Ocean That Separates Us by artist Medley McClary, one of two Petaluma artists whose collections are on display at Emeritus Kentfield from July 3 through September 26. Reception Wednesday, July 24, 5:30 to 7:30 PM. See articles, Page 5.

Production of this Newsletter is supported by the Joan Hopper Trust.
EARLY MAY MEETING
OF ESCOM COUNCIL

In a change from its customary third Thursday meeting date the Council met on May 2nd at the Kentfield Campus Emeritus Center. As a follow up to the April 28 Workshop the members were asked to state their intentions concerning continuing service on the Council and participation in the various ESCOM-sponsored activities. The very positive responses allowed Paul Tandler, Chairman of the Nominations and Elections Committee, to finalize the ballot to be mailed to the membership with the upcoming June ESCOM Newsletter.

Under Old Business the Council engaged in a thorough discussion concerning the disposition of funds left to the College of Marin by the Thomas Frederic Humiston Trust, established in 1985 for the purpose of providing a library of books of interest to the older students of the Emeritus College. The members agreed unanimously that one half of the funds should be dedicated to the purchase of books, shelving, display cases, etc. for the Kentfield Campus Emeritus Center, and the balance to be an offer to the College Administration to fund enrollment in the Marin Net Library System.

Co-President Marian Mermel encouraged additional members to represent ESCOM on the College Council, and Marlene Knox and Eric Sitzenstatter agreed to attend future meetings.

Treasurer Art Ravicz presented several Purchase Orders for the approval of the Council, promptly given. He declared the accounts to be in order and in compliance with C.O.M. Policies.

Don Polhemus, Editor of the ESCOM Newsletter, announced that future editions of the Newsletter will include a Letters to the Editor column. A limit of 150 words will be suggested. He introduced Paul Gruner, also attending this meeting, as the artist whose sketches illustrate the Newsletter, and as the creator of puzzles, also seen from time to time. Last year’s August Literary Issue received high praise and will be repeated this year.

A report sent by Karen Hemmeter, who coordinates the Office Volunteers, indicated positive responses to the recent membership drive, as an increase of 18 new members can be attributed to classroom visits by Council members. Paul Tandler, who organized this drive, reported that the visits are still in process and that the results thus far are encouraging. Karen also noted that Georgann Pardee, a former Council member, Chair of the Financial Grants Committee, and desk volunteer for the past 13 years, has resigned her position. The Council lauded her loyal services and sent a message of thanks and good wishes.

Dick Park, Chairman of the Curriculum Committee, advised that the committee had recently interviewed prospective instructors for three courses: “Pacific War History”, “Introduction to the Chinese Language”, and “Musical Snapshots”. The Committee is scheduled to meet on June 19th.

The next regular meeting of the Council will be on Thursday, June 20, 2013, 10 AM at the Indian Valley Campus Emeritus Center.

Reported by Paul Tandler

COM IN THE NEWS

Student Scholarship Awards
-- College of Marin held its annual Scholarship Awards Ceremony recently at the Kentfield Campus. Out of 143 scholarship award applicants, 78 received awards totaling $44,470; average award amount was approximately $500. The largest award was $2,300 received by an art student from the Louis W. Dessauer Scholarship fund. Awards were presented by College of Marin President Dr. David Wain Coon and Trustee Diana Conti. Student Keynote Speaker was Nicholas Tyler Warner, President of the COM Chapter of the Alpha Gamma Sigma Honor Society and also a recipient of this year’s John W. Mackey Scholarship. Mr. Mackey, a past director of the College of Marin Foundation, endowed his scholarship to encourage students to continue their studies at a baccalaureate university. College of Marin is very grateful to the many donors who have established
named and endowed scholarships at the College of Marin Foundation over the years. Their generosity has allowed College of Marin to support the academic success of deserving and talented students from diverse backgrounds.

**Site Preparation for New Academic Center** -- Demolition of outdated buildings began on June 3, 2013, on the Kentfield campus. Outdated buildings being demolished include the Administrative Center, Olney Hall, Business and Management Center and Harlan Center. The new Academic Center will house, among others, Business, English, Computer Information and ESL. The innovative 43,000 sq. ft. building has been designed by the award-winning firms of Mark Cavagnero Associates and TLCD Architecture. Building completion is scheduled for mid-2015. An informational video about the project is available online at www.marin.edu/MeasureC/PhotoGallery/NAC.htm.

**Student Loan Interest Rates** -- Representative Jared Huffman visited College of Marin recently to rally support for legislation that would prevent a doubling of student loan interest rates as of July 1, 2013. Attending the meeting were Marin County educators, non-profit executives serving the student population, parents and students of COM. As of July 1, 2013, if Congress fails to act, 7.4 million students with federal Stafford loans will see their subsidized loan rate rise from 3.4 percent to 6.8 per cent. In 2011 House Democrats set the interest rate at 3.4 percent. Last year, Republicans agreed to extend the 3.4 percent rate through the 2012-13 academic year. Total student debt in the United States recently surpassed $1.1 trillion dollars. At College of Marin, 50% of students receive financial aid and 800 receive Stafford Loans. As student fees rise, requests for financial aid increase; and subsequently, college enrollment decreases. Statistics show that a college graduate can't get rid of a six-figure debt obligation even if an occupation pays fairly well, resulting in preventing people in a lower-income bracket from entering into the middle class range.

**Commencement Highlights** -- While delivering the keynote address on May 24, 2013, at the 86th Annual College of Marin commencement in Kentfield, Lt. Gov. Gavin Newsom related his struggles throughout his academic years due to dyslexia. Newsom graduated from Redwood High School in 1985. This year approximately 430 College of Marin students received degrees and certificates, a 34 percent increase over last year's graduating class of 321. The youngest graduate this year was 17 years old and the oldest was 73. Many COM graduates are transferring to four-year colleges and universities.

Submitted by: Alicia Warcholski

**ESCOM COUNCIL SLATE Elected**

The votes are in – and a full Council will serve ESCOM in the coming year.

**Dick Park** has been joined as Co-President by recently appointed **Eric Sitzenstatter**, who has “hit the ground running” since his appointment.

**Marlene Knox** will assume the duties of Vice President, replacing **Beverly Munyon**, who prefers to serve as a member of the Council and to continue as Chair of the Financial Grants Committee. She was thus elected to a full two-year term.

Also reelected to two-year terms were veteran Council members **Len Pullan** and **Bill Raffanti**. Elected to full two-year terms were recently appointed members **Sarah Greenberg** and **Rosalie Wallace**.

Treasurer **Art Ravicz** and Council members **Jim and Gini Moore**, **Marje Park**, **Donna Posard** and **Paul and Iris Tandler** have one year left in their present terms of office and will remain on the Council.

**Cole Posard** has resigned from the Council and receives great thanks for his service as Chair of the Marketing Committee, as well as a fine contributor to many ESCOM functions. He will continue to chair the Moral-Ethical & Legal Issues Roundtable, which is one of the clubs with largest attendance under his leadership.

**Paul Tandler, Chairman, Nominations and Elections**

**LETTERS TO EDITOR ENCOURAGED**

Responding to a number of requests, we will be introducing a "Letters to the Editor" section in September. Readers are encouraged to make their opinions known. We ask only that subject matter pertain to Emeritus College or Newsletter articles and not exceed 125 words in length. Let's hear from you!
Following events will be held in Bldg 10, 140AS

**Organic Farm Bridge to Indigenous People Via Ethno Botanical Garden.** Since the inception of the COM/IVC Organic Farm, the three founding partners, COM, University of California Extension, and the Conservation Corps North Bay have had a vision of developing an ethno botanical garden beyond the olive tree grove. The Farm is located on sacred land that was inhabited by the Federated Tribes of the Graton Rancheria, but COM, UCCE, and CCNB did not have first-hand knowledge and expertise to carry out this vision. Last month the Cultural Conservancy became a fourth partner when CC representatives blessed the land and brought seeds of hope via actual seeds of white corn and Bear beans from the Seneca Nation. These seeds are the beginning of the ethno botanical garden. In September indigenous youth will assist at the Fall Plant Sale and the harvested corn and beans will be a symbol of the newest partner that will help create the Indian Valley Ethno Botanical Garden.

**Digital Camera Club**

7/1 Photo outing
7/15 Club Meeting 1-3 PM
8/5 Photo outing
8/19 Club meeting 1-3 PM
Plans are being made to dedicate display space at ESCOM/IVC for prints of photos taken by Club members. Look for them in September.

**IVC Book Forum**

7/22 *The Private Lives of the Impressionists*, Sue Roe (Selection timed to coincide with Impressionists on Water Exhibit at the Legion of Honor.)
8/26 *Showdown at the Hoedown*, Steve Minkin

**Global Issues Club.** After seeing the 1983 film *El Norte*, Global Issues members learned that on April 18 a Guatemalan judge attempted to annul the proceedings carried out to date, charging Rios Montt and General José Mauricio Rodríguez Sanchez with genocide and violation of human rights. Edgar Perez, lawyer for the victims said, "Victims have waited 30 years for justice."

7/19 Friday, 2 PM. *A Tattoo on My Heart-The Siege of Wounded Knee 1973.* This gripping story is the culmination of an awakening that had begun with the formation of the American Indian Movement, the takeover of Alcatraz Island, and the occupation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs headquarters in Washington D.C.

8/16 Friday, 2 PM. *Memory of A Forgotten War.*

**Great Books.** Having just read *A Tale of Two Cities*, our group was intrigued by the opportunity to study first hand an artifact of the period, namely, a silver soup tureen made weeks before the French Revolution began, and with the family crest decorating the side.

**July: Lady Chatterley's Lover.**

**Film Noir Theater Club**

8/10 *Bad for Each Other ’53.* Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott, Dianne Foster. Director: Irving Rapper.
8/27 Special FILM NOIR CLASSIC 5th Saturday bonus: Will be announced--Aug. 27!!!

**Humanities Club.** The Humanities Club continues through August 17 with the new series *Origins of Great Ancient Civilizations.* A concise history of the Near East from 3500 BC to 486 BC presents the main achievements and contributions of these early civilizations from Sumer to Achaemenid Persia.

**Bocce Ball Club.** Every Tuesday at 9 AM the charter members of the Bocce Club gather at Albert Park, San Rafael, for a warm-up session before the starting bell at 9:30. *Ruth King,* former ESCOM President and long-time leader of the Adventures Club, helps as coordinator.

**Philosophy Club.** In our quest for the illusive, often baffling, MEANING OF LIFE, we Philosophers find that despite the diversity and complexity of prescriptive for the meaningful life, our concerns seem always with our relationship to the Universe, to our fellow planet-dwellers and to our-
selves, always with the understanding of our inevitable mortality. We have explored many philosophies, but ultimately each person must choose the one he/she finds most satisfying.

**ARTIST MEDLEY MCCLARY**

As a child, Medley McClary, daughter of a diplomat, lived everywhere, mostly in Asia. This early exposure to the "other" has enriched her perception and shaped her creativity. She feels, with Mark Chagall, "Art must be an expression of love, or it is nothing." McClary has always produced art, but she entered college to study art formally, where she finally realized her dream, and also met Larry, her future husband. She creates in many mediums: acrylic landscapes on canvas (see the cover of this Newsletter), commissioned portraits in pencil, as well as designing and making leather clothing and exquisite jewelry. Whether considered craft or fine art is immaterial, as long as beauty is the net result. She has always admired the American realists John Singer Sargent and Winslow Homer, who continue to inspire her. For a time her focus was figurative sculpture. With a little luck we hope to exhibit one of McClary's bronze nudes--quite stunning!

But one day at the studio she made a pencil drawing of her daughter's playmate, and voila!--she discovered the passion that still moves her today. For years her portraits have been featured at the Petaluma Gallery One, Apple Box, Copperfield's and other locations. What makes her portraits so expressive and alive? McClary answers, "When I draw a portrait, I look for that particular look or gesture that will give me a glimpse into the subject's personality and which expresses her unique beauty and grace." Her subjects confirm this: "You have a great eye for capturing the unique beauty of people." She spends time with them, studying how they move, alert to nuances, their fleeting expressions. Medley's passion is still with her.

**BOOKWORM PUZZLE**

A bookworm eats his way from the first page of Volume 1 directly to the last page of Volume 2. If each cover is 1/4 inch thick and the pages of each book occupy two inches, how far did the bookworm travel? (Answer on Page 9.)

**ARTIST MURIEL SUTCHER KNAPP**

Muriel showed her artistic talent as a child, and her mother saw to it that she received art classes at the Art Institute in Chicago. After high school graduation she attended the University of Illinois at Champaign Urbana receiving a BFA degree in Industrial Design. The Commercial Art world was not friendly to women, and so Muriel became an elementary school teacher and taught school in Chicago and San Francisco for 21 years. Art became a sometime activity till she retired and devoted herself to art full time. She painted still lives and portraits in oils and acrylcs. In recent years she became interested in textiles, adding silk painting and felt-making to her artistic endeavors. Presently she has focused her energy on combining fabric, paint and objects into her still life paintings and portraits. Silk, cotton, felt and other textiles add depth and texture to her canvases. Her work has been shown in San Francisco, Marin, Minneapolis MN, Healdsburg, Petaluma Art Center, Sebastopol Art Center, the Pelican Gallery and the Riverside Art Gallery in Petaluma. Muriel is a founding member of the Petaluma Arts Council and a member of Sebastopol Center of the Arts. She is also a member of the Petaluma Arts Association where she was chairperson of the program committee for 7 years.

**MARK YOUR CALENDARS**

**COMMUNITY ED PREVIEW DAYS**

**Indian Valley Campus**
Saturday, August 10, 10:30 AM to 12 noon
Community Educ., Bldg. 7 (NOT Emeritus Center)

**Kentfield Campus**
Saturday, August 17, 9:30 AM to 12 noon
Cafeteria, Student Services Bldg.
- Find out about our new Gold Card Advantage Program
- Meet Community Ed instructors
- Explore new Community Ed classes
- Learn about Emeritus College
- Discover ESCOM clubs

Free Event * Free Parking * Snacks
This event is co-sponsored by COM Community Education and Emeritus Students College of Marin (ESCOM).
WHY I JOINED THE NAVY
(Continued from June Issue)

It was January 1949 at Great Lakes, Illinois. I was one of sixty Navy women recruits. I was told when to get up, when to go to sleep, how to make my bed, how to work. I marched, learned to swim, shoveled snow, ran big buffers over the already highly polished floors. I cleaned. I shined. I was ordered to salute officers, Chiefs and when in doubt, anyone who outranked me. I tried to avoid demerits by doing everything they expected. I failed and was "written up" for chewing gum on the quarterdeck, which earned me extra night watch duty. I hated night watch, going through the barracks with a flash light to make sure all was well with the sleeping women whose sudden groans, snores and grunts scared me. I had no idea what I was supposed to do if I did find something amiss.

The white glove barracks inspections were a hell of anxious anticipation. Would the officer see the one blanket not lined up exactly with the springs? Would they find the candy bars hidden underneath the drawer? One bad inspection meant none of us could go on liberty. We did pass and six of us hired a driver to take us into Chicago. We walked through the stores, gawked at the high buildings, ate junk food and drank way too much. We had our last drink at the Blue Note nightclub where young Mel Torme autographed our group picture. Our driver took us back before our midnight deadline.

I found three ways of doing things: the right way, the wrong way, and yes - the Navy Way. I'll never forget the soft accented officer from Alabama who taught us about bulkheads, overheads, ladders, port, starboard and water-tight integrity. I liked our recruit trainer, even when she yelled, "Think, Ar-buckle." I loved it. I loved the structure, the people -- everything.

I cried when this first ten-week phase was over but was ready to move on to my new station in San Diego and a new life. The evening our train pulled into the Mission-style station the star dotted sky was Evening in Paris Blue and the March breezes warm.

A Navy shuttle took us to the main gate of the Training Center. When I walked down the jasmine scented path to the barracks I knew this was meant to be.

I soon learned "the ropes". Storekeeper's school was a snap. Most of my classmates were 18 year olds intent on becoming real men by visiting Tijuana every chance they got. I wasn't much better. I used a fake liberty card to slip out the gate every night instead of every other night as allowed. I wore non-regulation loafers with my uniform instead of oxfords. I wore pre-tied ties and ironed only the part of my white shirt that showed. I gave up saluting Chiefs, although I did date a few. I had a good time basking at the local beaches and absorbing the nightlife of a big city.

After completing the training, my first real billet (don't you just love Navy talk?) was running the Hobby Shop Store at the Naval Air Station in Coronado. The work hours were one to nine. I could go out every night, sleep in and be all rested for work.

As the only woman stationed at the Hobby Shop, I was overwhelmed with attention. The Admiral told the Head Chief, "Make sure the sailors don't bother that Wave." I didn't really mind. A lot of guys asked if I wanted a cola or a candy bar from the machines near the store. After eating the treats and trays full of food at the mess hall I added a few pounds to my skinny frame. When a sailor asked, "Why would a nice girl like you join the service?" he'd laugh when I answered, "I was starving to death." How could he know the previous year I had pneumonia the doctor said was brought on by malnutrition. As a civilian I'd spent more money on clothes than food.

My roommate introduced me to Eddie, a handsome sailor she sometimes dated. He asked me out. He asked me out again. He started coming to the Hobby Shop to pick me up for supper in his Public Works assigned side-car scooter. Soon we were meeting every evening after work. We talked and talked until the café or bar closed at two, then took a taxi back to the base to our respective barracks.

One evening he said, "I think we are in love and should get married." I thought he might be right. I was one of the last members of my high school and college friends to marry, and my fellow Waves were getting married at an accelerating rate.

Eleven months after I joined the Navy we married and started the process of knowing each other. Eddie suggested I request a change of duty as he was tired of my hours at the store. I did and was
assigned to the Publications Division of the Supply Department mailing papers to other Navy facilities. He and I now worked in the same building. We came to work on the "nickel snatcher" shuttle boat to the base. Everyone saved a seat for us when we had coffee or lunch together. We were in the same duty section. We saw a lot of each other.

Our Chief asked me to encourage Eddie to study for the next rate and suggest that he mind orders better. The marriage was changing my life in ways I never considered. Not only was the Navy telling me what to do now, I was responsible for my husband. My freedom was gone. My satisfying adventurous life seemed over. I started to resent getting orders.

One Saturday we had yet another inspection. We stood on the hot grinder at parade rest waiting for some high-ranking officer to see us lined up. I decided there must be something more in life in store for me. The following Monday I went to personnel and requested a discharge. I was required to serve only one year of my four-year enlistment as a married woman. No more standing at attention in spit polished seven-laced oxfords, regulation tie perfectly square knotted, shirt white, Navy Dress Blues flawless, saluting the flag and the inspecting officers. The Navy wasn't going to tell me what to do.

I miss it still.

*Alice Arbuckle Webb*

**EMERITUS OPERA CLUB LEADER HITS "BIG TIME" LECTURE CIRCUIT**

On Wednesday, August 7, Opera Club leader *Gil Deane* will be the featured speaker at the San Rafael Public Library First Wednesday Art Talks, sponsored by the Friends of the Library. The series has included speakers from the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco on subjects including Rembrandt, the Louvre and the Impressionists.

Gil will present a program celebrating the 200th Birthday Year of the great composer Giuseppe Verdi and will include audio and video recordings from Verdi's early, middle and mature works. The program is free, will take place in the Council Chambers of the San Rafael City Hall, 1400 Fifth Ave, and starts at 1 PM.

**HUMANITIES CLUB BRIDGE TO THE COMMUNITY**

Since 2003 the Humanities Club has enjoyed studying 10 different courses purchased by *Rudy Ramirez* who offers them for rent to other life-long learners in the community. Money from the rentals will be used for upkeep and supplies for ESCOM/IVC meeting room.

- Classical Mythology - 24 Lectures - 45 Days - $24.00
- The Iliad of Homer - 12 Lectures - 30 Days - $12.00
- The Odyssey of Homer - 12 Lectures - 30 Days - $12.00
- Greek Tragedy - 24 Lectures - 45 Days - $24.00
- Herodotus: Father of History - 24 Lectures - 45 Days - $24.00
- Great Pharaohs of Ancient Egypt - 12 Lectures - 30 Days - $12.00
- Famous Romans - 24 Lectures - 45 Days - $24.00
- Machiavelli in Context - 24 Lectures - 45 Days - $24.00
- The Other 1492: Ferdinand, Isabella, and the Making of an Empire - 12 Lectures - 30 Days - $12.00
- Origins of Great Ancient Civilizations (Near East - Bronze & Early Iron Age) - 12 Lectures - 30 Days - $12.00

The courses in DVD format may be picked up and returned on Saturdays between 12:30 and 4 PM at Building 10, Room 140, COM/IVC.

E-mail *Rudycram@gmail.com* for course selection and pick-up/return. Current ESCOM membership card and cash only.

**LIFE DRAWING ATELIER SUMMER 2013 SCHEDULE**

The Atelier is a Life Drawing Club of the Emeritus program at College of Marin. It was formed to provide students with long, undraped poses (3 hours or more). One must be a member of the Emeritus College to participate, which requires registering and paying a $15 annual fee. There will also be a cost of the model for six 5-hour sessions shared with other participants (between fifty and ninety dollars). The more participants, the less the cost.

Meetings will be on June 13, 20, 27; July 11, 18, (skip 25); and August 1. Thursdays, 9:00 AM to 2:00 PM. Indian Valley Campus, 1800 Ignacio Blvd., Novato, Bldg 13 (Miwok), Room 122. Parking is $3.00 a day. Drawing “horses” and easels are available.

For more information contact Glen Miller, 415-457-2459, or glenmiller12@comcast.net. If you cannot come to the first meeting, please phone or send an e-mail so I can count you.
PLEIN AIR PAINTING - THE INSIDE STORY

What I'm about to disclose will no doubt rankle my fellow artists. They immerse themselves in the great outdoors with paints, pallets, easels and a trove of esoterica not unlike parishioners visiting a religious shrine. Well, be warned. What I have to say will come as a surprise so read on if you dare.

My wife and I had moved into the hills of Oakland from Southern California. Selling one house and buying another had stopped my painting life cold. So cold I feared I'd forgotten half of what I knew about painting. So when the last carton was opened, and the new house seemed pretty as a painting, I jumped at the chance to do the same with all those white canvases I had just unpacked.

Above our Oakland home corkscrewed Skyline Boulevard and slightly beyond, Chabot Regional Park. It was and is a place where a big sky leans down to gently kiss the earth. I gathered painting gear and headed for the West Ridge Trail to find a location where I would not likely be seen. I had scouted the terrain walking my dog in the mornings and nobody, but nobody ever walked there. That was important. Layers of rust had, no doubt, accumulated on what passed as my talent so I dearly didn't want anyone to see my first (think awkward) attempt at placating the Muse.

It didn't take long to find an ideal spot to set up my easel. I took out my paints and brushes and set them and my palette on the pull out drawer to the easel. I poured water from an old thermos and pinned a rag to the easel. I knew well the horror stories associated with outdoor painting so, next, I looked around for a rock and found one. It wouldn't take much wind to turn a canvas and easel into a wind sail so I gently lowered the rock into the back of the easel to weigh it down. I opened and attached the striped umbrella to avoid too much sun and at long last, began painting. Nobody was around, just me and the landscape. Perfect, I thought. But even thinking a thing perfect is enough to rile the gods who take every opportunity to show optimists their infallibility. From the slope to my right, a man and woman made their way through the chaparrals to give me the company I so wanted to avoid.

"What are you going to paint?" the man asked. So much for being alone.

"Want to paint our house?"

"Herm doesn't mean to paint our house," the woman said. "We just had it painted."

"Right. Me and Charlotte here were just thinking maybe you'll make us a picture of it," said Herm. And then to sweeten the deal he adds, "Pay you ten bucks for it."

Ten bucks is what I wanted to pay him. To leave. Gobs of small talk later both did eventually leave, no contract in hand.

I painted about ten minutes when unexpectedly a rider on a huge horse rounded the corner. The towering animal reared up, its front hooves pawing airspace in front of my startled face, whinnying again and again in falsetto horror at stumbling upon me. My heart stopped. I watched its hooves thrash. I should have screamed but I'm not a screamer. The horse seemed like it was having a nervous breakdown. It was a screamer.

Up the huge creature remained, standing only on its hind legs, its high-pitched whinny scolding me while sweat gleamed from every pore like ebony under water. When the creature finally got over seeing me it plopped to the trailhead on all fours, a mushroom cloud of trail dust billowing up for me to taste and settled into each paint color, speckling it with umbers of the landscape I wouldn't have selected. The horse continued to snort, and to show how serious it felt, streams of mucous ran from each of its nostrils. Beautiful.

Then the rider spoke up. "He always does that when he comes upon an artist," tipping his cap like an action hero. Then he rode off creating a new dust storm.

I continued painting for about five, six minutes when (the gods decided they were not finished) two women I pretended not to notice approached. I could hear them talking to one another as, mercifully, they seemed to pass by. Then dread - I heard them stop. Felt their probing presence. They were just behind me, a step or two - three steps max.

"Look at that," one said. "Wow," said the other. "It's, it's amazing." "Amazing is right. Even incredible."

Was there no end to the intrusions? Whatever happened to peace and quiet? The great outdoors had turned into downtown Oakland.

But did they really think my painting was as good as all that? Really? Reluctantly I turned. I couldn't just ignore them. Especially after all the fuss. They stood there, one pointing. At first I thought her finger pointed right at my canvas. But no. Her index finger pointed to
the sky. I traced its trajectory. Then I saw it. A plume rose sixty feet up into the sky.

One of the young women said, "Do you think what I kicked over back there could've been a, a - you know, a ..."

"Exactly. Let's get out of here, Sue Ellen. I told you, I told you. That was a friggin' hornet's nest, girl."

"You think?"

Then I heard it. Buzzing everywhere. The black plume shaped itself into an airplane wing and kamikaze, came right at us. Then it scattered, coming toward us except now there were no us. The women were gone. Hornets were everywhere - a sea of them. Black, angry, diaphanous wings aflutter, looking for their home-wrecker.

I began throwing brushes, paints, palette and canvas into my satchel and collapsed the easel. Grab everything and run, commanded my inner instinct. I knew how to run. I hadn't run in a long, long time and, sure - rust had accumulated in what passed as my gait. But the important thing: I got in lots of run time that day. I ran until the buzzing grew fainter. And after it did, Renaissance man still ran.

Plein air painting? Painting outdoors, under the clouds? Sounds so refined, doesn't it? It's so romantic and so, so utterly worldly. Yes, all that. Cool elegance. But let this be a warning to all you art devotees, aficionados and artists:

The painting part, although not easy, in walk-the-walk and run-the-run perspective it's the cake walk. But that plein air part? Be prepared, art lovers, really prepared, for in that great outdoors you so worship, a jungle awaits.

Cole Posard

ANSWER TO "BOOKWORM"

When two volumes sit side by side, the first page of volume 1 is separated from the last page of volume 2 by only two covers. Hence, the answer is one-half inch.
Bottles of Color by artist Muriel Knapp, whose work is one of two collections on display at Emeritus Kentfield. See article, Page 5.