

Entering college
isn't just about
freedom...



CORY OSBORN

CORY OSBORN / DAILY NEXUS

the
**daily
friday
magazine**

Providing UCSB with
Humor, Fiction, Satire
and Gonzo Journalism

Friday, October 24, 1997

...it's about
choosing to
be free.

Moving Claire Into San Diego

by Brian Lubocki

Twenty or more basted chickens were roasting on the indoor grill. I wasn't allowed to choose which would be my lunch, but it didn't matter, they all were the same. Robin, Claire and I sat in the El Pollo Loco across from San Diego State; Claire was now entering college life.

I immediately started in on my unifying theory on fraternities and sororities. (It seemed like the thing to do.)

"When you're in high school," I began, "you're thrown into this social structure, given the rules, and basically there's no freedom. When you get into college, you're given, for the first time, a tremendous amount of freedom and often it is too much for people to handle. They get overwhelmed."

Claire looked overwhelmed.

I continued, "That's when the frats and sororities conveniently come in. They're like an extension of high school. They give you a group of friends, and social rules, they give you structure, their structure, so you don't have to create your own. The thing is, it never changes; it develops into the assimilated mainstream-America. Habits don't change after college; I don't know why people can't understand that."

I was a bit condescending as I lectured down to them, but I was right. Those people who huddle in the false comfort of someone else's lifestyle will most likely never find the strength to develop their own.

"These long-established rules," I said, "are out of date and inappropriate. They're made by white, upper-middle-class men, just as they've been throughout history."

I looked for a response, and Robin and Claire both nodded and said nothing more about it.

After lunch, we headed to Ross Dress for Less; Claire needed a bathrobe for when she had to walk down her dorm hall to the showers. On the freeway drive to Ross, I noticed an advertisement for the San Diego Zoo. Immediately I started thinking about how my girlfriend, Joanna, would not go to the zoo. She said the whole thing was cruel. It is.

I imagined my stepfather, George, yelling at me about this. "All they do is hang out all day. They animals have no predators, they don't have to worry about freezing to death, they're well-fed. Come on, guy," he would say to me, "they have better lives than they would in nature. They have better lives than us."

But it's not a fair trade for their freedom, to be trapped in a small, controlled space in order to life a safe, comfortable life. Then I thought, "Isn't that what we do to ourselves?"

We arrived at Ross. Freshman girls filled the store, modeling clothes to each other and giggling. I followed Claire and Robin to the "nightwear" section. Who

"They give you a group of friends, and social rules, they give you structure, their structure, so you don't have to create your own."

wouldn't?

Most of the girls were doing catwalk-turns in sexy satin little numbers. Claire surprised me; she chose a blue cotton robe from the men's section. We were all happy with her selection, happy that Claire would not be another poster girl for the male libido, and that she would be, in fact, dressed for less.

A block from the dorms, we stopped at a light directly

See CLAIRE, p.2A

the Skinny

by Nick Robertson

Choppers, choppers, everywhere.

I doubt I'm alone in noticing the steady increase in helicopter air traffic over our peaceful seaside community. I see the damn things at least twice a day, scouring the air with their rotor blades, disturbing the tranquility of all that lies below.

For a long time, we've had oil company choppers whiz along the eastern

...Thomas assured us he would not be using the choppers for random surveillance.

campus coast toward the towering ocean derricks, and now that Sheriff Jim Thomas has bought himself (with taxpayer dollars) two used military helicopters, the flying nuisances are everywhere.

Oftentimes when I'm sitting in my I.V. home, comfortably enjoying a smoke and listening to some records, I'll hear it — the distinctive thup-thupthupthupthupthupthupthup of an incoming bogey. Then I run outside into my formerly private lawn wearing only my skivvies, and look up to see one of Thomas' machines slowly troll over the neighborhood.

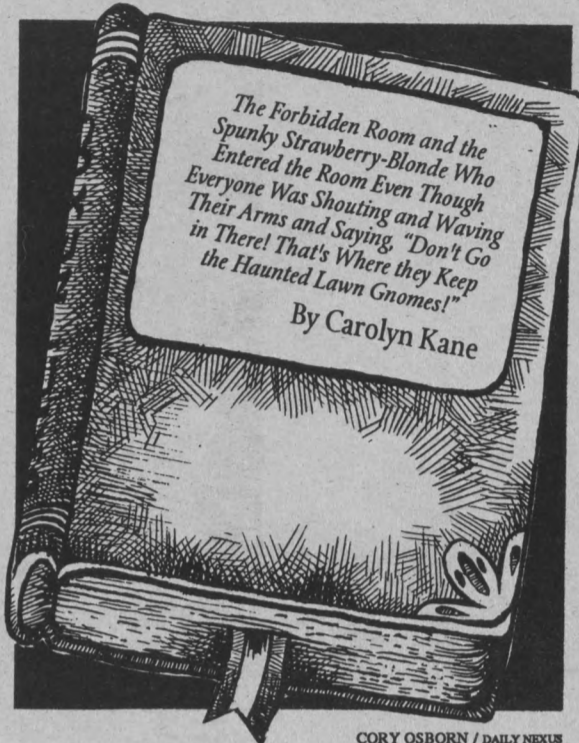
As I extend both arms skyward to give the whirlybird the double bird, I always wonder — what is this police chopper looking for? I've seen it out there morning, noon, and night; sometimes it passes by quickly, other times it circles for minutes on end. Nonetheless, no matter how brief or long its appearance in I.V. skies, it always seems to fly directly over my house, and low enough to be damn scary.

Last January the *Nexus* interviewed Sheriff Jim about his new toys, and in that article Thomas assured us he would not be using the choppers for random surveillance. "They are not out there just going and patrolling, they will respond to requests where they'd be able to assist from their observation platform," he said.

Thomas also insisted that he would not be using the chopper to seek marijuana plants in our yards. "We're not going to use that helicopter that costs us \$200 an hour to see somebody's potted plant on the windowsill. We're

See SKINNY, p.3A

Literary Korner



CORY OSBORN / DAILY NEXUS

Review by Howard Vandenburg, professor of 13th century Artesian literature at Cal Poly Pomona, and author of the books *How Do I Get Out?: a Twelve-Step Program for People Who Fall Into Wells*, and *The Sixty-Minute Well*, #23 in the Time-Life do-it-yourself home improvement series. His hobbies are making lanyard keychains and learning how to make lanyard keychains.



"The Forbidden Room and the Spunky Strawberry-Blonde Who Entered the Room Even Though Everyone Was Shouting and Waving Their Arms and Saying, 'Don't Go in There! That's Where they Keep the Haunted Lawn Gnomes!'"

By Carolyn Kane
Published by Disneyland

One must concede that the title is somewhat imposing. It goes "raw" and has sharp pointy teeth. Nevertheless, because I am a critic and neglect my appearance for the sake of my work, I will explicate the paradoxical paradigm. Indeed, all I wanna do is get a zoom zoom zoom and a boom boom.

That everyone should be shouting implies a reticence to exploring the unknown that is prevalent in the dominant culture. Many critics assert that the dominant culture is responsible for the repression of sexual desires, but I think my operation had more to do with it.

In any event, the girl's wish to enter the forbidden room is clearly symbolic of her desire to sexually explore. Like if it was a well it would be the same thing. Wells are dark and dank, I've uncovered through extensive research.

A valid argument can be made that these haunted lawn gnomes, because they are situated within the sexually subversive space of the forbidden room, eerily foreshadow the protagonist's descent into utter darkness. I've read the book, so I feel a certain license to comment on this argument.

To say that something foreshadows something else is to hint of the ending. A responsible critic would never commit such a crime against reading. Therefore, I will digress for a moment to divert you by subtly raising a question I've thought a great deal about.

The question is: Who eats White Castle hamburgers? Obviously it's a rhetorical question; many people do contribute to this burgeoning empire. I imagine people even possess shares of White Castle stock and so forth, and that company employees stockpile their freezers with it and feed it to their kids. But come on. Who was the guy that said, let's make really nasty hamburgers and sell them to people? McDonald's, OK yeah, but like, not to be a purist or anything, but people who can't eat beef the right way just shouldn't eat it at all. I really

think that. I'm sorry if it offends anyone.

But there's a line you have to draw somewhere. You can't just go around offending people, and I know that. That's why I'm not going to reveal the ending of this book. All I can say is that it is a surprise ending. You won't be expecting it at all. You'll be like, "No way."

I must mention that one of the characters in the book is black, so black people would also like this book. So would liberal white people who belong to the Oprah Winfrey Book-of-the-Month Club.

In summation — and you can quote me on the cover of subsequent editions of the

In any event, the girl's wish to enter the forbidden room is clearly symbolic of her desire to sexually explore. Like if it was a well it would be the same thing.

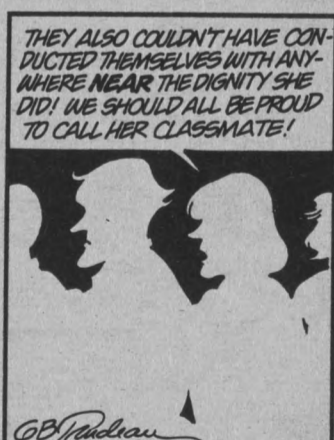
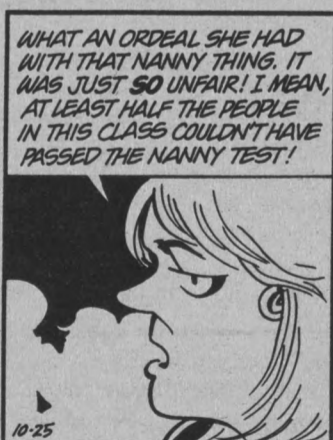
book — this was a very, very good book. Powerfully written, with a speedboat of a plot. Required reading for mankind. Riveting, and not in a "headed pin or bolt of metal used for uniting two or more pieces" kind of way. There's another meaning of the word that means very, very good, which I knew when I employed it.

I must also recommend the author's previous novel of equal merit, *Douglas' Song, the Song He Sung When He Was Mildly Happy or When He Was Washing His Hands*. While not as riveting as *The Forbidden Room...*, it is a hearty tale of a sassy boy who discovers, without consulting a dictionary like I did for the word "riveting," the meaning of love.

This experience extends beyond the singular to the universal in a Kenny Rogers sort of way. He learns to accept himself, even though he is a fat ass and no one that fat could realistically accept himself at such a tender age and get away with it without people going, "You've got a big fat ass!"

(Note: Professor Vandenburg is now finishing production on a documentary entitled "Do Burgers Float?: A Day in the Life of a White Castle Executive." He may be reached through his personal assistant, Kelly Parkinson.)

And now, a daily friday WORLDWIDE exclusive scoop — It's SATURDAY'S Doonesbury! (Don't tell Garry...)



CLAIRE

Continued from p.1A

in front of the ZBT frat house. A huge sign covered the side of their house, announcing a big party on Saturday. Consequently, it read BY INVITE ONLY. "How weird," I thought, "to advertise a party that's by invite only. Wouldn't the invitations be sufficient?"

Then I realized the sign was for the sake of those who were not invited. In other words, it was to alienate the non-invites, whilst making those who were lucky enough to be invited feel super-

ior. Robin honked, as a joke. From the backseat, I watched one of the "brothers" with ZBT shirt, baggy pants, skateboard shoes and backward hat come up to our car and hand an invite to Claire.

We should all experience all that we can. I told her not to take my prejudices, but to form her own.

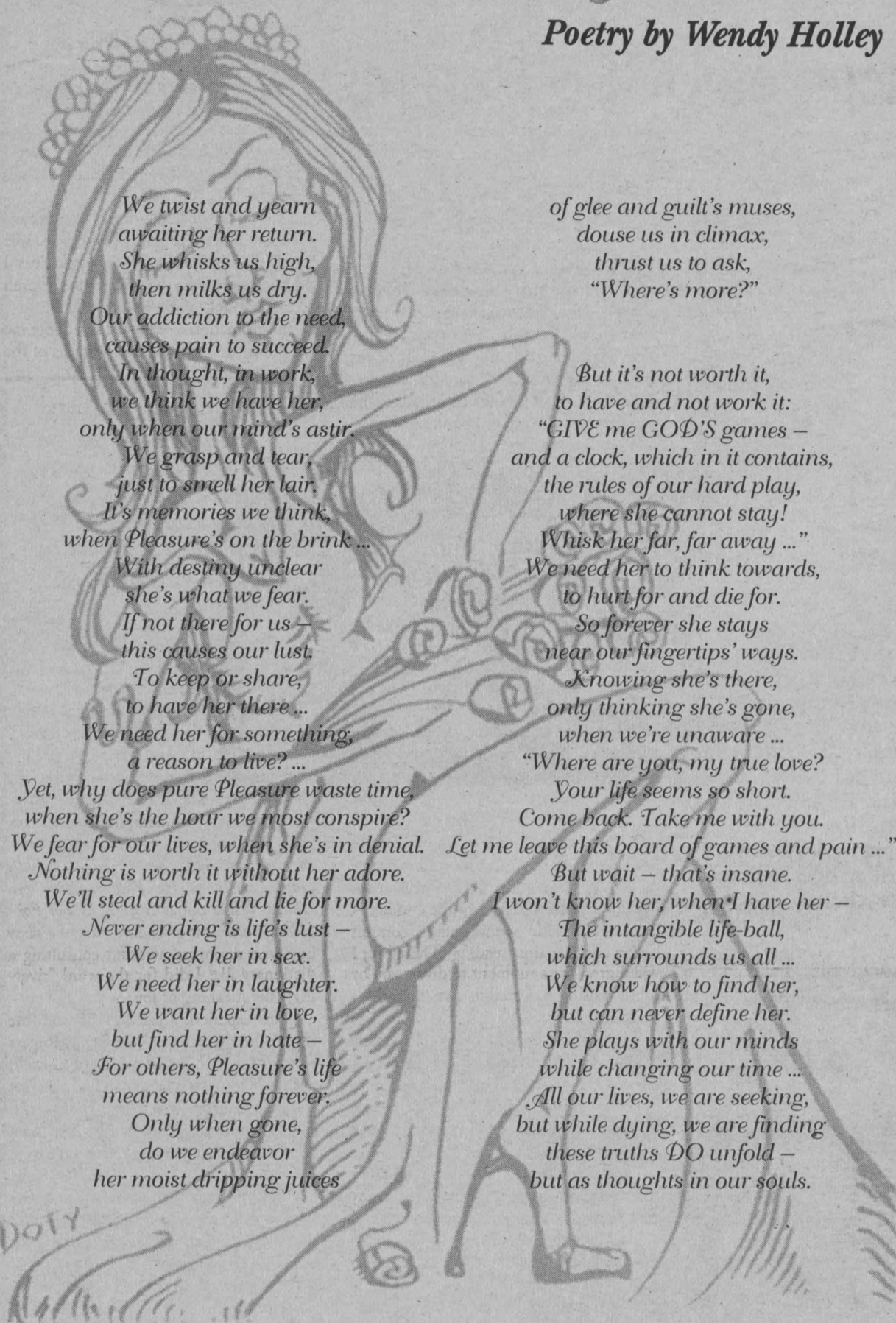
We drove off laughing, and I told Claire that she should go. We should all experience all that we can. I told her not to take my prejudices, but to

form her own. We arrived at the dorms and it was time to leave, so we kissed Claire and said goodbye.

That was about a month ago. I called her last week and she told me she didn't go to the ZBT party. She said she met some really cool people on her cross-country team and in her dorms, so she hung out with them that night. Claire told me that she's experienced a lot of new things and met a lot of new people. She's gonna do just fine.

Pleasure's Life

Poetry by Wendy Holley



We twist and yearn
awaiting her return.
She whisks us high,
then milks us dry.

Our addiction to the need,
causes pain to succeed.

In thought, in work,
we think we have her,
only when our mind's astir.

We grasp and tear,
just to smell her hair.
It's memories we think,
when Pleasure's on the brink ...

With destiny unclear
she's what we fear.

If not there for us —
this causes our lust.

To keep or share,
to have her there ...

We need her for something,
a reason to live? ...

Yet, why does pure Pleasure waste time,
when she's the hour we most conspire?

We fear for our lives, when she's in denial.
Nothing is worth it without her adore.

We'll steal and kill and lie for more.

Never ending is life's lust —

We seek her in sex.

We need her in laughter.

We want her in love,

but find her in hate —

For others, Pleasure's life
means nothing forever.

Only when gone,

do we endeavor

her moist dripping juices

of glee and guilt's muses,
douse us in climax,
thrust us to ask,
"Where's more?"

But it's not worth it,
to have and not work it:
"GIVE me GOD'S games —
and a clock, which in it contains,
the rules of our hard play,
where she cannot stay!

Whisk her far, far away ..."

We need her to think towards,
to hurt for and die for.

So forever she stays
near our fingertips' ways.

Knowing she's there,
only thinking she's gone,

when we're unaware ...

"Where are you, my true love?"

Your life seems so short.

Come back. Take me with you.

Let me leave this board of games and pain ..."

But wait — that's insane.

I won't know her, when I have her —

The intangible life-ball,
which surrounds us all ...

We know how to find her,

but can never define her.

She plays with our minds

while changing our time ...

All our lives, we are seeking,

but while dying, we are finding

these truths DO unfold —

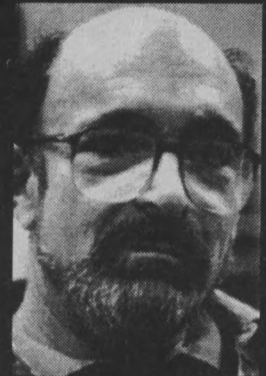
but as thoughts in our souls.

LISA DOTY / DAILY NEXUS

SEPARATED AT UCSBIRTH?



Cosmic
Poet Allen
Ginsberg...



...and
Cosmic
Sociology
Professor
Dick
Flacks?



Forgettable
Singer
Kenny
Loggins...

...and Very
Forgettable
Ex-A.S.
President
Russell
Bartholow?



NICK ROBERTSON / DAILY NEXUS

SKINNY

Continued from p.2A
going after major growers."

So why is the chopper patrolling over my neighborhood? When I've seen it, I've never heard sirens or anything else that would signify a legitimate emergency is going on. Even if a crisis is occurring in the area that warrants helicopter backup, then why does the pilot dick around, circling over my house at close range?

Does he not appreciate the fact that I flip the chopper off every chance I get? If so, then I equally don't appreciate his buzzing my home, blatantly peering into my private estate. Maybe those of you from down south are used to this sort of air annoyance, but I hail from Marin County, where the only presence overhead is birds and clouds — and that's the way I like it.

What can we do about this situation? Damn little, since Sheriff Jim is one of

the most powerful men in Santa Barbara County, with enough backing from crusty old Good Americans in Santa Maria and Lompoc to ensure victory at every election. Maybe someday a sheriff candidate will come along who can defeat Thomas, but until then we can only keep pointing our middle fingers skyward.

Speaking of lame forms of transportation, the \$60,000 trams are still out there on our campus walkways, still forcing bicyclists to stop and pedestrians to step aside. And despite the valiant efforts of anti-tram activists, who collect petitions and whatnot, it doesn't seem like the rumbling presence will be leaving UCSB anytime soon.

In fact, it seems that ridership is steadily growing, which is very disappointing to see. I suppose we, as a student body, are like sheep in

many ways, happy to be herded on board whatever the university throws at us.

Well, I, for one, am not gonna take it.

Already I yell out "DAMN THE TRAM" every time I see it pass. The usual response, from riders and walkers alike, is a stare that I imagine is familiar to insane city bums who scream obscenities to the

ready getting frustrated. According to Associated Students Internal Vice President Kerry Kops, who was recently sitting at her "I Hate the Tram" table by the library collecting petition signatures, a tram employee who works the on-board PA system called her a "bitch" over the megaphone. Kinda funny, but definitely inappropriate.

Now is the most important time to don a costume and come out to the heart of our community on Oct. 31...

sky. Yet I still bellow my mantra, in the vain hopes that the riders will become tired of it and walk just to avoid hearing me.

The solution, of course, is for every pedestrian to bellow "DAMN THE TRAM" whenever they see it, so that even the drivers won't want to ride the thing. The tram workers are al-

Will the trams ever go away? Not likely. I have a strong feeling that as soon as the El Niño rains start pelting us, that tram will be packed like Noah's ark, justifying its presence for years to come.

But when the rains are falling with the severity of hellfire, and the full-to-capacity tram plows along

the flooded pathways, there will be one student who prefers to walk through the torrents, braving the elements to stand up for his beliefs. That drenched student will be me, and I'll still be bellowing "DAMN THE TRAM!"

On a much, much more positive note, the plans are well underway for the I.V. Recreation and Park District's Halloween Festival, and from what I've seen, it's gonna rock.

Not only will there be bands playing in the Anisq' Oyo' amphitheater, but there will be an alcohol permit for liquid entertainment during the show. Not only will there be a costume parade down Del Playa, but there will also be a costume contest with valuable prizes for the most creative Isla Vistans. Not only will there be carnival games and a dunk tank, but there will

also be "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" playing at midnight in I.V. Theater.

The Halloween Costume Parade, which has the full support of the Isla Vista Foot Patrol, will begin at 6 p.m. in Dog Shit Park at the corner of Del Playa and Camino Corto. This is your chance to dress up once again, to march down our streets just for the fun of it.

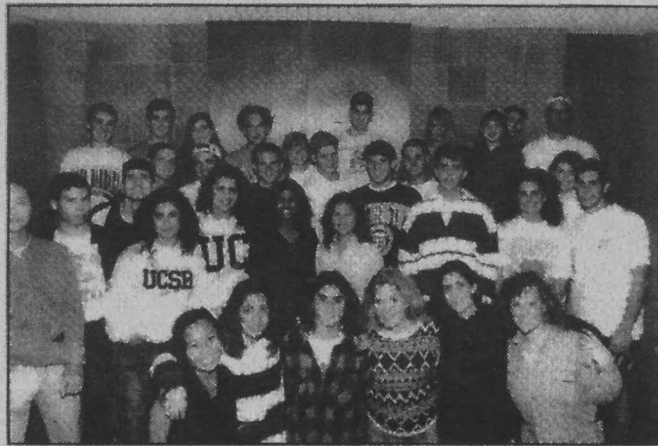
What more could you ask for out of an Isla Vista Halloween? If you think the spirit behind Halloween is dead here after four years of "no tolerance" from the police, think again. Now is the most important time to don a costume and come out to the heart of our community on Oct. 31, because we have all the potential in the world to make this a fun local holiday celebration once again. Summing it up, IVRPD Halloween Committee Chair Pegeen Soutar said,

"This could be the rebirth of a great Isla Vista tradition!" ∞

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