# Friday Magazine

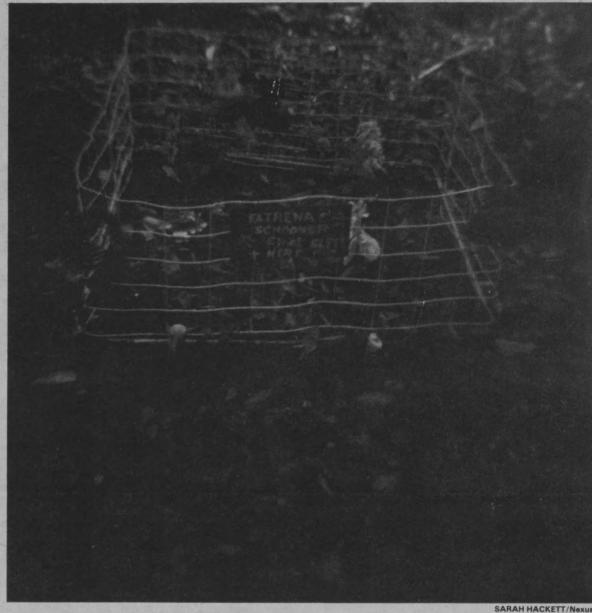
## annual poetry contest

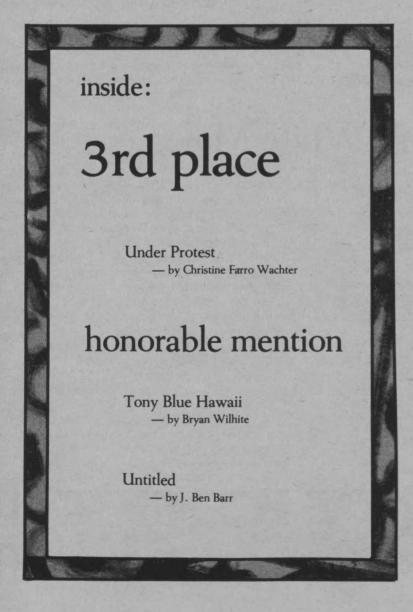
### To Willy

— by Sarah Stettler

Sometimes I think The world could not do without Your soft white hair And eyes that sparkle Underneath creased lids. I love to watch you Pulling weeds in the yard Wearing no gloves Over your spotted hands So that you can feel the earth. The weight of eighty years Is no burden on your shoulders You stand erect To face the world And live each day As if it were your first.

### 1st place





#### The Ballad of Tallad McFallad

by Jeffrey P. McManus

The Double-Quaddil Countenance Came a man, from heretofore Tallad McFallad, nevermore.

He razed his skeer two liggits high; and really pligged his runions dry, doidled the betsies with a redden plug, and paid for it all with a three-dollar slug.

From Cool-Transvoon was whonce he came: and sought by many, the blind and lame. Repaired the Chevy and its transmission; in the prime Beoseuss tradition.

But one dateful fay, under the pleggo dag, Subjected to a violent nostril lag The hero returned his refrigerator To a Maytag God, who said "see ya later!"

So onward to Spittsburgh, did he sorshay Casual and hurried, in a fairthinking way. Rustled up his first and last month's rent, Sold his traps, and now he's all spent.

2nd place

#### **Under Protest**

— by Christine Farro Wachter

Night doesn't come easily anymore.
The memory of you lingers
long and dolefully
resting quietly,
mocking,
on pillows I refuse to use anymore.

The smell of your skin,
once an indescribable comfort through the night,
has long since faded
washed away with the hope I don't feel anymore.

No.
Night does not come easily.
It approaches against its will,
screaming and reeling with pain,
refusing to be in the same room with me for long;
and I'm
stricken by the truth that you cannot
exist for me anymore.

### 3rd place

#### The Clothes Line

— Guen Siebert

Suspended Like a clothes-line Dangling pink, green And tattered white clothes Worn out, tattered, elastic gone. Washed and bleached Dripping, now, above the terrace. Children laughing, crying, playing Mother calling, supper's almost done. Then as the children finish their suppers The last drip clings to the white boxer-underwear Falling just in time, as the sun goes down And Mother reels in the line. Mindlessly she snatches each garment — Screen door slams, voices come from within The streets become darker, and quieter. The clothes line, it disappears into the evening, The brief sun-lit horizon Eases the suspense of the day And the still air gives way To the earth-encompassing night.

### Tony Blue Hawaii

— Bryan Wilhite

the moon climbed
Over the limbs
Of the tree by the sea
Its light came down
From up there
To touch you

The tan sandashes
From the sun
Washed up in the foam
The sun had long sank
Ago in the ocean
Running among our toes
But there was still light
Here to touch you

And crashing waves
At times would become silent
And it was as if the great ocean
Would stop
All over the earth
Against the pull of the moon

It is at these times
When most I want to hold you
When that great strength pauses
Until God sends another few waves
To wet the land

Sparkled shiny silver bands...

Stars camped in endless loneliness
Twinkled, trapped in trees
Your damp, quiet summer dress
Wrinkled, wrapped in knees
I love you

honorable mention

#### Adult White Male

— Sean DeMonner

I pledge allegiance
To the slag
Of the Divided Greats of Generica.
And to the profit motive
For which it stands
One brand name
Under arbitration
With frivalty
And larger sizes
For tall.

Friday M

annual poetr



Editor Laurie L. McC

> Artwork Lisa Huel

Photograph Sarah Had

With very specia Claire Ra

## Magazine

etry contest



SARAH HACKETT/Nexu

Editor: . McCullough

work by: Huebner

graphy by: h Hackett

special thanks to: ire Rabe

#### Untitled

— J. Ben Barr

Slowly, the red puddle grows Beneath my upturned wrists, Why I did it, only God knows, It's just one of life's funny twists.

I watch my life slip away, And feel a peacefulness take me. I shall not see another day, Or you, my love, or thee.

I feel a weakness in my legs, And a darkness takes my sight. My mother screams, my father begs, I can almost see the light.

They've saved me now, but not for long, For I shall try again. My pain, my fear, my hate — all gone, A final happiness will begin.

honorable mention

#### nuclear rocket

- Bryan Wilhite

-There's a rocket ship With no men inside Flying the colours of suicide Going nowhere but down To unman the earth Curse, the summer ground Woe, the nuclear winter

### Beach Thoughts

- Guen Siebert

This silence Blows through the open screen Across the corn stalks, few From the resounding waves so near Across the empty avenue Through the doorway to where I sit Now, in total quiet, calm, peacefulness.

### Nightwalker

— Lisa J. Nafziger

She walks alone through dark, Unknown, and dangerous.

And smiles inside her eyes; A smile to freeze the dead.

(The victim is afraid, No weakness must be shown.)

From searchlight eyes a sign Of violence just controlled.

Their smell brings forth the past, The paralyzing dread.

She vows, never again. And treads with certain step.

#### The Vessel

- Sarah Stettler

That kernel of life can be a treasure Which makes a woman smile with pleasure. But if she fears the bud within her womb, Determined it shall never bloom, What kind of mother should she make? Why make her birth for birthing's sake?

#### Renton's Mines

— Marc Malandra

Exploring the mines — mud up to the waist, The smell of sulpher, hum of bat wings, echoes Down winding corridors, the constant fear Of being swallowed alive; I imagine living on Candle wax, eating water-bugs, anything to keep Alive in this clammy throat of the earth.

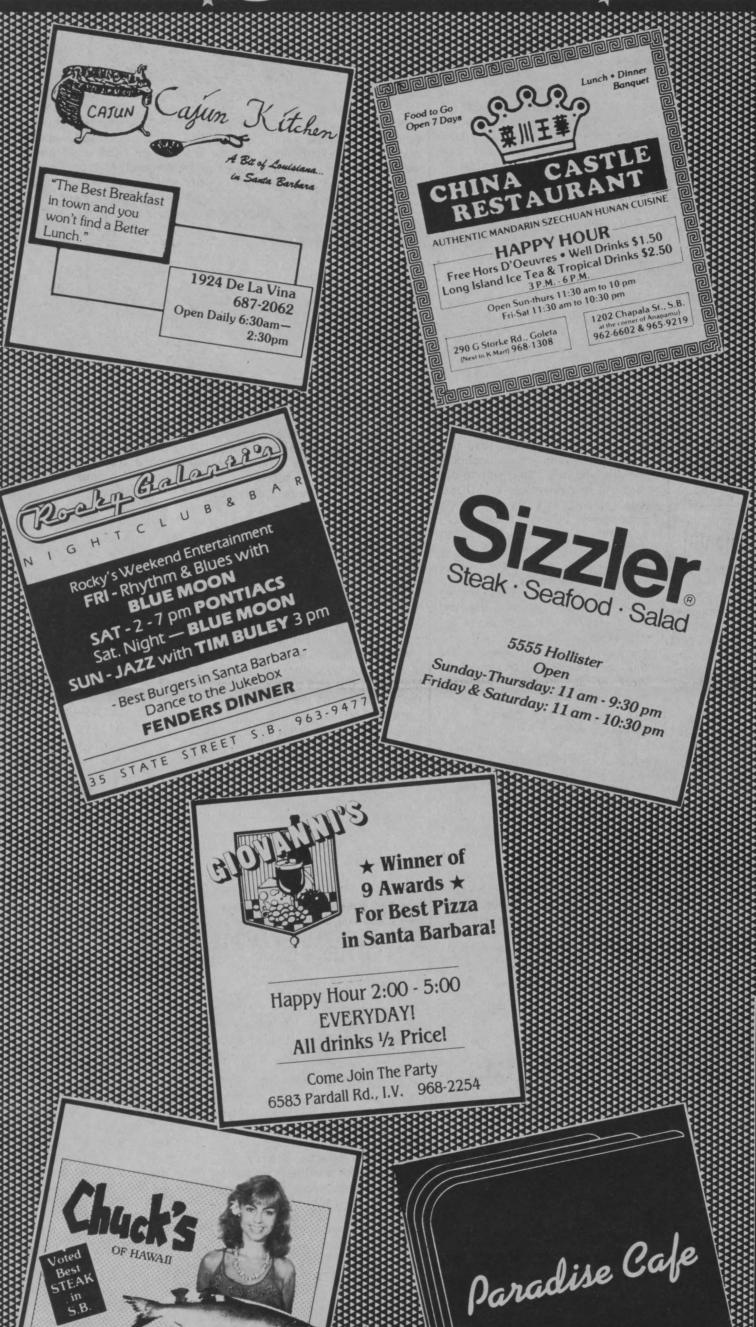
Jimmy and I were sitting at the center Of a shaft, blowing out candles, snuffing the lantern And wrapping ourselves in that formless blanket Of darkness; almost suffocating from the absence of light I begged my friend to turn the lamp back on, And he laughed, but I could tell from the sound Of his voice that he was just as scared as me.

Fresh Fish Tonight!

3888 State St

Open Nightly

# Dining & Entertainm





#### Rocky Gallenti's Fender's

The split personality of Rocky Gallenti's and its adjacent '50's style restaurant, Fender's, provides the customer with twice the enjoyment of conventional

On the entertainment side, Rocky's has live music nightly, with two different bands on Saturdays and Sundays. The first band begins its set at 3 pm, and the second takes the stage from 9 pm until closing. With a full bar, friendly casual sports bar atmosphere, it's no wonder why Rocky Gallenti's was voted best singles bar in Santa Barbara last year.

You may have to be over 21 to go to Rocky's, but you can still enjoy Rocky's world-famous calamari and the best hamburgers in town just next door at Fenthe best hamburgers in town just next door at Fender's. Since October, Fender's has been serving up der s. Since October, Fender's has been serving up traditional American food for lunch and dinner in a delightful '50s style restaurant. There are almost as many ways to enjoy a Fender's hamburger as there are selections on the jukebox. Both Rocky's and Fender's are just minutes from the harbor, so make them you town. Ample parking is available.

Rocky's and Fender's are located at 95 State Street.



#### China Castle

Looking for a place to sit down and enjoy a quiet meal in beautiful, exotic surroundings? China Castle serves authentic Chinese lunches and dinners at a pace that lets you savor the meal. Located just off Hollister and Storke in the K-Mart shopping plaza, China Castle's delicious Szechuan, Mandarin and Hunan cuisine will leave your mouth watering for

One delightful entree is their tea-smoked duck, a tantalyzing combination of boneless sliced fried duck with prawn sauce. It's served in Chinese pan cakes and comes with rice. Other selections on the extensive menu include Shrimp in Flower Basket or a sizzling plate of pan-fired noodles.

But why limit your enjoyment of China Castle to just your table? Private banquet facilities are available to groups looking to plan a party or gathering. Dance floor rental is included free with the price of the meal. A full bar is also available to accent your meal.

Whether it's a friendly lunch, an intimate dinner for two, or an all-out bash, China Castle is waiting to serve Take-out is also available. Serving 11 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Sunday through Thursday; dinner hour is extended until 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday. Telephone Goleta 968-1308 or Santa Barbara 962-6602 and 965-9219.



#### Cajun Kitchen

Cajun Kitchen is more than just a great place to have preakfast — it's a little bit of Louisiana re-located to the neart of Santa Barbara. The 1924 De la Vina may be a Cajun Kitcher bit hard for the unitiated to find, but once you're there, you'll taste why it was worth making the trip.

Coming from campus, take the Mission Street offramp and turn left onto Mission. At De la Vina, make a right and then a quick left to the parking area behind the restaurant. Cajun Kitchen begins service at 6:30 am daily. They're famous for their breakfasts, but their lunch, served until 2:30 pm daily, is another reason for making the trip.

reason for making the trip.

Three-egg omelettes top the list of delicious breakfast offerings. Try the New Orleans Special, chock full of onions, bell peppers, cheddar cheese and Louisiana Hot Sausage, served with your choice of toast, English muffin, flour tortillas, homemade biscuits, blueberry or bran muffins or homemade cornbread (served with apple butter).

There's a long list of Cajun specialties available for breakfast or lunch, like Creole Jambalaya — seasoned rice with shrimp, hot sausage, ham, and chicken

rice with shrimp, hot sausage, ham, and chicken, served with eggs on weekends. Blackened red fish and shrimp Creole are two other Cajun Kitchen dishes fast

becoming Santa Barbara favorites.

The Cajun Kitchen is waiting to serve you at 1924
De la Vina, right across from McConnell's Ice Cream.