

PORTAL

Friday, April 30, 1982

magazine



Poetry and Prose

Moon

By Glenn Harbour

At full length the Gods bend
cradle you with both hands, full hands that
bend.
The sky makes amends, huge gap, hole.
Of colors streak and stretch as finger
is laid down below.

The mystic of blackening you applaud
orb that pleases loudly the silent tone.
But billow the Gods shadow you trust
bringing the lilacs of day
to a blushing darkness.

True and forging the stream in pedal dark
is a hue somewhere imagined,
and stark rhythm alone meanders is calm.
While water flows the tricle schemes, you,
friend to this intricate furrow.

As nature abounds its absent flight beyond
they stretch a time, survival, length of time.
The monsters men cherish most of all.
Denying luster or hot to such stone
in-hospitable its laughter.

Lease the mystery of light, that litter
potent bidder its highest call.

Moon holds the night.



Photo by Greg Harris

The Swallow And The Thrush

By Kim Dykema

A swallow and a thrush flew — the former idly, the latter briskly — through air whose crispness was a gentle reminder of time's passage. As the thrush drew up from behind, the swallow spoke in a most engaging manner.

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

"What? Oh, yes, quite," the thrush replied, startled. "The visibility and wind speed are excellent."

"Oh," the swallow, taken aback, murmured. "Actually I was referring to the sun on the clouds — how beautiful it is. Don't you think so?"

A doubtful "Hmnh" was the only response, as the thrush rapidly drew away.

"Hey, wait up," the swallow cried, catching up again. "Where are you headed?"

"South," the thrush answered, as if annoyed. "I vacation each year on Surton Isle off the coast of Eastport." The beating wings slowed their pace, reluctantly. "And you?"

"Oh, I don't know," the swallow replied, unconcerned. "Wherever the wind takes me."

The thrush was incredulous. "You mean you have no place?"

The swallow smiled inwardly. "No."

The two flew on in silence for a while. A small pond came into view.

"Shall we take a break?" the swallow suggested. "It looks a pleasant place."

"Yes, let's," the thrush agreed. "A short rest now will no doubt improve our speed later."

"Well...of course. That's just what I was thinking."

The swallow chuckled softly, shaking its head.

The two birds angled down towards the pond, which nestled on the edge of a meadow. Bees buzzed heavily in the afternoon sun, and the fragrance of clover was strong.

The thrush landed directly at the pool's edge and drank. With its wingtips it flicked water over its back, and with a quick shake was ready to go. The thrush looked around to check the progress of its companion.

The swallow was cavoting in the shallows. "Isn't this delightful? Look how the water sparkles!" A bright eye in the cocked head challenged the thrush. Then the swallow fluffed its feathers and began to preen itself.

The thrush waited impatiently.

The swallow finished preening and looked about. "Ready?" the thrush asked. "We really must be off."

"I think I'll stay a while," the swallow rejoined. Balancing on a bulrush. "It's so lovely here."

"Well, then, I guess this is goodbye. Take care!" And the thrush flew away. As it flew, it thought to itself, "That's one bird that will never amount to anything." And the thrush pitied the swallow.

The swallow, still frolicking in the pond, called after the other bird, "Goodbye, and farewell!" And, watching the rapidly diminishing speck in the sky, the swallow pitied the thrush.

NOW IN STOCK UNITECH

**PERSONAL CASSETTE PLAYERS AT
PRICES YOU CAN AFFORD!**

Cassette Player with Talk Line \$49.98

FM Mini Stereo Receiver \$32.98

Cassette Player with FM Module \$79.98

Stereo Speaker System

with Amplifier \$32.98

Lightweight Headphones \$12.98-\$14.98

MORNINGGLORY MUSIC

910 Embarcadero del Norte • Isla Vista
Open 10-10 Daily • 12-8 Sundays • 968-4665

DO YOU NEED SUMMER HOUSING?

**SANTA YNEZ APARTMENTS
HAVE DOUBLE & SINGLE ROOMS
AVAILABLE JUNE 15-AUG. 31, 1982**

Deposit: \$50.00

RENT:

**\$250/11 Weeks-Double Room
(\$100/month)**

**\$500/11 Weeks-Single Room
(\$200/month)**

CONTRACTS AVAILABLE MAY 3, 1982!

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT
OFFICE OF APARTMENT LIVING,
SANTA YNEZ APARTMENTS
6750 El Colegio Rd., #818
Goleta, CA 93117
(805) 961-4501

PORTAL magazine

EDITOR: Laurie Putnam

COVER PHOTO: Mitch Cohen

STUDENTS IN THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS & SCIENCE WHY WAIT?

You don't need the Schedule of Classes* to start planning for the Fall Quarter. NOW is the time to review you progress and plan your program of courses. For assistance, call 961-3201 to arrange an appointment with a Peer Adviser.

*The Fall Schedule is Expected on May 17. If you wait 'til then to call for help, you may have to wait up to 3 weeks for an appointment. AVOID THE RUSH!

Somewhere in America it is still Christmas on the first day of spring. There is no music. On the hills around the town, beyond the blonde stubble of the cornfields, the snow still shines off-white through the grey-bare trees. Facing the red shutters against the white windows on the brown shingled walls of the house called "Lone Elm Farm," you stand in the muddy intersection where Prospect Avenue meets Powder Hill Road. The mailbox says, "J. Chester Murphy." This is a town with names on the boxes instead of numbers.

Against the chill of the metal barrel of the pen, you maneuver blue ink around the tiny spots drizzling onto the notebook that is always there, turning to keep the wind from lifting the corners of the pages. These details you note too; recording them for later use like worms to go fishing for answers. You close the notebook and turn back the way you have come, wondering what it was that had kept you awake that night that now seems so long ago.

So long ago.

Incandescent elves are peering out a picture window. A fir wreath wired to a knocker watches from behind the screen door. A plastic sleigh perching on the roof over a sleeping porch still drips with tinsel.

In the air the aroma of the rubbish smoldering in rusted oil drums. Not a sweetness, but something.

Low trees with bare branches scabbed with lichen grow through the picket fence in front of the Whitsitt House. Birdbaths and a sundial sprout through brown grass. There are pinwheels too: spinning sunflowers.

Across the road the last winter wind rattles brittle leaves that cling to the branches of the tree by a driveway. You pluck one off, to ask someone later what kind of a tree it is and why would it clutch so tenaciously at dead leaves. Who holds on to who? But knowing what kind of a tree it is when you write about it, you can call it Elm or Birch instead of Tree. At the writer's retreat they had called that naturalism.

Writers' retreat. That is alliteration, thank you. Consonance without

sustenance. Note the yellow wispy buds draped on the willow, waiting to be informed of spring's arrival.

The mailbox says "Jim Butts." This is the town Jim Butts lives in. Jim Butts waves with his other hand

imagination.

You stop your progress for a sign. The metal face is painted white and inside the black border, is a poem:

ROAD
CLOSED
DEC 1 - MAY 1

Tangible Things

By Steve Barth

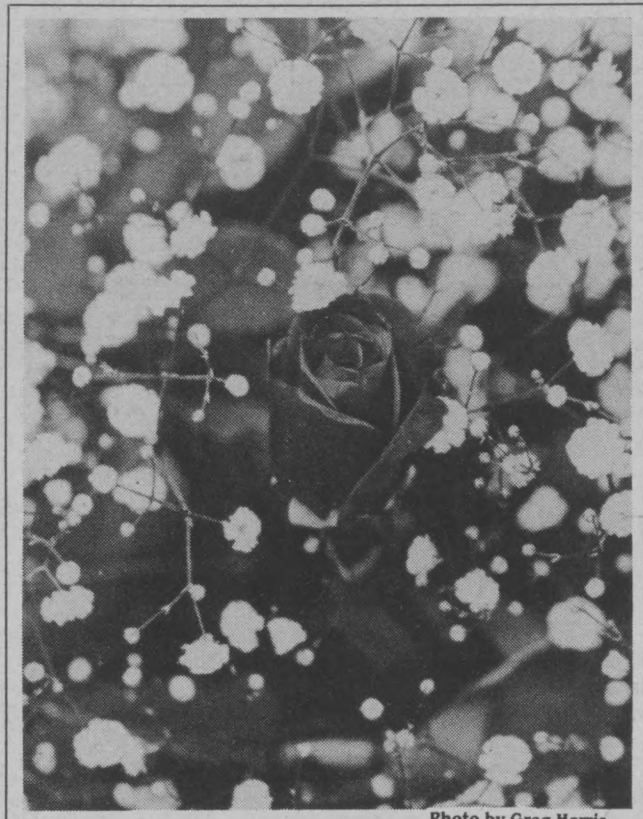


Photo by Greg Harris

gripping the neck of his collie. Under Jim Butt's mailbox — under each mailbox in this town — gapes the orange plastic holders awaiting The Journal. The news has not arrived yet.

Now, walking down this road, remember the logging road that in the twilight of dawn ran away from the conference center (past the creepers that slid out the empty doorway of the abandoned farm) and through the woods to some other town on the other side of the mountain. Think about her as you had been thinking then: no thought but wanting a fierce entwining in the dew of the meadow above the road. Still you try to imagine what you might have said to each other had she suddenly met you on that road. But in your mind it only happens without words, again and again. Such a passionate

Why had sleep been so out of the question that night? Remember the way the slats of the upper bunk winced when Jack finally clamored up as you reeled in your netherworld between drunkenness and dawn. Why not write about it: "Abandon all hope ye who look upon those eyes!" Such illusion should not go unnoticed: the long eyelashes that opened like butterfly wings; the softness of a voice that could call back the swallows; the gentle lifting of a sweater so slight that you noticed almost nothing else.

Can you recall with detail when you sat on the colorless carpet of the cabin by the brook? Leaning back against your bed while she reclined against the other, where the shy young South American who didn't usually drink had passed out on the top bunk. Jack was on the lower bed, one bulging leg on either side

of her chaste shoulders as he caressed with writer's hands the imperceptible curves of her woman-child form. She took your rag-socked feet onto her crossed bare ankles and began to rub, kneading desire up through your legs. She seemed oblivious to Jack, but not so as to discourage him. Her innocence was of the unquenchable kind.

Strange that the details remembered are not the ones you would have chosen at the time: the smell of the carpet rather than the silver down along her arms.

Later, after she rose to lead Jack out of the tiny room, you pressed yourself into the corner of your bed, tossing and turning pictures in your mind. You were still awake — but not sane — when Jack came back to snore heavily. And you were still awake and hopeless when it finally became light enough to see the crumple of your clothes on the carpet, pulling your jeans up around you and letting the sweater fall about and closing the bedroom door softly behind you to find her awake and watching from the couch.

"Come with me."

"Where?"

"I can't sleep. For a walk."

"Up the road?"

"Yes," you whispered, wondering if your voice could be heard above the pounding of your heart.

Both of you watched your hand trace the broken stitching that held the silk border on the pink blanket. "I'm going to stay and try to sleep," she said.

At first you ran up the road, until your legs ached with lost tension and you shed your windbreaker to cinch it around your waist. Letting those aching legs walk as far as they wanted. And all the while trying to fight your way out of wanting her.

After breakfast, helping her lift her typewriter into her convertible, you laughed when she said goodbye and with your eyes caressed the tan of her thighs as she told you she had come jogging after you but hadn't been able to find you. (You must have gone so far.) Then you stood in the middle of the gravel drive as she rolled away from you toward the city.

Now turning from the past and the town road to climb (continued on page 9A)

DOUG'S BOUGS

9 Years in Isla Vista!

Automotive Repairs on:
Volkswagon • Porsche • Audi

TUNE-UP SPECIAL
10% OFF
with this ad



924 EMB:
DEL NORTE
968-0983

Expires May 1

HAVE YOU BEEN IN YET?



CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL
FROM
CAMP SANTA BARBARA—OH YEAH!



Camp Santa Barbara
"Your Fun Clothing Store"
12 W. De la Guerra
(Side of Piccadilly Square)
Santa Barbara
(805) 963-3817

Survival Looks
are full of fun as well
as function for
men, women & children.

American Express - Master Card - Visa

NIGHTCLUB CANTATA

Odyssey Theatre Ensemble

by Elizabeth Swados

A cabaret musical investigating the mysteries of existence. "... powerful theater!"

Dramalogue Magazine

Friday, April 30
Campbell Hall — 8 pm

Reserved Seats: \$7/\$6/\$5
(UCSB Students \$5/\$4/\$3)

Reservations/Charge by Phone:
A&L Ticket Office, 961-3535.
(\$10 minimum on charge orders)
Presented by UCSB Arts & Lectures.

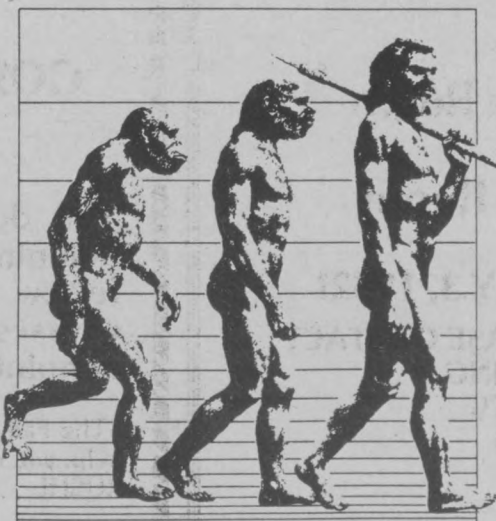


UCSB Arts & Lectures & the A.S. Program Board
in cooperation with the L.S.B. Leakey Foundation
presents

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE PRIMATE KIND: MONKEYS, APES, AND PEOPLE

An evening series of three illustrated lectures by noted scientists and specialists.

All lectures begin at 8:00 pm at UCSB



Monday, May 3 in the UCen Pavilion

SHIRLEY STRUM
"The Longer We Watch the Smarter
They Are: Social Strategies of
Baboon Society"

Baboons are unexpectedly intelligent and socially complex. Shirley Strum, director of the Gilgil Baboon Project in Kenya, explores the relationships in a baboon group and how individuals "invest" in each other and manipulate these investments in the social, political, and sexual arenas. Dr. Strum describes baboon social strategies which seem to illuminate the rudiments of human political behavior.

Tuesday, May 25 in Chemistry 1179

SHERWOOD L. WASHBURN
"Primate Studies and Human Evolution"

Tuesday, May 11 in Chemistry 1179

BIRUTE GALDIKAS
"Primate Cousins:
Links With Early Humans"

TICKETS: \$2.50 general admission / \$2.00 UCSB students and S.B. Museum of Natural history members each evening, available at the door only

Presented by UCSB Arts & Lectures, 961-3535.

FOOD FOR

A Weekly Friday Feature



RICARDO'S BRINGS YOU...

...new
HAPPY HOURS
for a happier '82!

Beginning January 4th we are expanding our "HAPPY HOURS" for your enjoyment.

- WELL DRINKS.....\$1.00
- CALL DRINKS.....50¢ off
- PREMIUM DRINKS.....50¢ off
- DOMESTIC BEER.....\$1.00
- IMPORTED BEER.....50¢ off

Mon-Fri 4:00-6:30
Saturday 11:00-6:00
Sunday 11:00-3:00
(Prices Apply for Service in the Lounge Only!)

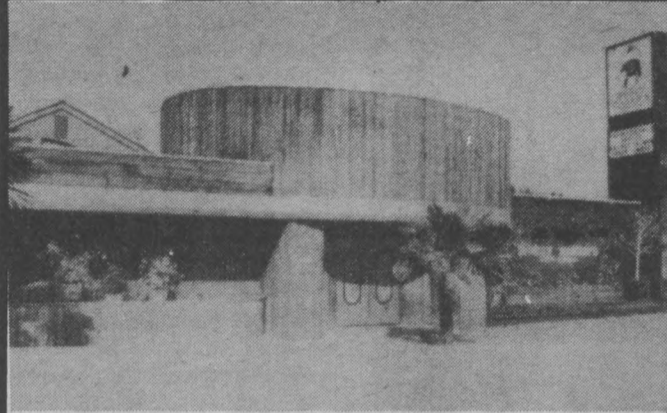


Join us where the "HAPPY HOURS" are happier!!

at...
Ricardo's
RESTAURANT & LOUNGE

290G STORKE ROAD (at Hollister) Goleta, CA 93117
For reservations call: (805)968-9613

SNACKS SERVED TOO!



Hobey Baker's

When you think of Hobey's, you might think of The Pups, The Dreamers, The Jetsuns, Mike Love and the Endless Summer Beach Band and live music Wednesday through Saturday...But wait...besides great music, dancing and fun, Hobey's offers terrific food! In fact, the new guide to Southern California Restaurants rated Hobey's as Five Star Quality!

The dinner menu includes a wide variety of meals, ranging from a daily selection of Fresh Fish, BBQ Ribs, Prime Rib and house specials of Sautéed Shrimp and Scallops. A trip to the Salad Bar starts off every entree and includes your choice of 51 items as well as steaming hot bread. ALL ARE FANTASTIC!

Hobey's also offers "Early Bird Specials" available from 5:00 to 7:00 pm daily. These early specials include your choice of fresh local Snapper, Teriyaki Chicken, Prime Rib or slices of hot Tri-Tips of Beef. These specials include rice pilaf, hot steamy bread and a trip to the Salad Bar. YOU CAN'T MISS IT!

To go along with their great meals, Hobey's offers a spectacular wine list with Napa Valley Wines that can't be found anywhere else in Santa Barbara. Their Sycamore Creek Zinfandel is but one of the fine array of Gold Medal Award Winning Wines...

FOUND ONLY AT HOBEY'S!

Hobey's offers the perfect combination of delicious food, excellent service and fun-filled atmosphere for lunch or dinner. In the future, Hobey's plans to bring back such great groups as Three Dog Night, Leon Russell and Joe Cocker. Enjoy the newly remodeled university entertainment spot. You won't believe the large dance floor and stage.

HOBEY BAKER'S IS YOUR FANTASTIC NIGHT SPOT!

TONIGHT
AT HOBEY'S

THE PUPS

Hobey's will spin the discs
Wednesdays & Thursdays and Offer
the Finest in Live Entertainment
on the Weekends...As Usual.

Hobey
Baker's

964-7838

5918 Hollister Ave.

FOOD & DANCE & DRINKING



come dine in our garden!
featuring...

FALAFELS
and now
TURKEY & HAM
SANDWICHES

King Falafel
The Friendly Falafel

conveniently located on Pardall at
Embarcadero del Norte
Mon.-Sun. 11 am-9 pm

Hunan Yuan

CHINESE RESTAURANT



BEER & WINE



AUTHENTIC MANDARIN,
SZECHWAN HUNAN CUISINE
SEAFOOD SPECIALTIES
SPECIAL DISHES, FIRST TIME
SERVED IN SANTA BARBARA.
SPECIAL PARTY SERVICES

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

11:30 a.m. - 10:00 p.m.
LUNCH - 11:30 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.
FRIDAY & SATURDAY TO 10:30 p.m.

967-8130

LUNCH SPECIAL - ONLY \$3.15, Served 7 Days a Week
includes: Appetizer, Soup, Fried Rice, Entrees of
the Day, Tea & Cookies.
5688 CALLE REAL, GOLETA (Near Holiday Inn)



RUBIO'S

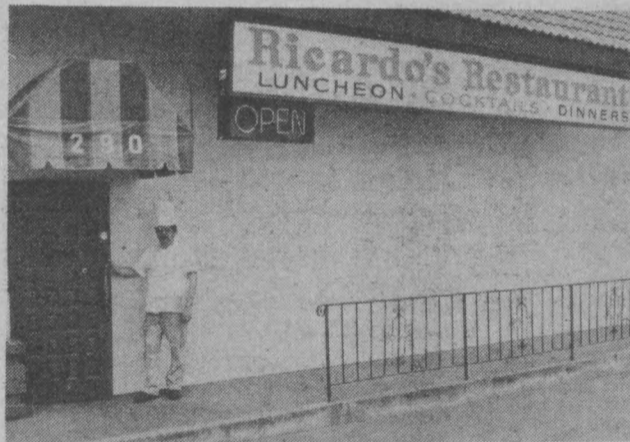
AUTHENTIC MEXICAN RESTAURANT

**BEST HAPPY HOUR
IN TOWN!!** M-F, 4-6 pm

- ★ FRESH Strawberry Margaritas
only \$1.00 a Glass!
- ★ 60 oz. Pitchers only \$1.50!
- ★ Outrageous Appetizers!

Open Mon-Thurs 11am-9pm
Fri & Sat 11am-10pm
Sunday 5pm-9pm

7398 Calle Real, Goleta 685-4919



RICARDO'S

There are times when we're not quite in the mood for a fast food restaurant or a pizza place, when we're looking for something with a bit more quality, elegance and service. For these times, Ricardo's is the perfect place.

Ricardo's is a fine local restaurant that features a best array of Italian dinners like Veal Parmigiana, Scallops, Ravioli, Spaghetti, and several other Italian specialties. In addition, Ricardo's features several continental dishes like New York Steaks, Prime Rib, Roast Beef, Top Sirloin Steaks, and burgers as well. It also serves such special delicacies as Crab, Halibut, Shrimp, Scalone Almondine, and features a daily catch that is always fresh from local waters. All dinners are served with either the Soup of the Day or a salad bar and comes with vegetables and either a potato or rice.

In addition Ricardo's has several great salads like Avocado and Shrimp, Avocado and Chicken, Chefs Salads, and Fruit and Cottage Cheese combinations.

Ricardo's is not only a fine dinner house, but also serves great lunches. They have huge variety of hot sandwiches; steak sandwiches, Patty Melts, Monte Cristos, Reubens, Turkey, Ham and Beef Sandwiches, and cold sandwich favorites as well, such as Roast Beef, Tuna, Egg Salad and a great Club! You can also choose from Burgers or Seafood, or try one of their exotic dishes like Tostadas, Ravioli, Spaghetti, or yet still, choose from one of their many other dishes, ranging from salads to omelettes!

Ricardo's is also known for their fine Happy Hour specials like well drinks at only \$1.00 a piece, and specials on both imported and domestic beers. Their Happy Hours are Monday thru Friday 4-6:30 p.m., on Saturday from 11-6, and on Sunday 11-3!

Ricardo's is conveniently located close to campus in the Fedmart Shopping Center (290 G Storke Road), and can be reached at 968-9613. It is a fine restaurant that should be tried when looking for a place that is a giant step up from a burger place or pizza parlor.



Family Style
BREAKFAST & LUNCH
Omelettes & Homemade Salsa
Fresh Biscuits & Country Gravy

ALPHIE'S BREAKFAST SPECIAL
Top Sirloin Steak & Eggs,
Ranch Cut Potatoes and Toast
\$3.95

Open Mon-Sat 6:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.
Sundays 7 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.
5725 HOLLISTER AVE., GOLETA
NEXT TO COMMUNITY CENTER
683-1202

FLIVVER BAR & EATERY

OFFERS A WIDE SELECTION OF
HOMEMADE ITEMS PREPARED WITH
THE SAME DEDICATION HENRY FORD
GAVE HIS FABULOUS
MODEL "T" FLIVVER

NACHOS
VEGETARIAN CREPES
EGGS BENEDICT

HAPPY HOUR
4-6 MON-FRI

FLIVVER
BAR & EATERY



5112 Hollister Ave,

964-8656



SHAKEY'S
SPECIALS

**\$5.95 for
ANY FAMILY SIZE
PIZZA!**

(Except Deli Pizzas)

Expires
June 15, 1982

SHAKEY'S® PIZZA PARLOR
6396 HOLLISTER AVE 968-2565
GOLETA, CALIFORNIA 93117

THOUGHT



Rhythm & Chews

A BRAND NEW PLACE TO ENJOY REALLY GOOD FOOD

FRESH SEAFOOD, CHICKEN, RIBS, PIZZA & SANDWICHES. A WIDE VARIETY OF BEERS & WINES

LUNCHEON & DINNER SPECIALS DAILY

CONTINUOUS LIVE MUSIC FURNISHED BY OUR TALENTED STAFF

NORTH OFF STORKE / GLENN MON-THURS 11am-10pm
ANNIE EXIT FRI 11am-12pm
7433 HOLLISTER AVE., SAT 5-12pm
GOLETA 685-6811 SUN 5-10pm



RHYTHM & CHEWS

At Rhythm and Chews you'll find a fun, friendly atmosphere, great food and continuous live entertainment furnished by the talented people that work there.

If you're hungry for a burger or pizza or want a complete dinner, we have it all. Maybe you'd like to try our Cioppino? Cioppino consists of tantalizing morsels of fish & shellfish, milling around in a delicious tomato soup served with garlic bread and salad. We also serve homemade soup, crisp green salad with homemade dressing, many fresh seafood specials, chicken, ribs, or stuffed mushrooms, and incredibly yummy desserts. Everything is prepared fresh from scratch in our own kitchen.

Your waiter, waitress, hostess or busboy will give you friendly service and will entertain you while you dine. Also, talented guest participation is encouraged!

Rhythm and Chews is open seven days a week, serving lunch and dinner. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings stop by for music and munchies. We offer a great selection of delicious specials, house beer and wine at half price. For a really pleasant meal with great food and a unique, warm atmosphere, give Rhythm and Chews a try, you'll be glad you did.

Give Yourself a Treat



J. K. FRIMPLE'S

Restaurant
1701 State Street at Valerio
Santa Barbara, Ca. 962-3671
Daily homemade desserts
Open 24 hours



DISCOVER YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT NEW DISHES —

Hong Kong Restaurant

282 SOUTH ORANGE • GOLETA
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF
MTD PARK & RIDE ON HOLLISTER
967-5316

Open Weekdays (except tuesday)
from 11:30 am to 9:30 pm
Open Weekends from 4:00 to 9:30 pm



Discover...



DELMONICO STEAK

- ★ ALL YOU CAN EAT GIANT SALAD BAR
- ★ BAKED POTATO
- ★ TOAST

Only **\$3.99**

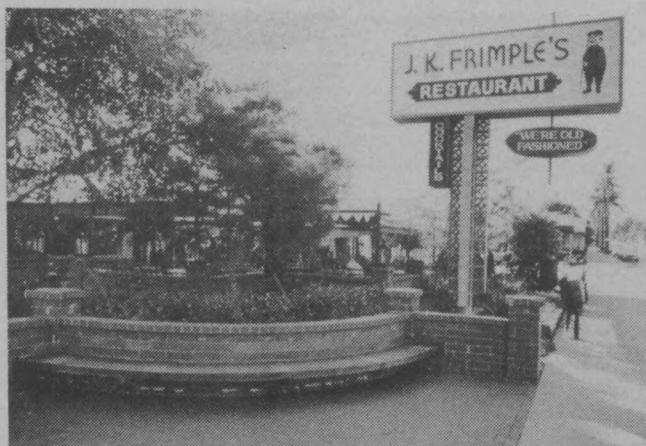
HOLLISTER at Fairview 967-8744
STATE at Ontare 687-8514

GOLDEN CHINA RESTAURANT



SZECHUAN & MANDARIN CUISINE
SPECIAL COMBINATION LUNCH EVERY DAY
DINNER SPECIALTIES 11:30 - 10 PM
BANQUET FACILITIES & FOOD TO GO

For Reservations **682-7191**
2840 DE LA VINA SANTA BARBARA



J.K. FRIMPLE'S

Ever get the 3 a.m. munchies and wonder where to go for the delight you've been craving? The answer is a Frimple at J.K. Frimple's in Santa Barbara, open 24 hours. And just "what is a Frimple?" you may ask! It's a Gigantic, Homemade Cream Puff, stuffed with rich Vanilla Cream and smothered in Hot Fudge or other delectable coverings such as Strawberry, Boysenberry or Chocolate! Frimple's dares you to finish one! Or, you may be tempted to try one of Frimple's other homemade bakery items, such as Giant Hot Cinnamon Rolls, rich and oozing with butter, Fresh Banana Cream Pie, Carrot Cake, Strawberry, Apple and Cherry Pie, Hot Fudge Sundaes and other delicious specialties served any time of the day or night.

From 4 to 7 celebrate Happy Hour at Frimple's with \$1.25 Well Drinks from the complete bar, Frimple's also features 13 types of domestic and imported beer. Use your imagination or choose from the extensive list of frozen margaritas and daiquiries ranging from Strawberry-Banana to Peach, Pineapple or Midori. Frimple's serves some unbelievable house concoctions, take for example, a "Velvet Peach" made with Vodka, peach Brandy, Peaches and Cream, or a "Goleta Slough" made with Chambord, a raspberry liquor, rum, orange and pineapple. Enjoy these drinks inside next to their beautiful 100-year-old Morton Bay Fig or relax outside on the shaded patio.

Frimple's extensive menu includes a variety of Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner items including Daily Specials and Vegetarian Dinners. Dinners start from \$3.95 and are served with soup or salad, vegetable, baked potato, or rice and bread.

So stop in after a show, a party or take a study break and head into Frimple's. No matter what time of the day or night, Frimple's is always cooking!

PERRY'S Pizza

Now Serving Our Delicious SPAGHETTI & SANDWICHES

- PIZZA BY THE SLICE
- FRESH DAILY SALADS
- HAPPY HOUR 2-8 pm Mon-Fri
- DELIVERY AFTER 5 pm

968-1095 I.V.

ALOHA

Restaurant & take out

THE QUALITY FAST FOOD RESTAURANT

- SAVE TIME BY ORDERING AHEAD BY PHONE!
- GREAT POLYNESIAN DINNERS AT REASONABLE PRICES!
- REFRESHING DESSERTS!

HAPPY HOURS M-F 2-6

Goleta
370 Storke Rd.
968-1091



Santa Barbara
201 W. Carrillo
963-3368

FRI. SAT. & SUN.

Live Mexican Music Frozen Margaritas & Spirits

Happy Hour Mon-Fri. 3-6 pm
FREE Appetizers
2 For 1 Drinks

Lunch
\$3.25 Specials
1st Margarita-\$1.00



2251 Las Positas Rd. at Hwy 101 682-5454

HANKING 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

SPRING FAIRE

Sat. May 1

Live Music
Juggling
Food
Crafts

Anisq Oyo Park
Recreation & Park District 968

A.S. PROGRAM BOARD IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

ALLAN HOLDSWORTH

"One of the world's finest jazz-rock guitarists"

LIVE AT THE UCSB UCEN PUB

SUNDAY MAY 2 8:00

Tickets on Sale Now \$5 students/\$6 general

A.S. Ticket Office Morninglory Music, Turning Point

A Great Place to See A Great Show!



"Ask anyone - our perms and cuts are the best in town."

Introductory offer:
\$34.50 perm with haircut,
or \$5.00 off haircuts
(discount price: \$8.50 men,
\$11 women. Good one time
only with ad.)

Watch for us in our New location
May 1.
819 Garden St.

Todd's
Hair Styling for Santa Barbara
966-1232

Computer generated electronic music quietly played in the background, perfectly in phase with the sound of the shuttle's engines so that only silence was left between the beats of the music. The engines fired in short bursts as the shuttle reoriented. It took little effort for Capt. Richard Jahn to maneuver the shuttle into alignment with the reflection station's docking bay. 999-3, the brain of the reusable spacecraft, fired the retros only milliseconds before impact, and the shuttle quickly assumed the station's preprogrammed orbit.

Jahn's orders were to refocus the reflective panels on three of the huge reflection stations. The maneuver was routine, but the circumstances surrounding it were not. Even Jahn was uncertain of the true significance of his mission.

Although he had seen the sight at least a hundred times before, Jahn stared in awe at the 720 stations. He watched the half million panels flicker through his darkened observation window as he slipped on his helmet and began depressurizing the command cabin.

Over a decade ago, in the year 1989, Steve Dibi, chief engineer in charge of Energy R&D at NASA, envisioned a project to help harness more short-wave solar radiation by illuminating the dark side of the earth with large reflective titanium alloy panels positioned on space stations. The project began slowly at first with only four stations concentrating light onto Texas and Oklahoma for eighteen hours a day. Residents of the two states were in an uproar because of the continual daylight, but within a year the new cupro-cobalt photovoltaic cells produced enough electricity to power ten mid-western states.

By 1991, global food and energy consumption had risen so high that the solar project appeared to be the only alternative, and the International Food and Energy Cooperative was established to expand the solar project with the help of over 90 nations.

The project, dubbed SUNSPOT by the American media, quickly progressed to 500 reflection stations designed and maintained by the United States and Japan. At first the project's success was overwhelming. Crop production was increased in fertile valleys and arid plains throughout the world, and solar technology increased to the point where every industrialized nation relied on the sun for well over 85 percent of its energy.

But eventually the Cooperative collapsed and the majority of the stations were redirected to illuminate already exposed portions of the U.S. as other countries refused to renew their leases for the stations. The U.S. still maintained all of the stations with its fleet of 20 space shuttles developed in the late '70s and '80s, but the usefulness of the full network of reflection stations was beginning to be questioned by U.S. corporations and politicians.

Capt. Jahn was well aware of the political significance of his mission. He knew of the growing tension between the 50 countries remaining in the Cooperative; the decision to refocus the three stations from western Africa to the eastern United States was agreed upon by only fifteen of the remaining countries in the Cooperative. His mission was to be the first in a series of similar missions designed to pressure countries into continuing to lease the stations from the U.S. and other major supporters of the Cooperative.

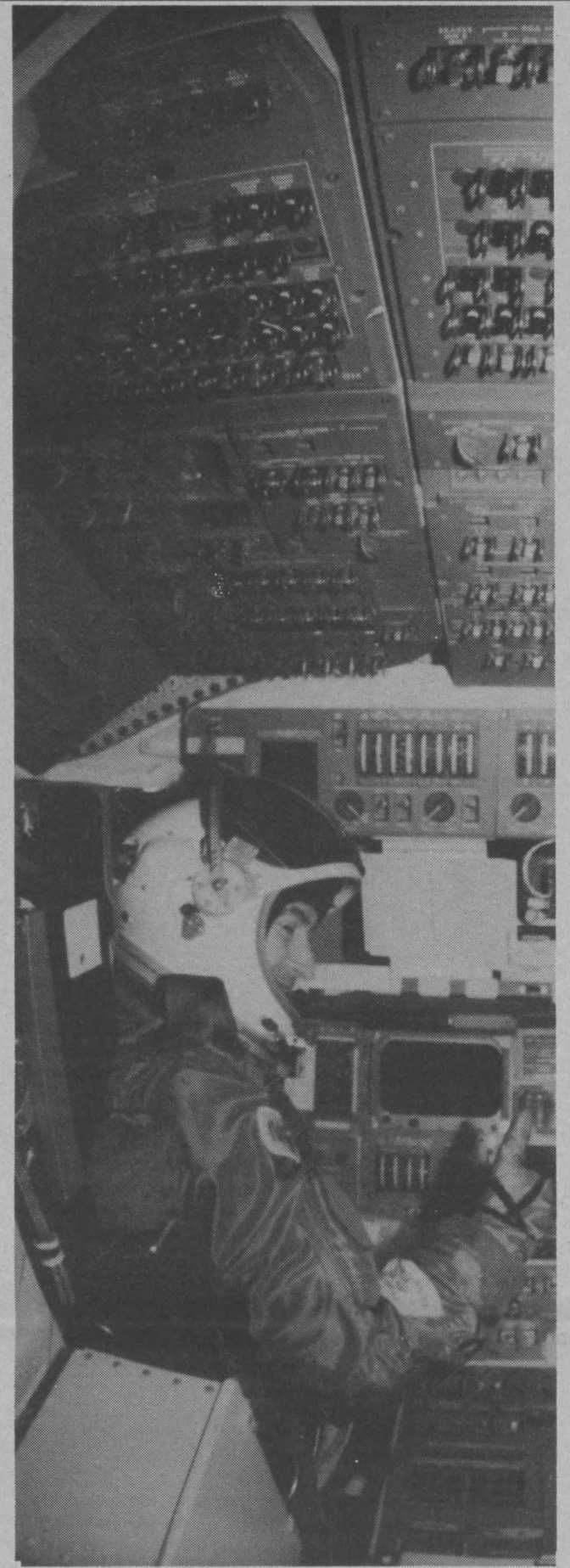
Newspaper headlines and video images flashed through Capt. Jahn's head reminding him of the glamour of being involved in the production of the first four reflection stations. Yet though his job had become routine and his presence in space had remained almost unnoticed for nearly seven years, once again Jahn's name was a household word in millions of homes around the world. His ship, the Phoenix, was distinguishable from the other 20 shuttles by the characteristic red tiles covering its bottom. The Phoenix had also been receiving notoriety for its part in missions of the past and its part in the future of the solar network.

Quartz lights illuminated the inside of the Phoenix's cargo hold as the doors slowly opened, revealing the compact booster that would propel Jahn to the control cabin of reflection station #612. Entering the cargo hold, Jahn looked down at the large blue ball clearly visible below. He wanted to finish his mission before the stations passed close to the earth's shadow. He didn't like taking unnecessary risks, and wanted to be certain that his time away from the Phoenix was short.

The engine on the compact booster rocket propelled him to the main compartment of the reflection station. He gazed away from the bright panels, as he always did, and relied on his instincts to dock the booster at the appropriate post.

Inside the main compartment, lights flashed on the computer panels in the proper sequences, indicating to Jahn that the station's program was operative. The refocusing of a station had become so routine because of the need to simulate the earth's seasons to increase crop production. The reprogramming took Jahn less than two hours, and the servicing of the station's electronics took another forty-five minutes.

Capt. Jahn was out in space and on his way toward station #613 when an amber LED inside his helmet flashed, indicating that 999-3 had received a transmission from Mission Control Beta in California. Jahn acknowledged receiving the indication and continued toward the station where he docked the booster at #613. After entering the main compartment he plugged himself



into the computer console and contacted 999-3 through the short range transmission (SRT) device regularly used by the space program for communicating short distances.

999-3 immediately placed Capt. Jahn on Beta's frequency and Mission Control Beta replied, "Richard, buddy, how's the space up there today?"

"Very funny, Dave. The space today is black and the earth is blue. What's the word today from the brass?" Jahn replied less than jovially.

Sensing the Captan's mood, Dave at Mission Control changed to a more business-as-usual approach. "Richard, I just wanted to let you know that there has been talk of extending your mission to service two more stations."

"What are you talking about? Who's giving the orders down there?"

"Now listen Richard, don't get all hot. Nothing is definite yet, this was just a warning in case they decide to..." Dave's voice trailed off as he realized the futile nature of his message. "Captain, continue your fine work up there. All of us down here are behind you 110 percent."

"Thanks Dave. Jahn of Phoenix at #613, out."

"Mission Control Beta, 19:10 hours, out."

Jahn contemplated why he had volunteered for this particular mission. It had not been his turn in the rotation, but things just were not going well at home. Koda, the eldest of Jahn's two sons, had recently been temporarily assigned to a new government academy in the mid-western U.S., and his younger son, Ilfo, had recently encountered problems from overusing some legal stimulants. Jahn felt he just had to get away and isolate himself with 999-3's intellectuality and the Phoenix's solitude.

Jahn had just plugged himself into the console at the third reflection station when 999-3 paged him on the SRT. A transmission form Beta, Jahn thought. It was Beta.

"Beta to Phoenix, are you receiving?"

"Yes, Dave, Richard here in #614. Has there been any news about those other two stations?" Jahn really didn't want to know. He had even considered creating some radio malfunction so that he could return to earth following the refocusing of station #614, but he had never had any malfunctioning equipment, and he prided himself on completing every assignment.

"Richard, the orders come from the very top. After #614 you are to take the booster to station #399 and receive further orders there. No questions now, please Richard. That's all I know." Dave literally blurted out without any chance for interruption. Jahn was silent. "Richard, did you receive the transmission?" Captain Jahn didn't know what to say. Station #399 was a long way from the Phoenix, and he would be in darkness when he had

Mon-Fri 3:00-6:00

HAPPY HOUR

Pitchers \$1.50
Margaritas \$1.00
Free Chips & Salsa w/ Order

VIDEO GAMES
featuring Pac-Man

El Mexicano
(Greenhouse Restaurant)

8 am - 10 pm
Fri. 'til 12 pm

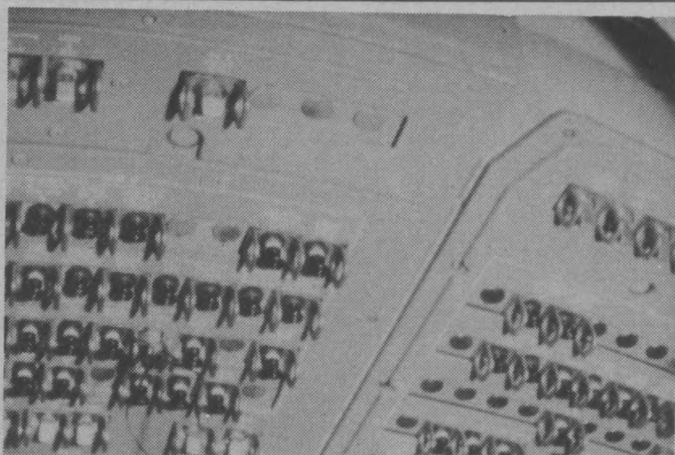
5529 Trigo Rd.

VIVA LA FIESTA!
COME TO OUR ALL-DAY
HAPPY HOUR ON CINCO DE MAYO

to cross
"Jah
curtly
391 an
hope.
"No
mission
anythin
time."
"In
"Ric
given
"Wh
"Ye
mande
hesita
media
out."
"Ca
this n
receiv
what v
Befo
could
and fi
be, an
the ins
was a
monit
decide
that, o
Jahn
inform
that th
of 87
though
by wh
App
had la
center
produ
station
energy
remain
still no
lose b
with it
globe
starv
Jahn
and it
the US
non-cl
Depar
#614 ar
Whi
helme
emerg
that h
The
999-3 h
to rea
definit
volved
orders
track
happy
planni
Data
The 99
he tho
order,
Miss
Phoen
himse
Phoen
Russia
check
ready
Dav
know
Richa
ships
instru
curre
know
"Ca
The v
captai
that t
presid
direct
"Ric
me mo
"Da
hide h
"Ric

Project SUNSPOT

By Mitch Cohen



cross back to return to his ship. "Jahn from Phoenix. Orders received," the captain said. "Dave, is there any chance I could dock the Phoenix at #499 and proceed to #399 from there?" Jahn inquired with some hope.

"Not a chance Richard. As I said, this is a high priority mission. The orders come from the very top. I can't tell you anything except that you probably wouldn't arrive at #399 in time."

"In time for what?" Capt. Jahn wondered aloud. "Richard, I told you I don't know anything else. You will be given further orders at #399," Dave replied.

"Who authorized this mission? The commander?" "Yes, Captain, your orders come directly from the Commander," Dave replied. "And above," he added with some hesitation. "Captain Jahn, proceed to #399 by booster immediately following your work at #614. Mission Control Beta, out."

"Capt. Jahn from Phoenix at #614, out." Jahn wondered what his new aspect of his mission was all about. He had never received an order from above the Commander. He wondered what was going on at Mission Control and in the White House.

Before finishing his work at #614 it occurred to Jahn that he could have 999-3 monitor all land-based communications to try and figure out what the purpose of the mission was supposed to be, and why it was so urgent. Only a little while after relaying the instructions to 999-3 via SRT, the console flashed that there was a reply. 999-3 began displaying the data on the console's monitor. After reading five screens of information, Jahn decided that perhaps there was no reason for concern. Either that, or he had given 999-3 the wrong instructions.

Jahn interrupted the flow of data. He asked 999-3 how much information it had compiled that was relevant and 999-3 replied that there remained 78,343 characters of data, or the equivalent of 87 more screens. Perhaps something was wrong, Jahn thought. He asked 999-3 to summarize the data, and was shocked at what followed.

Apparently more had occurred in international politics since he had launched than in the last several years. The USSR was contemplating backing out of the Cooperative. Japan had stopped production of the spare parts necessary to keep all of the stations operational, and the United States had discovered a new energy source that rivaled solar energy. The only difficulty that remained if the stations were shut down would be that they had still not been paid off, and several American corporations could lose billions of dollars. Also, although the U.S. could survive with its new-found source of energy, crop production around the globe would immediately decrease, leaving millions of people starving.

Jahn asked 999-3 where station #399 was presently focused, and it replied that stations #390 to #450 were presently focused on the USSR. Jahn instructed 999-3 to monitor all classified and non-classified Russian frequencies through one of the Defense Department's communication satellites. He finished his work at #614 and proceeded in his booster rocket to station #399.

While passing station #538 a red LED flashed inside Jahn's helmet. The rate of oscillation told him that it was an emergency. He turned the booster toward the nearest station so that he could receive the message from 999-3.

The transmission was not from Beta, it was from the Phoenix. 999-3 had received Russian broadcasts on a military frequency ready surface to air ballistic missiles. Something was definitely wrong, but Jahn had no idea exactly how he was involved. He thought that if his mission was defense related his orders would have instructed him to return to the Phoenix and track some satellites. Whatever was happening he was not happy to be so far from the Phoenix. Perhaps the Russians were planning on destroying his ship. Everything was unclear.

Data flashed across the station's monitor at an amazing rate. The 999-3 had done its job well, and Jahn finally discovered what he thought was happening. He had never directly disobeyed an order, but it appeared as if this time would be a first.

Mission Control had no idea what was happening. The Phoenix's orders had come from the Commander in Chief himself. Why could he possibly want Capt. Jahn so far from the Phoenix with so much political tension between the U.S. and Russia? Everyone in all three control centers huddled around checking coordinates of reflection stations and satellites and readying the nineteen shuttles for any emergency.

Dave's pulse raced as he watched the network news. He didn't know what was happening, but he was sure that it concerned Richard Jahn. Captains were never to travel as far from their ships as Richard had been ordered to do, and Dave had been instructed not to divulge the present political climate or any current news to him. He wanted to do something, but he didn't know what.

"Capt. Jahn from Phoenix at #499 to Mission Control Beta." The voice came out of the speaker clear and crisp as if the captain were in the next room. Dave pressed an intercom link so that the entire control room could hear the broadcast. The president was informed of the transmission immediately by a direct telephone link to the capital.

"Richard, your orders are classified. They will be delivered to me momentarily," Dave said with a certain degree of dread. "Dave, what is going on down there?" Jahn asked, trying to hide his restrained hysteria.

"Richard, I honestly don't know."

"You don't know, or can't say? Which is it Dave?"

"Captain, I don't know, please be patient. Your orders will be here momentarily. Why don't you sit back and relax, you have been working awfully hard lately." Dave hoped that Richard would interpret his message properly. He did, but it didn't matter. A crack came across the speaker and then there was merely static. "Captain, are you with us?" Dave asked anxiously. There was no reply. The word circulated around the control room in an instant; communication had been lost.

It was evident in a matter of minutes that the station #499 had been destroyed. The tracking stations lost all sign of over a dozen reflection stations. Everyone wondered what had happened. Soon everyone all over the country knew. Every radio and television immediately had the story. The Russians had exploded fifteen of the stations with a few ICBMs.

The orders came to Mission Control shortly afterwards to bring the Phoenix down under its own control. It was always believed that a shuttle could land itself although it had never been done before. Mission Control Beta readied itself for the operation. Everyone in the control room was still in shock. They went about their duties like robots, performing, but not thinking about anything except the captain.

Meanwhile, the men in Washington were getting international exposure. It was soon common knowledge that an American astronaut, Captain Richard Jahn, was aboard one of the reflection stations doing routine maintenance when the Russians destroyed them. Although the Russians had bought and paid for all of their stations, and no one really knew exactly why they had decided to destroy them, it was a great embarrassment for them to have killed an American astronaut.

The State Department demanded an explanation, but there wasn't one. The world was on the brink of another war, one between the super-powers. Most countries immediately allied themselves with the United States because of the incident. Anti-Russian sentiments were quickly growing throughout the world. Everyone was tense, anticipating the worst. Although one dead astronaut probably would not bring about full scale war, no one was exactly sure what would happen.

Hours passed with a flurry of activity in every capital and embassy all over the world. Finally the Phoenix was landed at Mission Control Beta in California. The landing had been played up by all of the world's media. Older newspeople remembered the great excitement that had surrounded the first few shuttle landings in the 1980's. However, today's landing of the Phoenix was interpreted somberly. It had been marred by the death of the first shuttle pilot ever.

The red underbelly came into view high above in the sparse clouds. Broadcasters of every language could be heard at the long unused observation site. The Phoenix circled once and then glided down to the runway. Mission Control Beta shut down all systems by remote control and the runway technicians quickly approached the shuttle to kill the heat.

The State Department had not yet determined the proper course of action. The flight controllers at Mission Control Beta were done with the Phoenix mission and finally realized exactly what had happened. The entire country grieved because of the Captain's death, and waited with both fear and excitement to learn what would follow. The Defense Department had mobilized both ground and air units.

It had all happened so fast no one knew what had happened. The television cameras were all pointed towards the Phoenix and the broadcasters were finishing up their live reports of the landing when the side hatch opened up. Captain Richard Jahn waved jubilantly from high on top of the Phoenix as the world stared in astonishment. What had happened? Why was he still alive?

The Russians were relieved. The Americans were highly embarrassed. No body knew exactly what had happened except the captain and 999-3. The State Department couldn't answer any questions, because they didn't know. The President awarded the captain with a medal right there on the runway, even though he had disobeyed a direct order. Even the President wondered what had happened. When he asked Jahn, the captain replied that he had known everything would work out. Fortunately, it had.

Woody's
"SINCE 1982"

Know why we've smoked over 5 tons of ribs so far? Cause folk's like em!!
Lunch & Dinner 7 Days
buckets of beer-wine-sandwiches

229 W. Montecito St.
963-9326
Next to "The Plaka"



Remember Mom on Mother's Day

Send her a Nexus Personal
Deadline Tues. May 4-Noon

DOUBLE FEATURE • SUN. MAY 2

WOODY ALLEN
THE FRONT
1, 4, 7 & 10 pm

WHAT'S UP TIGER LILY

2:40, 5:40, 8:40 & 11:40

CHEM 1179 ••• \$2.00

Sponsored by EXPOSURE

Lutheran Campus Ministry



HOLY COMMUNION WORSHIP

Sunday, 9:00 a.m.

St. Michael's Church

Camino Pescadero and Picasso

Bruce Wollenberg, Campus Pastor

What has
a
Buffalo Bar
and sits
on the
freeway
?



HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Order Early for Prompt Delivery
Out of Town order before May

Quality & Service with a Smile
5585 Hollister 964-6789
Right off Ward Memorial



This Is It

By Kim Johnson

Nervously he took a last look around the almost too tidy room. It was nearly seven o'clock and everything was ready. Soft music played on the stereo, he had just finished cooking dinner, and he had to admit to himself that he looked pretty damned good. As he glanced in the mirror for some reassurance of this fact, he exhaled slowly. This was it — this time he would go through with it.

The sound of the doorbell interrupted his thoughts, and she danced in happily. "Ummm...smells good. What's cooking?" She gave him a warm hug and bounced over to the stereo to put on the sounds of her favorite rock group. He grit his teeth, thinking of the time he'd spent selecting just the right music. So she was in a good mood tonight, was she? He promised himself that he'd let that

make no difference to him. "I made lasagne — my mother's special recipe," he replied lightly. "Oh, it sounds delicious, only I wish I hadn't eaten so much for lunch. I don't have much of an appetite."

He felt another sharp jab of irritation. She was never completely satisfied. After tonight he wouldn't have to put up with any more. No more complaining, no more bad moods, and no more hearing that soft voice say, "You're the best thing that's ever happened to me," no more knowing she would always care... He stopped those thoughts abruptly. He had to concentrate on the bad things — then it would be easy.

"Sit over here and we'll go ahead and eat," he urged, pulling out a chair for her. As she sat down, the scent of her perfume drifted toward him — the smell that was so definitely hers. He might never know that scent again, and if he met another woman wearing that perfume, he would have to turn the other way... His eyes began to feel moist.

"Honey, are you okay? What's wrong?" Her voice was filled with concern. "Did you have a hard day at work? Sit down and tell me about it."

"Oh no, I'm fine — just a little tired." He laughed unconvincingly and quickly set the food on the table, seating himself across from her. As she dished up her salad, he looked at her thoughtfully, focusing on her confident, unworried manner. Looking up and catching his stare, she smiled sweetly.

During the entire meal she

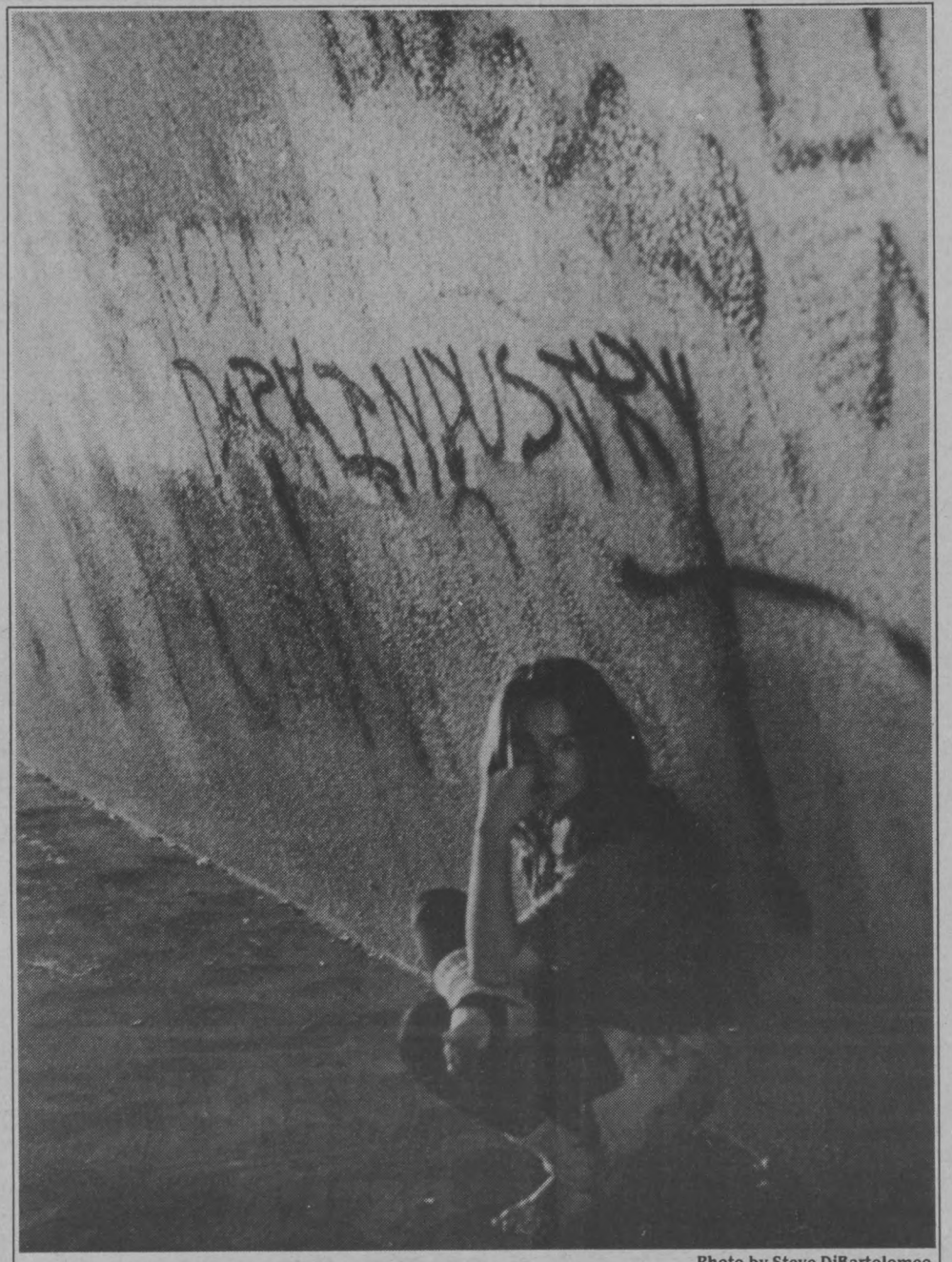


Photo by Steve DiBartolomeo

chattered away non-stop, telling him about her new classes at the university, and how she was sure she was going to love them. She looked so cute when she was enthused, but had she ever asked him again about his day? No. She must not really care at all. That was it — she did not care. Why, she was downright selfish, that's what she was. This shouldn't be hard at all, this thing he had to do. He breathed a deep sigh of relief.

As they sat down on the sofa after dinner, she looked at him closely. "You haven't said more than two words this evening! Why did you let me go on and on about myself? And why are you so quiet tonight? Is everything well for you?"

Not exactly. Uh, well...you know when I said that I thought we would get married someday? I've been

thinking, uh...thinking about it, and I decided..."

"Oh, I know what you mean!" She clasped his hand lovingly. "I want to get married right away, too, but we have got to be practical. I know it'll be hard, but let's wait a year."

He looked down at her hand and back at her smiling face, mumbling, "I guess you're right." He was in a whirlpool, getting pulled in deeper when all he wanted to do was swim away. How did you tell someone you loved that you'd never be able to

get along, that you weren't right for each other?"

"Come on — let's go to the show, my treat." She tried to pull him off the sofa, but of course she wasn't strong enough. "That dinner was fabulous, and the least I can do is take you out on the town!"

He rose slowly to his feet and with a gesture of defeat he helped her on with her coat. As he opened the door for her he thought to himself, "Next time I'll do it. I'll tell her just how it is...next time."

WORLD WHISPERS

By Babara Gerk

I've watched the sun set
and tried to hear the rocks grow
but pollution colors
the sun frenzied orange
and buildings propitiate some God.

Black headlines scream:
China syndromes and recession,
war and registration.
Hey, it's us!
This age, my age
and we're faced with horrors
that seek
the obliteration
of the human race.

I listen hard, I do
and hear the pulsation
of power-hungry, button-pushing
men
who wouldn't hesitate
where I would
and it scares me.

I can't hear the blossoms fall.

THE KING AND I

Friday, April 30
5, 7:30 & 10 pm
Physics 1610
\$1.50

sponsored by
Nat'l Stu Speech Lang & Hearing Assoc.

HACKY SACK® FOOTBAG TOURNAMENT

May 8-9 All day Storke Field
Reg. Forms & Sign-Ups at
the Rec. Trailer behind Rob Gym
or call Monty at 685-6672
sponsored by the National Hacky Sack
Association and the UCSB Ski Team

FREE TRAM RIDES BOTH WAYS!

SANTA
BARBARA

SWAP MEET

Every
SUNDAY
from
6:30 A.M.

Tram Rides
Every 5 Minutes

PARK
HERE
AIRPORT
DRIVE-IN
400 Fred Lopez Rd. - Goleta



RIDE FREE
to
SWAP MEET
907 S. Kellogg - Goleta

FREE EVENT SPRING SING

Theme: Broadway Musicals
UCSB's Annual Songfest

"An Evening of Broadway Musical Entertainment"

May 1 • 7:00 P.M. • At Campbell Hall

FREE TICKETS Available at

A.S. Program Board Office, 3rd Floor of the UCen

Tickets will also be available at the door - but it's advisable to get them in advance because of the limited seating in Campbell Hall (870)

Jazz Ensemble will be accompanying the performers

Video Taping: The show will be taped and presentation date will be announced at the show

A SHOW NOT TO MISS!

The show features talented campus groups, singing & dancing songs from selected Broadway Musicals.
A Showcase of Variety & Talent!

THE STING NEWMAN REDFORD SHAW



...all it takes is
a little Confidence.

MONDAY
MAY 3
6:30 & 9 pm
Campbell Hall
\$2.00

sponsored by
FOCUS Magazine

Tangible Things

(continued from page 3A)

the road that goes through the cornfields and over the hill above the vacation cottages and the frozen pond to the inn. Still feeling last night's port as a stiffness in your neck and beneath your shoulders, your hand in your pocket touches the leaf (a maple leaf) and you feel five years old. Someone will say, "Did you find that on your walk? Show us, won't you?" And you might offer it up, cupped in both hands.

Your jacket rustles and crinkles and then startles you with silence when you stop to notice the bare vines climbing the power poles to cross over the road by the wires that run to the last house on this side of the hill.

In the rain you pick up the leather boot beside a torn sofa, wondering what it must like to be a shoe. Wanting to know.

What might she have said if, as she lay under the pink blanket on the couch under the window, you had told her that she was the reason you couldn't sleep? She haunted you then, making you wonder if she had ever been more real than a shadow. Even now did it excite you to pretend it was she sighing under you, pressing her head back into the pillow?

The sandy gravel sounds swish, crunch as you move along the road furrowed by snow tires, carrying with you the tangible things of this world like memory and lust. Hearing a sound you turn almost in time to catch the leaf that has been following you down the hill but has now stopped, trying to look innocuous beside the puddle.

The clouds lower to the tops of the trees as you cross the meadow behind the inn. The last patches of snow covering the dead leaves snap underfoot as the blue healers leave the slate steps to the kitchen to come barking, only to whimper and wave their tails when you kneel in the snow before them.

It is so warm inside that your glasses fog going through the narrow hall, finding your new wife curled in the big white chair beside the fire in the study. On the shelf the phonograph needle slides along dark grooves as outside the rain turns to sleet, stinging the windows and falling into the flower bed. And your new wife putting aside her book to rise:

"Darling. This," she says, looking around, "everything is so perfect. I do love you so much."

An old, hoary tree sat brooding over a clearing. Squirrels and birds kept it company, with their bright chattering and winsome ways. The sun streamed gaily through the branches of the solemn tree. This was the only gloominess of this happy clearing — a tree that had seen too many years and too much sadness to ever have any joy. Leaves cascaded softly down.

Two lovers sat beneath the tree, speaking of love and other related matters. The sights and sounds of man came to the isolated clearing often. The birds and squirrels appeared less and less. The great tree remained more gnarled and solemn than before. Leaves cascaded softly down.

A magnificent city grew and flourished. No birds or squirrels could be heard, people preferred "beautiful" music instead of "natural" noise. The only thing that remained of the original clearing was the ancient tree, sadder and more scarred. It was held in great honor by the men, but it was also pitted with the initials of many (carved for posterity). The city was great, the inhabitants boasted it could last forever. Leaves cascaded softly down.

There were ruins as far as the eye could see. Already the forest had begun to creep back. The tree still remained, old beyond all count. Its visage was more wrinkled than before, but many of the scars had disappeared. The squirrels and the birds had begun

Interlude

By Chris Cockey

to reappear, bringing some cheerfulness to the gloomy landscape. Two lovers sat beneath the tree, speaking of love and other related matters. Leaves cascaded softly down.

The clearing returned. The ruins disappeared beneath green canopies. The joyful songs of birds resounded once more. Squirrels pattered and bounded in the branches of the tree. The only thing that brought a shadow to this glade was the ancient, patriarchal tree. It had seen the dawn and destruction of man, and knew that nothing was permanent. The sun brightened up the gloomy aspect; chiding the tree for its solemnity. Leaves cascaded softly down...

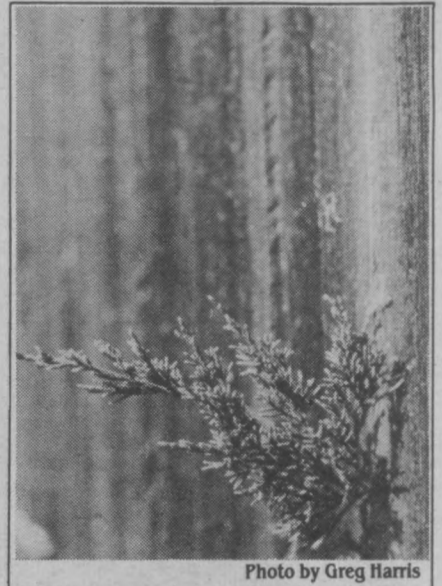


Photo by Greg Harris

the movies



966-9382
ARLINGTON CENTER
1317 State Street

FOR CONCERT & FILM INFORMATION
PLEASE CALL THEATRE
966-9382

SPECIAL TWI-LITE PRICES!
EVERY WEDNESDAY — SUNDAY
ALL SHOWINGS BEFORE 6:30

Adult \$2.50 Child \$1.50

All Twi-lite tickets must be used before 6 pm subject to seating availability (except Riviera and Drive-Ins)

965-5792
FIESTA #1
916 State Street

A Science Fantasy Adventure
QUEST FOR FIRE

965-6188
RIVIERA
Near Santa Barbara Mission opposite El Encanto Hotel

"SIZZLING SENSUALITY!"
It's good to see Susan Anspach do her strongest work since 'Five Easy Pieces.'
—Jack Kroll, Newsweek

Montenegro

966-4045
GRANADA #1
1216 State Street

PARTNERS

The oddest team on the squad and the funniest cops in America.

965-5792
FIESTA #2
916 State Street

THEY ARE SOMETHING MORE THAN LOVERS WHO ARE ABOUT TO BECOME SOMETHING LESS THAN HUMAN.

NASTASSIA KINSKI
MALCOLM McDOWELL
JOHN HEARD
ANNETTE O'TOOLE

cat people

682-4936
PLAZA De Oro #1
349 South Hitchcock Way

JULIE ANDREWS
JAMES GARNER
ROBERT PRESTON

BLAKE EDWARDS'
VICTOR
Victoria PG

966-4045
GRANADA #2
1216 State Street

For a wickedly funny who'll-do-it.

DEATH TRAP
MICHAEL CAINE
CHRISTOPHER REEVE
DYAN CANNON

965-5792
FIESTA #3
916 State Street

Filmed Before A Live Audience
RICHARD PRYOR

ALL NEW
LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP

682-4936
PLAZA De Oro #2
349 South Hitchcock Way

BURT LANCASTER
SUSAN SHARANDON
"ATLANTIC CITY"

MARIEL HEMINGWAY
PERSONAL
BEST WR PG

966-4045
GRANADA #3
1216 State Street

2 ACADEMY AWARDS!
arthur

3 ACADEMY AWARDS!
BEST ACTOR • BEST ACTRESS
On Golden Pond PG

965-5792
FIESTA #4
916 State Street

4 ACADEMY AWARDS
—including—
BEST PICTURE

CHARIOTS OF FIRE PG

967-0744
FAIRVIEW #1
251 N. Fairview

a little **sext**
A LOT OF LAUGHS

Richard Pryor
Some Kind of Hero
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

968-3356
MAGIC LANTERN #1
960 Embarcadero Del Norte

A SPECIAL 3-D EVENT!
ANDY WARHOL'S
"FRANKENSTEIN 3-D"

967-9447
CINEMA #1
6050 Hollister Ave.

Funny, tender, triumphant, the remarkable story of a born winner.

If you could see what I hear PG

967-0744
FAIRVIEW #2
251 N. Fairview

PARTNERS

The oddest team on the squad and the funniest cops in America.

968-3356
MAGIC LANTERN #2
960 Embarcadero Del Norte

WALTER MATTHAU
ANN-MARGRET
Neil / Ought To Be Simon's In Pictures

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
EVIL UNDER THE SUN PG

967-9447
CINEMA #2
6050 Hollister Ave.

Keep an eye out for the funniest movie about growing up ever made!

You'll be glad you came!
PORKY'S
20th CENTURY-FOX FILMS

964-8377
AIRPORT Drive-In
Hollister and Fairview

ALSO: "THE DISAPPEARANCE"

"ENTER THE NINJA"

964-9400
TWIN Drive-In #1
Memorial Hwy at Kellogg Goleta

ALSO: "GROOVE TUBE" —R—

BILL MURRAY in
STRIPES

964-9400
TWIN Drive-In #2
Memorial Hwy at Kellogg Goleta

BURT REYNOLDS SHARKY'S MACHINE

What happened to him should happen to you.
Private Lessons

Students-Faculty-Staff
LIBRARY 1/2 PRICE BOOKSALE WEDNESDAY MAY 5 8:30-1:30 LIBRARY, 8th FLOOR



Ba-dum, ba-dum, ba-dum!" I jerked at the steering wheel so that I was back in my lane. Looking in the rear-view mirror, I checked to see if there was a trail of destruction. Phew, none. I looked forward and again began to fixate on the asphalt horizon. I took a sip of a warm Tab and turned on the radio. I wished Mitch hadn't tried to fix the heater and accidentally screwed up the radio, rendering me tape-player-less for two hours on Highway 101.

I fiddled with the tuner and somewhere along the spectrum of static found a station. Country music, great! If it's not baseball or Jews for Jesus, it's country

music: the title is half the song, and besides it's something to do. Soon I found myself singing along with Barbara Mandrell to "Sleepin' Single in a Double Bed." I glanced at the clock, 4:30! I stepped down on the accelerator.

I proceeded to snake my way through the maze of traffic until I noticed a strange flash. Looking in my rear-view mirror I realized I was being pulled over. A hot feeling of nervousness rushed through my body as I nearly ran the other cars off the road in my attempts to get to the side. I came to a halt in a cloud of dust and gravel. Quickly, I glanced around my car to see if there was anything incriminating. I threw my tape of B-52's

under the seat — I could just imagine being thought of as a "Hollywood Weirdo" and thrown into some backwoods jail and sentenced to hard labor — and my tape player

was caught unprepared for "That Time of The Month" and was therefore anxious to get home. With my luck he'd probably escort me to the nearest bathroom and hand

some but not drop-dead-good-looking. While digging for my license I imagined my mom hearing the news of my ticket; what should I wear to my funeral?

He looked at my license. "Where are you going?"

Realizing that I wasn't trying to talk my way out of this I quickly answered. "I'm going to Santa Barbara. I go to school there, at UCSB. I'm majoring in psychology..." I stopped myself, realizing that I sounded like I was in sorority rush.

"So what's the hurry? he asked again. "Uhh..." I said, contemplating my roomie's suggestion, "Uhh... I have to get back before six or else I'll miss dinner and I can't afford to eat out."

"I see," he said. I didn't like the way he said that. I knew exactly what he was thinking as he spied the Gucci luggage in the back seat and the meticulous Simonizing of my BMW 320i. I sank down in my crushed velour seat. He stopped his scrutinizing and said, "Well, I think I should —" BZZZZZ "Hold on a sec." The radio on his motorcycle had just been a faint crackling in the background until now. He ran back to answer it.

I was glad to be left alone; it gave me time to think. I was nervous. It gave me time to think of how nervous I was; I saw the luggage out of the corner of my eye and winced. I couldn't believe I said what I had done. Sure, "I was speeding so I won't starve." Great alibi! And "I can't afford to eat out." That really made things look

reasonable! If I was the smart college co-ed I thought I was I would've said that I had a midterm or, better yet, that I had been down to L.A. to pick up some notes for my professor to lecture from and he needed them ASAP. Or... I couldn't believe it.

"Missing dinner!"

I heard his boots digging in the gravel as he returned. He leaned in the window. I couldn't believe he was so close — too close. I twisted around so that he wasn't looking into my ear. "Let me tell you something Miss Maxwell." This is wonderful, I thought, a ticket and a lecture from a cop wearing dark glasses so I can't tell where's he's looking. Seemingly hearing my complaint, he removed his disguise. I felt myself falling in lust. He had deep, warm blue eyes that transformed him from "Barney Miller" into a hunk straight out of "GQ." "I'm just going to give you a warning — Slow down. You're gonna be at that college for four years. I want you to live to graduate!"

"Oh, thank you!" I stammered, hoping I wasn't drooling.

"Now stop being a lead-foot," he smiled, "and don't forget to study."

I thanked him again. As he walked away I checked him out in the rear-view mirror — he had a cute little butt. "Definite GQ material," I smiled.

Relieved, I started my car, took another sip of warm Tab, and continued on my way.

Soft Shoulder

By Tracye Saar

wasn't even working!

I looked behind me and saw Officer Bill approaching — he walked like he was saddle sore. While unrolling the window I tried to think of something to say. Speeding... let's see, my roommate once said that she would act very embarrassed and reluctantly say that she

me the ticket when I came out.

"Hello Miss," he said, interrupting my thoughts.

"Hhhi" I managed to say.

"In a hurry to get somewhere?" He was the typical cop, straight off of "CHIPS": dark aviator glasses, moustache, hand-

Tell Mom You're Thinking of her on Mother's Day with a Nexus Personal

Only \$3 & \$6

We'll also mail it to her

Bring it to the Daily Nexus Office Below Storke Tower Before Tuesday at noon

MOM- I Wish I Could Be Home To Wish You a Happy Mother's Day! Love, Cindy



Featuring Fresh Fish, Steaks & Lobster, Tropical Mai-Tais and Pina Colodas

-a Santa Barbara tradition since the late '60s

3888 State St. 687-4417

Friday, April 30

Theater: Odyssey Ensemble "Nightclub Cantata," CH, 8 p.m. students \$5/\$4/- \$3, general \$7/\$6/5.
 SONT: Bible Study, UCen 2272, 7 p.m.
 Reading: Voices of Jewish Women, URC, 8 p.m.
 ISA: Meeting, UCen 2292, 7 p.m.
 Film: "The King and I, Physics 1610, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.

Saturday, May 1

NATIONAL MONTH OF SPEECH AND HEARING
 A.S. Legal Aid Program: UCen 2292, 9:30 a.m.
 KTMS Challenge: San Luis Obispo to Santa Barbara Bike Race.
 Music: University Symphony Orchestra, LLCH, 8 p.m.
 Chicano Grad Dance: W/ Disc Jockey, Old Gym, 8:30 p.m. \$4/\$5.

Sunday, May 2

Film: "Gigi," CH, 7 & 9:30 p.m., students \$1.50, general \$2.
 Music: Town and Gown Music Series, Faulkner Gallery, S.B. Library.
 Music: Guest Organ Recital, LLCH, 8 p.m.
 Double Feature: The Front and What's Up Tiger Lily, Chem 1179, 1, 4, 7 & 10 p.m., \$2.

Monday, May 3

END OF FIRST HALF OF SPRING QUARTER
 Program Board: Meeting, UCen 2284, 5 p.m.

"a weekly publication of the activities planning center"

Tuesday, May 4

Bike Club: Elections, UCen 2272, 7:30 p.m.
 CAB: Blood Drive, Pav., 1-4.
 MFA Exhibition: Michael Foster, painting, Art Museum, through May 9.
 Kundalini Yoga Club: Class, UCen 2292, 8 p.m.
 Sailing & Windsurfing Team: Meeting, UCen 2284, 6 p.m.
 Lecture: "Communication: How Men Do It," Jonathan Young, SHS Conf. Room, 5:30 p.m.
 BSU: Meeting, Phelps 1444, 7 p.m.
 Lecture: "An Evening with Icelandic Filmmaker Agust Gudmundsson," Broida 1610, 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, May 5

CAB: Blood Drive, Pav. 10-4.
 Pilipino Students Union: Meeting, UCen 2292, 6 p.m.
 S.I.M.S.: Intro Lecture, UCen 2272, 8 p.m.
 Tournament Water Ski Club: Meeting, Girv 2110, 6:15 p.m.
 GCF: Prayer Meeting, UCen 2292, 8 a.m.
 Lecture: Poets on Stilts: "Years and Some Contemporaries" Andrew Mellon, Buch 1930, 3 p.m.
 Presentation: "How to Get a Job in Management," UCen 2284, 3:15-5 p.m.

Thursday, May 6

Theater: "Breakfast of Champions," Studio Theatre, 8 p.m.
 Film: Rosalie, CH, 7, 9:30 p.m. Students \$1.50, general \$2.
 Rap Group: UCen 2284, 7:30 p.m.
 Lecture: "The Meaning of Freedom, Swami Dayanda Saraswati, Girv 1004, 3 / .m. Baha'i Club: Fireside meeting, UCen 2294, 7 p.m.

ANNOUCEMENTS

Merhaba Folk Dance Club will not meet in the Old Gym on April 30, May 7 or 14 (Fridays) but will meet again on May 21 at 7:30 p.m. Beginning International Dances will be taught from 8 to 9 p.m., with opening dancing afterwards until 11 p.m.

So Much Depends By Ross West

He heard a muffled padding sound and looked up. A moment passed until the soft fingers grasped and turned the doorknob allowing Lynn into the living room. She wore a pink and white granny nightgown flowing from the laced and buttoned neck to the floor: soft flannel decorated with angels. Benny sat with his arms stretched straight out and resting on the sofa's back, his legs crossed before him. On the coffee table a magazine lay opened to a photo of a red wheelbarrow glazed with rainwater beside some white chickens.

"I can't sleep so well," Lynn said.

Benny was not sleepy at one when she went to her room, so he decided to watch television for a while. The movie he halfheartedly watched was only slightly more a whodunit than a whahappened. Far more elusive than the thief's fingerprints was the director's hand.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Ten past two," he said. She flexed and stretched her shoulders, then rolled her head. "One of my backcrubs would konk you right out — guaranteed."

"That sounds like a good idea," she said. "In a while, okay?" Lynn sat on the sofa stiffly and full of thought just a few feet to his right. She was quite aware of his hand so near her, and of her nakedness beneath the warm flannel.

Earlier that day he had asked her, "What's there to see in this city?"

"I've only been here a month," she replied, "but I hear there is a beautiful park up in the hills."

"Let's go," he said.

Being that he didn't know her all that well — she was the best friend of a girl with whom he'd just broken up — Benny was lots less interested in seeing scenery than in talking with her and getting to know her better than their occasional chats and double dates over the last six months had allowed. He also had a confession to make.

They stood on an old wooden observation platform jutting out of the precipitous side of an overgrown canyon. The foggy pacific climate supported a valley pregnant with life. This day the bright colors were subdued and faded in the smoke and haze of a distant fire.

"When I saw you last week I really had a good time," he began.

"I'm glad. You'll have to stop by the next time you get up here."

"I, y'know, I haven't been having the greatest luck lately. Breaking up with Sandy and all. Then I'm up here talking to you and getting to know you so much better than before. That was such a, a...real kick. You seem to see things a little differently from anybody else I know, like the things you said about the shadows on the hills at sundown. They really stuck in my mind; I never saw it like that before. I...anyway, I wanted to tell you that I thought about you a lot last week and—"

"I thought a lot about you too," she said shoving her hands deep into the pockets of her jeans.

"Really?" he said sur-

prised.

"Yeah."

"Hmmm," he made a thoughtful sound, though not really thinking much, just feeling pleased. "Anyway, when I got to San Francisco I was — you know the story — alone, and like I said on the

phone the job-hunting went lousy. I felt so crummy knocking on doors all day hoping somebody would be just dying to hire me, and nobody was. So job-hunting all day and sitting around mostly reading at night, I thought about you a lot." His

hands played upon the heavy wood railing worn smooth by how many such moments. "I told you on the phone that I wrote you a poem; I wrote it on the bus from your place to San Francisco. Well, by Wednesday I realized...Hmmm..." His eyes roved the darkening canyon and sky. Twice they rested on her small form looking up from beside him, then quickly jumped away.

In a distracted voice he

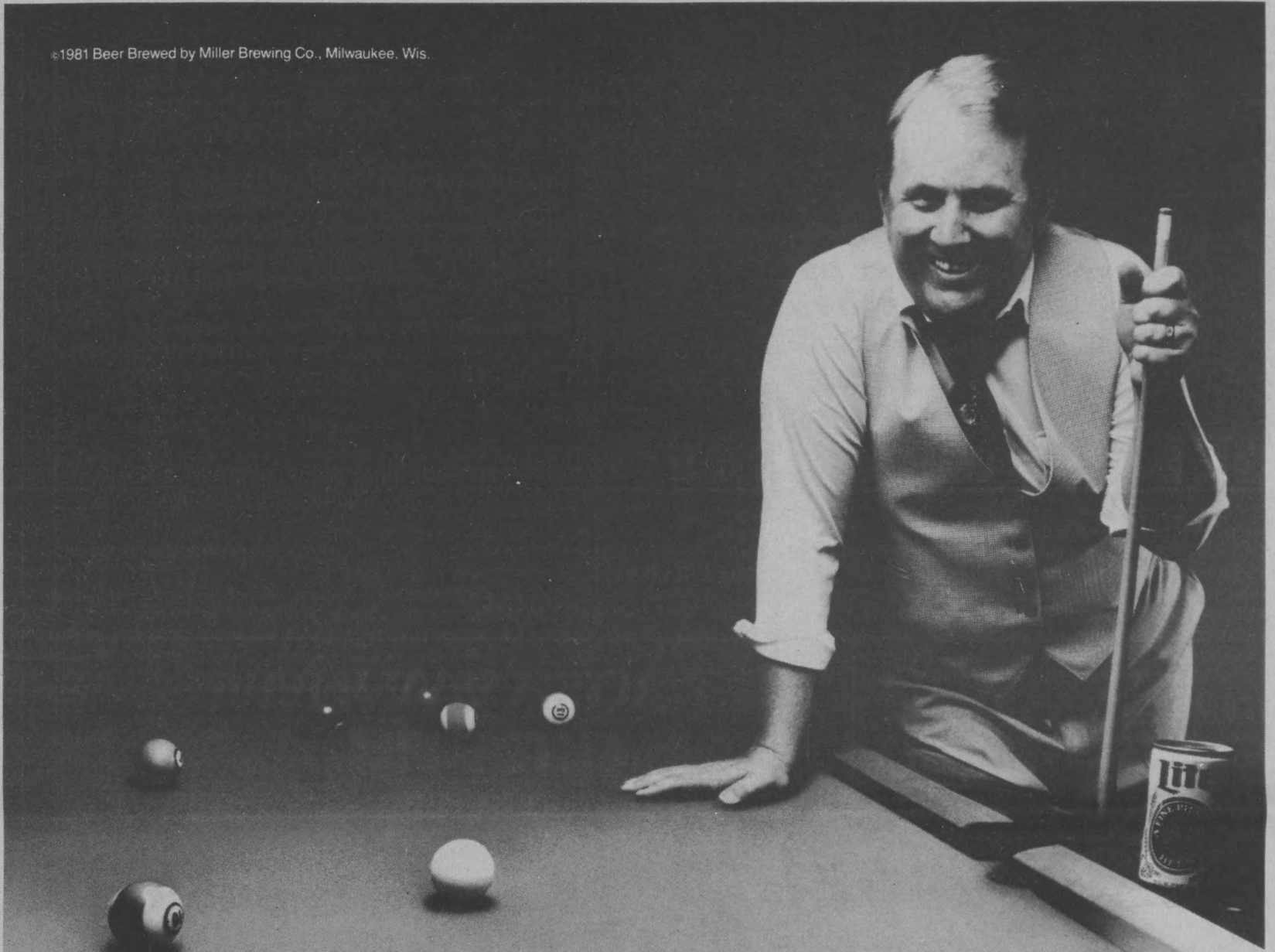
asked, "Are the leaves on that branch over there a different color from the rest of the leaves?"

"That is the underside of the leaves," she said, "they are a lighter color on that side, and they're softer. They have a sort of powder on them."

"Huh," he said, "...so, what was I saying? Oh yeah, so, somewhere in the middle of the week — I think it was...Wednesday. Wait, no,

it must have been...no." His speech jerked forward in leaps like a car with a bad clutch. "Well, I guess the day doesn't matter much. In the middle of the week I realized," he took a theatrically long drag of air, "I had some sort of high school crush on you." Immediately he raised his hands before himself interjecting, "Don't worry, I spent the last half of the (continued on page 12A)

©1981 Beer Brewed by Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



BANK SHOTS, TRICK SHOTS AND OTHER TABLE MANNERS.

by Steve Mizerak

I'm gonna teach you a coupla things that'll 1) impress your friends, and 2) maybe lose some friends.

All you need is good eyesight, a little dexterity, and three essentials: a pool table, pool cue, and some Lite Beer from Miller.

CHEAP SHOTS

Here's a goodie. I call it the "Cheap Shot." Place a ball on the edge of the corner pocket. Then, take a half-dollar and lean it against the side rail at the other end of the table. (If you don't have a half-dollar, you can always write home to your parents: they'd love to hear from you.)

Tell your friends you're gonna sink the ball in the corner, using the half-dollar as a cue ball. It's not hard. Hit the coin solidly on the edge, just above the center, and it will roll along the rail knocking the ball in the pocket. But don't forget to scoff up the half-dollar. Because you're not

supposed to lose money doing trick shots—just win Lite Beers.

THE COIN TRICK

This one drives people nuts. Place a ball on the head spot. With the chalk, make a circle around it, approximately 8" in diameter. Then put a quarter or half-dollar on top of the ball. (Yes, you can use the same one from before, or you can write home to your parents again.) Place the cue ball behind the foot line and have your friends

try to knock the coin out of the circle. Chances are, they won't be able to (this is a good time to work on your Lite Beer and act smug).

When you shoot, do one of two things: hit the object ball head-on with follow-through so the cue ball knocks the coin out, or hit the cue ball very, very slowly so the coin rolls off the object ball.

TABLE MANNERS

Now for simple table etiquette. After you've "hustled" your friends, you gotta keep 'em. So do what I call "Clearing the Table." Simply offer to buy the next round of Lite Beer. They'll all clear the table fast and head for the bar (or to your room or apartment). Then, once they all have Lite (just one apiece—you're not too rich, remember), tell them with Lite in hand and a smirk on your face that your shots were no big deal—you were just showin' off.



LITE BEER FROM MILLER. EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED IN A BEER. AND LESS.

So Much Depends

(continued from page 11A)

week getting myself un-crushed." He looked at her with open, honest eyes vouching for the truth of his words. "I want to give you the poem — it's better than most of my stuff — but I don't want to confuse you. It's sort of..." he made a goo-goo eyed face. "That's why I told you about the crush and that it is over now."

She laughed at the funny face, though all during his rambling nervous words she watched him closely with her bright aquamarine eyes. She was lovely. A strong and capable woman: passionate and compassionate. He handed her the poem and she read it.

Her lover, Jim, with whom she had lived for two years was out of the country now sailing from South Africa to Hong Kong. They were good for each other and planned on being together for a long, long time. Circumstances, however, seemed to have a different plan. Jim had supported them for their last few months together during which time Lynn could find no work. When Jim was suddenly called to help crew the faraway boat — a great opportunity which, like a great tragedy, isn't planned, but simply identified and acted on — it was financially necessary to close their household. Lynn moved 350 miles north, near San Francisco, to where work was easier to find. She got a job and set up her own apartment. Jim's own boat — small and old, but of limitless value to him — was moored in the south. And where Jim's boat was moored, so moored was Jim. A problem.

Now, at a little after 2 a.m., she said, "When we talked this afternoon at the park there were some things I wanted to say, too. I couldn't think of how to say them then. It takes me a while sometimes to get at what I really feel." She hugged her legs before her with both arms, resting her chin on her left knee and looking at him. Her pink toes peeked out from under her nightgown's hem. "While I couldn't sleep I thought of how to say it."

He nodded for her to continue.

"I wanted to say that I felt just about the same way you said you felt; that I had a crush on you."

Earlier in the week it hadn't taken Benny long to realize that his feelings were the child of loneliness in the absence of Sandy, and his strong attraction to Lynn. He would handle the loneliness, he had thought, and being close to her as a friend would allow him to enjoy her personality. Benny knew Jim, too, and liked him. He also liked the way Jim and Lynn got along together. What Benny strongly disliked was the idea of disrupting their world. Having thus decided, the issue was, at least in his mind, closed.

So now he listened to Lynn's words matter-of-factly, and was quietly flattered. He recognized that her declaration had probably been the cause of her insomnia and again offered a backrub. She said it would be nice, then got up to get some milk.

While she was gone he grew gleeful. He knew how much he cared for her, and if she cared for him in the same way their young friendship had a promising future. He thought about Woody Allen and Groucho Marx not wanting to be in any club, or with any woman bad off enough to have him. Benny believed just the opposite. Anyone who would show him kindness and affection certainly deserved them in return. Lynn had voiced such feelings and he now felt himself flooded with delight being closer than ever to her.

She returned to her seat sipping her milk. Their conversation drifted to lighter matters. While they talked Benny looked at the back of Lynn's pretty head. The curve of her head from pate to nape, covered as it was by her whitish-gold hair fascinated him. The inviting spectacle lay only four inches from his outstretched hand. He felt like a boy scout desirous to explore, and the extent of the exploration was so limited, so simple. Certainly, he thought, their feelings were quite in tune. Certainly she would love for me to touch her, to run my hand over her beautiful hair...

Then he saw a movie. He touched her, and stroked the soft, warm hair slowly and very controlled two or three times. She purred at his touch. Slowly, like a wind-caressed windmill blade her head dropped in a languorous arc coming to rest upon his lap. He smoothed her glorious child-like hair, then led his hand to her soft, ruddy face. He leaned forward and kissed the top of her head. She looked up. Their lips met...

No! Not tonight, not with Lynn. No tawdry embraces with their whiny regrets. I have a shot at a great friendship with Lynn, or I have a good chance of wrecking that friendship, and wrecking what she and Jim have. No!

While all this mental squalling blew first one way, then the other, their conversation ebbed. Lynn took her empty glass to the kitchen. She returned and stood beside him.

"I am glad for tonight, and happy," she said.

Looking up at her he said, "Me too."

"Well, I think I'm ready to sleep now."

"Okay, goodnight."

"Goodnight," she said smiling a little and walking to the door.

"Oh," he remembered, "Do you want your backrub now?"

"No, that's okay, I think I'm pretty sleepy."

"Okay," he said content.

She took one more step to the door and stopped. She looked at him quite peacefully and naturally. "Is that okay with you?" she asked.

"Sure," he said without hesitation. As her perfect blonde footsteps receded, Benny thought of her last words. The huge smile on his face eventually dissolved into a happy yawn.



Arostically John

By William Rothschild

I was not much too young when you arrived
Not yet capable of learning your message

My mind grew as I learned your song
Enticements of peace filled my thoughts
Many was the time I sat in wonder
Of your capacity for love and giving
Right through peace, not through might
You gave us the key to change our world

Oceans of blue; yellow submarines
Flights through the sky with diamonds and rings

Joy filled us all who loved in your world
Of make-believe places and tangible dreams
How could we know it would all end
Not peacefully, but violently through hate

Left behind, groping for reasons
Evaporated hopes, caught between seasons
No one was left to lead us who hurt
No one had the will or the power
On we struggle to cope with this world, but
No one is left to dream.



Only 5
days left
until the

COUPON ISSUE

Wednesday, May 5

WATCH FOR IT!