattress.

As I layed in the briny solution a few tiny cuts I had on my knees swelled and burned. And my ears, which were approximately half under water and half above water kept popping and making funny noises. Not only that, the salt water drying on my chest left a thick, salty film, making my skin feel rubbery.

It took about 10 or 15 minutes for me to get used to these new sensations and become acclimated to my new environment.

Then I got down to the serious part: trying to see God, or at least a reasonable facsimile.

After all, I didn't pay $8 to have any ordinary hallucination. For $8 I expected the best.

But after about 10 more minutes of laying, looking and waiting, I realized that nothing as happening. I was wasting an hour sitting in some dumb woodent tank filled with salt water. At $8 an hour I probably could have filled by bathtub with champagne and had a much greater mind enriching experience.

But seeing how I still had a half-hour to go I decided to give it another chance.

I layed back, waiting and thinking.

I thought about the tank, the wooden boards, the rubber lining, the door on top.

And then I gagged. Air! I need air! I'm suffocating!

I thrust open the door and gasped for breath. There were still 20 minutes left.

After I closed the door, leaving it open a crack, I stretched out again, closing my eyes and trying to concentrate.

Finally I saw a blurry white ball in the distance. I looked closer.

It was Marilyn Monroe! She was smiling, her bright red lips dancing through the tank.

I opened my eyes to get a better look, but she vanished.

I closed by eyes again and saw another blurry white ball. This one had big glasses and a pointed chin. It was Woody Allen!

Then Marilyn came back, and the two of them started talking about something, none of which I could hear. I listened close, but couldn't make out a thing.

Then I heard a bang. No, a knock. A loud knock. Up in the sky. A message maybe?

"Your time's up."

What? time? What time? Who are you? Where are you from? You mean you're coming to take me away? Where? To heaven? Hell? No!

"I said your time's up."

It was a girl's voice. Soft. Sedate. But where was she from?

"Hey, you in there, I said your time's up. Come out."

I opened my eyes and lifted by scarred leg, which was burning from the salt water. And then I realized that my time had expired and the girl from the front desk was pounding on my tank telling me to leave.

I got out, took a shower, put on my clothes and left.

But I wasn't the same for the rest of the day. The salt water seemed to take a lot out of me. I wanted to go lay down somewhere.

When I returned Seymour was sitting in his room, smiling. I grinned and waved to him.

Grocery store lines didn't seem to matter anymore. Nor did test grades. Or laundry. I only wanted one thing: my bed. I plopped down on it and fell asleep for the rest of the night.

Pop's people is a nationally syndicated column.

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So says the VA... BEETLE BAILEY by Mort Walker



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U.S. prison system— our nations' cancer

When a scientist studies cancer, he looks not only at how to cure a patient with the disease but also how to prevent others from getting the disease. In other words he looks for a solution to the overall problem not just a reaction to a situation.

Unfortunately, the government does not follow the same scientific procedure when dealing with the problem of our prison system.

A recent report by an ad hoc task force is evidence of this. The task force, sponsored by the California State Employee's Association, was asked to study the recent riot at the Santa Fe, New Mexico State Prison.

The California delegation sent to New Mexico consisted of two guards on leave and three association staff members. The report they submitted included several recommendations for avoiding a similare insurrection in California. Among the recommendations were:

•Plastic handcuffs should not be used since they are easily broken.

•Prisons should be built of single-cell design, not dormitory style because prisoners are harder to control in the latter type.

•Hospital and arsenals should be kept within "range of guntowers to keep inmates from getting weapons and drugs."

This report follows Governor Brown's proposal in early January to build 10 new prisons to help relieve California's overcrowding problem.

Both the task force and the Governor's recommendation's avoid the real problem which led to the riot in New Mexico

Instead of merely looking for ways to avoid the reoccurrance of the circumstances in New Mexico, our officials should be examining why our prison system does not work and developing programs to avoid incarcerating people.

Our officials are going to have to realize it is more cost efficient to provide programs to reduce crime than to lock people away.

A look at the statistics on who gets sent to prison is a good first step.

Though minorities only comprise 30 per cent of California's population, they account for 60 per cent of the population in penetentaries. Also, the percentage of crimes against property (burglary and theft) has been rising in recent years while the percentage of violent crimes has been declining in correspondence to the level of unemployment in the state.

Considering that minorities make up an equally disproportionate percentage of the unemployed it is not hard to deduce that lowering the unemployment rate would also lower the crime rate.

This has been proven by the good results of programs across the nation, where convicted

turn to page 9

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editorials



"REALLY? YOU DON'T SAY! AND HERE I JUST THOUGHT THERE WAS A GAME ROOM UPSTAIRS!"

Perspective: Time to start campaigning

Peter A. Szalai

Last Wednesday, President Carter held his first news conference in two-and-a-half months. And although the President addressed several crucial issues, his continuing sacred justification for remaining a non-candidate was the one most fraught with serious repercussions. He argues, with most sincerity and vigor, that because of national emergencies, he, as President, cannot participate in partisan politics—that his solemn responsibilities preclude his ardent desire to campaign. Further, he suggests quite strongly that the normal political opposition we all expect in an election year is harmful to the interests of the nation.

Well, there are several things to be said to Carter's rather injurious view of the essential political process. National emergencies, whether they be defined or perceived as declared or undeclared war, kidnapping, or threat of vital interests, are not cause for subversion of elections. There has never been a postponement of a presidential election, and, hopefully, there never will be. Americans have always given special sanctity to the fundamental benefit of the democratic system—to the free exchange of views in the hope that open debate will inspire an informed public.

None can deny that the Iranian and Afghansitanian crises are grave matters which demand the President's urgent attention. And few would fail to rally around him in order to provide a national unity—when deemed to be in the public interest. But Carter must realize that his wrapping himself in the flag does not constitute a moratorium on criticism. There is, after all, a separation between President and Nation. The questioning of our leaders, even in times of crisis, is an inherent responsibility. And rather than weakening this nation, it strengthens it. For it is a formidable strength that our basic rights, foremost of which is the electoral process, are upheld even under the most unfavorable of circumstances.

Now, this is not to be insensitive to the President's situation. For it is the same, paradoxical situation with which all prior chief executives have had to deal—and that is the filemma between trying to build unity, in order to provide effective leadership, while at the same time supporting the constitutional forces which make that unity difficult. To the degree which this dilemma is recognized and accepted, the realism of the President is established. For if he determines that his course is the *only* course, and, that opposition to that course is opposition to the nation, he will have fallen into the trap that has consumed at least three 20th Century Presidents—Wilson, Johnson and Nixon: the trap of "rigidfication." It involves an inflexible adherence to a frame of mind against overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Politically, it is almost always fatal.

As an elected official, Carter must be responsible to the electorate. An accounting of his actions, especially through election-year criticism and debate, is mandatory—and it precludes any crises we may endure. Contrary to Carter and to his spokespersons, Senator Kennedy's remarks are not treasonous, nor even harmful. And, also, although th U.S. is part of the world community, our election process is not contingent upon the reactions of fanatics in foreign countries.

It is time for our President to get off his altar and to start shaking hands, kissing babies, and explaining why he should be re-elected.

If not, we'll simply choose someone who will.

letter

Porno money

Editor:

Controversy has surrounded the ASUCR film selections for this quarter. In particular, the showing of pornographic films such as *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* has been questioned. As one of the 100 students who signed the petition asking that pornographic films no longer be shown on campus, I would like to express my concern about the reasoning behind the showing of such films.

According to Traci Rayburn, "the Entertainment Commission is responsible for bringing in revenue to support other campus groups which cannot support themselves." Because pornographic films are big money-makers for the Entertainment Commission, it follows that certain campus groups are financed by the showing of films which exploit women. There is definitely something wrong with this financial set-up of ASUCR which has campus groups getting their suport from the degradation of women. Such films may be popular, but what is popular is not necessarily right. These offensive films do not belong on campus.

Linda Bolz
Junior
Language Major

opinion

A different situation

I would like to comment on the Anti-Draft Rally on February the 6th. I could hardly believe the things those "educated" people were saying. I do not see how they could possibly compare the Vietnam War to our present situation in the Persian Gulf. First, we went into Vietnam on the behalf of the French, who promptly left once we arrived. Our government justified our presence, and the American people backed it, with the Domino Theory. That is, once one country falls to the "evils" of Communism, then the surrounding countries will also fall.

The support for the war began to wane once it became obvious to the American people and to the government that this was a war we could not win. We also realized that the Domino Theory was invalidated.

How anyone could compare the Vietnam War with today's situation in the Persian Gulf is beyond me. Nobody is asking the United States to intervene for them. The crisis in the Persian Gulf is a threat to our vital interests. If the Soviet Union gains control over the Persian Gulf, America will be forced not only to make economic concessions, but political concessions as well. These concessions could very well endanger our personal freedoms.

For those people who said they would not go if drafted, they really have no choice. During the Vietnam War the United States did not declare war, making it possible to evade the draft by leaving the country or entering the service as a Conscientious Objector. If we go to war, which is highly doubtful, war will almost have to be declared, due to the War Powers Act that limits the Presidential power to run an extended "war". Thus, *all* borders will be virtually shut down. There will be no chance to gain Conscientious Objector status. This gives a person two choices; go to war or go to jail.

Keith Flynn
Economics/Admin. Studies

Editorial...

from page 8

offenders pay back their victims through community supervised employment efforts. According to a story in the Los Angeles *Times,* "These community based programs share the goals of keeping the offender in the community, strengthening family ties and increasing employment prospects.

We think the state should seriously look at alternative programs such as these first rather than building more prisons. It does no good to keep building more and more prisons without devoting more attention to releaving the increasing crime rate.

If scientists merely worked to develope ways to relieve pain in cancer patients, there would be no possibility of preventing cancer. Likewise, if state officials merely build more prisons without looking at ways to lower the crime rate, there will never be any hope of having enough prison space.

Skeletons in the closet

In policy making cirles the element of surprise is considered a strategic weapon. Well Vice-Chancellor Leo has surprised us again. In his recent letter to *The Highlander* Leo lays claim that he is a strong supporter of Affirmative Action. Surprise, it is time to draw a few skeletons out of Vice-Chancellor Leo's Affirmative Action closet.

We begin with the Spring quarter 1977 when he was being interviewed for his current position. An interviewer asked him what acronym E.O.P. was and Leo boldly replied: "Equal Opportunity Program." A chuckle arose in the room because people involved with Affirmative Action at the University level understand: 1. That E.O.P. means Educational Opportunity Program; 2. The significant role that E.O.P. has played in enhancing the cross sultural experience at all levels of the University and 3. The providing of a vehicle, under Affirmative Action guidelines, for entrance into the University for disadvantaged people.

The second skeleton emenates from the first EOP/SAA advisory committee meeting of Winter Quarter 1978. At this meetin 12 minority students attended, to help guide the direction of EOP/SAA, afterall it is us as minority students that the program is concerned with, but surprise, Vice-Chancellor Leo, who strongly supports Affirmative Action began pounding the table and shouting: "This is my committee, I set the dates of the meeting and who attends them." It was quickly brought to Lou's attention, by E.O.P. staff, that according to the then Chancellor Hinderaker that these were the duties of the Director of the program.

This leas to the Vice-Chancellor's next Affirmative Action Skeleton. At this time there existed no Director of the E.O.P. program. Ms. Hernandez was he coordinator of the program. However, she was fulfulling the duties of the director without the same pay or title. Many requests were made to the Vice-Chancellor to rectivy this situation, but he demonstrated his insensitivity by not complying to the requests. A point should be made here that by not having a director of the program, Lou Leo could control something which, he obviously knew nothing about, Affirmative Action. As a result the minorities on campus and the community solidified, and had a dinner to support Ms. Hernandez for the position. The Chancellor was present and stated, "I knew nothing of this matter, but I will look into it immediately." Soon after Ms. Hernandez was elevated.

Thus, by drawing on Vice-Chancellor Leo's Affirmative Action skeletons, the insesnsitivity he has shown towards the concept of Affirmative Action. Remember his theme of insensitivity still exsists as exemplified by the recent discourse in the Reg. Fee committee over the University Affirmative Action Committee.

Robert Alaniz

A paper waste

It has become increasingly apparent that many UCR organizations, clubs, and campus activities have continously wasted a large amount of paper in their publicity and reports to the campus.

I am deeply concerned about this gross waste of materials, as there is still a paper shortage in the USA, and it is becoming more expensive to reproduce, process and distribute each sheet used.

The campus should become aware of our natural resources and try to conserve whenever possible. This means using both sides of the page, cutting down on publicity through individual handouts, and utilizing our radio, newspaper, and verbal communications. Not only is there the concern over our dwindling natural resources, but there is the question of how much actual student money is used by each organization for publications and paper usage.

Theoretically, when an organization needs funds and their budget won't cover it, they go to the school's student government and ask for further allocations. If this money is granted, it comes from student activity fees which would otherwise be used to lower our costs for campus movies, dances, etc.

Conservation of paper, and all materials used on campus, could put the money back into the actual event, not the publicity of it.

L.A.L.

Africa—Origin of some very old inventions

Afro-American Inventors and Scientists

Even before recorded history one encounters the Negro's inventive genius. In Kenya's Olduvai Gorge, Dr. Louis Leakey discovered the remains of what he considered the World's first man. He also found remnants of a later human type, known as Chellean Man, who is dated at approximately 4,000,000 years, B.C.

Connected with Chellean Man is an invention still is use some 402,000 years later. It was a set of three weights connected by long ropes, a device swung in the air in a circular motion and hurled at an animal's legs entangling them so that it could not escape and was ready to be killed or captured. This instrument, called a bola in Spanish, was still used in the early twentieth century by Argentinian *gauchos* and by some Eskimos.

Whether Chellean Man was actually Negroid or lived before the existence of different races is hard to know. But, somewhat later, about 6,000, B.C., there was another type of man, in the region of what would, in the twentieth century, be Khartoum, capital of Sudan. Named the Khartoum fisherman, this human being is known by two important facts about him, cited by Sonia Cole in her *The Prehistory of East Africa:*

The Khartoum fishermen...are among the oldest recognizable Negroids in Africa. Their other claim to fame is that they may have been the inventors of pottery....We may find that inventions credited to peoples in other parts of the world in fact originated in Africa, as seems to be more likely in the case of pottery.

Iron Age Originators?

Some scholars hold that black Africans were the first people to produce iron. Even if this is not so, the fact still remains that the mining, smelting, and working of iron goes back about 2,500 years in Africa.

Other African Technology

Archeological indications may prove conclusively that the embalming methods used by the Egyptians were introduced by the black element that made up a considerable part of the population of ancient Egypt.

More than a bad dream

While reading your article "A Burning Issue" in the *Down by the Riverside* column, I was struck by one particular phrase: "the Vietnam War has gone the way of a bad dream." Is this is the way in which most Americans view the tragedy of Vietnam, I shudder to think of the consequences. The use of American troops to uphold a corrupt and vile regime in defense of "American Interests" was a flagrant violation of the ideals upon which this country was founded. Furthermore, the fact that most of those men who fought in Vietnam were not volunteers but draftees makes this offense even worse. Didn't we learn from Vietnam that this country cannot coerce its young men into fighting, against their will, for "American Interests" in a foreign land without drastically fragmenting our society? Didn't we realize that conscription goes against every ideal that this supposedly liberal-democratic state has? Do we really still believe that our government has the right to literally steal two to four years of a person's life in order to defend "American Interests"? Vietnam was not a "bad dream." It was reality.

If we cannot learn from our experiences as a nation, if we insist on pushing everything painful into the recesses of our memories, this state will go the way of many others who posessed self-deceiving populations. We cannot forget the lessons of Vietnam—that to be true to our ideals, this country cannot resort to conscription and military intervention. If we do, we must renounce our claim to being a liberal-democratic society. We will have to claim our new identity, one based on reality, that we are essentially a militarist state, a sucessor to the tradition established by the old European states, a tradition that led to the tragedy of two world wars. If we think about it, does this make us any better than the Soviet Union?

Douglas J. Cremer

Devoted few keep Highlander

Mia McCroskey

The night is clear and cool, the stars are exceptionally bright in the moonless sky. A breeze rustles the leaves at the tops of trees, but the sounds of daily activity have been hushed by winter nightfall. Only a piercing whine echoes eerily across the campus.

Max Van Balgooy is practicing his bagpipes in the Lothian parking lot.

Van Balgooy, a freshman majoring in history, is one of a small group of people, most of them UCR students, who are keeping the original meaning of UCR's mascot alive and kicking.

The Highland Dance Club has nine regular members, five of them are UCR students, and all are women. They meet every Wednesday night to learn and practice Scottish dances. Van Balgooy, along with pipers Jay Salter and Neil Fetter, accompanies the group in practice.

This quarter the group holds its practices in the auditorium at Emerson Elementary school near UCR. According to dancer Barbara Sirotnik they "seem to be last on the list when it comes to finding a room for clubs to meet in on campus."

Up until about seven years ago the Highland dance club was "a very prestigious group," says Sirotnik, who is a lecturer in the statistics department.

"The group used to have try-outs...we were totally with UCR. We danced at half time shows and for campus events," she says. But the dancers could only take so many shouts of "shake it baby!" from the crowd.

Pressure from former chancellor Ivan Hinderaker, who wanted them to become cheerleaders, helped them decide to give up half time shows.

"Ivan wanted us to shorten our skirts and carry pompons. We were a traditional dance group, so we quit," says Sirotnik.

Since then the club has become more and more detached from UCR. They are still registered with the Campus Activities Office which is supposed to schedule club meeting rooms. But according to Jeff Cazanov, Assistant Activities Director, they are low on the office's priority list because they don't do anything for UCR. Says dancer Leslie Cavit, "it's too bad we don't do things for UCR. We keep telling them we're willing to do something."

They do perform at Open House every year, and traditionally open the annual International Folk Dance Festival. But the festival was cancelled this year.

So the club dances for off-campus functions: festivals, fairs, concerts and for "anyone who wants us," says Cavit, "some pay and some don't."

Cavit and Carol Basinger recall one performance they did for the "Jim Beam Bottle Society" in San Bernardino. "They interrupted us right in the middle to auction off some more bottles," says Cavit, "some of them enjoyed it, and some didn't seem to pay any attention to us."

The dancers have also performed at the San Bernardino Reniassance Faire, and a party given by the "Daughter's of Scotia" in honor of poet Robert Burns' birthday. Most o the members just dance for fun and exercise, but three, Sirotnik, Basinge and 12-year-old Kirsten Munro danc in competition.

There are four levels of competition: beginning, novice, intermediate and advanced intermediate. Basinger, a teacher at Emerson school, is an advanced intermediate. Sirotnik, who has only competed three times, is a novice. Munro, the club's youngest member competes on the advanced intermediate level.

Kirsten comes from San Bernardino each week to practice with the group. She started taking dancing lessons from the club's instructor Sally Johnsen a year ago, but had danced non-competitively fo four years befor that.

Johnsen is a dance teacher from Montclair who teaches them traditional Highland dances as well a some of her own choreography. Eac student pays her three dollars for each lesson, which, says Sirotnik, "is great for two hours. Sally is really sweet. The three dollars just covers gas from Montclair."

Highland dancing is a Scotish tradition originally performed only by men for the Scottish Highland games. The Highland fling isan energetic dance that requires careful balance and strong legs. Only at the beginning of the 20th century did women begin dancing at thegames,



Dina Clark listens intently to the instructions on an upcoming sequence.



Neil Fette
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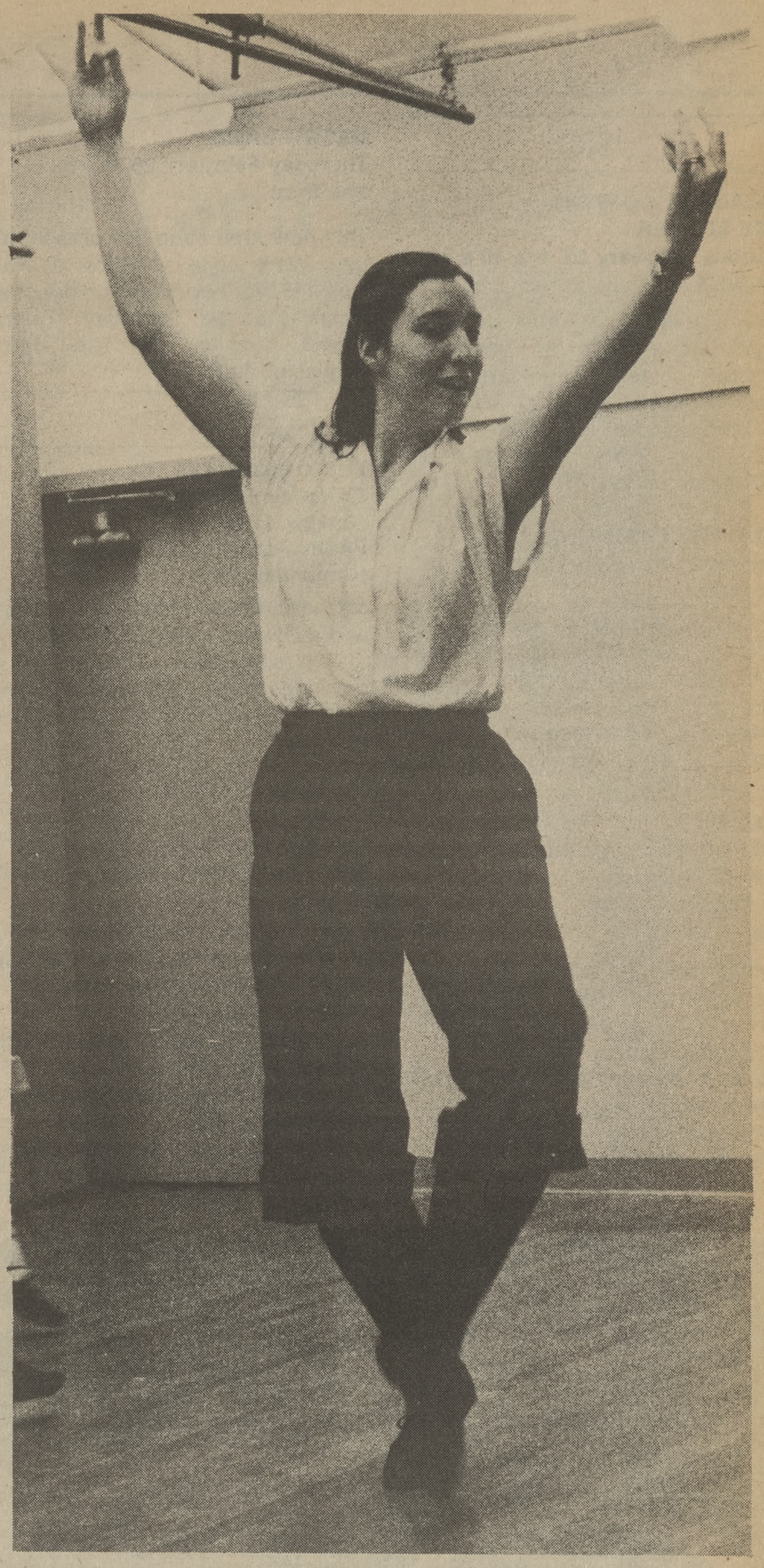
The club is not restricted to Highland dances, however, they also perform folk and ethnic dances. They are preparing two Balkan dances for an upcoming concert, to be performed along with a Highland dance that Johnsen has choreographed.

Beyond the three dollars per meeting, the club requires a minimum of investment of about $35 for a white blouse, dark vest, and plaid skirt, usually made out of thin cotton or polyester. Each dancer makes this costume herself to wear during performances. They also wear "gillies," black leather dance shoes with long laces, an additional $20.

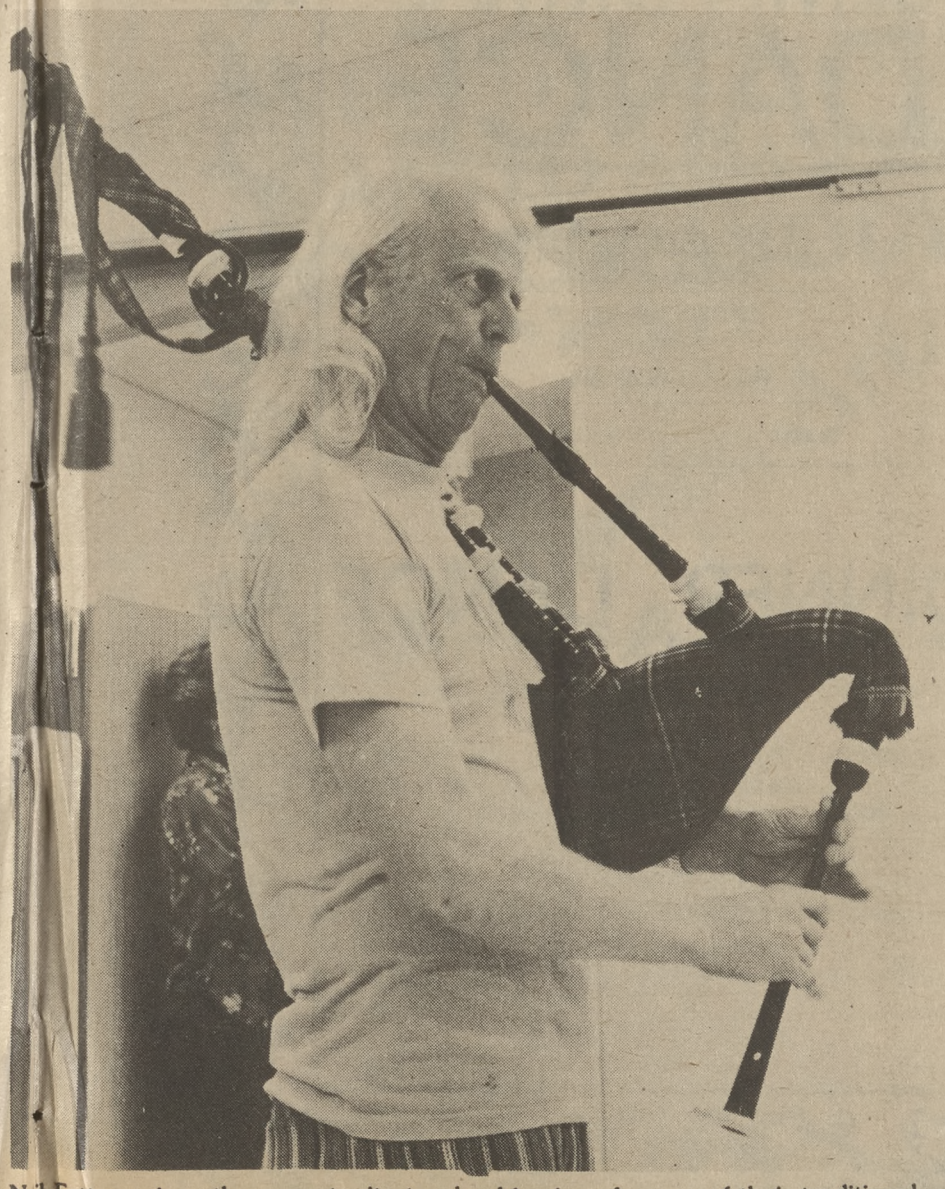
The traditional Scottish kilt is a heavy wool skirt made from one of the many Scottish tartans, plaids that are assigned to particular family names. It is a somewhat larger investment that all but two of the dancers have already made. A kilt and the hose that go with it cost between $150 and $200.

The UCR club is the only Scottish dance club in Riverside. There is one group in San Bernardino, says Sirotnik, and there are many in Los Angeles and San Diego.

The club is always willing to train new members. "No experience is necessary," says Sirotnik, "we'll teach people the basics." The club has survived the past few years without strong UCR support, and with practices being held off campus this quarter, it seems on the verge of total separation. "They don't seem to want to have much to do with us," says Sirotnik.



Leslie Cavit works on perfecting a dance step.



Neil Fetter enjoys the opportunity to play his pipes for one of their traditional purposes.

Photos by
Mark Muckenfuss
&
Mia McCroskey

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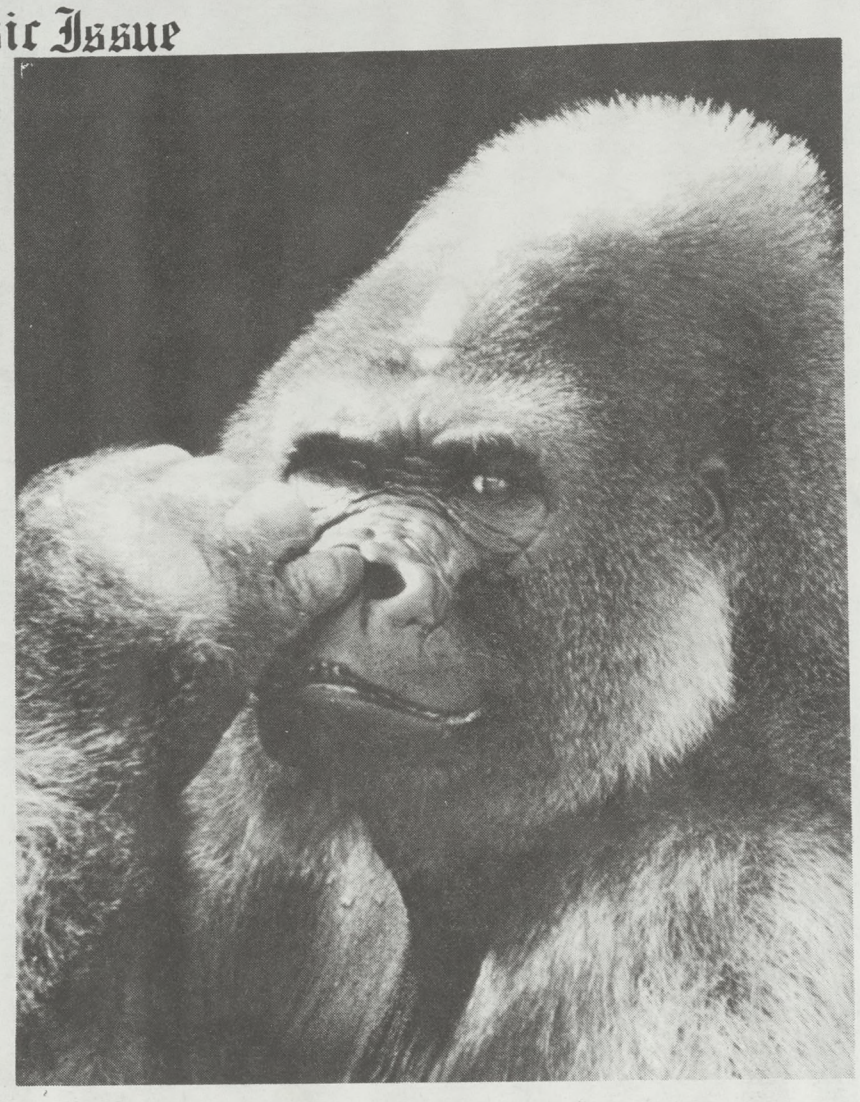
CLASSIC ISSUE



CLASSIC ISSUE

Not A Spinster Always, Bethany Schroeder....2
Cookies, Vince Jenkins....2
Poem, Anonymous....3
January's Child, Mike Cluff....3
The Press, Janice M. Kelly....3
The Passage of Time 2150 A.D., Kevin A Channer....4
Burnt Offering, Mike Cluff....4
36 Nations Later, Kevin A Channer....4
Aspen Meadow, J. Alan R....4
Visage, Steve Harms....5
Philosophical Thought, Steve Harms....5
Hot Damn, L. Dailey....5
Group Portrait, Arthur Holcomb....5
Poem, Steve Harms....6
The Forest, Mia McCroskey....6
Silent Dancer, Steve Harms....6
The Travelers, Bethany Schroeder....6
Student Ghetto/Changes, Bill Hoffman....7
Contradiction, Jeff Krynski....7
Night, James Peterson....7
Reality's Pseudonym, Mark Mansell....7
La Vecchia, Del Caro....8

Art Credits—*Cover, "High Lendor's Keep" by Mia McCroskey; page two, "Gorilla" by Jim Glenn, "Urban Incandesence" by Stephen Lovekin; page three, "squared spaces" by Judy Stotts, "Hands" of Rich Sawyer; pages four and five, four photos from "Mirror Dreams" by Judy Stotts, "Life and death equals faith in 'My Father'"; page six, Towers at the Mission Inn by Robert Nachman; page seven, "Soda Fountain Shadows" by Kerry Kugelman.*



Not a Spinster Always

So brave you scare yourself,
like a fledgling testing wings,
now up to Gram's attic
where the ghosts lie in.

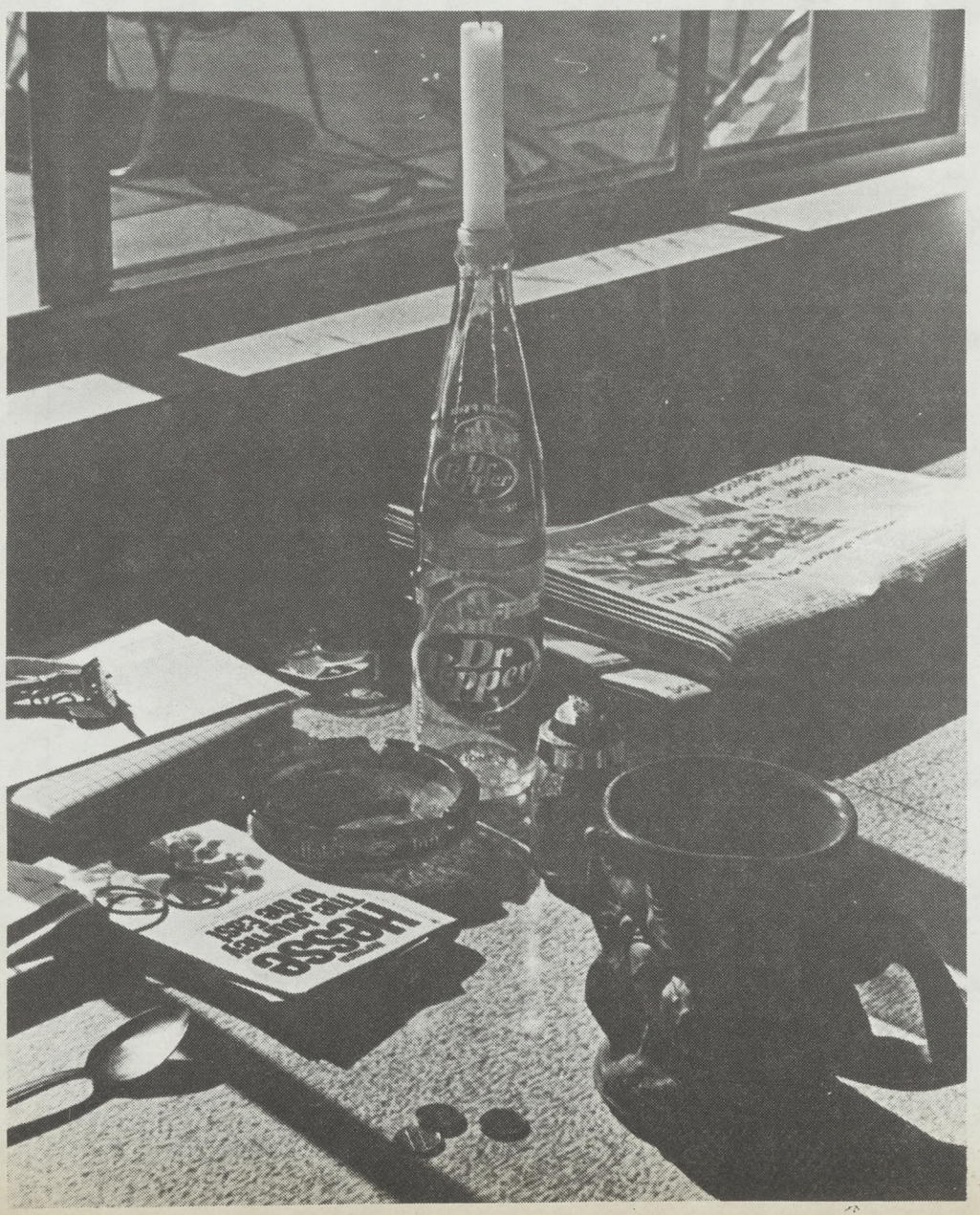
There's a congress there
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from continental landings.
An ancient ewer glistens. Such
are the forbears of your strain
to resist their cobweb covers
and wait on you! Old taffeta
hemmed in pearls could attract a lover

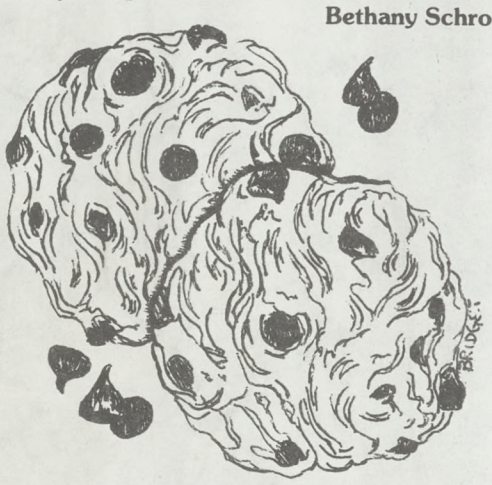
and stepping into the regal gown
to test its appeal,
you fancy he'll want you in it.
Your bond will boast the family seal.

You turn down the cluttered attic aisle
to meet that empty ewer.
The engravings on its base
suggest altar flowers.

You imagine him, limp
and failing, his breath
sour from prolonged dying. You sing, "Marry me.
My loving waxes willing at your death."

Bethany Schroeder





COOKIES

Milk, eggs, sugar and spice
cookies always taste so nice
soft and chewy, hard and crunch
great for breakfast, dinner, or lunch

The cookie is a sacred food
for with it comes a happy mood
a saddened eye that holds a tear
can soon be dry and reflect cheer.

Some people put the cookies down.
They say "they shouldn't be around
that sugar isn't good for you!"
Oh, what a silly thing to do!

But if they make a person smile
you must admit—they are worthwhile
for happiness is what we need
and cookies are a hopeful seed.

So eat your cookies, young and old
for they are worth their weight in gold
If everyone ate cookies, then
perhaps we all would be good friends.

Vince Jenkins

an empty room
a crowded silence
or distant activity
vacant chairs
narrow windows
clouded sky
and clouded mind

a narrow path
a rocky road
a torment gloats
'round every corner
the snakes attack
the venom seeps
through every vacant thought

a lonely heart
a weary soul
in desperation wallows
the questions build
the answers don't
weakness rots
these weary bones

a faithful cry
to God above
a desperate cry
in need of love
please help me Lord
i need a light
to guide my steps
through this deep night

the path divides
i cannot see
don't let them lure
my heart from thee
show me a way
a way that's right
and guide me to
thy loving light

I feel my pursuit
is hopeless still
is it the pursuit that lacks
or my own will
i am lost o Lord
with nowhere to go
please hold my hand
and don't let go

Anonymous

January's Child

Frozen dinners at half past nine,
listening to the stereo's hum,
empty rooms wishing to be filled,
with non-metalic laughter.

Solitary being,
like an orphaned tot,
let to bleed alone,
upon the frigid meadow.

Wine before bed,
warming the chill that tugs,
at the vacant soul,
weary from another winter's day.

Mike Cluff



The Press

by Janice Kelly

Every woman, at some time in her life, has the opportunity, the occasion, for great romance. That memory from her past, or perhaps even better, that promise for her future, serves as one of the great division between the sexes. For although the object of the romance is almost always a man, it is very seldom that the principals recognize their part, appreciate their role. The majority of men are much too preoccupied for the fantasy of romance.

Katherine leaned over the table towards him, her elbows on the lace tablecloth, her chin in one hand. If he would have even glanced up at her from his plate he would have seen the pout, questioned her, and that would have finished things. Such and easy cure but he was busy slicing an egg and he neglected the remedy. A moment later and she was up from the table, gathering plates into the kitchen, a slender woman saved from boyishness by long, heavy brown hair. She could have been a school-girl still but her home, her husband, the lace tablecloth, these things set her age. Her husband carefully mopped the last streak of egg from his plate with this toast, took a great swallow of coffee, and stood up, tossing his napkin onto the table and brushing crumbs from his clothes. "Bye," he shouted into the kitchen, still chewing. Katherine came to the door, her mouth straight, dull-eyed. She was holding a wet cloth in her hand and lazy drips found the carpet. "David, call me from work today." David stopped with one arm in his coat and turned to face her. "I won't be in the office today. I'll be doing my rounds. Today's *Friday*." Katherine put the cloth to her head and squinted. "Oh, that's right." "Alright?" David asked, his hand on her shoulder. He kissed her forehead. "Alright," she agreed slowly, "But call me if you're going to be late." "Right," and David shot his arm through the other coat sleeve and banged out the door.

Katherine turned back to the table and stacked David's silverware and coffee cup onto his plate. When she lifted the pile she saw the stain of egg yolk on the lace tablecloth. She swiped at it with the dishcloth and sighed into the kitchen.

By 3 o'clock the angle of the sun was low enough to take the glare off the spare-room window and Katherine could glance out on the traffic of the road and sidewalk as she sewed at her machine. She was working on a new shirt for David but mostly her thoughts were on another man, whose dark head and shoulders would appear from time to time in the shop across the street, bending over his desk in the front office, scattering other men around the thundering presses when he waved his ink-stained arms. The paper would be out soon and the blinds brought down on the windows. The delivery boys would gather and leave, stoop shouldered, and then their paper would come, not as the burden of a little boy, but held lightly in the gentle hands of Mr. Williams himself. "Paper boy," he would say and then with a half-smile, take down his hat from the great crown of dark curls and hold it as he talked with her. He would tell her all the news, the smell of ink still strong on him.

Katherine was finishing a hem when she saw the blinds go down across the street. The shirt was almost finished but she dropped it on the sewing table and rushed to the bedroom to brush her hair. She began the little ritual enacted every day at 4:15: if she were in her working clothes sometimes she would change, or pull on a jacket or a bright scarf. She perfumed her shoulders, checked to see her teeth were clean, smiled before the mirror. Today she drew a special, sheer white blouse from her closet, stared with something like remorse at its silky ties, its lace, then tore off the shirt she was wearing and threw it on, running through the hall to the door. There she waited, hand on the knob, her heart high in her chest. Waited for the sure steps, a bright knock. Stood and counted—1, 2, 3, 4, 5—and opened the door, beaming.

"Paper boy," Mr. Williams stood before her, the happy brown eyes, the shy smile.

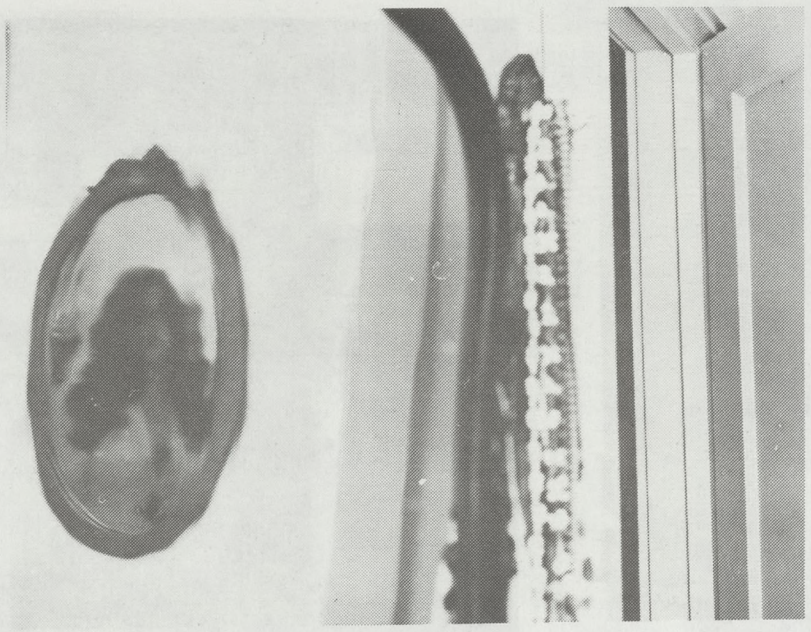
"Michael," she answered, "I'm glad to see you. Come inside for a moment. There's something I need you to do for me." Michael showed little surprise. He took off his hat and stepped inside, waiting there in the portal as Katherine shut the door after him.

"Here, Michael," she said, "do you see the lamp here over the table? I think the bulb's out. I've got a new bulb but it's much too high for me." Michael smiled at her and set his hat down on the lace tablecloth. "That's what you get for being so cute and short. Sure, get me the bulb and I'll put it in for you." Katherine left him there at the table and dashed from the kitchen to the pantry, rummaging through the shelves for a bulb, a bulb. In seconds she returned, triumphant, the fragile white globe in one hand before her smiling face, the other hand behind. The lamp hung within an easy reach for Michael. Katherine assisted by holding the shade when he handed it down to her, and squinted up into the socket while he inserted the bulb, admiring the ease of his powerful arms, the smooth line of his torso from across the table.

"Done," he said, replacing the shade. He dropped his arms and looked at her a moment, a bit sadly, she thought, and then he sat heavily in one of the chairs. She sat too, on the other side of the table, suddenly tense with excitement. Oh, what a beautiful sorrow he could carry in those eyes. For a long while Michael sat silently regarding her, then he spoke up softly, asked her if he could confide something in her. Katherine nodded, her mouth too dry for speach, expectant.

"You know I'm a bachelor, Katie. . ." and he paused. Katherine nodded again, encouraging. "Well, and since you're a married woman. . ." he looked at her, seeming helpless. Katherine had to concentrate in order to breathe. With a sudden movement Michael pulled himself out of the chair and leaned across the table towards her, both strong hands planted firmly on the table. "I think I've finally fallen for a lady, Katie. Her name is Sarah Fields. Maybe you know her, or her family. I don't think her father likes the bent of my politics, but somehow I've got to get her to marry me. You know about these things, what do you think I should do, Katie? Will you help me?"

Afterwards Katherine was sure she had done the right thing. She assured Michael that she knew the family and she would speak for him, and rushed him to the door, her tiny hand patting paternally the solid breadth of his back. she said, "Goodbye. Don't worry," and her voice hardly shook. When she shut the door and turned back to the table she was shocked by the ghostly black imprint of his two large hands on the lace tablecloth, the stain of ink from his grip. Numbly she removed the cloth and folded it, carrying it back with her to the spare bedroom, and set it carefully in her sewing chest. It could be used for a nice curtain, she thought, or baby clothes, and she turned on the light so she could see to finish the sewing on David's new shirt.





A single framed retinue of solitary images whisper within a contiuuous catena causation or reflecting and absorbant images intrinsically incorporated within a flame work which stereoed scarlet strands stands as a sterling realization of a vast vignetted body of work having no beginning and no ending resting for a particular river in time gently feeling courses to the silent soothing sea plateaus tableaux of The Space that summits as all Time threads tranquilled rose and a chorused conception reflection reception of a mere magicked multiplicated mirror spaced kaleidoscope culminating calligraphic calibration from the instrumentally eloquent ebbing instructed sure shutter strums of a familiarly formal flavour that lingering laces with the fervour of foreign foams and intricately integrates the horizoned harmonization of lyrically suite separate single notes.

Judy Stotts

THE PASSAGE OF TIME

2150 A.D.

I saw the azure blue sky tinted
iridescent green.
The teflon streets they seem so
clean beneath the plexidome
The sundials tie in Shiny chrome
As fission powered chariots race among
the haze.
10 nanosecs of a micron from Edens Maze
One can be assured that all roads don't
Lead to Rome.

Kevin A. Channer

Burnt Offering

Throw me to the lions:
the gargoyles of medieval origin;
Tha now dwell;
within German hearts.

Turn on the gas;
Blood-letters of the world;
Enjoy my pain;
and rejoice in my death.

Aryan lineage is of royal merit;
Wear your purple robes and ermines;
use my people;
To propagate genocide.

We won't bewail our fate;
for we are foolish;
like sheep;
lead us wide-eyed into the slaughterhouse.

Mike Cluff

36 Nations Later

Fourth son of the Lost generation
Kneeling at the Nile caught sight
Of the ancient one standing tall
in the African Sun.
What say Ye? After having danced at
Jinja, and toiled for infinity
in the shadows of the pyramids;
gritted his pearls on Sahara Sand
bathed his lusts in the Queen of
Lakes, Victoria! Whose falls mourn
the death of Mau Mau Warriors
36 nations Later; Without looking
down he replied; "Mista Kurtz
he dead."

Kevin A. Channer

Aspen Meadow by J. Alan R.

The small meadow seemed to welcome the young lovers. The sun broke through the tall aspen, and warmed a spot in the short grass. The young man spread the checkered quilt in the sun-lit spot in the meadow. His young lady set down their picnic basket and began arranging lunch on the quilt. While she busied herself with napkins and dinnerware, he, from across the quilt, watched her. After moments of mesmeration, he reached out and touched her hand. She stopped, and looked up at him. They stared into one another's eyes for a moment, clasped hands, leant toward one another, and kisses. . .

"Damn you," roared a new aspen sprouting just below the largest of all the aspen in the meadow. "Give me room! Give me some sunshine. You've no right to stunt my growth. You don't rule this meadow. Let go of my roots."

"Yeah," screamed a blade of grass, "Give us some sun too." "Yeah." "Yeah," chimed the other grasses, "Don't stretch your roots through our soil."

"We can't bloom you brute," yelled a tatter of shaded wild flowers, "This meadow is ours too."

With that, the meadow was abuzz with riot.

"You silly little things," chuckled the big aspen. "You insignificant runts. Look at yourselves. Puny, puny, puny."

The big aspen stretched forth one of its surface roots through a grass patch, and upturned the screaming blades to expose their starving white sprouts. With another deeper root, the aspen, grabbed hold of the upstart aspen who dared profanity, and began to strangle him at the bulb.

"Caution brother aspen," spoke one of the other full grown aspen in the meadow, "This behavior will not be toleratied by the old and wise of this meadow. True, you are the largest, but your size does not grant you the right to infringe upon the others of the meadow."

"He speaks for the entire council," added one of the other old and wise aspen, "And speaks for the good of the meadow."

"My roots spread farther, my trunk is thicker, my branches more numerous, and I stand far above all of you," boomed the big aspen. "I am sick of all you old fogies trying to make me old. This meadow is mine. Your council is dead."

The big aspen finished strangling the last life from the young aspen, and yelled out over the meadow, "Now maybe you'll wise up, ingrates; I am the mighty master of this meadow."

"Nah, no, nah. . .," yelled the wild flowers.

The winds began to whip and swirl through the meadow. The skies began to darken. The air became cold and moist.

The big aspen responded to the flowers, "And that's all you're capable of, nonsensical gibberish."

"You were once small," added the wild floweres as the big aspen rooted them out of their snug patch.

"Can you show no mercy brother?" asked an aged aspen.

"You are not as mighty as you pretend," came a voice from out of the blue above.

"It's old Sky," cried a grass patch across the meadow.

The bees began to humm wildly.

The winds became stronger. Black clouds filled the skies above.

The big aspen shucked a hive from one of its branches, sending the hive tumbling through the aspen branches to the ground. Bees fled everywhere. The big aspen let a hearty laugh roar, "Ha, ha, who speaks? Who mocks the meadow monarch?"

"You fool, look what you've done. Hve you forgotten that you must answer to me?" asked the voice from the sky.

"Now, now, old blue. . .," remarked the big aspen.

"You fool..." repeated the voice from the sky.

"You can do nothing to me. I usurp your might. Look how large I've grown. Look how mighty, and how colorful my limbs," responded the big aspen.

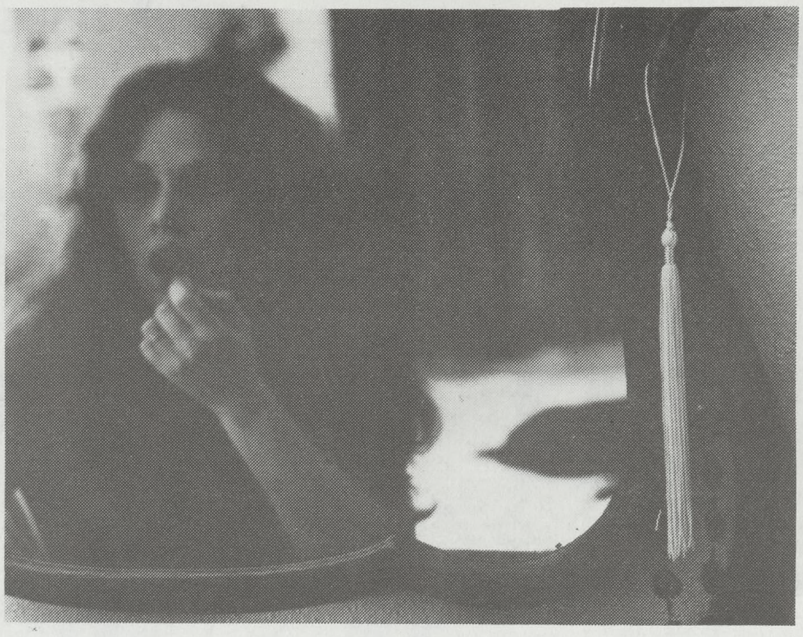
"Your limbs shall go dry. Your colors shall fade. And you shall fall once mighty aspen. You have otlived your usefulness," commanded the voice from the sky.

A cold wind raced up and down the big aspen, and withered its sappy bark. Out of the black, a crackling was heard, then a flash of light struck. A bolt of lightening struck down the mighty aspen. It fell away from the meadow, and the big aspen was gone. Rain began to fall.

...The lovers' kiss is interrupted. They hear a great noise. A tree has been struck by lightening. The clouds are thundering. The rain begins to pour. He helps her to her feet. She grabs up the lunch, hurriedly pushes it all back into the picnic basket, and begins to run from the meadow. He gathers up the now damp quilt, and follows after her out of the meadow. He catches up to her, and reaches for her hand. She stops, and extends her hand toward him. They stare again into one another's eyes, and kiss.

Mirror Dreams





HOT DAMN

I know that
eating too many peppers
makes my rectum burn, but I
heaped them on
my eggs
while you were saying how
you'd like me to
touch your cock more.....
now you're gone
and I'm here alone
with my flaming asshole
wanting to touch your
red hot hardness

I cool down with
some beer but
my thighs are warm and
I
wish i was sitting
on your——"face it
laura, you ate
too many this time."

L. Dailey

Visage

Daughter of the night
Settles upon the day
In softly changing pastels
What mysteries do you bring on this voyage

You've sailed from eternity to infinity
Guided by the wind of Thor
Bringing hidden treasures to open eyes
Time is your slave and light your master

Chance brought you upon this restless soul
Searching for comfort in agony
Finding peace in confusion
Miracles appear to the open portals

You touch the petals of endless blossoms
Create existance from deception
In one captures moment
The expectation of timeless hope is revealed

Move on, my incarnate revelation
To hold you would defeat The Order
I must dwell in my momentary ecstasy
You have touched and now must sail on.

Steve Harms

Art gives its soul to science while
science donates its structure and mind to Art.
Thus, the two vibrate; sometimes in harmony,
others in discord, toward a more perfect
understanding of God and The infinite capacity
of The spirit.

Steve Harms

Group Portrait

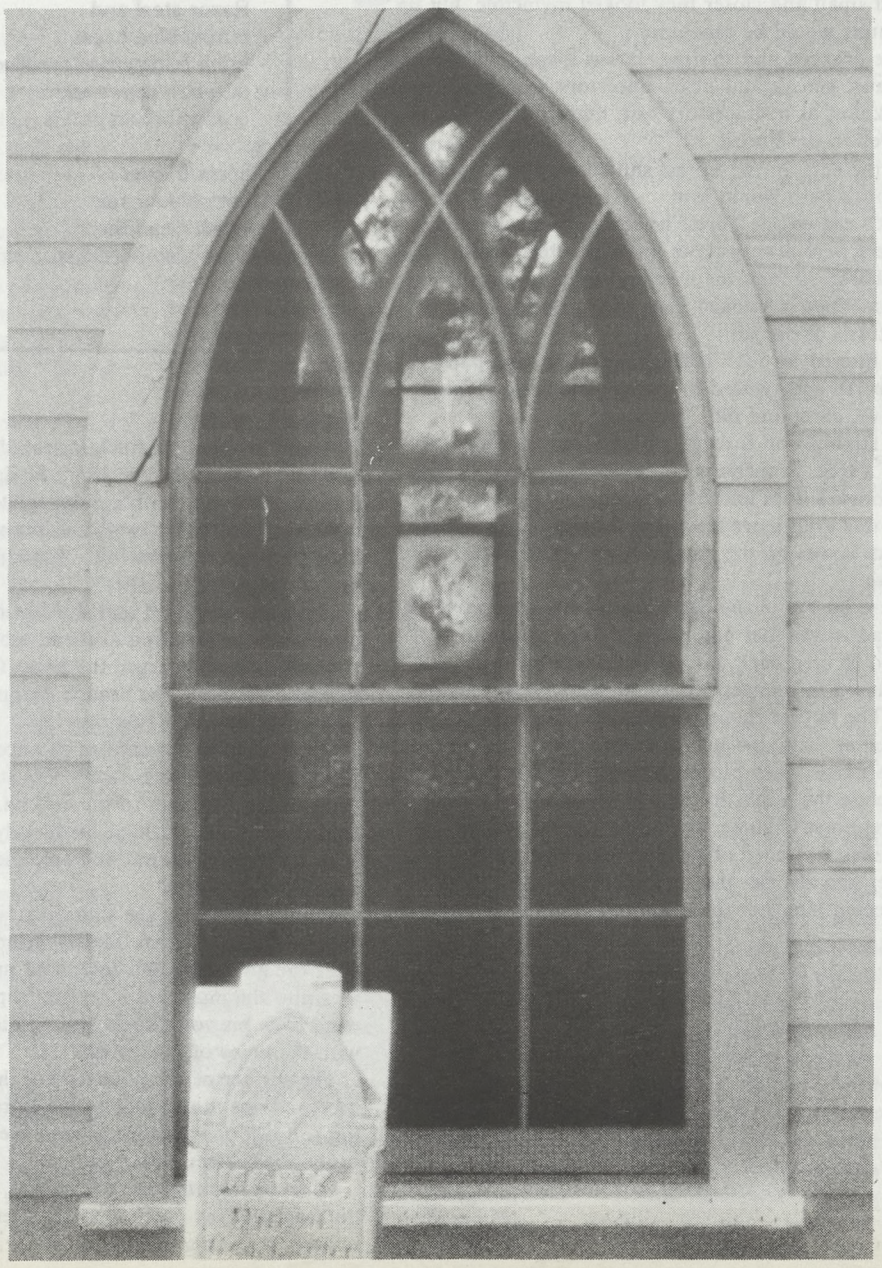
they all stood toghther,
a final tribute to their manhood,
and each was later delivered
their own
20" x 16 " piece of time

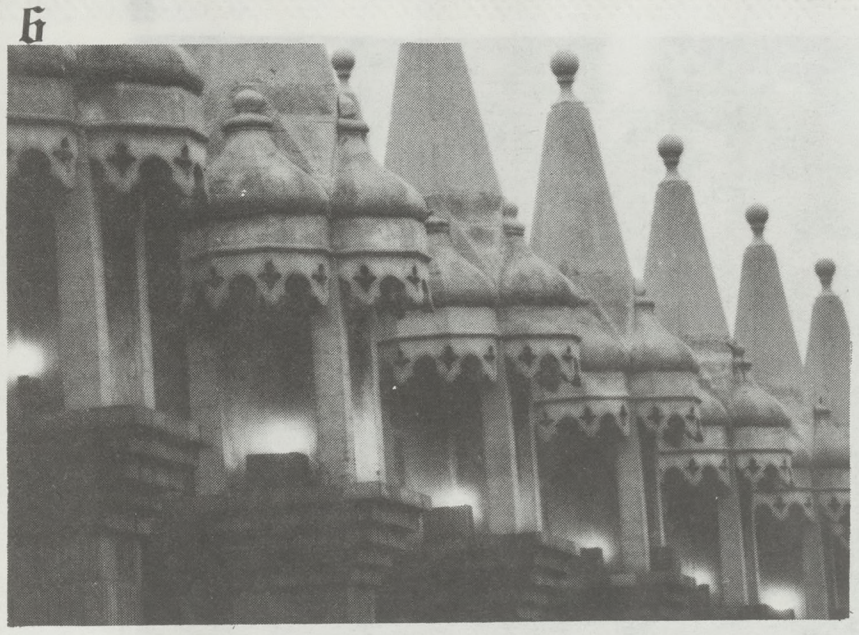
—one was killed in the war,
shot by a soldier spaced on heroin;
—one was killed in a car,
stabbed by a power pole;
—one was killed in a bed,
shot by a jealous wife;
—one was married with 9 kids;
(nonetheless an obituary)

—not one lived happily ever after
—not one lived at all.

the picture still hangs in his house
and his wife daily dusts his precious piece of time,
and has never once
asked about it.

Arthur Holcomb





Color flashes blast blindingly
Through inner spaces
Yellow green anger grinds past
leaving slow discordant trails
which snap and claw at clear respectability,
Golden-brown comfort caresses
and sooths the tattered wind burned
face of the tormented traveller,
Silver illumination shining clarity
upon darkened surfaces while
riptide currents fight for the tide.
Red orange warmth radiates with
celestial promises of brilliamce and
days untroubled by omniscent gray heavens,
Blue-moving-air-waves kiss and cool
fevered brows with moist mountain breezes and vision of attainment,
The procession continues as the hues
pass endlessly among and between
each other creating images of natural
and abstract while I, transfixed by
the preconscious montage, gaze in frightened
awe at the pomposity of this majestic scenery.
scenery.

Steve Harms

The Forest

by Mia McCroskey

One day Argoth son of Dagrin strapped on his heavy battle sword, mounted his horse and rode across the fields of grain toward the Forest Chrong. The people, watching him from the city walls, wondered at his course. The peasants, cowering in the shade of their tiny huts, followed him with their tired eyes, but did not question. The forest, dark and forbidding, waited.

Argoth was a brave man, he approached the Forest with his head high and his heart proud. He was certain that *he* would conquer the Forest where all others had failed.

Deep inside the Forest a rotting log shifted in the mire and a branch above it snapped. Brittle leaves fluttered down, and the Forest waited.

Argoth studied the edge of the Forest as he approached it, searching for an opening. The trees were a wall a solid as the strongest fortress he had ever breached. From a distance they looked small and closer they looked invincible, but up close the faults would be obvious.

His horse pranced and snorted. It was tense, afraid of the Forest because generations of his ancestors had been afraid. The horse knew, as its ancestors had, that no friendly creature lived in the Forest.

Trees at the edge of the Forest shifted. A passage opened where Argoth's path would lead.

As Argoth neared the Forest he saw the opening and smiled. There were always flaws in the stoutest walls. He guided his horse through the hole and on past closely rooted trees. When he looked back the opening was gone, lost in the turns of his path

Sunlight filtered through black leaves, touching patches of molded earth and twisted branches. The mold scented the air, heavy, dank and old.

Argoth's stirrup iron tore a strip of damp grey moss from the bark of a tree. Branches shuddered above him. A root caught his horse's hoof and it stumbled, but regained its balance. It was even more fearful of falling than walking because once it was on the ground it knew the Forest would not let it rise.

There were bushes in the path, grown thick and covered with the dead leaves that had rained down for centuries. Argoth tried to turn back, but the path was too narrow. The trees closed in oppressively on all sides. Argoth drew his sword. The bushes rustled against the still air.

He hacked at them and his iron sharp sword cut a clear path for his horse. They pushed ahead and when the blade dulled he made the horse do the work. His spurs drew blood on the horse's flanks, its mouth foamed around the bit. The bushes scratched at both of them and seemed to grow thicker and sharper the further they went. Argoth's armor protected him, but the branches scratched at his face and hands.

Ahead of them the bushes cleared around a muddy, brackish pool. A bubble from the depths slowly domed the surface and broke with a quiet splat. A breeze grew into a wind and rattled old twigs and branches loose, they fell onto the pool and blew into Argoth's face as his horse broke through the bushes.

The horse trembled and shied at the edge of the gurgling pool. Leaves blew around them; a branch scratched at Argoth's back. He urged the horse forward but it would not step into the pool. the branch snapped off of its tree and fell across the horse's flanks.

It screamed and reared as its ancestors had. Its flailing forelegs were caught by a branch. It blew backward and threw horse and man to the ground. Razor sharp brambles held Argoth and sliced at his bloody skin. supple green vines tightened around the horse's legs and neck, pulling it down into the mud.

Argoth hacked at the slithering vines, but they wrapped around his sword arm. Slowly, relentlessly, they pulled him after the horse into the cold, cold mire. He dug fingers and toes into the mud, but it let him slip. He screamed, but the wind blew his voice back to him, distorting and mixing it with the voice of the Forest.

The surface of the pool settled, the wind softened to a breeze. Trees at the edge of the Forest shifted and a rotting log rolled a quarter turn toward the pool. A large bubble broke the surface with a gurgle.

In the soft earth near the bushes, in he shadow of a deep hoof print a tiny green seedling stretched its thin leaves toward the patches of sky above.

Silent Dancer

Silent Dancer
Your moving on the dark side
Night cold winds
blow chill memories of
summers long past

Razor steel and
purple blue haze
bring fragmented recollections
or white doves and
crystal brown ponds

Silent dancer
Let go your rain
Wash clean the
black clay hardened over your ivory treasure.

Steve Harms

The Travelers

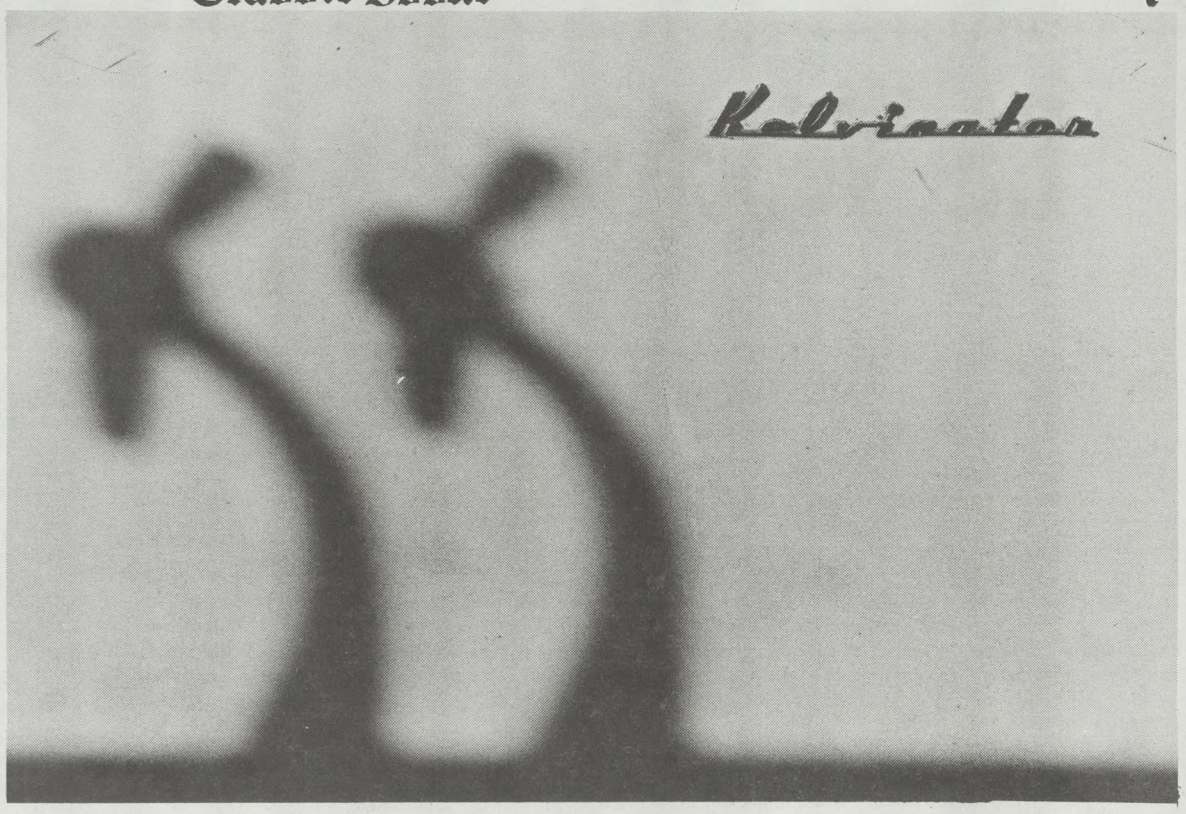
on a dark night
quiet
immodestly cold
when all but the stars
those bright bare eyes
of the universe
that stare out
at a slumbering earth
and my silent watchful self
are at rest
with dreams
and palest breath
as the chosen unguents
to instill
and salve
life's energies
we find
the stars and i
three boldly peaceful creatures
active as ourselves
two of them
are dressed for the night
and the chill
and have loaded
all their first needs
on their backs
their black and white companion
wears a sweater
against the cold
and while his spots
must have once seemed comic
they marked him
and then marked the beginning
of this night's conviction
now he walks
behind them
where his four canine clever steps
keep time with theirs
three puffs of air
like filmy smoke stacks
hover over them
all a living montage
as the stars and i
are reminded of camaraderie
bolder than nocturnal ink
and more sure
more adamant
than our concerned vigil
or
our sleepless speculations

Bethany Schroeder

Student Ghetto/Changes

Sacred alleys, symbols
Parks and broken rules,
Spray paint school is open
Using poor man's tools
To find success.
Death games and drinking,
Casual crimes
Living in a student's ghetto
Losing all those minds
To shadows that steal.
Nightmares in heaven
Love dreams in hell
People known are changing,
And no one here will tell
You what is real.
Low cars and high hopes
Collide in slow motion,
Neighborhoods of talking night
Like tides along the ocean
Come and go with darkness.

Bill Hoffman



CONTRADICTION

Sign your name on the dotted line
"We are a peaceful nation..."
You are now eligible for the draft
"...We wish no confrontations..."
You shall have the privilege of serving
your Armed Forces
"...We are a proud nation..."
You will be issued a uniform
wear it proudly
"...We shall prevail..."
War is not a game
There can be no winners.

Jeff Krynski

night

The bombs came today.
I was sunning at the beach.
Now a wind howls across the sand.
Night is descending on man.

The fire roared out fiercely wicked,
Consumed his fortune and left no trace.
Now a cloud radiates above the land.
Night is descending on man.

His death-throes gripped the streets
Rape, looting, murder, tears.
Now as a corpse, prostrate, gun in hand,
Night is descending on man.
"The Russians are coming!"
"The Russians are coming!"
"Iran is where we'll make our stand!"
Night is descending on man.

Did the dinosaur die
With such a bang, a burst of light?
I wonder,
As night descends on man.

James Peterson

Reality's Pseudonym

by Mark Mansell

The sound of typing was oppressive in the tiny room. Yellowing posters of rock groups that had broken up years before hung on the walls.

Except for a desk and a shelf sagging with books, the room was bare. The only living thing in it was a solitary typist, his fingers first hesitating, then racing across the keys of a machine.

Words appeared on a page:

"A STORY BY GERALD FITZHUGH"

"I'll give it a name later," Henry Scott said to himself as he re-read what he had typed.

Scott looked to his left where one of his previous books lay on its face. He looked at the picture on the dustjacket and frowned. The picture showed a tanned and bearded man reclining on a veranda overlooking a seaside. A pipe was held in one hand while the other rested on the head of a beagle lying next to him. Just by looking at the picture, someone could tell that the man in the picture would be intelligent, cultured, and gracious.

Scott put a sheet of typing paper over the book to keep the face from looking at him. He had seen that face, which the reading public knew as Gerald Fitzhugh, too much, and he had grown to hate it.

"Took a damn long time to find someone who looked so much like what people think a writer looks like, too," muttered Scott. "Good thing we signed him to an exclusive contract before somebody else hired him from the modeling agency."

Scott bent back over his typewriter, but a shadow fell over the paper, causing him to sit upright with a start.

Someone stood behind him, and Scott suddenly recognized him. Scott pushed the piece of paper off the book, and Gerald Fitzhugh, fictional as the books his name and picture adorned, stared back at him.

"How the hell did you find me here?" demanded Scott with annoyance. "The agency told you not to appear in New York unless it's for a press conference when a new book comes out. Besides, you're supposed to be on the Carson show tonight."

The tall figure lifted an eyebrow disdainfully before replying "I'm not the man from the agency."

Scott, taken aback, looked back at the picture on the dustjacket, then back to the man standing before him. At first glance, the appearances were quite startlingly alike, from bearded face handsomely lined from an experienced life, topped with a rakishly worn beret, to the pipe being puffed introspectively, down to the corduroy jacket with the leather patches on the sleeves.

But, staring closer, Scott saw subtle differences in the shape of the face. It looked familiar, yet he couldn't quite grasp who it was.

"Look in the mirror," the tall figure said, following Scott's thoughts.

Scott did so, and his mouth hung open. The tall figure looked like a combination of the best of his own features with those of the model on the dust jacket.

"Who the hell are you, then?" Scott said, growing pale.

"I am Gerald Fitzhugh, noted author of best-selling fiction," the stranger replied.

Scott's mouth moved for several moments, but no sound emerged. Finally, he managed to stammer, "You're crazy. Gerald Fitzhugh is just my pen name. He doesn't exist. The picture on the book is just a model we hired, since my agent didn't think my own picture would attract enough readers."

The man who called himself Gerald Fitzhugh was silent for the space of a few heartbeats before repeating "I am Gerald Fitzhugh. Or, rather, I am the Gerald Fitzhugh you conceived yourself to be. In your own mind you have idealized your own self-image to fit what you feel an author ought to look like, how an author's life ought to be. I am what you would like to be, but cannot be."

"That's crazy! *You're* crazy! You're just some kind of nut who's trying to psychoanalyze me, or something. Get out of here before I call a cop."

Fitzhugh looked at Scott with pity. "You have no choice. To the world it is *I* that is real. Your entire existence, on the other hand, is the worst in unreality. Even you relatives think I am real. You don't think highly enough of them to let them know that you even write. That's why you rented this dingy little office instead of writing at your home. You don't even benefit from your writings, since you were foolish enough to let an office fling turn into blackmail. When not here, you either do other people's work at a cheap insurance agency, or you sit at home watching other people's lives on television. No wonder your wife left you last year."

Stammering in fury, Scott yelled "What the hell right have you to talk to me about my private life? Why don't you get out of here and leave me alone?" Scott pounded at his typewriter with his fist, ruining the beginning of the story he had in it.

"Don't you realize," said Fitzhugh, drawing closer to Scott, "*I* am the one who is real. You have even come to think of me as real, and your existence is no longer necessary. You have confused fact and fantasy and now *you* are the fantasy and *I* am the fact. Reality is only what one believes it is, and you no longer even believe in yourself. I was created out of the will of you and your readers, and I am more worthy of existing now than you are."

The tiny room seemed even tinier as Fitzhugh advanced onto Scott, backing him up against a wall. Panic showed starkly on Scott's face as he looked desperately around him for an escape.

"Get out! Leave me alone! Please!" But Fitzhugh didn't answer. "This is crazy!" continued Scott in desperation, "I'm real, you're just a creation of my imagination, an idealization! You can't exist!"

But his cries went unheard, except by Fitzhugh, and Fitzhugh remained silent. The lights in the room dimmed, and Scott felt a final wrenching away from reality—a feeling of being only two-dimensional—then, nothing.

Fitzhugh stood alone in the tiny room and looked about him with distaste at the dinginess of it. He looked forward to returning to his home in Carmel. He went over to the bookshelf and took down all the books with his name on them, cradling them like children. Walking toward the door, he suddenly stopped by the wall. Reaching down, he picked up a piece of paper that lay there. He glanced at it for a moment, then crumpled it and tossed it into the wastebasket.

La Vecchia

by Del Caro

My recollections of *la vecchia* are not many, but they are clear. For those who do not share my heritage, *la vecchia* means in Italian "the old woman," and this is a useful word not only for children, but for husbands as well.

When I was a boy the first time *la vecchia* assumed any importance for me was when I heard my mother mention this woman to my father, in connection with a house on J. Street which we were to occupy. I was perhaps seven years old. *La vecchia? La vecchia?* I would repeat to myself, in my head, of course, as the heads of children are often more busy than parents believe. From that moment on, *la vecchia* began to have significance in my boyish imagination; this mysterious woman had a hand in our family moving from H. Street, that house which for me was connected with my earliest recollections, some dim and unhappy, others didactic in the sense that I grew into consciousness and met my first friends on H. Street. Of the house I recall many things in absolute detail, which happened between my third and seventh years. Most fondly I recall the gnarled old lilac tree, which perhaps was a mere bush, growing in the front yard. It was one of the few things I like to remember about the house, and even today lilacs are my favorite growing things.

Gradually but very slowly the mystery surrounding *la vecchia* began to make sense. She would be the landlady of the new house on J. Street. She would be Italian, like my mother and father.

The new house was another very old house, cold in the winter, in need of repairs, situated between the houses of two elderly women, one mean and crabby, the other sweet and self-effacing, even sympathetic—this was the one I would sometimes shovel snow for. I think I paid a great deal of attention to old people, when I was a boy, because we never knew our grandparents, who remained in Italy or were scattered to other parts. All I or my brothers and sisters knew about our family, was that we were the only ones in America.

Various tasks were assigned to me by my mother. There were two reasons for this: First, my mother could always trust me to follow her instructions and do the chore, and second, I was the choice owing to a simple problem in arithmetic. In my family of ten children, my station was that of fourth born, although I was the first American child. I have two older brothers and an older sister, and naturally, certain chores cannot be done by girls in a family such as mine. Nor could the chores be done by the *older* brothers, as long as a younger one exists. My two younger brothers were really too young, so by simple arithmetic, the one in the middle was honored with all sorts of household duties. These chores were not always tiresome and disturbing, but often exciting, indeed—adventurous.

The routine chore was to buy groceries and fresh bread. I didn't like the grocery part because the shopkeeper, though Italian, was a curmudgeon and a stupid man. But his cashier was a nice lady, sympathetic, kind. The other routine chore was walking to the Italian bakery for fresh bread. The bakery was an other-worldly place where ladies in white stood behind a glass counter just stuffed with heavenly smelling pastries. This was a terrible trial for a boy, especially for one whose duty it was to buy bread only. The long fresh loaves were slid into white covers, like husks, which remained open at one end. Consequently, *la crosta* (the crust) of the loaves which I embraced before me would tantalize me all the way home, for several blocks. Now I was not what we call a "good little boy" all the time, although generally I was reliable. Once I stopped in my tracks and bit into the *crosta* of one loaf, and the fresh white bread, so superior to the American stuff, tasted so good, I could not stop filling my mouth. Soon *la crosta* was gone, and I began to think of the wrath of my mother. How would it be, said I to myself, if I simply switch the loaf around in the wrapping, so that the lost *crosta,* the incriminating stump, lies inward and concealed? This was one of my earliest brainstorms, and when after a couple days my mother said nothing of the clandestine gourmandizing, I felt sly. The next time I went to the bakery I did the same thing, this time to both of the loaves. They were switched end to end as the earlier victim of my experimentation, and I handed them to my mother. I was somewhat taken aback by the gleam in her eye, and lo and behold—she slipped one of the loaves out of its white husk and held it before me—what could I say? That a dog had ravaged the loaves? That the bakery lady had gypped us? No use. That loaf came out of the wrapper like a vengeful sword, and I caught a good one on the side of the head—not with the loaf, but with my mother's familiar hand. From that day on I knew my mother was superior to any of my puerile ruses. We even arrived at an understanding, as if we had become friends. I was penitent, but not reformed; kids learn from their mistakes how to make more careful mistakes. The routine chores of grocery and bakery shopping had a dark side, too. I was terribly afraid of dogs as a child, especially barking dogs, those four-legged, hideously hairy cratures that make rasping windy sounds in their throats. I would walk three blocks out of my way if a barking dog crossed my path.

As I grew a little older, say nine or ten, I got to know my way around town quite well. This is because I belonged to a group of children who were enterprising, bold, and not easily cowed by authority. In the words of those brilliant adults who dabble in psychology and like to brand people, I was a juvenile delinquent, and so were my friends. We knew every corner of my hometown and all the wilderness in a five-mile radius. We possessed important childish secrets and dreadful consciences. As Roger Miller sings in an old song, we "knew every lock that ain't locked when no one's around." But the favorable upshot of my wanderings was that I could one day confide to my mother that I knew my way to *la vecchia's* house.

La vecchia owned a run down mansion down on the South Side. She lived in the basement, and no one lived above. Her house stood in an isolated, unmowed lot, like a dismal castle. Our gang had a friend whom we used to visit in her part of town, where we had our best rock fights. One day I stood on the top of the hill and saw *la vecchia* hobble into her house. That was a clue to her great mystery; she lived in a haunted house, all alone. Like the house we rented from her, it was in need of paint and repairs. I knew it was *la vecchia* because she walked like an aardvark, and I had once seen her leaving my house on J. Street.

La vecchia appeared to be *una strega,* that is, a witch. Even without the imagination of a child, this had to be said about her. She was stooped, wore miserable ragged clothing, had stringy gray hair and a witchy eye. On top of this, her voice was extremely raspy, like a person with laryngitis, and when she spoke rapidly in Italian, she surpassed any witch I had ever seen, from the Wizard of Oz to my fifth-grade teacher. The effect of *la bella lingua* was devastated whenever she opened her mouth. I remember clearly one visit she made to us on J. Street.

My mother let her in by the front door, and in the hallway I could hear her rasping, which sounded always hysterical, like steel rubbing on steel, as it came closer to me where I stood in the living room. She walked in and fixed me with a yellow eye, and I guess I must have been staring at her, too. She said to my mother on this occasion, "come si chiama questo?" (what's this one's name?), naturally in that horrible voice, as though she were making the rounds and selecting little boys to keep company with her carrots and peppers in the huge pot which even now simmered on the fire in her bleak house. I did not answer, but my mother did. *La vecchia* pretended I was not there, having satisfied herself with my given name, like a botanist who has identified a plant. She sat down in a chair my mother pulled out for her. Then my mother offered her *uno scolatoio* (a strainer) filled with grapes, and *la vecchia,* protesting that she was not hungry, devoured the entire *scolatoio*—the one my mother used to make spaghetti for the whole family. As she greedily thrust the juicy grapes into her mouth, *la vecchia* smacked loudly and made conversation with my mother. We watched her, my mother and I, and I couldn't help but think that this would be a good instruction to my mother, who sometimes referred to me as a *lupo* (wolf) when I ate. Apparently *la vecchia* had only been mustering her property, snooping on her tenants, for after she plucked every grape out of the *scolatoio,* she rose and left the house.

One day Carlo was trying to convince my mother that he was not the right person for the job. When I tuned in on the discussion, I learned that Carlo, the third eldest, was refusing to go to *la vecchia* to pay the rent. Hell, didn't I know where she parked her broom? I said to myself.

"I'll do it," I announced. Then my mother regarded me, and Carlo regarded me, and he was the first to decide I was the one for the job. Carlo was, among my brothers, the one most likely to succeed in getting his way, until Peter got a bit older, that is. Anyway, my mother was not yet ready to entrust me with such a responsibility. Would I perhaps run with the rent money to the Italian bakery and buy off their stock of loaves? Would I perhaps spend the rent money on the first pretty loaf who passed me on the way to *la vecchia?* Whatever my mother's thoughts at this time might have been, she finally yielded. With much instructing and warning in advance, with much advise and precautioning, so that I felt capable of guessing even the riddle of the Sphinx, she nervously watched me leave the house on J. Street with a tidy wad of bills in my pocket. I had convinced her, by confessing a bit as to my life style, that I could make it to *la vecchia's* with my eyes closed. As I left the back yard and slipped into the alley I could hear her call after me: "Adriano! *La ricevuta!*" (the receipt).

In all the times I made that long march to the South Side, never once did I dare to loiter along the way or make a detour. It seemed that not even a dog could deter me. Partly my dispatch was due to the high level of responsibility involved in the chore; money was chronically short in our household, so that I knew the valve of every mouthful of food, much like Dickens' Pip, who was also brought up by hand. Hence when my mother entrusted me with what seemed to be a million dollars, tucked into a fat wad, I would not have failed her if all the dogs in town, all the hoodlums and all the bakeries had stood in my way. As for contenancing *la vecchia* eye to eye—I was not a particularly superstitious child. For me as a boy, in spite of the efforts of Father Francis (Francesco), there were no angels, and therefore no devils, either. Witches, I reasoned, were a sort with devils. I don't believe that I was a precocious child, but I am sure that I gave much thought to those questions which were important to me.

After crossing the grassy empty lot which surrounded *la vecchia's* castle, I would knock on a door which opened onto the lower level of the structure. When this door opened, my contact with the real world, the birds in the air, the kids on the block, the traffic on the street, quit. Two steps down and the door would close, and I was face to face with *la vecchia.*

"Come een, come een, leetle one," she croaked. "See down der, ri der. Nice leetle one." *La vecchia* always spoke English with me, and I didn't mind, for her Italian, though more fluent, made a mockery of our tongue. "Le me see, showa da mon," she would say. And I would produce the fold of bills. She then held it close to her yellow eye and bobbed her head from side to side, as she focused on the ciphers. Then with a practiced movement she would lick her fingers on the right hand and count the bills: "Venti, trenta, quaranta . . ." This she would perform while standing, and I sat close to the door on a stool which seemed to exist only for that purpose, i.e., for supporting my bony little body while *la vecchia* counted all those loaves.

The room into which I was admitted each month was the kitchen. I never received an impression that her living space extended beyond this cave-like room. The air had a texture of oldness; must, mold, dust, aging fruit, paint and time. There were no windows. We were crowded in by the ancient stove, which seemed alive, the refrigerator, and a table. Yellow cupboards lined one wall. *La vecchia* seated herself now at her little table, and began to count the money once again, shuffling the position of the bills as if these actions could increase their number. Having satisfied herself in this way, she would meticulously write *la ricevuta.* But that is not all I would bring home with me. *La vecchia* knew how to bestow her favor on seemingly good little boys who brought her money, so that I would receive a reward. This consisted in a piece of fossilized Italian confection which she would ceremoniously produce from the resources of the cupboards. We knew it as Easter candy, but *la vecchia* was a lady for all seasons. This taffy nougat comes in a colorful little box about the size of a cake of yeast, and the box was always my delight. This quaint wrapping contained some of the stalest candy ever to be culled from the larders of an old woman. For the first few times I made an effort to eat the stuff, but soon gave up, receiving the gift as a gesture (its primary meaning, I'm sure) and consigning it to some appropriate receptacle along the way home. Thus armed, with *la ricevuta* and a chunk of candy lethal enough to choke a dog (I never tried it), I would return to my mother and report proudly: No sweat.

No. I hate to disappoint anyone, but *la vecchia* never tried to rip me off, never behaved in an unladylike manner when I made our monthly offering to her. She simply hoarded the money, like a good slumlady, and unless she is well over a hundred years old, she has long since joined her fathers. For my part, it seems appropriate to mention that even before the passing of *la vecchia* my family prospered and changed residence. My mother is her own landlady now, in the sense that she lives in her own house. But all this belongs to the understanding we had always cherished, when I was a little boy.

And sometimes I still dream that I have dreamt of America.

what's on

music

ELIZABETH COTTON
MIKE SEEGER
Saturday February 23, 8 & 10 p.m.
The Barn

Veteran folk singer joins country singer for a night of American "roots" music (see related Entertainment story). Tickets available at the Commons Main Desk and at the door. $5.00 general, $3.50 students w/UCR ID.

CONDOR SEASHOLTZ
Wednesday February 27, Noon
The Barn

This classical guitarist will present works of Bach from the 19th and 20th centuries—with some improvisation. Part of the continuing Wednesday Winter Nooner series in The Barn. Admission free.

DEJA VU
Wednesday through Sunday, 9 p.m.
Through February
Lea Lea Jazz Room
Mission Inn

Steve Tavaliogne's Deja Vu brings jazz to the Inn. Their pop style is feaured for your listening and dancing pleasure. All this in the strange and exotic ambience of the quasi-oriental Lea Lea Jazz Room. Admission $2.00 on Friday and Saturday, $1.00 on Thursday and Sunday.

METRO BAND
Thursday February 28, 9 p.m.
The Barn

This new area band will present its New Wave style of Rock 'n' Roll music for your drinking and dancing pleasure at the Thursday "Talent Night" program at The Barn. Admission free.

films

THE ORGANIZER
Thursday February 21, 7 p.m.
Watkins 1101
Friday February 22, 3 p.m.
Humanities 1212

Marcello Mastrioianni both directs and acts in this filmic interpretation of the early 20th century worker uprisings in Italy. Sponsored by the History Department. Admission free.

HORSE FEATHERS
DUCK SOUP
Friday February 22, 7 & 9:30 p.m.
Saturday February 23, 7 & 9:30 p.m.
LS 1500

ASUCR Films cancelled *The Shout* to show this Marx Brothers double feature. Admission—$2.00 at the door.

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH
Tuesday February 26, 7 p.m.
Wednesday February 27, 7 p.m.
LS 1500

Arthur Hiller directs this film about a former Nazi colonel on trial in Israel for war crimes. Sponsored by the Jewish Student Union, co-sponsored by ASUCR. Admission $2.00.

THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY
Saturday February 23, 7:00 p.m.
Lecture Hall—Physical Sciences
Cal State San Bernardino

Based on a short story by Bertolt Brecht, this French film takes a look at an 81 year-old grandmother who decides to savor what is left of her life. Directed by Rene Allio. French dialog with English subtitles, 1966. Part of the Foreign Film Festival sponsored by the Department of Foreign Languages and Associated Students of Cal State San Bernardino. Admission free.

stage

MODERN DANCE CONCERT
Thursday February 28, 8:15 p.m.
Friday February 29, 8:15 p.m.
University Theatre

This annual dance concert is the fruit of many months of labor by dance faculty and students. Directed by Richard Burrows, choreography by staff and students. Admission free.

festivals

NATIONAL DATE FESTIVAL
Through Sunday February 24
10 p.m.—10 p.m.
Festival Grounds
Highway 111, Indio

Camel and ostrich races, horse shows, the omnipresent midway, and all the dates you could possibly be interested in examining come together for the official Riverside County Fair. Admission $2.50 for adults, $1.00 ages 6—12, and under 6 free.

art

TWO AIR BRUSH REALISTS
Tuesday through Saturday,
11 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Wednesday, 7—9 p.m.
Through Saturday, February 23
Inland Empire Gallery

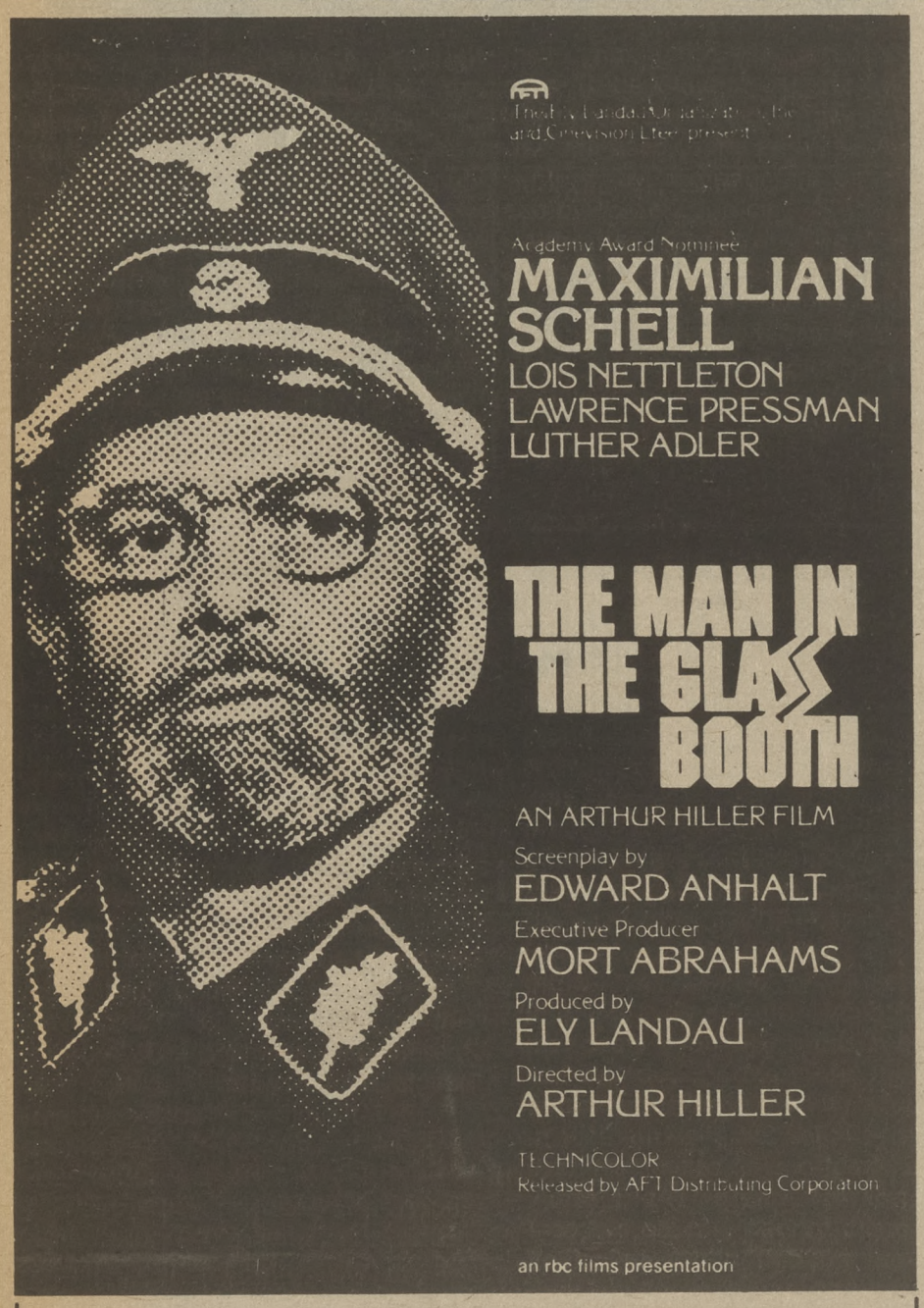
Acrylics on canvas, and watercolor on paper, respectively. Admission free.

PRINTS AND DRAWINGS
Monday through Friday,
10 a.m.—3 p.m.
February 25 to March 28
University Art Gallery
Humanities

"Annie Albers," an exhibit of 68 abstract drawings and prints. Admission free.

NEW WORKS IN RED
Tueday—Saturday, 11 a.m.—3 p.m.
Wednesday, 7 p.m.—9 p.m.
Opens Tuesday, February 26
Inland Empire Gallery

Color prints by Jack Higbee. Admission free.



Feb. 26, 27 7 p.m. LS 1500 $2

Sponsored by JSU and ASUCR

FIRST ANNUAL

SEMI-FORMAL DANCE

at the
Mission Inn
Galleria Room

Saturday, March 1st
LIVE BAND! 9:00 p.m. LIVE BAND!
FULL NO-HOST BAR

Tickets: $4-singles $7-couples

OR:

Go in style

DINNER & DANCE

Includes: Full Course Buffet Meal
No-Host Bar
Dinner Music

Tickets: $10 per person (includes the dance)

Bar opens at 6:30 p.m.
Dinner begins at 7:00 p.m
Dance begins at 9:00 p.m.

Reservations must be made by Feb. 27

★Semi-Formal Attire★

Tickets/Inquiries Contact the Campus Activities Office

the arts

'Not just Tolkien and sword and sorcery...'

Mark Mansell

"Toward a Theory of Fantasy" is the theme of the Second Annual J. Lloyd Eaton Conference on Science Fiction and Fantasy Literature to be held at UCR this weekend.

Among the guests to be featured at the conference will be Theodore Sturgeon, noted science fiction and fantasy author who has written such books as *More Than Human, Some of Your Blood,* and *The Stars Are The Styx.* Gregory Benford, author of *The Stars In Shroud* and co-author with Gordon Eklund of *If The Stars Are Gods,* and Donald Wollheim, editor of DAW Books will also be attending.

This year's keynote paper will be given by Harold Bloom, a scholar of romantic literature at Yale University. Bloom is, according to conference organizer George Slusser of the library's Special Collections section, "a rare combination of a critic who has turned into a writer." Bloom is the author of such academic works as *The Visionary Company* about William Blake, *The Anxiety of Influence* on theory of literature, *Shelley's Mythmaking,* and has also written the fantasy novel *The Flight of Lucifer.*

Among the papers presented will be "The Search for Fantasy: From Caveman to Pornography" by Gary Kern of radio KUCR; "The Apparition of this World: Transcendentalism and the American Ghost Story"; "On Realistic and Fantastic Discourse" by David Clayton of UC San Diego, and many others.

"This isn't just Tolkien and sword and sorcery, but on fantasy in general," said Slusser, who also teaches a class on heroic fantasy this quarter. "Fantasy isn't well defined. The first thing we want to do is find out what the hell we're talking about. Fantasy is probably the most important modern genre. It touches on the literature of every nation."

This year's theme "Toward a Theory of Fantasy" is a break from last year's theme "Perspective of Fiction." The papers from last year's conference will be published in a book, *Bridges to Science Fiction,* which will be coming out from Illinois University Press. Slusser said that the papers from this conference will probably be published later, as well.

"The papers for this conference are of uniformly high quality," he said. "Working for publication helps prestige. The conference is getting to be well known."

The conference is to be divided into three segments: 'Structures of Fantasy," chaired by Robert Scholars of Brown University; "Contexts of Fantasy," chaired by Eric Rabkin of Michigan State; and "Themes of Fantasy," chaired by UCR's George Slusser.

There will also be a panel discussion on "The Practice of Fantasy," to be moderated by George Guffey of UCLA. Sturgeon, Wollheim, Benford, Bloom, Robert Griffin of UCR, Rabkin, Scholes, Slusser and Mark Rose of UC Santa Barbara will be taking part.

The conference will be held in the University Club beginning at 9:00 a.m. each day. Cost for a student with UCR identification is $7.50. Students may also attend the Harold Bloom keynote paper at 3:30 Saturday without cost. The "Practice of Fantasy" panel, at 1:00 p.m. Sunday will only be $1.50. There will also be a banquet at 6:30 at which the Eaton Award will be presented by San Bernardino publisher of Borgo Press, Neil Barron. At 4:30 Sunday there will be a reception in the Eaton Collection in the Special Collections section of the library.



The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander

Soccor team

EVERYTHING YOU WANTED ALWAYS TO KNOW ABOUT SEX*

at Phonix, Arizona

HELP

If you want to help prevent things like this from happening... come in and join the *Highlander.* We need you every bit as much as these gems indicate.

If you're literate, come in and we'll put you right to work. You'll make a little money, have a little fun, and meet some of the strangest people you'd ever hope to see!

If you're illiterate, come in anyway. We'll teach you how to read, and *then* we'll put you to work.



If you're interested in learning how a newspaper operates, or in teaching us how a newspaper operates... If you're curious about how a stack of illegible scribbles is transformed into 64¾" of personals in a couple of hours... Or, if you just want to see how this staff member (right) benefitted from pasting up headlines at 6:00 Thursday morning, COME ON IN! We need help, and no experience is necessary.

Come in and find out what we're all about. Then tell us, so we'll all know.

THE HIGHLANDER

The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander The Highlander

entertainment

'A story of Chance'

Sellers stars as lucky victim of circumstance

Being There
United Artists

Melanie Haage

Understatement, humor, and thoughtfulness are things that appear in film too seldomly. This year, with blockbusters like *Star Trek* and *Apocalypse Now* which visually bowl over the audience,

films

and lightly humorous pieces of fluff like *10* and *Chapter Two*, little room is allowed for constructive thought out of the audience. *Being There* achieves the heighths of discrete humor and subtle criticism needed to leave viewers wih a definite feeling of exhilaration and wonderment.

Being There is directed by Hal Ashby and written by Jerry Kosinski. The principle characters



"I could have sworn that was a giant Brazilian killer bee"

of the film are portrayed brilliantly by Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, Richard Dysart, and Richard Basehart. Sellers, in particular, offers a stunning performance as the main character, Chance, displaying degrees of subtle yet acute emotion never even alluded to in his Clousseau days.

The advertisements for the film boast it as being "A Story of Chance," which is not only a play on the name of the main character, but a description of the entire plot. Sellers plays a middle aged man who has led a hermit's life, acting as a gardener for a rich old man in the suburbs of Washington D.C. Never taught to read or write, and never venturing beyond the front door, Chance is thrown into a very alien and hostile world when his boss dies and his estate is dissolved. He wanders the streets of the capital, to the eery beat of the *2001* theme, befuddled and confused, much as a child who is lost at Disneyland. His ironic stroke of luck comes when the chauffeur of Eve Rand (Shirley MacLaine), a millionaire's wife, backs his limousine into Chance and crushes his leg. Chance is taken in by the Rands and cared for by Eve's sickly husband's live-in



Eve Rand (Shirley MacLaine)

doctor (Richard Dysart), a mothering gesture that Chance would have perished without.

Benjamin Rand (Melvyn Douglas), chairman of a financial corporation and a personal friend of the President of the United States, takes Chance under his wing and confides to him on very complicated issues. Chance, who has accepted his new name of Chauncey Gardiner, mistaken from "Chance the gardener" by Eve, knows nothing about life except television (which he was raised on) and gardening.

When the audience first encounters Seller's character, he is a middle aged embryo, naive to all aspects of outside life. He has never ridden in an automobile, never talked on the telephone, never had a relationship with a woman, never consumed alcohol, never been in an elevator, and never fully made the distinction between real life and fantasy, or television. Although he is initiated into the quick-paced, technical "American way of life" very early in the movie, Chauncey maintains his childlike outlook. In one particularly humorous scene, Chauncey is seated at a table at a dinner party with the Russian ambassador, played masterfully by Richard Basehart, who is speaking fluent Russian to Chauncey. Sellers acquires a perfectly innane grin and nods sagely to the ambassador, as if to say he understands his game. Later in the evening, Chauncey the man who can neither read nor write, is described as speaking eight languages and not only having his doctorate in medicine, but in law too.

As the poignant satire continues, it becomes apparent that great



Chance (Peter Sellers)

plans are being made for this amiable, agreeable man who has no cognizance of what has passed before his eyes. The only sign of realization that we get from Chauncey is when he is at Benjamin's death bed and he finally grasps the concept of human frailty. He tearfully turns away from his dead friend and faces the lessons to come. The irony is in the fact that Chauncey seems to realize that he is not a full person yet, while zealous business associates of Rand's plot a course of action for Chauncey's political future, as though he were the most able leader around.

The film ends beautifully with a closing image of Chauncey breaking away from the funeral procession at Benjamin's graveside and strolling into a crisp winterish forest. He steps out in to a wide lake and, by chance, is supported on a sand bar, giving the image of walking on water. It gives the audience a magical feeling that Chauncey's secret to life has been revealed—chance.

A wonderful screenplay by Kosinski, fine use of location by Ashby, and a fittingly simple, yet poignant musical score by Johnny Mandel all add to this masterful piece of poetic cinematography.



Mike Seeger & Elizabeth Cotten

Barn to showcase American 'roots' music

Ronald Tennison

The combined efforts of Elizabeth Cotten and Mike Seeger will highlight a Saturday night performance at the Barn on February 23.

Elizabeth Cotten, a veteran folk singer now in her 80's, and best known as the author of "Freight Train," will join with singer Mike Seeger, brother of Pete Seeger and part of the musical Seeger family.

The concert will feature a twin approach to southern music. The first half will showcase American folk music in its vocal and instrumental depth while the second half will concentrate on its stylistic development and progress from melody oriented songs accompanied by fiddle and banjo, to those songs with an orientation towards autoharp and guitar. As the first half will feature practices in the effects of popular southern sounds, the second will focus on rural topical songs reflecting the industrialization of the south as well as themes dealing with southern contemporary music.

Some of the songs that will characterize the evening will be "Black is the Color of my True Love's Hair—"an unusual old ballad sung unaccompanied, "Bonaparte's Retreat "a fiddle piece with bagpipe effect, and "Old Blind Drunk John," a version of British liars song with jews-harp.

With his album *Music From the True Vine*, Seeger represents that class of artist who found America inside of himself, while attempting to locate it in the traditional form such as Peter Fonda in *Easy Rider*. His mastery as a musician equals the discovery of himself as an American artist coupled with the knowledge, hindsight, and experiences of Elizabeth Cotten, this concert will delve into the soul of all who are American, and move those who remember the simple realities of life as they once were.

'...larger, bolder, and more bizarre'

Fashion Extravaganza focuses on Spring attire

Rachel Civen

The third annual Black Dorm Students Fashion Show took place last Thursday night. However, this year things were a little different. The show was held in the University Theater instead of in the Aberdeen/Inverness Cafeteria, there was a $2.00 admission charge in contrast to last year's free entry and there was a new name—Fashion Extravaganza.

The show lasted over two hours and had a remarkably small turnout compared to the large enthusiastic audiences of previous years. This may have resulted from the $2.00 admission charge, the rainy evening, and the new location.

The show finally began 40 minutes late. Reggie Dameron, organizer of the fashion show, nervously appeared on stage, and announced that "there had been many problems." The make-up people had completely cancelled. Many of the clothing stores broke their agreements.

This left many models with nothing to wear. However, despite these setbacks, the show went on. The Mistress of Ceremonies was the experienced fashion announcer Constance Green. According to Ms. Green, "The 80's will bring a vast array of contrasts: the prints will be larger, bolder, and more bizarre; there will be the electrifying New Wave look; and there will also be a revival of the innocent Baby Jane look."







L to R: Spring, beach, and campus wear.

Photos by Michael T. Sloss

As the models danced across the dimly lit tropical-set stage, they presented the "latest spring fashions." The show was divided into three parts: campus wear, sports clothes, and disco/evening wear.

Opening the show with a well synchronized disco routine, the models were introduced by name in their designer jeans. The first section of the show emphasized practical campus clothes which were moderately priced. This part was donimated by brightly colored cotton pants and designer jeans. Large brightly colored tropical prints in a vast array of turquoises, reds, magentas, and yellows prevailed.

The girls presented a wide variety of contrasting spring wear. Some of the more interesting looks were the baggy pinstriped painter pants with the large pockets with small slits at the ankles. Island prints seemed to be everywhere: dress shirts, tee-shirts, skirts, bathing suits, and dresses.

The men's fashions were by far more expensive and of higher quality, and restricted to big brand names and designer labels in contrast to the women's fashions. The quality of the materials and design was especially impressive: wool-dress suits—wool-blends—silk blends—rich silk ties.

Again, as in the women's fashions, there was also an emphasis on boldly colored pants and tropical print shirts. However, there were a large number of casual and relatively formal suits modeled. The pants tended to be pleated and gathered at the waste to give a more formal lood, the shirt collars and lapels seemed smaller than in previous years.

Some of the most beautiful sports jackets were wool-blends in various shades of rust.

Finally the evening wear. The men presented more dress suits decked with elegant print silk ties. The women presented a diverse group of clothes—from elegant formals to the bold "diaper dress." The "diaper dress" was probably the most daring item modeled. The dress shown was in savage red with slits in four directions (two on the side and two through the middle of the leg) which tied. It plunged low in the front and back and got great approval from the audience. To conclude the show, one of the girls modeled black shiny skin tight disco pants with a gold sequinned tube-top.

First annual semi-formal bash slated for Mission Inn

Students, staff, and faculty will combine to get UCR's first Semiformal Dance off to a swingin' start, on Saturday, March 1.

Sponsored by Campus Activities, the dance represents the first time that something of this sort has been tried at UCR, says Jeff Cazanov of Campus Activities.

The dance, to be held in the Galleria Room of Riverside's Mission Inn, will feature a 12-piece Big Band-sound jazz orchestra, made up of UCR faculty and staff, among them music professors Don Johns and Bill Helms.

Two options will be offered to guests: The dance and a buffet dinner, or the dance alone. The dance only which runs from 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m., will feature a no-host bar for $4 per person or $7 per couple.

The dinner/dance combination is $10 per person. The all-you-can-eat buffet features roast beef, potatoes, and vegetables, plus a beverage and dessert. The tax and tip are included in the price of the dinner. The no-host bar will open at 6:30 p.m. for those attending the dinner; dinner begins at 7:00 p.m. The dance will get under way at 9:00 p.m.

All tickets are now on sale in the Campus Activities Office; dinner tickets must be purchased by Thursday, February 28, although dance tickets will be on sale at the door.

Cazanov said the event will be "fancy...there's a piano player all during the dinner, and candles on the tables and things like that." Dress is semiformal, which means suits or sport coats and ties for the guys, with dresses or pantsuits for the ladies.

"It gives people a chance to dress up," Cazanov said explaining the concept of the dance. "Also, it gives us a chance to hold a UCR activity away from the campus."

"We would like to see this become a tradition," Cazanov said, "along the lines of the Chancellor's Ball, where the whole UCR community gets together in a social atmosphere."

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Mission Inn

sports

Regional berth rests on weekend results

John Keepers

For the second consecutive year, the NCAA Far West Basketball Regional Advisory Committee has overlooked potential host-sites in California for the 1980 Regional Playoff Tournament and has awarded the host privilege to the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Washington. Like last year, this tournament will rank second-class behind a state-wide high school tournament which is being hosted by Puget Sound that same weekend, Feb. 29 through Mar. 2. Also like last year, Puget Sound, a Division II independent team with a 19-7 record, has been invited to play in the regional, but the other three participants won't be known until after this final weekend of basketball action.

At this time last year, UCR was hoping to tie Cal St. Northrigde for the CCAA title. That did happen, but not until the final league games had been played. As a result, UCR, Northridge, and the University of San Diego (now a Division I school) were invited to join UPS after the regular schedule was completed. As you may recall, the Loggers of Tacoma defeated UCR before a hostile, racist crowd in the regional final played on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

This season, though similar, is not a "deja-vu" experience for the Highlanders. To begin with, Northridge is out of the race. Secondly, Riverside remains in a "must-win" situation since the Scotts hope to receive an invitation to the playoffs. Currently, Cal Poly San Luis Obispo (8-2 and 20-5 overall) leads the second-place Scotties by one game. To complicate matters, CalState Bakersfield (6-4 and 13-12 overall) trails UCR by only one game and still has a shot at the league championship. A reminder: the winner of the CCAA receives an automatic berth in the West Regional.

Dramatically, UCR travels to Bakersfield and to Cal Poly SLO for the final two games of the '79-'80 regular schedule this weekend. Traditionally, KUCR, 88.1 FM, will bring both contests live back to Riverside despite weather or road conditions. KUCR's airtime for these all-important games will be 7:45 p.m. both Friday for the Bakersfield game and Saturday for the Cal Poly game.

The Highlanders, who improved their league record to 7-3 and their overall reacord to 20-3 by defeating Chapman College and Cal St. Dominguez Hills last weekend, need at least two wins to be assured at least a share of the title and a definite berth in the playoffs. They need at least one win to hope for an invitation and that would most likely have to come over Bakersfield since the Roadrunners beat the Scotts in the first round of league play. UCR defeated the Mustangs of SLO in that same series a month ago.

The question of who will be invited will remain in spite of what happens. It's possible for all three teams to end up in a three-way tie for first place. As well, there are two other West Coast schools vying for a playoff berth. San Francisco State, which leads the Far Western Conference in the Bay Area with a 9-1 record, has an overall record of 19-6 and is a strong "at-large" candidate. Seattle-Pacific, another independent school in Washington, is the weakest of all the at-large candidates. Though it has a 17-9 record, Seattle has beaten mostly Division III or NAIA teams and has lost badly to Puget Sound twice.

With a win over Bakersfield, the Highlanders could finish no worse than second place by themselves and 21-4 overall and would end up with the best record on the west coast, a very impressive statistic for an at-large candidate. Without it, the Scotts would be pressured into a much more unstable position since SLO is undefeated at home this season.

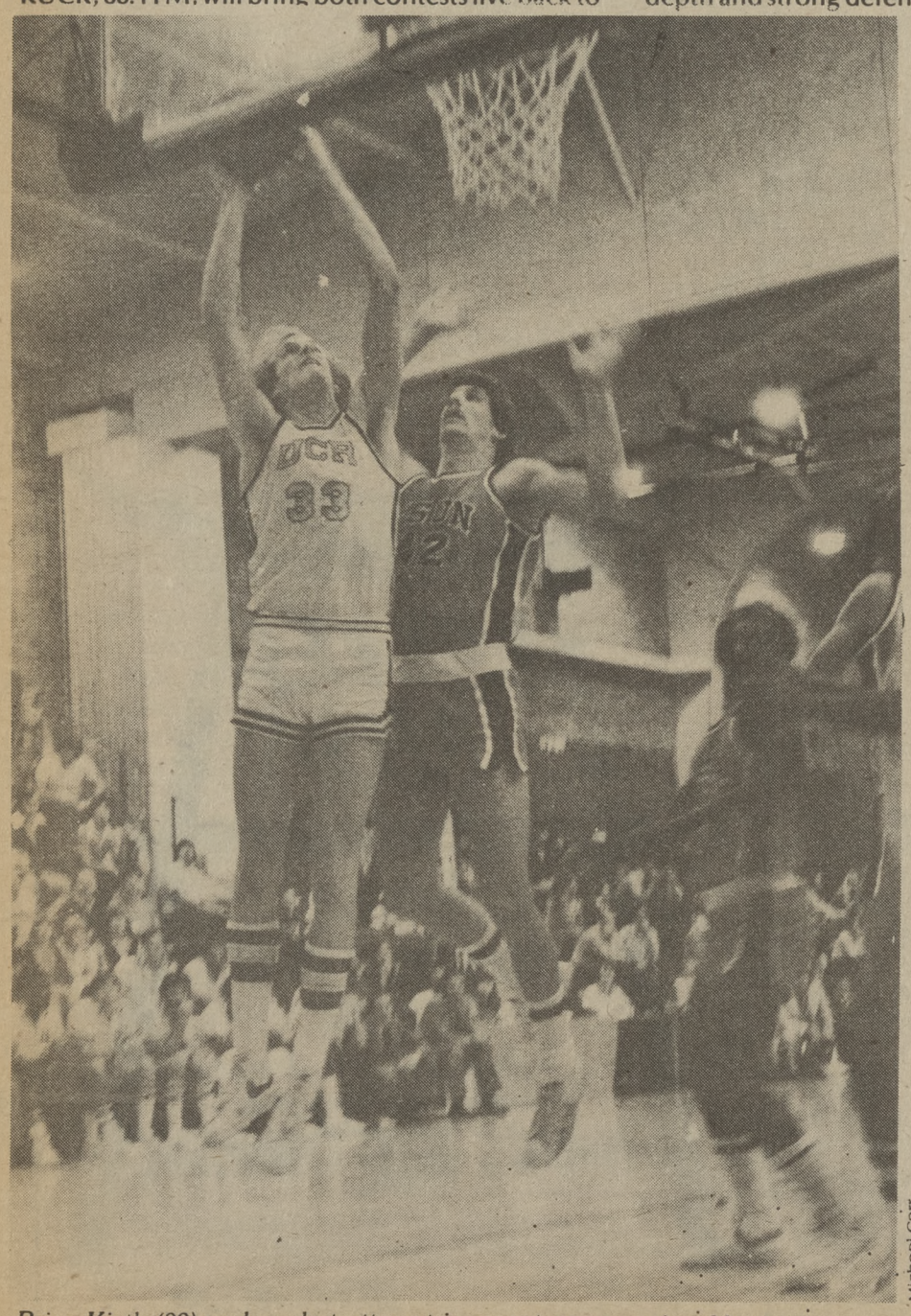
If UCR plays like they did last weekend, the team has a strong chance to pack their bags for the north-country. In a marvelous comeback performance, Riverside demonstrated its fine depth and strong defensive abilities in Orange, Cal. by demoralizing the Chapman Runnin' Panthers, 78-82, Thursday. Down 43-37 at the half due to Chapmans's 65% shooting success from the field and 90% success from the line, the Scotties turned to reserves Mark Harski, Ralph Howe, and Howard Fine in the second period to receive an outstanding defensive effort as well as some fine free-throw shooting and outscore their hosts 41-29.

UCR ended up shooting almost 57% from the floor and a little over 74% from the stripe as a team and stole the ball from Chapman players eleven times. As has been the pattern all season, four players scored in double figures for Riverside. Teddy Morning, who now has become the Highlanders' regular starting forward beside Mike McWilliams, led UCR with 16 points and pulled down seven rebounds. Reserves Harski, Eric Childs, and Fine all contributed ten points.

Harski hadn't played that much since Pickens was forced to miss two games a month-and-a-half ago. Playing point, so that Pickens could try his talents at the shooting guard position, the senior former All-Navy player made four of five crucial free throws at the end of the contest to seal the victory for the Scotts.

In the last home game of the season before a raindrenched crowd, UCR effectively controlled the pace of the ball game against Cal St. Dominguez Hills and outclassed the young, inexperienced Toros, 65-51. Again, free throws and defense made the difference for the Highlanders.

While making almost 76% of their free shots as a team, the Scotts, were led by Pickens (15 points) and Theron Laudermill (14 points). "Pick" made five of seven from the line and Laudermill made 12 of 15 from the same spot. Additionally, UCR received a solid performance from center Brian Keith, who scored nine points and grabbed nine rebounds.



Michael Carr

Brian Kieth (33) makes shot attempt in recent game against Northridge.

Rally falls short, V-B loses

Glenn Nishibayashi

This past week the UCR men's volleyball team was engaged in two matches. The first, on Monday night, was in non-league competition against Cerritos. On Wednesday, they travelled to La Verne College for their second league match of the season. On both occasions they suffered disappointing losses.

On Monday, it was a tough match against a hard-hitting Cerritos team that went the distance in a best of five match. In the first game, UCR matched Cerritos point for point, eventually out lasting Cerritos 15-12. In the second game, it was an inspired, enthusiastic UCR squad jumping to a quick 7-2 lead, but the UCR attack faltered. Cerritos capitalized on a number of UCR miscues and scored 13 unanswered points against the Highlanders to recored the win, 7-15.

Once again in the third game, it was UCR getting the early advantage with a 6-1 lead, when Cerritos began its comeback to tie the score 10-10. Bad passes, missed hits and errant serves by UCR allowed Cerritos to score a quick 5 points and win the third game.

The fourth game brought the small but vocal crowd to life and the team responded with some hard hitting and scrappy defense. Tough hitting by Paul Gonsier and Michael North in combination with a strong UCR block led the Highlander attack resulting in a 15-12 victory.

In the fifth and deciding game of the match, UCR came out very cold and were down 1-6 before Coach Sue Gozansky called time out. However, even the time out could not get the Highlanders untracked and they suddenly found themselves at a 1-11 deficit. It was then that the UCR squad made its comeback, fighting to a 10-13 score before UCR was once again plagued by errors and Cerritos scored the final 2 points to win the match.

On Wednesday, UCR travelled to the University of La Verne for their second league match and suffered their second loss of the week (6-15, 5-15, 5-15), leaving them 0-2 in league play.

It has been a disappointing and frustrating season thus far for the UCR team. After Monday night's game it was a dejected UCR squad walking off of the court, frustrated by their inability to get on the winning track. Repeatedly they have gained early leads or made good comebacks but have come up short, failing to score those last few points in a game needed to capture the win.

Tonight UCR plays host to the University of Hawaii. The match will be held in the Poly High School gym at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday UCR faces C.S. Northridge at UCR, also at 7:30.

Netters take 3rd at All-Cal

Mark Varga

Long hours of practice and inter-squad challenge matches are paying off for the varsity netters.

The men's team boosted its record to 7-3 with victories over Loyola and Pomona-Pitzer and with a third place finish in the All-Cal Tournament. Perhaps more significantly, the play of the tennis squad has ignited a stroke of confidence early in the season.

"Confidence at the outset of our matches is a tremendous advantage," says Head Coach Clark Emerson. "The team must build on that confidence to gain momentum, especially as it begins league matches," he adds.

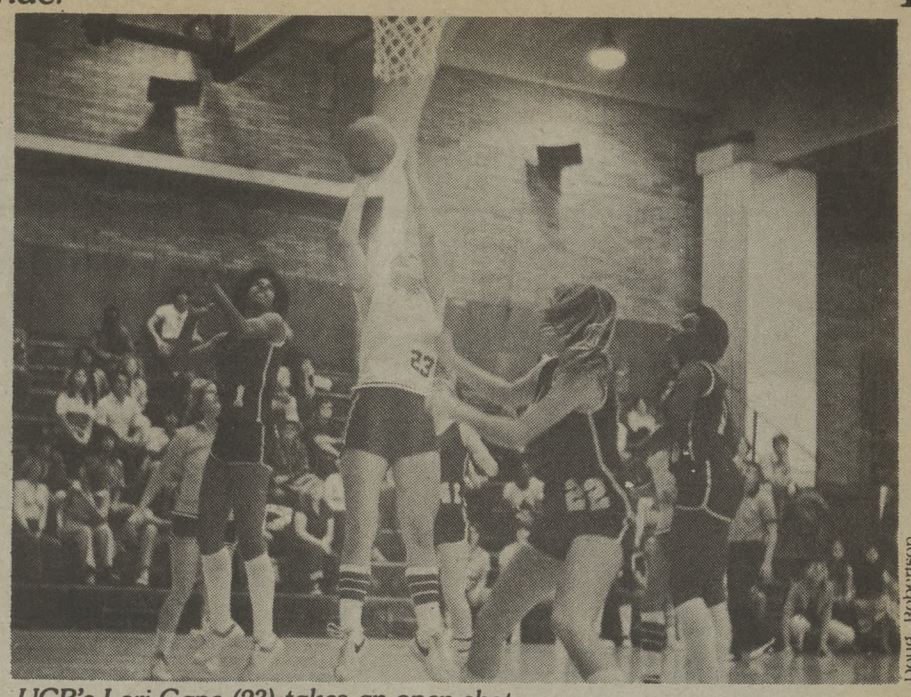
The first league match against Chapman on Friday, February 15, was postponed due to rain. This gives the Highlanders more time to savor the victories and to prepare for league matches, which now begin this week.

On February 6, the netters travelled to Loyola Marymount in Westchester. UCR won the match 6-3. David Shuh, Rex Vedder, and Myron Shendiryk overwhelmed their singles opponents to win in two sets. John Howard picked up a key victory by winning 7-5 in the third and final set. In doubles, the teams of Rex Vedder and Rob Applebaum, and John Howard and Myron Shenkiryk posted victories to round out the match score at 6-3.

The Highlanders travelled to UC Irvine on February 8-9 to compete in the annual All-Cal Tournament. UCR lost to UC Irvine, and lost a close match to UC Davis, 5-4. But the Highlanders bounced back to defeat UC San Diego and UC Santa Cruz. Against UC Santa Cruz, Shuh, Ferguson, Strother, Vedder, Howard, and Shenkiryk swept their singles matches. The doubles teams of Shuh-Ferguson, Strother-Duddy, and Howard-Shenkiryk won all the doubles for a final match score of 9-0. UCR thus finished third, behind UC Irvine and UC Davis.

Strong doubles play again proved instrumental for the netters as they defeated Pomona-Pitzer on February 12. The doubles teams of Shuh-Ferguson and Howard-Shenkiryk each won in two sets, while the team of Strother-Duddy won 7-6 in the third set. These results, combined with excellent singles play from Shuh, Ferguson and Howard, assured UCR of a 6-3 victory.

On Tuesday, February 19, the Highlanders will travel to play Cal State Fullerton, weather permitting. The first league home match is Friday, February 22, against Cal Poly Pomona. The following two days UCR will host UN Las Vegas and Redlands, two very well-recruited schools.



Doug Robertson

UCR's Lori Cape (23) takes an open shot.

Cagers seek to even record

Ross Laguzza

The women's basketball team needed to defeat Cal State Dominguez Hills last Saturday evening to stay in contention for the regional playoffs. They didn't.

Although the team was confident after defeating UC Santa Barbara the night before the pressure was intense and the Highlanders became victims of key turnovers which resulted in a 61-57 loss.

"They put alot of defensive pressure on us which shook us up" said head coach Nancy Paris. Paris, now has set her goal at evening up the Scots overall record which presently stands at 9-14.

"I want to make the rest of the season enjoyable and successful for the team and take some of the pressure off," added Paris.

UCR, losing many of its games by narrow margins, has gained much experience this season. It can look forward to a succussful year in 1981, aided by the talents of Donna Hammond, Lori Cape, Leslie Martin, Kathy Wayne, Glendie Garces and the Highlander bench.

Swimming

Farley sets records, qualifies for natl's

Dowain Wright

Last Friday the UCR men's swim team competed in a time trials meet at UCSD. The regular order of events was not used and no team score was kept.

The meet was designed as a prep meet for UCSD, which will be going to the NAIA National Championships in two weeks. UCSD has many outstanding national level swimmers, but the most outstanding participant in the meet was UCR's own Paul Farley.

Farley swam the fastest time in the nation (NCAA Division II) in the 200-yard freestyle: 1:43.03. His time established new UCR school and UCSD pool records. This effort established Farley as a top contender for individual honors in the NCAA Division II championships, which will be held on March 20, 21, and 22. Along with the 200-freestyle, Farley also qualified for nationals in the 100-yard backstroke with a time of 55.28.

Farley came to UCR this year as a transfer from Palomar Junior College, where he was a three-time All-American. Since coming here, he has established four new school swimming records: 100-yard freestyle—47.95 (old record—49.6); 200-yard freestyle—1:43.03 (old record—1:50.2); 500-yard freestyle—4:46.80 (old record—5:07.6); and 100-yard backstroke—55.28 (old record—57.9).

Farley has had little trouble in adapting to his move from Junior College to Division II, and his prospects for the future are bright. His record-breaking efforts are coming at a time when he is still in the midst of hard training and below his potential.

As Nationals approach, Farley will taper down his workouts until he reaches his peak in performance capability. From there he has the chance for All-American honors and possibly an NCAA Division II Individual Championship.

Batters idle due to rain

Larry Jacobson

The current monsoon season has put a crimp in the UCR HIghlander's baseball schedule. Heavy rain postponed four games in the last week.

Last Wedneday's game at Azusa Pacific and a double-header slated for last Saturday at Loyola were drowned out. Yesterday's home opener against Loyola was scrapped because of a drenced field, and the climatological conditions threaten Friday's game (Feb. 22) against cross-town rivals Cal Baptist. If weather permits that game will start at 2:30 on the soggy UCR field.

Next week the Scots travel to the University of Arizona for single games on Monday and Tuesday, and return home on Saturday, March 1, for a noon double-header against Long Beach State. The postponed games will probably be rescheduled, but details were unavailable at press time.

After four games the Highlander's record stands at one win and three losses. The leading hitters so far are Shawn Smith, Rick Hazard and Tom Copeland, with six hits a piece. Copeland and Ron Hunt share the lead for most runs scored, with five. Rick Hazard leads with five runs batted in while Hunt and Steve Maral have four RBI's. Maral leads in homers with two and Copeland leads in triples with two.

The pitching staff has been battered for 39 hits in the four games, with a team earned run average of 5.25. Admittedly, at this point of the season statistics are pretty meaningless, but UCR must get more hits, fewer errors and more consistent pitching if they are to improve their 1-3 record. Some sunny weather would help, too.

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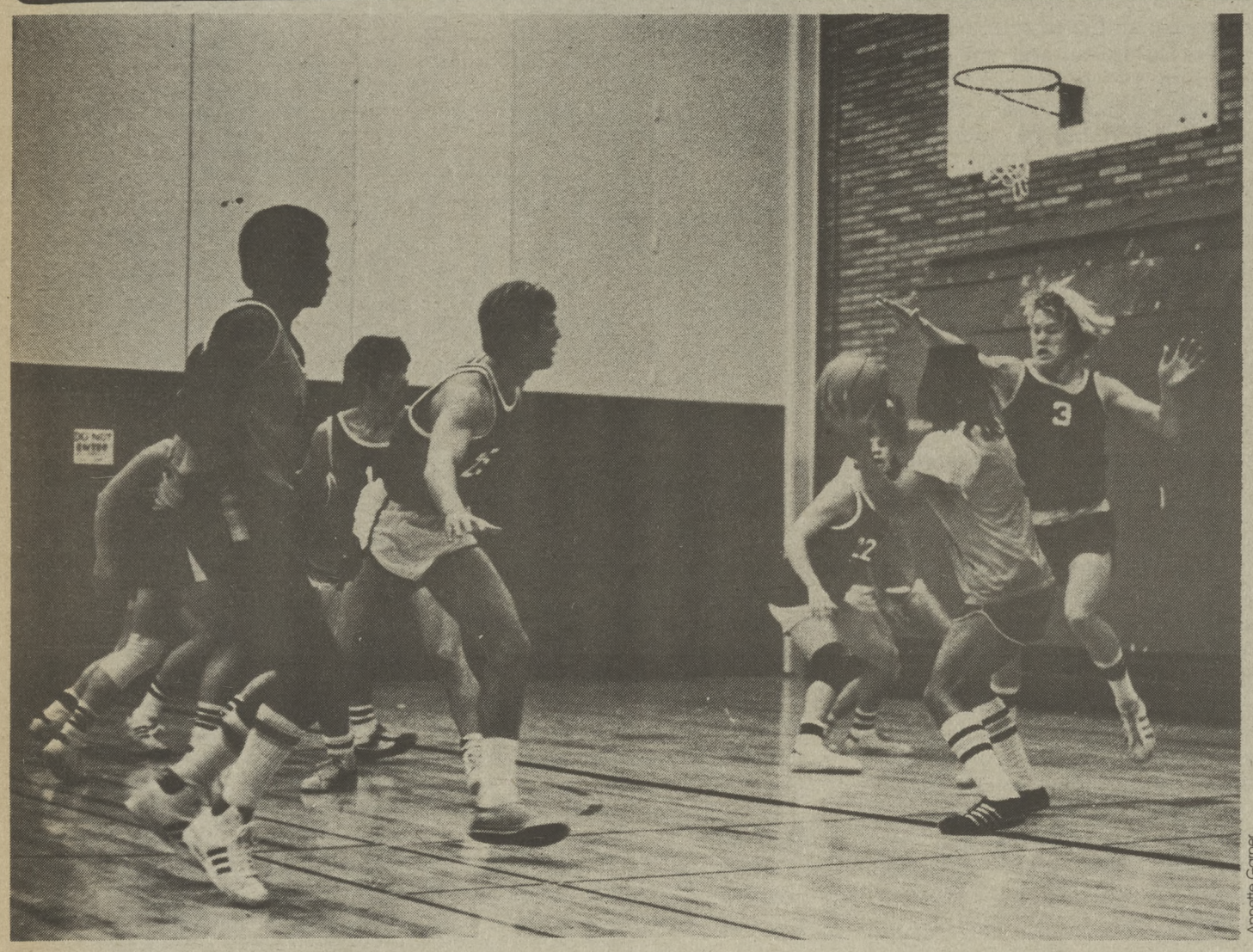
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intramurals



Annette Garner

Soccer

Men's B

KA	2-0-0
Tammany	2-0-1
Space Kadettes	2-0-1
Grass Stains	0-2-0
D'Feet	0-2-0
Midseason Without A Name	0-2-0

Men's A

Furia Hispania	2-0-0
Mike McLoughlin	2-0-0
MFF	1-1-0
Lords	0-1-0
69ers	0-1-0
Psych-Outs	0-2-0

Basketball

Purple B

The Defectors	5-0
Reds, Vitamin C and Cocaine	5-1
Polo Power	3-2
Dr. Moon & The Eat Me's	2-3
Bang Gang	0-4

Red B

Not Too Hot To Fondle	6-0
Smokers	6-1
Simultaneous Lightning	4-2
Blue Sky	3-4
Paco's Tacos	1-6
Basket Cases	0-7

Green B

Synergy	7-0
The Nads	5-1
No Stars	3-3
Bulldogs	3-4
Dribble & Shoot	1-5
F.W.D.C.	0-6

C League

D-Heads	4-1
Test Tube Babies	5-2
Grain 'N' Greens	5-2
Bummers	3-3
Bum Studs	2-5
Bacchus	0-6

Women's League

Babylon	6-0
Blender Butts	5-1
Mini-Pads	4-2
Brown Sugar	3-3
Babes	2-4
She Heads	1-5
Arch Enemies	0-6

Coed A

Cruzin	4-0
Death Squad	3-1
Damn Slunkers	2-1
Ketchup	1-4
Mintz'Meat	0-4

Coed B

Condomnation	3-1
Mordor	2-1
Penetrators	2-1
All My Children	1-2
Assorted Nuts	1-3
Moose Wang	0-3

Dorm/Frat.

Bufalitos	7-0
Throbbing Members	4-1
The Team	2-1
Shooting Stars	3-4
Mordor	2-4
A-2 West	0-6

Fac./Staff/Grad. Stu.

Unification of Bot./ Plt. Science and Biology	4-1
Over the Hill Gang	3-1
Team 4	3-2
Psychouts	1-4
Ent.	1-4

Basketball Top Scorers

Men's B

Chris Cain	122
Kevin President	114
Steve Love	109
Jim Nuckols	104
Randy Rankin	103
Pete Welch	96
Doug Hale	95
Ray Frey	94
John Zimmerman	93
Mike Carlson	92

Men's C

Myron ShenKiryk	99
Alan Huston	88
Allen Johnston	76

Women's

Tina Dahlstrom	118
Melody Johnston	87
Brigette Callahan	81
Sharon Clark	70

Coed

Melody Johnston	125
Nancy Morrow	112
Amy Morrison	108
Lauri Rush	96
Brigette Callahan	85

Dorm/Frat.

Roberto Warner	126
Tommy Chiu	120
Steve Love	78

Fac./Staff/Grad.Stu.

Gary Martin	89
Randy Aaberg	66
Jeff Pentland	47

Soccor Top Scorers

Gabriel Mendoza	8
David Speiser	6
Juan Garcia	5
Jose Martinez	5
Octavio Mendoza	4

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BAND WANTED for high school prom. Call 657-2149 or 657-1930

WANTED: Student (undergraduate or graduate) with excellent photography skills who is interested in making money taking slides/photographs of children. Approximately 15 hours of work involved. Please see Betty Medved in Sproul 1207, Ext. 5228

WANTED: Sophisticated adult interested in being manager for sophisticated rock band willing to do anything to make it. Must have savvy, business suits (and sense)—experience as T.V. producer ideal, not required. Call Marty 653-4481

EARN $2.50 for 1/2 hour psychology experiment. Sign-up in Life Sciences 2450 E.

TAKEN: My ring (red stone, silver setting) from women's restroom, Geology gldg., Feb 14, Valentine's Day, between 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Reward. Call X4396

NEEDED: Anyone who witnessed the accident at corner of Linden and Canyon Crest Fri. Feb. 15 about 1:15 p.m. If you saw it, please call Kathy 686-5899

Stuff to Buy

$100 For anyone who can sell my '75 Monte Carlo. For details call Mike Woolsey at 788-8535

1975 MONTE CARLO—AM-FM 8 Track, cruise control, landau top, bucket seats, radial tires. Must sell by Feb 28. Any reasonable offer accepted. Call Mike at 788-8535

1969 PONTIAC CATALINA—Automatic transmission-white walls-brown-4 door-reasonable mileage-good transportation car-Call 788-9417 evenings

GREAT STEREO buys on used equipment Marrantz 1060 power amp. 60 watts per channel Teac 360S tape cassette player Dual 1218 turntable with M9/ED cartridge Must sell Call X3623 M.W.F. noon till 3:00 p.m.

VIKING SEWING machine. SL60000 model 6460. Hardly used, new: $1000 plus asking $700 or best offer. 687-5582

MUST SELL to pay for new system! Teac 360 S w/dolby NR. Needs minor repair. . .$75.00. Marrantz 1060 60 watts per channel power amp. very good condition. . .$200.00 Dual 1218 turntable direct drive, damp cueing, 7 lb. platter shure M91 ED cartridge-bad grnd. sacrifice only $75.00 Contact Bruce for more information, 788-9112 after 5:00 p.m.

WANTED TO BUY, used baby stroller, infant car seat. Call 788-1369 or 787-3617. Ask for Sue.

SNOW SKIS—Hexel Competition 180 cm new last year, mint condition with Look Nevada Grand Prix bindings with ski brakes. $200 or best offer. Call 788-9545 or 882-5779. Ask for Jeff

Gossip

TLF. The home only lets me out on Tuesdays to write personals. Why don't you come by the home some night and we'll listen to lehrer together. James Longstreet

FOR: ARNOLD M. Though we may one day come to an end, I shall always remember what we had because you were special and I love you. From: Janet T.

SUE FARRAR: You look like someone I'd like to get to know—but for the life of me I can't think of a way to meet you w/o being rude.

JULIE: NO this one isn't from a guy. Thanks for the flowers. Your roomie

SPACE CADET, just wanted to say thanks. A friend

JERK—expiration date on sleeping bag and backrub rainchecks has been suspended. Collect anytime! Thanks for being there, I hope you always will. J.H. I can't thank you enough. My sanity has temporarily been regained. The weekend was great.

RICK—Good luck on all of your midterms. Don't work too hard. Be Loose

KEL—Thanks for being a great roomie and making my 21st fantastic. Be Loose. P.S. Sorry it's late.

MR. FISER FISH—I would gladly wait 6 years even 10, for the promise of chickens, cows and pigs. Sheep, too! Can we have sheep? And a garden? —Waiting

KEITH P. Clip this ad for a double-scoop choc. chip ice-cream at a place of your choice! P.S. Wash-out Hawaii tonite! Kathy K.

RHINESTONE: sincere? Best be to show yourself soon. First comes first. . What the smock do you have in mind? No lie free cherry pie! N.C.R.H. really A. PA. R.H. extends thanks.

WHOEVER took my ring (red stone, silver setting) from women's restroom, Geology Bldg, Feb 14, Valentine's Day between 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m.: the ring is mine, and I'd like it back. Please call X4396

BLONDIE & ORANGE PEEL: You two can kiss me anytime, since I am. . .fast, cheap and easy.

ROXANNE. It is better to love a woman than worship a goddess. My attentions have no religious aspects. Cyranno

CROSS: it's only a game—babies in silk hats playing with dynamite.

RON MON AMI, Penses-tu la vie est tres mal? Je ne pense pas. Tu es in chic type et un bon ami. Hang in there! Les W.C. Pal

TO OUR BIG BROTHERS the Fijis; you guys are the greatest!! Love little sis's Glen & Ursula

CLAUDIA—Here it is, your first personal. I only hope you'll still respect me in the morning. Richard

DEAR HUBBY—Happy Birthday dear! Hope your day is great. Thanks also for being such a good friend! Love your wife (cutey?)

CHERISHED GRACE—You make me giddier than any champagne, and flowers don't come close to comparing to you. Mars

JOHN & ERIC—You turds! Love M.E.

AMY—How did you like the wine? It's one of my favorites. Chemistry Gremlin

LESLIE—Texas never looked so good as on your shirt. The eyes of California are upon you. Billy Brown

SUE—Happy B-day and-a-half to a real person-and-a-half, from your half-the-time roomie. Much love, Mr. L.

MARYANNE RONDY—How are you? Is your beauty and charm still wasted on the elephant with the glasses? Write to me care of Pat M. in Lothian. Love you—YSA

Reminder

The Highlander's
Monthly Calendar

Deadline is Monday February 25, 5 p.m.

C.F. MARTIN 796-8603 *Guitars*

Model	Ours	Retail
D-18	$650	980
D-28	695	1140
D-35	775	1200
D-41	995	1740
D-45	1650	2810
HD-28	895	1360
HD-35	945	1410

Special: D-76 (1)—$1095

Also available GUILD, OVATION YAMAHA, ALVAREZ

ALL PRICES *INCLUDE* TAX

MYERS MUSIC

Teach Qualified Students Who Want to Learn. . .

YOUR B.S OR M.S. IN MATH, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS OR BIOLOGY COULD QUALIFY YOU FOR AN IMPORTANT TEACHING POSITION:

- New classroom facilities in Orlando, Florida
- Motivated, highly qualified students
- Non-contributory retirement plan
- Full medical and dental coverage
- Post-graduate education opportunities
- No teaching credential required

Be a professional teacher with the prestige and benefits of a Navy officer, and a guarantee of regular raises, job security and excellent benefits. No sea duty, family separation or transfers required.

See Pat Hale in front of the Commons on Feb. 25 and 26. or call 293-6444 (Collect) or write Naval Reactors, Box 85124, San Diego, CA 92138.



UCR STUDENTS: We offer a permanent discount on Michelob. Our $2.29 pitcher is always only **$1.49** with your UCR I.D. Also, from 2 to 10 p.m. daily you can buy our 1/2 pound burger with fries for **$1.79** (regularly $2.09) with your UCR I.D.

calendar/announcements

thursday

FEBRUARY 21

JOINT SEMINAR—"Islamizing Among College Students in Egypt Today," by Fadwa El Guindi, Associate Research Anthropoligist, UCLA. Sponsored by Anthropology 260 and Asian Studies, Watkins 1350, 3:30 p.m.

friday

FEBRUARY 22

UNDERGRADUATE COLLOQUIUM—Dan Bernstein, political reporter with the *Press-Enterprise* will speak on "Press Responsibility and the Influence on Politics," at noon in 2101 Watkins. The colloquium will be an informal question and answer session, so bring your lunch and a friend or two.

OPEN HOUSE—The Riverside office of the U.S. Census Bureau will hold an open house from 3:30 to 5 p.m., at 3800 Main St., Riverside. Scheduled guests include Congressman George E. Brown (D-Riv.), Riverside Mayor Ad Brown and Gary Rawls, assistant regional manager for the Census Bureau.

UCR FOLK DANCE CLUB meets from 8:00 p.m. to midnight in the Barn Stable (the bldg. with the big red doors). Beginning instruction 8:00 to 8:45, Info: 687-8195 or 683-2895. Admission is free.

saturday

FEBRUARY 23

COME WITH THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB to Wrightwood snow!! We will meet at the Watkins House parking lot at 10 a.m. and will be back by 6 p.m. The trip is free for members, but $2.50 for non-members. We need drivers and will all share the cost for gas. Space reserved for 30 people. Sign up at the Int'l Services Center, 787-4113. If you can drive, please tell us how many people you can take.

SECOND ANNUAL J. LLOYD EATON CONFERENCE—the Science Fiction and Fantasy literature conference will be held on Saturday from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. and on Sunday from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. at the University Club. $15 General admission, $7.50 for students. Keynote speaker Harold Bloom, and 22 other speakers from the U.S. and Canada. For information contact Linda Warren, X3221.

monday

FEBRUARY 25

SEMINAR—Robert Cahn, Washington Editor of the *Audobon* Magazine, will speak on the "Application of English and Creative Writing to Environmental Careers," 2 p.m., Writer's Warren (Human. 1117). H/SS students are encouraged to attend to discuss career opportunities.

GAY STUDENT UNION—meetings are held Mondays 7:30-10 p.m., Large Conference Room. Gay Music and Comedy Feb. 25, plus report on movie *Cruising*. March 3: Lesbian KUCR radio program, "Gay Perspectives." All welcome.

COLLOQUIUM—"Understanding," by Professor Julius M. Moravcsik, Stanford University, 4 p.m., Lib. So., X4130.

THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRY GROUP at UCR is scheduled to meet at the University Club, Dining room D, at noon. Dr. Joyce Clark, associate biochemist, plant sciences, will review and lead the discussion of the book, *Christianity and the World Order*, by Dr. Edward Norman. The book provides a serious challenge to Liberation Theology. All members of the UCR faculty and staff are cordially invited to attend.

tuesday

FEBRUARY 26

LEG CON MEETING—The council will meet at 7 p.m. in the Small Commons Conference Room. All students, staff and administrators are welcome to come and see the campus student government in action.

wednesday

FEBRUARY 27

COLLOQUIUM—Professor Robert Brenner from UCLA will give a presentation from 2-4 p.m. The topic will be "The State in the Transition from Feudalism to Capitalism" and will be held in 2201 Watkins Hall.

HEWETT CLUB LECTURE—Dr. William Lumsden, Cal State Long Beach, will speak on "Low Angle Gravitational Tectonics in the White Pine Range of Eastern Nevada." Geology 1408, 4 p.m.

NEWCOMERS' MEETING will be held by the Society for Creative Anachronism. The SCA is a non-profit educational organization which studies the Middle Ages, through the method of Historical Simulation. Many aspects of the middle ages are recreated, including Heraldry, Arts, Sciences and Combat. The SCA is open to anyone wishing to learn about the middle ages. The newcomers' meeting is an opportunity to meet with many of the local officers and to learn about the activities of the SCA. The meeting will be held in the International Lounge at 7 p.m. For more info contact Campus Activities.

LAST BAGEL SALE of winter quarter 1980! Come and get your bagels before it's too late. Noon, tower mall.

SEMINAR—Robert Cahn, former member of the Council on Environmental Quality will speak on "Business and the Environment, Searching for Common Ground." 3 p.m., 2240 Watkins.

THE KUCR PROGRAM GUIDE—is now available for everyone who wants to know when the good listening shows are on KUCR, 88.1 FM, the Inland Empire's Alternative Radio!

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE—the IRS will offer three Revenue Officer co-opped positions. Spring and summer quarters, require's Junior status, Social Science, Liberal Arts or Administration Major. Will lead to permanent placement upon graduation. For more information contact the Academic Internship Center, X3631.

SHOW OF EDIBLE ART—March 3-7, 1980 at the Student Union Art Gallery, San Francisco State University. All works entered must be made of eatable images or be made of eatable materials. They must be made to last at least a week. Please mail or hand deliver entries to: Bruce Wilson c/o Art Lending Library, Box 112 Riverside, CA, 92502. Respondants: please check in at Lib. to consult on practicality and ease of transportation, which will be provided by the Library.

WORK ABROAD—The Work Abroad program, sponsored by the Council on International Educational Exchange helps students get jobs in France, Ireland, Great Britain and New Zealand. The program helps cut through the red tape, so students can work for several months in a foreign country. The work is usually unskilled labor, but they pay enough to cover the cost of room and board. Students must be at least 18. For information contact CIEE, Department PR-WA, 205 east 42nd Street, New York, NY, 10017; or 312 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA, 94108.

PARENTING EDUCATION SERIES—Sometimes traumatic situations such as death, dying, and divorce occur in the lives of children without warning. Dr. G. Fox from the Child Study Center will discuss the best way to deal with traumatic situations at the YWCA on 8172 Magnolia Ave.

DEUTSCHER AKADEMISCHER AUSTAUSCHDIENST—The German Academic Exchange Service announces the availability of scholarships for students and faculty members for the following programs: German Studies Summer Course (in English) at Kiel University, June 15-July 19, 1980. A course designed for advanced students and young teachers interested in recent developments in Germany. Lectures in English, and field trips are planned. Deadline: March 17, 1980. Learn German in Germany: A two month German language course at Goethe Institute in the Federal Republic of Germany, for Graduate students and faculty. Deadline: March 15, 1980. Interdisciplinary Seminar in German Studies: at the University of California, Berkeley, June 23-August 1, 1980. A seminar exploring current issues and problems of post-war Germany. Deadline: April 1, 1980. For further information and application forms please contact German Academic Exchange Service, 535 Fifth Ave., Suite 1107, New York, NY, 10017.

SENIOR PICTURES—Senior portraits for *The Scotsman*, UCR's first yearbook in ten years, will be taken on a first come first serve basis in the Commons Area, Wed-Fri, Feb 20-22. *The Scotsman* will be on sale for $9.00 at the same time.

MARX BROTHERS

Horsefeathers

DUCK SOUP

Friday, February 22
Saturday, February 23

7 and 9:30 p.m.

LS 1500

ASUCR Entertainment