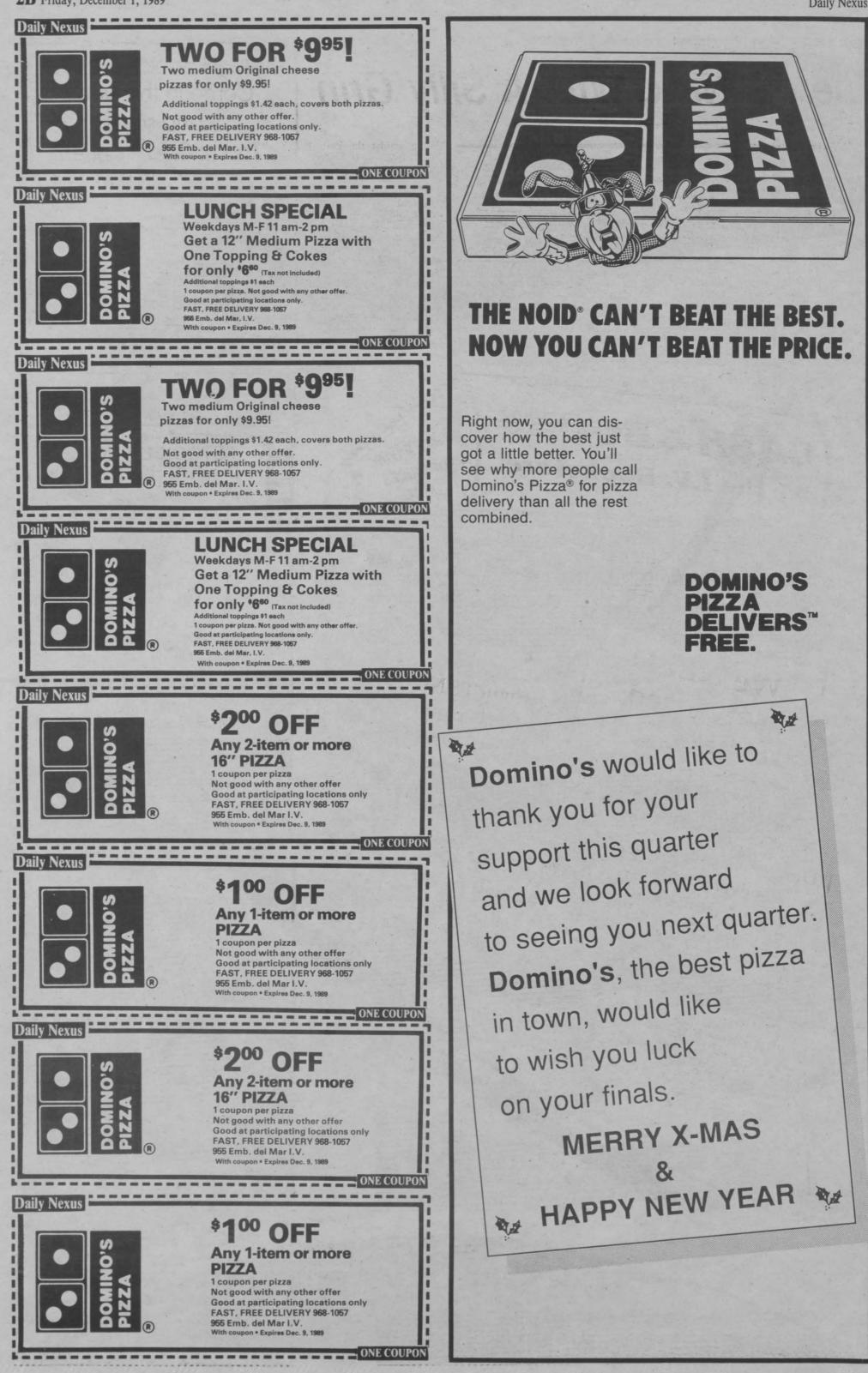


#### 2B Friday, December 1, 1989

**Daily Nexus** 



HOLIDAY FICTION

# There's Nick, With A Silly Grin

#### By Weston Briggs

I should go in I should go in I should go in I should.

Ok. Open door. Step out and its damn cold. A snappish sort of wind running about, swirling up dust sprites in the street. There's nobody around and no dog barking in the distance.

Over to those too high, too steep Victorian steps and up, climbing laboriously. Stop. I'm being like an old man. I'm 19. So: jump steps two at a time with an imitation of youthful vigor. Stop. Catch breath. Climb laboriously. Across Shattuck St. is a giant Thrifty with a parking lot full of shoppers hustling in for last minute tree decorations and/or cheesy plastic napkin holders.

At the top I turn and look down the street. At the end of the block and across Shattuck St. is a giant Thrifty with a parking lot full of shoppers hustling in for last minute tree decorations and/or cheezy plastic napkin holders.

A mild and slightly selfcreated deja vu sets in. I'm sixteen and standing on this porch and drunken revelers are spilling past me down the staircase. Car after car is pulling up out front and letting out new hordes who

push pass me in waves. Tot-

tering amidst the rush I think, hey, this is a *damn* good party.

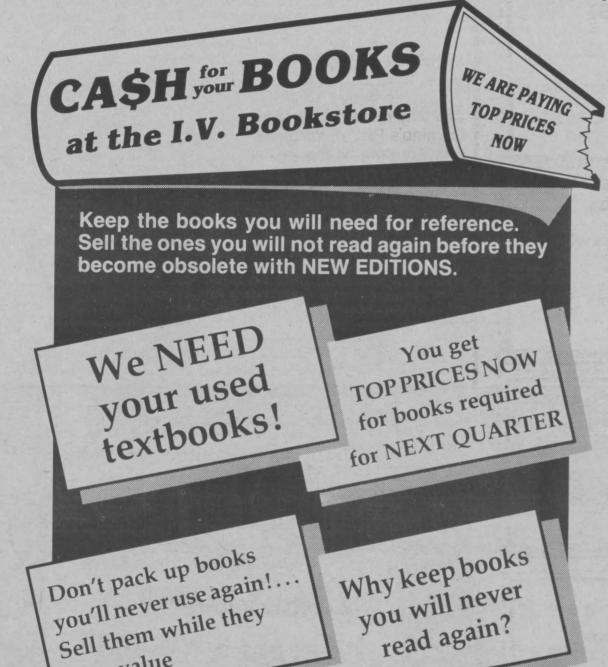
It had been Nick's birthday and this was Nick's house and the night hadn't ended until Nick had called the police on his own party and a group of bikers had settled into the living room, crooning "freeeee as a biiiiiird" en masse off key. In the morning we found that a phone and a box of Wheat Thins had been stolen.

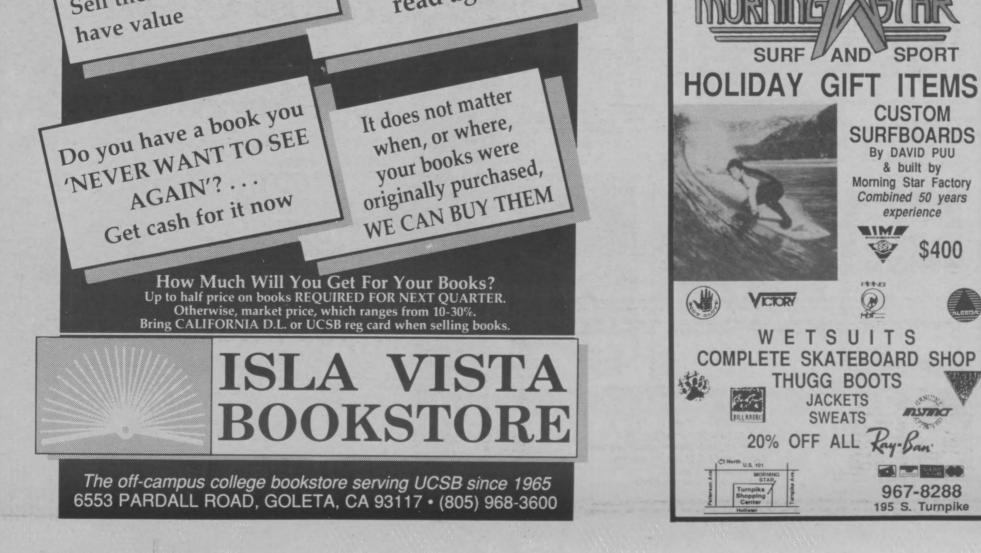
That was the last pure night I could remember

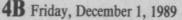
See HOLIDAY..., p.9B

Friday, December 1, 1989 3B











GRATEFUL DEAD



knowledge. It is a showplace — nay, a varitable

super-emporium - of crafts from local artists, suitable

for wrapping and placing beneath the yuletide

Curiously, like a 1970s

bachelor in a discoteque,

the Yes Store describes itself

as "21 years old," "unique,"

"impressive," and "tradi-

tional." It is a bit of quaint, roadside tourist trap with a

whole bunch of Grateful

Dead show mixed in - but,

to be sure, representing the

most tempting parts of

each. For where else could

you obtain, for a modest

stipend, "representations of

the rock art of Indian tribes

of California and the Ameri-

can southwest"? Yes Store

artist John Stump brings

them to Santa Barbara with

GOOD. I'M GLAD

WE HAD THIS

LITTLE TALK.

See YES, p.7B

w/today's comic

OOPS, IT

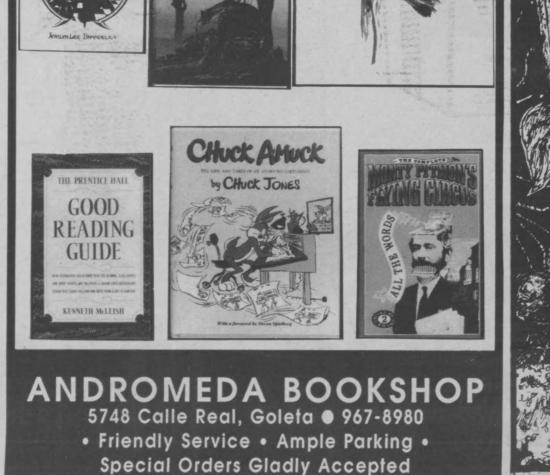
LOOKS LIKE

UP. BETTER

START NODDING

SHE'S WRAPPING

evergreen.



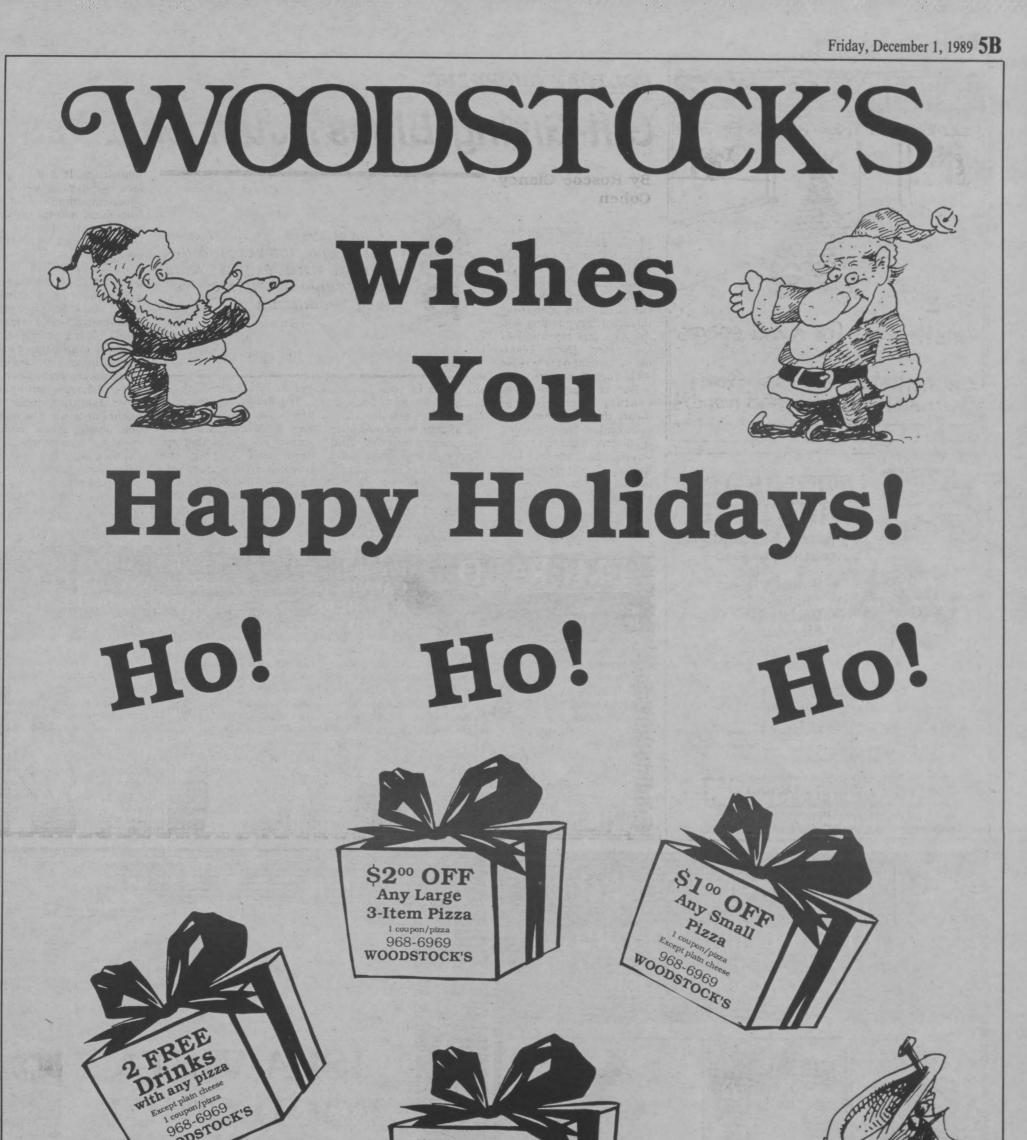
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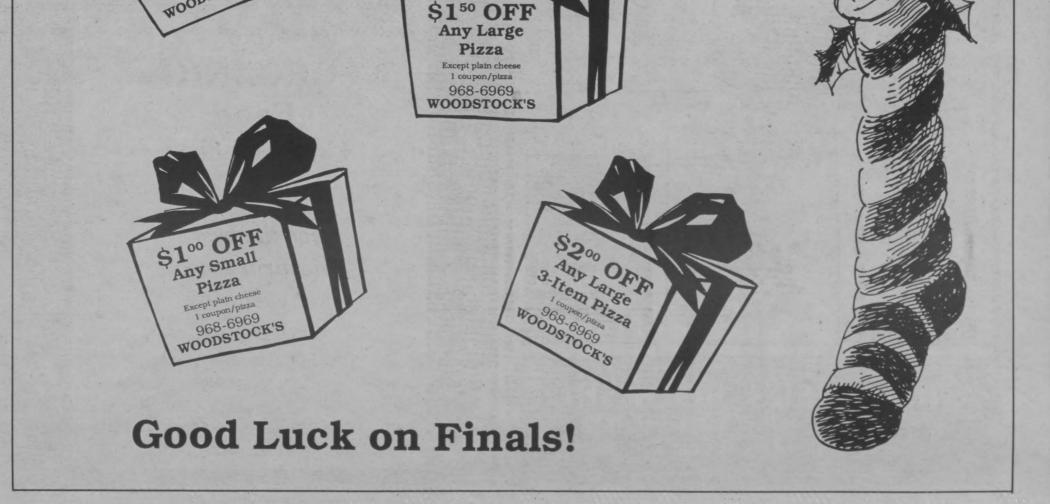
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#### HOLIDAY MUSIC

### **Tunes For Yuletide Jam Sessions**

#### By Jill Weisskopf

We live in a society that can put men and women on the moon, find a way to make turkey taste like ham, salami and bologna, cure most diseases and provide Super-Slo-Mo images of a quarterback having his knee crushed in 18 different angles.

Yet our society can not give a proper gift to a loved one at Christmastime.

The music industry a few years ago thought up a brilliant ad campaign that still rings true as we head into the '90s: "Give the gift of Music." Excellent suggestion.

Several record stores around the Isla Vista-Goleta metro area were secretly investigated by this reporter in search of fine musical gift ideas.

Greg Sinclair, manager of The Compact Disc and Tape Store in Goleta, initially suggested the classic Christmas records, "The Frank Sinatra Christmas," "Phil Spector's Christmas" and "A Motown Christmas." He added that The King was a prolific holiday recording artist.

"Of course Elvis had a couple of Christmas re-cords," Sinclair said.

Of course.

I was not interested in the mundane covers of "Jingle Bells," "White Christmas," and "Silent Night" by the standard Christmas crooners like Bing Crosby, Barbara Steisand, and Jim



Give some Jim Nabors Christmas tunes to your landlord.

"Gomer" Nabors, so Sinclair reached into his special bag o' tricks and out came some tunes I'm sure you can "James Brown has a new

record out on Rhino Records," Sinclair said. What? The Godfather of

Soul releasing material from his South Carolina jail cell? And Christmas songs at that?

use.

Sinclair affirmed my astonishment noting that the songs like "Santa Claus Goes Straight To The Ghetto" and "Soulful

16-track album Santa's Got a Brand New Bag was not recently recorded; in fact, it label. was pressed years ago.

Cindy, a promoter at Rhino Records in L.A., agreed with Sinclair, saying that the "new" Brown offering, is a "compilation" of previously released holiday songs by the Godfather.

Other new Rhino albums of note is a compelation by various artists of depressing Christmastime songs called "Bummed Out Christmas."

Christmas" from the Sound-effects god Spike Jones also has a Christmas album out on the Rhino

> Those with alternative ears would probably love to see their stockings stuffed with a compilation off of the Vital Music label entitled We Three Bings. Pick hit is Lilly Braindrop being backed up by female rap stars of the '90s — The Yeastie Girlz, who rap a very feminist version of "Jingle Balls". Available at the Sound Factory on State.





Friday, December 1, 1989 7B

### S.B.'s 'Yes' Smorgasbord

Continued from p.4B a vengeance. No need to hunt through scalding deserts or scary caves for the real thing, when you can enjoy the same type of artistic mega-experience, consist-ing primarily of colorful stick figures delicately painted on genuine "Mon-terey shale," suitable for wrapping and sticking under the tree.

Remember the excitement of the Broadway show Beatlemania? Well, for your money, Stump offers not actual Indian art, but an incredible simulation - better than the real thing, of course, because it's less unsavory. Finally, a place to go to shop for that Anthropology professor on your Christmas list!

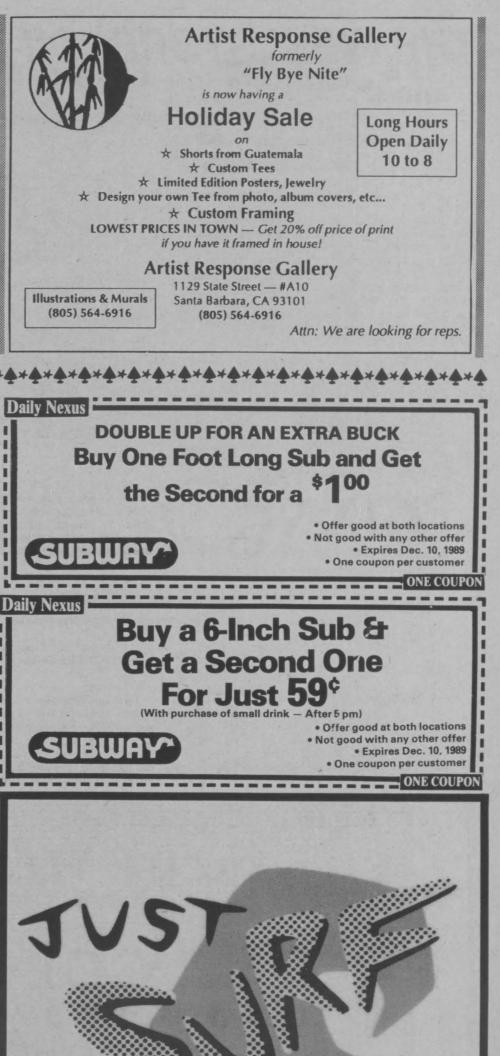
For those of us willing to get a little further from the Native American ideal of complete harmony with na-

For those who'd prefer their carcasses underfoot, don't miss the exciting, "not simply footwear but wearable art for your feet" of Robbyn Garden.

ture, the Yes Store offers the gamut of leather goods which just scream "perish social correctness." That's right: People seeking out furry, warm mammals to kill and skin for artistic pur-poses, as well they should because especially this time of year, nothing says love more than natural animal skin as clothing. "My boots?" you might say. "Oh, they were made from supple

See YES, p.8B





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#### 8B Friday, December 1, 1989

### THE 'YES' STORE: Off-Beat Holiday Gift Ideas

#### Continued from p.7B

goat skin. You know, a goat wear but wearable art for into the cradle of baby Jesus in that nativity scene on our front lawn.'

goods? Yes, yes, yes! At the they're art. C'mon, if they Yes Store, there's leather aplenty. If you're not too persnickety about function-Store. Look for them soon ality, there are no less than at an art museum near you, two displays chock full of because these leather love-leather fanny packs, perfect lies are as functional and for wearing on trendy bicy- statuesque as Corinthian cle trips through rain, sleet, columns. and snow. And for those New A

-

just like the one peering your feet" of Robbyn Garden. Her line of "Footlites" that nativity scene on our ont lawn." may initially appear to be expensive, lace-up mocca-sins, but don't be fooled —

New Age fetishists will rewho'd prefer their carcasses spond affirmatively to Janet underfoot, don't miss the "Planet" Resnik's offering exciting, "not simply foot- of eleven-dollar, two-inch-



PAOLO DELEON/Daily Nexus

wide "Planet Bags" — little shipping or losing under knitted sacks with tiny crys- sofa cushions in five tals inside, suitable for wor- months. If you've been hungering for the right crystal, or if you've got a crystal but just don't know what to carry it around in, or if you feel as if you *need* a crystal but feel too embarassed to carry it openly, well, you've

finally found your salvation. Sculpture? Yes, yes, yes, we got sculpture! From the biggest-ticket item on display (Larry L. Connolly's \$4,000 "Dancing Bears," an imposing, six-foot tall sculpture certainly inspired by Mikhail Gorbachev's perestroika), to the vitally educational (John Iwerks' "Drumosaurus," a tom-tom

drum embedded into the back of — you guessed it, art fans - a stegasaurus), to the inedibly sublime (Dyna Kuehnle's solid bronze asparagus sculptures, part of a collection called "Stuff and Things" — that's right, not only Stuff, but Things as well), sculpture is certainly a mainstay of the artwork at the Yes Štore. So if you're a scoffer, a

doubter, or a modern-day Scrooge, there's a sure cure. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. And he's alive at the Yes Store.



# HOLIDAY FICTION

Continued from p.3B with Nick. But there were lots of other nights later. The night we got loaded at Koyannisquatsi and Nick ran out in big fright through the back exit and ended up in the kitchen of the Chinese restaurant next door. We laughed forever about that one, me and Terrance, the image of short and frenzied Nick shrooming and panicked in Tzu Shen's Banquet Hall with truly pissed off Cantonese chefs wielding great butcher knives as he scurries to and fro never failed to crack us up. It seemed a little sadistic of us in afterthought, now that Nick was insane.

Nick had been gradually failing in the normal way fading out of high school, talking up a storm and doing nothing, just generally flailing - when he took a sudden precipitous fall and started talking about seeing out the back of his head, claiming he could see the past and the future. He shaved his head to give himself a better view. The last time I had seen Nick was on Telegraph with a crowd around him. He was talking about "geo-politics," had only one shoe on and every-

body was laughing. While I had been at college, Nick had done various things. Lived on a kibbutz. Tried to reconnect with his father in London. Lost sixty pounds in India. He had become so violently antisocial — always saying the most offensive thing at just the wrong moment with just the wrong discordant tone — that even Terrance, his closest friend, eventually had to quit seeing him. It looked like he would just fade out of our lives, despite our varying levels of guilt for somehow letting him slide into madness.

But yesterday Nick's mom had called me. She hadn't seen Nick for three months and wanted help. O.k. I said, like she had asked me to bring onion dip for a Christmas party, I'll see what I can do.

I found him in the park. The guy sitting next to him moved on at my approach. The guy's thinking, maybe he's a cop, maybe he's not. Nick looks up as I sit down and says "Hi, Brian," as if I'd just sat next to him at lunch on the steps of Berkeley High's building C.

He's not on drugs, that's pretty obvious. Nick never could get the hang of addiction. "You know," he earnestly enthused one day, "I want to start smoking *a lot* of pot." Like everything else Nick said, it was an empty promise.

Nick just started talking. He was always good at that.

"So. Whattaya doing, man. Right. College. Christmas. Christmas is such a drag. Everbody down there on the avenue, shopping for their crystals, give a crystal to Aunt Emma and she gives you a bad striped shirt with a collar and two useless buttons. But wow, I'd go for some of that corn right now. A fire. The big pile of gifts under the tree. All the relatives and bad egg nog drinks. I'd take it over this piece of crap park though. Anyday."

"But Nick. What are you

There he is, sitting on the couch with a silly grin. Not an entirely normal grin, but a good one for Nick. Well all-goddamnright.

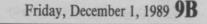
talking about. You're Jewish."

"Yeah, but we did the whole thing, all draped with a little Chanukkah propaganda to cover up our capitulation. My mom would always give me one of those house-safe, soft frisbees with the Hebrew letters on it. Always some other gift, but then a frisbee also, to make it look like more."

I told him to go home and check it out. He said he'd see what he could do. "But...you know how it is. Well, maybe you don't. Its lame."

Now I was here on his porch trying to get up the nerve to knock. I hope he's home. Its Christmas day and I dread walking in and finding Nick's tiny mom sitting alone at that formica table with the silly partridges painted all over it. Ok. Knock.

And there he is, sitting on the couch with a silly grin. Not an entirely normal grin, but a good one for Nick. Well all-goddamn-right.





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The UCSB Faculty Women's Club is awarding scholarships of up to \$1,000 to full-time sophomores and juniors who are planning to be enrolled in 1991-92.



Applicants are asked to have a minimum grade point average of 3.5, although considerations may be given to students operating under exceptional circumstances. Applications should include a brief, one-page statement signed by the applicant including reasons for wanting the scholarship, goals, plans for studies, and outside activities and interests.

Students are also urged to include their present GPA through Fall Quarter and their current college address and telephone number.

Application letters must be postmarked no later than Feb. 4 and should be sent to:

> FWC Scholarships 755 Mission Canyon, Santa Barbara, CA 93105



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#### **10B** Friday, December 1, 1989

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## The Truth Behind Those Funky Tinseled Trees

#### By Matt Curplew

The story of how evergreen trees became associated with Christmas is a tale smacking of ambiguity and intrigue.

Just listen to what Collier's Encyclopedia has to say about the matter:

Expires

Jan. 31, 1989

ming and lighting a Christmas tree probably had its origin in the medieval German mystery plays, when a tree, the Paradeisbaum (tree of Paradise) was used to symbolize the garden of Eden." See what I mean? Not

"The custom of trim-

only is the encyclopedia unsure of itself, but it cites mystery plays as the origin of Christmas trees!

Call me crazy, but I don't think that there are enough genuine German mystery plays going on to provide trees for everyone these days! (Tee Hee!)

I think that they are just grown, cut down, and sold to an unsuspecting public.

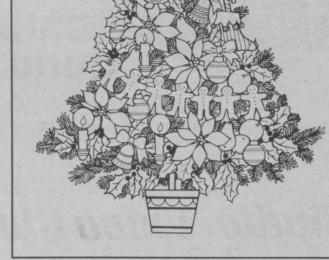
In fact, I have proof. Just Wednesday, I drove eight miles North of Goleta to a grove of Monterey Pines that looked suspiciously like Christmas trees for sale. People chose the one's they liked best, cut 'em down, and forked up some greenbacks to a guy in a booth. Twenty-one bucks for a four-foot pine on up to \$45 for a six foot Noble Fir. Coincidence? You make the call.

I don't think they were growin' 20,000 livin' logs for fun. Do you?

Next, I went to Lucky's, where they sold little baby trees openly, over the counter. Teensy weensy fir trees, from \$3.64 to 11 buckskies.

Were these Christmas "bushes" ever in mystery plays? I don't think so.

"The use of evergreens to decorate homes at Christmas time has an unmistakable pre-Christian origin." Collier's again. That



Symbolic trees or merely dumb bushes? Don't ask Collier's Encyclopedia.

book's cynical to the bone! It says during the celebraton of the Roman Saturnalis, evergreens were used for decorations! Go figure. And others contend that the Xmas greenery has its beginnings in pagan tree worship rituals in ancient Rome and Egypt.

My own hypothesis is that Christmas tree purchasing began shortly after the peppy tune "Oh Christmas Tree" was composed.

Whatever the origin, I tell you this: Whether you go out and buy a tree 'cause they smell nice or your pa-rents did it or you were simply overwhelmed with Christmas spirit, here's a few things to keep in mind:

•A fresh cut tree will stay green longer than a pre-cut tree, and an artificial tree will last longer than either of 'em.

•Put the tree in a bucketstand that holds water, because a tree can drink a gallon every two days, and it will stay green longer if it does. Plus, throw a little sugar in the water. It helps, too.

•The closer it gets to Christmas, like the day be-fore, the cheaper the tree will cost. The day after, people will virtually pay you to take them away.

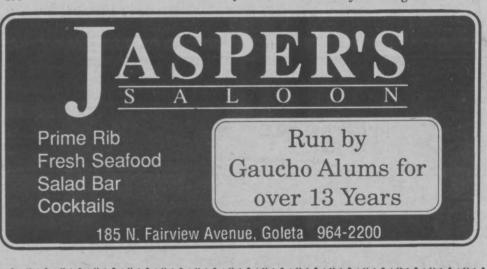
•Anything can constitute a tree decoration, from a string of popcorn, a candy cane, or dirty laundry. Be creative. Remember, there's no definitive origin of the tree. Maybe it doesn't symbolize anything, maybe it's more trouble than it's worth. Why not use it to make a political statement about the greenhouse effect or something! Or put in an unorthodox place, or hang it upside-down! I mean, what the heck!

Have fun with it while you can, 'cause the Christmas season only lasts two brief months, and then you gotta gear up for Valentine's day. Awwright!!



Not good

w/other offers



Don't you think?





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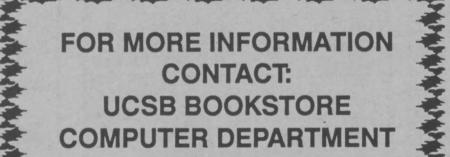
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