

# PORTAL



*The State of Academia*



## What's a 'Portal?'

What you are reading is the introduction to the latest incarnation of the Daily Nexus Features section, which last quarter was known as *Friday Magazine*. To use an old metaphor, like Dr. Frankenstein's monster editor Kevin MacKinnon and assistant editor David Dalton have tried to sew together the best of both the old features section and *Friday* to come up with an innovative new magazine called *Portal*. They really hope you like it, and if you don't that's too bad, because barring a coup d'etat at the Nexus these guys are going to be around awhile.

Why this title? Well, *Portal* is a doorway, and that's what Kevin wants *Portal* to be: a doorway for all of us, students, faculty, staff, contributors and readers. As you leaf through the pages, you'll see two history professors duke it out over the Renaissance, or lack of one. You'll see fiction and poetry submitted by students like you and me (and if you think you are a budding Norman Mailer or

Flannery O'Connor, get your stuff into Kevin with a big enough bribe and you too will see your name in print! That goes for graphics and artwork too.) And as always you'll find a bunch of great stories by the Nexus Features staff, all centering around current issues. Lisa Harris interviews Chancellor Huttenback on his predictions for the upcoming decade. Sandra Thomas has written one of her concise articles about those crazy teaching assistants at U.C.S.B. And Pete May looks back at the students of the '70s, who in their own way made radical changes at the university. There are many others which are also bound to please. So please relax and enjoy our efforts, and yours too.

Like constructing a new monster you always work on the premise that the new one will be better than the old one. If we all work together *Portal* can become something totally unique: a true student newspaper-magazine. If we don't then we'll all have to go burn down Dr. Frankenstein's castle again.



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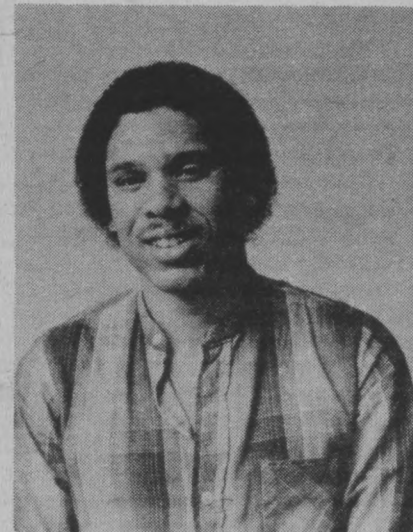
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# VIEWS...

Are you satisfied with the education you have received so far at UCSB?

Steve Berry, senior, political science major.

"Personally, I'd have to say no. A lot of professors in the U.C. system spend more of their time into their own kind of thing rather than time to devote to the courses. The nature of the U.C. system is 'publish.' You can see that in a lot of classes. Academically, I have not, but in terms of personal growth, like meeting people, it's good. I've grown myself personally. When you come in as a freshman, you really grow. For me, it's happened."



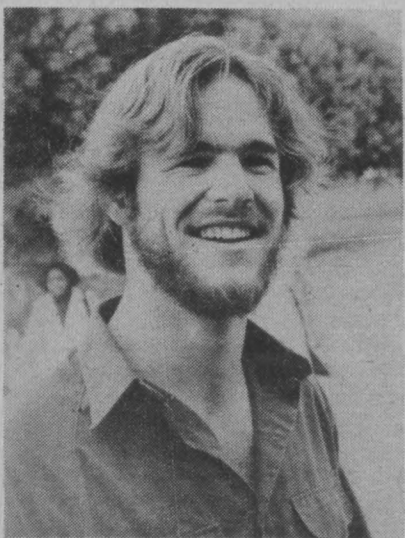
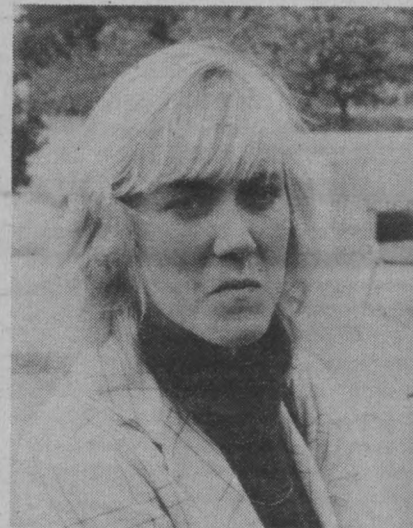
Natalie Krasny, junior, art history major.

"This is only my first quarter at UCSB. I went to the University of Utah for two years and it's a lot different. It's a lot better; I'm an art history major and UCSB is especially good because of the Arts Library. It's definitely better in some respects."



Darice Wallace, senior, cultural anthropology major.

"By this time, it hasn't lived up to my expectations. It seems sort of juvenile in a lot of ways; people don't take it seriously. And the T.A. system, I absolutely despise, the way they grade the papers and then a lot of them can't speak English. It's too bad that by the time I'm a senior, I've realized it's a fantastic opportunity and yet, now that I'm interested in learning, it's too late."

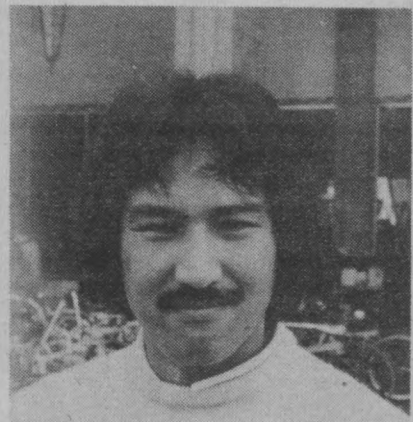


Andrew Christie, senior, history major.

"That's a tough question. For money and time, no. I don't think that the professors here are as good as they could be. Maybe it's because I expected more. I look back and four years have gone by and I'm going "what do I know now that I didn't know?" I know I've learned a lot but I feel I should know more. A lot of it is the quarter system."

Paul Nakamura, senior, environmental studies—economics major.

"I believe so. I believe it's been a rounding experience. I feel like the classes are too large and you can't get any individual rapport between the instructor and yourself. When you're working hard yourself, it's kind of hard to take time out and go to see your instructors."





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# PORTAL

Kevin MacKinnon  
Features Editor

PAGE A3  
DAILY NEXUS  
FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1980

## Interview

### Huttenback Makes His Predictions for a New Decade of Limitations

By LISA HARRIS

Chancellor Robert Huttenback, like so many of us, can't resist making predictions for the new decade. The difference is, he's making them for the whole university. And he's facing some pretty big changes.

In June, 1980, the university as we know it will face its greatest threat ever—Proposition 2 or 'Jarvis 2,' he said.

The measure proposes to cut state income tax, a major source of funding for the university, some 50 percent. If passed, the cut will mean a loss of \$5 billion in state revenues annually, of which \$250 million would be cut systemwide, 25 percent of the present budget, and \$15 million subtracted from UCSB.

"Jarvis-Gann (Proposition 13) cost UCSB \$1.2 million, and we're barely making it on that. If this new proposition (two) passes, it'll be a different kind of university from the existing one."

He continued, "I think it's likely that the proposition will pass."

Huttenback estimated it would cost each student roughly \$3,000 in addition to the \$700 tuition fee to maintain UCSB's present status quo. "Obviously," he said, "this university will have to see some changes."

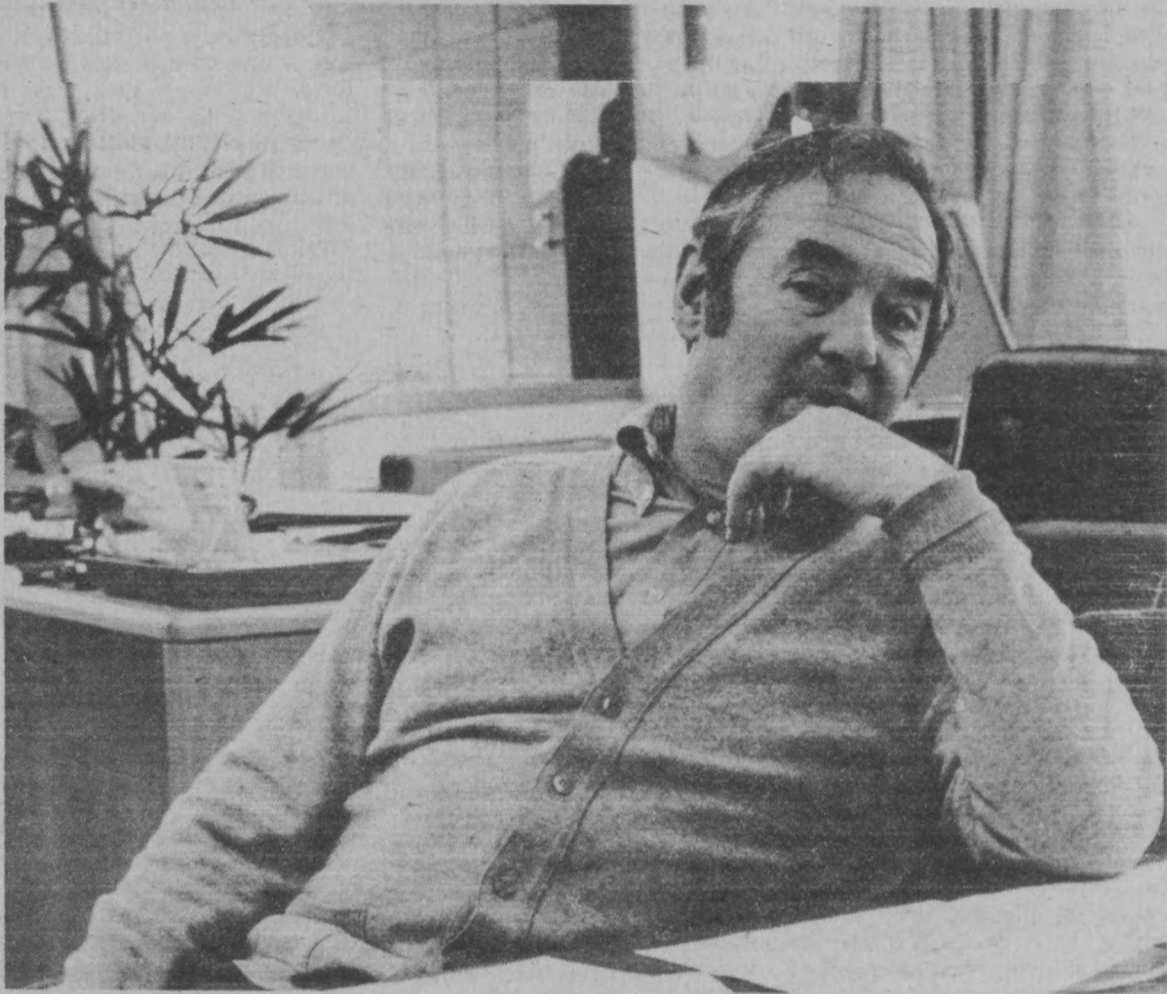
Passage of the proposition might involve closure of some U.C. campuses. In any case, no single arm of the U.C. will be able to monopolize professional schools, or special programs. "The buzzword for the '80s," Huttenback explained, "is selective excellence." No one campus will have the resources to support every graduate program, which will call for greater cooperation

between the campuses.

For instance, Huttenback is looking to a nursing program in conjunction with UCLA to set the 80s off on a cooperative note. "As an example, UCLA might do the clinical work down there, and we'd do the research up here." The idea is to spread the existing resources among as many campuses as possible, so that each campus could perhaps specialize in one area. "A well-developed campus should have professional schools," Huttenback said. "By pooling our resources, this could be realized." His plan is for a school of administration. "We're also planning to emphasize pre-professional programs here," he added.

Besides the possible passage of Proposition 2, decreasing enrollment (predicted to begin increasing in 1992) is a fiscal threat. "Our monetary resources are being reduced," Huttenback noted. "We have to develop new areas of income."

Ideas for this include greater efforts in private fundraising and increased pressure on the faculty to get federal grants for research. "The level of research has been,



Chancellor Robert Huttenback feels the university will be facing some big changes in the 1980s.

university can continue as is, especially in light of the economic problems. "A university can't exist in equilibrium," he said. "It must grow and change and develop

attention of telling you that. That could get me into very hot water."

One substantial loss, already being felt, is faculty. "With a loss of resources we'll lose faculty and

now there's approximately 40 percent."

The university is building 150 new apartments and Huttenback hopes to use university land to build more. "The faculty has a problem with housing," he said. "It's too expensive to live in Santa Barbara, so we'd like to see university-owned land used for faculty housing."

There are plans to conduct an intensive survey of Isla Vista to get an idea of where to start. "I wish we could get mobile home parks like they have in Irvine, but they're not allowed here," Huttenback said.

On the academic side, there are two new institutions, only recently introduced to this campus, that the Chancellor would like to see, "become stronger in the '80s." The first is the Robert Maynard Hutchins Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. In the past, many renowned and learned people have found their way to the Center, which is noted for its innovative approach to questions regarding democracy.

The other program, The Institute for Theoretical Physics, is at UCSB on a five year contract but, said Huttenback, "It was an honor for us to get it (Physics program), and I'd like to make that permanent."

The curriculum, or at least the requirements will be changing soon. "There's a problem keeping the humanities, which are the heart of the university, alive. People are seeking fields that will give them jobs. But I think it's important not to lose sight of the university's purpose."

"For one thing," he continued, "the general requirements will be tightened in the 80s—there will be less choice. Every student who comes here should be able to read and write and do some mathematics. As it is, people can slide through; I think we need to be more rigid; I can see more stringent G.E.s."

"I don't think the students will respond negatively. The only reason to object is because you want to have an easy time, which I don't think is the purpose of life."

Considering the economic forecast for UCSB for the 80s, this seems like a damned good attitude.

*"With the number of minorities in high school, I think it's our moral and self-serving duty to attract minorities. We're planning to intensify our outreach to high schools so that we can identify and prepare potential UCSB students."*

and should continue to be, very high. What's needed is a greater dependence on sources outside the university to fund the projects."

Huttenback doesn't think the

resources by eliminating programs that don't come up to standards."

Any ideas as to what those programs might be? "I've no in-

staff," Huttenback said. "We don't fire anyone, but we don't fill vacant positions." UCSB lost ten positions last year.

Huttenback hopes to emphasize the recruitment of minorities and graduate students in the future. "A university is more exciting with a greater mix of students," he said. "I think with the Chinese program, we'll be having more Chinese students."

"With the number of eligible minorities in high school, I think it's our moral and self-serving duty to attract minorities. We're planning to intensify our outreach to high schools so that we can identify and prepare potential UCSB students."

He went on to note the marked imbalance in the ratio of graduate to undergraduate students here. "I'm not suggesting we have fewer undergraduates, but it's good to have more graduates. They attract a good faculty, and the diversity enriches the university."

Huttenback didn't foresee any new buildings, "unless we can raise the money ourselves. We really could use, say, a new marine science building but we don't have the money for it."

What about the controversial Events Center and UCen II? "The money for those buildings was already earmarked when I got here, so I didn't have any say in the matter. In any case, reg fees, which can't be used for academic purposes, paid for those buildings."

Housing is a questionable situation, as the fall quarter Homeless Club showed. The chancellor attributes part of the problem to changing population patterns in Isla Vista. "There used to be 80 percent of the housing in I.V. available to the students, and



Huttenback feels the buzzword for the 1980s is "selective excellence."

Nexus Photo by Dave Dalton



# Grade Inflation Puts Standards in Question

By KEVIN MACKINNON

In these economically uncertain times, it is not uncommon to find questioned many of the sacred institutions which had previously been taken for granted. The question of getting what one pays for is leveled at everything from politics to religion. Recently, higher education itself has come under such scrutiny and, like the president and the pope, has been found sadly lacking by a number of observers.

Ideally, the university's obligation to its students should be

much it first appears? In recent years, increasing cries of "grade inflation" have lent considerable doubt to this question, and have placed the entire standard for grading students under attack.

Grade inflation works much the same as economic inflation in that, as more and more high grades are distributed, the value for those marks decreases as they become more and more common.

However, as Richard Jensen, assistant chancellor in planning and analysis points out, a very important factor in grade inflation

standard. One such standard is the Scholastic Aptitude Test, or SAT, used by the university as a criteria for admission. According to Dr. Frank Gardiner, UCSB English professor and head of the Academic Senate's Committee on Undergraduate Classes, SAT scores have dropped steadily over the last ten years. Yet, according to Jensen, the average GPA of those students admitted to the university, at the time of their admission, has risen from 3.0 to 3.3, an indication of inflation.

The fact that the average grade

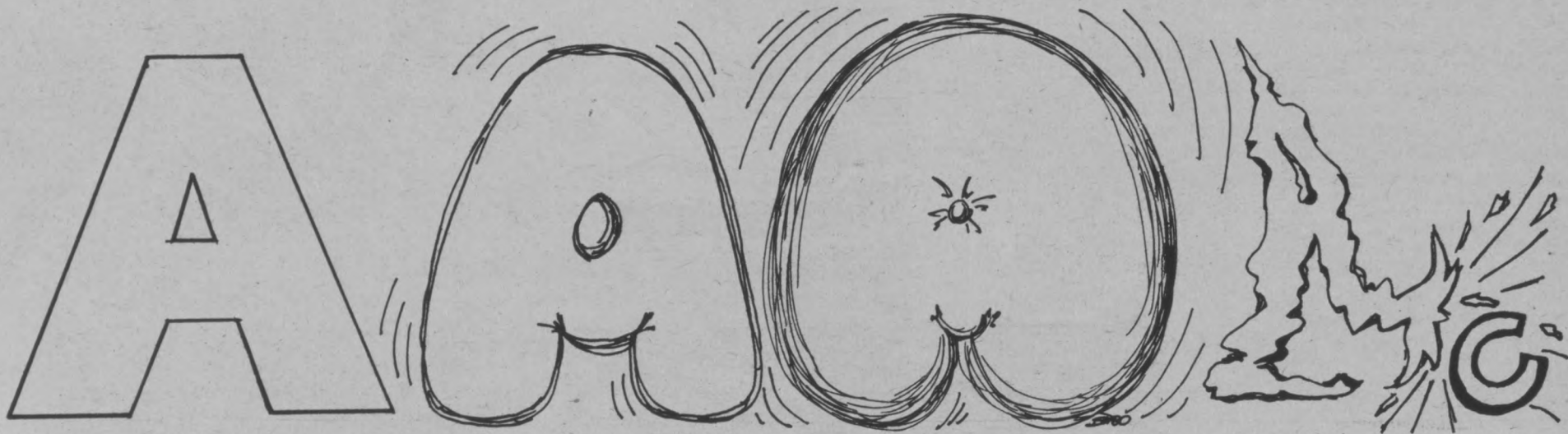
grade. Questions of academic freedom, of stifling faculty creativity, also must be considered.

Taken in this light, it is safe to assume that there will always be some classes easier than others and that to fix a set standard for the undergraduate level is too restricting, if not altogether impossible. However, other means of righting the situation have been suggested, particularly in the area of General Education requirements.

Few would doubt that there are

parison to UCSB, Stanford offers far less variety in its undergraduate electives, providing a more unified background for its students. Thus, the faculty's conception of the students' capabilities is greater, allowing them to teach on a generally higher level.

Others feel the need for change as well. Gordon Lundy, Associated Students representative on the Academic Senate, believes that the highly specialized nature of most majors isolates the student in his own area while the vast plethora of



simply to educate them, to turn them into well-rounded, intellectual, functioning members of society. But, as we are all reminded at the end of the quarter, society demands a grading system as an indication of just how well the student and the university are meeting this obligation.

Is UCSB fully living up to its role as an educator? That is, is the education it gives really worth as

is the education itself. "If the students' grades improve while the students are learning more, you don't have inflation because the grades are still an accurate reflection of the students' education. But when the grades continue to rise while the students are still learning the same amount or possibly less, that's inflation."

Thus, inflation can only be measured against some fixed

in the humanities at UCSB is now a "B" tends to indicate that this trend continues right into college, with some professors continuing to give higher grades for less work. This deceptively harmful process leads to the syndrome known to many as "bogus classes."

Everyone knows a couple of bogus classes and quite a few people have taken them. They are the classes you take to boost your sagging GPA or satisfy some General Education requirement. In short, the "easy As."

But while they may be momentarily valuable on a personal level, they ultimately can cause great harm not only to the university's reputation but to its standards of education as well.

Very simply, these so-called "cake classes" are a direct cause,

many, many courses available in all areas of General Education, especially in the humanities. Some see the list of courses as being much too broad and in the need of tightening up, Chancellor Robert Huttenback among them. According to Huttenback, it is possible for some people to "get through their G.E. requirements, which are the heart of the university, without writing a sentence."

Huttenback sees the course offerings as being so vast that someone could satisfy his or her G.E. requirements without retaining anything of value. "The G.E. requirement is now much too broad. If you know what you are doing and you want to avoid learning how to read or write, you can tiptoe through all those things

G.E. electives lets the student get only a taste of other areas. In short, the student ends up knowing a lot about a little.

It seems the logical extension of this trend is that the student will soon know everything about nothing, and the university will be populated by illiterate science majors and humanities majors who don't know how to light a match.

Are things really as bleak as they might appear though? Probably not. As a step against grade inflation, UCSB has eliminated the 4.3 grading scale, helping the university's academic reputation. And, as Lundy points out, such organizations as the Physics Institute and the Robert Maynard Hutchins Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

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*Taken in this light, it is safe to assume that there will always be some classes easier than others and that to fix a set standard for the undergraduate level is too restricting, if not altogether impossible.*

possibly the primary cause, of the university's grade inflation problem. They allow a student to raise his GPA to the point where it is no longer an accurate reflection of what he has actually accomplished. These inflated grades mean subsequently less when applying to graduate school or a job out in the real world.

To simply root out the less than standard classes is an arduous, time-consuming and often fruitless task. According to Gardiner, the question arises as to where one should draw the line and say that this class requires the right amount of work while this class does not. Often, students get something out of a class that simply cannot be measured with a

and avoid doing all the things you should be doing."

Basically, the chancellor feels that what the school needs is "more vigor, less choice."

Others believe part of the problem lies in the over-specialization of many of the university's majors. According to Gardiner, there is no central core of knowledge for students to draw upon, no basic education which he sees as essential to the well-rounded college graduate. "An education is a combination of both content and skills. In other words, students should learn how to think instead of being told what to think," says Gardiner.

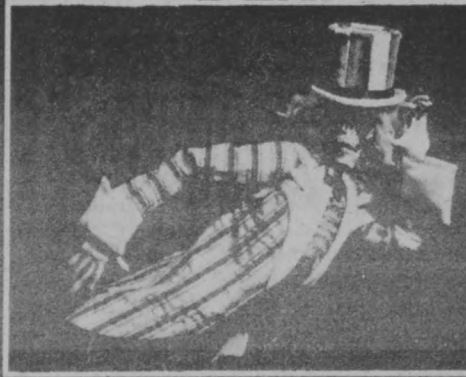
Gardiner points to the example of Stanford University. In com-

have also bolstered UCSB's image. UCSB's graduate school acceptance rate is one of the highest in the UC system as well.

Even UCSB's long-standing "mellow" image is seen as a plus factor by some. Lundy is of the opinion that some graduate schools feel a student who can graduate from UCSB, with all its inherent distractions, must be doing something right.

Yet, the problem still remains that, in many cases, the university is not living up to its obligations in providing a unified education. In other words, students simply are not getting their money's worth, something to think about the next time you sign up for that "easy A."

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# T.A.s Readied for Classroom By Instructional Consultants

Nancy Lorsch, an instructional consultant, and psychology T.A. Julie Felender review the T.A.'s class performance on videotape.

By SANDRA THOMAS

A good teaching assistant can often make the difference between a student's success or failure in a given subject. T.A.s are found throughout the U.C. curriculum and their duties vary as widely between departments as the departments themselves. Some do labwork, some are readers, and others instruct entire classes. For those who teach, it is often their first classroom experience, and yet, their ability to teach directly affects their students, their department's reputation and their own future as teachers.

While no blanket-statement can be made about the quality of teaching assistants, there is certainly a need for improvement, support and counseling. The Office of Instructional Consultation, located in the Learning Resources building, has for six years incorporated these qualities into comprehensive training services for UCSB T.A.s.

"Our key strategy from the beginning has been to have training make a difference for T.A.s," says Stan Nicholson, OIC supervisor. He explains that the traditional model for the new teacher had been one-on-one tutelage from a professor. The

go into the classroom to perpetuate this image. But, there is a wide range of choices, according to the OIC's staff and their job is to educate T.A.s so they can decide which system is best for their needs.

Nicholson and OIC consultants Steve Barrett and Nancy Lorsch have degrees in educational psychology. Other consultants are drawn from the fields of education, psychology and speech-communications. The OIC is available to all T.A.s for consultation and offers a non-threatening educational experience to them.

To increase the new T.A.s instructional skills, a campus-wide T.A. Orientation is held during fall registration week and is sponsored by the OIC and the Graduate Division. Many departments conduct their own orientation at that time.

To ensure continuing supervision and guidance for T.A.s, the OIC offers designs for constructive evaluation systems for various departments. One of the things

they urge is that the T.A. have mid-term, as well as end-of-term, evaluations to let them know how they are doing and where they need improvement. While students may wonder whether their critiques make any difference in the T.A.s' instruction, Nicholson claims, "evaluations may vary between departments but in most cases they are strong criterion for hiring. If a T.A. is panned in his evaluations, he may not be rehired after the term expires."

The OIC offers a videotape-classroom visitation and consulting service. T.A.s, upon three days notice, may have one of their classes videotaped. They have the option of viewing the tape alone or with an educational consultant or departmental supervisor. This service is available to all T.A.s at no charge, and this quarter 122 people spanning 15 departments were taped and critiqued.

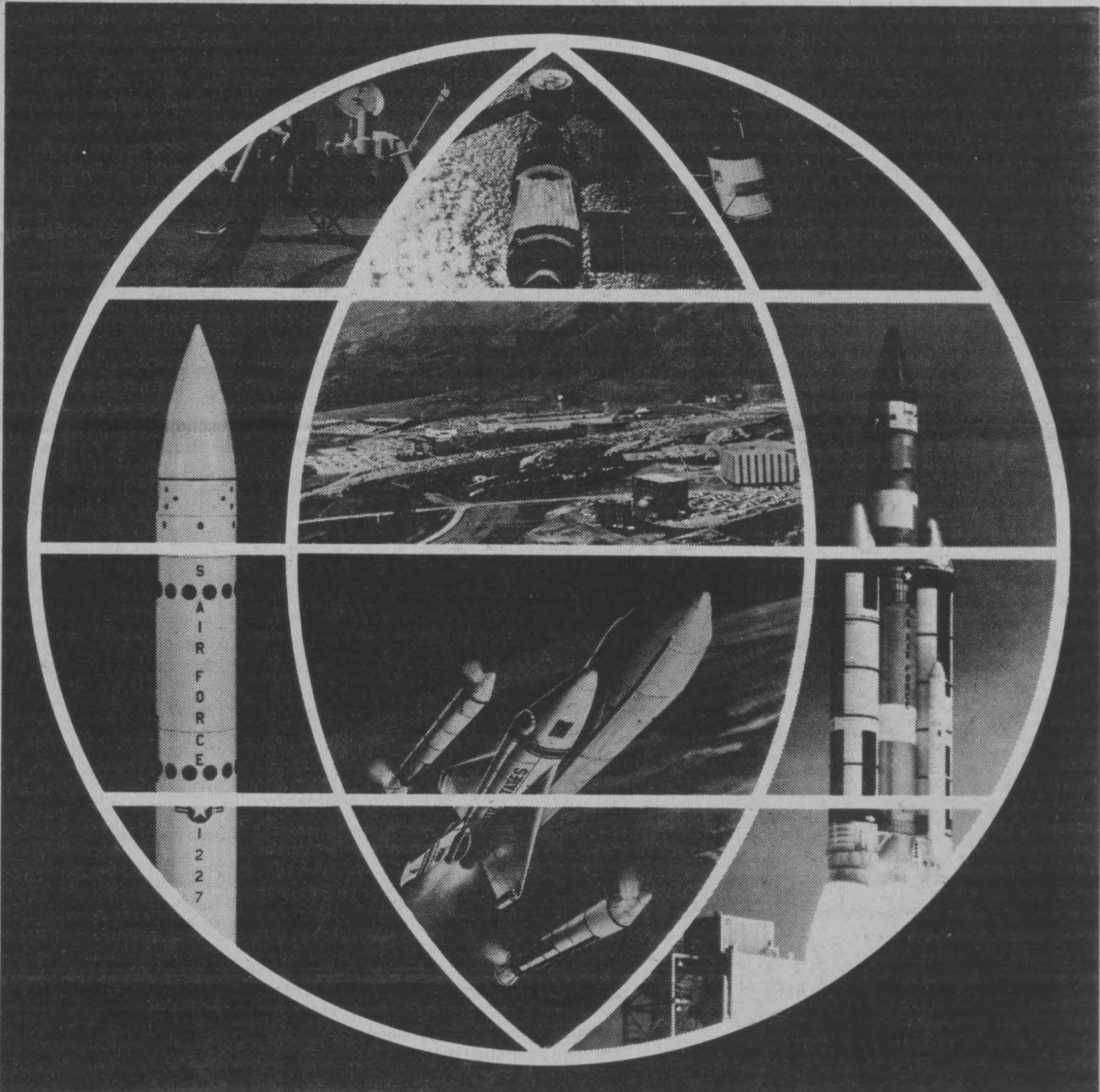
Funding for T.A. training comes from several sources. In 1973, the Student Lobby arranged a \$1 million grant from the state legislature to the U.C. system to

improve T.A. training. This grant was split among the nine U.C. campuses. Two years ago additional money for training was allocated by the legislature and the university must issue a report on how this money was used to the spring session of the legislature. Along with this state money came guidelines which directed that by 1980, 95 percent of all new T.A.s would receive training.

The U.C. Regents have matched the state funds thus far and a cost of living increase has been made. Funding is re-issued on a yearly basis, and if ever eliminated, training will revert to the departments. Nancy Lorsch commented, "Once a T.A. training program is designed and put into effect, it is carried on by itself and is built into the system." One of the OIC's goals is to see that each department offers a course on teaching within the department for academic credit. Currently, five departments offer such a course.

Departments apply for support of training activities through

(Please turn to p. 8, col.3)



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# Renaissance Debate

While the immediate response to this course," the issue is really not that debated by historians for years. The battle of a Renaissance period in Europe from the 14th to 15th century. It takes place in the halls of history departments of most universities. A winner will never be crowned. What does the name imply? Was the Renaissance merely a banking nostalgia for classical professors Paul Sonnino and Abraham Friesen? Or are the views of that period of time labeled as such, repeating these views for years. Here, we



Giorgio's Ideal City

By MARK OHRENSCHALL

The whole damn thing can really be traced back to Petrarch.

That great Italian Humanist of the 14th century, who first coined the term "Dark Ages" for the period between classical antiquity and his own, set in motion a scholarly battle which even today incites passions in the most gentle and stoic of historians.

UCSB history professor Abraham Friesen is a participant in the running debate, and he believes there most certainly was a Renaissance period, and that it has implications down to our own day.

Though not a zealot on the academic controversy, Friesen engaged in an actual debate with UCSB medieval historian Warren Hollister two years ago on the subject. Another UCSB history professor who disclaims a Renaissance is Paul Sonnino.

"I've spent my 12 years here trying to persuade Hollister and Sonnino of my views and they've refused," he says with a

grin, feigning hurt. "So in my Western Civ. (4B) class, I'm devoting less time to the Middle Ages as a backlash."

Having studied the Middle Ages, however, Friesen is careful to define in general terms the difference between that period and the Renaissance.

"The Middle Ages has revivals, as in the 12th century recovery of classics from Greece and Rome, such as Aristotle, Cicero and Seneca. But this was only a revival.

"The Renaissance was not a revival, but a rebirth. It was made possible by several things, but perhaps most important was the development of a historical perspective, which the Middle Ages lacked."

As an example of historical perspective, Friesen mentions that it was during the Renaissance that the ages of Western history were first divided into classical antiquity, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

"That this usage has become common testifies to the influence of the humanists," Friesen says.

According to Friesen, another related development was the new critical mentality of the Renaissance.

"This allowed them to see the concept of change of periods. Another important thing was the development in the Renaissance of philology, the historical understanding of language.

"As an example of the new critical mentality, take Gregory of Tours (a sixth century bishop who wrote *The History of the Franks*). He would relate a miracle, but without seeing it. His explanation was because he wasn't worthy of it, God didn't allow him to see it. This is an example of the medieval mind.

"In the Renaissance, you have men like Lorenzo Valla, the great rhetorician. Using the new critical approach, he was able, in 1447, to expose the Donation of Constantine as a forgery. (That document, purportedly written in the fourth century by the Roman Emperor Constantine, granted the budding Catholic church secular authority over essentially all of Western Europe. Valla proved, however, that it was forged in the ninth century to bolster the position of the church in secular affairs)."

Friesen did not start his academic career studying the Renaissance. He received his Masters degree from the University of Manitoba in Canadian-American history, but switched to the Renaissance and Reformation periods when he started work on his Ph.D. at Stanford.

"The scope of Canadian history was limited," he explains.

**"What you have in the Renaissance is secular scholars serving bourgeoisie and townsmen. Secular art, literature and architecture are emerging. Secular man is the focal point."**



Crivelli's Polyptych of the Pieta

"There were no scintillating intellectual problems, and I was more interested in intellectual history than cultural, political or economic. The Renaissance was a great time of intellectuals."

According to Friesen, the Renaissance was primarily cultural and intellectual in scope, and was essentially an urban phenomenon, starting with the Italian city-states.

"These city-states mostly began as communes, but developed differently. Milan turned despotic, Venice went into an oligarchy and Florence eventually became a republic. It was in Florence that Civic Humanism developed, and that brought about the Renaissance.

"Consciously and unconsciously, it was seen as similar to the ancient Greek polis. What the citizens saw as the most important development was the greater freedom afforded."

Friesen cites the Florentines' valiant and successful defense in 1402 of their city-state against the tyrannical Visconti of Milan as an example of Florentine's desire for freedom.

As Renaissance thought spread, it affected intellectuals throughout Europe, such as Erasmus of Rotterdam, Thomas More and John Colet of England and others. These intellectuals were often secretaries to princes, the papal court, the Holy Roman Empire and royal courts.

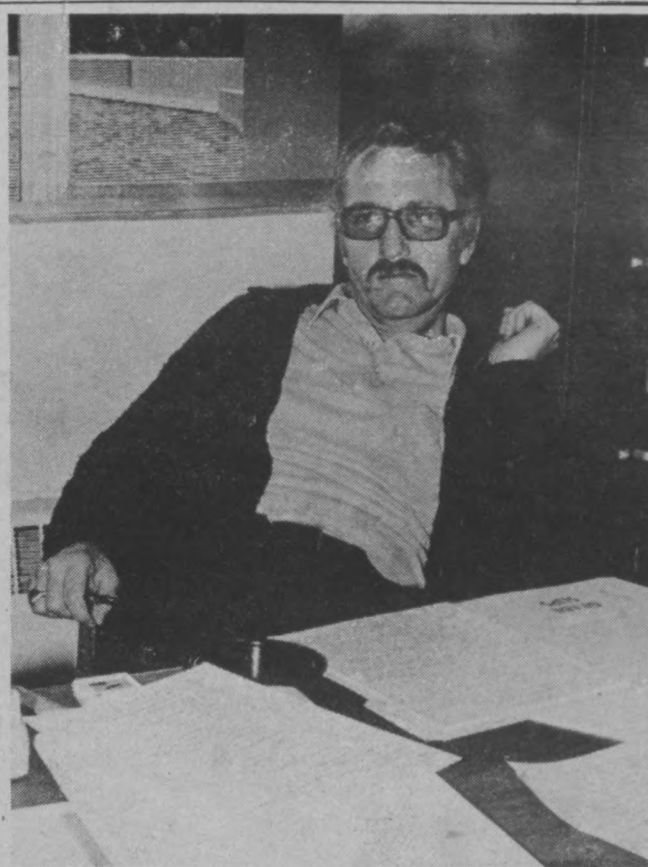
"What you have in the Renaissance is secular scholars serving bourgeoisie and townsmen. Secular art, literature and architecture are emerging. Secular man is the focal point," says Friesen.

One of the key arguments used by historians who don't believe in the existence of a widespread Renaissance is that Europe went into an economic nosedive after the outbreak of plague in 1347, which cut the population of Western Europe almost in half. These historians contend that great cultural achievements are predicated on at least a stable economy.

But Friesen sees it in different terms. "The plague of 1347 was the culmination of several developments, such as the changing climactic conditions and the bankruptcy of many of the Italian banking houses in 1346, due to overextension of credit to many of the courts of Europe. Certainly, a decline in trade, commerce and agriculture occurred.

"But let's look at it with two separate graphs, one for an economic recession and one for population decline. If the population decline is more severe than the economic decline, then the per-capita income will increase. I'm not an economic historian, so I don't know for sure," Friesen said. "In other words, the chance exists that perhaps the individual laborer was better off because of the scarcer labor supply.

"In any case, one fallacy of the bourgeois interpretation of history is that for culture to flower, a strong economic base



History Professor Abraham Friesen

must exist. But some historians, myself included, maintain that in an economic recession, there is a larger investment in culture, especially among the rich, as a substitute," Friesen declares.

According to Friesen, it was the humanists, such as Petrarch and Lorenzo Valla, who were the heralders of the new world view. These secular scholars changed the focus of scholarship from the scholastic, logical view developed in the medieval universities to a more persuasive, rhetorical, critical view.

They began outside the universities, at the courts and in the city-states, and began to infiltrate the universities. Studying subjects such as history, grammar, rhetoric, poetry and moral philosophy, they changed the educational focus in Europe.

"The Europeans' stress on a classical education of Greek, Latin and Hebrew derives from the Humanists. Our stress on the humanities comes from their revival of the classics as well," Friesen says.

These scholars were also in part responsible for the decline in influence of the Catholic church, which held much sway over secular affairs as well as the souls of men during the

Middle Ages.

"The humanists affected both the Protestant and Catholic positions during the Reformation period. The Enlightenment, with its emphasis on reason, nature and the perfectibility of man, also has roots in Renaissance thought.

"Luther, although not agreeing philosophically with the humanists, nevertheless adopted their methodology and technique of critical approach," Friesen asserts.

It is in art that the Renaissance made perhaps its greatest contribution to western culture. "This is one of the greatest periods of art in history," Friesen says.

"The artists were the heralders of a new world view, as well as the humanists. Starting with Giotto, there is more naturalism in art. With Alberti, perspective in art is regained from the classics.

"There's a move away from the idealized, abstract type of art of the Middle Ages, which is always striving to capture God, striving to heaven, as in the great cathedrals.

"Vitruvius, who wrote 10 books on architecture, showed that they were becoming more mathematical in their approach. As an example, St. Peter's in Rome was rebuilt by Michelangelo during this period."

The church spent more on salaries for artists such as Michelangelo and Raphael, who both spent time at the papal court under Pope Julius II, than it did on its spiritual mission during the Renaissance, according to Friesen.

Another Renaissance phenomenon, patronage, was in large part responsible for the great artistic achievements of the age. Families like the Medici in Florence, with money to pursue their cultural interests, became sponsors of artists such as Michelangelo.

In the Middle Ages, art had been primarily church-oriented done mainly for and celebrating the glories of Catholicism. Patronage, which became widespread after the Medici's example, assured that art would become more secular and man-centered in the Renaissance.

According to Friesen, the Renaissance was also responsible for the recovery of all that we possess of classical antiquity, in terms of literature and philosophy. The works of Plato, for example, were recovered in 1450 and worked on by a philosopher named Ficino.

Friesen concedes that the Renaissance "was an elitist movement which didn't affect society like the Reformation." Its contributions were more profound in changing man's perception of himself.

"There was a desire for the reform of society during the Renaissance," Friesen says, alluding to the civic humanists who took active roles in government and politics. "For the first time, man was seen as a free, moral entity."





Confrontations, like this one, between students and police marked the late '60s and the early '70s.

By PETE MAY

By the end of the 1960s, UCSB had developed a reputation as a liberal arts university. Enrollment totaled 13,733. Over ten years later, UCSB has added more than 1,000 students to its enrollment, but even more importantly, has undergone what David Sprecher, dean of the College of Letters and Science, calls "drastic" changes which have altered the face of the university.

The once-popular social science departments (history, sociology, political science, etc.) have shrunk as students of the 1970s turned their attention to majors promising greater job security after graduation.

In the fall of 1969, the social science department flourished amidst an atmosphere of increased student interest in national issues. Today, enrollment in those disciplines has dipped below 2000, some 2200 less than the total ten years ago. Foreign languages have also been hit hard, with 45 percent less students majoring in those departments than in 1969.

Where is the emphasis shifting? The College of Engineering has witnessed the sharpest increase, up by 627 students from 1969, a 129 percent growth rate. Enrollment in psychology and the biological sciences has also grown.

The number of mathematics majors has dropped 62.5 percent,

## Humanities Threatened

# Students of the '70s Change University's Personality, Style

indicating that students with mathematical skills have shifted to more applicable disciplines like engineering or economics.

Perhaps the best indication of the shift toward career-oriented majors can be reflected in the initiation of 12 new programs during the '70s.

The business economics program was started, providing students with a more applicable branch of economics to study. Similarly, communications studies, under the speech department, caters to students interested in public relations, mass media and other aspects of communication applicable to the business world. Environmental studies, computer science and pharmacology are programs which have grown in popularity during the '70s.

Does this trend towards occupational training reflect a downfall of the study of the humanities at the university level? Sprecher bemoans the increase of specialization in academics, but at the same time realizes that this specialization must be attributed to national events.

"Students are motivated simply by national economic trends," he says. "They're more conscious of their future life. Possibly this reflects some shift in values.

"I feel it's a mistake to put all eggs in one basket and train for a specific job. There's more to life than finding a job now. It's also dangerous because the market is very unpredictable," Sprecher concluded.

As an example, Sprecher noted that specialists trained for the space industry in the 1950s and

1960s. Once their profession was erased from the federal budget, they were left unprepared for other jobs.

Harold Drake, associate professor of history, sees two reasons why the '70s seemed so obsessed with pecuniary pursuits. The first was the reality of a recessionary economy which hit the United States in the early '70s as many Americans feared that the relatively affluent period of the '50s and '60s might be coming to an end. The second was a "dried-up" job market for liberal arts majors. A surplus of aspiring social scientists meant that openings for teachers at the university level were far and few between.

Drake feels that the student of the '70s has been maligned by comparisons to his '60s predecessors. "The student of the '70s has been sneered at for being more job-oriented than the student

of the '60s. The student of the '60s would have been more job-oriented if he had been in the same economic and demographic condition.

The student of the '70s has been accused of being apathetic more than once. There is much substance to this claim, as evidenced by individualistic trends on college campuses. But this could be attributed, at least in part, to the Watergate scandal and to the events at the end of the '60s. Four deaths at Kent State in 1970 put an unforgettable damper on campus protests in the '70s.

Sprecher cannot recall anyone at the beginning of the '70s who predicted a trend of apathy for the coming decade. "I doubt if many people were anticipating these trends and changes. They were still thinking about Vietnam and the burning of the Bank of America."



In the late '70s, students took to studying and more relaxing pursuits as '60s activism mellowed.

## Subject A: a Disheartening Experience for the Undergrad

By DAVE DALTON

One of the most disheartening experiences for the UCSB undergraduate has traditionally been the prospect of fulfilling area A of the College of Letters and Sciences General Education requirements: English 1A-1B, first year composition. For many students, this requirement means satisfactory completion of Subject A as well.

The UCSB general catalog states that "all students who have not fulfilled the Subject A requirement must complete it during their first quarter of residence, and immediately upon its completion, enter and complete English 1A and 1B in successive quarters." However, due to staff problems in both the Subject A and English department, things rarely function that smoothly.

According to William Marks, supervisor of the Subject A program, declining staff size and difficulty in recruiting new personnel makes handling the ever

increasing number of students required to take Subject A more difficult every year. However, he stated, "I think we're doing an excellent job of staffing the classes."

Marks also stated that recruitment was a major problem in his department. "We're the only department on campus that can only offer one-quarter appointments to our staff; at the end of the first two quarters of every year, we put ourselves out of business since we take care of all the students who are required to take the classes." He believes that this lack of security of employment is the main reason for the morale problem of the Subject A faculty. "We're trying to get some of our people appointed for a full year through the English department." Marks also noted that the Santa Barbara housing crunch has made recruitment even more difficult since potential instructors generally have families and

require relatively inexpensive homes. Said Marx, "We may have to hire only bachelors since they can always find some sort of apartment."

The English department has much the same problems in staffing English 1A-1B classes. However, Anne Pidgeon, coordinator of English 1A-1B believes the difficulty does not lie in staff problems alone. According to Pidgeon, a large number of students who have postponed taking the courses has created the immediate problem: a large backlog of students who have not completed the 1A-1B requirement. As a result many students have difficulty in enrolling in these courses. Even with the large backlog, Pidgeon points out, "We've always been able to guarantee space (in a section) for the following quarter if the student obtains a deferral slip."

To alleviate the backlog each (Please turn to p.9, col.1)

## T.A. Training

(Continued from p.8)

Planning Awards and Major Program Development Awards. These T.A. grants fund projects that are designed by the T.A.s to serve the needs of the department.

Some past examples of projects are preparation of lab manuals, creation of example computer runs to aid students, development of teaching manuals for T.A.s within a department and the creation of

audio-visual modules to supplement instruction.

Consultant Steve Barrett says, "It's not like the OIC is dealing with any particular problem, we're just trying to improve things. We provide support for what the departments want to accomplish, not just what the office wants."

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# Subject A:

(Continued from p.5)

quarter, the English department provides the Registrar's Office with the expected capacity of the 1A-1B classes. A computer then scans the list of students who have deferred enrollment, selecting names by class level, until all space in the classes is filled. Those "selected" by the computer are required to immediately complete the requirement. In addition, the English department has received special funding in order to offer more sections and further alleviate the existing backlog.

Pidgeon also feels that it is relatively common that UCSB students do not possess basic writing skills upon graduation. She believes that a general composition exam, similar to the ones given at other U.C. campuses, would insure adequate competence in basic writing ability.

An alternative that has been suggested as a possible remedy for the enrollment and staffing problems in the composition courses is a comprehensive writing examination, administered to all students irrespective of ACT scores or writing background.

Currently, all students that score less than 550 on their ACT English exam are required to complete Subject A, while students that score between 550 and 600 are allowed to take the Subject A writing exam. If they pass this

exam, they are then allowed to enroll directly in English 1A. The only ways to waive the English 1A-1B requirement is to either score 700 or better on the ACT test or pass the Advanced Placement exam. Under unusual circumstances, students can be exempted from these courses or given the opportunity to take other writing courses in place of the conventional courses, if exceptional ability is demonstrated.

Dr. John Carroll, English department chair, stated that there is no mechanism through which such an examination could be given. He also cautioned that tests of this type are generally graded too quickly to be a true evaluation of the writing ability of the student taking the exam. However, Marks asserted that the accuracy and validity of grading test papers on such a large scale could be assured through adequate training of, and practice by readers. "Right now, I have half-a-dozen highly trained readers. If you tripled that figure, I think we could handle it."

Of course enrollment and staffing problems and the lack of an adequate index of the writing skills of incoming freshmen are serious problems that must be addressed. However, most students and instructors alike agree that the major problem with these courses is an attitude

problem.

According to Marks, the resentment that many students feel toward Subject A stems from the fact that the class was initially offered on a no credit basis and a fee was charged for the class.

"Having a no credit course that required a great deal of work tended to demotivate students," Marks said. Subject A has traditionally been considered a "remedial" course and many students view being placed in this class as an insult to their intelligence. However, with the increasing number of students required to take these classes, the opinion of Subject A is changing; It is now considered a necessary part of the undergraduate curriculum instead of a "remedial" type of course.

In a slightly different vein, Marks feels that students resent the English 1A-1B requirement because it is the only absolute graduation requirement. "We're raised on freedom of choice and this (English 1A-1B) is the only requirement where there is none."

Clearly, inequities in placement, the stigma of being forced to take a "remedial" course and the simple lack of freedom of choice effect the students' attitude toward their writing courses. Things are apparently changing, though. "There is less resentment now," Marks said.

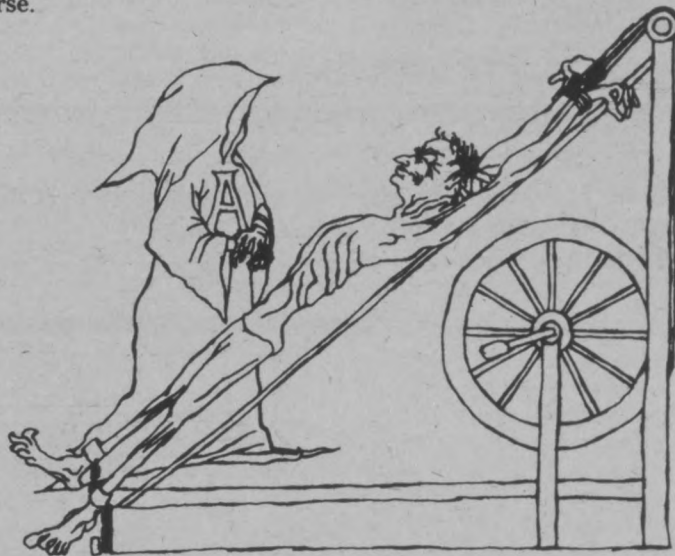
In the meantime, students may carry a negative attitude into their classes. Not only does this negativity create an atmosphere where learning is difficult, but

unfortunately, the students' attitudes can influence the instructor as well.

Cythia Lima, a sophomore speech and hearing major said this about her 1B class, "From the very beginning, the T.A. was very pessimistic and came in with the attitude that you (the students) don't want to be here and I don't want to be here either. She missed about seven classes during the quarter." Another student remarked, "My T.A. was very discouraging. I felt very defeated from the beginning." However, Carroll and Marks believe that examples such as these are by far and away the exceptions to the rule. They feel that their staff members are all highly qualified instructors. Carroll stresses the constant supervision given English department T.A.'s. Marks feels that many of his staff members are actually overqualified.

"Most of our people could be teaching upper division literature courses," he remarked.

Progress is being made to improve both the quality of Subject A and English 1A-1B as well as the attitude of the university community towards them. However, few things are more difficult to change than prejudice and misconception. Unfortunately for the students and faculty of UCSB, the prejudices and misconceptions about freshman composition courses are no exception.



## Boat People Discovering a New Lifestyle in Isla Vista

By DAVE KIRBY

Many things stand out in this town. Isla Vista possesses many characteristics that make it unique. Just a stroll through its streets will reveal these things in living color. One of the most noticeable characteristics of I.V. is the presence of the Southeast Asian refugees, otherwise known as "the boat people."

Indeed, the sight of Indochinese walking down the street in colorful oriental clothing is not what one would expect to see in a coastal college town. However, over 300 of these people presently call Isla Vista "home."

They have come from the war-torn nations of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. In 1975, these countries fell under communist control, thus directly threatening the lives of many refugees and making existence generally dim for others. Those who had been employed by the United States were guaranteed, along with their families, a safe passage to this country.

These people were flown here in 1975 and cannot be classified as "boat people." The boat people have been trickling out of the three countries since the war ended. Those from Vietnam attempted to navigate small boats across the South China Sea to Malaysia. Those from Cambodia and Laos try to cross overland to Thailand. They leave everything behind, which often includes relatives still held in "re-education camps," and set out on their quest for a life of freedom.

Once in Thailand or Malaysia, the refugees were put into camps where they await sponsorship from organizations in western countries. The sponsor is usually a community church group or similar organization. Once they have been sponsored and have passed a thorough physical examination, they are flown to their new homes through a United Nations program called the International Commission of European Migrations. The refugees agree to make small payments for the airfare once settled in the new country. It is up to the sponsor to help them get settled, aiding the families with immediate orientation and adjustment matters.

In 1977, the federal government



This young girl is one of the many Indochinese refugees in Isla Vista.

authorized the establishment of assistance agencies to aid the refugees' adjustment period. It was in that year that the Santa Barbara-Ventura Indochinese Community Program was formed to take care of the refugees. The program recognizes forced immigration as a traumatic experience and attempts to aid those who have fled terror, tyranny and starvation and were propelled without warning into a new land.

The program is aware of the problems that occur, i.e. culture shock, language barrier, emotional and psychological disorder and family crisis. The program provides a variety of services designed to aid the newcomer. First, and perhaps most importantly, ICP helps the adults find work. Before they do this, however, they must teach them what is referred to as "survival English." Then, they are oriented to the ways American business. Next they are tested for skills and other qualifications. Only then are they placed in a job.

ICP also has an "Outreach" service which provides information and referrals as well as processing immigration papers.

(Please turn to p. 10, col. 1)

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# Refugees Find New Life

(Continued from p.9)

The orientation program uses volunteers to teach the families about living in this country. Topics such as home management and how to shop are covered.

The youth program helps the children through the anxiety of a new home. The program helps the young refugees form a bond among themselves as well as pass the time. ICP operates a health service which refers the immigrants to the proper medical attention they may require. Finally, ICP has a cultural program which according to ICP director, Kimsa Hove, a refugee herself, "helps us maintain our heritage."

Almost all of the refugees arrive virtually penniless. Therefore, the government has set aside funds for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to distribute to the new families through the "Indochinese Refugee Assistance Program."

Welfare only provides the bare necessities: food, rent and

clothing. It is only after a long period of hard work that the families enjoy luxuries such as cars and television. Most of the refugees work as assemblers in electronic firms. Many local firms have special training programs for Indochinese including instruction in their own language.

The Xiong family is an example of successful adaptation to a new culture. The parents and six children live in a comfortable home in Santa Barbara Shores. The Xionsg are members of the Hmong tribe, the primitive dwellers of Laos. They left their home in December of 1975, soon after the communist takeover. The family managed to escape to Thailand where they were flown to the U.S. One of the sons had been a

haven't learned to drive so it is difficult for them to get around," he said. Going shopping is often a confusing experience for them and, on more than one occasion, their children discovered that they had been short-changed. Also, they must attend school four nights a week, an entirely new experience that they really don't like. "They don't like homework," explained Long.

And of course the parents are also having trouble with the biggest problem all refugees face: the language barrier. They also miss their relatives and friends back in the village of Nam Hia. They worry over these people's well-being as they have no way of contacting them. Mr. and Mrs. Xiong also lament the loss of the

And of course the parents are also having trouble with the biggest problem all refugees face: the language barrier.



cashier for a U.S. government operation and, therefore, qualified for resettlement assistance.

Long Xiong is now a student at Dos Pueblos High School. He likes living in America. He enjoys the standard of living here, the types of houses and the ability to travel. However, he says things are not going as well for his parents who have had a hard time adjusting to such a different culture. "They

old ways. They see their children grow up as young Americans and helplessly realize that they cannot change this. They are sad because their children do not obey them as well as they would have if they were still in Laos.

The parents dream of returning home one day. No one would ever have left their homeland if they could not have peacefully remained there. The children, especially the one born here, will stay and make a life for themselves. The adults will perhaps one day return, but, as Long explained, "never to a communist government."

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## Dutch Garden Offers Exotic Food for Adventurous Diners

By KATE JOHNSON

"What did they call that again?" This phrase could be heard resounding from table to table as shame-faced patrons muttered to each other under their breath. Yet "Kassler Rippchen," "Theuringer" and "Schnitzel a la Holstein" are not the names of medieval castles on the Rhine or even of generals in the Franco-Prussian War; rather, they are just a few of the excellent dinners served at the Dutch Garden.

Eating at the Dutch Garden is definitely not an experience for the unadventurous. This restaurant is not a hotdog-and-hamburger pit, nor does it provide the average meat-and-potatoes fare of many dinner houses. However, once one is willing to branch out into the unknown, the Dutch Garden is an encouraging place to start.

The food served at the Dutch Garden ranges in origin from Norwegian to German to Bavarian, and the atmosphere is comfortable and relaxed.

Red-checked tablecloths, numerous plants placed on the ledges around the dining area and a bladed fan rotating slowly from the ceiling like something from Casablanca all combine to give the Dutch Garden a distinctively

exotic flavor.

If all of that weren't enough one can hear yodeling playing unobtrusively in the background; a welcome relief from the piped-in Musak of many restaurants.

For those who have grown accustomed to dorm food or to the unidentifiable droppings which are scraped off the bottom of many college students' refrigerators and served up for dinner, the Dutch Garden's Bavarian Loaf is a godsend. The meal begins with beef soup, stuffed with mushroom slices and noodles and served in a broth which is spicy and full-flavored, enhancing the dish as much as the meat itself.

After eating this soup, one would almost expect the main course to be a letdown. Not so. Bavarian loaf, a generous slice of ham, liberally topped with melted cheese and bathed in its own juices, is a dish that could warm the cold heart of even the most exacting diner. Served with German potato salad and sauerkraut, this dinner has a unique taste which one will appreciate anew with every mouthful, and will leave one feeling satisfied, not gorged.

In any restaurant, the food is of course important, but service is

equally as essential. Service at the Dutch Garden is friendly but also attentive. Fortunately for my delicate sense of pride, the waitress did not even snicker at my butchered pronunciation of some of the items on the menu, and she was invaluable in helping decide which of the unknown elements to order.

It is always appreciated when waitresses return to a table to inquire whether patrons are enjoying their meals, and those at the Dutch Garden do so with unflinching regularity. Moreover, their concern is genuine and leaves one with the feeling that it really does matter to someone besides yourself whether your dinner is an edible one.

If you are tired of pizza, tacos and hamburgers, then I think the Dutch Garden could just be the change for which you are looking. Helpful, friendly service, a pleasant and intriguing atmosphere, plus food that will undoubtedly make your taste buds sit up and take notice without putting too much strain on your pocket book—all make the Dutch Garden a highly enjoyable choice for an evening out. Just remember—don't be afraid to order it, even if you can't pronounce it.

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# Fiction

## P. S.

By EVA E. MECKNA

Each line of her drawings was important to her. Each near perfect segment of an unseen, unbroken line held her attention, and the charm of bringing all these segments together honeyed the air for her. She sat back upon the tall stool and surveyed the work on her board, watching the drawing grow and seeing in her mind's eye the completed structure. She liked the sense of building things quietly by herself.

From the corner of her eye she could see people passing before the doorway of the tiny cubicle that was her office. She was pleased with this space of her own, and with the blue and white plastic name plate (although it was a bit crooked) on the door. For three years she had worked in a large beige room with five other draftsmen. There had been bright moments and all the usual friendly office humor, but she had always felt crowded and too close.

Jack had advised her to take this position, not that there had been much indecision. There were chances to grow with this company, to be seen, to be appreciated, he said. This was an opportunity! If there was one thing in which Jack believed, it was seizing any tempting opportunity.

As she drove home from work later she thought of him, wondering if he were due back soon. His business trips were never jelled, and she asked herself again if you could ever count on him. But that was part of the fun of it. In the balcony for a midnight show of "Duck Soup," surrounded by college kids and self-serious movie buffs, they got sick on popcorn and M & M's, the saltysweet tang heavy inside them. Late one summer night at the playground in Vet's Park they had been on the swings, each pumping and stretching to fly higher and outreach the other, when the sprinklers came on in full bloom. Circles of cold diamonds splashed around and on them in the dim lamplight. Their only bond seemed to be laughter, and it was comfortable though inconstant.

Just before turning down her street she noticed the stunning winter sunset spreading itself like a tablecloth. Thin light clouds burned orange and then went out like smouldering candles as the sun dipped below the horizon.

She pulled carefully into her parking space. She was tired, and felt chilled as she walked to her apartment in front. Her long hurried strides made crunching sounds on the gravel path.

She tucked her purse under her right arm as she slipped the key into the lock. The mail, which was shoved through a slot in the door, was in its usual disorder on the floor. She flipped on the entry hall light, and as she stooped to pick up the mail, the phone began to ring. She made a few last lunges to snatch the stray letters before hurrying into the living room. Dropping her purse and the mail on one end of the sofa, she picked up the receiver and sat down at the opposite end.

"Hello, Anne. This is Sharon. I thought you'd be home by now." Her voice died away oddly.

"Yes, I've just gotten in. How are you?" Why, she thought, is Sharon calling me? She only knew Jack's sister vaguely, and in fact had never spoken with her or any of his family on the phone.

"I'm fine, thank you. I'm calling about Jack."

"I don't know when he's supposed to be back. Does anyone ever know?" Anne felt an urge at once to brighten the conversation and get on with it. There was no response to this lightness however.

"Well, I called to tell you he was in an accident. It's all been so fast. They called Mother last night. He was in Illinois — on his way to the airport, in fact."

"Is he alright?" Anne interrupted. It was taking too long for her. The brittle way in which Sharon spoke suggested that she had made this call and used these same words before. It was a little like a recording.

"Anne, he died early this morning. It's...well, it was nearly head-on from what I can gather. He didn't suffer."

Anne felt the weight of her own stunned silence and told herself she must say something. "It's so hard to believe. I just..." She couldn't get out another word. Distractedly she put her right hand to her forehead, and then, running it back through her brown hair, she clamped it to the back of her neck as she leaned forward slightly.

"Yes. Yes, the funeral's Friday afternoon, we think, at Lakeside — if we can get him here, I mean. It's a long way."

Anne's breathing was slow and so deep it was nearly painful. She dropped her right hand into her lap and sat up straighter again. "Thanks for calling, Sharon. I'm so sorry. I'll be there on Friday."

"Yes, we'll see you then. We know how close you are."

"Well, thanks again. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

She hung up quickly and switched on the lamp. Staring at the telephone for several long seconds, she tried to decide if there really had been a call, or if it were a dream and she were about to awaken, alone and warm in her own bed.

The whole room seemed different. She felt like an overloaded circuit board, and slowly she began to recognize her furniture, books and pictures again.

She listened to her breathing and could faintly feel the blood pulsating in her ears. She slipped off her left shoe and placed it neatly beside the right one. This tiny orderliness calmed her and she sat back and leaned hard into the sofa, putting her hands in her lap. Everything is the same her, she told herself, exhaling gently.

Her eyes closed and it was a cold clear Spring day. The walls of the hospital corridors were gleaming white and shadowless. How often she walked down them, looking neither right nor left, in those weeks and weeks of visits. Father was smaller and softer lying in the steel framed bed, and he could not answer, or wake, or see with those calm grey eyes.

She opened her own eyes and stared at the stark circle of light the lamp cast on her amber carpet. She had seen Jack three weeks ago. What had she last said? "Take care of yourself?" "Be good," with a broad wink? They had been known to go months without each other. There were others, but none like each other. It was only just now that she allowed herself this thought, and it frightened her that this confession might haunt her.

She drew up her shoulders and rotated her head to stretch her neck and relax. Her eyes fell on the small framed print that Jack had given her. There had been no occasion at all. He had just appeared at her kitchen window one Saturday morning as she was doing dishes. With soap-dripping hands she had accepted, right through the window, a flat box wrapped in last Sunday's comics page. He couldn't stay — was, as usual, on his way somewhere and would see her later. She had dried her hands on her faded red sweatshirt and found inside the package this odd little scene of two figures riding a flying carpet through a purple evening sky. One of the riders was a swarthy turbaned man in loose linen pajamas, looking with wildly curious eyes to the front — out and beyond the picture; the other was an almond-eyed woman gazing sleepily to the side, her hundred violet veils swept back. The soft carpet undulated beneath them. It seemed a most luscious, silent affair.

The purples and blues of the print did not match the room's own gingers and greens, but Jack had insisted she hang it there, as the only picture they had of themselves. It was a grand joke as they bore no physical resemblance whatsoever to the couple on the carpet: this magic couple who never arrived, but sailed indefinitely, noiselessly, whose life it was to soar without moving.

A heaviness grew in her throat, and she looked down. She watched the second hand of her watch make several full circles. Her eyes filled with tears which slid down her cheeks and fell silently onto the muted plaid of her jacket.

Leaning forward, she sat on the edge of the sofa and looked more carefully at the magic carpet scene, melting into it now, staring at the almost hypnotic intricacies of the carpet's pattern. There was no way to bring him back, but now for the first time she admitted to herself that Jack was never hers. Whatever they had been to each other was crystalized in this small picture. They had drifted together for a while and now he was gone, but he would never stand for an unhappy ending.

The stiffness in her eased and the peppery burning of her nose prompted her to reach for the handkerchief in her purse. After she had found it and dried her face, she mechanically took up the mail and went through it, sorting ads and bills.

The glossy card read "Greetings from Chicago" in tacky red letters superimposed on some bland urban scene. It was so awful she knew instantly who it was from. She stared at it helplessly a moment, and then turned it over. "Wonderful weather. Umbrella broke. Wish I had my water wings. —J." It read itself over and over to her like a charm, and she could not help but smile.

Just as usual he had ready his parting shot, his last perfecting piece of the puzzle. But this time it went unsaid, and perhaps this time she didn't need it. She shook her head almost imperceptibly and still smiled at the wordless blank after the hurried, scarcely legible letters: "P.S."

for b (in particular)

you say there is no glory

we watched the sunset  
you saw only colors  
and patterns  
blackened clouds  
edged in brilliance  
like the sun's corona  
one column of light  
shown down  
from the clouds  
i called it a pathway to god  
you laughed

you are a student  
of the bathroom philosophers  
who debate god and sex  
on the blue stalls


the watchwords of your faith  
are written  
upon the doorposts  
of the bank of america  
and you've seen the gods  
from behind the wheel of your car  
wrapping around the curves  
at eighty miles an hour  
the sweet power of your engine  
purring with speed  
you clench your hand  
around the stick shift  
and call this freedom  
because it feels good

mikki

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# LONE STAR

By JUDY FORCE

They had moved back to the United States only six months ago. Brazil was very warm and humid and Sara had gotten very sick. She felt weak all the time and the doctor had said that she couldn't ride. He had spoken in a quiet voice to her parents about a drier climate.

Not ride! It was unthinkable! She lived for her horses. Her big, beautiful thoroughbred horses. Every day she rode her four horses plus one or two others. Hours and hours of riding; she took lessons from an old colonel from Austria. He'd yell at her for hours on end with his heavy accent making the corrections sound harsher than they really were; don't lean forward, push, push — he's dragging! More flexation in the neck, more bend in the back, more, MORE!

She was the favorite student and she knew it. Her parents had gotten her a tutor so her riding would not be interrupted. Someday, everyone thought, she would be not just a good rider, but a great rider.

Now she was sick and the doctor had said she needed a drier climate. Her father gave up his job in Brazil and got a job in California. Everything was hastily shoved in crates and suitcases, the furniture was shipped and the plane tickets were bought.

Sara couldn't believe the suddenness of the change. It made her less secure, less sure of the future. Her father promised her that she would have a new horse in California, so the four thoroughbreds were sold to the colonel.

She bid the horses a tearful farewell the day she left. She kissed their soft noses and told them not to worry because she'd soon be

back. The old colonel said a gruff goodbye and hugged her. He turned away but she saw the tears in his eyes. She knew, suddenly, that she would never see him again and the foundations of her world crumbled some more.

California was not at all like Brazil. Her father had been rich in Brazil, but here he was not. The house was not even half as big and the garden was practically non-existent.

*He turned away but she saw the tears in his eyes. She knew, suddenly, that she would never see him again and the foundations of her world crumbled some more.*

The horse her father bought her was not even a thoroughbred; he was just a pinto. Sara tried to explain to her father that this horse would never be able to perform the complicated maneuvers she had learned, but he just looked at her sadly, saying that she'd understand one day.

Here, there were no impeccable stables with stable boys to saddle her horse for her. He was kept in a pasture behind a church. The freeway bordered one whole side and on windless days, the air was too thick to breathe.

She tried to hide her disappointment. One of her saddles fit the horse and she started riding again. Not much at first, because she was still weak, but more and more every day.

The other kids at the pasture didn't know what to make of Sara. Her accent made her stand out and she didn't ride like they did. They teased her so much she began riding bareback and she spent most of her time riding by herself in the hills.

She had to go to school now, for the first time in two years. When she was well enough her mother took her down to the local high school. Sitting in a chair for hours on end was completely foreign to Sara. She'd shift and stare out the window until the teachers would snap her back, asking if she were paying attention. She didn't get along with either the teachers or the other

students. Her accent and an air of remoteness kept her from making many friends.

Her fantasy world was crumbling fast. She grew angry and began cutting classes to ride. She would go for hours, riding in the hills alone with her horse. Star she called him; he was the one shining star left in her life.

When her parents heard she was missing school, they threatened to sell Star. She stared at them in disbelief. Soon after that, she began running away. Sometimes she'd be gone for a day, sometimes longer. No one knew where she went, but if they waited long enough her parents could find her at the pasture with Star. They never talked about selling him again.

It was late one afternoon when she got the phone call. Her movements were deceptively calm as she hung up the phone. Mechanically she went to find her father.

He looked shocked when she told him that Star had been hit by a car. My God!, he thought, not Star, not now!

They got to the pasture just as the men from the humane society were dragging the dead horse off the freeway and into the trailer.

She couldn't believe what she was seeing, it was out of a nightmare; Star was unrecognizable. The sickening smell of blood burned in Sara's nose, she could almost taste it.

She screamed and tried to run towards the working men but her father caught her and held her tight. There was nothing he could say, though his heart was being torn in two. Tears were streaming down Sara's face. No, she kept saying, no... no; as the men finished loading the horse and drove away.

Her father led her to the car and drove home. She locked herself in her room and cried. She cried for Brazil and her four thoroughbreds, she cried for her colonel and all the lessons he would have given her, she cried for Star and she cried for herself. Her perfect world was gone, the foundations had all crumbled away.

She barely heard when her father said someone had cut a hole in the pasture fence. She turned down his offer of a new horse. No, she said, never again. She didn't see the pain in her father's eyes as she left the room.

Nothing was certain anymore, nothing was for sure; if she could keep from caring she wouldn't get hurt; and she never rode again.

# FIELD OF STONE

By BRAD VALENTI

The word came down the line: they were going to charge the enemy.

The young man gripped his Enfield nervously. What the hell was he doing here anyway? Surely this was no place for a civilized man of the twentieth century. Then came the commander's shrill whistle: the charge had commenced. He stood up and looked at the other men as they scrambled out of the newly dug trench and wondered why they were in such a terrible hurry.

"What the hell are you waiting for, Sheets," screamed the sergeant. "Get your ass out of here and kill some Huns."

"Yes sir," he replied and clambered over the top of the trench.

Once in the open, he began to run. Not upright, but crouched, as he'd been instructed the week before. He had at least three-

hundred meters to cover, and he cursed himself for falling behind. Running as hard as he could, he began to gain on the line of men in front of him.

He started noticing the obstacles when he was about forty meters from the line. First it was shell holes, then barbed wire, and finally, bodies. Few of the forms were moving; all were drenched in dull red stains.

He pretended they weren't and kept running.

He was twenty meters from the thinning line when he saw one of the men in the front ranks drop. He watched in horror as the man was trampled by two men behind him. The man began crawling aimlessly about the field, screaming, as Sheets ran up to him and stopped. The soldier looked up at him. The left side of his face was gone, replaced by an oozing mess of crimson blood. Upon seeing Sheets, he stopped screaming and

weakly rasped, "Help... me."

Sheets looked at the wounded soldier. It was obvious the man couldn't make it back to the trenches alone—he was barely able to crawl. His thoughts jumped forward—even if he succeeded in getting him back, there was a good chance he'd probably die anyway; the wound looked pretty bad. The young man turned his attention back to the receding line. How long had he stopped? How much time had he already wasted? It was only a moment; but it seemed like an eternity.

He looked again at the screaming man's pleading face, turned, and started running again. The screams behind him faded quickly as he ran.

Sheets reached the line less than fifty meters from the enemy trenches and moved toward the middle of the ranks. That was, of course, the best place to be—right in the middle of everybody. He'd make a tough target for those damned Huns to hit.

And just as young Robert Sheets thought his thought, a bullet he never saw, fired from the gun of a man he'd never know, threaded its way through the line and imbedded itself in his chest.

He began to fall.

Seconds later he opened his eyes and looked into the sky. The line had passed him; it waited for no man—its nature was to keep moving. Sheets looked down at his chest and watched the ugly red stain spread across his tattered khaki overcoat. He tried to get up, thinking perhaps he could crawl to

safety, but found he didn't have the strength. He lay back and felt the blood leaving him.

Suddenly a young man before him stopped. Sheets thought that the man might help him—perhaps he'd get back to the trenches despite his wound. He jerked forward slightly and opened his

mouth to speak, only to vomit sweet, sticky blood upon himself.

The young man looked at him a few seconds longer, and then began running toward the line of men. Sheets watched the soldier until his vision blurred.

He lay back and let the blood flow.

## A NEW BEGINNING

The tension's strong, the feelings wrong  
The pianist seldom plays their song.  
Two hearts that once were joined as one,  
Have been unlocked and come undone.  
They've bled inside and tried to heal,  
The love they once could not conceal.  
The air is cold; warmth unreleased,  
The flame that burned has somehow ceased.  
A voice has told them they must part,  
Despite the tearing of their heart.  
They've changed in ways not negative,  
But to themselves they now must give.  
Past bonds no longer meant to be,  
It's time to set the other free.

Dana Deniston

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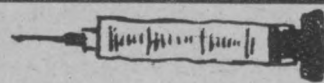
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