

Friday Magazine

annual prose contest



Close Quarters

1st place

by Kirk Nessel

I was watching the highway as it came at us in the windshield, as the tail lights came by in blurs between their heads. I was in the back seat. Kiyán was driving and Stephi sat in the passenger seat, her hair hanging over the leather headrest. The needle of the speedometer said 180 km.

Did that frighten you, Kiyán asked, slowing down and turning toward me a little, but keeping his eyes on me in the mirror.

No, I said, but I've never gone that fast before, I'm sure.

Stephi turned around to me and asked me what did I think of the Autobahn, me who lives in a place where everybody must go fifty-five or get a ticket.

I told her I liked it just fine. I tried to look like I'd been telling the truth about not being scared. You get tickets over here for not wearing your seat-belts, I said, and I can see what for.

Just a few days before, the truck driver who'd taken me from Baden-Baden to Heidelberg told me about a nasty scene on the Autobahn, so I had good reason to feel uptight. He told me that the girl he was engaged to and her whole family were killed on the Autobahn when they crashed into a

truck. I felt so bad for him after he told me that I smoked some hash with him, something I hadn't done for over a year. He sprinkled some of it into a tobacco cigarette he rolled while he was driving — it was as big around as a cigar. We smoked it and talked about America and ate the bag lunch he'd packed.

A few days later Stephi picked me up in a Volkswagon van, at the onramp leaving Heidelberg. Her van was full of things — lamps, clothes, books, everything she owned, in fact, along with her dog, Gypsy; she was moving away because she'd been offered a job by a modeling agency in Dusseldorf. After I'd gotten settled in the van she told me that she'd never picked up hitchhikers before. That she felt like picking me up because it was a long trip; because she was starting, as she called it, a new chronicle in her life. The idea of it made her nervous, so it would be good to have some one to talk to along the way. She'd been living in Heidelberg, she told me, since she was a little girl.

In the rear-view mirror Kiyán's eyes were on me again. They were the kind of eyes that are so black that you can't tell the pupil from the colored part, the kind that dare you

to keep looking and, if you do, dare you to look away. I looked back at him until he turned his eyes to the road. The pavement was wet from the rain; the taillights ahead made it shine in oily red patterns.

We will go to the student quarter and drink some *alt*, Kiyán said. He and his family were from Iran, originally, but he spoke German just like a German, and his English was good too.

To the student quarter, said Stephi. I could tell that she was smiling though she didn't turn around for me to see.

At the beer hall Kiyán seemed to know a lot of people, though he didn't introduce any of them to us, which was just as well for me — you can waste a lot of time meeting people you know you'll never see again. When it came time to pay for the beer he wouldn't let me pay for my glass, and it was the same story at the Rajneesh-run disco we ended up at later. I usually get uncomfortable when people treat me that way — you know, it's my treat, don't worry about this one, put your wallet away. But since he was dead-set on paying for everything I figured what the hell. His house had looked like it was right out of a magazine and his Alfa Romeo was brand new, smelling like

fresh leather, floating along with never a vibration. Even at those suicide speeds.

His house, Stephi had told me earlier, was sitting on the edge of a forest which was the last one left in Dusseldorf. We'd gone over there from Stephi's place — actually it was Kiyán's brother's place, but she was staying there while he was out of town, or until she found an apartment of her own — to borrow the Alfa Romeo because the Volkswagon wasn't starting all of the time. The furniture in the house looked like it was out of a magazine too; wood and glass and Oriental rugs. Kiyán's mother was in the kitchen when we got there. She was so happy to see Gypsy that she fried up some beef hearts for her to eat, and gave the rest of the package to Stephi to cook later at home. Neither Kiyán nor his mother said very much to me. Kiyán seemed interested mainly in Stephi and his mother was interested in the dog.

So we ended up at the Rajneesh disco. It was a nice looking place, not too dark, with lots of mirrors and neon designs on the walls made by pink and green tubes, and with a polished wood dance floor under the spotlights and flashing ball. The employees there, dressed in maroon like the

(Continued on page 2A)

Close Quarters

(Continued from cover)

Rajneeshies at home, smiled most of the time and danced. They danced even when they were pulling a beer for you from the tap. The three of us were sitting there, anyway, with our glasses of *alt* at a table on a terrace just above the dance floor, fenced in by a polished wood rail. Kiyan talked to Stephi for awhile and I watched the people dance. Then Stephi saw a guy she knew from Heidelberg and went off with him to talk.

Kiyan watched her go and turned to me.

Stephi knows many people here already, he said, and scratched the hair on the back of his neck. He had a lot of hair there but not much on his head — it was cut short all over and he was getting bald in front. The black of his eyes reflected the pink and green of the neon tubes.

Stephi tells me many nice things about you, he said.

What kinds of things, I asked.

He said that she said I was very polite. He had been acting much friendlier with me since he'd found out that I was leaving tomorrow.

I said, my folks raised me to be that way, so I couldn't help it. He smiled a smile which didn't include his eyes and then turned to look at the dancers.

I'm going to go out and dance for awhile, I told him. I see a lot of people are dancing by themselves so I won't feel weird for doing it.

I took off my shoes and then got up and went down and danced until I was sweating. Once I fell down because the wood was slick and I'd tried to spin around too fast, but nobody seemed to notice, and I thought, hell, who cares. I kept on dancing. There are more embarrassing things in this world than falling on your butt in a discotheque. When I got back to the table Stephi was there again and Kiyan was gone, and as I sat down I saw he was out on the floor, over on the other end, dancing by himself.

Stephi said, you have to be careful. You will hurt yourself in falling. Her English was not as good as Kiyan's.

This is what German *bier* does to Americans, I said. You might have to carry me out of here.

You are crazy, she said.

I told her I was crazy because she made me that way, and as I said I put my hand over hers on the table. She looked over to where Kiyan was dancing and then at me again, and a few strands of hair which hadn't been tied up on top of her head hung down, long and blonde, into her face. Just then it at all seemed a little unreal somehow, I mean, finding myself in such close quarters with looks like hers. It was that feeling of awe you get once in a great while, the feeling that a miracle's happened nearby, and though you're not exactly sure what the miracle is you're sure somehow that you've been taking part in it. Maybe Kiyan had been feeling the same thing — maybe he was feeling it right now. If he was I couldn't blame him. Still, I've always hated assholes who try that hard: feeding his heart to her the way his mother fussed over the dog.

Stephi moved her hand out from under mine on the table, and away. Please don't do these things when Kiyan is here, she said.

I haven't so far, I said.

She thanked me.

He is making me a big favor by giving me his brother's apartment, she said. I don't want him to think I am not grateful for him helping me. If he gets angry at me he would tell me to go and find another place.

I said I wouldn't want that to happen.

It would be bad to go back home so soon, she said.

It would be even worse, I told her, to give him what he wants after I'm gone.

She turned and looked me in the face and asked me what did I just say. The music was loud, so I said it again, but this time louder. She looked like she was ready to crush my stockings with her heel.

I will not do that, she said, crossing her arms. She looked out over the rail to the far end of the floor.

A slower song had come on and now only five or six people were out there dancing, Kiyan being one of them. The way he moved was odd — it was like a cross between karate and flamenco ballet. He was leaping around, his arms curling and waving like delicate snakes, and holding himself for the longest time in bizarre poses before taking off again. I was thinking how weird it was — how it takes you by surprise, sometimes — to see somebody do a thing like that when what you've learned about them so far hasn't given you any clue that they'd ever be capable of it. Dancing, even. When you see somebody you thought was so impersonal and cold get up and begin flapping, and fly off above your expectations — well, it's strange.

He is a good dancer, I said.

He is an idiot, said Stephi.

In the morning the rain had started up again, pounding hard on the roof, making me glad that I wasn't camped out in a park or cemetery somewhere. Along about midday Stephi turned on the stereo and made coffee, but we stayed in bed until two in the afternoon. While we were laying there I asked her which one of her modeling pictures would she let me have to remember her by. She gave me a little black and white portfolio that filled up the four sides of a card and signed her name on the fourth side. Above her name she wrote a verse in German, a verse which I understood then because she'd just translated it. *Wenn ich in diesen Augenblick glücklich bin*. Something about the memories of vital experiences never failing.

Can I help, I asked her when she got up to make breakfast.

No. Just stay in bed, she said.

She sawed open a loaf of bread and scrambled some eggs, completely naked, while I watched her from the bed a few yards away. Her hair came down to the middle of her back and her body was a model's body, tall and thin like a gazelle.

She said, you are not really going to leave when it rains like this?

I have an umbrella, I said.

You will still get wet, she said, and added, it is time for eating.

Will you come to California, Stephi, to see me? I said. I put some chocolate hazelnut butter on my slice of bread, telling her it doesn't rain in the summer like this over there.

I don't know, she said. First I have to make money with my job, then I'll find out.

The rain had turned into a mist by the time we headed off towards the Autobahn. I was careful not to scratch the leather seats with the zippers on my ruksack when I put it in the car. Stephi looked at the map for a few minutes and said she knew where the best place was for me to wait for a ride. When we got downtown the rain had stopped, but the windshield wipers came on every so often anyway, automatically.

When does Kiyan want his car back, I said.

This morning, she said, seven hours ago.

judges:

Laurie L. McCullough, editor

art work by Earl Arnold

Jared Becker

Diana Castro

Matt Welch

annual pros



2nd place

Scrap

by Robert

I came across a scrap book the other day. Turning its yellow pages and fragile memories, I was five years old again. The pictures made me aware of my lost innocence, as they retold the story of the happiest summer of my life.

My grandfather, eight years into his retirement, had decided that he and my grandmother would not spend the summer sitting on the front porch wearing out their rocking chairs. As he

tucked me into bed one night that May, he told me of the great expedition he and Grandma were going to make to Oklahoma. He said, "Hey partner, how would you like to come along, just the way your Pa always did?" I was never happier.

There are pictures of my grandfather and I in every state we traveled through, us usually with a monument in the background, or a sign that reads, "Welcome to New Mexico."

ose contest



apbook

Robert R. Mackey

There are pictures of me on my grandfather's back, in his arms, and on his shoulders. It seems he never tired of carrying me. Oh, that summer. We were always exploring and playing games. My grandmother I know was happy seeing my grandfather having so much fun. She was satisfied capturing our smiles on film. We returned from our great expedition late in August. That was two months before my

grandfather had his first stroke. After that he was never the same. I did not see my grandfather again until December. Walking then, only with the aide of his walker; the man my grandmother nursed was a stranger to me. Often, as he sat idle in his rocking chair, he would motion for me to come sit on his lap. Faintly, he would smile, and with great effort he would thinly whisper, "When are we going to Oklahoma again partner?" And I would cry.

3rd place Heart of Drunkenness

by Robert Apatow

The blades of my electric fan spun hypnotically 'round blowing the hot, stolid air across the room towards the bed where I lay at the edge of the San Fernando Valley. Click. Jim Morrison's haunting voice filled the room. "This is the end." What was beginning?

The 101 North stretched out before me. The brown sky echoed the dullness of the gray pavement in clouds of dreariness looming above. I stared into the bleakness of the windshield and contemplated the assignment before me. I was an employee of the corporation. It was a family corporation. A member of the family — a sort of eldest son — had been sent seven years ago to Isla Vista. He was suppose to return in four. Why hadn't he returned? What was he doing there?

His name was Kurtz. He had been one of the brightest students. He was offered scholarships from the finest institutions, but instead he chose Santa Barbara. Why?

Funds had long been cut off. No communication had been made in over four years. There were only rumors, rumors too horrible to believe. The corporation had decided there was no longer any hope for Mr. Kurtz and so I was sent.

The fog rolled in over the freeway carrying the night along with it. I had arrived. I parked my car as advised. Driving would only raise suspicion. it was said Kurtz had taken over Del Playa. How could one man conquer this expanse of such diverse frenzy? Kurtz was no ordinary man. I could not help but feel intense wonder, if not admiration, for the life he led. His thirst was beyond human, desiring not ponds or lakes, but the vast Pacific he stood above. With savage intensity he lit up the night inflaming those around him with the heat of his passion for life, spurring masses of people to Dionysian heights. What was it that he was striving for? Was there a goal to this madness? Did that goal possess any reality, any truth? And if so, were such truths graspable by mortal hands? Would the gods allow such a thing or would Kurtz eventually confront their anger for the rest of eternity? Maybe this was his punishment, or then again, perhaps Kurtz was a god — Dionysius himself?

The icons of madness were everywhere: on windowsills, fenceposts, crumpled in the gutter and smashed in the streets. The ghosts and zombies paraded through the night; shouting and hollering, they condemned their gods. The sounds became more acute. I could sense Kurtz. I continued on deeper and deeper into this hollowed tunnel called Del Playa until I reached its end. I looked towards the ocean. A surfboard hung over a balcony. There were words inscribed on it. *Party Now!* I had found Kurtz.

I approached the war-ravaged building that sat above the cliff listening to the ocean crash below, which slowly eroded the foundation of Kurtz's kingdom. this natural disintegration of mankind's world metaphorically foreshadowed Kurtz's. Like Shelley's Ozymandias who attempted to

create a legend that would last forever, Kurtz would also crumble. Time was now running out.

As I approached the entrance I could see his followers congregated about, but Kurtz was not to be seen. From behind me a man approached. I turned around to see a young fastidiously dressed individual with a glazed look upon his face. "What do you want here?" he asked. I hesitated, and then replied to his own question. "You've come for Kurtz, haven't you?" I nodded. "I knew this time would come. We have been deceiving ourselves into thinking he would be ours always. He is an incredible man. There is not another like him." He seemed to be telling me this as if I also worshiped Kurtz, but my thoughts remained soberly fixed upon my mission. "If you only knew what we have been through together, the things he has shown me, the life I have experienced. I had saved him many times, you know. He once tried to throw me over the cliff."

"Why?"
"I don't know. It was alright, though, I understood."

"That's crazy."
"What is crazy? You can call other men crazy, violent, insane. Kurtz transcends these descriptions."

"Where is he now?"
It was as if Kurtz knew it was ending. I looked at this odd individual and saw the emptiness of a devoted man whose god had died.

"Inside. He has been sick recently."
It time to face him. I walked in past the burnt-out people seated and followed a long dark corridor. At the end, a door remained partly closed and a candle flickered within. I slowly pushed the door open and saw him lying on his bed at the far end of the room. The candle spread the light unevenly through the room so that I could not see his face clearly. This was not the same slender athletic Kurtz who had come to Santa Barbara seven years ago.

"You have come for me."
"Yes," I replied. As he spoke his face moved into the light. I could see the quiet resignation in his expression. He showed no regret. I looked into his eyes with envy. He had lived to see to the heart of it all: sex, drugs, rock and roll. And what had he found? Nothing, emptiness. He had seen through the illusion. His countenance now displayed a desireless acceptance for the future that awaited him.

He again tried to speak, but no sound followed. I moved closer. What was he saying?

"The keg, the keg." With these words, he then belched and lost consciousness. What did they mean? I spent the evening beside Kurtz contemplating them. Finally I understood. He had entrusted me to preserve his name. I was to return the keg and receive his deposit. Somehow I felt it was right and I faithfully carried out his last wish.



FRIDAY MAGAZINE picture yourself contest

mirror mirror
show us how you see yourself
draw, write, paint, talk
deadline Tuesday May 12, 6 p.m.
In the office of the *Daily Nexus*.

Dining & Entertainment

Food to Go
Open 7 Days

Lunch • Dinner
Banquet

菜川王華

CHINA CASTLE RESTAURANT

AUTHENTIC MANDARIN SZECHUAN HUNAN CUISINE

HAPPY HOUR
Free Hors D'Oeuvres • Well Drinks \$1.50
Long Island Ice Tea & Tropical Drinks \$2.50
3 P.M. - 6 P.M.

Open Sun-Thurs 11:30 am to 10 pm
Fri-Sat 11:30 am to 10:30 pm

290 G Storke Rd., Goleta
(Next to K-Mart) 968-1308

1202 Chapala St., S.B.
at the corner of Anapamu
962-6602 & 965-9219

Sizzler®
Steak • Seafood • Salad

5555 Hollister
Open
Sunday-Thursday: 11 am - 9:30 pm
Friday & Saturday: 11 am - 10:30 pm



China Castle

Looking for a place to sit down and enjoy a quiet meal in beautiful, exotic surroundings? China Castle serves authentic Chinese lunches and dinners at a pace that lets you savor the meal. Located just off Hollister and Storke in the K-Mart shopping plaza, China Castle's delicious Szechuan, Mandarin and Hunan cuisine will leave your mouth watering for more.

One delightful entree is their tea-smoked duck, a tantalizing combination of boneless sliced fried duck with prawn sauce. It's served in Chinese pan cakes and comes with rice. Other selections on the extensive menu include Shrimp in Flower Basket or a sizzling plate of pan-fired noodles.

But why limit your enjoyment of China Castle to just your table? Private banquet facilities are available to groups looking to plan a party or gathering. Dance floor rental is included free with the price of the meal. A full bar is also available to accent your meal.

Whether it's a friendly lunch, an intimate dinner for two, or an all-out bash, China Castle is waiting to serve you. Take-out is also available. Serving 11 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Sunday through Thursday; dinner hour is extended until 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday. Telephone Goleta 968-1308 or Santa Barbara 962-6602 and 965-9219.

The Fresh Alternative

SUBWAY
Sandwiches & Salads

888 Embarcadero del Norte at Pardall
Jammin' Food,
Jammin' Music & Jammin' People...
— the essence of Subway —
with I.V.'s only CD Patio

NEW HOURS
Sun-Thurs 'til 12:30 am
Fri & Sat 'til 2:00 am

"Don't Go To Bed
Without Us"
Visit Santa Barbara
SUBWAY
at 1225 State St.

**\$1.00 off Any
Footlong & Med Drink**

Good Anytime
At I.V. Subway Only
Expires 6/20/87
Limit 1

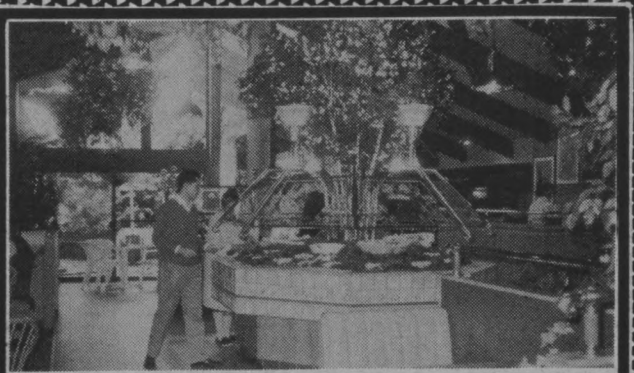
SPIKE'S PLACE

- Burgers
- Sandwiches
- Salads
- Specialties

The **BEST** selection
of beer in the tri-counties

- Full Bar
- Open 11 AM to 2 AM Daily
- Patio Dining

6030 HOLLISTER GOLETA
964-5211



Sizzler

The Sizzler may be famous for its steaks, but today's Sizzler is steaks and a whole lot more. As you walk through the door of the restaurant, the interior that awaits you is bright and airy, with lovely floral arrangements suspended from the beamed ceiling. It's a relaxing atmosphere in which to enjoy a great Sizzler meal.

At both lunch and dinner, one of the most popular features is the all-you-can-eat salad bar, stocked to the brim with seasonal fresh fruits and vegetables, and a stunning array of other salad accents. The latest addition, included in the price of the salad, is the tostada bar, complete with crisp flour tortilla shells, tostada meat, refried beans, melted cheese, tomato, lettuce, real cheddar cheese, jalapeno, and avocado in season.

Of the myriad main entrees, the daily fresh fish special is a wonderful choice. Flame-broiled and served with Sizzler toast and a baked potato, the choice is a natural. Sizzler also offers an all-you-can-eat shrimp platter which comes with a steak.

Sizzler is located at 5555 Hollister Ave. near the Ward Memorial Blvd. off-ramp and next to Joe Redford Toyota. Hours are Sunday through Thursday 11 am to 9:30 pm, and Friday and Saturday until 10:30 pm. Telephone is 964-6769.

Dining & Entertainment

Don't Miss Out on This Fantastic
Opportunity to Reach the UCSB
Student Market!

Population over 18,250* (Not including Faculty & Staff)
*75% of these students eat out everyweek!

This is a potential market of over 20,000 customers.
So be sure and get your share with an attractive ad in our Weekly Friday Restaurant Page

"Dining & Entertainment"

Here's How It Works
Sign up for 4 weeks for cost of \$56.25 per week—total \$225.00
3 1/8 x 3 3/8" ad will be run each week—in a different location on the page. The week
your profile runs (picture and article on your restaurant, your ad will be at the top of
the page). You must decide what week the profile runs when buying the ad — 1st, 2nd,
3rd or 4th week. First come, first served.

Daily Nexus
Just above the City and way above Average

For further information, call Ty Kietman, Advertising Manager, at 961-3828