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Foolish Passion?

Man's Quest for Love



St. Valentine's Day has returned, bringing with it that inevitable desire to say "I love you" to someone special.

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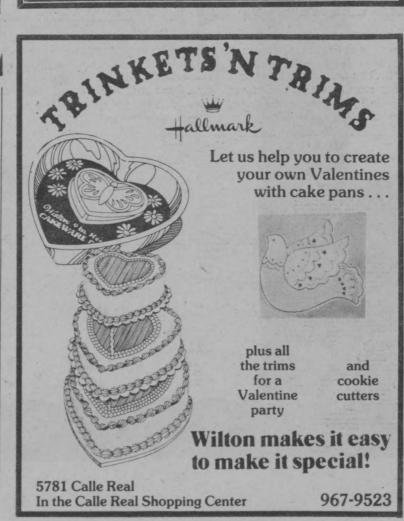
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Unless you have been spending the past couple of weeks in the library dutifully pugging away at your studies, you have no doubt noticed that, once again, the local market places are flooded with cards, candy, flowers and other romantic paraphenelia.

Yes, St. Valentine's Day is upon us again, bringing with it the typical desire to go out and buy that someone special a slightly off-color card and hope for the best. The merchants are all geared up for that big Valentine's Day push, waiting for the lovelorn to come in and spend their money in the attempt to show someone that they care.

Old St. Valentine himself would probably shudder to discover what the day which was named after him has become. Valentine no doubt died in the Christian martyr tradition. The feast which was named after him seems intended to commemorate two saints of the same name. One was a Roman priest who suffered martyrdom during the reign of the Roman Emperor Claudius and was buried along the Flaminian Way. The other was a bishop who was apparently martyred in Rome, allegedly for marrying Christian couples against the decree of the emperor.

Both martyrdoms are legendary and could be based on the same historical foundation, however, the modern celebration of St. Valentine's Day really has nothing to do at all with the life of two saints. Instead, it is probably derived from the Roman festival of the Lupercalia, a regular drunken bash, which was held every year on Feb. 15. It was customary, in the course of this pre-spring festival, for boys to draw the names of girls from a love urn. This custom was later introduced by the Romans to England where it continued. In order to adapt the festival to Christianity, the church transferred it to the feast of St. Valentine.

The custom of giving paper valentines did not begin until the 16th century. The first printed valentine may have been a front-spiece for the *Valentine Writer*, a book of verses that offered the unpoetic assistance in writing verse to his true love.

However, it was the introduction of penny postcards and envelopes in England in 1840 along with the use of lace paper which greatly increased the exchange of valentines up until today's present level of commercialization.

So what's it all mean? Why get caught up in the mid-winter love fest? Because somehow, someway, man is always questing for love. Nobody's quite sure what it is, but everybody wants it. Love can hurt, but it can also soothe. It can be frustrating, but it can also be marvelous, magnificent and one of the most meaningful parts of life.

And Valentine's Day offers that chance to say "I love you" to someone special be they friend, relative or lover. It's a chance we should probably all take more often, because maybe, when it come down to the things that are most important in life, the person who said "love conquers all" was right.



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'All Sprees of Expression'

Valentine's Day disgusts me. The whole world, with pounding hearts, prepares for this day when all sprees of expression are sanctioned. Drugstores stockpile heart-shaped boxes of candy with profuse plastic bouquets. Card racks are lush wth the growth of new cards. Bookstores unload cartons of little books like Love is Mostly Moonstruck Madness and The Hugs and Kisses How-to Handbook. Even the Nexus sells its pages to the lovelorn. And, in love or out, almost everyone wants to participate in this midwinter mushfest

Yes, I used to be an avid participant. I once purchased three lines for my true love, and composed a tender note, even making a clever reference to a class we were taking together. Then, on the big day, I bestowed a card upon him and shyly asked if he'd read the personals.

Accepting the card, he ruefully remarked, "I knew you'd do something like this." Later that day, I received a card emblazoned with "Happy Valentine's Day to a Fine Newphew." I'd never quite thought of our relationship that way before. Inside he had written a mumbling apology about the store running

Since then, I've been among the "outs" who deliberately resist any contamination with this Valentine's mushomania. A Holly Hobbie card from my mother and an extra half-hour reading the personals, correcting the French, would usually suffice

This year, love entered my life. No one fell in love with me, mind you; my roommate met a tall, dark and handsome stranger. For them, Valentine's Day comes 365 days a year. Their touching correspondence has driven up the price of paper and clogged the postal system - and they only live one mile apart. Their doings would fill a hundred Harlequin romances: moonlit walks on coastal cliffs, intimate

dinners at cozy restaurants, long talks about poetry and classical music.

Their lovelornity, however, is infectious. I've suddenly found myself desperately wanting to express something to someone on February 14. Upon whom should I pour this devotion and emotion? Numerous mad plots, Cupid-inspired, come to mind.

I could send an anonymous valentine to the cute young professor - the only one in the whole U.C. system who is under 40 and still single. I could dash off an amorous note and smuggle it into his mailbox.

What about that old flame from high school? A subtle valentine might stir up the ember of romance.

Anonymous valentines can be pretty exciting. I got one in fourth grade and I wore it inside my kneesock

But what if he recognized my handwriting? I could never imperil my GPA like that. What about that old flame from high school? A subtle valentine might stir up the embers to the blaze of romance. Then I remember the competition: a 17-year-old high school girl who looks like Cheryl Tiegs and lives 300 miles closer to him than I do. Alas.

I could decide to bring joy to others. I'll bake chocolate chip cookies and deliver them in baggies tied with red and white ribbons. I'll search out lonely souls in the dorms, in the classrooms, on the streets, in the UCen, and dose them with charity and refined carbohydrates. No one shall feel unloved!

A price check on chocolate chips and a glance at my wallet vetoes that idea. Inflation foils Cupid. (Please turn to p. 8A, col. 1)



As Valentine's Day draws near, lovers prepare for that one time a year when all sprees of affection are sanc-

Looking for Mister Mellow: Romanticism in Isla Vista?

By CATHY KELLY

and MEG McCANDLESS

Moonlight and roses never out of date. Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate. Woman needs man and man must have his mate; that, no one can deny,

It's still the same old story, a fight for love and glory, a case of do or die. The world will always welcome lovers as time goes by.

Romance is making a comeback. Sweeping the nation like a hoopskirted Scarlett O'Hara circling the ballroom, romance is once again rampant in the hearts of Americans.

All the vestiges of American love are surfacing. Big bands along the lines of Jimmy Dorsey are once

heels and seamed stockings grace the legs of well-dressed women only nonexistent, they're unheard everywhere, and proms have reached a level of popularity unheard of since 1959. As if this weren't enough, Harlequin Romance novels have enjoyed an explosive surge in sales over the. past few years. And not only are people reading these novels so scoffed at by feminists, they are actually starting to believe them.

Or so we're told Everyone from Marabel Morgan of "total woman" fame to Seventeen magazine and even that final authority on American social trends, Life magazine, is heralding

the triumph of romance. But in the sleepy little town of Isla Vista, where a date is still Game Room, these trends are not

In Isla Vista, the biggest band we've heard of is Soma, and they are still playing at the UCen. Not only did proms give way to Del Playa keggers long ago, but dancing has been reduced to swaying to the beat under the influence of Lowenbrau Dark. Instead of Harlequin Romances, women read the Feminine Mystique (the men are still mystified) and the CalPIRG petition. And we all know that if Cinderella had lived in Rochdale, she would have worn glass Birkenstocks to Borsodi's for a rendezvous with a water polo all-

(Please turn to p. 8A, col. 1)



retire and it all comes spilling out and you cry to your wife about some stupid toy you broke as an

once I didn't, but that was a forgetting to take the damn rose home, so it stayed in our refrigerator for a week and my mom nearly put it in a salad. By the time it was delivered into the proper hands, it had shriveled into something that sort of resembled a rose after a nuclear war. We broke up soon after that — I'm not sure

And that's the way it's been ever since. Well really, who cares about Valentine's Day? It's a huge pain. Maybe if it were a school holiday they might have something.

The real problem with Valentine's Day is that it doesn't work. Everyone is led to believe that now is the time to let that special someone know you care, so they run around, sending flowers and candy and cards and God knows what to people that don't even know they exist. And in a way, this accomplishes something - now instead of ignoring you, they giggle when they see you. Or else they think your best friend sent the giftwrapped Porsche, and they marry

Life was so much simplier when you passed out those little flat valentines to the whole class, boys and girls, and even the teacher (And there was always some

elephant-headed girl that gave one to the class turtle). No muss, no fuss, no hurt feelings.

But now, you have to be coy. Will So I ignore the whole thing. Well, she like me? How will he know I sent it? Will she give a damn? disaster too. She ended up What if he reads the signature and starts laughing? (A fate, I think, worse than death and grounds for suicide in any religion.)

> All this assumes that you're going to be giving something away. But the problems of giving are minute compared to those of receiving. The person you desperately wanted a card from won't send you one, the creep/bitch who sits behind you in Film Studies 46 will send you \$300 worth of junk including an avocado juicer and a puppy that throws up, and your mom, trying to be nice, will send you a card and misspell your

> So why go through all of this? What is it that makes people put their egos and dollars on the line like this? Why does Charlie Brown go to the stupid mailbox every year, when he knows nobody has sent him anything? The answer, I'm afraid, is love.

Everyone wants to be in love. From the day you first play doctor to the day you fall asleep on your honeymoon, that's all anyone ever really wants. Love makes you sing, it makes the music sound better, it makes the sun brighter. Love makes an average day into a good one, a good day into a great one.

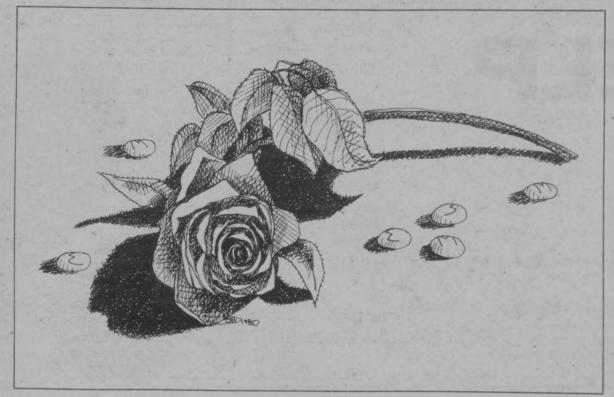
(Please turn to p. 7A, col. 1)

Ignoring St. Valentine's Day From Grade School to College

When I was five, I was in love. Well, ok, maybe not in love exactly. I mean we never checked into the Holiday Inn at 3 a.m. or but there was definitely something I never saw her again. Bitch.

male superiority wasn't threatened by excessive height or intellect on her part. But, as such things must, it ended. She moved discussed living room furniture, away to Texas or somewhere, and

ception, I have ignored Valentine's Day. I'm not sure if there's a connection - after all, I was only five - but still, a lot of stuff that goes on when you're small stays around, submerged, until you



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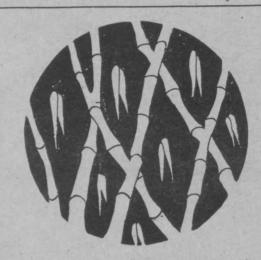
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SALE

obligation, the dumb sap will think that you still give a damn about then, which you don't. With that thought in mind here are some gift ideas to show that person how much you don't care: Nuclear Waste - We all know that the nuclear power industry is looking around for ways of disposing of radioactive wastes. Well, you can help them out by giving your sweetheart a vial of

plutonium for Valentine's Day. Just tell them it's a modernistic, space age night light requiring no batteries. But be sure not to sleep over anymore. Kitchen Utensils - This one's not as nasty. Actually, giving kitchen utensils is a very effective way of telling that person how little

By JOHN WELLER

usually through the giving of gifts. But what if that someone special has gotten to be a real pain in the

ass? What do you then give for

Valentine's Day? If you give him/her something nice out of a sense of

Valentine's Day is traditionally a day for loving couples to reaffirm their devotion to each other,

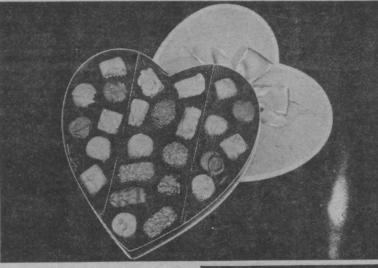
you think of them. After all, what kind of feelings can you be expressing with a cheese grater or a potato slicer. But make sure it's an absolutely worthless gift or your sweetheart will think that you went to a lot of trouble to find out exactly

what he/she needed.

Ugly Jewelry and/or clothing -Go down to one of the thrift shops on lower State Street and look for the ugliest string of giant artificial pearls you can find, or maybe a smelly old bowling shirt that has absolutely no character or redeeming features. Just buy the most godawful thing you can find. You have to give these gifts with a

For That Some

A Cynic's Guide 1



Valentine's Day has tradition lovers to express their heartfe by the purchase of cards, flow of undying love. But what do who has lost their charm and d the neck? For those in this po Cynic's Guide to Valentine Gifts, show that "special" person just

Just Another Va

By BETH GOLDMAN

Valentine's Day was coming. Anne had already bought a card; she just didn't know who she'd give it to. It had a cute little bear holding a flower on the front and when opened it read "Happy

Valentine's Day, Sweetie." Anne didn't have a sweetie but still she bought the card because it had appealed to her and because, in spite of herself, she always had

She wasn't sure why. She often thought the wisdom of an old boyfriend - who had justified ending their relationship on the premise that all relationships end badly was correct. But sometimes, on spring days, when the sun was shining and the grass was just beginning to turn green and everyone she passed on her way to class seemed to cheerfully say hello, Anne was struck with a certain pure romanticism that she wanted to share with the next friend she saw. It was at those moments she knew that she'd somehow fall in love



with your calculating and computing problems

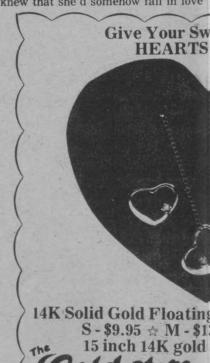
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neone Special?

to Valentine Gifts

tionally been known as a day for rtfelt appreciation for each other lowers, candy or other little tokens do ypu get that special someone nd degenerated in to a royal pain in s position, the Nexus presents "A ifts," a guide to gift ideas which will ust how you feel.





straight but earnest face, the purpose being to convince your sweetheart that there is something slightly wrong with you. Then just act slightly off for as long as it takes and before you know it it'll be

The same goes for really crass gifts that good taste keeps us from discussing here. Just anything to convince them that you have a screw loose upstairs.

Certain books show very well how little you care. For example, instead of buying a book of schmaltzy poems by Susan Polis Schultz, buy Professor Iyer's new book on parapolitics. It's a subtle way of telling your sweetheart to quit bugging you and go improve his/her mind



Overdue library books are another example. Check out some rare, valuable editions from the local library using your sweetheart's library card, then hide them under his/her bed. Six months later call the authorities and tell them where they can be found. Finally, take a vacation so you don't have to bail him/her out.

Nothing - This is for the relationship on its last legs. Why spend money on the chump when you can buy something special for that guy/girl that you've been admiring from afar for some time

again even if everything did end poorly.

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'alentine's Day Card

Anne was a self-labeled dreamer. Her parents had called her their cloud child, always reaching for smething, which was, by and large, beyond her reach. Cloud child, dreamer; she always wrote poetry for her boyfriends. She'd buy them candy or small gifts and wrap them round with a piece of paper on which she'd written some lovng tidbit. Her first and only lover had been showered with such poems: poems, letters and cards. Words, words, words, almost all written with the purpose of showing him how she loved him.

Anne remembered early mornings in her bed, watching the morning light hit all ents the nature posters on her wall so that they love almost glowed softly. He would be asleep.

He had a beautiful face, soft and relaxed when he slept; warm and friendly when he smiled. His teeth were perfectly straight and his smiles were almost always unexpected. They changed his face from quiet to lively, and she used to wait for him to smile at her.

His smile: Anne supposed she had bought that silly card because (Please turn to p. 7A, col. 1)



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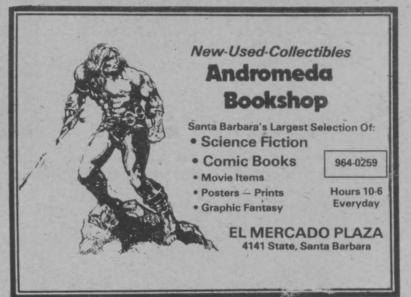


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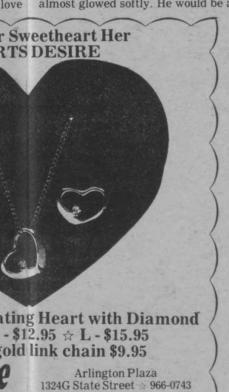
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Plea to Claire

Oh troubled girl, don't give up on life. There's love to find, look toward me.



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Until that day, don't cry. Let life flow a little. Don't always try to be so strong. timely softness has it's assets. Discover your untapped love. And someday you'll realize you have a lot to give.





Reach when you know, I'll be there.

in all innocence

Jess Raphael



My major is math My minor is Zen I know I'm a 9 But you are a 10.



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i walked by the mirror and saw myself in daddy's big blue shirt

the dream snatcher wrapped in pastels wasn't i once innocent?

now i'm cynical relishing the spoils of my victories and holding my child-like longings deep within

when i met you i felt my life suspended in a sunset glowing gently

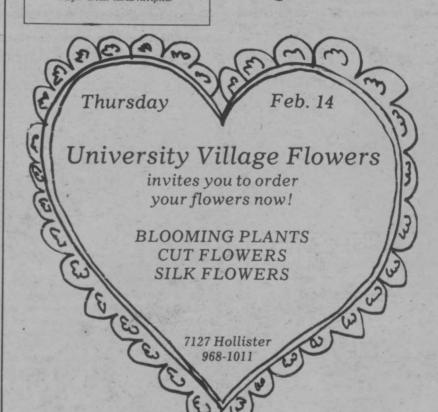
i said i would not fall in love not this year but then i saw your eyes and stopped running

so i stand here gazing at the blue-shirted girl in the mirror wishing you were here with me

the sun is sinking the glow is fading empty cries rise in my throat but the blue-mirrored girl says nothing



mikki



A Valentine's Day Card

of his smile. She had walked into the card store looking for a birthday card for an old friend and had passed all the Valentine's Day paraphenalia: cards, candy, mugs with hearts and flowers and I-loveyous plastered all over them. Commercialization of love, Anne

month and then began to smile

But still she thought of him; she supposed it was inevitable. When the sun came through her window in the morning and lit her posters; she remembered how it had felt to share her bed with him

thought but, nonetheless, wandered over to the rack of cards and started looking through them. She remembered one Valentine's Day when she had searched through scores of cards trying to find one which was banal and nonsuggestive enough to give to the boy she was dating at the time. A real cosmic asshole her father had called him. She knew her dad was probably right but she had gotten into the habit of dating him and didn't know quite how to escape. He had once asked her if she had bet someone that she would lose her virginity until she reached a certain age: Anne had spent most of their relationship trying to think of excuses not to sleep with him. She created quite a religious background for herself. He bought it and finally gave up trying.

Good old cosmic asshole; Anne wondered what had happened to him. She had bought him a card which was too cute and simply read "Happy Valentine's Day. She had added "to a real panic" and nothing else but her name no loving statement or particular notation of her affection for him. They had broken up soon after that. She hadn't missed him.

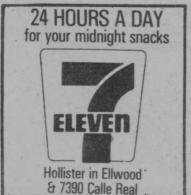
But Ian she missed. Ian of the Enigmatic Smile, Ian the Gentle, Ian the Haunted who was too afraid of caring too much to keep on caring. "I need time," he had said though just what he needed time for she wasn't sure. "Remember, you're very important to me," he said and knew she was, perhaps too important. Perhaps that is why he left; he'd felt stifled. Anne never really knew; she just cried a lot for a

(Continued from p. 3A) But mostly, love makes you want to roll over and go to sleep.

But, in the end, love is the one thing, the only thing that can make two people nappy at the same time. Love, and green M&Ms.

Of the two, Green M&Ms are definitely less expensive, but love tends to last longer — whether you put it in your hands or your mouth.





again.

But she still thought of him; she supposed it was inevitable. When the sun came through her windows in the morning and lit her posters; she remembered how it had felt to share her bed with him. Sex had seemed natural with him; from the

first day they had kissed, from the first time he had held her, it seemed to Anne that he would be the first man to make love to her, the first to touch her in ways that no one had ever touched her. She had hoped he would be the only one: perhaps in her own way she was religious after all. Or just a pathetic romantic who listened to

too many love songs and had always expected too much. "You're impossible, Anne," her mother once said, "You set your sights too high.

And hang on too long, Anne often thought; hang on until that which you are hanging on to becomes some dry shell, some husk of a dream. Like Ian and her, together, she wanted only to rekindle some glow he'd lost somewhere in the course of their romance, lost or pushed aside, she wasn't sure which. She was sure she had loved him more than she had ever wanted to love anyone.

Yet, something inside Anne knew that the next time she met someone for whom she cared, the same thing would happen, so, when she was the card in the store, she saw his smile. She saw flowers, and cards, and walks on the beach and long mornings in bed, and she knew she had to buy it. Maybe she'd send it to him with a little note saying how she still cared for him and thanking him for all he had done for her. Or maybe she'd keep it; put it with all his letters and her poems to him and his cards as just another memory; the last of a pleasant dream.

Anne wasn't sure, but Valentine's Day was coming and she still remembered his smile.

Passion

Fire can be the thin blue element shooting from a gas jet, or a face burning near the window of an alleyway apartment. From its passion, a circle of light, or a forehead warm and bright, heat can jump into the air igniting the tinder nearby.

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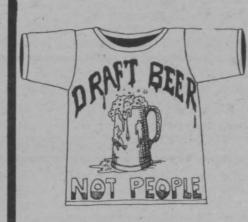


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Romanticism in Isla Vista

For the Isla Vista woman, succumbing to the spell of romance is like an uphill battle

After five years in Isla Vista, maybe he hasn't.

Sad but true, this Isla Vista tradition continues to oppose the

The typical Isla Vista male is of the "take it easy" school of dating. If they took it any easier, they'd be comatose.

against the forces of surfer sandals, Levi's, feminism and the Pill. However, this attitude is probably all for the best, because in Isla Vista, there are few charms for the potential romantic to succumb to. After all, I.V. is not known for its tall, dark and handsome strangers in the night.

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When a male associate, well in tune with the Del Playa social scene, was asked for his opinions on how romance in I.V. has been revived, he nonchalantly replied "Has it?"

Another associate, when asked the same question, responded, "How has what been revived?" as if he had never heard the word. national trend towards candlelit dinners for two and dancing in the moonlight. Somehow, dinner at Skip's over a pitcher doesn't cut it. And we are just not impressed with roller skating around the Embarcadero loop on Saturday night.

we see an I.V. man gallantly toss his rain poncho over a muddy pot hole to protect the clogs of his lady fair, there may yet be a light at the end of the tunnel. It won't be easy, but it may be inevitable. Tell-tale signs of romance are cropping up everywhere. Why, just last week we heard our roommate humming "Sentimental Journey" in a perfumed shower before a hot date to the opera. And yesterday, our macho neighboor appeared on our doorstep, for help tying his tie.

Who knows? Maybe before the year is out even the most die-hard Isla Vistans will be taking a sentimental journey together....even if it's only to Oxnard.

Seeking Romance?

A few thoughts before sinking back into comatosity:

-I can't help but wonder what exactly our fair maidens have been doing in their noble quest for romance on the streets of Isla Vista. Perhaps in their search for the archetypal Sir Lancelot, Ms. Kelly and Ms. McCandless have failed to see the preverbial forest

for the trees. Me thinks they want not romance, but an outdated form of chivalry.

-I wonder, given their views, exactly what our dynamic duo has done thus far to further the cause of romance. I must point out that candle-light dinners can be provided as well by the fairer sex as by the ranks of the comatose. Perhaps they've even forgotten the potency of a coy smile.

-Tis misfortune indeed when two eligible ladies cannot find romance in an environment veritably brimming with members of the male sex. However, lest their dreams be forever shattered, I do hereby submit that whenever they're ready for romance, I shall be ready...I'll even lay my poncho down so they may pass safely through life's muddy waters. C'est l'amour.

-- Tom Bolton

10 am - midnite daily

ulinary Accessories

Sprees of Expression

(Continued from p. 3A) Besides, most lonely souls are trying to avoid hypoglycemic sugar poisoning, cellulite or both.

With all my emotional outlets effectively blocked, I resign myself to a day of martyrdom. I wonder what spectacular Valentine's extravaganza awaits my roommate. Will the tall, dark stranger buy the Nexus's front page to proclaim his ardor? Well, I shall continue the tradition of Saint Valentine himself.

Someone knocks on our door very early on the 14th. Fearing the return of the tall, dark stranger, I flee to the bathroom. He probably ordered the whole Philadelphia Orchestra for an early a.m. serenade. Nobody's going to catch me in my bathrobe.

My roommate answers the door. I listen for the orchestra or at least a resounding smack of lips, but hear nothing.

"It's for you," says my roommate, and hands me a Perrier bottle of fresh wildflowers and an

> retail price for Valentine's Day

Royce Jewelry

unsigned note. Blushing and beaming, I sit down on the couch and stare at the flowers and the

for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass," quotes my suddenly wise roommate.

I think I'll wear the wildflowers in my kneesock all day long.

"Neither be cynical about love,

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I've lost all my poems, and those I found have faded with the years. The eyes, the smile are gone, all that's left are the wasted years waiting for your love, or your smile.

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