







# CALIFORNIA COLLEGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



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NINETEEN SIXTY-FIVE      NINETEEN SIXTY-SIX

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*Cover:* Gerald Gooch, "THE TRIP"





































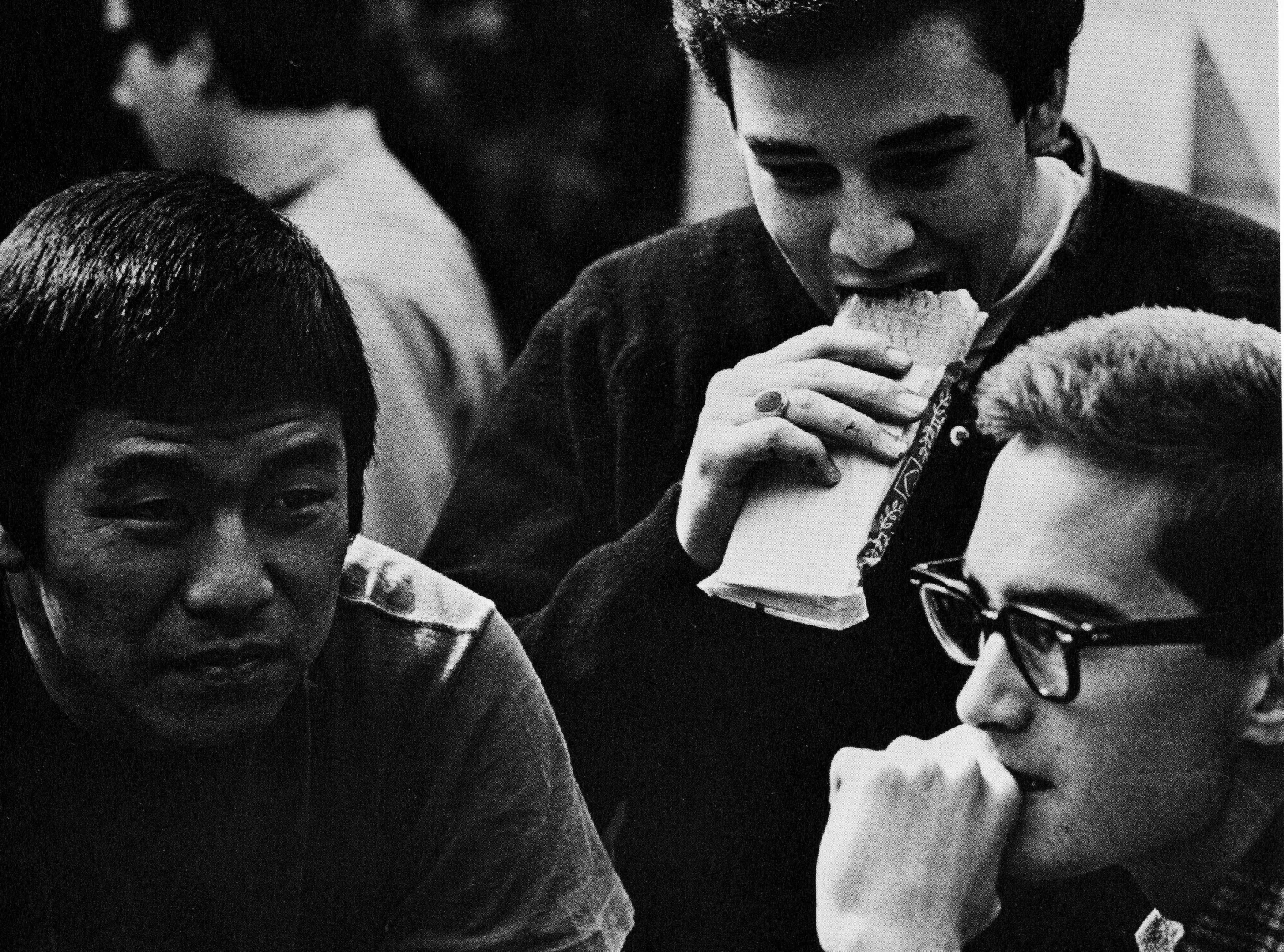
















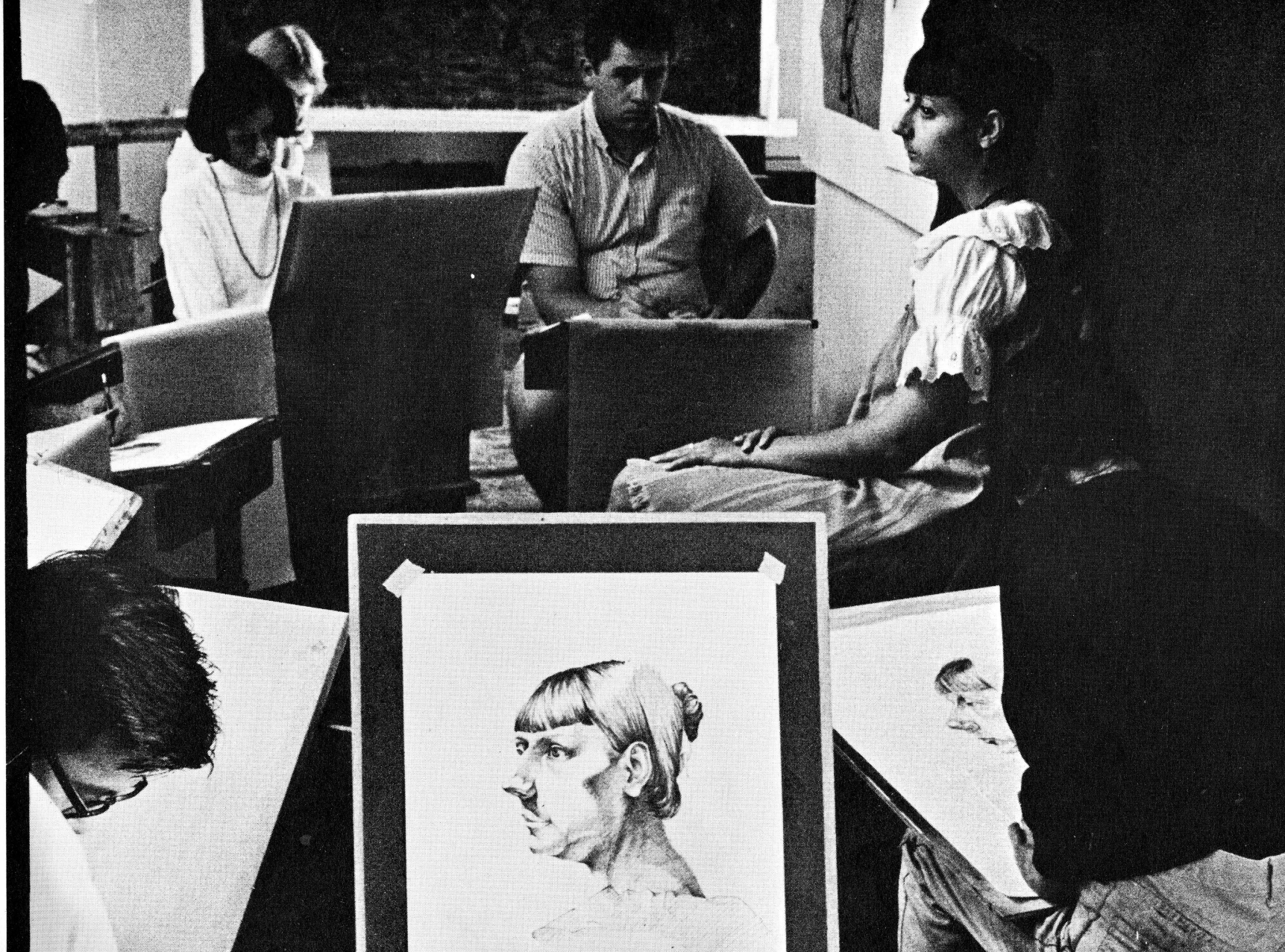






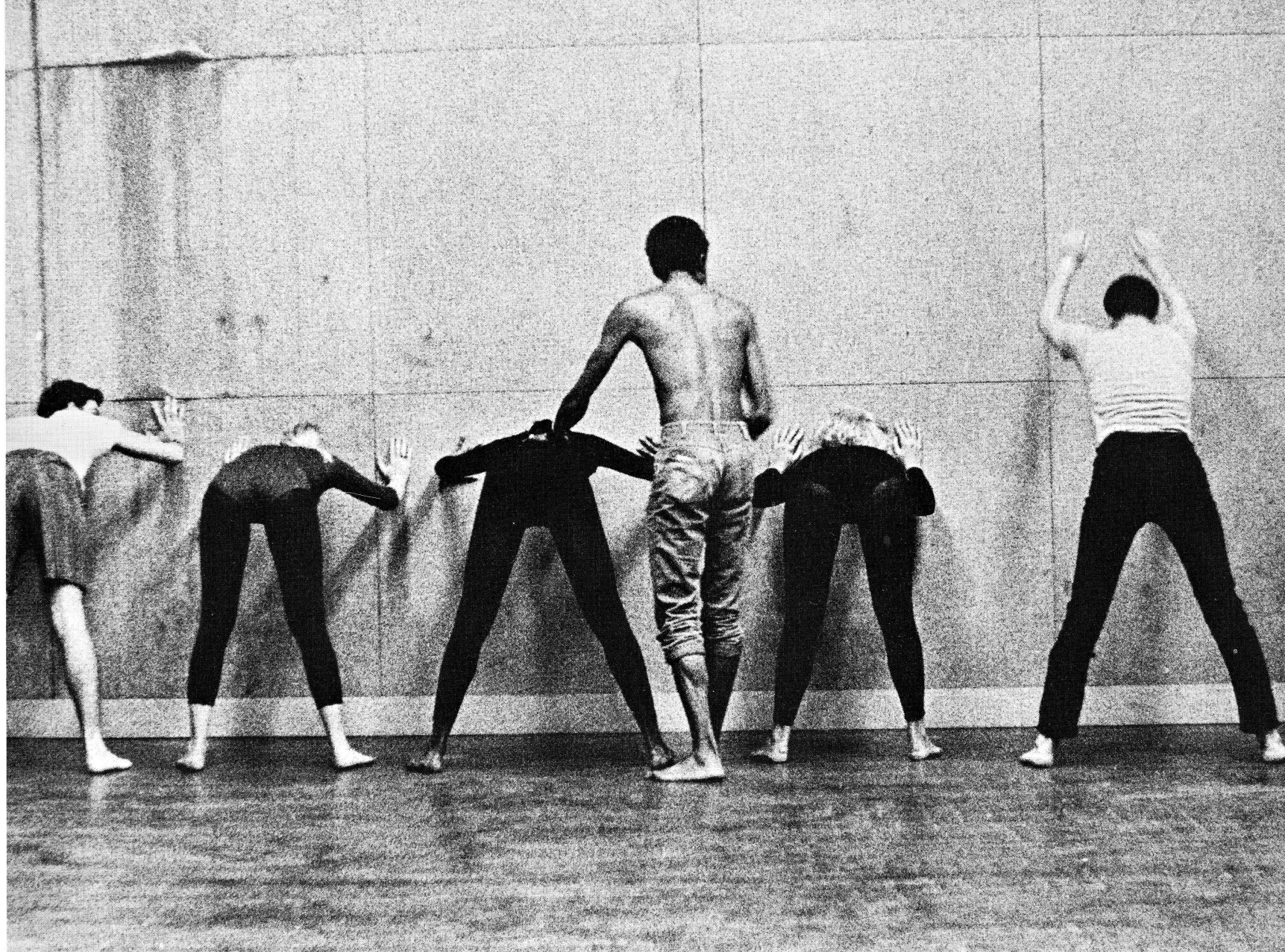














# Student Literary Expression



Flying quietly, slicing ghost lit moon clouds, the great white bird slowly drops her  
smoothest softest silentest feather as  
I twirl moon shadows down the beach to fall in  
wet wanting waiting hands whispering loveandloveandlove  
while slippery sliding skidding creatures race white moon water rivulets 'til  
the next slamming wave smooths the streaming sands like some slender hands  
that close and fold and hold my deep opening lunges to his own  
forcing freeing fierce seeking.  
Ghost clouds turn and boil wispy streams that darken me, the sea, and sharpen  
rocks and docks and locks of my own free flowing final golden strands.  
As bouyant beams brave waves and the silky silent bird tilts to race her fast

fleeing  
flaming

ebony etched image across your gentle  
gentler  
gentlest shaded hands weaving strands  
of gold and blue, and white on sparkling sand  
I lie in velvet vibrant watchfulness as you merging merged finally merge.  
Silent Sighing Searching breezes skid foam fantasies fast past our feet  
and I wounded, wanton, wildly weep— OF THINE I SHALL BE if you  
true truly truest

solely

freely

become

surely

fiercely

mine.

—Bekah Wilcher



smiles of a summer night  
is, Ingmar  
you old bitch  
I'll scratch your eyes out  
salt salted  
bird tails  
chased by children of yore  
where has flown yore  
lost birds and all  
words  
what are words  
A way to get around living  
of saying the truth is

THE TRUTH IS . . .

Deny burning passions, man  
deny the hots for bodies  
one body, one mind, one flesh  
Live without passions  
passions only burn—  
out the mind too soon  
for life  
If you must  
Deny truth  
at all costs  
Truth and passions  
are the same,  
you old bitch.

—Janet Sue Hutchins



Through the branches of the laurel  
I saw two naked doves.  
The one was the other  
And both were no one.

The one was gold water  
The other blue gold.

The one was shimmering darkness  
The other cold sun.

The one was green music  
The other bright death.

The one was a nude angel  
The other golden hell.

The one had no feathers  
The other had fur.

The one had frozen eyes  
The other warm breasts.

The one was the other  
And both were gone.

(based on a poem by  
Garcia Lorca—Chris Walz)



## CALIFORNIA'S TOMBSTONE

In a high valley, dressed in living snow  
I saw the monument of a dying state.  
A nightmare of the ruin of a kingdom of gold  
Obsessed me and I prayed that it was not too late  
For waves of love to stay the gauntlet hand  
Of old Siva, the destroyer, the potentate  
Who rumbles proclamations to the mountains,  
Promises to granite that there will be a change.

My concern with time was out of place. This rock,  
A frozen river; those who watch the stream  
Take a thousand of man's lives and deaths to blink their eyes.  
As spirit, feeling useless snipping strings of fate;  
I found comfort in the dull patience of the stone,  
Giggling at its headdress of bright colored lichen,  
Living paintstrokes, jewels, forming a mandala  
Of the meadow spirits, reflecting joy's design  
To the mountain, to its former home and father.  
With the freedom of the wind, with a ticket  
To the night train of Maitreya, future lord;

I rested with a glimpse of peace not founded yet.  
(or is He born, uniter, melter of the sword?)  
My cataclysmic dream of California lost  
In ocean fire is a condensation of the real;  
For men, though gods, forget themselves and cannot feel  
Nature's pain as caterpillar tractor claws emboss  
Green breasts of earth and fill the wounds with tar.

—Robert Oliver



## Representation: Student-Faculty Portfolio

















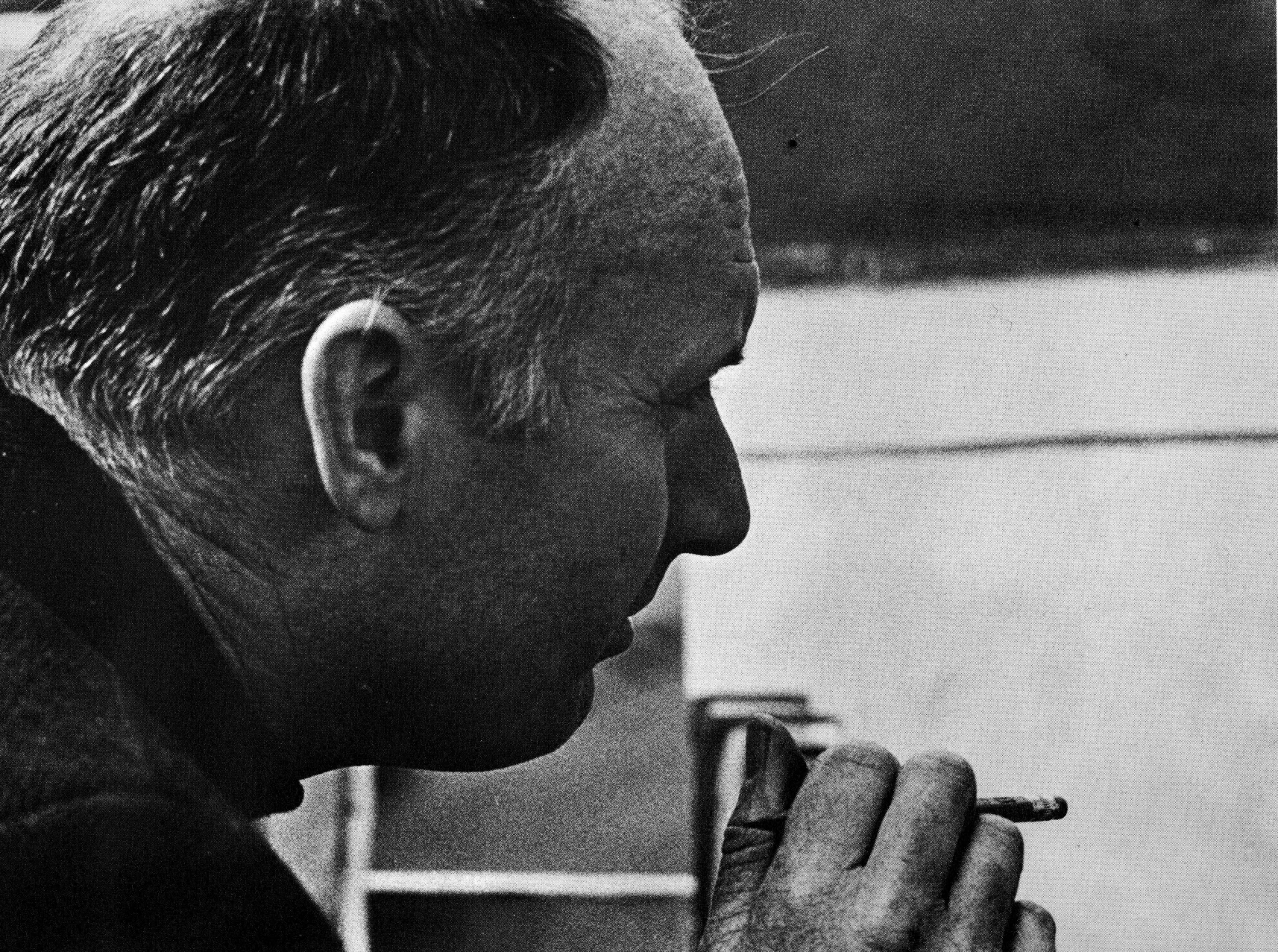
















VIOLENT

THICK

RAINBOW

STAR

WINGED

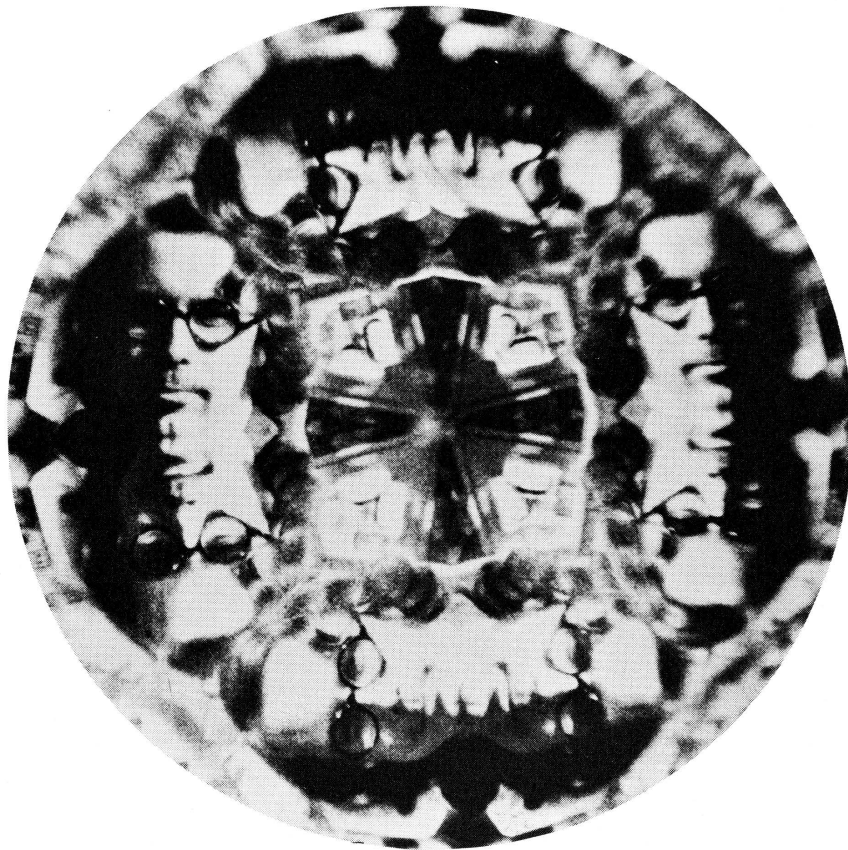






















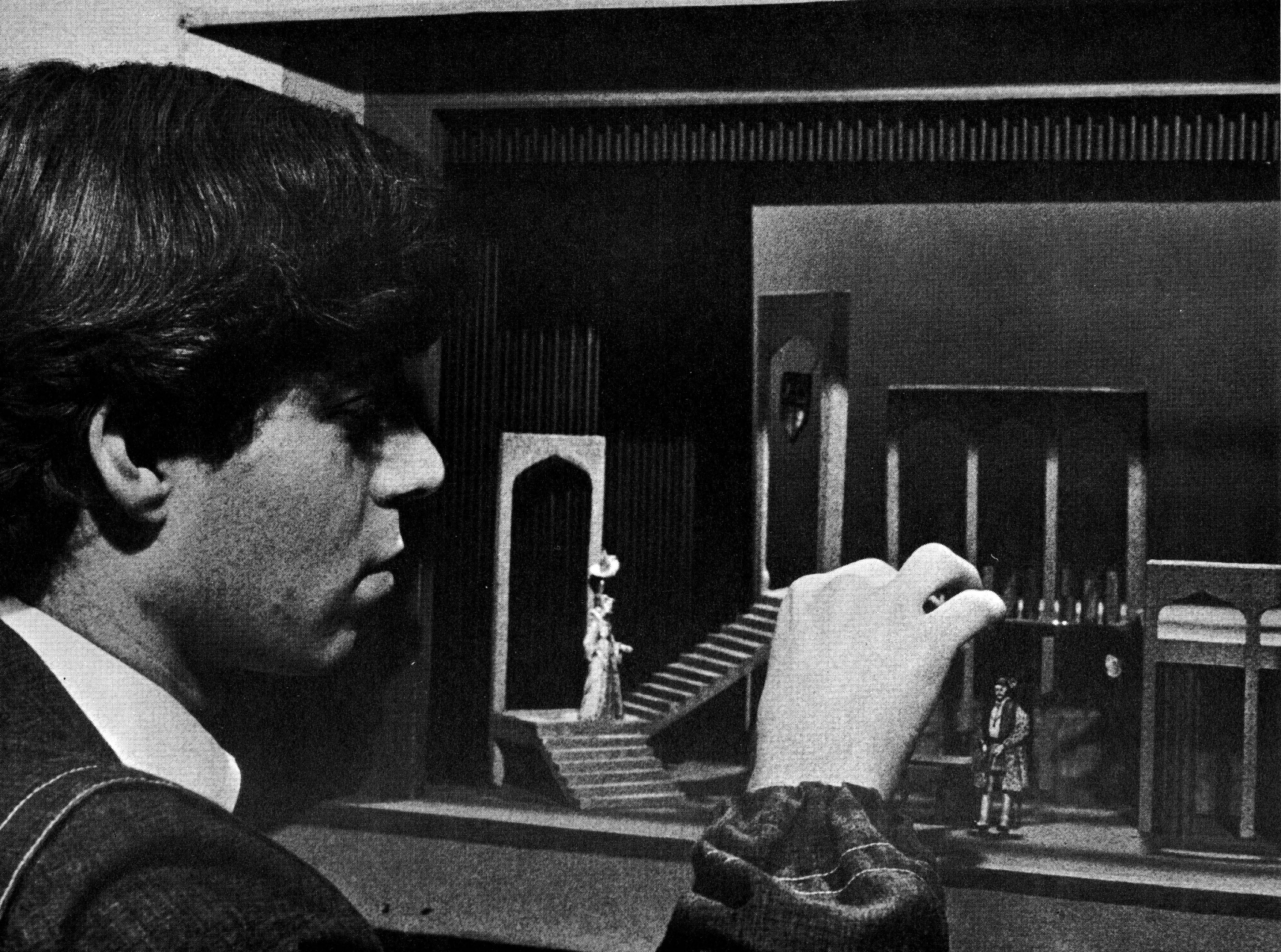


WHEN BLACK BOOTS MEET VAPOR CRACKING  
TO CASE CRACKING CRACKING CRACK  
A CRACKING CRACKING CRACK LIES THROUGH  
TOE FROM BLIND CASE CASE CRACK CRACK  
SWEET DUST  
OF GUN AND WHITE MEAT

**GRAH!**



























## Faculty Literary Expression



## THE POWER, THE SUBTLETY, THE PRECISION

. . . Art college students, simply in enrolling, have made an unusual commitment: they have committed themselves to study the works of art of other men, to develop skills of artistic expression in themselves, and to pursue the values which are implicit in these activities. Consequently, most students either know upon arrival at CCAC, or swiftly discover in their English classes, that literature is also art. They discover, for example, that a poem can sometimes speak to them with the power, the subtlety, and the precision of a painting or a print, and that the poem contains its own peculiar excellence besides. Some students further discover that writing, like drawing and painting, can be an exciting and satisfying form of artistic expression. Finally, most students seem to sense swiftly the interpenetration of the humanities and all the other arts, and to understand that their own development as artists will depend substantially on their development as genuinely literate men and women . . .

—Malcolm Wood

*Adapted from a passage on English instruction at CCAC in the faculty report to the Committee on Accreditation, California State Board of Education, 1965.*



Listen to the stillness of the soft air  
within your ear; listen to that.  
Just as all pure color spinning is white,  
all noise makes silence as it rushes  
thru the key hole to spinn within  
your brain. Listen.  
No past sound this, crying  
to be heard, no carrier  
of dead sound past;  
all the life of now  
transcending now  
growing now. Listen

to that blood substance being  
wretched from the leaf.  
The slick dark or fuzzy  
or that most ethereal light  
skinned leaf, all drawn  
away from themselves.  
O assiduous sun  
for you they strain  
their legs in mating  
with the soil who yields  
such fragrant moisture  
at the constant pulling.

O, but listen to all the green  
that in the redness of night,  
cut thru by such a sweet  
full circle, now turns  
to be within itself, its whole  
being laid naked on the air,  
and sighs. The legs now move  
and shift their weight and send  
a shimmer of light fingers up  
to kiss that soft and tender  
place where being  
meets the sky.

Your encasing flesh, a leaf, pinched  
to the arm of a tree, feet: toes  
the night red oozing between,  
reaching. No time, bridge, need;  
green into red  
gathered, perfumed moist blue  
seeping, uncurling dark green  
fingers probing, cadmium  
moon settling within  
that soft moist place, orange  
warming damp tips.  
Be there ears and all!

—Ronald Dahl  
1965



There was a pop artist named Bloom  
Who felt he believed in man's doom.  
He spent every day  
Not knowing which way  
To do what and with which and to whom!

But he wanted to make a fast buck  
And hating to leave it to luck,  
He found it quite easy  
By not being queasy  
To rake in the buck painting muck.

When someone asked, "Please sir, what is it?"  
He said "Man, can't you see it's exquisite?  
Cat, if you're not hip  
Lemme give you a tip  
You'll never, not ever, get with it."

Our talents are mainly promoting  
And controlling the quoting and voting  
Of who's in "The Group"  
Or who's in the soup  
Our methods are really worth noting.

"Our language is most esoteric  
You might even call it generic.  
It's vague and unfettered.  
It's even unlettered.  
It belongs to our own little cleric.

"Our group is especially exclusive.  
Our aims are expressly elusive.  
Our priesthood succeeds  
In sowing the seeds  
Of a ritual highly seclusive.

"You can't be a card-bearing member  
Unless you make sure to remember  
That thinking is "sin"  
To be dirty is "in"  
To create or compose, just dismember.

"By dismember we mean simply swipe  
A flag here, a can there, or a pipe.  
It's all quite artistic  
And new realistic  
And Man, status seekers are ripe."

Now all this was told me by Bloom  
Worrying frantically up in his room  
Which turn next to take  
To remain on the make  
Doing what and with which and to whom!

—Harry Krell



## SALVATION AT VESUVIO'S

This was no event. The door  
Swung as smoothly when we  
Certified the atmosphere,  
Found our table, assumed the manner  
Best disposed.  
When she came, her hymnal black  
Claimed little, yet their smiles  
Yipped to her heels, evil imps  
Of un-celebration at her progress.  
Unmoved by the agnostic's  
Philosophic brows, her eyes,  
Warm as her lost motherhood,  
Construed myopic redemption  
At our table. Red-checked breasts  
Of lewd women foamed under my hand  
While you casually poured beer  
From an empty bottle.

Was the quarter  
I gave a claim on heaven?  
Was your irritation a promise  
Of hell? She, no doubt,  
Collects her smiles and quarters  
While the imps remain to plague us.

—R. L. Harper































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# INDEX

1. CCAC—a high view
2. student council impromptu
3. morning break
4. Poet Allen Ginsberg, guest lecturer
5. weaving student
6. student
7. Geoff on the roof
8. Borge critique
9. "It's the Water"
10. student reflecting
11. Suzuki critique
12. Bechtle's lithography class
13. Stan Washburn, *Ferret* Editor
14. out to lunch
15. Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, guest lecturer
16. Dean of Men, Louis Miljarak
17. Dean of Women, Carol Purdie
18. oil painting class
19. head and figure drawing class
20. Dr. Sterling Bunnell, Jr., guest lecturer
21. primitive dance class
- \* \*
28. President of the College, Harry X. Ford
29. Ted Ball, weaving
30. William Yokoyama, graphics
31. Gerald Hoepfner, oil painting
32. Mike Moss, sculpture
33. Byron J. MacDonald, lettering instructor
34. Ralph Borge, drawing and painting instructor
35. Stan Taft, painting
36. Michael McClure, humanities instructor
37. Robert Taylor, primitive dance instructor
38. Wolfgang Lederer,  
Chairman, Design Department
39. Bruce Conner, guest instructor
40. Don Rich, sculpture
41. Tedra Adsit, painting
42. Ted Lindberg, curator of exhibits
43. Ken Rignall, sculpture
44. Alan Falconer, interior and stage design
45. Michael Gordon, ceramics
46. Marva Cramer, graphics
47. Don 'Big Daddy' Kelly, jewelry
48. Ronald Sumner, watercolor
49. Gerald Gooch, graphics
- \* \*
55. Treadwell Hall, administration building
56. The Fiesta Foods Happening
57. Actor Russ Tamblyn, campus visitor
58. session
59. Robbie and her friend
60. Ty on location
61. primitive dance class students
62. The Wildflower
63. Suzanne
64. 'Corky', ceramics instructor
65. hassle
66. Michael McClure and Bob Dylan
67. Jeannine
68. Professor Eric Stearne, an advocation
69. the other side
70. registration line-up
71. novelist-fugitive Ken Kesey, guest lecturer
72. Martin Streich's jewelry critique
73. Tony on drums
74. jewelry student
75. class break
76. drawing class
77. Bob and Sue discover science
78. Viola Frey, guest instructor
79. Delta Phi Delta student directory sale
80. children on tour
81. the party's over

## TECHNICAL DATA

DALE SMITH, JR.

<i>Cameras</i>	Pentax Spotmatic and Pratikaflex SLR.
<i>Lenses</i>	50mm and 135mm Takumar with 2X and 3X telex-tenders.
<i>Film</i>	35mm Kodak Tri-X Pan rated ASA 800 and developed 4 minutes in Acufine.
<i>Paper</i>	Agfa Brovira No. 6, glossy finish.
<i>Developer</i>	Kodak Dektol diluted 2:1.
<i>Enlarger</i>	Lietz Valloy II.

LARRY KEENAN, JR.

<i>Cameras</i>	Pentax H2 SLR and Regula IIIC rangefinder.
<i>Lenses</i>	55mm and 300mm Takumar with 2X and 3X telex-tenders used with Pentax. 28mm, 50mm, and 135mm lenses used with Regula. Teleidoscope adapted to 55mm Takumar lens.
<i>Film</i>	35mm Kodak Tri-X Pan rated ASA 800 and developed 6 minutes in Acufine.
<i>Paper</i>	Agfa Brovira No. 6, glossy finish; DuPont Varigam R, using No. 8 filter in some instances.
<i>Developer</i>	Kodak Dektol diluted 2:1.
<i>Enlarger</i>	Converted Argus "500" slide projector.
<i>Light meter</i>	Sekonic.

All photographs in this book were taken using available light only; no camera lens filters were used.



This book is printed on Basis 80 white Hamilton Starwhite Text, vellum finish; the colored sections are printed on Basis 70 olive Verona Vellum. The text is 10 point Optima and the display type is 24 point Optima.

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