

FRIDAY

MAGAZINE

Daily Nexus

JASON SPIEVAK

SHRIMP

NO LAUGHING MATTER

(Just Add Acid)

CAUSUALITY SUCKS

Liver FUNNYNS

Hi Mom!

Fresh

Debbie Urlik

DOCELLS
GAMMA 1, ISSUE

I AM a Fish. Therefore, I am Fishy.

INSIDE

- doses
- 'shrooms
- cartoons

NOT INSIDE

- Marion Barry singing "Maybelline"
- Chuck Berry snorting crack
- Isaac ... your bartender



(Just Add Acid)



Insane Intro

Yeah drugs are illegal and bad and all that but so are lots of things that we dream about, talk about, and yes, sometimes even DO!

Eee Gads!
Now we ain't saying to go out in the middle of the street naked, shooting up heroin and playing your boom box too loud.

We're not saying to go over and bash the brains out of some of our fellow homeless dudes — even though Panama is our neighbor and we did do some heavy-duty bashing there...

No, we're saying to Think about one of the most popular recreational activities college students on this campus do. Laugh about it, talk about it, and enjoy the newest low Friday Magazine has ever reached.

However, we'd rather call it a new "high".

Take two hits and call us in the morning for all we care, but don't bother with any boring letters complaining and so forth because odds are we'll dose 'em, divide 'em up and sell 'em at the next Dead show.

Anyway, the theme for this issue is actually a quote I read when I was a little kid and didn't really understand its full content. Sorta like Kubrick movies (which you should most definitely check out under certain conditions, trust me). I enjoyed the book, thought it was really neat and weird, but when I got older I finally understood it on a higher level.

It's been my motto ever since I figured out Alice's "true" intent in making her famous statement, so I'll leave you all with it now and get out of the way. Enjoy this week's issue and most definitely, "Eat Me."

LOVE, LIFE, L.S.D.

Let's get one thing straight. It is impossible to "make love" while on acid. You can screw, or maybe fuck, but not "make love." Acid is not the drug for candy-assed, socially-correct euphemisms.

During the summer, my bad deadhead girlfriend and I took more acid than I'd ever taken in my life. You learn a few things when you do that much acid — and if you have a mate or a pseudo-mate, your discoveries will inevitably concern some sort of enhanced animalistic screwing. You learn that, for the few hours during which your consciousness is broadened, you can have some tremendous sex.

For a time, my bad deadhead girlfriend was fabulous, tremendous, the love of my life and incredibly arousing — but on acid all her nightmarish and dreamlike qualities came out at the same time. And I was probably the same way to her. Go and explain it. You can't.

It's a weird acid thing. A myriad of possibilities is open to the willing hallucinogenic experimenter. Most of these involve wishing you were something else, playing mental or tactile games — touching feathers or looking through kaleidoscopes, that kind of thing.



But when you're screwing, it's just your brain and your genitals. You have to make the best of what you have.

Imagine you are both crustaceans. Crayfish, hermit crabs, brine shrimp, whatever. Once you've got the basics down, pretend the two of you are locked in desperate, mortal combat. If you wish hard enough, soon you'll both seem to grow spiny, chitinous exoskeletons, which is always fun. Clawing each other with your fingers, cover each other with melted butter and stay away from all-you can eat seafood places for weeks afterwards.

Imagine that the person you're screwing is a truly awful person. Like Margaret Thatcher. Then imagine she's suddenly become innocuous — like Marcia Brady. You'd

be amazed at how easy it is to switch channels like this, even when you're having an orgasm. Especially when you're having an orgasm.

Pretend you exercise complete control over the blood pumping through every artery and vein in your body. This is potentially dangerous because of the Hindu holy-man implications — I heard a girl once stopped her boyfriend's heart with that shit, man.

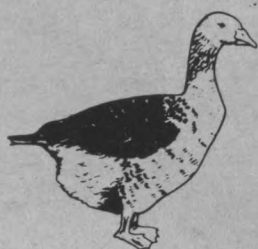
One of the last times my bad deadhead girlfriend and I had sex on acid was last Fourth of July. We'd been at the beach all day and like an idiot I drove home on my motor scooter, fairly fried. I actually thought I was going to crash into a truck and die — assuming the meteors shooting out of the telephone wires didn't get me first.

But I think that near-death experience on the ride home made me more acutely aware of the importance of simulated procreation. The sex that took place at the end of that ride was nothing less than epic. Her skin seemed to pulsate and turn different colors in the light; I was certain we were killing ourselves and each other simultaneously, and that I'd be arrested for some bizarre, seldom-heard-of perversion when it was all over.

It was poetic and silly. And it seemed to last about five hours — longer than sex with any woman, anywhere, should last. I fully understand in dim retrospect that it probably only took five minutes — but heck, if it took some funny little chemical to do that much, then so be it. I'm a believer.

STAFF BOX

- W. Patrick Whalen
- John Paine
- Maxwell C. Donnelly
- Alister Jeffs
- Moisha
- Todd Francis
- BillfromChicago
- Jeffery P. McManus
- Mitch
- Morgan "not that one" Freeman
- Chris Clark
- Chris Morgan
- Greg "Art S." M.
- Special Thanks to:
- Deb "the production babe" Urlik
- Matt "God" Welch
- and whoever really did invent dosing mostly everything in here is true fuck-up artist: Tony Pierce



8 Simple Cures for Computer Phobia

1 Intro To the Macintosh: The Macintosh is already one of the easiest computers to use. With a little help from our friendly consultants, you'll be talking like your favorite computer nerd friends in no time. You'll also be producing professional looking papers, saving time on your homework, and feeling good about possessing one of today's most important skills. This Workshop is for the computer illiterate.
Thursday, January 18 from 3-5PM, Phelps 1517

2 Term Papers on the Macintosh: After you've had a little exposure to the Macintosh, you'll find that producing professional looking term pa-

pers is a cinch. This workshop will introduce you to Microsoft Word, one of the most powerful and popular word processors for the Macintosh.
Thursday, January 25 from 4-6PM in Phelps 1517 and Saturday January 27 from 10AM-12Noon in Phelps 1517.

3 Resumé Making: A quality Resumé can be the key to your future. Learn how to write a quality resumé with help from Counseling and Career Services while learning professional formatting tips from Open Access consultants.
Saturday, January 27 from 10AM-12Noon in the Phelps 1518 and Thursday, February 1 from 3-5PM in Phelps 1517.

4 SuperPaint Graphics on the Macintosh: The Macintosh has revolutionized computer graphics. Learn the basics of computer graphics with SuperPaint, a popular Painting and Drawing program.
Tuesday, January 30 from 7-9PM in Phelps 1518.

5 Ads and Flyers on the Macintosh: An extension of the SuperPaint Graphics workshop, this workshop will teach you how to integrate graphics with text to produce professional looking publicity materials.
Saturday, February 17 from 10AM-12Noon in Phelps 1518.

6 D-Base on the PC: Learn how to construct a database using D-Base, a leading relational database for the IBM and compatible computers.
Friday, February 2 from 11AM-1PM in Phelps 1523.

7 Spreadsheets (Excel) and Accounting Homework on the Macintosh: Excel is a spreadsheet program that can simplify complicated accounting homework. This workshop is an introduction to the software as it applies to accounting courses. It is not an instructional accounting class.
Thursday, February 22 from 3-5PM in Phelps 1517

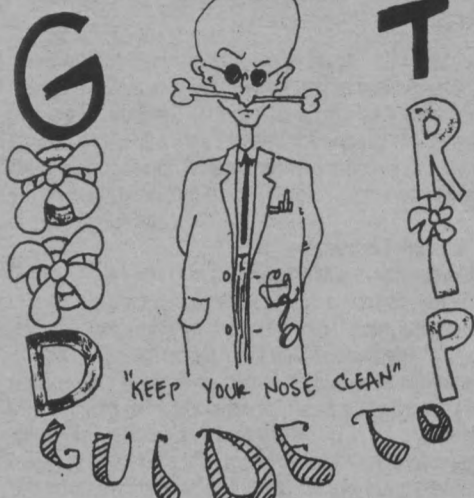
8 Lotus 1-2-3 on the IBM: Lotus is the most popular spreadsheet program for the IBM and compatible computers. This workshop provides an introduction to, and overview of, Lotus using the latest version of the powerful business software.
Thursday, February 22 from 6-8PM in Phelps 1524.

Mini Workshops are free to all students, faculty and staff. For more information or reservations, call 961-3002 or stop by Phelps 1521.





THE "WITCH" DOCTOR'S



"KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN"

ISLA VISTA

GENTLE RESIDENTS OF IV, IF YOU TRIP I'M HERE TO HELP IT BE GOOD. IN IV, WATCH THOSE OPEN CONTAINERS AND DRUNKEN FRAT BOYZ. THIS SEA SIDE COMMUNITY LENDS ITSELF BEST TO LSD AND SHROOMS, AND ECSTASY WORKS WELL IN A GROUP SITUATION. STAY AWAY FROM PCP, PEYOTE AND SANE HEROIN FOR THE LOCALS. AS FOR CRYSTAL AND COCAINE, ALWAYS DO AS THE DOCTOR AND "KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN." ABOVE ALL, HAVE A GOOD TRIP.

TO THE WILDERNESS COOL PLACE TO BE QUIET WATCH OUT FOR TREES!

THE DOCTOR GIVES YOU IV. ON TWO DOSES - A - DAY!
 • UPDATED THIS WEEK!

THE DR. SEZ
 THE ONLY GOOD DRUGS ARE GOOD DRUGS

• YOU HAVE THE MUNCHIES? WELL LOOK NO FURTHER FOR EATS GALOR! ITS NO 7-11, BUT FOR MY DRUG MONEY ITS THE PLACE TO FEED YOUR HUNGER DILLUSIONS. EVEN SEE IF YOU CAN GET A NO₂ HIT FROM THE COFFEE GUYS, WHO KNOWS?

SUPER E-Z TO READ KEY

- ⊛: A dot with a number in it is a spot you will most likely find yourself in, even if you don't wanna be there. Read the hints and find out how best to deal with it!
- ★: A star is a must see. Check it out.

I.V. FOOT PATROL HEAD QUARTERS THEY'RE NOT TOO SMART, KIDS. SO DON'T FEED OR STICK YOUR FINGERS INTO THE CAGES.

• THE GRADUATE DON'T GO HERE, EVER!

• DEL PLAYA THERE ARE A FEW REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD NOT GO HERE. FOR THE SAME REASONS THIS MAY BE THE FIRST STOP ON YOUR LIST: ONE, LOTS OF PEOPLE, MOST OF THEM IDIOTS. TWO, LOTS OF COPS, MOST OF THEM IDIOTS. THREE, PARTIES

• WHAT EVER THIS PLACE IS CALLED, ITS COOL. GREAT PLACE TO GET MORE DRUGS, MEET NEW PEOPLE, GET INTO FIGHTS, AND CRASH IF YOU'VE GOT NO WHERE ELSE TO SLEEP.

• IF YOU'RE REALLY FUCKED YOU WILL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHY THIS IS CALLED "PERFECT PARK".

The CAMPUS

REMEMBER KIDS: WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE

THE DR. SEZ

DORMS ①

LAGOON

• CHECK OUT THE ETERNAL FLAME GREAT PLACE TO LIGHT JOINTS WHEN YOUR LIGHTER GOES BAD. HEY, FUNKY POWER CRYSTAL FANS! DIG THE PYRAMID! DOES WONDERS FOR YOUR AURA!

• YOU SIT AROUND EYEING A LITTLE PIECE OF PAPER OR A BIT OF GREYISH MATTER. AFTER STUPID GIGGLING AND WIDE EYES YOU TAKE THE PLUNGE. PRETTY SOON YOU ARE IN SOME SERIOUS SHIT, IT'S COOL. SIT BACK, RELAX, BE YOURSELF. DON'T CALL HOME! DON'T FREAK OUT! DON'T WATCH "HOME SHOPPING NETWORK" DON'T READ LANGUAGES YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! GET OUT AND HAVE A GOOD TRIP!

SMALL 90

The University Center presents
 3rd ANNUAL

CELEBRATION OF CULTURES

JANUARY 23-25, 1990 ■ UCSB University Center

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

TUESDAY, JANUARY 23

- 10:00 a.m. "Students in the Year 2000, Shirley Thornton," co-sponsored by the Student Affairs Professional Development Committee and UCen Programs, Room 2
- 11:00 a.m. Information tables sponsored by various campus organizations, UCen Mezzanine
- 11:00 a.m. Art: Sri Lankan, American Indian, European, and More, Pavilion Room A
- 11:30 a.m. Music on the Bagpipes by Mark Cianca, The Pub
- Noon Mariachi Band, Noon, The Pub
- Noon "Nutrition in Culture," Erin Clason, Student Health Services, Room 1
- Noon Latin American Buffet: Cazuela de Cordero (Chile), Humitas (Argentina), Couve a Mineira (Brazil), The Pub
- 1:00 p.m. Phil Salazar's Bluegrass Band, The Pub
- 2:00 p.m. Panel on "Asian American Studies: Its History, Future, & Impact" with Dr. Sucheng Chan, Dr. Nolan Zane, Dr. Karen Ho, Scott Wong, Room 2
- 2:00 p.m. Middle Eastern Dancing by Rasha, The Pub
- 2:30 p.m. Art Gallery Opening-Indian Sitar Music featuring Scott Markus, Pavilion Room A
- 3:00 p.m. UCSB Gospel Choir, The Pub
- 4:30 - 6:30 p.m. Caribbean Appetizers: Bombas de Camarones (Dominican Republic), Suirilitos (Puerto Rico), The Pub
- 4:30 p.m. Ogie Yocha-Asian Reggae, The Pub
- 8:00 p.m. Caribbean Superstars, The Pub

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24

- 11:00 a.m. Art Gallery, Pavilion Room A
- Noon Spanish Buffet: Paella (Spain), The Pub
- Noon Ballet Folklorico de Veracruz, co-sponsored by Arts & Lectures, The Pub
- 1:00 p.m. Flamenco Guitarist Guillermo Rios, The Pub
- 1:00 p.m. Harpist Xavier Montes, UCen Lobby
- 1:00 p.m. Film: *When Father Was Away on Business*, Pavilion B & C
- 2:00 p.m. Presentation on Austrian/German Culture, Barbara Stacher, Room 1
- 2:30 p.m. Dance Performance by Children from the Santa Ynez Reservation, The Pub
- 3:00 p.m. Panel on "Adapting to a Southern Californian Culture", Room 2
- 4:00 p.m. Slide Presentation on Honduras, co-sponsored by the Peace Corps, Room 1
- 4:00 p.m. Jamie K & the Smokin' Guns, The Pub
- 4:30 - 6:30 p.m. Southern Appetizers: Cajun Popcorn (USA), The Pub
- 8:00 p.m. MultiCultural Night featuring performances by the Da Hawaii Club, International Students Association, Kapatriang Pilipino, APASU, Middle Eastern Ensemble, Chinese Lion Dancers & many other student organizations, faculty & staff, The Pub

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25

- 11:00 a.m. Irish Folk Musicians, The Pub
- 11:00 a.m. Art Gallery, Pavilion Room A
- Noon Middle Eastern Buffet: Musakka'a (Arab States), Shireen Polo (Iran), The Pub
- Noon Papa Susso-Gambian Musician, co-sponsored by the MultiCultural Center
- 12:30 p.m. European Folk Musician, Barry Kaufman, UCen Lobby
- 1:00 p.m. South American Folk Music Representing Nine Different Countries, The Pub
- 1:00 p.m. Film: *The Official Story*, Pavilion B & C
- 2:00 p.m. John Trudell & Graffiti Man, Native American Poet & Musician, The Pub
- 3:00 p.m. Film: *Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart*, Pavilion B & C
- 4:00 p.m. Papa Heinz & Company, German Polka Band, The Pub
- 4:30 - 6:30 p.m. German Appetizers: Bratwurst mit saurer Sahnesosse (Germany), The Pub
- 8:00 p.m. Borracho Y Loco, The Pub, \$1 student, \$3 General

OTHER RELATED EVENTS...

- Monday, January 22
 Noon: Barbara Smith: A Movement That Can Save Our Lives: The Feminism of Women of Color, sponsored by the Women's Center, UCen Pavilion
- 3:00 p.m.: Black Out: The Omission of African-Americans from Portrayals of the Vietnam War, Center for Black Studies
- Wednesday, January 24
 4:30 p.m.: Barbara Smith: The World According To Us: De-Marginalizing Strategies of Women of Color, sponsored by the Women's Center, Girvetz 1004
- Friday, January 26
 Chinese New Year Celebration
 Noon: Tria Toyota: Minorities & the Media, The KCBS-TV anchor will discuss how public notions about cultural pluralism are shaped by television reporting, sponsored by the Women's Center, Pavilion Room
- Saturday, January 27
 8:00 p.m.: Roger Steffens: The Life of Bob Marley, sponsored by A.S. Program Board, Campbell Hall



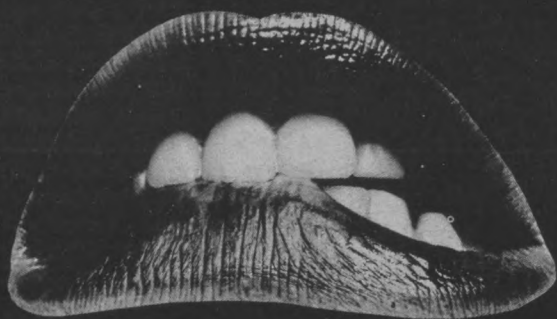
Saturday, Jan. 20
7-9-11 pm
I.V. Theatre • \$3

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& A.S. Underwrite



When Harry Met Sally...

Save a Tree
Please recycle your Nexus



THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

a different
set of jaws.

R

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FUN FACTS

The hallucinogenic mushroom, more commonly called the "magic mushroom" is one of a few naturally occurring hallucinogens which have been used for their "tripping" properties for thousands of years. No exact date of discovery is known, however, in Guatemala there are large mushrooms sculptures that date back to 1000 B.C..

The mushrooms were often used by witch doctors or in religious ceremonies because their powers were believed to be sacred. This is implied by their name "Teonanacatl" which translates as "God's flesh."

The main psychoactive

variety of mushroom is Psilocybe mexicana. Psilocybin is the active agent in this mushroom. Psilocybin was isolated from the mushroom in 1958 by Albert Hofmann, who is also credited with discovering LSD. The mushrooms contain between .2% and .5% of psilocybin when dried.

The effects of psilocybin are thought to be due to its chemical structure which is similar to serotonin. Serotonin is one of the neurotransmitters which act upon the visual and emotional areas of the brain during dream sleep. This may explain the hallucinogenic properties of the drug.



Coming soon in concert:



ROMANOVSKY & PHILLIPS

Tickets available through A.S. Ticket Office 961-2064
\$10 in advance \$12 at the door
\$2 discount with current UCSB Reg. Card

SUNDAY JANUARY 21 8pm
Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall, UCSB

"You've never seen anyone quite like Romanovsky and Phillips! ...Amid all the laughter and music, Romanovsky and Phillips are political activists at heart. Their message is one of dignity, hope, perseverance and pride."

SPONSORED BY THE LESBIAN/GAY/BISEXUAL ALLIANCE AT UCSB

RON DROPS

Hello, fellow Americans. You all know me as America's most popular former president, but how many of you knew that I was a "Day Tripper" like many of you. Ever since I went to Berkeley in 1970 to stop the student riots and some crazy yippie dropped a dose in my coffee, I've been a closet acidhead. In my many years of psychedelic snacking there have been some legendary experiences. Below, I give the stories behind my five favorites.

1) Republican National Convention, 1980

The pressure of the campaign was wearing on me, and I felt I needed some recreation. The hotel's tennis courts were closed, so I decided to drop a hit on "4 way window pane" I'd been saving for my victory celebration. Halfway through my videotape of "The Wall" (I love the freaky animation scenes), my campaign staff busted in and demanded that I pick a running mate. They showed me a bunch of data and a set of pictures. I was immediately drawn to a crazy paisley tie that was moving around like a bunch of amoebas on crack. "I'll take that guy," I said, before I even looked at his face. It was a great trip, but a bad choice, and I was forced to live with George Bush for 8 years. The only bright side was that I could watch the wrinkles in Barbara's face for hours without getting bored.

2) Reykjavik, Iceland, 1987

The Icelanders occasionally get tired of slamming vodka all winter, and as a change of pace, they love to eat their Native iceplant which is a kick-butt hallucinogen trip. While I was there, I tried some on my first day (Nancy kicked me out of bed for having cold feet, so I had nothing else to do), but I grossly underestimated how long it would affect me. Boy, snow can fuck with your head if you look at it long enough. By the time I got into my meeting with Gorbachev, I was a waste case! My aides kept pouring coffee down my throat, while I kept hoping that the walls would stop breathing. The low-light of the day was when I tried to beat Gorbachev's birthmark to death after it told me to "Die you imperialist pig!" It could have been a disaster, but as I look back, I have to laugh!

3) Oval Office, 1985

One of my favorite combos is shrooms and fry. One day, as I was reviewing bills, I decided to bust out my stash. Al Haig and I split a 1/4 of shrooms, and we each took a hit of "orange sunshine." I turned on some Led Zep, and as Al was banging away at the air in unison with the drum solo of "Moby Dick", he accidentally hit the "red button." Boy, were we tripping when we had to explain that to the Joint Chiefs of Staff! But afterwards, Al and I went out to a whorehouse and got laid (you didn't think I could get it up, did ya!?)

4) Santa Barbara, 1987

Now this is the first time I've told this story: one day at the ranch, Nancy and I were in an argument (I still say that the lubricated ones are better) and I decided to get wild. I drank a litre of Monte Alban tequila, and I started to hallucinate. Then I put my Nixon mask on and went down to UCSB. I spent the rest of the day flashing co-eds as "tricky Dick!" I haven't had so much fun since I sent George Schultz a strip-o-gram at the UN General Assembly. UCSB girls, watch out. Nancy's bitching again, and Lucky's has a sale on Jose Cuervo.

5) Santa Barbara, 1990, Right now (do you think I'd dictate this sober?)

My secretary, Gladys, is glowing right now, and I almost drank my Grecian formula a minute ago. Hey, have you ever noticed that a tie-dye will move if you look at it right? Well, I'm slipping into another dimension, so, good-bye.

And, you all, I was napping all the time.

MTC METROPOLITAN THEATRES

MOVIE HOTLINE 963-9503

Complete Program And Showtime Information For All Theatres
All programs, showtimes & restrictions subject to change without notice.

ARLINGTON
1317 State St. S B
Born on the Fourth of July 2, 5, 7:45, 10:30
Saturday at the Gradada 2, 5, 7:45, 10:30
Sunday at Granada 2:15, 5
Arlington 7:45, 10:30

GRANADA 3
1216 State St. S B
Always 12, 2:30, 5, 8, 10:25
Sun only 12, 8, 10:25
Tango & Cash 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:50, 10
Sat only 1, 5:30, 10
Back to the Future II 12:30, 3, 5:15, 7:45, 10
Sat only 3, 7:45

METRO 4
618 State St., S B
Enemies, A Love Story 12:15, 2:45, 5:20, 8, 10:35
No passes or bargain nights
Little Mermaid 12, 2, 4, 6
No passes or bargain nights
Steel Magnolias 8, 10:30
Separate admission required
Glory 12, 2:30, 5, 7:40, 10:20
No passes or bargain nights
Driving Miss Daisy 12:50, 3, 5:20, 7:40, 10
No passes or bargain nights

FIESTA 4
916 State St. S B
Double Feature
Leatherface 6:15, 10:15, S&S also 2:15
Downtown 8:15, S&S also 4:15
Tremors 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45
Rocky Horror Fri at Midnite

PLAZA DE ORO TWIN
349 Hitchcock Way S B
The Music Box 5:20, 7:50, 10:15
Sat & Sun also 12:30, 2:55
Blaze 5:20, 7:50, 10:10
Sat & Sun also 12:30, 2:50

RIVIERA
2044 Alameda Padre Serra S B
Girl on a Swing 5, 7:15, 9:30
Sat & Sun also 12:45, 2:50
Theatre closed
Monday-Thursday
for remodeling

CINEMA TWIN
6050 Hollister Ave. Goleta
Steel Magnolias 5:30, 8, 10:15
Sat & Sun also 3
Born on the Fourth of July 5, 7:45, 10:30, S&S also 2
No passes or bargain nights

FAIRVIEW TWIN
251 N Fairview Goleta
Always 5:10, 7:30, 9:50
Sat & Sun also 12:30, 2:50
Ski Patrol 6, 8, 10
Sat & Sun also 2, 4

GOLETA
320 S Kellogg Ave. Goleta
War of the Roses 5, 7:30, 10
Sat & Sun also 12, 2:30

ARLINGTON TICKET AGENCY
1317 State St. S B
Hours: Mon.-Sat. 10-5:30
Sunday Noon-5
Information 963-4408

SWAP MEET
EVERY SUNDAY 7 am-3 pm
Santa Barbara Twin Urve-in
907 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta
Swap Meet Information 964-9050

GIFT SHOP
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1317 State Street, next to the Arlington Theatre
Open 12-8 PM Daily
Gift Shop Information 966-3638

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE

Friday, Jan. 19
7, 9, 11 pm
I.V. Theatre \$3



Monday, Jan. 22
8:30 and 11 pm
Campbell Hall • \$3

Sponsored by Chicano Grad. Comm.



Bill Bagnall's

Santa Barbara camera show

CAMERAS • LENSES • PROJECTORS • DARKROOM EQUIP'T Adm: \$4
SUNDAY, JAN. 21st - 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Earl Warren Showgrounds

Highway 101 at Las Positas Road,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

OVER 150 TABLES OF PHOTO EQUIP'T

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SELLERS: 8-ft. DISPLAY TABLES, \$40. HALF TABLES, \$25. Seller Set-Up From 8 a.m.

SELLERS: Phone in advance for e-hat table reservation!

DISPLAY RESERVATION & INFORMATION: 714/786 8183, 786-6644 or 642-6604

(Just Add Acid)

ACID HITS

1. "Funhouse," The Stooges
2. "Drink," Jazz Butcher
3. "Happening 10 Years Time Ago," Yardbirds
4. "Golden Brown," The Stranglers
5. "Mother Sky," Can
6. "I Got a Thing, You Got a Thing, Everybody's Got a Thing," Funkadelic
7. "Frankie's Teardrop," Suicide
8. "Dancing Barefoot," Patti Smith
9. "Rollercoaster," 13th Floor Elevators
10. "So Messed Up," The Damned
11. "Comb," The Butthole Surfers
12. "Jones Comin' Down," Last Poets
13. "Carbona Not Glue," Ramona
14. "1-2-5," The Haunted
15. "Losing Touch With My Mind," Spacemen 3
16. "If I Can't Be Drunk I Don't Want to Be Alive," Flipper
17. "The Trip," Kim Fowley
18. "Heroin," Velvet Underground
19. "Down On the Beach," Union Carbide Products
20. "Beer and Ludes," The Lovedolls



stormy weather

It was the first big storm of the year to hit Isla Vista; rain was melting from the dark grey clouds.

Our assignment was to discover the best music to trip to. Little did we know what we were getting into. It could have been an easy assignment — we could have just sat there, listened to Pink Floyd cd's and stared into a bubbling lava lamp. But, our grimy carpet stunk and the thought of staying in the slum we call "home" made us think again.

After eating a very benign-looking red piece of paper, we walked to the beach with some beers and watched the storm roll in from the horizon. It was amazing how the oncoming storm paralleled the tempest building in our minds. At this point, we decided it would be up to the citizens of Isla Vista to decide what we would hear on our trip.

A variety of states of mind, times of day and night, and music lovers everywhere gave us ample amounts of subject matter. This is just a sampling for you to decide what to and what not to listen to while taking your own eight-hour trip through your own personal Disneyland.

The evening began with a few selections from our formative junior high school days. Blondie sang "The Tide is High." At that point all noises were one big, distorted roar, but I think it might have sounded cool. The sounds and effects of the Steve Miller Band ("The Joker" and "Fly Like an Eagle") brought us down to a more zoning-staring point. Somehow, while looking through our limited CD collection, Van Halen became a part of our listening enjoyment. The intense drum solo at the beginning makes "Hot For The Teacher" an interesting and chaotic tune but "Jump" just did not do the trick. A bit too plastic for such a cerebral drug.

Hendrix's "Purple Haze" seemed to become very real later in the night, as a definite purple haze (it was actually red!) hovered over Isla Vista amid the rubble of insane laughter, footsteps, and waves crashing on our brains. Unfortunately, in trying to kiss the sky or grab a star, I nearly fell over the second floor balcony and down the cliffs, so maybe you should refrain from this Jimi cut while peaking.

"Kodachrome" by Paul Simon was turned off about 3/4 of the way through, so I guess that just about put us to sleep or threw us into some bad time warp into the 70s. Enough of that.

"Higher Ground" by the Red Hot Chili Peppers amped us all up, but man, we just couldn't get any higher. Surprisingly, the Grateful Dead was probably a bad idea too. Sorry, but in that condition any association with the Dead is liable to find you at the mercy of some blood-driven cop with a penchant for billy clubs and choke holds. Definitely a bad trip, man. This point was legitimized by some girl coming in and screaming something about a cop throwing rocks at people in

the street. Maybe they're getting ready for sloshball season. Maybe she was just completely gone. Nonetheless, a bad trip.

Billy Joel on MTV. Somehow this guy is worse on acid than normally. Even if I saw Christie Brinkley dancing around (which is one reason Joel is still successful) I would have still turned it off because the music is just so bad. Fortunately during this time, I was so completely whacked out that I couldn't tell music from the grinding of my teeth.

Santana's "Oye Como Va" was by far one of the best grooving tunes of the night, producing a unified, glorious harmony within our whole group. Who says there's no such thing as a harmonic convergence?

Sting's "Walking On The Moon" was played, and even though the song seemed to apply, the wicked demented laughter of the guy in the corner and someone begging for bong hits seemed to take all the magic out of it. But, outside on the porch that overlooked the ocean, "Walking on the Moon" took on a new dimension. Lights were shooting across the sky and water from the oil rig and a plane in the sky; lights were everywhere. Quite amazing. Very beautiful.

10,000 Maniacs "Blind Man's Zoo": normally a good band which should put you on a really nice, mellow trip but memories of Natalie Merchant's repressed, rechanneled, and malignant mother instinct for the whole world and pseudo-activism just put me in a bad way. It was cool though because someone turned it off halfway through. Thank you.

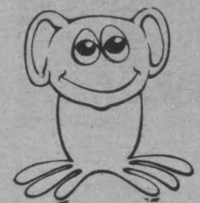
Later, someone put on Bob Marley, who later turned out to be Jimmy Cliff by means of some strange metamorphosis. Of course, the positive reggae vibes put the power of Jah in each one of us, so we all smoked a fatty, got stoked on over-

throwing the existing, suppressive power structure and grooved to our newfound intensity. Throughout most of the Cliff album, the good vibes held, yet towards the end, that rocksteady beat just got too damned monotonous and everyone drifted outside to see what the guy who said, "I like the blue part — it would be warm and harmonious there" was actually talking about.

Yes, and we also listened to a lot of Stones. Anything as universally appealing as such hits as "Satisfaction" and "Jumpin' Jack Flash" instantly brings on a good trip, even if they are a bunch of sold-old codgers who haven't written a decent pop song since "Some Girls" back in the 70s. Speaking of Stones memories, while tripping through some nostalgia, we came across some rarely listened to Stones stuff like "Undercover of the Night" which came with a funky beat, keg of beer, and a pack of cards to keep us happy, grinning, and glazed.

We concluded the evening with the Doors first album — with "Break on Through," "Soul Kitchen," and "The End." Man, old Jim Morrison sure must've taken a lotta doses 'cause every word rang true and opened up an entirely new world of perception filled with the everlasting ugliness and beauty of Absolute Reality. Of course, "The End" just about destroyed our minds with its oedipal intensity. It's a good thing we didn't listen to that while peaking. Far out. (No, he's not really that much of a Doors fan — ed)

Finally, do not, I repeat, do not listen to Milli Vanilli — a seriously bad trip. When that chick — who I could have sworn was Molly Ringwald — put that in the tape deck, I thought the world turned back and Satan was now in command (a bad trip). And I have to thank the Lord above that no one put in any of that English death rock shit like Bauhaus, the Smiths, or even Pink Floyd because in my state of mind, I probably would have jumped off the cliffs and impaled myself on one of those stolen bikes that mysteriously flies off the Del Playa cliffs every Saturday night.

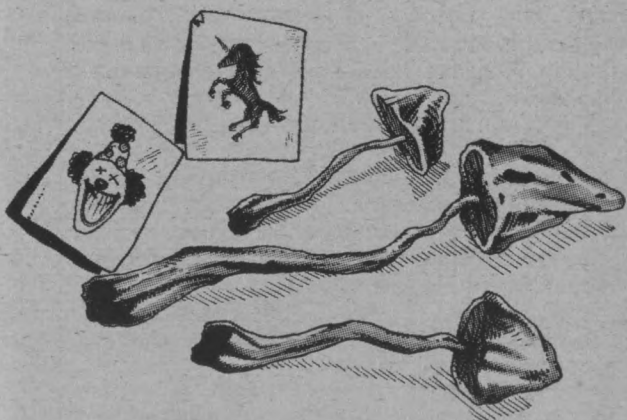


Congrats Burton!

Burton is the new FM mascot. Congrats big guy.

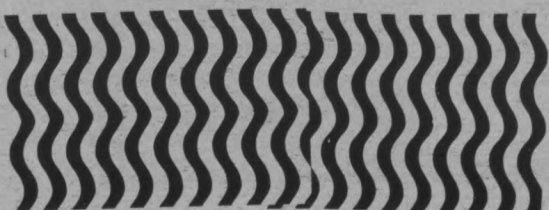
Thanks to all the people who submitted stuff that we didn't get to use, sorry.

Thanks to Jeffery C. Whalen. Jeff quit F.M. before this issue to pursue solo projects.



This is drugs.

trippy stuff



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L.S.D. is S.U.B. For Everything

Americans have always needed their substitutes. You know, Howie Mandel instead of Lenny Bruce, the Cosbys for the Bradys, Bruce Cockburn for Bob Dylan, Sizzlean for steak, the condom instead of the yankee doodle, the New Kids on the Block for the Jackson Five, et cetera. What has puzzled most Americans is that these substitutions have invariably been found to be a tad off, a smidgen Blue Velvet, a touch Brian Wilson, a little too Zendik Farm.

LSD — or to be more precise, Lysergic Acid Diethylamide — has never presented the dilemmas posed by the tragic frailties of bungled substitutes. The vividness of the drug is its genius; its doors to perception its unfailing wonder. In fact, as my exhaustive research will show, LSD can be a useful substitute for many of the dolorous hang-ups of life. Things such as:

Being Fat Talk about SlimFast! Ingestion of the right amount of LSD has proven to be helpful in shedding those unwanted pounds. In the 1960s, for example, an overweight Greenwich Village man took a quantity of acid and the solution to his weight problem suddenly became clear — *simply take a razor-sharp instrument and slice the excessive fat away!* Needless to say, when finished our guy was a new man. An unfortunate side note: He was later found dead from loss of blood.

Sex Intercourse can often be a confused, jumbled exercise replete with adverse psychological effects down the road. A particularly bad experience can indeed lead to future psychoses from which some individuals never recover. Use of LSD, however, can be the perfect substitute for the hassles of sex and the clumsy obligation of dealing with your partner.

With LSD, just do it yourself: "A person under

(LSD's) influence shows evidence of dilated eyes, cold clammy hands, either a flushed or very pale face, shivering, goose pimples, irregular breathing and excessive saliva," notes a 1970s drug tract, uncannily mirroring the dynamics of common sexual response. An added advantage is that doses of LSD often cost less than the average attempt at sex.

The Origins of Names The esteemed Aldous Huxley, a pioneer user of LSD and its effects, once wrote about a chair while tripping: "The legs, for example, of that chair — how miraculous their tubularity, how supernatural their polished smoothness! I spent several minutes — or was it several centuries? — not merely gazing at those bamboo legs, but actually *being* them — or rather being myself in them; or, to be still more accurate (for 'I' was not involved in the case, nor in a certain sense were 'they') being my Not-self in the Not-self which was the chair."

The origins of names, on the other hand, are altogether a different matter. For example, have you ever wondered where the name Morningglory, as in Morningglory Records, came from? Well, unsurprisingly, LSD is a helping hand — and you don't even have to eat some to figure it out (although it most certainly helps)! LSD is chemically derived from a fungus that grows, conveniently, from *morning-glory seeds* — something even more trippy than that store's record prices, huh? Try other name games at your leisure.

Junk Food Looking for a murder excuse in the Dan "Twinkie Defense" White vein, but don't want to burden yourself with boxes of unwieldy cream-filled pastries? Say *si* to LSD! Acid is a perfect agent for that court-ready "temporary insanity" plea. Just ask Harvard grad Stephen Kessler.

Kessler one weekend took three doses of LSD and decided it was the right time to make things right with his

estranged wife. So his next actions made considerable sense: He found his mother-in-law and stabbed her 105 times with a butter knife, then headed back to his apartment to hang out in his *exceedingly bloody* clothes. When the cops arrived to question him, Kessler showed his daring comedic sense. "Did I rape anyone?" he asked. "What have I done? Man, I been flying for three days on LSD." *What genius!* A jury went on the find Kessler not guilty on grounds of "temporary insanity" caused by LSD.

Screwing A Mattress It is well-known that males frequently have resorted to pummeling a mattress when in a sexual slump. Alas, dosing on acid can alleviate this not-wholly unpleasant affliction. LSD guru Timothy Leary asserted in a celebrated 1967 *Playboy* interview that after gobbling acid and becoming sexually stimulated, all subsequent sober sexual endeavors will *seem* like screwing a mattress. So listen up, boys: Eat LSD and *then* screw that mattress! Yes, believe Dr. Leary and every mattress can be a sweaty Michelle Pfeiffer look-alike. But watch out for those nasty springs!

Eggs Getting a good breakfast egg in this town can be trouble, especially when you're a regular acid user and the little red chipmunk at the foot of your bed won't let you get up before noon. But take another look at what television, an important educational tool, has shown us about drug use.

You know the commercial: The guy who looks like a divorced high school social studies teacher is mysteriously heating an empty frying pan. He cracks an egg and spills it into the pan, muttering "This is your brain." The egg begins to sizzle and pop under the jacked up flames, and our instructor then intones: "This is your brain on drugs." *Yeah!*

So gobble up. What else can give you brain food for life at such an appealing price?

cOp BlOtTeR

Don't Eat That...

Two local residents were arrested Tuesday and charged with possession of a controlled substance and assaulting a police officer after they were stopped by the California Highway Patrol on Highway 101, north of Santa Barbara.

According to official records, the officer involved pulled over a 1970 Volkswagen van of multiple colors after noticing that its headlights were obstructed by painted-on peace symbols. As the officer approached the car, which was occupied by two long-haired unsavories, he noticed a vial containing a white powder on the dashboard of the vehicle.

He obtained identification from the subjects, then asked them to hand him the vial. The driver, dismayed, said "Shit, dude, the vial," and slapped himself on the forehead, according to official CHP records.

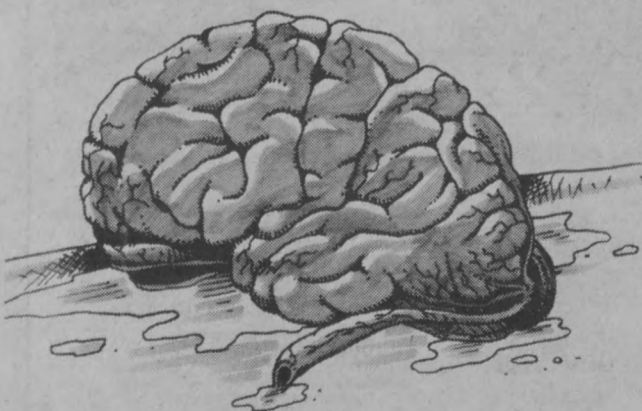
Dismayed, he handed the officer the vial, smiling weakly. His smile revealed a brown and

green substance lodged between his front teeth. The officer, holding the vial, quickly drew a toothpick from an inside coat pocket and obtained a sample of the tooth lodged material. He soon identified it as psilocybin mushroom, and placed the suspect under arrest for possession of a controlled substance.

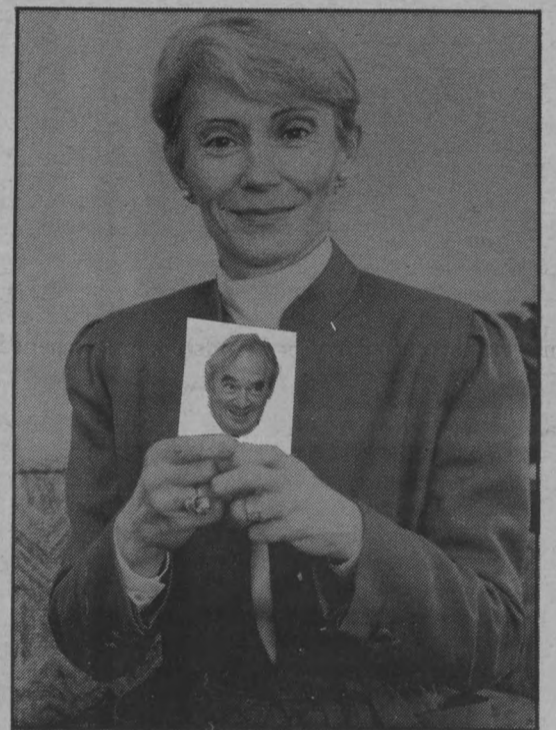
He then opened the vial, placed a finger in the container in a departmentally approved manner to obtain a sample of the contents, and told the suspect he was also under arrest for possession of cocaine after having tasted the substance. Unfortunately for the officer, the substance turned out to be not cocaine, but concentrated lysergic diethylamide (LSD). The suspects, realizing the officer's folly in taking 300 hits of acid without first entering a Grateful Dead show, told the officer with genuine concern, "You better come with us, dude."

The officer, suddenly realizing that he had been attacked by a large insect, drew his billy club and beat himself senseless.

Thirsty Thursday



This is your brain.



doses!



Ask Dr. Dose



Q. It all started when I watched my buddy's eyeball melt and pour down his face. Then he stuck in his hand, scooped out some brains and offered some to me. I had to refuse, but only because I had just eaten a bowl of goop I bought from some bongo-playing vendor. I still don't know how my friend survived. It's amazing how those things can happen. Anyway, as I was walking down this never-ending hallway I noticed the clouds coming together and forming a giant Archie Bunker. I was astonished. He invited me up to play in the stars, but again I had to refuse because I'm scared of heights. That's when it hit me. How could there have been clouds and stars inside a hallway?

Frisco Sanchez

A. That is very interesting Frisco. Now what I'd like you to do is go back to that hallway and wait for Archie to come back. When he does, introduce yourself politely and invite him down to play a couple rounds of hopscotch.

Q. I wasn't sure at first, but when it talked there was no doubt in my mind that my mother hadn't turned into giant ball of slimy phlegm. I've locked her in the bathroom, but she is slowly slithering under the door. What should I do?

Stan Spun

A. Simple Stan, drop about ten more hits and she'll turn into a bowling ball. There's no way she'll get out then.

Q. All of my toes have transformed into living G.I. Joe action figures. It wasn't bad at first, but recently they have killed two of my dogs, three cats, and my sister. What should I do?

Franklin Tower

A. There are many options open to you Franklin. This is a very common problem. You could soak your feet in gasoline or hydrogen peroxide, but that's no fun. I would like to recommend that you capitalize on your (mis)fortune. For instance, you could cut them off and see if new ones grow. If so, market them through Kenner. If they don't come back, make finger sandwiches out of the ten you have and treat your friends and family to a once in a lifetime meal.

Q. You've got to help me. I dropped 46 hits of liquid by ac-

cident and thought I was a transformer. Well, I've contorted myself into a jet ski. Can you help me?

A. Wrap yourself up and you'll make a great Christmas present.

Q. My life is over. I no longer possess the will to live. Nothing like this has ever happened to me. It is so awful I'm hesitant to tell you. Well, here goes, I lost my favorite tie-dye!

Tom Nelson

A. That is horrible. I'm sorry guy, but all I can say is that I'm glad I'm not you.

Q. I'm very confused as to what to do with my son. He denies that he uses hallucinogenics, but he insists that he's the Jolly Green Giant. He has created such a mess cooking creamed corn in the kitchen that I'm considering moving out. I need help! You are my last hope.

Eilene Awnyou

A. Mrs. Awnyou, invite Mr. Clean and Brawny over, they'll take care of him.

Q. Thanks to your great advice, I've completely altered my life for the better. All those other people just don't understand what we we're put on this earth to do. I'm so glad that I do. People were meant to drive around in huge repulsive busses and make bracelets and tie-dyes. Boy, what a life. By the way, what should I do when Jerry dies?

Fryann Balls

A. Fryann, how can you say such a thing? What do you

mean when Jerry dies? I'm sorry Fryann, but you don't understand. Get this straight. JERRY WILL NEVER DIE!!! HE IS GOD!!! AND GOD IS IMMORTAL!!! Get down on your knees say 3 Hail Marys and listen to Europe '72 four times.

Q. My son is highly into drugs. I believe that he is a regular user of LSD. His drug problem is slowly pulling our family apart. Can you help me?

Barbara Smith

A. No.



ETIQUETTE

Now that the "acid generation" is starting to reap the benefits of their long awaited residual "acid flashbacks," a whole new division of drug-related etiquette has evolved. The baby boomers, many of whom are now successful professionals, do not want to embarrass themselves and lose prestige by succumbing to a humiliating faux pas, even while in the throes of a surprise psychedelic experience. These worried ex-trippers have created a complex set of Flashback manners that have become the norm in San Francisco and Berkeley, and now are becoming expected knowledge in the former psychedelic set.

Unfortunately, many younger trippers don't have access to the experienced drug crowd's knowledge. So if you don't work with any ex-acid freaks, and you can't get your mom or dad to tell you (oh come on, one of them had to be a hippie!), then read on, and hope the words don't start moving 'til you've finished.

1) When your teacher starts to grow a second head, don't attempt to "annihilate the evil head" by hitting it with your text book. Not only will this cause you embarrassment when the hallucination wears off, but it could also severely lower your grade.

2) Never take a test during a flashback. If the stress of an exam starts to trigger a residual psychedelic experience, simply walk up to your teacher, give him your test, and explain that you forgot that your Dad just died today, and that you have to leave right away.

3) If a flashback strikes you at a dinner party, don't shout out that your food is alive and violently stab it with your fork. This will embarrass your host and unnecessarily alarm your fellow guests. Just sit back and enjoy the show. You remember Peter Gabriel's "Sledgehammer" video, don't you? Dancing chickens were all the rage. Just think of it as an MTV nostalgia show. Whatever you do, don't describe what you see to your friends. They will think you are hallucinating due to food poisoning, and will all go out and pay for costly stomach pumping. And believe me, nothing ruins a good party (or friendship) faster than mass stomach pumping.

4) If you are caught driving when the flashback hits, don't panic! Just pretend you are playing Pole Position on acid (but remember, in this game you can only crash once!). If you drive a Volvo, congratulations, you'll probably survive. If you're driving a Yugo or Suzuki Samurai, I cer-

tainly hope you were a regular churchgoer.

5) Flashbacks in family situations can be fun, but one must remember to stay in control. While Mom's fifteen foot high face telling you to clean your room may be quite entertaining, staring at it for ten minutes without speaking is likely to land you in a treatment facility. Likewise, although your brother may now look like a snarling mutant, shooting him down in the living room with Dad's shotgun is not the way into your family's heart.

6) Flashbacks in church can be a disconcerting experience. Watching religious symbols move around while a man in a dress tells you that you are a sinner could give anyone a bad trip. You will need comic relief after this trauma, so go home and watch some Looney Tunes on cable. If you still are in a religious mood, slap in a tape of the Jim and Tammy Show. It's about as funny as Bugs Bunny, and they mention God a lot too.

7) Flashbacks are often brought on during stressful times like job interviews. If you are interviewing for a job in a head shop, or as a Grateful Dead roadie, this is the sort of thing that will get you in good with your boss, so by all means, tell the interviewer what is happening. If, however, you are interviewing for a job with the FBI, just shut up and enjoy the trails; you've got no chance.

8) The physical exertion of a sports event can also bring on unexpected trips. Some rules are: always go for the middle ball when four or five are heading at you; running is left, right, left, right, etc.; and no, you can not fly down the field, no matter how sure you are that you can. The most important rule to remember is not to look at the referee's striped shirt unless you want to be stuck staring at him for the rest of the game."

9) Some helpful rules — walls don't breathe, your dog is not a giant rat, and "Helter Skelter" by the Beatles is not telling you to go out and kill your neighbors, but the version by Motley Crue is.

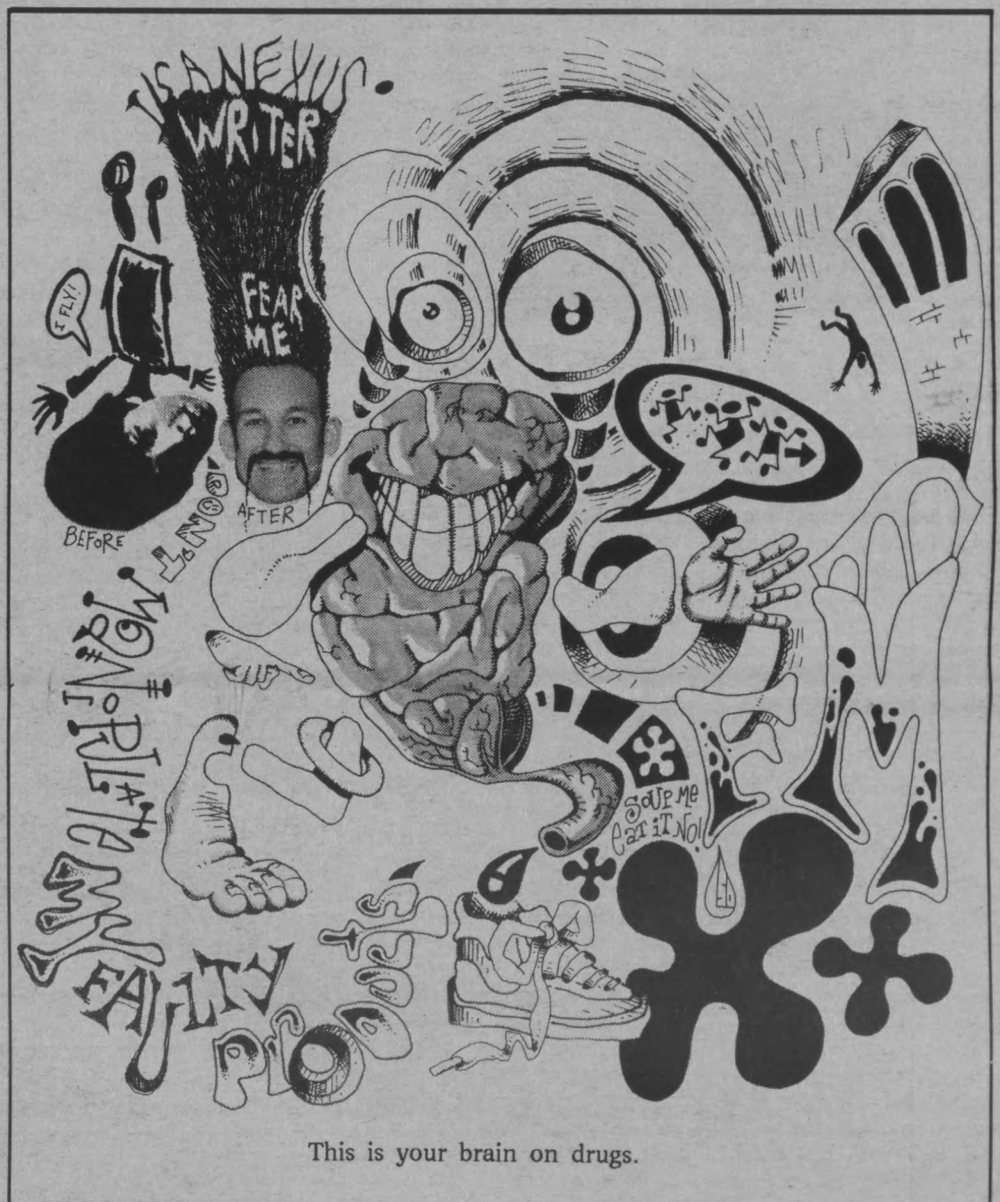
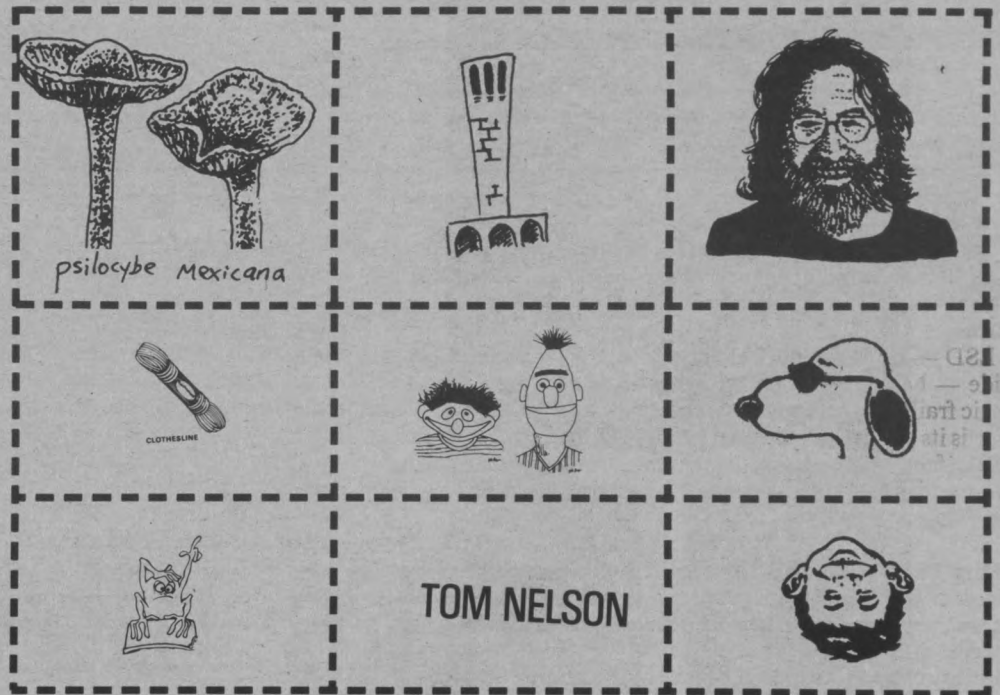
10) Though the flashback itself is confusing, by the time you are coming down, you will have some idea of what has happened to you. In some circles, a flashback is a status symbol, while in others, like with your parents' friends, it would be met with disdain. Just stay cool about your experience, it will probably be the only one you have. But while you're sitting in that boring two hour lecture in Campbell Hall, there is no rule against hoping for a miracle!



This is an egg in a frying pan.

do-it-yourself

(Just Add Acid)



This is your brain on drugs.

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