

# PORTAL Magazine

a biweekly publication of the daily nexus

by DR. HURTING W.A.  
TOMMYGUN  
drawings by  
RALF UNSTEADYHAND

A  
SAVAGE  
JOURNEY  
TO THE  
HEART OF THE  
FRESHMAN EXPERIENCE



Ralf Unsteadyhand

# PORTAL Magazine

**Portal Magazine** is the biweekly feature magazine published by the **Daily Nexus**. Letters, either full of praise or denunciations or money, should be sent to:  
**Portal Magazine**  
**Daily Nexus**  
 P.O. Box 13402  
 Storke Communications Building, UCSB  
 Santa Barbara CA 93106

## This Issue...

3 Over the rainbow: An outsider's view of Vietnam

4 Anacapa Island: where the sea lions and pelicans roam

5 What's the rush? Going Greek for an evening

6 The Freshman Experience: fear and loathing on the Rebyson tour

7 More fear and loathing

8 Oiy vey! Now that's a great bagell!

10 Views

11 One Last Word, The Student Epicure

**Editor:** Karlin J. Lillington

**Staff** Lauren Mills Craig Aram Zerouni, an Armenian Graphic on page five from an engraving done  
 Sue Beaver D.L. Stewart by William Blake (one hell of a poet, too).  
 Mike Ames Monte Schultz Cover by Karlin J. Lillington

## What's a Portal?

If you attended UCSB last year, there is a good chance you are at least vaguely familiar with **Portal Magazine**. **Portal Magazine** is the biweekly feature magazine published by the **Daily Nexus**. We publish the kinds of stories the **Nexus** isn't usually able to run: long, in depth articles on a wide variety of subjects.

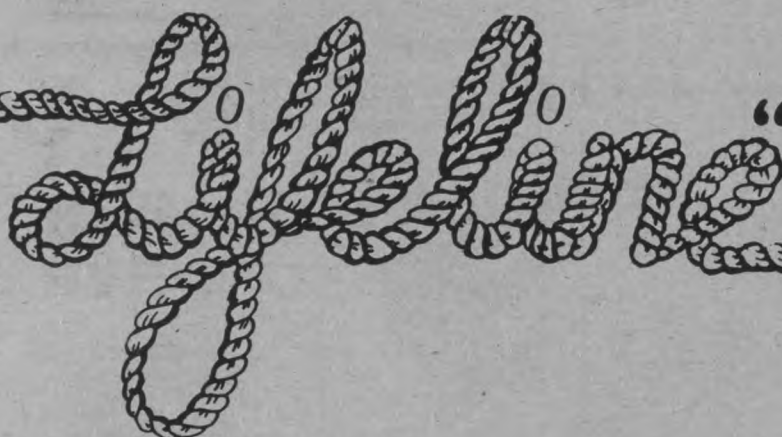
The kinds of stories you will find every two weeks in **Portal Magazine** will be as varied as the number of subjects there are to write about; and of course, the number is unlimited. And because the world doesn't revolve around UCSB and Isla Vista (regardless of popular opinion), **Portal Magazine** writers will sometimes do a story on something or someone or someplace distant.

**Portal Magazine's** purpose is to be an outlet for these more creative stories, and to provide them a complementary setting. Therefore, **Portal Magazine** layouts will be more creative than those normally found in the **Nexus**. To give **Portal Magazine** its own identity, it has been designed in a magazine-like format, with its own body-copy typeface and its own headline typefaces.

Each issue of **Portal Magazine** will have some regular features, also. "Views" is a question and answer column where you can see what your peers think about various topics. "The Student Epicure" is a restaurant review column that will give you an idea of what local restaurants are offering--or should be offering. It was created because most students know of only a few area restaurants which they've heard of only by word of mouth. A student budget doesn't allow for too much culinary exploration, so we're trying to let you know about different places you might want to try. "One Last Word" is an essay column that will feature various writers discussing whatever they feel like discussing.

A "portal" is a doorway; **Portal Magazine** is so-named because we want to be an informational doorway. We hope that the stories you read here will interest you, inform you, make you think, make you happy, make you mad.

We also encourage you to write to us. We hope to start a letters page soon, so we can get your opinions and ideas in print, too. If something on these pages intrigues you, informs you, infuriates you, or disgusts you, write and have your opinions heard. Even if we think they're ridiculous, we promise to publish them. Letters can be sent to **Portal Magazine**, **Daily Nexus**, P.O. Box 13402, Storke Communications Building, UCSB, 93106. Or bring them by the **Nexus** offices under Storke Tower.



"a weekly publication of  
the office of student life"

### Wednesday, October 8

Economics Undergraduates Students Assn.: Film: "Reefer Madness" CH \$2.00  
 Student Hunger Action Group: General Meeting: UCen 2272 5:15 p.m.  
 Draft Counselors: Information and Counseling Buch 1934 2-4 p.m. Free.  
 A.S. Legislative Council: Meeting 6:30 p.m. UCen 2253  
 NOON CONCERT: THE TAN UCen Lawn 12 noon.  
 The Colloquium: Organizational Meeting: SH 1432 7-9 p.m. Free.

### Thursday, October 9

Panhellenic: Film: "Harold and Maude" Chem 1179 6, 8, & 10 p.m. \$1.50  
 Women's Soccer: Indoor Soccer. Newcomers Welcome! RG 2320 8-10 p.m.  
 Capitol Hill Program: Orientation Meeting: Girv 1108 7 p.m.  
 A.S. Program Board: Mini Concert PETER ALSOP UCen II Catalyst 7:30-10:30 p.m. Free.

### announcements etc.

**Get In To The Fold:** Update your Club/Organization for the year 80-81 — Office of Student Life Third Floor UCen Rm. 3145.

**MTD:** Any problems with your bus schedule? Stop in front of the UCen TODAY and let the representative help you.

**CLUB DAY SIGN UP:** All registered clubs and organizations stop by the Office of Student Life and sign up your club for CLUB DAY, Oct. 22 in Storke Plaza. It is a good opportunity to introduce yourselves to the campus community and to attract new members.

**COMING SOON:** Bike Lite Sale (sponsored by CSO's) in front of the Library Oct. 13 through 16, 7 to 9 p.m.

Applications for the use of **Major Campus Facilities** are now available through the Office of Student Life, Third Floor, UCen. These are the applications that are used to request a date in Campbell Hall and Lotte Lehmann Hall for next quarter, so don't miss your chance for a good location for a fund-raiser.

**CORRECTIONS OF ERRORS IN FALL QUARTER CALENDAR** (printed in **Nexus** Sept. 29)

Sept. 29 Financial Aid Deadline printed in error, please disregard.  
 Nov. 10 EARTHWOODS by Dara Sorgman in Women's Center 8 a.m. -5 p.m.  
 Dec. 5 Fee Deadline for Winter '81 included in error please disregard.

### Friday, October 3

Students for Self Awareness: Film: Chem 1179, 6, 7:30, 9, 10:30 \$1.50 students \$2.50 general.

Zen Meditation Group: Santa Rosa Hall: Silent Sitting Meditation 7-8 a.m. TAI CHI practice 8-8:30 a.m. (Daily) For more info. call 968-6653 or 964-2009.

Merhaba Folk Dance Group: Old Gym 7:30 p.m. Everyone Welcome!

MTD: Scheduled information UCen table 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

### Saturday, October 4

Sigma Alpha Epsilon: Film: "10" CH 6, 8:30, & 11 \$2.

Students For Self Awareness: Film: "Devil in Miss Jones" Chem 1179 6, 7:30, 9 & 10:30 p.m. \$1.50 students \$2.50 general.

Alpha Kappa Alpha: Dance: Cafe Interim 9 p.m.-2 a.m. \$2.

A.S. Program Board: Mini Concert: WALTER EGAN UCen Catalyst II 8:30 p.m. \$4.

### Sunday, October 5

Alpha Kappa Alpha: Chartering Luncheon: UCen II Pavilion 12:30-3 p.m. \$8.50.

### Monday, October 6

Korean Students Assn.: Film: "Romeo and Juliet" CH 6:30, 9 & 11:30 p.m. \$1.75.

Zen Meditation Group: Santa Rosa Hall: Silent Sitting Meditation 7-8 a.m. TAI CHI practice 8-8:30 a.m. (Daily)

A.S. Finance Board Meeting: UCen 2292 5:30 p.m.

### Tuesday, October 7

Ice Hockey Club: Open scrimmage. All interested players welcome! Ice Patch 1933 Cliff Dr. 10 p.m. \$4.

Draft Counselors: Drop in draft counseling Buch 1934 7-9 p.m.

People Against Nuclear Power: General Meeting UCen 2292 4-6 p.m.

Men's Rugby: Organizational Meeting Girv. 1108 6:30 p.m.

Women's Soccer: Indoor Soccer. Newcomers Welcome! RG 2320 8-10 p.m.

Student Health Services: Lecture: "Relationships: The Changing Meaning of Love" by Jane Scheff M.F.C. Therapist SHS Conference Rm. 5:30 p.m. Free.

Zen Meditation Group: Santa Rosa Hall. Silent Sitting Meditation 7-8 a.m. TAI CHI practice 8-8:30 a.m. (Daily)

announcements etc.

# Over the Rainbow:



graphic by Mike Ames

Vietnam. Another dream belonging here. It is hardly less than a lifetime ago, but the name itself still carries the same load of wonder and resentment. It is five years since Saigon fell and the last helicopter made its unceremonious drop from the deck of that carrier in the South China Sea. We sat (do you remember?) in the dimly lit comfort of bars and motel suites, dinner lounges, and the cut-pile carpeted seclusion of our dens and our living rooms (where most of us had been all along) and watched the end on television, and wondered not what would become of Vietnam (we had known the answer to that for years), but rather what would become of us, now that it was over and there was at last going to be a V-

## An Outsider's View of Vietnam

Day party to which we were not invited. And we wondered not what was waiting for us tomorrow — that would be too easy — but what was waiting somewhere off in the long run, out there in the distance, where the shining and fragile rainbows of the day were not so easy to perceive. And for most of us, it has been a long run, even to this point. Things happen in the distance, whether five years or 50, and everyone has a story. We tell each other about the way things happen, and then find ourselves wondering why anything happens at all. Then again, we wonder, are we really so different, have we changed that much since, say, 1965 — before Danang? In 1965, when the 9th Marine Expeditionary Brigade landed at Danang, I was 14. I do not recall where I was or what I was doing that day in March, but I can tell you I knew nothing whatsoever about Southeast Asia. If pressed, I might have been able to say something about pacification and kill-ratios and Reds busy everyday tumbling Democratic dominoes, but those were the early days of my first high school spring and I had another fever on my mind.

Now, it has been 15 years since Danang, 12 since the Embassy and the Lunar New Year Of-

fensive we called Tet, 10 since Cambodia. During those years of our official and unofficial involvement, I turned the pages of *Life* and *Time* and *Newsweek* just like anybody else. I did the reading, and then I sat in the yellow darkness of half-empty theaters watching first *Hearts and Minds* and the *Boys in Company C*, then the *Deer Hunter* and *Apocalypse Now*. I saw *Apocalypse Now* four times and can no longer look at the palms in this town waving slowly in an off-shore breeze without thinking of napalm strikes and treetop-level incineration.

Last May at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, I listened to author Peter Marin tell me about promise and guilt and moral duty, and the need to come home to a real sense of responsibility. I listened again closely when he offered me shame in place of a perverse and false sense of pride. He told me, to be wrong is to be in error, and to be wrong and fail to acknowledge it is to sin morally. And I thought, what do you call it when moral sin is called the proper code of conduct, and every day we choose to conduct our lives as properly as possible? Checking the air-waves, and still running against the wind. And I have been staring at the pictures and listening to these words now for hours, and still I know nothing.

I write this neither to be the resurrector of sour memories nor a catalyst for bad dreams. I write this because of someone I know named Christopher. Joan Didion wrote once of the young Junior Chamber of Commerce facing life in the ambivalent '60s, feeling themselves "not merely shocked but personally betrayed by recent history. It was supposed to have been their time. It was not." Well, the Jaycees were not the only group waking one sunny morning to discover they had lost a decade. There were others, and they were everywhere. When I was an undergraduate in

turn to page nine

by Monte Schultz

**Need help?  
Call us.  
Want to help?  
Call us.**

**Red Cross**

**HAIR CASTLE**

- Redkin Products
- Current Styling (Men & Women)
- Personal Care
- Evenings by Appointment

3347 State Street, S.B.  
687-7311 • Mon-Sat 9-5



**CAMPUS HEADQUARTERS**  
**DANSKIN**

**Complete Selections  
Leotards & Tights**

Swimwear	Casualwear (Jeans)
Gymnastics	Exercise
Eveningwear	Dancewear

Also Blouses, Skirts  
and Other Accessories  
to Complement Your DANSKIN

**The PURPLE MUSHROOM**  
900 Embarcadero del Mar, Isla Vista  
Open Mon-Fri, 10-6 • Sat 10-5 • Sun 12-4

**El Presidente**  
MEXICAN FOOD

**SPECIAL OFFER!**

Present this ad and we will give you—absolutely free—a plate of our delicious **Nachitos** (corn chips covered with melted cheese and ranchera sauce, garnished with sour cream and guacamole) or **Quesadillas** or **Chile Con Queso**.

**SUNDAY BRUNCH**  
with Complimentary Champagne  
**\$4.95**

**Luncheon Special . . . \$2.85**  
A very special meal  
served Monday thru Friday 11:30 am to 3 pm  
Serving dinner till 10:00 pm Sunday thru Thursday  
11:00 pm Friday & Saturday  
Your host,  
**ALDO VEGA**  
2921 DE LA VINA • 682-6653 or 682-6654

For your convenience, we honor Master Charge, BankAmericard and Visa

A.S. Program Board & Clearwater proudly present

**WALTER EGAN**

and special guest  
**Danny Johnson & The Bandits**  
Sat., Oct. 4 • 8:30 pm  
UCen II — Catalyst

TICKETS \$4 — available at:  
A.S. Box Office,  
Morningglory, Turning Point  
& Ticket Bureau

**BOB'S IMPORT AUTO SERVICE**

335 N. Milpas Street  
(corner of Milpas & Gutierrez)

**COMPLETE SERVICE AND REPAIRS  
SPECIALIZING IN V.W.,  
Porsche and Audi Repairs**

**10% DISCOUNT**  
On parts to students with I.D.  
good thru month of November

Bob Brierton, Owner  
formerly of a bug shop in I.V.

962-8669 Open M-F 7:30-6:00 pm  
Open Sat 8:00-12:00 pm

# Anacapa Island: Where the sea lions and the pelicans play

by Karlin J. Lillington

A light salty spray carrying the sharp smell of the ocean blew over the bow of our ship, the "Sunfish." Almost invisible, the spray rode on a biting cold wind caused by the ship's movement, and we shivered through several layers of clothing donned for the trip.

We were looking over the side, talking with an occasional crew member and watching the swirling, momentary agitations of surface water caused by sharks, when there was a sudden slow flash of white beneath

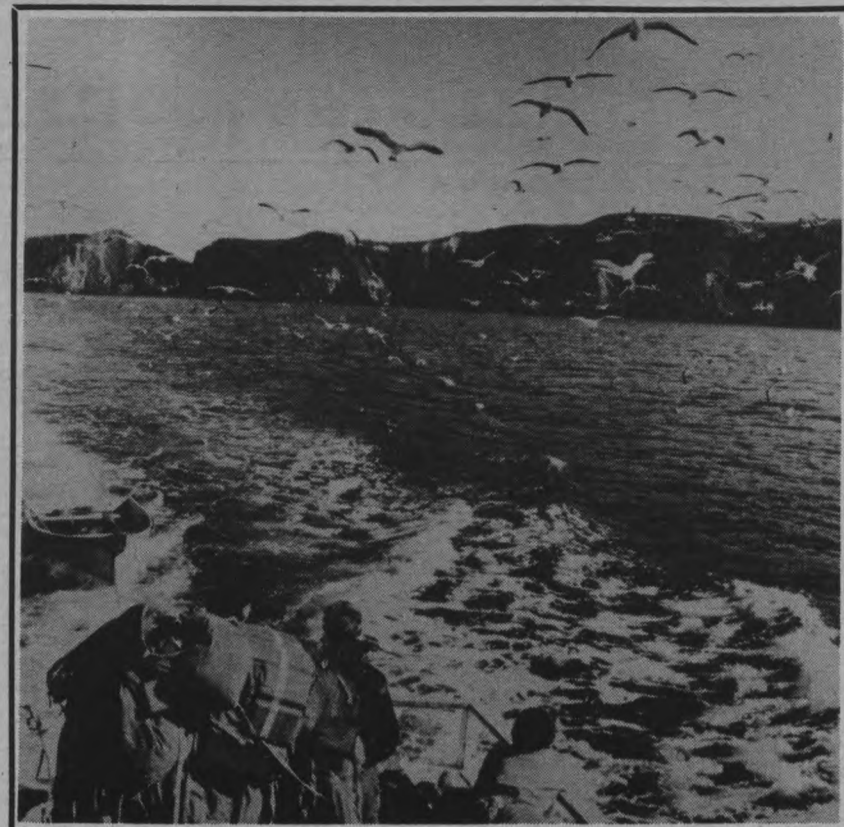
the ship, 25 or 30 feet down. Then, there was nothing but the smooth, opaque grayness of the ocean surface, mimicking the overcast sky.

We watched and waited. Again, a white figure flashed by four fathoms down. This time we could see what it was: an enormous bat ray gliding silently and gracefully in search of a planktonic meal. There was another; then moments later, two together, slowly flapping by, strange and birdlike in the delicacy of their movement. For the next half a mile or so we watched the white giants slip softly by under the hull of our vessel. They seemed curiously immune to our presence, but

we revelled in theirs.

There is something inexplicably moving and marvelous about observing an animal in its own habitat, as any backpacker or hiker can attest. Marine animals possess a special attraction, perhaps because of the inaccessibility of their environment to us. Unless one scuba dives or owns a boat, one is limited to viewing sealife only in the sterile context of the classroom or Marine World. Whalewatching and hiking through tidepools are more satisfying, but there is still that element of distance or the encroachment of other humans. So when the opportunity arose for myself and a companion to take a ship out to the Channel Islands, I seized it. I had always figured I would visit the islands once before I graduated, probably on a dive boat, since island diving is legendary for its uniqueness, and since my scuba gear has remained in my closet for most of my UCSB tenure because of poor coastal underwater visibility.

I don't know if I ever would have considered taking a day trip to one of the islands, though; especially Anacapa, which is tiny (about a square mile of land) and generally not as well known as its neighbors. A free trip was another matter entirely, however. When I received an invitation from Island Packers, a small company that operates out of Ventura, to go along on a press trip to Anacapa, it only took me the amount of time necessary to locate a gullible friend's car to make my decision.



A 21-seagull salute on the way home.

Armed with packets of little yellow Dramamine pills and several layers of clothing, I arrived at the Island Packers dock expecting to find a stuffy, older crew who would ignore us throughout the trip because we were only the college press. I also expected a number of rules and regulations and stern instructions to remain seated throughout the 90 minute voyage to Anacapa.

Instead, we were embraced as celebrities of a sort, for it turned out that three crew members were recent UCSB graduates. The only rules were

to try to unload your breakfast over the side if you felt under the weather, and to not sit on the railings unless you wanted to become breakfast for some deep sea denizen.

Although the day was overcast, the trip out was incredible: we were the delighted observers of bat rays, sharks, brown pelicans, curious sea lions, a distant school of leaping dolphins, cormorants, and of course, the ever-present sea gull. A crew member told us that on an earlier trip that week they had seen pilot whales and had been accompanied by

dolphins for a distance.

I found myself especially overwhelmed by the majestic bat rays. It was seeing them in their own environment, free of the confines of a large tank, that was so startling and wonderful. Watching such creatures on television or the movie screen lends them a measure of unreality; seeing them glide past at such close range miles from shore was a reminder of the fertility of the ocean, so vast yet so filled with life.

Our arrival at Anacapa was sudden and unheralded; it was just there, rising out of the fog far more majestically than one would believe possible for such a small island. Anacapa is the remnant of an ancient volcano and rises steeply out of the ocean, presenting forboding cliffs 200 feet high. As we anchored in a small cove the sun broke intermittently through the clouds. Gazing over the side of our small boat, we could see 70 feet straight down through crystal clear water. We watched lively garibaldi, bright orange fish, swim among tall kelp fronds. It was idyllic.

When Island Packers takes a group out to the islands, they land either at this horseshoe-shaped cove, or at the western end of the island (actually, Anacapa is composed of three small islands strung out like rocky beads). If the group disembarks at the cove, the day comprises a hike around the island, which includes a house that rangers stay in (Anacapa is part of Channel Islands National Park, the nation's newest national park), a small museum, and a short trail.

The main island also has a small campground, on which they will allow a maximum of 30 people. Usually there isn't anybody staying there, says one ranger, which makes Anacapa an ideal and accessible spot to go when one has to escape civilization (or classes). Island Packers will take campers out to the islands and pick them up on a return trip up to a week later, but reservations have to be made in advance, and

turn to page five

**Peer Sports  
Medicine Clinic**  
*Mandatory  
organizational meeting  
for all interested volunteers.*  
**FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3 • 3 pm**  
**Conference Room SHS**



**COMING SOON**

'TURBO' your appetite with our delicious homestyle Chinese gourmet food. Indoor with T.V. entertainment, out in our sunny patio, or take it to dine with your loved ones.

Breakfast • Lunch • Dinner

**HAPPY VILLAGE  
KITCHEN**

*Chinese Fast Food Restaurant*

336 N. MILPAS STREET • SANTA BARBARA  
966-2209



A pelican's-eye view of tiny Anacapa Island.

Looking



They'll all see  
your ad in the  
DAILY NEXUS  
CLASSIFIEDS  
Beneath Storke Tower  
Rm. 1041

**IT'S ALMOST THE END  
OF THE FIRST WEEK AND  
THINGS ARE LOOKING UP.**

**WILL YOU REMEMBER TODAY  
IN TWO YEARS? FIVE YEARS?  
OR EVEN TEN YEARS?**

**La Cumbre 1981**  
UCSB'S ONLY YEARBOOK.

**SENIORS, DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE TO BE  
PICTURED IN LA CUMBRE 1981. THE  
PHOTOMOBILE WILL BE IN FRONT OF THE UCEN  
OCT. 6:17 FOR YOUR FREE PORTRAIT SITTING.**

"be the  
life of  
the Party"



clothing  
CO.  
6551 TRIGO  
ISLA VISTA

NOSTALGIC  
FASHIONS  
&  
FUNK

YELLOW  
STONE

# What's the rush?

## Going Greek for an evening



by D.L. Stewart

Marty was tapping on my shoulder, telling me we should leave, and I had to agree with him. The party was definitely dead. As we walked to the door, I asked him, "Where to?"

Smiling as if it were the only answer he said, "Fraternity rush."

The Frats? You mean kegs of beer and toga parties? The word conjured up visions of Animal House and total insanity.

It didn't take me long. "Hell, why not. Let's go."

We hustled over to Kappa Beta Phi or Gamma Kappa Kappa or whatever, it's all Greek to me, and as I stepped into line at the door I couldn't help wondering if these people knew what the ancient Greeks were *really* like.

We passed down an assembly line where we were asked for names and places of residence. When I said the Forum the guy writing didn't even crack a smile. I consoled myself with the fact that he was probably a business major who didn't even know there was a forum besides the one in L.A.. The only time he did smile was when I gave him my home town, Berkeley, as if that explained why a guy like me was standing in line to rush his fraternity, cracking

stupid jokes. To tell the truth, I was beginning to wonder myself.

I looked at Marty who was busy sticking on his name tag and telling some joke about how no one ever knew his home town, Hidden Hills, because it was so well hidden. When the guy laughed at that, any illusions I'd had about an Animal House good time disappeared into the night. I even considered running away screaming, "You'll never take me alive," but thought better of it, stuck on my name tag and followed Marty inside.

The first thing I noticed, besides the fact that no one was wearing togas, was the atmosphere. It reminded me a little bit of an old speak-easy — no, this was more wholesome — like a country club for young, white America or something, filled with the bank presidents and corporate executives of the future. And you know what? No one was ugly! I don't mean they were all Redfords or Tiegs. But you know, no noticeable scars or birthmarks. Except for some of the "would be pledges" who, if my guess was right, would never be accepted unless their acne cleared up. The only other way to tell who was in and who wasn't (besides looks) was name tags. Everyone who was rushing had skinny little tags while the guys who were in had larger tags with elaborate logos on them.

I made a beeline for the beer, just to get something familiar in my hand, but was intercepted by one of the elaborate tags stuck in the middle of a Lacoste sport shirt. The guy inside the shirt shook my hand and introduced me to his sisters, two attractive girls who seemed to

gravitate around him like planets around the sun. It didn't take me long to realize that they weren't really his little sisters. The first clue was when he kissed the small brunette. Little sisters, it seems, are women who have the privilege of helping out around the place. Helping out on this particular night turned out to mean serving beer and attracting new blood into the fraternity.

The Lacoste shirt moved off, leaving his little sisters with me. They didn't waste much time. The brunette headed off to pour me a beer while the second, a short-haired red head, started her pitch.

"Are you serious?" she asked through thick lashes.

Putting aside my first impulse, I leaned closer. "Serious about what?"

That didn't stop her for one second. Through a huge, wet smile she said, "Greek life. You know, joining the fraternity."

I was almost considering how it might feel to have a little sister like her, when I was saved by the brunette with my beer. I took a great big swallow, and then another.



Feeling more like myself, I took a breath, and looked her right in the eyes. "I don't know that much about Greek life," I said. "Why don't you tell me about it."

Well, I must admit I missed most of what she said, except the parts about partying and developing her social life and new relationships. It was partly because her smile was just large enough to be distracting and partly because I kept having flash backs to a Berkeley street corner where I had had a similar conversation with a moonie recruiting for the Reverend Moon. By the time she finished, I had put aside any thoughts of incest and was looking around anxiously for Marty.

I found him in a similar situation in the corner of the room, loving every minute of it. But I convinced him that the beer was running out and he agreed that it was time to go. As we moved toward the door and freedom, two male name tags with neon smiles thanked us for rushing and told us we'd be hearing from them if they were considering us as pledges (don't call us, we'll call you). During one instant of sheer terror I thought they might actually consider me, that they had me trapped. But after a moment I was able to laugh and thank them for an enjoyable evening (which it really had been). It's not often that one finds the opportunity to explore a subculture from the inside out.

Smiling, I followed Marty out into the Isla Vista night.

"How about a six-pack?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, "Why not?" I wondered to myself how Marty would feel if he knew that I'd given them his address instead of mine. And, as for fraternity life, at the risk of sounding cliché, it's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.

# Island

from page four

campers have to bring their own water since the island has none.

The other landing spot is known as Frenchy's Cove (after a hermit who lived there years ago). Here, it is possible to go ashore on a beach of fine black volcanic sand. Crewmembers take the group to a select group of tide pools, teeming with marine life. Such tidepools are nearly impossible to find on the California coast because they have been stripped by visiting humans; here, they lay in pristine beauty, filled with abalone, sea urchins, crabs, anemones, fish, snails, even a baby octopus.

One of the most cheerful sights on Anacapa, however, is the enormous brown pelican, so awkward and clowish on land, so graceful and breathtaking in flight. At one point they were nearly wiped out by DDT; now, they are proliferating, and one is always in sight wherever one goes on Anacapa.

Our return from Anacapa was as enjoyable as the ride out. When we pulled into the harbor at Ventura, I knew this was a trip that I would make again, hopefully with a sleeping bag for a weekend sojourn. Island Packers makes trips fairly regularly, and the cost is a ridiculously low \$18.

If you have the chance, take a trip sometime soon. Or make the time to go-it is a rewarding experience, and the beauty of the ocean and island are very special.

Island Packers Co. can be reached at (805)642-1393.

• CLASSES!  
• SEMINARS!  
• FACTORY DEMOS!

# RUSS' CAMERA PRESENTS

REGISTER FOR VALUABLE PRIZES  
Nothing to buy you need not be present to win

• MULTI-MEDIA PRESENTATIONS  
• LIST OF PRIZES AT DOOR

## Our Annual Photo Fair & International Trade Show!!

SHOW HOURS  
Fri. 1-8  
Sat. 9-5:30

• U.S.A. • CANADA • FRANCE • ENGLAND • GERMANY • JAPAN • TAIWAN • SINGAPORE • KOREA • SWEDEN

**PENTAX®**  
**K1000**  
with deluxe split-image rangefinder  
w/ 50mm f2 lens  
**\$144.50**

**The Best Buy in an SLR Camera**

- 35 mm SLR system camera.
- match-needle exposure metering
- full shutter speed range

ALL SYSTEM LENSES REDUCED TOO!

**Vivitar Lens Sale!**

24mm F2.8 \$129.44 70-150 F3.8MF ZOOM \$158.30  
28mm F2.8 \$90.44 75-205 F3.8MF ZOOM 180.92  
28-50 F3.5-4.5 ZOOM \$141.34  
28-85 F2.8-3.8 ZOOM \$214.85  
35-70 F3.5 ZOOM \$141.34

**OLYMPUS om10**

w/50mm F1.8  
**\$219.95**

- Electronic exposure control.
- Fully automatic, aperture-preferred 35mm SLR compact.

ALL SYSTEM LENSES REDUCED TOO!

**Kodak Carousel Projector**

80 Carousel Tray 3 for 10.95 Case Price (10) 32.95  
140 Carousel Tray 3 for 16.95 Case Price (10) 51.95

600H \$102.00 850H \$221.44  
650H \$127.44 Custom 860H-\$245.44  
750H \$151.44 FOR ZOOM LENS  
760H 174.44 Add \$23.00

TRADE SHOW REPRESENTATIVES FROM ALL THE MAJOR MANUFACTURERS WILL BE IN OUR STORE  
FRIDAY & SATURDAY, OCT. 3rd & 4th.

Special Show Prices  
Friday and Saturday Only  
Satisfaction Guaranteed  
Other Specials Not Advertised

113 STATE ST. (Across from J.C. Penney) 962-2922

**THE minolta XG-I**

A LOT OF FEATURES. NOT A LOT OF MONEY.

**\$199.95**  
GREAT VALUE AT (including \$25 rebate)

# Cover Story

# The FRE

by DA HURTING W.A.  
TOMMYGUN  
drawings by  
RALF UNSTEADYHAND

**HITCHCOCK presents ...**

Written by Thornton Wilder  
**SHADOW OF A DOUBT**  
Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright

at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art  
Fri 7:30/Sat & Sun 1:30 & 7:30  
Phone 963-4364 Donation \$1

**BENEFIT PERFORMANCE FOR ASSEMBLYMAN GARY HART**

Woody Allen  
Charlotte Rampling  
Jessica Harper  
Marie-Christine Barrault  
Tony Roberts

*Stardust Memories*

A Jack Rollins-Charles H. Joffe Production  
*"Stardust Memories"*  
Producer Robert Greenhut Written and Directed by Woody Allen  
Executive Producers Jack Rollins-Charles H. Joffe  
Director of Photography Gordon Willis PG United Artists

988-4045 **GRANADA** 1216 State Street

**TONIGHT!! Showtimes 7:30, 9:30**  
Tickets may be purchased at the door  
(Part of tonight's proceeds will benefit the Friends of Assemblyman Gary Hart)

**DRIVE-IN THEATRES**

ALL MOVIES START FRIDAY

964-8877 **Airport DRIVE-IN** Hold on to your seat...  
Hollister and Fairview  
**TERROR TRAIN (R)**  
also: SUSPERIA

964-9400 **TWN DRIVE-IN 1** Marty Feldman  
Memorial Hwy. at Kollaga/Colata  
**In God We Trust (R)**  
also: THE JERK

964-9400 **TWN DRIVE-IN 2** Robert Blake • Dyan Cannon  
Memorial Hwy. at Kollaga/Colata  
**COAST TO COAST (PG)**  
also: THE GAUNTLET

FOR THE GREATEST IN DOUBLE FEATURE FILMS:

**THE MAGIC LANTERN THEATRE**

960 EMBARCADERO DEL NORTE, UPPER LEFT HAND CORNER OF ISLA VISTA

**WEDNESDAY thru SATURDAY**

ACADEMY AWARD WINNER BEST FEATURE DOCUMENTARY  
7:30 **"WALK ABOUT" 9:05**  
THE MAN WHO SKIED DOWN EVEREST (G)

**SUNDAY thru TUESDAY**

Roman Polanski's **THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS**  
OR: Pardon me, But Your Teeth are in My Neck! 7:10

Paramount Pictures Presents **Mia Farrow in Castle Production Rosemary's Baby** 8:45

**THEATRE II - EROTIC FILMS**

You will never see on television

Marlon Brando **Last Tango in Paris**

**INSERTS** starring **RICHARD DREYFUSS**

**MIDNIGHT MADNESS**  
Fri., Oct. 3 & Sat., Oct. 4 ONLY

**KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE**

**My editor and I were standing at the fringe of what was supposed to be a freshman dance at Santa Cruz dorm when the drugs began to take effect.**

I was sitting on my balcony, watching the pelicans through the sights of my .357 Magnum Longshot, a rifle of such deadly accuracy that, had it been around in the '30s, the film *King Kong* would have been a lot shorter, when the phone rang. I raised the nearly-empty bottle of rum to my lips, but the phone rang again. I squinted at it, but it wouldn't be intimidated, and rang a third time. I was tempted to open fire, but I answered it instead.

It was my editor, the whiny weasel. She wanted me to go out, in the guise of a freshman, and find the Freshman Experience. I couldn't believe it. Who cares about freshmen? What kind of story would that be? And the worst part of it was that she wanted to come along, accompany me on my long day's journey into freshmen hell.

I must have been drunk. Or broke. Or likely, both, because I agreed. I popped the top off another can of whipped cream and placed the nozzle under my nose. "Hang on," I told her, inhaling the propellant. "I'll pick up some things and we'll get going." Then I hung up the phone, and lunged for the rum.

I had to pick up a few things first; just some essentials to help me pass as a freshman. I jumped on the Red Schwinn and rode all over Isla Vista, gathering up the things I would need to look the part: tennis shoes, Class of '80 shirts, and a dictionary of inane terms like "really" (said at the end of any declarative statement) and "for sure" (said at any time, for any reason). But mainly, to pull a stunt like

this, I needed to pick up the man-made and natural substances that I would need to numb myself against a certain onslaught of idiocy. I had never done this sort of thing before; often I had been an observer (though I do tend to generate my own action), but never had I been the story, nearly by myself. I shook. I downed a bottle of aspirin. I was ready.

My editor and I had penetrated the first lines of defense against upperclassmen, and were standing at the fringe of what was supposed to be a freshmen dance at Santa Cruz dorm, when the drugs began to take effect.

Only hours before, I had minced a few mushrooms into my salsa at some sleazo disaster of a Mexican restaurant, and they were tearing into my frontal lobes hard and strong. But something had gone wrong — some hormone blew its lines, some bodily function went out for repairs, and the drug went hopelessly haywire. Instead of a pleasant state where nothing matters, everything is wonderful, and my vocabulary disintegrates to "man, I'm zooming," I was wired — hopelessly wired. The adrenal gland was into serious overtime, and my body felt like it was being randomly attacked with a cattle prod.

The spastic energy was dangerously powerful. My brain was screaming "mayday, mayday" but no

emergency systems would function. My eyeballs were straining in their sockets, threatening to break loose like some overbred race horse tethered behind the gate.

"Get me out of here," I rasped at my editor, who was startled by the desperate insanity in my voice. But she tried not to show it.

"As your editor, I advise you to mingle," she said, watching a small, male freshman ass cruise by.

"Mingle!" I shouted, eyeballs straining. "You want me to mingle with these animals? My eyeballs are about to spurt loose, launch themselves skyward until they splatter against some second-story window, where all the precious eye-juices will dry up like a slug on the Great Salt Lake, and you want me to mingle? Look at these vermin. What's the plural of vermin?"

Then I sat back, hyperventilating. I heard my editor mumble something about "getting the story," but I was convinced I was near coma or death at the time. I stared straight ahead.

Ahead of me were a male and a female, dancing. I say dancing, but that is only because I cannot think of a word that means shuffling about, somewhat along the lines of the music, so oblivious to your partner that he/she may as well be in another galaxy.

Did they call this fun? Was this mingling? I couldn't breathe.

The male was hideous — an insect — truly a perversion of the basic human form. He was little and wiry and ugly, and he was exactly the sort of dirt-laden little swine that I could see collapsed, comatose, in a pool of his own vomit at any Grateful Dead show. I wanted to step on him and extinguish his puny little life, but I couldn't move my foot.

"Step on him!" I screamed. "He must be killed. My excrement is more valuable than his life."

My editor backed away, hesitant. She'd seen me like this before, and it was a time like this that I had let my Doberman's loose in her office, where they nearly ripped her to shreds.

My editor backed into a couple that I shouldn't have seen in my condition. They were both overweight, yet she insisted on being seen in public stuffed into a maroon velour sweat suit. I reached for a hand grenade, just to lob under her shelf of a lard ass as a warning to stay out of sight until the world was ready for maroon velour suet, but I had left the weapons with the Red Schwinn.

Her dancing partner was intent on the idea that if he could just look seriously into her eyes, he could mate with her in some violent, fat-ass way. But she kept avoiding his carefully crafted stud gaze, and so they went on into the night, bobbing and weaving in some sort of bizarre sexual ritual. If I had taken his picture, then hunted him down five years from now and shown it to him, he would disembowel himself with a cheese grater.

I tried to move. I had to get away from this mass of freshmen humanity, all intent on screwing each other so that their first letters home would out-juice all their high school friends' wildest college dorm wet-dreams. Why do women put up with this meat market stuff? What possible excuse did any of these little girls have for parading in front of layers of hormone-driven pseudo-studs, when they knew right from the start that sex was out. Was this how they expected to find Mr. Right?



**24 HOURS A DAY**  
for your midnight snacks

**7 ELEVEN**

Hollister in Ellwood & 7390 Calle Real

# FRESHMAN EXPERIENCE: Fear AND LOATHING ON THE REBYSONT TOUR

I was losing my mind. Too much thinking. I had to get away. Two perfect little girls, stuffed into their party best, walked by, strutting the wares they would sell or give away. Christ, they were perfect — hair was in place, the make-up was on, the skin was wrinkle-free. They were too perfect. They needed to be harassed.

forgiveable sin. My editor was right — we had to leave. The band kept playing in a frantic effort to keep the crowd from completely ignoring them and watching me rave instead. I got to my feet. "OK," I shouted, "this party is closed. Go to your rooms. Go home." No one was listening. My editor



ey," I shouted at them. "Is there any part of you doesn't get blow-dried? My editor was on me in a moment. "Come on," he whispered, "we've got to get out of here. We've called out the dogs. We're as good as dead if we don't blaze out of here now." "I don't care! I'll take their stupid animals on. Look at these people. Look at that guy threatening to jump over a three foot brick wall. He's a worthless little man. I must have my weapons." My editor was gone. The adrenalin was making me crazy. I was drawing attention to myself, an un-

and I stumbled out the door, no closer to the freshman experience, but much closer to death. I needed a drink, or maybe 20.

I t was the next day, and I still hadn't slept, yet I was on my way to the Rebysont tent to go on a bike tour of the campus. I wasn't sure how this would work; the Red Schwinn was a noticeable bike, especially with the streaks of vomit my editor had left

Some freshman swine pulled up next to me. "Hey, that's a real neat bike," he blubbered enthusiastically. I couldn't take it. He was a lizard; little scaly legs pumping furiously to keep up with the Red Schwinn.

on it during the rough ride home. Never let an editor ride on your handlebars.

I pulled up to the tent, and right away I knew I was in trouble. The same stupid chattering was going on that I had heard the night before. "Where you from? What's your major? Why'd you come to UCSB?" I quickly chewed up another blotter.

A girl was introducing her roommate to some guy. "This is Denise." Denise's head bobbed up and down in greeting, like the spring-loaded dog's head in the back window of every lowrider Chevy. I nearly lost my breakfast, or would have, if I had had any breakfast.

Our little guide came out and we rode off. I could tell that the Red Schwinn was drawing attention. Some freshman swine pulled up next to me. "Hey, that's a real neat bike," he blubbered enthusiastically. I couldn't take it. He was a lizard; little scaly legs pumping furiously to keep up with the Red Schwinn.

"It's not a 'real neat bike', you scum, and if you talk to me again, I'll have Huttenback burn your transcripts, so you'll have to drop out and go back home and drive a tractor for your daddy until you run away from home at the age of 34 and get shot by some old woman for stealing one of her chickens."

I scared him so bad, he rode into a tree.

turn to page nine



**free ride**

The Classic Surfing Film Returns

TU., OCT. 7  
Magic Lantern 7:30pm  
Advance Tickets at Surf 'n Wear

**BARGAIN MATINEE PRICES!**  
SAT.-SUN. FROM OPEN TO 5PM \$2.50 ADULTS, \$1.50 CHILD 12 & UNDER

966-4045  
**GRANADA**  
1216 State Street  
A WOODY ALLEN FILM! **Stardust Memories**  
PG United Artists

966-9479  
**STATE**  
1217 State Street  
also: THE JERK  
MARTY FELDMAN  
**In God We Trust**  
PG A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

966-9382  
**Arlington Center**  
1717 State Street  
STARTS SATURDAY (PG)  
WINNER OF 6 ACADEMY AWARDS!  
DAVID LEAN'S FILM  
**DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**

965-5792  
**FIESTA 1**  
916 State Street  
Either way, He'll get it in the end!!! (PG)  
ROBERT BLAKE • DYAN CANNAN  
**COAST TO COAST**  
(PG)

965-8792  
**FIESTA 2**  
916 State Street  
IT'S FULL OF LAUGHTER  
Heads it's Willie... tails it's Phil.  
MICHAEL ONTKEAN  
**WILLIE & PHIL**  
MARGOT KIDDER  
20th CENTURY FOX FILMS

965-5792  
**FIESTA 3**  
916 State Street  
Hang on to Your Seats  
**TERROR TRAIN**

965-5792  
**FIESTA 4**  
916 State Street  
Beyond time itself... he will find her.  
CHRISTOPHER REEVE  
JANE SEYMOUR  
**SOMEWHERE IN TIME**  
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE PG

682-4998  
**PLAZA De Oro**  
348 South Hitchcock Way  
ALSO: UP IN SMOKE (R)  
What's slower than a speeding bullet?  
**AIRPLANE**  
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

682-4936  
**PLAZA De Oro**  
348 South Hitchcock Way  
PETER O'TOOLE • STEVE RAILSBACK  
BARBARA HERSHEY in  
**THE STUNT MAN** (R)  
"IF GOD COULD DO THE TRICKS THAT WE CAN DO, HE'D BE A HAPPY MAN!"

967-9447  
**CINEMA #1**  
6050 Hollister Ave.  
WALTER MATTHAU • GLENDA JACKSON  
**HOPSCOTCH**  
THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE WORLD (R)

967-9447  
**CINEMA #2**  
6050 Hollister Ave.  
ALSO: THE LAST WALTZ  
**Fame**  
United Artists

967-0744  
**FAIRVIEW #1**  
251 N. Fairview  
GEORGE BURNS  
**OH, GOD! BOOK II**  
PG

967-0744  
**FAIRVIEW #2**  
251 N. Fairview  
also: THE CHANGLING  
**BORDERLINE**  
PG

**RIVIERA**  
Near Santa Barbara Mission  
Opposite El Encanto Hotel  
965-8188  
SIMPLY MAGNIFICENT  
**My Brilliant Career**  
WINNER OF 51 AUSTRALIAN ACADEMY AWARDS

# Oiy vey! Now that's a great bagel!

by Sue Beaver



A New York businessman is on his lunchbreak. He decides he wants a bagel. So, he walks a few blocks, dodges a few cars, and steps into *Zabars*, New York's finest bakery. At the door, a man whips a blindfold around his eyes, plops him down into a chair and begins the taste test — three *Zabar* bagels from New York against three *New York Bagel Factory* bagels from Santa Barbara.

After stuffing six bagels down the New Yorker admits in a muffled, yet very satisfied tone, that the Santa Barbara bagels are better. A true story, and one that once again indicates that Santa Barbara bagels are the "best in North America," just as their founders, the benShea and Jaffe families expect them to be. And now Isla Vistas no longer have to drive to State Street to grab a bagel; a new store is located in Isla Vista

at 966 Embarcadero del Mar.

The bagels are definitely fantastic, and the benSheas and Jaffes have concocted a bagel "phenomenon," as they would put it. *Playboy* tried to get their story and failed. *Esquire* tried to get their story and failed. *New West* had just as much luck. However, because the owners "all have a long background with the University of California," and because providing bagels for students is for them "a natural extension," UCSB students now have their story as well as their bagels.

Noah benShea, a former professor of philosophy and dean at UCLA, and his wife, a psychologist, their friend of 16 years, Arnie Jaffe, a former lawyer, and his wife, a caterer, moved to Santa Barbara five years ago and decided to put their varied talents together. They wanted to do "something special with (their) lives — something exhilarating." And what could be more personal than serving others "special food with dignity"? As Noah says, "We put what we do in people's bodies and if it's good, people glow." To ensure the glow, the couples ventured around Western Europe digging up the best bread recipes from natural bakeries before opening their State Street



A bagel still would smell as sweet...

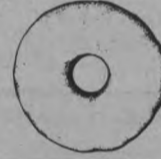
imported from Washington, homemade soup, and a cheesecake the *Santa Barbara News and Review* rated as the cake one would choose "if he were about to die and only had one place to eat." Quality and tradition are the key words as far as production goes.

These efforts are definitely being appreciated; people are raving about Bagel Factory bagels all over California and over the United States. As the owners

also to Cincinnati and Florida. Mothers from Cleveland, who worry about their sons' diets, call to order bagels for them.

But, why have the benSheas and Jaffes been so openly welcomed? And what makes their business different? They truly make an effort to communicate with people and it shows. As they say, most business is just that — business. But, "if you make it more, it comes out in attitude." They put the best into their food, charge a low price, and count on a satisfied, long-term customer as the result. "Our food's alive, we're alive, and we want to hold up our end of the deal." And they are finding that people are responding; their different business angle is workable, not to mention more fulfilling: "We feel good about what we are doing." Their philosophy of business is indeed an experiment in human response.

About the future, they say, "We want to do a good job where we are, in Santa Barbara. We don't want to go big too fast and lose what we have; we don't want to be greedy. Everything we do reflects in our product." And this is evident. Their bagel has become a phenomenon.



## ROMEO and JULIET

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6  
Campbell Hall ☆ \$1.75  
6:30 - 9:00 - 11:30

Starring Oliva Hussey & Leonard Whiting  
FOUR ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS!  
sponsored by KSA

## UNIVERSITY CHURCH presents Good News for SKEPTICS & other SAINTS

Afternoon celebrations on the lawn beginning at 4:30.

Oct. 5 AN UNEXPECTED PARTY  
speaker JIM STANDIFORD

Oct. 12 DIVIDED HIGHWAY ENDS  
speaker CHARLES SIMMONS

Oct. 19 WHO'S STEPPIG ON MY MORALS  
speaker JAMES STEWART

Oct. 26 JOIN THE PARTY  
speaker RICHARD BOLIN

JAZZ TRIO

Community singing

Barbershop quartet

Refreshments

FOLK SONGS

camino del sur and sueno in isla vista

## SANTA BARBARA BALLET THEATRE

The Santa Barbara Ballet Theatre

is pleased to announce that principal dancers from the company will be teaching beginning and intermediate level ballet classes at the company studio, 122 East Arrellaga Street, beginning this month.

For complete information call 965-0121.

P.S.: Don't forget that special student discounts are available to all fulltime, registered UCSB students. A full subscription to all four Friday or Saturday productions costs only \$21.00

Sunday matinee subscriptions are only \$20.

All performances are at the Lobero Theatre.

COPPELIA: October 10, 11 & 12

SLEEPING BEAUTY: December 26, 27 & 29, 30, & 31;

Mat: 28, 31

GISELLE: February 13, 14 & 15

CONTEMPORARY EVENING: March 27, 28 & 29

Individuals such as Dustin Hoffman and Sandy Koufax drive from L.A. to bite into their bagels; the publisher of the *L.A. Times* even orders the bagels for his executive staff meetings.

store a year ago. Their idea was to begin a fast food/gourmet operation, one which served the "best bagel in North America," a bagel made of quality ingredients, rather than "terrible stuff." In their words, they wanted their food "to be better looking, have a better taste, and be a better buy."

So, what did the *New York Bagel Factory* come up with? They serve 20 different kinds of bagels, each a quarter pound in weight. Their doughs weigh nearly three times what "Wonder Bread" type dough weighs; it is made with no preservatives and no sugar. Because of this concern about quality, their bagels, which are made daily in the Santa Barbara factory and brought to Isla Vista, must be sold the day they are made; day-old bagels are unheard of.

The bagels are made as bakers made them 40 years ago: first the dough is boiled to get the smooth skin, then it is baked for approximately 15 minutes at temperatures exceeding 450 degrees. To top it all, the seeds that garnish the hearty bagels are from New Zealand. To accompany the bagels are 10 different kinds of cream cheeses, nitrate-free lox

say, "There is a love affair going on between our product and the people — it's reciprocal. They say, 'thank you,' and we say, 'thank you for appreciating us.'"

Presently, the Factory sells bagels to grocery and health food stores from Santa Barbara to Orange County. Santa Barbara restaurants, such as *Frimples*

and *Teasers*, as well as the ritzy *Bonaventura* hotel in L.A., also buy from the Factory. Individuals such as Sandy Koufax and Dustin Hoffman drive from L.A. to bite into their bagels; the publisher of the *L.A. Times* even orders the bagels for his executive staff meetings. The Factory's own distributor ships bagels not only all over California, but



**"DO YOU NOW, OR HAVE YOU EVER OWNED ANY PIPES, BONGS OR OTHER SMOKING ACCESSORIES?"**

The Prohibition Vanguard Has Been Activated!

Your Freedom of Choice

**"TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE"** may SOON be taken away.

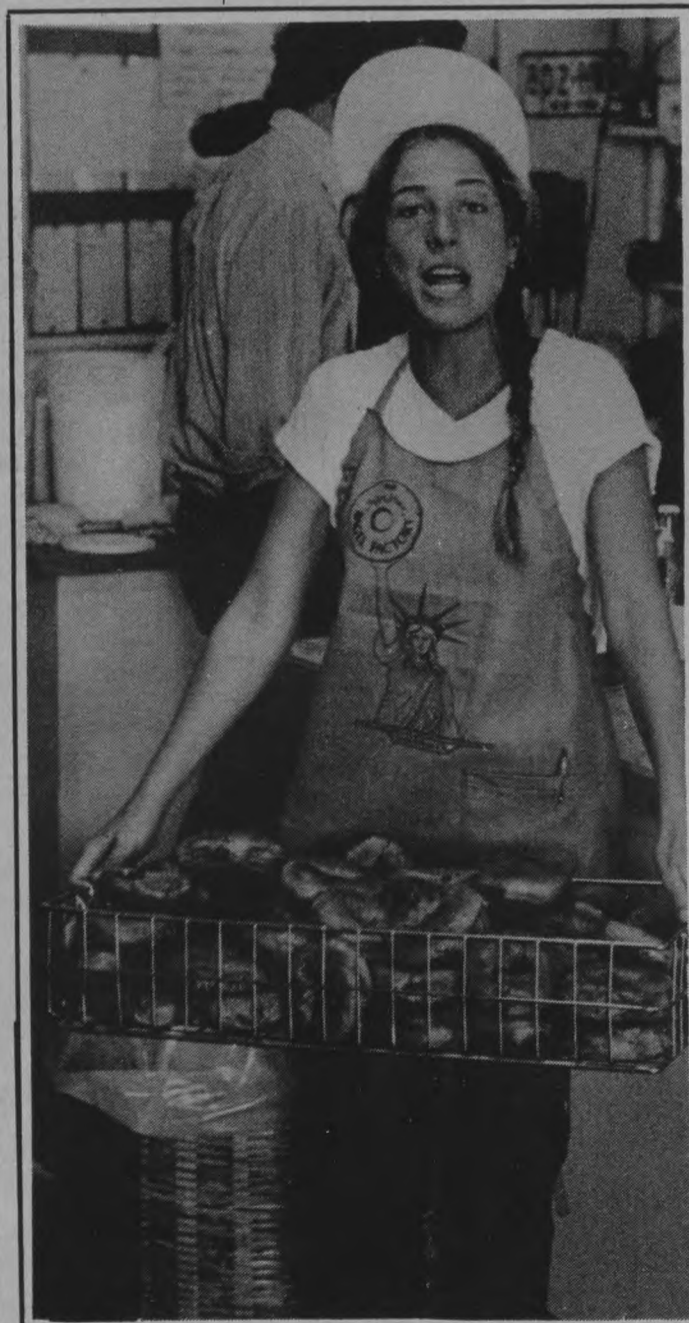
If you believe it is Your Right To Decide,

We encourage you

to sign the petition at:

The Bamboo Brothers Store  
900 Embarcadero del Mar

This petition could help stop the passage of laws prohibiting the sale of smoking accessories.



Judy Zucker of the New York Bagel Factory hard at work with a load of bagels.



# REBYSONT

from page seven

By now, we were at the first stop on the tour: the bus depot by North Hall. I couldn't believe it. Was she actually going to tell us that this was where we catch the bus? "This is where we catch the bus," the little freckled guide told us. I almost choked. I had no editor to lean on, and the acid was doing weird things to my sense of proportion. Suddenly I started screaming.

"My legs aren't touching the ground!"  
I don't know why I said it, but I did. Everyone in our small group looked at me. I had to think fast. "I'm rushing a fraternity," I finally said. They accepted that, and turned away, which

"Look! Oh, how cute! I want one." If ever there was a group of people who deserved a slow, terrible death, it is freshmen girls, with their posters of lions cuddling ducks, or some such cute-ass crap, with some Rod McKuen pseudo-poetry on it to set the proper "I'm so sensitive. Sigh." mood. My secret goal in life is to firebomb every stuffed animal warehouse in the United States.

On we rode, suffering inanity after inanity. "Why is the bikepath green?" asked one fluff-brain. I had to get away. The gun in my pocket was making its presence known, and I was fearful of it rising out and cutting down the whole idiotic crowd before I could stop it. Sweat was beading up on my forehead. We were riding along now, toward the dorms, and I escaped back to the Rebysonst tent, which I flashed by as fast as I could. I heaved a grenade back at it, but missed, upending a small tree instead. I had to call my editor.

"As your editor, I advise you to finish this story. Then maybe you can go to Vegas."

She had me by the balls, and she knew it. I couldn't go back to my apartment — the landlord still hadn't fixed the hot water, and another cold shower would almost certainly mean death. I hadn't slept in three, maybe four days. And every time I took a drug, it seemed to rekindle the one that had gone before it, so that I was constantly under the influence of four or five drugs simultaneously.

There was only one thing to do. I would go out, and I would get the story. I would fool them all! They would think that I had gone west, back to Isla Vista, but I would fake them out, and go east, back to campus, where I would haunt their stupid tours and exhibits and lunches and dances until they screamed for mercy, and I would give them none.

I went back for the kill.

Chips and salsa seemed particularly suited to a meeting with Associated Student leaders, and so I ate more than my fill while sneaking around the back of the A.S. offices, listening to our student leaders giving the snowjob to the freshmen girls. Shit, girls again! Not one male had shown up to find out about student government. What is wrong with the freshman male?

The freshman male is a breed of sub-human vermin allowed to live in some vain hope that he may someday become a useful member of society. Back in Los Angeles, on another story, I had met a man who insisted that there was nothing more stupid in the world than a 19-year-old male, and now I knew he was right. Their pompous strutting and preening and salivating over anything with ovaries was too much to deal with. I shook the thought out of my mind.

The student leader was explaining to the girls that most of the offices have traditionally run unopposed. "Why?" asked the innocent freshman. Before the bag of hypocritical wind could answer, I broke in: "Because student government on this campus is made up of a bunch of egomaniacs who think that they know what is best for everybody, based on the fact that they were able to stay conscious long enough to put their names on the ballot. No one cares what they say or do except them, and if so allowed, they would soon turn UCSB into a dictatorship by committee, much like the Soviet Union. They deserve nothing short of violent death at the hands of a frantic ACLU member."

Everyone was speechless. I sensed that I had overstayed my visit, and edged towards the door. The government representatives were white — whatever else I had done, I had burst right through the evil facade they worked so hard to maintain. I grabbed a handful of chips and made for the Red Schwinn.

I had been on this story for almost a week, and I still had no idea what the Freshman Experience was or where it could be found. I was stumbling through the library, trying to shake the

effects of too much Everclear and not enough food, when I came upon a library tour. As usual, the only ones interested enough to come out and actually go through the thing were freshmen girls. I stifled the urge to puke, and hid in the back of the group.

The woman giving the tour was short, plain, and looked basically like...a librarian. How evil! Here at UCSB, we will not hire a person unless he/she is a living manifestation of the stereotype he/she represents. You cannot be a librarian unless you look like one.

"Hello, I'd like to be a librarian here at UCSB."

"I'm sorry, but you're tall, beautiful, and have the IQ of a watermelon. You're just not the librarian type."

"But I love the Dewey decimal system!"

"I'm sorry, but we can't use you. Besides, we use the Library of Congress system. Goodbye."

I had an idea. I went to the information desk.

**Editor's note: the rest of the tape is too garbled to understand, and Tommygun has refused to have anything to do with it. The following is a transcript of the tape, exactly as it was handed in by Hunting W.A. Tommygun.**

"Can I help you?"

(brutal coughing fits) "Yes, I'm looking for the Freshman Experience, and I can't find it."

"Is it a book?"

"I don't know."

(long pause) "Have you tried looking in the subject card file?"

(coughing) "No"

(sound of chair being pushed aside) "...help you look"

(footsteps, then drawers being pulled) "...experience?...why do you...do you know who wrote?...no, I'm sorry, I don't...(more drawers opening) Mary? This man is looking for the Freshman Experience. Do you know where it is? (a garbled voice answers in the distance) No, I don't think it's a restaurant. Sir, have you tried the Sociology Department?"

(Tommygun's voice) "Is the Experience a department?"

"Well, I don't know, but we have so little to go on."

(Here, there is the sound of shuffling feet and upset voices)

"No, don't...I think this might be...don't pull that...it's the fire...please...freshman..."

(At this point, all voices on the tape are

turn to page ten.

**When not going gonzo, Dr. Hunting W.A. Tommygun is Craig Zerouni; and when not making ink splatters, Ralf Unsteadyhand and the Whiny Weasel is Karlin J. Lillington.**

I can't do this anymore!" I screamed into the telephone at her. "These freshmen are crazy. They have no sense of proportion. Their collective IQ is seven. They think life is one big party, and they're always invited. Please pull me off this one. Let me go to Vegas or somewhere harmless."

The bitch wouldn't give an inch. "You've got to find the Freshman Experience," she said.

"There's no such thing," I whined. "We're dealing with people whose idea of status is to be able to buy beer."

told me that the things I had always feared about fraternities were true.

Onward. She showed us Campbell Hall and vicinity. While we were there, a chipmunk raced across the steps of Campbell, but the group was too intent on learning that there was a coffee shop underneath Cheadle Hall to notice it, much to my relief. I could not have stood a chorus of

just be the one in your class they spare on that long afternoon when they finally go berserk. Looking back at those days now, I think probably I knew less than nothing.

Sometimes the long run turns out not to be so long; the memory flashes do not blur completely; things do not change quickly enough for those of us most acutely requiring those kinds of changes. Christopher was with the 101st Airborne Division. He told me that one afternoon in May when he would tell me nothing else. We were standing in the parking lot of an apartment complex talking and taking his time as though the limitations inherent in lunch-breaks and tomorrows were things invented for other people. It was hot and the sea-breezes were still hours away, but we talked about old Alf and pristine Bugatti's until I brought up Europe and he mentioned his tour and I realized how old this guy was. He knew then that I knew, and he hardly more than whispered the tag-numbers, 101st.

Maybe he felt obliged to do that. I don't know for certain because I never asked and he never explained. I said, "Vietnam." And he said, "You don't want to hear that stuff. There's nothing there, man." He was probably right. I was not certain in that moment I wanted to know what any of it was about. And I could tell

straight away he was something less than inclined to fill me in on the details. Maybe, like talking around the subject of your first sexual encounter to the uninitiated, it is enough to say you were there, and then leave it at that. Maybe then it was because we had talked so easily about cars, or maybe like the man from the VA in Los Angeles had told me a while back, "They all have a story, and somehow they've got to tell it." But I stood there in the sun watching him swaying in front of me trying to decide how much to tell me.

"You know," he said finally, "people back here, they don't know. That's just something else. They don't care." "Yea," I said. "That's probably true." "I don't know that much," he said. "I wasn't there that long. I got out, you know what I mean? I got out early. I was out of there. But you know who you should talk to if you want that stuff? You should see Sugar. Sugar? Wow, man. He was in the 86th — they were there — he's just, like...you look at him, everyone does, and think he's OK, but he's not. I mean he is crazy and only guys who were there can tell, but he is really sick, he's not OK. He knows things though, and he'll tell you, too. Maybe he will. I don't know. Some guys, they won't even talk as much as I have. And they really hate you,

turn to page ten

# Nam

from page three

college, we never had any trouble at all spotting the guys from Vietnam. They were the ones our age pounding up and down the halls in wheelchairs. They were the guys with the beards and the scruffiest jeans who seemed to take all the engineering and creative writing classes.

They were like that or they were like Raincoat Man. There he was every day of the year going to class pumped up in a flannel shirt, a sweater, a windbreaker, and a long army raincoat. It might be 110 degrees in the shade at the student center, but there he was wearing that big, old raincoat.

We never figured it out; we never knew what it meant. But we did know that he just had to be a Vietnam vet, because he was obviously nuts. Everyone felt that way. We knew the stories brought home from the war, the helicopter stories, the fraggings. Sometimes they were difficult to connect up with the people you had known before their tour, but with Raincoat Man and those strangers in the wheelchairs, you just knew they could not have made everything up. Better to smile when you pass these people in the halls, the line went, that way you might

## FREEDOM HAIR DESIGN



Each Cut comes with a FREE Five Week Trim

6 E. Arrellaga Santa Barbara (805) 963-5655  
990 Price St. Pismo Beach, CA (805) 773-4115  
2000 Broad St. San Luis Obispo

### DOORS FANS!!

I need people to go in on Doors t-shirts. Front will be their logo, back will have Lizard King quote. Shirts will be screened and professional. More people equals lower cost! Call Karlin at the Nexus—961-2692, 961-3048 or come by. If I'm gone leave name and number, asap!

## COUPON

FREE soft drink with purchase of Top Sirloin at

\$4.39



expires 10/10/80

INCLUDES: Salad Bar (all you can eat) Baked Potato • Texas Toast

Goleta 6030 Hollister 967-8744

S.B. 3614 State 687-8514



We specialize in a very unique combo of Mexican food & Fresh local seafood  
**HAPPY HOUR**  
Monday thru Friday 3-5 p.m.  
**Free Chips, Salsa & Beandip**  
Heinekin & Miller Lite on tap  
—We cater special events—  
6578-B TRIGO RD. I.V. 685-1211

SUN	MON	TUES	WED-SAT
			1-4 Steve Wood & Sling Shot
5 Ambush	6 Monday Night Football & Ricochet	7 Ambush	8-11 Steve Wood & Sling Shot
12 Ambush	13 Monday Night Football & Ricochet	14 Ambush	15-18 Steve Wood & Sling Shot
19 Ambush	20 Monday Night Football	21 Ambush	22-25 Steve Wood & Sling Shot
26 Ambush	27 Monday Night Football	28 Ambush	29-1 Steve Wood & Sling Shot

clip and save



October Entertainment UCSB's favorite spot!



STEAKS, BURGERS TEXAS FRIES AND FROZEN MARGARITAS  
4223 STATE 964-0561

HAPPY HOUR...M-F 4:30-6:30...COMPLIMENTARY HORS D'OEUVRES

# Nam

from page nine

man. But Sugar knows this stuff. I guess he'll tell you. He was there longer. But don't let anyone tell you they were brave or anything. That's bullshit. That's not true. No one was ever like that. They were all just as chicken shit as you are. Just down there on the ground."

He had his hands in his pockets and he could not stop moving. I suppose I might have said, hey, that's all right buddy; I think I know what you're trying to say. I could have said that, but I didn't. I just stood there trying to take it all in. I asked him how he happened to go. It was a stupid question. He answered it anyway. "They took me," he said. "What did I know about anything? I was in class one day, and out running up and down hills the next. I didn't know what the fuck was going on. They had me and I did what they said, but I didn't know what for. It doesn't matter because I got out early, you know what I mean? But Sugar, you should see him sometime." He stopped and looked away for a long while as though he had completely forgotten what we were talking about. Then he looked down at

his feet and said slowly, "He's not like a friend or anything, but I know him, he was there, he'll tell you things. He'll tell you some good stuff."

It never gets very hot in Santa Barbara. Sometimes you think it's hot, but it always turns out you're just standing in the wrong place. I was not so hot that I felt uncomfortable, but I knew Christopher was. He was sweating badly and squinting in the noon light. He was standing in the wrong place.

We let Vietnam go away then, and we talked for a while about people we knew. He did not tell me about his job or where he lived, but he told me about people he had seen when he wanted to buy one of those little Fiats. They never believed he had the money. He was not mad about it though; he said he just told his friends and they all laughed. He wanted a nice car someday. He wanted to go to Europe and buy a foreign car and bring it home. Maybe he wanted a house of his own, too. He never said that in so many words, but I knew he had dreams just like the rest of us. We all want things; there is nothing wrong with that. He said he had not been to Europe in a long time. I knew what he meant.

"You know what'll happen

when you go to Italy?" I said, "You'll meet some nice little Italian lady who'll help you drive that little Fiat." I thought I might have seen him smile then, but I could not be sure because he was climbing into his van at that moment and the sun had shifted into my eyes. And of course, he was looking down and away from me when he said before leaving, "I'm sort of a loner."

Which says at least as much about us as it does about him. There's nothing there. Well, what can you really expect to be there when you are only 18 years old and you wake up one morning to discover that you have somehow wound up in probably the worst place in the world and the only option left you is to wish you could still believe (if you ever did) that by tapping your muddy heels together three times and saying, "There's no place like home, there's no place like home," you could actually get there? Maybe no more nor less than for anyone finding out that is just not the way things go.

Yesterdays and tomorrows. You have heard it before, so have I. Next time will be the right time. He knows the line; all he wants now is for us to repeat it for him once more with feeling. Next time will be the right time. Because then maybe when there is a next time around, when he is done working in the afternoon and has parked his car for the night, when the sea-swells and the sand and the blue winds coming in off the channel become another smooth memory in another kind of sub-tropical twilight, he can wander in from dinner, California dreaming like the rest of us, and watch it happening just like we do: letting it slide all the way.

# Views

## Do you think the United States should become more involved in the situation between Iran and Iraq?



Sue Sabin, freshman, undeclared

I just don't want us to go to war with them. I think that we should get the hostages out, but I don't think we should go to war. If they didn't have so much oil and if they didn't have so much power over us with the oil, then we might more or less consider going to war. I think oil is a valid reason for going to war, though, because now most of the countries depend on it so much, and now there's more big business, I think, in government.

Jeff Shomer, non-student, Registered Student Association



We strongly believe the United States government should stay out of this situation, and we believe the United States is the major imperialist power in the world. I'm not sure on what side they would intervene at this point; today the United States is somewhat more tied up in Iraq, although historically it's not been all that friendly to Iraq. So, the United States would just be doing it for its own profit; and its own imperialist motives, you know, to question any kind of movement of Iraqi or Irani workers against their own ruling class. We also don't believe that the Iranian ruling class or Khomeini or the Iraqi ruling class is at all progressive; you know, we don't take a side in that war; we believe that working people in both those countries have to rise up and overthrow their oppressors. That's the thing about Spartacists, you know, we're international, we're internationalists.

Glenn McComb, junior, computer science



I don't really know the details, but I think the U.S. should be pragmatic, you know, and should be careful, and shouldn't really get overinvolved. It should take care of its own interests instead of pissing around with all the other countries, and taking care of everybody else. The big corporations are there, but we could probably find other ways of dealing with the situation, short of going to war. Give them what they want; we're a powerful nation, we can give and still take, and still be powerful.

Gretchen Sonnenburg, senior, business economics




I don't know what's going on at all. What is going on? You mean we'd be going over there to stop Iran and Iraq from fighting or does this have anything to do with the hostages or what...

Steve Sellman, engineer, KCSB

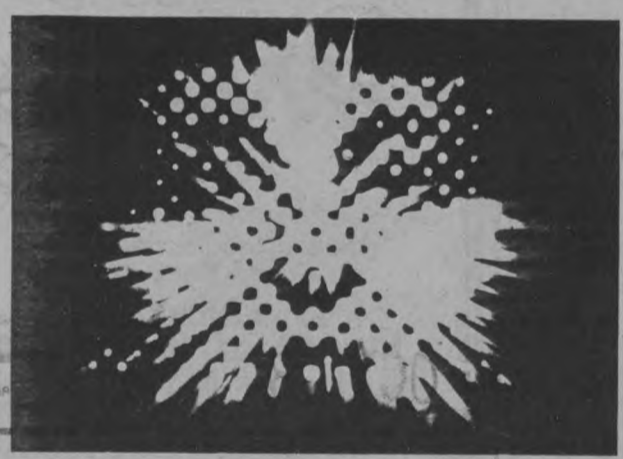


Well it's not do I feel that the U.S. should be involved; the U.S. is involved, that's the bottom line. I don't think I have much say as to whether or not we should be involved. In reality, the economics of the situation and the way our government operates make us involved. My own personal feeling is that we should be involved in trying to help keep peace in the world, but our way of going about our foreign policy is quite contrary to that in this circumstance, so as I say, the real bottom line issue is, yes we are involved.

**Lutheran Campus Ministry**



**HOLY COMMUNION WORSHIP**  
 Sunday, 9:00 a.m.  
 St. Michael's Church  
 Camino Pescadero and Picasso  
 Bruce Wollenberg, Campus Pastor



# COSMIC COALESCENCE

Where does science fiction end and reality begin? It's all in the mind's eye. Be it the creative imagination used to produce Star Wars, The Black Hole, and The Empire Strikes Back, or the more scientific approach of hypothesis testing and experimentation, the distant galaxies of science fiction coalesce into reality with the advanced technology now being developed at a company called TRW.

It was the Defense and Space Systems Group of TRW who made possible the Viking Lander biological experiment which looked for life on Mars and the High Energy Astronomical Observatory which looks for quasars, pulsars and black holes in deep space. Professionals at TRW-DSSG are now involved in such impressive technologies as high

energy lasers, communications systems, plus other future projects still considered science fiction.

A company called TRW will be on campus...

## NOVEMBER 3

to interview graduates in scientific and technical disciplines.

Contact the placement office to schedule your appointment. If unable to meet with us, send your resume to:

College Relations  
 Bldg. R5/B196 UCSB 10/80  
 One Space Park  
 Redondo Beach, CA 90278

A Company Called **TRW**  
 DEFENSE AND SPACE SYSTEMS GROUP  
 ENERGY SYSTEMS GROUP  
 Equal Opportunity Employer M/F/H

# Rebysont

from page nine

drowned out by clanging bells, moving chairs, and a loudspeaker that continuously announces "please evacuate the library immediately." Apparently Tommygun pulled the fire alarm).

I ran out of the library with the rest of the crowd. The little old ladies behind the information desk couldn't help me with the Freshman Experience - how could they, not having been freshmen themselves. I don't know why I pulled the alarm - I guess it was to try to understand the freshman mentality. It didn't help.

But having been on the road for a week now, tracking down the elusive Freshman Experience, I have both good and bad news about the beast they call the freshman. The good news is that they only stay freshmen for nine months, at which point, like some gestating beast, they break into the ranks of the sophomore.

The bad news is that there's a whole new group coming next year.

**DEVIL & MISS JONES**  
**!!!**  
 FRIDAY Oct. 3  
 SATURDAY Oct. 4  
 Chem 1179  
 6 • 7:30  
 9 • 10:30  
 & midnight  
 \$1.50 Students  
 \$2.50 Non-students  
 Rated X  
 Nominated for way less than 7 Oscars!

**NEW WINE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**  
 invites you to **A NEW GAMES FESTIVAL**  
 SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5  
 4-7 pm  
 on St. Michael's lawn, corner of Camino Pescadero and Picasso to begin our weekly gatherings.  
**Spaghetti Dinner will be served**  
 Donations graciously accepted  
**COME AND JOIN THE FUN!!!**  
 NWCF, a community of UCC - Baptists - Episcopalians - The Christian Church (disciples) - Lutherans - Methodists - Presbyterians - and a host of others ...

# One Last Word

## So you think I.V. is boring, eh?

by Craig Zerouni

My quintessential Isla Vista experience occurred last spring. Pedaling home at dusk from a long day on campus, I rode by, as I did every day, the block of apartments butted up against the west side of UCSB, just across from San Rafael. In one of these apartments lived music fans of such ardor that they always taxed their stereo to its decibelic limits — which was great because the music was always well chosen, and was reproduced on a stereo of obvious quality.

Anyway, on this particular evening, the music was again loud and clean and good — but it was unfamiliar. I decided I must know what it was, so that I might buy my own copy. Leaning my bike against the wall, I walked into the apartment, said hihowareyahwhat'sgoingon?, and became involved in a nice conversation about music and stereo equipment and such. Then I left.

The point of the story is this: At no time did I or the occupant of the apartment, whose name I have since forgotten, think that my walking in unannounced

and uninvited was weird or strange or rude. Instead, it was friendly and casual, the sort of thing that just would not happen someplace else. It was I.V.

Which leads to this: Inevitably, with the start of school will come the whining voices of those people, mostly freshmen, who discover to their horror that there is no acceptable place in the area to show off designer clothes and birthday Datsuns. "Oh man," they'll bleat, "this place is dead. There's nothing to do."

Sometimes the complaints are very urbane and sophisticated: "I hate I.V." Sometimes they get very wordy: "I'm bored." And sometimes, the response becomes pathological, as in "I'm sick of I.V."

So, well in advance of the event, and to all those who fit the mold but whom I will (thankfully) never meet, let me say this: Grow up, will ya?

People who complain of having nothing to do remind me of nothing so much as spoiled 14-year-olds, insistent that the world owes them a good time. And while their parents may have gone to their knees to support that notion, Isla Vista/



graphic by Lauren Mills

UCSB will not.

So if you're bored here, as anywhere else, you have no one to blame but yourself. (Cliches to that effect come instantly to mind.) You can sit on your Sasson-covered ass and complain, or you can get up and go do something. You can run away to L.A. every weekend, or you can learn to appreciate a much more tranquil, less asphalt-and-Thriftymart-based area.

Which is not to say that there is

nothing to do here — only that what gets classified as entertainment in these backwaters is a lot simpler, a lot more people-oriented (key phrase) than high school babe-cruisers may be used to. If your idea of entertainment involves millions of flashing light bulbs and a lot of noise, you may be bored here. But if you can learn to appreciate the simplicity of a place where the important Saturday night decision is not Where To Go but Whom to Go There With, then you may actually enjoy yourself.

Besides, there really are things to do here — all you have to do is keep your eyes open. In fact, if you tried to do everything that was available to you, not only would you miss a lot of meals, but you'd probably never be able to study. (Hmmm, you say.)

So think positive. Learn to take it easy once in a while. Give the place a chance before you bitch. And if all else fails, there's always L.A.

# the Student Epicure

## Wolf needs to get head together

by Karlin J. Lillington

The problem with most Santa Barbara restaurants is they don't have a distinct personality. Or, rather, they try to create a certain atmosphere, but inevitably it is ruined by one small ingredient that, like the tiniest amount of cilantro somehow tossed inadvertently into an innocent cheese souffle, upsets the final product.

For instance, the casual elegance that 1129 seems to want to project was subverted on a recent visit when someone at the next table was wearing shorts and a t-shirt, dark socks and sandals.

The Head of the Wolf, located on lower State, in the past did quite well at blending two apparently dissonant atmospheres; it managed to be the kind of place you take your parents to when they visit for a weekend while retaining a sort of bohemian funkiness. It served very good food, the service was top-notch (the owner often would come talk to you at your table to see if everything was acceptable), and the aged brick walls were veiled in a warm darkness and covered with local artwork, all clashing comfortably. Somewhere off in the back, someone might be featured on blues guitar.

For the past several months, though, Head of the Wolf has been closed as it underwent remodeling. In the process it absorbed the old drugstore next door, doubling its original size. It reopened over the summer and is currently making a go at being a little more on the dressy side and a lot less on the funky side.

It now boasts an enormous, attractive bar in the drugstore side, and the restaurant side is elevated a few feet above ground level. It is much more open and airy, and diners have the option of sitting and watching the streetlife through the large front windows.

Its atmosphere is cool and understated; there are tablecloths and carnations in vases, small candles and large green plants. My dining companion said it felt "almost European in a way." However, there was that inescapable small flaw; a very noticeable hole worn in one side of the tablecloth that made one want to maneuver the butter dish over it, or a wine glass, or something.

Now, really, you might say, what's the big deal about a little hole in the linen? It is a big deal when a restaurant is obviously trying for a classier image and, more importantly, charging the prices that are unfortunately *de riguer* for a more elegant food establishment.

Head of the Wolf's prices are a little high for the repast you get in exchange.

All entrees include unlimited amounts of irresistible french baguettes that taste the way french bread should taste. For California french bread aficionados, that means it tastes like the San Francisco item. Depressingly, almost all french bread from outside that city tastes bland. If your youth never included a love affair with Columbo or Parisian french bread, you won't understand.

One also has a choice of soup or salad.

**Head of the Wolf reopened over the summer and is currently making a go at being a little more on the dressy side and a lot less on the funky side.**

If the soup du jour is carrot, stop there; do not pass go, do not collect \$200 — their carrot soup is fantastic. However, the soup of the day on our visit was cheese — a nice flavor, but a little too goopy. My partner chose the salad with avocado dressing, which was delicious even if there was a little too much of the dressing.

As an entree I chose the Seafood Saute for \$8.95, which was tasty but disappointing. The saute was a blend of green pepper, onion, mushrooms, salmon, scallops and shrimp, flavored strongly with various herbs.

Although there was a large amount, it was mostly pepper and onion and salmon. There were only two (count 'em, two) scallops in the whole affair, and the shrimps were the little teensy kind that are the least expensive. They imparted very little flavor to the dish. All of this was accompanied by a rice pilaf that was delicately flavored and a nice complement to the meal.

My associate sampled the Crab Stuffed Shrimp for \$10.95. Consisting of

three large stuffed shrimp on a bed of rice pilaf with a few pices of cauliflower as a sidelight, the meal was quite overpriced for the size of the servings. Obviously they assume you have previously stuffed yourself with french bread and salad or soup, which is probably the case, but still...

The shrimp were very good, although they perhaps should have been called Crab Surrounded Shrimp, since the shrimp were actually covered with a coating of seasoned crab mixture.

Except for the annoying presence of a young busboy who hovered around the table making us feel like we were eating far too slowly, the service was excellent. There were no agonizing waits filled with a chorus of stomach rumbles, and water glasses garnished with a civilized slice of lime were kept filled.

Head of the Wolf is still a pleasant place to go for dinner, but its former more fun-filled and unusual ambience was preferable to the new attempt at Santa Barbara chic. It's still a good place to go with your parents or a date, especially if they're paying. If you're paying, keep an eye on your liquor consumption; wine is \$1.50 a glass and cocktails average about \$3 a piece. Also keep in mind that you are basically paying for atmosphere. A dinner for two with wine and tip will run at least \$30.

Head of the Wolf is located at 633 State St. Reservations are accepted.

SAE PRESENTS  
A MUSCULAR  
DYSTROPHY  
BENEFIT

BO DEREK &  
BLAKE EDWARDS IN  
"10"

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4  
CAMPBELL HALL • \$2  
Shows at 6, 8:30 & 11

**NANKING GARDENS** FAMOUS CHINESE RESTAURANT

ALSO FOOD TO GO

**962-4385**

OPEN EVERY DAY  
EXCEPT WEDNESDAY  
4 PM to 9:30 PM

507 STATE (Near Hwy 101) SANTA BARBARA

WELCOME BACK STUDENTS  
10% OFF ANY SERVICE  
WITH COUPON

John Edwards  
HAIR DESIGN  
968-8952  
6551 TRIGO RD, ISLA VISTA, CA.

OFFER EXPIRES  
OCT 8

**NEXUS**  
NATURE AND EARTH UNITED WITH SCIENCE

**Caribou Mountaineering CRICKET**

Features:

- ★ Large, untapered main compartment
- ★ Zipper enclosed outside pocket
- ★ Nylon coil, two-way zipper
- ★ Padded shoulder straps

Dimensions  
★ 14" x 9" x 5"

Capacity  
★ 630 cu. in.

Materials  
★ 8 oz. 420 denier Super K-kote nylon packcloth
- ★ Nylon coil zipper
- ★ Foam padding
- ★ Comes with Caribou's limited warrantee

**17.50**

**MOUNTAIN AIR SPORTS**  
"HELPING YOU MEET THE CHALLENGE"

DOWNTOWN  
SANTA BARBARA  
731 STATE ST.  
at DE LA GUERRA  
**962-0049**

Pavallax Productions & A.S. Program Board  
in association w/ KTYD FM & KNOB Productions Present

# the B-52's

8pm  
Monday

13 October  
Robertson Gym

U.C. Santa Barbara

\$9.50 reserved  
tickets \$9 General  
\$8.50 UCSB stud. w/ I.D.  
at Rockpile Records,  
S.B. Ticket Bureau,  
Morning Glory  
Music, all  
Ticket Bureau  
outlets in  
surrounding  
areas &  
U.C.S.B.  
Box Office

