

# Friday Magazine



## Editors' Note:

During the past few weeks there has been an increased awareness of institutional racism and personal prejudice at UCSB and surrounding communities. It is not that racism here is growing, rather students and faculty of all colors are beginning, once again, to speak out and demand progressive change.

This issue is dedicated to the efforts of those people who dare to question, dare to demand, and dare to teach the truth about potential racial solidarity. It is also an attempt to further the process of re-education so desperately needed in our community and in our larger society.

Emma Goldman once said, "The most violent element of our society is ignorance." If this is true then we must begin today to end the "violence" and begin the healing.

Oct. 14, 1968 approximately 20 members of the campus Black Student Union "captured" North Hall renaming it Malcolm X Hall.



## A White Man's Heaven is a Black Man's Hell

Dr. Douglas Daniels Chair, Black Studies

THE SUBJECT OF RACIAL PREJUDICE IN SANTA BARBARA cannot be easily discussed because the community's residents prefer to see the area as relatively free of the problems that plague our major cities. After all, that is why so many residents retire here — to live a halcyon existence in a breathtakingly beautiful region of mountains, sun and sea. Once you start listing some of the region's problems — high rents, inflated housing costs, toxic spills on the freeways, oil slicks on the ocean, etc. — people wince and agree, but still prefer to emphasize the "positive," shaking their minds free of these vexing issues. In this respect they are like most Americans who, while agreeing here and there are problems in the nation, are quick to point out — more a matter of conviction than a reasoned argument — that the U.S. is a free society with democratic liberties and opportunities unequalled in any other country.

An analysis of racism in the region is nonetheless desirable if only because it draws attention to the point of a popular song of a generation ago — a white man's heaven is a Black man's hell. My purpose is to give you some reflections on life in Santa Barbara by relating some comments and incidents that I have witnessed over the past eight years. This is not going to be a series of glaring instances of racism — white sheeted Klansmen burning crosses or the other symbols which people feel must accompany racial oppression, but of the subtle and petty little acts of tyranny and instances of ignorance which can make life quite hellish for a person of color.

The basic assumption that examples of racism must be overt and obvious to even the most myopic citizens is in fact evidence of how little the phenomenon is understood. Racism is one of the most researched topics in

the social sciences, but the knowledge acquired rarely impacts the thinking of ordinary citizens. Even in the heyday of the white South, such blatant acts as lynching often occurred only after other forms of intimidation failed. Dixie was truly totalitarian, totally dedicated to upholding the myth of white supremacy from cradle to the grave. And so it is in Santa Barbara.

The minute size of the Black population in Santa Barbara and Goleta, and in the university as well, stems from the high cost of housing, the kinds of jobs available, the disproportionate concentration of insensitive white citizens dedicated to a sybaritic existence, and other factors which prevent Afro-Americans from even visiting the area.

The racism of the local population is perhaps not altogether consciously malicious, but that is beside the point. More important is that the lack of knowledge of what racism is and how it operates is profound. Last year I discussed racism on campus with a group of citizens, supposedly concerned with racial problems, and I pointed out that considerable literature on racism could be found in the campus library, but they had not made a single statement which evidenced the slightest acquaintance with

that literature. Questions from the audience after James Baldwin's Campbell Hall lecture revealed the same appalling ignorance. No one seemed to realize that ethnic studies departments with learned scholars offered courses to guide them in their readings and explorations of what seemed to them an alien subject matter.

I often point out to students in my classes that after one week's instruction they know more about racism than the average newscaster or

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## Dr. Douglas Daniels

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journalist, but that that is nothing of which they should be particularly proud. I often wonder if the average citizen who, according to surveys, can neither recognize Dan Rather from a photo nor identify which Nicaraguans their government supports, can utter three consecutive intelligent sentences on the subject of racism.

Then there are the little things that occur which bring these truths to the forefront of my consciousness. How many Santa Barbarans would believe me if I told them that on several occasions white students and professors had confided in me that they felt ill at ease in this community — it was *too white* for them. Clerks in convenience stores and hostesses in restaurants get nervous when a black person enters; at times you can tell they do not even bother to count the change accurately; they are so eager to complete the transaction that sometimes they give you too much change! The Confederate flag flies high above 101 and is affixed to bumpers — symbol of the “lost cause,” the secessionist movement which sought to keep four million Americans enslaved and cost the lives of 600,000 soldiers during the Civil War. Today it is the banner of white supremacy, as those of you who watched the Forsyth County demonstrations realize.

Then there are the students who doubt that you are faculty when they see you in your office or when you ask to check records out of the Music Library for your class. Colleagues in other universities echo what Black professors at UCSB tell me: how students question statements about racism from Black professors as evidence of the latter's progressiveness. Or the students complain about the emphasis on Afro-American or Chicano subject matter in general introduction courses but you know from other students that they rarely ask white professors why they never include analysis of “ethnic minorities” in their courses.

Sometimes white citizens — Black ones, as well — ask how one can tolerate such indignities, and I always think of something I learned a few years ago. We who believe in equality are the *teachers* of racists; they are not our teachers. If we believe that they are acting wrongly, we have an obligation to act correctly. In other words, the person who goes about boasting of his moral superiority while acting in a contrary fashion should not be permitted to tarnish our appreciation for right and wrong. And in another way they are our teachers: They teach us what is evil, immoral, undemocratic, and unworthy of humanity.

Then too, at times when it seems that I will succumb to their idiocy, I think of the obstacles surmounted by illiterate slaves and veterans of civil rights struggles, the citizens who suffered beatings because they believed in non-violence, or the determined stalwarts who picketed, boycotted, sued in the courts, and defeated the various forms of racial oppression. I remember, also, that the Judeo-Christian God who is constantly paid lip service by racists, like the Supreme Being of the Moslems, always favors the oppressed and the underdog — David over Goliath, the Hebrew children over Pharaoh, the humble slave over the proud master, or the anonymous civil rights advocate over well-known governors and police chiefs. Many Americans, I suspect, who put their faith in nuclear deterrence, aircraft carriers, surgical strikes, and counter-intelligence, would place their bets on Goliath over David.

Then there are people I have encountered in my professional life and my travels who impress me with their wisdom. Occasionally a simple sentence from one of them inspires me — such as “Anything worthwhile takes time.” (That particular statement helped me to realize that the wrong thing is often the easiest). That statement came from a colleague who is knowledgeable of non-Western societies. Along with that statement, Santa Barbarans and racists everywhere should know of the sign I read in a public office building in Minneapolis. It read “No one among us knows more than all of us.” That singular statement struck me as a particularly valuable antidote for racist philosophies as well as a reminder of the basic wisdom inherent in democratic concepts and equalitarian societies.



RICHARD O'ROURKE/Nexus

*Students in my classes ... after one week's instruction ... know more about racism than the average newscaster or journalist.*

—Dr. Douglas Daniels

## Abolishing the Myth

Douglas Andrew Yates

Ideas are the products of material conditions. They neither appear from thin air, nor spontaneously evolve from the mind, but are the result of real situations in concrete reality.

Racism, as an idea, was the product of such material conditions. For, contrary to popular opinion, slavery was not the consequence of racist beliefs. Instead, racist beliefs were the rationalizations developed after the fact to perpetuate institutional slavery.

The expanding plantations of the New World demanded cheap labor. Giant sugar plantations in the Caribbean enslaved half a million Indians. But they soon died en masse. Next, labor was transported from Europe. White indentured servants, many of whom were convicted felons charged with petty crimes, replaced the Indian slaves. Now white hands toiled in the tobacco, sugar and coffee fields. Gradually, white labor became harder to find, and the choices were clear. Either find a new cheap labor source, or watch the system die.

Out of Africa came the ten million. A triangle of trade between Africa, the New World and Europe birthed the market for African slaves. The system of institutional slavery already existed, so when the Africans were enslaved, there was no question as to whether or not slavery should exist. The difficulty was in finding a justification for enslaving them. When the Indians were enslaved, it was because they were heathens. But the Pope no longer ruled the Western World. When the Whites were forced into indentured servitude, it was because they were criminals. But the capitalist legislators now believed that overpopulation was the best way to keep wages low. So the justification for the enslavement of Blacks developed slowly, out of the economic reality that they were necessary for the continuous prosperity of the agricultural Americas, and ultimately produced the ideology we now know as racism.

To fight the system of slavery came the Abolitionists. The first Abolitionist society formed in 1816. It was called the American Colonization Society. It was a racist organization. The Society was a coalition between white abolitionists and slaveholders with the avowed purpose of deporting free Blacks to areas outside the United States, like Liberia.

The Abolitionists originally were all-white societies, who didn't permit Black involvement or membership of any form. The original Abolitionists were racists. A distinguishing feature of these conservative abolitionists is that they were gradualists. That is to say, they believed that emancipation of the slaves must be a slow and gradual process spread over many years. This meant that they counseled the slaves to be passive and patient.

The leaders were for the most part middle-class intellectuals and professionals, who never lived in the South, and for whom the realities of slavery were nothing more than mere intellectual abstractions. Their ideas, therefore, were the products of their material conditions. For these individuals, the question of slavery was a moral question, not an economic one. Subsequently, their solutions were half-baked and useless.

The North had no particular economic interest in ending racial oppression. Its only goal was to weaken the political strength of the South. White slaveholders wanted to undermine the power of the slaveholder, but did not want to attack racism in all of its manifestations.

To be anti-slavery, therefore, was not necessarily to be anti-racist.

Although the North was touted as the land of equality, the conditions of northern Blacks were far from equal. In most Northern states, Black male suffrage was either restricted or denied. Segregation existed in schools. Jobs were limited to the most menial work. Blacks enjoyed little redress of grievances. It was in this poisoned soil that the thinking of

white abolitionists grew.

Their racism was often overt, such as when they denied membership to Blacks in their Abolitionist organizations. Other times, it was covert, such as when the American Anti-Slavery Society in its constitution proposed to elevate Blacks to a level of “equality with whites”, while carefully restricting this statement to mean equal enjoyment of “civil and religious privileges,” not social equality.

Sometimes, their racism was so hidden, they did not see it themselves. For example, one argument used by Abolitionists was that slaves were men, just like other men. This “empathy” argument reached its peak when William Lloyd Garrison said, in 1829, “Suppose that — by some miracle — the slaves should suddenly become white. Would you shut your eyes on their suffering, and calmly talk of constitutional limitations? No, your voice would peal in the ears of the taskmasters, like deep thunder; you would carry the constitution by force....The argument that the white slaves are degraded, would not then obtain. You would say that it is enough that they are white, and in bondage, and they are immediately to be set free.”

In seeking to generate sympathy, Garrison appealed to the racist feeling that the enslavement of a white person was somehow more deplorable than the enslavement of a black person. He was focusing on the equality in oppression, but not the equality in freedom.

W.E.B. Dubois explained, in “The General Strike,” that the Black labor, withdrawn from the South and bequeathed to the North, resulted in emancipation. Dubois also dispelled the myth that Lincoln freed the slaves. No, it was not any white man, nor any white movement, that ended slavery. For white men and white movements are inherently racist. And they are not racist because they choose to be immoral. No human can rationally choose to be immoral. They are racist because of their material conditions.

How does this apply to our present day situation?

Well, if we do not understand our past, we will be doomed to repeat it. For example, the divestment movement which sparked a raging torrent of activism across the U.C. system, failed to gain widespread minority support because of its inherent racism. The divestment activists were not consciously racists. In fact, many were overly sensitive to minority concerns. But the material reality was that they were, for the most part, white American middle class students, trying to fight for poor Black South African workers, with separate material conditions, and therefore, separate perspectives. If the system of apartheid is going to end, it will be the result of African liberation ideology, not American moral opinion.

Today, on this campus, a movement is rising from the tired pavement and demanding racial awareness, racial education and racial representation. If this movement permits the status quo administrators or official student representatives to attend to these issues, the results could prove to be nothing more than a repeat performance of the Abolitionist movement of bygone days.

Ideas are the products of material conditions. Where are these ideas, which now confront the media, the students and the administration, coming from? From what material conditions do they arise? Without answering this question first, the answers to the other, more obvious moral questions of racism at UCSB cannot be successfully addressed.



UCSB anti-apartheid activists occupy former Chancellor Huttenback's office demanding UC divestment.

RICHARD O'ROURKE/Nexus



# How to Become a White Supremist

Robin Stevens

**W**E NEED TO CREATE A FICTIONAL CHARACTER. To decide whether the education provided to UCSB students is adequate, let us say for the sake of argument, that a freshman named "Sam" enters the university in 1986.

Sam could be a woman or a man with any physical characteristics your imagination creates. I find Sam's sociological traits more interesting and relevant.

Sam grew up in a respected and rather affluent family, very similar in this respect to many of the students here. Her family and members in her community teach her the qualities and attitudes necessary to achieve success: We all create our own future; to get a good job after college we have to build solid educational credentials; we have to take classes that prepare us for our careers. Considering herself an achiever, Sam takes this advice seriously.

Keeping these maxims in mind, Sam chooses to be a business economics major. It will provide her with marketable skills.

So she chooses the classes she will take as she works through the requirements for the degree she hopes will land her a job in business. She hopes to work in banking, or with a large corporation as a junior analyst, or with a small firm where she would hold a more responsible position.

She enjoys her General Education requirements. In freshman English classes she reads essays and novels by some of the great writers and thinkers in the world. She takes French and French literature in translation to balance her education. UCSB is, after all, an institution of higher education. She studies the liberal arts.

To fulfill the requirement designed to give her exposure to a non-western culture, Sam takes a survey course on modern Japan. She is planning to work in California, the new center of trade for the Pacific Rim, and she knows this will be helpful. Her electives are chosen in the same vein.

Her major provides her with a knowledge of the principles on which the country's economy was founded. Milton Friedman tells her about the many different countries that participate in making something as simple as a pencil, and the professors make it easy to understand the theories and formulas on which the free enterprise system is based. They explain how a lot of the inequities in American society came about, and why they remain year after year.

Sam's classes examine recurrent complaints about American society. Women make less than men in the overall market, because they drift in and out of the work force, mainly because of their allegiance to children and family. And minorities have certain "family traits" that keep them from working hard, and moving up the socioeconomic ladder.

Sam wonders whether she will ever have children, and how she will cope with a family and with her desire for success in the business world. Something strikes her as unfair about the assumptions that they are teaching here, but she doesn't question her professors' assertions.

Upon graduation Sam lands a job with a small bank in



Protesters for Ethnic and Gender studies outside recent UC Regents meeting.

northern California — not too far away from her family. The composition of the community where she lives is very similar to the one in which she grew up — it is rather affluent, and almost completely white.

By this time, the year is 1993. As she works, she runs into subtle obstacles. She doesn't "move up" as fast as the people around her. She supposes her slow progress results from her nature — she is pragmatic, and organized, she works hard, but rarely pushes herself in the limelight. She considers herself part of a team, and sometimes resents the way that the men around her claim responsibility and take credit for work in which she had a part. But, like so many women, Sam has never learned to act assertively.

Sam marries someone very much like herself, and they rent a small house in the same community. The neighbors on the block are friendly, and several times a year they have parties and other social events at which they have a good time, talking about their lives and their interests.

The first notes of discord in this friendly community comes when a house down the block from Sam is sold (after a year on the market) to a Black family. When the people on her block begin to grumble about "declining property values," Sam doesn't know what to do.

She is part American Indian, but she does not look it, and she has never really made much connection with this part of her life. She does not think the people on the block have anything to fear from this family, but she makes no effort to meet them, or to assure them that they do have the support of some of their neighbors. She stays away not because she

is prejudiced, she thinks, but because she simply doesn't know what to say. She has never really known any Black people.

The tragedy of her life, as with so many of ours, is that at no point has she been in a place where contact with people of color is a given. She was never in a situation that gave her an appreciation of the richness of diversity. Her education, which should have given her an understanding of the racist and sexist restrictions of upper middle class society, made no attempt to equip her to combat those limitations.

Her life may be stereotypical. But it is similar, I think, to the lives that many of us at UCSB lead, and those we will lead in the future. Sam could be a friend of mine. I see her qualities and characteristics in many of the people that I know.

She was never exposed to the theory that her comfortable style of living was a benefit of a racist society. Nor was she told that people are trying to implement solutions to that problem — fair solutions.

Nor did anyone teach her to recognize the differences between the socialization of women and men. No one told her the reasons why she was not "moving up" as quickly as the men around her, indeed no one even told her that this would happen.

Sam's education was simply not acceptable. In many respects, it provided her with the tools she needed in her life, in her job, for her appreciation of art and literature.

(See SUPREMACY, p.6A)

A Women of Color's Perspective

## It Is What I Am

Julia Yarbough

**E**ach time I walk into a lecture hall, I notice "it." As I pedal my bike across campus, I am aware of "it." As I stroll along the sandy beaches of Santa Barbara, I feel others glance at me, and I realize "it." I have lived with "it" for all my life. "It" is that I am Black. Not only am I Black, but also female. Some in our society view this combination as sensuous and somewhat mysterious. I believe it is a combination which embodies and represents all the strengths, determination, perseverance, and unity that Black Americans have exhibited throughout history.

Black American Women stand out as a driving force behind the continuation and survival of the Black family. I am proud to be part of a heritage in which the women of the race have been, (and will continue to be) strong and independent.

I acknowledge that I am an extension of my family and my race, therefore I have an obligation to pass on to my children the importance of knowing who and what they are. But aside from belonging to a distinct racial group, it should be clear to all that I am, most importantly, a separate and unique individual. It does not matter what color my skin is, what matters is that I am a single entity working toward my own personal goals, and someone who is, at least I like to think, making a worthwhile contribution to society.

Sometimes it is hard to keep believing that I am an extremely special person. Unfortunately, our society is infested with far too many ideas and notions of what type of person I, and many others, should be. I believe the word for this is a stereotype. Yes, that's it. A stereotype. It's a nasty, ugly word that tries to force square pegs into round holes. It simply does not work. Until I came to UCSB, I never really faced many stereotypes. But in four short years, I have encountered quite a few. I learned that the Media, at some point, decided that as a Black woman I should be the "temptress-tigress sexual being." For men who believe this mythical stereotype, let me set you straight: THEY LIED!

I was told in several University courses that as a Black professional woman, I have what is known as the "Double-Whammy" advantage in entering the work force. That is, not only do I fall into a minority quota, but I also fill a statistic for the hiring of women. It does not really bother

me that when I walk into an executive office, the chair person looks at me and thinks, "Well, there's one more for our company's figures." I know that I was hired because I was the best and most qualified applicant for the job. Okay, so maybe part of the reason was because I fill their quotas. Why should I argue the point? I got the job, and I know it was because of my merit. If being a Black woman gives me more opportunity than my caucasian counterparts, well...that's just the way it goes. Of course, the possibility still exists that the Double-Whammy may be a hindrance. The way corporate America works, it's hard to say. On one hand, my career path could be lined with red carpet, and on the other, it could be a long, hard climb to the top with lots of racism and discrimination along the way.

On a more personal level, I learned from several of my male friends, especially those of the caucasian persuasion, (and you know who you are) that I am too independent, and

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domineering. Some of them attribute this to my being Black. It seems hard for them to cope with a woman who has a mind of her own and exhibits some measure of emotional strength. Funny, but that's what I thought I came to this university for: to learn how to think. Perhaps it is better to feign ignorance to appease men's egos. No ... no, I don't think so.

So what's someone like me to do? I have a host of outside opinions telling me what I should be, and what I should do. How do I distinguish between the positive and negative? I suppose I could withdraw from the situation, and pretend that it doesn't really matter. I could become angry or defensive, but this seldom leads to anything constructive. The best strategy to deal with this is to take in all the information, internalize what you like and feel will be useful, and spit out what is distasteful. This process has been vital to my mental and emotional well being. The process is much easier said than done. The first step: identifying

exactly which situation or incident caused doubt and raised questions. Second: Actually admitting to yourself that you have discrepancies in what you "want" to feel, and what you "actually" feel. Thirdly: Deciding which approach you will use in order to solve the problem. And finally: implementing your decision in a constructive manner. The process is long. It taxes your energies. Sometimes it almost drives you crazy. Roommates and friends who cannot relate wonder happened to the "happy-go-lucky" person they used to know. Sometimes I wonder, "Why are you doing this to yourself?" The answer: Because if I go from day to day, without ever evaluating how I fit into the scheme of things, then I will never know or understand who I really am.

It is very easy to let the negative racial overtones and social situations weigh you down, so one must learn to adjust, and cope with it. Each situation presents a new challenge. Whether it concerns people, places, or events, the way to deal with a new encounter depends entirely on the individual and how they feel at the given time. Some of the situations that I have learned to deal with will never plague a large portion of our society. To many, they might seem trivial. But, each one of them is something that I face time and time again:

...When roommates ask ignorant questions such as, "Why are you going to the beach? Do you tan?" and then are astonished when you say "Yes."

...When professors or teachers make racist remarks in class, and the other 299 students in the lecture hall turn and look at you, waiting for your reaction.

...When you realize that because of not only the small number of Black males on campus, but also the social inhibitions of the white males, that your opportunities for dating may be severely limited...

Well, the list goes on. There are so many other factors and determinants that I could write a book discussing each one of them. I sometimes wonder if the situations I encounter will ever get easier and less stressful. And then I realize, all of my experiences up to now have made me who I am. Perhaps, in the long run, the culmination of my experiences will make me a better person. I am already convinced that it definitely separates me from the average UCSB "Suzy-Q" type, and maybe one day it will influence decisions I make for not only myself, but also for others. In the tradition of the Black female, I, and many others, will hurdle specific roadblocks in stride. Like our mothers before us, and their mothers before them, we will face the challenges that come our way and meet them full force. As an individual, I know that I am capable of doing and becoming anything that I choose. Yes, I am Black. Yes, I am a woman; but most important, and best of all, I am Me.



# Roundtable on Racism: Four

Doug Arellanes Campus Editor

**I**N AN EFFORT TO HEAR THE ACTUAL VOICES OF MINORITY STUDENTS ON CAMPUS, Friday Magazine held a roundtable discussion earlier this week on the problems of racism and covert discrimination against minorities at UCSB. Four students shared experiences with Daily Nexus Campus Editor Doug Arellanes, who is of Native American descent. The group consisted of Afro-American students Alan Frelix and Denise Roberts, Asian-American student Helen Quan and Chicano student Harry Lopez, who unfortunately arrived late due to scheduling errors. Space here does not permit the entire transcription of all the students' comments, but after the discussion, all agreed that sharing experiences with Friday Magazine would be beneficial to fostering a climate of racial understanding on campus.

**Arellanes:** I believe there is a real problem with racism and discrimination on campus. I see it when I walk around, and it's not something I am a victim of because I don't look like an Indian. My mom was white, and I don't carry it on the outside. But when people find out, it's like, (raises hand) 'How.'

*The group laughs.*

**Frelix:** That's very subtle.

**Quan:** A typical stereotype.

**Arellanes:** Those are the kinds of things I'd like to bring up in this discussion, but let's get some background first. What was high school like?

**Frelix:** I went to a supposedly predominantly white high school in a white neighborhood. There were a lot of minorities there. Basically, there was no real interaction between the minority groups. You didn't really have too many overt problems. A lot of subtleties, things like you said I'm sure happened. Little things. Musically, people would always have comments about the type of music that a lot of blacks, but not all blacks, listened to. Racism now is real covert and subtle, but it's just as intense.

**Quan:** I went to a high school in San Francisco, so it's a little bit different for me because my school was very diverse. We had all kinds of people. There were a lot of problems basically because of that. Like Alan said, everything was under the table. It wasn't on the surface because people don't walk around and say 'I'm a racist.' Everything was hidden. And the problem (of racism), as far as I'm concerned, is a lot more severe than in the 1950s, because in the 1950s, at least we knew where they (racists) were. Now you don't see them and you cannot fight an invisible man.

**Roberts:** My school was predominantly white, but I was in the (advanced) classes, so I never got to go to class with other black people. So, like sometimes in the classroom I would look up and everybody would be looking at me. It was like, 'Why?' I couldn't understand that, you know. At first, it upset me, but then I just started saying, 'Well, I'm in this class. I'm doing well. Better than a lot of the people in the class. So I don't have anything to feel guilty about. I'm just going to go to this class, do my work and go to college.' I really didn't let it bother me, because once you start letting it bother you, that's when what they do starts really breaking you down.

**Quan:** I just wanted to add that that's one of the main problems here. A lot of students are intimidated, knowing that they're avoided and not acknowledged. That's a big problem because a lot of students don't want to deal with it. Now, students at least are talking about it.

**Arellanes:** I'm from Stockton, and Stockton, it's almost geographically segregated between north and south. Where the north is predominantly white and the south is predominantly black and Chicano. And my dad had worked pretty hard to get us to the north side of town, but it was part of the desegregation at the time to bus students to schools on the other part of town. I went to a school that was entirely minorities. That's a really neat feeling that everybody in the whole school is minority, and therefore there is no minority or majority. There were white people there, but every other racial group had the same numbers. So if anything, everybody felt like a minority. It was quite a shock to come here. The first thing you see is blond hair, you know?

**Quan:** Here, the atmosphere is totally different, especially for me, because San Francisco is a city of color, and even though we had problems, they were a little bit different because here, you have people that come from very small towns, neighborhoods that are 99.9 percent white. And so they have very little interaction with people of another color. So it's kind of hard.

**Arellanes:** What kind of things have you run into here?

**Frelix:** I'll tell you one I always run into.

**Arellanes:** What's that?

**Frelix:** Are you on the basketball team?

*The group laughs again.*

**Frelix:** I'd say it happens at least once or twice every other week somebody will ask me that. Or they'll say 'You guys played a pretty good game.' I was walking on Del Playa the other night with two other friends. One was six-two and one was six-three. They started yelling out, 'Shaw! Vaughns! Fortson!' These guys are on the team. Six-seven, six-six, six-five. I don't think I look anything like them. I don't really have problems with that anymore. It's to the point now where I just say, 'Yeah. I play.' Or 'No. I'm a nuclear physicist.'

*Laughter.*

**Frelix:** You kind of have to look at it humorously not to get angry.

**Quan:** Because you've just had enough of it. You just get used to it. I live in the dorms so I see a lot of stuff. A lot of racist slurs. It's always there. Like

*People don't walk around and say "I'm a racist." Now you don't see them and you can't fight an invisible man.*

—Helen Quan

that all black people can dance. I have a lot of close friends that are black, and people address those myths to me. I'm really fed up with the dorms because all the people I know in the dorms have problems with their roommates. Like Alan said, a lot of the myths are stereotypes like that.

**Arellanes:** What have you encountered personally?

**Quan:** You know about an economics teacher who was talking about minority students and financial aid. I was in the class. (The professor) didn't spell it out. But he said it. And you go in the hall and people look at you. At first they see you as a minority and then they talk differently to you. My best friend is white, and they probably treat her differently than they treat me.

**Frelix:** And they try to speak in your slang.

**Quan:** And the first thing I hear when they learn I'm from San Francisco, they start saying 'Yo,' and all that stuff. And I'm like, 'Just leave me alone.'

**Frelix:** Another thing that happens is a couple of friends of mine did this experiment. They went to a big lecture hall, and two of them sat in the middle of the row about two or three seats apart in a crowded class. And nobody would sit near them. They did this purposely. I did it myself.

Here's another problem I've had. The Pub, they had these live performances, and I have a band that performed there last year. The place was packed (when they played). We go back this year and they say, 'No, you don't cater to the type of crowd we are seeking.' Now that's really subtle. You may not even know it goes around, but it adds up.

**Roberts:** In the dorms I find it really hard, because all my life I have lived around black people. And it's very hard for me to adjust to living with so many white people. Like the first week, all these girls got drunk, and they were throwing water and hitting the doors, and I asked them, 'Could you

please keep it down,' and they turned down the music, but made their voices louder. I had asked my R.A. to tell them to keep it down, and he did. But (the women) kept banging on my door and making noise.... And I thought, 'Why do they have to get drunk? At the parties I went to back home, people didn't do that. They played music, they danced. It might have gotten a little rowdy at times, but not like here. I find it very hard to get used to.'

**Quan:** A friend of mine is black and majoring in nuclear engineering; we were at a party. There

were a bunch of us there, talking about our majors. And he was saying his major was engineering. And the people there were like, 'What are you talking about?' They were shocked, and it told me what kind of mentality they were in. I have another friend who listens to Jimi Hendrix and all that stuff, and he dresses very decently. People think he is not a 'typical black.'

**Arellanes:** It is difficult for me because I don't look like a minority but I feel like one.

**Quan:** You can't help it.

**Arellanes:** Exactly. You walk around and look at people and wonder, 'Would it matter if I did, say, have long, black hair and the darker features? How would people treat me differently?'

**Quan:** I think that once they do find out you're a minority they're going to start applying myths to you. It's the same way as Alan said. When you're black they're going to say, 'Do you play basketball?' 'Do you dance?' It's the same thing that's going to happen. Because that's the way a lot of people are brought up. It's basically a lot of ignorance.

**Roberts:** I think a lot depends on the media. They say all these different things about how people are 'supposed' to be. And then you go out to the world and you want to see the same things. You're used to seeing people in this way, and when you don't you feel shocked.

**Arellanes:** Like *The Jeffersons*?

**Quan:** Or *Good Times*.

**Roberts:** That's a good example. People in the ghetto trying to struggle and all that. People just can't understand when black people are affluent. They don't have to struggle. They've made it.

**Quan:** You notice a lot of shows on TV, but how many times do you see black lawyers and doctors?

**Frelix:** On *The Cosby Show*.

**Quan:** I think that's the main reason it is so highly rated.

**Arellanes:** Because it's integrated?

**Quan:** Yeah.

**Frelix:** Or what about the news? When they report crimes, rapes, murders, it's always a black person. And I'm dead positive that whites do the same things. It's just not publicized as much.... Like with the theft of the Nexuses (earlier this month) the story said four black men took them. And then with the rape (that occurred a week later), they didn't say anything (about race).

**Arellanes:** That's an interesting point.

**Frelix:** That's conviction already.

**Arellanes:** In defense of the Nexus, they didn't have a suspect description (in the rape), whereas in the paper theft there was a description. Just to set that straight. I do know what you mean, though. It's like George Carlin said one time that the media always refers to blacks as 'youths.' A 34-year-old youth was arrested today.

**Quan:** I was talking earlier about an art teacher who, at the time of the vandalism of the poles down by the lagoon, said, 'You've got to remember Pizza Bob's was saying four black men mumbled and all this stuff about the Nexus theft. Well, I'm pretty sure they tore down the poles.' This is in front of all these people (in the class). An art teacher, that's incredible. It happens every day, every minute. You see it all around you. You just get so sick and tired of it you just don't give a damn anymore.

**Arellanes:** But people are starting to give a damn now.

**Quan:** That's right.

**Roberts:** Like you were saying about 'youth,' well I was at a lecture by Lillian Rubin, and she was talking about Bernhard Goetz (the "Subway Vigilante" in New York). The media were saying these guys (the four who Goetz shot) were men. Black men. And these kids, they were 19, 18, sure, but the biggest one was 130 pounds and he was 5'6". And Goetz was 5'11"

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# Our Student Perspectives

and 160 pounds. Now, in the propaganda of the newspapers, you would think the guys who Goetz shot were these big, husky men who got on this really skinny white guy. In essence, the kids were young people, but they were young. And the media made it look like he had to defend himself from these people. They had no weapons on them, but if they did report that, it was on page 10 or something. This propaganda is really hard to conquer, but black people are at least trying to understand it, because that's the first step.

**Quan:** Just recognizing it (racism) is the first step. You know, we're in the eighties now, and we're in California, and all those stereotypes that we're supposed to be sophisticated and educated, especially in a university. Racism is a very dirty word. Years and years people have tried to deny it. Especially now, because people don't want to accept that. It's a dirty word, a label. You put it on somebody and people deny it.

**Frelix:** Minorities deny it.

**Quan:** It's just such a touchy issue.

**Arellanes:** When I went out to the Navajo reservation over Winter Break, the Native Americans made me feel like, "You don't look like me. White eyes." But after awhile that changed, luckily.

**Frelix:** We all have prejudices. Education is the key. Educating people on their ignorances about all races will help the problem. Eventually it has to come from within you.

**Quan:** We need people to point out that "This is not real. It's a myth."

**Frelix:** In the past, my mother had made statements that the world is racist and so on. And I've constantly told her that my generation is different, that we're making changes. I'd really like to see that happen. People are much more open-minded now than they used to be. However, we all have to come together now and stomp down those people who are racist and those who oppress.

**Roberts:** In 1985, there were about 20 cases of racism in Los Angeles County. In 1986, they had 58. It's increasing, and it's been increasing for a long time. I look at the figures and most of the incidents are against black Americans and Asian-Americans. The numbers for hispanics are small because a lot of the people who have had acts like that done to them are here illegally.

**Quan:** It's just the mood of going back to the fifties. People are a little more conservative now, that whole thing. The English-only initiative is a good example. All these things basically promote a homogenous society, which we don't have. We have a very diverse society and people have to accept that.

**Arellanes:** Let's talk about UCSB some more. One of the biggest shocks I got in coming here was noticing the sheer number of Rabbit convertibles. What kinds of stereotypes are held about the 'Barbies and Kens'?

*I respect people asking me questions about my race and about my culture.*

—Alan Frelix

**Frelix:** How about those that you've stated? There are stereotypical people, but it only goes to a certain extent, and it is very short. Other than that, I think there are more stereotypes against the white race in (my) high school than there are here, because my high school was Palisades High in L.A., where everybody is considered a surfer and so on. But here, I know I have prejudices, but none of them really jump out of me because all my life I have lived in so many different cultures, in hispanic neighborhoods, black neighborhoods, white neighborhoods.

**Quan:** The only stereotype I heard about UCSB was that this is a party school, and that's it. When I came down here, I heard a second stereotype, that all the people here are closed-minded. To a certain extent, I believe that's true.... I went to a workshop here on stereotyping. They made lists of people, first they put down 'black, hispanic,' and other stuff. Then they put down 'homosexual,' and the first thing they shouted out was 'San Francisco.' And I had my nametag on, which said S.F., and I said "This is crazy," you know?

**Arellanes:** One thing that I have noticed is that when I went to orientation, they set you down in Cafe Interim, they did these great workshops, and that was it. You don't get any more of those.

**Frelix:** Right now, with Vice Chancellor Birch, we're trying to get a little more orientation programming on stereotyping. Hopefully, if people are on the job, we'll get more. But I agree, it's miniscule.

**Quan:** One of the biggest stereotypes about Asians is that they really study hard. I go to parties and people ask me, "Shouldn't you be studying?" Come on. Give me a break.

**Frelix:** Something that happened a while ago before coming here was these white people saw my hair. And they wanted to touch it.

Again, laughter set in.

**Frelix:** My first instinct was, "That's dumb. Why would anybody do that?" But then when I think about it, that's really a first step to realizing the differences between people. In that way, I respect people asking me questions about my race and about my culture.

**Quan:** I can respect people for doing that.

**Frelix:** It takes a lot of courage.

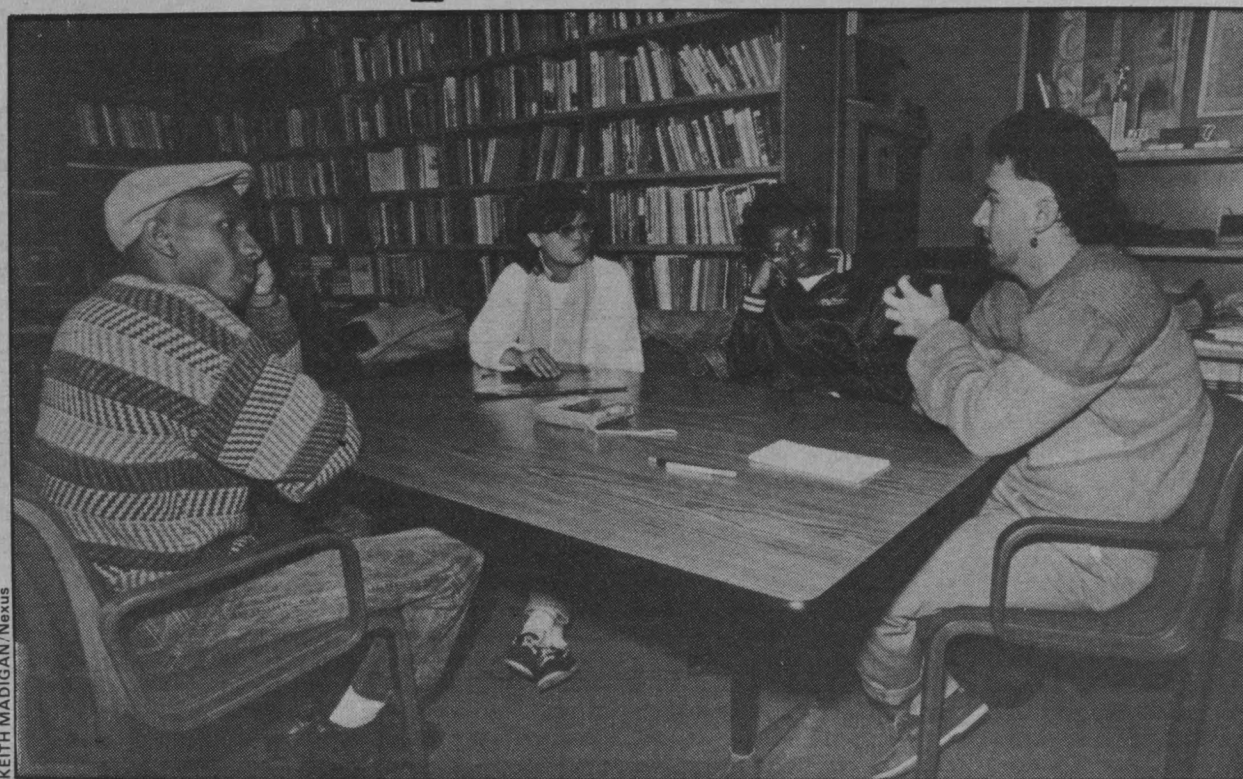
**Quan:** They care. They want to know.

The topic of discussion turned to the changes people can make, and how it can best be achieved. At this point, Lopez joined the discussion.

**Frelix:** That's one thing about myself. I'm not afraid to ask anyone. I want to know. I'm all about gaining intelligence.

**Quan:** That's what we're here for, I think.

**Arellanes:** What would you tell people who believe they are too 'sophisticated' to learn about another culture?



Alan Frelix, Helen Quan, Denise Roberts and Doug Arellanes discuss issues of racism on campus.

**Frelix:** Get off your high horse. Take a look around.

**Lopez:** There's one thing I'd like to bring up. It involves times when I have been victimized three times: freshman year, last year and this year. It brings up a quote that I brought with me. I was at Pizza Bob's and I came out to unlock my bike. Two women came by. One, I remember, was wearing a green sweater of some sort. One spurted out, "But that's racial." And then the other one laughed. Then they realized I was listening and they looked over at me, rather embarrassed. When I first saw them, they didn't appear to be racist. And the remark one had made was clearly derogatory. This reminded me of a quote I had heard regarding Forsyth County (Georgia, where white supremacists threw rocks and sticks at civil rights marchers and yelled racial slurs).

*"Racism is so ingrained that it only takes a spark. It lies dormant for a while, then there is a case that causes it to erupt. We become complacent for a while and then we realize how deep-seated the problems are."*

**Frelix:** There's often a coincidence of color, class and location. People consider it very difficult for people of color to change their place of residence, so to speak. That's something that needs to be addressed. That's nationwide and that's overt. People need to realize that everyone has the same potential.... The first time somebody says to me, "I am not a racist," I know they are.

**Lopez:** Exactly. If they're not, why have they acknowledged that they are not?

**Frelix:** Everyone has some sort of prejudice.

**Quan:** We all have prejudices. I'm prejudiced against prejudiced people.

**Lopez:** That's part of human nature. It's unfortunate, but it is part of who we are. But that is no justification for the Ku Klux Klan, the right-wing fundamentalists, the you-name-it.

**Frelix:** Another example I have of racism is people walking up to me and saying, "Dance for me."

**Quan:** That is the myth.

**Frelix:** That is definitely a myth. I know a lot of black people who have no rhythm.

**Roberts:** One thing I have noticed is people who say, "I'm not racist. I have a black friend."

**Quan:** They always say that. "My best friend is Oriental."

*The only race is the human race.*

—Harry Lopez

**Frelix:** Another example is on Halloween night, there was a guy dressed up in a KKK outfit. We walked up to him and he said, "I have a friend who is black. He knows I'm like this." We said "So what?" This black friend I heard later was dressed up as a slave. I have real problems with that.

**Arellanes:** There is another myth, that the minority students on campus do not want to get along with whites.

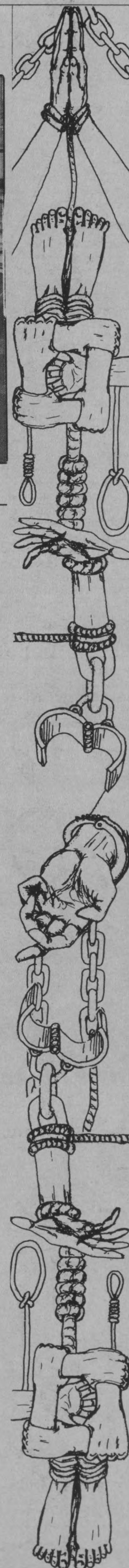
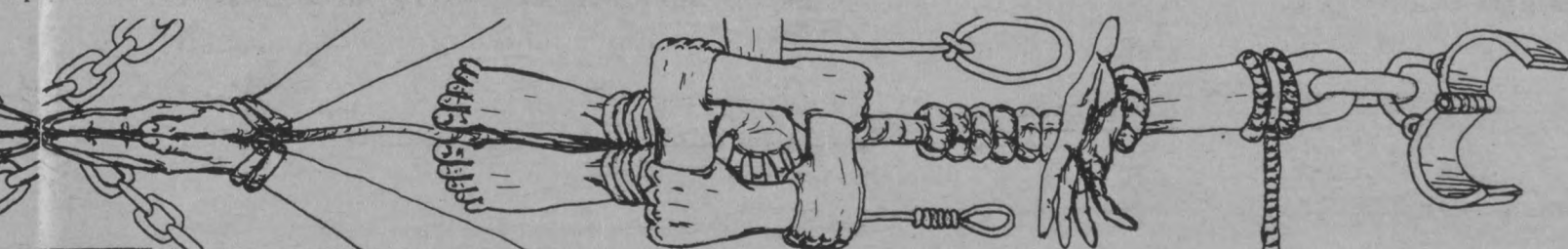
**Quan:** We're only human. We can't survive without interaction. That is the key.

**Lopez:** Action and interaction.

**Frelix:** There are steps that can be taken. Talking about racism is the first.

**Quan:** Exactly.

**Lopez:** The only race is the human race.





# Coming to Terms

Laurie McCullough

Co-Editor, Friday Magazine

It's just before eight o'clock in the morning on a weekday in the suburbs of San Diego. My sister and I are driving to a forgotten destination. Two blocks from our parent's house we're on a main road. On one side, along a field, there's a line of Mexican men standing in groups of three or four. They're waiting for work, hoping to be chosen to pick vegetables or fruit in a dusty field all day. Most of these men and young boys are "left-overs." I don't know where they go after the last truck comes along. As we drive by, my sister presses on her horn, leans out the window and flips them off yelling "Fucking Mexicans." I laugh in shock and ask her why she did that. "They bug me," she says.

My sister is an ordinary person, and on this day I came face to face with the prejudice that I had grown up with, the prejudice that existed in my life and my surroundings. On this day I realized that we live in a society of not only unwarranted hostility, but of utter ignorance. I realized that in my own life I existed on two planes: my intellect that said above all equality is the very essence of human dignity, and my emotions which understood my sister's reaction. Misdirected as her feelings were, they were real. I would later come to see them as examples of our system of racial separatism and white supremacy and, most of all the fear that's bourne of inadequate education.

What was I going to do? I was split in two. I could see and yet I did nothing, said nothing. I knew that as long as I was divided, I was, through my silence, a perpetrator of the actions and sentiments that I so despised. In my heart, I knew this was wrong. Though I was faced with the honesty of my intellectual mind, my emotions responded by their own free will. How could I hold society responsible, without being responsible for myself? Where did my prejudice emotions come from? And how was I ever going to reconcile them?

Now my mind is back in San Diego, where I grew up. San Diego lies on the border of California and Mexico. It's the second largest city in California and has, because of its location, a large population of Mexican-Americans, as well as undocumented workers. But I didn't learn this in my high school history class. Instead I learned of the horrors of the Afro-American struggles in the South, and of their many triumphs. I remember thinking how far our nation

had come. No one ever told me to look outside my own classroom door. No one ever talked about the gulf of separation as wide in our minds as the Gulf of Mexico.

Growing up, the Chicano population was always separate from my existence. When I was five, I had a baby-sitter who lived in the Chicano area of town — deemed Tortilla Flats. One day a group of Hispanic boys and girls crossed the street in front of the car I was in. One girl laughed. "Oh. They laugh like we do," I thought. Innocence at five, but I truly remember this as a revelation. They couldn't be that different from us. Yet that concept of "us" already hinted at the separatism that would later become a concrete reality.

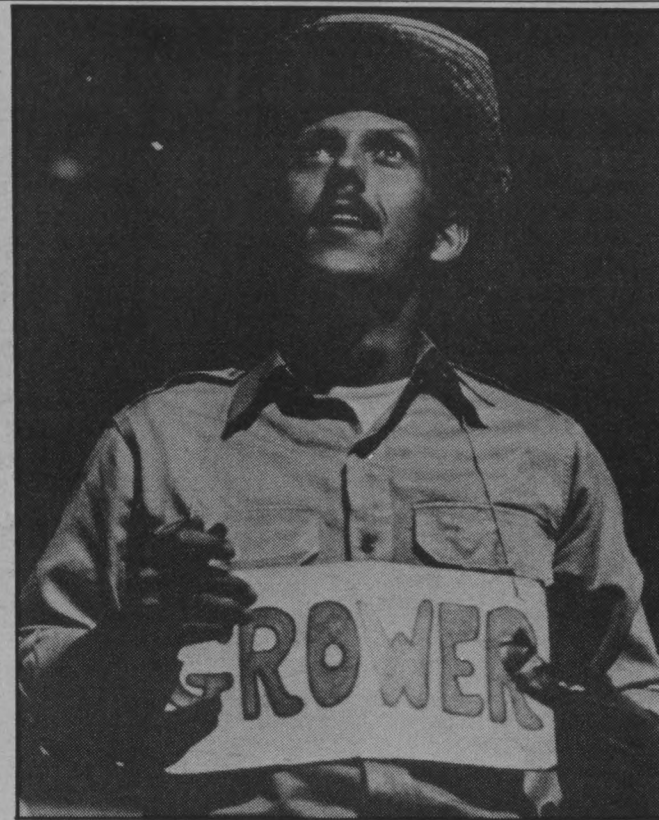
In junior high school vicious rumors of gang violence created fear among the students who were going to start high school the following year. Media coverage of previous gang violence between Chicano students and white students increased the gulf between us. We were already divided. We dressed differently, talked differently, lived on opposite sides of town, and even inhabited opposite sides of campus. We weren't prejudiced, we just pretended each other didn't exist. But now a scandal created an even greater element of distance: fear. No one wrote about the biased account presented by one local reporter when he was the one to get hit by a Chicano student in what wasn't a riot, but a dispute between two students of different color. The facts didn't matter anymore; the emotions were already created.

*We weren't prejudice, we just pretended each other didn't exist.*

Emotions grow and build upon themselves. Once you feel a certain way, your emotions become an ever-increasing spiral, changing directions at times, coming to cylindrical points at others. Emotions are backed by experience. In dealing with seeing the society I grew up

in — and into — I had to see the experiences that created the emotions of a mind of color.

I'm out running, feeling proud for at least getting out today. I know that I've left a little bit too late and it's going to get dark soon. It's Super Bowl Sunday so the streets are deserted. I poop out at the end of D.P. and have to walk the rest of the way home. I'm aware of someone behind me. "Walk with a purpose," my mind says. "Stay aware." I cross the street and a man of color walks evenly with me. "Hey. What's your name?" "Where are you going?" I know I'm not suppose to run, but now I just want some sort of safety. "Hey. My name's Robert. What's your name?" He crosses the street. I cross back, trying not to speed up.



An actor from *El Teatro Campesino* in a 1969 performance about the concerns of Chicano farmworkers.

"Hey. What's your name." I'm scared, but I'm also pissed off. I just want to be left alone. He crosses back again. I try to cross again and a small truck pulls up. A young man says, "Do you know you're being followed?" He's white like me; I'm frightened, but now he's there and I feel safe. He drives along with me as I walk home and Robert disappears into the bushes.

This was not an entirely unique event, for me or other women. But when it does happen, how do I distinguish between Robert and all men of color? Now when I run or am alone and I see a man of color or a group of men, my mind races through numerous similar past events. This is an involuntary response, yet the intellectual side of my mind knows it is unfair. My emotional mind fails to recognize that every person must be approached on the basis of their individual character. The fear of the unknown exists in this preconception of past events.

Knowing that my mind has been divided on its deepest level I can only continue to become more aware of my reactions. I can only approach this change with profound honesty, the kind no one wants to see in one's own life. I must see the emotional entrenchment of my past as it holds me, and coax my emotional mind to not fear the past — nor the present.

"Human progress is neither automatic nor inevitable. Even a superficial look at history reveals that no social advance rolls in on the wheels of inevitability. Every step toward the goal of justice requires sacrifice, suffering, and struggle; the tireless exertions and passionate concerns of dedicated individuals. Without persistent effort, time itself becomes an ally of the insurgent and primitive forces of irrational emotionalism and social destruction. This is no time for apathy or complacency. This is a time for courage and positive action." Martin Luther King.

Social change cannot occur without the courage and honesty for the individual to make changes within his/her own life. Seeing injustice in the rest of society has become too easy of an argument for the existence of racial prejudice. We must see discord in our own lives by understanding the function of our reasoning powers in accordance with our subconscious emotions. Only then can we become a learned harmonious society that educates on the basis of individual character and not the ignorance of fearful unknown emotions.



Students take their concerns to the Regents.

RICHARD O'ROURKE/NEXUS

## Supremacy....

(Continued from p.3A)

But it was limited in scope.

When she entered the university it was 1986. Violent, racially-motivated incidents in the state of California were on the rise. Nationally, only 28 percent of young black men graduated from high school. People of color and women comprised most of the

lower one-fifth of the income strata in society. The FBI verified statistics that one of three women in the country were raped. And unfortunately, her university did nothing to stop it. It would not even go so far as to require that people have the opportunity to gain the tools to combat these problems.

Next quarter *Friday Magazine* plans to continue with a different thematic structure for each issue. Artists and writers interested in submitting material should watch for upcoming themes and deadlines. *Friday Magazine* wishes to publish the best of student and faculty works and therefore future issues will have space for unrelated pieces.

Watch for the following Spring Quarter contests:

Picture Yourself Contest  
Poetry Contest  
Prose Contest

### Friday Magazine

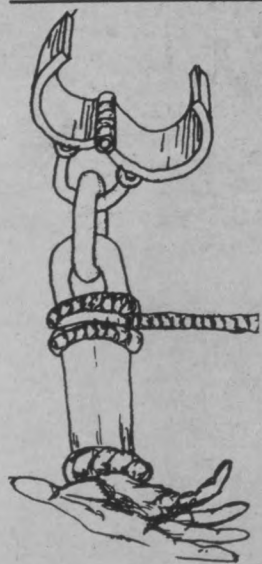
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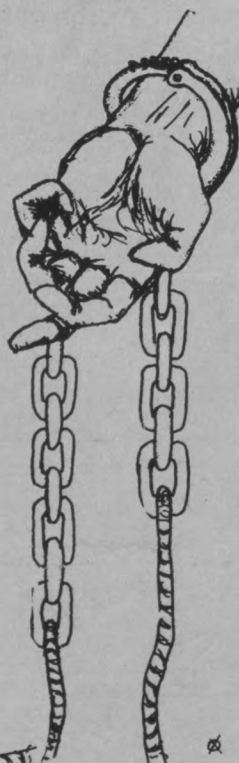
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Richard O'Rourke  
Robin Stevens  
Lynda Tandoc  
Julia Yarbough  
Douglas Andrew Yates

Artwork by Tom Crites



Congratulations  
Susanne?

We'll  
miss  
you







Artwork by Tom Crites

## Poetry

poetry sposed to rhyme  
will i'm sorry  
i don't think about  
things rymin but  
when i see  
kids wit caterpillars  
grannys in sneakers  
and chartreuse  
it just naturally sets my mind jumpin  
i feel grandma's hands  
grandpa's whiskers  
and so much love

my body pumps and gurgles  
it don't rhyme  
but i don't hear no complaints  
and if i ain't deep  
well life is tough  
i ain't got time for hatred  
and acid pain

everybody knows black folks  
should be extinct  
but we still here  
you think we hung around  
to mope and moan?  
i'm heremostly cause it feels good

skillet cornbread  
scratch bisquits  
homecranked ice cream  
buttercups

rainbows  
downright essential  
for poor unrhymin  
black folks

—Charlotte Johnson

## Yellow Girls

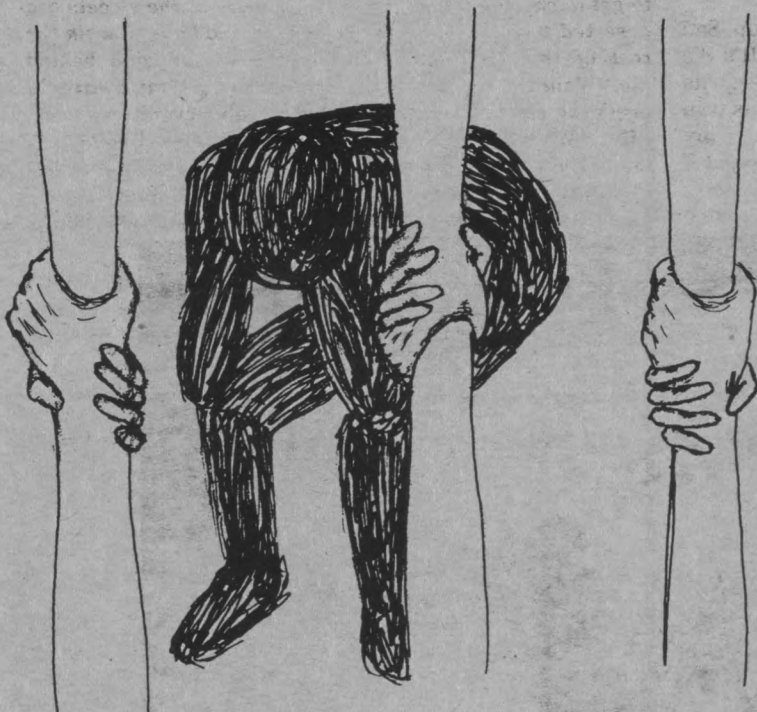
We ride in automobiles  
too close to wrong  
to be right  
too black  
to be white  
too white  
to belong  
too long  
of nose  
too thin of lip  
Revered and hated  
irony claims us  
like an inheritance

—Holly Brown

## Side By Side

Dear Mom,  
Is it possible to lose your identity,  
in a world with pluralist ideals.  
I envision us as new reflections  
of Asian-American women  
After the shimmer and glint of the light  
reflected off a pool of water;  
I admire and genuflect, and see.  
The loneliness and melancholy fades  
A wife and a mother, alone in the STATES,  
your identity is more than these titles.  
Filipino, caring, Nurse, tired, wife, Loving.  
I see me.  
Continue to dream  
And envision your goals  
I'll help you  
And together we'll create a new image, a new self.  
As if to rub your eyes from the stark,  
blanch reality that your wishes for  
a better life were only wishes;  
You created a part of your self  
who will become her own personality,  
and have her own dreams.  
But knowingly, you created a part  
of you that will carry on  
your wishes, a goal, a culture.  
The crickets chirp as if to awaken me  
from my vision  
I brush the earth that nourishes  
the pussy willows  
from my clothes;  
standing up I see the willow's image  
Suspended in space  
by the stillness of the pond.

—Lynda Tandoc



## No Niggers

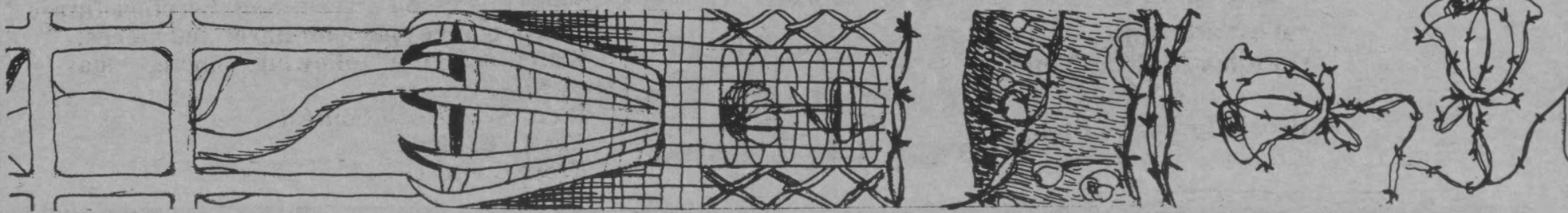
## Wanted Here

what's a sad, sad, wind doin'  
singin' in the Tabernacle Choir  
of towheaded men and women  
it's the white who'll inherit the earth

a wind like you is bad and has  
nothin' to do 'cept  
needs be gone by daybreak  
to hole yourself up in  
a hovel somewhere for  
maybe nine o' ten months

—Lisa Baird

Poetry reprinted with permission from Expressions: W.E.B.  
DuBois Writing Awards, 1985 and 1986.





# FOOD FOR THOUGHT

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Sandwiches are the heart of Butler's delicious food. All meat sandwiches are made with fresh homemade whole wheat, homemade shepherd's bread, or a hot french roll with lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise and a crisp garden salad. The main event might be turkey, ham and cheese, or maybe even roast beef, cheese and avocado. For the hearty eater, there's always the soup of the day to round it all out.

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The delicious soups, sandwiches and salads are available at Butler's from 11 am - 9 pm daily, but any discussion of Butler's wonderful food requires mention of another word: pizza. An innovative feature like the Fiesta Special — topped with jalapenos, tomato, avocado, onion, chili, cheeses and olives — is one that will keep you coming back to order Butler's pizza time and time again.

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Banquet



## CHINA CASTLE RESTAURANT

AUTHENTIC MANDARIN SZECHUAN HUNAN CUISINE

### HAPPY HOUR

Free Hors D'Oeuvres • Well Drinks \$1.50  
Long Island Ice Tea & Tropical Drinks \$2.50  
3 P.M. - 6 P.M.

Open Sun-thurs 11:30 am to 10 pm  
Fri-Sat 11:30 am to 10:30 pm

290 G Storke Rd., Goleta  
(Next to K-Mart) 968-1308

1202 Chapala St., S.B.  
at the corner of Anapamu  
962-6602 & 965-9219

## Sizzler®

Steak • Seafood • Salad

5555 Hollister  
Open

Sunday-Thursday: 11 am - 9:30 pm  
Friday & Saturday: 11 am - 10:30 pm



Next  
to  
SOS

flame-broiled chicken

## DELIVERS!

1/2 Bird (4 pieces) \$5<sup>61</sup>

3/4 Bird (6 pieces) \$8<sup>14</sup>

Full Bird (8 pieces) \$11<sup>02</sup>

Fresh salsa, fresh beans, guacamole  
quesadilla with each meal (tax not included)

968-0123

**Chuck's**  
OF HAWAII

Voted Best STEAK in S.B.

*Fresh Fish Tonight!*

Open Nightly 3888 State St. 687-4417



### China Castle

Looking for a place to sit down and enjoy a quiet meal in beautiful, exotic surroundings? China Castle serves authentic Chinese lunches and dinners at a pace that lets you savor the meal. Located just off Hollister and Storke in the K-Mart shopping plaza, China Castle's delicious Szechuan, Mandarin and

Hunan cuisine will leave your mouth watering for more.

One delightful entree is their tea-smoked duck, a tantalizing combination of boneless sliced fried duck with prawn sauce. It's served in Chinese pan cakes and comes with rice. Other selections on the extensive menu include Shrimp in Flower Basket or a sizzling plate of pan-fired noodles.

But why limit your enjoyment of China Castle to just your table? Private banquet facilities are available to groups looking to plan a party or gathering. Dance floor rental is included free with the price of the meal. A full bar is also available to accent your meal.

Whether it's a friendly lunch, an intimate dinner for two, or an all-out bash, China Castle is waiting to serve you. Take-out is also available. Serving 11 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Sunday through Thursday; dinner hour is extended until 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday. Telephone Goleta 968-1308 or Santa Barbara 962-6602 and 965-9219.

## "Food for Thought"!

### Here's how it works:

Sign up for 4 weeks for a cost of \$56.25 per week — total \$225.00  
2 x 3 3/4" ad will be run each week — in a different location on the page. The week your profile runs (pictures and article on your restaurant), your ad will be at the top of the page. You must decide what week the profile runs when buying the ad — 1st, 2nd, 3rd or 4th week. First come, first served.

**Don't Miss This Huge Market**  
**Find your customers from UCSB**  
**only through the Daily Nexus**  
**Daily Nexus Advertising — 961-3828**