Mission Statement #2: To Mark Our Territory With An Unique Blend of Exotic Juices

Is Life More Than Mere Survival?

Kelly Parkinson kicks off Turn Off Your TV Week

his week, according to a flier tacked to a telephone pole just past Lupita's Mexican Restaurant, is National Boycott Television Week. While this is a provocative concept, the whole point of it all seemed ab-sent. Who was this omniscient crusader anyway, and why didn't he run for A.S. president? I decided to investigate.

I contacted Ted Turner, CEO of CNN. "What do you think? Should TV be boycotted?"

"No, TV is good. It makes us all good citizens. I watch it all the time. And look at me — I'm rich. Definitely, people should watch TV. Makes you smart, too. Look at me, I'm a smart guy. Watch plenty TV. My wife Jane Fonda has a good infomercial on right now. That's one of my favorite programs."

"I haven't seen it."

"Oh," Ted Turner said. "It's good. She wears these tights and a blue leotard and does kicks and bend-overs, that kind of thing.'

"Well, thanks for your time, Ted," I said. He gave me his business card before I left, because that's what people over at CNN do to each other so they don't forget each other's titles. Then I thought of something. What if Turner is just saying it because he owns CNN? I should ask someone who isn't famous and married to Jane Fonda.

My quest led me to the doorstep of my local Amway distributor. His name is Grant Hedgepath. This man is at least 70, and he's bought a house, a Mercedes and a wife selling Amway detergent, self-tanning lotion, makeup. ... Amway even packages nutritious shake mix, he said. We sipped Citri-Lite and chatted in the living room.

"Television is evil," he said, leaning forward confiden-.

tially. "It's the plague of Babylon, infesting the world with death and destruction. Beware of the beast, the hour is soon upon us!" He fiercely pounded his glass of "On occasion I do Citri-Lite onto the coffee table. watch Biography on A&E — that's a fairly good show. Did you see that one with Judy Garland? Excellent. Marcella and I were in tears. And one week they did a gangster series.

"Which reminds me, have I shown you the new Am-way cigars that just came in? They're imported from a cozy little mom-and-pop sweatshop in Mexico. Carefully handcrafted, taste like a piece of heaven and hell mixed up together."

Sounded interesting, but I had to go, I said.

"Okeedokee." Grant tinkled the ice around in the glass as he gazed at me like we'd shared a dirty joke. "Bye."

Grant Hedgepath is weird. I thought hard. Everyone is weird. Like dirt, you can't escape it.

Next on my list of sources was Snoop Doggy Dogg, a reliable old informant who once helped me solve the Case of the Missing Indo. I travelled to his Beverly Hills mansion. He made me take off my shoes so as not to soil the new carpeting. He was a little distracted, glancing repeatedly toward the kitchen. I think he was baking cookies. I smelled them. So I left. He never shares his cookies. "See ya 'round, dawg." "Peace out (secret handshake).'

Since I was in the area, I decided to stop by Marilyn Manson's place as well. A shirtless figure in gray sweat pants strained against a lawn mower in front of a house with green shutters. It was him. I tapped him on a sunburnt shoulder blade. He turned off the mower. "Eh?"

"Hey, Marilyn, I want to ask you something. Is it true that you're really Kevin from Mr. Belvedere?"

"No," he squeaked. "Where'd you hear that?" "Everybody says so."

Marilyn fingered the cinch-string of his sweat pants. "So what if I was Kevin? I was brainwashing the masses. Television is about power. I want power. I want more power than Jesus." His eyes flashed brilliantly, then dulled.

"You made a nice Kevin. What was Mr. Belvedere like?"

He shrugged. "He was fat and full of himself and he always pinched the director's ass."

"Oh. So should people boycott television?"

"They should boycott life." "That's very astute, Marilyn."

"Thanks. Do you think it's good?"

"Oh, yes. People make considerable amounts of money coining phrases like that. Have you ever considered a lucrative career in the field of advertising?"

"Gosh, no. I never thought I was witty enough." "What are you saying? You are so witty and you don't even know it?"

He slapped me on the back. "Thanks, man." "No, I mean it." He blushed and scratched his ear with a ragged fingernail, then shameful of feeling good, turned the lawn mower back on.

I dismissed myself and remembered one more person I must speak with. The man who helped re-key the gate as well as swing it shut — University of California Regent Ward Connerly. That's a long title, but he doesn't freely distribute business cards - something about budget with the free golden pen they give to all the regents. "Well, I watch TV," he said. "That should answer your question."

My eyes wandered over to the paper in the tray of his laser printer. That paper looked oddly familiar. Some people have a sense of smell or sight or hearing; I have a sense of paper. I stood there in his office and thought. I thought hard there in the air-conditioned suite. Something wasn't right. "May I use your phone?" I asked.

"So long as it's not long distance." I called anyway. "Snoop, here's the scoop. I'm in Ward Connerly's office right now and I have a gnawing suspicion -

Snoop interrupted. "Say no more, Parkinson. Your hunch is correct. I've been thinking the same thing, only I opted for silence during our meeting because of the cookies.

"So it's confirmed?"

"Affirmative."

Special Agent Snoop had already solved it; the evi-dence pointed to Ward's pink eraser nub of a head. He'd put up the signs. Ward Connerly had posted the fliers to distract us from the real issues.

"I know you posted the fliers to distract us from the real issues," I said to him.

He sniffed. "What are you going to do about it?" "I'm going to pinch your head!" I closed one eye and

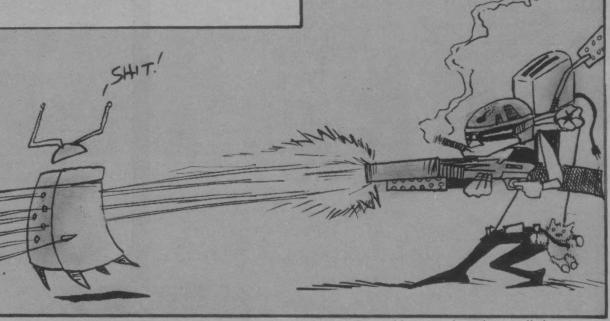
looked at his head through my thumb and index finger, closing the gap ever so slowly as I had done to countless villains before.

He laughed. "Your attempts are futile. Don't you know you can't pinch my head in this office. Your powers were deactivated as soon as you walked through that door."

howled. "Noooo!"

He howled back. "Yeeees!"

"I'm telling!" I said for lack of something clever, and bolted out the door w



Alton

restrictions

"So, University of California Regent Ward Connerly, TV watchers: pimps or wimps?'

He gave me a dismissive smile and tapped his desk thirsty. At least, I consoled myself, I have cable.

My quest had ended. I had failed to pinch the head of darkness. I would never be a Jedi reporter, and I was

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2A Friday, April 25, 1997

Daily Nexus

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 sounds 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

2.99 buys me fifty colors named with a Thesaurus or by a Thesaurus- type man. Jeff handles the shocking realization ... "Bozes 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,

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.

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

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."



his master's voice

jason.edu

Epic Records

1995

SIDE

Daily Nexus

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 chan-nel 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, musclebound 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 ar-ound. 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



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 wear-ing 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

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."

Friday, April 25, 1997 3A

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 ad-dicted 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 selfinvestments 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.



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 Join the film society and get discounts on ticket prices, coffee, videos, cd's, and more!

TRAVELLER (R) Frl-Sat - 1:30 (4:20) 7:10 9:50	SNEAK PREVIEW SATURDAY * BREAKDOWN (R) Sat-8:00 PM	* ROMY AND MICHELE'S HIGH SCHOOL REUNION (R) Frl-Sun - 2:00 (4:30) 7:00 9:30 Mon-Thurs - 2:45 (5:10) 7:40	
Sun - 1:30 7:10 only Mon-Thurs - 2:15 (5:10) 7:50	FEMALE PERVERSIONS (R) Frl-Sun - 1:20 7:10 9:55		
GROSSE POINTE BLANK (R)	Mon-Thurs - 2:10 8:00 only	(R) Fri-Sun - 9:40 only	
Frl-Sun - 1:20 (4:10) 7:00 9:45 Mon-Thurs - 2:35 (5:30) 8:00	McHALE'S NAVY (PG) Frl-Sun - 1:45 (4:40) only	Mon-Thurs - 2:30 only 8 HEADS IN A DUFFEL BAG (R)	
THE DEVIL'S OWN (R)	Mon-Thurs - 2:20 only	Fri-Sun - (4:45) 9:45 only Mon-Thurs - (5:30) only	
Frl-Sat - 1:45 (4:30) 7:20 9:55 Sun - (4:30) 9:55 only Mon-Thurs - 2:25 (5:00) 7:40	SLING BLADE (R) Fri-Sun - (4:00) only Mon-Thurs - (5:00) only	* MURDER AT 1600 (R) Frl-Sun - 1:50 (4:40) 7:20 9:50	
LIAR LIAR (PG-13)	ANACONDA (PG-13) Frl-Sun - 2:15 (4:50) 7:30 9:50	Mon-Thurs - 2:40 (5:20) 8:00	
Frl-Sun - 2:00 (4:45) 7:30 9:50 Mon-Thurs - 2:45 (5:20) 7:30	Mon-Thurs - 2:45 (5:20) 7:40	INVENTING THE ABBOTTS (R) Fri-Sun - 1:45 (4:20) 7:00 Mon & Wed - (5:00) 7:30 only Tues & Thurs - (5:00) only	
CINEMA TWIN	THE SAINT (PG-13) Frl & Sun - 1:15 (4:10) 7:00 9:50		
6050 HOLLISTER AVE - GOLETA	Sat - 1:15 (4:10) 9:50 Mon-Thurs - 2:30 (5:10) 7:50	CHASING AMY (R) Frl-Sun - 2:20 (4:50) 7:30 9:55 Mon & Wed - 2:35 (5:30) 8:00 Tues & Thurs - 2:35 8:00 only	
* VOLCANO (PG-13) Fri - (4:20) 7:00 9:35	THAT OLD FEELING (PG-13) Frl-Sun - 7:20 9:45 only		
Sat-Sun - 1:40 (4:20) 7:00 9:35 Mon-Thurs - (5:20) 8:00 only	Mon-Thurs - (4:50) 7:30 only	SCREAM (R)	
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ARLINGTON THEATRE	Mon/Tues/Thurs - (5:15) 8:00 only	PLAZA DE ORO	
& TICKET AGENCY 1317 STATE - INFO - 963-4408	FAIRVIEW TWIN	349 HITCHCOCK WAY - S.B. KAMA SUTRA: A TALE OF LOVE	
TICKET AGENCY HOURS: MON - SAT 9:00 AM -6:00 PM	251 N. FAIRVIEW - GOLETA	(NR) Fri & Mon-Thurs - 8:00 only Sat-Sun - 2:40 8:00 only	
SUN - 9AM - 4PM	Fil & Mon-Thurs - (5:30) 8:15 only Sat-Sun - 2:45 (5:30) 8:15	KOLYA (PG-13) (5:30) only	
Frl-Sun - 1:45 (4:30) 7:15 9:45	THE SAINT (PG-13)	ANACONDA (PG-13)	
Mon & Wed - 2:30 (5:15) 8:00 Tues & Thurs - Plays at Flesta 5	Fil & Mon-Thurs - (5:20) 8:00 only Sat-Sun - 2:30 (5:20) 8:00 -	Fri & Mon-Thurs - (5:20) 7:45 only Sat-Sun - 2:50 (5:20) 7:45	

