

PORTAL Magazine

a biweekly publication of the daily nexus
friday, october 17, 1980

HOSPICE:



an organization
dedicated to
life

by Jane Meyer

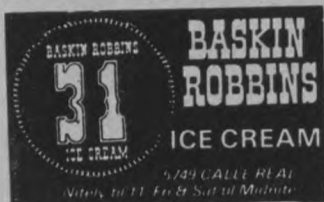
PORTAL Magazine

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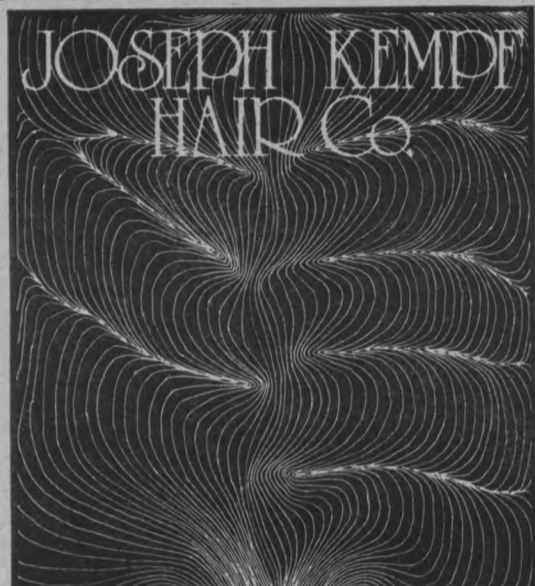
Editor: Karlin J. Lillington

friday, october 17, 1980

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PORTAL Magazine

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Portal Magazine is the biweekly feature magazine published by the Daily Nexus. Letters, either full of praise or denunciations or money, should be sent to:

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Through the looking glass

Dedicated to the grads of the '80s from a member of the Class of '70

graphic by Mike Ames

by Monte Schulz

Through the mirror. A long while ago in another place (as a memory I hold this close among many close memories) a friend I once had sat up on a great dark lawn in the slow end of a long blue summer afternoon and whispered to me, "Today is the tomorrow we dreamed of yesterday." I do not dream easily of tomorrows. I should tell you that now. I have my dreams just like you, but the only ones I catalogue, like the half-dozen calendars I have tacked about in odd places across my walls, concern yesterdays — dated from the very moment of their hanging. Today is the tomorrow we dreamed of yesterday. It is a simple enough thought. But sitting on that lawn in the roselight ten years ago telling each other the kinds of things we thought we would need to know in order to live, we could hardly have known we would each in our own way waste so much time missing its point. Still, dreams, it should be remembered, have been known to bloom quite slowly, and we had an early summer that year. Mornings were warmer than they had been in a long time and the children from the trailer courts along the river ran brown and naked with the wind through those perfect blue windows at sunrise. We drove to school that year and on the way we saw the dust lifting in the air where those kids ran and played at the edge of the highway. And in the last few weeks of our secret high school memories we wondered not so much yet if our children would someday look like them as whether or not we did once.

Woodstock came to the movies that year and Kent State came to television. *Tin soldiers and Nixon coming, this is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius.* Everywhere we heard we were something special. It was an idea coded like a prayer and sold door to door like vacuum cleaners and leatherette bibles. But by the time it reached us it was sounding more like a litany than a promise, and it was not long before those of us who believed in its splendid possibilities ceased to listen, while those who did not ceased to care. We took high school a long way from candlelight moratoriums and consciousness-raising sessions (maybe Birmingham and Newport were just too far away) and when we collectively drew up enough courage to wander out to an authentic love-in-the-mud commune on Morningstar Ranch, we went more to stare at the nudes sitting up in the apple trees than to learn anything practical about organic farming. *Look at you, look at me, walking ten feet tall are we, smiling silly smiles all day, how'd we ever get that way.*

Perhaps we were not so special after all. I remember looking in the mirror when I was 18, convinced with all my heart I would recognize those elusive yet revelatory symptoms of a promised maturity given in the wrinkle of a brow and an expressive glance, so long as they were really there and could be seen in the dull glow of a bathroom light. Thinking now over the hours I spent standing in front of that mirror, it occurs to me that I was lending credence in a very real way to a kind of faith in the learning process that suggests understanding and insight comes not from a long and close association with a problem, but rather through that strange and wonderful flash-moment brilliance

turn to page five

When you need big favors you ask good friends.



When you ask good friends for a favor, you know what they're going to say. So you tell them you're moving again and then wait for the groans to stop. They may not like the idea, but you know they're going to be there. When you're finished, these people are going to deserve something special. Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.

Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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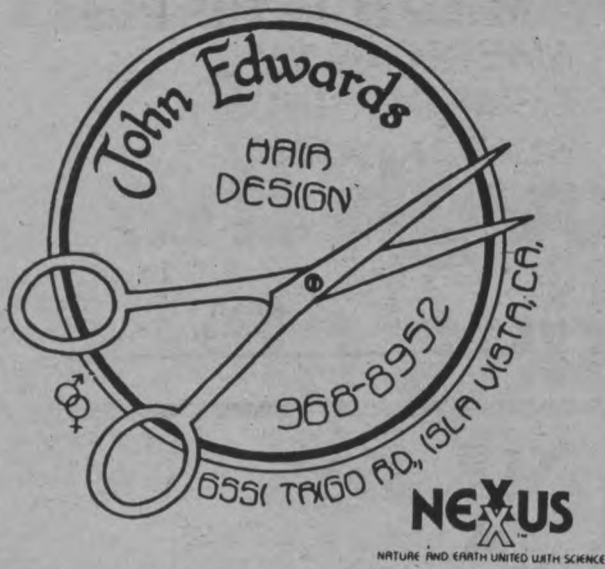


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An inside view of big time broadcasting

by Michelle Hanson

The thought of life after college doesn't seem as frightening as it once did to Cary Frumes (pronounced Frumiss), a senior majoring in communications. Last summer, Frumes worked in the newsrooms at KNXT and KABC television stations in Los Angeles, an invaluable experience which gave him more confidence about the future. He took advantage of an internship program, which offers students a chance to gain practical experience in their particular field. Frumes, who plans on a career in some aspect of news broadcasting, realized that

called "Seven on Your Side," helping to handle consumers' complaints against companies. The more interesting grievances were aired, but more often, the interns would send the complaints on to the companies themselves. The success rate for resolving the complaints was high, which Frumes felt was rewarding.

In return for doing such behind the scenes work, the interns were allowed to "take in production," that is, go out with reporters and observe the filming and editing. They were also able to watch the live news casts and get a general feel for the way things were run.

"The most interesting thing about working for KABC was talking to reporters," Frumes said. He interviewed the three main sportscasters at KABC, asking them how they got started, and how they became successful. He learned that he faces a real challenge in becoming a broadcaster, which requires a lot of patience, perseverance, and "something different," a style of personality that stands out.

Frumes enjoyed working for KNXT because he was more involved with the actual production. He started out working in the tape library, viewing master tapes of previous broadcasts and making a record of the action shots for possible future use. At the assignment desk, Frumes made "beat checks," calling, for example, the LAPD, the sheriff's department, highway patrol, corner, etc., for late-breaking news items. He would then summarize the stories and give them to the executive producer.

In the planning department, Cary helped gather information and prepare stories for the following day. "The work was five hours a day, non-stop," Frumes said. "Every day when I left, my head was spinning. But it was exciting work, and fun, too."

The biggest thrill Frumes had while working in the planning department was to produce a piece called the "Blue Jean Wars" for the 11 o'clock news. Frumes thought of the idea for the show and did the research behind it. Intrigued by the recent boom in designer jeans advertising, Frumes contacted the presidents of several major blue jean manufacturers and obtained information on the gross sale

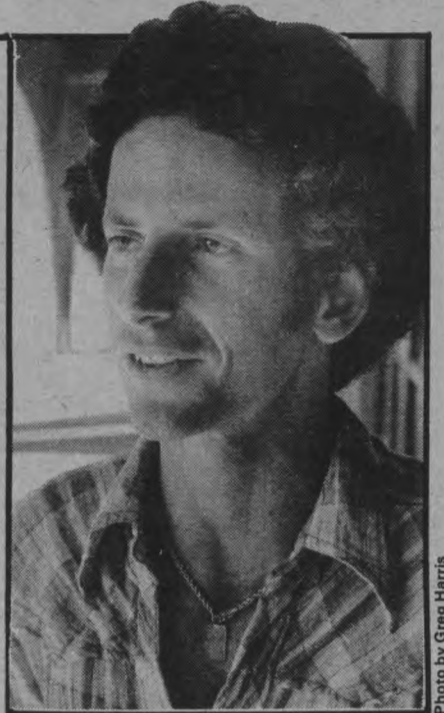


Photo by Greg Harris

Blue jean warlord.

figures for the past six months to see how much they had increased. He also found out how much money was spent on advertising, and compared this amount with the companies' rate of success. The program ended with several clips of blue jean commercials. Understandably, Frumes said, "I felt really nervous when it went on the air. I wanted it to come out really good."

Frumes stressed that anyone interested in a broadcasting internship should have a fairly good background in journalism or experience at the campus radio station. Good writing skills, aggressiveness, and a willingness to work hard are essential.

Although Cary didn't get paid for what amounted to 30 hours of work per week, he will receive three units of credit from the Sociology Department on completion of a research paper. However, "the important factor was the experience," Frumes said: learning more about the broadcasting business, meeting new people, making important contacts. Frumes is "keeping all the options open" as far as choosing a specific career in broadcasting goes, but feels far more confident entering this competitive field.

In return for doing behind-the-scenes work, the interns were allowed to "take in production" and go out with the reporters.

a college degree wouldn't assure him a job in this competitive field. Working for the campus radio station KCSB has given Frumes a chance to become involved in various facets of broadcasting, such as producing shows, interviewing people, and acting as deejay. He first heard about the internship from a fellow worker, and followed up on the idea by sending out resumes to all the television and several radio stations in L.A. Only two, KABC and KNXT, responded favorably, though fortunately for Frumes, they are the largest and most prestigious stations.

At first, Frumes said, he was "overwhelmed" because he recognized the newscasters from T.V. and "all of a sudden, I was a walking down the hall with them." He soon learned that they were just ordinary people, though their job may be more glamorous than others.

Frumes's actual duties as an intern varied with each station. At KABC, he worked for a consumer affairs program



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Sex and the sans-car teen: a solution

by Craig Zerouni

Some cynics have claimed that Henry Ford invented the car because he needed a place to take his dates. While this may be an exaggeration, it is a fact of life that automobiles and sex have gone together nearly since their inception (sorry).

But the high costs and moral implications of driving have, or soon will have, made private automobile sex an impossibility for most. No matter! The new sensibility dictates that public transportation is the way to go—it is the wave of the near future. But one may well ask, "How will the high schoolers of tomorrow find the resources to cast off their virginity?" The answer, of course, lies in public transportation.

Right now, the most popular form of transportation is the bus. Certainly, with some small discretion, a couple should be able to culminate their relationship anonymously. The back of the bus would be ideal form this. Inherent disadvantages, however, are several. First, kinky positions are not advisable, as these tend to distract the driver, and may result in an accident. The police tend to take a dim view of naked people in a bus wreck, and could ask a lot of embarrassing questions. Secondly, the view is not always the greatest. Few women become aroused at the sight of inner-city graffiti, and it is difficult (and expensive) to have the driver park at the beach to watch the sunrise. Lastly, frequent starts and stops give new meaning to the phrase "coitus interruptus."

Trains and subways can be especially exciting, as a research team from New York University has discovered. They set



Following the New Sensibility

several dozen professors loose in the subways, armed with notepads and flashlights. These people (16 men, eight women, one Republican) made an interesting discovery: every tunnel that the train passed through caused two things: 1) darkness; and 2) a tremendous amount of physical contact in teenagers, and adults who watch television. The conclusions here are obvious; first, dark trains are conducive to petting, and therefore premarital sex, and second, New York University does some strange things with its money.

Another pleasant transportation possibility is the familiar Amtrak. Sex on an Amtrak car can be beautiful—the farms

rushing past, the clickety-clack of the wheels on the tracks, and the incredible vibration throughout one's body. Sex in the car can be just as satisfying, and has the added advantage that bad weather need not hamper amorous activity. Unfortunately, one rarely travels to the senior prom by train.

In larger cities, taxi cabs can be hailed. The attraction here is that one is actually riding in the back seat of an automobile, and one has a driver who will go anywhere and ignore anything, providing he is properly paid. The bad news here is that dating multiply-orgasmic women can

turn to page ten

Reunion

from page three

we discover more often than not when our peculiar moment of need, as we perceive it, has reached its most frenetic level. I got my driver's license that year. It was an accomplishment and it was important. It was something I needed. Thirty-six months of waiting and then I finally drew the card on driver's training and crossed over to the other side. I was good. I could double-clutch and turn the car radio on while maneuvering through a swarm of butterflies at 60 miles an hour out on the river road. If you cannot find yourself in the big things that matter, then by all means look for yourself in those little things that don't. I heard that in a class nine days before graduation. What did it mean? Did it mean that 12 years of school agonizing over the mysteries of life and the universe still comes down to a nine-to-five anyhow so you might just as well skip the preliminaries and proceed straight to the main event? We did that — some of us. I knew guys working Shell stations and Safeway at 16, and their sisters and girlfriends leaving school during eighth period

so they could hustle into town to hawk lingerie and toasters "just like on T.V." It was a way of skimming through the dust of those trailer courts without having to notice the kids in the grass. It was also a way of making tomorrows dreams seem viable today.

Looking at those calendars around me now like I used to look in that mirror, I find myself wondering about the methods we use to choose the sorts of things we find to care about, which dreams to follow through to the end. I do not like to think of our class as being the first children of the "me" decade. We wanted to right the nation and change the world. We cared about evil and social injustice, (you see? I even remember the line) but none of us were going down to the War in June, and we knew it. On Earth Day, 1970, after we had painted up our tiny balloons, given our speeches, and marched around for awhile, we went with everyone else out to Wohler Bridge for a few hours

of beer and funning in the river sunlight. We did not need any particular reason for going. Like that final Friday night before graduation when we ran our parents' new cars on the downgrade from Vine Hill Road to Morningside at 100 miles an hour just so we could get to the Village Drive-in in time to flash our headlamps on the silver screen and our smiles in the backseat, it seemed like the thing to do at the time. Born to be wild. Born to be 18 was more like it; and sometimes it was just hard knowing what to do about things — particularly those things you really did care about. We wanted to be Aquarians. The idea of being in the vanguard of a new age was fascinating, but there were too many days even that year when we could not believe rolling about under the river redwoods singing freedom songs and bending flower stems

turn to page eight

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HOSPICE

An organization dedicated to living

Death hurts. And it frightens us. We don't like to talk about it. We banish the dying to hospitals in which our own vitality makes us feel strangers.

About 5,200 people die each day in the United States, and nearly seven of them die here, in Santa Barbara county. The Western concept of death seems to be that it happens to the other guy, to the family down the street, not to us, and not to our loved ones. But the figures show that death doesn't keep a respectful distance: 8.7 percent of our total population died last year, and everyone of them was a member of someone's family, and was someone else's friend.

Death hurts. And it frightens us. We don't like to talk about it. We banish the dying to hospitals in which our own vitality makes us feel strangers. So, when someone we love is faced with a life threatening illness or dies, or when we must face our own mortality, we are probably unprepared.

"You just don't expect anything like that," says Margaret Williams, whose husband of 40 years died two months ago. "You're in another world... My daughter was here at the time, and neither of us could believe it. He had been so well all the time, he took such good care of himself. And then, all of a sudden, this comes along..."

Hospice of Santa Barbara is an organization designed to address the taboos surrounding death, to offer educational classes and speakers, and to provide physical, social, psychological and spiritual care, at no charge, to terminally ill patients and their families. Many of the services are provided by volunteers.

"They come in like a dream," says Mrs. Williams of the Hospice volunteers who visited her husband during the week before his death. "They give you a feeling of serenity."

"They just have something in their faces... I don't know. A compassion, a warmth. Death



is a time when you need somebody. They want to help you. They came with warmth and they helped."

Why does a person volunteer to work with the terminally ill? For both Mary Newton and Nick Koptyk, they felt they were needed.

"I was a nurse's aide at a convalescent home," says Ms. Newton, "and I had some very disturbing experiences about how people were allowed to die. Here were these people, and it was as if someone had just thrown them away."

"I would be assigned to 19 people, I was on the evening shift, and after you would feed them, you put them to bed in assembly line order."

"There was no time to sit and hold somebody's hand, there was no time to talk. And if someone was dying, they just drew the curtain around them, and left them alone because there wasn't anybody there whose job it was to be with people when they were dying."

"And me, I thought, oh God! It's criminal... when I heard about Hospice, I joined right away."

"I got their literature, read it all, and was very impressed by their philosophy," says Nick Koptyk, one of Hospice's few male volunteers.

"I said, well, there's a need there and I think I can help out. I liked the fact that they

are dealing with individuals on their journey from life to death, and that death is a very important aspect of life. I had never heard of that before."

Hospice has about 100 volunteers, half of whom are patient care workers. They spend

The training tells you how far apart to sit, when to leave, whether to touch or not, whether to sit down at the table or sit in the living room.

2-3 hours a week, visiting the patients, usually in the person's home. Sometimes, they help with the housecleaning, do the grocery shopping, or drive the patient to the doctor's office. Mostly, they just listen.

"They can say things to me that they can't say to their friends, or to people they've known a long time," says Ms. Newton. "Sometimes it's easier to talk to someone you don't really know."

For Koptyk, helping and listening means getting involved. It means caring.

"I feel so awful for him," Koptyk says of the man he is now visiting. "See, I don't know exactly what he's feeling. I don't know if he's physically hurting. It obviously has shaken him emotionally. I feel so helpless. It's got to be an awful thing for a person as

active as him, spends so much time in the garden not to be there."

And when they go to the graves.

"The woman Newton, "it's know that what I've crept right in the

Being exposed perspective on trees us to live

"I'm much more before I came Newton. "I think positive outlook

by Jane Meyer

SPK

story

E:

because I feel that what I do is important. It gives me a great deal of satisfaction."

Before a volunteer begins to work with one of the 30 to 50 patients that Hospice helps at any time, he or she must take the Hospice training program.

"We teach them to deal with their own feelings. To become aware of them ahead of time and in this situation," says David Woodsfellow, Director of Education.

"We train them in the etiquette of how to get to know a patient's family, how, on the first visit, they really are a visitor, and they should act like a visitor, not how they think their role is.

"The training tells you how far apart to sit, when to leave, whether to touch or not, whether to sit down at the table or sit in the living room. Just like a good guest, to take those cues from the host.

"We also teach them to be patient. The very fact of being there makes such a statement of availability that people will tend to use it when they want to use it. So we teach volunteers to not hurry in.

"As intimate as the people want us to be, we don't put on the brakes.

"We teach them to listen for hints from someone wanting to talk about something serious, sad or scary. We teach people to hear that for what it is and not just to go on with their chatter, but to respond to that right there.

"So, you learn how to talk about the weather, but to keep your ears open so that when someone says, 'Yeah, this gray day is just the way I feel,' to not go, 'Yeah! It sure has been cloudy for the last couple weeks.'

"A lot of our training is to not recoil. Or at least, if you do recoil, recoil, recoil and become aware of it. And then move forward, again."

Along with the patient care service, Hospice offers a variety of mutual support programs. "Make Today Count" consists of those people, or their friends and families, who are faced with a life threatening illness. "Widow Widower" is a group of individuals who have lost a spouse through death, and "Children's World of Hospice" meets the specific needs of parents who are experiencing the anguish of the death of a child.

"What I'm wondering is," says Woodsfellow, "if we should set up 'Make Today Count' group on the UCSB campus.

"My guess is, if you counted all the students, faculty and staff, there would be quite a few people who, and maybe no one



Woodsfellow and Hospice volunteers: Mostly, they just listen.

knows it, but who are right now living with cancer or something like that. I mean, there are a lot of people on campus, and cancer is not a rare disease anymore.

"What we find typically is that people with a life threatening illness tend to get withdrawn about it. They withdraw themselves,

love, friendship or family.

After the denial, anger and finally, acceptance of death's inevitability, comes our appreciation of each day that remains to us.

"Even if someone has cancer or another terminal disease, they are alive until they die," says Ms. Newton. "What we are all always striving for, is life. These people are not just dealing with death, they are dealing with their lives on a day to day basis. And the important thing (for all of us) is to live every day as best as you can."

Hospice is an organization dedicated to life.

People interested in the volunteer program, the support groups, speakers for organizations, or in a "Make Today Count" group on campus, please contact: Hospice of Santa Barbara, 330 E. Carrillo St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101, or telephone: 963-8608.

These people are not just dealing with death, they are dealing with their lives on a day-to-day basis. And the important thing is to live every day as best you can.

and their friends tend to sometimes turn their backs on them. A support group can be very important because you know that everyone else understands and is willing to talk about it."

Since all the programs and services are free, the funding to keep Hospice open comes mainly from grants (chiefly from HEW) and the remainder from community donations and contributions.

Once the funding begins to run out, which will be within the next year and a half, Hospice will depend on community support.

Someone once said: "Life is a terminal illness." People die every day, and death does not accept our arbitrary boundaries of



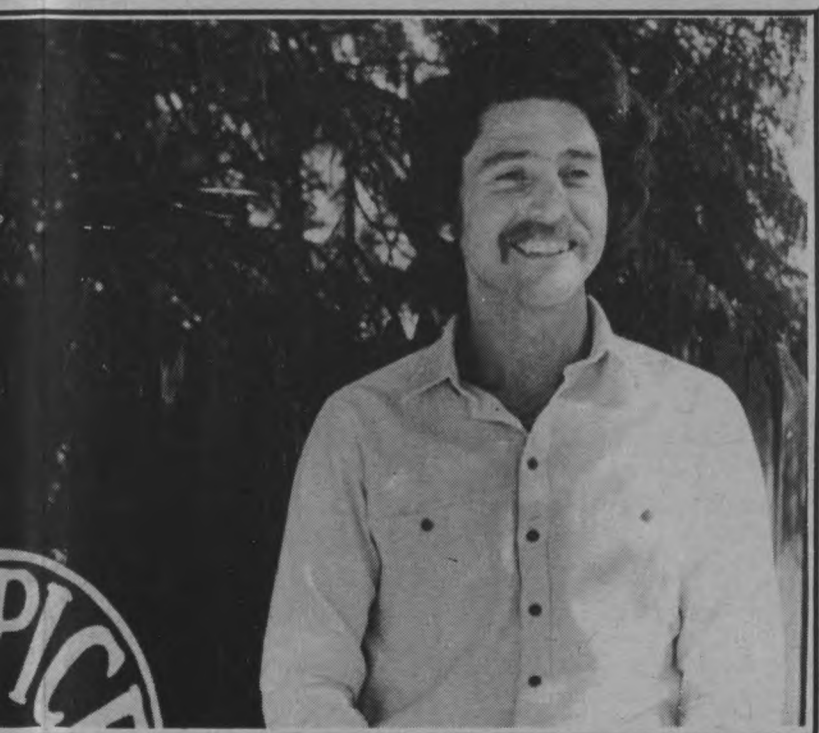
as him, to not be able to be active. He spends so much time in bed. Not to be able to go out and play tennis."

When the patient dies, the volunteer says,

"The woman I visit now," says Ms. Newton, "it's like she is part of my family. I know that when she dies, it will be more like what I've experienced before. She just isn't right in there."

Being exposed to death changes our outlook on life. Facing our own mortality helps us to live life more fully.

"I have much more life oriented than I was when I came to Hospice," says Ms. Newton. "I think I have a much more positive outlook on things. Maybe it's also



Director of Education David Woodsfellow : "We teach them to deal with their own feelings."

Through the looking glass...

from page five

into headbands was all there was or ever needed to be in this life. And yet, in the same motion, when we tried as hard as we could to ease past the established order in our own gracefully syncopated fashion, in the end our Homecoming Queen still cried and her escort was embarrassed as ever by his own suit and tie. **Rejoice, rejoice, we have no choice but to carry on.**

I remember it was on an arid and windless day in June that we came to sit for our final portraits. We put on our most elegantly sober clothing and passed one by one through that white light at noon into the brown shadows of the

gymnasium to sit more coolly and woody for those photographs than we had through four years of wearying lectures. There we were, the 135, framed and held for all time on that standard square setting in black and white. Outside, where the other classes sat and courted the intricacies of their own dreams, the last odors of a blossom-wilting orchard moved in the air, and we could hardly have wanted more than to be there too, and record its passage with ours. We accepted the tedium of our sitting, however, with a curiously resigned and studied sort of equanimity. This was our first clear sign of release and we were not about to confuse and distract our purpose when we were so near its conclusion. **When I find myself in times of trouble, Mother Mary comes to me, speaking words of wisdom, let it be.**

The cameras went away then, and the caps and gowns arrived. And it was not long afterwards that we came finally to that one awkward moment in the sunset-end of that longest-of-all-our-long summer days when we collectively (and officially) surrendered our innocence. Stepping two-abreast into the dusty heat of the gym,

counting time to **Pomp and Cir-**

His name was Joe. (He looked like a Joe.) I knew him. We were friends. We had American Democracy and Gym class together that year. He was one of those guys you always wanted to have on your side. He did not know a great deal about the federal judiciary, but he scored a lot of touchdowns. He was a good man. I liked him. We graduated together. The last day of school he even signed my yearbook. It was just after our final exam in American Democracy. We both passed, and he wrote: "Well, we made it through A.D. so I guess we got it made." In the summer of 1980, we made it back again.

We came together in the dance hall of a retirement community on a pale blue evening in August. We came to confirm something we had suspected for quite some time now: that we were not children any longer. It was true. We were not children any longer. The curfews and the restrictions were gone now. And when we took turns filing up to the patio bar, looking around, we realized there were no more chaperones either, only curious husbands and wives. There were no more colored balloons, no twisted ribbon strung across the ceiling, and no plastic party favors — this time the games were of a different order. If those kids playing still in the dust-ridden tracts of those trailer courts along the river resembled us now, it was because they were our own. We knew this, of course. We just needed to hear someone else say it for once. Someone to whom the meaning would be equally as clear and inescapable, someone like us. We strolled around in the shadow light of the hall telling each other the stories we had all come to hear, and listening to them again and again because they were those special kind of stories that never seem to lose anything in the telling ("I mean, five years ago if someone had said 'Bail Bonds' to me, you know — but now, gee, I really love it.") We had not invented a new or particularly

fascinating way of telling these stories. There was nothing startling in the delivery. It was simply that 10 years after graduating we had come to understand a few things that had so completely eluded us before, and one

Looking around, we realized there were no more chaperones either, only curious husbands and wives.

of those things, perhaps the most crucial, was that no matter how far we would end up going in our own private directions we would always be able to find people who would know what we were worth so long as we would bother to seek them out. It was not an especially profound truth, but for us, even 10 years late, it was a comforting one. And I suspect it was the one we had each come some distance to hear.

It was almost midnight when we finished with dinner and class prizes, and having a long way to travel that night, I got up to go, though not because I wanted to, but because in the long run our lives inevitably seem to be constructing and defining us rather than the reverse. As I was leaving, I ran into Perry. He was wearing a moustache and a tie and a three-piece suit. He looked good. We went back longer than 1970. We were in Bronco League baseball together. That is another story. We talked for a moment. The band at the front of the room had just started to set up and I was having difficulty trying to hear what Perry was saying when he paused, and grinning at last he said, laughing, "No one's changed that much, have they?" And, "No," I said, laughing then too, "No, they haven't. Not at all."

Forestville, 1980

Everywhere we heard we were something special. It was an idea coded like a prayer and sold door-to-door like leatherette Bibles.

cumstance, we played out the last ritual of childhood — and came away smiling. **Well look at us and look again and maybe you'll remember when you walked this tall and knew it too, and the whole world turned to look at you.**

FESTIVAL of ANIMATION

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Delta

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Friday, October 17

Anacapa 1400's: Film: "MASH" Chem 1179 6, 8 & 10 p.m. \$1.50.
Organizations Co-ordinating Board: "Animated Film Festival" LLH " & 9 p.m. \$3 in advance, \$4 at the door.
Merhaba Folk Dance Group: International Dancing Old Gym 7:30 p.m.
Delta Sigma Theta: Dance: Cafe Interim 9 p.m. \$2.
Zen Meditation Group: Daily Meditation and TAI CHI practice: Santa Rosa Hall Rm. 1205, 7-8:30 a.m. For more information please call 968-6653 or 964-2009.

Saturday, October 18

Organizations Co-ordinating Board: Film: "Animated Film Festival" LLH 7 & 9 p.m. \$3 in advance, \$4 at the door.
El Cosngresso: Dance: Cafe Interim 7:30 p.m. \$1.50.
Society of Women Engineers: Resume writing workshop 10 a.m.-noon. Free.
For more information please call 968-4170.
A.S. Program Board: Concert: "Chris Williamson" CH 8 p.m. \$6 students \$7 general.

Sunday, October 19

Rochdale Housing Co-op: Film: "Sleuth" & "Last Remake of Beau Geste" CH 4:30, 7:10 & 8:15 \$1 members, \$2 general.
Jewish Student Action Coalition: Orientation event: UCen 2253 5 p.m.
Students for Anderson: Organizational Meeting: UCen 2272 7 p.m. All are welcome!

Monday, October 20

Gay People's Union: Meeting: UCen 2284 7 p.m.
Zen Meditation Group: (See Friday Oct. 17)
Kundalini Yoga Club: Meeting: UCen 2292. Still accepting members — everyone welcome!
Community Affairs Board: Orientation and information meeting: URC Building 777 Camino Pescadero, I.V. 7:30 p.m. Free.
A.S. Finance Board: Meeting UCen 2253 5 p.m.
A.S. Program Board: Meeting: UCen 2292 5 p.m.

Tuesday, October 21

Zen Meditation Group: (See Friday Oct. 17)
UCSB Women's Soccer Club: Indoor Soccer: Rob Gym 2320 8 p.m. Newcomer's Welcome!

People Against Nuclear Power: Meeting: UCen 2292 4 p.m.
Student Health Service: Lecture: "Sexuality: Understanding Our Bodies: by Eliz. Downing M.D. and Elliot Schulman M.D. SHS Conference Room 5:30 p.m.
A.S. Program Board: Film: "Women in Love" UCen II Pavilion 7 & 9 p.m. \$1.50 undergrads, \$2 general. Series tickets on sale.

Wednesday, October 22

CLUB DAY STORKE PLAZA 11 a.m.-2 p.m.
A.S. Program Board: NOON CONCERT "The Ultra Violets" UCen Lawn Free.
Zen Meditation Group: (See Friday Oct. 17)
Student Economic Assn.: Informational Session on UCLA — MBA Program 1-2 p.m. NH 2127. All interested students welcome.
Science of Mind Campus Fellowship: Meeting: UCen 2272 7 p.m.
Student Hunger Action Group: Meeting: UCen 2272 5:15 p.m.
UCSB Flying Club: General Public Meeting: UCen II Pavilion C 7:30 p.m. Come and hear about flying! Door Prize!
A.S. Leg Council: Meeting: UCen 2253 6:30 p.m.

Thursday, October 23

El Cosngresso: FILM: "Home Boys" & "Raises de Sangra" Chem 1179 \$2.
Friends of Sunrae: Meeting: UCen 2272 4:30 p.m.
Zen Meditation Group: (See Friday Oct. 17)
UCSB Women's Soccer: Indoor Soccer: Rob Gym 2320 8 p.m. Newcomer's welcome!
The Colloquium: Presentation by Dr. Eloise Hay "The Mysterious Mr. T.S. Eliot" open discussion following. SH 1432 7-9 p.m. Free.
Students for Origins Research: Introduction to the scientific evidences for a created universe: Girv 1112 7 p.m.
A.S. Program Board: Mini Concert "John O'Kennedy" UCen II Catalyst 8:30 p.m. Free.

announcements.etc.

Don't forget CLUB DAY in Storke Plaza, Wednesday, Oct. 22.

MAJOR FACILITY APPLICATIONS (Campbell Hall applications) are now available in the Office of Student Life. If your group would like to have a date in Campbell Hall during Winter Quarter now is the time to apply.

Attention all Educational/Entertainment/Programming Cluster groups (formerly the Cultural and Fine Arts Clusters): a required orientation meeting will be held in the Office of Student Life, Third Floor, UCen, Wednesday, Oct. 29 at 4 p.m. It is important that a representative from each of these groups attend.

Lost in Reagan country; or, more adventures with me and Marty

by D.L. Stewart

I was Sunday morning, and all I really wanted to do was have a chance to relax in the sun with my film studies text propped up convincingly in my lap while I dozed behind my sunglasses. Marty offered his swimming pool after I told him about the sixpack of Lowenbrau I had waiting just for this occasion, and I graciously accepted. I gathered up the necessities: beer towel, suit, sun tan oil, and the darkest sunglasses I could find, and hit the road to Marty's plush, overpriced condominium in Santa Barbara. At the corner I remembered my reading, and grudgingly went back for the books. I knew from experience that in order to fool my conscience into letting me enjoy myself and get a few winks, I had to at least pretend I was going to read.

I made it to Marty's in about ten minutes. It usually takes eight but I spent two minutes using sign language to try to convince a sleek blond in a Porsche to follow me to Santa Barbara. I was using familiar signs: holding up the beer and trying to make splashing movements with my hands, but I kept drifting into the iceplant on the median and had to give up on the idea. It would have worked better

I was amazed. I expected a poster of Burt Reynolds or maybe Clark Gable but I never would have guessed Ronald Reagan.

if she hadn't pretended that she didn't see me. As I pulled into Marty's driveway, I made a mental note to make flash cards for future encounters; things like, "STOP!! THERE'S A CHILD HANGING FROM THE BACK OF YOUR CAR!"

Marty was waiting in the kitchen reading the morning paper over the remnants of breakfast. He has an unpleasant habit of mashing everything on his plate into one unrecognizable mass before eating it, and as he finished reading a story I sat and tried to guess from the leftover mixture on his plate what breakfast had started as. I had picked out egg, potato and ketchup, and was scrutinizing a lump of something brown when Marty set the paper down in the middle of his plate and went to change into his trunks.

I fished the paper out and wiped some ketchup off a front page article about John Anderson turning his campaign into a crusade. I liked the ring of that, kind of fairytale-ish, except the writer of the story kept using words like "loser" and "hopeless" to describe the candidate and his efforts. I moved on to a story about genetic engineering but couldn't make out most of the information because of what appeared to be a horseradish smear from

Marty's breakfast. I was saved from eye strain by Marty, towel over his shoulder, Lowenbrau in hand.

I stripped down to my suit and we headed out to the pool. There was hardly anyone there, just a group of elderly ladies and a couple of kids. The old ladies looked at us distastefully as we staked out two recliners and a table for our beer. I ignored them and slumped into a lounge chair. The ladies tired of glaring and went back to their conversation. I popped open a beer and my film studies book. I propped the book in my lap at just the right angle, put my towel behind my head, and closed my eyes for a well deserved rest.

I couldn't sleep. The old women were talking just loud enough to keep me awake. The one closest to me, small and very crow-like, seemed to be leading the conversation.

"My son is the same way, Hatie," she said through her beak, "but I never listen to him."

Hatie squirmed around in her chair and

college these days can't even read and write. Didn't you read the article I gave you? It was all right there. Johnny can't read!"

Hatie admitted meekly that she hadn't read the article. I looked down at my book and read a few lines just to reassure myself. It all made sense, and I was just preparing to read out loud to prove it when all the ladies looked over in the direction of a rather obese woman entering the pool area. She was carrying something and as she greeted her friends, it was plain to see she was excited.

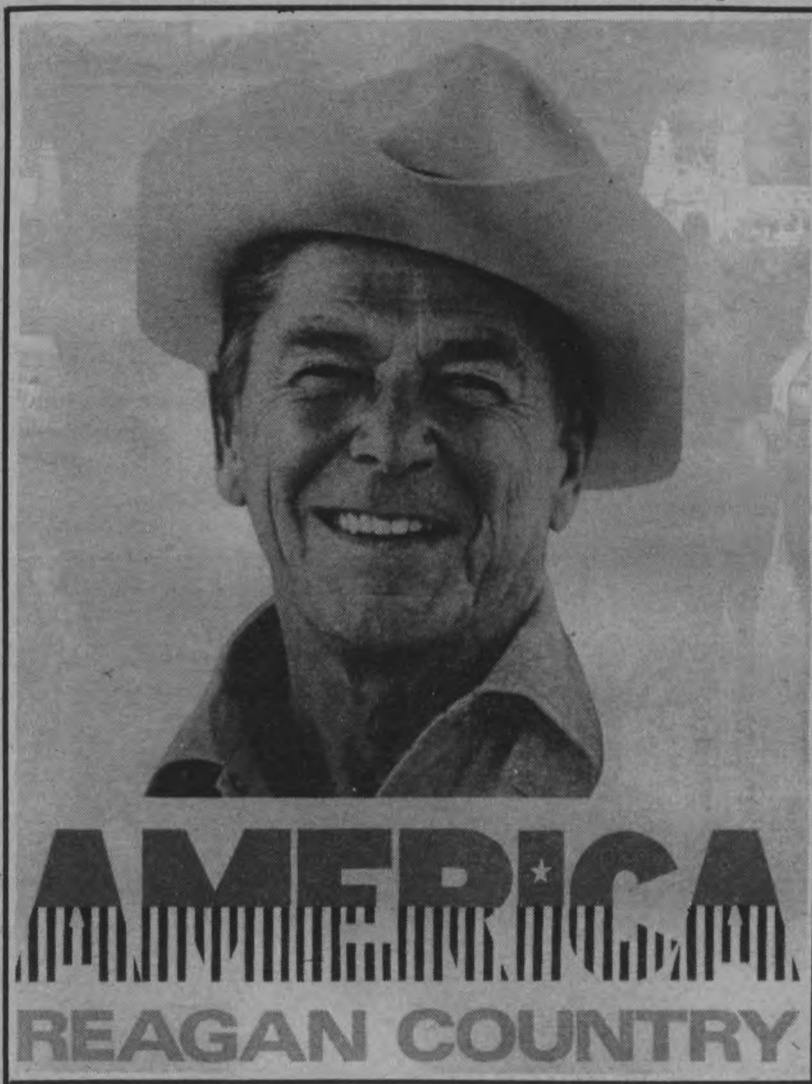
"Hi, girls!" she yelled at them.

I've never understood why women always call themselves girls once they're over 40.

The crow responded first. "Hi, Margie. We'd been wondering if you'd ever get here."

"I had to pick up a poster," Marge said, proudly unfurling a paper roll

turn to page twelve



Living in a fantasy world

adjusted her bathing suit into a new wrinkle. Then, leaning over toward the crow, she said, "But he always knows what he's talking about. Now that he's in college I never..."

"Oh, Hatie!" The crow seemed furious. "I've told you a thousand times, kids in

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Guarneri String Quartet
 Tuesday, Oct. 21 8 pm - Campbell Hall
 Arnold Steinhardt, violin; John Dalley, violin; Michael Tree, viola; David Soyer, cello.
 PROGRAM: Works by Beethoven, Berg and Arensky
 RESERVED SEATS: \$7 General / \$6 UCSB Faculty & Staff / \$5 Students

Sex

from page five

run up quite a tab on the meter. What can the senior high schooler of tomorrow expect in transportation innovations? The most talked about development is, of course, the people mover. Los Angeles has been planning one for some time now, and the city's teens can be seen preparing for it by having sex on almost all the rides at Disneyland (the only exception, it seems, is Dumbo the Elephant. Apparently the feeling here is that having 6,000 small children watch as one tries to achieve penetration while on the back of a flying elephant is a trifle too distracting). If L.A. ever finds a contractor that gives Blue Chip stamps, construction will begin. It may even finish, in which case a new era of dating sex will begin. People movers are notoriously slow, allowing ample time for even the worst fumble-brain to unhook a bra.

Additionally, the thing will probably break down every three or four minutes, allowing even more time, as well as foolproof excuses for coming home at five in the morning. In fact, since San Francisco installed the BART system, the birth rate has gone up significantly. Professor Edward Emeritus of the San Francisco Institute for Studying Sex on BART Trains, puts it this way: "Huh? Is this going to be on television?"

And so, we see that we are soon to enter a glorious age in which sexual attractiveness no longer depends on the type of car one drives, but on how many bus tokens one has. Indeed, we may soon breed an entirely new race of people, for whom open air, public breeding is the standard. Think of how wonderful that will be; think of how refreshing to at last be free of these ridiculous hang-ups over nudity; think of the new attitudes that will run this country; think of all the money saved on X-rated movies. Take that, OPEC!!

Views

What bothers you the most about UCSB?



John Tinsman, senior, physics, College of Creative Studies
 The thing that bothers me the most about UCSB is the number of incompetent professors that are allowed to stay around when they really aren't good teachers and as far as I'm concerned that's really a primary function of professors here at UCSB, and not so much to do research.

John Collopy, senior, developmental psychology and sociology

The one thing that bothers me about the school is the spirit. Most of the people are really mellow, which is really cool, but they don't get motivated for doing a lot of things like basketball and sports and things like that. That's the only thing it really lacks. Everything else is really neat.



Beth Glazer, freshman, undeclared
 Living at F.T. and having everyone on the hall...know everything about your personal life.



Karen Torske, senior, art history

The problem I'm having right now is that I'm just about to graduate from college and I'm trying to make sure I get through all my classes without having any trouble, making sure that I'm going to get out and finding people to help me. I'm afraid somebody is going to tell me I'm not going to make it at the end of this quarter...because there's something I didn't do.



Celia Sutton, junior, undeclared

I don't like their attitude towards students. I wish I had more contact the teachers and a greater variety of classes to take...It also bugs me that it's primarily white. It's a rich, rich campus, and that sort of bugs me.



Carol Hardie, freshman, psychology

What bugs me about UCSB is the weather. It's too unpredictable. The atmosphere is great. I like everything about UCSB except the weather. Are going to use this -



Jim Hurley, junior, business economics

I think the biggest problem is there's too many beautiful girls. You can't ride your bike around effectively without smashing into a beautiful girl at any moment. It's a real problem around here and I think something should be done about it. Maybe special insurance for guys.

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19 Ambush	20 Monday Night Football	21 Ambush	22-25 Steve Wood & Sling Shot
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One Last Word

One last hurrah...

by Steven Christopher

What a milestone. Last week I filed my last-ever registration packet. It was no different than any other time I'd turned in my little cards, really, but somehow it made me feel very old-like perhaps the time is near to be fitted for bifocals or become a Republican.

Old is a funny way to feel when you're 21. Except, I suppose, in Isla Vista. Here, where it seems everyone is either 19 or Indonesian, not having acne is almost a social embarrassment. Disliking the B-52s is akin to rooming with a leper. Pretty soon, anybody who even remembers Don Vito's wine margaritas will be dated.

So there I was, dodging the packet filling line with such lofty thoughts percolating in my mind, realizing that my days at the drive-through U. were indeed numbered. Passing those naive, frustrated young faces on the way to the special "question table" where all you do is act stupid to avoid waiting in line for 45 minutes, I came to the conclusion that what I really wanted was to sit down with each of these young academicians and tell them what life here has been like. In the most condescending of fashions, it would be almost like a parent urging his children not to make the same mistakes.

It's not that I've made lots of those mistakes, either. Not since my junior year in high school has my mother given me

the "Where Have We Gone Wrong" speech. Still, somehow, I feel like I would have something to say to those whom I'm passing the torch to, if that doesn't sound too lofty. I know they'd never listen, but I also know if they've read this far, they won't stop now for fear of missing the elusive secret of life that, alas, I don't have either.

UCSB can be a marvelous place, even though they still don't sell beer in the UCen, and given that a large contingency here would perish without their bleach (for the hair), suntan lotion (for the skin), Calvin's (for the derriere), and dope (for the proper mental numbness). There really is a lot to do here, and a lot to learn.

True, most of the learning has very little to do with listening to lectures or cramming for exams, but whoever told us we'd have to work so much harder here than in high school was probably full of it. I maintain that anything truly important probably can't be taught in a classroom anyway.

That's why it bothers me so much when I see people, or former people turned engineering students, so hell-bent on making themselves miserable. Sometimes they act as if they've been sentenced to a four year term here. Come graduation, I think they expect not a diploma, but \$25 and a new suit of clothes. Call it simplistic, hedonistic, or any number of other multisyllabic words,

but there really is more to college than that. Even for engineers and pre-meds.

I think my college-drop-out cousin said it best. He wrote me a postcard from France just before I made the big trek to the land of surf and sun nearly four years ago. He wrote, "Remember, it's not a race, and don't forget you're doing it for you." To me, that's one of those thoughts that should be painfully obvious to all of us. My advice is to resist the temptation to file that phrase away with your "Things to do next week" list along with all those other matters of urgent consequence. Your time here at UCSB-like mine-is just too limited for that.

My time I can gauge on a calendar now, and I think it's the fact that that end is in sight that makes me spew out such hamburger and expect it to be treated like top sirloin. We near-graduates are like that. Everybody wants to leave a legacy, and very few of us can say with complete confidence that we might not want to file another reg packet, pay some more fees to those blood-sucking regents, or dine fashionably on a few more UCen burritos.

Times change though: I've lost my fake I.D. The nasty bugs in my Isla Vista abode don't make me scream nearly as loud any more. Somebody even stole my I.V. cruiser bike-the real classic kind with the stingray handlebars and no brakes. I don't know the new names for any of the buildings on campus, either. And now my drop-out cousin is working on his teaching credential.

Maybe I should take the hint.

the Student Epicure

Stalking Chinese food

by Karlin J. Lillington

What Santa Barbara really needs is a good...no, not a five cent cigar, or even a walk down lower State without being accosted by a person of indefinite origins, but a good, I mean a *really good*, Chinese restaurant. One of the small, family run types with incredible food and minuscule bills. One that doesn't dye the sweet and sour sauce red. One that automatically gives you chopsticks without your asking. One that doesn't give you stale fortune cookies with your bill. One that doesn't have an egg flower soup base that tastes like it came out of a can and is so salty that you spend most of the evening flagging down your waiter to fill your water glass again.

Santa Barbara just doesn't have a great Chinese restaurant, but it does have a good restaurant thrown in with the fair to middlin' ones and the truly hideous places. It's called Bamboo Gardens and is located where Nanking Gardens used to be. Everything just changed hands.

Bamboo Gardens gives you a decent enough meal. It isn't spectacular or the stuff that makes you give a satisfied sigh

of bliss as you unbutton the top of your pants discretely under the table, but if you're going out for Chinese food, go here. We had a total of seven dishes for around \$16 (without tip).

The shrimp chow mein was good, and the sweet and sour pork was especially nice-it had a nice, delicate sauce that was an interesting change from the heavy duty vinegarsugar bright red fare usually supplied. The egg flower soup was nice, also, but the batter coating on the deep fried shrimp was too heavy and a bit

soggy, instead of crisp and light. The pressed almond duck was an uninteresting and rather bland version of what can be one of the seven wonders of the modern world. The egg foo young was good, and had a very nice, mild sauce.

Service was amazingly fast; food suddenly started appearing on the table from all directions. And we received an almond cookie along with the fortune cookies at the end of our meal. The only real complaint I had was that the portions were a bit small for the price on some of the dishes; our bowl of steamed rice was irritatingly tiny.

Bamboo Gardens is located at 507 State Street.

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She didn't join the army for this -R-

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GOLDIE HAWN as **PRIVATE BENJAMIN**
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Reagan

from page nine

carefully. I was amazed. I expected Burt Reynolds or maybe Clark Gable but I never would have guessed Ronald Reagan. That's right, right in the middle of my sunny afternoon was Ronald Reagan, smiling inanely. Talk about fairy tales; this was one for sure. The poster read "AMERICA: REAGAN COUNTRY" and boasted a picture of Ronnie in a grey cowboy hat, smiling wide for the camera, and backed by hazy blue clouds. Imposed on the clouds were sketches of American

The crow was saying, "Isn't he handsome?" and all the other ladies were heartily agreeing. I was feeling slightly ill.

monuments: the statue of liberty, Mt. Rushmore, and so on. I recognized Ronnie right away, I mean even without the wrinkles, but he sure looked young... at least ten years younger, although that still made him older than the fat woman holding the poster.

The crow was saying, "Isn't he handsome?" and all the other ladies were heartily agreeing. I was feeling slightly ill. The funny thing about it was, I was sure it was a joke. The poster had to be an advertisement for an old B movie. It couldn't really be the basis for a presidential campaign, could it? I turned to Marty to ask him if people really would vote for someone who used to look like a movie star but who never even made a good movie, but he was fast asleep. People had to know the picture was

touched up, that the man was way past retirement age, that this wasn't a Marlboro commercial; but the more I watched the old women crooning over the picture like young girls over Travolta, the surer I was that this was no joke. It was a diabolical plot by the Republicans to court the senior citizen's vote, to go after all the ladies who thought they were too old to worry about abortions and equal rights. Maybe it would even work for the men; they'd seen all his movies too, hadn't they? I could see the sense of it. These people were so used to seeing Ronnie in terms of a fantasy world that they would believe all the crazy things he was saying. It just might work. After all, advertising can sell anything these days: cheap cars, \$40 jeans, why not Ronald Reagan? By now I was feeling just a little bit paranoid and was fighting an urge to tackle the woman with the poster and tear it into shreds, but she rolled it up just in time. My pulse returned to normal and I realized I had been gripping my book so

tightly that my fingers left little sweat marks.

The crow was continuing her tirade. I caught snatches about Carter killing eight men in a helicopter in Iran and something about brother Billy borrowing money from Libya in order to stock up on Billy beer. I'd had enough. I moved my lounge chair across the pool well out of the range of the crow and her cackling voice. I tried to relax, but behind my sunglasses my eyes kept popping open. I couldn't sleep. Every time I shut my eyes I saw Reagan's smiling face surrounded by hoards of aging Americans carrying placards with sayings like "VOLCANOES CAUSE POLLUTION NOT AUTOMOBILES" and "NUKE SALT II." I couldn't shake the feeling that things were terribly wrong. I started reading my homework just to keep my mind occupied. And I was so shaken up that instead of a peaceful sleep in the sun I ended up reading my entire film studies book, word for word, front to back...twice.

For those who missed the last issue...

If you attended UCSB last year, there is a good chance you are at least vaguely familiar with **Portal Magazine**. **Portal Magazine** is the biweekly feature magazine published by the **Daily Nexus**. We publish the kinds of stories the **Nexus** isn't usually able to run: long, in-depth articles on a wide variety of subjects.

The kinds of stories you will find every two weeks in **Portal Magazine** will be as varied as the number of subjects there are to write about; and of course, the number is unlimited. And because the world doesn't revolve around UCSB and Isla Vista (regardless of popular opinion), **Portal Magazine** writers will sometimes do a story on something or someone or someplace distant.

Portal Magazine's purpose is to be an outlet for these more creative stories, and to provide them a complementary setting. Therefore, **Portal Magazine** layouts will be more creative than those normally found in the **Nexus**. To give **Portal Magazine** its own identity, it has been designed in a magazine-like format, with its own body-copy typeface and its own headline typefaces.

Each issue of **Portal Magazine** will have some regular features, also. "Views" is a question and answer column where you can see what your peers think about various topics. "The Student Epicure" is a restaurant review column that will give you an idea of what local restaurants are offering or should be offering. It was created because most students know of only a few area restaurants which they've heard of only by word of mouth. A student budget doesn't allow for too much culinary exploration, so we're trying to let you know about different places you might want to try. "One Last Word" is an essay column that will feature various writers discussing whatever they feel like discussing.

A "portal" is a doorway; **Portal Magazine** is so-named because we want to be an informational doorway. We hope that the stories you read here will interest you, inform you, make you think, make you happy, make you mad.

We also encourage you to write to us. We hope to start a letter page soon, so we can get your opinions and ideas in print, too. If something on these pages intrigues you, informs you, infuriates you, or disgusts you, write and have your opinions heard. Even if we think they're ridiculous, we promise to publish them. Letters can be sent to **Portal Magazine, Daily Nexus**, P.O. Box 13402, Storke Communications Building, UCSB, 93106. Or bring them by the **Nexus** offices under Storke Tower.



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