



**Tony
C.
Yang**

Astrology is just plain fake

You're a cock. Yep, you read that right – if you were born in 2005, 1993, 1981, 1969, 1957 or 1945, then you were born in the Year of the Rooster, according to Chinese astrology.

As such, cocks are supposed to be “hard-working and decisive. They are not afraid to speak their minds and can sometimes come across as boastful. They make good restaurant owners and world travelers.”

Sound like anyone you know? Not really. The descriptions are so broad and vague as to be meaningless or applicable to everyone.

I am vehemently against attaching any significance to the alignment of the stars or when you were born. And don't get me started on “Miss Cleo.”

New age philosophies and all that pseudo-spiritual mumbo-jumbo make me more than angry, and it seems there's no end to it all. Cults of star-worshipping, quartz-wearing, incense-burning, tarot-card-believers are sprouting up like weeds and I feel I must spray some common sense into the world. So here's some handy horoscope facts that may help you stay away from astrology and its ilk:

Fact: Basing lifestyles or behavior on the whims and orbits of Jupiter and Mars is akin to following the fashion trends on MTV or going on a low-carb diet because Oprah said so. It's pathetic, pointless and possibly dangerous.

Fact: Numerology is like the lottery, except someone else chooses the numbers and gets rich off of your stupidity.

Fact: Voodoo and Wanga dolls, spells and other such nonsense are great alternatives for stuffed animals – and just as useful in creating change in your life. After all, poking holes in a doll will accomplish lots of things.

Fact: Websites that claim “Your Future is in the Stars” are actually highly sophisticated operations utilizing the most talented clairvoyants and cutting-edge super-computer technology. Not.

Fact: Yoko Ono, Rod Stewart, Mia Farrow and Eric Clapton may share my zodiac sign, but they have absolutely nothing to do with me. They all suck anyway – except for Clapton.

Fact: No one cares about your “sign.” Saying you're a Gemini or Scorpio doesn't make you a Casanova or Aphrodite in love. Rather, it's a clear sign you are not the brightest bulb in the chandelier.

Fact: The only part of astrology I like is the Chinese New Year when adults put money into red packets and give it to us young ones. But it's like bribes for believing in a mystical make-believe mishmash of crap.

I'm no fortune-teller, but I can answer one question for you: What lies ahead? Well, if you're into horoscopes, more lies.



It's the season for big red hearts ...and flowers, too

By **OLIVIA SPERANZA**
Opinion editor

Looking for a special place to take your Special Someone for dinner on Valentine's Day? Here are some of my favorites.

Park Chalet in Golden Gate Park where the park meets the Pacific.

This is located behind Beach Chalet, its sister restaurant, and welcomes guests with sliding glass doors that double as walls and a two-story stone fireplace surrounded by leather ottomans. Dining outside on the lawn is a treat with the smell of salt water coming in from Ocean Beach located directly across the street. The dishes here are simple and creative, and the wild mint mojitos can't be passed up.

The Cliff House

The Cliff House is located right up the street from Park Chalet where the Great Highway turns into Geary.

Dinners may be on the expensive side, so my suggestion is to go for lunch. Not only will it be bright enough outside for you to see the view, you'll also have the rest of the day to hang out in San Francisco. The restaurant is right on a cliff with a panoramic view of the Pacific Ocean and the entry to the Golden Gate.

Kan Zaman located on Haight and Shrader

Dinner at this restaurant is about more than just the food. Not only is the ambiance here romantic and energetic, there is a belly dancer and a bar for you and your date to

have drinks such as spiced wine and smoke hookah (flavored tobacco). This Middle Eastern restaurant isn't very expensive and you can indulge in a variety of activities while you dine on pillows or chairs.

Pacific Café located on Geary and 34th

Pacific Café offers inexpensive romantic seafood dining. This restaurant doesn't take reservations, but while you wait, which you most likely will, you're offered complimentary house wine. The setting is cozy, the lighting is warm and the booths are intimate. Food portions here are generous.

Palomino located on Spear on the Embarcadero

Enjoy a three-course meal for under \$20! The view here is breathtaking, you can see the full Bay Bridge and the Pacific Ocean below it. The three-course meal for under 20 bucks is only served from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m. and is on a first come basis. So needless to say, get there early. The atmosphere is stylish and the energy is upbeat. There is an outside eating area with heated gas lamps if you want to dine outside and enjoy the ocean.

Taco Bell located on Linda Mar beach right off Highway 1 in Pacifica

Just north of San Francisco, is the most beautiful Taco Bell I've ever seen. If you're really on a budget, this restaurant offers an amazing view and easy access to the beach. If you decide to take your Valentine to the beach to do some surfing or just walk around and collect shells, this is the spot to visit. A staircase from the beach leads you up to the Taco Bell where you can take your date and enjoy the view.

Soluna located on McAllister at Larkin

This sexy restaurant and lounge is a popular place to enjoy music and food. The menu is surprisingly inexpensive and they offer a tasty variety for meat lovers and vegetarians. After dinner, the tables are moved and the restaurant becomes a dance club. On Friday nights, they play house funk and R&B.

Ghirardelli Square located a bit past the end of Fisherman's Wharf

Desserts here are nothing shy of delicious. Ghirardelli Square is famous for the chocolate that it produces. Sundaes, banana splits, milkshakes and everything else in-between can be enjoyed as you look out across the bay and down at the lights that scatter throughout the streets of this corner in San Francisco.

Prices are student friendly and it's the perfect spot to end or begin your Valentine's Day.

Mandala art display to open Friday

By **MEENU KAUSHAL**
Staff writer

When gallery director Margaret Stainer first saw Edyna Sisco-Nownejad's paintings, she was attracted to them.

“Being an artist and gallery director I was attracted to the wonderful artwork. The paintings are beautiful, colorful and geometric to look at, but more than that they are symbolic and have a meaning,” said Stainer.

A couple of years ago she talked to the late artist and invited her to exhibit her paintings.

She continues to live through

her art work, which is promoted by her daughter, Dr. Gita Marie Nownejad.

Sisco-Nownejad was born in Merced. She received her BA in Art Education from San Jose State University and later earned her Master's in Graphic Arts from California College of Arts and Crafts. After completing her Ph.D. in Educational Psychology, she taught at the Iran-American Society for the American Embassy.

She also studied language and art at Paris at the Sorbonne and La Grande Chaumiere. Later, she served as the head of art depart-

ment at the Beirut College of Arts and Crafts in Lebanon. In 1986 she returned to Merced and taught art history and studio art classes at Merced College.

Her paintings are displayed in public and private collections throughout the world. Today she is considered as one of the finest Mandala painters.

Her daughter will talk about her mother's artwork on March 2 in the Louie Meager Art Gallery. The reception will be held from 6:30 to 7:30 p.m. and the lecture will begin at 7:30.

“Edyna Nownejad's daughter represents her mother's spiritual

Brown Bag focuses on reproduction

By **ALISHA FRANCISCO**
Staff writer

An Ohlone biologist spoke about reproductive technology and the ethical issues surrounding new methods such as In Vitro Fertilization (IVF) and freezing embryos at the Brown Bag Seminar held last Friday.

Louise Joy Brown, born on July 25, 1978, was the first test-tube baby born from the new IVF procedure. The process of injecting the sperm into an egg in a petri dish was like “taking the embryo out of the darkness of the womb and in the light of the lab,” said Ohlone instructor Laurie Issel-Tarver.

Since 2003, trends in IVF such as weight variations in babies and the risk of chromosome abnormalities have been studied along with the new technology of freezing embryos for later fertilization. She presented case studies and ethical issues that frozen embryos raise. She also mentioned Snowflakes, an organization for adoption of unwanted frozen embryos.

Issel-Tarver received her Ph.D. at Berkeley in Biology. She is now a part-time instructor at Ohlone teaching a hereditary and evolution course and is a mother of two.

The Brown Bag Seminars invite speakers for lectures on various topics in science and technology. Most of the speakers are volunteer members in the community or faculty at Ohlone. The purpose is to spark interest and bring awareness of topics, trends and careers in the industry.

This event is sponsored by the Math/Science Division, which is composed of 40 full-time faculty members. It is funded through a grant from the Associated Students of Ohlone College.

The Brown Bag Seminars are held on the first Friday of every month in Room 3201 from 1 to 2 p.m. Light refreshments are served. The next seminar on March 4 will feature Ohlone instructor Jim Klent, who will perform chemistry demonstrations.

Other Brown Bag Seminars will be:

- “Polar Bears of Manitoba” by Juliette Hoffman on April 1.
- “Insects as Vectors of Disease Transmission” by Jim Baxter on May 6.

astrological and philosophical works,” said Stainer.

The 36-inch square mandala paintings are breathtaking. “Mandala” refers to an ancient style of circles in squares. This art form, which belongs to Tibetan Buddhist and Hindu art, is meant to visually convey a higher consciousness.

The paintings will be on display starting this Friday until March 17.

For more information, log on to www.mandalaconnection.com or visit online www.ohlone.edu/org/artgallery. To see mandala paintings, please go online to: www.mandalaconnection.com.

New head of foundation is a woman of many talents

By **TONY C. YANG**
Layout editor

Author, chemist, parent of five, fundraiser, CEO, award-winning professor and now the Executive Director of the Ohlone Foundation, Josephine S. Ong-Hawkins is a renaissance woman. According to Patrice Birkedahl, Ohlone's director of communications, Hawkins began her first day on the job on Feb. 1, and since then has "hit the ground running."

As the new head of the Foundation, she is in charge of the college's fundraising activities, among other responsibilities. Ohlone College is intent on increasing its endowment, from \$650,000 today to \$2 million in 2009, and has even formed a Task Force, where Hawkins is a co-chair. But she is confident it can be done.

She is not shy about asking for money for a good cause and feels that transforming students' lives and giving them educational opportunities are important.

Born in the Philippines, her diverse background also includes fluency in four languages: English,

Spanish, Tagalog and Chinese (three dialects).

She studied music at Arizona State University, received a Bachelor's in Chemistry from the University of the Philippines, earned her Master's in Chemistry from Indiana State University and was awarded a Ph.D. in Higher Education from Arizona State University. She's also a concert pianist and a published author, if that weren't enough.

In addition to having distinguished educational credentials, she is also a recognized leader in academics. She was named Exemplary Professor of the Year by the American Association for Higher Education, and has been the Vice Provost at National Hispanic University as well the Assistant Vice President for Academic Planning at the University of Arizona.

After several stints as a consultant and chemistry professor, Hawkins' latest job has been the president and CEO of Asian Americans for Community Involvement, providing direction and oversight for a \$20 million agency respon-



Photo by Inez Black

Dr. Josephine S. Ong-Hawkins isn't shy about asking for money, especially money for Ohlone.

sible for health care and was in charge of program development and funding. In this role, obtaining funding in the six-figure range per event is not unusual for her.

Accepted in both academia and the business world, Hawkins aims to leverage her fundraising talents for Ohlone's benefit.

Johari Peebles, the Foundation Coordinator, said, "She's got a great deal of energy, and lots of big ideas, and she has an excellent background."

Hawkins is busy attending charity events and reaching out to community leaders in order to develop rewarding relationships for the college and its supporters. Long-term, she wants to establish asset management plans and dramatically improve revenue streams for the Foundation.

Birkedahl, who assisted in Hawkins' hiring decision, said, "She's got a lot of experience, and she's able to reach out in terms of the community."

One man's campaign brings chimes to Ohlone

By **BRITNEY BINDEL**
Staff writer

A man walked around Ohlone's campus and noticed something was missing. "There stand two clock towers on campus, yet neither ring in the hour with typical bell-clock tower chimes," he thought.

So he pursued the sound that fulfilled his fancy. This semester, Director of Theatre Operations, Chris Booras, spearheaded the installation of the chimes that resound through the Smith Center clock tower.

The tower now rings on the hour from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., Monday through Saturday, and from 10 a.m. until 8 p.m. on Sundays. There is no late-night chiming so Ohlone's neighbors will not be annoyed.

The chimes serve no religious purpose, whatsoever. They are purely of aesthetic intent. Booras noted that most major universities have clock towers with bells or chimes. He thought Ohlone should have the same.

"Ever since I was a little kid, I always thought [clock towers with chimes] were neat," he said. "If there was one around and I knew it would chime, I would sit and wait, especially if it had moving parts."

With a personal affinity for the chimes and a minor need on campus present for them, Booras began to search on eBay for speakers. He found that Hollywood Bowl was selling a pair of 4 by 2 foot speakers at 60 watts each for \$50 and went to L.A. to retrieve them. After sanding them down and painting them, he installed the 25 watt system on the tower. Booras found the software for \$200, that plays multiple chimes besides the current "Westminster Chimes."

Apart from \$100 for electrical equipment, Booras donated an amplifier, and roughly \$1,000 was anonymously donated in the form of a computer. The grand total for the system was \$350.

If purchased brand new, the cost would have been over seven times as much, at \$2,500. Funds for the system came from the Amphitheater Improvement Fund, which is supported by Smith Center patrons.

The chimes program also has the ability to play other recorded chimes as well as serve as an emergency public address system, should the electricity ever fail on campus.

This semester and notably, this summer, the tower will serve as "a gift to the Smith Center for the 10th anniversary," Booras said. The chimes will sound before the curtain call and at the close of intermission.

Should the public enjoy the chimes, Booras said, "...hopefully it will stick around."



Mark
McCord

World ignored real-life horror

Reality is often scarier than any horror movie. Especially when movies are based on real events. Imagine waking up to the following statements on the radio:

"Hutu Power! Brothers, let us unite, it is time to start chopping down trees. Unite Hutu brothers, it is time to kill the cockroaches!"

If you were in Rwanda in 1993 and you heard that bone-chilling message on the radio, if you were Hutu, it was a signal for you to arm yourself for the upcoming slaughter. If you were Tutsi, it meant that you had better run for your life.

The movie *Hotel Rwanda* is the story about hotel manager, Paul Rusesabagina, who saved the lives of over a thousand of his fellow countrymen while their nation was locked in a fierce civil war.

Rusesabagina, a Hutu, who never bought into a rebel-backed program that fostered a bitterly intense intertribal hatred, was one of the few Hutus that his Tutsi neighbors could trust. You see, the Hutu militants had started a calculated program of genocide against the Tutsi. The Hutu called the Tutsi "cockroaches" and also referred to them as "trees" because the Tutsis characteristically, were taller than the Hutu. The militants also branded any Hutu that didn't subscribe to the slogan "Hutu Power" a traitor and set about to kill them as well.

As a hotel manager, Rusesabagina performed his duties with class, charm and with the smooth accommodating manners befitting an ambassador. When the trouble broke out, Rusesabagina outwitted the military and rebel forces using a combination of bribery and deceit while hanging on to the desperate hope that the world would intervene.

But the world never did. Why?

Well, in 1993 while the Clinton administration was doing battle at home against the forces of the far right and abroad we were in serious trouble in another conflict on the African continent in Somalia. We were also deeply involved in a civil war in Bosnia.

At that time there were cries at home from people on both sides of the political fence bemoaning the fact that the U.S. military was policing the world.

Meanwhile, back in Rwanda, tribal tensions reached a boiling point when Tutsi rebels assassinated the Hutu president. The Hutu rebel forces engaged in a reign of terror equaling the Nazis. They raped and killed millions of their fellow countrymen.

By the time President Clinton had made a tour of Africa toward the end of his second term, upon seeing the savagery of genocide, he said, "Something like this can never happen again."

I agree Mr. Clinton, the world must never again turn its back on people in danger just because there is a lack of national interest.



Photo by Lawrence Guerrero

Now Ohlone sounds like a school should, with chimes on the hour.