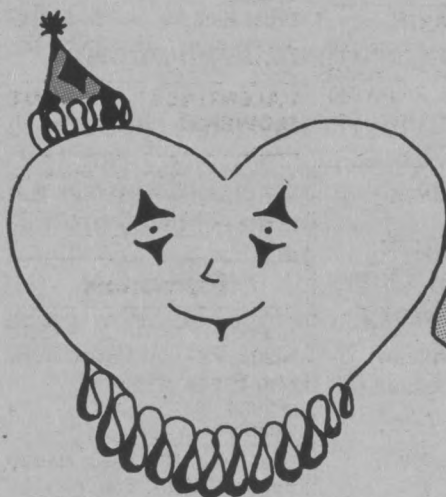
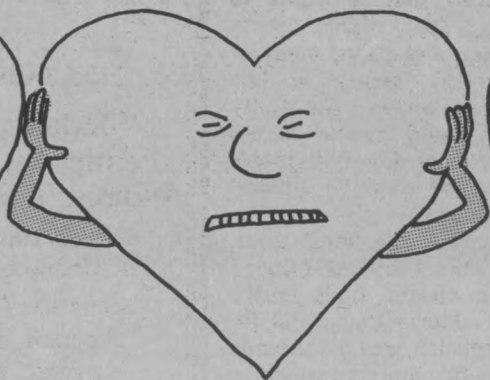


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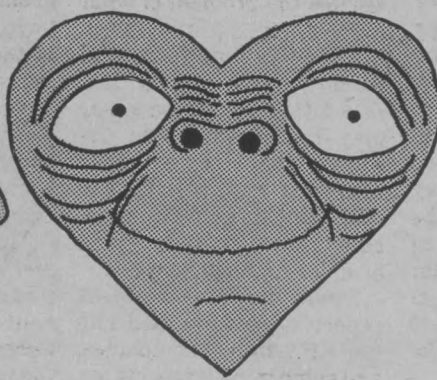
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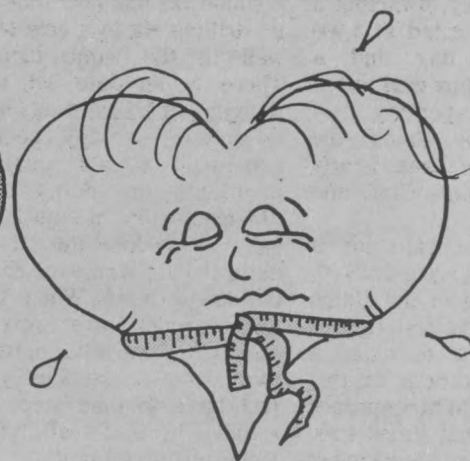
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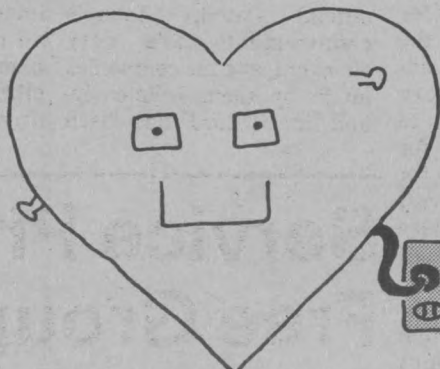
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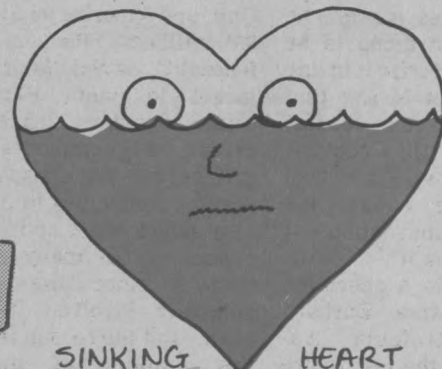
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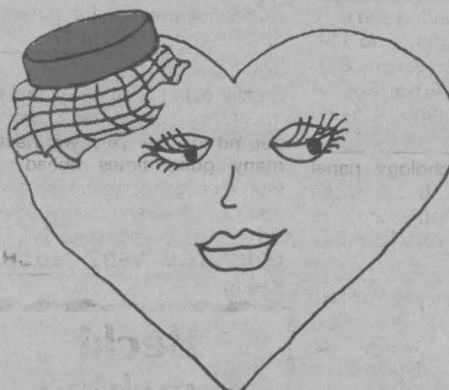
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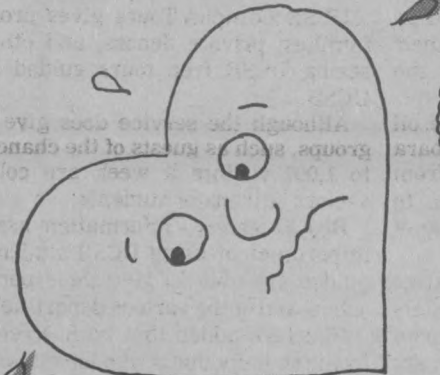
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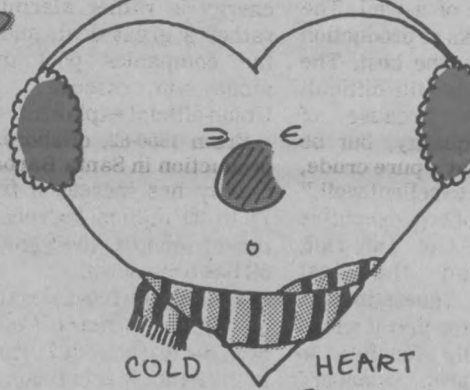
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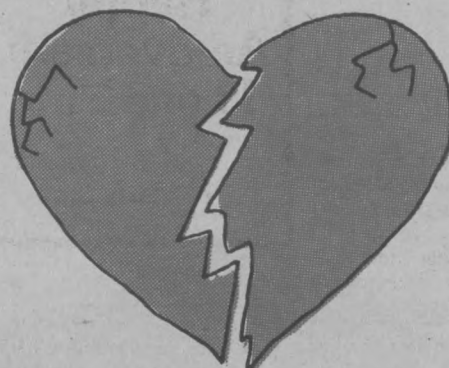
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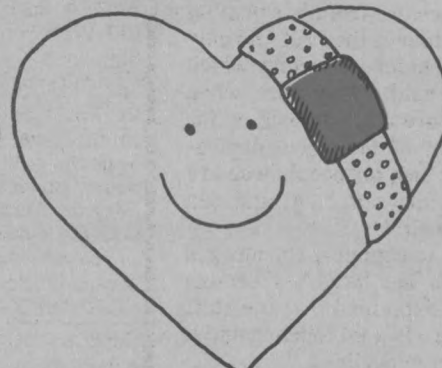
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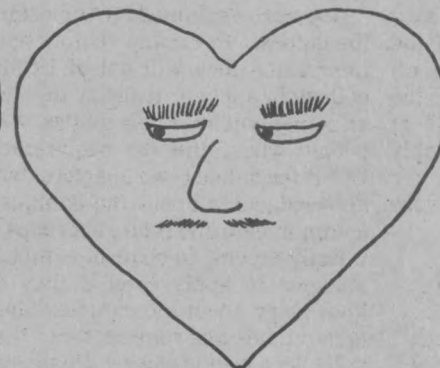
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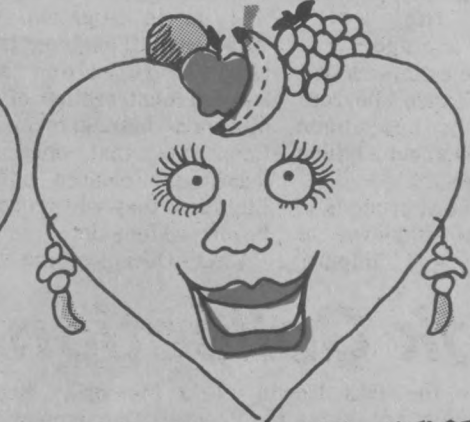
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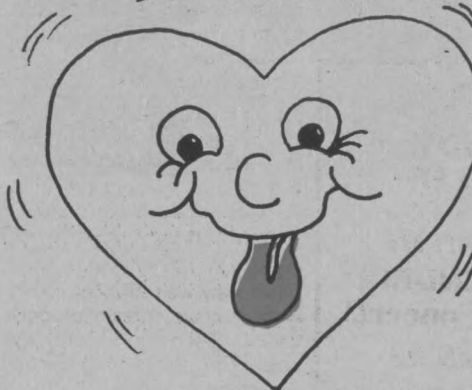
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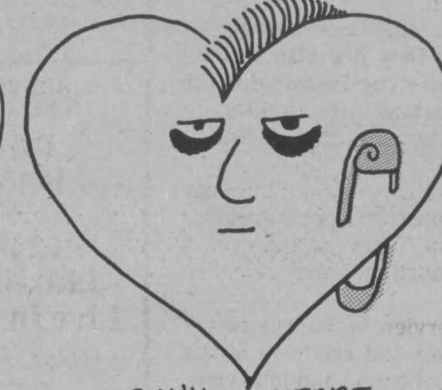
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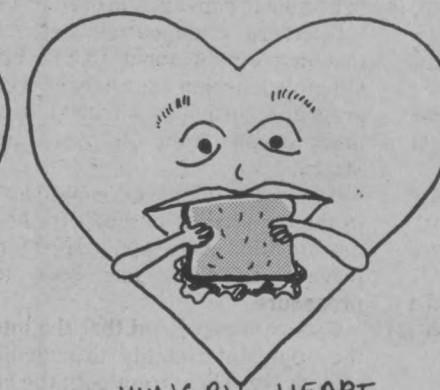
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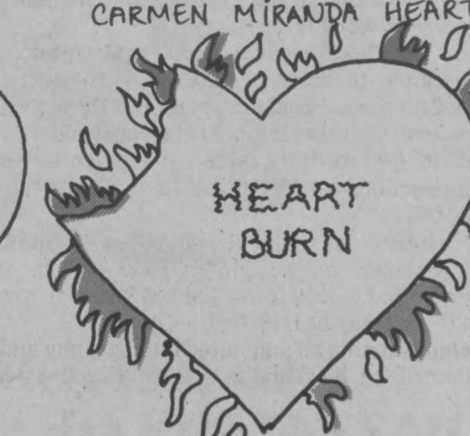
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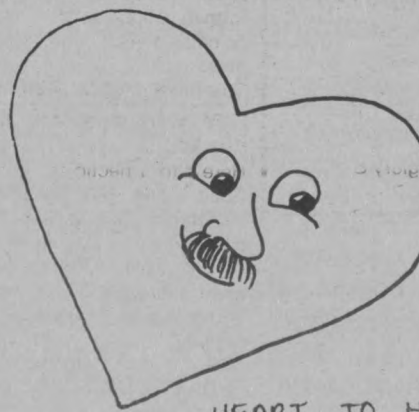
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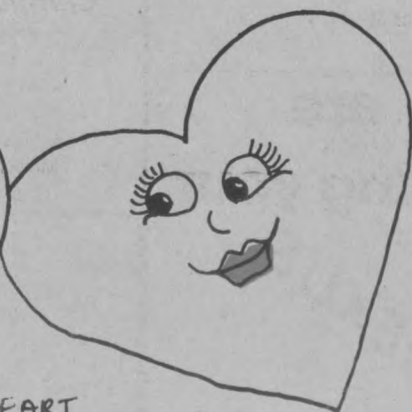
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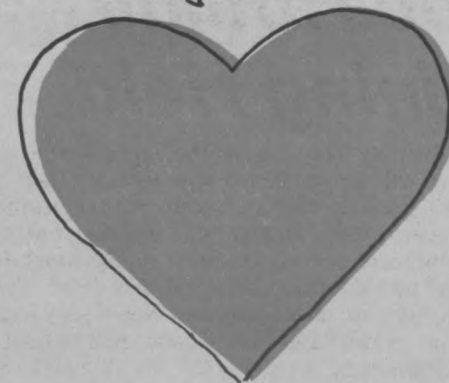
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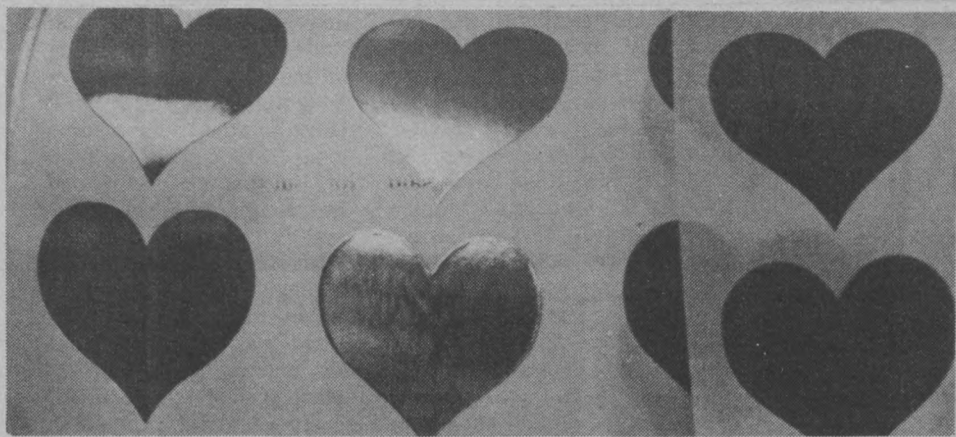


CAPITALIST HEART



EMPTY HEART

BSUMARIS



**Focus Editor
Eve Dutton**

**Asst. Focus Editor
Greg Harris**

- Eastern Traditions p. 3A**
- Student Aid p. 3A**
- Budget Romance p. 4A**
- Valentine Scrooge p. 4A**
- Marriage p. 4A**
- Visions p. 6A**

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IN MY OPINION . . .

What do you think of Valentine's Day?

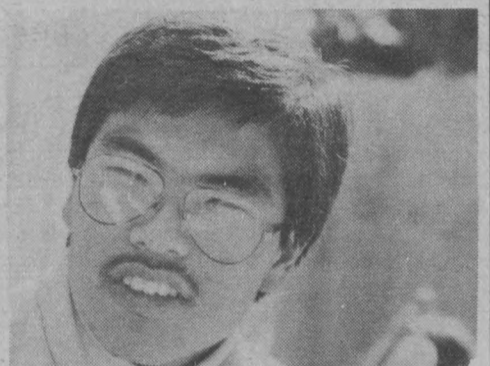


**Meg Johnson, Com-
munications, Sophomore**

This year I'd have to say I love it. I've been planning, and I want to do something unique. In some cases it can be too commercialized just like Christmas and Easter are, but I like it. It's a time you can tell someone you love, just how much you love them, by giving them flowers or fixing them dinner.

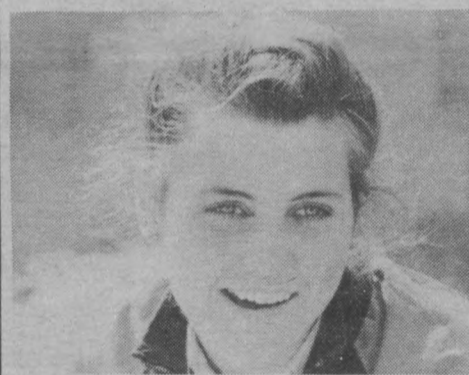
**Isao Sugano, Business
Economics, Junior**

I don't put too much emphasis on the day, but it is my favorite holiday. It gives me a chance to write friends I haven't written in a long time. It gets me on the ball. It is a way to tell people that you are thinking about them even if you aren't always in touch. I think it's a great day because most people are really happy. That's important.



**Kathy Mcleod, Marine
Biology, Freshman**

Actually, I've never really thought about it. I like it I guess; it is fun getting flowers, candy and cards. I've heard people say it is too commercial, but I disagree. I feel sorry for people that don't get gifts, but I still think it's a good day. It could be depressing, but for me it is usually happy.



**Amy Steinberg, Political
Science, Junior**

I think it is the most depressing day of the year. It makes everybody feel that they should be as happy as people on the soap operas. Valentine's Day is a great day for people with a happy relationship going on, but for everyone else it is a real downer. There is more attention paid to it than there should be.



**Uli Elser, Business
Economics, Freshman**

I believe it's too commercial. However, I do think it's good to have because it is another way to get away from the hum drum society. Another reason to celebrate is good. As far as the commercialism goes, it's everywhere. Everyone is trying to make a buck off it, even the donut shop I used to work at had specials.



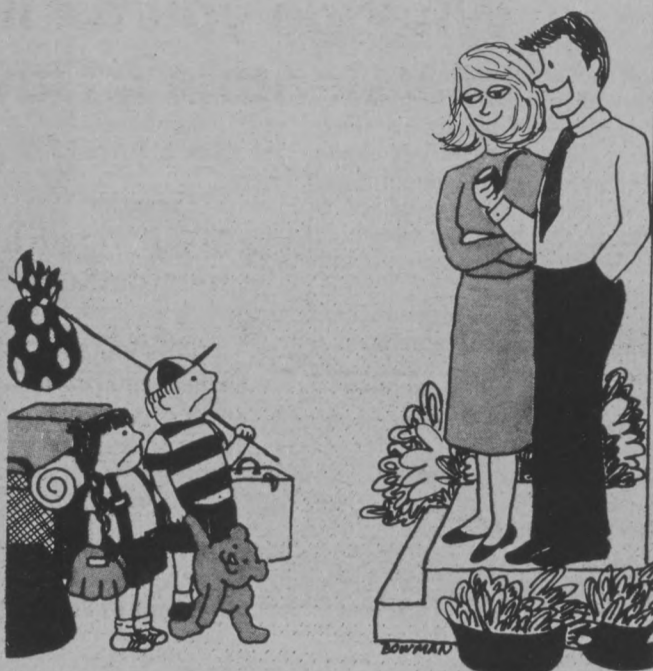
Parents Forced to Plan Poverty

By JIM HODGKINS

In light of the state of the economy, the high cost of education is a growing concern around the nation. UCSB has recently been hard hit by the efforts of California legislators to increase the students' responsibility in financing education. With surcharges and fee increases now a reality for students, the availability of aid is an issue many people must address.

One way in which students may increase their chances of getting financial aid is to declare independent status. Federal and state laws in regard to independent status differ in one major aspect. While California requires three years of independence, federal standards require only one year away from parents. Because of this factor and the state of the economy, parents are going out of their way to help their children achieve independent status. According to Michael Alexander, UCSB Financial Aid Director, the percentage of students declaring independent status, statewide, has risen from 15 percent, 10 years ago, to 45 percent today.

As easy as it may sound, though, independent status



WELL KIDS, NOW IT'S TIME TO DECLARE YOUR INDEPENDENCE !!

is not that easy to achieve. Students must meet three criteria to qualify as independents. First, the student cannot have been claimed as a tax exemption by his parents for the three years prior to applying for

financial aid. Second, the student cannot have received more than \$750 worth of parental support during the same three year period. And, thirdly, the student cannot have lived with his parents more than

six weeks or 42 days in each of those same three years.

Given these requirements, parents are engaging in what Alexander terms, "planned poverty." In other words, methods by which they can help their children declare financial independence. Parents are simply less able to afford the cost of an education, and yet they still want their children to receive a fair share of both education and financial assistance.

But sometimes the system is not used honestly, Alexander explained, pointing out that there are some families who depend on aid solely out of convenience, rather than necessity.

Recent studies by the Student Aid Commission in California, recommended that the state not adopt the less stringent standards used for federal aid, as others have recommended. The commission found that using the federal standards could lead to abuse of the definition independent. Being away from a parent for only a year did not seem an appropriate amount of time to qualify as an independent.

In the last weeks, students have been lobbying against the recent proposals for fee increases and the upcoming spring surcharge. According to the UC Regents, there will

be aid available for the "truly needy." However, what qualifies a student as truly needy is not clear. Off-campus representative, Mark Schwartz, called this a, "hocus thing," and said that all Associated Student officers are very concerned about the consequences of fee increases. Schwartz went on to say that there will be a percentage of students that are simply not able to enroll for the spring quarter, thus putting education out of the reach of a segment of the population.

The aid office has announced that they have some

aid ready for UCSB students. Students already receiving aid from UCSB, in the form of grants and gifts, will likely be able to have some or all of the surcharge paid for. But this is contingent on the amount of aid they have already received, state and federal regulations and aid funding. Students may also be receiving aid from other outside sources if they do not get money from UCSB. Generally, if the student receives aid in some form other than a GSL, an aid increase will be coming.

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Ancient Customs Aid Beauties

By TERI WAGNER

Body hair — oohhhh, yuk! How we all hate hairy legs and hairy faces and — sin of all sins — hairy underarms! Throughout history, mankind seems to have had an innate distaste for women's "fur" so we try everything to rid ourselves of the nuisance of body hair, which covers almost every inch of our bodies.

We have razors, waxes, bleaches and electrolysis. But razors nick, and the hair grows back so fast! And waxes — ouch! Bleaches are okay except for, well, putting all those chemicals on our skin — you have to be so-oo-oo careful! Electrolysis is a long, involved process and it is expensive.

Then there's threading. This unique technique for removing body hair is actually very simple and quick. All it involves is a simple sewing thread twisted in a way so that when pulled, it removes the hair by the roots. The results last for close to a month and a half. When the hair finally does grow in, it grows in softer, finer and more sparse than before.

Efat Khaki, known to everyone as Effie, has brought this technique to California from Iran, where threading has been used for hundreds of years. She is the first in California, that she knows of, to advance this technique.

Effie introduced threading last February, when she bought the Hair Designers salon in Goleta. Despite the fact



NEXUS/Greg Harris

that threading is so foreign to Americans, it has gained popularity quickly and Effie believes her customers are more than satisfied.

"To Americans, threading is interesting, it is new," she said. "Not only is it interesting," she added, but threading is the best way to remove unwanted body hair because the results last for so long, it doesn't have chemicals and it doesn't hurt.

Well, actually, it doesn't hurt that much. If the hair that being removed is on the face, it "tingles" at first but then the face goes numb and the pain diminishes. On the legs pain is minimal because the legs are "tougher."

After the treatment, the skin feels great. Threading acts as a massage, bringing blood to the skin's surface which

(Please turn to p.8A)

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**"The Political Philosophy of
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A Panel of Conference Participants

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Daily Nexus

Vol. 62, No. 84

Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1983

University of California, Santa Barbara



If you're into fashion, the Daily Nexus has an issue just for you. On Wednesday, Feb. 16, we'll be publishing our "Fashion '83" supplement which will show you just what Santa Barbara has to offer. It's an issue you don't want to miss.

Thrift Can Be Romantic

By JOHN KRIST

So, the rent is due in two days, your car just blew out one of its threadbare retreads, mice chewed through essential wires on your yet unpaid-for stereo, your roommate is clamoring for payment of your share of the phone bill, and you just met the man or woman of your dreams.

How on earth will you afford to take that requisite romantic plunge, that grand gesture in the civilized pursuit of love and/or gratification, the Valentine's Day Night On The Town?

First of all, forget the tired notion that excess leads to success. You're broke, remember? Face it, dinner at the Biltmore is beyond your means, flying to Vegas is out of the question, and they'll laugh at you if you try to rent a limo by presenting your BARC statement as proof of a credit history.

In short, you're the average student, scraping by from month to month in pursuit of higher knowledge, enlightenment and discount beer.

Panic not. Exhaustive research has produced this guide tailored just for your needs, an encyclopedia of inexpensive diversions, a dictionary of discount romance, the lovelorn's guide to Cheap.

We'll skip the preliminaries — if you need advice on how to arrange a rendezvous with that special someone, you're reading the wrong publication. I'm also going to assume that the person planning the festivities is as likely to be a woman as a man. This may not be an accurate reflection of reality, but it ought to be.

We'll start with a primer on romance — its essential features and goals, and the traps to be avoided — because, after all, Valentine's Day is devoted to the romantics of the world and those who wish they were, and if you're not interested in engaging in a romantic interlude, you probably don't care about learning how to celebrate the holiday on a budget.



Ambience — the first essential ingredient might be possible to successfully nurture a budding romance in a parking lot or a building with all the grace of a gymnasium. However, romance is tricky business, so we'll aim for an environment conducive to growth of trust and affection.

Privacy is essential. Throw your roommate out if not possible, seek out a secluded bit of woods or a room scheduled for after dark, bring along a blanket, a beach or a campsite up in the hills. Don't underestimate the automobile as well. It may seem like a school, but you should have matured a bit since high school, and all should be well.

Lighting is important, for the mood of an evening is altered by the color of the surroundings. Avoid bright, appropriate for bullfights and bordellos, but avoid anything that tends to accentuate aggression and aggravation. Virtually any human skin tone looks better in

Marriage Could Be O.K.

By DAVE ANTHONY

Ever since I was old enough to hold such views, I've always been a staunch supporter of the opinion that one should, if at all possible, cling tenaciously to the freedom and individuality of unmarried life until the last possible second, that one should shun those urges to tie early matrimonial bonds and remain, if you'll pardon the expression, "free" — unattached and able to run unhindered through those waning days of youth. Indeed, better one be thrown like the Christians of old before the fury of the lions than give in passively to an early life of married drudgery. After all, we've only so much time allotted us before our bodies begin to age and weary Father Time begins his exonerable march onward — why waste it on one person? Or at least that's the way I've always felt.

For some here at UCSB, however, the sound of wedding bells has quite an appealing ring to it — so much in fact, that more and more couples here are "tying the knot," and in ever increasing numbers. Although exact records are unavailable, the number of married couples enrolled here probably numbers close to that of the married student housing enrollment, which as of this year stands at 556.

Given the feelings I have for early marriages, I couldn't help but be somewhat perturbed upon learning just how many married students there actually are here — so much in fact that I felt it my duty to go and find out just why it was that so many people with supposedly above average intelligence would give up their God-given emancipation so early in life and, if at all possible, to persuade at least a few of them to see the error of their ways, and, hopefully, to repent before it was too late.

For this then, I decided to go straight to the heart of the problem — the nerve center of the married community. At prices ranging from \$215 a month for a one-bedroom unit to

Fighting the Madness

By DANIEL MILLER

If there's such a thing as a Valentine Scrooge, then I must be it.

Just the other day I was on the phone long distance to my brother. We were talking about upcoming events when he informed me of his plans to spend the upcoming weekend with his girlfriend at the Highlands Inn in Carmel.

"What's the occasion?" I asked.

"What's the occasion!" he cried incredulously. "Why, it's Valentine's Day, of

public, I did not possess any "Valentine's Day spirit." In fact, I've always been slightly repulsed by Valentine's Day. Ever since kindergarden, when I viewed with envious disgust the one kid who received the most valentines, I've felt this pseudo-holiday to be corrupt.

"So did you get your girlfriend any presents?" I asked him, trying to divert his attention away from my Valentine's Day anathema.

"Boy, did I," he replied excitedly. "For

"Ever since kindergarden, when I viewed with envious disgust the one kid who received the most valentines I've felt the pseudo-holiday to be corrupt."

course."

"Oh, that's right," I said sarcastically. "And what's so special about the Highlands Inn?"

"Well," he replied, "it has small, romantic cottages, big fireplaces, and huge beds...."

This is the last straw, I thought. Valentine's Day has finally transgressed from the simple exchange of home-made valentines to intimate weekend outings that take place entirely behind locked bedroom doors.

"Don't you think that's a bit extravagant?" I asked him.

"No way," he said. "Where's your Valentine's Day spirit, anyway?"

His question caused me to pause for a second. Although I seldom admitted it in

starters, I bought her this gold-rimmed 3-D battery-operated valentine that voices the words "I love you" when you open it."

"Cool," I said, trying to suppress my laughter. I hadn't bought valentines for several years; but as a consumer, I was well aware of the barrage of valentine cards on the market and the commercial exploitation by greeting card manufacturers of Valentine's Day.

"I also bought her a ten-pound box of chocolate-covered cherries" he said.

Almost instinctively, I belched into the receiver. "Is that her favorite kind of candy?" I asked.

"Not really," he said. "But each chocolate-covered cherry is in the shape of a heart, and they're individually wrapped in

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seems to elicit feelings of relaxation and tenderness. Candles, of course, are great for this, but they pose a fire hazard if you're distracted long enough for them to tip over or burn down to the tablecloth. Try putting a wicker shade over a 60-watt bulb if flames frighten you.

Music also helps establish an intimate mood. Unless, of course, your favorite type of sounds are Sousa marches, polkas or heavy-metal rock. In that case, stick with silence — shouting can be embarrassing when your mouth is full.

Which brings me to the next essential — food. Never underestimate the impact of the edible; it relaxes the mind (mainly by diverting all the blood to the digestive tract), satisfies certain basic urges and is a sign of trust. If you can't cook, get some Chinese take-out or have a pizza delivered. It's not the cost; it's the taste.

Take care of the foundations — light, sound and a way to occupy a couple of hours, and let instinct and the currents of non-verbal communication do the rest.

I don't give advice in that area. If this does not appeal to you — perhaps you weren't able to kick your roommates out, or pizza gives you heartburn, or you prefer to get outside instead of sitting around in the house — here are a few other suggestions for romantic but inexpensive things to do, give or share.

Go to the zoo. It's free, and live animals tend to bring out the best in people, especially those of the cuddly variety.

While on the subject of animals, pet stores are also great places to wander through. Santa Barbara has several, and you can always pretend to be interested in buying a purebred huskie puppy, or some other soft, furry breed of cat or canine. Stay away from lizards, turtles or tarantulas — they don't purr or nuzzle, and they lack the essential anthropomorphic element that makes the average house pet so attractive when it's young.

Giving valentines is a time-honored custom that supports an entire industry characterized by gushy garbage that looks like rejected wallpaper design. Strike a blow against capitalist exploitation and save yourself a few bucks by purchasing 35 cents-worth of construction paper and paper lace, and making your own. Pre-packaged, febrile sentiment is, to my mind, vastly inferior to the real thing. So what if you don't know how to write a sonnet? How many people like to read sonnets anyway? Be genuine and honest,

(Please turn to p.8A)

ingredient. Theoretically, I suppose, it
rture a budding relationship even in a
the grace, charm and intimacy of a
tricky enough without adding han-
ment slightly more conducive to the

ommates out for the evening. If that's
bit of outdoors (if this rendezvous is
g a blanket or two) such as a stretch of
Don't underestimate the potential of-
may seem like a throwback to high
d a bit since then, so avoid that type of

nd of an individual can often be subtly
ings. Avoid red and pink; they may be
llos, but research has shown that they
aggravation. Gold is by far preferred —
s better basking in its warmth, and it

295 a month for a three-bedroom suite with all utilities paid, it was a small wonder that so many of the
ampus' couples congregated there. It was here, I was sure, that I would find the real answer to what all
o few realized has become a serious pattern.

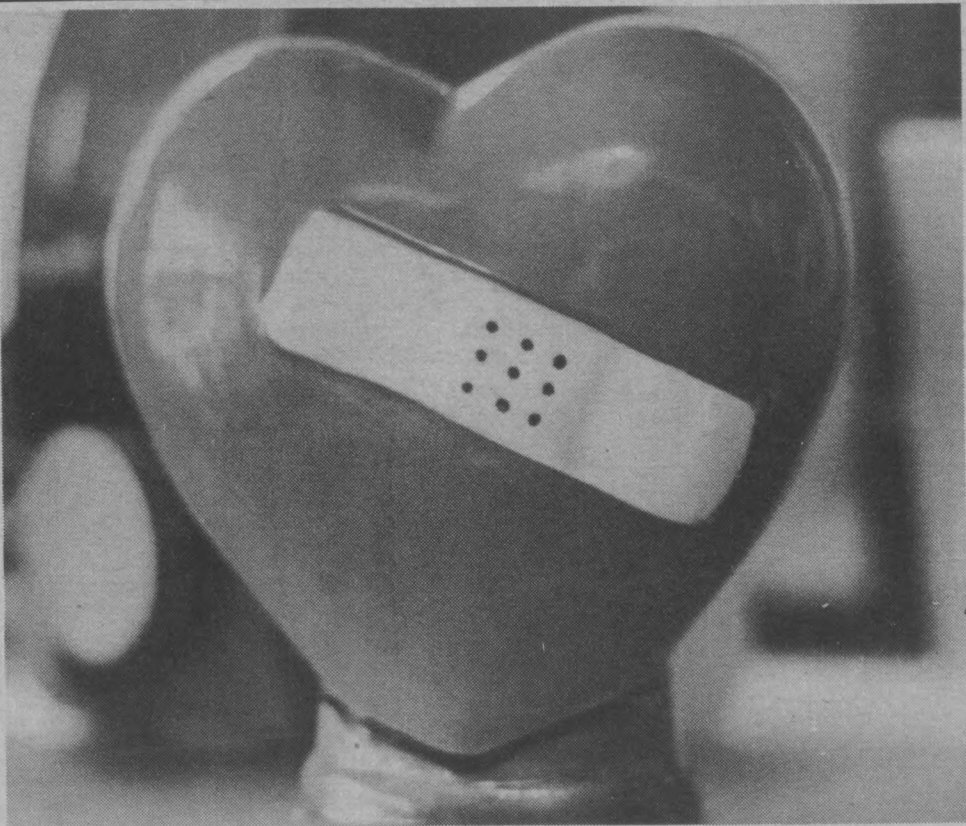
Upon first arriving, I noted somewhat curiously how normal the place actually seemed, for indeed, I
new better. Somewhere beneath this seemingly innocent and tranquil atmosphere there lay something
ery, very wrong. Or at least that's what I figured.

I started first with the office, hitting them with the usual, basic, upfront questions, hoping not to arouse
uspicious, lest they catch on to my scheme and warn others of my presence. The secretaries seemed
riendly enough (perhaps I managed to fool them) as they answered my questions, enough so that I was
ble to learn a great deal from them, such as the fact that there were 592 actual units available in the two
omplexes, that there had to be at least one member in the family attending UCSB in order to live there;
nd that of the three possible unit sizes — single, double, and three bedroom, only those with children
uld live in the latter two.

Being the cynic I am, I couldn't help but snicker at the reminder that many of these couples had
hildren. In my eyes, this could mean only one thing — that many of the marriages were the result of, how
hall we say, "mistakes." This would at least explain how some of the young couples had been mislead.
agine my surprise (and disappointment) then, when I learned that virtually every family with children
ad them over a year after getting married. Admittedly, a certain small percentage of the marriages
vere pregnancy related, but the number was so miniscule that it was really of no help at all in solving my
ill pressing problem — in other words, there was still no plausible reason as to why I felt so many were
rowing their lives away so soon.

Now, I realize that many readers are wondering what sort of callous buffoon was assigned to write this
iece — after all, many of you are probably saying to yourselves, everyone knows why people get married
— because they love each other. Well, I must admit that several times I, too, have been so deluded as to
hink myself "in love" as well. And, although these brief lapses were short lived, I admit I can see how
ome people could manage to be duped into actually believing themselves ready for marriage, and, in the

(Please turn to p.7A)



NEXUS/Greg Harris

red cellophane. I know she'll love them."

"Anything else?" I asked.

"Oh yeah...the creme de la creme...a pink
satin negligee with little red cupids on it."

This time I couldn't help but laugh. But I
realized that such a gift was no longer
inappropriate for Valentine's Day. For in
the wake of rampant commercialism, the
"valentine spirit" has expanded into the
sexual realm. Indeed, references to
valentines "between the sheets" and
"heart-ons" are now commonplace.

"You're just a Valentine Scrooge," my
brother said, offended by my laughter.

"Perhaps," I said, and we ended the
conversation.

Afterward, I thought that my brother was
probably right. But I was nevertheless
happy. For I knew that it was not the pur-
pose of Valentine's Day — to express love —
that repulsed me, but the manufactured
means by which most people express this
love on Valentine's Day.



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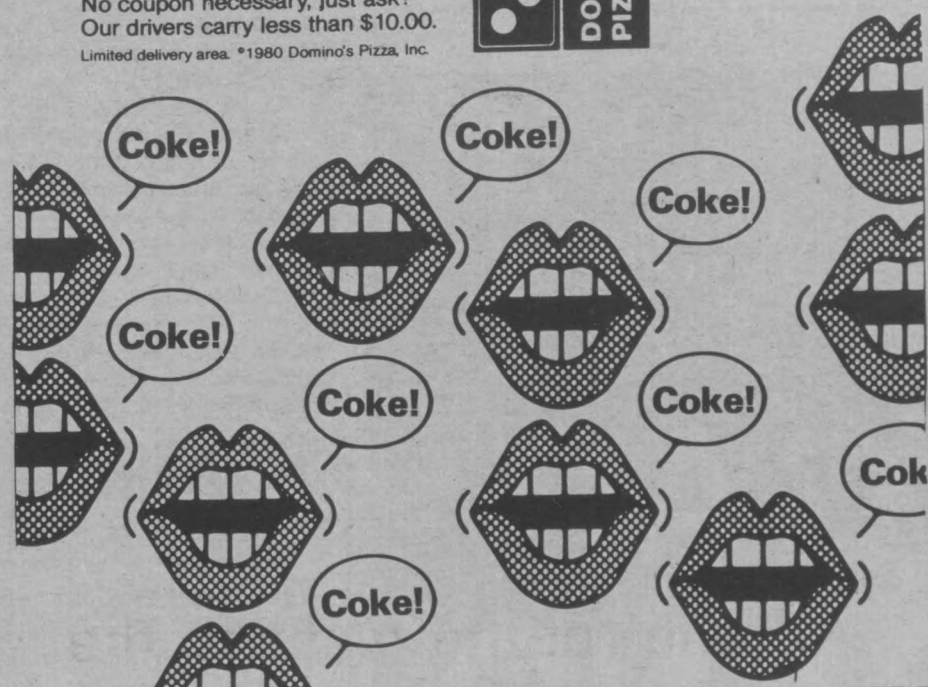
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VISIONS

Murphy's Den

By DEAN DE LA MOTTE

Murphy sleeps only on the drab rust couch in his den now. He used to roam the house at night, a big, bearish man in leather slippers, sleeping three hours on the couch, dozing or two in front of the television, slipping into one of the deliciously chilled back rooms in the summer months. The den has always been his favorite, its couch against

the cool outside wall, the roll-top desk — bought in 1930 for \$40 — in one corner, the fireplace facing the couch, the shelves holding everything from *Tom Jones* to several books of Irish limericks, the framed maps of historic Ireland, the newspaper clippings and letters scattered across the green blotter.

Today Murphy sits at his desk, gluing brittle stamps to envelopes.

2¢, *Freedom to Speak Out: A Root of Democracy*

4¢, *New Zealand Day, 1974*

6¢, *the standard flag in the breeze*

8¢, *Dwight D. Eisenhower*

His thick gray hair drapes over his eyes — gotta get that cut — and over his hearing aid, whose cord tumbles down to its old-fashioned shirt-pocket microphone. *Why people think they need to hide their hearing aids, I'll never know...at least I can hear.* But Murphy can't hear, really, owns no records, has to hook himself up like an accessory to the TV, loves the BBC imports but can't catch half of what the damned Brits say.

But what to do with this extra Ike stamp? The mail should have arrived. Murphy's step isn't dead, no sir, a few years left. There are ants in the mailbox, swarming over his mail. He knocks them off, looks at the letters. More condolences. Wife's been dead ten weeks and still come condolences. But she's still there, under his gray shock of hair, alive next to that hearing-aid and as a young woman in the old photographs, squeezed between her quiescent younger sisters and big-eared brothers, all standing behind their stern German parents. No condolences needed. She belongs to Murphy. *Till death do we part.*

She used to make the coffee, now he's got to do it. It's not hard, but he can't achieve the same effect, it's always too weak or strong, he forgets the filter, gets grounds in the cup.

It perks, perks. There's a letter from a football teammate, only one of them would call him "Murph." He doesn't pay much attention to the letter but thinks of their coach at Davis, first man to use black under the eyes and colored uniforms. They laughed at him. Leather helmets then, none of this plastic or fiberglass or whatever it is.

...it seems, then, that we're both single again, Murph. It's not pleasant, I know. Still, shouldn't we do what we still can? *I can still drive the mobile home; wouldn't a trip up to Canada be interesting? It wouldn't be expensive and we could take turns driving. Think it over, Murph. I await your response.*

Sincerely, Albert Cunningham

Is Al crazy? Two old septuagenarians romping like college kids up the coast? We can hardly take care of ourselves.

Up the Coast. He was born in Orange County when it had oranges, hundreds and hundreds of acres of the sweet, thick-skinned spheres. Dad's orchards now Angel's Stadium. He remembers the first trip up the coast. The boat was crowded; he puked just out of port. They followed the coastline — he holding his father's immense, calloused hand, a hand that had sold newspapers to Union soldiers in Washington — through the Santa Barbara Channel, into colder waters and through the Golden Gate. They rode a makeshift bus to Uncle George's store in Mendocino County next to an Indian reservation. The Indians would hang around, smoking pipes. Up the coast. Puking over the side, a performance to be repeated several times: first whiskey, first cigar, first week of football. First coach to blacken the eyes. Colored uniforms.

Murphy takes his coffee into the den, sets it on the blotter. An insane urge to light a cigarette, hasn't smoked in thirty years. Just lean back, feet on desk, light one up. Why not?

Note: Pack of Pall Malls

On the sofa again, Murphy dreams. He's in the back of father's Model T, it's cool and breezy, near Monterey, his carton of clothes — couldn't even afford a suitcase then —

falling, falling, clothes strewn like bread crumbs on a Hansel and Gretel path, boyscout notches in a tree, blue gingham somersaults, dungaree cartwheels. *How could you...*

Murphy scratches his testicles. Next dream: Freida's heart attack. A grandson that day, when? 1961, 1962? They'd given her a 20 percent chance, but she kicked her way back, lived to contradict him, shout that intolerable "Yoo-hoo!" insisted she could build the better fire, practiced that damned German religion, *Here I stand I can do no other.* Not so simple, Murph old boy. Up the coast. She was so pale that day, worried about the grandson born with pneumonia, never cared for herself. German stoicism. *Freida darling, he'd said. Freida, Freida, Freida.*

A grandson is shaking him, "Grampa, grampa," it's the pneumonia baby, survived it all. But it got her. Gets us all, even the first to blacken their eyes, dead long ago, forgotten by all but a handful of flatulent old linemen.

He's come to borrow a book, the grandson, he's rifling greedily through the shelves, can't even stay for coffee. "Really gotta go, Gramps. Be careful now." Don't strain yourself, Murph old boy, you're through, off the gridiron, sidelined. *Be careful.*

Be careful. He's standing outside the old whitewashed boarding house in Davis, listening to his teetotaling mother warn against the dangers of liquor and women. Murphy wonders where they've gone, that generation of pioneer women, staring now only out of curled and brittle photographs, those gray unsmiling eyes reprimanding from lost decades of puritanism. *Be careful.*

Should get out of this house, breathe some different air, beat the old rug. Murphy invites Al, tells him yes, yes let's do it. Two old bastards driving up the coast. Leave this fog-bound valley behind, even the rain's better than this tule fog.

Valley fog. Murphy can think only of graveyards and freeway accidents.

Widowers Perish in Smash-up

Vacation just underway

Seize the day. Murphy swaddles himself in his beige cardigan and blue windbreaker and starts up the old Chrysler. Could have bought a little Toyota, better mileage, fewer problems.

"Valley Fog. Murphy can think of only graveyards and freeway accidents."

but something's not right, they don't have that American thump as the doors close, not as comfortable either, like riding in a golf cart. No thank you sir. If it doesn't suck back a gallon every ten miles, something's not right.

Fog draped over the valley like a wet wash-cloth. Murphy backs out of his driveway and into the damp world. Funny how the fog retreats in front of the hood and trails behind. A safe little pocket, keeps you sane. Everything else sucked up, you alone are spared.

At the liquor store Murphy buys a fifth of Murphy's Irish Whiskey and a pack of Pall Malls. Seize the day. Home, he peels off his nylon windbreaker, pokes the fire and snags a lone ashtray from the top kitchen shelf. God, just feel this pack, so neat and dry, a bundle of firm white cylinders, so good in the hand. *Thank you, Sir Walter.* Murphy tears the foil and taps one out, runs it between this thumb and forefinger, trails it beneath his nostrils.

There are matches above the fireplace, don't you see Murphy, in that little wooden box with your family crest on it. *Fortis et Hospitabilis.* There. A little coughing at first, then oh, oh that wonderful warm dizziness, a strange high bordering on nausea. Murphy draws deeply. *Drink deep.*

The telephone rings and Murphy is embarrassed, feels a post-masturbatory guilt, it's his mother, telephoning from beyond the grave, *Be careful, son, be careful.* Damn her. Murphy lets it ring, ring, ring. They're not getting him up from his couch.

Napping, Murphy is awakened by the phone's persistent ring. There are phones for the hard of hearing, but Murphy still struggles, as he has for years, holding it upside-down by the cord and pressing his microphone against the earpiece. *I can hear, at least.*

"Hello?"

"Uh, Mr. Murphy?"

(Please turn to p.8A)



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Loving Living Together...

(Continued from p. 5A)

more extreme cases, to actually go through with it.

But this, as far as I can see, is sure to be the extent of it — certainly the thin veil of harmony surrounding most marriages is soon lifted, exposing for the first time to the couple what they've actually gotten themselves into. All too soon, it seems, "the honeymoon would be over." Most people, I'm sure, never stopped to think about the smaller, more unpleasant aspects of marriage, or the incredible burden which it places on both individuals. I doubt very seriously that more than a few people ever stopped to think about what their partners really looked like when they got up in the morning — especially after a hard night of partying. Or what it was like to live with a slob — one who neglected not only the unmade bed and dirty clothes, but the bathroom sink and toilet as well. To be sure, the small yet maddening list of idiosyncracies would pile high — high enough perhaps to choke off and eventually suffocate the marriage altogether.

But let's suppose for the sake of argument that the couple manages to smoothe out and overcome any difficulties which may have arisen due to petty irritations — there still remained what seems to be a staggering amount of responsibility. Whereas only a few years before one's major concerns probably centered around such trivial issues as what college to attend and who to have as a girlfriend, one now had to face the awesome responsibility of getting a good education but raising a family as well, and, somehow, paying for that family. (Indeed, I was able to find later that the average husband works a good 20-30 hours a week in addition to carrying a full load of units.) And all this only a few years out of high school. To myself at least, it was one thing to be in love, but another thing entirely to want to go and get married.

And yet, it was happening — the "disease" was spreading. And so, grim-faced and determined, I rolled up my sleeves resolutely and set off in scrooge-like fashion, determined to find something, anything, which would serve to pry apart what I envisioned to be sickeningly happy and contented Barbi and Ken replicas, lest they proliferate and overwhelm completely those of us still clinging steadfastly to the single world.

I started out slowly enough, going door to door, asking questions, getting feedback, trying to determine just what sort of people these "married couples" really were. Did they ever feel a sense of loss at having gotten married so soon, perhaps they were really missing out on what we so often hear referred to as "some of the best years of our lives?" Had their social life suffered? Had old friends tended to shy away now that the couple was married? Did they ever feel any sort of temptation? After all, there are approximately 8,000 members of the opposite sex lurking out there, free and unattached, and all within one square mile of one another. And what about jealousy? There are two sides to every coin, and one has to figure any temptations are most likely going to be felt by both parties. How could one deal with that?

For some reason, I guess, I had expected stiff denials to each of these questions, to be treated as if I was some sort of strange religious fanatic attempting to impose strange new ideals onto people already settled in their ways. I guess I expected a typical Carol and Mike Brady at every door, people so out of touch with reality that ideas such as mine would seem far-fetched and ridiculous and be forgotten with a smug laugh as soon as I was gone.

Instead however, I found people open and responsive to my questions — they actually understood where it was I was coming from and, much to my surprise, they even admitted to things such as jealousy and temptation, to arguments, and yes, even to a certain occasional sense of loss. Time and again though, every single person who admitted to these things was quick to add that these types of feelings were relatively short lived — they made up soon after arguments and overcame temptations. And, perhaps most importantly, they were always able to shake that sense of loss, of being, as one person put it, "On the outside looking in." Equally surprising to me was the common feeling that they (the majority of married couples) felt that they still did practically everything they had done before they were married — if anything, it was better. In a lot of ways, many said, it seemed that their husband or wife was their best friend. In short, according to virtually every couple I spoke with, they were, despite their considerable worries and burdens, extremely happy.

And what surprised me the most out of all this was the fact that, in spite of myself, I was actually believing it — every word. Indeed, as I sat and listened to couple after couple —



many of them married three or four years — recount the bad times and the good, the highs and the lows, I slowly began to realize that maybe these people knew something I didn't. Maybe it wasn't really what they were doing that made them seem so strange and alien to me so much as my own attitudes. Maybe I was the one who had been deluded all this time, who despite my smug assertion to the contrary, had really only been putting up a front fooling myself. After all, single life wasn't a bowl of cherries without its pits either. Who's to say if married life is really all that bad after all.

Of course, that doesn't mean that I'm now going to race out in search of the first girl I can coax into marrying me — not at all. I'm sure I'll still manage to avoid those sacred vows for some time to come, but at least now maybe I won't blow it and wait until it's too late.

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 ALIFORNIA

Budget...

(Continued from pg.5A)
 and keep it short. It's the feeling that counts.

Fill a bathtub with steaming water. Place several lit candles on porcelain surfaces (remember the fire hazard) in the bathroom, add a scented, bubbly soap and share. You'll be doing your part for water conservation; there's no time limit or exorbitant

charge as there is at a commercial "hot" tub establishment.

These are merely a few suggestions to get you started. The real key to celebrating Valentine's Day is to use your own imagination (keeping within the bounds of good taste, of course), remember that excess is no guarantee of an

enjoyable evening, and always keep the notion of romance uppermost in your mind.

What is romance? Webster defines it as "the quality or characteristic of excitement, love and adventure."

Not bad. Anybody can do that.



Threading...

(Continued from p. 3A)

increases circulation — always good for the skin.

Threading itself is fascinating to watch. Tying the thread loosely around her neck as a base of support, Effie twists the string around itself so that it forms a circle. Next she places the circle on the skin and quickly pulls the string so that the circle grows smaller. As the circle is shrinking all the hair in the way is pulled out. Effie does it so fast that a minimum of pain is felt. She continually pulls the circle shut then moves on until the entire area is done. The total process takes 15-20 minutes.

Effie thinks that threading is better than waxing (a popular technique in which hot wax is smoothed on the skin, allowed to harden and dry, then pulled off) for three reasons. First of all, the results of threading last longer

than waxing. Because of the angle in which the hair is initially removed the hair tends to grow back on a more downward angle, making it less noticeable than the hair that grows back after waxing. Secondly, it doesn't hurt as much, and lastly, it doesn't cost as much. Effie charges \$15 for threading as opposed to the \$40 charged in some salons for waxing.

One would think that threading would be the perfect alternative for the man who hates to shave every morning. But Effie has yet to do her first male customer. Why? As another hair stylist exclaimed, "Men are probably too tender."

Many people wonder what good a few less hairs on their body will be. After all, threading will not make a huge difference in one's life. But it does make numerous customers happier with themselves.

According to one customer, "Although my facial hair bothered me sometimes, it wasn't a major tragedy in my life. But having it removed makes me feel better about myself and it gives me more confidence with which to face the day. I think I look better, therefore I feel better, too."

Murphy...

(Continued from p. 6A)

"Yes?"

"This is Jonathan Cunningham, I believe you know me."

"Yes, you're Albert's son. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I hate to tell you this over the phone, but my dad died last night in his sleep."

Murphy's head drops. Freida, yes, it was only a matter of time, but Al, all-star pulling guard, king of the trenches, no, not possible, not Al Cunningham. "I'm sorry," Murphy says stupidly. "Heart attack?"

"Yes. The doctor says the smoking finally caught up with him." They speak of Albert's full life, the usual post-mortem banter, he *did* live a full life, didn't he?

As Murphy hangs up the phone, a voice says, "Murph, could you toss me a smoke? I'm dying for one." It's Al, Al dressed in his old uniform. The muddied leather helmet is in his lap, the shoulder pads huge on his wizened shoulders. Two wings sprout from his back, so he can't lean against the couch. Murphy obeys.

"So much for our trip up the coast, huh Murph?"

"Well—"

"What, does this shock you? Shocked me when my wife showed up last night. She was dressed in her old nurse's uniform with these beautiful big wings" — he rustles his fur for emphasis — "and I said—"

"What are you doing here?"

"Exactly, Murph. And she said, 'I've come to get you dear.' So here I am."

"Performing the same service? Why isn't my Freida here instead?"

"What, don't you like me? Anyway, Freida's got a roast in the oven."

"A what?"

"Forget it, Murph. You'll find out soon enough." Murphy's off-balance now, doesn't know what to think. "Then you're here to escort me...where?"

"Now not necessarily, old man. It's up to you. There are no rules. Still, we'd love to have you. But you're under no obligation. It's just, well, that you're kind of alone now—"

"I've got my family."

"Murph, they don't give a hoot in hell about you." Cunningham, king — no, angel — of the trenches, taps his Pall Mall in Murph's ashtray. After a series of smoke rings, the old lineman says, "Well, what do you think?"

"You mean I've got a limit?"

"Two minute warning, pal." Murphy himself lights a cigarette and walks around his den. His. The fire is dying out, but there's wood outside, enough to keep it going for quite a while. Through the slats of the Venetians he sees a stray German shepherd hoisting a rear leg under the huge walnut tree in the backyard. The fog is so thick that it obscures the neighbor's house. Murphy glances uncomfortable at his old teammate. Al, good ol' Al, blowing smoke rings like a sophomore, an eternal, divine and winged sophomore.

Were all these books read for nothing, the trip to Ireland, his old country, meaningless? Should have kept smoking, then, gotten things over with, fast forward. He takes a long, violent drag. The unfiltered cigarette sticks to his lip as in a gangster movie. *You dirty rat.*

"Tell Freida," Murphy says deliberately, his back to Al, "to eat without me. Tell her I'm working late." But Al's gone, taken flight.

Too much time, Murphy. Fifteen yards, or was it five?

In his den, another highball in hand, he fumbles for a book to doze by, grabs one of Michener's weighty volumes, props himself up with three pillows — should wash those pillowcases — and pulls one of Freida's afghans up around his broad bear's chest. The highball is on the parquet floor between the couch and frayed rug, making damp rings in the wood. He taps his cigarette in the ashtray he's positioned between the unopened book and himself. This is the life. *Life. His.*

—ST. VALENTINE—

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"Ravishing music making!" —LA Times

TASHI

Clarinet and Strings

Richard Stoltzman, Clarinet
 Ida Kavafian, Violin
 Fred Sherry, Cello

Guest Artists:
 Theodore Arm, Violin
 Toby Appel, Viola

Program: Haydn String Trio in G Major,
 Francaix Quintet, Brahms Quintet in b, Op. 115.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11
UCSB Campbell Hall — 8 PM

Reserved Seats: \$9.00/\$7.50/\$6.00
 UCSB Students: \$7.00/\$5.50/\$4.00
 Tickets/Charge By Phone: 961-3535
 Presented by UCSB Arts & Lectures.

