

Park Board Directors at Odds Over Issues Management Decisions Create Rifts, Tension

By Jeff Brax Staff Writer

The Isla Vista Recreation and Park District Board, which has met intermittently during the summer, has seen a tumultuous season of rifts and internal tension which threaten to explode at its meeting Thursday.

Battle lines are forming around such potentially divisive agenda items as the fate of the district's general manager, reimbursement for one director's telephone calls, a highly critical Santa Barbara County Grand Jury report and the proposed Perfect Park peace monument.

Perfect Park peace monument. At the April 21 meeting, the board approved eight applicants from a pool of 12 to serve on the Perfect Park Memorial Committee along with Santa Barbara arts commissioner and I.V. resident Lee Bailey. The committee is charged with exploring the possibility of a Perfect Park monument commemorating the peace movement of the Vietnam War era.

But the board denied all three student applicants — Associated Students Internal Vice President Bo Thoreen, External Vice President for Statewide Affairs Kris Kohler and former Off-Campus Rep Justin Greene. Outraged, committee member and recent UCSB graduate Brent Foster resigned from the panel in a gesture of protest.

The board will re-examine the issue at Thursday's meeting. Foster hopes the board will fill his vacancy with someone from the campus.

"I hope that they pick a student because students are a large part of Isla Vista and there's obviously a large student interest, because three students applied and it's ridiculous that no student was picked," Foster said. "Any of them would be of value to the board and would be able to contribute a lot to the board."

Director Brad Hufschmid believes students were mistakenly overlooked in the board's vote.

"My vote and my opinion was that we should include all of the people — there were 12 who applied, there are 12 on a jury, so that's fine with me. I would have included the students." he said.

included the students," he said. But Hufschmid was less enthusiastic about the prospect of altering the committee, indicating that students could make their voices heard at committee meetings.

"I don't think them not being on the committee means they're not represented," he said. "What we need to do now is get the committee together and hear

See IVRPD, p.4



Summer Escape

These nature lovers enjoy the sunset from the vantage point of Knapp's Castle, located in the hills above Santa Barbara. With summer session very nearly over, maybe more of us can take the time to appreciate this daily beauty. **See related photos**, **p.2**.

Crooks Hit Bookstore, Get \$10,000 in Hardware

By Tim Molloy Staff Writer

Taking advantage of an open downstairs window, thieves broke into the University Center Bookstore early Tuesday morning and stole \$10,000 in laptop computers.

Thieves entered the Bookstore just after midnight Tuesday, stealing two powerbook computers, according to Will Wood, Bookstore loss prevention and safety manager. Another powerbook was stolen at 2 a.m., when burglars entered through the same window, Wood said.

Campus and Bookstore authorities are currently viewing videotape recorded during the thefts to find and identify the burglars.

"We're looking into all our options, so hopefully we can get this thing solved pretty quick," Wood said.

The thieves tripped alarms with both entries. Westec Security, the store's security firm, called the Bookstore's managers and campus police within four

See THEFT, p.10

Prof is Chosen as Permanent Replacement in Executive Post

By Monica Morrissey Reporter

Student Leader's Departure

Shakes Up Executive Ranks

In her old position, Lee worked closely with the group's board of directors, coordinating

Vice Chancellor Post Filled After Lapse

By Michiko Takeda Staff Writer

After 10 months in an interim capacity, UCSB's vice chancellor for institutional advancement was announced July 21 as the official appointee to the post.

Chancellor Henry T. Yang appointed John Wiemann, professor of communication and Asian American studies, as the new vice chancellor following Wiemann's approval by the University of California Board of Regents.

Wiemann intends to continue the work he has started as acting chancellor, he said.

"I've been working fullspeed," Wiemann said. "I tried to do the job as responsibly and fully as I could."

His record in the post proves he is qualified and suggests he will have a productive and successful term, according to Yang.

"During the past year, he has



GEORGE LEE/Daily Next

Acting Vice Chancellor for Institutional Advancement John Wiemann has begun setting goals for the upcoming year.

been on a sharp learning curve and has done a very good job," the chancellor said. "He has demonstrated the quality and potential to do the job and he is ready."

A search committee placed Wiemann in the acting vice chancellor post in October 1994, following Edward E. Birch's retirement from the position 18 months ago.

As vice chancellor for institutional advancement, Wiemann oversees the Alumni Association, the Offices of Development, Finance and Administration, Governmental Relations, Public Events and Public Affairs. He administers fund raising, community outreach, publishing and news media relations.

media relations. Many who have worked with Wiemann believe he will be a strong asset to the division.

"I think what institutional

See WIEMANN, p.5

The University of California Student Association's executive director departed Tuesday, meaning new blood is sweeping in to manage the organization. Well, sort of.

Well, sort of. UCSA Field Director Kimi Lee left her post Tuesday to assume the departing Glenn Magpantay's duties as executive director, taking on a job close in many respects to the one she performed prior to the change.

As field director, Lee's job description entailed co-managing UCSA's operations and staff. Her new job is to, well, comanage UCSA's operations and staff.

"I want to make sure the office is up and running, continue what we've been doing and keep the momentum up," she said.

the momentum up," she said. Magpantay believes his replacement will do well in her new role. "She brings a real vision to safeguard and expand access for current and future students," he said. UCSA is an assemblage of

UCSA is an assemblage of undergraduate, graduate and professional UC student governments which aims to represent students at a systemwide level. UCSA's efforts primarily from the field. In her new post, she is responsible for overseeing the association's general direction.

Her experience in student activism impressed members of the selection team, according to UCSA office manager Otto Schlosser.

"Nobody came close to her," he said.

Magpantay is leaving the organization to attend the New England School of Law. UCSA President Andre Quintero praised the outgoing leader's work.

"He did a tremendous job of building the legitimacy of our organization with the students, regents and the administration," he said.

Quintero expressed disappointment at Magpantay's departure, but wished the former executive director well. "I'm excited for him and everyone he will eventually serve as an attorney," he said.

UCSA benefited from Magpantay's "tremendous energy and commitment and sense that we are part of a larger move-

See LEE, p.5

Photos by

J. E. Anderson



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So here we are on the verge of Fiesta — a boon to State Street bar owners, a curse for stay-athomes without cable. For however many days it takes, locals and tourists alike turn the city of Santa Barbara's elegant downtown crypto-mall scene into a grown-up version of Del Playa Drive on the first Saturday night of Fall Quarter. Of course, the people in charge would no doubt be quick to negate any parallels between the drunken revelry of Fiesta and the drunken revelry of Isla Vista. And they'd be right to do so: one event generates tons of revenue because no one gets a beer without paying for it, the other finds people snagging free brews from a keg. Furthermore, Fiesta features thousands of people grooving to live music; in I.V. this is practically illegal. Why the discrepancy? Well, mostly because local government approves of Fiesta to the point of promoting it at the same time it cracks down in shame on a big party in I.V. There's a reason for this: Fiesta (a.k.a. "Old Spanish Days") cele-brates history — the time of conquistador imperialism that nearly every other country in this hemisphere had a revolution to end. An I.V. party? Just some youngsters gettin' drunk. More fog, some sun.



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Inspectors Look Into Fire's Origins burned."

By Jeff Brax Staff Writer

The flames have long since died down, but confusion remains as to the cause of the July 18 blaze that blackened six to 10 acres at environmentally sensitive Ellwood Beach.

Santa Barbara County Fire Dept. Inspector Darrel Delgado is still investigating the blaze's origins, but has indicated that ar-son is a likely possibility. The fire is currently regarded as suspicious, ac-cording to Fire Dept. Public Information Officer Charlie Johnson.

"There's no natural cause for that fire — there's no electric lines, no lightning storms," he said.

Delgado's investigation has been inadvertently hampered by several wellmeaning good samaritans, Johnson said.

"He located what we believe to be the main area of origin of the fire, but there were lots of tire tracks and footprints," he said. "What happened is apparently there were some people who helped try to put out the fire, and when that happens, it really disturbs

the area of origin." A suspect was detained

at the scene of the fire but released due to lack of evidence, Johnson added. He believes a final report will require more time and may still not determine an exact cause.

"For a wildland fire it's not at all uncommon to have one of those take two or three weeks," he said. "My gut feeling is it's going to come up inconclusive. With only two or three witnesses and none of them saw the actual event, it's pretty tough."

Property owners South-west Diversified Inc. and First Coscan Partners recently received approval from the California Coastal Commission to build 161 luxury homes at the site. Southwest Vice Presi-dent Randy Fox believes the blaze shows that development at Ellwood Shores will be good for the

community. "I think that property is a fire hazard and will remain so until it is deve-loped," he said. "One of these days, a fire out there could get out of control and it could be as bad as the fires we had in 1990, when hundreds of homes

UCSB graduate and Save Ellwood Shores member Brent Foster believes that by providing a controlled burn, the blaze may have actually proved beneficial to the property's

native grasses. "For the grasses it's probably good. ... Fires are better than homes out there," he said. "I'm sure whoever put it on fire didn't know it could help the grasses, but their stu-pidity may have helped."

But Fox believes controlled burns — a potential maintenance technique under Southwest's Open Space and Habitat Management Program, designed to preserve the unique ecosystem — are only effective in late spring, when annual invasive grasses wither and become susceptible to fire.

"Now is not the time to shift the balance between Mediterranean grasses and native California grasses," he said. "But even more than that, it's dangerous to have a fire on that property or any prop-erty. A wildland fire in an urban area is a dangerous thing.



WRITE FOR THE NEXUS. The Daily Nexus is holding writers training next Monday. If you have any interest in writing news for our fair publication, please happen by our offices this week or call Suzanne or Tim at 893-2691. We look forward to seeing you. Yes we do.





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RAGEOUS HAPPY OURS 7-10PM EVERY

- Of Op



IVRPD

Continued from p.1 what people want." The board is also set to

consider Thursday the of procedure for conducting fa an evaluation of General al Manager Roger Lager- hn quist. Hufschmid believes bu a negative evaluation, ev which could be used to pa justify his firing, may be just the opportunity Lagerquist's opponents in the district and commun-

ity have been waiting for. "I think it's going to be the most contentious issue we've discussed 'so far. They've made it clear from day one that they don't like him, don't want him and want to get rid of him," he said.

But Foster believes Lagerquist's failings in personnel matters and beyond merit an open evaluation process with input from all sides.

"I think it's pretty clear to a lot of people that there's a lot of discontent with the general manager, and I think it's really important for the general manager's evaluation to solicit public input and employee input," he said. "There's been an incredibly high number who have quit in the district, and I think that needs to be examined in the context of the performance and actions of the general manager."

Although Hufschmid admitted Lagerquist is not perfect, he believes the push to remove him is based more on long-term political bitterness than on his performance as general manager.

"He's very hard to get along with, very abrasive. He's my grandfather's age ... but if you look at his list of accomplishments, that far outweighs his personality problems," Hufschmid said. "He's kept the budget tighter than it's ever been, he's kept the parks looking better than ever."

Director Mitch Stockton, however, does not believe the agenda item will prove as contentious as Hufschmid fears. "I think it will be a friendly discussion. It should be," he said.

Also on the agenda is the consideration of reimbursing district-related business calls from Chair Geoff Green, who is serving as chair of the board until October, to Stockton. Hufschmid believes the move is an outrageous maneuver by a director who is spending most of the summer and his chairmanship away from the district.

"Geoff's entire tenure as chairman will be conducted 350 miles away. ... What are we doing electing people who don't work here, don't live here, have no real ties here and have the audacity to ask to be compensated for the inconvenience?" he said. "The role of the chair is to be the point man to go through, and if he's living 350 miles away, what does that say about the wisdom of that choice or about the wisdom of him taking that?" ing he should get reimbursed? He made the decision to move. He should be removed from office," Hufschmid added.

Stockton disagrees.

"I don't see a problem with that," he said. "Whenever the district calls him at home, I'm sure it gets charged to the district."

The board is also set to consider a response to the County Grand Jury's June 28 report, which cited an atmosphere of conflict within the district and called for an outside consultant to perform a management audit.

Stockton hopes the board can come together and hammer out a formal response before the Aug. 28 deadline.

"I hope we can come up with a consensus. That's not up to me, however. I think there are different ways to respond to the grand jury's report. I think it's a fine document myself. It pointed out what I think are the problems in the district," he said.

Although the report was researched in the period before Green and Director Pegeen Soutar took office, Hufschmid believes many of the problems cited by the grand jury remain.

"We're like a dysfunctional family," he said. "My problem with the new board is that they don't know what's appropriate and what's not, and if you look at the grand jury report, that's what they're saying."

"Why is he even think-



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LEE

on campus.

Continued from p.1 ment," according to Schlosser. "I hope we won't miss him as much as I'm afraid we will," he said.

Magpantay hopes the group's efforts will continue, with student leaders at the helm.

"The organization needs to fully understand the importance of decisions made for students about students," he said.

"The other thing the organization needs to under-stand is how we bring real student self-determination into the organization," he added. "And that means having an executive director or president that works full-time, who is a student

and is selected by the Board of Directors."



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OPINION

"What you pay in winter for heat, you pay in summer for foolishness." -Yiddish Proverb



The Reader's Voice

Bite Me Billy

Editor, Daily Nexus:

For the past few months, many in the campus community have had to endure the sniveling, ir-ritating tirades of Mr. William Yelles and his

brand of editorializing. Good ol' Billy, who constantly reminds us that sophistication is not in his resume and who pretends to have God in his corner, has given us one last demonstration of the emotional outbursts he calls editorials.

As he gives Gov. Wilson three cheers for forcing the UC Regents to end what he calls the "racist, discriminatory policies of Affirmative Ac-tion" (Daily Nexus, "Justice Has Been Served," July 26), *Guillermo* manages to exude his incompetence by not even attempting to provide balanced facts. However, this essay is not really about Little Billy. As usual, he is only the excuse for others to respond to a theme he has completely mangled.

Nevertheless, of one thing he is correct, sadly but truly, Affirmative Action, as it applies to the admitting procedures of disadvantaged members of California society, is now dead. And although many of us are still recovering from such a devastating act against the usual victims, we will forever be appalled at how it came about.

Once again, candidate Wilson has done it. Just as he had managed to appropriate Proposition 187, instigated by a couple of disgruntled former INS employees, and ride it to victory during the past elections for governor, he once again climbed and rode Regent Ward Connerly's "timely" attack on the gains of Affirma-tive Action. Even those who are happy at the end of this program bite their tongue when they



say the regents did it.

RYAN ALTOON/Daily Nexus

They know, as we do, that it was the hovering shadow of presidential candidate Wilson that led to the 15-to-10 vote. In fact, I wouldn't doubt it that if he had not been present to remind the regents that their future careers were in jeopardy, the vote would have been 10 to 15 against ending Affirmative Action.

As the regents voted down the only way to ensure that the University of California's twin goals of excellence and diversity could be met, the inescapable fact appeared that the UC Regents, and thus the UC system, is not the auton-omous body it claims to be. Much less, that they represent the interests of the nine campuses, the nine chancellors, its own president and, it goes without saying, the battered and bewildered students. In this last session, presidential politics, not academia, were at stake. Yet, and as a result of the last regents meet-

ing, some things kept in the dark came out. For example, we now know that the regents are not as independent as they were appointed to be. Also, thanks to Connerly, it is now possible to agree with those who push for the analysis of class, not racial or ethnic, differences. And, of course, thanks to this nifty move, as we move into the next century California will be showing the world that the words "progressive" and "in-novative" have no room in the former Golden State.

I, for one, believe in the capacity for individual campuses to respond aggressively to this challenge. From the comments by our chancellor and the director of admissions, that seems to be the case for UCSB. I will also celebrate the new political academic order by not wasting time in signing off my next BA/RC statement check to the UC Regents, but to the Presidential Political Campaign for Pete Wilson. Heck, I'll make Billy Boy happy, and who knows, he might get appointed a regent in 20 years or so. LORENZO C. LOPEZ



I explained that the wall and the ceiling were out of bounds. Three of them walked to the other basket with the ball and proceeded to would in rugby. I couldn't believe we were playing full-court with six guys, let alone that the ball was thrown in. When I caught the ball and began dribbling, I was covered so tight that my knee and shoulder were both roughed up within seconds. I got knocked on the head and the gut before I rolled up the right side of the hoop, tucked under and laid it over my head into the ba-sket from the left side. When the op-position got the ball, it was pure chaos. They sprinted at top speed, taking immense care to dribble once every three steps, suggesting they had perhaps once been told that in basketball, one does dribble.

When on the other end of the court their tallest player got in front of me with the ball, I readied to steal, but he just leapt up, laid the ball in and hung on the rim. Then I got clubbed again as I dribbled through what must have seemed like five opponents and sailed for an easy two. That is, at the expense of a blue eye. I got to thinking these blond-

haired Afrikaners are a bunch of damn gazelles, but then watched them score on me again. And then again. While the claimed to be playing basketball, their brand of dribble, take three steps, dribble, take three steps and more dribble seemed like a constrained form of rugby, excepting the gratuitous violence, of course. After a while, I realized that while my defense was quick and alert, it was nonetheless based on a noncontact sport. They, on the other hand, went to great lengths to prevent me from getting anywhere near the basket. Stopping the ball seemed almost beside the point, they just wanted to stop me. So I gave in and began checking them up, pushing off and cramping their style. Before I knew it, the game was over and we all headed for the water fountain. "We play OK basketball, no?" the tallest one asked me. If I only knew where to begin. But for some odd reason, on my way home, a smile crept across my face as I replayed the various scenes of bungled ball through my head. In some way, they did play basketball, their basketball.

Peggy Semi

Daily N

Life is not easy for a Miss Am qualifications, standards and j all, she is competing in our nat ship opportunity for women. while a committee decides whe suit competition is really an eff the qualities and characteris honor.

However, using and exploiti ity for power and for getting come at a cost. Not only is thi ually and personally cheapene men as well, and to act like a w whore. For how can one disc shallow quick-to-judge socie stance? Who's really critical

The issue of eliminating the consequential. Yet it's not. It has set many people, based on wh assumption that women's be public domain, they are obje judge and interpret — the obje 'gaze.'

Most men I've spoken with should definitely not be elimin finition of Miss America is wh bathing suit. "It shows that she body," one male friend argued tion," another man said. Eve thought the whole idea of gett tion" totally absurd, as she ann ing show a while ago, grima hands about as if to dismiss

However, in our age of sex puritanical lingerings clash with access, silicone constructions, wonderbutts, who knows wha anymore.

For a woman to reveal her fle is no easy or benign task. Since petitively, three to four hours day of practice, I showed up in a high-cut hot pink little one-p out on the deck with all my g male teammates looked me u times. After a staged, dramatic

It's Rea When Y Sylvia Barnard

The commitment of marrie sacred one, and it changes you world. It was just two weeks as exchanged vows with my h and since then, my life has c drastically. The ceremony its absolutely beautiful. It could n been more perfect, but just lik other wedding, it had its fla Three weeks before the big daughter came down wi

chicken pox, so for an entire was nursing her back to he knew I hadn't gotten the chi disease in my younger years, the weeks passed, I diagnosed as pretty much being immune illness. No such luck. The down was six days and I start tering with the infection. It v only a dozen or two, we're hundreds! I remember sitting in from mirror and crying hysterically going to be a day I will never What perfect timing, huh? Lu found a wonderful doctor who



In New York City's East Village there is a favorite hangout of mine called The Cage. On any day one can peer through the 30-foot-tall fence to find the city's best basketball players showing off their hoop skills. You'll rarely see anyone pass. Or miss, for that matter. It's no wonder that hundreds of urban hipsters surround the fence looking in on the fast-paced spectacle. One day I even got dunked on by Godlike Anthony Mason. If I was any better, I would have slipped my hand between the ball and the basket and would probably have lost that limb permanently. In other words, someone who never made the all-star team in his junior high basketball league should not be guarding an NBA All-Star. I have loved the game since my day one, in the sixth grade, when my grandfather built a basketball court in our back yard. Just fresh off the boat from Europe -- where our pigskin of choice is the football - I found myself perplexed and imme-diately awed by the game. Determined to reject my grandfather's awesome hook shot and to school my playground buddies, I shot away nightly, hoping to master the team sport on my own. I found that in my Los Angeles junior high school, there was an enormous amount of talent. Thirteen-year-olds dunking the

less, I am still playing the game, more than half my life later.

A few nights ago I went to the gym, ball in hand, ready to play with whoever showed up. As an "oldtimer" I often get wrecked in pickup games by players from Harlem who can rebound, dribble and score on me before I can even get the sweat out of my eyes. But on occasion, I too dominate the game and score buckets from all across the paint. It can be awkward playing with people who just do not understand the game, and even if I score lots, it can be dull.



Monday night, by all means, should have been such a night. Here I am dropping caps from the three, just listening to the net hiss as I fire away comfortably. Then in come these five tall blond guys sporting fluorescent shorts and running shoes.

I have never seen so many guys over six feet look so absolutely out of place on the basketball court. "We are from South Africa," they say. "Can we play the game basket-ball with you?" Fine and well.

As they begin warming up a bit by shooting around, I notice their close to zero agility, hitting the bottom of the basket constantly and falling all over each other. Within five minutes each guy had fallen down on several occasions. And

Martin Boer is a former Nexite in New York whom you will be hearing more from.



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Semingson

Miss America contestant. The ds and prizes are high. After a our nation's largest scholarwomen. Then she must wait ides whether or not the swimly an effective way of judging aracteristics of beauty and

exploiting one's own sexualgetting ahead in Hollywood hly is this woman herself visheapened, but so are all wolike a whore is to be seen as a one discern anymore, in our ge society, style from subcritical anyway?

ting the contest may seem innot. It has the potential to up-d on what it represents — the nen's bodies belong to the are objects to view, critique, the object of the famous male

en with on this issue agree it e eliminated, because the deca is what she looks like in a that she takes good care of her d argued. "It's a part of tradi-aid. Even Kathy Lee Gifford a of getting rid of this "tradishe announced on her morn-, grimacing and waving her dismiss the whole issue.

e of sexual confusion, where lash with desire for cyberporn uctions, wonderbras and even ows what's real and authentic

al her flesh in a swimming suit k. Since I was 14, I swam comr hours per day. On my first ed up in the only suit I owned, tle one-piece. When I walked all my gear, one of my fellow ed me up and down several dramatic pause, he loudly an-

nounced, "You're cool." His words weren't flattering. He wasn't thinking about my speed or endur-

ance, nor my IQ or personality. What hypocrisy it is that Vanessa Williams, a former Miss America, was stripped of her crown for posing nude in Penthouse, because it was antithetical to the earning of the crown itself. But maybe it's not such a prestigious contest after all. Aside from the scholarship money, a foundation of economic and therefore social and political empowerment for any woman, the crown itself is not worth winning.

The climax of the competition is the disrobing of the women to this state in which there is little differ-ence between the swimsuit and undergarments. There's not much difference between a swimsuit and nude modeling. In both cases, women are being seen as just a body. Men are more visual, it's a turn-on, one frequently hears. Yes, and I'm also sure that the many one-handed readers of Sports Illustrated's swimsuit issue are not contemplating the capacity or intensity of any woman's intelligence, sense of humor, her mysterious mind or artistic talent.

Spy Magazine has an article called "The Bimbo Conspiracy" in its August issue, indicting women themselves for being complicitous to the commodification of their bodies, for selling themselves cheaply to porn magazines for the sole purpose of getting ahead in the entertainment industry. The writers of the article (two men) conclude that once any woman uses this method as a means to her goal of being ta-ken seriously, she often cannot actually be seriously respected.

Demi Moore, Kim Basinger and Cindy Crawford lead the list of what they call "New Power Bimbos." Sly Stallone is intimated in the same article as a fellow bimbo; however, the label in general persists exclusively for women alone. Women who are scantily clad or totally nude are not necessarily all bimbos; however, if men see you as a bimbo, what can you do to defend yourself? The act of posing/exposing will contradict you and prove you otherwise. Likewise, a swimsuit competitor has to acknowledge her own complicity in furthering the notion that big boobs count heavily in deciding merit to win a rather large scholarship.

Some men, however, are willing to confront and admit the exploitation and cheapening of women in the swimsuit competition of the pageant. Another male voice, Manny Santos, notes that when he was



younger, "The swimsuit competition was my favorite part of the show." But now he has come to realize that "the women are judged, in the same manner that dogs are judged in a dog show; that is, based on their outward appearance only, substituting skin for fur. It degrades women. It takes away the personality of women."

An image from my youth persists in my mind as a metaphor for the tragedy of women's constant thirst to look beautiful. My aunt, mother and I were in the bathroom of a bar in Alaska helping an attractive, older friend who was sick from too much beer. She was having trouble breathing and so it was necessary to take off her shirt and tight bra. In this isolated working class bar that smelled of anxiety, this wo-man's once beautiful, firm breasts *fell* down to her stomach. My aunt went into the stall and vomited, it was such a gross sight. It was apparent that this wo-man's life, like so many others', must have been filled with the aging and regret that accompany the inevitable surrender of beautiful youth.

Peggy Semingson is a senior philosophy major.

eally Love If He'll Still Marry You You're Sick With the Chicken Pox



of marriage is a nges your entire weeks ago that I h my husband fe has changed nony itself was t could not have t just like every d its flaws. the big day my wn with the n entire week I

k to health. the childhood er years, but as agnosed myself immune to the



ROBIN BLINDE/Daily Nexus could have infected others there too!

> And so I walked down the aisle as a scabby bride with two inches of foundation and cover-up on my face. I do have to give my husband credit. If he could marry me when I was covered with dime-sized scabs, he must truly love me. When all was said and done, it was a perfect wedding (thank God for makeup!). The honeymoon is over, we took a weeklong cruise down the Mexican Riviera, and we are back to reality.

> But when you're married, it is so different. You don't have to worry about your own finances anymore, but it is a joint problem. It's not like you can just make spontaneous decisions. It's a careful process of discussions and brainstorming. It's weird, but I kind of like it. It is truly a challenge to work together as a team, and it is going to be a joint effort for the rest of our married lives!

A Brief History of Isla Vista Bike Theft

Rich Birecki

You know how each year some city like De-troit or Beirut gets crowned the murder capital of the world? Well, Isla Vista has held a comparably ignominious title for a century straight — "Missing Bike Capital of the Universe."

I unearthed this tidbit of information from the Madatree (Alaska) Fish and Social Review Weekly, whose primary function is to print stories each week designed to bolster the morale of Alaskans by instilling in them a sense of relief that they don't live in the lower 48.

OK, on the offhand chance that you don't subscribe to the publication, I'll quote from it to let you less well-read readers follow along.

"There aren't too many places on earth more violent than Detroit, but there is no place in the Universe more dangerous for an unattended bicycle than a dark corridor of Isla Vista."

It didn't always used to be this way. As far back as the 19th century, bicycles were considered a sacred possession. Analogous in func-tion to a horse in the Old West (although cer-tainly not as manly), bicycles were Isla Vista's

"As far back as the 19th century, bicycles were considered a sacred possession."

primary form of transportation. I.V. began to grow a reputation in the Old West. Cowboys who heard the legend of "The Weenie Bicyclists" would traverse hundreds of dry desert miles, riding into town high on their proud horses, hoping to catch a fleeting glimpse of a local sissy cyclist. Whenever one was sighted they always used to shout, "Watch out for the car!" and then laugh so hard that their few remaining teeth would fall out. This line was considered especially funny back then because cars had not yet been invented. This kept up until one day, sick of being tormented with that stupid car joke, a spunky youngster whose name escapes history threw a largish rock at one of the cowboys and knocked him clean off his horse. "Hey!" exclaimed one unusually witty local, "that cowboy just got stoned off his ass!" Realizing that they had been vastly outwit-ted, the cowboys left town to think up a clever retort. We have not heard from them since. With them the cowboys took the traditions of shooting every varmint in sight and the administration of quick justice to bike/horse thieves (they were analogous, remember). It was in this year, 1880, that Isla Vista experienced its first rash of bike thefts. Today, stealing bikes remains an Isla Vista tradition with no end in sight. Each year, when I.V. is crowned with the dubious title of Universal Bike Theft Capital, throngs of jubilant locals crowd the streets waving repainted stolen bike parts in the air, often spontaneously breaking into rapturous melody, singing "God Bless America," with tears of pride running down their cheeks. There is really no remedy to this problem. Oftentimes oblivious educators will tell you that education involves reading, and I hate to tell you this, but while you were reading this article, your bike was stolen. Rich Birecki is a senior business economics major.

k. The countd I started blision. It was not , we're talking

terically. This is huh? Luckily, I

in front of the to treat me for the virus, especially since adults are bound to get a lot ill never forget! sicker than kids. He was a doll, giving me medication to speed up the healctor who agreed ing process and making sure that there was no possibility of the illness taking a turn for the worse. Of course, we had to get permission from the county health commissioner to go ahead with the ceremony, since I

Sylvia Barnard is a Nexus columnist.

by Robertson sidhal Adventures of Stonerman the crowd! WHAT HAPPENED? FOR SOME DUUUUUUDE! REASON, THE I HAVE THE YOU WERE STRUCK BY TEST MOUSE, A RAY FROM THE EXPER-0 RCE! TOR HIT BY THE CK! HE'S IMENTAL ELOCIN (ELECTRON SAME RAY, LASER OCCIPITAL CATALYST DIED, BUT YOU NSCIOUS INHIBITOR NEUTRALIZER) SURVIVED, WE CONTRAPTION HAVE NO IDEA, WHAT'S THAT? WHY YOU AREN'T I'M AFRAID DEAD. 0 05197 THAT'S 0000 CLASSIFIED. LOOK FOR MORE like you! STONERMAN IN FALL!

Break away from Proclaim it from the highest peak! Cry it out loud, h-1-> * Doesn't suck! Don't be afraid. There are others



The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, for August 2nd through August 8th, 1995

Record Review

Supergrass I Should Coco Capitol 1995

When did Green Day perfect their pseudo-English accent? No, wait — Green Day was never this good, and Billie Joe doesn't seem genetically capable of growing wolfy sideburns. The teenage, simplistic, self-gratifying themes like drugs, girls, life and sex are there. The '90s punk, pop, glam, jazz rock — yeah, that's the music, but who is it? It's Supergrass!

Smoki

This band, whose median age is 21, hails from Oxford, England. To keep a short story short, these guys were inspired when Ride, also a band from Oxford, was signed as teenagers to a record label. Supergrass has already taken up loads of newsstand space in Britain, gracing the covers of several music magazines. Lead singer/ guitarist 19-year-old Gaz Coombes almost garnered space on various billboards and free postcards from Tower Records, but he turned down an offer to be the new Calvin Klein underwear boy. Adorably cute, shaggy, Danny Goffey is the Grassers' socially conscious drummer who was interviewed in Melody Maker for a homeless benefit his band was a part of. Mickey Quinn is the oldest member of the band at 24 and completes the threesome playing bass. I Should Coco, Super-



grass' new album, was just released in the U.S. though it's been out in the U.K. for months. Thirteen precious, quirky and catchy pop tunes fill the album (15 if you can find the import vinyl with a 7" bonus single). The tracks are original — "We're Not Supposed to" is recorded on Alvin and the Chipmunks speed, and "Sitting Up Straight" uses noise from the street and a chiming clock as an intro.

"Caught by the Fuzz" is electrically fast-paced, which may be due to the song's lyrics about Gaz's experience being caught by the police (the fuzz in England) doing coke (not the soda), and having his "mum have to come bail 'im out." "If only your father could see you now, he'd break down and he'd fry you out for sure. I never should have let you out tonight" is one of the lines Gaz exuberantly belts out. For those freaks who

walk about with a smile on their face all day, "Alright" is their song. Its peppy piano and surfy guitar solo complement words like "We are young, we run free ... see our friends, see the sights and we're alright."

Supergrass is really cute. I see the Grassers the same way that my pseudocool friends say they saw Green Day before anyone else heard of them (they probably saw them on an MTV buzz-clip): cool, funny goof-offs who play music you can relate to. Just as Green Day was at the top of the American charts with their album Dookie, Supergrass has consistently been at the top of the British charts. It's a fun album and delightful, agro-pop music. Supergrass is definitely better than those wimpy, Woodstock-playing wannabes, Green Day. Besides, Supergrass can read, I think.

-M. Jolie Lash

Stanley Road Gol/London The new Paul Weller album manages to be new

Paul Weller

and old at the same time. Some of the songs have elements of a soul style that I have a hunch is one of Weller's favorites. But this inventiveness comes through enough to let you know you're not in the '60s.

Although you might wonder by looking at the album. The front cover collage, by Peter Blake of Sergeant Pepper fame, has a double-decker bus, a picture of John Lennon — I bet it's some of the things Weller loves about England.

When I think of Weller, I brighten up, but I wince when I think of Winwood. Steve Winwood, that is, who plays piano and organs on a couple of songs. And it's funny: Weller's soulful crooning isn't so far from the reaching and prolonged twang of Winwood singing on some solo album like *Roll With It*, which I don't think much of. I think this album is a case of knowing that Weller's orientation and history, like the Jam and the Style Council, put him in the position to do more interesting things



with the same elements than someone else would.

Road Less Traveled

A prime example is the clever "Porcelain Gods," which gets its "beware false prophets" message across with a double meaning that I.V. drinkers should understand all too well. Everything's in place while this is going on the groovy bassline, the subtle piano, the backing vocals. It's a cool effect and it feeds well into "Walk on Gilded Splinters."

The intriguing "Whirlpools' End" could be about England under attack in World War II. "A bomb exploding in another town," he sings. "Bullets fall like unholy rain. ... And I keep rolling down green Surrey hills in The intriguing "Whirlturkeys, Oasis. The range of supporting artists benefits from the range of Weller's audience and past projects. It's heartening to see a low-key, sleeper superstar making good music after all these years. **Kevin Carhart**

Spring ..." This formative English experience is supplemented by the title song, with its memory of the endless feeling that only a childhood summer contains.

And it's all wrapped up in a deceptively smooth package, full of Fenders and Hammonds and prominent bass. Winwood plays and so does Steve Cradock from that indie blip, Ocean Colour Scene. And so does Noel Gallagher from those indie turkeys, Oasis. The range of supporting artists benefits from the range of Weller's audience and past projects. It's heartening to see a low-key, sleeper superstar making good music after all these years. —Kevin Carhart

Film

Late at night, when you can't sleep and you're stuck in front of the television, desperation sets in. Certain TV movies, infomercials and extinct sitcoms almost seem appealing.

Waterworld, starring Kevin Costner, Dennis



Waste of Water



Various Artists Kids Original Motion Picture Soundtrack London Records

As one of the most annoying people ever, I find a simple pleasure in irking people, really getting on their nerves. Kids are an easy target. It's all too easy to tell some little boy that he's a girl and make him cry. Or better yet, to call some little girl "underwear boy" and engage them in that whole "no I'm not," "yes you are" argument. Another easy thing that annoys just about anyone is speaking with a heavy lisp embellished by high-pitched whistles. Try it now. Read this: Cring. Zhah! Shwee? Now that's annoying. Speaking of kids, what I, one of the

Speaking of kids, what I, one of the most annoying people ever, found irritating on the new *Kids* movie soundtrack are the two tracks by Daniel Johnston. This legendary songwriter has been covered by artists such as Yo La Tengo, Jeff Buckley and K. McCarty. Johnston's songs on the soundtrack, "Casper" and "Casper the Friendly Ghost," feature harshly out of tune accordion and synth violin, intentionally out of tempo drums, and always, always that whining, scratching, strained voice. I loved it! The lyrics sink low in loser description of the curious Casper: "He was smiling through his own personal hell/ Dropped his last dime in a wishing well," "Casper lives in a world without promise/sitting at home in



his pajamas," and "He was always nice to the people that told him/ that he was nothing but a lazy bum." There's a strange pleasure in these songs for me.

There is, however, music on this soundtrack that can be enjoyed even if you aren't one of the most annoying people ever. There are dark, moving tracks by the world-famous Sebadoh and Slint. Folk Implosion takes up most of the soundtrack with its heavy, uncommonly funky beats accompanied by Lou Barlow's (also of Sebadoh) nerdy voice saying things like "Nothin's gonna stop the flow."

Although I, as one of the most annoying people ever, could be pushing this music on you simply to annoy, I'm not. It really is good.

-Noah Blumberg

Hopper and Jeanne Tripplehorn, would be one of the flicks I'd skip over in favor of a Victoria Jackson infomercial.

The premise of the film is interesting. Both poles have melted, submerging land and civilization and creating a landless world. After about the first 30 seconds, I was cursing Kevin Costner for producing yet another self-serving epic. If you've seen Wyatt Earp, you know exactly what I mean. There he was again — different costume, same person. Slow, meaningless dialogue and plenty of closeups.

Aside from another poor performance by Costner, inconsistencies surfaced throughout the film. If the entire earth is under water, how can the bad guys smoke cigarettes? Where does the tobacco grow? Where do they manufacture the matches? Let's suspend



our disbelief and think that the cigarettes and matches are remnants of an "ancient" society. How long could these items exist in water without disintegrating? I didn't do too well in biology, but if Mariner (Costner) was able to evolve into a mutated human being with gills and webbed feet, how did the cigarettes last so long?

Another upsetting aspect was the treatment of women in this film. For no other reason than that there's no land, Costner's character treats the film's women like property. At one point, he drops a gigantic sail on Helen (Tripplehorn) because she annoyed him. In my mind he seemed more like a bully than the tough Mariner he was trying to portray.

they manufacture the Suddenly his character matches? Let's suspend becomes sensitive and

teaches the little girl, Enola (Tina Majorino) to swim. Then he takes Helen down to see the remains of civilization. Too little, too late. By this time I had already grown to despise all the characters.

As you've probably guessed, they discover paradise, complete with raging waterfalls. Of course, the land doesn't feel right to Mariner, so he abandons his newfound friends to return to the solitary life of the ocean.

I think Deacon (Dennis Hopper) most eloquently labeled Costner when he hollered, "You're not stupid, you're a freakin' retard." For more of this quality dialogue, watch the film. I think you'll have more fun popping some corn in the microwave and watching an infomercial. —Monica Morrissey



Gratitude

I keep getting new nude pictures of Carl Weathers in the mail: For a while I couldn't even figure out why, but recently I remembered that shortly after Action Jackson came out, I joined the Carl Weathers fan club. Damn, if that's what being a Carl Weathers fan is about nowadays, I'm just not into it.

Carl Weathers, like many actors in this century, truly has talent on loan from God.

Actually, I was watching "ER" the other day and the grandma of one of the doctor characters said something extremely poignant. "Your talents are God's gifts to you," she explained. "What you do with them are your gifts to God." An amazing assessment of life's purpose. Much too inspiring to be part of any show created by Michael Crichton.

God is left out of a lot of popular culture nowadays. And I think he would like it that way. If the media of mass communication, such as television, film and the Internet, are God's gifts to us, we give little back. And when people try to, it is usually labeled as pretentious and gaudy. Actually, more than often, it is completely misunderstood.

I'm not talking about Disney and the "700 Club." I'm talking about mainstream artists whose talk clings to the banner of saving or cleansing your soul. The Star Wars trilogy reeks of such misunderstanding. Visually awe-some and amazingly presented, the spiritual and univer-sal truths presented in those three movies are not hidden in the subtext. There is no question that George Lucas in-



tended to challenge Judeo-Christian thinking with his movies. A quote from Obi-Wan Kenobi: "Luke, you'll find that many of the truths we cling to depend on point of view.'

Popular music groups such as Belly and the Beastie Boys often underpin their pop stylings with cleansing compassionate thoughts. MCA's "Bodhisattva Vow" is practically a bit of Zen Buddhism dharma, religious teaching, hidden on the Beastie Boys' Ill Communication, one of the most popular albums of the last few years. Tanya Donnelly of Belly is even more sneaky. She splices little vibrations of truth into almost every one of

her songs. Perhaps the most blatant attempt to bring popular cul-ture closer to God is James Redfield's *The Celestine Pro*phecy. This novel, which uses a South American adventure as a means of explaining nine insights toward selfrealization, spent most of the last 12 months as one of the top five American bestsellers. Despite its tremendous ap-peal, this book has been spoken out against by literary critics. I would agree with many of the criticisms if this book was not one of the finest beginner's guides to find-ing higher purpose in life published in the 20th century.



OK, stop me when this starts to sound familiar: One man, in a postapocalyptic environment altered by human carelessness, competes with biker-types for minimal resources. They spar in a series of pointless battles. He eventually defeats them by proving himself as savage as they are.

Granted, Waterworld steals an awful lot from Bone Thugs 'N' Harmony's new album, E. 1999 Eternal. But despite shamelessly ripping off Bone left and right, the tense Kevin Costner epic manages, to some degree, to be interesting.

The similarities between Costner's piece and Bone's are thuggishly, ruggishly obvious. Waterworld's plot, the search for dry land, closely mirrors the idea behind the Bone album — four guys kill everyone and use the word "nigga" way too much. The Bone album, as we all of course already know, is their follow-up to the EP Creepin On Ah Come Up, in which we first meet the gang. They have names like "Wish" and "Crazy" and they all share the last name "Bone." Thus, we're treated to the clever effect of each member of the group having a dynamic name like "Crazy Bone."



Disappointingly, nobody is named "Thigh Bone," "Funny Bone" or "Walter Bone." Fortunately, however, their idolatry concerning album producer Eazy-E (he's dead, you know) stops short of awarding him the nick-name "Eazy Bone," which just sounds absolutely

disgusting. *E. 1999 Eternal* suffers from the Cypress Hill syn-drome in many respects. Bone Thugs 'N' Harmony's al-bum, like Cypress Hill's *Black Sunday*, follows an inter-esting, somewhat original first recording with a rehash of things aren't totally the same. of course the cleverness. Things aren't totally the same, of course — after all, this album's worst track is called "Mr. Ouija 2," while the last album's big letdown was just called "Mr. Ouija."

Still, the group's gimmick of popping off their kill-everyone lyrics in rapid and gushing harmony remains absolutely delightful, particularly on "First of tha Month," the album's first single, at the part when they go, "Holler heller" And ways of the second se "Holler, holler!" And you can't argue with the chill in the Thugs delivery: Somehow they manage to make lines like "Cleveland is the city where we come from" sound vaguely scary, instead of as ridiculous as they are. Is there





a less intimidating city in the world? In Waterworld, Costner offers a creative twist on these themes: Instead of rolling with "killaz" and smoking "hydro," he floats around on a pathetic little skiff with an irritating little girl and her protector, slaughter-ing "Smokers" (the aforementioned biker-types) who try

to — as those naughty Thugs might say — "roll on him." The plot involves these three trolling through the end-less ocean searching for dry land. The little girl has a tat-too on her back which supposedly functions as some kind of map, (although nobody ever explains who put it there) and the Smokers, led by Dennis Hopper (is anyone else incredibly unamused by this loser washout?), want it.

You can basically guess how this goes. Mad Mariner goes buck wild, spends time on his skiff with his new-found friends, acts like an asshole, kills some more people, loses the kid, goes and kills everybody this time, gets rescued from certain death through an absurd coinci-dence involving a flying contraption and so on. Tedious as this sounds, some whir-click visual effects

and a little bit of imagination on the part of the screenw-



riters guarantee that Waterworld provides at least a little fun. And some moments are absolutely dandy, as when Costner and his shipmates encounter the wickedest am-

cular scenes, but you can spend them contemplating the ethical questions of suicide, or rather, whether or not you would do it in a world where Kevin Costner is the

J.D. Salinger ends his classic short story "Franny and Zooey" with Zooey explaining to his sister Franny that the reason you have to care about everyone is because everyone is Jesus. A good point. Something to think about: When you think and create

what is going on in your head, everyone is different. Without any thoughts, we are all the same. So I decided that if I'm going to think, I'm going to think about what I'm going to give God. He already has everything.



10 Wednesday, August 2, 1995

Daily Nexus

Campus Comment

Interview by Noah Blumberg and Jason Sattler Photos by Rachel Weill







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SPORTS

12 Wednesday, August 2, 1995

SB Spikers Strike Gold in Colorado Chapman, Hefty Win Gold Medal on Team East at 1995 Olympic Festival

By Jenny Kok Staff Writer

Completing their Olympic Festival appear-ances, UCSB spikers Morgan Chapman and Bob Hefty walked off the court with gold medals last week in the men's volleyball finals.

With this, his third appearance in the festival, team captain Chapman, a senior outside hitter, made his mark on team East as it defeated the North 15-9, 15-9, 16-17, 15-3.

"Every year I've done a little better," said Chapman in an interview with the Santa Barbara News-Press. "Two years ago, I got the bronze and last year it was the silver. But winning the gold is the best thrill you can have."

Chapman gave a strong all-around performance, making 11 kills, 10 digs, two blocks and a teamhigh three service aces. "Morgan was very solid

on defense," said Hefty, Chapman's teammate. "He passed very well and dug a lot of balls."

Hefty, a sophomore middle blocker, saw lim-ited playing time but came

in off the bench when the team needed some blocking

"I didn't get much time on the court," Hefty said. "I got in a couple of games and made a couple of blocks, but nothing really big because our team was pretty strong. I'd say that we were the best team."

Jeremy Darner, a sopho-more outside hitter for UCSB, got a chance to show his stuff starting for team North, the silver medal winners. Darner hammered out 12 kills and made one solo block on Chapman.

For team South, Donny Harris, a junior outside hitter for the Gauchos, led his squad to a three-game sweep of the West 15-13,

15-12, 15-13. "We had a pretty good team," said Harris. "We were really close to getting to the gold medal match when we played the East, but they came back and won that match. Then when we played the other teams, we didn't do as well because John [Speraw] was hurt."

Speraw, a member of the 1995 national champion UCLA Bruin squad, was captain of team South.

Despite Speraw's in-jury, the squad competed

well and was led by the strong offensive power of Harris, who pounded out 27 kills with a .351 hitting percentage and put up three blocks in the bronze medal match. Harris was



By Brett Lindstrom Staff Writer

Three months after capturing a California state championship title in the 400 meters, not to mention nearly setting a school record in this event as a Gaucho freshman, Donald Oliver is leaving UCSB and headed north for the greener pastures of UC Berkeley.

Oliver's decision to leave Santa Barbara was not simply one of free choice, but of necessity. Like many athletes these days, Oliver depended on the university's partial scholarship he received for track to keep him in school.





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March									
Sat. ThurSui		*Long Beach State Big West Tournament: Reno,	7:30 p.m. NV TBA						
*Indicates Big West Conference game. All times are Pacific Standard Time.									



Daily Nexus

7:30 p.m.

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"When I first signed at UCSB I was under the impression that if I did better, I would get more financial support. It's just not working out that way, though," Oliver said.

The amount of time I was putting towards track didn't equal the amount of money I was receiving from the school to run," he added. "If I had decided to stay here under the current deal, I wouldn't have been able to run anyway because I'd have to work instead.'

Hoping to remain at UCSB, Oliver made several attempts to gain additional financial support from the university.

"At first, I went to the coaches to ask for more money, but besides [Track Coach Jane Frederick's] efforts, nothing else seemed to be happening," Oliver said. "I finally asked permission to talk to other schools."

Once permission was given by UCSB to allow Oliver to visit other campuses, universities like UCLA and Berkeley were lined up at the door, ready and waiting to make him a better offer. But what made Oliver finally decide to transfer to Berkeley was more than just monetary reasons.

"Well, it's definitely a whole lot more than what I'm getting here, with an option to grow. Berkeley was one of the first schools I applied to, anyway. I just didn't have the grades to get in at that time," he said. "I absolutely loved it there when I

Donald Oliver

went on my recruiting trip. It offers a more diverse environment, too."

Berkeley will no doubt provide Oliver with a new challenge, both academically and on the track.

"With the tougher competition in the Pac 10, I'll have a better opportunity to improve myself each week," Oliver added.

Although disappointed with the way things happened, the athlete contends that he has no ill feelings toward the university or the track team.

"I simply feel that more could have been done," he said. "I hope the system doesn't treat other athletes the same way it did me.'

Frederick was also disheartened by the university's decision.

"I really have mixed feelings. I think we should have made a stronger effort to retain Donald. We simply fell short," she said. "I'm very dedicated to UCSB and the track program, but I'm unhappy with the outcome of this situation."