

FMM

Friday Magazine

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More Friday Nightlife

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Apartment Insect Wildlife

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Assignment - Friday, October 9, 1987:

Go into Isla Vista tonight. Do things you would usually do on a Friday night; parties, studying, whatever. Then, tell us what happened....

isla vista friday night



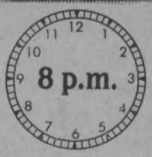
Brenda Plummer
Contributor



I paced around my quiet oceanside D.P. apartment. I was ready to attack my Friday night. "Dead," was the term most people were using around 8:00 to describe the Isla Vista scene. But it was early, and I was determined to party — there's always something going on in I.V., right?

I never knew it could be such a chore convincing people to go out and have a good time. I live with six other people, and I actually had problems finding one to party

(See BRENDA, p.2A)



Mike Lupro
Contributor

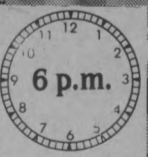


I.V. Friday Night. Yeah! Fully supplied and ready to roll. Ooga-booga.

Our Friday afternoon ritual has got me primed and ready to go on assignment. It seems as though we've accidentally started a tradition here at Sultan Palace, my home:

- 11:50 — out of class.
- 12:00 — buying whiskey.
- 12:15 — enjoying our Kentucky liquid lunch.
- 2:30 — stumbling over guitars and drums and giggling in a raised pitch.

(See MIKE, p.4A)



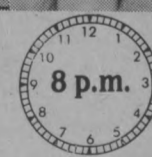
Sarah Stettler
Contributor



Still wired from the three mochas I had at Roma at five, I quickly reduce the mounds of dirty dishes in our sink to nothingness. Ordinarily, starting off my Friday night with household chores does nasty things to my disposition. Tonight is no exception.

I call Mary, one of my best friends. She's sick and very tired because she came home last night to the unpleasant surprise of a drunk person in her bed. I try to persuade her to go out anyway, but not knowing of

(See SARAH, p.2A)



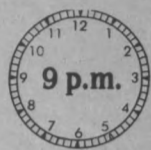
Brenda Plummer

(Continued from p.1)

with. Four of them were sprawled across the living room with friends, watching "An Officer and a Gentleman," on our small TV.

Personally, I like that movie. But I couldn't believe they were fully satisfied with just watching it. "Well, I've partied the last three nights in a row. Heavily," one said. "I just don't want to go out because we're having a party here tomorrow night," another said.

I retreated to my room, blasted David Bowie's *ChangesOne*, especially "Young Americans," which I played five times. I started the tedious process of trying to get "that I.V. look" — color-coordinated make-up and hair stiffened with hairspray and gel. I wore an oversized black sweater and a gray and white miniskirt.



It seems like whenever I have my heart set on going out and having "fun," weird things happen. I waited for more than an hour for Kimmi, another of my

roommates, to get home from work. I didn't know what could possibly be taking her so long — she said she was on her way home from Piccadilly Square when I talked to her on the phone. In the meantime, I re-did my make-up, re-did my hair, and walked back and forth between my room and the kitchen at least ten times.

I poured champagne into a coffee cup and waited. Sue walked out of her room. "Oh, Kimmi called. She's locked in at work."

"She's what?" I said.

"Something got screwed up with the security system, and she's locked in. I told her to call the police." I couldn't believe it. When Kimmi finally got home, she was too upset to go out. "I wanna go out, but I just know I wouldn't have a good time," she said.

After finishing the rest of the bottle of champagne with me, I convinced the last room-mate, Linda, that she didn't want to stay home on a Friday night. It was around 9:30 when we got out. There was a party going three apartment buildings down D.P., but the music and the crowd in front weren't quite the type of party scene we were looking for. As we walked down D.P., I made Linda promise not to let me scam. It was the last thing I wanted to write about.

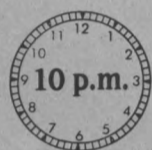
We decided to walk into this party we saw/heard on Sabado even though neither one of us knew who lived there or what was going on.

That's one of the great things about I.V., though. You can walk into almost any party, and if there's a keg it's practically guaranteed that somebody you know will be there. We heard The Police on the stereo and the clink of a quarters game and when we walked in. Of course there were a few people we knew.

About 10 or 11 women sat around the kitchen table playing quarters. The men either stood outside or looked at the CD collection. It looked suspiciously like an eighth grade dance. I looked at the wall above the stereo, where a poster of a baby covered in spaghetti hung.

I went into the bathroom, where two black skateboards leaned against the wall. And, of course, there was no toilet paper. When I came out, the mingling had increased. One man came up to me and mumbled: "That's a really interesting watch. Where can I get one?" Gee, what a great line, I thought.

We didn't stay for long, but while we were there, we drank some beer and talked to some interesting people. Mick, who really wanted his name in the paper; Beth, who called UCSB students "happy gauchos;" and this guy named Alex who tried the same line on both Linda and myself at different times before we left. "So, who do you know here?" he asked us.



Linda and I were walking on El Embarcadero when a bicycle cruised by at a rather high speed and almost knocked me over. That was nothing. Within seconds we

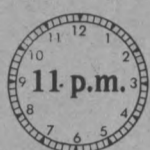
looked up to see a single moped headlight heading straight for us. At the last second (and I mean the last), it swerved and missed. The driver sped away, laughing at the screams his little stunt produced.

Moving to the sidewalk, we walked by SOS

Beer and decided to visit my friend, Mark, who had to spend his Friday night working. I wondered who was luckier, him or me.

Looking past SOS, we could see people waiting in line for U2 tickets. Other than the line, the streets were unusually empty. I saw Shelly, who lived at F.T. last year with me. I hadn't seen her since then, and we caught up. We talked about the usual UCSB things, grades and classes and men. She took my tape recorder and said directly, "Men are assholes. And I'm not a lesbian either."

Further down the line, a group of about seven men offered us some pretzels that tasted really good and cried out for beer. So off we went to D.P. "We need more beer. We're starting to burn out. We need more beer," Linda said to me.



We started down D.P.

"Excuse me, what are your views on casual sex?" Linda and I looked at each other unamused as two rather short, dark-haired guys

stumbled after us. They were completely wasted. We noticed the clues: they gave us different names and swayed in circles as they stood in one place. They tried to pick us up but it wasn't working. They were actually kind of funny to listen to — most drunk people are when you're buzzed enough to tolerate it.

Then one of them noticed that I was carrying the recorder. Linda and I explained to them what I was doing, recording my night so I could write about it. "Are you serious?" one asked. "Hey, we're gonna be on the radio!" the other said. They didn't quite understand the difference between "magazine" and "radio" at that point.

Then the shorter of the two leaned into the recorder and proceeded to say kinky, obnoxious things into it, such as, "I know you're going to take this tape home and masturbate to it." What happened next took place within

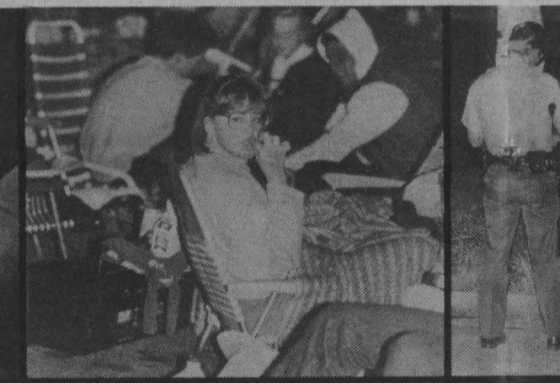


Partygoers at 1000 El Embarcadero were complex celebrated the return of the seventi few brave souls donned polyester for the eve

minutes. At the time I was more stunned than scared, even though they were obviously borderline weirdos. Besides, I thought, there are a lot of people around, and someone will help us if they try anything. He became paranoid when he realized what he was actually saying on tape. And instead of asking me to erase it, he did the "logical" thing. He grabbed the recorder out of my hand and ran down Del Playa. After a split-second of complete shock, I chased after him.

But first, a brief comment on Isla Vista society. What would you do if you saw a woman in a rather restrictive mini-skirt, chasing a man down the street and yelling for someone to stop him? Would you put down your beer and try to stop him? Or would you maybe yell out smart-ass comments like, "Help! Someone stole my virginity!" as one

Friday nightlife in Isla Vista, California: Where were you?



Sarah Stettler

(Continued from p.1)

anything to do works against me. She wants to stay home and study. I'm pissed off and tell her I'll call her back later.

I hang up and look dejectedly around my apartment. It's quiet except for the occasional rustle of a turned page. Everyone and their mother seems to be studying tonight. Considering my options, I leaf through my phone book.

Two of my best friends left I.V. for San Francisco today; Steph for the weekend and Jen for good. My mood sinks a little deeper as I think about how much I will miss not having Jen around. She's leaving Santa Barbara City College in mid-semester. She said she felt stifled by Isla Vista.

It was a combination of things; the cramped, dense population crowded out the possibility of such luxuries as sidewalks and privacy. Ticky-tacky stucco buildings and a cultural vacuum were more than she could stand. Mary and I tried to explain to her that everyone goes through a period of feeling that way when they first move to I.V., but they eventually get used to it.

But Jen is one of the most determined, stubborn, obstinate people I know and after hearing us out, she quietly said that she will miss us but has made up her mind. Though I am disappointed, I grudgingly admire her determination and accept her decision.

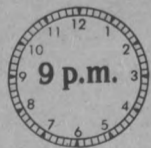
I shake myself from contemplation and begin to make my rounds on the telephone. Liz's Mom is in town. Carla's answering machine is on. Christy's on long distance over at Sue's and will get back to me later. I don't know what I'm going to do yet but decide to get ready anyway. I begin to suspect that this may not be a good night to do this story. I.V. seems dead.



The acoustics of our apartment are very strange. Our living room can be silent while our bathroom reverberates with music from outside. I turn off my blow

dryer. All I can hear is music blaring from Sigma Chi. They've been playing The Smiths for a half hour. In the split second it takes for Morrissey to catch his breath between run-on sentences (I think he takes oxygen intravenously), I hear my roommate Caren call my name.

It's Sue on the phone. We're going to a party at Xanadu on oceanside D.P. She's half-convinced Mary to go out and asks me to finish the job. Within a few minutes I arrange to pick her up at nine.



I pull on a pair of fresh white crew socks and slip on my white — scratch that — grey Sperrys. They've seen one too many nights in I.V. I slide Alison Moyet's

Raindancing into my car stereo and head over to Mary's, only two blocks away. Halfway there, on the corner of Embarcadero del Norte and Picasso, I'm blocked by a giant bus and a train of girls crossing the street, probably for the Kappa date party.

I pick up Mary and make my way through the obstacle course of I.V. streets over to Sue's, on D.P.

Still recovering from the shock of finding a parking spot, Mary and I get out of the car and see Dave walking toward us with a tiny girl wearing red and white striped leggings. We say our mandatory hellos and what's ups and they continue on their way. Mary has a look of amused shock on her face.

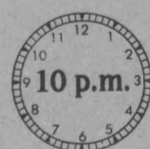
"Do you know who that was?" she asks. Resisting the temptation to reply, "Pippi?" I say, "No, should I?"

"That was the girl whose car Jen hit last weekend!" Our friend Jen owed Pippi about four hundred bucks for repairs. I had a faint premonition that tonight would be filled with more of those unmistakably Isla Vista small-world coincidences that have haunted me since I first came here.



Sue, Christy, Michelle, Mary and I are talking over a glass of 1986 Robert Mondavi White Zinfandel, listening to Prince's "Starfish and Coffee." Sue's apartment is unusually spacious and well-decorated, but the framed Nagel that

must be in five hundred other I.V. apartments reminds me where I am. I enjoy the comfortable, relaxed atmosphere while I can, realizing that once we get to the parties, real conversation will be a thing of the past.



Andi and her roommate Thecla arrive. We talk a bit more, dance around to some funk, and then walk over to the party at Xanadu. It's crowded. Andi makes her

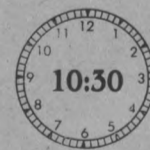
way through and the rest of us hold hands to avoid losing each other in the confusion of loud music, trash and couples connected by various body parts — hands, arms, stomachs and lips.

A woman wearing a white miniskirt and Reeboks is standing, or rather, leaning in front of me, beer in hand, half of her body pressed against a guy considerably taller than herself. He has his head bent down in order to see her, and she is laughing with a nervousness that suggests they've just met tonight.

People are drinking beer out of cans and bottles. There doesn't seem to be a keg, and I wonder why the party is so crowded without free beer. A guy in a white sweatshirt in-

roduces himself to me as Chris and offers me a Corona on one condition — that I watch him in the Triathlon tomorrow at Goleta Beach.

I tell him I'll be really busy tomorrow and doubt I'll have time to go. He gives me the beer anyway. This seems to happen to me a lot. I suppose it's the I.V. equivalent of "Can I buy you a drink?" — a liquid line of sorts. The strange and sad thing about I.V. parties is that the only complete strangers I meet seem to be guys like this, who talk to me because I'm female and they have nothing better to do than try to find someone to scam on.



We're on the corner of D.P. and Camino del Sur. There's a huge party at The Shithouse, a big whitish ticky-tacky building that looks exactly like dozens of other big

whitish ticky-tacky buildings in I.V. There's about 500 people in the street, on the lawn, and inside the house. Most of the people are standing in large groups, but there is a scattering of couples mixed in with the crowd.

About 30 people are slam dancing on the lawn, which is odd because the band isn't punk, or ska, or anything people usually slam dance to. The band is loud though, upbeat and pretty good, and that seems to be an excuse for all sorts of strange behavior. Except for the slamdancers, the party is typical — huge masses of people drinking and listening to loud music. I can deal with the scene as long as I don't stay too long or analyze it too much.

Not at all into slam dancing, we decide to check out what's upstairs. Mary announces she's going over to Rob's and will meet us back here at the party. Somehow I know I won't see her again tonight. We go up the stairs, flattening ourselves against the wall to let a guy in a striped sweater carry an empty keg downstairs.



RICHARD O'ROURKE/Daily Nexus

... were asked not to wear cotton as the seventies. But fashion being as it is, only a the evening.

courageous soul did. This is, of course, assuming that there are no I.V. Foot Patrol, bike patrol, any patrol to be found on one of the busiest blocks on D.P. on a Friday night. If chivalry is still alive in I.V., I sure as hell didn't find it.

But back to the chase. I was dodging in and out of staggering groups of people chasing the man for about a block. I thought I lost him, but then I noticed that he had climbed up on the roof of an apartment. Linda and the other guy caught up to me as I was screaming obscenities at the roof. We heard him jump down along the side of the house next to a wooden fence. I was panting and furious.

He handed over the tape recorder. But as he did, my fury boiled over. I slugged him in the stomach. Surprised, his friend tried to calm me by saying "Now, now, there's no need for violence here." I noticed the microcassette was

gone, but I wasn't about to stand in an alley with two men and slug it out, no matter how much I wanted to. Linda and I quickly turned around and left.

"You can't print this!" one yelled at me. "It'd be slander!"

"I DON'T GIVE A FUCK WHAT YOU THINK!" I said as we kept walking. Then, calmly, I added: "Besides, slander is when you lie."

In the process of chasing this slimy bastard, I ruined one of my favorite miniskirts, but I didn't learn about the 10-inch rip straight up the back until about a half hour later.

Believe it or not, we kept walking on D.P. I think we must have been somewhat in shock. I felt claustrophobic as we got to a raging party at a place called "The Shithouse."

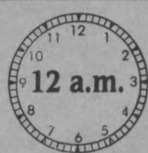
I never noticed how physical Isla Vista is until tonight. At the party, people were running up to each other, bumping into people, spilling beer everywhere, and when somebody grabbed me and then grabbed Linda, we'd had it.

Through tightly clenched teeth I said to her, "Somebody ... just ... grabbed ... my ass."

"They just grabbed mine too," Linda said. "Let's get out of here. I need to calm down."

We tried to make our way back through the throngs of people. It seemed a majority of I.V. was attracted to this one party. Of course we ran into people we knew. Steve, a friend of mine, unhooked my bra as he gave me a hug good-bye. "You fucker!" I said, both laughing and appalled at his obnoxiousness. If it had been anybody else, I would have slugged him too. But I just gave up. I had had it with Isla Vista. I had had it with the party scene. I was no longer buzzed.

It was then that I realized that my skirt was ripped. The only thing saving from complete embarrassment was my long black sweater. It was time to go home.



People were actually trying to maneuver cars, bikes and pick-up trucks through the crowds. Their owners always seem to yell the most creative comments, like "wow," and "ooooh," and various grunts. Linda and I made it home, walked through the door, and were greeted with the sight of toilet paper draped over the couch, lamps, stereo, our plant, everything.

At that point I couldn't even care that our living room was T-Ped. And the roommates who insisted they were not going to party somehow managed to cover our coffee table with empty beer bottles. I changed my skirt and drank a Lowenbrau and watched Linda cover her face with scotch tape. "I wanted to be like Pee Wee Herman, but it didn't quite work," she said after painfully pulling it off. I have no idea why she did it, but it did seem to hurt.

My roommate Tanja walked into the kitchen and looked at me. "You're fucked up," she said.

"No, I'm not."

"Sure," she said as she walked out of the kitchen.



We decided to go see if our neighbors in the next building were home. It was a lot colder the second time Linda and I set out. Usually by that time the weather doesn't really matter, but it was freezing. We kicked back with Dave and Greg, had a shot of tequila, a beer, and listened to the Cure's *Standing on a Beach*, the complete party album.

Rob opened the door and walked his bike in, amazed he made it home through the streets of I.V. We all more or less agreed that we should've stayed home tonight.

Around 1:30, Linda and I walked home. We

shivered all the way. "I assume you don't want to walk down D.P. again," Linda said. I looked at her with an expression of complete disbelief. "No, I don't think so," I replied.

"You know, even though we met some undesirables, the evening wasn't a total loss. You'll definitely have something to write about," she said. Then she paused and added, "as long as you're my roommate, I won't have to worry about being bored on the weekends."

The night had weird twists and turns to it, but at least I was coherent enough to brush my teeth and see all of the potentially hazardous objects on my floor.

I put *Suzanne Vega* on the stereo and climbed into bed. All I wanted to do was sleep.



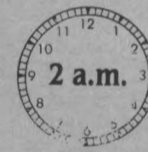
Sue, Christy, and Andi want to leave soon. Sue has to get up at 8 to go to work tomorrow and Christy's tired. I decide to stick it out and finish my assignment. We're

at the bar drinking water when I see Felix come in with his cousin and some friends.

Felix was one of those people who haunted me last year. Though he looked familiar, I could never figure out where I had met him or what his name was, but figured that we had met because we always said hello to each other. However, I had a lingering suspicion that we had never actually met, and each time we said "hello" we both walked off wondering, "Who is this person and why does he/she say hello to me all the time?" Finally, after months of wondering who he was, I found myself talking to him in the F.T. study room and gathered the nerve to admit that I didn't know where we had met.

After a moment's consideration, he replied that we had played quarters together at a small pre-party at Susan's. Remembering, and relieved from the uncomfortable possibility that we had never met, I made a mental note to cross one of my year's little mysteries off my list.

I go over and say hello to Felix, and we talk for a few minutes before he realizes that he's lost his friends. I introduce him to my friends and then say goodbye to them.



I've decided the dj is playing a cruel joke on everyone. He starts out with this great video-audio mini-showing of Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry saying, "Go ahead, make my day," and then busts out with AC/DC's "Back in Black." When the song came on the dance floor suddenly became empty, except for a few die-hards and the woman in the zebra-print leggings, who was dancing up on a table and loving it.

I used to wonder why they played bad music later at night until I figured out that it's their system. When it gets really crowded they have the dj play really horrible music so people either refuse to dance, creating more space on the dance floor, or leave altogether.

So anyways, we're sitting on this bench and this guy with a big camera bag is standing a few feet away from us, periodically checking us out, and occasionally grinning at us strangely. We're talking, doing our best to ignore the man with the camera, when he suddenly whips around, squats down, and snaps our picture. I'm thinking, "Who is this guy?!" when Felix asks, "Who are you? Why did you take our picture?"

The guy with the camera, perhaps remembering Sean Penn, quickly explained, "I work for the Nexus — it's for an issue that comes out Friday and..."

I interrupt him. "Friday Magazine. A Story on I.V. nightlife. Do you know who I am?"

"Uh ... no," he replied.

"I'm Sarah Stettler. I'm working on it right now."

Felix and I trip off the coincidence for about fifteen minutes, but I'm really not surprised. Out of all the people in I.V., out of all the people in the Grad, he decided to take a picture of me. Just another unmistakably Isla Vista coincidence that has haunted me since I arrived at UCSB. Earlier today, after heavy caffeine consumption at Roma, Doug sensed it would be a strange night. I sensed it too. But I guess that's only to be expected. I.V. is a strange place.

you? What were you doing? And what'll you do tonight?



An hour in I.V. — (l-r) 11:15 p.m.: Partiers at 1000 El Embarcadero talk pro wrestling and get carried away. **11:45 p.m.:** While much of I.V. partied, more than 100 people waited in line for U2 tickets. **Midnight:** Two 17-year-olds were arrested for having open containers and being minors in possession of alcohol on Camino Del Sur. One was carrying a concealed knife. **12:15 a.m.:** Woodstock's employee Sophie Huston takes a pizza order.

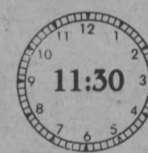
We're upstairs at The Shithouse. There's about 50 people inside. Sue is talking to her friend Ave, who lives here. I'm suddenly bored and realize we've been here far



too long. The superficiality and strangers are starting to get to me. Ave goes downstairs to get a new keg and we file out into the street, which is a bigger party than the party itself.

A guy on a bike is wobbling toward me and pulls over to Andi. It's Pete, a friend of hers, but I know him from my English class last year. They yap for a few minutes and he rides off into the crowd, narrowly missing a woman with a palm-tree ponytail.

in a red baseball cap asks me where the keg is. I tell him I don't know. He walks away. The music is too loud, it's too crowded, and no one is dancing. I've had enough of I.V. parties for one night.



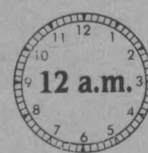
We leave Xanadu. On the way to Sue's I run into Jeff and Charlie, who lived next door to me last year. They come over to Sue's with us. Jeff lights up a clove, fixes himself a Lucky's Vodka and Coke, and we talk about what's been happening to people on 8 North, about ourselves, and about the attitudes of I.V.

Jeff describes the climate of I.V. as "hedonistic, pleasure-seeking ... it's definitely about the pleasure of the individual. You have a bunch of young people crammed together in one spot all looking for the same thing ... partners for the night."

Logically assuming that he was speaking about himself (you learn certain things about people after living next door to them for a year) I suggest that he has just made an apt description of himself. "That's you, Jeff. Scammer."

"No! Scary! I'm scared by it. I totally changed over the summer."

"Really?" I question disbelievingly. Maybe AIDS and herpes and all those other nasty diseases floating around have scared some people back into a more monogamous lifestyle. Maybe. Maybe not.



Sue, Christy, Andi, Thecia, Michelle and I are waiting at the end of a long line to get into the Graduate. There's usually a long line at midnight because they stop serving alcohol and stop carding for 21.

We're back at Xanadu, walking up the driveway, when the power goes out. To avoid the crowd in front of the building, we walk through an alley, past a white wooden



boat, a table with an empty Lowenbrau bottle on it, an old cot without a mattress, and a window screen. The boat seems oddly out of place, which is strange in itself because this is an oceanside apartment and a boat should fit right in. But it doesn't.

It sticks out like an iceberg in hell, reminding me of grandfathers, the Midwest, and quiet fishing trips on placid lakes. A guy I don't know says hello to me and his friend motions to us to enter the party. The band is playing so loud we can barely hear each other.

I guess not being able to talk is really no great loss, since I don't think anyone has ever had a conversation of any significance in the midst of a big party here ever before, and so the chances of it happening here tonight are infinitesimally slim. Over the din, Sue introduces me to her friend Karen. Katy and Michelle, who lived on 8 North with me at F.T. last year, pass by in a flash of dyed red and crimped black hair and say hello to me. A guy

Mike Lupro

(Continued from p. 1)

I long for the days when every night was a suitable occasion to swig. Now, with all the bullshit I've gotten myself involved with, I don't really have enough time to boost Schaefer stock every night. So to make up for it I push the limits a little further on the weekends.

Anyway, I'm feeling rather fluid now. In about a half-hour I'm going to embark on my documentary tour of the lovely ghetto we call home. The first stop will be Karen's on D.P. to tee off at hole one, one of those progressive party deals. I do believe I'm up to par.

My roommate Cheeze is sitting next to me reading *No One Here Gets Out Alive*. I hope that's not some kind of eerie prophecy. If last night is any kind of foreshadowing we could be in big trouble. It came to a climax when Cheeze started wrapping himself in cellophane and Chris, my other roommate, began hurling various liquids and goos at him.

I just went in the bathroom and decided to grow a Robert Bork "Babe-Magnet" (as Letterman describes it) goatee. I don't have much Don Johnson/Doug Arellanes stubble but I shaved anyway. One bit of advice here. It makes good sense to follow that old maxim, "Drinking and shaving don't mix."

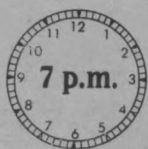


I'm at Karen's apartment. Par is four beers and I'm slicing to the left. Cliff, another resident of Sultan Palace, says he's studied 18 hours in the last three days.

He is now studying the effects of controlled substances on the human body in an uncontrolled manner and is passing with flying colors.

Every time I whip out this notepad, 50 people totally ogle over my shoulder and wonder just what the hell I'm doing. It's going to be hard to get people to follow their normal behavior patterns when the experimenter is an uncontrolled variable. My handwriting is rapidly turning into illegible scribble.

There are about 20 people here. And then there's Cliffy. He's sporting a lovely polyester shirt that our Palace-mate Chris' Dad got in 1976 depicting French Riviera party scenes. Quite hideous. Screams of "Blackout," a remarkable new swigging game, fill the air as Monica, Karen's roommate, curiously reads what I'm writing over my shoulder. Sam and Dave, our unfortunate neighbors, are vividly describing what it looked like when their roommate Bo left a paisley pizza in the stairwell of the Physics building this afternoon. "It was like a fountain splashing on the ground. Ahahahaha. What a dumbfuck. Ahahahaha."



I'm at the same party, actually playing Quarters now. Boy, oh boy. I don't usually play this game. I prefer games with less strategy like Blackout or

The Dumb Game, but hey ... I'm here to document I.V. Friday night, aren't I? A guy I just met named Todd suggested that I tell people that I'm a reporter with the *Los Angeles Times* researching an article on Halloween in Isla Vista. Todd has a midterm Tuesday in a class he hasn't studied for.

"Why haven't you studied, Todd?" I asked. "I've been studying for my other classes." "Well couldn't you be studying now?" "You mean instead of drinking this beer? Uh, no."

Sounds fine by me. I knew what the answer would be, but I just wanted to hear someone sum it all up like that.



6613 Del Playa. I've moved next door to hole two — Zombies, an ugly drink made of heaps of hideously powerful spirits. Cliff and Dave have just run out the door in a fit of frenzied laughter. It seems as though they just had a rug-and-room deodorizer fight. At least they smell fresh.

The juice is almost gone here but everybody is getting a bit loose. Power Station's version of "Bang a Gong" is on now and people are starting to scope each other out. It's kind of funny to watch people in action from the role of observer as opposed to active participant.

I wonder what kind of fool I must look like to the casual observer when I'm out swigging. Not that I don't look like a fool now or anything, but being in the role of observer puts a certain weirdness factor on everything.

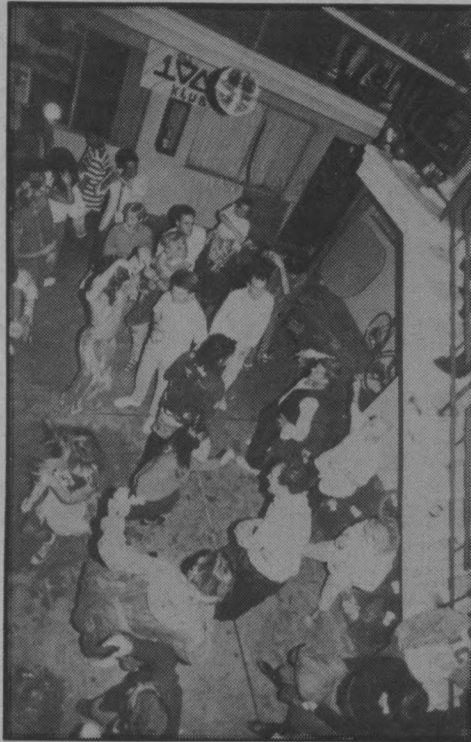
I just informed Cliff that his breath smelled horrid. He then blew a hideous gust my way and said, "Hey, listen to my breath." It sounded awful.

I've been keeping a keen ear out for "interesting" bits of party phrases. "I've never fucked a bimbo but many a bimbo have fucked me." "I feel relieved because finally I can be myself, no more midterms for the rest of the evening." "You party animal!" "Basically, everyone just gets fucked up but it's not always like that." "In the real world, it's relaxation and a bottle of wine. Here it's a keg and all your friends."

In the back bedroom there are a few cheery folks applying THC to their skulls. Through the door I can see a three-foot bong. It's funny how people who don't smoke look at those who do indulge in wacky-tabbacky like they're some kind of loser granola-heads going nowhere with their worthless lives. The

people who smoke but don't drink say that weed is so much better for you and it doesn't fuck up your body like that old demon alcohol and being high is so much better than being drunk; after all ... it's natural, you know. "Just say no" to elitism based on drug of preference. To each his own and shit, you know.

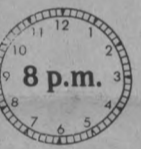
A girl who said her name was Laura and then said her name was Tanya and then said she was from Sweden asked me, "What time should I stop drinking so I'll be sober by 2



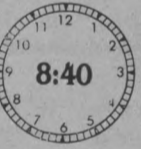
RICHARD O'ROURKE/Daily Nexus

"Burn, baby burn," the speakers blared. And a disco inferno threatened to "burn that mother down," at least until the Foot Patrol broke it up, citing noise complaints.

a.m.?" "I'd say there's no chance, so keep going," I told her. "Damn the torpedoes. We're young. We're pups. We can do this kind of shit."



Dougie said we should start writing at eight and yet it's eight now and a lot has already happened. I hope I'm not blazing out at too fast a pace. There's nothing like going out at 880 pace for a two-mile-run.

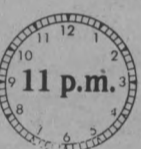


6568 D.P. Sam is seriously juiced. He keeps chanting Zeppelin and stumbling over nothing in particular. Fairly stiff Kamikazes at the third hole. We're going back to Karen's to finish their keg before moving on to the disco party at

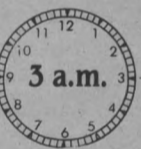
1000 Embarcadero. Cheeze is singing Tom Jones tunes loudly and poorly.



1000 El Embarcadero. The 1000 club Disco party is in full swing complete with flashing Disco ball. I haven't seen this much polyester in one place since my Dad took me to the Detroit Fabric Expo '73, and boy does it look great. People try to deny that Disco is back but you know, I just can't. Every era comes around for a revival sooner or later and now it's Disco's turn. This party is being held to officially commemorate the return of "The Dyn-o-mite Decade." Skeptics say it just can't happen but if you've been checking out the charts lately you'd find that the Bee Gees have a new album out, all current top ten hits have a funky backbeat, and we've been blessed by cover versions of "Funkytown," "Lean On Me," and my personal favorite "Jive Talkin'" by George Michael. These conditions could not possibly exist as short as two years ago. Next thing you know Bell Bottoms, Leisure Suits, and vinyl shoes will be considered cool by John and Jane Doe. Mark my words and break out your Denney Terrio Disco Dance Instruction Handbook. Unfortunately, the Foot Patrol doesn't realize this yet and has decided to put a damper on things. I had a Disco Inferno burning inside of me so I got my Boogie Shoes out on the floor and taught a few people the meaning of the words "Disco" and "Fever." I quickly worked myself up into such a frenzy that I had to stick my feet in the sink before I burned a hole through my soles.



Home. All the parties with beer are now what's left of parties without beer. Hence we regress to Sultan Palace. Cheeze is off to buy more juice and I'm reaching the point where I'm sure to be incoherent soon. We are going to go to Kathy's now to watch "Star Trek" and I feel very confident that I will not be conscious by the end of tonight's exciting episode.



Kathy's couch. God I love that feeling you get when you wake up with a slight headache and you open your eyes to see that you're not at home and then you quickly run over the possible courses of events that led you here hoping you aren't in any sort of trouble. It's bewildering at first but God, I love the element of danger and stupidity involved. Wow, you just gotta love it.

Apartment Insect Wildlife: The Final Chapter

B. Douglass Wilhite
Contributor



W hew! This is part three of Apartment Insect Wildlife. You have probably forgotten about Parts One and Two and I guarantee you will forget about this part, too. Last time we did a brief overview of the roach and, before we move on to fleas, to add on to that let us include some brief points concerning techniques of roach combat:

Techniques of Roach Combat:

- The trusty Swedish Tretorn sneaker.
- If you walk into any dark room with waterpipes and a tiled floor, enter quietly — try not to rattle the thin, cheap, slum-dwelling walls — and turn on the light. The directions in which the roaches run lead to where they hide and live most of the time. If they don't run at all you have a serious roach problem.
- During meals, never turn your back on your food (try not to eat indoors).
- The trusty Swedish Tretorn sneaker.
- Let them have the cupboards; keep everything in the refrigerator.
- Carve a small "moat" in the floor around the trashcan and fill it with ammonia.

There is no last point.

Fleas

"Flea" is the term applied to many unrelated little jumping insects that may or may not be actual fleas but little insects going through varied identity problems (scientifically, fleas refer to the order *Siphonaptera*, *Suctorla*, or *Aphaniptera*). These identity problems are chemicapathical, since fleas have no real brains, just a few chemicals in their heads similar to human drug users. Fleas are ectoparasites, the only sort of insect, in our list of Apartmenthold Pests, that actually attacks the slum dwelling tenant physically. Although fleas were assigned names by humans like "dog flea," "cat flea," "human flea," "aquatic alien life form flea," etc. the fleas appear to ignore names that assign them to specific hosts, considering them "slave names," and they rebel, attacking anything with good blood and relatively thin skin. Most fleas come to their respective hosts only to feed, but there are some fleas that burrow in the skin like the sand flea. The "stick-tight" fleas enjoy forming clusters behind the ears of their host and "the knock-you-down-and-rip-your-intestines-out" flea enjoys long, chemicapathical, sado-masochistic, dramatic rituals that last six hours or more. Only the adult flea is the "blood-sucker," as flea

larvae feed upon the adult flea feces or anybody else's feces, for that matter. In a flea-infested, vacant apartment numerous gestating fleas, in cocoons, will speed up their development and emerge prematurely when an unsuspecting new tenant enters and takes a few steps across the carpet. Almost instantly the fleas knock the new tenant down and pull his intestines out.

Fleas are virtually indestructible, but I have supplied a list of points of the few things you can do to ward off fleas:

Techniques of Flea Combat:

- Drown them one by one in the toilet.
- Tell them you have AIDS.
- Do not step on the carpet.
- Invite a local dog over for dinner.
- Hope for the best.

I suppose you *FM* readers are wondering why am I writing about insects in this sort of weird way. You see, I got this touching letter from this guy in the hospital. He tried to move in his apartment on a street called "Sabado Tarde" that is secretly controlled by a syndicate of ruthless fleas. He lived safely there for three weeks, writing of his various experiences as a young tenant, but last week he was admitted to the hospital for a blood transfusion and a slight laceration of the abdomen, concussion, multiple deep

abrasions, internal hemorrhages and a scratched eyeball.

Before his insect attack he had recorded a few events that, according to exterminators and local entomologists, were tell-tale signs of Serious Insect Invasion (SII).

Here is an excerpt of that recording:

"...Enough about Chicago: so much for pathos. It's getting late. I make a chocolate cake run by skate board. I plan to use the chocolate cake as breakfast. I've got to keep it in the refrigerator. It's cold in there and hard to open. I don't have to worry about my thriving, apartment insect life getting to it. One night a phalanx of roaches turned over my trashcan (it was a small trashcan), collected the trash and left, seemingly for the beach. They used my key to get out the door. They must have had the keys to one of my neighbors' cars as well, as I see that roaches can drive. If Camus could see this he would flip!

"...The insects have turned me into a brutal killer. I squeeze fleas in my bare hands. I de-thorax roaches. I amputate silverfish six-fold. I have a special old shoe for crickets....

"I don't think I have any fleabites. When I decide to bathe in four or five days I'll check myself.... Imagine the swarms of fleas if all the dogs in the town died suddenly!"