



ISLA VISTA FREE PRESS

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"The Heart of Isla Vista" The Pond in Anisq'Oyo Park

by Blackbird,
I.V. FREE PRESS Environmental Writer

Growing up in the 50s, there was a small pond in my grandmother's yard, the memory of which has stayed with me all of my life.

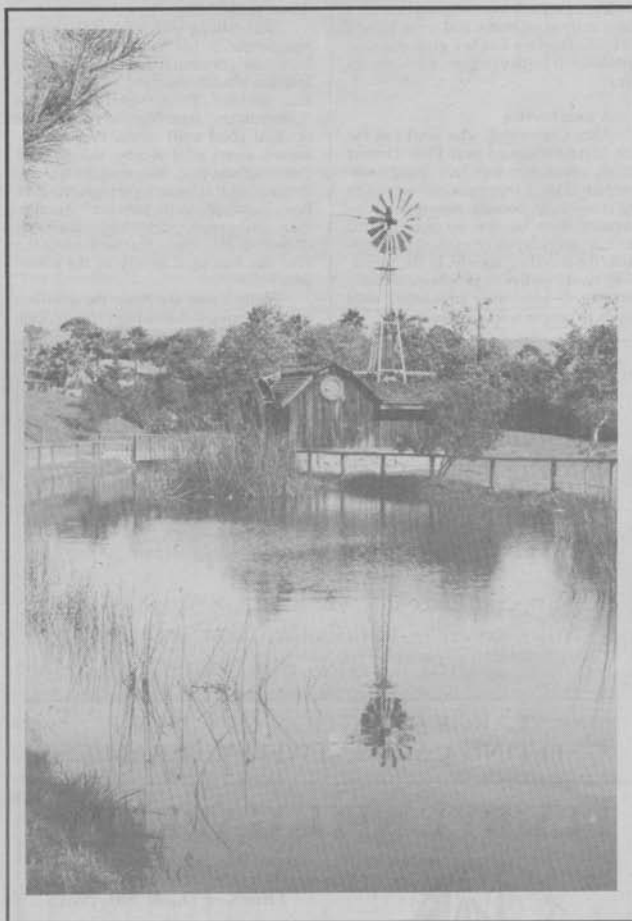
Edged haphazardly with stones, with a few ragged lilies in the center, the dark water was fringed with long-haired algae. No one was sure how deep it was. There were rumors of giant fish and other, almost mythical creatures, the kind of stories the imagination generates around such places.

Was there a pond in your childhood? A weedy field, a grove of trees, a park? Even in the city it seems that we all have to find some small corner of the natural world where we can both refresh and refuel our spirits . . .

It is a rare circumstance, however, for a town to have at its heart a body of water — not a neatly geometrical cement-lined one, but one closely resembling the real thing, an asymmetrical, algae-green, inhabited pond with a little mystery and imagination about it. The pond in Anisq'Oyo Park in downtown Isla Vista fit that description quite nicely, I think.

During the early 1970s, those creative post-bank-burning years, when plans for Isla Vista's downtown park — then called "Madrid Park" — were first being drawn up and debated, there was no conception of having any ponds, and certainly not a windmill. The idea for the park itself arose as part of a larger beautification movement which had been building for some time among citizens of this high-density, half-square-mile community where apartment buildings had been thrown up in every conceivable style, or no style at all. There was also, independent of this sentiment, need for a central "people's park" where concerts and gatherings could take place safely and pleasurably.

John Robert Henderson, called by some an Isla Vista visionary, designed Anisq'Oyo Park. Since 1964 he had been the UCSB Campus Architect. In the aftermath of the 1970 riots, the university agreed to fund an extensive community planning project and Henderson moved over to I.V. to take charge of it. Between 1971 and 1973, Henderson worked out of the offices of the Isla Vista Community Council, an elected body formed, in part, to advise the University and the County on their I.V. policies. In a booklet entitled



RECOMMENDATIONS FOR ISLA VISTA PLANNING, Henderson set forth a comprehensive plan for how Isla Vista might better meet the living needs of its many and varied inhabitants.

One of the projects actually implemented was the creation of "Madrid Park", which, at that time, was an empty lot through which ran Madrid Road. Most of the funding for the \$375,000 project was

supplied by the federal government, but \$53,750 was a gift from the UC Regents, plus another \$69,550 was a personal contribution of then-UC Regent Norton Simon. The park project was undertaken by the County but it deeded the property to the I. V. Park District when it was formed in early 1973.

See PONDS, page 9

An Isla Vista Institution

The Free Box

by Greg Geilman,
Isla Vista FREE PRESS Contributor

"Huh, what's that?"

That's what one student replied when asked if he had ever dropped anything off at the Free Box in Isla Vista.

Of the students I questioned, not one knew right away anything much about it. "What is the Free Box?" they would ask. "The Free Who?"

The Free Box is a small wooden shack on the corner of Seville and Embarcadero del Mar. It provides an opportunity for people to drop off unwanted cloths and goods for others to take them.

People use the Free Box differently. Some people use it to pick up items, others use it to drop off items, and some people do both. The Free Box is a give-and-take operation. It helps everyone who cares to use it.

A Real Service

Alice Chouinard, who works at the Isla Vista Recreation and Park District which maintains the Free Box, commented: "I think that it is a real service to the community because people can supplement their income by getting free clothing and kitchen utensils. It also supports the recycling society. In the throw-away world we live in, people are actually learning to give their unwanted used goods to people who can use them."

There is a sign on the Free Box asking people to not drop off large furniture items.

Neal Sunshine, one of I.V.'s homeless, admitted that, "The Free Box is a place where students put a lot of waste, but this is like gold to the street people."

Who Uses It?

Who uses the Free Box? Al Pyley, a 21-year resident of I.V., said that "The Free Box isn't aimed toward any one group in particular — it's from and for the public."

The Park District's assistant manager, Scott Abbott said, "Everyone uses it. It gets a lot of use, too. I see people checking it out regularly."

After talking with some of the homeless people in Isla Vista, I feel that the homeless community and low-income families benefit the most from the Free Box. Richard Price, better known as "Leprechaun," stated that he's gotten a lot of "real good stuff in the Free Box — jackets, shirts, a lot of other things. Neal Sunshine said that, "Hey man, look at me. Everything I'm wearing is from the Free Box . . . except my underwear." Another man, sitting near by drinking from a bottle of Bacardi 151, stated that he thought the Free Box was used mostly by the homeless.

While I was watching the area last week, a young Mexican boy came by, took



a magazine, and walked on. I tried to ask him some questions, but he did not speak any English, and I don't speak Spanish.

Often the Free Box sees some exceptionally nice items. When I asked what the best thing he got from the Free Box was, a man in the park who preferred to remain anonymous claimed: "I got a brand new yogurt maker, still in the box. Of course, it'd been used and all, but the people took care of it. I also got me a blender and a car seat for a baby." He told me he picked up a lot of his clothes there and "nobody ever knows I got 'em there, either."

He went on, "People don't put enough clothes in there. I need some long Johns."

Chouinard said that she "used to find good stuff in there. Once I got a really cool Grateful Dead T-shirt."

She said that usually though, she sees books, kitchen utensils (such as pots and glasses), shoes and clothes.

The Best Thing?

When asked what the best thing he ever found in the Free Box was, Neal Sunshine smiled and pointed at Leprechaun, and chuckled, "Well, I've dug him out of it a couple of times. I also found some pretty interesting women in there, too."

The man in the park told me that summertime was the best time to find winter clothes and winter was the best time for summer clothes. This is because, he thought, people clean out their drawers and are most likely to get rid of the clothes they aren't using at that point.

Weekly Maintenance

Park District staff checks the Free Box daily, but they completely clean it out each Wednesday. They used to take everything left in the Free Box at that time to the laundromat and wash it, then return it. But that practice stopped some years ago.

When I checked it last Thursday morning I found only a few button-down shirts, a pair of tennis shoes, and a shopping bag full of trash and empty beer bottles. Later in the day there was a knit hat, a straw hat, and a light jacket. One tennis shoe had been knocked off the shelves; the other was gone. Spread out over all of the clothing were about ten assorted magazines.

Friday afternoon there were a few sweatshirts, another jacket, a pair of jeans

and some antique bottles placed delicately on the ledge. The bag of trash was gone.

Later that day I encountered a man making a drop-off. He pulled his car up next to the Free Box and pulled two boxes out of the passenger door. He said that it was "a bunch of clothes and odds and ends. You know, it's the wife's stuff. She's cleaning out the place." He lives in I.V. When I asked him who he thought would probably come and take it, he declared, "I haven't the slightest idea!"

History

The Free Box has a long, and involved, history. Longtime I.V. resident and member of the third Isla Vista Community Council (1971-2) Al Pyley, said that it was erected "around late 1971/early 1972." He thinks it was "started by Bruce McVicar and the outreach program of the Methodist Church in I.V." Pyley also thought that Hugh Carroll, who worked with the first IVCC on several construction projects, did the actual making of the first Free Box. Carroll also made and laid the tiles that can still be seen on some Isla Vista street corners.

Geoff Wallace, long-time UCSB Ombudsman and a member of the first IVCC, said that, "The first IVCC was really committed to recycling. We started all of the helpful, public institutions. The Free Box was really a take off on the earlier convention of people dropping off clothes and things at a room in the I.V. Service Center. It wasn't really a 'Free Box' like it is now, it was more of a swap meet, but everything was free. Instead of going out and buying a new shirt, you could just check the Free Box."

According to Pyley, the Free Box used to be located across the street from its present site, at the South end of the Isla Vista Service Center/Open Door Medical Clinic building, underneath the mural of the freak smoking a joint. For all of those years, there was no agency or organization who had any official role to play in the upkeep of the Free Box — it was just "there."

Carmen Lodise, publisher of the Isla Vista FREE PRESS and a resident of I.V. since 1972, stated that, "The Free Box was moved to its present site in the late 1970s when the Clinic bought the building and their insurance rates went up considerably."

See FREE BOX, page 3

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LOWEST FRAMING PRICES IN TOWN

Who Knows?

by Scott Wexler,
Isla Vista FREE PRESS Columnist

No one can deny that we put up with an awful lot to live here in Isla Vista. Overcrowding, high rents for shabby places, parking problems, and bad garage bands are just a few of our little joys.

Some of the reasons, I suspect, we do continue to live here is because of the ocean, because of I.V.'s "accessibility" (you can walk from friend's to friend's, and from home to store, from urban center to nature), and because of the "who knows syndrome."

This last reason is certainly why I put up with my neighbor's garage band.

The "who knows syndrome" is simply the possibility that the person or persons who are annoying the hell out of you today, may eventually become famous and you'll be able to say that, "Hey, I knew them when..."

I mean, who knows, the jerk next door that keeps you up typing all night—even to two or three in the morning—may be writing the Great American Novel, or may at least be the next Arthur Haily.

Or who knows, maybe the gal who causes your apartment to smell like turpentine from her paintings that you think are worse than child-scribbles may be the newest wave of American Art, or she at least might wind up being the next Grandma Moses.

Or who knows, that garage band that insists on playing live, amplified music in their one bedroom apartment at all hours may become the hottest band in America, or at least in Japan.

FREE BOX, from page 2

bly. It's probably better that a public agency like the Park District is in charge of it. At least now it gets cleaned out regularly."

Good Idea

Overall, I feel that the Free Box is a good idea and does a great service for the needy. But there are a few problems associated with it.

The main complaint is that people sometimes get really drunk and urinate in it. "If the bathrooms around the corner are locked or busy, they just go in the Free Box," said one person familiar with its operation.

Other problems include people sleeping in it and also at times it "becomes just infested with bugs—all over the place," said another.

Of course, these are the reasons that the Park District staff clean it out weekly.

Another problem, according to one observer, is that "a lot of drug deals go down there."

And one person felt that some families just pick up the clothes in the boxes they're dropped off in and take them to

Geilman is a junior at UCSB. He originally wrote this article for an English class assignment. The FREE PRESS pays \$10-25 for articles about local institutions and events.



I think about the "who knows syndrome" everytime our next door neighbors practice with their band. Even though I mainly just get pounded with the base guitar, and the riffs are the same bad ones over and over, and the music they do is already passé (early 80s punk) so that by the time they get good at it their music will already be permanently off the charts, and even though I've been disturbed by them while practically dying from the flu, I say nothing because, who knows, maybe one day they'll be famous.

Then, I'll be able to say that I spent sleepless nights listening to them when they were nothing (really!). Somehow, their fame will rub off onto me just by association. Plus, they won't say anything nasty about me in their autobiography.

I mean, one day long ago some neighbor, I'm sure, put up with all the noise coming from the four guys next door. She hated their music, their longish hair, and that they sounded nothing like Sinatra. But, George, Ringo, John and Paul made it, and she's still telling everyone that she "knew them when". In fact, she now says they "made it" only because she never called the bobbies on them, and that she could see their talent back then—though at the time she really would have preferred that the bums had been thrown in jail!

I hope our band makes it, and who knows, maybe they'll remember me with free concert tickets or at least autographed pictures. It's the least they could do for what I've endured. ■



Peach blossoms burst out all over town last week. These are in the orchard in front of the Free Press office.

the Sunday swap meet to sell.

Regardless of the problems, I feel that the Free Box is an effective way to help those who need it. It is a productive and practical service that shows true caring in the world today. ■

CLINIC GROUND BREAKING WEDNESDAY

The Isla Vista Open Door Medical Clinic is holding a ground breaking ceremony for their new 4,500 square foot addition on Wednesday, March 22 from noon until 1 PM.

State Senator Gary K. Hart, County Supervisor Bill Wallace, and Lawrence Hart, director of the County's health services department are among the celebrities expected to attend the event.

The Clinic's addition will allow it to free up 3,300 square feet in its

existing building which will be rented to UCSB to house several community services including its mediation program. The addition will cost about \$450,000 which was obtained through a loan from the State of California.

The Isla Vista Park Board approved drawings last week for a bathroom to serve Anisq'Oyo Park which will be attached to the North end of the Clinic building.



The Zeta Beta Tau fraternity organized a free dinner at Sueño Park Sunday, March 12th for I.V.'s homeless people, much of it gourmet food contributed by L.A. delis.



Another batch of cars were hauled away during the second stage of the \$100,000 resurfacing of Abrego and Sueño roads last week. Free Press photo.



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TWO HOT NEW ALBUMS

The Raw and the Cooked

Fine Young Cannibals

I.R.S. Records

You have to wonder why Roland Gift, lead singer of Fine Young Cannibals, hasn't been arrested or shipped to a desert island by the underground conspiracy that's keeping popular music so bad these days.

Gift is a renegade, for God's sake, a threat to the musical status quo. What, you may ask, is his crime? He can sing his pants off, and he does so again on the second album from Fine Young Cannibals, *The Raw and the Cooked*. It is a wonderful, long-overdue collection of entertaining music from Gift and his two partners in crime, Andy Cox (the ex-English Beat guitarist) and David Steele (the Beat's bassist).

On their first, self-titled album (1985), FYC featured a basic sound, concentrating on a genuine sixties-soul, rhythm-and-blues mode that it follows on this

venture. But this time, the band has enhanced their finger-snapping formula, adding cutting-edge, synthesized snare, and oh-so-trendy keyboard bass progressions. Although some of the drum licks on *Cooked* sound suspiciously like they were snagged from New Order's menu, and a few of the backing bass lines sound suspiciously like they were hijacked from clunky Depeche Mode memory banks, FYC does a fine job of merging its individual style with that of modern dance music, proving the much needed that you don't have to stay in place to stay good.

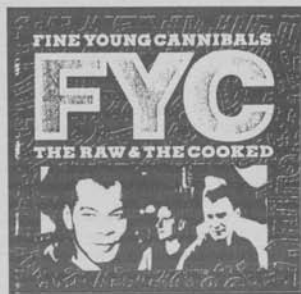
The song that makes this album is "I'm Not Satisfied," a song that features a catchy melody, brain-blasting vocals from Gift, and a few other tricks that make it a nearly perfect synthesis of old and new sounds. The problem with discovering gems like "Satisfied," though, is the ma-

lignant threat of repetition. The tune is so darn catchy, everybody will end up playing it until they drop. If this song isn't ruined by disk jockeys within two months, I'll eat my hat.

The version of "Ever Fallen in Love" on the album is a re-recorded and tighter version of the peppy dance tune that FYC put on the other-wise bland *Something Wild* soundtrack back in 1986. It is another good piece that makes you want to go out and buy a lowered Toyota pick-up just so you can install gigantic bass speakers and cruise down State Street on Friday nights, blasting the song's hypnotically loud bass drum line.

Here's the single real flaw you'll find in *The Raw and the Cooked*: it's only about thirty-five minutes long. And that includes "Ever Fallen in Love," which was released previously. You'd think that after almost four years without an album, these funky, flesh-eating fledglings would have come up with a bit more material.

Reviewed by
Jeffrey P. McManus



But perhaps this is a nit-picky criticism. What's there is undeniably solid, soulful butt-jiggling music. What lacks in quantity certainly makes up in quality. *Cooked* is certainly the album that will put FYC on the map.

Oranges and Lemons

XTC

Geffen Records

XTC produces a wonderfully original kind of smooth-yet-bouncy, standard-yet-somehow-different rock. Their new album, *Oranges and Lemons*, marks a long-awaited return to the realm of sub-mainstream, possibly-pop music. It would be easy (and darn catchy) to say that "the new XTC album is no lemon", but it is perhaps more proper to say that this is a stimulatingly-citrusy set of special, sing-along songs.

Is this a lost Beatles album? Somebody is trying to make us think so. From the psychedelically-neon spattered cover (reminiscent of *Yellow Submarine* animation), to the first song (laden with that twangy Indian sitar we've come to know and love from the Liverpool quartet's post-Yogi period), and even the video of "Mayor of Simpleton" (cleverly engineered to mimic the opening credits to a '60s B-Movie — whoops, did we just see an innovation? Sorry, MTV), you get the impression that the spirit of the Fab Four is trying to make some sort of comeback through *Oranges and Lemons*.

But the songs on this album — unlike the pretentious posturing of some Irish traffic-stopping movie stars — were definitely *not* stolen from the Beatles. The sound is originally XTC's, and it comes through beautifully in this eminently-listenable, 15-song, hour-long collection of tunes.

The first single from the album, "Mayor of Simpleton," not only marks what is likely to be the band's biggest hit since the age-old favorite "Senses Working Overtime". It asserts the important notion that you don't need brains to feel



true love. The lyrics of "Simpleton" are touching and cute, straddling the border between sarcastic and sympathetic.

"King for a Day," one of the album's catchier tunes, is also one of its most lyrically challenging. Where else in music today do musicians criticize "the way that we're living... all take and not giving"? Yeah, that's right, almost nowhere, that's where. It takes guts to make the kind of statement XTC makes, and these men aren't about to compromise or pull punches.

The album falters, however, during its attempts to delve into slow, dark attacks upon society — such as the songs "Here Comes President Kill Again" and "Hold Me My Daddy". These two bludgeoning slams against the current socio-political structure lack the wit, subtlety, and digestibility evident in XTC's near-classic agnostic prayer, "Dear God". You get the feeling that songwriters Andy

Partridge and Colin Moulding were stretching it a bit on these few weak efforts — placing speed bumps of intense bitterness into an otherwise imaginative and insightful album.

Oranges and Lemons — it'll make you laugh, it'll make you cry, it'll make you kiss the fake-pseudo-anti-materialistic-drivel of "progressive" bands like U2 good-bye. ■

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

TWO NEW FILM SERIES AT UCSB

UCSB Arts & Lectures begins two new film series in April.

On Thursdays is a series commemorating the spirit of liberty, fraternity and equality that inspired the French Revolution of 1789.

The first film, on April 6th, is Jean Renoir's *La Marseillaise*, made in 1937. This movie portrays the viewpoints of both the aristocracy and the revolutionaries, while showing Louis XVI's attempts to save the monarchy.

Anthony Mann's *Reign of Terror* is an account of Robespierre's quest for power in the year's following the Revolution. In the film noir tradition, this 1949 production plays April 13th.

Five other films will also show in the series.

Another collection of seven films make up an International Cinema Series on Sunday evenings. On April 9th is Paul Cox's *Vincent*, powerful portrayal of the life of Vincent Van Gogh as revealed in his letters to his brother Theo.

On April 16, Clint Eastwood's *Bird* will play. This story of bebop musician Charlie "Yardbird" Parker is a passionate film that is a moving tribute to the great saxophonist that pulls no punches.

All films begin at 8 PM and are at Campbell Hall.

Lifestyles of the Hip and Post-Modern

There seems to be a pattern developing at the University Art Museum. Every contemporary art show since "Neo-York" in 1984, has catered to the hip and post-modern. Half the time when you walk into the museum you have no idea whether the artists are serious or if they're making fun of the curator for hanging their stuff on the wall, or if they're making fun of you for standing there looking at it. Somewhere I acquired the dangerous notion (I think it must have been after seeing the Anselm Kiefer show this summer at the L.A. Contemporary Art Museum) that artists were supposed to care, and to take their profession, whether seriously or not, at least responsibly.

The current show at the University Museum features photographs by faculty member Richard Ross, collages by Mitchell Syrop and works from the Esther Bear Collection. This time when I walked in I immediately realized that Ross' works were supposed to be making fun of museums in his photos of (what else but) the insides of museums, and that Syrop was making fun of the media with his collages of kitschy postcard nature scenes with catchy phrases going across them. Although I know what the artists are saying this time, I have no idea why. Let's do a quick formal analysis and see if we arrive at the same conclusion.

Ross' photos are large and glossy and clinically crisp but there is a whole room of triptychs that are matte and blurry. The subject matter is either sculptures-in-museums, taxidermed animals sitting in empty rooms and closets of museums, or natural history-type dioramas. The mood is, well... one is tempted to say neo-classical, which implies a boring sort of self-conscious campy-ness as well as sexual repression. In his video (now that should tell you something right there) Ross talks about the sexy quality that museums have as purveyors of high culture (aren't all purveyors of high culture sexy?), as he schmoozes with the camera and throws out key phrases like "illusion



BLIND SPOT, an offset lithograph on board by Mitchell Syrop on display at the UCSB Art Museum. Photo by James Franklin.

of original reality in a specific time and place."

Syrop's works are nearly as contrived as Ross'. For example, one is a picture of a Hawaiian-looking island surrounded by water, with the words "blind spot" going across it. Get it? An island covers up what's behind it making a blind spot. I'll bet this guy used to spend hours making up Tom Swifities when he was a kid — probably still does. Do yourself a favor and take a third grader with you; at least one of you will leave satisfied.

I can perfectly imagine both of these artists growing up and going through college as perpetual geeks, the kind who would put toys and then wet paint brushes up in people's faces for no apparent reason and then laugh manically at their reactions. Well, it looks like they're still doing it only now they've found a way to get people to voluntarily put their faces out. And these victims want to be hip so badly, they'll tell you they actually like it.

— Autumn Chartreuse

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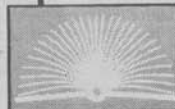
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BOOK REVIEW

The Ultra Rich — How Much is Too Much?

by Vance Packard
Little, Brown and Co. (1988)

This is a book about the very, very, very rich.

How rich? Well, the author, Vance Packard, concentrates on 30 individuals with an average net worth of \$330 million. A number are billionaires! That's a lot of money; Mr. Packard contends it's too much.

Some startling facts emerge as we glimpse the lives of these wealthy folks.

Most live on less than one million dollars a year. A staggering amount, yet less than 1/330th of these peoples' average net worth.

Let's translate this into lay terms. Suppose you make and spend \$20,000 per year. If your net worth equaled (proportionally) that of these 'ultra rich', it means that you would have six million dollars at your disposal. Whew. It's hard to keep track of all the zeros. Quick. How many of your friends make \$20,000 a year? How many have six million dollars at their disposal?

So the big question, of course, is where these people — who have more wealth than they could use in two or three centuries — keep their wealth if they're not spending it? In general, most of the

money is kept in land or mineral and oil.

Thus, and this is a mind-boggling statistic, 1% of the population controls 34% of the wealth — but this wealth isn't doing anything. It isn't creating new jobs or sponsoring new inventions or initiating progressive industries. Mr. Packard argues that such "non-uses" of wealth creates an imbalance in our society.

Consider this example: a few of the ultra rich spend one or two hundred thousand dollars on elaborate parties. What if, instead, this money financed a recycling center? Which use, ultimately, would be of greater benefit to the community?

This question is rhetorical, yet surprisingly, few consider such an alternative for their wealth. Two-thirds of those interviewed in a survey Packard conducted weren't concerned about the environment; they didn't care about the homeless; most gave less than 2% of their annual expenditures to philanthropic purposes.

And yet, they, the 400 richest people in America, have an estimated net worth of \$220 billion.

Let's put this figure into perspective. Currently, the nation's savings and loans are on the brink of collapse and, contrary to President Bush's assertions, the average citizen will eventually shoulder the cost of their "bail-out". At a minimum, the bail-out will cost 100 billion dollars and, if the economy doesn't collapse first, will require five to ten years. The 400 richest people could, essentially, "bail-out" the S & Ls with just half of their accumulated wealth. Overnight.

Packard also believes that when so few have so much, it means there will be multitudes with hardly anything. Or, as he states, "You've got some pigs who've got 34% of the pie. The rest of the country is going to have less." The proof of this statement is in the streets — from N.Y. to L.A. to Santa Barbara's fig tree.

Interestingly enough, this book is quite popular locally. The Goleta Valley library's copy has constantly been checked out. The Santa Barbara library's eight copies are also continuously checked out and currently there is a two-week waiting period to get one.

Perhaps this interest stems from Santa Barbara's own imbalances. Within two miles of the Moreton Fig Tree, we find Montecito's Gold Coast with businesses like "Letter Perfect Stationary". Letter Perfect specializes in "power pens". Power pens are used by "power people" to close their "power deals." The average pen costs \$600. For a fountain pen!

Or consider that Santa Barbara is home to more Mercedes Benzes per capita than any other municipality west of the Mississippi. The average Mercedes customer owns at least four cars and almost half have purchased an auto for more than \$50,000.

Santa Barbara evidently has more than its share of the "pigs" that Mr. Packard discusses. This book is highly recommended.

— Dan Wesolowski

HOT & SPICY!



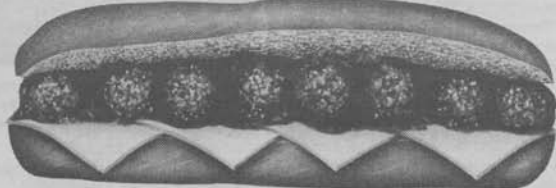
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The California Lottery

by Jeffrey P. McManus,
Isla Vista FREE PRESS Columnist

Every two months or so, the California Lottery introduces a new "scratch-off" game. These ever-changing lottery maneuvers are designed to increase the popularity of the lottery. But in recent months, the lottery has plummeted in popularity. The explanation for this is simple: lack of stimulating gimmicks. So here's a list of new scratch-off games for the lottery that is certain to generate a new "lottery mania" in our fair state.

Randy Republicans: See if you can match up who the next governor of California is going to be. Three faces of Peter Ueberroth wins you ten thousand dollars, three Deukmejian's fetches a cool \$1,000, and three Gray Davises automatically sends you to the Big Spin, where contestants' spins win campaign contributions to their favorite candidates in the next election — if you're lucky, you can spin your way to a cushy job in public service for the next ten years.

Highway Patrol Hijinks. Scratch off three spots corresponding to a speedometer dial on a Suzuki Samurai. If the three spots add up to some random speed between 65 and 80 miles per hour, congratulations, you're a winner! You're driving just slow enough to evade the CHP.

Vaya con Dios. Can you scratch your way across the U.S.-Mexican border without getting shot by INS agents, exploited by illegal alien-smugglers, or ravaged by the desert sun? If so, the California Lottery is ready to pay you a hefty cash prize in the amount of \$2.27 per hour, twelve hours a day, six days a week, for the rest of your life. Hope you don't mind a little hard work, though.

Silicon Valley Shenanigans. Yes, scratch-off fans, it's true: American college students aren't going into scientific careers any more — they're all becoming poets and social workers. Replacing them in the California high-technology sector are oodles of nasty foreign immigrants from such hateful, exotic lands as Taiwan and Korea. But you can help get rid of this devilish conspiracy: just scratch off six

tuition scholarships in a row (each one representing one year of financial support toward a Ph.D.), and quicker than you can say "white collar racism," you'll be the proud owner of a degree in Electrical Engineering from the University of California!

Tourism Fever. This game, which would sell scratchers while promoting California tourist spots, would be especially popular among kids — if they were only allowed to play. A winning ticket (featuring three faces of Uncle Scrooge or Shamu the Whale) gets you ten thousand bucks, but three losing tickets can be redeemed for free admission to some second-rate California tourist attraction, like Yosemite or Marriott's Great America. The kids'll be hollering at you for weeks, trying to get you to let them use their single free tickets, while you wonder how many hundreds of dollars you'll end up losing in gas money, parking fees, food, additional admission tickets, and other necessary incidentals that you know you'll have to pay for.

Assault Rifle Rally. You have three chances to scratch for a region of California where AK-47's are still legal to buy and own. Hit a Stockton or a Los Angeles and your card is void, but if you hit virtually any other region, you will be the lucky recipients of a lifetime National Rifle Association membership, as well as free shooting lessons at a "Bud's Family Firing Range" near you. And don't forget to take the wife and kids — shooting automatic weapons ain't just a man's sport any more.

The Powers that Lot have recently decided they're going to call the scratch-off cards "scratchers." I wonder how long it will be before people use that term as slang for venereal diseases. "Oh baby. You know how I'd love to. But I got the scratchers somethin' awful."

Whether or not any of these crafty ideas are implemented, we all have a vested interest in the lottery. Don't forget, regardless of the outcome of your personal scratcher, our schools win, too. And that should be comfort enough for any loser. ■

Adventures in the Garden

Start Those Potatoes Now

by Farmer John,
Isla Vista FREE PRESS Columnist

Well, Spring seems to have sprung, and that means it's time to crank up the household or neighborhood vegetable garden.

There are so many things we can plant in the Spring, that it's hard to know where to begin. I plant those foods that I most like to eat, or that are expensive in the market, or which taste radically different when grown at home. Potatoes are a good example of this last point.

But we can also put in peas and beans, lettuce, carrots, beets, celery, onions and various herbs. I always grow my own parsley, garlic, chives and basil, along with the various perennial herbs I like to cook with, such as thyme and oregano.

My beans and peas are started in the ground, but I do a simultaneous planting in deep wooden seed boxes I built several years ago. This way, as individual plants fail to germinate or are eaten by the local fauna, I always have instant replacements. I plant around 8' wire towers that I made out of 6' x 6' wire mesh. A stake prevents the wind from blowing them down in late Summer.

Last year I experimented with a gourmet bush-bean, packed by Perry's as Baby French Beans, which I call Yuppie Beans. These are a small bean, with faint purple striations; they are heavy bearing, with succulent flavor. Sara (2) and Jessica (5) foraged about in the garden all Summer and into the Fall, surviving mostly on carrots, celery, peas and these yummy little beans. What Papa could ask for more?

Now enter the noble potato. In this area, plant the potato on March 30. Start by digging a trench 10" deep and fill it with well-rotted manure or compost. Place potato sets or chunks of cut-up potatoes, each with an eye, on the surface of this manure, and cover with 6" of straw. I plant both market potatoes which have gone soft, as well as potato sets available at some local nurseries or by mail-order.

The reason I usually start with sets (small, baby potatoes which sell for about \$4 for twenty of them) is that the potatoes you buy in the supermarket often rot in the trench, as they have been treated with



a mold inhibitor. This can be overcome to some extent by leaving the cut-up potatoes in the air for a couple of days before you plant them. I don't really know what this chemical dusting is doing to my organic soil (can anyone enlighten me?) Ah, blind faith!

There is no need to cover your starter potatoes with soil, as the planted potato sets or chunks send down roots, and the young potatoes grow as tubers off the root-head of the mother plant. Several months later, when the white flowers on the plant turn brown, you can simply spread aside the straw covering, and you'll find your potato crop lying before your eyes — on the top of the soil. It's time to harvest your potatoes, thinning carefully by hand, allowing most to remain and grow into baking- or boiling-size.

The seed catalogues offer a variety of potatoes which will grow in this coastal zone. I favor "kennebec," but "red rose" seems more successful. I even tried those weird purple potatoes once, which reminded me of the blue corn Mary Paulson gave me around 20 years ago. Jaded gardeners will try anything for a more colorful garden! The potato grown at home has a flavor which far surpasses anything available in the supermarket. Of course, a part of this flavor comes from the personal satisfaction that results from growing your own.

As for tomatoes, peppers, cukes, okra, melons and egg plant — all the seed-pod vegetables — I'll discuss these in a subsequent column, but if you want to get a jump on the season, you might start a few of these in planter boxes now. I happen to think we're in for a long, warm Spring. Keep your fingers crossed, and go after the early gophers with a vengeance!



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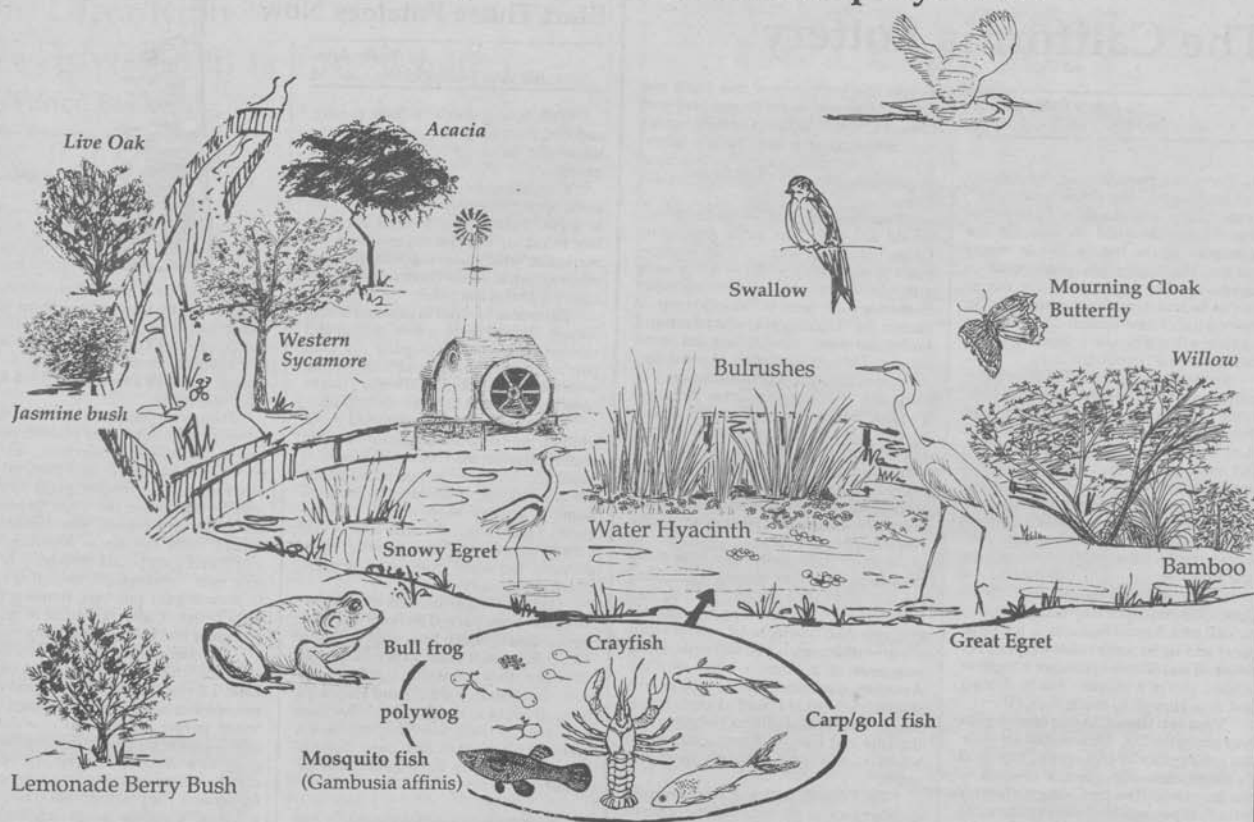
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The Diversity of the Pond In Anisq'Oyo Park



— drawings by Rosemary Holmes

The Mallards in the Anisq'Oyo Ponds I.V.'s Most Famous Couple

In a world in which six months is a long-term relationship, this particular couple has been seen together in Anisq'Oyo Park for several years. Probably anyone who's spent much time there has spotted this cozy pair gliding serenely over the dark rippling water.

I am, of course, referring to the pair of mallard ducks who have spent many seasons together dabbling in our ponds. While the female is a tasteful, mottled brown, the male sports a showier plumage most of the year: his head is a metallic green with touches of brown or black here and there. During the summer he sheds this brilliant getup to more closely resemble his mate in what is called "eclipse plumage". Both sexes, however, have pretty wingpatches of blue or lavender which play a part in the gesturings of the annual mating ritual each Fall.

The ritual begins with the female duck swimming in rapid patterns among a group of males, her head nodding. This

alerts the drakes (males) that she is interested and they begin their displays, a series of actions known as "mock drinking", "shaking", grunt-whistling" and various other ritualized gestures such as "false preening" in which the drake turns his head and touches the wingpatch with his bill. The female then chooses one of the drakes who follows her away...

No one seems to know exactly why some mallard couples continue their relationship season after season. But then, we don't really know why some humans do that, either.

Some of the mallard sign language has non-romantic uses, too. For instance, the "mock drinking" sign is also used as a peacemaking gesture when two drakes meet.

Actual mating doesn't occur until Spring — that is, this week. Apparently, however, nesting and raising of our famous couple's young occurs at a more secluded spot than I.V.'s central park —

possibly the lagoon on campus or Los Carneros Lake just across the U.S. 101 freeway. Nests are hidden in rushes or tall wild grasses and lined with soft pinfeathers which he female plucks from her own breast.

Mallards feed both day and night: leaves, seeds, grain, acorns, insects, worms, tadpoles, and small frogs, even fishes such as the mosquito fish which are planted in most bodies of water locally. However, mallards are not gastronomes and will eat almost any food offered — from Wonderbread to seaweed chips to carob-coated raisins.

When a mallard dabs its beak through the mud, it is practicing the same techniques as baleen whales. Inside the mallard's bill are filters through which mud and water are alternately sucked in and spewed out, but only the goodies, such as frog spawn, are retained and swallowed.

Next time you pass by the ponds,



keep an eye out for this happy couple. If you want to give them a treat, just remember not to feed them anything you wouldn't eat yourself! And just to be friendly (as well as to demonstrate that you actually learned something from this article), why not pretend you are drinking water or preening a tail feather. ■

Animal Life of the Pond

Eddie Jordan, who supervises the Isla Vista Recreation and Park District's groundsworker crews, has worked around the Anisq'Oyo pond for the past 3-1/2 years. When I asked him what his favorite part of the pond was, he answered, "I love the whole place, really."

Jordan spent his early childhood in Louisiana where there was a pond not far away. He remembers the bulrushes, saying that they are always the same, never changing, and that pleases him. Bulrushes (sometimes called "tules") have thin whiplike stems which sway in the center of the ponds whenever there is any wind at all, bowing under the weight of the warbling Redwing blackbirds who gather there in large numbers every day to bathe and socialize.

The other dominant aquatic plant to be found in the pond is the low-growing, purple-flowered water hyacinth whose specific name, crassipes, means "fat foot", a reference to the inflated bladder at the base of each leafstem which allows the whole plant to float. Two years ago, Jordan introduced 50 of these plants into the pond because they prefer and actually purify stagnant water. They have spread rapidly since then, especially in the del Norte pond where they form such a solid carpet that Jordan has seen even some of the largest birds walk right across the water!

Goldfish & Other Carp
Because he works around the pond every day, Jordan has been able to observe

many of the pond's fascinating inhabitants at close range. He has seen goldfish (a domesticated form of carp) as big as a foot long. These fish feed by stirring up the muddy pond bottom, sifting for worms, insect larvae, bits of weed, and the like. He says, though, that they sometimes disappear for months at a time.

Painted Turtles

There are at least six painted turtles who live in the pond who, probably like the goldfish, were introduced by some anonymous citizens. Though plants form the main part of their diet, they will also eat aquatic insects, snails and small fishes. They like to bask in the sun in the morning and late afternoon, a habit which probably helps keep their skins free of parasites.



One of the six Painted Turtles in the Anisq'Oyo ponds. FREE PRESS photo.

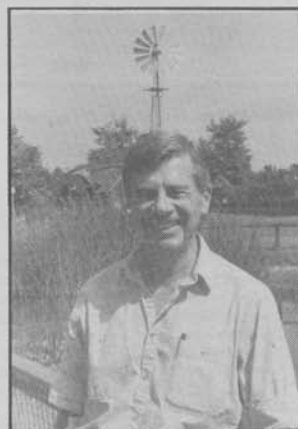
For a long time, Jordan thought he was seeing a single pair of the turtles, but one see JORDAN, page 11

PONDS, from front page

During 1973, a community advisory election was held which indicated that the site for this new downtown park should be its present location instead of the unofficial "People's Park" at the south end of the Embarcadero loop.

By 1974, drawings of the the proposed park had evolved dramatically to include a large pond — an inspired solution to water limitations facing the community. Due to the moratorium on new water hook-ups imposed by I.V. and Goleta voters in 1973, there was no way to provide irrigation for grass and other vegetation. While pondering this dilemma, Henderson noted that Embarcadero del Norte was four or five feet higher than Embarcadero del Mar. This observation led to the idea of a double-pond reservoir running the length of the park. Run-off water from del Norte would flow toward the lower pond at del Mar which would function as a small dam.

The biggest drawback to this concept was that the existing soil was not of the proper type to hold water year around. Henderson came up with a technique he learned as a boy growing up on a Missouri farm: using diatomaceous earth (billions



John Robert Henderson, the architect who designed Anisq'Oyo Park and its ponds. FREE PRESS photo.

of glassy skeletons of microscopic organisms called diatoms) to seal the bottom. It worked!

The actual digging out of the pond occurred in 1976. The evacuated earth was used to shape the amphitheater and other mounds scattered here and there, an innovation designed both to avoid the boring, flat look so many parks have, and to save the cost of hauling away the dirt.

In 1977, a request went out from the Isla Vista Park District's board of directors for community participation in giving the new park an official name. There were three main candidates: Madrid Park, Thomas Jefferson Park, and Anisq'Oyo Park. The supporters of Madrid wished to memorialize an extremely rare event in I.V. — the ripping out of an asphalt road to make way for trees — it had always been the other way around. Jefferson's supporters wished to immortalize the heady winds of democracy which were blowing through I.V. in those days. Anisq'Oyo



A Great Blue Heron in one of the Anisq'Oyo Park ponds. FREE PRESS photo by Pete Campbell.

was the name given by the Chumash people to the whole mesa upon which Isla Vista stands. The Chumash had inhabited the California coast from Pt. Magu to Morro Bay long before the Spanish explorers arrived. In contrast to all the attention given to the Spanish invasion and settling of this area with street names such as Seville, et. al., Anisq'Oyo was a refreshing change. It won wide approval in the several public hearings held and was finally selected by the Isla Vista Park Board, five elected I.V. residents. It also had been strongly recommended by the Santa Barbara Indian Center.

In the fall of that same year, about 100 people, including Chumash and other Native Americans, gathered in the park's amphitheater for a sunrise dedication ceremony during which, incredibly, an eagle circled slowly overhead. A very auspicious beginning.

It wasn't until 1978, at the suggestion of Park District employees Ben Fieseler and Jerry Wasserman, that the windmill/waterwheel was built. Mirrored in the calm waters of the ponds, the windmill inevitably has become a powerful visual



Fan Palm in Anisq'Oyo Park

symbol of Isla Vista's unique character and environmental concern — a symbol second only perhaps to the famous, but fallen, Isla Vista Tree.

It is this windmill which became the logo of the Isla Vista FREE PRESS when it began publishing just over two years ago.

Isla Vista FREE PRESS, March 20-April 4, 1989, Page 9

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On The Fauna & Flora of Anisq'Oyo Park

A Walk with Martin Kellogg

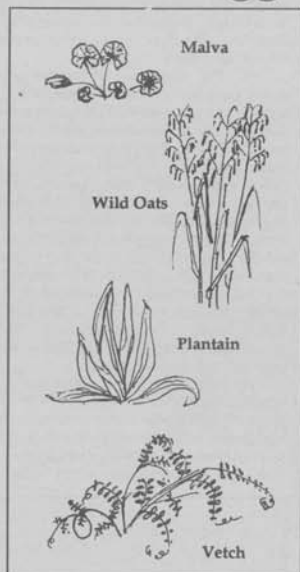
Martin Kellogg, who has lived in Isla Vista since the early 1970s may be the closest thing to a community naturalist this town has ever had. He and I took a long slow walk together around the pond, while he explained why even "weeds" are important plants because they are often food sources for butterflies. Malva, for instance, attracts the West Coast Lady and plantain brings the lovely buckeye butterfly.

There are several varieties of trees and shrubs around the pond, including Western Sycamore, two kinds of acacia, Monterey cypress and arroyo willow at the del Mar end. These often serve as home for various inhabitants of the park.

Two species of butterflies are known to inhabit the willow. One is Lorquin's Admiral—short for "admirable" Kellogg claims!—and the second is the better-known Mourning Cloak (antiopa) which deposits eggs on the willow twigs in clusters. About two weeks later they hatch into small black caterpillars which feed on the leaves, eating only the blade, leaving the network of veins untouched. After another week, a series of three moults begins, each one leaving the caterpillars a little larger and hungrier, so that even leaf veins are no longer spared. The tree is abandoned when it comes time for the big change: under the eaves of the building next to the willow, my companion pointed out to me the chrysalids hanging, soon to burst apart and out will come a butterfly with purple-brown wings, edged with a thin margin of pretty yellow and sometimes a row of tiny bright blue spots.

"They look something like a woman wearing a dark cloak over a yellow dress", he says, "with just a bit of yellow hem showing."

Lamenting what he considers the "excessive trimming" of some of the vegetation in the park, Kellogg explained how this discourages birds and other animals from lingering there because they need a sense of cover or shelter. The live oaks, for example, when untrimmed, grown down close to the ground, creating "rooms" of foliage for small animals and insects. Also, it is important to allow fallen leaves and such to remain, both because they decrease evaporation of water and mechanical erosion, but also because this groundcover encourages certain birds



(like the brown towhee) which forage in organic debris.

Kellogg expressed a strong hope that the Park District would do less "neatening and pruning", thereby creating a more inviting and natural-appearing park. He was especially adamant about keeping the bulrushes (which the District is considering removing) because they are a specific habitat for the delightful and gregarious Redwing blackbirds which are being increasingly squeezed out of other areas because of development.

On the other hand, he feels that bullfrogs may not be the best choice for the pond since they tend to eliminate any native frog species.

Kellogg would clearly prefer that the park had been planted with native species only. Lemonade berry shrub (which you will find at the upper pond, ocean side) is a good choice.

"And", he added "you can even make a sweet brew from its ripe berries." ■

A Final Word . . . from Blackbird

Leaning over the water in the late afternoon, Martin Kellogg and I watched the great egret stalking its dinner, the blackbirds bathing, a turtle basking on the hyacinths. We agreed these observations remind us humans how far we have strayed from the way things are done by most other creatures on this planet. We were reminded of our origins and that we must take care not to lose this deep and nourishing connection. Each one of us must accept the awesome responsibility of coming to know and to safeguard the environment around us, whether it is an entire redwood forest or merely a small stand of bulrushes.

Just as we were concluding our ruminations about whether or not the

human race was going to survive, a great egret swooped down onto the shore near us with a plump gopher in its beak. We watched eagerly, hoping to witness the events described earlier by Eddie Jordan. Sure enough, the gopher was dipped and gulped in a swift graceful motion that left us gasping with pleasure.

As a lover of ponds who has questioned other of my kind in these matters, I would suggest that the pond in Anisq'Oyo is not only the heart of our favorite park, but just may well be the heart of Isla Vista itself.

I invite you to go and sit by the water, listen to the blackbirds, and see if you don't agree. ■

Maintaining the Anisq'Oyo Pond

I.V. Park District general manager Glenn Lazof, who himself started with the district as a groundsworker in 1982, says Anisq'Oyo has always been his favorite park and the pond is probably the most important part of that affection.

"The park gets tremendous use," he adds. "Literally thousands of people pass through it everyday, and I think that one of the biggest attractions is the pond. Water is soothing. It draws people like a magnet."

The major maintenance problems of the ponds are: algae, a water supply, public safety, keeping it free of litter, mosquitos, and the need for occasional dredging.

Algae

Those soft masses of yellow-green stringy material that can currently be seen around the edges of the pond consist of various filamentous algae which proliferates in water with little dissolved oxygen. The windmill/waterwheel system was designed to continuously aerate the pond by sucking water up from the bottom of the lower pond, circulating it on the waterwheel to create a current which would continuously circulate the water, thus reducing excessive growth of algae and other organisms. The District also add an algae-eating bacteria into the pond several times a year, but it reforms faster than even this treatment can get rid of it.

The windmill/waterwheel system hasn't worked properly for several years. At present, the pump mechanism is frozen and needs repair.

"We really are working on getting it going again," says Lazof.

Water Supply

The pond was designed to be the park's water supply. A working water pump pulls water out of the lower pond into a sprinkling system. However, a few months ago the Goleta Water District gave the Park District a water meter for Anisq'Oyo Park which can be used to both refill the ponds as needed and to water the grass and other vegetation.

Lazof is concerned that the bulrushes which are so prominent in the ponds actually hasten water evaporation.

"The long filaments actually act like straws, drawing up water and evaporating it more rapidly," he says. He is considering replanting them with some other plants more sparing of water.

Safety

When full, the lower, larger pond is seven to eight feet deep and could be dangerous for children, thus the fence and the No Swimming signs. Fishing is not allowed either, but there is often some kid with a homemade pole trying it anyway. Some of the more enterprising have even made traps (baited with meat) for catching crayfish which can be seen along the edge of the ponds.

Littering

Picking up litter out of the pond actually takes up a lot of a groundworker's time. Beer cans and broken bottles are the biggest problems.

"I can't ever understand why people enjoy throwing trash into the pond," said Lazof.

Mosquitos

The South Coast Mosquito Abatement District is responsible for all mosquito control programs in the area. They stock tiny fish, called Gambusia affinis, or more popularly, "mosquito fish", into the pond as needed. These can be seen by the thousands at any time in the Anisq'Oyo pond. When born, they measure about one-half inch in length, and grow to about two inches at maturity.

Gambusia devour all mosquito larvae, are considered to be a very effective, organic way to deal with the problem and they are provided free by the district.

Dredging

According to its original design, the pond must be dredged every seven years or so to remove the accumulation of rotting organic matter from remains of plants and animals. In 1983, exactly seven years after its birth, the first dredging took place.

"It was an amazing experience," says Lazof, who took part in the dredging. He jokes about having been afraid that they might find a body . . .

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Jordan, from page 9

afternoon he saw all six sunning themselves on some floating islands of hyacinth along the shore.

Bullfrogs

There are also many large bullfrogs in the pond.

"They sound like fog horns," Jordan says.

And, this time of year, there are hundreds of their offspring, the tadpoles or polywogs with big round heads and slim tails.

The bullfrog is also an introduced species, being native to the Eastern U.S. and parts of Mexico. These frogs hibernate over the winter, emerging as early as February in our mild climate. The bullfrog captures its prey by lying in wait, then leaping forward, its tongue shooting out to wrap around the insect or other small creature, pulling it underwater where it is promptly swallowed. The bullfrog has been known to capture small mammals, birds such as ducks or mud swallows, other species of frogs, small turtles, and even garter snakes!

Red Crayfish

Crawdads or crayfish have appeared in great numbers some years. Last spring I've heard that during a weekend rain, hundreds of the red crayfish were seen crawling down Embarcadero del Norte late at night, much to the delight of a dozen young boys who were scooping them up to take home for some kind of tasty meal. Jordan says that they grow to be as big as six inches long. These freshwater crustaceans resemble small lobsters and can swim swiftly either forward or backward to escape predators (bullfrogs, herons, etc.). They feed mainly at night on small aquatic animals and some plant food.

Crayfish mate in the fall. Eggs attached to the female's swimmerets are drenched by a cloud of the male's sperm which stick to her bristles. Fertilization occurs later in the privacy of her burrow. Eggs hatch in the spring releasing tiny replicas of the adults who continue to cling to their mother for some time. Once on their own, the youngsters grow by a succession of moults during which they are extremely vulnerable and retreat to their burrows in the mudbank.

Egrets & Herons

The great and the snowy egret, as well as the great blue heron, come often to the pond to stalk for prey. All three are long-

legged, long-necked elegant fishers who are fairly tolerant of human beings who keep a respectful distance. Both kinds of egrets are snowy white, but you can tell the snowy by its "golden slippers" or yellow feet. The heron, on the other hand, is actually a pearly grey and likes to meditate in the tall cypress near the amphitheater. Between 25-30 herons nest in the tall Eucalyptus trees in the parking lot of Goleta Beach County Park on the other side of the UCSB campus. They can be seen at dawn and dusk flying high over



Redwinged Blackbird

the campus in search of their favorite feeding spots or on their way home from them.

Both the heron and the egrets make Jordan's job a bit easier he says, laughing, by catching gophers. The bird will stand in front of a hole and wait until it spots the gopher's head, then s/he'll give it a hard peck which stuns it, make a grab, then fly with its prize to the pond where the furry creature will be dipped into the water to make it slide down the bird's throat nice and easy.

Seagulls

Then there are the familiar seagulls, a line of whom are often hunched patiently on the rooftop of The Graduate in case anyone is giving away free food. They are ready to dive down in a moment whenever that happens, mewing plaintively and sometimes bickering among themselves for whatever scraps can be found.

In spite of frustrations, like repetitive vandalizing of sprinkler heads and a shortage of permanent groundsworkers, for Jordan the ever-changing character and beauty of the pond makes up for it all.

"The pond is what keeps me here," he said. "It's good for the soul." ■

LAZOF, from page 10

What they did find was several shopping carts, the expected beer cans and other litter, but — most surprising of all — a number of almost completely white carp, some over 20 inches long, that apparently had been living on the bottom where sunlight could not reach them.

The district did not stock any of the animals and plants that can be seen there today, except the water hyacinth. "Everything that you see got there either on its own, or from citizens' introductions," he says.

There are tentative plans to dredge it again during the summer of 1990, although Lazof says it doesn't appear to be as silted up as before the last dredging. He *Isla Vista FREE PRESS*, March 20-April 4, 1989, Page 11

is considering stocking the pond with bass this time because fish of the carp family stir up the bottom too much. Thus, he would prefer that people not put their goldfish into the pond, although he admits to having done so himself once.

One of Lazof's favorite Anisq'Oyo experiences is to come out to the ponds at night. The bullfrogs — some of them so huge he claims that they could knock over a small child — all fall silent at first. But if he continues to sit quietly, one by one they start up again until there is an incredible booming chorus.

"It's unbelievable," he chuckles. "You've got to try it sometime." ■

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Thanks for the letter from Sidney Autumn from Ellwood nominating the 76's Thornton, the Celtic's Rivas, and the Heat's Neal for our Dennis Austry award. Sid also defended Kevin McHale, pointing out that his stats are significantly better than such "franchise players" as Magic Johnson. ■