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The Redwood, v.75 1978-1979

Santa Clara University

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“Get an education.”

THE REDWOOD
1979
The fat old lady drags her torn shopping bag up the aisle of the bus. With each gasp, droplets of sweat arch off her brow and spatter the commuters on either side. She pushes out her bottom lip in concentration and puffs noisily. One blast sends a strand of her gray hair flying upwards wildly. As her bag thumps side to side against the seats, the riders cringe and draw back, but they have little to fear. She has her eye on only one seat on the bus. The seat next to you. As she huffs and curses her way towards you, you reach for the emergency lever, but it is too late. She backs up to the seat, and then, in one sighing, creaking thump, she is next to you, engulfing you.

"Where ya goin' ta, sonny?" she asks, distractedly staring out the window.

"I'm going to college," you say, "I'm going to the University of Santa Clara." "That's right, sonny. You're doin' the right thing," she clucks as she gropes her shopping bag for a tangerine. "That's right, sonny. Get an education."

Easily said by fat old ladies on buses. Easily said by parents, teachers and friends. Easily said by any of your self-styled mentors, for that matter. The question is, once at SCU, how does one get the best education? There are many things to learn, both in and out of the classroom. This yearbook attempts to show the variety of education available on campus. The rest is up to you.

-D.B.
he campus is in a certain mood this year. No doubt of that. You'll hear some people talk about the mood as if it were a thick, stifling thing, like the muggy summer weather back east — a weighing thing that keeps people relaxed but somewhat lethargic. Or other people will say it is an optimistic thing, a mood that keeps people's minds off issues of the past because, finally, everything is turning out okay. The teachers will call it a peaceful mood; "The campus hasn't been this quiet for years," they say. A lot of people call it the "Bronco Mentality."

Is there such a thing as a 'Bronco Mentality?'
I wonder if there is such a thing. When you get right down to it, everybody comes into this place a little different and everybody leaves a little different. We know that “Broncos” don’t all do the same thing. In fact, there are plenty of different ways to get an education at this school, and that’s what this yearbook tries to show. It takes a different mentality to organize an art exhibit than it does to design and build a cement canoe. It takes a different mentality to hammer out a drama production than it does to hammer out an opposing lineman. No, there is no “Bronco Mentality.” But there is, in 1979, a Bronco mood...
There's a mood of make-believe, of escapism at SCU, which is one very good way to have fun.
How does a whole school get into a mood? Well, 3500 undergrads ain't a lot, and most of them live together in the dorms, separated only by paper thin walls dressed up with Cheryl Tiegs and Robert Redford posters. SCU is a cohesive community, and it aims to be. It's a Catholic school and it's an expensive school. Could the Bronco mood be the white upper-middle class mood? SCU admits a high percentage of minorities, but the diverse culture that they bring to the campus has little overall impact on the style of living here. Sixteen students showed up for a Chicano sponsored concert during Cinco de Mayo week. The mood on Santa Clara campus is not much different from that of well-off members of the country as a whole; a little smug, a little frivolous, a little self-centered, a lot content. In short, SCU is in a very good mood in 1979.

Some folks are a little discontent because there is not enough discontent here, though. The rallying cry is, "Fight apathy — start a cause!" But few are interested. The seventies have nearly run their course and that makes the sixties, those violent, slogan shouting, tear gas clouded sixties, ancient history. Eight years ago, The Redwood editorialized, "Marches simply do not work any more. Many of the individuals who participated in the early marches are disillusioned with the state of the present peace rallies..." Gone were the days when students sprawled in front of the ROTC drill team at an awards ceremony in symbolic protest. Long gone were the days when SCU was forced to "close for safety" because of an impending take-over attempt by students.

Nearly a decade later, such social activism is considered an oddity at SCU. When students gather, they gather to have fun, pur and simple. A balmy afternoon of circus entertainment in the Mission Gardens, a sun drenched nine innings at Buck Shaw, the make-believe world of the May Faire — these are the activities that bring students together in large, happy crowds.
Musical tastes at SCU reflect the trend away from world-saving concerns.
One way to tell what kind of mood people are in is to listen to the music they like, and the tastes at SCU reflect the trend towards plain good fun and away from world-saving concerns. Ten years ago, Crosby, Stills and Nash urged us to "Please come to Chicago" and protest the war, while Bob Dylan assured us the "The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind." According to a poll taken this year, the most popular performer on campus is a gutsy rock and roll singer who dresses like a New Jersey punk. Bruce Springsteen weaves miniature epics about what goes on in Jersey's "streets of fire." His songs are about aimless lower class kids who have no intention of ever setting foot on a college campus, much less attending a small, private, Jesuit university. But his songs are about hot cars and sex and guns and cops and the animal instincts that arise in the "jungleland" called inner-city New Jersey. He has romanticized a world which the students at SCU, from such "ghettos" as Saratoga and Los Altos Hills and Portola Valley, will never know. For the average student, Springsteen's "streets of fire" are about as familiar as King Arthur's land of dragons and chivalry.
When students gather, they gather to have fun—pure and simple. The unrest of the sixties is ancient history.
So there's a mood of make-believe, of escapism, at SCU, which, as I said before, is one very good way to have fun. At the May Faire, students entered into what has become a Santa Clara tradition with more enthusiasm than ever. While guys all over campus promenaded in their girlfriends' leotards, girls managed somehow to come up with colorfully elaborate Medieval gowns. Combatants bludgeoned each other "for sport" while magicians and Ye Olde May Faire Players entertained crowds, and everyone scarfed delicious exotic foods until Benson was not even a consideration. It was spring, it was warm, and SCU was in a particularly good mood that day.

But Santa Clara in 1979 is not a place where people merely play all day. If the school's mood is less troubled by social problems than in years past, its mood is not a whole lot less serious. People simply get serious about different things. They get most serious about their personal endeavors. Some get serious about their GPAs — "I wanna get into graduate school" — some get serious about their athletics, and some get serious about their art.
The famed ‘Bronco’ seems to hold a healthy respect for arts as well as a taste for Budweiser.
One place where students get serious is in Mayer Theatre. As a later article, "Tartuffe: The Making of a Play" demonstrates, even the staging of a comedy is bittersweet hard work. SCU's opening production, The Lion in Winter, was a forceful, professional production, and students flocked to the theatre. They did all year. And they flocked to de Saisset and they flocked to the dance concerts. They jammed Fine Arts classes and they ran their own gallery, the Freightdoor. The famed "Bronco" then, must hold a healthy respect for the arts as well as a taste for Budweiser.

There are some other Bronco stereotypes that might be disintegrated as well. The SCU jock, for instance. Santa Clara students love sports, there is little doubt of that. What's interesting is that students here would rather play than cheer on. While the stands in Buck Shaw go half empty, the intramural football fields are overcrowded. Intramural basketball extends far into spring and at any given hour of the day the sidewalks around SCU reverberate with the slapping of Nike waffle trainers. The health kick that is sweeping America has found a friendly home here, and the style of exercise reflects the peaceful, personal mood that hangs over the campus this year. A late night jog, an early morning racquetball game, a midday tennis match — these activities students apparently prefer to screaming themselves hoarse at a football game. Even SCU's home game basketball crowds have been criticized for not being vocal enough.
Athletes find that moving, flowing, straining, crunching, tiring, hurting, healing puts them in a good mood.
As this year's sports section indicates, most of the varsity athletes are not after "glory" anyway. Few are here on any type of scholarship. Yet the athletes find that moving, flowing, straining, crunching, tiring, hurting, healing puts them in a good mood. And that seems to be all that anyone is asking for this year.

Another SCU stereotype to be exploded is the image of apathetic laziness that some attribute to "Broncos." When the senior class sponsored Special Olympics draws more helpers than participants (over 300) on a Saturday, that stereotype takes a severe beating.
Are we everything that is criticized about the media-labeled ‘Me Generation’? Probably not. But we are a different breed of student. We are less concerned with solving the world’s problems, whether we’ve given up in frustration or just never paused to bother with them in the first place. We are more concerned with our inner well being; witness the various spiritual groups that have become popular of late, and the dog-eared pop psychology books that litter Orradre’s reading room on a rainy day. Witness disco: mechanical choreography set to a metronomic beat and such lyrics as “Good times, these are the good times.” Witness the running craze: the therapeutic effect of just you and your 40 dollar pair of sneakers padding along some back street. Witness the continuing trend away from the humanities as a major and the overflowing of business and engineering schools, studies which lead to “good paying jobs.”
There has been a shift away from the social concern of the past. It has not, however, been a shift towards grasping selfishness, towards callous indifference. The "Me Generation" that some commentators scorn is better described as the "You and Me Generation," whose members are more concerned with a closer, tighter knit world: a world which contains intimate friends, attainable goals, and tangible rewards. SCU is such a world, a world where people value a nice nap in the sun, or care about a good flip of the frisbee, or seek a pleasant chat with a companion. Yes, SCU, in 1979, is in a very good mood indeed.
Photographs hook me by the eyes," said Graham Nash, whose photography collection hung on the walls of de Saisset Art Gallery this year. I did not realize the full power photography had until I worked with Graham Nash and his collection last summer. I have not only grown to appreciate the creative genius behind photography but I also learned more about myself in the process.

My involvement with this exhibition began when I first met Graham in May. He introduced himself and his curator, Graham Howe, to me, noting that 'there are two 'Grahams' so it will be easy for you to remember.' "As if I would forget!" I thought to myself. Remembering names was not the problem. Not being an avid reader of Rolling Stone Magazine, Graham only looked vaguely familiar to me, though I have to admit Deja vu was the first album 1 ever spent hard earned babysitting money on. This made it easier for me to work with Graham because I rarely thought of him as a rock star.

Lydia Modi Vitale, director of de Saisset Art Gallery, first met Graham in February 1978, through two mutual friends: San Francisco art dealer St Lowinski and photographer, Hella Hamid. After the initial contact was made, another meeting was set up for the beginning of April. In the meantime, Lydia had a stroke, leaving her son, Marc Vitale, to carry on the task of negotiating for the exhibition. By June the contract was signed and the Gallery began its preparations for the October opening.

I began working a week after school closed. I was given a desk in the back corner of the basement storage area. Surrounded by piles of cardboard cartons and broken frames, always spied upon by smiling plaster figurines, my "office's" only redeeming quality was that I had a telephone—my lifeline to the media world.

Given the title of "Publicity Coordinator" it was my job to handle all aspects of publicity: scheduling and writing press releases, designing the press packet, contacting television, radio, newspaper and magazine media people, placing advertisements, compiling a press mailing list and hosting a press meeting with Graham Nash.

The gallery was headed by acting director, Marc Vitale. Cheryl Raasch Mitchell was Assistant to the Director; James Zingheim, the Preparator, and summer student staff included Tim Beaton, Cathy Bundon, Tom Cosgrove and Theresa Pugh.

Marc attended to the administrative and legal details, generating volumes of paper, and as his many letters and memos stacked up, we kept threatening to buy stock in a paper company for him. Cheryl took up where Marc left off. Besides being second in command, she was in charge of researching Nash's immense collection, writing the script for the videotape interview with Nash, arranging all the details for the taping as well as conducting the interview herself. She also held the publicity coordinator's hand when things got discouraging.

James supervised Tom and Tim as they painted all the galleries, repaired exhibition walls and hung lights. Meanwhile, Cathy single-handedly typed the stacks of Marc's memos in addition to the work Cheryl and I gave her and Theresa catalogued the photographic notebooks to the Nash collection. Their persistence was invaluable.

Preparation for the exhibition began by getting the gallery itself ready for the photographs. Just after all the galleries had been repainted white, it was decided that they would have to be painted over in gray. Graham and his wife, Susan, had
The Graham Nash Opening

seen a Diane Arbus show at the Boston Museum while Graham was on tour. They liked the gray walls with the photographs so much that we called Boston to find out exactly what paint they used.

While all the hanging and painting was going on, I was at my desk writing press releases and making telephone calls. The first step in my publicity work was to design a publicity campaign. Once I decided what information was going to be released and when, I had to determine who it would go to. Making up the publicity mailing list was a frustrating task. It seemed as if there was always someone I had left out. It taught me to be informed and flexible.

I was given a lot of freedom to do my own publicity but with this license came the responsibility of handling the press coverage so that it would be suitable for the gallery and Graham Nash as well. I was constantly faced with the problem of promoting Nash as a collector of fine art photography while playing down his public image as a rock star of Crosby, Stills & Nash. At times this was a difficult task; I had to refuse a television appearance and a radio interview for Graham, both excellent coverage, to
maintain his integrity as a collector. The photographs themselves were at the gallery by mid-July. It was a thrill to see the originals after working with press pictures and catalog cards with postage stamp size reproductions of the photographs. Particularly exciting was being able to handle Sir John Herschel’s “Feathers,” circa 1845, one of the first (continued on next page)

"I was constantly faced with the problem of promoting Nash as the collector of fine art photography while playing down his public image as rock star . . ."
photographs taken on light sensitive paper. The photograph seemed so fragile without being matted and behind glass.

The photographs were framed and ready to put into sequence, and it was Graham's desire to have the photographs placed in a random but aesthetically pleasing order. Lydia came back from her leave of absence at the end of August to begin the preliminary arrangements.

Graham came down a few weeks later to play "shuffle-the-picture" as his wife, Susan, puts it. We called it the final sequencing. It gave us great pride to show Graham how the exhibition had progressed. He shared our enthusiasm, for this was the first time he had seen many of his photographs framed and ready to be displayed.

We toured through each gallery making notes and discussing various aspects of the exhibition. Jackson, Graham's son, was always present either in one of his parent's arms or crawling on the Gallery floor. Marc tried to amuse Jackson by giving him his watch to play with, but soon regretted his generosity when Jackson decided to break in a new set of teeth on his watchband.

At one point Graham was thinking about taking a picture out of the show because he did not think it could be sequenced anywhere. It was Kemmler's "Photography Enthusiast," the only picture in the show that made a statement about photography itself. I expressed my disappointment and Graham half jokingly remarked, "It was taken by an unknown photographer, nobody famous. Why would you want to keep a photo like that?"

"I like it!" I replied.

Graham took another glance at the picture and said, "For you, Virginia, we'll keep it!"

There were other times when Graham would be thoroughly engrossed in his collection. In his enthusiasm, I could catch glimpses of the charisma I knew he had to capture an audience of 60,000 at a rock concert. It was this magnetic creative energy that made Graham the artist-as the creator of music or the collector of photographs. Both depended on his aesthetic judgement.

In one day my efforts during the summer had been culminated. On October 6, I hosted a press meeting with Graham that included correspondents from radio stations, newspapers, all SCU media, Centerstage and Life magazines. The meeting was over at noon, giving the staff the afternoon hours to recover and attend to last minute preparations for the opening. As Director of Publicity, I was given the task of going to a Hallmark card shop to buy 1000 royal blue napkins to match the gallery's decor.
As I walked through the gallery glancing at the photographs displayed on the walls, I realized that it would be all over in a few hours. I briefed the security guards about the tickets and waited until the doors were opened.

The opening remains a blur of people, noise and champagne. What remains clear to me was my astonishment when Nash walked in the door. The enthusiastic photography collector I knew was a rock star in their eyes.

Later that evening I apologized to Graham for the crowding. "Hey, this is nothing. I'm used to having people tear my clothes off. Everyone's great here."

Graham was right. People approached him, genuinely interested in his photography collection, to thank him for bringing it to de Saisset. Graham said in his KSCU interview that he was used to being praised for his music, but it was a new experience for him to hear it for his collection.

As the gallery was closing one couple was trying to view a photograph in semi-darkness. Graham rushed up and asked them what they were doing. After they told him he exclaimed: "This is what it's all about; to think you were trying to see the photograph in the dark!"

After the gallery closed, I led a small army of staff members in search of champagne glasses that, inevitably, found their way into antique Chinese vases, beneath grinning cupids, and amidst potted ferns. The sticky floor was mopped twice and a final security check was made. The lights went out. The double doors clicked shut.

I felt I had left a part of myself there, taking with me the knowledge and strength I acquired through my experiences at de Saisset.

"This is what it's all about. To think that you were trying to see the photograph in the dark!" -- Nash
I'm very excited. It's nice to be able to show all these photographs. For so long they were in my basement. A lot of my life is dedicated to the music and I don't really have a lot of time to enjoy the pieces I've been collecting over the years.

A photograph is totally useless if it's in a drawer. It has to have somebody look at it for it to come to life. It's exciting. It's exciting to stand in the middle of it all and just look around. I remember a lot of emotional experiences going through, choosing the pictures—not only choosing them when I first saw them, or when I first bought them for the collection, but also going through the entire collection and choosing the ones I wanted to go in the exhibit, because this only represents 25 per cent of what I have.

For many years I've always felt that I was an artist and not necessarily a musician. Music is only a part of my life. It's a big part, obviously—the part that people know most. But it is only a small part of my life. I intend to share these photographs with people and if I make a name other than a musical name, then that's fine. If I don't, that's fine too. My ego is well satisfied by 20 years of rock and roll. I don't need to make a name anywhere else, but it's nice these pictures can be seen.

To me, photographs are little pieces of emotion all wrapped up, and if you want to see them, they are there. I think that art is anything that you are confronted with that moves you physically, emotionally, spiritually or intellectually. Anything is art if someone says, "What the hell! Wow! My God!" That's art. If you look at something and it doesn't reach you, then it is not art.

The great power of photography is in how it moves you. You can learn a lot about yourself. If I show you a Weegee photograph or a Diane Arbus photograph and you are not moved, then I know something about you.

I like photojournalism. It's very close to my songs. I'm trying to make a little map through this insane life for myself by putting my feeling down. I'm trying to reach people and make them less lonely. For instance, if I write "Lady of the Island," or "Teach your Children," I hope that somebody listens to that and can say, "I know exactly what he's saying. I was there myself."

I want people to get involved in trying to respond to what I'm doing. I'm sure that everything that happens to me happens to you. I'm sure that you get just as pissed off as I do and you get as upset as I do about Beirut and Biafra and you
I try to uncover people’s emotions that they have overlooked in themselves.”
Graham Nash on Exhibit

Photography was incidental to the main attraction at de Saisset’s gala opening night reception.

Sue Fry, like most other students, went to look at rock stars.

Spring ’78 and I’m feeling pretty good. Pretty damn good alright. I’ve just been told that student passes to Graham Nash’s photograph collection, opening in de Saisset next Fall, are going to be extremely limited. The reason this makes me feel so good is that I became Arts Editor of The Santa Clara last week, which means I’m guaranteed an invitation. Not only will I not have to stand in line for hours waiting for a pass, but I’ll probably get to meet Nash himself.

I allow this fantasy to develop until I have a clear image of Nash and myself, champagne glasses in hands, discussing a certain rare Civil War daguerreotype by Brady. “Exquisite!” I murmur with an unexplainable, though unmistakable, French accent. “One of my favorites,” Nash agrees, as the champagne bubbles tickle my nose.

And it is alright
Take it as it comes
You will find a way

To get there
-G. Nash
"Wild Tales"

Fall ’78. Paul has just called me into his office. The year’s first issue has yet to be published, but I’m wondering if it really is too early for him to fire me.

“Mike isn’t going to be reviewing the Opening,” he tells me.

I launch into an argument of Mike’s suitability for the assignment, including...
the fact that he'd probably relinquish paternal rights to his first-born son in exchange for a pass to the event. Paul's assenting nods cut my argument short. He explains that Marc Vitale wants to concentrate on Graham Nash: The Collector, not Graham Nash: The Rock Star, and is demanding that absolutely no mention be made of Nash's musical background. Since Mike writes rock reviews, Vitale refuses to let him review the Opening. Paul then informs me that I, too, have been deemed unsuitable for the task since I once co-wrote a review with Mike. Paul says he's sorry, but Dianne will be writing the review.

Two weeks later, I'm at the end of my rope. The gallery has only allotted The Santa Clara three passes, and since I'm not reviewing the Opening, I won't be getting one. I've asked a few people about the possibility of finding me a pass, but the story is the same everywhere: there simply are none to be had. Rumor has it that Linda Ronstadt, Joni Mitchell, Jackson Browne, and possibly Jesus Christ himself will be at the Opening. I have to get an invitation — but how? The vision of Nash and I chatting is rapidly fading.

At one a.m. the morning of October 3rd, my roommate Kathy and I carry our sleeping bags into the Red Lounge and settle down for the night to await morning and the line for invitations. Soon we are joined by two other people. When we awaken at 6:30 a.m. to the sounds of maintenance men, our ranks have swelled to seven.

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Kathy and I quickly throw open our sleeping bags and sit down under the window of the info booth to wait for the passes to be distributed.

By 8:30 the line is huge, and the lounge is stuffed with students hoping to get invitations. At ten a.m., as the first prized passes are being handed out, Marc Vitale steps from the pages of Gentlemen's Quarterly clad in a perfectly tailored navy-blue, European-cut suit, and scurries through the Benson foyer. Paul is walking next to him, struggling to keep pace with the small man's brisk walk. As they pass, I hear Vitale say, "Absolutely not! He is a collector! A Collector!"

At 10:15, invitation in hand, and swathed in weary jubilation, I head back to Campisi for some sleep. As I crawl into bed, Nash and I revive our nearly aborted conversation.

"His eyes are blue."

Mike has also been having difficulties obtaining an invitation. But the Wednesday night before the Opening, he comes into my room, flaps down on my sofa, closes his eyes, and heaves a massive sigh.

"I'm in," he says, and looks at me, a mischievous smile of victory crawling over his face.

"Dianne is filming it for her T.V. class. I'm gonna be her cameraman." I extend my hand to him, and we shake.

The afternoon of the Opening, I run into Dianne in the Bronco Corral. She is dressed to the teeth — jewelry, lipstick, the works. I approach her to ask the reason, but never get the chance.

"I met him!" she exclaims, as she rips into a bag of Cheetos.

"Where?" I ask, immediately comprehending who "him" is.

She hurriedly swallows a mouthful of Coke.

"Press conference this afternoon," she blurts. "Really nice. — And cute!" Her eyes widen and she nods for added emphasis. "Really cute."

At 4:30 that afternoon, I head over to my room and begin getting ready for the Opening. Dave won't be over to pick me up until 6:30, but I figure I'll need at least that much time to shampoo, shower, curl, press, dress, paint and primp.

Walking down the hall, I can hear at least four different stereos blasting "CSN."

I open my door and find Kathy drying her hair, singing along to a song from "CSN": "Keep your eyes wide and make a valid escape. — And cute!"

"Hi!" she yells over the music and dryer. "Take a look at my new dress!"

She gestures to the window, where a daringly low-cut pale-blue formal hangs, shimmering wildly. I tell her it's beautiful, silently wondering what has happened to her usually conservative taste in clothes.

"Christ, Kath, it must've cost you an arm and a leg."

She winces at the comment.

"Yeah," she says, "but I figure, how (continued on next page)"
"... I figure, how many chances am I gonna get to meet Graham Nash? Can I borrow your rhinestone earrings?"
The Graham Nash Opening

many chances am I gonna get to meet Graham Nash? Can I borrow your rhinestone earrings?

"Sure, I've got another pair." I yell as I grab my stuff and head for the shower, knowing full well that this person standing in my room is not my roommate, who considers rhinestones to be the absolute height of tackiness.

It's 6:25. I'm standing in front of the mirror, wearing nylons, sandals and a slip. My hair, however, is perfect. Kath is on the sofa, applying a fourth coat of nail polish as Nash and friends sing "Forgive me if my fantasies might seem a little shopworn. I'm sure you've heard it all before." Kath stops polishing and peeks out the window.

"Ummm, you might want to speed it up a bit," she says quite calmly, as I stand, toothbrush in hand, white foam drooling from my mouth.

"Dave's on his way." This provokes a burst of adrenalin unequaled in recent history as Kath flies across the room, snatches my dress from the closet, throws it at me, and races to the lounge to hold Dave at bay for a few minutes. I zip my dress, yank open my drawer, and stand staring in utter helplessness at a multi-colored assortment of eyeshadows.

What color of eyeshadow does one wear to discuss rare daguerrotypes with a famous rock star? I certainly don't know.

Fifteen minutes later I emerge from my room, wearing heavy eyeliner but no eyeshadow, and we set off for dinner and The Big Event.

And the cannibals are waiting on the edge
To eat the meat that they can smell
-G. Nash
'Mutiny'

When we finally arrive at the gallery, things are different from what I've anticipated. To begin with, people have actually shown up on time, the man at the door is seriously checking passes. Lydia Modi Vitale's dream has finally come true: by requesting formal attire, she's managed to get the students to dress more or less semi-formally. A large number of avant-garde, arty types are wandering around, their "creative" fashions clashing violently with the attempted elegance of the students. I spot Sean filming students for Dianne's show and wonder where Mike is.

My question is immediately answered as I enter the gallery and am seized by a
near-hysterical Mike. His white suit is wrinkled, his black-banded Panama hat is pushed precariously far back on his head, and he has the wild-eyed look of a concerned calf about to be branded.

"There you are!" he pants. "Nightmare — awful — worst night of my life — battery wouldn't work, mike screwed up, light went out — everything!" he babbles.

I notice Dave has already disappeared, ostensibly to find Ronstadt.

Mike continues, holding his head in frustration.

"Just horrible — then I broke a vase. Did you hear me?" he cries with genuine fervor. "I BROKE A FUCKING VASE! The entire place turned and stared — stopped talking — dead silence — going crazy — gotta get OUTTA HERE!"

I pat him on his wrinkled shoulder and mumble something vaguely consoling as I continue to scan the room for Nash, wondering if he's arrived yet.

I push Mike in the general direction of the champagne and follow.

I down half a glass of champagne, spill the rest on the legs of various people jostling me as I disentangle myself from the line, and set off to find Dave and learn the whereabouts of Graham Nash.

Talking to a few people clustered in different corners of the entry way, I learn that I have indeed missed Nash's grand entrance, though no one has any idea where he is now, or even if he's still in the gallery. The conversation soon changes to a debate over whether or not Jackson Browne is on the official guest list, and I excuse myself to find Dave.

I locate him in one of the galleries, talking with Jim, who's completely engrossed in photographing cleavage, and offer to get him a glass of champagne.

Heading back to the table, a friend stops me and says she thinks she just saw Neil Young. We trail the back of a head for five minutes until it turns around and proves her wrong. Two of her friends ask me if I know whether or not Ronstadt is supposed to show up. I tell them I don't know, leaving them drinking champagne and scanning the room for celebrities.

When I finally claw my way back to the champagne table, I'm told that none is being served for a twenty-minute period.

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These "Breaks" continue all evening; clearly someone is trying to avoid the usual Opening over indulgence.

After searching for fifteen minutes, I find Dave downstairs with Jim who is taking pictures of a crowd of people. I freeze with the thought that it might be Nash he's photographing. All the Civil War photos are upstairs and my daydream isn't prepared to adjust to a new setting.

I move closer, but Nash is nowhere in sight. I tell Dave the champagne situation, and promise to bring him a glass in the near future.

"You haven't seen Nash yet?"

He nods a no; I tell him I'll catch him later. I'm going to keep looking.

Determined to find Nash, I begin fighting my way upstairs to the main floor, and up to the balcony. Elbowing my way across the balcony, I glimpse brownish photos of Indians and my stomach churns nervously. But when I see the railing jammed with spectators staring down at the foyer, I realize that Nash could not possibly be upstairs.

As I descend, a friend asks me what I think of the exhibit.

"I don't know," I reply. "I haven't looked at it yet. I've been trying to find Nash. Do you know if he's still here?"

He sympathetically shakes his head, and I walk into Gallery One. No Nash. Gallery Two. No Nash.

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"All the Civil War photos are upstairs and my daydream isn't prepared to adjust to a new setting."
**The Graham Nash Opening**

In the Othello gallery, Lisa grabs me and drags me into the Ladies' Room. The lounge is packed with the usual gaggle of girls applying fresh layers of make-up, hitching up their nylons, brushing their hair, gossiping. Usually the gossip is mostly a discussion of who showed up with whom. Tonight however, celebrities are the topic.

"Did you see him come in?" Lisa asks. Usually this question would refer to a certain young man, but tonight the referent is different.

"No. We got here too late."

"Too bad. He's so handsome! I'm dying to get his autograph!"

Part of me is screaming to say I want to be carried away... -G. Nash

As we walk out, we pass a stunning German model-type in leather jeans who has been garnering appreciative glances all evening. She has been cornered by a just-returned foreign studies student anxious to demonstrate her newly-acquired worldliness.

"Oh, you're from Munich? Gee — I never made it to Munich. . . I was studying in Vienna, though. Have you ever been to Vienna?"

Without a pause for reaction, she continues.

"... The architecture is just inspiring, and the people are so open! — Of course, I found that Europeans are just so much more civilized than that of the Americans, . . ." she gushes. I make a much-needed exit.

It's getting late and the crowd is starting to slowly thin out. Resigned to the knowledge that I've missed Nash, I find Dave in one of the main-floor galleries. He chides me for not bringing him champagne, but accepts my invitation to act as docent, and we head downstairs for a tour of the collection.

It's only me
So if you catch me handing you a line
Please forgive me, ah but let me be
I've got to do it most all the time
-G. Nash
"Spotlight"

Dave and I finally make it through a wall of bodies on the stairway and enter the lower level where a huge knot of people are milling about. At first, I think they are all trying to get up the stairs to leave. Then it becomes clear what the attraction is. It's Graham Nash who has caught their attention.

He is completely surrounded by a mob of people. Most of them try not to stare at this man who they fought to win a chance to see, but struggle to maintain their all-important cool by stealing furtive glances. Others push and shove unabashedly trying to get a piece of paper in front of him for him to autograph. There is considerable confusion as people scurry for scraps of paper to offer him. Slowly, I manage to edge in for a closer look.

I can hardly believe this diminutive man is the Graham Nash. He's certainly not very impressive. He can't be over 5'7", and since I'm 6'1" in my heels, his head just reaches my shoulder. He wears a tacky dark blue sport coat with a decidedly purple tinge that looks like it was rescued from someone's attic. Still, impressive or not, he is Graham Nash, the famous rock personality.

Finally, I worm my way into position by Nash's right elbow. He is incredibly unruffled by the crowds and their shoving, and stands signing his name with a smile on his face while making friendly chit-chat with his fans. As he finishes teasing a girl about her last name, I seize my chance to finally meet him, though I have no idea of what I am going to say.

As he turns my way, I grace him with my most sophisticated smile, and in my nervousness, say exactly what I've been saying to everyone else all evening:

"Have you seen Graham Nash yet?" I inquire politely.

Maybe he sincerely thinks I'm being witty, I don't know. But as I stand there, my face frozen in utter mortification, Nash smiles and says:

"He was here, but he left about an hour ago."

Having received this confirmation that there is indeed a God who takes care of fools who enjoy the taste of their feet, I grab Dave, praying he hasn't heard my bright attempt at conversation, and drag him over to give me my tour of the exhibit.

We manage a quick whirl through one room before the lights begin blinking, signalling the end of the Opening.

On a different day, I returned to view the Nash Collection of photographs — a day when Graham himself was not on exhibit.
"It's like leaving the SCU womb and knowing that there are other people out there. People you can help, yet people who actually help you much more," is how one student described her visit with retarded persons at a local hospital. Hundreds of other students learned the same lesson this year by participating in such programs as SCCAP and the Special Olympics. The faces on the following pages reflect just how valuable that lesson is.
A Mass of Hope
The Santa Clara Community Action Program (SCCAP) is a group of students who touch handicapped people outside the campus regularly. They travel to Agnews State Hospital, they work with autistic children, they guide the junior blind, they spend time with the aged. The Mass for the retarded, held in the Mission Church this year, gave some of these new-found friends a chance to visit the campus, and for most, the outing was a welcome one. Some of the patients from Agnews had not left the hospital for over a year. When students and friends got together at the Mass, concentration was intense, the feeling of community strong, and the smiles abundant.
SCCAP

Visits to Agnews Hospital

Mike Bowler, who coordinates this project, finds that the hugs and smiles he receives each Saturday far outweigh the administrative headaches involved.
Every Saturday, four to ten students board a bus and roll to a local state hospital. There to greet them are anxious friends—anxious to "play" outside if the weather is nice, anxious to play ball, color pictures, listen to music, and chatter about anything and everything.
Big Brothers and Sisters

This program is designed to provide role models for needy kids, but, as one "big sister" put it, "It's like adopting a family away from home. I can't wait for the weekends to come around." Lenore Aguilar and her sisters spent one of these weekends at Santa Cruz. Apparently they enjoyed themselves.
The Special Olympics
The concentration, the camaraderie, the love exuded at the Special Olympics every year make this one of the most popular activities on campus for students. This year more student "helpers" were on hand than participants (over 300).
... Special Olympics
"What surprised me was how fast the players would become your friends. No one else I know is that quick to hug you, that quick to shake your hand," commented one student. "I've never seen so many happy people in one place," exclaimed another.
The biggest thrill for a Special Olympics participant is seeing the ball swish through that seemingly too-small hoop. This sequence tells that story.

...Special Olympics
Many Santa Clara athletes turned out to supervise special clinics while contestants waited to play basketball. "Working with these kids makes sports seem fun again. You can see it on their faces," a football player beamed.
A UNIQUE SAN JOSE DINING EXPERIENCE

Where do you go when you want the biggest steak in the valley, cooked perfectly to order, smothered in a homemade bar-b-que sauce?

Where do you find the plumpest, hottest baked potatoes, the most savory mushrooms, the freshest salads?

Where do you go to get a taste of this great food, and a taste of San Jose history, too? Why, you go to 301 West St. John, of course. You go to THE HI-LIFE
WE ARE THE PLAYERS...

YOU ARE THE SHOW.

So sang The Outlaws to their SCU audience this year. Mike Nouaux went to listen to the concert but ended up watching the show instead.
hey started lining up at 12:30 in the afternoon. In an hour the line, mostly made up of guys from the local high schools, stretches about a hundred yards, the length of the parking lot to the fence. Older people—people in their late twenties and early thirties—walk by shaking their heads in disbelief. You’d think the Rolling Stones themselves were coming, for Chrissake.

A few of the more curious older people walk up to someone in line and ask in their best mock-cool, “Hey, who’s playin’ tonight?” The kids in line snicker a little among themselves, scooping out this old guy’s tennis gear and jogging suit, and say, equally mock-cool, “The Outlaws, man. The fucking greatest rock and roll band in the fucking world.” The snickers break into hoots and beer-induced giggles as the older guy replies with an unconvincing “Aw right,” and a lame “Right-on-brother” clenched fist. Red-faced, he walks toward the tennis courts as the kids point after him and pass another six of Bud around. They want to be good and heated by three o’clock.

By nightfall, there are easily more than a thousand kids lined up, all of them shooting beers and swilling cheap wine out of screw-top bottles. Bill Graham’s staff sits back on the temporary cyclone fence and watches carefully. It’s doubtful any real trouble will break out, but you’ve always got to be careful of large crowds—especially large crowds of kids buzzed on beer, wine and God-knows-what-else.

In the line, the guys without dates—the majority—gather together and pass bottles to each other. Some of them are talking about the girls in their class that get down, others just kick back and shoot beers. Standing in groups throughout the line are guys who have “been to about ten or twelve concerts”; they’ve brought bota bags filled with wine, paper sacks filled with beer, and plastic orange juice bottles filled with screwdrivers. For the most part, however, the crowd is sticking with beer. There are empty bottles and cans all along the line, which is now stretching around the parking lot—about three hundred yards’ worth.

Hanging on the temp-fences are signs carrying the typical concert message: “No bottles, cans or alcohol permitted inside. Thank you.” Save the Heinies till you’re really wasted, then we can smoke the dope inside. It’s always a better idea to drink up
The guy is so wasted he'll probably spend half the night passed out where they dropped him.

outside, because those goddamned Graham staffers will throw away your booze if they find it. It's not worth the trouble to hassle bringing beer inside. Dope is a lot more compact, and it gets you off better anyway. The two oversized trash barrels at the front of the line filled with beer cans, shattered wine bottles and wet brown paper bags prove that the Graham staffers conduct a pretty complete search.

Everybody's drinking up as fast as they can; the line starts to slowly move inside. It's about seven o'clock, and out on Bellomy Street next to the parking lot, a procession of family station wagons inches its way forward. Parents drive up to drop off their kids, mostly between twelve and fifteen years-old. They're almost all wearing "Outlaws" T-shirts, and trying to get away from the family car as quickly as possible. Shit, I can't let them know my mom brought me here. They hurriedly unwrap the packs of Marlboros hidden deep in their jacket pockets, light up, join the line and begin trying to mooch beers. One fifteen-year-old boy is fleeing the family car when he's stopped by a loud honking. He turns around to see his mother leaning out of the car window waving his down jacket at him and shouting "Take this, it's cold in that line." Ignoring her, he takes refuge at the end of the long line.
Outlaws: in choosing their name they chose their audience.

Oblivious to the whole station wagon scene, the few guys in line with dates have been trying to cope with their own problems. If you've got a girlfriend with you, you can't get too gross, like double-chugging Heinie darks or threatening to flash your hog at the bra-less chicks in the tanktops. No, none of that. You've got to at least assume a partial air of aloofness. Okay, maybe just one belt of that Heinie dark. Yeah, that was good. Don't worry, baby, I've got some dynamite homegrown shit for when we get inside. As long as the babe is with me, I'll leave the Animal House stuff to these other guys.

The line is moving slowly thanks to the bottle search by the Graham staff. It's alright, though, everybody's getting off on the derelict being helped out of line onto the grass in front of the infirmary. The guy is so wasted, he'll probably spend half the night passed out where they dropped him. A group of guys from Santa Clara High are considering throwing their empties at the guy, not hard enough to hurt him, just sort of in his direction. But before they start, the guy pukes loudly and rolls himself over in great pain. They have pity on him and toss their cans at the cars in the parking lot.

While the line files in, the Graham staff chucks bottle after bottle into the twin trash barrels. Most of these are confiscated from the kids as they file in, but there are several Graham and ASUSC staffers walking up and down the parking lot, collecting empties. Along either side of the temp-fence, where the line is, the empty wine, beer, and liquor bottles have multiplied into the thousands. It looks like the train yards after a bum convention. Ripple, Red Mountain and other cheap wine bottles are strewn about with equal frequency alongside Coors, Bud and an occasional Heinie. One of the ASUSC staffers mutters something about starting a recycling center.

At about 7:30, almost everybody is inside the Leavey Activities Center, home of the Santa Clara Broncos. The roof on this place is a huge inflatable bubble of plastic that sighs visibly at each spin of the revolving door. It seems to dread its occupants tonight and appears as if it wants
Most everybody has a cowboy hat on; they make you look tall so you feel like a stud.

to collapse on them and smother them all. But with the Los Angeles-thick haze of smoke which pervades the atmosphere, "smothering" seems to be a redundancy. The air is so thick it partially obscures the stage from the back rows of the auditorium. Hung high above the arena floor surrounding the bleachers, you can barely make out the WCAC pennants and the sign welcoming you to the "Home of the Broncos." Tonight, the balding middle-aged alumni basketball fans and beer-bloated frat rats who make up the normal Bronco home crowd have been replaced by five-thousand screaming rock ‘n’ roll fans, and Leavey is transformed into the "Home of the Outlaws."

The Outlaws. In choosing their name they chose their audience. After a week of teachers, parents and bosses, kids want nothing more than to say "Fuck it," get high as they can, and listen to a group of redneck cowboy country rockers bent on kicking-ass. When you're at a concert, you're on your own. Nobody's gonna give you shit for smoking dope, getting wasted or listening to loud music. That's what we're doing here, man, trying to get away from the rule shit at home. The only rule here is get high and have fun.

When you're getting high to country rock, there's nothing more bitchin' than to toss your cowboy hat in the air and give a loud-ass rebel yell. Most everybody here has cowboy hats on; they make you look tall so you feel like a stud. A lot of guys are wearing Pendletons, leather vests, brass buckle belts and cowboy boots, too. The chicks can't help but think you're a stud when you wear gear like that. Hell, what's
What are truck drivers doing at a concert filled with screaming high schoolers?

country rock without a crowd of shit-kicking good ol’ boys—or at least a crowd that looks like shit-kicking good ol’ boys?

Along with the loud majority of weekend cowboys are more than a few hardcore cowboy-types. They’re usually the ones who look about twenty-five or older and whose cowboy hats are beat up from wear, not brand new off the “Outsider” shelf at Sears. These guys are for real, and most of them are probably truck drivers. What are a group of truck drivers doing at a concert filled with screaming high schoolers? Truck drivers have become America’s modern-day cowboy, so what could be more natural than a handful of our new national heroes getting down to the music of their roots? We’re an outlaw breed. We’re the last free sons of bitches in the U.S. of A. Truck drivers, high school kids and certainly the rock stars themselves: Everybody’s a rebel.

Finding a place to sit is the toughest part of going to a concert featuring “festival seating.” At eight o’clock, there are no seats, the only place left where you can see
The group looks like they're performing on a foggy night in Pacifica in front of someone's high-beams.

The stage is along the upper rail in the back of the auditorium. After an introduction by Bill Graham, the opening act, a new group by the name of Molly Hatchet comes onstage. Luckily, the bright spotlights cut through the pot-haze so the people at the back rail can see them. The stage is only fifty yards away, but the group still looks like they're performing on a foggy night in Pacifica in front of someone's high beams.

The quadruple-guitar threat of Molly Hatchet gets the crowd to their feet by blazing out a lot of ear-crushing squealy-high notes and stepping to the very edge of the stage to rock back and forth in unison, long hair flying free in their faces. When they leave the stage, those who are straight enough to notice pound their stoned companions and light books of matches to show their approval. Excited by the crowd's response, the band comes back, grabs their guitars, says "Let's Party!!" and bangs out more Rebel-flag-waving Southern boogie.

The house lights come back up and the scene is still drenched in a thick pall of smoke. The stage backdrop, though, is particularly striking, it's the Outlaw's insignia coupled with a graphic of a cactus and rope circle out of which extends a hand holding a six-gun. The six-gun, which is still smoking, has recently discharged a shell and the bullet is aimed at the audience. Now, we want all you outlaws out there to have a good time, but don't get too rowdy or we won't play "Green Grass and High Tides."

A Lynyrd Skynrd tape blasts during intermission to keep the audience happy. After a half an hour, the lights dim and the crowd roars its approval. Little orange dots of flame pepper the arena as outlaws hurriedly toke up. The band walks onstage, the lights go up with the spot on leader Hughie Thomasson and at the first note, the crowd is on its feet. "Oooooooh, ooohhh, Hurry Sundown..."

Running from the bathrooms at the sound of the song comes Motorcycle Mama. She must weigh 200 pounds, but when she hears those guitars she starts running towards her seat like a gazelle. Wearing a blue and white polka-dotted scarf and a pink...
The Outlaws leave without ever once yelling "party." Disappointed, some decide to kick in the bathroom walls on the way out.

T-shirt which reads "I Love Being Single—Hawaii," she hurries down onto the floor to find her boyfriend. "Oooohhh, oooohhh, Hurry Sundown..." blares the music as she waves her tattooed arms to attract his attention. He is a weasely little guy who looks and dresses like Bob Dylan impersonating Black Bart. When Mama returns, she and Weasel start bogarting joints and swinging along with the music.

Thomasson brings the song to a halt as he directs the band in one final crushing guitar chord. Yahhhhhhhhh!!! The crowd goes wild, girls are already being hoisted up onto their boyfriends' shoulders. More matches are lit as Thomasson and guitarist Billy Jones introduce a new song. "We are the players, and you are the show..."

At the very back row of the auditorium floor is a couple which looks as if the last fully conscious act they had done was to line up to go to The Grateful Dead concert on New Year's Eve. Flipping through a Life history of the sixties, you could probably find this couple, each about 50 pounds slimmer and about fifteen years younger, as they frolic in a mud puddle at Woodstock and make flower crowns for their heads. The black dress with gardenia and the blue-tinted "tea shades" with the kaftan make them look like outlaws caught in a time warp. They don't care though, they're just kicking back getting off on a double hit of hash and music.

"We are the players, you are the show." Sitting down on the floor, to the left of the Woodstock couple, is the Cocaine Kid. The Kid has a virtual emporium of whites, coke, quaaludes, pot, etc. displayed on his lap. He pulls out a pack of Marlboros, extracts a pre-rolled joint, lights it, and passes it around good-naturedly. His fifteen year-old companions all gleefully toke up and start screaming for "Green Grass and High Tides." As his friends scream and stomp around, the Kid busies himself with some coke. He's cutting lines, which is tough to do in the dark, but well worth it when he makes a sale to a couple wearing Sears cowboy hats. Re-assembling his stash, he stuffs it back into his pockets.

Roaming along the rear upper balcony is a twenty-five year-old guy in fluorescent green ski pants. With a golden Peter Frampton perm and the reddened face of somebody who spends most of his time skiing or surfing, he doesn't look like much of an outlaw. Listening to him talk at his companion, a tall skinny guy in a down vest, you can figure Green Pants out pretty quickly. With his eyes on automatic scan, he wonders aloud about his chances of scoring some ass tonight. Down Vest shakes his head thoughtfully. After an hour of no luck, they retire to a corner as Green Pants turns the discussion to coke and Aspen. "We are the players, you are the show."

Near the end of the show, excitement has been replaced with impatience. Not many people have actually left, but they look as if they're ready. At the conclusion of each of the last three songs, the cry has gone up for "Green Grass and High Tides." Finally the Outlaws leave, only to be summoned back to play the crowd favorite. "Green grass and high tides forever..." the crowd digs it from the first chord, starts to dance. Even the people who've been standing at the rear balcony are dancing. "Yeah, we play it just for you."

But the rush wears off quickly when Thomasson goes into his solo, dragging the nine minute song out to half an hour. The Outlaws leave without ever once yelling "party" or inciting the crowd to "boogie all night." Disappointed with a mere, "Thank you," some of Cocaine Kid's buddies decide to kick in the bathroom walls on their way out. Apparently it wasn't the best concert they've seen, but as they walk away, they're still defending the Outlaws as "the best fucking rock 'n' roll band in the fucking world."

As the Kid gets to the parking lot, he snuffs up one last line of coke. With this newly-discovered motivation, he walks over to Bellomy Street and waits for the procession of station wagons to file by. It is cold without his down jacket.
Venerable rocker Van Morrison kicks off his comeback with a three-encore performance in Mayer.

Van the Man is back
PERFECT! KHIN’S HOT, BEER’S NOT

NEW WAVE SENSATION GREG KHIN. FRESH OFF A DEVASTATING EUROPEAN TOUR TURNED RV AN FIELD INTO A SUN SOAKED PARTY. IT WAS BILLED AS ‘YOUR BASIC OUTDOOR CONCERT.’
TIM ‘JAZZ-ROCK’ WEISBERG RETURNED TO SCU WITH HIS SPECIAL BRAND OF HIGH-POWERED MUSIC. AFTERWARDS, THE FLUTIST WAS SEEN FLIPPING THE FRISBEE IN CAMPISI QUAD UNTIL THE WEE HOURS.
JOURNEY PACKS LEAVEY

IDOLS OF THE TEEN SET DREW THRONGS OF TEENyboppers TO 'THE BUBBLE'--AND EVEN A FEW SCU STUDENTS.
If prostitution is the oldest profession known to mankind, then acting has got to be a close second. Let's face it, at one time or another we have all acted. Whether it was as a little kid trying to convince your mother that it wasn't you who put the cat in the refrigerator; or as an adult, improvising some quick lines to your boyfriend about your whereabouts at three a.m. last Saturday morning.

It's a long hard road that most actors cross in establishing and making a name for themselves in "the business." Shirley Temples and young Mickey Rooneys are few and far between. Combine a lot of drive, self-confidence, talent and a little luck and you've got the basic essentials of what it takes to get up on a stage (or movie set) (or T.V. soundstage) and spill you guts to people you probably don't and probably will never know.

To entertain. To say something. To believe. To see, but... To not look back, but... To remember the past. To cry. To laugh. To embody with a passion hitherto unreachable of the human soul—but to be all emotions of the human soul at once. To stand—naked—in a space and time which will never happen again and cannot be forgotten. To exalt. To accuse. To justify. To win. To lose. To thrill. Too early. Too late. To be... To "Act."
Auditioning. Give it your best shot, despite nervousness and fear of failure. Confidence. Try to present the unexpected. It can never hurt.

"God, I hope I get it!"
The Audition Process


Most auditions at SCU are run basically the same way: One day of monologues (1 comic, 1 serious) by participants, followed by call-backs for possible parts, then finally the cast list is posted. I say "most auditions" because Michael Olich chooses to stray from this norm. Another Olich spectacular. Oh God! Turn back to 1978 for a brief moment, and Michael's production
of The Promise comes to mind. A simple script (on the outside) based on a love triangle in Russia during the Second World War was enlarged to a lavish production which no one expected, including bombs (taped, of course—but, if Olich could've done otherwise he would've!), Russian music, and a trip to Lake
Tahoe to freeze (just for the experience). It was very well received by audiences.

And now, to take Moliere's masterpiece and update it, from the seventeenth century to the late 1920s; virtually changing the entire plot around to include gangsters, hints of the underworld, high society life and a richness only Randolph Hearst could afford. The big question in everybody's mind was "Will it work?"

To make the reader think that this article was written by Joseph Heller, I'll take you back a little—Auditions.

There was only one stipulation to Olich's auditions—whatever was done had to be memorized. But that was it. One could conceivably do anything (as long as it was committed to memory).

I had visions of doing a monologue I had found of Jesus as a nightclub entertainer, along the lines of: "But verily, folks, I want to talk to you tonight about my father who art in heaven. For one thing, He's omnipotent. That means when he sits around the universe, He really sits around the universe. Also he's crazy. For a long time, he thought he was a burning bush. We would have taken him to a shrink, but we needed the heat."

I opted for doing two scenes from Tartuffe itself. Dan Maloney and Vilma Silva were the willing victims I chose to act with. We worked primarily the days before the auditions, which were in early January.

Auditions can be very terrifying. If there's a part that a person really wants badly, he/she can be very disappointed. A good audition can mean future roles and a healthy career in college theatre. A bad audition can lead to humiliation, loss
of simple skills (e.g., brushing your teeth, aiming at the toilet), speech malfunctions, paralysis, blindness and eventual death.

When Dan and I auditioned, Olich made us do (in addition to the scene), an improvised scene which we did as sophomores in high school. Dan remembered a great deal of it ("I'll never forgive you for that"), whereas I, with a remarkable memory for the past, could barely remember that I went to high school (or maybe it was the drugs I took beforehand). At any rate, Dan's audition let him to the role of

Early Rehearsals. The beginnings of an idea. The shaving of an obsolete beard. "Blocking" the show, script in hand. The end result must happen from the start.
Tartuffe. As for Vilma and myself . . . well, suffice it to say that her reading of Marlane got her the same part; I could've been a clown for P.T. Barnum the way I bumbled on stage. That night, I put my toothbrush to my navel and peed in my hallway.

Olich decided to wait a couple of days before putting up the cast list. But once it went up, there were no real surprises. The cast included Bill Howard as Orgon; Lori Caprista as his wife, Elmire; Dan Maloney as Tartuffe; Vilma Silva as Orgon's daughter, Marlane; me as her brother, Damis; Lorin Stewart as Cleante; Sue Gundanas as the maid, Dorine; Peter Buckley playing Mariane's lover, Valere; and Joan Langley as Orgon's mother, Madame Pernelle. Others in the play included Brenda Foley, John Merriman, Hugh Nees and Michael Bowler.

I didn't get the part which I was hoping for, but, if I had to expect a part, it was Damis, a hot-headed youth. No comment. Overall, everyone was pretty happy with the casting.

With auditions over, the hard part was just beginning for all of us with not a lot of time until March 2 (opening night).

“Magic To Do”
The Rehearsal Process

All of the parts in Tartuffe were
Late Rehearsals. Down to the wire. Not all lines are memorized, not all blocking is right. Actors are catching colds. Things must be worked and reworked.

played differently from what the author intended originally (unless, of course, Molière belonged to the Cosa Nostra). Looking back, my notes for Damis (originally a hot-headed loudmouth, in love with Valère’s sister) read: “an alcoholic (only after watching the grownups), homosexual (more like adolescent crushes on male figures—mainly Tartuffe).”

“Now wait a minute, I thought you just said that Damis was in love with Valère’s sister.” Not after Olich took his pen to the script cutting lines, speeches and characterizations to smithereens wanting to start from scratch. Which is exactly what he did.

“Cuts” are lines which are excluded from the text to (1) either trim down the time of the show to a reasonable length or (2) adapt the play more easily to the situations (e.g. change of time period) at hand, or both. So the first week of rehearsals consisted of blocking (the movement on stage it takes to complete any given action from picking up a glass to walking out a door), and cuts.

The rehearsal process is a long time which flies by way too fast. Depending on the part (and show) at SCU. A lead role may rehearse six nights a week for up to four hours a night. A great deal of work is done building and refining a character. The first weeks are basic: movements on stage—where to go when . . . and remembering what’s just been learned. The weeks following are strict, disciplined concentration. Not that the director has to or should enforce discipline, but the actor must create, in his work, a rigidity of rules which he must not overshadow with any excessive pleasures. Like any sport, an actor must be willing to give 150 per cent energy during rehearsals and performances. In college, it’s much harder with all of the social activities one could participate in, to maintain some semblance of the “outside” world. Just the same, you’ll hardly ever find a theatre major at the Club 66 or playing Intramural football. Which is perhaps something I’ll never quite
understand. As much as an actor is constantly told that he should observe life, there doesn’t seem to be a hell of a lot of observing at SCU. No one ever learned anything by observing and never experiencing, or shutting out the observation completely.

So much for going off on a tangent. Now where was I? Oh yes...

Rehearsals can be fun, however. Such as the time Tartuffe had to grab Orgon to keep him from throttling me, and Dan let Bill H. have it with a flying tackle that sent us all laughing. For the rest of the night, whenever Bill and I looked at each other we laughed so... hard... that we... well, I guess you just had to be there!

The theatre is at its busiest during the rehearsal period. In the costume shop, costumes are being fitted, made, re-made and some re-re-made under the able supervision of Barbara Murray. For Tartuffe, formal evening attire was required. It was a beautiful show to look at. With greased back hair for the men and slinky dresses for the women, everyone looked like they stepped out of an old Cagney movie.

In the scene shop, the set, in this case a huge marble-looking floor, was being built. At this time also, A Doll’s House was happening on Mainstage (Louis B. Mayer) so double duty was being dealt with in getting both shows to the boards in time. Joe Kaplor and Bob Steiner were the faculty members pulling their hair out at this time to get everything done.

Jim Schimandle was the student lighting designer for Tartuffe, a task requiring over 100 lights to be put in the studio theatre to effect a nighttime/early morning atmosphere.

Olich’s approach to acting deals primarily in moments. A moment on stage which he finds particularly
useful or poignant to the play, will be pursued to glean the best work he can from an actor to form the most definite character. He may work more than an hour on perhaps fifteen seconds of scripted material. Directors all work exceedingly differently. Some allow a great deal of freedom, letting the actor create a character out of rehearsals and outside work (e.g. research); others will confine, restrict and demand a certain walk or movement immediately into rehearsals, leaving the actor not to create or not to give the actor a chance to use his most valuable tool—his imagination.

Once rehearsals end, the gruesome part begins: technicals week. A week of adding sound, lights, costume, make-up. Vast adjustments such as shaving Bill Howard's make-up. It gives a chance for the actor to concentrate on the performance at hand and it is the last chance for the cast to exchange barbs and jokes, to loosen up.
Final talk. The director's "before opening performance speech." Everything we've worked on for the last five weeks is summed up in two minutes. And then, it's out of his hands and into ours.
The moment. A great deal of concentration is required before the play even starts. It is called psyching up or “getting character.” But soon the dream turns into reality. When the actor walks on stage, it’s do or die.

“What I Did For Love”
Performance

Opening night. The adrenalin is pumping as the thought of finally having an audience after all those weeks of playing to empty chairs is finally realized. Getting to the theatre. Bullshitting with friends. Putting on make-up and further talking. Getting into costume, finding that a button is about to fall off. A quick sew job by the costume mistress (thanks, Cathy). A quick run-through of the curtain call—a dance. An opening night speech by Olich.

Anxious. Backstage, David Lemos (stage manager) saying that “the house is about to open.” 140 seats will soon be filled. Everyone goes to his own special niche to prepare, to psyche himself up, to get in character. “Ten minutes to places.” Final physical warm-ups. “Five minutes to places.” No more time to think—just do, BE! “Actors! Places for act one!” Through a door and sit, wait for your cue, entrance. Time passes slowly. Music . . . It’s started! The stage—an awareness of bodies in the light filling the seats haloing from the stage. Some laugh, others don’t. But that’s okay, they are all listening and that’s important. They are as alert to you as you are to them. Present a reality; present a fantasy; present anything—for they will accept it, because you hold them (if only for a brief flashing second) in a position which they don’t want to be let go of. The actor and the audience merge ever so quietly in one mutual joyous celebration.

It would be easy to write about the problems during performances. For example, the actors who come late into a scene—missed cues; the actors who come on stage too early; the lines which are forgotten or dropped, the panic which a memory blank might cause—and the recovery from that sense of loss; the light cues which come late (or early), the costumes which catch on a chair; the holes put into the “marble” floor; and the frustrations we all feel after a performance which we think perhaps was not quite up to snuff. But that’s the unexpected which keeps things alive—each performance different from the last. Not that it’s any fun to see these things happen, but when they do, we tend not to get lazy or over-confident on stage because things can still go wrong. But all problems seem to pass amicably,
probably because "dependence" upon our fellow actors is constantly stressed, we know they will. Following the closing night show comes "strike." The removal of all scenic elements which created Tartuffe. The lights come down. The costumes are taken downstairs to the stockroom to be stored for future use. The set is removed to be stored for perhaps another play. The illusion is destroyed. But a lot of memories are imprinted on everyone's mind: Good. And bad. But mostly good. A "strike party" follows, featuring a feast which doesn't usually start until around three or four a.m., after the last of the set is cleared.

Jim Schimandle cranks up his Pink Floyd tapes on the house speakers while we sit and talk about the now-ended show, life in general and the future. It's "deep."

We hope to work together again,
The performance. Lines down. Energy up. No turning back. Give. Give. Give. Sometimes it’s easy. Sometimes it’s hard. But it is always challenging. Perhaps not at SCU. But somewhere—professionally? A dream come true. We will separate and try to find work as we’ve seen graduates for three years do. It’s not impossible. But to move on is almost a necessity. California, New York, Kentucky, Minnesota, who knows? But nothing is secure in theatre (in any job for that matter). And we talk, underscoring Dark Side of the Moon with various optimisms and pessimisms, and hopes for the future. Dreaming. It’s all an act... An act of love—which, one hopes, will never end.
After the curtain. Eight nights is too short a time to present a play which took five weeks to produce. There’s no way to go back and re-do some schtick that didn’t work on closing night, or to try again the ones that consistently got laughs. There is nothing left but the memories.
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Compliments of the Rubino Family
The Lion in Winter, written by James Goldman, explores humanistic universals such as love, freedom, and the family in an intelligent, compassionate, and entertaining manner.

The actors were well-cast and their performances, under the able direction of Frank Caltabiano, mesh in an evening that is, on the whole, satisfying.

The minor roles are well-played. Vilma Silva creates a thoroughly convincing, compassionate characterization of Alias.

Peter Buckley's performance as Richard the Lionhearted has a good deal of merit; he both evokes and transcends the popular image of the warrior-prince. Lorin Stewart is perfect as Geoffrey.

David Wood turns in a fine performance as Philip, the young French king who has learned his lessons well.

The best performances of the show, however, are given by the two leads. Douglas Sebern and Joan Langley are truly impressive as Henry and Eleanor. Sebern has a commanding stage presence. He expertly evokes fury, despair, tenderness, delight, and, finally, love. Langley shines as Eleanor. She meets the challenge of creating a powerful character decades her senior with dignity and grace. She is a lioness to match Henry's lion: loving, jealous, proud, at times desperate. We can see why Henry must keep her in submission, and why he cannot give her up. Henry and Eleanor are beautifully matched, and Sebern and Langley are marvelous together.

The medieval setting of Lion in Winter is aptly evoked by Michael Olich's scene designs, Albert Gibson's dramatic lighting and Barbara Murray's gorgeous costumes. Frank Caltabiano has done an excellent job of coordinating the entire play, and is to be congratulated.
Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, under the direction of Bill James, transcends melodramatic twists of plot and character to tell the moving and timeless story of a woman led to "utter distraction" by "natural feelings on the one hand and belief in authority on the other hand," (Ibsen's notes as quoted by the program) with compassion, conviction, and some very good acting.

Molly Matthiesen, in her first leading role at Santa Clara, turns in an impressive performance as Nora, the wife whose disillusionment at the dichotomy between her own moral code and society's leads to her sudden and painful maturation.

Matthiesen perfectly captures the pathos of a woman whose spiritual life is unacknowledged, whose very real emotions of love and despair drive her eventually to an agonizing appraisal of herself and her world for the first time in her life.

David Wood proves an apt partner for Matthiesen. He handles the difficult and largely unsympathetic character of Nora's husband, Torvald Helmer, deftly, with compassion and intelligence.

Doug Sebern's Dr. Rank has great audience appeal, and deservedly so. His portrayal of the Helmers' friend, expertly and beautifully realized, brings to life a man of maddening but somehow charming fatalism, welcome humor, intelligence, and a deeper sensitivity than anyone except perhaps Nora credits him with.

Both a master and a victim of irony, he provides a dark symbolic and human counterpart to the torn doll-wife Nora and the pitiable dolt Torvald—most notably in Act II when he declares his love for Nora and in Act III when, after a marvelous drunken scene with Torvald—a moment of chilling irony—he makes his final, and very effective, exit from both the stage and the Helmer's life.
Scenes, poems, songs, monologues, dialogues, improvisations taken from the works of German dramatist Bertolt Brecht. With script by George Tabori. Featuring the talents of Leo Clarke, Lori Coltrin, Susan Gundunas, Dan Maloney, Molly Mathiesen, Thomas Menz, John Merriman, and Bill Quinlan. Directed by student-director Peter Buckley.

Perhaps November of 1978 was not the right time to present an event which made us all too aware of death and the deterioration of society, past and present. Perhaps some of the subject matter was better left untouched; or touched too deeply the heart of the actor. Some words were hard to say; others flowed with the ease that humility allows when we are humbled to a loss of words.

Brecht, with an uncanny sense of direction, spoke for us and filled in those lost words with a harshness unequalled except in his gentleness and humor; never letting go of the realities; never letting mankind rest unaware. . . Awareness. Never letting his audience sleep, but awakening them nonetheless.

Brecht On Brecht was an experiment in many senses. With its political (to some, radical) nature; with its challenges to the audience; with its challenges to the actor; if success is measured by the ability to stir the audience’s emotions, to make them think beyond themselves, to make them laugh, to make them cry, to make them LEARN, then, yes, it was a success.

It is a show which, like a great deal of theatre, does not answer any questions. But it poses some problems which need to be thought about occasionally by us in our desire to pass them off on somebody else.

We can only go so far before we have to start over. In this starting, Brecht On Brecht, if nothing else, proposes directions we should not go in, directions we have tried and have not worked.
Written in 1728 by John Gay, *The Beggar's Opera* was turned down by the major theatres in London until John Rich decided to take a risk. He ended up producing the greatest financial hit that London audiences had ever seen.

It makes a satirical comparison of the similarities between the motives and actions of the establishment upper classes and of the criminal lower classes, and the different way in which society 'rewards' each class for these actions. Yet it all is done with fun, wit and charm. And the lively action is studded with over fifty songs set to popular tunes of Gay's London.

Director Fred Tollini, S.J. has adapted the play from the original to create a play-within-the-play atmosphere. The "opera" is written by one of the beggars and performed by his compatriots—all the time being watched by the entire group of London's lowlife. It provides a unique style of presentation theatre as the audience watches both the opera and the reactions to it.

Tollini, with the aid of musical director Aileen James, and choreographers Carolyn Silberman and Ann Malmut-Orr, has blended together many types of acting and singing—from realistic to presentation, from gay, court-like parodies to bitter realizations of their fate by the beggars.

The production's designers have all used Hogarth's famous prints of 18th century England to find the pictorial-unity for the show. Set designer Michael Olich has built a raked stage surrounded by the super structure of the beggar's wharehouse to show the play within the play style. "The beggar's are their own actors and the wharehouse is their theatre," Olich states.

Costume designer Barbara Murray has also based her renderings on Hogarth, and has used many types of fabric and color to give the show a "patchwork, piecemeal" quality. This helps to show the poverty of the cast and the "acquired" assortment of beggar-for clothes. Also, a shadowy pattern to unify the different costumes has been achieved by spraying paint on the clothes through a lace overlay.

The cast of characters is large—30 people—comprised of both theatre majors and many new faces to the Mayer theatre complex. Lorin D.M. Stewart appears as Capt. Macheath, the highwayman who lives and loves heartily and is brought to trial to pay for it. Susan Gundanas plays his wife Polly Peachum, while Molly McDonald plays his other "promised-for" Lucy Lockit—both women fighting over the man each calls husband. E.D. Gross and Diana Torres play Mr. and Mrs. Peachum while David Lemos plays Lucy's father Lockit. Daniel Maloney is the beggar who authors and puts on the 'opera,' John Merriman is Filch—an upcoming pickpocket, and Eliena Agnelli is Mrs. Trapes—the friendly "madame" who will turn in anyone if the price is right. Bill Quinlan, as Matt of the Mint, leads a gang of men played by James Gouveia, David Duncan, Steve Kiehn, John Schmidt, Francis Abueg, J. Bart Wojciehowski, Mark Hubert, and Bill Lenti. Mrs. Trapes' "girls" are portrayed by Stephanie Marla, Lori Coltrin, Brenda Foley, Anne Williamson, Nancy Ann Cristofaro, Lolita Fatjo, Liz Frischolz, and Kathleen Rubin. Completing the cast are drawer Scott Freeman, constables Michael Bowler and Hugh Nees and Doug Las Seber.
The Real Inspector Hound is a brilliant spoof of various philosophies of the theatre, written by Tom Stoppard and staged by director Frank Caltabiano and a game, energetic cast—the play is fast-paced, deliberately confusing, and fully entertaining.

The philosophical implications and intentions of Hound could easily occupy a treatise, but such a project would be doomed to failure, for the success of the play lies in the fact that it refuses to take anything, including itself, seriously.

One of Hound's best features is that the play's two central characters—Moon and Birdboot—are really part of the audience; or, perhaps more accurately, the audience is really part of the play.

What they, and we, are watching is another performance of a creaky 20s whodunit melodrama, played cheerfully to the hilt by a cast of well-rehearsed and very funny actors. The characters, dialogue and setting, as well as plot, are all stock theatrical devices, but their merciless pursuit of their own purposes despite plentiful interference is amusingly effective.

Leo Clarke provides an appropriate partner and comic foil for Moon with his Birdboot, "pillified and villoried" for his womanizing ways.

Lorri Caprista as the pert ingenu Felicity and Joan Langley as the femme fatale Cynthia are both well-suited to their roles, sophisticated and amusing.

David Wood, as the roguish Simon Gascoyne, must be commended for his skill at speaking through pipe-clenching teeth as well as for his polished comic flair. Douglas Sebern provides several hilarious moments as the clumsy, slow-witted Inspector Hound, and nearly steals the show.

Peter Buckley delivers an outstanding comic performance as the triple-identity Magnus, careening dangerously around the stage in his wheelchair, balefully eyeing his opponents at bridge.
A series of student-directed one-act plays highlighted the spring season at Mayer. On three separate afternoons theatre arts students got the opportunity to flex their directorial muscles, and the outcome was varied in approach but consistent in high quality. Each director was responsible for auditioning talent, scheduling rehearsals, choosing a set and obtaining props. The student directors had less than three weeks to turn a written script into a polished performance.

Featured plays ranged widely from intense drama to lighthearted comedy. Scott Freeman, who directed an excerpt from the award-winning play *The Shadow Box*, by Michael Cristofer, noted, "I chose this particular drama because of what it says about living, dying, and caring about people," but another director, Scott Guadan, chose a comedy because "My main point here is to provide a few minutes of entertainment."

All directors agreed with Freeman, however, who reflected, "My position is extremely nerve-wracking because there are so many things to worry about and it all rests on my shoulders. But when the final curtain goes up it's all out of my hands." When the final curtains went up, the audiences were invariably treated to polished performances and innovative sets, and a free afternoon at the theatre.
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dedicated to
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To those who knew Greg, we will remember his love for life, his enthusiasm for sports, his dedication to excellence and his spirit of fun, love and unity. We at Santa Clara learned all this from Greg--learned how to live--and now, his spirit is part of each one of us, and will live within us forever.

We feel Greg's love, it makes us strong.
Fly free, Greg, soulful dove your love will live for you and yours on and on.
There is a lot of commentary about the "jock image" at SCU. The stereotype is well known. Big. Dumb. Pushy. The stereotype is wrong. On these pages the athletes tell what it's like to be a "jock" at Santa Clara. And the pictures show why, in the end, they love it.
I played all four years of high school. I first began playing just to see what it was like, and in high school, it's the thing to do. Now, it's become something I really enjoy, a physical release. I don't know if I would have completed my education (as a mechanical engineer) at another school while playing football. It's not just a recruiting line, education really does come first here, that's what you are here for. There have been times when I've only practiced three days a week, but the coach always understood that academic commitments come first.

Football Co-captain Mike Gonzales on why he plays football at SCU.
"We won't prostitute ourselves taking inferior students. That's good in the light that we are not living a lie, difficult in the light that it makes it harder to compete. But, if you take a young man or woman that can't compete academically you're dead — we don't have courses here to hide in."

Athletic Director Pat Malley on athlete admissions.
"It ought not to be the tail that wags the dog. You can make a good case for the role of athletics as a reasonable adjunct to a university education—particularly at a place that stresses the development of the whole person. Often a conflict arises over athletics between a faculty trained in the Germanic tradition, with the German belief that universities should be totally intellectual, and administrators who follow a broader, British concept of education, where sports are an integral part of a school's curriculum."

Vice President for Student Services
George Giacomini on athletic priority.
"I never let my guard down on the team — it's pretty intense — lots of intimidation. I felt a lot that I had to gain respect. Practice was a challenge every day, and fans here just turn on you if you lose."

John Kovaleski on what it is like to make the basketball team as a walk on.
Sometimes we're stereotyped. You know, they call you jock or broncette. It's kind of hard. The worst is the weight room. The guys look at you and wonder what you are doing. But, if you have the potential, you might as well use it. We get a lot of respect for trying so hard. The publicity we get differs from the publicity the star of the men's basketball team gets. Last year when we went to the Nationals it was nice to wear our team sweatshirts and have people ask how it went — it feels like you are really doing something. We need more publicity in general.

Racquel Ornelas
on rowing and the woman-athlete stereotype.
Running provides food for thought, kind of like meditation. You can go out and run and clear your head. It's not really the most exciting sport to see. It's more for within yourself than for other people. I get satisfaction from going out and trying to do something and seeing how far I can run this time. Another thing I get a kick out of is being able to relate to other people who run, you can run with somebody and still be yourself.

Vickie Strong on why she runs cross-country.
I always worry about the incoming freshman that thinks: 'I can be a big shot. If I'm a big stud in baseball everything else is going to click.' It's a mistake to find your identity solely by playing baseball — the odds against becoming a successful pro are astronomical. If I had to express it any one way to an incoming freshman I'd say 'Don't get hung up on your letter jacket.' The day of the pedastal coach yelling through a megaphone is quickly coming to an end — authoritative coaches find their style can be pessimistic. The new style coach finds participation good. If a player's suggestion has a rational basis behind it, it should be dealt with just as if it was given by a head coach. Sometimes it's easier for a player to dump their gripes off on me — I hear about an abundance of problems that they're afraid to tell the older coaches. Players try to censor anything going to the head coach's ears that might make the coach think badly of them, so they bring their complaints to someone a little further down the line.

Bruce Edgington on the baseball program and being a player coach.
We’re not coaching to develop kids who will go out and make money playing soccer. Our top kid’s education was paid for by his father’s insurance — he was not concerned about making money. Not only must the physical senses be well maintained, but the psychological and social senses as well. On the team we have both close friendships and close conflicts. There’s no way to avoid it when you’re spending three hours a day together, nine months a year. The growth that can take place on a team is just incredible. Each player must function in a group, and as a group, and that’s the way the world operates as well.

Coach Dave Chaplik
on why Santa Clara has a soccer program.
Most athletes get along. You get in pickup games with football players or go check out a practice. You know what’s going on with them. The thing that bothers me about non-athletes is that most of them think you get away with everything. That puts even more pressure on you to show everybody. They just don’t know.

Gary Carpenter on the “jock image.”
I still like the game, but I'm tired of the repetition... not so much the playing, but the routine of practice every day, constant pressure. We stress discipline and control. It's a physical game we play—we need a good defense. It's safer. You know when to take the shot. We get confused sometimes, though; there's no team confidence. It's hard to know when to react when you don't have the freedom to think on your own. Basketball here is almost a paradox; it's hard to be quick and creative within a structure. On court, it's hard to know who's behind you. Take UCLA—they have a fast break offense, they stress freelance. Reno creates their own shots. We're more concerned with Carroll's plan. We try to run the offense so right that we often don't react to what's happening... I like to be cheered. I hear the crowd, I don't see fans, but I have a feeling of confidence. If there are no cheers, you feel anxiety—you almost would do anything to hear the reaction. But I try to remember that I'm out there to help the team win, not to please the fans.

Londale Theus on college basketball.
I'm not on the side of these girls who want as much money as boys unless they are as good as girls can be. At Santa Clara there are very few girls who are trained, usually they just come and join a team. The few girls who are good here are already getting scholarships. Overall, the girls' sports are not up to par with the guys because the accomplished girl players don't come here. I can't see girls squabbling to get more money when they don't deserve it.

Kelley O'Keefe on Title IX and SCU.
I like the competition and working with different people. We lost two seasons straight in all our league games and I wondered why I stayed with no reward, but it did help me learn about losing, about keeping at it, and pride. It's a weird thing to go through a game knowing you're going to lose and knowing the other team knows it too. Now, the whole situation is under control. We're really looking to the outside as far as support and recruiting goes. Recruiting will be a main part. The new coaches have the right kind of disposition. They're diplomatic with the men in the athletic office and with the financial resources. They show an immense interest in the players; it's like the players are their kids.

Janet Steiner on the overall improvement in women's athletics at SCU.
Football

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."
Charles Dickens may have thought this sentence was the perfect introduction to his novel, A Tale of Two Cities, but he would never have guessed that the sentence would aptly describe Santa Clara's 1978 varsity football season.

Depending upon the eyes of the spectator, the Broncos' 5-6 record was either a disappointing season with triumphs, or a triumphant season that was marred by disappointments.

It began with a triumph that was also elusive: Pat Malley's one hundredth victory as the Broncos' head football coach. The milestone was symbolized by the presentation of a jersey with the number "100" on it, and it was performed by a then unknown kicker, whose field goal late in the game preserved the victory — Brian Sullivan.

Then came three straight losses, but even failures had successes: the offense (led by freshman quarterback Mike Heinrich) committed six turnovers in its loss to Fullerton State, but managed to earn 430 yards total offense, against Hayward State, the Broncos recovered two fumbles and converted them into touchdowns, but they also committed fumbles that Hayward State turned into a victory. And against San Jose State, Heinrich was injured and the Spartans dominated the Broncos statistically, but backup quarterback Dave Alfaro's poise, and the defense's toughness kept the game close and provided an exciting, yet losing, performance.

It was apparent that the Broncos were establishing themselves as a team on the rise. They proceeded to maintain that reputation by winning four of their next five games, and two of those were very significant: the 26-20 upset over nationally ranked Cal Poly-Pomona, running backs Tony Forte, Mark Rebboah, Bill Malcolm and Alex Keota, who showed promise as a potent running attack, the "Crunch Bunch" defense (Dave Gonzales, Dennis Sullivan, John Minahan, Lief Williams, Fred Lampe, and Dave Ramona), who combined strength with experience to account for most of the Broncos' successes, receivers Doug Cosbie (now drafted by the Dallas Cowboys), Ron Cummings, Tom Perterssen, and Ignacio Cantu, whose quick feet, steady hands and potent stickup made them important in the Broncos' passing attack, and kicker Brian Sullivan, who broke four kicking and punting records (including most field goals in a season—the first Bronco record to be broken in a foreign country—longest punt, and highest punting average in one game), and won MVP honors. With such sudden success, some felt that the Broncos were headed towards the Division II playoffs.

Then came the Frustrating Fortnight: it began with the Broncos' frustrating loss to Puget Sound, which was caused by the inability to capitalize on the Loggers' early mistakes, cross the goal line, and stop the Loggers' screen passes; and then it ended with the biggest humiliation of all to a hard-core Bronco fan — losing the Mission Bell to St. Mary's for the first time since 1946. That incident resulted from costly fumbles that were converted into Gael touchdowns, and the soggy performance of the Crunch Bunch defense against the running attack of Oliver Hillman. Despite the loss, there were some triumphs: Sullivan's tenth field goal that ended his record-breaking year, Mike Heinrich's return as starting quarterback that was marked by a 250-yard passing performance, and Dave Gonzales' 89-yard interception return for a touchdown.

A disappointment with triumphs, or a triumph ending in disappointment? The judgment of the 1978 varsity football season is in the eye of the spectator.

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Powderpuff

The Oozes defeated the defending champion Dooley's Dollies and the Tight Ends to win the intramural powderpuff football championship.

Both victories were pretty similar: each saw the O's jump to an early lead, then rely on their to win. Defensive standouts included Michelle Maguire (who snatched an interception in the playoffs) and Joan Muenzer (who played well after recovering from an appendectomy).

The O's offense, however, was also pretty strong. Quarterback Lisa Hutt tossed two touchdown passes to Mary Maloney against the Tight Ends, and accounted for the only score in the championship victory, avenging a loss earlier that season.

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Stories by David Mello
Men's Cross Country

During the season, the Santa Clara Cross Country team emerged from a merely "improved" status to an undeniably "re-spectable repute" in the WCAC. They defeated every conference foe they faced during the regular season, and captured third in the finals at Portland. However, the harriers were severely tested by the big non-conference foes during the Stanford, Cal-Aggie, and Fresno invitationals. The result; the Broncos were left in the dust behind the blue-chip, scholarship athletes.

This season, if any Bronco deserved "blue-chip" status, it was team captain and MVP Paul "Hubby" Cyorey, who placed first on the team in every season meet and broke the St. Mary's course with a time of 28:11 for 5.2 miles. The season produced notable performances from the rest as well. Freshman Dan Greco consistently placed second on the team and finished 18th (of 106) in the finals, and was followed by Rick Allen (Most Inspirational) who took 20th. Certainly, the depth of the team was due to the fourth and fifth men: Larry Eder and senior Steve Kraft. Eder took 24th in the finals while a "most improved" Kraft finished 28th. The remainder of the team included promising freshmen Chris Clomb and Bob Bryce and senior Lynn Baker.

Despite the lopsided non-conference contests, the future of the Santa Clara Cross Country team looks good. Head coach Dan Durante is monitoring the year-round training of the dedicated quartet of Cyorey, Eder, Allen and Creco in preparation for next season.

Women's Crew

Santa Clara's Women's Novice Eight Crew, guided by coach Jim Farwell, wound up the season by overpowering top west coast teams to win the gold medal at the Western Intercollegiate rowing championships, and placed third in the Pac-10 Women's Invitational championships.

The varsity heavyweight eight, lightweight eight and lightweight four crews all captured victories in the Western Sprints Petite Finals, which highlighted the season. Bad rowing conditions highlighted the competition and effected the Broncos' performance. The Heavies, led by coxswain Coleen Egan, John Lesinski, Tom Ander-
Women's Cross Country

The women's cross country team had its inaugural season, and the members made history with almost every performance. In the Fresno Invitational, Yvette Rosas was the first female finisher in a race. The other members who did well included Vicki Strong (who defeated all USF runners), Debbie Dahl, Barb Main, Brenda Bremer (who was the "most improved" player according to coach Dan Durante), Joan Todd and Nancy Luciano.

Men's Soccer

The last Santa Clara soccer game was just nine minutes too long. Leading defending champion USF 2-1 in the NCAA Far Western final, the Broncos came within that much time from advancing to the nationals in Tampa. The Broncos eventually lost, 3-2 in overtime, and finished with a 13-8-2 record.

Despite success from a 19-3 Australian tour and optimism from a visit from Sports Illustrated writer Joe Jares, the 1978-79 varsity basketball team had a disappointing 13-14 season, averaging 83.15 points a game, the second highest average in Bronco history. However, this success did not reflect their overall fortunes. After a bright beginning with a win over Nebraska-Omaha, the Broncos suffered six losses in nine games, which included frustrating defeats to Purdue in the Cougar Classic in Utah, Seton Hall at the Cable Car Classic (when Nick Callis of SH scored 48 points), and New Mexico State (despite a 62 per cent shooting average) and Oklahoma City in the All-College Tournament in Oklahoma. Still, in one of its most ambitious entries into the college basketball world, Santa Clara did earn consolation...
Women’s Basketball

Guided by rookie coach Ken Thompson, the Santa Clara women’s basketball team finished with their best record in history. Thompson, a Wade Trophy nominee, had nine freshmen among 12 players while winning nine out of 24 games. Freshmen Terri Reade and Liz Bruno paced the team in scoring and rebounding, respectively, and set records in those categories. Reade scored 377 points to break Janet Steiner’s old record of 288, while Bruno grabbed 238 rebounds and scored 210 points.

Rounding out the top five scorers were forward Penny Stack (8.2 points per game), guards Mary Veirano (6.4) and Nina Greteman (4.8). Greteman also topped the squad with 76 assists.

Despite a disappointing season, Theus received honorable mention in the Associated Press All-American Team selection, and shared team MVP and All-WCAC Second Team honors with Rambis.

Rugby

A rugby season has come and gone, and with the ringing out of the old came the news that former president of the SCUTS, John Langholff, stuffed the ballot box so Bucky Canales could win the election.

Canales, the 25th president of the rugby team, is very similar to his predecessors: totally incompetent, extremely vain, and a lousy player. He out-pointed Matt Aubertine in the election, but Aubertine did take the captainship away from Dennis “Chunks” Cahill, who was bitter about the results. He was found later sulking with Rob Adams, who suffered a similar experience last year.

Aside from the disputed election, the ruggers did have an interesting season. They had a bad beginning, however, losing their first series to the Santa Cruz Rebels, but that was mainly due to the unavailability of Dave “Eraserhead” Fiore, Ken “Too Slow” Hurley, Rich “The Gael” Medeiros and Ross “No Nickname” Mellownowski because they all had injuries. The players who did show up put up a good fight. Cahill made a penalty kick and Sean Crowley intercepted the ball and ran 60 yards for a try for touchdown to you Raider fans.

The SCUTS I’s then generated a two-game winning streak by defeating San Jose State and Humboldt State. This unexpected success was due to the scoring capabilities of Nick Farros, Sean Bobbitt, Bob Hutt, Brad Mazzucca and Kevin Rudy (it was rumored that they were also the ones who drank the least booze before and during the game). The II’s were not as lucky as they lost their games with both the San Francisco and Humboldt State clubs.

Their next two games were marked by two milestones for the SCUTS: the team lost all their games against St. Mary’s (the first time in two years) despite John Langholff’s two tries, but came back to defeat Oregon State and Oregon and finish third in the Cal-Oregon Tournament (the highest finish in any tournament in over seventy years). In the latter milestone, Tom Rossman earned the first Ted Upland Award of the season.

The happiness felt by owner Tommy Deline soon faded when he fined Fiore for arriving late for the game against the Monterey Rugby Club, who won 17-10. The I’s, meanwhile, defeated the MRC 7-0. From that point, the SCUTS were scuttled by the Harlequins of Hawaii during their annual visit to the Aloha State, and again by apathy when not enough players showed up for their last game. These losses diluted Delina’s initial joy when his team actually shut out the All-Kamakazie team, whoever they are, 4-0, and Matthew Aubertine won the Ted Upland Award against Hawaii.
Golf

Despite early season losses of two fine players, the Santa Clara Golf team rallied in the second half of their schedule to finish with a 6-6 record in dual matches.

Young and inexperienced best described this team which lost its first three matches before moving to the .500 mark with a late season surge. Rookie coach Morris Goldner deserved much credit for his leadership and patience, and was the crucial force behind the team's improvement. Jeff Ryan led the Broncos with four medalist finishes in dual matches. Freshman standout Ernie Moreno also provided fine scores in the matches and shows bright promise for the future.

Most of the team's energies were directed towards the WCAC championships in Santa Cruz. Following the first 18 holes, the Broncos were fourth in the eight school field. The second round, however, proved to be too much as the team slipped to a sixth place finish.

Junior Ryan provided one bright spot as he recorded the highest individual finish by a Santa Clara golfer in the past three years.

The Broncos closed out their season with an exhibition at Rinconada Country Club in Los Gatos. Two strong Rinconada Men's Club teams, along with San Jose State, ranked fifth nationally, provided plenty of competition. Junior Tom Nelson showed his potential as he fired a 68, beating the rest of the field by two strokes. His performance enabled the Broncos to finish the year with their lowest four-man total, 301, which was good for second place behind the Spartans.

Lacrosse

The Santa Clara Lacrosse team had an 0-6 record, which reflected a season with few successes. However, there were many good performances from Scott Daub (who was voted to the All-Northern California Lacrosse league team), club president Bob O'Meara, Ed Lupin (high scorer for the team during the season), Jeff Rousche, Marty Beaulieu, Bob Reed and David Hornskotte.

Because most of the 1979 team were graduating seniors, the team will concentrate on training new players for the 1980 season and continue the development of the lacrosse program.

Tennis

Although the girls' tennis team completed a successful 9-6 record, their league performance was a sad 2-4 record. However, some of the members from this year's team will bring hope for the future.

Kelly O'Keefe, in the #1 position, had a good year with a 9-2 record. Interestingly, both losses came from the same girl—Beth Ternbacher of Cal-Berkeley. Join Portman, who as a transfer student from the University of San Diego, had an overall 10-5 record, and still has two years of eligibility left.

Kathy Reilly and Suzie Schmidt were two successful sophomores; Reilly earned a 6-1 record while Schmidt won three singles matches and had the best record in double matches.

Mary Maloney and Tracy Williams, the "fighting freshmen," had a good season, but both state that they will play tougher next year. Jane Roach, a graduating senior, is someone the team will miss because of her 4-0 record. Marie Gibbs, meanwhile, had a 7-7 record, and will be back next season.

Kathy Van Olst (2-1 record) and Kathy Sandus (1-0) played well in their matches. Schmidt and Van Olst will be missed because they will be in Europe next year.
The Santa Clara Women's Softball team finished their season with a win over San Francisco State. It marked the end of a season that was a long "lesson" for the inexperienced team. Three starters suffered ankle injuries at midseason: Mary Ann Barrett, Cathy Hatch and Tricia Schubach. Inexperienced players who came off the bench and filled in were a highlight of the season for coach Franny Angleson. "People who had never played before really came through for us," she stated. She pointed to some examples; Janie Aritomat proved to be a success at catcher, while Cindy Rodriguez' talents at first base, third base and left field proved her to be a versatile player.

Coach Angleson also praised the talents of first baseman Cyndi Akin as a team leader and an excellent infielder, and pitcher Denise Furtado, who coach Angleson dubbed as "one of the best players of the league."

Overall, the Broncos' 1979 season was highlighted by exciting plays and good pitching.

The 1979 varsity baseball team failed in its attempt to defend its 1978 Northern California Baseball Association championship, but wrapped up the season in fine fashion by winning 14 of its last 16 games.

Head coach Sal Taormina had his fifteenth straight winning season and collected his 500th career victory last April against USC.

The Broncos began the season with virtually a new outfield and pitching staff.

The failure to produce clutch hits in the early games left SCU with a 13-18 record at mid-season. It was at this time that the Broncos turned the season around with a nine-game winning streak which led to a final season mark of 27-22.

Starting pitcher Rich Edwards headed the pitching staff with a 5-0 record after working his way into the rotation halfway through the season. Bryan Funk led the staff in victories with six, followed by Henry Torres and Dave Litwak who each had four. All will return next year along with Joe Balsdon to head a group of hurlers which could produce one of the best Bronco staffs in years.

Sophomore outfielder Don Mazzilli led the offense with a .304 batting average, followed by freshman Kevin Walters (.294) and Sean Everton (.289).

The Broncos had a difficult time in trying to match the hitting display of last year, and wound up the season hitting .265.

Senior infielders Brian Hurley and Fran Mullins and catcher Mike Cummings were all hot at various times during the season. But their inability to get hot at the same time kept the Broncos from producing the offense they needed. Defensively, the team was excellent with Mullins at second and Davenport at shortstop, leading a list of glove artists that included outfielders Jeff Moscarello and Steve Cuesnich. John Barrett played well at third before a wrist injury sidelined him for the final six weeks. The pitching staff completed a remarkable feat by failing to make an error all season.

The Broncos lost five seniors including pitchers Vic Vegas (who compiled a 3-1 record before an injury ended his season) and Matt Tonkovich, along with Cummings, Hurley and Mullins.

With junior pitcher Kevin McKenna defeating Stanford four times this season, the junior varsity baseball team captured its seventh Bay Area Collegiate Baseball League title in eight years, the fifth straight.

The Broncos, who finished with a 16-5 league clip (21-5 overall), won five games over second place Stanford, who finished 15-6.

Entering the final game a full game behind the Cards, the Broncos travelled to Sunken Diamond and defeated Stanford 11-8 to tie for the BACBL lead. Two days later, the same two teams met for the title at Buck Shaw Stadium. McKenna pitched a complete game and struck out nine Cards. After four hitless frames, the Broncos scored four runs in the fifth on singles by Cliff Judd and Rick Sundberg, and a double by Scott Sullivan.

Other top players during the season were first baseman Daryl Page, Bob and George Gonzales, second baseman Tommy Gerner, catcher Sundberg, pitcher Bill Scudder and Charles Dougherty.
The Santa Clara Men's Volleyball team was just a few points away from claiming the Northern California Collegiate Volleyball League championship, but through the guidance of coach Marti Brugler the team progressed from a 1977 winless season to an impressive 11-6 record.

The Broncos opened the season in the tough Santa Barbara Invitational where they tangled with such top teams as USC and Cal-Poly-SLO. Other non-conference opponents included Stanford and City College of San Francisco.

En route to an 8-4 conference record, the Broncos swept their series with Humboldt State and Stanislaus State, and avenged early losses to Fresno State and UC-Davis with convincing victories. Conference champion Chico State was the only school to defeat the Broncos at Toso Pavilion.

The intense play and inspiring leadership of captain Mike Hansen sparked the Broncos throughout the season. Steady outside hitting from Doug Kaufman and Jim Bannon had contributed immensely to the Broncos' offensive attack. The rugged middle blocking chores were performed by Mark Steele and John Foster. Rounding out the starters was setter Darryl Lung, who triggered the SC attack.

Also instrumental in the team play was the depth of the bench attack. Pat Alongi and Mark MacNamara were often summoned in key situations for back line and front line duty, respectively. Fred Bicoy exhibited his versatility in most all of the court positions.

Despite their excellent progress, the Broncos could not muster enough clutch offense against Chico State in the final, and wound up losing to the Pioneers in four games. However, this turnaround from a winless season to a winning season is a sign that Santa Clara is ready to add another chapter to their impressive sports legend.

Although the Santa Clara Women's volleyball team finished with a 9-18 record, it was a vast improvement over its dismal and winless 1977 season.

This successful turnaround can be credited to head coach Mary Ellen Murchison (who had a 78 per cent winning average as a high school coach in Rancho Santa Fe) and assistant Julie Sandolov, who concentrated on creating a good team from highly inexperienced players. Rigorous workouts prepared the players for their season better than their predecessors.

After finishing ninth in the UC-Davis Tournament, the team won four of their first fourteen games. The losses were to LaVerne College, St. Mary's, Cal-Berkeley, the University of the Pacific, and nationally-ranked Long Beach State. At this stage, coach Munchison had to overcome a critical injury to Mariette Barrett, and instill a winning attitude into a team that was more used to losing than the fans of the Oakland A's.

That goal was finally reached when the Broncos won their first home game in two years and, after losing to Stanford, won the St. Mary's Invitational in Maragua.

Unfortunately, the winning success did not last as the Broncos lost their last four games of the season. The final loss, to Fresno State, symbolized the team's season performance: sporadic with flashes of greatness. After the Broncos scored the first eight points, Fresno ran a 26-1 scoring spree to win the first two games and lead in the third. The Broncos, however, won on Brigid Modena's serves and Rosie Jesswein's bullet shots. In the fourth game, the Broncos tried to rally themselves from a six-point deficit, but could not generate enough offense to stop Fresno from eventually winning the match.

Despite the losing record, the team's success was due to a complete team effort. Barrett's height and Jesswein's sharp shooting and serving provided the main strength behind the offense; Sherry Smith, Peggy Castaldi, Janet Steiner and Modena also contributed to the team's success. With those efforts, and the added dedication inspired by coach Munchison, the women's volleyball program's record of 1979 did not reflect a losing year but a transition towards brighter hopes of a more successful program.
A teacher of English for twenty years, a student of literature for life, Christiann Lievestro shares his

Thoughts on Teaching
never thought long or seriously about being a fire chief or an Indian. Except for wanting to be tenor in the Metropolitan Opera (I'd still like that), I have always wanted to teach. Now I've taught for twenty years and I have some thoughts about teaching.

There are four fundamental questions which no teacher can ignore:

Who is to be taught?
Why is he to be taught?
What is he to be taught?
How is he to be taught?

Some would begin with "what?" and ignore the rest. I think the questions must be asked exactly in this order. They are closely related.

Who is to be taught?

This may seem like a mere technical question: how large is the class? How old are the students? Are they "majors" or merely a general audience? According to the letter of law, that's all a teacher may care to know. But that's not the spirit of teaching. To teach only the elite, for example, the "aristocrats" of a school or a society—that's too easy. They may almost manage without us. In a sense, that's not really teaching.
A teacher ventures into the unknown. It can be a hazardous, even dangerous adventure. In fact, teaching can be a dangerous activity, as tyrants and despots have always known. Teachers have great power for good and, potentially, for evil so that Plato, in his Republic, would have them be indoctrinators lest they corrupt youth. In short, the teacher should do as little harm as possible. So, at base, there are political, social, and psychological implications to the question: “who is to be taught?”

Should men — can men — be trusted to think for themselves? What is the role of the citizen? Is the citizen to be trusted and loved, or feared and despised? Should men be encouraged to assume the burden of free will? Can they bear the burden? Will they dare? These problems lead inevitably to the question: Why is he to be taught?

At its best, our western Greco-Judeo-Christian tradition has strongly supported education as fundamental to its beliefs and ideas. We believe in the dignity and worth of the individual and his ability to make a creative, civilized contribution to his culture. If we don’t hold out that hope for the individual, why teach him? If we fear and mistrust him, we need only train him to be docile and obedient. That is not teaching.

Machiavelli exposed the ignorance of the electorate so that a powerful, cunning prince could exploit its ignorance. Also in the Renaissance, Erasmus and Montaigne, Christian Humanists, sought to discover man’s ignorance to help him with compassion and love to become wiser — in short, to educate him. Machiavelli would keep him stupid. There’s the difference. So, we must thrust him to learn the civilizing powers of education — what it means to be civilized; to be humane, tolerant, compassionate. Civilization is a very thin veneer over barbarism. It takes courageous leaders to trust the slow and delicate process of education to nourish a civilization rather than to impose “order” by force and tyranny. And so “who” and “why” are closely related questions.

The burden in a democratic society is on the human student, as it is on the human teacher and the human electorate. That is why the student must be both oriented and disoriented (which anticipates the question “what is to be taught?”). Socrates was of course quite right that “the unexamined life is not worth living.” Still, a civilized, responsible citizen cannot live creatively without positive values in a coherent perspective. Socrates intended that, too,
but his method often left literal-minded people puzzled and uncertain about those values. (So, the method—how—is very significant.) We orient ourselves, find our identity and values, in the past.

If a student is to be merely a clone of the past, why should we teach him? We need only indoctrinate him. No. Ours is a society that believes in the future so that we do not teach only what is and has been but also what may be. Not many teachers or parents dare or care to admit this but the implication of this is that we encourage a student to make an original work of art of himself and his new society—not to be but to become. So, we are really teaching the student to liberate himself from us—to make a better world than we have made, to find better solutions and values than we followed in the past.

Knowledge is a constant process of discovery to explore the frontiers of experience. We seek to preserve the past, to teach a set of values which will preserve the best qualities and achievements of our ancestors. But more than that, we teach students to envision a new and unrealized future which is better than the past. This takes imagination and courage—the adventure of ideas. It’s scary to do it alone. It’s unnerving to look critically at the past—to question past events and ideas and values. It’s a very disorienting experience and it must be. This is especially true for those who are not the elite and the aristocrats.

But simply to tear away from the past is not reasonable or wise. Why learn everything all over again from scratch that has already been learned before us? Gilbert Highet put it this way: "The duty of everyone in acquiring and using knowledge is to make sure that in doing so he does not injure the welfare of mankind." We have a duty both to the past and to the future. Of course, again it’s a major question whether or not we believe in the dynamic character of human behavior, in the human capacity for change. Many teachers, like many parents, fear change so of course they will not dare to educate their children to change. They want clones.

For students and teachers alike, "breaking man’s current way of thinking about himself and the world—expose illusions," as Morse Peckham noted, "involves a profound disorientation." As Socrates insisted, we must confess our ignorance before we can become wiser. That hurts! Know thyself! (If you dare!) Get a new, fresh view of yourself, society, the past, the future. But how few have the courage for all that? Even teachers lose their nerve, lose sight of their vision for their students and for the students’ new world.

Why should students embark on this hazardous adventure? Because it is a fundamental responsibility in a civilized, enlightened dialogue. That is the only way to engage in a judicious, conscientious exchange of competing ideas and values, all seeking to demonstrate their merit and superiority for a better world. That’s what professionalism is all about. The serious scholar doesn’t engage in frivolous sophistry. Students must learn to be professional citizens as well as scholars. A teacher should not cripple students so that they will be speechless without authorities to tell them what to think, what to believe, how to act. This is Athens, not
Sparta. Still, as Dostoevsky pointed out in his famous "Grand Inquisitor" scene, most men would rather not accept the burden of freedom. In any event, there is a direct correlation between teaching and the survival of a free, civilized society. In a spiritual sense, we bear the burden of our own salvation.

And so, to "know thyself" means: in light of the past, in anticipation of the future, and fully aware of the consequences of our actions. Students must learn the moral ability to cope with all the data of studies—a moral sensibility and a human vision. The quantity of information without the quality of wisdom is not an education. If the student is to be liberated from the teacher, he must become coherent, not merely what Erasmus called "a contentious smatterer." He must not be turned into an intellectual garbage pail—a collection of random data so that he ends up with a junkyard of facts. He must learn analysis through skeptical examination of data, tested by rigorous methods, but guided by professional ethics, moral values—not mere technical virtuosity.

His articulation of this coherence becomes a work of art. The student makes his life and his work an artful creation. I do not believe in immaculate conception in art. Art is damned hard work. So: why should a student be taught? To help him create a coherent person, a coherent life, a coherent civilization. He cannot be battered with fragmented, unorganized, unevaluated data. He needs a comprehensive intelligence. There must be direction to the search even if that direction is seen only in moments of vision. If you don't know where you are going, you will end up somewhere else.

Emerson said that learning converts life into truth—"life passed through the fire of thought." That conversion takes place through artistic models or, as Thomas Kuhn so fashionably called them, "paradigms." Peckham insisted that "art is the exposure to the tensions and problems of a false world so that man may endure exposing himself to the tensions and problems of the real world." That is why students should be taught the lessons of art (scientific as well as imaginative). If a student can meet the tensions of contemporary art without being brutalized by the experience, he can meet the perils and hazards of life with imagination, courage, and a civilizing vision.
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Page references:
- pp. 132-34
- pp. 136-38
- pp. 141, 142 - 3-5, 7a, b, d.
What is he to be taught?

Since we teach both the things that give an orientation (sense of identity with the past; culture-affirmation) and a disorientation to shake loose from the past and make fresh beginnings, teaching involves a creative tension. There is a very delicate and precarious balance between the challenge that may lead to frustration and the reinforcement that confirms and encourages. There is a creative tension between what is taught and how it is taught. Method and style can do much to make the "what" bearable even when it is hard to take.

I once taught a course on Shakespeare's tragedies to senior English majors. I began the term by asking "what is tragedy?" The students were furious with me because I did not write on the board: "tragedy is . . ." I began each day by asking the question again. I figured that if Shakespeare couldn't show them what tragedy was, neither could I. It happened that this was the term of the Kent State murders. The real tragedy was in that room. There were students who were deeply sensitive to tragedy and who understood. There were others who were totally insensitive to tragedy. Not Shakespeare, not Kent, nor I, nor fellow students could teach them. It raised the question, "What is more tragic: to be aware of a tragic experience, or not to be aware of a
Flanic experience?" Still, that bordered on a paradox and paradoxes are the most subtle and difficult of all intellectual problems to teach, to comprehend, and—like creative tension to tolerate.

You cannot make teaching too subtle or it becomes bewildering. Yet, it is intellectually dishonest to be too simplistic. You cannot misrepresent the infinite complexities of problems nor deny the inconsistencies, contradictions and paradoxes of reality. Again, there is a creative tension between the criticism of unexamined pieties and the affirmation of established truths. Even that affirmation must sometimes be of great but startling and disturbing truths.

We teach two kinds of knowledge. There is the utilitarian knowledge of Aristotelian logic, as Erich Fromm calls it. This is clear, cause-and-effect information which helps us to predict, get results, yield conclusions, solve problems; it lets us be prescriptive to impose praise and blame. In literature, this information is presented in the epic mode. Histories, case studies and narratives in a linear, sequential order fit neatly into this tradition of knowledge as do the fundamentals of music, mathematics and language. It is literal, concrete, and legal-minded. It gives us orientation, identity, explanations, and cultural affirmations. Without such knowledge, we could not function in our normal activities. It is very satisfying knowledge because it
yields results. A student gets a sense of having finished something. It "pays off." To some people, that is what an education is all about.

But that's only the orientation part of learning. The disorientation (which of course must arrive in a new orientation) is much more subtle, difficult, frustrating, and disturbing. In literature, we call this "lyric" information because it touches upon emotions, feelings, abstract experience and values which are never resolved since they are always with us as long as we live. Fromm called this "paradoxical logic." It "yields" awareness, insight, consciousness, existential wisdom (know thyself!) — and then transcendence — the kind which is never done but which must be experienced again and again by each student, each artist, each philosopher, each saint. This is the ultimate of intellectual honesty and the hardest kind to face.

There is no end to this sort of learning for, as Leonard Woolf put it, "The journey, not the arrival, matters." The implication is that if you "solve" these problems, you are dead. This kind of learning is not corporate or collective; it is highly individual and personal. Despots and tyrants never tolerate such learning because it is potentially subversive. But of course, individuals are "dead" under despotic institutions. Reactionary minds dismiss such introspective questioning as "romantic" or "sick." They are deeply troubled because it is so difficult to tell the difference between the madman and the saint. Better not to take a chance. When the people of Athens lost their nerve for individual learning, they killed Socrates. And, as Dostoevsky reminded us in the "Grand Inquisitor" scene, if Christ were to return, he would of course have to be killed at once since he urged us to find the truth within.

Paradoxical logic (the incarnation of the logos) is at the very heart of Christian theology. That's why mysticism has always had such a bad name in the West. It is potentially dangerous and radical. It may be subversive of conformity and law and order in institutions and corporate bodies.

Still, this is the real frontier of our learning and cannot be avoided in "what" to teach. As Fritjof Capra noted in the Tao of Physics, "As we penetrate deeper and deeper into nature, we have to abandon more and more of the images and concepts of ordinary language . . . paradoxes are characteristic of physics." The same is true with describing emotions and feelings. So we must use figurative language: metaphors, similes, indirect rather than literal speech. We need to find a new language. This kind of learning reveals the struggle within the human heart, the "metaphor of the cosmic dance" (Capra), "the still, sad music of humanity" (Wordsworth), "the agony and the epiphany of cognitive tension" (Peckham), or, as William Faulkner said in his Nobel prize speech, "the human soul in conflict with itself" — the conflict between man's humanity and his logic — the secret to most of the great drama and poetry of the world.

This is no longer a problem merely for the artist or philosopher. Werner Heisenberg noted that, "We cannot speak about atoms in ordinary language." And Capra: "the study of the world of atoms forced physicists to realize that common language is not only inaccurate but totally inadequate to describe the atomic and subatomic reality . . . verbal descriptions of reality are inaccurate and incomplete. We must use myth, metaphor, symbol, poetic images, similes and allegories."
What, then, is to be taught? It is the reassuring literal affirmation of our orientation and identity. But it is also the subtle and disorienting exposure to problems which may not have simple solutions — problems which are even difficult to describe and may need to be presented figuratively, the difficult language of the poet and the physicist.

How, then, is all this to be taught?

My thoughts here are about teaching so it’s necessary to sort out the difference between scholars and teachers. Of course, the deal is like Plato’s philosopher-king. Ideally, there is no paradox: the king acts wisely and the philosopher is capable of acting. The problem is that the scholar is an elite who directs his skill to other elites. There is no denying that there simply is something elitist about scholarship. Some scholars can bridge the chasm between aristocratic scholarship and democratic teaching. Not all. I studied under some very good scholars at Harvard. Some were dreadful teachers. I once had a colleague who said: “I never ask students a question. They don’t know anything.” That is intellectual snobbery and arrogance at its worst and makes for atrocious teaching.

The ideal teaching situation is the tutorial arrangement with the teacher sitting at one end of a log and the student at the other. Then there can be a direct and sensitive interchange of teaching and learning. But of course the tutorial is an expensive luxury which we can rarely afford. To put it another way: There are two approaches to teaching, the lecture and the tutorial. Again, ideally, a combination of both methods works best. It is sometimes said that lecturers teach subject matter and tutors teach people. Lectures may be dazzlingly brilliant displays of stunning virtuoso effect. Often, they are not dazzling; they are boring. They tend to turn off the student because he feels that he can never attain such skill and knowledge. Consequently, the student may never turn to the subject again once the stunning display is ended. Lectures look like ego-trips for the professor but can be very ego-destructive to the student. And the student ego is very fragile indeed. As Carl Jung put it in Modern Man in Search of a Soul, “All too easily does self-criticism poison one’s naivete, that priceless possession, or rather gift, which no creative man can be without.”

The trick is to turn the student on so that he will go on by himself for a lifetime of study and learning — to liberate him from the teacher. Well, there is no one method that is exactly right for all subjects or for all students all the time. A generally “good” method may, on occasion, be the worst possible one at the moment for a given student. No teacher can be all things to all students. It’s impossible. The secret is versatility. Be ready to improvise spontaneously without losing a sense of direction or the basic plan which is essential to all good teaching. Again, it is a precarious balance to preserve the creative tension which is challenging but not discouraging.

The teacher, like the parish priest, is a
shepherd, not a monk. Ignorance is our business. I have had students apologize that they couldn’t understand a problem. My answer is “If you could do all this without me, I’d be without a job.” A teacher must love his students in their ignorance. “Despite the sin; love the sinner” is still appropriate. Just as a church is not a museum for saints—it is a hospital for sinners—so, too, is the classroom a clinic for ignorance. It doesn’t matter how well the teacher understands his subject if he doesn’t understand the elementary difficulties the student has with the subject. You really must teach people, not merely a subject.

Frequent questioning, frequent re-capitulation, frequent reinforcement and review plus anticipation of goals are all essential to giving coherence to teaching. Students have a very limited tolerance for questions, problem-exposure, unresolved issues. The frustration level is delicate and very different in every student. So students must be taught individually as much as possible. Of course, you must know each student’s name and face. Patience, sympathy, love, respect are all essential.

A teacher has great power, as Plato well understood. He has the power to persuade, charm and attract as well as the power to dictate, indoctrinate, command, impose. He can win his audience or he can threaten them. He shows so easily whether he loves his students or whether he despises them. It would seem so obvious that a teacher must be friendly and kind—not a brute or a bully—not terrorize his students. Still, we have a long tradition
of puritanical, Calvinistic, despotic teachers who were indeed brutes and bullies.

Just as a play is not complete without an audience, so a teacher/tutor is not complete without a student. There is a creative, dynamic, psychic energy—the real power of teaching—which is generated and radiates between student and tutor—which completes the artistic experience. A musical score is not music; it is only an instruction to make music if one can read the notes. The same is true with a problem in physics or in a poem. Together, the teacher and student discover the vital living quality of the subject which makes it come alive between minds. It's what Capra calls "the subtle, holistic and organic view of nature."

Teaching must be vigorous, vital, delightful, enthusiastic, and radiant to nourish the growth of minds and ideas.

What will be the result of all this: It may be, as Arthur Symons said, that "the final uncertainty remains, but we seem to knock less helplessly at closed doors, coming so much closer to the once terrifying eternity of things about us." All this may leave us "not with an explanation of any mystery, but with a theory of life which makes us familiar with mystery ... because that is the hardest path to walk in where you are told only, walk well." That's an inspiring thought for the teacher as well. for the student: walk well.
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Who are these people — the administrators and staff personnel? The Vice Presidents, Deans, secretaries and counsellors, the Registrar and Financial Aids Director and Admissions officers and Student Services personnel? (Even that president!)

What is their role at Santa Clara?

It's easy to parody it. Paperpushers. Bureaucratic busybodies. One might even conclude, if all criticisms were taken seriously, that they are paid to fulfill one indispensable function: to frustrate, for all time, the students' intellectual pursuits and creative energies.

The truth is simpler. And catches no headlines. Administrators are primarily educators, only secondarily managers. And as educators they have decided that to devote a lifetime to creating an environment in which education can happen is an effort incomparably more fulfilling than any other.

Oh yes, there is paraphernalia; but more often than not mistakenly perceived as such. As intense concern for statistics makes financial aid possible; signing 500 contracts in an afternoon will ensure faculty salaries; careful review of student records means a reserved seat at Commencement exercises; and the jumble of memos and phone calls and parties that is fund-raising keeps tuition competitive and even builds a theatre or an athletic complex.
Don’t kid yourself: frustration abounds. But excitement weighs more heavily on the other side.

There are endless hours of discussions and committee meetings. But the careful decisions, the working together, the common goal of excellence, the common care of that student in the classroom who needs a great deal of direct and indirect support to get through four years of hard work — that’s what’s important.

Administrators, of course, are like teachers and students — imperfect. But our imperfections are more public and more visible. That, however, may be valuable because the humility that such visibility inspires prevents us from becoming too demagogic. Well, if not humility, at least fear.

The overriding attitude I have as an administrator is one of gratitude. Gratitude because I work with dedicated and selfless people whom I will always cherish, not only as fellow searchers, but as friends. Gratitude for being able to work with and for a great host of young people whose ideals are always refreshing, whose minds and hearts will determine the future bent of society — and therein lies the excitement — and whose eyes (you can see it) are always full of hope.

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Placement

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Development

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Athletics

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Registrar

David J. Arata
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Spec. Proj. Unclassified
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Supervisor Housekeeping
Sure, you’ve lived through it for a year. Sure, there were some fun, wild times. But would you want your sister to go through that?

SURVIVING DORM LIFE
"So tell me all about college life," my sister ordered as she entered the family room carrying a plate of Christmas dinner leftovers.

"Not much to tell," I mumbled as I opened a bottle of nail polish remover. "Oh! Come on!" Terri cried as she wagged her turkey drumstick at me. "Let's start with those orientation get-togethers. They really help break the ice, don't they? Don't they? DON'T THEY?" she screamed.

"Yeah," I acknowledged as I accidentally dropped a cotton ball into the polish remover.

She tore off a piece of meat and chewed on it as she reflected. "Let me see, first there was the bottle of champagne your new roommate brought with her. Then there was the beer and pretzel get-together in your dorm that night. The next morning you attended a champagne brunch and that evening you went to the annual freshman candlelight dinner. Wine was served at that event too, wasn't it? And the freshman beach trip had plenty of "refreshments." Oh, I almost forgot. The dorms sponsored a wine and cheese party, which I hear acquainted you with many cheap brands of burgundy wine. And even though you are extremely shy, you managed to smuggle yourself through transfer orientation, which included another candlelight dinner and casino night (with drinks).

I fished for my drowned cottonball with a nail file and ignored her accusations.

"But, I'll tell you," she went on as she gnawed at her turkey bone, "for awhile there Mom, Dad and I didn't think you were going to survive. Remember when we first walked into that dorm room? I almost turned around and walked out again! Those barren walls, small quarters and no walk-in closet! But you and your roommate fixed up the room real nice! A few hanging

Story by Dianne Rees
plants in macramé hangers, wall plaques, coordinating bedspreads and curtains, wall-to-wall carpeting, bean bag chairs, a fluffy sofa, loft, stereo, color TV, blender, refrigerator, fish tank, cookie jar, toaster oven, popcorn popper, dishes, a portable bar, a dimmer for the lights, backgammon set and an iron and ironing board.

"Of course," Terri added as she tossed the cleaned turkey bone aside. "In order to make room for all of those essentials, you and your roommate generously threw out frivolous items like desks, bookshelves, study lamps and typewriter.

"But the classiest thing about your room was the plant box hanging outside your window. Gave a real homey touch to the place, you know?"

I nodded and jammed my thumb in the nail polish remover bottle in a final effort to obtain the cotton ball particles and lumps, warping nail file.

"Mom told me not to mention this to you," Terri confided as she molded a fake out of her mashed potatoes and gravy. "but you've gained a little weight since starting college. Twenty pounds maybe? I know that at Benson you have several bowls of Cocoa Krispies and..."
Fruit Loops for breakfast and top that off with those heavy donuts that just sit in your stomach. Then at lunch you return for several desserts. Your special favorites seem to be the peanut butter-coconut squares, brownies, cookie strips and pudding. I've heard you have a hard time choosing dinner and usually end up picking two entrees and mixing them together. Then it's to the ice-cream bar for a refreshing dessert. And don't you usually end up eating your frozen yogurt cone on the way over to Wilson's Bakery where you pick up a dozen chocolate chip cookies to get you through a hard night of studying?"

She shook her head in disapproval and let little rivers of gravy trickle over her mashed potato dam. "But it was those weekend binges and the extra scarfing out around midterms and finals that really packed those extra pounds on you. Lemme see... there were pizzas, B-B-Q roast beef sandwiches, double-stuffed oreo cookies, six packs of pop tarts, burritos from "The Bell" and tacos from "The Box."

I wadded up the hem of my Bronco
gym shorts, stuffed them in the bottle, wrung out the wet wad and began removing my chipped fingernail polish.

"Boy, from a few of your letters home we could tell that pressures of the academic world were really getting to you," Terri commented as she pointed her fork at me and tossed a glob of mashed potatoes across the room.

"Those professors have no right to demand all nighters from students. And assigning 10 page term papers three days before they're due is off-the-wall. Those teachers should get together and coordinate their classes so students don't have several tests and papers due at the same time. And I'd never fight those lines to get into the library. All in all, it sounds like your classes and studying sure cut into college at times."

I began pushing back my dried out cuticles with the cap of a Bic pen.

"Then again, those studying sessions on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday nights provided a break from the monotony of partying," Terri acknowledged while she chased a slab of
cranberry jelly around her plate with a fork.

"Progressive drinking from dorm-to-dorm is quite a tradition at SCU, isn’t it? Those parties were always a prelude to rec hour in the halls. Lemme see... there were frisbee throwing battles, bean bag pellet fights, water competitions, the old shaving cream, Vaseline-and-peanut-butter-on-the-door trick, TP hangings, yell-out between dorms and sabotages on pedestrians passing under dorm windows. It was a good way to release pent-up energies and frustrations around finals. But what was your excuse for the other nine weeks?" she queried.

"Boy! Some of those well-mannered students turned into real Jackals and Hydes when they were put in waiting lines. ’’ Terri observed as she stabbed a spiced peach and popped it into her mouth. "How early did ya all get up to stand in line for season tickets to
basketball games, free tickets for the Art Gallery Opening and classes at Registration? And on steak nights those lines were clean out of Benson Center! I realize, of course, that those brawls before the rock concerts at Leavely weren't your fault. You really met your match fighting those little high school students!

I thoughtfully scratched the back of my neck with my wet nails.

"Don't you think some of those dorm functions were a little childish?" Terri charged as she spit the peach pit out of her mouth.

"Come on! What about those Pumpkin Pals, Kris Kringle's and Bunny Buddies? And you'd swear those screw-your-roommates were the highlight of some people's year. Lemme see... there were the annual freshman frolic, sophomore ball, junior prom, senior ball and boat dances. I never heard of anybody buying clothes for one of those things. It seemed like everyone just swapped suits and dresses. You guys alive celebrations for everything! TLPF cocktail hours, pre-game parties,
after-game parties, fall ho-downs, nardi gras. Valentine flower runs, winter balls, study break pig-outs. Toga parties, pimp-and-hooker balls, tent parties and birthday parties for everybody. Terri gulped down a tumbler of milk and grinned at me with a white mustache.

I grunted brutally while removing the remaining nail polish from my fingers. I then grabbed a large pair of sewing scissors and chopped my nails off.

"I must admit," Terri said as she mopped her plate with a dinner roll, "that I am thoroughly flabbergasted by college life as you've depicted it. Disgusting. I can't believe you all live like that. The activities are scandalous, the students' behavior offensive and repulsive and the academic demands are overwhelming. And you're part of all that?!! Do you have anything to add in your defense?"

I gathered up my scissors, Bic pen, remover and polish and answered, "Your application for SCU is on top of the stereo..."
the
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He could have had no idea how obvious it was that he was an Honors freshman—what with his clothes a bit too fine (and certainly too warm for September), every book the class demanded heaped upon his desk, and a staggering collection of pens and notebooks. And oh! the copious notes he took! and the questions he oh-so timidly asked! He had been so intent on the answers he hadn't noticed the way she, in all her senior Honors wisdom, had snickered behind his back. . .

Their next classes were both over in Bannan and they often ended up walking together. He was at first delighted with such sure-footed, inveterate company and poured out a torrent of idealism, naivete, and interesting academic questions that swept away completely her own sullen, jaded and sometimes demeaning comments. For her part, although the exuberance of this hopeless youngster was often a test of her patience, she found he was handsome enough, intelligent enough to forebear evading him . . . and the memories he stirred were not altogether unpleasant. . .

It wasn't until a month and a half of classes had passed that they both simultaneously told each other these true feelings. And over such a silly thing! He, in freshman-gawkiness, had slipped on an early-morning wet sidewalk and she, besides being none too concerned, made some devastatingly derogatory remark. He responded with an insult directed at treacherous California early morning precipitation and when she exploded into gales of loud laughter, he pulled his ace card and called her every synonym for "jaded" and "has-been" that the SAT had taught him. Not to be outdone, she began to bewail insipid freshmen; he stalked off and all of a sudden it became worthwhile, for both of them, to evade each other. She took the lead, as befitted her older status. She stopped coming to class.

She and he avoided each other like plague victims until the night before finals. He had studied late and had just dropped off into a truly sanctified sleep when his roommate shook him awake, muttering something about a girl at the door and 2 a.m., for Chrissakes. She told him curtly to get dressed and he, too disoriented to think, complied.

The frosty air woke him enough to realize that it would be a terribly freshman (and hence inappropriate) act to start asking questions now, and so they walked in silence to the west side of Bannan Hall, the place where they had had their argument.

They stopped. Fully awake, he looked around. He had never been out so late before, and The Alameda was strangely empty. The sprinklers were on and he stood in the middle of the walkway to avoid getting wet.

"You see?" came a voice in his ear, too loud. He turned and there she was, hands on her hips, eyes ablaze. "You see those sprinklers? That's why the sidewalks are bloody wet in the morning. not some mystic atmospheric phenomenon that you learned about in your bloody Earthquakes and Oceans class. And if you ever once came down out of your bloody book pile and looked around you would know that and stop walking around spouting off"—she paused for breath—"bloody boring booklore that everybody learns when they're bloody freshmen!"

She finished with the words kind-of all in a heap and they stood there a long moment while they, separately, sorted them all out. Then, she seemed to see wounded pride staggering about in his eyes. Softening her voice, she said, almost apologetically: "I just wanted to let you know how I felt, you know. we left off so badly. . ."

"No!" he exploded. "No, I'm not quite awake enough! It's two o'clock in the fucking morning and you want to get coffee! And we have an exam tomorrow. . ."

He was speaking to the ground, not meeting her eye, but looked up at her squarely when his voice trailed off. It trailed off into a lower tone, sad, almost pleading. "Maybe some other time. But right now I've got to get to bed. . ."

She shrugged, turned away. "Sorry. Sorry to get you up, then." She was walking away now. He called, "Some other time?"—feeling badly, knowing she was right. She paused, turned slightly. "Tomorrow's my last final. I graduate early. Maybe much later?" Her words were mocking.

"Wait," he said. He tried to think, but his brain was too fuzzy; after a moment, he gave it up. "Okay. Come to think of it, coffee might be great. Wasn't sleeping none too well anyway," he lied. He caught up to her, smiled sheepishly. He rushed on, "Where'll we go? Is there anywhere open this time of night?"—and she struggled to contain a cynical reply, struggled—and succeeded. "Sure," she said.
margaretha bengston
barbara benjamin
ian berch
jeffrey beresini
elizabeth berg

leslie berger
mary bernardo
christopher bey
alison bayer
rebecca blankenship

donna bocci
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cecilia campa
mary candell
dennis capovilla
joseph cardona

michael carico
antoinette carlson
martha carranza
yvonne casalnuovo
michael castillo
With a heavy sigh, I glanced longingly at the other side of the street, wondering if I would make it across the bustling Alameda. Knowing I had only one minute to get to class, I daringly took my first step off the curb. A loud blare of an angry horn caused me to leap back to the safety of the sidewalk. Obscene expressions rang in my ears as I once again ventured through the mass of speeding cars. Much to my chagrin, I was again unsuccessful in even getting halfway to my destination. How far away the end of my adventure seemed!

Not wishing to attempt the impossible alone, I waited for a fellow daredevil who delighted in the dangerous. Gradually the corner filled with courageous students ready to risk life and limb to get to their next class. Realizing there is safety in numbers, we trudged across the street with a courage equal to that of the Trojan army in battle. To the right and left of me fell the numerous bodies of my frustrated companions unable to face the oncoming traffic.

My heart raced furiously but I forged on, ignoring my common sense begging me to turn back. With each step I was closer to my destination. Although my group rapidly decreased in size, a few stalwart, thrill-seeking adventurers remained, dangerously determined to complete their mission.

The traffic was parted like the Red Sea and the cars were like waves, impatient to continue their course. We were forced to ignore the vulgar language and suggestive gestures intended for us. We were bent on crossing The Alameda and nothing or no one was going to stop us.

At last the curb loomed before us. As I stepped to the security of the sidewalk, I breathed a sigh of relief. I had emerged relatively unscathed from a death-defying ordeal and I was ready to take on the world, fearing nothing. My bravado quickly disappeared when I spotted a folder I had dropped... across the street.

-TESSIE EARNshaw
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PEPPERONI</th>
<th>FRESH TOMATOES</th>
<th>BEEF</th>
<th>GREEN CHILES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SALAMI</td>
<td>LINGUICA</td>
<td>ANCHOVIES</td>
<td>PINEAPPLE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ITALIAN SAUSAGE</td>
<td>CANADIAN BACON</td>
<td>CANADIAN BACON</td>
<td>LOUISIANA HOT SAUSAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAM</td>
<td>BLACK OLIVES</td>
<td>MUSHROOMS</td>
<td>ARTICHOKES</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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lawrence kelly
karen kendrick
martha ketchum
isam khoury
helen kilinski

robert king
jane king
tzy king
bridget kinzer
donna kirby
Dear Diary—Oh my God! You won't believe this! Some guy asked me to a toga party. You know, one of those risque, display-your-body type parties. And this guy's from the Alameda! (Bless yourself!) I don't know about you, but I've heard many an odd story about "The Alameda." I mean, it's gotta be pretty bad if people warn you not to go there alone in broad daylight, right? But I couldn't turn the jerk down. He looked so ... (I don't believe there's an adequate vocabulary word to describe an Alamedan). Besides, I like to live dangerously, so I'll give it a try.

Dear Diary—Thank the Lord it's over! The Alameda toga party was one experience I hope to forget. Why don't I start from the beginning of that revealing (in the literal sense of the word) night? First of all, dressing for the party involved stretching one's imagination to the limit. How the heck was I supposed to create a sensational-looking toga a day before the actual party? (Great timing, creep!) Very quickly, I learned. With the help of some generous friend (who, by the way, is still in shock because I actually attended this gala affair) and about 43 safety pins, I managed to look like a carelessly wrapped mummy. But I didn't care. Who the hell was I trying to impress? I just hoped the damn thing wouldn't fall off. After adding a crown of flowers complete with stickers (now I know how Christ felt!) I was all set, or so I thought. I sat around for a half hour before what's-his-face showed up looking like an adolescent school boy playing Caesar. I groaned inwardly, but pretended to be just a-rarin' to go. As we walked across Kennedy Mall, I comforted myself with the thought that, well golly, I'll at least have a decent meal tonight. As it turned out, this was a gross assumption on my part. Only the Alamedans were doing a rendition of the toga chant and working themselves into a frenzy. While my date couldn't get too excited, his toga did and fell to the floor revealing blue pin-striped boxers. (How do you spell embarrassment? NO TOGA!) Of course everyone was in hysterics, including me, but alas, what's-his-face wasn't. He primly gathered up his toga, wrapped it around him and scooted out the door, without so much as a later on. But no biggie, he danced like an injured John Travolta anyway.

Seeing as I was part of the hilarious spectacle (I was the guy's date, remember?) I really didn't wanna stick around any longer. It was bad enough being seen with him, let alone getting teased about his "unfortunate" mishap. And so amidst the chaos and confusion I quickly made my exit, swearing all the way. I know better than to stay unattended and scantily clothed at a party dominated by drunken athletes. Mother taught me well.

Back in the safety of my dorm cell, I examined the night's events for positive qualities that I could have overlooked. I came up with very few; let's see ... the toga party was definitely something to write home about, but mom and dad might envision a Roman orgy or something. The party expanded my horizons beyond belief and that's what college is all about, right? Plus, I received an excellent lesson in human anatomy. (And you thought those togas fell off by accident!) —ANNE GOUGH
rhodes klement
john knill
walter kobayashi
heidi kocher
matthew kolbo

jeffery kong
yuk—fai kwong
doreen lam
kevin lang
teresa lang

katherine larrieu
monica lasgoity
peter lee
randall lee
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corrinne lyss

carolyn ma
michelle macey
sherri mack
thomas madden
mary malneritch
Mariachi minstrels visit SCU to give a St. Valentine's Day serenade

It was February 9th, and once again Santa Clarans were wrestling with that sticky annual question: what to give that "special someone" for Valentine's Day? Something nice and non-cliche that doesn't come out sounding like a marriage proposal...

While most of us swarmed to nearby florists, stationers and candy stores, Dave Callaway was scheming to bring a little bit of Latin romance to Santa Clara. He and his mother called nearby Mexican restaurants in search of musicians who would brave the beastly weather and come sing a Valentine serenade to Mary Kim Candell. At last, two guitarists at El Burro agreed to bring their romantic art to SCU. But where? You can't have a Mariachi serenade just anywhere... But of course: her Spanish class! At least the people there would pretend to understand the words!

Mary Kim's Spanish teacher, Rose Marie Beebe, agreed to the plan, and when the appointed time came, the minstrels strolled into the classroom. They sang three Mexican love songs to Mary Kim, who was a little embarrassed but obviously pleased. When the serenade was finished, the performers received a standing ovation from the class and from the throng of onlookers who had gathered in the hallway. As the musicians went back to El Burro in the cold February rain, the smiles on their audience's faces made it clear that good old-fashioned romance is very much alive—and appreciated—at Santa Clara.

—PATTY BEEMER
Try and catch the
rain

I was like every other rain in every other way except... I noticed. I woke to the rhythm of the rain. The raindrops made many sounds, quiet sounds that rose and fell with the wind. The drops landed on the grass, on the roof, in the puddles, and on the windowpane: they padded, splattered, splashed, and clinked. There were many sounds but not much noise. The quiet rhythm came and went as I lay in bed listening for a few minutes, resisting thoughts of tests and reading assignments until the day could be put off no longer.

And the rain kept falling.

I rose, dressed, re-set the alarm (before it could awaken my roommate), and sat down to begin reviewing for a literature test. As I sat reading, the rain tapped on the windowpane from time to time. After a while, I looked up and out the window as a car turned onto our road from The Alameda. Cars drove down our street every day, past the cannery on one side, our dorm on the other, but today it was different: the sound was like a wave as it rolled down the street toward me, growing, growing until it reached its crest outside my window and dissolved down the road. I listened for a few more minutes, then gathered my books together and left for breakfast.

And the rain kept falling.

Arriving at Benson, I had my mealcard punched, hustled through the food line and sat down by a window to eat my eggs and hashbrowns. It was raining harder than before: the puddles on the concrete patio outside were dotted by the rain so that they seemed to be teeming with feeding minnows. A procession of students marched by as they made their way across the street, over the patio, and into the building. Some seemed dressed for combat: they wore heavy boots, shiny raincoats, waterproof hats and book-laden backpacks. Others looked as if they had already been in combat: they were bent, slanted against the rain, with hunched shoulders, tilted necks, half closed eyes, and grimaced faces. Still others, sporting umbrellas, looked like half-human mushrooms, carrying their portable caps on their shoulders. Some walked hurriedly, others ran casually, but no one lingered in the rain.

And the rain kept falling.

I made it to my literature class just
in time. As I took off my wet coat, I noticed that the small group of "perfect" students which always sat in the front right corner of the room had—for the first time since I had known them—less than perfect hairstyles. The rain had made springy, blond curls droop, and fluffy, blow-dried hair lie flat. Some, in an attempt to hide it from the rain, had crammed their perfect hair into stylish hats so that it emerged lopsided—no longer perfect. The professor handed out the exam and just as I finished what I thought to be a rather eloquent introduction to my answer of the first essay question, two raindrops fell on my paper. They were recycled raindrops which had fallen from my rain-soaked hair onto the name "Chaunticleer," and onto the word on the line below it, "human," so that they ran together when I tried to dry them off. I finished my test early and noticed that some of the other students were fidgeting as their damp pants and shirts began to dry, as if they were doing a sort of slow-motion dance to the crackling rain outside. After handing in my exam, I put on my coat, and headed for my next class.

And the rain kept falling.

Throughout the day, everyone talked about the rain. Professors began their lectures with detailed narratives about their quasi-heroic journeys to school. Students made their own subtle observations: "You look wet!" "Yea, it's really raining out there..."

And the rain kept falling.

After my classes and an early dinner at Benson, I walked back to the dorm and into my room; the air smelled dusty and stale. At his desk hunched over a book sat my roommate. I knew he was reading William the Conqueror. It seemed he had been reading that same book for as long as I'd known him; his personality would be incomplete without it. I asked him if being a history major meant breathing dead air while reading about the dead. He mumbled an inaudible reply and continued reading. I opened the windows; the incoming air smelled fresh—cleansed. My roommate read; I looked out at the rain-slick street.

And the rain kept falling.

Inside my warm, dry room I studied, I ate stale potato chips, I read, and I listened to the radio, then the news came on.

And the rain kept falling.

"Two people were killed when a DC-10 burst into flames on take off..."

And the rain kept falling.

"John Paul II was inaugurated in St. Peter’s Square in a Mass that lasted over three hours..."

And the rain kept falling.

"The University of Santa Clara soccer team overcame Chico State in a 2-1 victory..."

And the rain kept falling.

"Baltimore police found Patty Saunders, 9, in the 23 by 52 inch closet where she had been locked away half of her life..."

And the rain kept falling.

I turned off the radio, set the alarm, climbed into bed and fell asleep.

And the rain kept falling. And the rain kept falling.

And the rain kept falling. And the rain kept falling.

And the rain kept falling. And the rain kept falling.

And the rain kept falling. And the rain stopped.

—PAUL J. KUYKENDALL
SCU students catch the dreaded frisbee mania

The University of Santa Clara has recently succumbed to a highly contagious and sometimes fatal disease. This epidemic has managed to spread throughout campus, leaving virtually no one untouched. The disease is not something as simple as the flu or even the plague—it’s Frisbee Mania!

Frisbee Mania affects even the most avid sports hater. No one can escape the challenge of tossing a disk across Kennedy Mall or playing Frisbee football at Ryan Field. Neither rain, sleet, snow nor gloom of night can keep a Frisbee Maniac from throwing his wildly colorful discus.

Though Frisbee Mania may seem relatively harmless, it is indeed quite addictive. Once you have been bitten by the Frisbee virus, you have very little hope of ever recovering. Until an antidote for the fever is found, students at Santa Clara must be ever watchful that they do not come into contact with a Frisbee Maniac.

Whenever a Frisbee comes into view, running in the opposite direction is the only chance of survival. Frisbee Manics have a reputation of being extremely devious and cunning. They will stop at nothing to try to get you to throw the disk just this once. Many weak individuals who have yielded to the peer pressure later find themselves unable to get through the day without a toss of a Frisbee. They use the disk for relaxation, sport, and for almost any other excuse they can think of until they find they are completely and incurably hooked. Fris-a-holics never seem to acknowledge their problem and therefore go untreated—left to mercilessly infect other innocent college students.

If ever a Fris-a-holic sends his toy whizzing by your head or if you happen to stumble on a Frisbee skidding across the cement, don’t get angry. Remember, Frisbee Mania is an incurable disease and those who are afflicted deserve pity, not curses. There is no such thing as a recovered Fris-a-holic—once a Maniac, always a Maniac.

—TESSIE EARNSHAW
Don't kid yourself. SCU too harbors junk food junkies

For eighteen years I struggled against the Twinkie Temptation Syndrome. At this time in my life I was under the strict supervision of my mother, who controlled my food supply and thus aided me in eating healthfully. She used to concoct a so-called "energy drink" for me and my three siblings, which consisted of brewer's yeast, soy powder and orange juice. (I learned later that the orange juice was added only to kill the offensive flavor of the other ingredients.) In my ignorance I thought gazing at the homemade granola and unrefined honey in the bins at the Golden Temple Natural Foods store was good times. Doubts began to set in when I began to notice that my friends quenched their thirst with Nestle's Quick instead of Tiger's Milk and carrot juice, and used Wonderbread rather than Wheatberry to help build their bodies twelve ways.

Not everyone put alfalfa sprouts on everything from sandwiches to breakfast cereals, and green kelp noodles were not the ordinary complement to spaghetti sauce. My faith in the nutritious eating lifestyle was kept intact, however, until several years ago when Adelle Davis, that spunky "preacher of the good-eating gospel," died of bone cancer. After Adelle's death, I began experimenting with white sugar and Coca-Cola. But it was not until I entered SCU as a freshman that I found the proper atmosphere to enter the junk food subculture.

The cuisine coming out of the Benson cafeteria was largely responsible for my conversion to a diet which consistently gave me negative ratings in Nutrition Scoreboard. The most savory Saga fare was not its surprise vegetable casseroles or its spaghetti with sauces for every day of the week, (which despite the fact that the flavor contained some nutritional value—but rather its ice cream, corn fritters with syrup, freshly baked doughnuts, and Fritos cornchips. Saga also has a nasty habit of converting such healthful food items as carrot salad into empty calories by adding marshmallows (minus 48 in Nutrition Scoreboard).

But after a while even Saga's junk food gets tedious. The SCU establishment realizes this and makes sure that the Campus Store is stocked with a wide spectrum of confections. And most R.A.'s organize "treat nights" for their floors as a weekly relief from Benson. It is at just such gatherings that freshmen like myself, coming from health food nut homes, are first introduced to junk food that they have heard about, but never experienced.

Some students are content to remain at the experimentation stage, but I was curious. I ventured to Safeway, where I discovered "It's It" ice cream bars (San Francisco's tradition since 1928) and Brach's assorted candies for 99 cents a pound. It was all over; from there I went to Cap'n Crunch and Frosted animal crackers, which signalled to me that I had entered the junk food subculture to stay.

In these times of natural food and Perrier water, it is hard to admit to being a so-called "junk food junkie." But if you recognize any of the following symptoms, you had best re-examine your life. Junkies in the subculture tend to mark time with significant food events. ("Yeah, I haven't studied since the night we ate an entire box of Ritz crackers in ten minutes.") Their most memorable activities center around those edibles which neither nourish nor sustain, such as eating a large Togo's sandwich, pizza, or a Wilson's cake with fellow members of the subculture. Lovers of junk food will feel they have done their best to eat nutritionally if they buy a date-filled oatmeal cookie at the Campus Store, provided it contains wheat flour instead of adulterated white.

I would not recommend the junk food lifestyle to everyone. It offers the possibility of cancer, obesity, and tooth decay. On the other hand, junk food is an excellent conversation piece at social gatherings, it makes reading Descartes' Meditations easier to face up to, and, besides, it tastes good. "I eat junk food, therefore I am."
The sophomore, in a hurry to make eleven o'clock class, had shoved all his mail without perusal into his school books, which had the end result of throwing it all over the stairs as he tried to take them three at a time.

"Shit!" he spat, not caring who heard. Then, taking a calming breath, he resigned himself to arriving late and sitting on the classroom floor, and stooped down to gather the letters. On the bottom step was the phone bill; two steps up a mailing from Campus Ministry (a retreat might be nice); one letter, two letters from home... So much mail. Of course, it helped when you only checked your box once a week or so—and he had missed last week...

Under the TIME magazine was a hefty personal letter, and the handwriting was not familiar. He cursed again, this time to himself, sure that the letter was for his boxmate and he had grabbed it by mistake. But no: it was addressed to him. But the return address? Austin, Texas?

It rang a bell, and he stood there a moment, turning the letter over and over in his hand... But speaking of bells, there was eleven o'clock class and if he didn’t hurry he’d be standing in the back. The letter could wait.

He had opened the mystery letter at lunch, and it had given him indigestion of a mental sort. So now, back in his room, he popped the top off a second dose of medicine and picked the envelope up again.

It was from a fairly close acquaintance of his from last year. He had noticed that this acquaintance, Bob, wasn’t around this year—but hadn’t realized, until now, that Bob had graduated and was now at MBA school in Texas. And for Bob to write him? and what a bizarre letter! He took a long pull off the top of the beer and opened the envelope again.

... Suprised, huh? Just thought I’d drop you a line. I was just remembering some great times from last year, and thought I’d find out how you and the guys were all getting along. I wouldn’t mind a little return mail to fill up this perpetually empty box, either...

Not really much to report on myself, I’m afraid. School here is pretty hard and pretty boring, and between classes and working in a pizza place to keep the groceries coming in I don’t hardly have time for anything else...

The pageful of fairly trivial anecdotes about classes and pizza-parlor employees only served to accentuate the lifelessness of the letter. The sophomore sat back and took another pull. In his head he was remembering Bob, the jokes, the countless pitchers, getting stoned every night last Spring dead week. He returned to the letter.

...problem being that I feel trapped here, trapped in this whole tool education thing, I know I set myself up for it, I know, I know. But when I started out I kinda had it all planned, you know? Remember how we all figured out our starting salaries, to the penny, and agreed that if we took anything less we’d have to pay the difference to the pitcher kitty? That all seems so far away now.

To tell the truth, I’m not doing so well here. It’s because I don’t give a shit, and even though I tell myself this, it doesn’t help. Bill, you can’t believe how devastating it is! You slip, you lapse just a little, and whammo! you’re out of it, you’re out of the running, you’re sitting here in the middle of nowhere doing nothing.

The sophomore put the letter away, considered a third beer, rejected the idea. Bob would have tried that many times by now, too. There is no medicine that restores dreams.
Someone decided to float (sink) a boat in Graham pool.

It was terribly early one Sunday morning in October—oh, say 9 o'clock—and the pounding in my head turned out to be pounding on the door, which ended up to be Mary. "Get your camera," she shouted at me. My head throbbed. "There's a boat in Graham pool."

Sure enough, there was. I recognized it immediately as the motorboat that had been parked in Campisi lot. On a number of occasions, as I was frantically hunting for a parking place and was confronted by it, I too had considered relocating it. Only now it became apparent why it did nothing else but take up room in that lot, for over the night it had settled and was now awash. Underwater, Mary and I could make out a sign — "First Annual Graham Boat Dance."

Speculating on who had done this perfidious act, Mary suddenly recalled that the crew team, of all people, had had a toga party, of all things, the night before in Pipe-stage, of all places. Our clever detective work was seemingly rewarded when, even as I was taking shots of the sodden hulk, the crew team appeared on the scene and proceeded to begin bailing the thing preparatory to pulling it out. But we were wrong, they didn't do it—it was their boat. So Mary and I stood around and took pictures and offered helpful suggestions as these guys struggled with this 10-foot launch, which was quite a job, as the thing was half full of water and probably weighed 700 pounds.

Never did find out exactly who did the deed, although someone "in the know" confided to me that the act was done to "get in the faces" of the Graham RAs, who I guess were being a little zealous in their disciplinarian roles. All I cared about was that the boat never showed its ugly face in Campisi parking lot again.

—KEN EKLUND
Do you have the Benson Blues?

Of course you do!
But what can you do if hamburgers, pizza and hot dogs are already the staples of your everyday diet?
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Or perhaps the savory aroma of Chicken Cacciatore would best please your long tortured palate.

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Norman dittmann

Stephen dittmer
Maureen doherty
Haydee domingoez
Catherine Donovan
Margaret Donovan

Charles dougherty
Tony dow
Dana dawd
Frank drake
Larry eder

Dennis Edwards
Colleen egan
Catherine eisenberg
Elizabeth enayati
Elizabeth erchul

Natalie ernstrom
Matthew fairbank
Leo farrell
Shannon farrell
Lolita fatjo

Christopher fellenz
John fernandez
Teresa ferrari
Brenda ferreira
Marvin ferreira
It was late one moonless night. The library had just closed and I was alone. Darkness enveloped the entire campus, leaving the impression of an impending doom. An eerie feeling surged through me as I cautiously began to walk back to my dorm.

The campus seemed unusually quiet. I felt totally alone and I longed to hear the friendly blare of a stereo or even a squeal of laughter. But there was nothing—only the sound of my own heart throbbing uncontrollably.

Every bush and dark corner seemed to contain someone or something lurking in it—ready to pounce upon me at any given moment. Suddenly, a feeling of absolute foolishness came over me. I forced myself to be brave and continue the walk home fearlessly. Just as most of my anxieties had all but disappeared, I heard a faint pounding of feet against the pavement. Again feeling silly, I blamed my active imagination for working overtime. The thumping seemed to get louder and louder until I could no longer ignore it. There was no doubt in my mind. Someone was chasing me. I searched my surroundings for a possible hiding place but found none. Though I wanted to run to the safety of my room, common sense told me not to risk provoking my pursuer.

I didn’t dare turn around and face my persuer. No telling what horrible creatures might be prowling the campus! The pounding of the feet was now accompanied by a panting. His short, hollow breaths and the sounds of his feet hitting the sidewalk matched the wild beating of my own heart.

He was coming closer and closer. I could almost feel his hot breath against the back of my neck. Short, sporadic groans accompanied the wheezing of my shadow. Panic seized me and I began to run, unable to escape my relentless pursuer.

As I felt his icy cold, clammy hand touch my shoulder, I screamed loud enough to wake the dead. I turned to face the attacker, expecting a truly ugly sight. Before me stood a jogger with a puzzled look on his face. With a shrug of his shoulders and a shake of his head, he resumed his running, leaving me staring stupidly after him.

Still dazed, I reached my room and threw myself on my bed. My roommate commented that I looked like I had just seen a ghost. If only she knew that what I had seen was something ten times worse—the dedicated health fanatic, a midnight jogger.

—TESSIE EARNSHAW
SOPHOMORES

Joan Tile
Marc Tissel
Mary Fitzpatrick
Sharon Floro
Mary Fluetsch

Lars Fredrickson
Peter Friedenbach
Debbie Fryke
Lars Fuller
Grace Gabriel

Philip Gallegos
Adolfo Garcia
Vernon Gard
Grace Garvin
John Geffert

Mark Georgulas
James Gill
Kathleen Gill
John Gilmore
Deborah Gioiosa

George Gitschel
Daryl Glen
Joanne Gonzalez
Mercedes Gonzalez
Nancy Gow

Julia Graver
Catherine Greenwell
David Griffin
Charles Griffith
Eldita Grijalva

Mary Grijalva
David Groat
Lena Guidace
Violeta Guirola
Francis Gwynn
It's not easy (on a girl's floor) being
the floor priest

Sympathize with me. You think it's easy being the answer to the question: "What Jesuit lives with 108 women?" Have you ever attempted to explain the perpetual smile on your face? Or tried to describe coming home from Stanford to find a memo board filled with hearts and flowers? Or tried to justify being a priest with three fiancées? And you think you have problems?

My home is New York City, I'm the oldest of seven children and I've been a Jesuit for thirteen years. Such a background should prepare one for almost anything, but terror barely describes my emotional state at our first dorm meeting. Myriad faces staring with the unasked question: "Who is that?" Thoughts of escape running through my mind—perhaps a Japanese school of education will accept me. They didn't say it would be like this, Mom!

By the end of the week, conditions had settled into normality. Fifty-eight chocolate chip cookies had been distributed, one fiancée acquired, thirty names memorized, fourteen bad jokes related. In a process difficult to describe but charming to behold and be a part of, we began to come together. Tentative invitations were offered and accepted. Kindnesses were recognized and appreciated. Friendships grew.

We were moving in different circles now. Words didn't provide enough communication so new languages were employed. Footfalls announced arrivals long before a person's entrance. A smile, a crooked brow, a moist eye spoke volumes. "Never lose a holy curiosity," Einstein said. We learned a great deal from each other.

What we learned: courage in the face of family tragedy; joy over each other's success; frivolity; determination; caring; dignity; insight; empathy; a whole lot of courses; a little bit about corner kicks, outside jumpers, The Beggars' Opera, strokes, fast pitches. Kids on Campus, Focus, cereal boxes and jazz bands; something about life.

The present. Catch it if you can. No one ever does. What we did is now past as these things are measured. But the memories still live.

There is a certain sadness, but also, with Annie Dillard, a recognition that "the point is that not only does time fly and do we die, but that in these reckless conditions we live at all, and are vouchsafed, for the duration of certain inexplicable moments, to know it." We came together, we learned, we loved. God smiled on us, and she was most generous with her blessings.

—JIM KUNTZ S.J.
SOPHOMORES

carole leong
john lopez
alexis lepoutre
steve l'esperance
margarette liao

tom lilly
jeanne lima
heng lo
anne loesel
len lofano

bridget loftus
mark lozano
ellen lucero
diana lum
darryl lung

karen lupo
nancy lynch
sandra lynn
marianne lyons
lauren madrid

john manglona
valerie mangum
melissa marx
elien marmorek
margaret martin

larry martinelli
armida martinez
cindy mauliola
don mazzilli
john mc carthy

mike mc carthy
kerry mc colgan
matt mc cormick
julie mc cosker
laura mc ginnis
A student gets back at a thieving coke machine

Ever since that gumball machine stole my penny when I was three, it's always been the same: laundromat machines, pay phones, parking meters, coke machines—you name it. They've all swallowed my nickels, dimes, and quarters without giving me anything back.

My ongoing battle with coin-operated machines came to its peak one night during Winter Quarter. I had just blown my Western Civ midterm, and Calculus didn't look like it'd be any better. I decided to take a break and go down for a Coke.

After ten minutes of scrounging nickels from my buddies and another ten waiting for the elevator, I was there. Ah yes, "The pause that refreshes. . . ."

I plunked my nickels down the slot, my mouth eagerly anticipating that first fizzy gulp. I pushed the button. Nothing. Damn! I slapped the other buttons one by one. Nothing. Clinging to one last hope, I yanked on the coin release. Still nothing. A feeling of rage at 19 years of being robbed by mere machines was building up inside of me. I kicked the machine, trying to get it to release its greedy grasp of my hard-scrounged nickels. The words "Enjoy Coca-Cola" taunted me as my toes grew sorer.

Suddenly, I noticed it: the front of the machine was slightly ajar: the man who filled it must have forgotten to shut it tightly. If I could wedge something in the crack, I could get the latch to open. . . .

There was a tire-iron on the floor between some bikes. My conscience struggled against the urge to assert my superiority over the damned machine, but it was only a token flight.

In a few seconds, it was done: the monster's mechanical innards were laid bare. Just as I was grabbing a Coke, the elevator opened, and eleven familiar faces emerged.

Oh God! What next? How could I explain that I was just taking my one hard-earned Coke?

They never asked. Like little kids at an Easter egg hunt, they descended on the prey. Having grabbed all they could hold, a few went back upstairs. In a few minutes, they returned with reinforcements, toting buckets, pillowcases, bookbags—anything they could lay their hands on. The throng grew as word spread through Swig, and people who would smile at each other in class the next day were practically wrestling for that last Mr. Pibb.

After ten minutes of watching this display of all-out all-American avarice, I stepped back into the elevator, shaking my head.

From now on, I think I'll just walk to Safeway. . . .

—PATTY BEEMER
SOPHOMORES

pat mcguire
john mc kenna
mark mc namara
eric meljer
david mello

liz mendoza
john merriman
mark michaels
cheryl miller
dede miller

mark miller
michelle miller
alisa minor
brigid modena
mary modeste

vincent mojica
tom moore
cristina moreno
thomas morrone
jeff moscaret

jeanne moser
paul mosher
mary mulligan
margaret munro
david murphy

terry murphy
mike muscha
marlys nakamae
don navarini
rick nelson

richard newton
stephen nichols
jeanmarie niedermeyer
mary niemiller
ryne nishimi
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grilled Sandwiches</th>
<th>Oven Baked Sandwiches</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Every sandwich is grilled and served on a fresh sour dough French roll with crisp lettuce, generous slices of tender sweet onion and fresh tomato. Each sandwich is served with potato chips.</td>
<td>Each sandwich is baked in Mike's stone hearth oven and served on a fresh sour dough French roll with crisp lettuce, fresh tomato and potato chips.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hamburger</th>
<th>Blended Cheese</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thick, juicy and cooked to perfection.</td>
<td>A different taste sensation!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Double Hamburger</th>
<th>Swiss Cheese</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A giant half-pounder* ... what a bargain!</td>
<td>A favorite for lunch and dinner.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cheeseburger</th>
<th>American Cheese</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A quarter pound* of delicious beef with your choice of cheese.</td>
<td>Mild, and filling.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Double Cheeseburger</th>
<th>Salami</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What a meal! A giant half-pound* of beef with thick slices of your choice of cheese.</td>
<td>Plenty of good eating and with your choice of cheese.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Louisiana Hot Sausage</th>
<th>Pastrami</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Guaranteed to warm you right up! A spicy Hot Link. Add to your own pleasure by visiting the condiment bar.</td>
<td>Tangy. Your choice of cheese makes it taste even better.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hot Dog</th>
<th>Ham</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The great American favorite. with cheese... add 15¢</td>
<td>Smoked to perfection — your choice of cheese.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Canadian Burger</th>
<th>Hot Tuna</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Discovered by Mike while exploring our neighbor to the North. A juicy hamburger topped with Canadian Bacon and your choice of cheese.</td>
<td>Great taste of the sea. with cheese... add 15¢</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Crisp Green Salad</th>
<th>Luncheon Special</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>French Fries</td>
<td>Not served after 5 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pizza Sandwich</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Pick your three favorite pizza items. We'll place them on a fresh sour dough French roll with Mike's own special pizza sauce and blend of fine cheese. Oven baked and delicious! | Everyday Specials

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julie north
cathy nunes
cheryl oberdick
kathleen o'brien

cecily o'byrne
sean o'malley
jamie ollinger
karen patrick
craig paxton

mark padrazzi
lisandro pena
frances pereira
fred perez
marie perry

roberta peters
jeff peterson
james phillips
frank pinheiro
suzanne pirnik

john poloni
cheryl powell
kathy powell
donna presley
philip price

greg prow
david pulvinc
martin putnam
mary quilici
brendan quilter

marie rabaino
kathleen radovich
sue ravizza
alanna rebello
kathleen reilly
Dignitaries throng Leavey for

Ben Swig’s 83rd birthday
SOPHOMORES

Don Reinoeld
devereaux rendler
penny reynolds
joseph riggio
rick risso

Laurie rizzo
katie riley
raymond rioridan
yvette rosas
alan rose

tammi rose
michael rosendin
bonetia ross
kelley rosso
joye roth

denise rowan
maria ruiz
graham rutherford
daniel ryan
leslie sachs

Stephen sack
martin samuels
gilda santorlello
barbara santos
cheryl santos

Laurie santos
rich schaub
steve schauf
ellen schiller
patrick schmitzer

Ken Schulz
rick schulze
gerry scott
john seidler
Cathy semans
SOPHOMORES

gary serda
deeana sheridan
charles shreve
anna silva
sydney silva

Gina silvera
Sheri Simmons
diana smith
Edward Smith
Lawrence Smith

Paul Smith
Jennifer Smiths
Jeff Smoker
Gina Soares
John Sobraske

Kurt Sommer
Robert Spangler
Debbie Spinetta
Chuck Spink
Annie Springer

Lisa Stanziano
Cynthia Starr
Mark Stevens
Sara Stiegeler
James Stinar

Shelley Stiner
Lori St. Marie
Brian Sullivan
Elizabeth Sullivan
Harold Sullivan

Kevin Sullivan
Scott Sullivan
danette Sutton
Phyllis Sweeley
Paula Takiguchi
When spring arrives, everybody's laying out

The sun rose grandly, victorious at last in the war with the seemingly omnipresent clouds. The bright orb smiled on the dewy, pea green grass which greedily gulped in the warmth. Also basking in the freshness of spring were the infant leaves on the trees, their newness reflecting that of the robin's egg blue sky.

Silently announcing its arrival, the sun poured into the windows of the dorms. Sleepy-eyes, blinded by the light, peered out from under blankets. Yells of jubilation rang through the campus as the realization of the coming of spring set in. Bathing suits and beach chairs were dragged out from closet corners. The lethargic winter blues were quickly replaced with the excitement of spring fever.

When the day reached middle age, the sun still proudly displayed its long awaited rays, but it was no longer alone. The Mission Gardens took on the characteristics of the French Riviera with the many bodies lounging in the warmth. Frisbees came out of hibernation to once again invade the campus. Heavy sighs of contentment were breathed by all who succumbed to the ultraviolet rays.

Glaresly white bodies were exposed to the harsh rays after long months in hiding underneath cardigans and down jackets. Over-anxious sunbathers soon regretted the refusal of suntan lotions as their alabaster skin took on a slightly pink, and soon-to-be-painful, tinge.

Even die-hard studiers could not resist the temptation of the prospect of an early tan. There they were, propped up against an available tree or wall, books in hand, oblivious to the goings-on around them. Most students, however, forgot their homework as quickly as they forgot their depressions of winter.

Sunshine seems to have a strange effect on the students, to say the least. Sun-hungry Santa Clarans are seen in groups, passing the jugs of wine in joyful celebration of the disappearance of rain and fog. Tanks are filled and engines revved, psyched for a quick trip to the beach. The rolling hills between O'Connor and Mayer Theatre attract the more solitary types who desire tranquility while pondering the philosophies of Descartes. At times, however, these same peaceful hills are the site of many a college student reverting back to childhood by rolling playfully up and down the various mounds.

Passively or actively, Santa Clara students worship the rays of that fireball in the sky and the promise of the new start that spring brings. Shakespeare definitely had the students of Santa Clara in mind when he wrote: "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by this sun."

—TESSIE EARNSHAW
SOPHOMORES

leonard tallerico
linda tamas
desiree tang
armand tapia
arthur tapia

saundra taylor
thomas templeman
jeffrey thomas
barbara thompson
kristin thompson

dolores torres
tom turk
josie ureta
tom vaiva
debbie van haren

kathy van olst
pete vanoni
mark van vranken
ed ventura
david verdugo

davide vieira
marilyn vierra
robert voreyer
brian wagner
steven wallace

jennifer warner
debi walsh
jim walsh
mike walsh
jody ward

kathryn walker
goff westerfield
debbie whipple
michael whittington
paul wichorek
The Campus Store

The on-campus store serving all the students needs.

located in Benson Center
Hard-core insomniacs are commonly found

sleeping in Orradre

It is well known that the Edward Boland Reading Room in the Orradre Library is the best place on the SCU campus for sleeping. It is a haven from primal screams and other noises generally associated with university life. The walls are painted in soothing green and beige tones, which serve to prepare students psychologically for a prolonged state of inactivity and unconsciousness. The chairs, each complete with yielding cushions in either blue, yellow, green, or yellow, are not only cheery and inviting, but are also conducive to sleep. And double-sized chairs are provided for those who want to snuggle with a friend. There are even a few desks and tables scattered throughout the reading room for students accustomed to a study-like atmosphere.

Of course, there are always a few people who have trouble falling asleep, no matter how ideal the conditions may be. For persistent insomnia, most students agree that the ordinary textbook is the most effective sedative or "downer." There are several sleep-inducing techniques which make use of the textbook. The most common of these techniques has been referred to as the "vertical pendulum effect." The student simply runs his eyes back and forth across the page of the book, and when he reaches the bottom, jerks his head back up and begins the process again at the top of the next page. Rocking chairs and cradles operate along the same principle.

A related, but slightly more expensive technique involves the purchase of a Hi-Liter. This felt tip marker comes in a number of assorted colors and can be purchased at the Campus Store. Running a Hi-Liter across each line on the page usually has a hypnotic effect on even the most stubborn insomniacs.

These sleeping aids, or "textbooks," are usually available upon request at the reserve reading desk, which is right in the reading room itself for the students' convenience. These books are used only for short naps, however, as they can only be checked out for two hours at a time. The bedtime storybooks used differ from student to student, according to individual tastes, but some past favorites have included: The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money; Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysics; and Network Synthesis Design and Application.

An added feature of the Edward Boland Reading Room is the "automatic wakeup call." Although it is not an assigned duty, librarians can generally be counted upon to wake you up when the reading room closes for the night. This eliminates any fear the student might have about missing a late night party and thus aids him in sleeping more soundly.

-DEIRDRE KELLY
Basically, the junior was restless. She wandered around the room, picking up objects and putting them down, stopping only to look out her window at the suburban street and the afternoon sky beyond.

Her thoughts at this time were scattered and muddy, and she wasn't at all sure why this perverse mood was haunting her. She wasn't given to these fits of restlessness; usually she had something to do (right now she knew she should be reading *Ulysses*) and she did them, no question, no problem.

Why then this hellbent room-pacing?

*When I get out I'll be* 

Stop it, she told herself. Start reading your *Ulysses*. But she didn't pick up the book; instead, she was looking out the window again, remembering... something... probably LA. There's plenty of openings there and rent isn't that bad. By next Christmas I plan to sell the Capri and invest in a... invest in a... What was she thinking of? She started and shook her head, a slight quick shake as though to clear it. Then she remembered.

She had eaten alone in Bronco Corral, a quick lunch between Dance class and Survey of Lit, and two people seated themselves at a nearby table. The guy obviously still went here, but the girl was a visitor, a graduate perhaps, and was brimming over with plans.

- *What do you think you'll be making?* he asked.
- *Oh, 17 or 18, somewhere in there, 20 by a year or two, certainly. It slows down then, but I'll never be hurting in the least. Not like your typical misdirected English major.*

She remembered blushing at that and finishing her sandwich quickly. She remembered vaguely hating the cheeky girl. But she hadn't realized...

Her mother paused at the doorway, confronted with her daughter, lips moving, eyes unseeingly staring into the afternoon sky. She knocked gently on the door.

*The junior started. *"Oh, Mom," she said, hand going to her eyes and forehead. *"Sorry, I was just... thinking..."*

"About what, dear?" The motherly voice was soothing.

"Mom?" The slightly panicked look returned. "Mom, whatever am I going to do? When I graduate."

Her mother was taken aback, but recovered quickly. "Don't worry, dear, you'll do fine. We can talk about it in a moment but right now your sister Cathy's on the phone. For you."

The junior's eyes flashed. Cathy! Her older, wiser, black-sheep sister who called about three times a year, at most. "From where?" she asked, and then rushed downstairs without waiting for reply.

"Cathy?" This breathlessly.  
"Diane! Hey, kid, how ya doin'?"  
"Cathy, where you calling from?"

"Oregon. Hey, you didn't answer my question."

"Oh, I'm doing fine, just fine. A few flashes of self-doubt now and again but—"

"Oh, don't worry about those. I got 'em all the time. Listen, kid, I only got a moment more. I just called to tell you that I want you to take a TV class, from Fr. Privett, if they still offer it. I ran into a guy today who came from there and he said it was really fun, plus you can be creative and learn a lot about yourself. I finally got your letter and listen kid, you've really got what it takes. I tell you, I roared at the funny parts and cried at the sad ones. Real tears! You're a good writer and I think that school is teaching you well."

"You still there, little sis? You hear me?"

"Yeah, Cath, I hear you. Loud and clear!"

"Well, you take care. Bye now."

"Bye..." The junior hung up the phone, rather slowly. Going back upstairs, *Ulysses* in mind, she heard her mother from down below:

"Diane, did you want to talk about something?"

"No thanks, Mom — it's okay, really."
Greg Kihn is outshined only by the hot sun

For Santa Clara co-eds, it was a Day on the Two-Bit Beer. For the first time in several weeks the sun was up all day, and the music and foamy brew danced across the sunburned brains of the gee-I-ought-to-be-studying undergrads. It was a blow-out like no other Blow Out. California was very much like California ought to be, with mostly blue skies and a north wind to wash away the smog. Softball games, frisbees, picnic food and half naked bodies took everybody’s mind off the gas shortage and approaching finals. Of all the distractions, Kihn’s music was the best.

At 3:30, after most of the sun worshippers had drowned their Saga lunch in beer, Kihn took the stage and tried for 45 minutes to liven the lethargic crowd. He opened with a roadhouse rock number, “Round and Round,” and then pleaded with the drowsy listeners to move closer to the stage. They didn’t, so he fired up his two hottest cuts from Greg Kihn Again, Holly’s “Love’s Made a Fool of You” and his own “Madison Avenue Man.” A few people woke up, realized they were not in the Reading Room of the library, and joined the party.

Nine songs into his set a good portion of the gathering began dancing and singing, something that Kihn wanted to see happen eight songs earlier. Finally, with a jumpin’ version of “Roadrunner,” the Kihn Band made an impression on the several hundred that scooted closer to the action. He sat on the edge of the stage to tell Jonathan Richman’s “Pablo Picasso” story (it’s dirty), and then slipped into the formless crowd. He got the people rowdy, for the first time all day, and for two encores kept the energy high. The career geared Santa Clara throng was young again, and real rock ‘n’ roll brought them their youth.

—Mark Davis
ann chavtur
joni chiesa
bill chin
mark christenson
cynthia clausen

montgomery close
richard collins
terry combs
patricia connell
william connell

rosa contreras
mary conway
john copeland
kevin corbett
rosanne cortese

gilbert cosio
matthew costello
antoinette cox
steven cramer
jon crawford

janice cregan
betsy crosby
kathleen cross
mary cunningham
james curran

david curry
kenneth dahl
shawn daugherty
barbara debenedetto
trina de la chapelle

leslie debrunner
katherine deegan
tam dell'oro
michael delohery
michael delsanto
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Did Harrisburg frighten you? No doubt this question loomed in the minds of many of the students attending Cal PIRG's Nuclear Teach-in. For many people in this country, nuclear energy and its dangers were not a big issue until the Three-mile Island near-disaster.

Interestingly, speakers Dr. Timothy Healy, professor of electrical engineering and computer science, and Peter Faulkner, author of The Silent Bomb and a nuclear engineer, chose to take different approaches to the problem. For Healy, analysis of the nuclear issue centered on the very nature of all problems. The nuclear problem is a divergent problem. The more that is learned about the subject, the more is learned of the greater breadth and scope of the unknown. Nevertheless, such a question should not be allowed to go by unnoticed. As Healy says, "Don't be a fence-sitter. Revolutions can't be developed by fence-sitting. Yet one must consider what you do when you leave the fence."

In contrast, Faulkner attacked the nuclear issue through personal experience in working with the industry. Faulkner spent six years with the Government Weapons Office and some time later became a consultant for local nuclear power plants. Faulkner's experiences with these operations greatly upset him. What he found most disturbing was their poor organization and refusal of any managerial advice. As a result, Faulkner took all information he compiled through his experiences and presented them before the Senate. After writing his book, The Silent Bomb, detailing dangers and government corruption behind nuclear power, publisher Random House cancelled all publicity for its release. Faulkner stated that his work was "censored" because of its explosive content. The Silent Bomb provided a large deal of the storyline for the China Syndrome.

Besides the potential danger of a meltdown, nuclear power plants have been faced with the problems of nuclear waste disposal. Disposal remains an unsolved technical problem. Though scientists say there will be an answer to the problem through ceramic encapsulation of waste or burial in the salt beds of New Mexico, many realize the eminent political problems which will ensue should New Mexico protest its becoming the nuclear waste dump of the country. Most important, nuclear plants invite terrorism. To date, France has been threatened by five terrorist attempts at a meltdown. In the U.S., 99 sabotage attempts have been foiled, said Faulkner.

Both Healy and Faulkner discussed the problems of identifying accurate dangerous levels of radiation. As Healy explained, "Any radiation has a potential for damaging. The level that is the focus of most concern is that constant low level of radiation which is damaging over long periods of time, 20 to 30 years."

Faulkner noted that for years people in Salt Lake City have been exposed to unmeasured low levels of gas emitting radiation, radon 222, resulting from uranium mining operations in the area. Studies have shown that these people have a higher incidence of all types of cancers. Faulkner went on to dispute the argument that nuclear power could not damage or kill as many people as auto accidents or smoking could. Such arguments are totally irrelevant in Faulkner's view since the use of nuclear energy is an imposed threat and not only kills once but again over many generations.

Unquestionably, students attending the teach-in came away with the realization that there is a great need to diversify our energy resources to ones which are benign, flexible and decentralized. As Faulkner pointed out, there is a greater need for social change and changes in our lifestyles as a whole. "We could possibly be on the threshold of the post industrial age."
Avoid Benson's food fights

You've been through it before. You're walking across the illustrious Benson cafeteria to get a second portion of that mouth-watering entrée, liver and onions, when all of a sudden, a greasy napkin makes a crash landing on your uneaten Chinese veggies. Turning around quickly, you hope to spot the culprit and unnerve him with a good, hard glare, only to find that every other person possesses a napkin and is in the process of beaning someone with it. Torn between punishing the guilty tosser and being a good sport, you heave a martyred sigh and head on back to the chowline, scarlet with embarrassment. What's a student to do?

Well, there's not a whole lot you can do, so it's simple to employ the old "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em" attitude. And, according to recent cafeteria studies, you might as well, because napkin-throwing students (NTS) outnumber non-napkin-throwing students (NNTS) three to one here at Santa Clara. The reasons behind this strange compulsion differ from person to person, but are relatively uniform in persons of a specific major. Some psychology students, for example, relate that tossing napkins is simply an unleashing of hidden extrovertic tendencies while future sociologists are convinced that it's a revolt against society's stringent rules of cafeteria etiquette. Philosophy students, however, maintain that they throw napkins "because they're there." One enlightened individual says that a quick drop-shot into an eligible young lady's skim milk is a terrific ice-breaker when asking her out for a date. (Hear that girls? Put at least 20 glasses of milk on your tray so that guys will have absolutely no chance of missing them with their napkins.) Of course, no one will admit to throwing napkins out of sheer boredom, because that would imply either that Benson is not interesting (bit your tongue!), they're regressing to an adolescent stage or they have nothing better to do with their time. But whatever their reasons for it are, Santa Clara students view napkin-tossing as an art and want it to spread to all the corners of Benson. They see it as their "cafeteria duty" to convert fellow students to the wonders of napkin-tossing 'til their wrists hang limp or the napkins run out!

ANNE GOUGH
james foster
scott freeman
sandra freitas
theresa freitas
mark freschi

beth turolla
timothy furey
tim galla
rebecca gandee
henry garcia

maria garcia
gary gardner
kathleen geraci
thomas gerner
joyce gerrity

matthew gerst
karen giannotti
marie gibbs
april girimonte
elizabeth gomes

guadalupe gonzalez
james graham
jaymelynn green
angela greene
gary grelli

lariene guastapaglia
rebecca guerin
gerilynne guevara
rodrigo gutierrez
paul gyorey

mark haaland
lauren haflinger
julie hagan
owen haggerty
bradford haley
Round Table
Pizza Restaurants

SANTA CLARA
2615 THE ALAMEDA
Next to Safeway
248-9123
Share a Little Pizza With Someone You Love
James Ham
Tammy Hamilton
Chris Hammond
Thomas Harvey
Melissa Hatheway

George Hazbown
Michael Healey
Stephen Hedrick
Kevin Henslin
James Herlihy

Robert Herman
James Heupel
Marc Hirtan
Frank Hoffman
Karen Hollingshead

Timothy Holmes
Paul Hoseit
Marie Hotaling
David Hughes
Lisa Ibarolle

Patricia Inserra
Patricia Isaacson
Jeanelle Johnson
Jebb Johnson
Scott Johnson

Shelagh Johnson
Michael Jones
Lynn Kanda
Andrew Karleskind
Douglas Kaufman

Rick Kaufman
Randy Kay
Timothy Keating
Kealohalani Keeno
Brian Kelly
No gas? No car? So what? Go barcycling

Yes. That's right. There's a new word to be added to the old collegiate dictionary. Barcycling, bar-hopping on bicycles. You take two long established college activities—drinking and bicycling (though before they were not necessarily associated). Combine this with the warm, lazy summer nights and the shortage of gasoline in the area, and presto—barcycling springs from the imaginations of innovative college students.

Barcycling, however, is not for the timid, the unadventurous, or the weak of leg. One must be physically and emotionally prepared for such an outing. A brief description follows that will help anyone planning such an adventure.

Clearly, the first requirement is that you have bikes. No cheating by putting the bike rack on and driving around with your bike on the back. Make sure your bike is in good operating condition and the tires properly inflated. Also, it is a good idea to have lights; if not, reflectors are a must for nighttime riding. Be sure to take chains and locks along to secure your bikes while inside the bars.

Secondly, pick a warm summer night that isn't chilly or windy. With the advent (finally) of nice summer weather these nights will be more and more frequent. This is an important requirement of barcycling—a pleasant night will ensure a good time, while if it is too cold or windy the bike-riding (not the drinking) will become annoying.

The last requirement is to find a bunch of people crazy enough to ride around in the middle of the night in search of the perfect thirst-quenching margarita. This is usually the easiest part of the whole barcycling process. On hot, muggy nights when finals seem still far off and midterms have been left behind, all one needs to do is yell “Barcyclists, come on down!” on any mall or quad around campus and you will have more than enough company for your barcycling adventures.

Now your group is all set to start off and go barcycling. The best aspect of barcycling is that you leave the cars behind, and get some exercise while out carousing. On a warm summer night, the cool air invigorates and relaxes you. The stars are out and the moon is beaming down. Everyone rides together so there is much frolicking that goes on, not only in the bars, but also to and from them. You don't have to worry about your car, where to park, how much gas you have, or the police watching to see if you're weaving too much.

—STEVE INGLIN
TV hams are appropriately awarded at

the Golden Johnnies

The Golden Johnnies is not Buildings and Grounds' newest plan to update the restrooms on the SCU campus. Nor is it the name of the latest new-wave, punk-rock group.

The Golden Johnnies is an awards show honoring the best (and worst) student productions over the past academic year. The awards are for outstanding shows, talent and/or script.

Director of the TV Facility, Fr. John Privett S.J., took time out from his absorbing job chasing wayward flies around the TV studio, to discuss the upcoming awards ceremony.

"There's no socially redeeming feature to this thing," Privett admits. "It's just a chance to get people together and have a good time." The beloved priest believes that the competitive atmosphere is greatly reduced by "joviality, friendship and gobs of available California champagne."

Student program director, Vince Price, took time out from his inspiring job cataloguing videocassette tapes, to discuss the annual TV ritual. "The Golden Johnnies are, first off, a chance to praise people who have done good work, a chance to spoof the Academy A-

wards and a chance to have fun."

"employee-extraordinaire" explained, "It's a party in honor of people who have done good work. It's better than honorary dinners and all that crap. It's a chance for people to get pig-headed. It's a chance for people to backstab." But, Price is quick to add that everything is done with lightheartedness.

Golden Johnnies are manufactured exclusively at the SCU-TV studio. Each prize is an eight-inch plaster of Paris, gold spray-painted toilet-bowl. Student plaster master Shawn Bobbit individually and lovingly creates each award on the roof of St. Joseph's Hall.

The masters of ceremonies for the Golden Johnnies were Vince Price, Mike Nouaux, and Margie McGovern (who brought charm, wit and beauty to the show).

TV students agree that Best Show and Best Director are the most prestigious awards. Price believes the "Broadcast Journalism categories are the most boring."

The Golden Johnnies also includes several booby prizes for shows that had basic problems. The Fubar Award is for the show that totally falls apart during taping. Joanne Formato, student producer for the Golden Johnnies, comments "Every year there seem to be plenty of nominees."

The Michael Olich Award, named after set designer Michael Olich, is given for impossible demands on the director, cast or audience.

The year a new booby prize was added. Bill Quinlan, known for his excess in acting, writing and living, will do anything to draw attention to himself. It is in this spirit that the Bill Quinlan Award is given for those who will do anything to get their mugs in front of a camera, no matter how demeaning the role.

—DIANNE REES
Juniors

Christine Pandolfi
Tom Panelli
Mimi Pang
Jenifer Parik
Michael Patterson

Carolyn Pausner
Martin Pell
Sylvia Penunuri
Richard Peoples
Claude Perasso

Lorena Pereira
Ana Perez
Stephen Pessagno
Carol Peterson
Deborah Pfeiffer

Marie Pfeiffer
Wendy Phipps
Ricardo Pineda
Timothy Piper
Mark Plummer

Colette Preaseau
Camille Preaseau
Cheryl Prestia
Kit Prewett
Teresa Pugh

Michael Quast
Dolores Rael
Robert Ramos
Dan Reid
Kim Reimholz

Robert Reynolds
Lynne Rice
Elizabeth Richard
Ron Richardson
Michael Riley
The Middle Ages return for the May Faire

The medieval motif was alive in the mission gardens amidst the palms and eves at the 1979 May Faire. Cooling spring winds did not hamper the festive atmosphere as peasants, merchants and minstrels participated in the goings-on. "It has successfully captured the true mission spirit," commented a smiling John Privett, S.J. A casual scholar, Thomas Breen remarked, "I love it... it's so gay" about this year's annual feast of St. Clare. "It was a big success," beamed Margaret McGovern in her voluptuous attire as she sought "success" as a merchant of lemonade and cupcakes.

Sellers of wares such as jewelry, leather shoes and stained glass came from everywhere while game students participated in selling palatable delights. Some fraternity boys, in fact, sought to raise money for Project 50. They sold fresh fruit sticks... symbols of their small organization?

Benson produced huge drumsticks for holders of ye olde meal cards. However, indulgers might have been warned of last year's "flu" epidemic following the same menu.

Those who attended enjoyed the festivities. "It was exquisite," chimed one female student. "I especially like Calude Perasso's wild shorts," An engineering major remarked about the Faire with great profundity. "It was nice." A renowned accounting bookworm unable to attend due to studies regretted, "I'm bummed."

Overall, the crowd was pleased with the feast. The months of effort rendered by students and faculty for this year's celebration of our patron saint's special day was certainly not in vain.
JUNIORS

Jayne Ring
Sharon Rivas
Mary Rizzo
Kevin Robb
Angela Robbiano

Herb Robinson
Curtis Rodriguez
Cynthia Rodriguez
Philippe Rolanden
Patt Romero

Peter Romero
Cheryl Rose
Cindy Rossi
Fernando Ruiz
Elizabeth Ryan

Wayne Sabatelli
Sima Salah
Dianna Sana
Catherine Sanders
Patrick Sangiacomo

Catherine Santos
Kevin Sargent
Patricia Sasao
Sblend Sblendorio
Joan Scarpino

Mindy Schell
Rowan Schetter
Sharon Schmitz
Mike Schneickert
Linda Schwarz

Karen Schwegman
Jean Sears
Duffy Segale
Paul Seidel
Debbie Seidler
juniors

michael seifert
georgeanne sekerka
florenta seropian
cynthia sevely
anthony severini

richard shanahan
suzanne shaw
john sheridan
michael sherry
kenneth shimabuku

theresa simone
scott sinnott
michael slavin
karen sly
donald smith

gregory smith
steven smith
patrice snell
shari snyder
john soares

mark soldati
katharine spann
john spence
therese stanley
phil stanton

john stanwyck
tracy stempel
nancy stewart
richard stolz
bartholomew sullivan

bradley sullivan
sue swenson
tom sweeney
albert swift
john sylvia
No one is safe from the

Portuguese War Wagons

It was a beautiful day and she was engrossed with the scenery as she started the long trek to class. The hike from Benson to O'Connor is not a particularly dangerous one, so she felt secure strolling leisurely along, seriously debating whether to take the Calculus test or go to the beach instead. A loud cry of "Look out!" rudely interrupted her reverie. She glanced up, only to see a red and white blur rush past her, a cloud of black smoke following it. Completely shaken up over the near collision, she flunked the midterm.

It was an early Wednesday morning, the day after a big party at the Club. He had had one or two beers too many and was now in the process of sleeping them off. Suddenly, a thunderous roar outside his window awoke him from his stupor. He stumbled to the window, only to breathe in the fumes of a great cloud of black smoke. His head pounding and his stomach churning, he took two aspirin and felt lousy the rest of the day.

These students are only two of the victims of the current maniacs plaguing the campus—the Band 6 War Wagons. These red and white motorized playthings can be seen and heard at anytime before 8:00 in the morning, coughing and backfiring to a start. More often than not, the drivers are viewed cursing the machines in some alien gibberish, even giving the cars a quick kick out of sheer frustration.

Everyday between 12:00 and 1:00, when the Buildings and Grounds employees are at lunch, Santa Clara University is transformed from a relatively peaceful campus to a miniature Indy 500. Gardeners and janitors alike use unsuspecting students for their hair-raising slalom courses. Should one be unlucky enough to cross the path of an unrelenting, even ruthless, War Wagon driver, he is often greeted by obscure Portuguese cuss words and foreign gestures.

Will it ever be safe to walk the campus in broad daylight without the fear of being sadistically clobbered by a thrill-seeking caretaker?

—TESSIE EARNshaw
a sophomore finds mythic symbolism in

**Benson’s carrot salad**
Of the first pieces of information acquired at SCU as a freshman is about symbols and myths. This knowledge is passed on explicitly in most religious studies classes. It is taught, for example, that a symbol is something that represents something else by association, resemblance, or convention, and, as Paul Tillich writes, it "unlocks dimensions and elements of our soul which correspond to the dimensions and elements of reality." Symbols are learned about implicitly as students experience campus living. Benson, surprisingly enough, is probably the midwife to more symbols than anyplace else at SCU. A plethora of latent symbols exists in the school cafeteria because students come into contact with the place for up to three times a day and, besides, food is something to which everyone can relate.

It was in Benson that carrot salad became a symbol for me. I had never had carrot salad at home: my mother did not have the patience to shred those many orange vegetable sticks, and the Cuisinart food processor was still considered an inaccessible luxury, in the same category as the battery-powered egg scrambler and the electric mousetrap. Saga produced that elusive orange melange dotted with raisins only infrequently; so, for me, it quickly became a symbol of the uncommon and wonderful amidst all the habitual and somewhat trite items in the Saga fare. As time went on, carrot salad gathered more meaning into it; seeing a bowl of it on my tray was like seeing a double rainbow, and my day was a little happier as a result. I retained some hope that I would not exchange a time card for my Saga meal card once I graduated.

After freshman year the novelty began to wane, however. In economic terms, it was a classic example of diminishing marginal utility: the greater my rate of consumption of carrot salad, the smaller the increase in satisfaction I got from a unit increase in my rate of consumption. This principle was driven home when carrot salad was served twice in one day. I was mildly enthused to see the shredded-orange-vegetables held together with cream dressing at lunch, but when it appeared again at dinner, I went bananas, so to speak. Running over to the salad bar, I grabbed a plate and started heaping mounds of orange onto it. All the while, I knew that I did not really enjoy eating the stuff anymore, especially since pineapple chunks and marshmallows had been substituted in the salad for raisins. But like a child who derives an inexplicable pleasure from twirling around and around in a circle until he gets so dizzy he drops into a heap on the floor, I kept shoveling that carrot salad onto my plate until everything was a blur of orange-yellow. Soon it overflowed onto the rest of my dinner and then onto my tray. People began to stare, and a small crowd gathered around me.

I finally came back to my senses when I heard my roommate, who knew how I felt about carrot salad, laughing uncontrollably. Feeling a little sheepish, I retreated to the nearest table I could find. Overcome with guilt for wasting all that food, I offered carrot salad to people around me; I was severely ostracized for my gesture of repentance.

Having eventually recovered from my carrot salad freakout, I reflected on what I had gained from the experience. A prepared vegetable salad had done for me what a good piece of literature presenting a view of what it means to be human can do; namely, it made me aware of dimensions rooted deep within myself that were previously hidden in my subconscious. Symbols which make you more aware of who you are as a person are not found exclusively in the artistic or religious spheres at SCU. Like carrots, symbols grow when the situation is ripe for them. And the harvest of symbols is as good in Benson as it is in the Mission Church, Mayer Theatre, or the classroom.

— DEIRDRE M. KELLY
kirk syme
frank tapia
kenneth taylor
stephen tejeda
patricia thomas

patricia thompson
dave tjon
richard tomlin
nickolas tooliatos
michele torr

henry torres
joseph toste
john tralongo
steven treder
michael truesdale

giorgeanna ubois
steven undorte
sayumi uno
gilbert valdivia
blanca valenzuela

juan villagomez
margaret ward
keith wardell
pam wat
andy watt

john welch
kathleen worsra
donald whiteside
kathleen wilkinson
kerry willis

robert winslow
john winter
mary wojtan
raymond woo
debra yarbrough
JUNIORS

lena yee
margie younger
don zapien
mary zewk
lauren zinola
I find myself going into elementary education. I’ve had good feedback on my ability to get along with kids, to work for kids, to deal with kids. I have been working with kids for the last two years; now at this point in my life I feel that’s where I’m headed. . . The reason why I see myself as being alone is because constantly during this whole time at SCU there is always something going on inside of me. I’m very reflective. It’s a very active life inside of myself. I’m consciousness aware of many things, down to the smallest thought that I would think about a person. In all that happens to me, I concentrate very intensely on what I’m thinking and in my relationship with Jesus Christ. He is the center of my life. People tell me that I am a very low key person, that I am very mellow, very easy going. I am thankful for that. I think that’s great! When I’m with people I don’t think I should consciously be mellow with them. It’s just that I think that I’ve gotten an inner peace. It’s very paradoxical. What I’m saying is that I feel very much at peace and I guess that comes out, but yet there is always a lot of activity going on in me that is very stirring and it hurts and I go through a lot of pain. . . Santa Clara has been very good to me. It’s brought changes in my life, very big changes. Yet I am critical. It is hard for me because people say what do you think about Santa Clara and I say that there are a lot of things going on here that are good and some things that are bad. I find myself criticizing a lot of attitudes at Santa Clara, which I am a part of. I feel good that I am leaving Santa Clara. I feel strongly that it’s time to be moving on and accept some responsibility. I have been living very securely here, which is o.k. because to work and go to school is difficult. I know that in the summer, I will look back and see how really valuable this time at Santa Clara has been. It’s going to mean a lot more to me and I will feel sad that I left Santa Clara because it has been good to me, very good to me. . .

Dennis Estrada
seniors

Rula Atalla
Christopher Auffenberg
Eleni Bagis
William Bailey
Frida Bandel
Michael Barbarino
Joseph Barbosa
Stephanie Barkus
Shannon Barrett
Robert Bartmess
Bret Barton
John Battle
John Bauman
Colleen Beamish
Liz Bear
Kevin Beauchamp
John Beaulieu
Kenneth Beerman
Dave Beets
Timothy Beglin
seniors

Celest Bourdeau
Therese Boyd
John Brandt
Denise Brazil
Grace Brennan

Tom Breen
Getulio Brewer
Theresa Bridgham
Daniel Brinker
Sheri Brooks

Tom Brown
Richard Brunader
William Bruzzzone
Catherine Bundon
George Burdick

Michael Burgueno
Mark Burlini
Thomas Burns
Jane Bush
Lewis Buzbee
I'm really involved in a lot of engineering organizations. Such as, a member of the Engineering Society, an officer in the Civil Engineering Society, and an officer of the National Engineering Honor Society. Most people haven't heard about Christian Life Community. It's like, if you get involved, you get involved and if no it's hard to hear about it because it's one of those things like "underground" activities. It certainly has influenced my by the way I try and live my life, just day to day living. It's a movement in the Catholic church that focuses on an Ingatian spirituality, what the Jesuits are constantly involved with. It's basically centered for lay people: people like lawyers, businessmen, not clergy. People who want to give a different dimension to their life. Those who really want to make their spiritual life coherent and integrated with their daily lives. I've come to realize for me it is always going to be an important thing, something I hope to be involved with for the rest of my life. I've had fun being a female in the engineering department! My brother had just graduated when I came in and he was a mechanical engineer. He kind of sparked me on to the ideal, so I thought I may as well try it. The first couple of months my freshman year it was really hard because none of the guys would talk to the girls in the department. It was like we didn't exist. The first whole year we were really a threat to them and I guess they weren't used to it. There were ten female engineers out of 100 when we were freshmen; now that's down to about six. I didn't go into engineering thinking that I would get a big social life out of it, because I sure haven't. It's a lot of work and engineers are very shy people. They talk about things they do all the time but that stuff is just talk. But they are fun people to work with on a professional level, technical level, because they do the work but they don't take it too seriously. They guys accepted us after they realized we were going to stay. My grades really came out okay. I was kind of a threat in the way that I was usually at the top of the class. For a woman to be there is "hey, watch out." I tried to play that down, but I wanted to do well because I wanted to continue school after I graduate. (I'm going to MIT in the fall to get my masters.) I would eventually like to work for the government. I may go on for my doctorate if I have any energy left. I don't know, but I'd like to teach some day. I've been tutoring freshmen and sophomores in the fundamental classes. I've really enjoyed that. I enjoy standing in front of people and talking when I know what I'm talking about. My ideal thing would be to come back and teach here, and eventually become Chairman of the Department or Dean! That's just a dream, it will probably never happen, but I think I would enjoy the administration side of this school. Whatever job I get, I would hope it would have a lot of PR work involved.

Katherine Oven
Paul Cafarella  Sara Cahill  Donald Cairns  Steve Caletti  Rachel Campos

Carey Candau  Craig Candau  Evelyn Cardenas  Christine Cardinale  Florence Carlise

Elisa Carlson  Casey Carlton  Mark Carnesecca  John Carpenter  Sheila Carrigan

Eloy Carrillo  Kevin Carroll  Mary Cassara  John Cattermole  Roy Cecchetti
Kevin Cottrell
Lisa Cox
Ellen Craigie
Lawrence Crawley
Brian Cronquist

Patrick Crosby
David Cross
Kim Crowell
John Cruden
Lawrence Cummins

Wallace Cunneen
John Cunningham
Steven Curran
Evelyn Dagdag
Debra Dahl

Elizabeth Daly
Susan Davini
Earl Davis
Michael De Anda
Gerald De Cesare
Elaine Groppenbacher

My lifestyle has been one of involvement, initially it was purely academics. I was a pre-med major at first. I did well in it, but I decided that studying was not what it is all about. I find that studying in the library every night isn't for me. It took me awhile to say that academics aren't everything. So I would say that between my freshman and sophomore years there was a shift. That is where a sort of search started out for me. What am I about as a person? What am I looking for? When I look at the past four years academically or in training, I realize I don't have that good of training. However, I have a lot of tools that I have gained and I think the number one tool for me is that I have just learned about myself. Santa Clara provided me the space. It was rough at times because I didn't have that many good friends at first but over the years I have really developed some. My interest in senior citizens started my sophomore year when the school offered the institute for the first time. I was really disillusioned with school last year, and I was almost ready to pull out and enter Vista or Jesuit Volunteers, but then my brother called me and suggested I get involved with some senior citizens programs. Things I like about my friends: honesty, sincerity, genuineness, commitment; as far as heavy qualities. Other than that I like someone I can kick back with — relax with. I appreciate friends that will flow with the situation and who accept me for who I am. As far as this year, I've really gained some really close friends that have really challenged me to think of things in life, such as where do I want to live, what type of work do I want to do. All of which I've been putting off for so long. In the future, I'm interested in some sort of ministry work. All four years at Santa Clara have done major things for me.
seniors

Michael Duchene  
Paul Duncan  
Robert Duyn  
Allan Early  
Tim Ebert

Sharon Eby  
Bruce Edgington  
Kathleen Egan  
Paul Ehlenbach  
David Ehlert

Glen Elder  
Christopher Elliott  
Sylvia Espinoza  
Dennis Estrada  
Robert Evart

Linda Facio  
Annette Fajardo  
Robert Falletti  
Gregory Fallon  
Jeff Fanelli
Through my four years I have never been the type to hang around. I always have other things to do. I don't like to be just sitting around a lot. My first two years I tried out for the JV basketball team. I had these other things in mind, plus ROTC, that I wanted to do. I couldn't commit myself to any one area. (That's been the story for four years.) I have spread myself pretty thin. I've done a lot of different things. I have always been very athletic and the fact that I decided early in my college years not to play basketball didn't mean I would hang up my Converse and quit playing altogether. During basketball season, I was a high school basketball coach. I got a lot of satisfaction out of that. I was learning a different phase of the game. I was a player since third grade and now I am an official; it is a whole new ball game. It is a challenge because I have to switch perspectives. Now I am looking at it from the point of view in which I have to make a split second decision that is going to effect the game. . . One aspect that I have grown up in is the social aspect. Another was learning to handle disciplinary matters in a tactful way. There are many different styles of handling problems in dorms. I chose the method that was comfortable for me. It was just getting to know the person first and when the time comes to say, "If you ever need something." You just come up to them on a personal basis. . . Because I am a senior living on campus, I have had to make a lot of new friends with freshmen and sophomores, and I consider it a natural process. I don't have to work at it. People say I have a certain style; I give nicknames a lot. I have all these idiosyncrasies. Some people hate them, some love them. . . It was a smooth transition for me to come here from a Jesuit high school. The Jesuits' philosophy is just like mine. It is a Christian philosophy that you try and pattern yourself after Jesus in his image. As much as I've failed, it's in the back of my mind that I try. I might not be good at it, but I try.
seniors

Elaine Groppenbacher

Susan Grover

Betty Gruber

Richard Gucinski

Frank Guerra

Tim Hall

Ron Hallagan

Liisa Hanley

Mary Hannegan

Kathleen Hansell

Jess Haro

Maureen Harrigan

Bruce Haudt

Susan Hausmann

Patrice Healey

Barbara Heebner

Susan Heider

Caria Heiner

Kathleen Helfrich

Edward Helms
I was really paranoid about studying. I had to establish my legitimacy somehow as a person, so I was going to establish it as a student. I was a redhot. I lived in Graham 300 and I went to class, and spent the afternoons in Orradré Library. That was foolishness, and now I have completely outgrown that and I feel much more mature. I knew that I wasn't having a good time, and so that changed, once I found out that I could make the grades studying. It was necessary that I put in a lot of hours and it paid off financially. I got a scholarship out of it at the end of my sophomore year and it paid off. It gave me a good basis to do other stuff my third and fourth years. I take a lot more time to do what I want to do. I don't take assignments from teachers seriously. If they assign a topic for a paper and I'm not interested in doing it and I know I am not going to put in the time then I'll just go up to him and say why don't I do this instead. Most are perfectly agreeable. They are glad to see somebody going out on their own a little bit. I think they should reconstruct the honors program here. It is wrong to select kids out of high school that get great scores on their SAT tests. If you are going to have an honors program, then what you're aiming at is students that have a lot of incentive to be very creative in their academics. I'd like to see them go to a program where they are not even selected for the honors program until the end of your sophomore year, and then have a wide variety of upper division options that you can go into, maybe even releasing you from final exams at times, releasing them to do something creative with their education. I think when you come to SC, this is true in my case, your incentive came from outside forces, your teachers, your grades, and from your parents, who were shelling out this money for your education. I think as you get into it you start developing your own interests and then from this develop your own incentive to expand and do things, and to go out and learn. It is a preventive against boredom. My incentive, I always have been interested in politics. In lots of different issues. I don't know where that comes from, but I would go crazy if I parted every night and didn't join any organizations. I think SC can afford to be much more open in terms of curriculum and extracurricular activities.

Jan Napolitano
Maude Hunt  Thomas Hunt  Paul Hurko  Brian Hurley  Ken Hurley
Sue Hussey  Ann Huston  Kathleen Hutchison  George Ikonomou  Steve Inglin
Betsy Ingram  Teresa Inocencio  Kirk Ireland  Tracy Irwin  Tamio Ishibashi
Thomas Jacobs  John Jacobson  Sandra Jennings  Stephen Jennison  Sandra Jesse
seniors

James Jimenz  Peter Johnson  Robert Jones  Wanda Jones  Theresa Kadlecok
Karolyn Kane  Kara Rizwan  Mark Kaufmann  Anne Kearney  James Keck
Daniel Kelleher  William Kennedy  Lisa Kievaldo  Cheryl Kimzey  Kathleen King
Kristopher King  Brad Kinsley  Priscilla Kisling  Norman Kline  Tim Kobayashi
About living situations. You learn how to interact, when to vent your anger and when to contain it. How to give up your position because someone else is forcing theirs, and wants it instated instead of yours. So you have to swallow a lot of pride. Your way is not always the right way. There are people that will be invading my privacy because that has been generally accepted by the living arrangements. I have grown in a lot of different aspects. I was so homesick during the first quarter of my freshman year, it wasn't even funny. Now, this is where I am planning to live, at least in this area or in San Francisco. That is one big step. In my inner relations with people, both female and male, I have grown. You become more refined in your ideals of what people should be, and also realize that people will never match your expectations. You make friends not on the basis that you know they will change, but on the basis of who they are and what they will be on their own. As far as SC on the whole, I've become more extroverted, and it was the same case in high school. I was introverted my freshman year. Now I won't hesitate as much when I enter a new situation. In my leisure time I like to play intramural sports. I enjoy powderpuff football, soccer, and softball programs and the opportunities that they have given me have been fabulous; a trip to Miami and to LA, all courtesy of intramural championships. Getting to know people in a different light on those tours and trips is great. As an overall critique of the year, I am happy with what I have done, with the activities I've put on. I know that the Senior Class is happy. I have learned a lot about people in the respect of working with them. The people are more important to me here. You don't have a school if you don't have students. People and education are on an equal level.
seniors

Kenneth Markey    Thomas Markuson    Karen Marold    Steven Marshall    Charmorro Martin

David Martinez    Michelle Massaro    Susan Matthews    Bradley Mazzuca    Maureen Mc Bride

Robert Mc Carrick    Conna Mc Carthy    Theresa Mc Carlin    Rhonda McCoy    Leslie McCutcheon

Ann McGonigle    Celeste Mc Govern    Edward Mc Govern    Scott Mc Kee    Bruce Mc Killican
I participate in sports because it is fun. Now I am torn between going into an athletic career and some other career. I can very easily go into coaching because I enjoy it so much, but I would hesitate to go into it as a career. I find coaching sports more of a physical enjoyment rather than a mental enjoyment. I don't have much confidence in myself as a coach: I know I can play, I played most of my life, but I've never coached. . . The problem I find with coaching little kids is they get really bored with fundamentals. When you coach a high school team, you can make them do it over and over again until they do it right; little kids can't wait to go on to something else. I enjoy sports in general just because I have always enjoyed movement. I find it an art of the body and I think that is the only thing I have been good at. (I'm not good at drawing.) It's natural, so I've just tried to stay with it. Unfortunately, I was just a little bit before my time, I'm not able to do anything with it like other girls who get scholarships. That would have been great. . . . I'm going to have to find another outlet. I'm trying to get into law school right now, which is taking up a lot of time. These are intellectual outlets now, more scholarly things, trying hard but I don't know whether I'm going to get accepted. . . . If I can't get into sports or athletics personally, I'd like to be involved in some other way, such as coaching or photography — which is why I take pictures of volleyball games so much. Because since I can't be on the court and I know what's going on, in a way I'm associated with it. I enjoy taking pictures of it. So if I don't get into law school then I could go into that. . . I want to move up to The City after graduation. We're all going our separate ways after graduation, unfortunately. My living experiences have been fun and educational. I've really adapted well. I'm not from a large family, so I've never been around so many people (four women, three men). Getting along with different person's personalities is a real challenge. I've never had a problem getting to know people on a superficial level, but understanding people is different as well as living with them. Sometimes it gets frustrating because of your lack of privacy and that tends to make you go crazy. It's really an education because I've never been around guys before — I want to see all girls high school. Just living with guys gives you an insight into what they are really like; they're people. It's good for your vanity, too. I don't have any qualms about them seeing me in my pajamas now.

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seniors

- Daniel Molina
- Moira Molloy
- Mike Momboise
- Rondal Moore
- Therese Moran
- Murielle Moreau
- Marilyn Moreno
- Tina Moretti
- Anne Morgenthaler
- Joseph Morici
- James Morin
- Andre Mortorell
- Hillard Muderspatch
- Mike Mueller
- Paul Mulligan
- Francis Mullins
- Harry Murphy
- Kathleen Murphy
- Mary Murphy
- Karie Musgrove
...At times I felt that I miss out on social events because I spend more time in Mayer Theatre than at home. As a result, I see the same group of people pretty often. I really love them. They are really dedicated and oftentimes they are a hell of a lot of fun. It's always interesting. But in the classroom I have found that I don't have a lot of respect for many students that go here. Because they don't seem to be involved in their own education. They don't seem interested or committed to the classes they are taking. Socially I don't begrudge the theatre for taking too much of my time. I feel blessed that I have been able to spend the time and there is nothing more vital in my life than doing this... The production, Brecht on Brecht, we did in the fall was for me personally, theatrically, one of the most important events in my life. It forced me to do things on my own and to question myself a great deal. Such as, "What is theatre for me? How do you go about doing it?" I have wonderful theories and Brecht on Brecht was putting it into practice. It made me grow because I have to come down and go up a little here and there as far as what my ideals were. When I first came here I was the young scholarship kid who the faculty was really nice to. If I had kept my mouth shut, it would have been easier but I didn't. I didn't want to keep my mouth shut about the beliefs I had about the theatre. It's made me grow because I don't have the acceptance I had when I came here. ... The overall policy of the school is too damn conservative. Part of that is the student body; it is apathetic. I wish the atmosphere was more conducive to electricity. ... I'm glad I could spend four years here, yet four years is enough. I'm looking forward to moving on. ...
Theresa Stetson

... I think the women at Santa Clara tend not to be as assertive as they could be. I find that there are a lot of women here who don't develop to their full potential. ... As an individual, I enjoy getting involved in activities with my peers. The class office was a good way to become involved. For me, one of the advantages of being at Santa Clara is that the senior class is a senior class and its not 50,000 people graduating. It's people that you've come to know over four years and you either enjoy them or at least know their names. ... The Special Olympics is kind of a pet project. I've worked with specially retarded kids since high school. Though SCCAP, I worked with the emotionally handicapped and autistic children. I worked on the Special Olympics last year, and just had a ball. Putting the Special Olympics on was probably a great deal more complicated that what I thought it would be. The rewards have proven to be worth it, even with all the blood, sweat and tears that went into it. The fact that you can offer something like that to kids; to reinforce that they are part of society, is very special indeed. The Special Olympics is one of the best educations you could have had and I don't think you could have had it anywhere else but Santa Clara. It's one day among four years that I'll never forget. Those kinds of one day events are probably what makes Santa Clara more unique and nicer to be here. ... Just being a senior and looking back in retrospect (hindsight is always finer) I think it's important to step back every once in awhile and look at where you are and why you're there. And once you've decided that this is the place to be, make the best of it. Use it to the fullest. Take as much time as you need, but utilize the potential that is here. ...
seniors

John Phillips  Mark Phillips  Donald Piombo  Roger Pinder  Audre Pinque

Frank Piro  David Poletti  Brian Power  Walter Prawicki  Vincent Price

Roni Priego  Brenda Prunty  Michael Puccinelli  Alison Quick  Joe Quilici

Brian Quinn  Michael Raab  Laura Rafaty  Julie Rainwater  David Ralston
seniors

Diane Rockwell  Daniel Rodrigue  Gregory Rodrigues  Catherine Rodriguez  Lisa Rodriguez

Elaine Rooney  Walter Root  David Rose  Paul Rose  Thomas Rosman

Kent Rounds  Kevin Rudy  Timothy Rueda  Julie Rumann  Michael Ruso

Jonathan Ruth  Nathan Saito  Joanne Sain  Hector Salcido  Lezlie Sallaz
Dave Mojica

"...my average day at Santa Clara. There are certain days of the week when I am on duty over at Bellarmine and I study on B.S. with the kids. One of the reasons I am there at Bellarmine first of all is to be a big brother to them. It is more frequent that someone will need a big brother than at Bellarmine. The kids at Bellarmine seem to handle their own problems. The kids at Santa Clara have the way I lean on them. When you have problems, My friends lean on you. The way I lean on them. I go into help to get things off your chest by just talking to them..."

I came from a large family and I missed the kids at homes. I started working at Altos because I found myself wanting to do S.C.A.P. It is something that takes as much time as another job. There is a high drop out rate. I used to be bummed because people have been more than 200 people. But there are more than enough people. I used to be bummed but people have been adequate in a certain sense. I used to make the commitment for a couple of hours a week. Those that do make it..."

SCAP is difficult. I got involved and played football. But I found out I had to find something to do. Maybe it was good because I was white and..."

I have said that I have gained from the time that I have been here. I keep in mind that the battles are lost in the same fight. That quote has a lot of meaning to me. But remember, the loser is well prepared and he puts up a good fight..."
seniors

Dan Santo  Virginia Sargent  Elke Schlosser  Mary Schlotterbeck  Cynthia Schmitz

Susan Scott  Mary Segale  Francis Seidl  Jeffrey Senigaglia  Christine Seput

Isam Sha Ban  Deborah Sheehan  Delphine Sheehan  Catherine Shee man  Valerie Shimek

Joan Siderius  Steven Silva  Kathleen Simoni  Stella Sinner  William Sinsky
I have always been around diversified groups, as far as my freshman year I was with the Wangs, and there has always been the football players. I've made and met a lot of different people, being a mechanical engineer and a football player. That brings in a pretty wide range of guys. My friends that are MEs look at me as an athlete, a jock, but my friends that are football players look at me as an engineer type. I consider myself fortunate, that I was able to be with the Wangs, live in McLaughlin for two years, complete my engineering education in four years, and play football for four years, all at the same time. I think I did it differently than most, but I like that... The Jesuits' teaching is the first time I ever had any religious group that I shared their views. They stirred things up a bit for me. I haven't always agreed with them, but they have made me think about what I think. I have never felt that the Catholic Church is a set of rules or regulations. For me being a Catholic of Christian is not going to church on Sunday or it's not following everything the Pope has to say. Actually, for me it is just living. You can learn much about people by playing athletics, or even cards for that matter. You can really tell a lot about a person. I've learned to deal with people in certain situations. That is one of the big parts of education. I wouldn't over emphasize football and say that it is the only thing that I have gotten out of Santa Clara. Or it wasn't even the most important thing, but it is one of the things that has helped me a lot. The diversity that I have had has been the big aspect of my education. It is really good because people have the tendency to group the engineers together or the football players in one group. The people that make up these groups are all really great people. And I've learned that you can't really tell that much about a person just by the surface. I don't really associate myself only with just one group. I only associate myself with the school as a whole. I really have a good opinion of Santa Clara. I don't know what other universities are like, but I would hope that they all have something in common with Santa Clara. I will never forget all these people for what they have done... The big thing in my life right now is trying to deal with Lori's death. I would like to say something to people that they would remember her. I would just as soon think that when anyone looked or thought of me, that they would always think of her, too. Because she is me; there is a separateness there, but there is a oneness there also. She will always be in my heart...

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Paul Tarantino  Jeff Taylor  Joan Tenma  Karen Terakawa  Michael Terry

Paula Thiemann  Dan Thomas  Denise Thomas  Nancy Thomas  Kevin Thompson

Elise Thurau  Yoshinobu Tokui  Todd Tom  Marianne Toomey  Lee Torr
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<td>Michael Wakefield</td>
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<td>James White</td>
<td>Warren White</td>
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seniors

Steven Wilkinson  Anthony Wilson  Christopher Wilson  Teresa Wilson  William Wise

Jennifer Wood  Chung Wu Hsiao  June Yee  Janice Yount  Raymond Yue

Carla Zabel  Dino Zanolini  Debra Zidich  Kristen Zissler
A good time for me, well, it's easier to define a good time the day after, when you look back on it and just realize how much fun it was to live. That's why, I mean, the time I had freshman year are just as vivid as they were last week because that's what makes a good time, as far as I'm concerned. I mean that there are things that we did on the first floor Swig that were just incredible, were funnier than hell. And I laugh at them every day and we always bring them up... Partying? That was my major. Marketing is my minor. Partying is just a loose word for it. I mean I don't party all the time. Anytime I'm not studying, it's partying, which is a lot. I have a very low resistance to study. If I'm sitting around studying it doesn't take much to twist my arm and say hey, let's go out and have a good time. Because I know when I look back on college, I'm not going to remember the tests I took and why I missed the question 5B or something, I'm just going to remember all the people, all the times we said hey, forget studying, let's go out and enjoy ourselves. That's what's really important as far as I'm concerned. I'd like to get a job. On the way over here, it was pretty funny, I was thinking that — I rode by like where I used to ride by going to school all the time because last year I didn't have a car, so I was riding a bicycle — and I used to think God, I really enjoyed last year because I didn't have the pressure of graduating and going into the real world. That's really starting to weigh heavy on my mind right now. It's just incredible. Last year senior year and graduation were so far off, but we were close enough that we felt older... There's not a really strict type guideline for friends. The most important thing is just that it's a two way thing. I'd like to sit down sometime and try and figure out how many special friends I have out here... We won't realize how good we had it until we leave.
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1979

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WAYNE HIGGINS (honorable mention)

THE SAINT CLARE MEDAL
KATHERINE M. OVEN
JANET A. NAPOLITANO
(honorable mention)

THE RELIGIOUS STUDIES PRIZE
MARY SCHARRENBERG

THE HANDLERY PRIZE-student publication
PAUL TOTAH

THE RYLAND-OWL PRIZE-oratory and debate
MATTHEW J. CONNOLLY

THE WILLIAM H. LEAHY PRIZE-drama
PETER J. BUCKLEY

THE GUGLIEO ARMANINO PRIZE-italian culture
JENNIFER WOOD

THE MICHAEL SHALLO PRIZE-political science
JANET A. NAPOLITANO

THE REDWOOD PRIZE-history
TERESA PUGH

THE SAN JOSE CIVIC CLUB GIFTS-italian
FELIX BATTISTELLA
DONALD NAVARINI
MARY SHIPSEY

THE McCANN PRIZE-short story
LEWIS G. BUZBEE

THE SOURISSEAU PRIZE-philosophy
BRENDA KAY HATFIELD

THE SHIPSEY POETRY PRIZE
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KEVIN W. THOMPSON

THE PROFESSOR LLOYD BOLTON MEMORIAL AWARD-biology
BRENDA BREMER

THE PROFESSOR JOSEPH F. DECK AWARD-chemistry
BRIAN E. CRONQUIST

THE WITOLD KRASSOWSKI SOCIETY/ANTHROPOLOGY AWARD
MICHELLE BARBOUR

THE IBM CORPORATION PRIZE-physics
RANDY BRYNSVOLD

THE GEORGE W. EVANS II MEMORIAL PRIZES-mathematics
MARGARET CAYWARD
JOHN FRY

THE FINANCE MEDAL
PETER JOHNSON

THE ISABEL JONES PRIZE-business
RAYMOND M. MOMBOISSE

THE CHARLES J. DIRKSEN PRIZE-business
LISA IBAROLLE

THE SHIPSEY POETRY PRIZE
KAREN M. NICHOLS

THE ORELLA PRIZE-science
KEVIN W. THOMPSON

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MARGARET CAYWARD
JOHN FRY

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PETER JOHNSON

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RAYMOND M. MOMBOISSE

THE CHARLES J. DIRKSEN PRIZE-business
LISA IBAROLLE

THE EDUND C. FLYNN MEMORIAL AWARD-civil engineering
NAJEEB AL-MUSALLAM
WILLIAM REILLY
MARK DETTLE

THE REGAN MEMORIAL AWARD-civil engineering
KENNETH DAHL

THE SANTA BARBARA MEDALS-military training
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TAKING STEPS TOWARD A BETTER EDUCATION

Four students air their views on America's university system.
The Trouble With Competition

Does competition in the classroom really promote education, or does it merely provide survival skills for living in a cut-throat society?

By Paul Totah

There's trouble in the classroom; trouble with a capital "C" that doesn't rhyme with anything as simple as pool or school. The capital "C" stands for competition—a principle upon which our society, as well as our classroom, is largely based. This competition works to defeat the principles of education which aims to make men free.

It is generally accepted that the prevailing atmosphere in most classrooms is a competitive one. This competition is reflected in and supported by both the letter grading system and the teachers who engender a competitive spirit in their students in order to motivate them to learn. That a letter grading system exists is a direct indication of academic competition. The grading system ranks each student in relation to every other student in the class (as with the bell curve grading system), and, by doing so, provides students with a motive to compete—to receive an "A" and be at the top of the class. Thus, grades not only reflect academic competition, but support it by providing a tangible reward for academic success.

Classroom competition is supported by most teachers. It is the prevailing tendency among teachers to stress individual achievement, and the importance of getting a good grade, which, in effect, promotes competition. Through this punishment-reward letter grading system, teachers can motivate students who seem to lack any desire to learn.

Taken from a more general point of view, our own competitive economic system is a result of and supports the competition in our educational structure. Our economy—which we call free enterprise—is largely based on competition and on the interplay of the supply and demand curves. The American economic theory, which asserts that the economy works best when everyone pursues his own selfish ends, seems to be closely linked with the same principles of competition that exist in the classroom.

The question, then, does not center on whether or not academic competition is a reality, but whether it is a harmful system and if it can be successfully replaced. One example of the ill-effects of competition can be found in a story which appeared in the January 15, 1979 issue of The Wall Street Journal: "To Some at Harvard, Telling Lies Becomes a Matter of Course" tells how competition in Harvard Business School encourages students to lie in order to get a better grade. Students in the Competitive Decision Making course taught by Professor Howard Raife, are divided into labor and management/government groups and set against each other with the task of working out the best individual contract. The grade is entirely based on how successful the student is in negotiating a contract. Thus, the student who gets the best contract gets the best grade, and the person he negotiated with gets the lowest grade of the class. As a result of this high pressure competition, students find that lying sometimes will get them better deals. "During
"A cooperative atmosphere can eliminate both the selfishness and the misdirection engendered in a competitive classroom."
one class discussion of a game," according to the article, "a woman burst into tears. She had discovered that the man she negotiated with, who repeatedly assured her he opposed any misrepresentation, had in fact, lied blatantly."

Gerald Thomchick, who received the highest grade in the class, was quoted as saying that "the morality question is irrelevant. Too much of an issue was made of ethics," he says. "I'm sorry if it made people uncomfortable but that's the way the world is. I guess that's sounding hard-nosed. But if it was better for me, I did it. Most people did."

The basic problem with any competitive system is that it motivates the individual to place himself and his needs over everyone else. This is just plain selfishness. Competition, in a pure form, is akin to anarchy, in that each individual becomes his or her own king and magistrate. No society or system can exist for long if that attitude is predominant.

Academic competition not only promotes selfishness, but it also provides for a misdirection of educational goals. The letter grade system, which promotes competition, encourages this misdirection. Students who are motivated to learn through the punishment-reward grading system end up working for the grade, and the personal satisfaction of getting a good grade, rather than working for the knowledge and the freedom learning leads to. Examples of this educational misdirection are everywhere. At UC Davis, a predominantly agriculture and science school, a student is severe. Students vying for medical school positions continually compare GPAs to ridiculous decimal places. More serious, however, is the fact that Davis has the highest suicide rate of all American colleges and universities.

The dangers of academic competition then, are the selfishness it promotes and the emphasis on grades, rather than the knowledge to be gained. This evidence suggests that the antithesis of competition—cooperation—may be a better philosophy on which to base any educational or societal system.

Cooperation can be encouraged in the classroom in a number of constructive ways. Students who do well in a course can be encouraged to tutor fellow students who are having trouble. This helps the tutor, as well as the slower students, by allowing both to go over the course material more than they normally would, thus reinforcing their studies. It also encourages the students to take an active interest in the academic progress of their fellow classmates, rather than solely in their personal advancements. Group projects, rather than individual ones, can be assigned by the teacher. Having ten students compile a joint report teaches the importance of working together and emphasizes the connection between seemingly disparate things. Finally, grades and their importance can be given a secondary, almost perfunctory status by both students and teachers.

A cooperative academic system, where people work together to a joint end, makes more sense than a competitive system where people work against each other for their own selfish ends. A cooperative atmosphere can eliminate both the selfishness and the misdirection engendered in a competitive classroom. Students would find value in helping their fellow classmates and working with them to a joint goal. This would encourage selflessness and generosity over selfishness and adversity. Also, students would be freed of worrying about grades and academic ranking, and have the opportunity to give the knowledge and the freedom it leads to the value which it deserves.
"The basic problem with any competitive system is that it motivates the individual to place himself and his needs over everyone else."
Tangents and Lemmings

A one time high school 'red-hot' becomes frustrated with formal education and seeks a self-directed style of learning.

By Dennis Caulley

Tangent I. A current perspective on myself in high school

I was a 3.97 GPA Honor student at Sacred Heart High School in San Francisco who chalked up about 25 different listings in the graduation program from the Ancient Order of Druids Scholarship to acceptance with honors at MIT. I was a red hot loyalist to the school and a captain on every team I was on. I was the catcher on the baseball team and the point guard on the basketball team. I barrelled into opposing second basemen on double plays and fouled out of 24 or 25 basketball games freshman year. I was the newspaper editor and a cheerleader for two years. I averaged a pint of Bacardi and two beers (in that order) after every game. I loved to learn, but I got grades because I liked being number one. I dated only pretty girls under 5'7" who to my dismay were always very respectable. I gave money to only winos on the bus, and dropped coins into Danny Thomas and Jerry Lewis tin cans. I was a compulsive Pedro player who would smoke Columbian and eat pizza, and oreos and milk, and dry roasted cashews, and deal cards 'til the wee hours with bowling alley chums.

Tangent II. My perspectives of adult's perspectives of me in high school

Adults loved me; I said "Thank you," and "Sir" and "Ma'm." Parents of girls I dated removed their daughters' curfew when we went out. A few mothers even scolded their daughters when I stopped calling. Teachers and administrators practically gave me the keys to the school (which I didn't need since I had already "procured" a set for myself). All the blue collar family friends with whose children I grew up would marvel at my manners and pride themselves in my accomplishments.

Alas, amidst the decadent youth of the day there I was mowing over second basemen and opening doors for ladies.

Tangent III. A perspective of a changing perspective

Now, four long, short years later when I talk to those same people they smile perfunctorily and walk away, greived that a potential archangel has fallen by the wayside, their faith in truth, justice and the American way irrevocably dashed to pieces.

If I could only stretch the truth a teensy bit, I could spare them the disillusionment. All I would have to say is, "Why yes, I have graduated, and yes, I did graduate number one in a class of 300, but well . . . it was nothing. Job? Why I'm working with NASA on that new guided missile that is designed to destroy only loyalist male Russians over 25 years old without children. Oh, you have not heard about that one?"

But instead I tell them I dropped out of SCU because I became sick and tired of institutionalized education, tired of hypocrisy and bureaucracy, the forced competition and ridiculous requirements, the lousy tenured teachers and
"I loved to learn, but I got grades because I liked being number one."
the great untenured teachers. I tell them that I plan to finish up at S.F. State by taking one or two classes a semester, and work full time for my father. And to cause further confusion, I act real chipper and expound on how well everything is working out, that at last I’m doing the reading and writing I’ve always wanted to do.

As disillusion takes a firm hold on them, they usually choose the understanding approach which always contains some encouraging story like: ‘Well, what really counts, is that you will get that degree. I know those college profs can really drill you hard in some of those classes. You know, so and so’s boy, he left so and so junior college, too! Why you know they had him studying from 8:00 to 11:00 p.m. every night. Really!’

Invariably ole so and so is some guy who reaches for the calculator to add two digit numbers and still has his hot wheels track set up around his bed. So I just smile and nod a lot.

Tangent IV. First seeds of disillusionment

Doctor of this and Master of that. I always thought that such titles guaranteed the person to be intelligent. But then I also thought college would be an intellectual environment where wizened sages would flood my mind with seering insight, as I sat dazzled by the great truths, eating grapes and drinking nectar.

Experience has proven otherwise. Wondrous degrees can be attained by passing a few classes, writing a thesis and hauling it around to different schools until someone relents and assigns an acronym to your name. As for the university, it is simply a pumped-up high school, just as authoritarian and hypocritical, but more bureaucratic and costly. There are still bullshit assignments and bullshit teachers, and doubly bullshit requirements. So much for what I always thought.

Tangent V. Mighty oaks of disillusionment

A warning to the reader: This extended tangent may prove boring, but I need to describe these incidents out of my past to illustrate some hypocrisy and bureaucracy.

A freshman tangent

I chalked up a fair amount of grade points in my first two quarters, but I began to realize that my aspirations to become a research chemist were fading fast. This became especially clear when my lab breakage fees began to near my tuition costs. I visited the Director of the Honors Program who was my academic counselor to discuss this. During our conversation I mentioned that I decided to only take three classes in the spring; I wanted to spend a good deal of time practicing bowling — I had a chance to make the U.S. World Cup Team.

With all seriousness my advisor gave these encouraging words: “You know, ten years from now, no one is going to care that you won a national title; they will care about your GPA.”

If I was not flabbergasted to the point of speechlessness, I would have fallen off my chair laughing. Not a word of encouragement, nor a single question about the tournament crossed his lips. Personally, I felt a solid chance at two national championships as well as the possibility of ten days in Iraq vying for a world title was quite worth sacrificing a 16 unit quarter for a 12 unit quarter.

Sophomore tangent

Back in my counselor’s office, relating my academic and extracurricular intentions for the following year. I told him I intended to teach at my old high school, and that I had no intention of going to graduate school. At that disclosure, an aura of general disinterestedness seemed to permeate the room. I felt as if I had fallen off the beaten honorable path. I also informed him that I had accepted the editorship of the yearbook for 1978-79. His again encouraging reply: “Why would you want to do that? It is a time consuming thankless job!” What of the artistic expression, the creative outpouring, the management experience. . . ad infinitum — not a word.

Again, I felt the chances of being given 25,000 dollars to produce a book at some other time in my life were rare. I thought he would be elated that another of his Honors’ proteges had come into a responsible position; instead he was disconcerted over the damaging effect it might have on my GPA.

Junior tangent

I took the Theology of Marriage course fall quarter. I opted for the journal alternative in lieu of midterms and a final. I loved the class, but I scratched out more journal entries than I scribbled in. I kept attempting to tie everything together in some awesome essay that would
astound the instructor. In the meantime I did everything a good student should do. I studied intensely, verbalized in class, theorized with close friends. However, I never managed to transcribe much of this thought onto paper. The journal remained relatively bare, and to avoid cramming thoughts and falsifying dates, I dropped the class with the conviction that I would write prolifically the following quarter when I took the class again.

As could be expected the next quarter proved no better. I still wanted to compose the masterpiece I did not have time to do. So I secluded myself in a cabin near the Russian River and for the last three days of the quarter wrote non-stop—thirty pages worth. I reflected on fundamental questions: I did not directly comment on class discussions or authors' viewpoints. Instead I worked on questions that were thematically related to the subject matter. I also admitted that I was doing the entire journal in the last three days of the quarter.

I received a D in the course, and along with it a small sheet of paper that gave his explanation of letter grades. A "D" meant that the student should seriously consider leaving the University. I chuckled at the thought of an Honor student dropping out.

Senior tangent

This was the clincher: fall quarter, and I decided to drop two required courses in my major to concentrate on an Old Testament course and a Mystery of Death class that I was taking pass/fail. I was enjoying both courses, and I deemed them more valuable than Advanced Calculus and Probability Theory. During the first three weeks of the Mystery of Death class I provided 70 per cent of the teacher/class interaction; the class was small and generally non-participatory.

Twice after class the instructor complimented me on the quality of my questions and the high incidence of my participation. However with other concerns pressing, I fell behind in the assignments and did not catch up 'til the last day of class.

On that final class day I handed him a manila envelope that contained every assignment but one. Each paper was longer and more in depth than required. Two days later he called me into his office and offered to give me an incomplete. He wanted the one assignment I had not done—a four page cut and dried outline of three theological articles. I counter offered to read and comment on a book he suggested I read earlier in the conversation. He consented to this alternative.

The book was supposed to address certain questions I raised in one of my papers. I had proposed that the early Church theologians misinterpreted the evangelists concerning the nature of Christ. In essence, I proposed that Jesus was not divine.

I read the book almost twice through, and I spent four solid days thinking and writing; at the end of the incomplete period, I turned in a 46 page handwritten double-spaced notebook that included commentaries, philosophies and critiques. The author did not entertain the possibility of Jesus not being divine, and my writings pointed this out again and again. In other words, I raked the author over the coals. I did this expecting rebuttals from my instructor. I thought I could learn a lot by creating a dialectic.

Instead I encountered an incensed priest who summoned me to his office and berated me for my haughty insolence. At the end of our exhausting 45 minute discussion he informed me that he did not turn in a grade (p/np) into the Registrar, and that it was my responsibility "to do battle with the computer" if I wanted credit for the course. I laughed in disbelief, and then questioned another of his remarks on my notebook. He then threw up his hands in disgust and told me to leave his office.

Since then I have gone to the Registrar who sent me to the Dean of Sciences, who referred me to the Dean of Humanities, who denies even talking to me about my grade—a NP awarded automatically by the computer because no grade was ever submitted.

And to think I could have spent two hours doing a four page outline and thereby received five credits and a P.

Such is higher education.

Third to the last tangent: An inherent problem

Large institutions, especially universities, designed laws way back when to guarantee that their goals were met. After a few decades these laws mysteriously came to be known as
Tradition and, consequently, were regarded as sacred. Soon, the original goals were forgotten, and only the laws remained.

— "I'm sorry, you'll need to pass Spanish before you graduate."
— "But I'll never speak Spanish the rest of my life, and I would much rather take Magazine Journalism."
— "Sorry."

"No, I can't grant you an independent study. The Dean has sent out a letter that too many independent studies are becoming automatic As."
— "So give me a C, I don't care. All I want to do is study this topic."
— "Sorry."

— "I have not had time to study for this, can I take it next week?"
— "I'm sorry, but you've known about this exam for a month. I can't let you have extra time. It would not be fair to the other students."

Fairness, Obedience, Discipline — all strong moral concepts that lazy, stubborn authoritarians hide behind. This becomes doubly hypocritical when a religious succumbs to this practice. How many times did Jesus criticize the Pharisees and the Scribes for obeying the letter of the law, but not the heart of it?

Authority is necessary; authoritarianism is not. The former is respectful, the latter is condescending and demeaning.

The next to the last tangent. Kicking, Shoving, biting and winning

I did not drop out of SCU because I could not cope with the hypocrisy, or for some such other noble reason. I intend to teach, and consequently I need a degree and a credential — pieces of paper that only universities are authorized to issue.

Every school will have its disproportionate share of bureaucracy and authoritarianism. That is fact, and if one needs a sheepskin, meaningless as it may be, to hurdle other bureaucracies, then coping is a necessary virtue. SF State will no doubt be worse than SCU, but at State I can afford to stretch my remaining requirements out over a four semester period. I will be able to work full time, and read what I please. I can control my learning process.

Every student should realize that he alone controls his learning. If a teacher is the pits, the student should raise holy hell to the department. He is not getting his money's worth. If a requirement is a waste of precious time, he should fight it all the way up to the President of the University. There is no reason in the world to accept inadequacy. Bitch. Bitch. Bitch. But do it constructively, bitch to someone who makes decisions, not just to your roommate. Take teachers to their word by using office hours and personal help. Take advantage of tutors, internships and independent studies. Rest assured that no one will offer you an exemption from a requirement or an alternative assignment, unless you yell louder than anyone else.

A final tangent to consider: A piece written when cynicism peaked one eve

Look out your dorm window and watch the people come and go. Watch them plod into class and plod out 50 minutes later. Watch them study and then watch them party.

Have you ever closed your eyes and imagined whiskers sprouting from their upper lips and a long thin tail shooting out their lower backs? Do you know what a lemming would look like if it were five feet tall and carried books and drank beer and wine and daquiries?

How long 'til your call to destiny? And who will your Caller be?

IBM?
"Every student should realize that he alone controls his learning."
Big Business vs. Liberal Education

Are American corporations turning our colleges into trade schools geared towards bureaucracy?

By Bartholomew Sullivan

All over the county, politicians, theologians, university presidents, and researchers are concerned with the quality of American university education. In 1976, more than nine million students were enrolled in private and public universities, with another two million in two-year, junior colleges. What concerns these educators is not so much that the value of a diploma has deflated (although this plays a part), but that the quality of education received as expressed by the diploma has declined so much. They focus their attention on the increase in specialization by students — narrowing the scope of their education — and the concomitant decrease in the pursuit of traditional liberal arts courses. They are concerned with the role of the corporation and the lure of the post-graduate job market. And they are fearful of the dominance of government interference in the pursuit of knowledge. They maintain that universities, while once devoted entirely to the liberal education — "an education of the whole person," as our Santa Clara catalog puts it — have, under pressures exerted by demands for high income jobs, federal and state government programs, and corporations' philanthropic donations made in self-interest and buttressed by periodic on-campus interviews, become mere training centers for prospective employees.

They argue that what was once valuable in a university education has been all but lost and that students now use the value of their diploma and transcript, not their exposure to new ideas, in an effort to make their four years in college pay.

To prove the significance of the problem, one need look no further than the figures — the national statistics speak for themselves. In the five-year period 1971-76, degrees awarded in English and Foreign Languages fell by 38 and 22 per cent respectively. "Overall," according to New York University President John C. Sawhill, "the number of students majoring in the traditional humanities fell from 9 to 5 percent and in the social sciences, from 18 to 14 per cent."

Santa Clara's record is not as grim, but there is reason to believe external factors will worsen it if the University follows national trends. The number of students majoring in the humanities jumped 8.6 per cent over last year. But, at the same time, the number majoring in engineering rose by almost a percentage point. Of the incoming freshman class (1981), 38.58 per cent chose to major in business or engineering, while only 31 percent signed up for the less-job-oriented humanities curriculum.

Before we're through with the statistics for a while, it will be instructive to consider the genesis of higher education in population terms. In the fall of 1963, there were 4.8 million students enrolled in universities, including those in graduate studies. Now, as we've seen, there are more than 11 million undergraduates in colleges. We hope to explain how this change took place throughout this article.
“Students are finding themselves graduating from college with half an education: an education sufficient to hold down a job, but one which precludes satisfaction, except during leisure time.”
But what we need to know is how the university education has changed, not just quantitatively, if we are to agree, along with a host of experts, that its quality has declined. Let us turn to a definition of liberal arts and liberal education. There Webster's informs us that we are interested in "the subjects of an academic college course, including literature, philosophy, languages, history, etc., as distinguished from professional or technical subjects." The liberal education does "not necessarily prepare the student for any specific profession." We are given an interesting history lesson if we consider etymology of "liberal arts"; they were "so named in contrast to artes serviles," the servile-crafts training provided during the middle ages for non-freemen—e.g., masonry, candle-making, weaving, accounting, et cetera. Thus a liberal education, an education of the whole person, is confined to those subjects which have no useful purpose beyond the pursuit of knowledge. Business, engineering, pre-med., pre-law and journalism, at least as major courses of study, have no place at a university whose goal is the general enrichment of intellect. As Sawhill puts it, "Once considered an essential enterprise for the improvement of society, higher education has become the handmaiden of successful career planning, spurning... the rigorous pursuit of knowledge." Sawhill pleads for a curriculum which will once again "recognize the value of learning for its own sake."
puts it, "the consequence [of preparing for a job in college] has been a depression in the college-graduate labor market that has sharply reduced the economic value of the college degree."

Says McPherson: "Apparently, students have so far been responding to the weak market for college-educated labor by opting for more explicitly vocational and career-oriented programs at the expense of traditional and liberal arts programs." He continues by suggesting that "there is a certain illogic in responding to a reduced economic payoff to college by making one's college pursuits more narrowly economic in aim."

And according to Ford Foundation economist Harold Howe, within ten years after college, "a very high proportion of [students] will find themselves doing a job they never prepared for in college."

But there's a much better reason than simply the reduced economic value of specialized studies for taking the opportunity to get a liberal education. Those who limit themselves to specific job-training type classes—those who major in the practical skills of business and engineering and take electives in other "useful" disciplines—forget that one important function of the university is to increase awareness and to spur action. Few people have the idealism, the energy or the time to act on their concerns about social injustices—to protest, petition, march or write letters—after they've entered the day shift. To ally oneself to the institutions which are largely responsible for injustice in college is to preclude any opportunity for improving society. Knowing how to increase productivity or make a good investment is fine; knowing the principles of metal stress or how to study for the LSAT will prove worthwhile, perhaps. But one wonders whether limiting oneself to the practical will result in satisfaction, beyond the satisfaction of having increased some stockholder's dividend payment.

To ignore history, philosophy, English literature, foreign languages and political theory because they are irrelevant to one's intended career is to give up the reason for education altogether. Three religion classes and a good practical class in English composition (for resume writing) won't be very broadening—but you can demand more than the requirements at this school and forego the assurance of being the best corporate manager Sears, Roebuck and Co. ever had. The vast majority, if we can believe the cover stories in national magazines and the Education Department's statistics—nationally, four-fifths—of students select their major asking, according to Howe, "whether it is a good investment . . ., whether the dollar returns on [education] justify its role in society."

High school students, by now familiar with the "low return on investments" nature of the university education, are opting for the career choice at age 18. Those who still believe there's more to education than vocational training will
continue to enter colleges—but analysts, not surprisingly, predict a drop in enrollments for the future.

Howe argues that the larger reasons for going to college are ignored by today's students and that they will regret their specializing once they graduate. He states that, "...when vocational objectives become so narrowly focused that the only valid measure of an educational institution's contribution to the lives of its students is found in their future incomes, then it has lost much of its claim to being educational." He believes that this narrowing of objectives has begun to take place.

It seems that, for Howe and others, there is a way of determining the quality of one's education. One knows that he is pursuing a liberal education and that he is receiving an education of his whole person only if he can look at his future with an indifference about the job market; journalist, doctor, lawyer, poet, factory worker, sculptor or bartender. One has received a liberal education only when his interests, prejudices and tastes select the employment at which he'll be most content, not when his inabilities or shallowness limit the choice.

Turning our attention to the federal and state programs which have helped to erode the place of the liberal arts in college education, it is important to note two principal methods. First, federal and state governments employ millions. Second, these governments play an active role in shaping and financing educational possibilities.

The federal government employs over 15.5 million working people right now; if we include private sector industries which depend primarily or totally on federal contracts for survival, we can add millions more. For many college students, the federal government is the employer of last resort.

Beginning during World War II, government contracts were awarded for scientific research done at universities. Later, universities received millions of dollars in grants to keep research projects continuing. Santa Clara's methanol engineering project is one such government financed experiment.

In the early 'seventies, approximately 75 per cent of all research at universities was funded by federal government contracts. Richard Lichtman, former Berkeley philosophy professor informs us. According to Clark Kerr, until recently the president at California-Berkeley, "...expenditures [by the federal government] have been largey restricted to the physical and bio-medical sciences and engineering, with only three per cent for the social sciences and hardly any support for the humanities." There can be no doubt that universities depend on government contributions in order to function, but it is also very clear that the type of educational expenses the government is willing to underwrite explains the decline of the liberal curriculum.

More than ever before, too, students turn to state and federal loans, grants, and scholarships to defray the costs of higher education. The
number of programs intended to meet the financial burden is astounding: the G.I. Bill, Social Security benefits, Basic Educational Opportunity Grants (BEOG), Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grants (SEOc), National Direct Student Loans (NDSL), the College Scholarship Service, Guaranteed Student Loans (GSL), College Opportunity Grants (California), Health Education Assistance Loans (at 12 per cent), the Law Enforcement Education Program, College Work-Study Program (CWSP), Student State Incentive Grant Program (SSIG), and literally hundreds more. Robert W. Hartman, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institute, tells us that, not only is the number of programs soaring, but that so are the funds for them: "Between 1962 and 1972... expenditures for higher education in the U.S. Office of Education budget rose 343 per cent, or 16 per cent a year."

It is in the interest of the federal government to use its vast resources as a tool of public policy and as a weapon of ideological repression. Federal financing of higher education has a good deal to do with the decline of the liberal arts and, indirectly, with the decline of critical thinking. More than ever before, students are choosing majors with the aim of entering large corporations. Exposure to criticism of those corporations is not in the interests of a federal government which depends on the arms and other technical industries for weapons research and manufacturing, for a low unemployment rate, and for continued economic expansion. The vast majority of students is no longer willing to criticize those industries in which they will ultimately seek jobs.

It is only critical thinking raised to public consciousness which has resulted in the federal government's support of progress aimed at ending discrimination in education. As Hartman describes the evolution of the government's increased support for educational programs, we note that many were compromises undertaken in bureaucratic or ideological self-interest. He argues, "Sputnik's ascent was matched by the rise of national defense loans, graduate fellowships, and expanded research support." Surely these increases helped the few students vying for aid in early sixties space age technological studies, but it also met the artificial demand created by the federal government's space race. Hartman continues by asserting, "The discovery of poverty furthered educational opportunity grants and the college work study program." This brilliant discovery has already sparked a "war on poverty," and a belated acknowledgement of the existence of poor people. What was the Office of Education's response: a maximum $1400 per year Basic Grant in Education, which Hartman insists could barely meet the costs of public junior college expenses. The program was publicly praised as a means of bettering the educational opportunity of the poor. In fact, it was used largely (and still is; at $1800) to supplement the financial burden of the middle class student in attending more expensive universities. The very poor still find the program useless.
Public financing of higher education plays a very ideological role—not simply by making the technical fields of study more attractive and not only by providing support primarily to the middle class—but on the willingness of students to criticize government policies. One might say that students receiving assistance know where their bread is buttered. In the 'sixties, many government agencies attempted to find ways of ending student dissent. Students were locked up in Washington’s Robert F. Kennedy Stadium; their organizations were infiltrated by FBI informants; they were tear-gassed, beaten up and shot to death at places like Kent State. But these weren’t very effective methods. Some educators found solutions which went to the heart of the problem. One suggestion to rid college campuses of student activists altogether is found in Dr. Keniston’s report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, reprinted in Science (1969): “As a start, I would recommend that [the college administrator] admit only, . . . conventional and extremely devout applicants from conservative and politically apathetic families.” This is not the rambling of a fascist in the ‘thirties; it was a recommended policy in this country ten years ago. When educational policy makers show their stripes like this, what has happened to critical thinking?

Third and finally, we should consider the role of the corporation in the decline of the liberal education. Several times last year, I tried to elucidate our position as students in a society which judges us by our ability to generate a profit; a society whose members measure one another according to the level of conspicuous consumption they’ve attained. Our system of production is, to most Americans, more real and more sacred than any religious or spiritual force in our lives and it has blinded us to our responsibilities to one another. If we limit our attention to the corporations’ roles in our lives as students, and further limit our inquiry to the words and actions of business leaders themselves, then perhaps we will realize what has happened and what we can do to stop it.

Santa Clara is in the unique position of having recently viewed at first hand the suppression of students’ values when they contradicted the fiscal benefit (not need) of a contribution from a major arms producer. It became very clear to many of us then what power business wields at this university.

Business majors proudly explain that the business school receives more in contributions than any other college and that other departments “owe their existence” to these contributions. When one hears about the salaries of students entering the world of business, who can doubt that the school pays its most careful attention to them: they are the most consistently
"Liberal education is fading away because of students' specialization in practical studies and their preoccupation with the job market."
American corporations gave away more than $2 billion to non-profit organizations in 1976, groups including universities, the United Way, the American Cancer Society and others. While this certainly seems a lot, it represents only 0.91 per cent of net income before taxes. In 1977, corporations gave $451 million to higher education. There are good, practical reasons for these contributions, and a concern for a strong network of culturally beneficial centers of liberal education seldom enters the minds of the financiers.

These contributions are tax write-offs, first of all. Considering what it buys, money contributed to universities does a lot more than it could do otherwise, after taxes.

According to Business Week (Feb. 12, 1979), "the great corporations have a vital interest in maintaining an independent, privately-financed... educational system... In effect, the institutions of higher education enable a corporation to renew its staff continuously." W.H. Sahloff, Vice President for Housewares at General Electric, puts it bluntly: "... while G.E. is a consumer of the end-product of American higher education, it is also... an educational institution itself. As a matter of fact, we employ more Ph.D.s than most major universities." It probably pays them better, too; without them, how could G.E. train its assembly-line workers and make such high profits? But is this education, Mr. Sahloff, or is it job training for the benefit of the company? "... We recognize the challenge to obtain our fair share of graduates who'll provide for our continuity."

But the third major reason for corporate philanthropy is perhaps the most motivating: it gives companies a good name. According to Robert H. Malcott, Chairman of the Board and chief executive officer for FMC and a member of the Harvard Business School Board of Directors (Harvard Business Review, July-Aug., 1978), "a vitally important way of defending competitive enterprise is by ensuring that our college and university students are given a fair exposure to it." He seems to leave two important questions dangling: defended against whom? And, isn't living with this free enterprise everyday a fair exposure to it?

Malcott's overall conclusion is that, assuming corporations will "set their own guidelines based on self-interest," business should give more to universities. To help stem the anti-business tide, he says, "I believe that corporate support should be channelled to those who speak out for limited government... and should be denied to those who favor a collectivist society." What happens to that
hallmark of liberal education when corporation leaders reason thus? They represent a denial of exposure to new ideas. And FMC has contributed thousands of dollars to Santa Clara.

It is clear from all of this that the liberal education is fading away because of students' specialization in practical studies and their preoccupation with the job market; because of government hiring and financial assistance policies; and because of business' philanthropic self-interest. More and more, students are finding themselves graduating from college with half an education: an education sufficient to hold down a job, but one which precludes satisfaction except during leisure time. What can be done about it? Many people have made suggestions.

KULniversities were once administered by individuals who took into consideration the wants and needs of students; by men and women who believed that the students' need for a well-rounded education overruled the pressures from the outside, vested, monied interests. If this criterion of policy-making were returned to, there's a good chance the liberal education would return as well.

Sawhill maintains that the emphasis on relevant, specialized training in the 'sixties dealt the death blow to liberal education. He believes that students should enter universities to receive knowledge for its own sake. He argues that a return to required classes—a real core curriculum—in the basic disciplines of a liberal education would result in the "education of the whole person" after which Santa Clara strives. To the extent that most students won't willingly take classes which can't provide a financial reward, students, he'd argue, should be shown the value of these courses by required exposure.

There is, of course, one last course of action open to students who recognize the direction American university education has taken. We are free to provide constructive, responsible criticism in the school newspaper and to take collective action demanding changes of policy. Surely our experience this past year has been depressingly unsuccessful, but we cannot allow ourselves to be discouraged from acting on the demands of our consciences. In fact, by doing so, we'll be learning and accepting the larger responsibilities our times have forced upon us.

Perhaps the words of our Statement of Purpose will encourage a response of some kind to what I've written here. There we are told that our education here should seek to answer "not only 'what is?' but 'what should be?'" I hope that this article will have answered, at least in part, both of these questions about our education here.
An American
In London
A Santa Clara student samples the educational fare in Britain and proposes some timely reforms for America's own "ivy-covered halls."

By Jan Napolitano

The ivy-covered hall, isolated physically and mentally from the world outside, is one of the most popular stereotypes of American higher education. Inside the hall, according to this stereotype, informed scholars debate critical issues while inquisitive students experience a variety of academic disciplines. An island in a sea of unpredictable public opinion and unethical businessmen and politicians, the ivy-covered hall exists in a rarified atmosphere where the criterion for merit is knowledge.

Unfortunately, this stereotype does not reflect the reality of American higher education. Rather than existing as an island, higher education plays an important part in the socio-economic mainstream. When society no longer demands broadly-educated graduates to operate an increasingly complex bureaucracy, the ivy-covered hall is perilously close to becoming a training ground for technocrats who no longer have the desire or ability to ask the fundamental question concerning the quality of life which had previously formed the core of a humanistic education.

The obvious manifestations of this technical training ground are so plentiful that I will list only a few. Consider, for example, the engineering student who will certainly play an important role in many decisions affecting our lives and yet graduates without taking a single course in English so that he can communicate technological ideas to lay citizens. Or how about the pre-law student who goes through four years of college without ever asking what is it that lawyers really do in a society such as ours. A final example is the business student who enters the "world of high finance" without ever having experienced a systematized approach to ethics with which to deal with the moral questions business consistently raises.

Grading is another, less obvious manifestation of the bureaucratic training ground. When the university made its first appearance on the historical scene, I am reasonably certain that students did not calculate their GPAs to the third decimal place and that professors did not write questions on exams for the purpose of separating the As from the Bs. In fact, these practices would have detracted from the idea of education: the pursuit of pure knowledge.

Grades came into existence when business, government, and graduate schools decided that some method was necessary to distinguish good students from bad students. Oftentimes, this meant comparing apples to oranges: a Santa Clara student to a San Jose State student or a biology major to a sociology major.

While grades saved a lot of work for the companies and the graduate schools, they did little to foster a spirit of education. Students succumbed to the game and began doing all sorts of things to keep that GPA over 3.0. When the students began getting too good at the game, "grade inflation" set in. In response, the companies and the graduate schools introduced the standardized aptitude test in order to rate students. After a while, when they learn the trick of these little boxes, some other method
"One of the things I learned in London was that...higher education in the U.S. is uniquely fitted to a post-industrial, white collar society."
will be found to “differentiate” between students. Tragically, education becomes a ratings game rather than a forum for intellectual discourse. Psyching out a professor is as important a skill as learning to differentiate an equation. Students are left with an insolvable dilemma: writing what they really think, or what the professor wants to hear. Too often, writing what the professor wants to hear wins out.

Teachers have to deal with their own grading system, only in their case it is labeled “tenure.” The tenure system was devised centuries ago as a means for protecting academics from the whims of university presidents and political rulers. To be granted tenure was to be granted a lifelong sanction for unrestricted research or teaching.

Today, however, factors other than academic excellence are taken into consideration when a professor applies for tenure. Chief among these is economics; schools are not likely to grant tenure if demand for a particular field is falling. To put it clearly, someone who is a very good history professor has a small chance for tenure compared to someone who is an adequate engineering or accounting professor. Ironically, teachers in the hard-to-tenure departments have to watch their step much more carefully than those in more marketable fields. Academic freedom can thus become subservient to political and economic exigencies, the very situation tenure originally intended to avoid.

The cumulative affect of grades and tenure is an atmosphere of individualized competition rather than communal learning. There is a strong tendency to objectify people. I have often heard dinner conversations where someone’s name is mentioned and the question is asked, “What’s he like?” The answer usually follows the pattern of, “Oh, he’s a bio major. Pretty smart too. He’s got at least a 3.5.” Identifying students’ intelligence with their GPAs clearly symbolizes the atmosphere of objectification which grades help create.

As far as individualized competition goes, my own experience was perhaps typical. I would set arbitrary standards for myself. If I did not study six hours a day, read thirty pages an hour, or write 5,000 words in an evening, I was a failure. Cooperation with other students implied cheating. My GPA established my legitimacy as a student.

This pattern was not broken until I studied abroad in London during my junior year. The only grade given in that semester was the final exam. At first, I went crazy. How would I know what the professor wanted? What if I blew the final? After about two weeks, however, I realized that the system allowed me to escape from the pressure cooker I had known at Santa Clara. I began taking my nights off from studying and going to the theater, to concerts, or for long walks around London. Weekends were spent travelling through the British Isles. I read only what I genuinely wanted to read and if a particular topic interested me, I would read further than what was required. There was plenty of time for good talk and arguments. In
short, I experienced a rekindling of the academic interests which had prompted me to go to college in the first place.

One of the things I learned in London was that the system of higher education in the United States is uniquely fitted to a post-industrial, white collar society. Where else could the ideals of specialization and competition be fostered so effectively? Where else could the definition of success be tied so early to an arbitrary standard—in college, a grade; in the bureaucracy, a salary?

The University of Santa Clara should critically examine its educational practices in light of the situations I have described in this essay. Reforms which are necessary include:

— The resurrection of the Core Curriculum. If Santa Clara is going to educate businessmen, engineers, and lawyers, it needs to ensure that graduates have the ability to view their professions in terms of a larger world view. Classes could center around debate rather than regurgitation. The Core Curriculum would guarantee that every student at Santa Clara would have at least a common vocabulary before branching into more specific areas.

— The gradual elimination of the tenure system. By placing undue pressure on those teachers applying for tenure in a tight market, tenure acts as a limitor on academic freedom instead of a guarantor of it. Subjecting a teacher’s academic security to the whims of student and bureaucratic demands is no security at all.

— The encouragement of cooperation among students. This would take the form of joint projects, papers, and presentations so that the cult of competition would give way to an idea of mutual immersion in a common experience. After all, if cooperation is not introduced at the university level, there is little chance it will be introduced elsewhere. Moreover, the student who is accustomed to working with others may resist the pigeon-holing so insidiously prevalent in our society.

— The elimination of grades and their replacement with qualitative evaluations by professors. Universities should not be making things so easy for the compulsive classifiers in graduate schools and companies. Nor should they acquiesce to the students’ focus of interest on grades rather than learning. By eliminating the grading system, the University would be taking aggressive, affirmative action for the re-establishing of education on the grounds for which it was originally intended.

I realize that the above recommendations may sound idealistic, even absurd, to the seasoned veteran of higher education. But I am convinced that the ivy-covered hall should fill a different place in our society than the one currently being served by the bureaucratic training ground. Unless Santa Clara, along with other colleges and universities, stands up in the face of student and employer demands, reasserting the value of the well-rounded, critical education, the system is not likely to change.
“Get an education.”

The Redwood
1979
judjuh think? If you liked the book, fine. If you didn't, though, I've got a whole bunch of names here to blame. You should be able to locate a lot of them on campus through Student Services. Maybe some are your friends. I've graduated, so don't come looking for me. Seriously, putting this book together was quite a fulfilling experience, and I owe much, much thanks to the folks who helped. They did, and they helped. They helped a lot. The people who helped the most in the photographic area were "Photogenic" Mike Cabral, Wild Bill Weller, Jim "Dieps" Diepenbrock (who once told me, "Beers, I want to be a yearbook editor when I grow up." He was drunk but I made him sign something), and that incomparable captain of dance and drama. Paul Ehlenbach. Also handy with the camera but most valuable because of good ideas, moral support, immoral support, and narcotics he gave me is my dearest friend Steve Inglin. I have to thank my buddy and predecessor Dennis Caulley for teaching me a hell of a lot, taking some hot graduation pics, and writing a fairly decent article (he gave it to me late...). Karie Musgrove made the Outstanding Senior's happen, and this year we used a fairly fair ballot method for the first time in the yearbook's tepid history. Even though I kept trying to screw her up she managed to get them all photographed, interviewed and transcribed. Rats. Another paradigm of dependability is Linda Larson, who is now typesetting this article. Linda typeset the whole book. Linda always smiles. Linda deserves a medal. Other medal winners are Mary Murphy and Ken Eklund, old Patty Beemer, Nancy Cristofaro, Tam DelOro and Michele Modena all wielded mean cameras for the first time this year. Vets who contributed their talents occasionally were Rodrigo Gutierrez, Pat Hartnett, Tres Compton, Pat Hernandez and Randy Lee.

The Redwood, however, is not all photographic glory (don't tell Dieps that yet, though). There's a lot of dirty, boring work to do and I have an amazing ability to slough it off onto others. That's why I'm same today. By the way, has anyone seen Dennis since he went into the woods? Gotta thank two of my favorite people, Sue Baby LeBlanc and Therese the Bear for absorbing all my abuse and uninspiring work — and for letting me chase them around the light tables occasionally. Amy Grgich helped sometimes too, but I never got to chase her... When summer rolled around, there were fresh faces to rescue me from my hopeless predicament, and I can't thank enough Terry "Giggles" Murphy, Terri Muir, Margaret Cayward, Anne Mooring, Donya Kirby, Adeline Guererro, and, on one grand and glorious night, Karen Anderson.

I think the book is stronger than usual in the writing department, so credit must go to the enthusiastic bunch of literary types who graced our pages. Tessa Earnshaw, thanks for your hard work and neat smile. And thanks to Sue Fry, Mike Nouaux, Jan Napoleano, Bert Sullivan, Dave Melly, Dianne Rees, Bill Quinlan, Christian Lievestro, and Paul Totah. Totes by the way, was an essentially friendly Arab to work with as co-tenant in Benson downstairs. He edited that other publication, you know. The weekly one. On crappy paper that turns brown. Anyway, I love you Totes, especially your sheepish grin.

A few other notables — Thanks Randy Styles for selling enough ads to keep us in business, and thanks all you kind people in Accounts Payable for putting up with my "innovative" bookkeeping. Also, I deeply appreciate the way Vice President Giacomini and President Rewak related to The Redwood staff this year. They were supportive yet never meddling. They treated me as a capable adult always, and that's a nice feeling.

Finally, I'd like to dedicate this hardcover, 400 page excuse for a low GPA to the two women I love most at this point in life: Mom and Deirdre. I can do that you know.
"Now, get a job."