

FMM

Friday
Magazine

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Bullet

The

Blue

Sky

Diaries From El Salvador

PHOTO BY ROB CHRISTIANSEN

UCSB junior Dave Karoly offers a Life Saver to a child in a Salvadoran refugee camp.

By Mike Lupro

San Salvador, July 21, 1987, 10 p.m.

After all the anticipation and all the scenes from "Salvador" that have been running through my head, my feet finally touch Central American turf. From the plane you can see beautifully green mountains and valleys, and the moment you step off the plane you feel a blast of hot and heavy air. The serious faces and the soldiers with guns let you know it's not just from the temperature and the humidity. Not even off the runway yet when I see a government poster depicting a little girl with half a leg proclaiming "Victime Inocente de minas del FMLN. Y sus derechos humanos?" (Innocent Victims of mines of the FMLN. And your Human Rights?)

After receiving 24-hour visas and instructions to report to immigration in San Salvador, we negotiate a gauntlet of guns and are out of the airport. Stefanie, the delegation coordinator, greets us, makes a head count and gets us on the bus.

"Bienvenidos a La Democracia Salvador" says a sign on the highway. ("Welcome to the Salvadoran Democracy.") My head is poking out of the bus window as I gaze at the abundance of

(See LUPRO, p.6E)

By Michael Henderson

July 21, 1987. San Salvador. Midnight.

As soon as I walk out of the plush American-style airport I am greeted by the hot sticky air which quickly reminds me that I am no longer in the paradise of Santa Barbara.

We are piled into a bus which is to take us to the hotel. A few minutes after we are on the road I noticed that I was only granted a 24-hour visa. I soon find that most of the others were given the same limit. Our guide tells us we are to spend the rest of the day at the immigration office.

The bus takes us over miles and miles of the greenest hills I've ever seen. It also takes us past a few dozen tracks filled with soldiers. The guns contrast the green again, again and again.

We reached the big city of San Salvador at around 2 p.m. It was a disaster. It looked as though the earthquake hit yesterday, not three years ago. There were toppled buildings and piles of rubble everywhere. But no rebuilding efforts were anywhere to be seen.

After checking in at the hotel we went to the immigration

(See HENDERSON, p.8E)



discovery days '87

Tuesday, September 15

- ★ Campus Move-In Day
- ★ Big Yellow Tent at San Nicolas Lawn

Wednesday, September 16

- ★ Orientation Meeting for All Undergraduates Who Missed Summer Orientation — 8:30-10:30 am, Buchanan 1910
- ★ C.A.S.E. Workshops/
Discovery Days Survival Series
 - Study Skills — 2:00-3:00 pm, Buchanan 1910
 - Writing Skills — 6:00-7:00 pm, Buchanan 1910
 - Test Taking Skills — 7:00-8:00 pm, Buchanan 1910

Thursday, September 17

- ★ Future Focus Panel — 9:00 am-Noon
 - Business Careers — 9:00-10:00 am, Buchanan 1920
 - Health Careers — 10:00-11:00 am, Buchanan 1920
 - Legal Careers — 10:00-11:00 am, Buchanan 1930
 - Social Services — 11:00 am-Noon, Buchanan 1920
 - Engineering and Hard Sciences — 11:00 am-Noon, Buchanan 1930
- ★ Transfer Meeting and Reception — 4:00 pm
 - College of Letters and Science — Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall
 - College of Engineering — Engineering II Conference Room
 - RECEPTION immediately following in Music Bowl
- ★ C.A.S.E. Workshops/
Discovery Days Survival Series
 - Study Skills — 6:00-7:00 pm, Buchanan 1910
 - Time Management — 7:00-8:00 pm, Buchanan 1910
 - Writing Skills — 2:00-3:00 pm, Engineering 1104

Friday, September 18

- ★ Faculty Panel
 - 10:00-11:00 am, Buchanan 1910
- ★ Orientation for Non-Traditional Students
 - 11:00 am-Noon, UCen Meeting Room 3
- ★ Orientation for All New Graduate Students
 - 1:00-3:00 pm, Buchanan 1910
- ★ C.A.S.E. Workshops/
Discovery Days Survival Series
 - Test Taking Skills — 2:00-3:00 pm, Broida 1610

Friday, September 25

- ★ Welcome Reception for Non-Traditional Students
 - 9:00-11:00 am, Women's Center
- ★ Tour of Santa Barbara for New Graduate Students
 - 3:00 pm Leaving from Cheadle Hall
 - (Call 961-3443 to reserve space)

Thursday, October 1

- ★ Welcome Reception for New Graduate Students
 - 3:00-5:00 pm, UCen Pavilion B & C

Wednesday, October 7

- ★ Activities Faire
 - 10:00 am-3:00 pm, Storke Plaza

Discovery Days Helpline Number: 961-2197
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Sunday, September 20, 1987
2:00 p.m.
Events Center

Speakers will include:

Barbara S. Uehling, Chancellor
A.E. Keir Nash, Chair, Academic Senate
Curtis Robinson, President, Associated Students
Bill Wallace, Supervisor, Santa Barbara County

Leslie Griffin-Lawson, Dean of Students, will serve as host.

The ringing of the carillon bells at 1:45 p.m. will announce the beginning of the new student processional to the Events Center.

All returning students are also invited to attend.

FILM FESTIVAL

Saturday, September 19

Lethal Weapon — Isla Vista Theater

Ruthless People — Campbell Hall

Monty Python and the Holy Grail

— CHEMISTRY 1179

All movies at 7:00, 9:00 and 11:00 pm

Cost: \$2.50 per movie

\$5.00 for marathon ticket (all 3 movies)

Tickets may be purchased at the door
or at the Big Yellow Tent

Activities Planning Center & Orientation present

The 3rd Annual

Activities Faire

Wednesday, October 7

10 am - 3 pm

Storke Plaza

This event will feature live demonstrations and music, and will provide students with an opportunity to learn how to get involved in different activities and organizations at UCSB.

El Salvador: An Introduction

By Doug Arellanes
Editor, FM

*In the howling wind,
comes a stinging rain*

*See it driving nails into
souls on the tree of pain*

*From the firefly, a red-
orange glow*

*See the face of fear
running scared in the valley
below*

—“Bullet the Blue Sky,” U2

I first heard of the Sister University Program between the University of El Salvador and UCSB at about the same time as U2 released *The Joshua Tree*. And it was in May I learned “Bullet the Blue Sky” was written during a journey through Central America. It seems an apt title for this issue of *Friday Magazine*.

Since its inception, the Sister University Program has worked to channel assistance from here to there. One trip to the Salvadoran campus has already been completed and more educational trips and aid are planned.

El Salvador is a nation of approximately five million people currently embroiled in an increasingly bitter civil war. About the size of Massachusetts, its mainly agricultural economy exports coffee and cotton. It is approximately 2,000 miles from Santa Barbara.

In 1986 the immediate area around its capital, San Salvador (population 500,000), was decimated by a massive earthquake. Little has since been done to restore it. The government says rebuilding is impossible due to the war effort.

As in any war, atrocities are committed. El Salvador is plagued with right-wing “death squads,” groups supported by (if not members of) the government, that are for more than 80,000 deaths since 1980, according to author/political activist Tommie Sue Montgomery.

Hundreds of students at the University of El Salvador have been killed for such actions as attending rallies. Others are killed, tortured or intimidated on basis of rumor and accusation.

The United States provides \$1.5 million per day to support the Salvadoran government, much of it in lethal military aid, according to U.S. government statistics.

President Reagan and most conservatives on Capitol Hill assert that the guerrillas are being supported by Nicaragua and the Soviet Union, and say

GLOSSARY OF TERMS:

Campesinos: Landless Salvadoran peasants.

Duarte, Jose Napoleon: President of El Salvador since 1980.

FMLN: Spanish for the Farabundo Marti National Liberation organization. Farabundo Marti was one of the first Salvadoran rebels, who was killed in the 1930s while leading a rebellion.

UNTS: Spanish for Salvadoran National Workers' Union. Relatively new on the political scene, the organization is similar to a more politically active AFL-CIO.

U.S. aid to Duarte is part of a larger policy of containing Soviet aggression.

This, however, is contradicted by reports from independent observers that say most of the rebels are mainly using weapons stolen from the Salvadoran government.

But stop. Think about what it must be like to be a student of the University of El Salvador, going to classes in tents and living under the terror imposed by death squads. Imagine being accused of being a “communist” without cause and having to endure torture and imprisonment because of your ties to the university. In the eyes of certain members of their government, Amnesty International and groups like it are part of a massive communist conspiracy.

This dire situation is what spurred nine UCSB students to travel to El Salvador in late July. They brought supplies, morale and, most importantly, cash.

Most of this issue of *Friday*

Magazine is devoted to two highly personal accounts of that journey. It is important to note that the opinions endorsed within the diaries are those of the authors and are not necessarily the opinions of any member of the *Daily Nexus* staff.

The diaries are written by student politicians. They carry no pretension of journalistic objectivity; diaries are rarely objective.

The authors, Mike Lupro and Michael Henderson, are both members of the Associated Students Legislative Council. Both agreed to have their diaries published in hopes that readers would be better educated on the Salvadoran situation.

Featured as FM's interview subject in this issue is award-winning journalist and documentary filmmaker Don Gomez, a man who has lived and worked in El Salvador for several years. In 1982 he won both the AP and UPI awards for best documentary. Gomez is perhaps best known for writing the movie *Salvador*

with Academy Award-winning director Oliver Stone. His observations of the continuing strife and of the media's version of it that we receive are both incisive and compelling. Matt Welch's interview is on page 5E.

The United States government strongly supports the Duarte regime. It was very difficult, however, to get government officials to say so on the record. Page 11E features a brief synopsis of U.S. policy in El Salvador and in Central America.

And finally, in a much lighter vein, we feature the fiction of B. Douglass Wilhite, who in two parts (this issue and next) will take us on a tour of sorts into the Mild Kingdom. His *Apartment Insect Wildlife* begins on Page 15E.

I could tell you to enjoy the issue, but war is never an experience to be enjoyed. Rather, I hope it educates you about El Salvador on a personal level. The least we can do is learn more about it.

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for ALL OF US



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# 3	6:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	# 4	9:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
# 5	7:30 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	# 6	11:30 a.m.	2:00 p.m.
# 7	9:30 a.m.	12:00 p.m.	# 8	1:00 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
# 9	11:30 a.m.	2:00 p.m.	# 10	2:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.
# 11	2:00 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	# 12	5:00 p.m.	7:30 p.m.
# 13	4:30 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	# 14	7:30 p.m.	10:00 p.m.
# 15	6:00 p.m.	8:30 p.m.	# 16	9:00 p.m.	11:30 p.m.
# 17	8:00 p.m.	10:30 p.m.	# 18	11:00 p.m.	1:30 a.m.

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Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes
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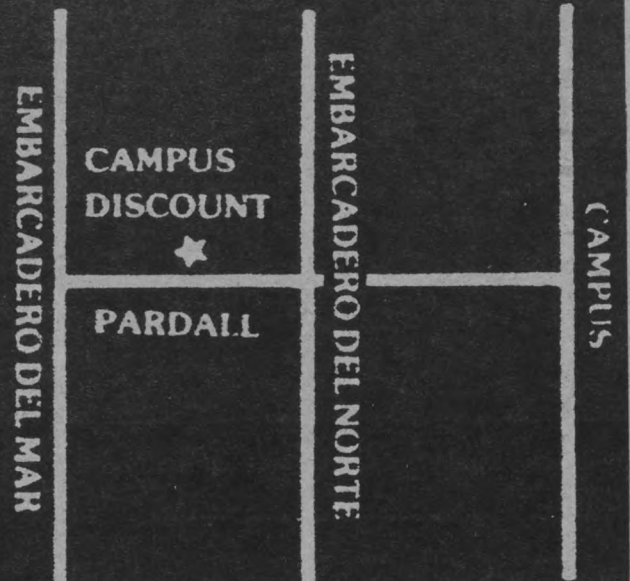
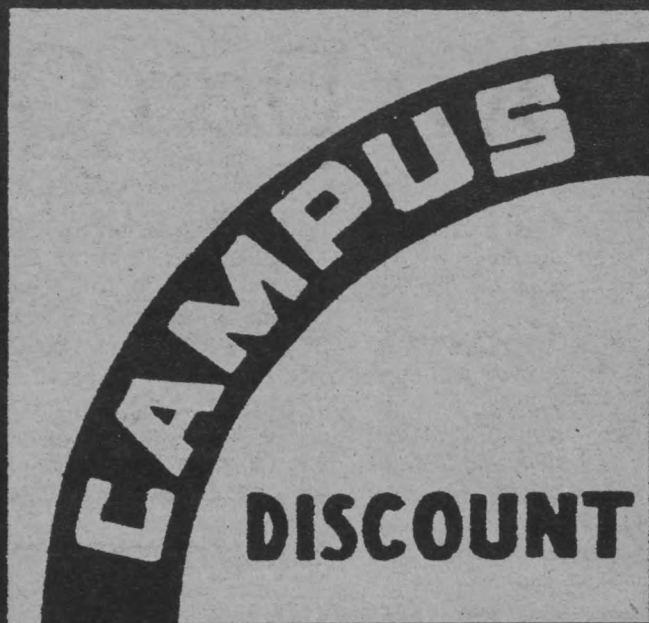
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Interview: Don Gomez



By Matt Welch

A large number of people are unfamiliar with what is going on in El Salvador, which for four years was the place Don Gomez worked and lived.

Gomez is unquestionably one of the top journalistic authorities on the Salvadoran conflict. He was there in late 1979-80 during the country's military upheaval, which eventually led to the uprising of the Duarte government. He lived away from his family in the war-ravaged country from 1982 to 1985, a period of time he describes as being both the best and the worst of his life.

From these experiences he filmed seven documentaries about Central America in seven years: With the Sandinistas, El Salvador Diaries, Death Flight, Battles and Bullets, In the Name of the People, Central America: Facts and Fiction, and the recently released *The Situation*.

All of these films won awards (he has twice received Academy Award nominations) and *El Salvador Diaries* was selected as *Documentary of the Year* by both the Associated Press and United Press International. Despite these achievements, it was a theatrical release co-written by Platoon director Oliver Stone that pushed Gomez a little closer to the American spotlight.

After he and his close friend and fellow journalist Richard Boyle returned to the States in 1985, Stone employed Boyle to write a screenplay based on his often wild experiences in El Salvador. In late 1985, the critically acclaimed *Salvador*, starring James Woods, was released.

The movie detailed Boyle's frenzied comeback to hardcore gonzo journalism during the 1979-80 upheaval and included

many incidents — such as a battlefield tracheotomy performed by Boyle — that occurred in the ensuing years the two men lived there.

Although it was a box-office disappointment, *Salvador* netted Stone and Boyle Academy award nominations for best screenplay and Woods a nomination for best actor. The film also gave Boyle and Gomez a little more notoriety, which they have translated into more work.

Even before Gomez became a filmmaker, he was an award-winning journalist with AP and UPI awards for various daily newspapers, covering everything from Vietnam to busing controversies.

This year Gomez turned 40. Not one to relax, he is currently finishing a one-hour music/variety show with close friend Luis Valdez (who wrote and directed *La Bamba*) featuring famous Latin American performers. He's also writing a book, developing a screenplay and promoting his new film.

I caught up with Gomez on the telephone while he was nursing a groggy hangover and we spoke for more than two hours, talking about everything from Bob Dylan's house to Norman Mailer's tie size.

One week before, he was invited to attend a Moscow film festival which featured *The Situation*, but was unable to attend because he and Valdez were receiving achievement awards from the Chicano community. Boyle attended the festival in his stead.

FM: Do you plan to return to El Salvador in the future?

Gomez: I can't go back to El Salvador.

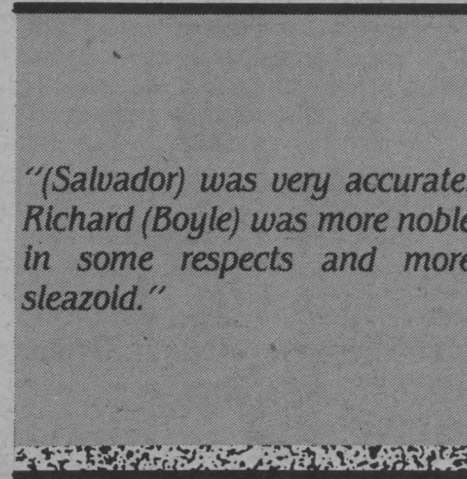
FM: You can't?

Gomez: No. I'd accidentally get killed in the airport.

FM: Oh really?

Gomez: Yeah; no, I can't go back there and

neither can Boyle, not after *Salvador*. If I was as well-known here than I am down there, I wouldn't have to worry so much about hustling to get money. I would go back to Nicaragua if American troops landed on the soil, which, you never know, may happen. Or if there was something monumental going on, like if there were really actually a ceasefire, I'd go to El Salvador to wrap up my work. But excluding something like that, no,



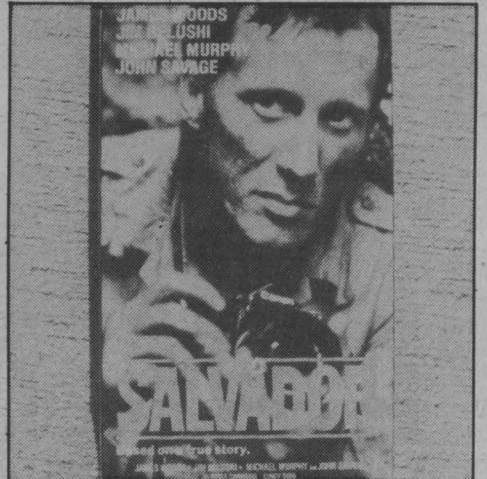
"(Salvador) was very accurate. Richard (Boyle) was more noble in some respects and more sleazoid."

I wouldn't go.... I'm shot up and tired. In El Salvador my luck ran out. I covered Vietnam in battle and did some other wars and I never got a scratch. You know, but now I've got metal in my leg, been shot at.... I tell you what it is, it is a young man's game. You know, and I consider myself a young old man. I try to hang in there, yes I do. But I turned 40 this year. But yeah, I mean, you give something, you give and you get. I cheated my oldest son out of a couple of years, you know, and now I'm real close with my little girl. You give, and there are always trade-offs.

FM: Do you miss the excitement of being down there?

Gomez: You know, that's a sincere compliment. Very few people know; it's like a secret code. You feel like Reed, or Hemingway, or Grange. There's an exhilaration after a rocket attack, a firefight, where you're just so gloriously alive.

FM: What newspapers are doing the best job of reporting what actually goes down in



El Salvador and Central America?

Gomez: The very best? The *Miami Herald*. Randolph Ryan, the *Boston Globe*. The *New York Times*, they've been pretty consistent, so has the *Des Moines Register*. The *Christian Science Monitor*, except for their stories of Marxism, Marxism, Marxism and child-eating Sandinistas. The *Wall Street Journal* is very accurate. The *San Jose Mercury News* has done okay. The L.A. Times has fallen on its ass.

FM: How?

Gomez: The sheer frequency. They did do a (See GOMEZ, p.10E)



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LUPRO

(Continued from p.1E)

greenery. I've never seen jungle before but I suppose it would look like this. The highway is in suprisingly excellent shape. I expected potholes with some road in between, but instead it's two well-paved lanes in each direction.

I didn't expect to have such wonderful first impressions. I remember when I was little and I saw the Miss Universe Pageant on T.V. and Bob Barker gave a little schpiel about the beautiful host country, El Salvador. I thought, "My, what a nice place." I can picture the world's finest beauties riding past here complaining about the heat. As beautiful as it is, the guns still seem to fit right in. I'm told this is the rainy season. It's definitely a volatile atmosphere. I'll have to be careful of preconceived notions.

We get twenty minutes down the road before our first run-in with the military. No hassle, just off the bus, check it out, "O.K. you can go." Seeing kids my age and younger with big guns is quite unsettling. Firearms and puberty do not mix well. But I suppose when they're that young they're easier to brainwash. Funny, we were stopped next to a sign reading, "Welcome Friends of the World."

In the afternoon we meet with members of the executive committee of the UNTS (*Union Nacional de Trabajadores Salvadoreños/National Union of Salvadoran Workers.*) These men are extraordinary people and their talk was inspirational. In my notes the UNTS is referred to as "121" (the address of their headquarters). We have been instructed to write in code and to use first names only so as to protect those we meet with, should any of our belongings get confiscated.

We spend much of the afternoon getting jerked around at immigration amidst a few spies and guns and even more confusion. If you think bureaucracy is a pain in the ass, just imagine dealing with it in a language and process you don't understand well. At 3:00 p.m. we are told that the process will take three more hours and that we must return in

the morning. I look around and count 10 desks occupied by fat men drinking coffee and reading the paper and I begin to wonder why one of them can't take the two seconds it takes to stamp my passport. If I really was a tourist here on a surfing safari I'd be back at the airport now, but maybe they know that and it's all a well-calculated plan to agitate me and my kind.

We head to the university to meet with our student hosts, AGEUS (General Association of Salvadoran University Students). Julie (Shayne) and Sarah (a student from the University of Oregon) spot Antonio and get very excited. Antonio was last year's AGEUS president. He fled to the United States when his name appeared on a published death list. Julie and Sarah met him while he was in the States. Death lists don't expire but neither does the will of those on them.

Antonio gives us a tour of the university. It isn't your average campus. Phelps is a tent. Broida is riddled with bullet holes. Ellison is rubble. The A.S. offices were fire-bombed and never rebuilt. How this place can function

We have been instructed to write in code and to use first names only so as to protect those we meet with, should any of our belongings get confiscated.

and exist, let alone thrive the way it does, is a tribute to the intense spirit of the Salvadoran students. In the anatomy lab there are cadavers being dissected for research. Morbid thoughts fill my head and I think about the one whose cheek is being sliced up as I watch, skin folded back to reveal eyeball and white meat; what he was thinking last month and what his soul is up to now. I feel a bit queasy from the formaldehyde but it doesn't really bother me because it fits in just as well as the mariachi music in Salvador Allende Plaza. (U. of El Salvador's version of Storke Plaza.)



Thousands marched in a July 30 protest in San Salvador. Many wear masks to avoid retribution. PHOTO BY ROB CHRISTIANSEN

I enjoy my status as a college student. I'm proud to be part of an ages-old haven for intelligentsia, radicals and new and old ideas. It's a hard concept to grasp in Santa Barbara, where nothing too bad ever happens, but in El Salvador where a slip of the tongue can bring a slit to the throat, the "haven" aspect of the university becomes especially important. There's good reason why the government of El Salvador is so antagonistic toward the university. It's directly related to why there are no provisions for student deferments in Sen. Hollings' upcoming draft legislation.

In our meeting with members of the executive committee of AGEUS I notice that almost everyone smokes like a chimney. Cigarette packs in El Salvador don't carry Surgeon General warning labels. Living long enough to die of cancer is a rarity in these parts.

July 22, 7:30 a.m., San Salvador

An early riser this morning, even earlier considering my body thinks it's 5:30. Had a hard time getting to sleep last night. Too

many visions of the days to come. Once I got my eyes shut though, all of a sudden it's 6:30 a.m.

While pacing about before bed I witnessed semi-tropical rain. It sounded, smelled, and felt so cool. I began to start hating this place by the end of yesterday but this morning I'm smiling a lot. I'm sure it won't last all day. Maybe it's because I haven't seen any guns yet.

We'll be going to immigration this morning. I'm mentally preparing for an intense confrontation if they give us any shit. It'll probably go smooth. 90 percent of the time I psych myself up like that it all works out smoothly despite my mental state. I don't think the causal factor is psyching myself out, though.

I found out that last night, while I was eating dinner, a truckload of guardsmen came in to the hotel to talk with the manager. Julie says they probably paid him off and that we shouldn't be suprised if we find that our rooms have been searched when we return.

(See LUPRO, next page)



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— Mr. Rogers

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LUPRO

(Continued from previous page)

10:30 a.m.

While waiting for our visa interview some Salvadoran asked us if we were with the delegation from California. He said he was from the University and had come to help us. We said "No, what delegation?" and he left. I thought he was telling the truth but if he wasn't and we did we'd be in interrogation right now. I felt funny lying to him but I'm sure he understood even if I didn't really.

After two and a half hours we finally got our visas. You get the feeling that they jerk you around for the joy of watching you get frustrated. We jokingly, or maybe not so jokingly, speculated that what probably happens is that your application must touch the hands of everyone in the building before a visa is approved and that two guys on the eighth floor hadn't touched it yet and another guy was on his lunch break and that's what was taking so long.

I've seen lots of guns and I've seen the results of their use everywhere but I haven't really seen the war. It's omnipresent yet you don't see any firefights in the streets. It sounds as though I regard the war as some sideshow at Circus Vargas to be gawked at or something but then it really is a circus, only without the fun.

San Salvador is a strange city. Every third step is a giant mound of rubble left from an earthquake that took place a year ago. The city lies in ruins yet it hustles and bustles like any other big city, sort of. Not every major city has political graffiti on every wall and shanty-type dwellings in every ravine. Taxis, horns, assholes, storefronts and such are similar to any other city, though, if not a little more run-down. The large, nonfunctional fountain outside of the immigration building that I am sitting on as I write this is one of many signs that this city was once rather elegant.

1:30 p.m.

We are sitting in a post-earthquake

"temporary" building listening to representatives from AGEUS describe the political situation here at the university. There's so many chirping birds outside it sounds like a tropical aviary, but I suppose that's because it is. It's total heaven and hell syndrome. Good and bad are fighting for control in every facet of El Salvador from politics to geology to economics.

3:50 p.m.

Right now I am listening to the testimony of a woman from Fenacoa, an organization of cooperatives. She and one other woman were released from prison today at 2:00. And here two hours later she is telling us about the tortures she endured. While I was complaining about how shitty breakfast was, she was being raped. The crime that earned her nine days of torture and imprisonment was that she is involved in the co-op.

I could hear street noise outside as she began her story. Then, as if on cue, I heard police radios and a bit of commotion. Turns out it was the police accompanied by embassy officials. They took our bus driver away and interrogated him about who we were and what we were doing.

I've read or seen on film dozens of accounts of imprisonment but sitting here listening to it in person is... inexplicably real. Those two ladies, sitting five feet in front of my face, were being tortured while I complained about the hassle of getting my visa and how "uncomfortable" my wool pants were. These ladies speak of their experience with the same matter-of-factness that I would have while telling my roommate about the 'C' I got on my midterm. Maybe that's because torture in El Salvador is about as common as a 'C'-midterm in Santa Barbara.

11:10 p.m.

Things are getting a bit hairy. Security precautions are driving me crazy more because of how necessary they are than from the sheer hassle of not being able to speak freely and such. We ate dinner in small groups at various places near the hotel. I know there were at least two spies and who

knows how many I didn't notice. Some of our bags were indeed searched in our absence today. As Robyn said earlier today, "It's just psychological warfare and I will not succumb."

At home I get paranoid sometimes and I blow it off as normal tripping out. Here I am constantly paranoid only it's justified at every turn. Knowing that people are spying on you is a feeling that goes beyond paranoia.

Our hosts are incredible people and I feel honored to have met them and proud that I am able to help them. I feel like Lafayette helping out George Washington and the boys. We're definitely right in the thick of it.

The embassy officials that were with the police who talked to our bus driver have got me a wee bit pissed off. The embassy is the place we're supposed to call if we get in any trouble and here they are helping out the troublemakers. There's something seriously wrong there.

San Salvador is a strange city. Every third step is a giant mound of rubble left from an earthquake that took place about a year ago.

At tonight's meeting Stephanie showed us a copy of an actual death list. We might be with some of the people on it tomorrow. Just like the cadavers and the prison testimony, accounts from books and movies are disturbing but seeing "Esquadia de Muerte" letterhead is a whole different feeling.

There's more to say but I must sleep. I still sometimes think this isn't happening.... It's just a dream, no, a nightmare. Worse yet is that it seems sort of familiar.

1 p.m., July 23, 1987, on the road to Santa Ana.

Our guide today is Gil Martinez. Gil Mar-

tinez was one of the names on the death list we saw last night. Gil will be accompanying us to Santa Ana (two and a half hours to the west). Santa Ana seems much mellower. I almost feel like a regular old tourist.

I found out last night that one of the guys from Boston was taking pictures of the Immigration Building, just as Mike (Henderson) and I had done that very same day, and was arrested when he showed up the next day to go through the process of extending his visa. They interrogated him, confiscated his film and searched his hotel. The randomness of enforcement leads me to believe that they're just trying to scare us.

4 p.m., Santa Ana

Met with striking workers at the Social Security hospital. They held a little rally and for the first time I feel like our presence is actually helping the people here.

As we walked onto the Santa Ana campus of the U.E.S. an announcement went over the loudspeaker and everyone began gawking at us, mostly with smiling faces. Turns out the announcement was saying that a group of North American students was arriving on campus to show their solidarity.

Right now we are meeting with the Santa Ana AGEUS president. She sure could give Curtis a few pointers. She speaks with such conviction and fire in her eyes that I felt what she said before it was even translated.

We are meeting in a room on campus and there are 20 to 30 students outside looking on with curious faces. I feel sort of like a Chinese Panda but it's reassuring to know that these eyes are friendly.

5 p.m., Santa Ana

We are currently sitting on stage in the auditorium as the focal point of a rally. The auditorium is packed. About 10 times the amount of students have shown up here than would at a similar event at UCSB and this campus is one eighth the size. More people keep filling in. I've had this many eyes on me before but it's never felt quite like this.

(See LUPRO, p.11E)

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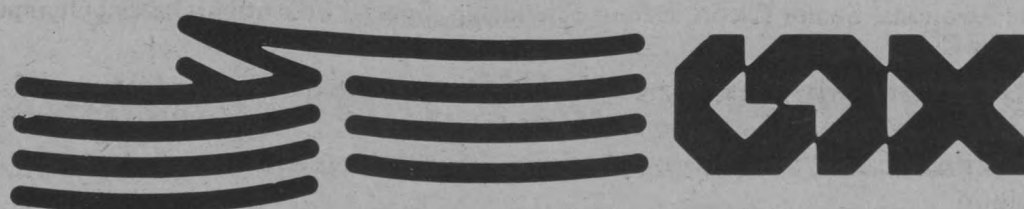
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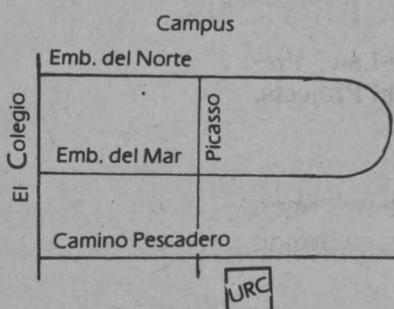
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HENDERSON

(Continued from p.1E)

office where we dealt with some *real* bureaucracy (financial aid and registration are nothing compared to this).

We waited in line for about a half an hour at one desk, when the person there told us to go upstairs. We went to the office for visa extensions where there were about ten men sitting behind their desks literally pushing their pencils around. One of the men told us to come back tomorrow because it was a three-hour process. It was two hours until closing.

We then went to the university, which looked more like a campground. Most of the buildings were destroyed, so most of the classes were being held in tents.

July 22. San Salvador. Noon.

Back to immigration.

We just finished getting our visas. It took over four hours. I found that the people here don't care about such things as efficiency. I noticed that they have modern bureaucracy without modern technology, and it seemed the workers didn't care because they are not paid enough.

Outside I sit before what was once a very extravagant water fountain with hundreds of spouts and lights. But now it is dry and full of trash. Trash and smog are commonplace here. None of the cars here have mufflers. The smog here makes Los Angeles look like the Garden of Eden.

We went back to the university to speak with the Student Union leaders. One has to admire the courage of these students, or anyone for that matter who speaks to us, because their lives will be in danger after we leave.

The student leaders tell us that so far nothing has happened to the 14 people who received death threats.

As they give us a history of their strife, I can't help but wonder how these people can be so optimistic. After a tour around the campus,

I could see why these people are so determined. They are dying for the basic rights we take for granted.

We ate lunch at the school cafeteria, which resembled a 1950s hamburger stand. It was a dirty, fly-infested, smoke-filled dive. Last year's American pop songs sifted through an old hand-held radio. A menu was posted, but only one choice was served.

Later that day we had a meeting with Fenacoa, an agricultural co-operative. Two women members gave us their testimony of their imprisonment and interrogation. They had just been released about two hours ago. They told us how they had been grabbed right off the street, interrogated all day long and taken to a place where they heard many gunshots. They were told to confess to being a part of the FMLN and to committing subversive acts. The only crime these women had committed was working for the rights of poor farmers. The women were released after the co-operative demanded their release over the radio.

Minutes after we heard this testimony, we were informed that our bus driver, who was waiting outside, had just been taken away by U.S. embassy officials. We immediately called the embassy and demanded that he be returned within 15 minutes. They complied, but he was fairly shaken up. It was then I realized I was in the middle of a war.

Later in the evening we received another reminder of "the situation." As we returned from a wonderful meal of beans and rice, we saw about 20 heavily armed soldiers emerge from our hotel. Our guide told us it is a common scare tactic of the government to keep Americans from meddling in their affairs. I found this highly ironic. Our guide told us that we should expect more of the psychological terrorism.

July 23. San Salvador. 9 p.m.

Another day, another cooperative, more struggle...

It is amazing the amount of problems these farmers face. There are 160 members in this cooperative; only 58 have land. Those who don't have land couldn't afford it if it was

readily available⁶ which it is not. The farmers sometimes will work on other farms but get paid barely enough to buy food. That is if they find work, which is difficult with a 76 percent unemployment rate. This leads to problems with having a family. It is hard just to make enough money to feed a family. Child mortality is extremely high, and malnutrition is rampant.

I knew a lot about El Salvador before I came here, but to actually see it makes things seem more than real.

We took a three-hour bus ride to Santa Ana,

One of the UNTS leaders spoke, and I felt like I didn't have to speak Spanish to know what he was saying. This same man was shot twice in the chest just two weeks before. And his speech rivaled Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream."

We then went to the University at Santa Ana, where we were greeted by a woman who we later found out to be the student president. This is an achievement in El Salvador because the men have so much "machismo." She spontaneously grabbed a megaphone and announced that a rally would take place in



Two boys cast inquiring glances at the UCSB students outside a San Salvador restaurant. PHOTO BY DAVE KAROLY

which is very different from the big city of San Salvador. There's no smog and no big buildings. I was also pleasantly surprised to see that there are few militia here.

We went to a hospital workers' union strike meeting where we were the guests of honor. It's a strange feeling having over 200 people attentive to your every move and every word. Tears rolled down their faces as one of the delegation members told them that they are not alone in their struggle. It was then I saw the positive impact our presence had.

honor of the American students' visit. In twenty minutes she had rounded up about 300 students. The school only has 2,500 enrolled. In a brief speech, we told them we were in solidarity with them. They gave us a standing ovation. I stood on the stage, wondering why anyone would give us a standing ovation.

The student president took the podium. In fiery Spanish, she told the rally that there are people in the U.S. who support them. There is hope, she said, but the UES students need to get more involved. The crowd stood again.

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In one day I heard the two most intense speeches of my life. By the end of the third day I already feel a closeness to these people. I know already that I must come back. Positive energy has emanated from everyone I've met.

July 24. Santa Ana. 9 p.m.

Our first stop was at a government-owned coffee processing plant. The campesinos are only hired as seasonal workers. When the coffee season is over, they are out of work. Only 20 percent find other work. 19,000 people from this plant go unemployed for the rest of the year.

We also found that 98 percent of the coffee is exported. The "coffee" that we had been drinking was made from avocado seeds. Ah, there's nothing like a little "guac" in the morning to perk you up.

That evening we went to check out the sights and sounds of Santa Ana. We were greeted by a 21-gun salute by two cannons; an army parade was happening that day. The shots were so powerful that the ground shook hundreds of yards away. I was just relieved that paper flew out of the barrel.

The son of one of the women workers was captured on May 1 by some heavily armed men in a Jeep Cherokee, which is the notorious vehicle of the death squads. He has not been seen or heard from since. We no longer felt like strangers with this group, so an actual conversation took place instead of us just firing questions at them. We talked about other interests, school, different types of coffee, and what we did on Saturday night. They didn't do too much that Saturday night, because I think they worked seven days a week.

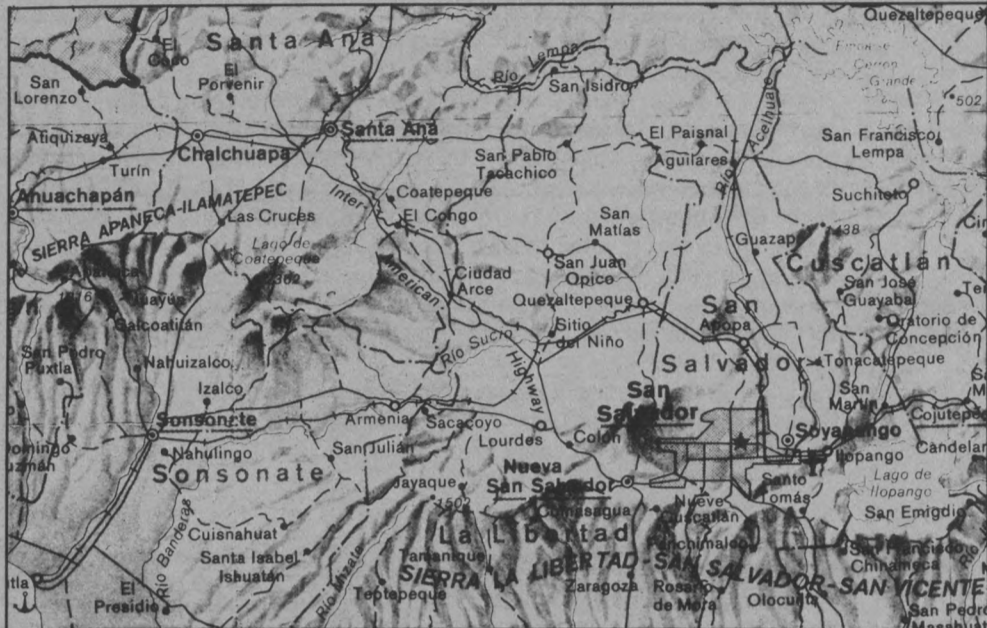
Later that day we took part in a march organized by the UNTS.

As we walked along carrying our banners with about 1,000 people, three men ran along side, spray-painting various phrases such as, "Viva International Solidarity," or "We demand a real democracy" on the walls of buildings. It is difficult to find a building in El Salvador without graffiti on it. Two of the painters wore masks because if they were identified by the militia they too would "disappear." The one man who did not wear a

mask was named Pablo. He was our guide for our stay in Santa Ana. He doesn't wear a mask because he says he has been fighting for rights for a long time. I guess the death squads just haven't called his number yet.

July 25. Santa Ana. 1 p.m.

Today we saw some of the deepest and greenest countryside as well as incredible poverty. One farmer we talked to paid for his land 14 years ago and has yet to receive his



title. He said there are 600 just like him. Four out of five people can't read. There's no electricity. The child mortality rate is about 90 percent. I saw their desperation all around me and was left with a numb feeling for the rest of the day.

July 26. Santa Ana. 10 p.m.

We visited Mariona Prison. There is a separate section for political prisoners, who receive no trial but feel lucky because they could be dead. Their separate section came after several years of struggle, and no one is allowed in without their approval. It is sort of ironic that the safest place that I've been to was a prison. It was one of the only places I

didn't see many guns, and because no government personnel were allowed in, we could speak freely. I noticed that, unlike other prisons, this one had no bars on its cells. It was sort of like *Hogan's Heroes*; prisoners could roam free within the section. Political slogans were painted on the walls in black and red.

We asked an older man what he did to be imprisoned. His eyes fixed in the "thousand-yard stare" they talk about in *Full Metal Jacket*, he said he was once the president of a bakers' union. Another prisoner looked like he

was about my age. He said his name was Jaime Centano, and that his crime was that he is the son of a union leader. For what he had gone through, he seemed incredibly well-composed; he had a calm, quiet tone of voice.

Jaime said the political prisoners' section was not always as free. Before the reforms, political prisoners were routinely tortured upon arrival until they couldn't take any more. They held hunger strikes and alerted human rights organizations to their plight. The government finally relented. Before the protests, 99 percent of the political prisoners were tortured, Jaime said.

The torture, Jaime said, was unbearable. The guards made prisoners eat their own shit, stuck wires under their fingernails and raped

them. In Jaime's case, U.S. military advisors took part in his torture. When we first met, with Jaime, everybody took lots of notes. By the end, all we could do was sit and stare.

July 27. San Salvador. 10 p.m.

The day began with a meeting with CRIP-DES, a human rights organization. We listen to more devastating facts. For example, there was Operation Phoenix, which is a bombing tactic that was used in Vietnam. It is used to depopulate an area; just keep dropping the bombs until there is no population. If anybody is left over the next day, soldiers go through and finish them off. There were several accounts of soldiers tossing babies up in the air and catching them with their bayonets.

Later we went back to the university where there was a rally and some music. Positive energy filled the air once again.

July 28. San Salvador. 10 p.m.

Today we went to a refugee camp. There were hundreds of children running around everywhere. Many of them would have made great UNICEF poster children. There are about 750 people in this camp. Some have been here since 1981. None of them can leave. Their farmland was bombed, and the survivors ended up here.

The camp's residents have to shit in a cement toilet and eat beans and tortillas every day. There was no running water. To pass the time, people here sit around and talk. There were lot of mosquitoes, and the dust was in everything. We walked past row after row of the campesinos' corrugated metal shelters.

After seeing this camp I'm afraid to go back to UCSB. I'm afraid of what my reaction will be when I hear someone complain that they got a scratch in their car, or did not get into the sorority they wanted to.

Later in the afternoon we had the honor of meeting with the Minister of Justice. He is the equivalent of the U.S. Secretary of State, and I get the feeling this guy and Edwin Meese would get along just fine.

He began: "I'm sure what you heard about (See HENDERSON, p.13E)

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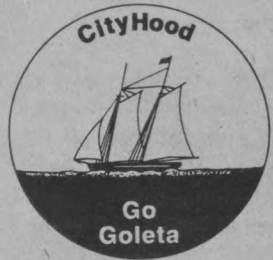
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GOMEZ: 'The L.A. Times has fallen on its ass.'

(Continued from p.5E)

good job in L.A. (covering reports that Salvadoran "death squads" were operating there), but basically it's the back-page shit that's on the front page that's the problem. I don't know what came over them.

FM: How do you go about converting people on the lecture circuit?

Gomez: Convert is a very dangerous word, even though I now think of myself as a journalist who has the responsibility to tell people about the situation. In a personal sense I like to reform people who are ignorant of foreign affairs. As a Mexican kid who speaks conversational English, I think that it's important that people in this country are aware that other people are getting killed. Because Latin America, Central America, is becoming a bigger reality. And I think that Americans are hungry for more knowledge. You know, once the hubbub about Ollie North died down, 75 percent are against him. People are swept up in the moment with things like that. It's very important for journalists to get the information out to the general public. I mean, I have an unabiding faith in the fact that if the people are given all of the facts, they will sort things out for themselves.

It's a moral obligation that reporters point out the little things, like the fact that Oscar Arias, the president of Costa Rica, has no army. He doesn't seem to be afraid that the Sandinistas are going to rip him apart.

He's not worried about the communist threat.

I'm fiercely proud to be an American. It's a shame what is being pawned off as foreign affairs.

FM: Does seeing Americans who sympathize and understand their situation and are on their side improve the morale of the people in El Salvador?

Gomez: Yeah, it does. You have to understand something. My name, I mean, many, many, many people know me as "El Mexicano," the Mexican journalist. But by the same token, most of my crew were gringos, *Americanos*, white guys. And yes, they were delighted that someone cared and someone who had access to the North American media. I mean, their view of North America is that Donna Summer, Jimmy Carter and Reggie Jackson have regular meetings.

Probably nothing ever in my journalistic career made me prouder than at the very end of our stay down there, when a

man came up to me and said, "Hey, what part of El Salvador are you from?"

FM: Is the book going to be a lot of first person perspective rambling?

Gomez: (laughs) Yeah, lots of first person. It contains all my best stories since I got out of school, stuff you couldn't put on television. Some of it is just plain real, some of it's probably too horrific to catch it in television. There were a lot of great things.

The whole context of Central America has to be framed in the larger scope of things. The book is much, much more than one of my documentaries. It brings out frustrations of not being able to put many of the things (out), things that I couldn't actually film. *Salvador* represented the first effort to rid myself of these kind of pent-up feelings.

FM: Was it hard to get into the journalism profession because you are Mexican?

Gomez: I'm not a Mexican journalist. I'm a journalist who's Mexican. But I am fiercely Mexican. I've been friends with Luis Valdez for 10 years. You know, people accuse him of selling out with *La Bamba*. That's so ridiculous to me; I don't understand it. I mean, the show I'm shooting this weekend has three different people singing "La Bamba." Even a guy as big as (Jose) Feliciano chose to sing that song over any other. You

"Probably nothing in my journalistic career made me prouder than at the very end of our stay down there, when a man came up to me and said, 'Hey, what part of El Salvador are you from?'"

see 60-year-olds walking down the street singing it. The other day, I wouldn't let my seven-year-old son go outside until he learned all the words to "La Bamba." I'm serious. He (Valdez) made a film about something unique to a certain period of time.

I covered the state capital. In fact, I was the first Chicano to cover California politics since the misunderstanding in 1849. So at the time there was a group called the Teamsters led by Cesar Chavez who wanted a little more control over the land fields they were working in. Now you're a smart guy, so you can guess whose side I was on. So I went out of my way to make everything possible for the Teamsters to make themselves heard. So it would come back to me: "Well, what would you expect, a goddamned beaver out there covering Cesar Chavez!"

FM: Why did you use interviews of your colleagues in *The Situation*?

Gomez: I couldn't do it any other way. I couldn't do it any other way. It was very hard to be "objective." You just get so overwhelmed with this shit. It's like when I was reporting in San Francisco, when they had the Milk riots, you know, when

"Boyle gets back-to-back with me, pulls out a switchblade and a little canister of gas and says 'I've got you covered.' ... I mean, here we are, picking a fight with 20 guys who all have Uzis and Boyle is dead serious."

the homosexual community went nuts after the murder, the police beat reporters interviewed the other reporters who were there to get the best feel for what happened. There were just some things I couldn't express with a traditional documentary. The tragedy is just enormous down there. Living with that one family for two years, becoming part of that family, watching a boy who was like a stepson to me get killed, it was just impossible to treat it like a detached film. I do think the film bends over backwards to be fair. I just didn't know how else to do it.

FM: What did you think of *Salvador*? Was it a good portrayal of Boyle?

Gomez: It was very accurate. Richard was more noble, in some respects, and more sleazoid. I remember one thing that showed me how loyal Richard is and, I guess, how much of a crazy bastard he is too, is an incident that formed one of the scenes from the movie. Me and Boyle were outside of a bar in La Libertad and there was a dumb thug named Willie Lopez who had a group of guys with him, and we got into an argument and he covered my lens with his hand. I told him nobody fucks with my camera and gets away with it, so it quickly degenerated into a fistfight. I was pretty mad and I wasn't thinking too clearly. So anyways, Boyle gets back-to-back with me, pulls out a switchblade and a little cannister of gas and says "I've got you covered." The seriousness with which he did this showed me how fiercely loyal he is and kind of set me back a little bit. I mean, here we are, picking a fight with 20 guys who all have Uzis and Boyle is *dead serious*.

FM: So what happened?

Gomez: After they kicked the shit out of us we went back to Boyle's place. They really tore him up. He had a lump on his head the size of a golfball and he was bleeding everywhere. So two hours after that, they set his cabinet on fire. Both bedrooms were totally filled with smoke. He saved my life, came in and woke me up or else the smoke would have got to me. I remember we went outside with our film, sat outside and watched the house burn down.

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U.S. Policy in El Salvador A Brief Overview

Editor's Note: The following are excerpts from a summary of a report from the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America, dated July 16, 1986:

The crisis in Central America is acute. Its roots are indigenous — in poverty, injustice, and closed political systems. But world economic recession and Cuban-Soviet-Nicaraguan intervention brought it to a head.

—The crisis will not wait. It must be addressed at once and simultaneously in all its aspects. Ultimate resolutions depend on economic progress, social and political reform. But insurgencies must be checked if lasting progress is to be made on these fronts.

—Indigenous reform, even indigenous revolution, is no threat to the United States. But the intrusion of outside powers exploiting local grievances for political and strategic advantage is a

serious threat. Objective of U.S. policy should be to reduce Central American conflicts to Central American dimensions.

—United States has fundamental interests at stake: Soviet-Cuban success and resulting collapse of Central America would compel (a) substantial increase in our security burden or redeployment of forces to detriment of vital interests elsewhere.

—As a nation, we have a deep and historic interest in (the) promotion and preservation of democracy. Report concludes that pluralistic societies are what Central Americans want and are essential to lasting solutions. In this case, our strategic interests and our ideals coincide.

• • •
SECURITY ISSUES

—In El Salvador there are two separate conflicts: (1) between those seeking democratic reform and those

seeking to retain their privileges; (2) between Marxist-Leninist guerrillas and those who oppose Marxism-Leninism.

—In discussing the latter we identify three general propositions about such guerrilla movements:

(1) They depend on external support. Without it they are unlikely to succeed.

(2) They develop their own momentum which reform alone cannot stop.

(3) Victorious, they create totalitarian regimes, even though they have enlisted (the) support of democratic elements in order to project democratic, reformist image.

—External support comes from (the) Soviet Union, Cuba, and now Nicaragua. Cuba has developed into a leading military power through Soviet assistance. Since (the) Sandinista victory, (the) Soviets have come around to support Cuban strategy of (an) armed road to power in Central America.

—Triumph of hostile forces there could require us to devote large resources to

defend our southern approaches.

—Threat to our shipping lanes in the Caribbean.

—Increased violence and dislocation in the area from which we could not isolate ourselves.

—Erosion of our power to influence events worldwide as we are perceived as unable to influence events close to home.

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LUPRO

(Continued from p.7E)

9:30 p.m. Santa Ana

We're definitely in the middle of the shit. Santa Ana doesn't appear as bad but that's because of the scars left from the '32 massacre.

After the rally today many people came up to talk to us. It was totally inspiring to see that they feel really good about us and what we are doing.

We just finished our meeting and Doug (another student in the delegation) has informed me that the military is here at the hotel. Things are quiet here but it's only because the 2nd infantry is in such firm control. In the east they have lost control and the war rages. No fighting here, just repression.

There are only three hotels in town; one that smelled real bad, one next to the 2nd infantry headquarters, and this now *nouveau riche* lovers' hideaway outside of town. I feel shitty when we're here to help the people and I'm sitting here in Bourgeois Motel 6 while our bus driver sleeps in the bus in the rain. We offered him a room but he refused. Their humility is humbling.

"Money" by Pink Floyd just came on the radio. "Money ... It's a gas." At \$1.5 million a day, I hope they're having fun.

The jungle-like scenery is amazing; the rain and greenery give me total Vietnam visions.

At dinner I traded away my beans and rice for more meat. As I chewed the last bite someone asked the waitress what kind of meat it was. "Caballo," she said. Yes, I ate horse. I'm getting visions of Silver and Trigger trotting through my bowels and it's weird. I've survived, though.

July 24, 10 a.m., Santa Ana.

We are meeting with government workers at a coffee processing plant. These are very humble country folks struggling along for a decent way of life.

They spoke of how the coffee exported to the U.S. is called "dirty coffee" (beans with the skins and seeds intact) and the coffee sent to Europe is "clean." They said that Americans want it uncleaned so that it won't take as many jobs to process it.

The woman seated three chairs to my left is the mother of one of the three students who "disappeared" from Santa Ana on May 1. Words can't describe the way I feel right now as she tells the story.

The three mothers occupied the main cathedral in San Salvador and went on a hunger strike. They were accused of being with the FMLN because they both use the tactic of hunger strike. That's like saying that George Washington and Nikolai Lenin are the same because they both revolted against monarchies or that Duarte and I are the same because we both take shits.

As she finished describing the situation of the disappeared she walked away sobbing. Her son is probably dead right now. No one should ever have to feel the way she does.

We are told that they want us to know that despite the repression, they will not step back and that they have resolved to give their life if necessary to make a better life for their children.

All they want is a peaceful solution to their problems. What a bunch of godless Communists.

(See LUPRO, next page)

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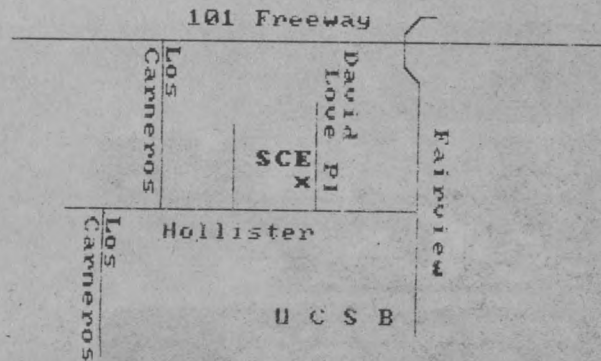
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LUPRO

(Continued from p.11E)

3:00 p.m. Santa Ana

Stopping off for some tourist shit at an 800-year-old church. A band was playing what can best be described as Central American Free Jazz. Mike got it on tape. We stumbled onto a funeral procession in front of the bus. We're on our way to see some Indian ruins.

6:30 p.m., Santa Ana

We went shopping in the *mercado* and saw a military parade complete with band and 21-gun salute. When they first shot off the artillery cannons I nearly shit my pants. The sheer force of the air blast sent me jumping, let alone the deafening boom. The Salvadorans got a good laugh at us chicken-shit gringos.

10:45 p.m.

Watching T.V. with a beer before bed. One channel had Bruce Lee and the other an old Nazi movie. Earlier, the news had shots of a student protest at the U.S. Embassy. Very militant and a bit violent. We drove by there just two days ago and now tires are burning out in front.

I'm having a hard time saying exactly how I feel about all this. It's so incredible I can't find words to accurately describe it without patronizing the feeling. I surely won't forget it soon.

Tomorrow is going to be a huge experience. We are marching in a demonstration. We were briefed tonight on what to do in case it gets violent. "If they throw Molotov cocktails do this, if there's tear gas do that, if there's any shooting hit the ground first then assess where they are coming from and run away, etc." Screw strike. Fuck People's Park. This is the real thing. The anticipation and paranoia are teaming up to really wig me out, but I'm sure I'll be all right.

July 25, 2:50 p.m., San Antonio Del Remes

Weird dreams and not much sleep last night. There is something very strange about dreaming that Led Zeppelin played an acoustic version of "Goin' to California" in the restaurant we ate in the other night and then the Treasury Police came in and shot them down.

I still can't find good enough words to describe my feelings so I'll stop for now except to say that they're growing stronger.

The march went smoothly. No guns but a lot of spies. Seeing those guys in action was hot. None of my worst-case scenarios came true so I feel pretty good.

I made a short speech at the rally after the march and got a good picture of four goons who've been taking us all over Santa Ana. Julio Portillo, head cheese of the UNTS, gave an incredible speech. He was shot in the back at a rally last month and here is doing it again.

We're now at a co-op way out in the countryside. It took an hour on the bus and another half-hour on foot. We walked on a footbridge over a river that is a notorious body dump. Out here there's no electricity but there are dirt floors, pigs, chickens, turkeys, dogs and the same intense spirit.

July 28, 1:45 p.m., San Salvador

I haven't written anything in a couple of days now. Not that there's nothing to say; it's just that I'm really run ragged. Almost passed out yesterday and I'm still pretty ill. It's been a week and physically I'm all worn out. It's a lot to take. I almost can't handle it and I've got it good compared to the natives. I've almost lost it after a week and they've got it worse for life.

We visited Jaime Centano in Mariona prison yesterday. Umberto Centano, Jaime's father, is the president of the telephone workers' union and that's why Jaime is in prison. Jaime told us that U.S. advisors are actively participating in the torture of political prisoners. When he described the time they repeatedly dunked his head in a vat of fermenting shit and piss I didn't feel too proud to be an American. I felt responsible. Jaime graduated as the Number One high school student in El Salvador in 1984 and now he rots in prison with psychological scars that will never go away. Representatives from the Non-governmental Human Rights Commission confirmed the stuff about the advisors doing more than advising.

We also went to Calle Real refugee camp and spoke with victims of Project Phoenix in Guazara, a town about 24 km. from San Salvador. Didn't they learn from Vietnam that strategic hamlets don't work? The Vietnam-Salvador coincidences are gross and disturbing and abundant.

We'll be home in a few more days and I'm not sure how I'm going to manage it. Mike talked about the weirdness ahead of us when we hear, "Dude, you missed a great party, I got so wasted," and "Oh man, my car got scratched while you were gone."

As I am writing this I am listening to testimony of how American advisors direct the capture of union marchers.

Everybody we meet seems to know very well the causes of their situation, from the campesino in Mariona who is there for fleeing his home (he showed us his bullet wounds and what is left of his thumb) to the union leaders we are meeting with right now.

The story of the campesino we met in prison is interesting but not unique. He fled his village in the north because of the heavy fighting in the area. The police consider anyone who is from a conflictive zone to be a guerrilla, when in fact the refugees are just innocent victims of the war. And so when they found him in San Salvador they picked him up, tortured

him and put him in prison.

In closing, the gentleman we are meeting with commented on the hate the death squads must have in their hearts in order to "bathe in the blood of their own people" and then matter-of-factly stated that he may not see tomorrow. I nearly chickened out of this trip for fear of being shot accidentally. These guys have been targeted by professional killers and they live with the constant knowledge that their next breath may be their last and yet their struggle is so important to them that life is a small price to pay.

4:30, San Salvador

We have just completed our visit with the Minister of Justice, a well-dressed man that looks a bit like a Latin Huttenback. Before I left I vowed to keep my objectivity intact and not let any preconceived notions get in the way of the truth. After hearing both sides of the argument it's virtually impossible not to come to certain conclusions as to which side is right.

The minister had many interesting things to say. After informing us that we have obviously "fallen to the propaganda scheme of the communists," he said that the mothers of the May 1 disappeared who had the hunger strike at the cathedral were a front for the FMLN and that they made the whole thing up as a publicity stunt. He then showed us a stack of letters and telex's denouncing the disappearing and said this was evidence of "how vast the world-wide propaganda scheme of the communists is." As I looked through a stack I noticed that some were from such notable communist front organizations as Amnesty International, the Australian Parliament, and a group of school children from Tennessee.

The most interesting thing the minister said was, "I assure you that since Reagan has been in power there have been no reports of death squad activities." Then the translator asked if he really meant to say Reagan and the minister said, "Oh, excuse me, since Duarte has been in power."

July 29, 11 p.m. San Salvador

We were supposed to go to the embassy this morning to meet with them and get some questions answered. They regretted to inform us that they were too busy to see us. Perhaps they really were too busy; after all, conducting a war takes a lot of time, but it seems a little out of place that they did seem to find the time to interrogate our bus driver.

I don't know why, but I had this insane hope that I would walk in there, fire off my questions, they would satisfactorily reply and then my suspicions that this was all a bad dream would be confirmed and I could once again consider myself a proud American. No such luck.

Anyway, that left the morning free to behave like regular old tourists. We went to the *mercado* and then took a tour of the cathedral where Archbishop Romero is buried.

We were milling about in the plaza in front of the cathedral and there was a beggar woman sitting on the sidewalk about 20 feet away. She was wailing something unintelligible and would occasionally flail her arms and head about, leading me to believe she was wickered out on Tik-Tak, the Everclear-like national liquor. I've seen plenty of beggars before and I've seen plenty of people wait to the gods when I lived in Berkeley but as I walked past her I noticed what it was that was making her scream. Her legs were covered with festering wounds caused by napalm burns, napalm my taxes pay for.

I've seen and heard so many horrible things since I've been here that I've sort of built a callous around my heart so each thing didn't make me feel so bad. That did it. I cracked. Seeing that pushed me over the edge.

The rest of the day I walked around like a zombie, eyes fixed on nothing in particular, the same scene running over and over in my head. I didn't know whether to throw up or cry and since I didn't have the energy to do either I just stared blankly ahead. Even now, as I am writing this down I'm feeling it again. It's only been about 12 hours but I know the memory of that lady will haunt me forever.

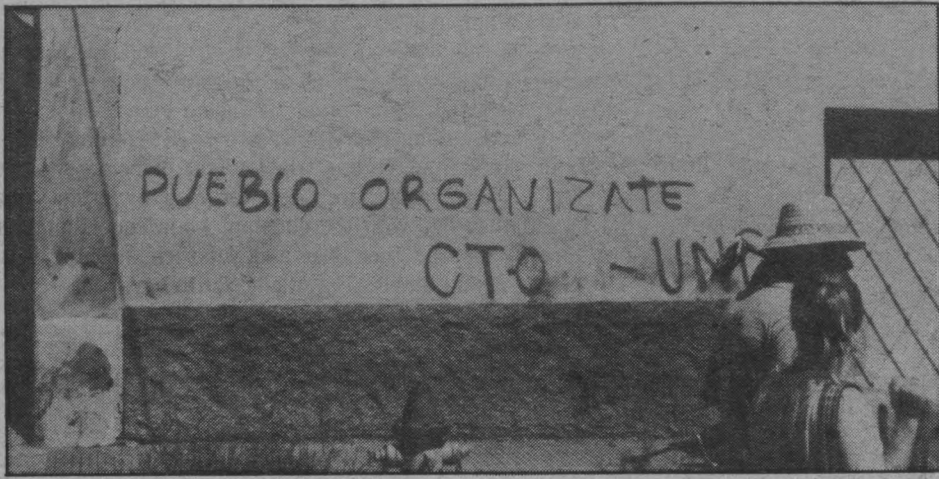
We will be participating in a march tomorrow to commemorate students who were massacred in a march on July 30, 1975. While briefing us, our student hosts said that they had decided not to burn the American flag out of respect for us. At first I thought that was a good idea but then I thought that for them, respecting our flag is like asking a Jew to respect the swastika and as far as I'm concerned they can do whatever they want to it. The same standards of respect just don't apply here.

August 24, 1987, Isla Vista, CA.

I've overcome the culture shock now, sort of. An experience like El Salvador doesn't fade away quickly. The weirdest thing was that my birthday was the day after we got back. I wake up one morning in a San Salvador hotel room and 12 hours later I'm in my parents' suburban San Diego home blowing out candles and saying thanks for the socks.

Yesterday I got a call from Lisa in Washington saying that one of our guides, Fermin, was taken by the treasury police. He is now in the custody of the National Guard, being held without charges. At best he will be tortured and put in Maridna, at worst he could be dead already. As I sit here writing this he is enduring torture and fearing for his life. I remember how Fermin was on the verge of tears as he said good-bye at the airport and how he had laughed at how bad my Spanish was and when we were all dancing to bad music and downing pitchers at that cheesy bar that one night when Carl ate the armadillo.

The plight of the Salvadorans hits a little closer to home now and I have another scar on my heart. I'm a little less proud to be an American now.



Political graffiti is common on most buildings in San Salvador. Translated: People Organize.

PHOTO BY DAVE KAROLY



According to the UCSB students' descriptions, children followed them throughout their tour of the Calle Real refugee camp.

PHOTO BY ROB CHRISTIANSEN

HENDERSON

(Continued from p.9E)

El Salvador through the international coverage is much different from what you have seen."

I thought, "This guy sure is perceptive." He also said that the money that would normally go to social programs has to go to the war effort. But according to what I learned in Chicano Studies 106, there never was any money for social programs and that's one of the reasons there's a civil war.

By then I was getting angry, but I kept my composure. I almost lost it when he pulled out a stack of about a hundred letters and said, "These are all letters from the mass communist network." Half of the letters bore the Amnesty International letterhead. It finally hit home that if you fight for human rights here, the government considers you a communist.

After the meeting, Lupro and I got a craving for a Quarter Pounder, and a couple of blocks away, in a rich section of town, there was a McDonalds. In the parking lot, a guard toted a big machine gun. We got our Quarter Pounders, but the meat didn't quite taste like meat, and since we had already been served horsemeat, I figured it must have been a quarter pound of pure dog. I ran into the bathroom and threw up. I thought it was kind of ironic that the nicest place we ate in had the worst food.

July 29. San Salvador. 10 p.m.

We were supposed to have a meeting with officials at the U.S. Embassy, but they cancelled out at the last minute. I figured they had more bus drivers to interrogate.

Since we had a free day, we decided to go shopping. I thought "Finally, a day to relax." It turned out to be far from relaxing. After about an hour of shopping, we saw a woman lying in the middle of a plaza moaning. We went closer to see what was wrong. The woman had fresh half inch burns in her legs that were pussing green. There is only one thing that burns like that: napalm. There is only one place napalm comes from, here: the U.S. The sight put shopping back into perspective. It also sent half of our delegation "over the edge."

An hour later, we went to the shanty towns on the edge of the city. Most of the people there were relocated from the countryside for "strategic purposes". Most knew only how to farm but of course there are no farms in the city, so these people just rot away. This place made the refugee camp we went to look like Beverly Hills. For the rest of the day the words "how" and "why" rang through my head.

Luckily, after that experience, we went back to the university to enjoy a Latin music festival. Acoustic guitars, political songs, happy people. I started to relax, sitting on the side of the stage. Then I heard the roar of a helicopter. All of a sudden it appeared, two hundred feet up, camouflaged. Its pilots were white, presumably Americans, and a large machine gun pointed out of its open door.

July 30. San Salvador. 10 p.m.

Today was the day of the annual July 30 march, which commemorates the student protest massacre on July 20, 1976. There were about 20,000 people, and 60 foreign countries were represented by 113 students. For most people the march was the climax of the trip. For me, it just marked the end of the longest week of my entire life. I was physically, mentally and emotionally drained.

We ate lunch at the (University of El Salvador) cafeteria, which resembled a 1950's hamburger stand.... Last year's pop songs sifted through an old hand-held radio. A menu was posted, but only one choice was served.

That night we met with the national leaders of the UNTS. If there is ever a peaceful solution to the conflict, it will come from this group. In only 18 months the UNTS has grown to represent over 100,000 people. If fair elections could be guaranteed, I'm sure they would produce the next president of El Salvador.

The next morning we boarded the plane, and my thoughts were focused on our guides. *Would they be safe? Would I ever see them again?* I hoped so. The plane gained altitude and I drifted off to sleep.

Isla Vista. August 3. 8 p.m.

I've just returned to Santa Barbara and I already feel as though I have to go back to El Salvador. I have to go back to pick up the other half of me that is still there.

Isla Vista. August 24. 10 p.m.

Not a day goes by that I don't think about it. I've been back a month now. I think mostly about our guides, one of which I became very close to. His name is Consuelo and he had to go "underground" for awhile because his life is now in danger. He is guilty of showing some American students a side of El Salvador the government did not want us to see.

Isla Vista. September 8. 12 a.m.

I found out a few days ago that another of our guides, Fermin, decided not to go underground. He was captured and thrown into prison. A few days later guards entered the political part of the prison (although they are supposedly forbidden to) and shot him and another prisoner. They are both in a hospital in critical condition.

Last night was the first night that I had an adverse reaction to the trip. I dreamed that everyone I met was lined up in a row, then shot. The Doors' "Unknown Soldier" was playing in the background. I woke up and it was 4 a.m. All was quiet in I.V.

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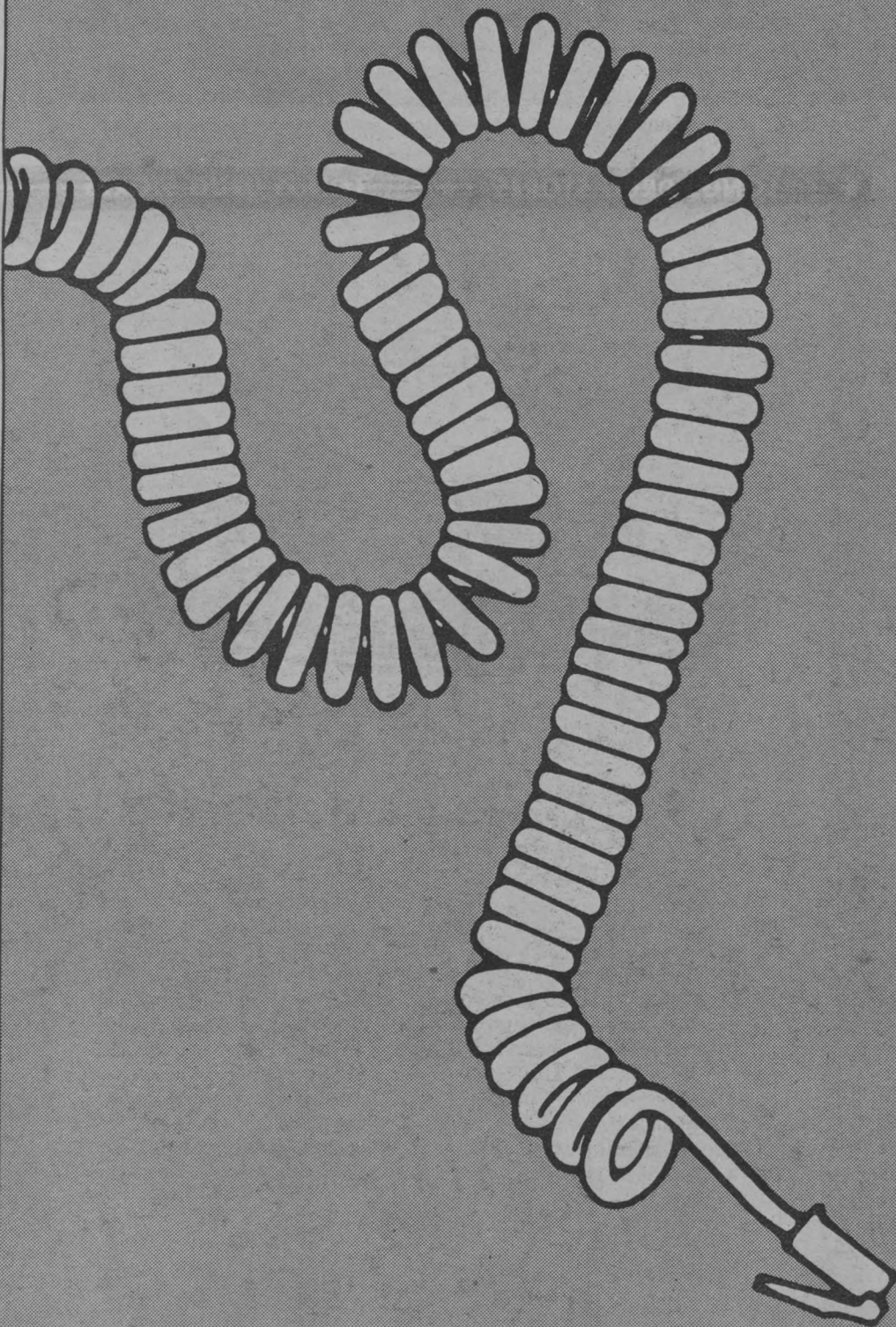
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Fiction: Apartment Insect Wildlife

By B. Douglass Wilhite
Contributor

One. One cricket breaks into my bathroom every night. It never fails. Every single night in some secret way insects have.

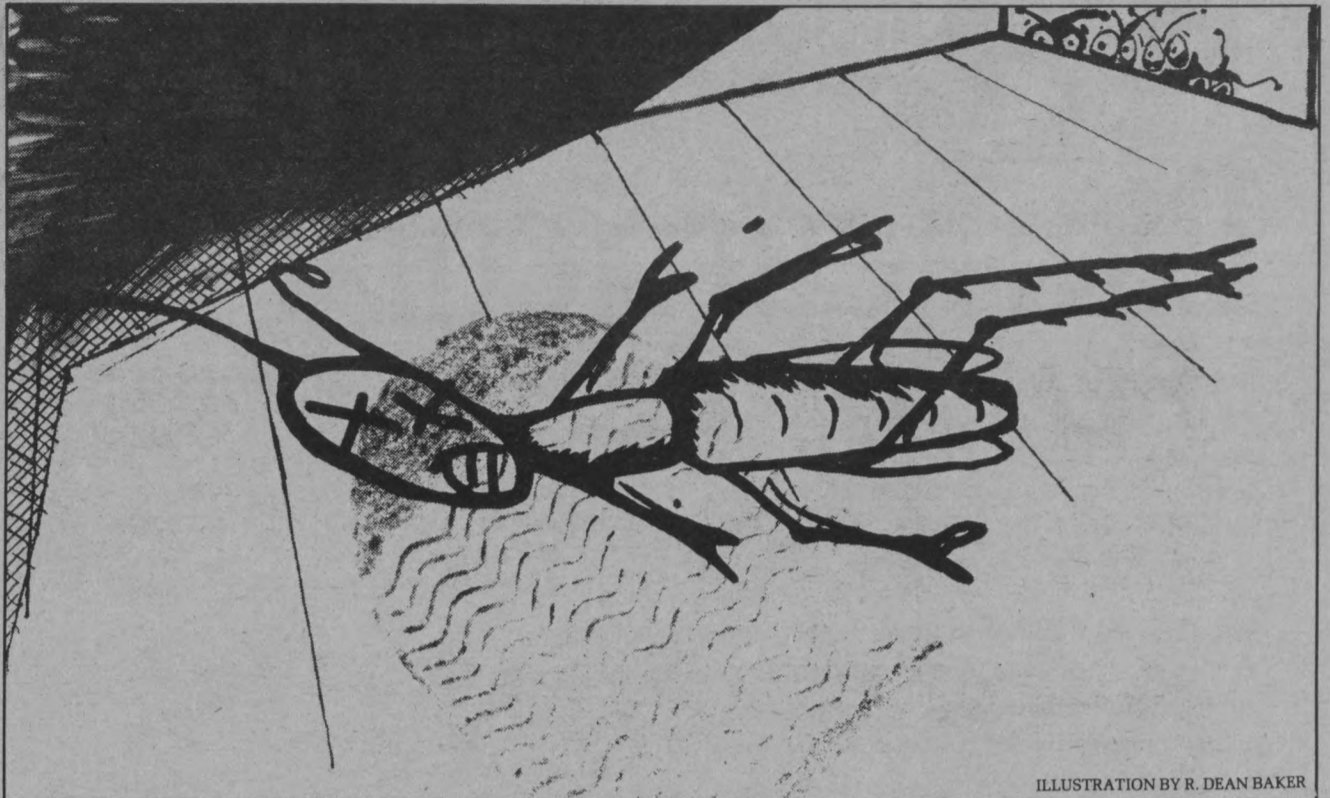
You see, insects are a syndicated species. That means they are organized six-legged criminals and the crickets are no exception. I imagine the leader of the local cricket racket refers to invading my bathroom as "the bathroom job." They send in a scout every night around 2 a.m. to see if "the coast is clear." When the scout decides it is safe it begins to chirp and its buddies come in to do their cricket jobs.

Here's the catch...
I can hear it chirping so I go in there armed with an old, twenty-dollar, Swedish Tretorn sneaker. It's another cricket in the bathroom all right. With the door open and the lights on, it stops chirping to its pals outside. It freezes there, hoping I don't see it. Sometimes I get the feeling crickets think they are much smaller than they really are, because it actually expects not to be seen, the whole inch of it. Its cricket pals outside stop chirping too. They can tell something is going wrong with their cricket plan. Suddenly the scout tries to run for cover or even jump, but the sneaker falls on it and it spreads out flat on impact.

Smack. Dead cricket.
One night when I am busy at work on my computer, erasing a large number of files by accident as usual, I catch a glimpse of a cricket on the carpet. I can't believe it. I suppose, since "the bathroom job" didn't work, they are going for my room now. It looks like they didn't send an amateur cricket; this one is evading all attacks by my conventional Swedish Tretorn weapon. I'll have to go for the heavier stuff. The chemicals.

The spraying doesn't take effect immediately. The cricket has taken a few good slugs — the poison makes it look like a slimy mollusk. By now its armored shell is glistening with poison. It is disoriented as it jumps into walls. But somehow it still manages to escape the sneaker and run under the refrigerator. I surround the 'fridge' with poison. The cricket has barricaded itself in my refrigerator. It can hide up in the motor now. I suspect the poison will take effect and it will die up there. I haven't heard any chirping.

The thing is, crickets are not the only insect invaders. In fact, I have taken the trouble to compile the prime insect offenders for your listening pleasure.



In the apartment, apart from the non-insect insects like spiders, which are fairly good targets to tenants (death by Swedish Tretorn Sneaker) and which maintenance men simply paint-over-to-death (two birds: one stone maintenance), there are three insect-insects (very-much-insect-indeed insects) which pose serious problems to the typical tenant (being bled dry by the Slum Lordess) living in a typical slum dwelling: i) the silverfish; ii) the cockroach; and iii) the flea.

The Silverfish
SILVERFISH: aliases: "bristle tail," "fishmouth," "fire brat," "slicker," "white man's roach". These are insects of the family Lepismidae, order Thysanura. These are primitive insects that are broad in the front, tapering toward the tip of the abdomen. They have fifteen to thirty segmented antennae that function as receivers at 30 watts per channel in both AM and FM stereo. The types common in America are *lepismasaccharia* and *Thermobia domestica* and there are Japanese models that are much more efficient and have

shorter names.
Silverfish offspring look just like the adults at birth, reducing problems of the insect generation gap to a minimum (insect social problems of the six-legged generation gap occur with flying insects normally). Both the indistinct children and adults enjoy starchy foods like book bindings, wallpaper paste, and they often shred starched clothing.

Techniques of Silverfish Combat:
On the whole, silverfish are a bunch of punks and wimps. If you kill one of them they will all leave the apartment. It is important therefore for the other silverfish to see the dead body of the one you killed. I suggest mounting him on a toothpick in a book shelf or closet. This will get the message across that This Human Means BUSINESS.

Apartment Insect Wildlife will continue in the next issue of Friday Magazine.

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Extracurricular Excitement

Welcome to UCSB. We know that you want to get as much out of your education as time and money allow. And that means taking advantage of the many opportunities for excitement (and fun) outside the classroom. With this in mind, here are some things we think you should know about Arts & Lectures.

A&L presents the best in music, dance and theater live on stage, classic and contemporary films, and lectures by people who make a difference in the world. This is the real thing. The Guarneri String Quartet, the Guthrie Theater and Mark Morris Dance Group are the people you read about in the *Los Angeles Times* and *The New Yorker* magazine — favorites with critics and audiences alike.

There's something for everybody, and lots of things for lots of people. A&L presents over 300 events from September to June. This year we'll see a stage adaptation of *Frankenstein*, an Israeli ambassador, a guitar trio from Amsterdam, a Japanese Kabuki version of a Shakespeare play, plus Korean drummers, Philippine dancers, British actors and Irish singers. In addition to the many live performing arts events and lectures, this Fall you'll see the New Directions in Film and American Adventures film series. Sound like a varied program? It is.

Most A&L events are free — and the rest are low-cost. As a UCSB student, you'll receive a special discount on almost all A&L tickets. So you can see the Ohio Ballet or Chamber Music Northwest or the Mark Morris Dance Group or many other exciting live events for about the price of a burger and a movie. And you can save even more money if you buy series tickets to performing arts events or film series.

A&L posters and flyers decorate bedroom walls and refrigerator doors all over town. Our dynamic, colorful brochures and flyers (available free, at the A&L Ticket Office) will remind you about upcoming shows that you don't want to miss, and preserve your memories of great shows you loved. Plus, they'll give your walls lots of class!

The arts prepare you for the road ahead. In your future careers, you'll meet many people for whom the arts are important. Have you ever wondered why so many "movers and shakers" make time for chamber music or modern dance or live theater? Maybe it's because they know that the arts are a source of inspiration, relaxation and fun for thoughtful people everywhere.

Drop by the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office. We'll give you free brochures with details about all of our performing arts, lectures and films for Fall 1987. Tickets for all 1987-88 events go on sale September 21. The Ticket Office is located in Building 402, adjacent to Campbell Hall (where many of our events take place) on University Road. And here are just some of the reasons why you'll want to know where to find the A&L Ticket Office.

Single Tickets on Sale Sept. 21, 1987

All events at 8 PM in UCSB Campbell Hall unless otherwise noted.

September

- Swimming to Cambodia** 24
American Adventures
Spalding Gray talks about life, and everything.
- Round Midnight** 27
New Directions in Film
Tavernier's soulful film stars jazzman Dexter Gordon.

October

- Home of the Brave** 1
American Adventures
Laurie Anderson directs her own performance film.
- The Wannsee Conference** 4
New Directions in Film
A chilling story of the Final Solution.
- Dick Rutan** 5
An evening with the co-pilot of the Voyager, whose historic flight captured our imagination.
- Chamber Music Northwest** 6
Music Director David Shifrin leads the ensemble in works by Stravinsky, Mozart and Brahms.
- Ballet Hispanico of New York** 8
Free lecture-demonstration (4 PM)
"...these bodies were born to fly."
- Ballet Hispanico of New York** 9
A youthful, dynamic modern dance company with an emphasis on Hispanic themes and forms.
- Place of Weeping** 11
New Directions in Film
A powerful tale of apartheid and courage.
- True Stories** 15
American Adventures
David Byrne's loony vision of Anytown, U.S.A.
- Back Alley Theatre** 17
Are You Now or Have You Ever Been, a riveting drama about McCarthyism.
- The Smile of the Lamb** 18
New Directions in Film
An Israeli drama of tension on the West Bank.
- Green Fields of America** 20
Traditional Irish folk music and step-dancing: "the Irish experience in America."
- Modern Jazz Quartet** 21
Called "one of the premier phenomena in Western music" — and rightly so!
- Radio Days** 22
American Adventures
Woody Allen's heartfelt tribute to radio.
- Abba Eban** 25
The Israeli ambassador on "Prospects for Peace in the Middle East."
- Mark Morris Dance Group** 27&28
Morris is "hottest young choreographer in the country," says *Time* magazine.
- Adolfo Perez Esquivel** 29
The Nobel Peace Prize winner will discuss "Nonviolence and Social Change in Latin America."

November

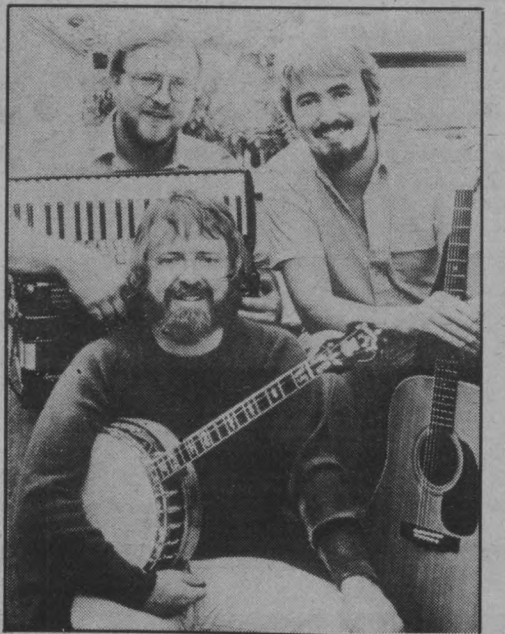
- Funny Dirty Little War** 1
New Directions in Film
A brutally comic view of Argentine politics.
- Something Wild** 5
American Adventures
Jonathan Demme's truly strange adventure.
- Samul-Nori** 6
Authentic Korean folk music, ritual dances and beautiful costumes.
- Rembetiko** 8
New Directions in Film
The tragic life of a Greek musician.
- Guarneri String Quartet** 10
A sterling ensemble, the standard bearer for virtuosic quartet music.
- She's Gotta Have It** 12
American Adventures
Because just one man is never enough.
- The Legend of Suram Fortress** 15
New Directions in Film
A mystic, mythic visual feast by Paradjanov.
- Desperately Seeking Susan** 19
American Adventures
Desperately seeking Rosanna Arquette.
- A Girl from Hunan** 22
New Directions in Film
A touching critique of China's feudal past.



Samul-Nori



Back Alley Theatre



Green Fields of America



Mark Morris Dance Co.

Tickets/Charge by Phone: 961-3535