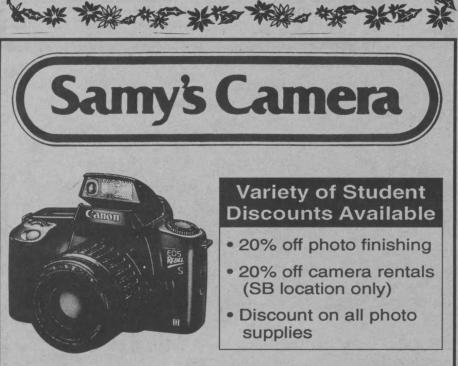




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I had no idea what was in store for me on this double holiday.

After I got ready, hopped in my car and went to pick up my boy-friend Paul from work. On our way back home, we got a craving for Arby's, so we made a pit stop. Since our friend Jeb worked next door at the liquor store, we decided to step in and say "Hi." We walked in and Jeb was on the phone with a mutual friend so he handed me the phone and told me to talk to her.

While she wished me a happy birthday on the phone, an old man scur-ried into the store. He had snow-white hair and a snow-white hair and a beard to match, a big belly and (no, I'm not kidding) red cheeks. He immedi-ately approached my boy-friend and said something to him while pointing in my direction Durpled and my direction. Puzzled and still trying to hold a con-versation on the phone, I mentioned it to my friend. She told me to get off of the phone and find out what was going on, so I did. After I handed the phone back to Jeb, Paul

turned to me and said that the strange man had some-thing to tell me. He looked at me, smiled and took my hand.

"I just had to tell you that you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I saw you walking by while I was on the pay phone and I almost lost my breath. I just had to come

in here and tell you how beautiful you are."

Completely em-barrassed and completely red, I thanked him and tried to change the subject. I had no idea where this man had come from, but before I knew it, he was hugging me. Meanwhile,

See SANTA, p.5A



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Advertising Supplement

Thursday, December 8, 1994 **3A**

Searching the Wrong Pole

By Bunyan Tom

Preparing to disembark and humming "Holy Night" to himself, Turner Levy is slowly coming to the realization that the eggnog was stronger than he thought. He should've known. Mixing it in the cabin of a pitching — what is this? — some kind of yawl, he was bound not to get equal parts egg and nog, ha ha.

"Hey cap'n, why'nt you have a parasol or something, one of those Cinzano umbrellas maybe," he calls out to Milton "Skip" Hammermill, who has ostensibly hired out his services to Turner for a modest sum, just enough to cover most expenses, always glad to get the odd assignment, you know, with a good partner for a client.

They're both sweating in the sunlight of 24-hour days, Turner wearing \$5 sunglasses with the plastic tag still attached to the bridge, and headed for royal places, to judge from the names. The Princess Astrid Coast, at the edge of Queen Maud Land — it seems the best place to land in Antarctica, at least from the maps Turner has stuffed in his pocket.



"Very funny," comes Hammermill's voice from the stern. Turner is making his way to the bow, hand on the roof of the cabin as he progresses slowly forward, calls back, "Hey, can I borrow your hair?"

on the roof of the cabin as he progresses slowly forward, calls back, "Hey, can I borrow your hair?" Now turning to look astern — a bit daring, really, since it requires his head and body to face in two different directions there's Hammermill, clearly smirking, even posing, turning his chin up and toward the sun, pulling down on the wide brim of a baby blue woman's sun hat that must have been quite the look in 1966. Its Christmases must've all been spent in boxes, on high shelves of walk-in closets, musty with disuse, never a hope of seeing such a sun as this so close to the year's end. They've struck up a wild

friendship, these two unlikely mates whose gruffness, real and pretend, shows most obviously in their practice of using only the other's last name. They first met in Brisbane, went

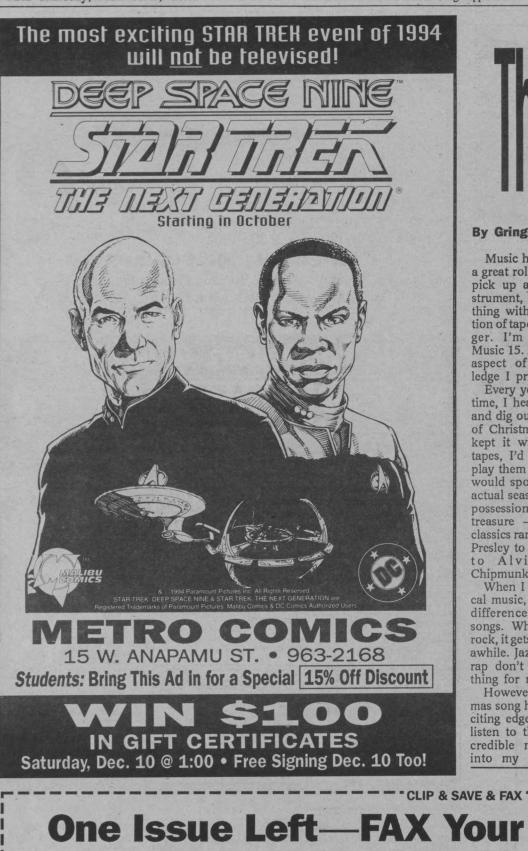
See POLE, p.8A





Advertising Supplement

Daily Nexus





By Gringolet Rafalo

Music has never played a great role in my life. If I pick up any musical instrument, I can't do any-thing with it. My collec-tion of tapes is rather meager. I'm struggling in Music 15. But there is one aspect of music know-ledge I pride myself on.

Every year around this time, I head to my closet and dig out my collection of Christmas music. If I kept it with my normal tapes, I'd be tempted to play them all year, which would spoil them for the actual season. This is one possession I have that I treasure — my yuletide classics ranging from Elvis Presley to Johnny Mathis to Alvin and the Chipmunks.

When I listen to classical music, I can't tell the difference between the songs. When I listen to rock, it gets repetitive after awhile. Jazz, country and rap don't really do anything for me.

However, every Christmas song has a bright, ex-citing edge to it. When I listen to them, I feel incredible memories rush into my consciousness, and inspired enough to go

lifting me higher into a state of euphoria and anti-cipation. Christmas is coming! My favorite time of the year!

Trees are erected in living rooms, downtown stores become busy and lively with decorations and special holiday uniforms for the employees. Santa Claus can be spotted on every corner. Winds are blowing colder, spirits rise with a potent cup of eggnog.

These feelings can be felt when listening to Nat King Cole sing of chestnuts roasting, and Bing Crosby croon of white Christmases, just like the ones he used to know. Nothing can top the feeling of excitement of hearing Brian Wilson and his Beach Boys achieve perfect harmony in "Little Saint Nick." Chuck Berry, advising Rudolph to run, rocks harder than many of his other works. It's a phenomenon.

The whole month of December has a feeling to it like no other month can produce. It's as if some weird nerve gas gets released in the air and everybody suddenly feels caring



MATT RAGLAND/Daily N out and buy gifts for each other. Perhaps it is an au-

See MUSIC, p.5A

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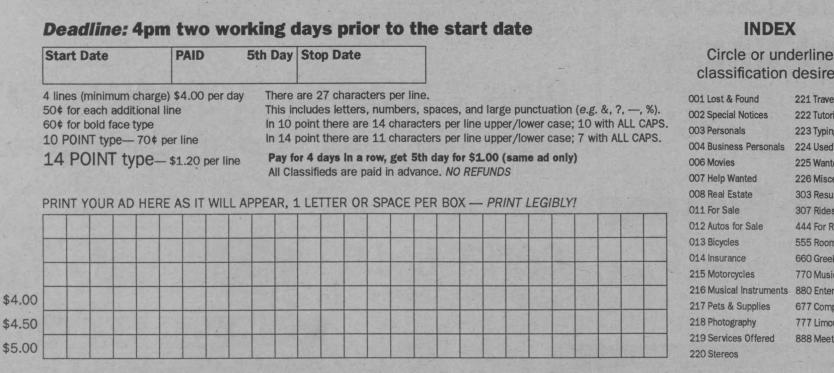
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Daily Nexus Classifieds

INDEX

Advertising Supplement

SANTA

Continued from p.2A

Paul and Jeb were laugh-ing in the background. Thinking the incident was over, I picked up my purse, but before I could move the stranger told me that Paul told him I was Dutch. Guess what comes next.... "I'm Dutch too! Happy St. Nicholas Day!"

After a few more minutes of idle conversation, Paul and I agreed it was time to leave. The old man again approached me and grabbed my hand. "I know I'll probably

never see you again, that's why I had to come and tell you that you are a beautiful woman."

Flattered, I thanked him again and turned to say good-bye to Jeb. He wished me a happy birth-day and then the old man lost it.

"It's your birthday?! How old are you?" Paul told him I was 21.

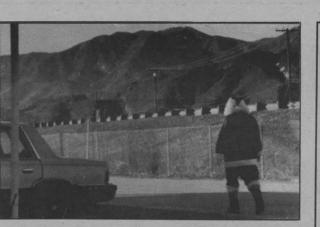
Getting all jumpy and smiley, the man took his wal-let out of his pocket,

Continued from p.4A

dio reaction, as listening to

the Sirens' song forced

MUSIC



opened it and pulled out a \$20 bill and a single. Approaching me with a big smile, he put the \$21 in my hand and closed it, kissed me on the cheek and wished me a happy birth-day and said I had to be very special to have my birthday on St. Nicholas Day.

I tried to tell him to take the money back but he wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally, we said our good-byes and walked back out to my car. I couldn't believe what had just happened.

I was very quiet on the way home. Contemplating

holiday tunes and must enter this wonderful feeling.

So this year, make sure to listen to your fair share men into swimming to of holiday music. If you them ... people hear these don't have any, and your the events that had just ta-

ken place, I came to a con-clusion. This had defi-nitely been the weirdest

thing that has ever hap-

pened to me, but it was also very special. How

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer - Have a Holly Jolly Christmas - I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas - Jingle Bells Jingle Bells - It's Beginning to Feel a lot Like Christmas - The Three King The Little Drummer Boy - The Joker Laid an Egg - Frosty the Snowman - Rudolph the

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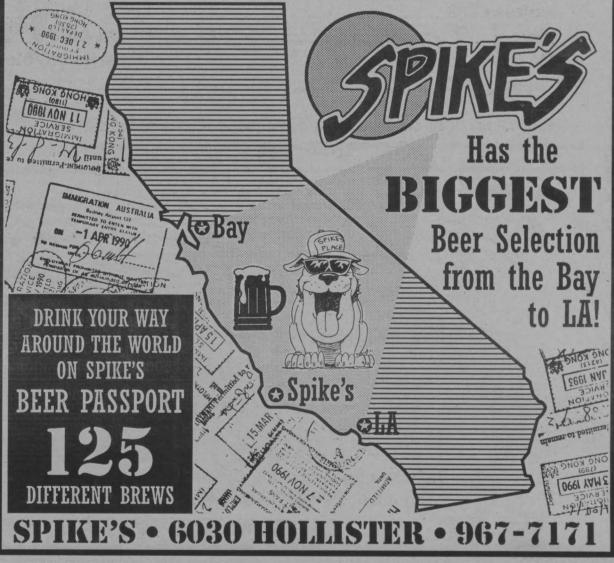
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also very special. How many times in my life will a Dutchman that looks like (I hate to say it) good ol' St. Nick come up to me on St. Nicholas day, my birth- day, and hand me \$21? Maybe it's a sign of some sort, maybe it is a freak coincidence, but no matter what it is, I will never forget that moment be- cause that 20 and that one will remain with me as	HOWTIME INFORMATION MOVIE HOTLINE 963-9503 WILLIGHT SHOWS \$3.75 LIMES SHOWN IN () BRACKETS	FM SOUND ENHANCEMENT FOR THE HEARING IMPAIRED AT ALL THEATRES	PASSES & COUPONS NOT ACCEPTED ON & NO PASS SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS DAILY MATINEES \$5,000 ALL SHOWS BEFORE TWILIGHT SHOWS
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your favorite performers belting out the "Navidad" hits. Merry Christmas!	TRAPPED IN PARADISE (PG-13) 1:30 (4:20) 7:20 10:05 THE PAGEMASTER (G) 1:10 INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE (R) HOD (VILID) 2:10 0:55	THE PROFESSIONAL (R) 2:00 (4:45) 7:30 10:00 PULP FICTION (R) 1:30 (5:00) 8:30 THE LION KING (G) Frif-Sun only - 12:50 (3:00)	Mon-Th- 2:30 (5:15) 7:50 10:05 VANYA ON 42ND STREET (PG) 7:05 9:40 Kurt Russell STARGATE (PG-13) FrlSun. only - (2:30) 9:20
ning of Jingle	1:00 (4:10) 7:10 9:55 PLAZA DE ORO 349 HITCHCOCK WAY - S.B. A LOW DOWN DIRTY SHAME (7) Ft//Mon-Th- 7:10 9:30 Sotr/Sun - (4:45) 7:10 9:30 THE SWAN PRINCESS (G) Ft//Mon-Th - (4:45) Sotr/Sun - 2:15	RIVIERA 2044 ALAMEDA PADRE SERRA - S.B. "A Masterpiecel An Elegant, Fascinating Puzzle!" - Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES Krzysztof Klesłowski's * RED (R) Fil/Mon/Tues - (5:30) 8:00	MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET (PG) 1:45 (4:15) JUNIOR (PG-13) 2:00 (4:30) 7:15 9:45 THE SANTA CLAUSE (PG) Fri-Sun - 1:40 (4:00) 7:00 Mon-Th- 1:40 (4:00) 7:00 9:20
s t Like e King oy - The	Schrödin - 2:16 THE SANTA CLAUSE (PG) Fri/Mon-Th- (4:30) 7:00 9:15 Sat/Sun-2:00 (4:30) 7:00 9:15 ARLINGTON THEATRE & TICKET AGENCY 1317 STATE - INFO- 963-4408 TICKET AGENCY 1317 STATE - INFO- 963-4408 TICKET AGENCY SANTA BARBARA FESTIVAL BALLET THE NUTCRACKER LIVE ON STAGE Sat 2:30	Sct/Sun/Wed - (2:30) (5:30) 8:00 ** NO SHOWS THURSDAY, 12/15 ** SAT. ENCORE COLLECTION DEC. 10 - 11:30 AM - \$5.00 THE BLUE KITE FAIRVIEW TWIN 251 N. FAIRVIEW - GOLETA Wesley Snipes * DROP ZONE (R) Fri/Mon-Thurs - (4:45) 7:30 9:50 Sct/Sun- 2:00 (4:45) 7:30 9:50	CINEMA TWIN 6050 HOLLISTER AVE - GOLETA Arnold Schwarzenegger Emma Thompson JUNIOR (PG-13) Frl/Mon-Th - (4:30) 7:15 9:50 Sat/Sun - 1:45 (4:30) 7:15 9:50 Patrick Stewart STAR TREK GENERATIONS (PC) Frl/Mon-Th - (4:15) 7:00 9:40 Sat/Sun - 1:30 (4:15) 7:00 9:40
Ph the	Sot 2:30 7:00 Sun 2:30 THE LION KING (G) Mon-Thurs only - 12:45 (5:45) STARGATE (PG-13) Mon-Thurs only - (3:00) 8:00	Michael Douglas Demi Moore * DISCLOSURE (R) Fil/Mon-Thurs- (4:30) 7:15 10:00 Sat/Sun- 1:45 (4:30) 7:15 10:00	SUNDAY - 7:00 - 3:00 907 S. KELLOGG AVE GOLETA 964-9050





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6A Thursday, December 8, 1994

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mas tree

ason advances once again, maintain a special position and bustle. Christmas st the smell of pine can Idhood memories of tinsel rations. Photos left and eill, center J.E. Anderson.











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Continued from p.3A down to Sydney, where Hammermill's boat was docked, and now are coming close to the shore of Antarctica. Such a relationship is not to be undervalued when the last days of December are ap-proaching friendless, and in a foreign country no less. They're both expatri-ate Americans, visas good through the next two holiday seasons, just sort of looking around — Turner in a painfully obvious post-collegiate slump ("Might as well stamp it on your forehead," Hammer-mill has said before, and most likely will again) and Hammermill doing just what he's always done, feeling secure because there's a boat in the harbor, never more than two days away and because there's no FAA on the ocean.

A journey is best de-vised, these days, in un-clean, poorly lit places, preferably a tavern, but a café will do, by two wan-dering types who have enough to base their relationship on besides pure friendship (in this case, a fee-for-services) and who don't really have any reason to stay where they are. Reasons to leave are even better - seasonal loneliness, a reputation for idleness that seems to proceed you as you head for a prospective employer's office, too short a distance between any corner of the town and your ex's place - these are all acceptable.

"Something different," Turner was saying, "you know, something interest-ing, a touch of a game to it, just oddball enough for it to be truly memorable, real fodder for pub stories, the whole bit.'

"Sure, sure, I know. You've got *wanderlust*, ha ha — don't get me wrong, I won't deny having a touch of it myself now and again," Hammermill says winking wryty winking wryly. Then Turner, half ro-

mantically, but just for the sport of it, suggests the re-versal of the childhood dream, the inversion, per-haps, or maybe just its mirhaps, or maybe just its mir-ror image. "Let's get that old boat of yours, the one that you *claim* you can skipper, and go to the South Pole," proposing a toast to the affair. A clink of glasses, Hammermill shaking his head, "he's crazy," but ever-so-slightly nodding "what the hell," and it is done. It has the feel of a transaction, and the seaman likes it that way.

By the time Turner makes it to the bow, Hammermill has found a suitable cove, and the anchor is dropped ceremoniously by the former while the latter readies a tiny rowboat. Thirty strokes later they're ashore, finding a suitable place to spend the night. They've cleared out a spot for a fire, set up a two-man tent, and Hammermill's wondering whether the business aspect of this relationship should be stressed a little more, the two of them stuck in there, why the hell is he out here anyway, should be snug in the fold-up bed of his boat's cabin, not getting ready to trek for neither-of-them-knows-how-long to the South Pole, of all places to spend Christmas, with the daylight still strong at midnight. It'd be real hard for Santa to make his sneaky visit here, real hard.

But Turner's still giddy, from the eggnog or the

See POLE, p.9A



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Thursday, December 8, 1994 9A

POLE

Continued from p.8A long day's journey into still more day, it's not clear which, and rambling at about a mile a minute. "A journey to the South Pole for Christmas, just think of it, what we could find there," sounding quite drunk by the metaphorical possibilities, whispering like any fireside chatterer who's just getting to the good part. "No Grinch too simple, that's just a good heart gone bad we're in the mirror here, and who's gonna have a factory at the pole on this side of the equator? The Anti-Claus that's who," he collapses in a fit a of laughter.

"Or maybe," teary-eyed, he's really rolling now, "the anti-Klaus, a big, tan German - Germany, that's where we got the whole Santa Claus thing from, right?" "The Netherlands."

him now, bright red swimsuit, lawn chair, lots of suntan oil, calling out 'Allo strangers, I have been a long time without seeing other men. What ees it that breengs you here now, when all de Creestmas parties are in de North?"

At this point, Hammer-mill is fed up to the point of smiling, especially at Turner's lilting impersonation of a German accent. He can't help himself, "Or else it's the anticlause, C-L-A-U-S-E, there's just a big 'No' written right there on the ground."

Lifting a beer they've brought from the boat, Turner proposes another toast, "To the anti-Claus, the anti-Klaus and the anti-clause," — he's smil-ing again — "or whatever the hell it is one finds out here."

"To Christmas," says Hammermill, lifting a glass, then follows a clink that carries far in this crisp air. He pulls out a compass, figures out due south, then points off in the distance. "Well, right over there's where we'll find him," with just a touch of wanderlust in his voice, which trails off funnily. Turner's eyebrow jumps a little, "What?"

"Do we want to go to "Same thing, northern the magnetic south pole or Europeans, whatever, I see the South Pole?" "Oh."

"I mean, we can find the magnetic south pole, but that's not really

A silence and then: "Oh, who cares. One's as good as the other, for our purposes."

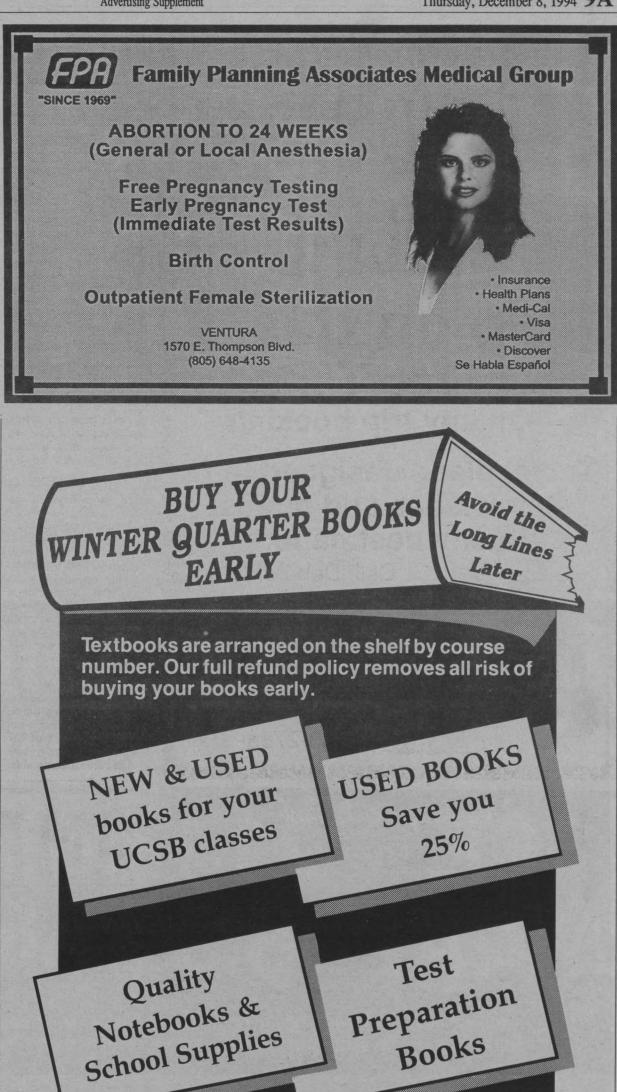
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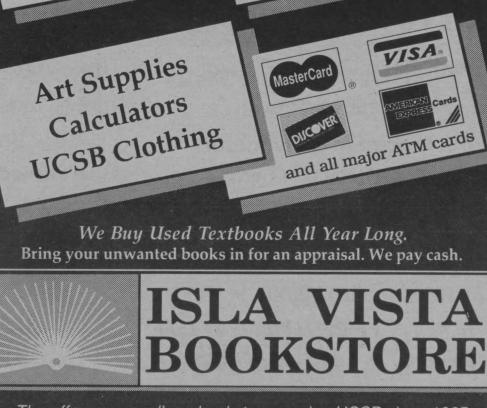
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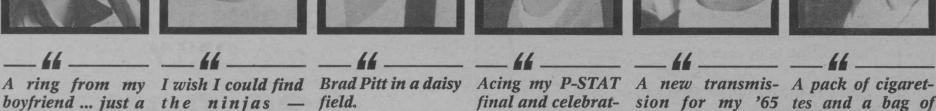
Campus Comment

What tops your Christmas wish list?









ing after.





Interview by Nick Robertson

Photos by James Ku

Dodge Dart.

final and celebrat- sion for my '65 tes and a bag of dope. ... It'll probably come true, too.

Sandra Goede senior

pushy — yet.

them. But they're around here somewhere. **Tom Jenkins**

someone took

Heather Holmes freshman environmental studies

Teena Deocales sophomore communications

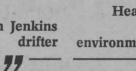
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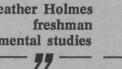
77

Andy Chin junior sociology 77

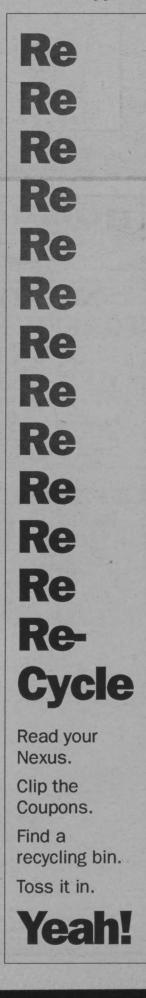
psychology 77

ring. I'm not that they're all gone,









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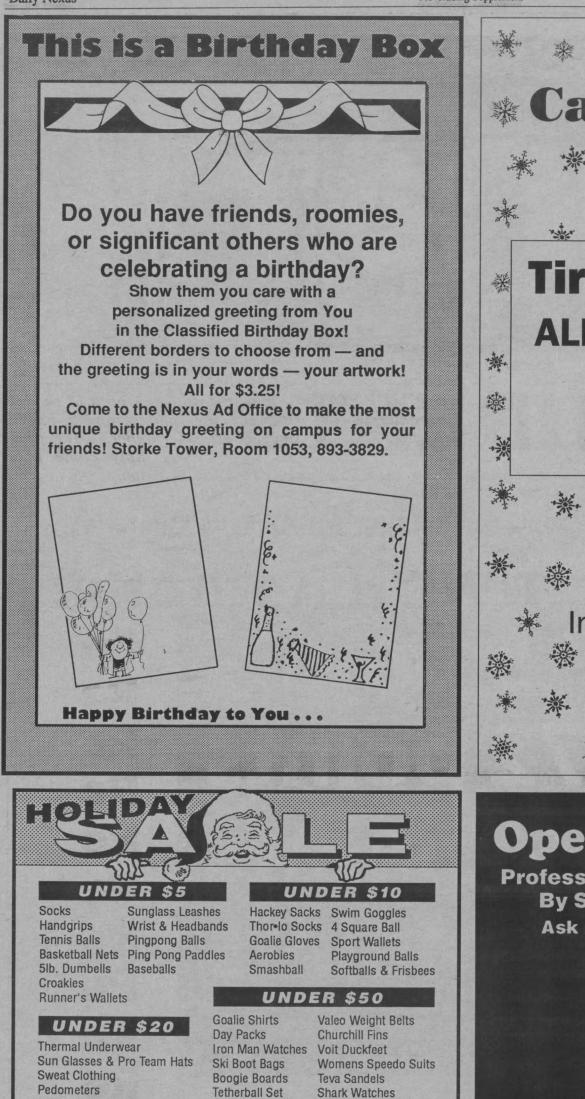
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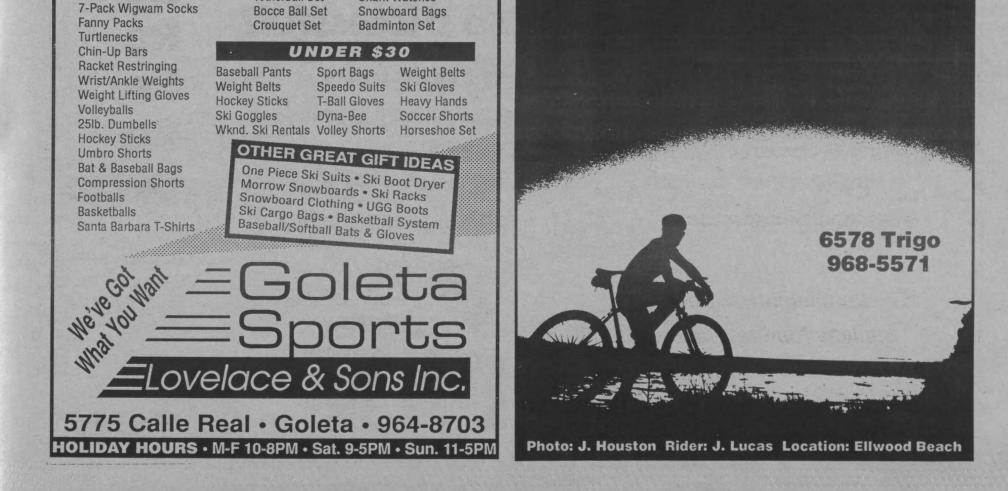
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