

# the daily friday magazine

Providing UCSB with  
Humor, Fiction, Satire  
and Gonzo Journalism

Friday, February 13, 1998

## Two angst-riddled teens of the '90s shed tears and blood because, well, they're *deep*.

BY KELLY PARKINSON

There was one thing Sharlene Minnery would not do for love, and it was to buy that dress in the front window of Marshall's that Mark was pointing at and saying he liked a lot.

It might have been a very stylish dress in 1988. But now, ten years later, it reminded her of Michelle Moore's mother, who used to come and read to their third grade class after lunchtime out of the book "Clan of the Cave Bear." Mrs. Moore wore kind of sexy outfits, but they were tacky sexy outfits and everybody thought so, except for Billy Schoenburger.

But Mark really liked this dress in the front window of Marshall's. And Sharlene really liked Mark. He had an assortment of quirky characteristics that made him special. For example, he washed his hands with Ajax. He wore black lipstick. And he also liked to give himself little cut marks with an army knife his Uncle Tanner gave him when he was eleven.

Once he did it when she was driving in the car. She looked over and saw him doing it, and she got kind of freaked out. "Mark, why are you cutting yourself?" she politely inquired. "Are you trying to commit suicide by bleeding to death?"

"Certainly not," he scowled. Then a smile of salacious pleasure bellydanced across his sun-choked cheeks. "I'm getting in touch with my inner pain. I love pain. It's, like, another way of experiencing reality. The blood — it's so Dionysian and beautiful. Why can't you see that?" Mark took an irritated bite out of the hot dog he was holding with his free hand. "Yo fo yuh men po."

"What?"

Mark swallowed. "You're so judgmental, I said!"

Chastened, Sharlene made a quick move for the shoulder lane. She wanted him to know that this was important enough for her to pull over, because when you have a deep talk with someone you can lose your eyesight and kill cats and little frogs.

"Mark!"

Mark winced. He was still cutting himself. "Y-yes?"

"I pulled over on the freeway because I want to tell you

something important that I just realized as I was driving right now."

Mark was silent. He knew that if he went, "What is it?" he would sound like the 1994 Austin of Days of Our Lives. Austin always made those superfluous remarks. His voice sounded kind of husky and throaty like Mark's, too. Mark hated it when he said something that Austin would say, especially when he was bleeding.

"Sometimes I just can't figure you out," Sharlene ejaculated. "You're so withdrawn and ponderous and contemplative. Yet you're so rebellious — like how you cut yourself. God, I've never met anyone like you, and I know everyone must say that, but I mean it. I —"

Mark interrupted her: "Sharlene! I just thought of something. Let's go to the laundromat and smoke cigarettes in front of it!"

"OK!"

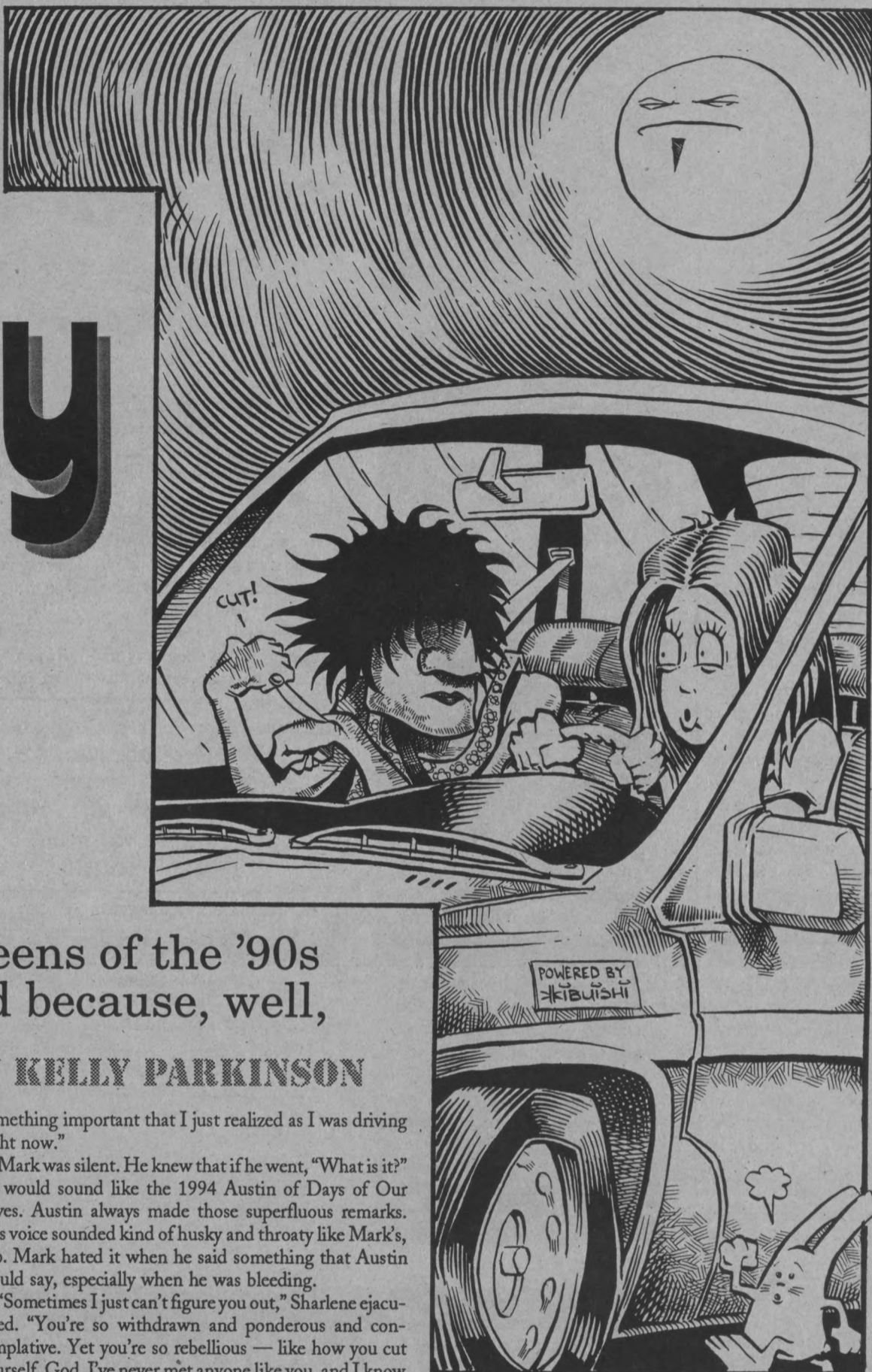
"Wow, Sharlene. You're so cool. I feel like I can say anything to you. But I was only joking. Get it? Because people are always sitting in front of the laundromat smoking, and if we did it too, it would be like we were

making fun of them, but nobody would know."

Sharlene thought back to that moment as she tried to phrase her rejection of the dress in a way that would be assertive, yet conciliatory, like she'd practiced in her Conflict Resolution class for Communication. In this class the professor told them that when two people are really different, most of the time there's a way they can reach a middle point of reconciliation if they can try to understand and accept their cultural differences. Like Hungarians don't wash their hands after using the bathroom, so if you're in Hungary and you wash your hands after making poo, they get very offended. But if you go, "In my culture we wash our hands," then they go, "Oh, that's neat how we're different."

"You know, Mark, I don't like that dress, but just because I don't like it doesn't mean I don't like you," Sharlene said as she took his hand. "Don't feel that our differences are tearing us apart. For it is our differences, Mark," she said softly, "that are bringing us together."

*"Are you going to cut me,  
Mark? Cut me like you cut  
your own swamplike flesh?"*



KAZUHIRO KIBUSHI / DAILY NEXUS

"Quit saying my name. When you're talking to someone you don't have to keep saying their name when you do it. It's so annoying; you sound like my bank."

"You're upset, Mark. I know it may seem right now that I don't care about you, but you're wrong, Mark. You're so wrong. Just to prove it, I'm going to cut myself."

"Stop doing that, I say! Cut it out!"

"But Mark!"

Mark pulled out his pocket knife that his Uncle Tanner gave him when he was eleven. "Say it ... say it one more time, cummon. What's my name? SAY IT!"

"Are you going to cut me, Mark? Cut me like you cut your own swamplike flesh? Will that release this repressed anger you've got bunkered up inside of you? Then I'll gladly volunteer. Cut me, Mark. Cut me like the man your father is, and you will never be so you have dirty fantasies about your mother."

"No." Mark put the knife back in the pocket of his jean jacket with a tremulous shaking and fluttering of the hands. "It is not worth it. You are not ready yet."

Actually, Sharlene seemed ready enough, but it just wouldn't be sanitary. If she had brought her own knife, or perhaps a very sharp pencil — something he could work with. But not his knife, not now.

Sharlene grimaced. Shoot. With one swift parry Mark had gutted her dreams and left them jiggling on the asphalt. There was nothing left to do but break up with him and run away.

"I thought you would make me cool," she sobbed. "But

See BARSTOW, p.3A

the  
**Skinny**  
by Nick Robertson

Can't a hard-working journalist get a beer around here? Not easily, at least in the Faculty Club.

When nationally-renowned *L.A. Times* columnist Robert Scheer visited UCSB on Tuesday, he was greeted with a less-than-heartwarming welcome by some campus entities. First he received a parking ticket, becoming another victim of campus Parking Services' all-encompassing web of

*"...is every distinguished campus guest denied the booze they desire?"*

confusion. Later, Scheer was given serious guff at the Faculty Club when he tried to order a drink with his lunch.

He was initially denied because he wanted a martini and the bar was insufficiently stocked, but when he instead decided on a simple Bass Ale, he was told by the perky waiter that such a request was impossible — only Faculty Club members are allowed to order alcohol.

At first the waiter wanted to bring Scheer a membership application, but the writer didn't feel like filling out forms, he felt like a Bass Ale. After much fuss and two trips to consult with the manager, the waiter brought Scheer his beer as a "special exception" to the rules. "This campus is very oppressive," Scheer noted with disgust.

What gives? I can understand if they're trying to keep students from frequenting the Faculty Club like Sam's to Go, but is every distinguished campus guest denied the booze they desire? Are major university donors given the same treatment?

I'm not usually one to waste ink and paper defending the generally plush treatment of our campus guests, but when Cypress Hill was here, somebody provided them with bucketfuls of beer. Considering that my chances of becoming a famous writer are much (uh, well, kinda) better than my chances of becoming a rock star, I don't want to come back here as a campus guest in the year 2023 to share Scheer's fate.

Every good journalist needs their booze. How else can we avoid insanity while keeping tabs on the grim side of history, with-

See SKINNY, p.3A

## The Morning's True Glory

by Sydney Peck

As Dennie pulled me close, ever so slightly caressing my pronounced waist, I felt some inaudible nothing whispered into my ear. I gave the feminine giggle and blindly followed Dennie's lead.

The gazes I had been intercepting throughout the night allowed me an educated guess of our destination, while the alcohol gave me a Dionysian level of inhibition. The evening was on its way out and the wee hours were on their way in. The peaceful darkness, interrupted by the few shimmering stars, allowed me to forget that Dennie and I were not the only two people awake in the after hours.

While we softly discussed the unimportant events of the evening, our bodies were having a completely different discussion. Never once did I fathom that of our group of friends I would be the one to leave the party, ready to gain a notch on my barren bed post.

Every few nights, a couple would form from our closely knit group of friends, leaving the remaining drunks to play the facetious guessing game, predicting the next step unto which the absent couple would proceed. I never pictured myself the topic.

As Dennie and I babbled on, the increments of time between eye contact shortened and the awareness of our surroundings decreased. We were on our way to being engulfed in our own world of endorphine-induced happiness. Our words were escaping our lips through our sensual smiles. I could see my personal emotions emanating through Dennie's eyes.

The night was calling and the solar system illuminated our way. As we floated into the distance, the city streets were metamorphosing

into a world left behind. We soon found ourselves amid the familiar willow trees of the neighborhood park. Our minds knew the way through the labyrinth of trees, yet our eyes, glazed by

emotions, allowed us to perceive a totally different landscape. The trees were dancing to the thumping rhythm of our bloodflow as we made our way deeper into the nondescript.

What followed was virtually unimportant, aside from the few following details: the level of comprehensions throughout our speechless conversations, the rhythm of our melodious foreplay that our bodies seemed to follow,

*"We were on our way to being engulfed in our own world..."*

See DENNIE, p.3A

## The Highs and Lows of Love

Pick the piece that best suits your mood...

Creature

Far Away

I look up as the teardrops fall  
Down to the cold cement  
Below my feet; I look up  
At the clouds, a contrast of light and dark  
upon themselves, in a blue sky.  
I shiver in the never ending cold.  
Your arms could warm me,  
Satisfy me, exhilarate me.  
If only I could warm my lips on yours.  
The days go by slowly,  
And I watch the clock move  
Along its circular pattern,  
Never changing. Trapped.  
As the hands go around,  
Your memory moves further away.  
Yesterday I could still feel  
Your kisses on my neck.  
Now, I can only dream.

My lovely creature of the dusk.  
You love the smell of pine trees  
In the evening  
Watching the sunset  
From the top of a mountain  
Marveling at those last  
Rays of orange light.  
My lovely creature of the night.  
You love the moist, dark air  
which kisses your cheeks as you walk.  
The sound of crickets in the distance  
As you look up into the dark blue sky.  
Thousands of sparkling stars,  
what I see when I look in your eyes.

Poetry by

Hannah Rocheleau

Greg "Ory" Spangler is a senior aquatic biology major and a TA for Sociology 152A — Human Sexuality. Got a sex problem? Just bellow out ...

# Hey Ory!

Hey Ory,  
My girlfriend seems to urinate on me occasionally while we make love. Is she trying to mark me as hers or is she just really excited?

— Patrick

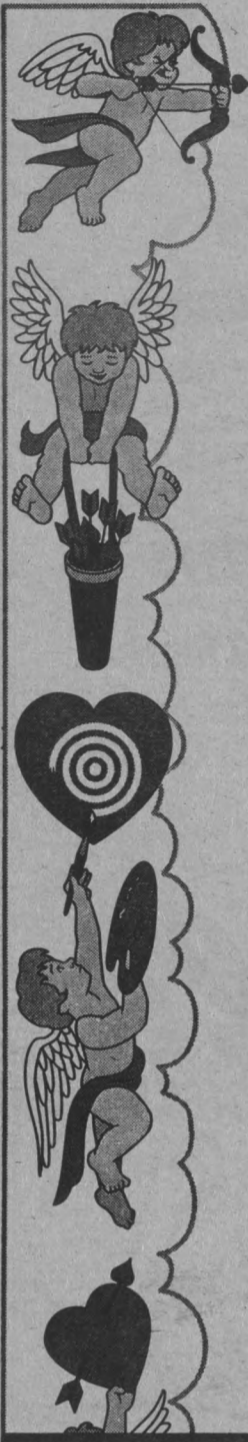
Seems like you got yourself in a little bit of a mess. Actually, this sounds like a case of extensive G-spot stimulation, which can lead to an "ejaculation" of a clear, odorless liquid from the urethra that has been shown to be chemically different from urine. Some call this female cum, but I call it a job well done. So don't sweat it Patrick, just keep on humpin', cause this fluid's a comin'.

Hey Ory,  
My girlfriend and I are very close. We have a great relationship and care deeply about each other. Recently, my girlfriend has brought up the idea of having a threesome, with another guy. I want her to be happy but am not too sure what to do. Help.

— Ted

Well Ted, I have one word for the wise: NO. Incorporating another person into a very close sexual relationship is like lighting a firecracker and sticking it up your ass — it's bound to blow up and really hurt. Nearly all relationships that try threesomes end up in the gutter or have a hard time recovering. So do the smart thing, use some good ol' American ingenuity and pop in a porno to spice things up, and keep only one penis in your relationship.

You too can have your sexual inquiries resolved before the entire campus community! Just come down to the Nexus offices under Storke Tower and drop off your emission, er, submission! Pictures will not be returned. ☺



THE DAILY NEXUS' 1998 UCSB READERSHIP POLL BALLOT

ENTER TO WIN DINNER FOR TWO\*

\*At one of our BEST Local Restaurants

**Rules:** 1. NO PHOTOCOPIED BALLOTS. 2. Ballots must be dropped off at the Daily Nexus Ad Office, underneath Storke Tower, by Wednesday, February 18, at 5pm. 3. The "Best Of" issue will be published on Friday, February 28. 4. ONE Ballot per person. 5. Ballots must be filled out with reasonable completeness. Ballots with less than half of the blanks filled will be recycled with alacrity. 6. NOTE: The Nexus' "Best of UCSB" is intended to be a good-natured contest among business groups and others in the community. In other words, this is not a cutthroat competition whose results are somehow of deep and lasting significance. Please do not take it as such. 7. Decisions of Ballot referees are final. 8. 3 prizes available.

1. Best Annual Event in S.B.
2. Best Asian Food
3. Best Ice Cream Place
4. Best Bar
5. Best BBQ Joint
6. Best Beach
7. Best Bike Shop
8. Best Bookstore
9. Best Breakfast Place
10. Best Tanning Salon
11. Best Burger
12. Best Job
13. Best Car Repair Shop
14. Best Cheap Beer
15. Best Class to Sleep Through
16. Best Class to Wake Up For
17. Best Excuse for a Late Paper
18. Best Coffeehouse
19. Best Graffiti
20. Best Hair Salon
21. Best I.V. Park
22. Best Lines to Get in Front of the Keg
23. Best Local Band
24. Best Men's Bathroom
25. Best Mexican Food
26. Best Music Store
27. Best Place to do Laundry
28. Best Pasta Place
29. Best Pizza
30. Best Place for a First Date
31. Best Place to Have Sex on Campus Without Getting Caught
32. Best Place to People-Watch
33. Best Place to See a Concert
34. Best Place to Grocery Shop
35. Best Time to Go Grocery Shopping
36. Best Place to Sleep Outdoors
37. Best Place to Watch the Sunset
38. Best Professor
39. Best Radio Station
40. Best Restaurant (When Parents Pay for It)
41. Best Sandwich Shop
42. Best Surf Shop
43. Best Surf Spot
44. Best Vegetarian Food
45. Best Video Shop
46. Best View
47. Best Expensive Beer
48. Best Way to Get Tar Off Feet
49. Best Ways to Avoid Studying
50. Best Women's Bathroom

Please fill out and bring in to the Nexus Ad Office, under Storke Tower, by Wednesday, Feb. 18, 5pm.

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 Other (optional)

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## BARSTOW

Continued from p.1A

you didn't make me cool — you wouldn't — because you knew my coolness would make yours obsolete, like Windows. And I thought I could change you, but now I see that it was only an illusion. Pat Robertson discusses that in his tape for young adults, "What Jesus Told Me to Tell You About Intercourse." I should have listened to him when he said that you shouldn't be in relationships with people who wear black lipstick because they are in alliance with Satan. But I thought maybe he was wrong. I was wrong. I feel so dirty. From now on, I'm not talking to you, and I'm going to erase you from my memory using my Mega Memory System Bonus tape, which shows you how to delete the things you've already programmed yourself to remember." Sharlene was heartened at the thought of Kevin Trudeau's rational, vice-presidential voice mandating in stereo to forget, forget, forget.

Mark wanted to apologize and win her back, but he was afraid he would sound like Austin again, so instead he emitted a Pleistocene moan. He went, "Uuuuuuuuuuuugh." Sharlene fled to the west, her tears whipping along behind her like the Wicked Witch's winged monkeys. "That's weird how Sharlene's tears fly out behind her when she runs," Mark thought, as he went inside to try on the dress. ☺

## the triumphant return of The Top 12.5 your favorite overheard snippets!

Two guys in front of the UCen:

"Johnny's got ball loads of nuggy."  
 "What kind?"  
 "Good kind."  
 "I haven't had a good nuggy in a long-ass time."  
 "Well, call me after class. We'll go to Johnny's and get lots of nuggy — more nuggy than we can handle."  
 — Gavin Austin

## DENNIE

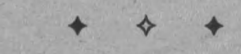
Continued from p.2A

and the sublime oneness our beings reached. Prior to Dennie, all of my partners had taken something when we parted. They had taken a small piece of my ability to appreciate

emotions, but Dennie had given me something indescribable. She left me with a little more than she had found me with. Never once had I witnessed the morning's true glory. Today I am a new person ... a person who has watched the sun rise. ☺

## SKINNY

Continued from p.2A out proper inebriation?



And speaking of keeping tabs on history, a major day in the tale of Isla Vista is coming up. Feb. 25th will mark the 27th anniversary of the I.V. Bank Burning, when angry protestors torched the local Bank of America where IVBC now stands. It was 1970 and the students were pissed. Between the Vietnam War, racial tensions, police brutality, an oil spill in the Santa Barbara

Channel and an uncaring university, UCSB was in constant chaos throughout the late '60s. Eventually, one night, Isla Vista rose in true revolution, driving the cops away and burning the most symbolically putrid edifice in town — the Bank of America, which was heavily financing the goings-on in Vietnam. Although a year of rioting, tear gas and pain followed, the major community-building efforts in Isla Vista's history were sparked by the Bank of America's fire, and Associated Students Vice President for Local Affairs Leila Salazar doesn't want anyone to forget it.

Along with the A.S. Program Board, Salazar is organizing a night of I.V. history for Feb. 26th, starting with a peaceful gathering in Perfect Park at the top of the Embarcadero Loop. Perfect Park was the center of most I.V. activism during the turbulent years, and a sit-in of remembrance will be held to heighten awareness of these community movements. Following the sit-in, the documentary "Don't Bank on Amerika" will be shown in I.V. Theater, followed by a panel discussion with people who lived in the area at the time of the riots. Finally, the evening will finish with a performance by the hot new

group Animal Liberation Orchestra at IVBC. A nominal admission will be charged, but all proceeds will benefit a Perfect Park Peace Monument to remember the significance of our I.V. predecessors. This type of event is long overdue, as is a resurgence of community activism in Isla Vista. This is our town, after all, so it makes sense for you to know what's been going on here. Keep your eyes open for updates on this epic event, because as Salazar said, "This is an opportunity to get the Isla Vista community together so that we can learn about our history and give it a little more respect!" ☺

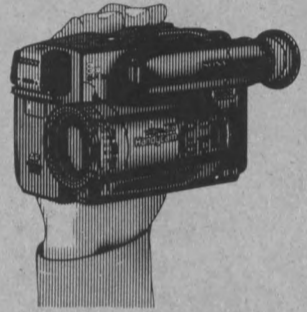
# Samy's Camera



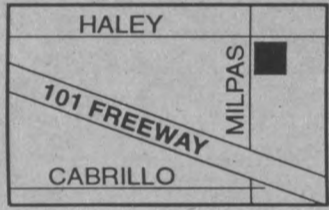
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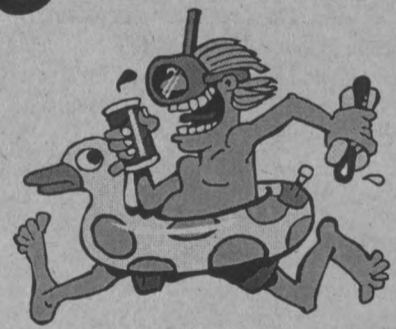
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# Spring Break



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