

We're closer than we've been all day.

Because so little
is left to the spiteful:
it's time to
redefine America:

The car is a black Ford Thunderbird
it's on its way to Las Vegas.
The music is those gold soundz
and it sounds best on a
stock stereo turned all the way up.
Three friends, of at least ten years,
and it's almost midnight,
almost my twenty-first birthday.
The bud is almost green
and the driver is almost sober.

I mumble the words to
Silent Night, Holy Night
and speak up in order to redefine

America. Don't realize they
can't hear me till I'm finished.

Numb to gas prizes and the monopolized
competition of the desert and an hour away
from the last important birthday of my life
(only thing to look forward to: car insurance drops
when I hit twenty-five), I run round the convenience
store like a familiar idiot,
trying on cowboy hats that are
way over
priced
and leaving water marks
from my hands
still wet from the bathroom.

I pick out a coloring book
featuring the stories of the Old
& New Testament. and.
A BOX OF 64 CRAYONS.

his master's voice

by jason.edu

SIDE
a

1995

Epic Records

*Voted 'Best Hair' Nexus Reader's Poll since 1995

2.99 buys me fifty colors
named with a Thesaurus
or by a Thesaurus-type man.
Jeff handles the shocking realization ...
"Boxes of 64 crayons don't
cost like twenty dollars." *

*Twenty dollars symbolic
for being completely unaffordable on a car trip as a kid
between 1980-1987.

Bad Ass James,
a sobering driver,
buys lemonade, rests it in his
lap as the road
gives up dimensions
and forms a straight line that connects
with Las Vegas,
I don't watch James
but I can hear him taste his

lemonade as he swallows it.
It's a character trait.

"We're closer than we've been
all day," I announce.
Jeff says, "We're closer now."
James says, "Now."
"Now. Now."

"Now."
"Now."

"Now."
"Now."

A pause even a hip
filmmaker would notice. Then:
"O.K.," I say. "Now."

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

brought to you by **The Study Hall**
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Snacky Shacky

New fiction
from the likes of
Noah Lane Blumberg

"Those damn Myron Brothers are on again," thought Jared. He was watching the music channel again. The Myron Brothers were a spectacularly successful new pop music group composed of two identical twins, Mark and Matt Myron, who were obscenely handsome, tanned, muscle-bound and sang in the comfortably high voices of 12-year-olds. The video for the No. 1 smash "Holding You (You're My Best Friend)" was on. Jared looked frustratingly into the TV. "They've got to be lip-synching," he thought.

Today was the day that Jared would finally leave his parents' house in the suburbs and start his new job in Oakland. Jared's friend Lance had arranged the job for him. So far, all that Jared knew about this new job was that there would be some lifting and that the bosses were Russian immigrants. The important detail was that the job paid \$100 a day. That was enough information for Jared.

Jared pulled up to the address that Lance had given him. The sign out front read "We Fix Fast and Good Appliance." At the front door, a middle-aged man dressed in brand-new blue jeans and a hooded sweatshirt greeted Jared. "You must be zeh Jerry," said the man.

"Uh, Jared," Jared corrected. "It's very nice to meet you."

The man paused and looked at Jared for a few seconds and then said, "My nem eez Jack Collins, willcome to zeh fammly."

"Oh thank you very

much." Jared looked around. It was what looked to be an appliance repair shop with a few small TVs, a toaster, and some tools. "Will I be working on repairing appliances?"

"No, not really. You work beck zerr," the man said as he pointed through a beaded doorway. "Let me jus till you zat zis eez a good pless to work. We eat rill good here. We get you wahtever you want. Sandwich. McDonald's. Wahtever. And you don't need to say nussing about what you do here. It's a good pless to work and you don't need to say nussing."

The man led Jared through the beaded doorway and into a huge warehouse filled with large, new-looking appliances: TVs, refrigerators, washing machines and stereo equipment. Three people were sitting on some boxes in the middle of the ware-

house, watching TV. There were two men of about 30 and a woman that looked to be a few years older than the man who led Jared in. The man said, "Zeez are my two sons, Kevin and the Jack Jr. And ziss is my wife, Eve." They all nodded at Jared.

Jared said, "Hi, I'm Jared." The wife was wearing a weight-lifting belt loosely over the bottom of her hooded sweatshirt. The sons were dressed in brightly colored sweaters and had gold bracelets.

The man said, "Hev a seat," and Jared sat down on a nearby box and looked at the TV. The Myron Brothers were on again. This time it was another one of their No. 1 hits, "Lazy Summer Love (Friends Fo'ever)."

The Brothers were on at least once an hour for the eight hours that Jared sat on the box. Neither he nor the other three people worked at all that day. They all sat and watched the music channel and did not speak. After a few

hours, the man came into the warehouse and brought each person a Big Mac meal. During lunch, the sons and the mother spoke briefly in an East Asian language that Jared could not identify.

Near the end of the day, Jared made eye contact with the mother. She quickly looked away and walked to a different part of the warehouse.

As Jared was leaving, the man handed him a \$100 bill. Jared said, "Aren't there any tax forms that you want me to fill out?"

"Tex Forms?" the man said. "You don't nidd any tex forms. Ziss is a good pless to work. We call you."

Jared never got a call about when he was supposed to work again. He asked Lance if he knew what was wrong and Lance said, "Yeah, I guess you offended them."



Josh Rutkin is a Muscle-Bound Jerk

It's a fine Friday afternoon. I lie on my bed watching the sunlight expand and contract through the curtains, collect on the windowsill, coagulate on the opposite wall etc., and listen to my roommate shout, "Fuck you, mutherfucker!" at a video game he is playing.

I don my new hip, darker-than-hell sunglasses, let a cigarette dangle from my lip (I figure I should be addicted to them at some point or another) and let the fine music of the "Jazz Butcher Conspiracy" course through my ears, ahhh-so coool. "Yea, I'm a bad ass," I tell myself as I take an extra long drag.

I have almost convinced myself to get dressed and go to the gym, but not quite — there are still a couple of songs left on the CD, and I think I want to listen to Pat Fish sing once more about the glories of Bakersfield before I stir a muscle. But the moment inevitably comes and I find myself cruising down on my 10-speed Schwinn that is almost 10 years older than I am, singing "Ya' Man, We Be Ja' Man," thinking about a book I have been reading about the side effects of advanced technology and how people must endure the strain of an increasing number of competing self-investments that all demand equal attention, thoughts like the ones that plagued me this morning, like I really should read the paper for once, I really should eat breakfast, I really should do my homework, I really should meditate, I really should work on my highly advanced solar-powered washing machine, I really should write a letter to my friend who still thinks there is something wrong with the post office, I really should pay more attention to my postcard collection, I really should re-examine my values, I really should get in touch with my emotions, I really should find a place to live next year — I mean college is not unlike the emotional equivalent of being drawn and quartered.

This time, through a process of random selection, the desire to get buffed won out. I finally arrive and am already out of breath from the five-minute bike ride it took to get here, but I think I can handle it. I fumble for a few minutes for my student I.D., letting the line accumulate behind me. I produce my card and show it nonchalantly to the person behind the desk, then make my way among the towering pillars of the more frequent (exercisers) toward the bench press. I lay on 200 pounds to begin with, just to see where I'm at. Through a process of elimination, I reduce the weight until I am left with just the bar and my own fractured ego. Well, enough about that.

Someone approaches me as I take a long break and asks if he can "grab a set between sets." I stare dumbfounded for a moment until a light goes on, a connection between the synapses. "You mean you want to use this thing?" I feel I am making progress. I leave the gym in high spirits, feeling really exhilarated, feeling like I could conquer the world, feeling like ... I lie on my bed, don my glasses, my cigarette, and the natural selection evolutionary cycle begins once more.

Santa Barbara Film Society Presents

Rebel Without A Cause

James Dean



Sunday, April 27/ 7 PM
UCSB's Isla Vista Theater

James Dean stars in this film about an alienated, lonely teenager who nobody understands. Don't miss your chance to see the original wide-screen version.

Film Society Members: \$3 General Admission: \$5

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\$4.00

TIMES SHOWN IN () BRACKETS

PASEO NUEVO
8 W. DE LA GUERRA PL. - S.B.

TRAVELLER (R)
Fri-Sat - 1:30 (4:20) 7:10 9:50
Sun - 1:30 7:10 only
Mon-Thurs - 2:15 (5:10) 7:50

GROSSE POINTE BLANK (R)
Fri-Sun - 1:20 (4:10) 7:00 9:45
Mon-Thurs - 2:35 (5:30) 8:00

THE DEVIL'S OWN (R)
Fri-Sat - 1:45 (4:30) 7:20 9:55
Sun - (4:30) 9:55 only
Mon-Thurs - 2:25 (5:00) 7:40

LIAR LIAR (PG-13)
Fri-Sun - 2:00 (4:45) 7:30 9:50
Mon-Thurs - 2:45 (5:20) 7:30

CINEMA TWIN
6050 HOLLISTER AVE - GOLETA

*** VOLCANO (PG-13)**
Fri - (4:20) 7:00 9:35
Sat-Sun - 1:40 (4:20) 7:00 9:35
Mon-Thurs - (5:20) 8:00 only

*** MURDER AT 1600 (R)**
Fri - (4:30) 7:10 9:45
Sat-Sun - 1:50 (4:30) 7:10 9:45
Mon-Thurs - (5:40) 8:15 only

ARLINGTON THEATRE & TICKET AGENCY
1317 STATE - INFO: 963-4408
TICKET AGENCY HOURS:
MON - SAT 9:00 AM - 6:00 PM
SUN - 9AM - 4PM

*** VOLCANO (PG-13)**
Fri-Sun - 1:45 (4:30) 7:15 9:45
Mon & Wed - 2:30 (5:15) 8:00
Tues & Thurs - Plays at Fiesta 5

FEATURES & SHOWTIMES
BELOW BEGIN
FRI., APRIL 25

NO PASSES & COUPONS
ACCEPTED ON * NO PASS
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS

METRO 4
618 STATE STREET - S.B.

SNEAK PREVIEW SATURDAY
*** BREAKDOWN (R)** Sat - 8:00 PM

FEMALE PERVERSIONS (R)
Fri-Sun - 1:20 7:10 9:55
Mon-Thurs - 2:10 8:00 only

McHALE'S NAVY (PG)
Fri-Sun - 1:45 (4:40) only
Mon-Thurs - 2:20 only

SLING BLADE (R)
Fri-Sun - (4:00) only
Mon-Thurs - (5:00) only

ANACONDA (PG-13)
Fri-Sun - 2:15 (4:50) 7:30 9:50
Mon-Thurs - 2:45 (5:20) 7:40

THE SAINT (PG-13)
Fri & Sun - 1:15 (4:10) 7:00 9:50
Sat - 1:15 (4:10) 9:50
Mon-Thurs - 2:30 (5:10) 7:50

THAT OLD FEELING (PG-13)
Fri-Sun - 7:20 9:45 only
Mon-Thurs - (4:50) 7:30 only

RIVIERA
2044 ALAMEDA PADRE SERRA - S.B.

*** PARADISE ROAD (R)**
Fri - (5:15) 8:00 only
Sat/Sun/Wed - (2:30) (5:15) 8:00
Mon/Tues/Thurs - (5:15) 8:00 only

FAIRVIEW TWIN
251 N. FAIRVIEW - GOLETA

GROSSE POINTE BLANK (R)
Fri & Mon-Thurs - (5:30) 8:15 only
Sat-Sun - 2:45 (5:30) 8:15

THE SAINT (PG-13)
Fri & Mon-Thurs - (5:20) 8:00 only
Sat-Sun - 2:30 (5:20) 8:00

ASSISTED LISTENING
SYSTEMS AT
ALL LOCATIONS

DAILY MATINEE
\$5.00

AFTERNOON SHOW(S) BEFORE TWILIGHT

FIESTA 5
916 STATE STREET - S.B.

*** ROMY AND MICHELE'S
HIGH SCHOOL REUNION (R)**
Fri-Sun - 2:00 (4:30) 7:00 9:30
Mon-Thurs - 2:45 (5:10) 7:40

LOVE AND OTHER CATASTROPHES (R)
Fri-Sun - 9:40 only
Mon-Thurs - 2:30 only

8 HEADS IN A DUFFEL BAG (R)
Fri-Sun - (4:45) 9:45 only
Mon-Thurs - (5:30) only

*** MURDER AT 1600 (R)**
Fri-Sun - 1:50 (4:40) 7:20 9:50
Mon-Thurs - 2:40 (5:20) 8:00

INVENTING THE ABBOTTS (R)
Fri-Sun - 1:45 (4:20) 7:00
Mon & Wed - (5:00) 7:30 only
Tues & Thurs - (5:00) only

CHASING AMY (R)
Fri-Sun - 2:20 (4:50) 7:30 9:55
Mon & Wed - 2:35 (5:30) 8:00
Tues & Thurs - 2:35 8:00 only

SCREAM (R)
Fri-Sun - 2:10 7:10 only
Mon & Wed - 2:50 7:50 only
Tues & Thurs - 7:50 only

*** VOLCANO (PG-13)**
Tues & Thurs - 2:50 (5:40) 8:15

PLAZA DE ORO
349 HITCHCOCK WAY - S.B.

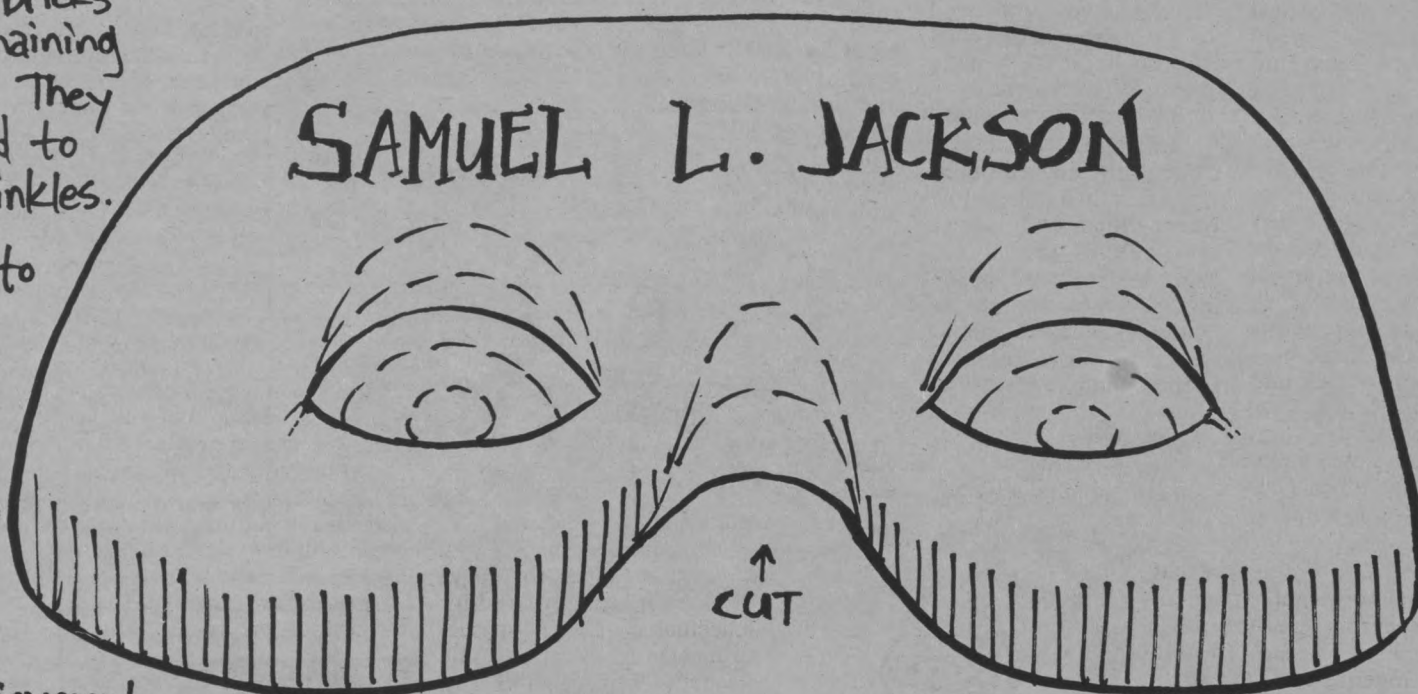
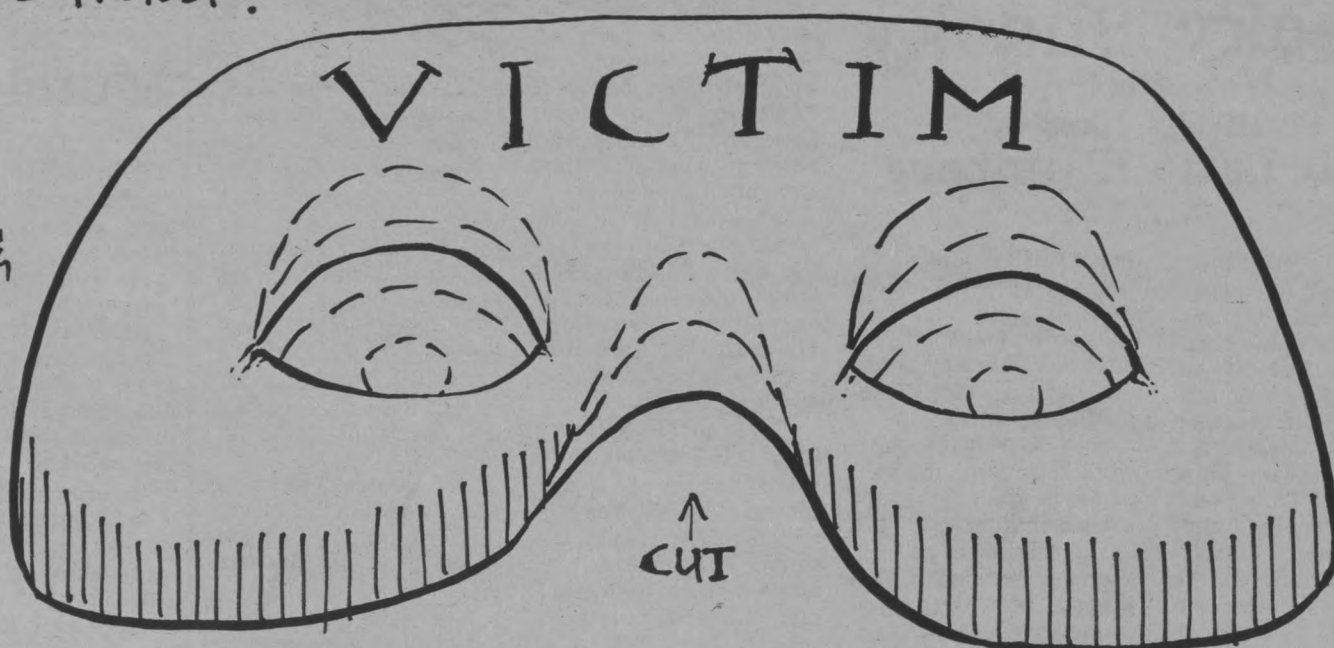
KAMA SUTRA: A TALE OF LOVE (NR)
Fri & Mon-Thurs - 8:00 only
Sat-Sun - 2:40 8:00 only

KOLYA (PG-13) (5:30) only

ANACONDA (PG-13)
Fri & Mon-Thurs - (5:20) 7:45 only
Sat-Sun - 2:50 (5:20) 7:45

THE MASKS OF SOCIAL PROTEST! DIRECTIONS:

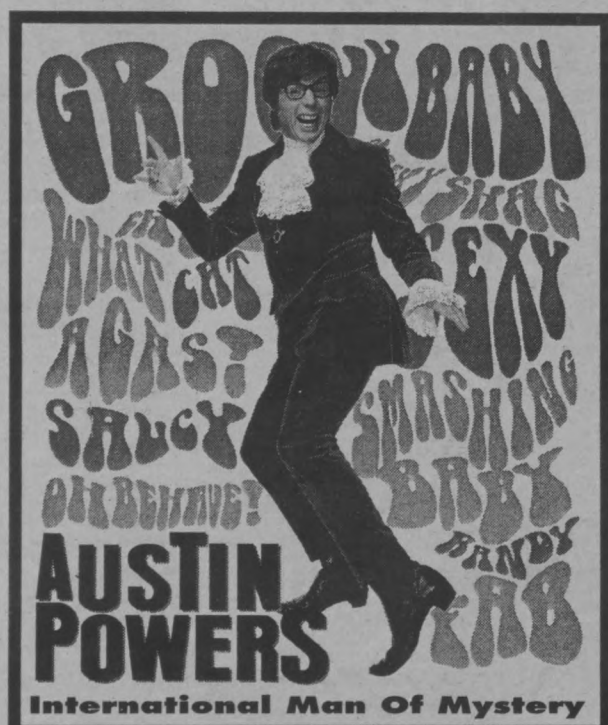
1. Do not wipe
ass with this.
That's what "Clive &
Cabbage" is for.
2. Cut out preferred
mask.
3. Cut out eyelets
and nose piece
according to your
facial features.
Do not shit bricks
over the remaining
dotted lines. They
are engineered to
look like wrinkles.
4. Tape mask to
your face.
Facial hair
is fun.
5. Dance around,
wearing only
this mask.
Drunkenness
amplifies enjoyment.



92.9 KJEE

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Wednesday, April 30th at 7:30pm
The Paseo Nuevo Theatre

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HOW TO GET YOUR TICKETS:

- At Reggae Tuesday at Calypso - 514 State St.
- Spring Fever at SBCC
- By Listening All Day Long!!