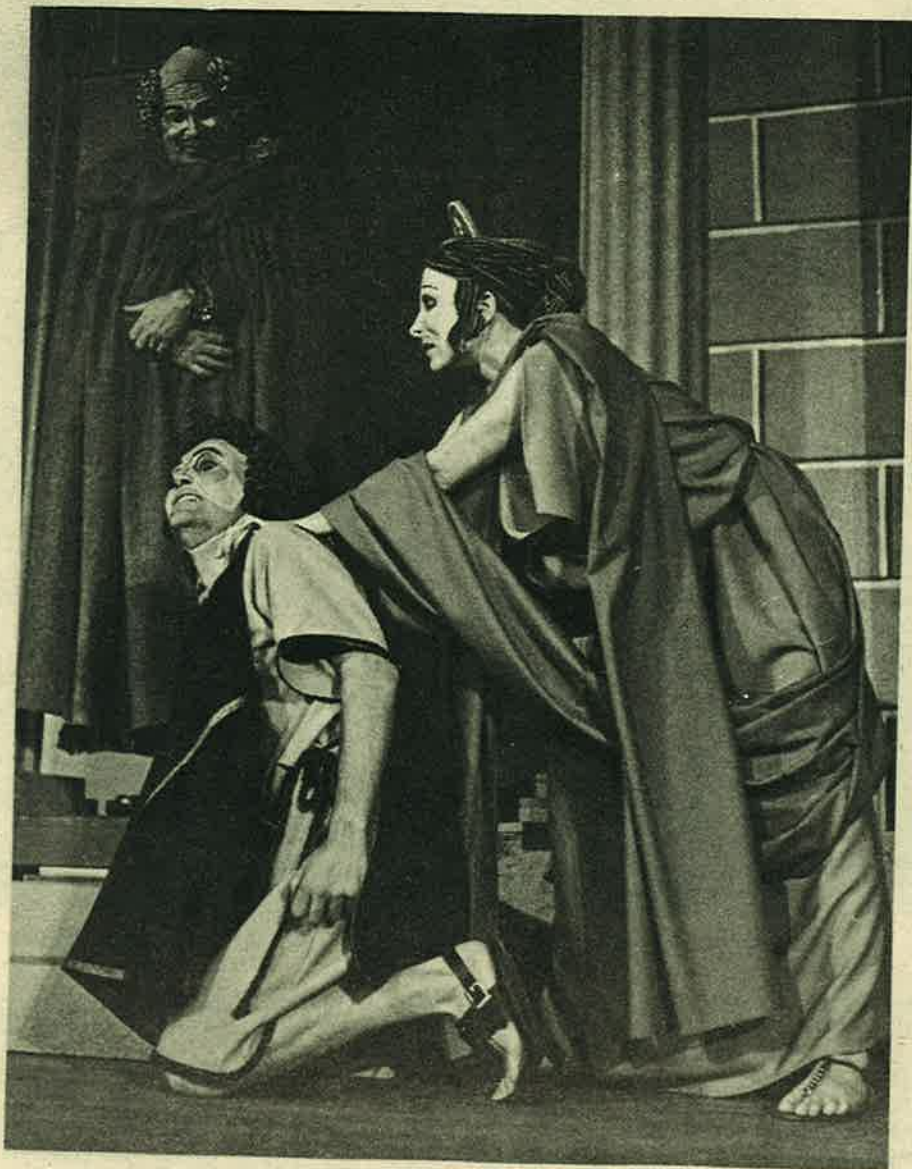


Rampage

Vol. XXVIII, No. 11

Fresno City College

Nov. 29, 1973



**Confusin'
but amusin'**

It's an unpleasant moment for Antipholus, worked on by Adriana as Egeon looks on, in "A Comedy of Errors." See Page 4.

Acclaimed poet here tomorrow

Poet Charles Wright, the author of four books of poetry, will read and discuss his works in the second event of "The Written Word" series at Fresno City College Friday.

Wright, a former Fulbright lecturer and is author of "The Grave of the Right Hand" and "Hard Freight," has taught at UC Irvine since 1966.

His reading will begin at 7:30 p.m. in A-133 and is free and public.

Poet James Tate has said of Wright's latest effort, "Hard Freight," "Charles Wright is a relentlessly painstaking craftsman who hones his poems into a lucid and delicate inevitability. They are solemn and ominous, populated with absences--the wounds are haunted. The voice of the poems is old, bypsy wisdom, gypsy fatalism, as much

Mediterranean as American.

"I have confidence that the poems Charles Wright has written--and those that he will write next--are poems that will capture the attention of readers not just for a few years, but for a long time."

A Tennessee native, Wright was educated at Davidson and the University of Iowa and was a Fulbright scholar and Fulbright lecturer in Italy. His books are "The Dream Animal," "The Grave of the Right Hand," "The Venice Notebook" and "Hard Freight."

Other poets scheduled for the poetry series include Phil Levine, William Dickey, Omar Salinas and Gary Soto.

All the events are free and public, a community service of FCC and the college district.



Charles P. Wright

From Bay of Pigs to home of Rams

A few short years ago, Cuban police were "looking to gun him down." Today Heriberto "Eddie" Lopez, 28, is an employee in Fresno City College's production department where his life expectancy is considerably longer.

An American citizen now, Lopez's once intense hatred of Castro and the communist system has perhaps cooled a bit. But, like thousands of his exiled countrymen, the dream of reclaiming a free Cuba lives on, undampened by the passage of time.

"All the time, we are looking to go back," said the calm but forceful Lopez. "We will never be diverted from our idea of overthrowing Castro."

"When I first left Cuba, I would have done anything, I mean anything, to overthrow Castro. But today I know it is not so simple. I try to see the problem from an American and international point of view."

Although still in his teens at the time, Lopez was deeply involved in the Bay of Pigs. He claims that if Cuban and American authorities involved in the revolt had gone ahead with their original plans, "Cuba would be free today."

But these authorities gave the go-ahead on only one of three air

support assignments, says Lopez, and, as a result, Castro had time to mobilize his army and confiscate the guns he and his fellow insurgents had painstakingly stockpiled.

Some observers believe the Bay of Pigs was a fiasco mainly because most Cubans did not support the invasion, but Lopez scoffs at this suggestion.

"I was there, I know better. It isn't true. Our people were willing to collaborate. But, nevertheless, we have to be grateful to the American people. We were big friends of President Kennedy," said Lopez, who wears a Kennedy half dollar on his watch band.

Lopez's conflicts with the Castro regime did not cease after the Bay of Pigs. While attending the University of Havana, Lopez and some friends made anti-government statements, drawing the wrath of the Cuban police.

Fearing for their lives, Lopez and his confidantes were forced to seek political asylum in the Brazilian embassy in Cuba. Finally, after devising a plan to slip by a 24-hour guard surrounding a nine-foot fence that encircled the embassy, they made it to safety within the sanctuary. Eleven months later they were allowed to leave Cuba.

"There's no doubt in my mind we would have been killed if the police had found us," Lopez said.

After traveling a while, Lopez eventually ended up in Florida on a "base" with other Cuban-Americans still hoping to retake their homeland. But, after the Bay of Pigs, the U.S. wasn't about to support or condone another such endeavor.

"We would get some guns and then the U.S. government would come along and confiscate them," Lopez smiled. "A friend of mine once spent 11 months in jail for shooting at a Russian ship off the coast."

Lopez moved to Los Angeles to live with his brother in 1967. There, he met his wife Loretta, a Fresnoan, which brought him to Fresno and to Fresno City College.

Lopez has traveled a good deal throughout the world, something he believes to be invaluable to any individual trying to get a perspective life.

"This is a good thing for anyone to do," he said. "Americans are very, very lucky with the system that they have. They're not used to starvation, sacrifice. Other people struggle day by day. Americans don't often appreciate what they have."



Heriberto Lopez

Rams snuff out Comets, Bulldogs next

By Ben Walker

After giving Clare Slaughter his 100th coaching victory and clobbering Contra Costa 42-14 in the quarter-finals of the state playoffs, the Rams will meet College of San Mateo in a semi-final state community college large division playoff game at CSM Stadium Saturday at 1 p.m.

The Rams are 10-1 this season, the Bulldogs are 8-2-1.

San Mateo, which uses a defensive alignment it calls a "stinger," surprised Pierce 17-14 in the opening round last week.

The Bulldogs, coached by former College of Sequoias assistant Steve Schafer, have not lost in their last eight encounters.

The Bulldogs' record does include one tie, an 8-8 deadlock with Golden Gate Conference foe Laney, a team the Rams zapped 31-0 in pre-season play.

Other common opponents during the season included Delta College, which defeated CSM 16-12 in a season opener and Fresno bested 13-6 in a defensive struggle. The Bulldogs and the Rams both White-washed American River College, CSM winning 17-0 and the Rams burying the Beavers 52-0.

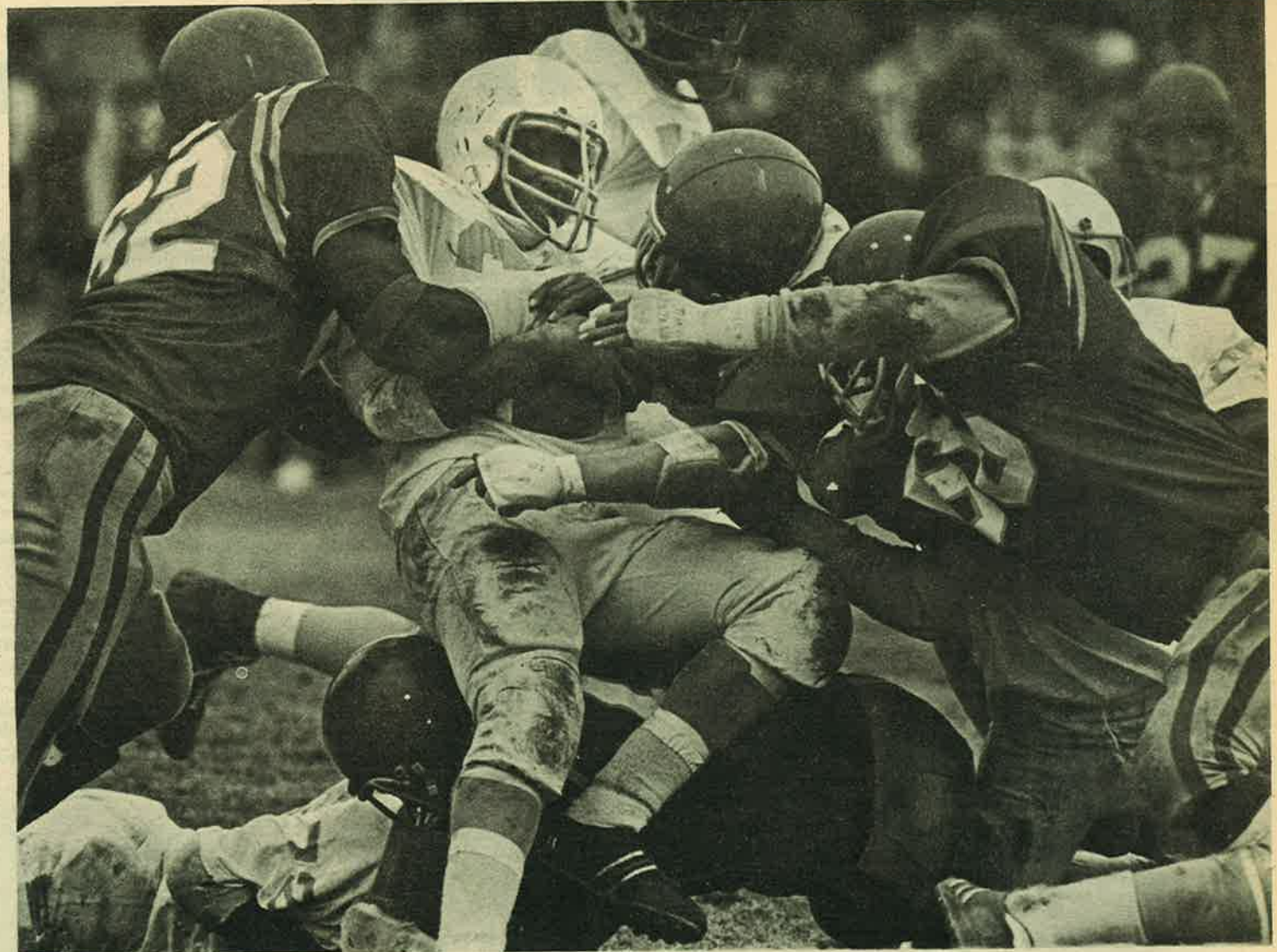
But comparative scores mean little in playoff games, and the issue will be whether the excellent defense of San Mateo can shut down the Ram offense and manage to score as well on FCC's strong, quick, and experienced defenders.

Slaughter and his staff scouted the other three playoff games last weekend and took special interest in San Mateo's unusual defense, which shut off Pierce's wishbone-T offense.

"San Mateo is very tough defensively," noted Slaughter. "We've never seen a defense like that one. It amounts to a 5-1-4-1 with two stingers, as they call them, playing like strong safeties on the outside."

Slaughter and his staff had scouted Pierce a week earlier and admitted that they were surprised at San Mateo's win over No. 3-rated Pierce.

Fresno's Rams, who took less than five minutes to pin defeat on the tail of the Contra Costa



Ram defense like this made the going rough for Contra Costa. Photo by Barry Wong

Comets last week, have not lost since Sept. 22 when they bowed to El Camino, and have looked stronger each week in posting nine straight victories.

In addition, Clare Slaughter's teams have won 10 straight state playoff games on the way to two-year college crowns in 1968, 1969 and 1972.

San Mateo has yielded an average of only 151 yards per game to opponents, while Fresno's hard-nosed defense has allowed just 211. Linemen Joe Atkinson (6-4, 240) and Mike Cozad (6-2, 210) and halfback Gregg Houts (5-9, 170) are the CSM defensive standouts, while Fresno has an experienced,

stellar unit depending on linemen Greg Boyd (6-7, 257), Hans Wiedenhoefer (5-11, 190), and Cortez Hill (6-2, 205); linebackers Mike Long, Rick Berry, Jim Castanon and Richard Rowe; and deep backs Roger McFall, Vince Borjas, Mike Jackson and Bernard Hall.

The Fresno offense is as deep and explosive as any the Rams have shown in winning three of the five state playoffs held for two-year schools thus far.

The Rams knocked the Comets into another galaxy, scoring on the second play from scrimmage and the next two times they touched the ball to put 21 points on the board with only 4:32 gone

in the first period. Moving mostly by land, the Rams added another touchdown for a 28-0 lead with barely half of the second period gone.

Rick Jelmini makes the Rams go with his steady hand, adept play calling, and good passing arm. Jelmini, the Valley Conference player-of-the-year, keeps opponents reeling by handing off to tailback Jeff Johnson, 5-11, 183, who scored against Contra Costa on runs of 30, five, and 60 yards, or punishing fullback Dave Harbour, 6-2, 205, who pulled and pounded his way for 121 yards on 16 carries against CC.

When Jelmini decides to throw

he has the best receivers in City College history to look for. Flanker Ralph Reagan, split end Glenn Cotton, tight ends Del White and Brian Hill are all outstanding ballhawks with good speed and great moves.

But it was flanker-kick returner Tony Jackson, a 6-4 200-pounder, who had the fans gasping last week. Jackson ignited the Rams with 105 yards in punt returns, 86 yards in kickoff returns, an 85-yard scoring reception, and 31 yards on three rushes from the flanker position. In all, he accounted for more than 300 yards in a display of versatility that still has Fresnans buzzing.

Jackson honored again

Tony Jackson, the Rams kickoff-return and punt-return specialist, is not even a defensive or offensive starter—but he is the only player to have been honored twice in one season as the Valley Sportswriters Association's community college athlete of the week.

The 6-4, 205 freshman was honored at the writers' luncheon Monday for the second time in three weeks as a result of his achievements in FCC's 42-14 playoff win over Contra Costa.

Jackson returned four punts 105 yards, returned three kickoffs 85 yards, carried three times for scrimmage for 31 yards and caught an 85-yard scoring bomb from Jim Tate in the closing seconds. His 306-yard total was more than Contra Costa's entire offense piled up.

On the season, he has snared five passes for 231 yards and three TD's, returned 28 punts 288 yards for a 10.2 average, and has returned 10 kickoffs 298 yards for a 29.8 average and one touchdown.

"There's no more exciting football player than Tony on punt or kickoff returns," coach Clare Slaughter told the writers. He termed his performance "simply amazing."

Three other Rams—Rick Jelmini, Ralph Reagan, and Jeff Johnson—have been honored once each this season as valley athlete of the week.



Tony Jackson

KYNO PRESENTS

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MAYALL MICHAELS**

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Rick Jelmini



Curt Buntin



Dave Harbour

Rams of Week named

The most recently named Rams of the Week are quarterback Rick Jelmini, full-back Dave Harbour, offensive guard Curt Buntin and line-backer Richard Rowe.

The coaches honored Jelmini and Buntin for their performances in the Rams' 19-3 victory

over Cosumnes, and Harbour and Rowe for their play in the 42-14 triumph over Contra Costa.

Jelmini, a 5-11, 183-pound sophomore, announced last week, with tongue firmly in cheek, that in the future he would prefer to be referred to as the "Golden Arm." Despite nearly constant rain and a muddy

field, he connected on 10 of 18 passes for 208 yards against the Chiefs, including a 34-yard touchdown toss to flanker Ralph Reagan.

Jelmini finished second among Valley Conference QB's in passing, throwing for 1238 yards and 10 touchdowns with just six interceptions. Not bad for a quarterback who can't throw.

Buntin, a 5-10, 205-pound newcomer, is better known as "Hydraulic Legs" to his teammates.

"Curt has been in a backup role until our last two games when he decided he was as good as the people in front of him and started blocking," said offensive line coach Jack Mattox. "His main asset is drive blocking his opponent back, no matter how big his opponent is. Very tough and a pleasant surprise."

Harbour, a 6-2, 205 sophomore, turned in his finest performance ever in Ram red against Contra Costa, pounding for 121 yards in 16 trips, including a six-yard touchdown jaunt. Despite missing CC's first three games while recuperating from an appendectomy, the bruising Harbour has become Fresno's second-leading ground gainer with 435 net yards in 76 carries for a 5.7 average.

"For the first time this year, Dave Harbour ran like the fullback we know he is," said



Richard Rowe

head coach Clare Slaughter.

Rowe, a 6-1, 210 sophomore, who starts at outside linebacker, is strong, intelligent and a very hard-hitter.

"Richard did a great job overall," said defensive line coach Bill Musick. "He was in on

a heck of a lot of tackles, he sacked the quarterback a couple of times, he deflected two passes, and he made a big stop on fourth down and one at our 15-yard line. He keeps everybody alert and is always aware of our opponent's tendencies."

Koop, Roger, Jim, dean win turkey trot

This year's turkey trot got off to a good start.

There were two races with four divisions—faculty, student men, student women, and cross country team runners. A turkey was awarded for the first three finishers in each division and an intramural sports T-shirt for fourth-place finishers.

The running distance was 1.4 miles for the men and eight-tenths of a mile for the women.

Kathy Koop led the women with a time of 6:25. Roger

Fretwell was the first student man in with a time of 7:00. Humanities Dean Franz Weinschenk was in first for the faculty with a time of 8:00 and cross country runner Jim Hartig led his group with a time of 6:39.5.

The handball tournament has just completed its final round. The winners are Manny Garcia who scored wins of 21-8 and 21-0. Second place went to Scott Crow. Tony Dominguez and Gary Wilson have yet to play for third spot.

Hartig places 30th

In a closing contest in the cross country season, Ram harrier Jim Hartig took a time of 20:50 in the four mile, good for 30th place in the State Meet in San Mateo Nov. 17.

The event included 79 runners and Hartig was the lone qualifier

for the Rams.

The top three schools in the final meet were Grossmont with 89 points, El Camino 91, and San Jose with 96.

Terry Cotton of Grossmont grabbed first place with a time of 19:35.

Time is Running Out



VIVIAN WOODARD COSMETICS
3021 N. BLACKSTONE 226-4222

Brother Oral B. Courage says:

"Dogs are like children - You've got to feed 'em."

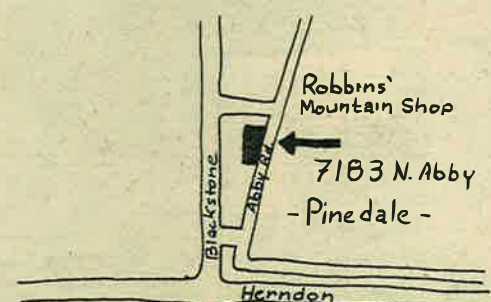
Looking for warm clothing - stuff to keep you dry?

New Imported sweaters From England
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'Comedy of Errors' opens Dec. 5



Susan Rasmussen as Adriana

Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors* opens next Wednesday in the Auditorium. It will run Dec. 5 to 8.

The cast, directed by Frederick Johnson and Assistant Director Lynda Martin, has been working to develop the split-second timing necessary to execute the visual humor of the show.

This is one of the first of Shakespeare's plays, without a doubt his first comedy. It is also the most farcical of his comedies, featuring as it does the complications of the mistaken identity of two sets of male twins.

One set is the masters, the other the servants. One half of each set was separated from the other half in infancy.

Antipholus (the master) and Dromio (the servant) of Syracuse, played by David Spencer and Urmas Franosch are looking for the lost twins. They arrive at Ephesus where the other Antipholus (Robert Zenk), a well-known and prosperous resident, has the other Dromio (Joe Justice) as his servant—as well as his wife Adriana (Susan Rasmussen) and a courtesan (Elissa Kowolik) as his mistress.

From this situation you have all the hilarious complications arising from double mistaken identities. An added complication is Antipholus of Syracuse falling in love with Luciana (Valerie Boolootian) sister of the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus.

At the conclusion when, as Shakespeare says in another play "every Jack gets his Jill," the two Antipholus' parents Egeon (Harry Daniels) and Emilia (Mary Watson) are also reunited.

Because Shakespeare adapted *The Comedy of Errors* from the old Roman comedy, *The Menæchmi* by Plautus, the director with the concurrence of the designers is producing the play in the style in which the Roman original would have been done.

The scene designer, Charles T. Wright, has designed and built a two-story adaption of the old Roman all-purpose set, the frons scaenae. The costumer, Charles T. Quinn, with the assistance of Cathy Glenn, has designed and supervised the making of the costumes of the period, including masks and very ornate yarn wigs. Especially difficult was the creation of Roman armor for the two soldiers.

Since the comic acting style of both the Elizabethan and Roman theatres was very broad with a great deal of physical rough and tumble (even to the point that the comic actors of both periods were required to be acrobats), this production has been directed along these lines.

The two Dromios, especially, are in a direct line with circus clowns. Even though, as the director points out, the situation and actions are on a highly unrealistic plane, the actors must be very real the serious. Seeing real people seriously doing ridiculous things is the hallmark of good farcical playing, and that is what is stressed in this production.

This play, with its fast moving, active, short scenes, is the one Shakespeare play that can be enjoyed by people of all ages. The young can laugh at the slapstick comedy, similar to that of the Marx Brothers and the Three Stooges, while those older can also appreciate Shakespeare's handling of the intricate plot, the incomparable poetry of his dialogue, and the use of word play in a sophisticated way.

Also in the cast will be Bobbie Byrd as the fat servant, Tim Maslowski as the effeminate Duke, Wayne Nicholson as Balhazar, Leonard Bratcher as Angelo, Phil Savage as Dr. Pinch, Kevin Pinion as a Merchant, Perry Cerda as the jailor, and Kelly Krutchfield as a soldier.

Admission is free to ASB card holders.

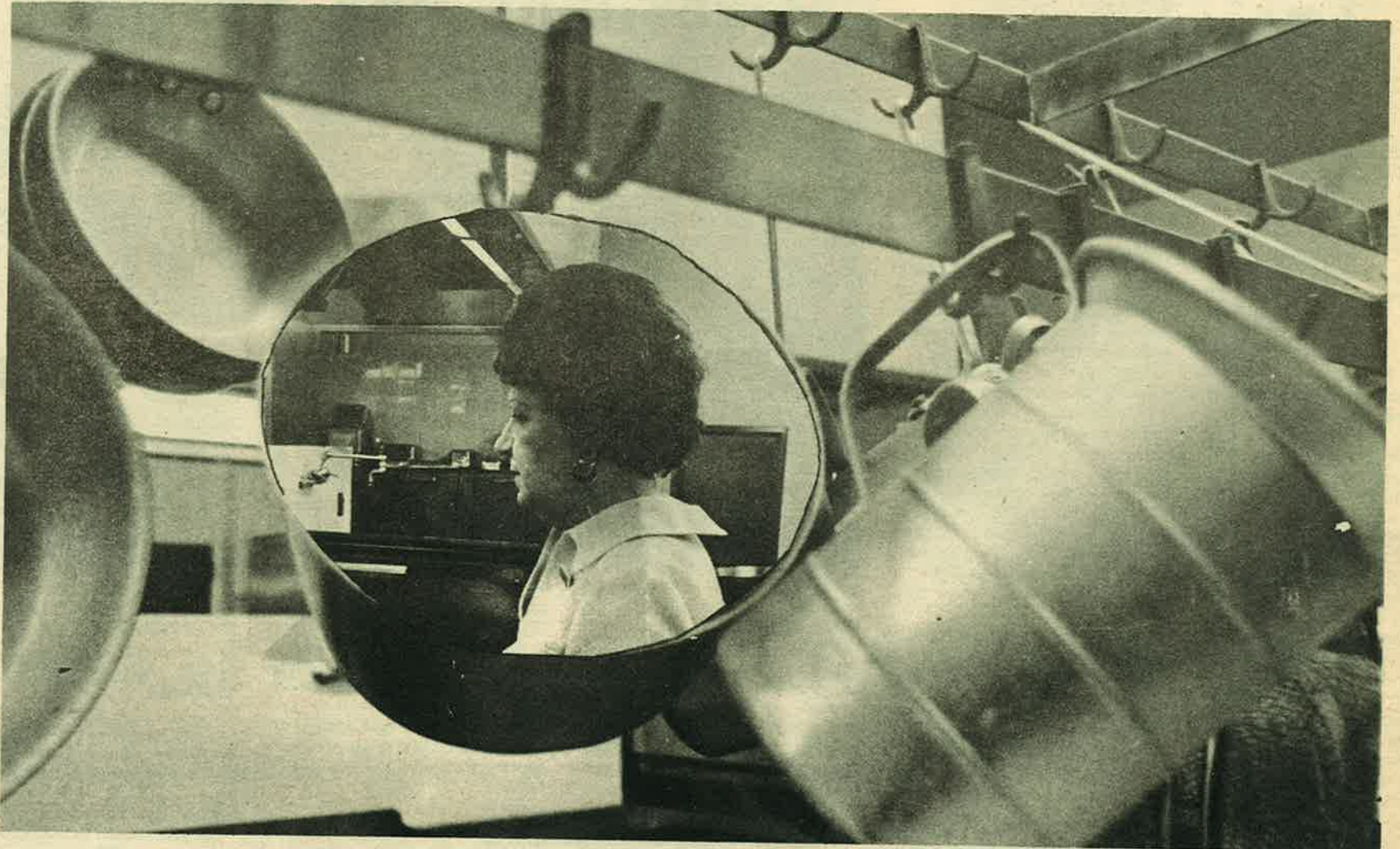


Rasmussen strangles Spencer as Daniels looks on.



David Spencer as Antipholus

Photo by Lockwood



A
pot
full
of
cook

What's cooking?
Mmmm, it smells good and probably tastes good, and Bernice Mays, FCC head cook, is probably cooking it.
Mrs. Mays has been working in the FCC cafeteria eight years. She began as a cook's helper for two years, then as a salad maker for three years and finally became head cook three years

ago.
"I thought it would be a challenge to be head cook, I didn't know if I could handle such a big job," she continued. "I always enjoyed cooking so much that my mother would let me plan the meals with the grocery money."
Before coming to FCC, Mrs. Mays helped cook for the Sante Fe Railroad maintenance crew

where her husband works. "The crew really enjoyed my cooking and when you get nice compliments, that's what makes cooking worth it."
Mrs. Mays works eight hours in a day. "There is a lot to do in eight hours, so I have to keep going to get it done, but the equipment we have is the best," Mrs. Mays said. She personally tastes the food.

Photos by Roger Lockwood



Harry Daniels as Egeon

MURRAY BUCHWALD**A 60's memory**

ROCHESTER—I used to write for Jack Parr, but after a few weeks his hand healed and he again wrote for himself. I returned forlornly to my valet duties. But even so brief a period of tutelage under one of the comedic greats could not long go unnoticed. Thus came with little surprise a request to pen informal speeches for Vice President Nixon.

Izzy Buckeye, Dick's regular writer, was honeymooning in Rochester, and his place needed filling immediately. Dick was soon to address an unsympathetic committee of ghetto dwellers, and wanted a speech that would offer solace, hope, pride, and ambiguity.

I tackled the task violently. I noted Dick's own wretched beginnings in Yorba Linda, and wrote accordingly. Three minutes later, the job done, I tore the paper from the typewriter and gave it to Dick. Trusting my obvious, earnest zeal, he simply tucked the sheet in his pocket and determined to read it unrehearsed, for that's the kind of vice president he was, and wouldn't I vote for a man so trusting?

I watched from the rafters as Dick strode before the seething black audience. Quite nonchalantly he unfolded the speech, smiled, and began to read.

CHECKERS—"My fellow slum tenants, it is no happy matter to come before a group of hostile Negroes in anticipation of wining and dining their vote. Indeed, I have no intention of wining and dining your vote—could you imagine the tab for fried chicken for 30,000? I am no sycophantic Democrat who feels the need to rub elbows with the common man.

"Despite our being on separate but unequal planes, I might assure you that I am attuned to you miserable unfortunates. I am no stranger to poverty. I was born to a poor family in Yorba

Linda. We lived in a small but tidy house near the railroad tracks.

"We were so poor that when plaster on our ceiling cracked, we could count the stars at night. We were so poor our rats went next door to beg crumbs for us. We were so poor we'd give all the food to one person, then swap bellies just to feel full.

"Because of those fretful years, I can sympathize with you miserable unfortunates. Even today, as your vice president, I can sympathize with you miserable unfortunates. While Pat and I dine on sirloin steak, potatoes, creamed peas and carrots, and a nice red wine, we often discuss you miserable unfortunates. The thought of insolvent Americans going hungry every day—dying from hunger every day—is quite enough to spoil both our appetites. And by the time the peach cobbler arrives we neither of us can touch it, so give it to our wonderful cocker spaniel, Checkers.

"Lately, as a matter of fact, our concern for you miserable unfortunates has grown so acute that Pat and I have sworn off desserts until we're satisfied that every miserable unfortunate has at least one hot meal per week. I personally left a note to that effect pinned to the menu board in our newly decorated all-electric kitchen: Extra helpings of meat, but no dessert.

"It is only coincidence that this noble fast complies with our doctor's orders to give up sweets."

FANFARE—The rest of the speech was drowned out by the fanfare of fists, feet, chairs, window beams, and my leg joints being used to redesign Dick's features.

Afterward, alone in an alley, Dick mused aloud. "I thought the speech went rather well. Perhaps I should have worn a darker suit."

Rams star in 'Cinderella'

Cinderella, a three-act classic ballet, will be presented Sunday at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. in the Convention Center Theater by the Dance Theater of Fresno.

FCC students Therese Cenci and Gary Sahm are featured as Cinderella and the Prince. Tickets are on sale at the FCC and Convention Center box offices and will be available at the door. General admission is \$2.

Clare Lauche Porter is artistic director for the 45-member dance cast.

COUNSELOR'S RAP**Questions and answers**

QUESTION: I think it should be mandatory that all courses required for a degree in any field should be offered both day and night. I major in Auto Mechanics and it is impossible to get the degree requirements completed without coming to day classes and this can be very hard financially. Possibly you could cut down on the number of courses required for a degree and then the college would be serving the community better.

ANSWER: Technical and Industrial Division courses require many lab hours along with lecture hours and the result is that the courses would be required to meet two and three times a week to complete the minimum hours for the course during the semester. When the courses were offered a number of years ago, enrollment was not sufficient to continue offering auto mechanics during the evening hours. Larry Martin, dean of evening college, is willing to offer the courses if there is enough student demand. The FCC Curriculum Committee will be examining your suggestion during the next few weeks—per-

haps you could check back with Dr. Art Ellish's office (dean of instruction) to see what progress has been made. The curriculum committee will be discussing the major requirements for degrees in several areas during the ensuing months of prior to printing of the next catalog.

QUESTION: I feel I have been given the "run-around" by the Admissions Office and also the counseling personnel. Who in authority do I see to get things straight? Is there a "chain of authority" to follow? (This is in regard to FCC graduation requirements and acceptance of units from another college.)

ANSWER: If you have applied for a degree, you will receive a written evaluation of your record from the evaluations section of the Admissions and Records Office. If you have not applied for a degree and plan to complete academic work for a degree in June, please go to A-104 to fill out a petition for a degree. The evaluations are being completed and mailed to students as rapidly as possible. Approximately 2,000 students

have already petitioned for degrees in June, 1974, and it does take time to do 2,000 evaluations! If your counselor has been unable to answer your questions regarding transfer credit, you may stop in to see Dr. I. Ward Lasher, associate dean of admissions and records, A-112.

Staff

TEST DATES

The following are the scheduled dates for the Math Competency Test and the Judgment in Nursing Test:

Friday, December 7, 11 a.m.,

M-200.

Tuesday, January 8, 4 p.m.,

M-200.

Friday, February 8, 1 p.m.,

S-70.

Thursday, March 7, 3 p.m.,

S-70.

By special arrangement with the Nursing Education Office.

M. Easton

THANKS!

The counseling staff wishes to thank everyone for their support and cooperation in making our first annual College and University Day such a success.

Special thanks to the Rampage for their article on the front page, to Larry Kavanaugh's office for local newspaper coverage, Dick Cleland for the facility arrangements, Nick Flambures for the refreshments, Evelyn Fiorani and the production department for the signs and printed material, faculty members who spread the word, and a very special thanks to all the students who attended.

Comments from the schools that participated were very encouraging and favorable and they all expressed a desire to come again. So thank you all!

P.S. — My personal thanks to all of the above plus Patt Taylor, who did most of the typing and helped keep me organized.

M. Easton

SMOKING — AND GASP!

A Public Affairs pamphlet entitled "Women and Smoking" criticizes the chic, glamorous approach to smoking. Authors Jane E. Brody and Richard Engquist suggest that liberated women avoid smoking — the cigarette cough is not attractive, the smoke leaves air stale, and the ashes and butts are ugly. (This is Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 475.)

A. Acosta

LETTERS**'Save the trees'**

Dear Editor:

A committee to stop the removal of trees and building of parking lots on campus will be organized at the next meeting of the Friends of Civil Liberties.

If you are interested in helping us in the beautification of Fresno City College, please stop by.

The meeting will be held Monday from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. in Committee Room B.

Lance Hunt
President, Friends of
Civil Liberties

RAMPAGE

The Rampage is published every Thursday during the school year, except final examination periods and holidays, by students in the Newspaper Staff classes. Opinions expressed in opinion columns and editorials are those of the authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to Rampage, Fresno City College, 101 East University Ave., Fresno 93741.

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Adviser: Pete Lang

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN**Entrants sought for art show**

By William R. Neads
ASB President

Any student willing to work or interested in working on a committee for an art show scheduled at the end of this semester, please contact the student government office, above the Bookstore.

This program will be designed so that students working on any form of art during this semester will have the opportunity to display their work and will also be eligible for cash prizes.

Change in a system only occurs when what is right or good is identified or re-identified to meet the needs of the people that system serves. If you wish to voice a complaint, offer an idea, or simply give your opinion regarding any aspect of this campus, do it!

There are red suggestion boxes situated in various locations about the campus. Use them! We can only deal with that which we are aware of.

FCC hosts weekend tourney for speakers

Fresno City College will host the annual FCC Invitational Speech Tournament Friday and Saturday with about 15 California universities, colleges, and community colleges expected to participate.

James O'Banion, debate coach and tournament director, said about 150 students will compete. Invitations have been accepted by UC Berkeley, University of Nevada at Reno, Cal State Hayward, San Francisco State, Sacramento State, Cal Poly (SLO), Fresno State, American River, Sacramento CC, San Joaquin Delta, and Solano.

Finals for extemporaneous and oral interpretation are slated Saturday at 2:45 p.m., while finals for expository and persuasive speech are scheduled the same day at 3:45 p.m. Three rounds of competition and the semifinals will precede the finals in both categories.

City College, noted for its outstanding debate squads, bested about 25 other schools to take outstanding team honors at the San Francisco State Speech Tournament two weeks ago.

Mark Joseph and Debbie Jones were the only undefeated team in the debate competition.

Joseph, Miss Jones, Mark Thurman, and Ed Thompson won individual awards.



LONG PLAYER



By Kurt Kramer

The Who — **Quadrophenia** — MCA 2-10004

Quadrophenia marks the re-emergence of The Who as a creative force after over two years of inactivity. A concept album from the group often credited with the invention of the concept album, it has already elicited critical comparisons with The Who's so-called rock opera, **Tommy**.

Taken strictly as a concept album, **Quadrophenia** displays some familiar themes and devices, the usual structural weaknesses, and the customary amount of filler one expects with any two-record set. On the whole, it is an impressive work, especially since it was somewhat of a rush job.

Set in the midst of the Mod Movement in London, 1965, it attempts to establish The Who's identity by re-evaluating both the movement which spawned them and their original role within that movement.

The frustrations which the narrator and central character, a young mod kid named Jimmy, suffers both among his own peer group and in the larger working class society, provide for an engaging plot, enhanced greatly by the manner in which composer Pete Townsend presents them.

Jimmy's range of experiences, culminating in his suicide and

The Who emerges again

From the kickoff number on through the entire album, The Who give uncontestable proof of their eminence in the genre of hard rock; four incomparable stylists united under the positively inspired composer's pen of Pete Townsend into a spectacular music ensemble.

John Entwistle, one of the few bass players capable of combining heaviness with imagination, outdoes himself on this album, playing lines both prominent and supportive, running blithely through every gap and space. On the more hard-rocking tracks, Entwistle also plays bass instruments, adding depth to the tracks, yet stealing none of their fury.

Keith Moon puts in his finest performance yet on drums. Moon is certainly the most dynamic drummer in rock, but in the past he has shown occasional tendency to overdo things, leaving songs sounding cluttered. Not here, however, as he achieves an excellent tone and plays to magnificent effect.

In addition, the small part he sings as a former gang leader turned bellhop is nearly good enough to cause me to overlook his atrocious "Uncle Ernie" on **Tommy**.

Pete Townsend is omnipresent, offering, in addition to his usual stylistically excellent guitar work, the added depth of elaborate synthesizer arrange-

...An impressive work

spiritual rebirth, and Townsend's recurring use of water as the symbol of life's essence are perfect fodder for countless interpretations of **Quadrophenia's** meaning and merit as a conceptual entity.

But let's talk music: Setting aside its dubious potential as a stage production and its questionable soundness as a unified work, even ignoring any message which it may impart, this is one hell of an album.

The early Who were famous for the onstage personality each member projected: Moon's insanity, Entwistle's nonchalance, Townsend's dramatic flair, Daltrey's forceful dynamics.

Maturity has tempered this showmanship with restraint and professionalism, but, though the live act may be less spectacular, the Who are now studio artists non pareil.

Quadrophenia opens with a storm of synthesizers and a distant statement of the album's four themes by Roger Daltrey.

ments and a touch of his excellent piano and vocal here and there. The extensive use of synthesizer, which became a hallmark of The Who starting with **Who's Next**, has given them much more versatility than in the past.

In some instances, the incorporation of synthesizer can actually hamper a group's development, for it is simple enough to rely on the arsenal of effects the synthesizer provides when the creative flow has been shut off. Townsend, however, has personalized the synthesizer so that, although it greatly affects The Who's overall sound, it is never employed merely as a gimmick.

Finally, in case anyone still doubted it, **Quadrophenia** establishes Roger Daltrey once and for all as the definitive hard rock vocalist. His voice can be sweet and subtle or surging and explosive, but it is always

(See Long, Page 8)

SOUNDS 'N STUFF



By Hooter McNabb

By '79 everyone was smoking it. The president of the American Medical Association smoked it, congressmen smoked it, the delivery boy smoked it and Billy Graham prayed for another good crop of it. It was a mellowing, harmless strain of kelp that grew aplenty in the Indian Ocean and was known as the "Brown Blessing."

"Dark"

Anyway, after a long day at the typewriter on that April eve of '79, all my overworked heart desired was to settle into the sofa with a seaweed reefer. I rolled me up a fat one, put Joni Mitchell on the turntable, donned my best pair of headphones, kicked off my slippers and sank into seaweed-assisted bliss.

You will understand that kelp (don't ask me which strain or variety—I'm a botanical idiot) is a mild substance. Certainly it is

in no mood for shenanigans from a half-baked rock critic from Chowchilla." "Oh, so that's it," I said. The ol' coot musta seen the one on the Doobie Brothers, I thought.

Cigareet

He led me through several cloud banks until we appeared at the rear of an amphitheater scooped out of a giant cumulus cloud. At the fore was a huge desk, attended by a rotund old geezer with long white hair and a silver beard. Behind him was positioned a blackboard with a list of names that read top to bottom: Lucius Boozer, Bebe Rebozo, Hooter McNabb, Christopher Milk and Spiro Agnew.

I glanced furtively to my left and to my amazement saw Murray Buchwald being dragged out by his ears, sobbing and bleating for mercy and one last

Bucky bleating for one last cigareet

uncommon that it would alter perception as drastically as it did mine on that spring evening.

As I rose to change the album, I noted that my vision was blurred, my sense of balance ajar, my ears rang and everything was purple and green. No wonder that instead of the record jacket I put Joni in the toaster and set her for "dark." I flicked on the radio and staggered back to the sofa.

Sabotage

Little did I suspect that someone had sabotaged my stash-injected the brown kelp with a lethal drug that would leave me stiff in two minutes. By the end of "A Hard Day's Night" I was kapoot—I'd died the way I would have wanted it—with my headphones on.

Pry

I'd had a history of long snoozes so I didn't really mind lying on my back and doing absolutely nothing in the plywood box. At length I felt something tugging on my ear lobe and an obnoxious voice urging, "Get up! Get up! Your time is near!" I cursed, opened my peekers and saw before me a rather anemic-looking bloke in a soiled white robe trying to pry me out of my tomb by my headphones.

I took a swing at him and, to my surprise, neither missed nor connected—I went right through him! "What the hell?!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps, perhaps," answered Powderface. "Now come along and do behave—the Judge has had a long day and is

cigareet. I smiled weakly.

Burrito

The Rebozo case was about at an end. I don't recall the verdict, just the urgency of Silverbeard's voice as he boomed out "McNabb!"

He looked at me fiercely. "Your Honesty," I volunteered, advancing.

"You are charged," he read, "with bald-faced lies, distortions and half-truths in connection with your record-review practice 1972 through 1979."

"What?"

"For example," he continued, "in September of '74 you wrote of the pop group War, and I quote, 'a bland rehash of stale burrito rock, spewing more gas and hot air than inspiration.' Comments, my dear fellow?"

The room grew uneasily still. "Did you or did you not, Mr. McNabb, say that the Rolling Stones were '... but an average quality neighborhood garage-band,' that Mick Jagger was 'a limp-wristed junkie,' and furthermore that their immense appeal was '... based on an opportune pelvic thrust or well-placed groan of animal pleasure.?'"

"Sounds familiar."

He put his head in his hands. Through his parted fingers I could see tears welling up in his old sockets as he studied a sheet of newspaper print before him. "Oh despicable day," he moaned. He raised his head slowly, his eyes narrowed. "Then this... this... business about the Doobie Brothers..." Someone gasped.

Old rock critics never...

"Hoot, do you realize, are you aware of the joy the Doobie Brothers brought to the hearts of millions? Do you know just how many LP's the Doobs sold in their eight-year career? Have you any inkling?"

"Nope."

"TWO HUNDRED THIRTY MILLION, FOR GODSAKES!!!!" Sighs, weeping, and cheers filled the heavens.

"I've had thieves and thugs, counterfeiters and child-beaters. I've had purse-snatchers, forest fire-setters, Communists, pick-pockets and Democrats. In short, My Kingdom has seen hooligans of every type, shape, size and description. But seldom has one blasphemed the name of Rock 'n Roll, of all that is good and all that is popular. No, no, instead you sing (and you haven't the voice for it)—you sing accolades to Gentle Giant, Genesis and this artsy-fartsy Jackson Browne."

He straightened in his seat, pounded his fists on the desk and barked, "To the worms of Hell with this obnoxious McNabb, and those, those doojiggers perched on his ears as well!!!"

More cheers and sighs. Several large shapes converged on me.

"Any last requests, McNabb?"

"Can't condemn thin air," I sneered.

"What?! What's the point of this?!!!"

"McNabb is the point," I said. "You'll never nab Hooter McNabb—he simply doesn't exist."

"Huh?"

I wrung myself free and skated out of the amphitheater. "A pen-name, Beard-o," I called over my shoulder, "only a pen-name."

Beatles film to begin

Billed as one of the largest and most sophisticated multimedia productions in the world, **The Beatles: Away With Words** begins a three-day Fresno engagement on Friday, Dec. 7, at the Wilson Theater.

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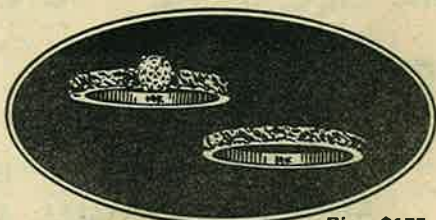
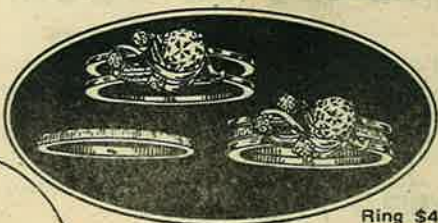
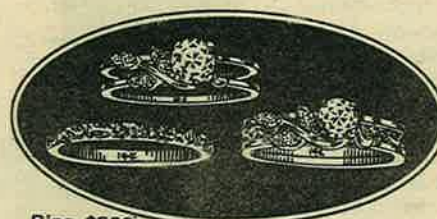
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Old flicks flop at Bijou, b.o. power play planned

By Murray Buchwald

When my editor asked me to do a feature on the Bijou, my eyes lit up with Fitzgeraldian glee. I donned top hat and tails, cape, cane, and pearl-grey spats. I rang up Janet van Huessen, my favorite society chum, selected a magnum of Mumm, ordered a cab, and prepared to revel maliciously at what I assumed to be the West Coast's newest "in" spot.

Maurice, maitre d'hotel at the Ritz, knows me by name, and when Maurice knows you, everyone knows you. So I harbored no fears that I might have to await entrance behind Mayor Wills and Al Radka.

By the time our cab made the obligatory cruise around the park (to run up the meter), and pulled in front of the Bijou, Janet and I were through the bubbly and into the flask she had prophetically brought.

We were dancing on the roof of the cab, passing time so as to be fashionably late. In the midst of a dip my eyes perceived a most horrible sight—the Bijou. A theatre. Not a swank riverside casino-hotel, but a mere theatre. Small enough to be a porno house. I shuddered once. I shuddered twice. Dejavu. I shuddered thrice.

I've been here before, I gasped. To this theatre, this cracker-box coffin of a movie house. It was called the Cedar Cinema then. The ceiling was aligned to the floor in such a manner as to necessitate crawling on one's belly to the seats. The seats themselves were based on a sardonic design by de Sade. Hard wood, tightly packed, with leg room aplenty for a double amputee. The heating was atrocious, the decor was glum, the refreshments were—well, what can you say about hot dogs that laugh?

So it was with grave apprehension that I approached the theatre. They'd changed the name outside, but what of the horrors inside?

We were met at the door by Douglas Wright, owner of the Bijou. No regular ticket seller.

I introduced myself as the star reporter of the Rampage. With a tux, beautiful society dame, champagne breath, and "The Great Gatsby" tucked in my pocket, how could he doubt me? "Welcome to the Bijou," he said with a friendly smile. I checked to see if my wallet was still chained to my coat lining. It was.

"How do you do," said I, with a tip of the hat. "What's the scam?"

"It's like this," says he, delving deep into a psychological oratory at once splendid and mysterious. "Fresno's sole theatre offering the cream of the crop of oldies, silents, talkies, serials. The list reads like the What Was What of Hollywood—when Hollywood was not just great, but GREAT."

"Nothing but old flicks," I retort, the champagne severing my personal delight from my professional skepticism.

"Yeah," they're old, he says, "age-wise, but not aesthetically."

"Ah, those old things can be seen anytime on television."

That struck a nerve. He grabbed my nose and led me into the theatre. I fought him at first, fought him tooth and nail. I clawed and scratched and bit and kicked—I cried and wept and pleaded for mercy. I couldn't bear the tragic memories of my first hapless visit. But hark—I could walk full upright through the door, down the aisle (accompanied only by Wright, for there is no regular usher), to the

seat. As my eyes grew accustomed to the dark, my ears grew accustomed to a strange sound—strange here, indeed, at least once. Laughter. Only this, and nothing more.

I'd half expected to hear the eerie moans of unfortunate patrons hammered into the seats.

I sat, at Wrights kind request. I not only sat, but sank; sank into a wide, plush, comfortable seat. And there! I slouched! In a theatre seat, slouched! There was room enough and more for my seven-inch kneecaps.

Wright directed my attention to the screen. "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" was being shown, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

"I've seen this a hundred times on the late show," I cackled. Suddenly I straightened in my seat. Say, I've never seen those shots before. I've never heard that dialogue—gosh, I've never seen that entire scene before. Nor that one, or that one, or that one. It could be a whole new movie, as far as I can tell.

"Commercials take quite a bite out of these films," states Wright. "You'll never see these movies on the late show—you'll see parts of them, bits of them, but never the whole movie."

Yeah. Janet's off to the lounge for popcorn, returns anon with two small bags. "Ten-cent popcorn," she chirps. "Nickel candy, too. Kinda tiny helpings, but that's what vending machines cough up. Gee, must be 22 years old." (The machines, folks.)

"Twenty-eight," Wright says. "Vintage 1945. Only such machines in town."

He's prepared to go into the history of the machines, but the movie is ending, so he abruptly takes his leave and rushes off to change the reels. No regular projectionist.

Meanwhile I survey the decor. Intimate lighting. Wood paneling. Carpeting. Really rather a private viewing room for 140 personal friends; hardcore movie buffs.

Wright returns. He takes note of the small house. "We're dying," he says. "I thought the

town was ready for nostalgia, the old films, but I was wrong."

"Well," I mutter, "I hate nostalgia myself; too young for it. But," I hasten to add, "I love good movies."

These are good. "The Iron Mask" and "Wizard of Oz," with promises of "Orphans of the Storm." "Little Caesar" and "Frankenstein," a host of Marx Brothers and Fields. Can Bogey be far behind? Where's "The Petrified Forest"?

"I started operation seven nights a week. Now it's five. It's like the song in "Music man," you gotta know the territory. I didn't know the territory. But I'm getting out of the old flicks soon, at least for the most part. After the next Marx Brothers menu the theatre's going contemporary."

"Smut?"

"No," he says, "not that contemporary. Recent releases with a strong appeal. Some avant garde, some foreign. Maybe I'll feature certain directors, Fellini, Bergman, Hitchcock, Peckinpah. Works of their youth, their maturity. Show films most other commercial theatres won't show."

"Are you doing this just to make a buck?" I ask, searing, impertinent.

"If I had a full house every night," he says directly, "I might break even."

There are four people watching the movie tonight, including me and Janet and Wright. You have to love something pretty much under those circumstances.

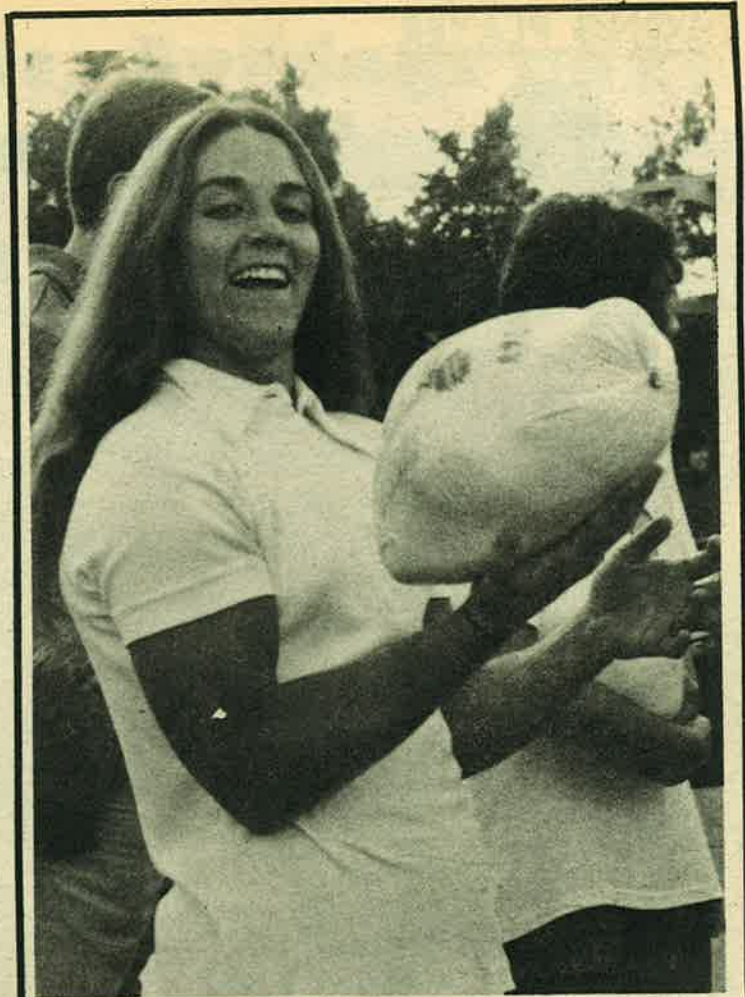
The second movie ends. Wright invites us to stay for beer and pigsfeet. We decline, Janet for religious reasons, I because the taxi meter is running.

"We'll be back next week," says I. "Groucho used to have designs on my granma. I'd kinda like to see his old puss again."

Wright sees us out the door, bids us goodnight. Janet pauses before the billboard in front. A picture of W. C. Fields is covered by a card reading LAST SHOWING.

"Gee," says she, "that's too bad."

Yeah.



Koop brings home the bird

Kathy Koop gleefully displays her prize as fastest female in last week's turkey trot. For details see Page 7.

Long live the Who

(From Page 3)

perfectly controlled, never grating. His style and phrasing on this album are classic, and his vocal performance on the finale, "Love Reign O'er Me," is particularly breathtaking.

So leave it to would be theater critics to count thematic flaws and discuss the possibility of a stage adaptation. Music is the paramount consideration on any album, and affluence and a multiple-record set are no excuse for second-rate material. Even the most ingenious concept wears thin after 10 listenings unless there is quality music there to back it up.

Fortunately, in *Quadrophenia* The Who have created one of the few really solid two-record sets on the market today. *Quadro-*

phenia is an album with stands up well when taken merely as a collection of songs, and that's where it counts. A concept loses impact through the course of 15 songs, but the songs themselves survive.

Pete Townsend realizes this, for he includes "The Punk Meets the Godfather," an excellent song which capsulizes the entire *Quadrophenia* concept into a neat, 4-minute package:

*I have to be careful not to preach,
I can't pretend that I can teach,
And yet I've lived your future out
By pounding stages like a clown.
And on the dance floor broken glass,
The bloody faces slowly pass,
The numbered seats in empty rows,
It all belongs to me you know.*

Long live the Who.



Enjoying old flicks and popcorn at the Bijou.

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