

# OPINIONS

e.g.

Disaster relief funds are a campaign ploy. So are hurricanes.

It sucks to attend college on a construction site.

Little kids dress too well today.

Greg and Marsha Brady did *not* defile each other.

It's time for a change.

Food for fish and fish for Somalians.

Danny Devito sucked as the Penguin.

Greeks are sexist.

Greeks are philanthropic.

The Japanese could never build a '64 Mustang.

Pete Wilson sucks.

The Stones are better than the Beatles.

The Beatles are better than the Stones.

Abortion is a woman's constitutional right. No it isn't. Yes it is.

Equal opportunity, unequal pay scales. It's the American way.

Condoms shouldn't be distributed in schools.

AIDS shouldn't either.

Some of my best friends are...

Too many people sell out, but too many people are buying.

Halloween is for locals.

Everybody is entitled to their own opinion, even if it's wrong.

# THE BEAST

## One Man's Adventure In Pursuit Of His Nightmare

Alex Salkever

It started around 9 a.m., like a jackhammer in my cranial cavity. I was in a foul mood, an evening's cheap beer sloshing around in my stomach. Nothing is worse than being hung over and not being able to sleep it off because there are 60 screaming women under your window. Or perhaps they were hiding in my closet. I couldn't really tell for sure.

So I went to my closet and peeked in the door, when suddenly a hefty "Gamma" holler slammed into my brain. Staggering backwards, I tripped over my roommate's hideous orange chair and stepped on a CD case, snapping it cleanly in two. Now I was really pissed.

I swaggered back up to the closet, ready to take on anything that would jump out at me. Throwing the door open, I screamed "I'll show you my Gamma, you brazen breed of barbaloots." There was no reply. "Cowards, come and meet your maker!" I was going to have none of this silent treatment after having been so rudely awakened. Foolishly, I turned my back on the beast. Just as I did, it shrieked, "Gamma Epsilon Kappa Sigma!" Or something like that.

"Arrgh! Show yourself or I will be forced to take drastic action!" I countered, jabbing a wayward curtain rod into my closet, hoping to skewer my nightmare. I stabbed a hole in my favorite sports coat and upset a large pile of sweaters, but made contact with nothing remotely flesh-like.

"Shut up," a small voice whimpered.

"Oh-ho," I thought. So there *was* something in there. "Identify yourself, and maybe I'll let you live," I growled.

"Shut up," the voice said again, and I realized that it was my roommate. "They're across the street," he said and pointed vaguely toward the house with the funny letters that had been deserted for most of the summer.

"Sorry," I muttered. "I just got confused." But a sudden chill traveled up my spine when I realized the slumbering house had awakened into a raging beast. I'd heard the rumors, you see, of these destructive annual eruptions, like Isla Vista's own version of Pinatubo. And now it seemed the top had blown.

The reality was, however, that the beast was my neighbor, and one should always try to be civil with neighbors. So I resolved to have a chat with the source of my discontent, confident that tomorrow I would be able to sleep in drowsy silence.

I put on some underwear to match my flip-flops, and stepped outside to face the beast. The house of ill repute came into view and then into focus. My head hurt. The imposing letters stared down at me, and the lifeblood of the beast scuttled around in its all white antechamber. A wave of fear swept me, and I began to cry.

Obviously, walking straight into the belly of the beast would be idiotic. I decided to scout out the turf a little bit before I went in and tried to negotiate with Jabba itself. Singling out one of the beast's supplicants, I sidled up smoothly. Upon reading the tan badge she wore I said, "Hi, one-eight-four. Nice day isn't it? So, what's your major?" All this got me was a strange look. I repeated myself. Maybe she didn't speak English.

"Are you talking to me?" she asked, giving a big smile with lots of teeth.

"Uh-huh." She was very pleasant after all. Smelled nice too.

"What did you call me?"

"One-eight-four. That's your name, isn't it? It's listed right there on your badge."

"Oh. No, that's just my rush identification number."

"Your what?"

"My rush identification number. My name's actually Jennifer."

"Pleased to meet you Jennifer," I said. "What are these identification numbers for?"

"I don't really know what it's for. I mean, we've already got perm numbers and everything. Maybe it's so they can be sure that we have paid our rush fees."

"You mean you pay to take part in this ritual?"

"Yes."

"Why?" I was dumbfounded. "Aren't you afraid of the beast?"

She looked at me oddly and said, "Well, sororities are a lot of fun. It's easy to make friends in a sorority."

"But you have to pay them first, right?"

"Huh?"

"Tell me, do you really like all this noise that they make?"



JOHN TREVINO/Daily Nexus

Jennifer looked at me strangely again. "Do you write for the Nexus or something?"

My cover was blown, so I moved on. Besides, Jennifer clearly had no intention of helping me to silence the beast. No, I would have to go deeper. I walked up the stairs to the beast's antechamber. A group of the beast's soldiers were there, all wearing floral print skirts and matching tops. I tried to select one of them carefully, but they all looked so much alike.

"Excuse me. I come in peace." I addressed the group with my most authoritative voice. "I would like to speak with your leader." One of the women stepped forward and gave me another big smile. No braces.

"Can I help you?" she chimed. Same perfume as one-eight-four.

"Why yes. I would like for you to speak to the beast and tell it that its neighbors would appreciate it greatly if the honorable beast would not make so much of a commotion at such early hours or continue on with same said commotion for eight hours straight."

"Oh. Those are our rush chants. I'm sorry, but it's an important part of rush."

"Rush. What is this rush and why is it so cacophonous?"

"Rush is where we select new members of our sorority. They will then become our sisters for life." Right. But you will still make them pay you, I thought. I was onto their game.

"By what criterion do you select new members?" I inquired innocently.

"Well, we talk to everyone who participates. If everyone in the house likes them, then we ask them to join our house."

"And become a sister for life?" I asked hopefully.

"Exactly! Then they will be a sister forever."

"About how much time are you able to spend with each supplicant, whoops, I mean rushee, before you decide her fate?"

The leader frowned and said, "Only about an hour or so." She smiled quickly and added, "But it's always enough, and everyone is happy in the end."

"Even those who you have deemed unworthy after spending an hour judging them?"

This elicited another frown from the leader. "I don't know what you are talking about. What are you doing here anyway? Do you write for the Nexus or something?"

Drat! I burst through the crowd in search of the beast itself. The beast's soldiers scattered in the face of my mad dash. I knew I was close, I could feel the heartbeat. I galloped on, in search of the throne room. "Show yourself, thou who hast treated me so rudely just this morning! Are you a coward? Do you fear a Quixote, armed only with the truth? I certainly speak for the masses in saying that this sorority rush thing must be stopped! I will not back down."

I staggered into the sacred shrine of the beast — the so called chapter room. The pictures of the beast's minions stared down at me. I was one and they were many. "AAAAAugh! Taffeta! Everywhere!" I screamed at the rows of gleaming teeth. My head began spinning, and I felt a metallic ring being pressed around my wrist. I woke up with my wrist pressed tightly against my bed frame. "It was only a dream," I sighed.

A resounding "Gamma!" bounced off my inner ear, bolting me upright in my bed and slamming my head against the ceiling. The beast is alive and everywhere, was my last thought as I sunk back into the black hole of oblivion that lasts for a week every September.

Alex Salkever is trapped in I.V.

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# 'World News Now' Can Save You, Too

**Charles Hornberger**

There is a crisis in the world of broadcast news. Programs like "Inside Edition" and "Hard Copy" can hold their own in the ratings war. Words like *info-tainment* and *sound byte* have made their way into respectable dictionaries. Geraldo Rivera calls himself an investigative reporter and is not widely rebuked. "Real" news shows like "Prime Time Live" and "60 Minutes" are caving in to the trend towards sensationalism and fantastic self-hype promos. There are still no decent local news broadcasts anywhere. Standard news programs at 6 and 11 have become the forum for the negative campaigning presidential candidates are afraid to wage in paid political ads, for fear of angering voters. The jargonization of news speak is accelerating daily, even on once-admired channels like CNN. PBS is coming under attack from the political right as a subsidized perk for highbrow lefties. For the thinking, television-watching individual — and that is not an oxymoron — the intellectual desertification of broadcast news is a legitimate, if somewhat peripheral concern. And the process does not necessarily appear reversible. The sands of TV's mental Mojave are only widening. However, there is an oasis. It's called "World News Now," and it may be the only broadcast worth watching (at least since "60 Minutes" denigrated itself by interviewing Bill

and Hillary Clinton about their marriage). Its anchors are the only news figures on TV who don't see themselves as the arbiters of Truth, Justice and The American Way. Maybe you've seen it. Each weeknight from 1:30 a.m. until 6 a.m., Aaron Brown and Lisa McRee bring you the day's top stories, repeated every half hour. The format, which includes national stories, recaps of news programs like "Nightline," sports highlights, weather and business news from an affiliate station in Japan, forces them to announce each story at least two or three times. Sound boring? It's not. Unlike CNN anchors and missionaries, Brown and McRee don't do it the same way each time. And they avoid doing it with the artificially rigid attitudes of Koppel or Jennings. They (almost) never furrow their brows and frown into the camera like Tom Brokaw does at least once an evening. They are what no other news broadcast team is. They're self-conscious. They know that they're on in the middle of the night, and that one of the biggest advertisers during their time slot is Sominex. They realize that sports highlights show the same shot over and over again — the home run, the touchdown pass, the long putt for birdie, the three-pointer with :01 showing on the clock. They know that campaign coverage is predictable and dictated mainly by the candidates and their political henchmen. They know that national weather readings are virtu-

ally worthless. Perhaps by virtue of that recognition, or perhaps just because of their carefree styles, they even manage to be funny — something that ordinary newscasters try to do by making bad puns and joking with the happy-go-lucky meteorologist shmuck. Besides this, the two actually talk to each other. They make fun of each other. Brown snickers when McRee says she was in "short-pants" when the USS John F. Kennedy was christened. McRee gives away Brown's ties and coffee mugs to guest anchors when he's on vacation. They aren't tied to typical half-hour format, which dictates that newscasters only address each other after reporting on personal tragedy and with meaningful phrases like "Hmm, what a sad story." "Yes, really unfortunate," the other can then say. What is apparent here is that Brown and McRee understand that they're not much more than news readers. Their announcements of political sound bites and Miami hurricane follow-up stories are not exactly the stuff of which Pulitzers are made. Perhaps the fact that they do the same broadcast at least nine times each evening helps hammer that point home. So they read the news, and then they fuck around. And it's incredibly refreshing. For example: • During sports highlights, they have a cliché meter that registers, on a scale of 1-10, just how trite the footage and commentary is. Brown attempts to

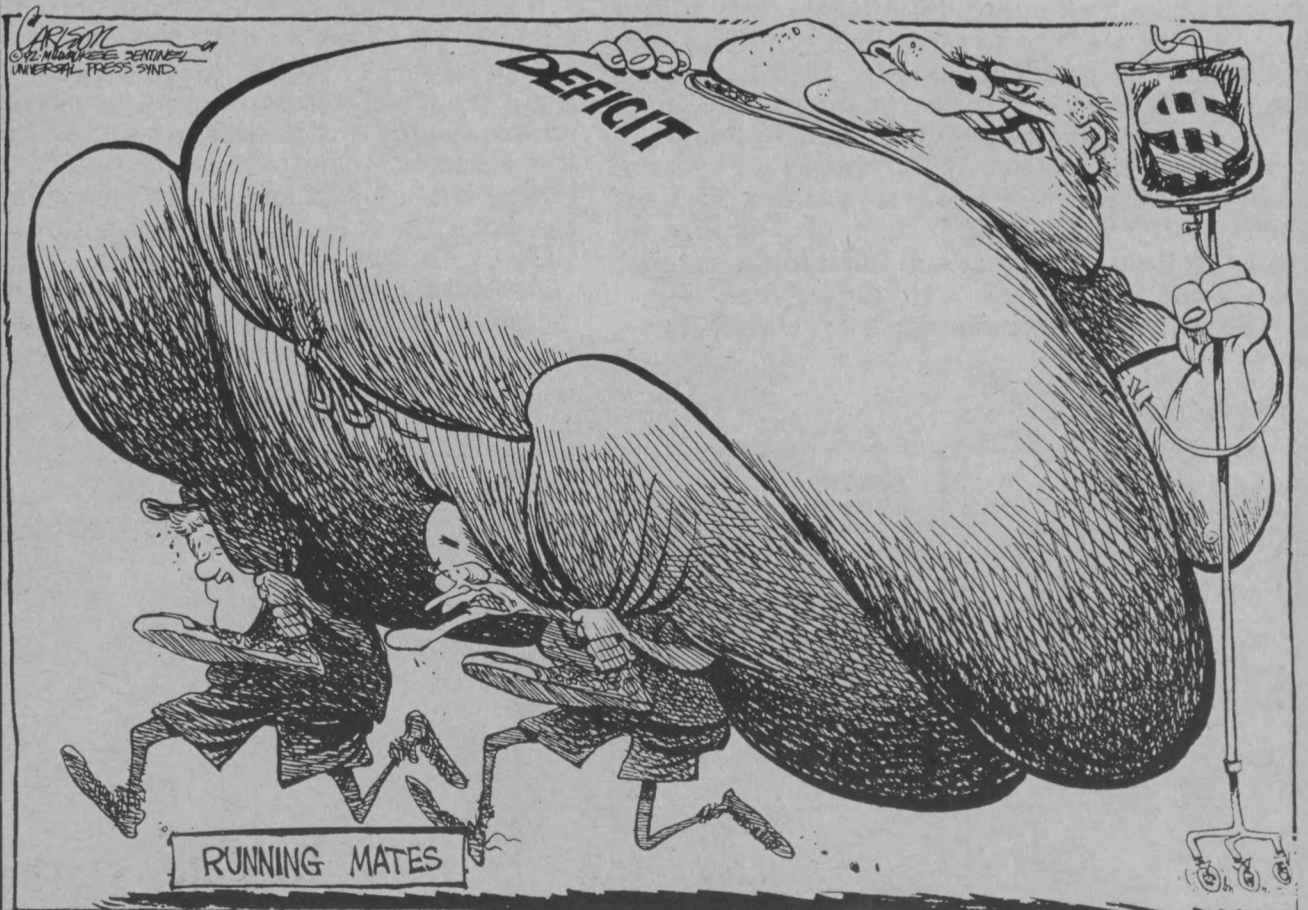
score as highly as possible. • They will also cut repeatedly to the same shot of Jack Nicholson on the sidelines during one sports segment — at an NBA game, a hockey match, a tennis tournament, etc. • They have added a margin-of-error reading of 44 degrees Fahrenheit to their national weather readings. • They play any and every sort of background music — from The Beatles to Julio Iglesias — during sports score wrap-ups and weather forecasts for randomly selected cities around the U.S. Essentially, they're the 1990s version of 1970s

Weekend Updates on Saturday Night Live. They're nearly as funny as Chevy Chase and crew were, and their subtle satirization of broadcast news parallels what the Not Ready for Prime Time Players did. During campaign coverage, you can detect undertones of disdain, looks of distrust and smirks of amusement as they announce the next video clip from either camp. Just the other night, when Brown came back from vacation (they both go on more vacations than you could possibly imagine) he offered a little commentary on the politicking during an extended video clip. He essentially

said: Boy, all this stumping is sure getting old. It was concise, to the point and candid. It was a nice change from Tom Brokaw's serious frown and furrowed brow. Watching "World News Now" will not change your life, your political views or the amount you know about the world. It will not provide you with rare insights into Capitol Hill or investments of foreign capital. But it will provide some perspective on the pomposity and artificiality of news broadcasts, and it will make you laugh. Charles Hornberger, a senior English major, is the Nexus editor at large.

**You know how when something makes you really mad and you start screaming about it at the top of your lungs and all anyone says is "aww, shut up" because they're trying to sleep? Well, that never actually happened to me, either, but you should still write your thoughts to the Nexus editorial pages. Why? (That's a start, by the way: start asking "why.") You might wake a few people up and you shouldn't listen to anybody who says "aww, shut up" anyway. That's my opinion. Drop your's off in the office under Storke Tower.**

# VISUAL COMMENTARY



# OPINION

"I haven't heard of anybody who wants to stop living on account of the cost."

—Kin Hubbard



JOHN TREVINO/Daily News

## So Long, Camelot

Repercussions of New State Budget Will Slam Students as the UC Takes Yet Another Hit

### Editorial

The Camelot chapter of the University of California has come to an ignoble close.

\$225 million. That's all it takes in budgetary cuts to wear away the once unquestioned veneer on the University of California's Round Table. Sure, recessionary cuts, burgeoning student fees and administrative largess have worn at the gleaming finish afforded the UC by decades of robust state budgets, but for a while it seemed the White Knight of recovery would ride in next year with a fresh can of furniture wax. Not so. Instead, the table has been splintered by the news of almost a quarter of a billion dollars in cuts on top of the losses projected by Pete Wilson in January. After holding a deep breath for the 64-day budget impasse, everyone in the system should now prepare to choke on sawdust.

The Camelot days were nice to everyone. In decades past, the feasts around the system were plentiful: the economy was good, and our public university attracted faculty and students comparable to those at big-shot private schools. Students didn't starve then from the low fees expected of them; a good education at a reasonable cost was a reality. Now, with the first reduced California state budget in years, the UC's banquet is over. The cuts that prompted this quarter's 24% fee hike have been deepened further, and the consequences are going to be catastrophic to higher education in this state.

There will not be any White Knight for years at least, and the possibility of ever reaching a full recovery — the Holy Grail, if you will — is slim. So tighten your belt and read on: What follow are our projections for the new UC student diet.

\* Scarcity — Larger classes, fewer classes, fewer

services and longer lines. As the administration spreads another 10% cut around the university, more faculty and staff will be joining the forced migration to greener academic pastures. You lose. The first taste of this could be registration complications or maybe the drastically reduced hours at the library. In the long term it could mean you will be at UCSB longer than you planned.

\* Poverty — Expect to lose some friends and to watch as diversity falls. Starting Winter Quarter, fees are likely to rise again, on top of the 24% just experienced. Don't be surprised if someone you know drops out because of costs. Don't expect much additional help from Financial Aid. CalGrants, the main source of student aid, lost 15% to the budgetary grind. And with reduced library hours and other services, many campus jobs are sure to be eliminated as well. This means some students will join the longer lines at the unemployment office as well as those at Cheadle Hall.

This all adds up to a *de facto* abandonment of the state's Master Plan for Higher Education, a hallmark that makes up the lumber of the maligned Round Table.

Students, while standing to lose the most, are not alone. Those administrators who lived so well in the past are going to be tightening their belts as well. While the gross overspending by top administrators on luxury gifts and parties — exposed by auditors this summer — only amounts to a drop in the bucket, it has become political baggage that can't be carried. This, at least, is a positive outcome of the UC's crash diet.

At any rate, the Round Table is smashed, perhaps for good. All we can do now is get used to it.

# Thought The Big Push

Jamin O'Brien

At a time when our right to a decent education threatened it becomes the students' responsibility more than just go to classes. It can be quite easy your way through UCSB as an undergraduate; it me. The difficulty for me came when I attempted cate or motivate my fellow students to create char University of California Board of Regents is m mostly of businessmen, and the State of Calif now run by a governor who just proved he does about the deteriorating state of education. Therefore, students, especially at the university level, need to be vocal than ever. They need to commit themselves ing more than students.

I was listening to an interview the other day man named Mpho Musimam, the head of the So rican Students' Press Union. He admitted feel vileged to be a student in South Africa and bec was given this privilege, his first commitment wa struggle to end Apartheid and, secondly, to his tion. He said this was the case for all Black stu South Africa. I'm not saying the United States i pressive as South Africa — although sometimes i questioning even this — but I am saying that s need to revive the student movement.

During my last year at UCSB ('91-'92) I encou the most docile student body I had ever seen. I that people now have to work part time or, in som full time to help pay for school, but this proves to students' right to an education is slowly being away and we must protect it.

When I see the idleness of some students, I ca but think of the increasing population of homele ple, the continued antagonism directed toward g men and people of color, and the deteriorating tional system. Students are in a unique positio out and push, not only for their right to an educat for others' right to choice, for peoples' right to

*When I see the idleness of some students, I can't help but think of the increasing population of homeless people, the continued antagonism directed toward gays, women and people of color, and the deteriorating educational system. Students are in a unique position to reach out and push, not only for their right to an education for others' right to choice...*

free speech and the protection of civil rights

It isn't necessary for students to sacrifice their graduate or graduate studies to get involved a level. There are many ways to be active in this con without committing every waking hour, and committing yourself to a specific type of invol Too often, people seem to confuse activism with ism or radicalism. Activism is many things. The tion of a student activist as someone who attends ter rally has got to end. Rallies are good sources mation and sometimes can serve as a way to coll lobby one's Congressman or Congresswoman (s in the case of the Anti-War Rally it may even e the voices of many whose dissenting views are ally heard in the mass media. But this is by no m full extent of activism.

My roommate, who many might see as passive is one of the most active people I know. At least t a week she and other members of Student H Hunger Action Group are either cooking or coo food for the homeless. Another friend last year himself to the ground several times with large re protest of the bureaucracy he experienced at Hall. There are publications on campus such as *Blackwatch* and *Herstory* that all need people to bute to their efforts toward awareness and ement. There is the Associated Students, which d needs your help. There is a town next door, Isl that most of you either live in now or will at so while attending school here and which needs so ous help. The lack of student representation wit community has allowed the standard of living to met, while rental rates have skyrocketed. Be c There are thousands of ways to get involved. Lab which is a group that follows the actions of the city of California's nuclear labs, already exists an your input. Start your own group. We need som begin Babswatch. This group could keep a keen UCSB Chancellor Barbara Uehling. Every time s looks the students' interests in favor of efficien ey, she must be held accountable. Whatever it whatever you feel passionate about is where you begin.

When you committed to UCSB, you comm educating yourself. It can no longer stop there. dents we need to be the ones who are educating We are the privileged class who must reach out to ourselves not only theoretically, but actively. M put it best when he said he was more committed cating others than himself.

Jamin O'Brien is a recent UCSB graduate.

## Doonesbury

BY DIEGO TUTWEILLER



9-18

# Thoughts Ignite Over Idle Minds

## A Cola Politics

Scott McPherson

About a week ago another poll surfaced on the late news with yet more obscure statistics:

• Percentage of Americans who strongly support their favorite presidential candidate: 29.

• Percentage of Americans who strongly support their favorite soft drink company: 60.

In this election year, it is not surprising that Americans have a stronger allegiance to Coke or Pepsi than to Bush or Clinton, but it is still disheartening. Lack of support for candidates as individuals makes the election a race between political parties — and the more prevalent the party, the more votes they will win. It is big business politics and consequently leaves Americans with only two real choices for president. (No Virginia, there is no Ross Perot).

Indeed, a comparison between the cola wars and the conflicts between political parties is not so ludicrous. The intensity with which Coke and Pepsi have scrambled for consumer loyalty is certainly on par with the intensity of candidates rallying for votes, and the manner in which the cola warriors have insulted and bashed each other is reminiscent of Willie Horton-style campaign mudslinging at its finest. Political hardball, soda style.

As in politics, the exorbitant amounts of time and money spent to sell us on one brand of carbonated sugar water over the other has created an incredibly effective false dilemma: You are either a Coke or Pepsi drinker with no in-between. The result of this, as the poll indicates, is that Americans are very loyal to the one brand of soda that they routinely drink.

Incidentally, both companies are extremely rich because of it.

*The intensity with which Coke and Pepsi have scrambled for consumer loyalty is certainly on par with the intensity of candidates rallying for votes, and the manner in which cola warriors have insulted and bashed each other is reminiscent of Willie Horton-style campaign mud slinging.*

This black-or-white thinking is the driving force of the American two-party system, as well. You are a Democrat or a Republican, a liberal or a conservative, this or that with no in-between. Simply, party members vote for party candidates. When an individual runs for office, being a loyal party member will often win more votes than his or her personal qualifications.

And it certainly doesn't stop with the general public. Members of congress routinely vote in favor of bills proposed by their own party and against those proposed by the other. Just as Shasta and RC fall to the wayside in the war of cola superpowers, lesser-known political parties cannot compete in the same arena with the elephants and donkeys. An amazing lack of individual or innovative thought has, for all intents and purposes, made the false dilemma that Americans have only two political choices a truth.

Incidentally, both parties are extremely rich because of it.

If, as the poll seems to indicate, people would have trouble simply switching the cola they habitually drink, can Americans ever affect real change in this nation's political structure? Probably not.

In the end, of course, Coke and Pepsi are not all that different. Milo and Binkley said it best a few years ago in the comic strip Bloom County. While contemplating which cola to buy, the two characters debate the advertising schemes of different brands. Binkley finally asked, "Are we missing a larger issue here?" And Milo responded, "Yes — both taste like malted battery acid." Yes, they do, but we keep buying what they're selling, whether or not we know why.

Likewise, in politics we overlook that all of our party candidates are, in the end, just politicians. Regardless of their party, views or what area of the country they come from, Democratic and Republican politicians live for one thing only — to get elected or re-elected. They'll say what you want to hear and make all sorts of promises, but once they're in office, they can pretty much do whatever they want. A presidential candidate, for instance, can promise "No new taxes" when he's campaigning, but can promptly jack up taxes after he's elected. And we tolerate it ... but we don't really know why.

When you stand at the 7-11 drink fountain and fill your Big Gulp with Coke or Pepsi, don't be surprised if it tastes like malted battery acid; and when you stand in a voting booth and check off a Republican or Democratic candidate on the ballot, don't be surprised if either one ends up being a weasel politician. Oh sure, you could drink lemonade or vote for a semi-crazy populist Texas billionaire if you really want, but no one else will. So you should just be a sheep and not rock the boat, right? Uh-huh.



JOHN TREVINO/Daily Nexus

## Everyone Is to Blame for the Big Lie

William Toren

If I were to tell you that some time in the next year someone will cheat on their tax return form, what would you say? How about if I said that commercials are misleading and that politicians are corrupt? The answer is something along the lines of "No kidding, duh," I'll bet. Hey, everybody knows that elected officials are at best lying for our own good, TV makes you brain dead and inflation is a fact of life; that's the way it is. Isn't it?

Sure, OK. Corruption and pandering are the status quo and most of us have managed to keep this reality from causing us a great deal of pain beyond the familiar dull ache that sets in as soon as the buzz of puberty wears off, perhaps sooner. Life ain't fair as anyone will tell you.

"Your president has been involved in illegal activities since before break-dancing was popular!"

"Of course. That bastard, I always knew he was a crook. I never trust no politician anyhow."

"The liquor store is overcharging you!"

"Hey, wouldn't you if you could get away with it?"

"That chemical plant is dumping tons of pollutants a day into our environment!"

"They're just concerned about money, that's their job."

If any of this sounds familiar, perhaps the problem really isn't in Washington or Wall Street or wherever, but somewhere a bit closer. Everyone to some degree at some time must accept an unpleasant fact — it's part of attaining a respectable level of maturity. But there are still some things that nobody should put up with — who's going to defend corruption? Make excuses for it, rationalize it, but not defend it.

Nevertheless, even while people condemn the evils that men do, if it's something that they've decided is too big or too small, people will accept it. Conceding to a choice between the lesser of two (or three or four) evils is a failure to acknowledge that there is anything good in the world. If you are prepared to live with this, fine, but don't ask anyone else to.

The essence of democracy lies in the notion that people have the capacity to know what is best for themselves and their neighbors. If you grant that such is not the case, which is not too difficult, then we may as well be living under a dictatorship — more so, even. And after all, what would be wrong with that? As long as no one tried to restrict our purchasing power at the convenience store, most people wouldn't know the difference, except that now there'd be no pesky pre-empting of favorite programs for campaign coverage, and the other 40% wouldn't be voting either and making the rest of us feel bad (if only just a little).

Why is it that people get more sick of hearing of injustice in the world than they get sick of the injustice itself? Perhaps we feel it is safer and easier to not rock the boat at the risk of inconvenience. But I'm not talking about joining the Marines and invading Serbia, or even joining the PTA. It doesn't need to be that complicated.

Maybe the reason we can tolerate the idiocy or vice of others is because that we ourselves would probably do the same things when it came down to it. But why? We know, certainly, that it's possible to live life with a greater measure of integrity than we generally see exhibited around us, but we take what we can get away with. Are we that fragile?

It is not necessary — we won't all die or go bankrupt if we don't — but would it hurt more than it helped if we developed, each of us as individuals, our own sense of belief? If we made a commitment to a standard of thought and action that didn't allow us so many loopholes? Do we have to wait until something is a life and death situation before we think it's important? I don't think so. I don't think it's that difficult. All you have to do is want it.

William Toren, a senior philosophy major, the Nexus news editor.

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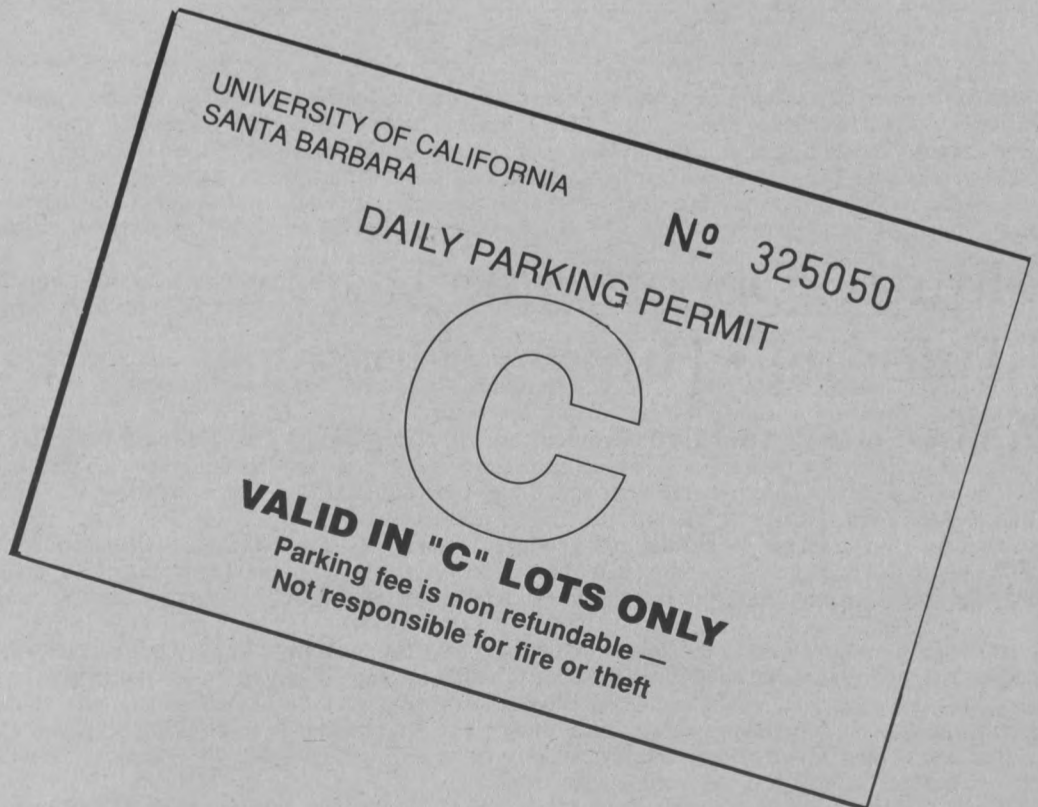


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(Find your second family at CAB)
- **"Mom's Cooking..."** -Manny Washington  
(Come meet other CAB volunteers who are starving for home cooked meals)
- **"My parents allowance and a job"** -Craig Glaiberman  
(Volunteering with CAB is worth much more than money)
- **"Feeling secure and knowing there are friends around to help you"**  
-Michael Chio  
(Meet new friends and feel secure knowing that you are helping others- at CAB)

Everything you're looking for is at the  
Community Affairs Board Office (CAB)

CAB Volunteers are  
- "Volunteers at the Heart of Change" -  
Volunteer Today !

Volunteer Opportunities are available in such areas as:

- Tutoring • Hunger/Homeless • Pre-Medical experience • Environmental • Senior Citizens • Special Education • Volunteer Income Tax Assistance (VITA) • Legal • One-Time Events and many many more ...

AS/UCSB Community Affairs Board  
UCen Room 3125 (3rd Floor), 893-4296  
Monday - Friday 10 am - 4 pm



# ANNUAL PARKING LOT EVENT!

FRI-SUN, SEPT. 18-20



**Back to School Foliage Sale** **KEY BUY** **.99**  
LUSH GREEN FOLIAGE FOR DECORATING YOUR DORM ROOM 4 INCH POT

**Assorted Foliage Plants** **KEY BUY** **2 FOR \$7.77**  
SELECT FROM A WIDE ASSORTMENT, 6 INCH POT



**Lay's Potato Chips** **KEY BUY** **.99**  
6 OZ. PKG.

**Lady Lee Large Grade AA Eggs** **KEY BUY** **.79**  
CTN. OF 1 DOZ.

**Star Kist Chunk Light Tuna** **KEY BUY** **2 FOR \$1**  
IN WATER OR OIL, 6.125 OZ. CAN

**Kraft Macaroni & Cheese Dinner** **KEY BUY** **.55**  
7.25 OZ. PKG.

**Harvest Day Orange Juice** **KEY BUY** **.69**  
FROZEN CONCENTRATE 12 OZ. CAN

**Lady Lee Yogurt** **KEY BUY** **.39**  
ASSORTED FLAVORS 8 OZ. CTN.

## WELCOME BACK! UCSB STUDENTS

## SAMPLE OUR LOCALLY MADE PRODUCTS

- San Luis Sourdough Bread
- McLintocks Beans
- TacoWorks Chips
- The Spice Hunter Spices

## Decorative Pictures Large Selection of Rubbermaid Products



**Small Electric Appliances** **KEY BUY** **9.99**  
CONAIR 2 SLICE TOASTER, CONAIR AUTOMATIC CAN OPENER WITH KNIFE SHARPENER, CONAIR 5 SPEED HAND MIXER OR POPLITE POPCORN POPPER EACH

**Gillette Sensor Razor** **KEY BUY** **3.49**  
OR 5 CT. REFILL CARTRIDGES EACH

**Tubular Hangers** **KEY BUY** **1.00**  
ASSORTED COLORS 10 CT. PKG.

**Kellogg Angle Broom** **KEY BUY** **5.99**  
(PLASTIC SPONGE MOP, 6.99 EACH) EACH

**General Electric Soft White Light Bulbs** **KEY BUY** **2.39**  
40 WATT, 60 WATT, 75 WATT OR 100 WATT 4 CT. PKG.

**Energizer AA Batteries** **KEY BUY** **3.99**  
EVEREADY 8 CT. PKG.

**O'Doul's Non-Alcoholic Brew** **KEY BUY** **3.99**  
6 PACK, 12 OZ. CANS +CA REDEMPTION VALUE

**Keystone Beer** **KEY BUY** **4.29**  
REGULAR OR LIGHT, 12 PACK, 12 OZ. CANS +CA REDEMPTION VALUE

**Snapple Iced Tea** **KEY BUY** **2.49**  
4 PACK, 16 OZ. BTL.

**Lady Lee Apple Juice** **KEY BUY** **2 FOR \$3**  
64 OZ. BTL.

These prices effective from 8 a.m. Wednesday, September 16 through midnight Tuesday, September 22, 1992 at 581 Calle Real and 7127 Hollister, Goleta Lucky stores only. Copyright © 1992 by Lucky Stores, Inc. All rights reserved.

