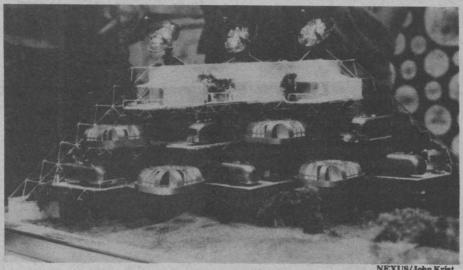
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Magazine



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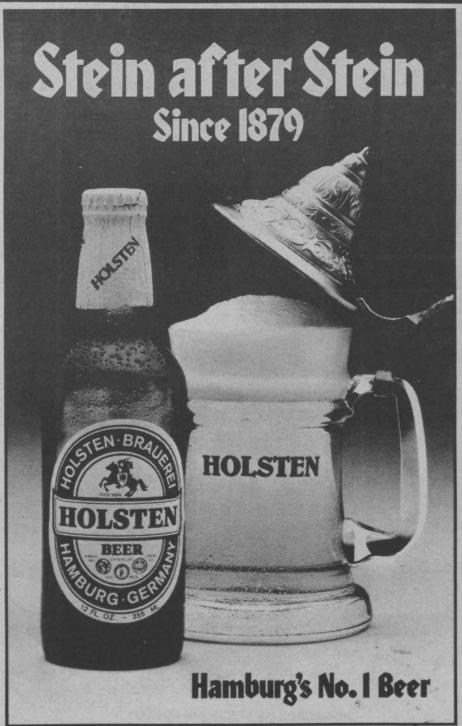


Focus Editor Eve Dutton

Assistant Focus Editor Greg Harris

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Cover by Rob Gray



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How would you improve the nation's public education system?

Beth Jewell, English, Sophomore

The hours spent in school should be quality hours rather than just quantity hours. There needs to be more emphasis on science, reading, writing and mathematics. There should also be more concentration on languages. The U.S. started out as a melting pot, but now most citizens only know one language. I think that is total ignorance. Teacher salaries should also be increased. If you don't pay well you won't get good quality instructors.



Tom Banigan, Physiological Psychology, Senior



I believe the system is currently pretty good. We shouldn't have an elitist system, as we are headed. Arts should be funded by the private sector. More emphasis is needed, at a younger age, on the sciences. Career education is also very important. Without it children can't relate the education to their future. Large corporations should have an obligation to fund education.

Al Scholl, UCSB Extension Student

Two languages must be included in the education system, beginning at an earlier age. This will increase thinking skills. Thinking skills have a cultural dimension and can broaden the outlook of the country. To maintain a democracy we must be able to understand other cultures and communicate. The quality of teachers must also be increased. I'm not sure how, but I believe the quality of teaching is declining.



Silvia Nolla, Zoology, Junior



We must go to the teachers themselves. The way the schools are run now the administration pays no attention to what the teachers recommend. The administration is totally out of touch. Teachers should be polled as to how to improve the system. Right now they feel they are just babysitters so they get bored and mad. I've talked to lots of teachers and they are bitter. More money is also needed.

John Krist, Anthropology, **Graduate Student**

I'd put more requirements on the students themselves. stringent graduation requirements are necessary. Schools have expected too little from students and that's what they've gotten, too little. The world is demanding and they've got to start training for that. Electives should only be taken after the basic skills are mastered. Too much blame is placed on the teachers. There is only so much they can do.



Dream Meanings Remain a Mystery

By DAN GURSKY

"A dream which is not explained is like a letter which has not been read." — The Talmud Humans have been having dreams for as long as they've been around, yet the precise meaning and purpose of these nighttime adventures still elude us.

Theories about dreams have been around for centuries; even before the development of written language, man probably had hunches about what his dreams meant. One early idea of the Egyptians as well as Judeo-Christian and Islamic cultures was that dreams were divinely inspired, sort of a link between the secular and spiritual worlds where mortals sometimes received messages from the gods.

Some Oriental cultures of the same period had a slightly different view — dreaming is the intermediate state of the soul between this world and the next.

Another view, held by Aristotle, among others, was of dreams as prophesies of the future. This idea is still around today; probably everyone has heard reports of dreams that have come true

Noted psychologist Alfred Adler had one explanation for this phenomenon. According to Leo Gold in a book called *Handbook of Dreams*, Adler believed that dreams show the motivations, judgements and aspirations of individuals; they are basically oriented toward future goals. So dream situations can serve as a practice for the future by giving the dreamer trial situations to deal with. Thus, when dreams come true, it is because they were a preparation for something the individual desired and worked out in his or her sleep.

Other concepts of dreams have stressed their therapeutic value, their use as sources of creativity, and their relative unimportance in one's life, among other things.

Before Adler, Sigmund Freud developed the first real scientific theory of dreams. Dreams are the "royal road to the unconscious," as he put it. Freud's ideas have been widely discussed, practiced, revised and ridiculed during this century but they are still very influential in the field of psychology and many other areas as well.

UCSB students in a social psychology class this quarter are among those still using Freud's ideas. Sociology Professor Thomas Scheff has his students keep a dream log and interpret their dreams using a chapter from one of Freud's works. Remembering one's dreams can be difficult for some people, Scheff said, because it takes discipline to concentrate after waking up to recall some of the night's dreams, rather than just going back to sleep or hopping out of bed.

Like Freud, Scheff believes that dreams show the buried side of one's personality. But the messages come in disguised and symbolic ways, so they have to be interpreted, he added. The whole topic of dreams is very complex but "it's basically about repression," Scheff noted. "Dreams are about getting to know yourself."

Freud pointed out that there are two aspects to dreams. The manifest content is what the dream is actually about, usually recalled in a story-like manner, while latent content is what the dream actually means. He was a strong proponent of the idea that dreams and their determining factors are open to rational interpretation, despite their often incomprehensible contents. One main function of dreams that Freud noted is their ability to allow the infantile wishes in adults to be fulfilled. If they are not fulfilled during sleep, tension may build up during the waking life or the wishes may be expressed in inappropriate manners.

One common aspect of dreams is that they often continue the activities of the previous day, usually the more emotional or traumatic events. This is what Freud called "day residue."

In his textbook on abnormal psychology, Irwin Sarason notes that Freud realized dreams could help uncover the unconscious impulses and conflicts behind abnormal behavior. As a result, clinical psychoanalysis places much emphasis on the interpretation of dreams and their relation to thought and behavior. Psychoanalytical treatment aims to help invididuals place their motivations in perspective and redirect their influence on everyday life, Sarason writes. However, the importance of dream interpretation is declining in psychoanalysis today.

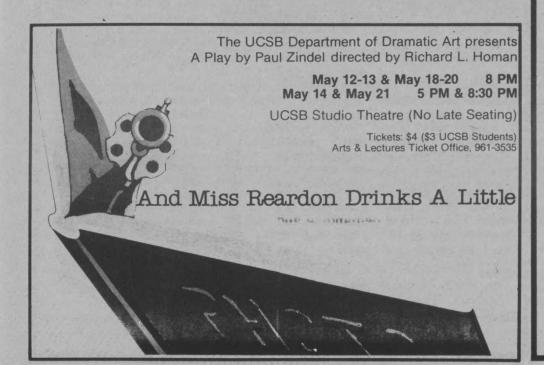
An important development in the study of dreams came in 1953, with the discovery of rapid eye movement or REM sleep. Aserinsky and Kleitman discovered that REM sleep, about 25 percent of a night's total sleep, was usually accompanied by dreams. REM sleep occurs about every 90 to 120 minutes, which means that we dream four or five times in a normal night. Added up over an average lifetime, this comes to about five years of dream experience, so the phenomenon of dreams can't be lightly dismissed as unimportant.

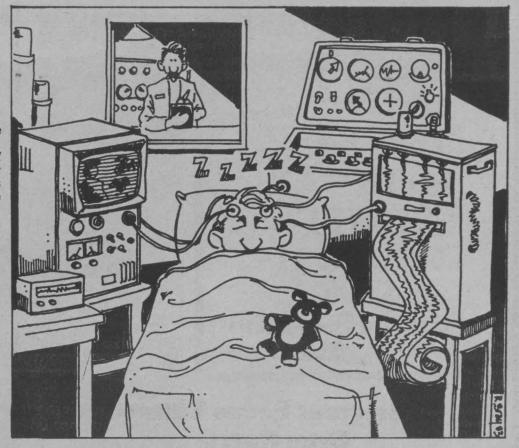
But in western culture, dreams have tended to be ignored compared to some other cultures. Professor Scheff said this may be due to our emphasis on science. "Science is interpreted as rationalistic, and conscious thought and rationality is glorified," he said. But when you get down to the deeper side of dreams, there is actually a close relation to rationality, he pointed out.

Since the discovery of REM sleep, much dream research has concentrated on physiological, rather than psychological elements. One manifestation of this scientific orientation is the view by some that dreams are simply a form of low-grade thinking, like a side-effect of the brain's electrical activity.

Another noted psychologist has a somewhat related view, but one that is not as scientifically-oriented. C.S. Jung claimed that the problem with dreams wasn't repression, as Freud had said, but rather the failure of the rational mind to understand the primitive and symbolic language of the unconscious, as expressed in dreams, according to Thayer Greene in *Handbook of Dreams*. So, for Jung, one purpose of dreams is to put us in touch with the instincts and age-old wisdom that we all possess but which is hard to bring to the conscious level.

Jung also rejected the idea that dream symbols, such as the death of a parent, have fixed meanings. The meaning of symbols varies according to the individual and the dream; they must be seen in a person's existential context. This idea, that dream interpretation must vary according to each individual, is one of the most important factors in dreams





All in all, the subject of dreams and their place in our lives is quite complex and there is no single correct view. Numerous books and articles on dreams are available to anyone who wants to pursue the subject, which could lead to insights into some of the more subtle and hidden aspects of human life.

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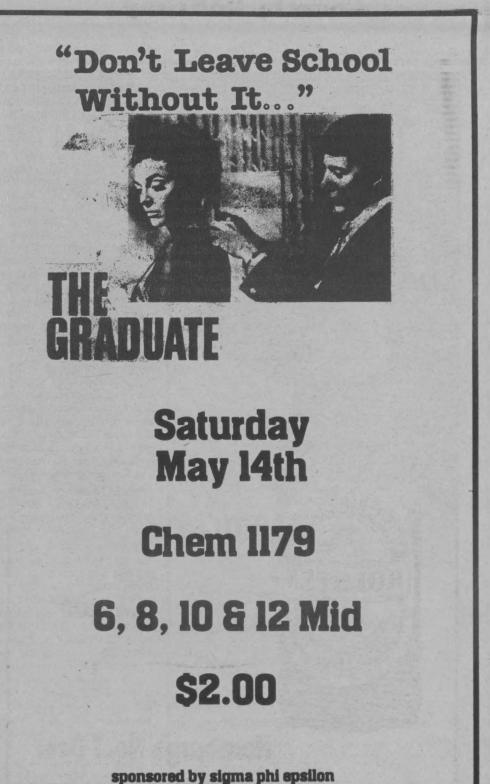
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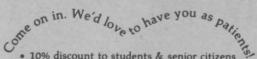
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Delight in Renaissance Pleasures



motto of the day, as the Renaissance Pleasure Faire celebrates its 21st birthday this spring, in southern California. Over 250,000 visitors are expected, this year, to join in the festive recreation of a 16th Century English country fair. All varieties of foods, crafts and games from the Elizabethan period are on hand, as well as equestrian events, Shakespearean theater and 13 daily royal processions. Created in 1963 by Phyllis Patterson, then a high school drama and history teacher, the first Faire was designed as background for a school

summer theater production. The production evolved into a 16th Century market place, with costumes, food, games and crafts. Before long 500

people were involved.

From such simple beginnings, the Renaissance Pleasure Faire has grown into a major California tourist attraction—drawing more than 200,000 to the Southern Faire near Los Angeles and 175,000 to the Northern Faire near San Francisco. This year, in southern California, it will be held for six consecutive weekends beginning May 7 and ending June 11.

By EVE DUTTON Taking its cue from Shakespeare, "fair thought and happy hours" is the

With the aid of 35 staff members, Patterson begins planning each Faire at least four months in advance. While at the same time, she is working towards the development of the California Center, a permanent, year round program based on life in rural California from 1870-1890. Bringing history to life is more than a full time job for Patterson, but she said she

wouldn't have it any other way.

'History is after all, just the story of the people who lived

before us," she said.

History is a living thing to Patterson, and the Faire a way of bringing to the public "everything I have ever loved to teach....The emphasis is on the lives of individual people, rather than the ususal political history full of dates, battles

With the educational importance of the Faire in mind, Patterson founded the Living History Centre, a non-profit, educational-cultural foundation committed to preserving the beauty of the past.

Each year the Centre sends entertainer/educators to 500schools and community groups in Califorina, bringing "living history" into the classrooms of thousands of students. The Faires are produced through the Living History Centre and the revenue is used to support the Centre programs.

One of the Faire's most notable contributions has been the reawakening of an appreciation for handcrafts.

Travel and Study Go Hand in Hand

This is the first in a three part series on studying and traveling in Spain. Andrea Woodward is a junior in political science at UCSB, currently enrolled in an international study course in Toledo, Spain.

By ANDREA WOODWARD

Like Santa Barbara, Toledo is an "academic paradise." The only difference is that UCSB has the Pacific while students in Toledo have the stinky Rio Tajo. Toledo is a pueblo about 70 kilometers south of the Spanish capital, Madrid. The atmosphere is quiet with little or no night life. The sidewalks roll up here at midnight. But, for all it lacks in late-night action, Toledo more than compensates with genuine picture postcard beauty and medieval charm.

During the summer months, Toledo is a tourist mecca where herds of Spaniards, troups of Germans, hordes of Japanese, flocks of French and small, civilized groups of Americans, come to bask in the city's Spanish, Moorish and Roman charm.

In fact, the Roman ruins highly touted in the Toledo study program brochure, was one feature that especially appealed to me. What I did not know was that the ruins are actually in the first stages of excavation. In essence, they are still just blocks of stone sitting in a park, surrounded by mounds of freshly-turned earth. The actual digging program will

begin this summer. Nevertheless, other aspects of life here, including living in a converted convent, have made up for that one small disappointment.

School

The international study program for the Jose Ortega y Gasset Foundation is housed in the renovated sixteenthcentury San Juan de la Penotencia residence, where some three hundred years ago, nuns sunned out on the balcony where my fellow students and I now take in the sun. This semester the program, now in its first year, is made up of 15 American and 15 Puerto Rican students. This has been a rather interesting mix since the Puerto Ricans have not hesitated in giving me lessons on U.S. Puerto Rican relations. (They are not terribly fond of us).

Next semester there may be Israeli students as well which would allow for even greater divergence. One problem will be, however, that pork chops and sausage seem to be a Spanish dietary staple and Israelis don't eat pork because of religious beliefs.

Other favorite dishes here in Spain favored by those who serve them more than by those who receive them, include eggs and more eggs, last week's fish, and chicken with

buckets of oil. Rotate those dishes for the two big meals a day seven days a week, throw in a little break, and you have the menu at this institution down pat. (It truly isn't fair to judge a country's cuisine merely by dorm food. I have had some great food, particularly seafood, in the south of Spain.)

Another dish that is served a lot here is cocido. It is a platter of boiled garbanzos, sausage, potatoes, and pieces of pork. When anyone complains, the cafeteria owner responds that it is "very typically Spanish." (Yes, probably what Spanish mothers give their children when they have been naughty)

A dish I do like is the tortilla espanola. This is neither wheat nor corn like those that are served in California.

Rather it is a dish made of potatoes, eggs, sometimes green peppers or onions, prepared in casserole style. It is delicious. By now, you may have gotten the impression that the food is not very good, but my new 10 pounds will contradict this

I gladly hold the fabulous pastelerias and the tapataking custom entirely responsible. Since meals are served so far apart - the main meal about 2:30 and supper at 9:30 eating between meals is very popular. Breakfast about 8 a.m., is normally a cup of wonderful espresso coffee and a piece of toast or a muffin. Later

on, about 11 a.m. or so, it is time for a snack, a little pastel, pastry and another cup of coffee, to hold one over until 2

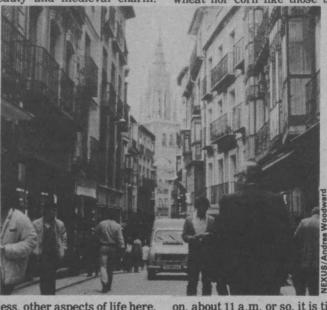
The midday meal, at 2 p.m. then leaves one so stuffed that there is no remedy but to siesta until about 4:30 p.m. Wine with the meal also contributes to the need for a siesta. There is not much to do at that time anyway, because everybody who runs Spain is siestaing.

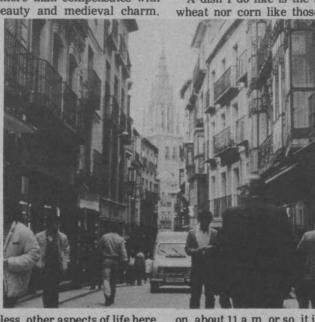
About 7 p.m. or 8 p.m., the tapa-taking hour arrives. That means one strolls from bar to bar drinking wine or beer and eating little hors d'oeuvres like the tortilla espanola. calamares (fried squid), or mushrooms fried in butter and garlic sauce. Those are some of my favorites, but there are many more, fishy ones like sardine sandwiches. Oh, I can't forget the bread, a French baguette; it is extraordinarily

After tapa-taking it is time for the late evening meal, which though lighter than the midday, is still fairly heavy. That, my friends, is how I put on 10 pounds.

Study

Next, I am sure I will be asked if I ever studied, since it does appear that I spent all my time strolling about, eating (Please turn to p. 7A)





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In 1963, technocracy was supreme; assembly line crafts were more valued than handmade ones. When the Faire first began, a sandalmaker in the L.A. area ran the only craft booth.

The Faire reversed that trend. In fact, the first five yearround craft shops in the L.A. area got their start at the Patterson's extravaganza. Today visitors find items that were the mainstays of the 16th Century household. And, for the very curious, craftspersons provide lessons in their field of expertise.

"It takes a lot of work but I wouldn't miss it. I've been selling my wares there every year for eight years," said John a local jeweler.

Space openings are limited and "making craft selections is tough," explained Joyce Taylor, in charge of public relations. Not only must the 200 best craftspersons be chosen but a wide variety must be maintained. And, all items must have been available in during the Elizabethan period.

Authentic Shakespeareans are a necessity for a successful Renaissance celebration, and Paterson has hundreds. Each one brings to life a historical Renaissance personality or creates an original, authentic character.

"They're incredible," said Taylor, "they come up with a whole person with a life history."

A special attraction this year is a Faire "soap opera," The Seven Deadly Sins. Members of the audience act out one of the seven sins and the rest of the audience judges

whether they go through "Hell's Mouth" or "Heaven's Gate."

But despite all the merriment the Renaissance Pleasure Faire has critics. "It used to be fun, but now it's a big commercial gimmick," said Karen Lineberg. "It's not worth the outrageous price."

Taylor believes criticism is expected. "You can't please everyone. I think the response is pretty positive."

The best way to understand the Faire and its people is to visit yourself. Whether in costume or just your weekend jeans, experience it all in person. The Faire is located in the old Paramount ranch in Agoura. Hours are 9 a.m.-6 p.m. every Saturday and Sunday through June II. For further information phone (213) 938-2577.

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Hair Styling for Santa Barbara

Snake Oil, 21st Century Style

By JOHN KRIST

In the 21st century, people will sit down to an evening meal of ugly brown food, while a robot servant tidies up the family geodesic dome to the sounds of music performed on a Space Bass and Polygonal Virginal. After dinner, everyone will retire to the living room and tune in the latest video offerings that can be pulled in from space by the backyard dish attenna, and massage their tired feet with Vibra Cushions, or perhaps do a little static everying

If this is the world of the 21st century, include me out. FutureWorld Expo '83, billed by its promoters as a "total futuristic experience," featuring the very latest in personal computers, robots, lasers, art and fashion, turned out to be more like an old-time county fair — a den of snake-oil salesmen, purveyors of miracle cures, and gypsy seers.

Filling the Los Angeles Convention Center for four days last week, FurtureWorld consisted of seemingly hundreds of booths containing exhibits, displays, art works, and sales pitches. A display of the latest personal computer line from Kaypro sat next to a computer astrology service. Down the aisle was a "computer psychologist" that offered a "mini-psychoanalysis" based on the way a subject ranked a series of colors, from favorite to least favorite. I resisted the temptation to rank them all "least favorite" just to see what the computer would do with an analysand who was resisting therapy.

In one area, a crowd had gathered to watch a dancing robot, about three feet tall, wiggle and spin in time to a recording of Styx's "Mr. Roboto." When the song was over, the robot stopped moving and an alien creature of some sort came out and wheeled it over to a large curtain. Turns out the thing was remote controlled, just like those little cars that Sears, Roebuck has been selling for years, and was nothing more than stunt to promote a new chain of restaurants called SPACE STATION: EARTH. Bad punctuation aside, the display made little sense. What's so high-tech about a steak?

The "star of the show," a robot named Genus that represents the state of the art in robotics, was nowhere to be seen. According to the printed information I was given, it can vacuum the house, entertain the kids with built-in video games, walk, talk, grasp and lift objects, provide security against intrusion, fire, gas leaks, and flooding, and automatically plugs itself into an outlet for recharging when its power runs low. No wonder I couldn't find it — with a list of chores that long, I'd take off for a little vacation too.

One of the most visible exhibits was the home satellite dish antenna — yours for anywhere from \$1,800 to \$7,000, depending on the model. The good news is that a free year's subscription to a television guide listing over 100 stations comes with the purchase. Such a deal. I can't stand most of the crap I see on the 20 stations I already get.

There were some rather interesting things — the hologram display was extensive, and just as captivating as ever, despite the fact that they've been around for a long time. There were numerous little (and big) gadgets that spun around, or went whirr and click, or played weird music or chopped, diced and sliced.

It was the contrasts, the paradoxes that confused me. If this was supposed to be a vision of the future, what was a 1930 Rolls Royce convertible (the prize in an expensive contest) doing there? And why where there so many people selling recipe books, or guides to "attaining total consciousness" or tacky little jewelry items, or stuffed animals, or hats, buttons, posters and so on?

Instead of high tech, we got low dreck; a celebration of the time-honored tradition of selling useless stuff to people who don't need it instead of a display of the latest products of imagination and technology.

In a way, I suppose it was kind of comforting to know that things like encyclopedias will still be around at the turn of the century (one of the



NEXUS/John Krist

"The Robot" — a remote controlled slug that played a recording of "Mr. Roboto" — to interest consumers in a restaurant chain.

booths offered an opportunity to buy the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica), or that the Celtic harp will still require the talents of human musicians.

But why, oh why, do so many entrepeneurs latch onto the current high-tech craze as a way of selling the same old schlock? Why advertise sandwiches made of sprouts and bulgar as "Space Food" when they're really nothing more than a UCen Californian? The exposition could have been a real delight if only the organizers had shown a little discretion when selecting the individuals or corporations allowed to exhibit.

Based on what I saw, I am unsure whether we'll all be living in outer space, under the sea, or in a giant discount department store. In any case, I suppose we'll have to get used to the idea of sharing our lives with robots.

Fine. But if I can't get one that will do the windows, it had better not expect a Christmas bonus.





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VISIONS

Symphonie

By DEAN DE LA MOTTE

These nights I have a recurring dream, or rather a still photograph projected beneath my fluttering eyelids. It is autumn in Poitiers and a class of five and six-year-olds is frozen amid a pile of leaves. A tow-headed child is about to let fly a clump at an already falling comrade. To their right stands a little girl, arms erect in the air like the conductor of an orchestra. They are all caught under the blue-gray sky, motionless, with the flying leaves on the sandy

promenade along the high fortress wall, where the picture seems to fade to black and white. They are paint splashed on a blank canvas, fireworks trapped on high-speed film.

Another dream. This dream moves, is fluid. It begins hazily at the same park, Parc Blossac, but it's dark and I'm smoking, watching a train drag a single car across the Clain. The bend of the river is faintly lit by an unreal, pastup moon. I walk home through a deserted Poitiers, past Notre-Dame-la-Grande and down la Rue de la Tete Noire. Strange sensations come with this absence of humanity, noise and wind. Each step seems to echo for a thousand cold years. I am exhausted and a little drunk and my fatigue tricks me: posts become figures, cars seem to creep along

L'Auberge du Pilori and climb up the stairs of 12, Rue Pierre Rat. Safe, home, dead, dreaming.

There are two rings to this dream. Dave is downstairs ringing. One ring means Frederic. I grab coat, scarf and wallet and meet him in the street. It's one of those days when, wherever you are, you feel certain of your own immortality. The smooth stones leading up to la Place de la Liberte glow from an early-morning shower. It's unseasonably warm as we walk past le Palais de Justice and Saint-Porchaire and into la Place d'armes.

Municipal workers in blue jumpsuits have just planted new flowers in the bed behind the fountain and the colors merge through the fountain into a rainbow. We sit outside on damp orange cafe chairs, order coffee and light out cigarettes. It is February and we sit sipping in the warmth of a false spring. Printemps, on dirait. I take off my coat and scarf as we watch traffic pick up toward noon. Life in France just slides along, and that day or dream or dreamday or daydream is just another in a long parade of similar days. Rising, cafe, smoking, reading and writing, much brooding and drinking, much good discussion, welcome sleep and few dreams. Now I dream too much, they crowd into my nights, shoving and yelping for at-

tention, banging against my conscious, a frantic crowd of moviegoers trapped in a fire. We were doing something there in Poitiers, with a vague notion of progress before us, but we didn't know

We finish our coffee just after the hands clap together on the clock atop l'Hotel de Ville and order two beers. The glasses make two rings on the tabletop, which are perhaps two eyes in another dream, or more likely, two breasts or two moons or both. Ah. Diane, viens faire

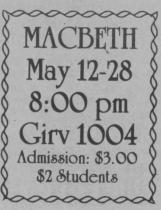
l'amour avec moi! Diana, won't you, can't we? I'm in Bordeaux, sleeping with Diana. Only sleeping. It is an old house on a narrow street, near La Place Gambetta. It's storming outside and she's asleep, her back curved against my stomach. It's early morning and still dark and through the darkness rings a bell from a forgotten church. I slide out of bed and pull back the curtains. Down in the street an old woman shuffles into a boulangerie. Deja, madame? The bread must be soft and warm, like Diana's forbidding thighs.

Her room is papered, like so many French rooms, in a hideous pattern, and the light I throw on the furnishings reveals a room strikingly like the woman who inhabits it. The walls are bare, the books few, everything in order but the clothes we threw down in haste last night. She as well is ordered, plain - extraordinarily plain, Dave says - and her experience, her stilted humor, her somewhat forced dress, all seem gleaned from others. Once in her sanctum sanctorum, stripped of clothes tailored for other people, she is a nearly-blank page, a plain but pretty ragdoll stuffed with the ideas of others, a pallid face with a mannequin's smile.

Shivering, I slide against her, pulling her round toward me. Her two moons wax above the covers, but it's no good. She, a goddess,

(Please turn to p. 7A)









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Touring...

(Continued from p. 4A)

and siesta-ing. Actually, my courses which are all given in Spanish are fairly difficult. I am studying Spanish language, literature, history, art and architecture and relations between the U.S. and Latin America. This last source is taught by the current Panamanian Ambassador to Spain, who is also the former President of Panama. I find my classes interesting, especially the study of architecture because living in Toledo affords opportunities to see nearly every style and period.

Tourist

It isn't necessary to leave Toledo to play tourist. As mentioned earlier, millions of tourists come to Toledo every year.

The town of Toledo is built of bricks, picturesque threestory dwellings towering over narrow, shaded cobblestone streets. It is, however, the Gothic cathedral, begun in the 13th century that dominates the city, particularly when it is completely illuminated against the black night sky. The cathedral was built to replace an earlier church destroyed by the Moors who ruled Spain from the eighth to the 15th century.

The Moors, too, have left behind their monuments in Toledo. One of the most important is the mosque which became a church named *Cristo de la luz*. What is most interesting about that church is that it may have been an earlier Visigothic temple later used by the Moors, and still later, reconverted into a church. There are many examples of buildings throughout Spain, erected by one culture and used for a different purpose by another. The mosque of Cordoba, for example, has a Renaissance cathedral stuck squarely in the middle of the obviously Arab acres.

Plaza

Not all of the most interesting sites are the tourist spots. Toledo's central plaza, Plaza Zocodover, where the



Moorish plaza is surrounded by shops and cafe-bars, is the social center. Here the old men come to chat and spit, the young men to chat and gawk, the young women to chat and giggle and the older women to chat and watch the spitting, gawking and giggling.

The plaza sits squarely in the center of the city. On one side is the city hall building. On the other, the commercial street. On Spring Sundays, the plaza is a blur of bright colors as *Toledanos* deck out for church and an afternoon stroll around the plaza. A stroll doesn't take more than a minute, so there is plenty of time to sit and sip coffee or beer at one of the open-air cafes. Or simply to take a

visually advantageous spot on the low wall at one end. The tempo of the plaza is slower than other places. It is something like the stroll down Santa Barbara's Cabrillo Blvd to take in the Sunday arts and crafts exhibit — except that it is what the natives do every day of the week. It is a great place for people watching. One can watch everything from social intercourse between young Spaniards to the puzzlement of the tourists who can't find the plaza.

Toledo is a picturesque *pueblo* filled with anxiety and educational opportunities. Tourists are plentiful but once one looks beyond the snapshots and souvenirs there will be a place well worth remembering.

Symphonie...

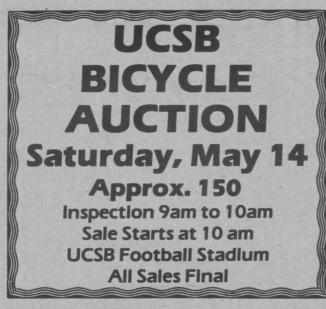
(Continued from p. 6A) repulses me, punishes me. Ah, to gaze at the moon, the unattainable object of some vague but all-consuming desire.

But we didn't know what. The dreams are jumbled now. We are dressed and standing at the service at the nearby church. I don't listen but still hear in French the words I heard through my childhood. Au nom Pere et du Fils et du Saint Esprit, amen. It's an especially musical service today; one would think Lutheran. A children's choir becomes kids playing in Le Jardin Public de Bordeaux, where Diana and I walk arm in arm through the leaves, leaves moist and green, knocked down by this morning's storm.

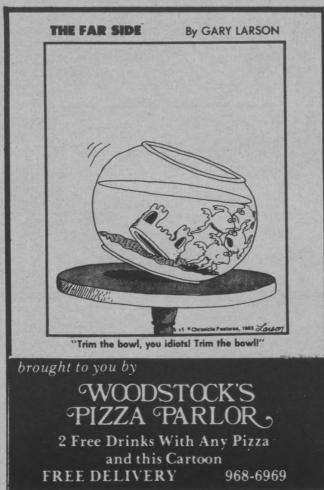
I am taking pictures wildly, trying to capture it all, searching for the photographic image appropriate to all this. Then I

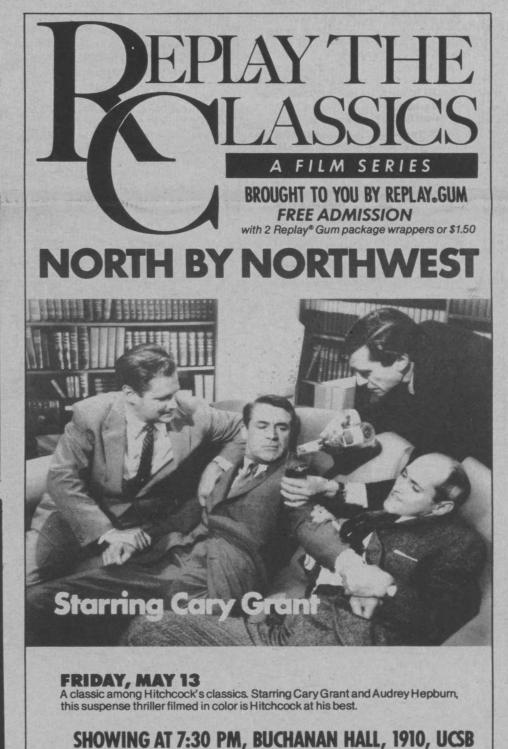
see it, see them, will always see them. They are all caught under the blue-gray sky, motionless with the flying leaves on the sandy promenade along the high fortress wall, where the picture seems to fade to black and white. They are

paint splashed on a black canvas, fireworks arrested in mid-air, past-up moons, rings on a cafe table, warm white breasts blanketed from the cold, brass churchbells ringing in the early Bordelais morning, dreams without beginning or end.









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Hofmann Discusses Problem Child

By CATHERINE BOWMAN

The year: 1943. Two years before World War II ends, Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill meet in Teheran to discuss Allied strategy. Women enter the work force in unprecedented numbers, filling previously male-dominated sectors of the job force to aid the war effort. On Broadway, actor Paul Robeson becomes the first black man to star in Shakespeare's Othello. And in Switzerland, Dr. Albert Hofmann, head of Sandoz laboratories, synthesizes lysergic acid diethylamide — more commonly known as LSD.

A "small modification of an old sacramental drug," LSD resembles in its effect, structure and chemistry, ololiuqui, one of the traditional sacred drugs of Mexico, Hofmann said. A substance so powerful that a single gram is enough

for 20,000 people, the controversy surrounding the use and misuse of LSD has caused him to nickname the drug "my problem child."

drug "my problem child."

"Problem children are children with extraordinary faculties...they don't follow the normal way of develop- don-McCutchan stresses."

faculties...they don't follow the normal way of development," Hofmann said. Although a "problem child" may bring great happiness to parents, he explained, problems can and do occur because of the child's unusual capabilities.

At a press conference earlier this week, Hofmann outlined the issues he intends to address as one of the keynote speakers of the Psychedelic Conference II to be held at UCSB this weekend. With Dr. Robert Gordon-McCutchan, a lecturer in UCSB's Department of Religious Studies, Hofmann explained that people need to be educated on the positive effects of LSD.

Stressing that he is not trying to popularize LSD for the general public nor advocate its unsupervised use, Hofmann believes that LSD is an extremely valuable drug for treating psychiatric and psychotic disorders.

"These substances should be available for the professional field, for psychiatrists. It is an impossible situation that people who could use it in a sane, in a rational, in a positive way — psychiatrists and psychologists — have no access," Hofmann said.

Despite its use by psychiatrists and psychologists as well as in government-backed experiments throughout the 1950s and early '60s, LSD has been illegal since the early '60s for almost all purposes because of problems encountered due to the widespread use among members of the counterculture and in experiments such as those of Dr. Timothy Leary, then a Harvard psychologist.

Some of the positive effects of LSD when used in con-

junction with psychoanalysis, Hofmann said, include the drug's ability to release suppressed or forgotten memories of experiences which may be the cause of illness in an individual.

Gordon-McCutchan agreed that the societal taboo toward LSD is unfortunate. Prior to the ban, he said, "A great deal of serious psychological research was being done with very positive results.

"It seems to me we have two choices with respect to these very powerful substances: Prohibition, which has not worked and is not working, and never has worked with respect to anything that people want, or we can do what cultures have done from time...use them as adjuncts to people's psychological and spiritual growth so that they

"These substances should be available for the professional field for psychiatrists."

become a tool in the culture for people to better integrate themselves and make a more positive contribution to the culture," Gordon-McCutchan said.

don-McCutchan stressed that LSD is a sacramental drug, not a "pleasure drug."

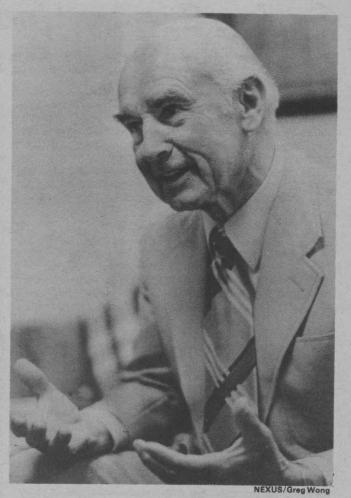
"Look at cultures who have been using these things for 10,000 years. They never simply allow individuals to take it on their own, casually." Preparations for the entheogenic experience, Gordon-McCutchan explained, focus the individual "in the direction of spiritual growth and unfoldment." The user of the drug "is connected with the larger group through religious chanting, through the use of mantras, through the use of prayers, through the use of other religious formulas which prevent or save a person from spinning off into the more destructive kinds of things which can be produced by these substances."

Once LSD is again available to the medical profession, Hofmann and Gordon-McCutchan said, it should be available for religious organizations.

"The next step should be to legalize religious groups that want to employ this sacramentally, and to see to it that these religious groups have a serious responsible program in which the well-being of the individual taking the substance would be protected," Gordon-McCutchan said.

Hofmann noted that too many individuals believe "that you can just take LSD and then you get enlightened." Adequate preparation, he said, involves meditation and ensuring that the user is in the right frame of mind and environment, and not in a state of depression or confusion.

Hofmann and Gordon-McCutchan said they had both taken LSD and did not experience any adverse effects.



Dr. Albert Hofmann

Gordon-McCutchan added, however, that an individual may experience a certain amount of fear when exposed to an alternate reality.

"Mysticism always points toward the destruction of the personal, selfish ego and the opening up of a deeper reality of the inner person. And when the initial ego death occurs, there can be associated with that experience tremendous fear which I have felt. But in death there is rebirth and it's through the dying of the ego that one is reborn into this wider, spiritual vision," he said.

"People who believe that there is only one possible way of thinking — the kind with which they've been familiar from birth have (had) dramatically demonstrated to them (with LSD) that alternate realities are possible...this kind of initial vision, I think, is what turns people in the direction of the spiritual life."

