

Thursday!

THURSDAY
MAGAZINE



It was december

when a door slammed

shut.

Outside

quiescent snow

and ears red

cold

air like dry frost in her nose.

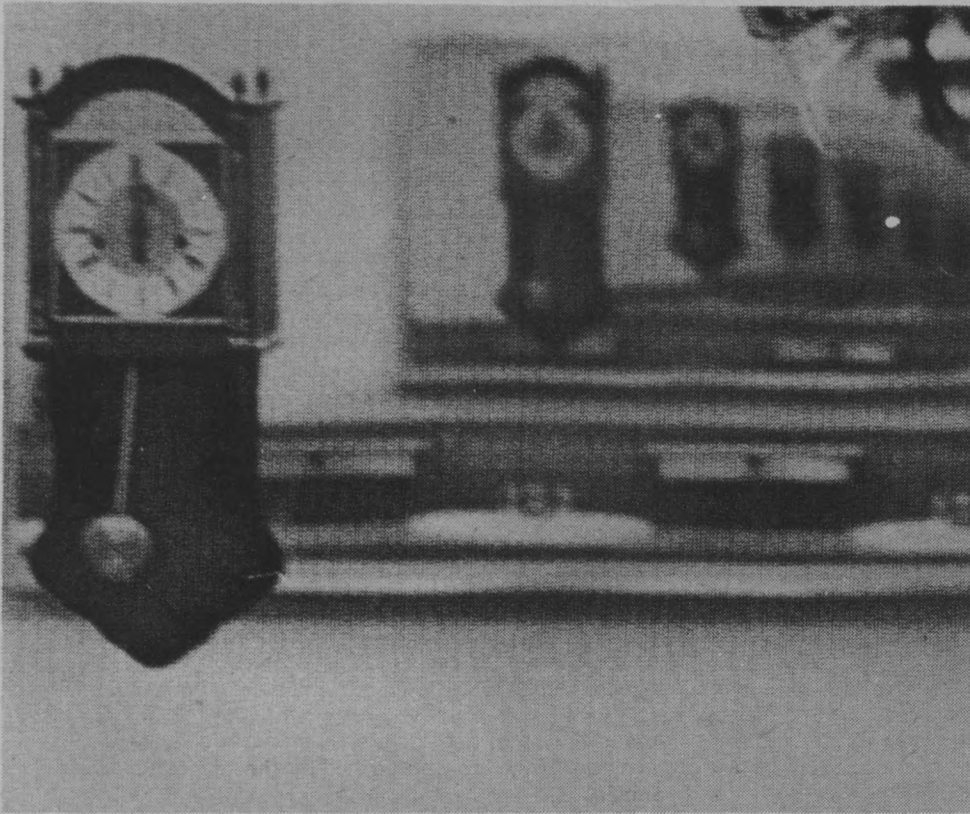
Inside

on a red rug

curled and warm

his breath fogging the window.

— D.L. Alexander



Intangible

Caught between the daze:
Is it today
or tomorrow?
— is the Now
then
or later?

At midnight
there is no time
— only the echo
of the silent pendulum
If I were to wonder
where time has gone,
I might hold my breath
to hear my heart counting

But I must breathe
and I must sing

In the eternity
of this moment
I'll let myself go:
Swimming thru the images
of my mind

For the Now
is this moment:
Suspended in space
and sunk to the bottom of the sea

— Astrid Farrar

FRIDAY *magazine*

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HAPPY HOLIDAYS

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**Good Luck on
Finals!**

**Monday, December 3rd,
will be the last edition of the**

Daily Nexus

until Monday, January 7.

The Business office of the **Daily Nexus**

will be open 8:00 am to 4:00 pm during finals week and break through December 21st, except from 12:00 - 1:00 for lunch. We will be closed December 22nd through January 1st and will be back Wednesday, Jan. 2nd. The display and classified advertising deadline for the first paper (January 7) is Thursday, Jan. 3rd at Noon. This ad has been brought to you by those friendly folks who run the display advertising department at the

Daily Nexus

Lisa Aronson, Karen Friedman, John Hirsch, Scott Lavine, Kim Makature, Jean Pisacane, Vicky Weinstein, Esther Choi, Louisa Conti, Stacie Manning, Laurie Monteleone, Nancy Morales, Kathy Cruz, Ivan Hesson and Jeff Spector.

KCSB Disc Jockey — Off The Air

Interview by Christopher Croton

Greg Drust is a disc-jockey for KCSB, as you can probably tell if you ever hear him speak. His voice booms with the intonations of a born disc jockey, and he becomes especially lively when discussing his lifelong passion, American music. I interviewed him behind the control board of KBL5 (990 AM) in downtown Santa Barbara at the Granada building. Incidentally, Drust is blind and runs the Sunday Afternoon Ballroom show of vintage popular music alone.

Can you give some background information about yourself?

I was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin on Oct. 16, 1954. My relatives gave me their records as toys so a lot of my musical influences come from the period of the mid-40s into the 50s. The popular music of that time included the Big Band music, some Latin American music and country music. I heard a little, although not much of the rock n'roll that was popular at that time. Coming from an ethnic background, I heard lots and lots of polka music so the influences that I had to my later musical development were fairly broad-based.

Do you know how to play any instruments?

I took piano lessons as a child and I took drum lessons from the eighth through the 12th grade. I played in various school bands in high school; the concert band, the jazz ensemble, the marching band. Probably my most enjoyable outlets at that time were the two different small dance bands which were really polka bands in that part of the country. We played at weddings and anniversaries and private parties on the weekends.

How did you become involved with KCSB?

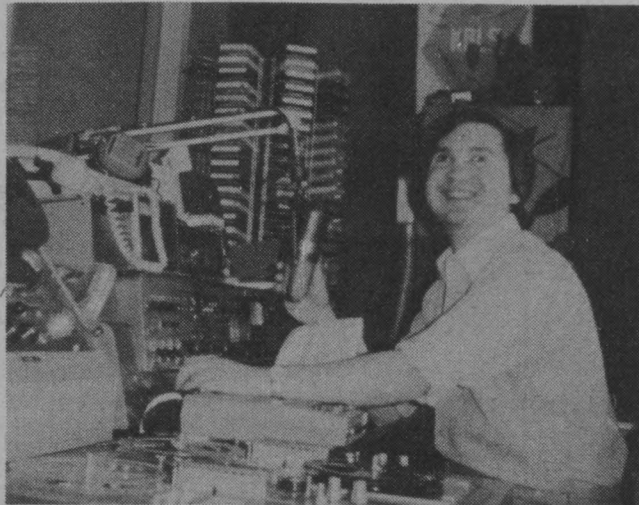
I moved to Santa Barbara in 1972 and immediately got involved with KCSB. There I met a lot of people who really knew and studied different types of American folk-based music. This is where I started putting my background to use because I liked music. I had maybe four to eight thousand records at that time, but growing up where I did there was not a lot of cultural awareness, and certainly not enlightenment in those areas, at least not in the places I was. I learned about the rhythm and blues and rockabilly, some of which I already had in my collection and learned what this music is; what it meant musically, culturally and sociologically. I just grew from there.

Have you become more interested in the meanings of music as you've compiled your record collection?

I feel music can be used as a guidepost to social developments, to political consciousness. There are some scholars, like the head of our own Black Studies Department (Douglas H. Daniels) that view music as more of a social phenomenon than a cultural one, and that certainly is a credible approach. I really like all styles of music but I'm selective — I like some of all of it. To me it's more interesting what style influenced what style and what musician influenced what musician — although the cultural and sociological awareness is part of it.

Did you follow the protest music of the 1960s?

I followed that from another side. At the time of the mid to late 1960s I was listening pretty exclusively to country music, and the country music at that time was making as



much of a point as the rock and folk music. But it was more concerned with the well-established American myth. Not being a fan of 60s rock music then or now, I had heard it, and I was aware of it, but not as far as making an in-depth study of it. That's popular culture, and my area of focus is more unpopular subculture, the music of different subgroups, usually an ethnic part of the general population.

Where did you learn to be a disc jockey?

What I had always wanted to do was be a DJ. I heard somebody refer to themselves as "the platter pushin' papa." I thought it would be great to choose your own music — the music you felt was saying something — and present that in an entertaining way with integrity. I was hanging around the various radio stations in Milwaukee as a child. The first time I was on the air was in 1966 or 67. In high school we started our own radio station. My job with that station was to get promotion copy records from the different radio stations around the Milwaukee area. The side effect of doing that was to meet a lot of people in broadcasting. When I moved here ... I got on the air on a regular basis with KCSB.

What type of music did you play?

I started off with oldies but goodies, 50s and 60s rock. At that time I was listening to what's now called 60s honky-tonk country music and old pop music. There was no call for the type of music I liked at KCSB.

How many records do you own?

Now I have over 30,000. That was my training as a DJ.

Were you trained in radio broadcasting?

My major was Communication Studies at UCSB. There were very few classes in which you actually got up and spoke to a group. My strongest gift to an audience is the music and the knowledge of the music. It's a knowledge of the esoteric music that maybe a lot of people don't know about. It's being able to program that music in a way that puts it in its best light. I program the radio shows so the songs sound good in a particular sequence. Usually a show will have a theme. I've put together a show on the legal system, songs related to people's bouts with the law or how the American justice system was presented in country music. That was not a political statement, it was more of a fun type of show.

Are you primarily interested in American music?

Yes that's just because there is so much good music. I'm from this country and really my first loves in music came from here, American popular music, Polish American music, and country music. I really like other styles of ethnic music. There are very good things happening musically throughout the world and I like them too.

Do you listen to American music to the exclusion of British music?

No, sometimes it's more my preference. There is a lot of great British rockabilly, not only in Britain but in other countries of Europe too. I've heard some that will put some of American rockabilly music in the shade. Rockabilly is a style of music that started here, and as far as any band that's going to copy that style, a copy can never be as good as the original in anything. A band that will maybe take that style and reinterpret it, they do stand a chance of being really excellent. I know there are bands like that in Europe. If you take something like British blues, most of which I don't like, I can listen to instrumentalists easier than I can listen to vocalists who are doing blues from Europe. Music terms are really artificial — they mean what you want them to mean. I'm a purist in the sense of knowing what the music truly is, and realizing that the record industry has watered down the roots music and then turned around and tried to sell it to the American public, when it came from this country free in the first place! They turned around, made it worse, and tried to sell it. I am open to music evolution when it is approached for the advancement of the music.

My understanding of the blues is that it began in the South and comes from a black gospel tradition. If there are white people playing blues, isn't it somewhat derived from this?

I think the spirit of your original tenet is true. The gospels and the work songs existed side by side, they came from the same tradition. It would be hard to say which came first, the spirituals or the blues. I would prefer to say they came together at the same time in the late 1800's. One thing that is absolutely true is that the music came from the Afro-American experience. It came from the experience of the black man enslaved by Caucasians in this country. Anybody can take that music and perform it, and do it well if they study and rehearse it. Assuming they have some talent they stand a chance of doing just as well as anyone else.

What is your conception of what you do?

I do what I do for the love of the music. It's not enough to have the records and go to the shows. I have to be with the musicians, I have to know the musicians. That's why I enjoy doing interviews; they're the most exciting aspect of the shows. My shows at KCSB are as much interview shows as they are music shows. It has kind of a force and inertia all its own. I think that's the spiritual quality to the music. When I get discouraged it's what picks me back up again. I hope that my programs have the usual entertaining effects of being uplifting and cheery and letting a person forget their troubles. But beyond that I hope that they fulfill the function of giving credit to the original artists who had the original ideas and to foster awareness of social conditions out of which the music arose. Let's hope that in correcting the social conditions we don't throw out the music as well. Those are the effects of what I want the shows to have.

Greg Drust can be heard on KCSB (91.9 FM) every Tuesday afternoon from 12:30 to 2:30 on the Back To The Chicken Shack show, and Tuesday from 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. on the Showers of Rain blues show, also on KCSB.

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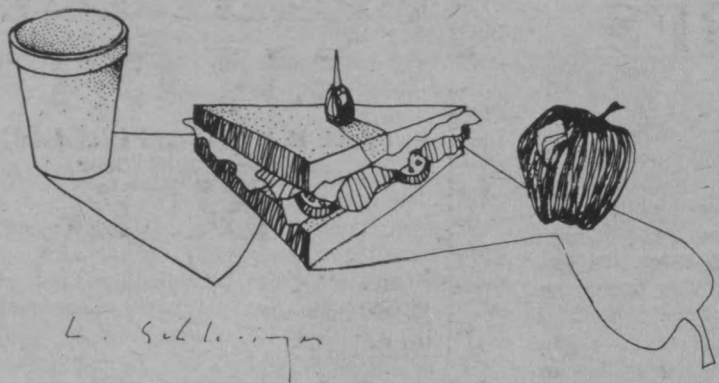
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Living in the "land of milk and honey"

I had almost forgotten the moon. The last time I has taken a good, close look at the moon was on the overnight flight to Los Angeles. It was full moon then — as it is today — and we were flying at 10,000 meters. From my window, I could see one wing of the 747, gleaming in the moonlight. And then, down below, the clouds — an unbroken, fluffy cover as far as the eye could see. Most of the passengers were dozing, and the others were in a drowsy stupor, cuddled up in their blankets and watching the movie. I felt alone with the planet.

And then, today. I'd already seen the lagoon, the beach, the mountains, the campus and the people. My mind could absorb only so many striking retinal images and at some point, it became like turning the pages of a travel magazine. My mind switched off, saying, yes, yes, it's all so beautiful. Today, therefore, when I saw the full moon, I said a silent benediction on it: it was a familiar sight and it had broken through the crust and brought back memories of pleasant nights spent at home.

I had always known that America was beautiful — but that was in the abstract. Now that I am here, I know that it is twice beautiful: it has its share of mountains, beaches, parks and canyons — and it is blessed by abundance. Having lived here all your life, you have no idea what it means to me to cycle down a road — and see healthy, active, smiling people, their heads held high and their voices merry. In India, I can look out of my window and see a beach or a lake: but if I look closely, the darting little shapes are human beings: poor, shrunken through malnutrition, and heads bowed down by worry — and that tears my heart apart. Don't let anyone tell you different: this country is unique. Whether it got that

way because it was unspoiled and abundant when the first settlers came here or whether it is because of the special virtues and efforts of several generations — that is immaterial.

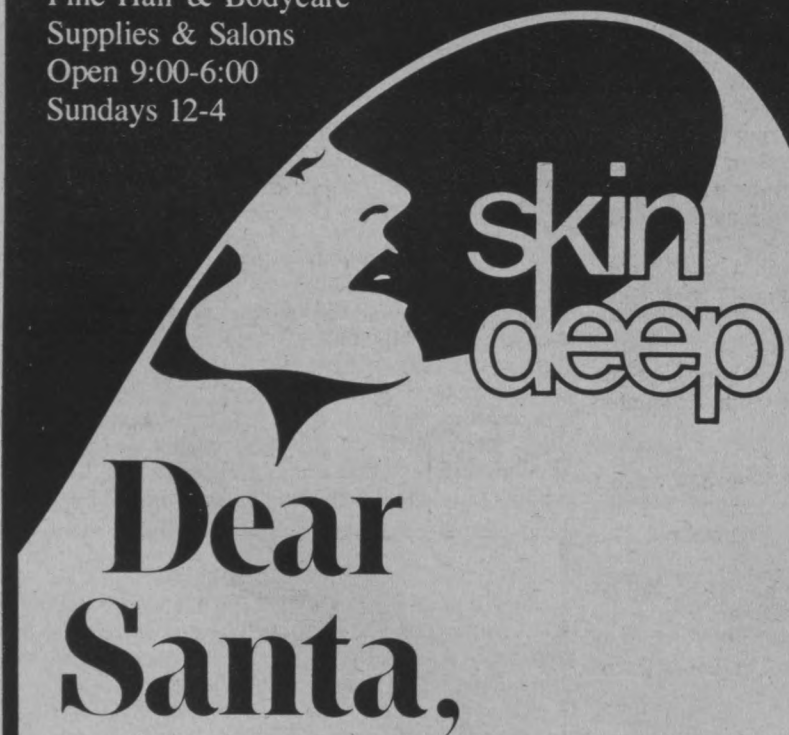
Right now, for all its many faults, it is a land of milk and honey; it is God's own country.

But I know for sure that I'll never be completely at home in this country. The land is alien: the food is unfamiliar, the vegetation is strange and the people are friendly but different: I have no mental associations with the sights and sounds of this land. When I saw the full moon here, I was instantly transported to Madras, India. They say the heat is terrible there: yes, it is, and even Indians find hot and humid Madras difficult to take. But the summer nights — they are warm and if you wear anything more than a light shirt and loose pyjamas, they cling to your skin — there is a sea breeze on summer nights and when you lie on your back on the terrace and look up through the clear sky at the moon and the stars, the air is warm and languid and you feel as if your body is floating on it. And if you shut your eyes, you might find yourself floating gently away to sleep: to wake up when the sun smiles on you the next morning. I find it difficult to imagine myself getting that intimate with this land.

And there is a more fundamental reason for wanting to return home: there is work to be done back there. No progress is going to result if all of us highly educated Indians desert the country. If I stayed on here, I'd be just another engineer. Back home, I'd have a chance to change things, to improve conditions. The most that this country can offer me is a soft, easy life: and that is if I stifle my conscience. It's not worth it.

— J. Sreekanth

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Dares to violate your solitude.
He rakes his sword
Across your temple's ruddy face,
Demanding secrets to worlds
Of Fire,
And Night.

Yet, you answer always
In those same refrains,
Carried along by wind and wave.
That we are but Technicolor grains,
Gently kissed by moonlight seas,
Cast upon the lonely shores
Of far Santa Cruz.

— Daniel J. Costanzo

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THE FIRST OF ALL PLEASURES

by J. Charles Caruso

Mrs. Brookbank passed through the living room, barely containing her laughter. Her daughter, Francesca, and her daughter's boyfriend, Rick Squibb, were sitting at nearly opposite ends of the couch. They were watching television, and both had extremely tousled hair. Half an hour ago both heads of hair had been neatly combed.

As soon as Mrs. Brookbank was out of the room, Francesca, laid her head back down in Rick's lap and he resumed kissing her. Their mouths met softly as first, then more firmly, finally opening to allow a furious swirling of tongues. Rick put his hands under her head and ran his fingers roughly and adoringly through her hair, mussing it even worse. She wrapped her arms around him, placing her palms against his back, feeling the strength and the warmth that were in him. Sometimes she felt as if she could hold him like this, kissing him, forever. But in more reflective moments she realized that she would never allow herself to embrace anyone or anything completely. She honestly liked Rick a lot, and certainly she enjoyed their physical pleasures, but she didn't love him; she would not allow herself to be that committed. She just didn't feel old enough somehow. She didn't feel ready.

All too soon the movie was over and Rick had to leave. With a great deal of disappointment he pulled his face away from hers. After he'd been kissing her, nothing else seemed quite as good. He wanted to go on kissing her forever. In fact, after several of their longer kissing sessions his tongue and lips had been very sore for the next few days. But the pleasure always outweighed any pains he might experience afterwards.

She walked him to the door, where they paused for a brief but passionate kiss. "I'll see you tomorrow then," he said.

"Maybe. I have some things I need to do. And I have to babysit for the Baldwins."

"Well, I'll call you."

"Okay. Goodnight." She leaned forward and pecked him lightly on the cheek.

"Francesca," he said softly.

"Yeah?" she whispered.

"I love you."

Her mind reeled. She couldn't figure out why he'd said that. He knew she didn't want to be tied down by that kind of commitment. Why did he say that?

Rick didn't realize what he was saying until he'd already said it. He'd thought it before, but he had never dreamed he'd actually be able to say it. He had told Francesca he loved her. And surprisingly it hadn't been as terrible as he thought it would be. Actually it was easy to express those feelings once he was sure they were true. For the first time in his life he'd told a girl that he loved her. And it felt so good to say it.

Francesca tried to smile and found that it hurt terribly to do so. She wanted to cry. Leaning forward again, she kissed him tenderly on the mouth. "Goodnight, Rick," she said and closed the door slowly until it finally clicked shut, locked.

Rick stood staring at the door. He could hardly believe this was happening. He had finally told Francesca that he loved her, but she hadn't said it back. She closed the door in his face. He'd convinced himself once and for all that the world wouldn't end if he said "I love you" to someone. And here it was ending. He turned and slowly walked down the dark, cement path to his car. Looking into the night sky, he saw that there was a full moon, but it could scarcely be seen through the dark clouds. He took a deep breath. It smelled like rain.

He got behind the wheel and drove home, biting the middle knuckle of his left index finger, regretting his

horrible blunder, wondering what Francesca was thinking, wishing he could take back what he'd said, and trying to figure out what he could say now to keep this from destroying their relationship. He didn't want to lose her. Theirs was the best relationship he'd ever had, not to mention the longest. They'd been going out for nearly two months now. "God," thought Rick, "I can't help it. I love her."

The next morning, Sunday, he tried to call her at about eleven, but no one was home. He tried again at three, and this time her mother answered. No, she wasn't there. She was out babysitting. She would be home at about seven. Her mother would have her call. When she hadn't called by 8:30, he decided to try one more time. Francesca talked to him just long enough to say she was busy working on an English paper and she would talk to him tomorrow at school. The next day, she managed to avoid him all morning. He could hardly concentrate in any of his classes, and after each class he searched the halls fervently, but she was not in any of her usual places. Finally he ran into her best friend, Julie Ruskin. He had been wondering if Francesca had even come to school, but Julie assured him that she had been in second period. When Rick asked Julie if Francesca had said anything to her about him, Julie said that she hadn't, but she looked as if she was hiding something.

At lunch, Rick finally managed to find and corner Francesca. "Why have you been avoiding me?" Rick asked her.

"I haven't been avoiding you."

Rick looked away. He knew that she was lying, but she acted as if what she said was the absolute truth. He wanted to believe her.

"Rick," she said, "what's wrong?"

He began slowly. "What did you think Saturday when I told you that I loved you?"

"At first I didn't know what to think. It scared me. But then I just decided to disregard it."

"Why?" Rick felt like he was going to fall down. But he put his hands into his pockets and remained standing.

Francesca shrugged. It was a nervous little shrug that told Rick more than her words could. "It was just ... out of character for you somehow."

"How was it out of character?"

"I don't know. It just was."

At that moment, Rick knew their relationship was over. He didn't ever want to give her up, but he suddenly realized that he'd never really had her, not the way he wanted her. He wanted someone he could give himself to entirely, and that was not what she wanted. He could have just held onto her and hoped that those feelings would develop. But it was too late for that now. They both knew it was over. Both were terribly saddened by that knowledge.

"Well," Rick said, "I can't take it back."

"I know."

He shrugged. "I wish I could."

"Listen, Rick. Maybe we should stop seeing each other for a while. Just to sort things out, you know. It wouldn't have to be permanent. We could just see how we felt after a couple of weeks."

Rick tried to keep his eyes steady, so he wouldn't start to cry. "Yeah, I think that might be a good idea." He reached out and touched her arm.

"I'll talk to you later, okay?"

He nodded. "Sure."


As she walked away, Rick tried to recall their final kiss Saturday night — their last kiss ever. He found that he couldn't remember what it was like at all.

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—Debbie Rosenfeld

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—Matt Rosenthal

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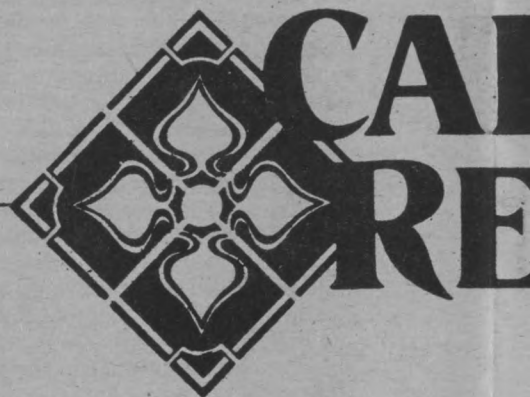
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IN GOLETA:
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in the Calle Real Shopping Center 967-0476

Ardour

You can't have seen
The sky after dusk
Stars fall to me
Still I search
For your eyes.

You can't have felt
The warmth of the sun.
Light caresses me
Yet I burn
By your touch.

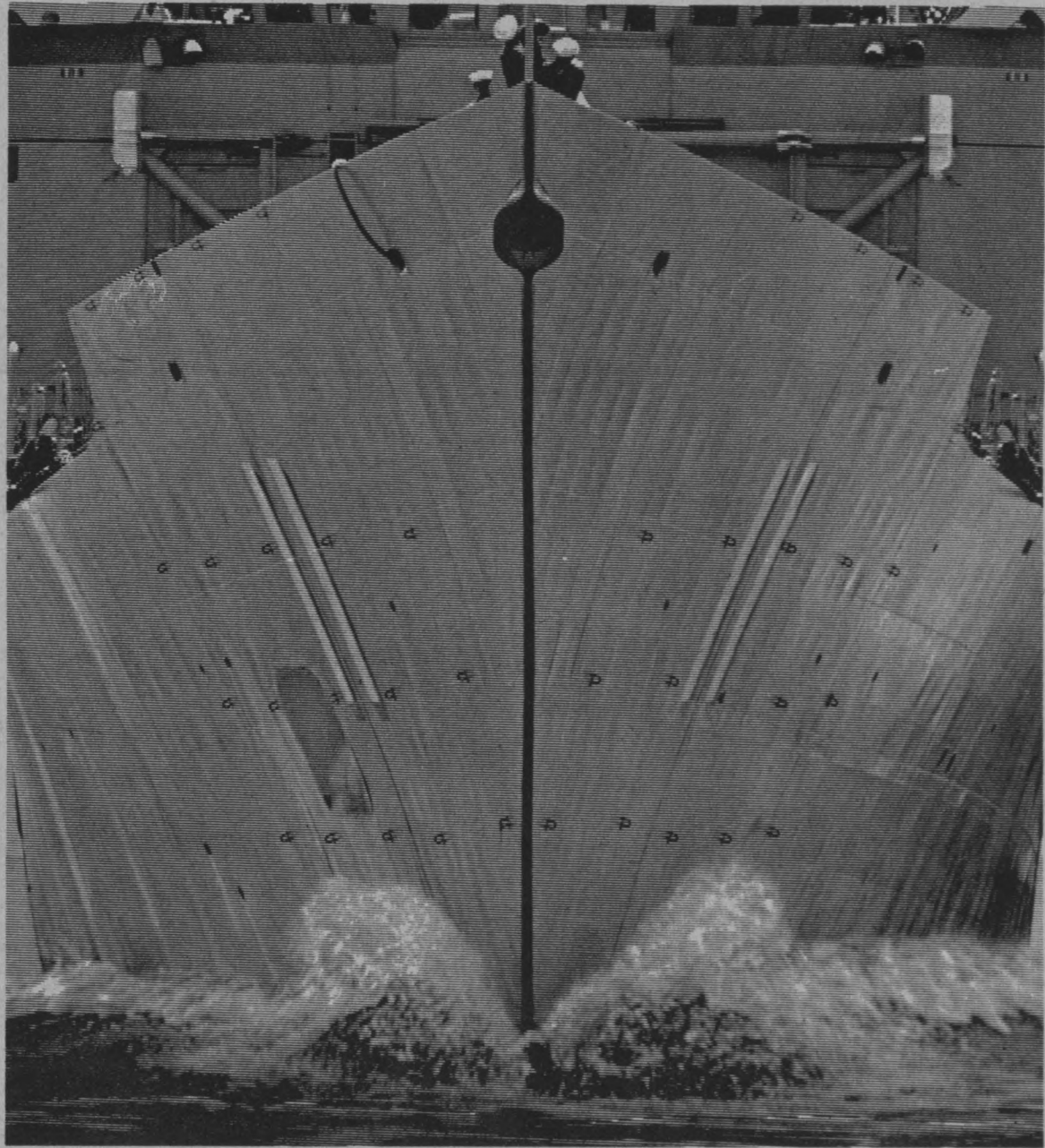
You can't have heard
The pound of the waves.
Sea sings to me
Though I dance
To your voice.

— Ronda Watson

Tear Drops

Gently the trees swayed
Calmly the breeze blew
Softly the music played
There she sat
Resting peacefully on the lounge chair,
so it seemed
Who could have known?
But she did
She felt the mad rage of the swift wind,
felt the trees whipping wildly about her
And the music
God, yes the music
So much power, sorrow, pain behind those
once mellow chords
The turbulence grew within
Why?
How?
The questions rose and attempted to break out
But she knew there was no one to answer
The first bitter-sweet tear dropped
onto the pages before her
Soon her emotions flowed out in salty dew drops
The dew of a new morning, and the blind courage
to try once more

—Cassandra Cavanah



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Skylarking

A crazy vet make-believe-gunned at a make-believe flock
Of fat pigeons in the Value Giant parking lot
He thought he got caught by the Chief
Skylarking on the grinder
Not home getting stoned with his misunderstood
Wife Misty in the headphones and her bedclothes
Whipping up a quick salad in between
The Big Movie and Scooby Doo
Waiting for Jim with the peanut butter

this kind of place slows you down
hey jude rolling like a wobbly wheel
from a viola
backed up by the urgent call
for charlie at the front
for check approval

jim tears the pin from the pineapple
and almost lays to waste the express line
but charlie says "not so fast"
"they're on sale" says jim
and he beats it out the double-doors

Behind a convoy of Tide and Gravy Train
And then out

In the half-asleep haze bouncing with inspiration
From the bumpers and wipers
Imagine preaches to the dashboard
Of the third silver Honda Civic
And before Jim sees the Legion bus
He mentally prepares a bong hit
And stumbles across the handicapped spaces

The bus honks

Scooby and the gang stumble into a weird toy factory

Misty cuts off the end of her finger chopping peppers

And Jim springs to attention
Drops to one knee
Instinctively he drills a whirly-bird
And then stops and cracks up laughing
Who shoots whirly-birds
Even make believe?

— Greg Lawson

RELAX!



spend an hour far away
from your books...
spend an hour in complete relaxation...
spend an hour floating...
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you release anxieties and tensions
which intense studying can cause.

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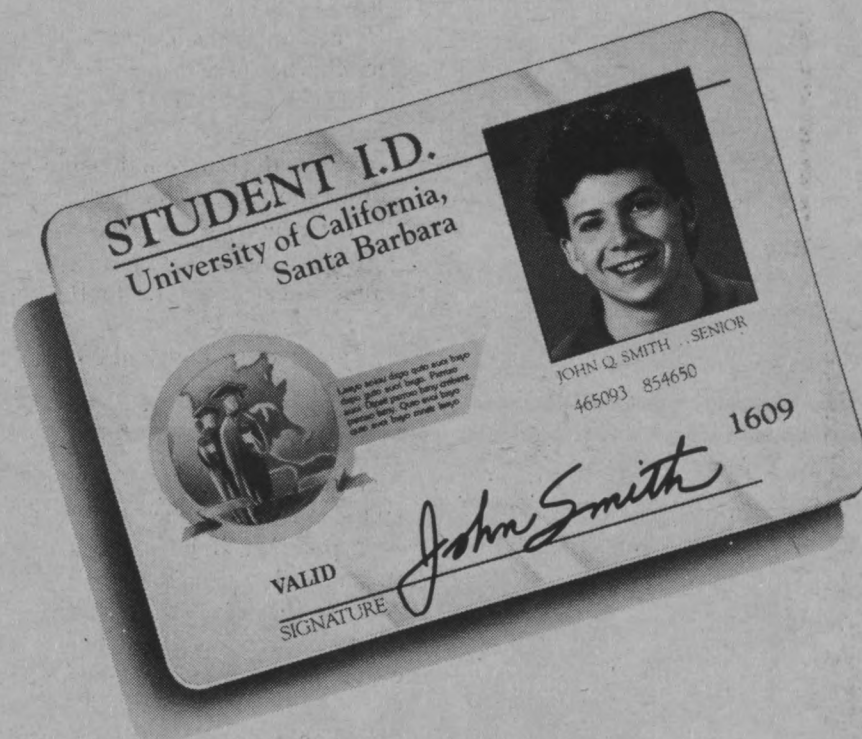
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Rehabilitated Refugee

Today it's a bright orange shirt with tropical flowers,
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The deaf Cambodian swishes his ass while mumbling gibberish
On a make-believe phone.
On passing two construction workers,
One with a green mermaid on his left tricep,
The other, a name of a sweetheart on his right forearm,
Could be heard, "Faggot."
The deaf Cambodian read his lips, flashed a grin, and continued down the
walkway.

— Chris Miller



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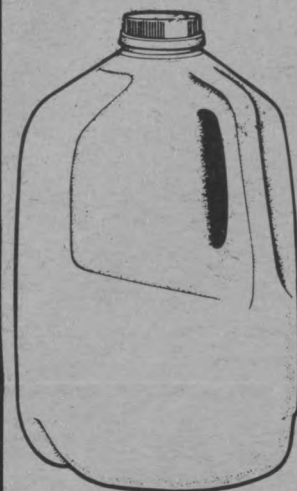
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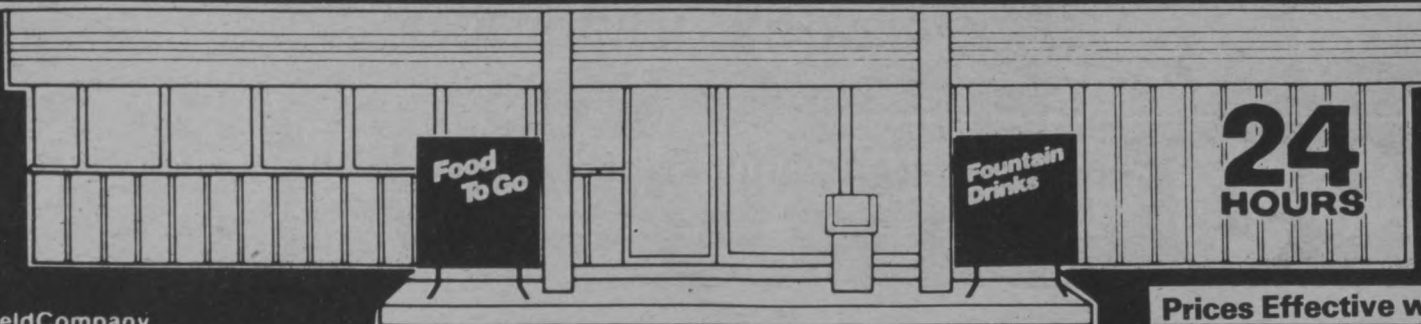
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