

who's your daddy? who's your daddy? say it, bitch...

artsweek

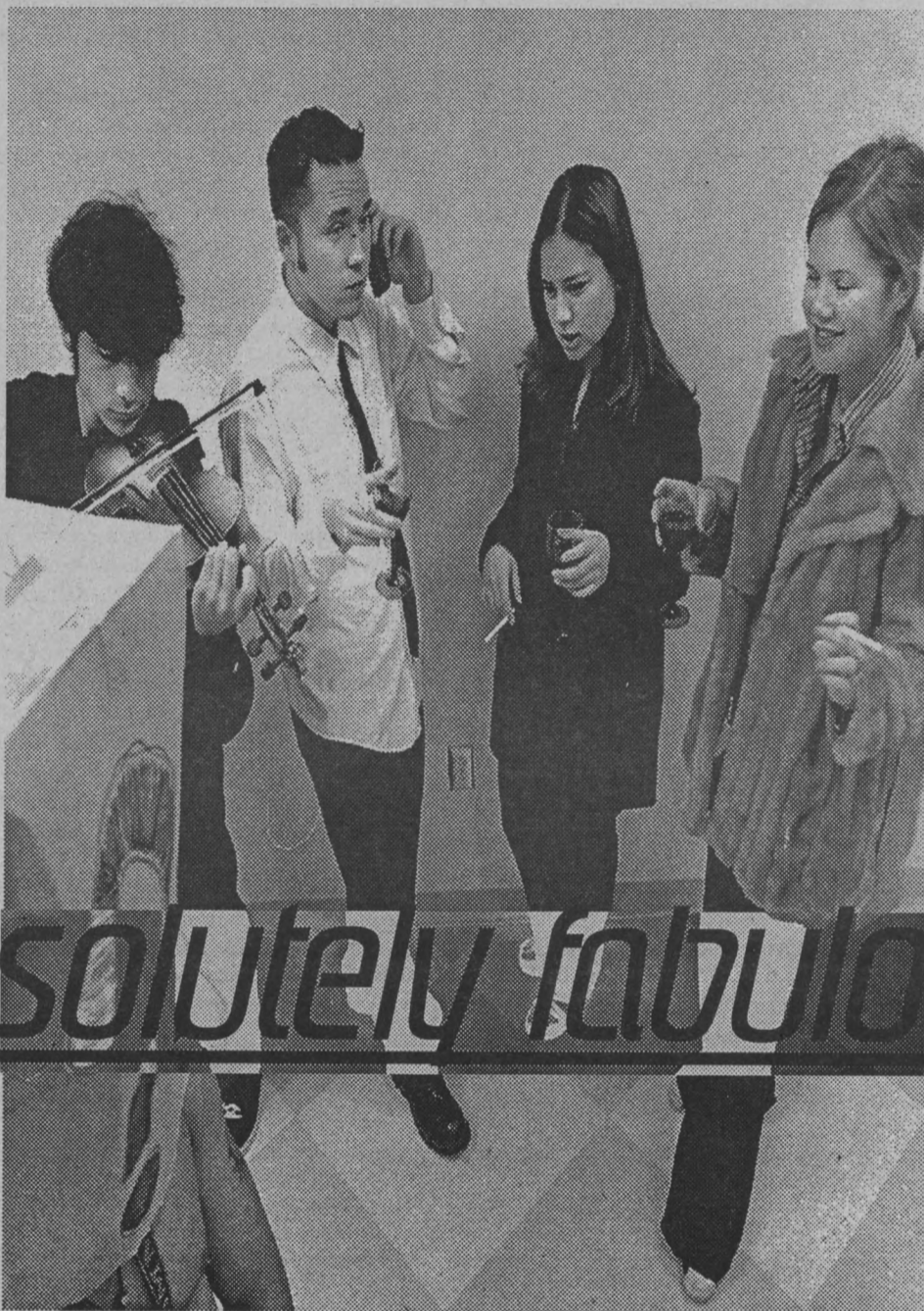
CIRCLE BAR B

ARTSY FARTS

CD REVIEWS

SOLDIER

OPEN LETTER TO MADONNA



absolutely fabulous



My Turn

BY JAMIE FLAM
Artsweek Expert

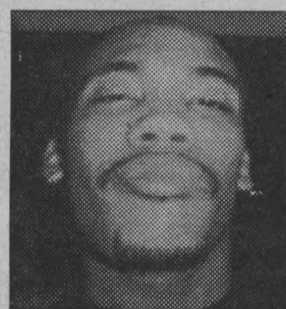
I'm sorry, but the recent craze over the '80s teen legend Emmanuel Lewis has got to end. Don't get me wrong, I'm as retro as the next guy — I strut around campus wearing my feathers and burlap every day with pride. And when the theaters released the director's cut of "Crocodile Dundee Part II" last year, guess who was first in line? But when America's youth hipsters decide to bring Webster back as a mainstream pop icon, something has gone seriously wrong.

I can't walk through the streets of Isla Vista anymore without seeing someone sporting a brand new Webster fleece sweater, Webster shoelaces or even Webster capes. Just last weekend I attended my cousin's bar mitzvah and the theme of the evening was, as you may have guessed, Webster. Emmanuel Lewis memorabilia covered the walls, and the short-lived Webster trading cards of yesteryear that grace promotional

photos of Lewis, Ma'am and football legend Alex Kouras were distributed as party favors to the guests. It was sickening, but somehow bearable. But when I was awakened at 3:30 a.m. two nights ago by a Webster car alarm, I realized something has to be said about what our society is becoming.

I'll admit it. When I was a kid, Webster was like a father to me. The lessons I learned about growing up were priceless as I strived to fit into the world I called elementary school. But now that I look back on the television show I am terrified — to say the least. Emmanuel Lewis is the most disgustingly vile creature to ever walk the earth. Has everyone forgot that he was in his late teens and early twenties when he played the role? Keeping this in mind, envision his high-pitched screams and laughter as his TV parents tickled him and made show-ending jokes. Kind of gross, isn't it? Now, to put his age in perspective, picture yourself acting, rather convincingly might I add, as a 10 year

See MY TURN, p.6A



Counting Sheep

BY LAFURA JACKSON
Artsweek Expert

In all honesty, the majority of the muthafuckers in this city ain't shit. Now that I got your attention, let me commence with my disclaimer a la KCSB style: The following column may be unsuitable for sensitive chumps. If you are offended by blunt opinions because you're a Dawson's Creek-watching, masturbating-to-Cameron Diaz's-picture, "90210"-living, Backstreet Boys-liking, spoiled, extravagant Visa/Mastercard-bill-having, Mommy and Daddy's child, it's best that you stop reading, you little bizznitch.

Let's start with the world's shortest album review.

(Fill In the Blank) / *Any No Limit Album/No Limit Records.*

Wack. The shit makes a ni%CSa regurgitate all over a sorority girl's Jaguar.

... I invite you to ponder the meaning of the armageddon waged between common

sense and sheer stupidity that swims throughout our world. Although it may seem mundane to some, I pray that several of my observations seem poignant to the knowledgeable and insightful of the cretins. The following are titled the G.A.P. (GrandPrize-Winning As\$%#les and Prickf#%ks) awards.

1) Customers who believe that you have all the time in the world to help them with their mundane questions.

A girl tentatively named as 'FiFi': "What's the name of, like, the song by this girl that goes like, uhm, I love you?"

Me: "I don't know, BEEYATCH!"

2) Dru Hill's ugly, Jodeci-biting asses.

3) Folks who don't realize there's other groups besides The Pharcyde, Cypress Hill and other MTV clowns.

4) I give props to Tom and Chris's Non-Stop Dissing website for saying that E-40 looks like a black Kool-Aid Man. And yes I agree; Jermaine Dupri *does* look like Rudy

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ARTSYFARTS



by Josh Miller

By JOSH MILLER
Artsweek Expert

Every time I go to the Coach House downtown I feel raped. Aside from the already overpriced admission, I am forced to pay a \$5 (!) two-drink minimum because, as I'm under 21, I won't be loading up on drinks from their ridiculously expensive bar. So what do I get for my fiver? Two small paper cups filled with ice and a splash of soda. Fucking bastards. I wouldn't be at that place at all except for the fact that they have recently hosted two great bands I would never have expected to see.

Last Saturday the band was *Fantomas*, a supergroup of sorts led by Mike Patton, vocalist from *Mr. Bungle*, *Faith No More*, etc., and featuring *Buzz Osborne* (*Melvins*) on guitar, *Trevor Dunn* (*Mr. Bungle*) on bass, and *Dave Lombardo* (*Slayer*) on drums.

Sounds exciting, no? Well, there was something I wasn't prepared for: the existential hell known as *CRAPPY OPENING BANDS*. The first to waste my time that night was *Trip City* = fucking lame wanky alterna-rock posers. Gag me. I thought it couldn't get any worse. Boy was I wrong. *Pressure 4-5* played next. Five words: 'Rage Against Mommy and Daddy.' I can't describe how fucking bad they were. I actually forgot why I was there.

Thank god *Fantomas* finally came on and saved me from the depths. They were amazing! Patton used hand cues to guide the band through his short, fast, weird, and generally loud compositions. The band was tighter than Pete Wilson's ass. There were lots of metalheads in the audience, who really got into the loudfast parts, then during the weirdquiet parts would start screaming, "Pussies!" Then when the loudfast parts would come again they were happy again. Phew!

Though I thought I'd have something to do this Halloween, my hopes have been cruelly dashed. The *Inertia Tour*, allegedly featuring *The Fall*, *The Buzzcocks*, and *Pere Ubu*, and slated to hit L.A. on Oct. 31, has now been postponed till next spring, with a new lineup to be announced. Oh well. At least next Thursday, Nov. 5, demigod and icon (and founding *Velvet Underground* member) *John Cale* is playing at the *El Rey* in L.A.

Whatever you do, don't bother with any of the crap live music you'll find in I.V. I mean, shit, seeing *BonaFide* (when they opened for *Praxis*) was an extremely painful experience; I genuinely hope something horrible happens to these retarded frat-punk 311-wannabes before they play again. Every time I see one of those ugly-ass posters I

See FARTS, p.6A

*theater

"Into the Woods":
[[SADDLIN' UP SONDHEIM]]By PHILIP ZWERLING
Artsweek Expert

Mosey on down the road, skip over the cow pies and journey "Into the Woods" for a local Goleta production of Stephen Sondheim's 1987 internationally famous musical.

Yes sirree, old cowpoke, *Cinderella*, *Jack* in the *Beanstalk* and the *Baker's Wife* have all landed just 15 minutes up Highway 101 from campus at the historic *Bar B Ranch*, now a combination dude ranch and dinner theater. In down-home style, a barbecue tri-tip dinner buffet (chicken or a vegetarian plate can be substituted by prearrangement) is eaten family style at long tables (we found ourselves chowing down with *Cinderella's* grandparents, who were visiting from San Diego).

The tri-tip was juicy and rare and the beans spiced with generous slices of onion and green peppers. Luckily, second helpings are encouraged. The salads were nothing to write home about, however, and avoid the yellow jello at all costs. Those in the know bring their own wine or beer; there's plenty of lemonade for the kids.

After dinner it's a short stroll past the horse corral and tack room to the barn, I mean theater. With just 75 seats, it's an intimate affair with everyone close to the stage for this fractured retelling of some classic fairy tales. Sondheim's music and lyrics look at what happens *after* everyone lives happily ever after. Did you know that *Cinderella's* Prince also had a thing for *Snow White*, that *Rapunzel's* a bit schizo from that early childhood development in the tower, and *Jack* has some unusual special feelings for his pet cow?

It turns out that fairy tale characters have some of the same problems as real people and find that (surprise!) those problems are best

faced in relationships with others. Act One, actually quite long, speeds by with good songs, interesting characters and a novel take on some old stories. The shorter Act Two bogs down in superfluous songs and repetitive situations. Some cutting seems to be in order.

The large cast of 20 actors contains real standouts, including two UCSB students, *Ciara Battson*, who has a winning voice and manner as *Cinderella*, and *Scott Bishop*, whose arched eyebrows and fey manner have a way of telling us a lot about *Rapunzel's* complicated Prince. Also good are *Susie Couch* as the *Baker's Wife* and *Austria Ryken* as *Little Red Riding Hood*. Couch, who also directed, can always be heard above the often excessively loud music, and *Ryken* wrings all the irony from her "good girl with a streak of violence" character. Young *Stephen Couch*, as the cow "Milky White," makes the most of his occasional "moos" and untimely demise.

Ruben Caballero's set, consisting of hand painted flats, has a down-home touch, as do the hands we see holding them in place. *Denise Nova's* costumes are kitschy fun. Unfortunately the sound, by *Paul Tarasick* and *Manuel Ortegón*, is cranked a few decibels too high and drowns out some of the weaker singing voices.

The *Circle Bar B Ranch* is a story in itself. Owned by three generations of the *Brown* family, it offers accommodations, horseback riding and other vacation pleasures to tourists from all over, at around \$200 per room per night including three meals a day. Three and a half miles up a winding mountain road, opposite the turn off to *Refugio State Beach*, it's a world away from the ordinary beach town bustle of the central coast.

Perfect for birthday and anniversary

See WOOD, P.6A

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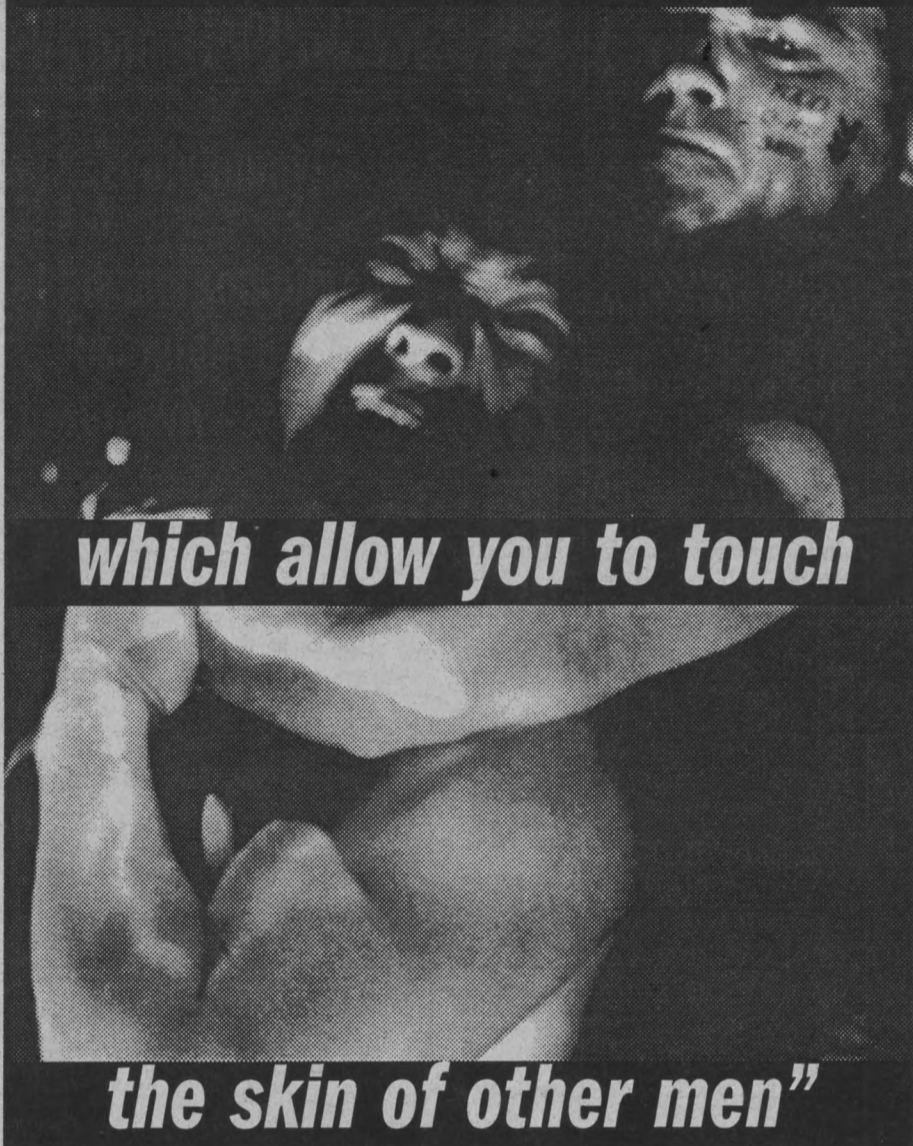


in the '99 La Cumbre Yearbook

La Cumbre Yearbook

REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS

"you construct intricate rituals



which allow you to touch

the skin of other men"

Barbara Kruger

By JOHN FISKE
Artsweek Expert

In the opening of "Soldier," trained-from-birth warrior Todd (Kurt Russell) has a fight with next-generation soldier Caine (a sphere-headed Jason Scott Lee), who's set to replace him, and loses. We all know these two are going to meet again and Todd will fuck him up.

Or how about after being left for dead on a waste disposal planet, soldier Todd meets nice guy Mace, part of a colony of ship-wrecked pioneers. Todd likes him and finds a bond with Mace's wife and child. We all know Mace is one dead motherfucker.

But then for the last half of this film, Todd takes on a squadron of 20 new super soldiers, ordered to wipe out the peaceful colony. We all know Todd will blow the fuck out of every last one of them, accidentally saving Caine for last.

Soldier is full of clichés like these. Given that talented writer David Peoples ("Blade Runner," "Unforgiven," "12 Monkeys") was present, it could be suggested that "Soldier" is intended to play on genre conventions. Even if this was director Paul Anderson's

("Event Horizon") intent, a film that is made to look, smell, and act like contrived bullshit, is still only contrived bullshit.

The least one would expect "Soldier" to have are some good action scenes, but Anderson fails even at this. The weak link comes with the use of slow motion, which makes a 60-minute film last longer than an hour and a half. This comes as a surprise because he has "Mortal Kombat" to his credit, which — as contrived as it was — had some kick-ass fights.

To its credit, "Soldier" does offer one good thing: a wonderful performance out of Russell. In a role that normally requires a lot of screaming and grimacing, Russell is forced by his character (who says maybe 30 words) to use his eyes, and for the most part, he's quite successful. But surrounded by a gallery of terrible performances and below par special effects, there's no way he could ever save this tripe.

The film's makers seem to have missed its own message: In an attempt to create a more impressive and stronger machine, they forgot the human element, and like Caine, they got knocked the fuck out.

John Fiske is a third-year film studies major.



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THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT SECTION OF THE DAILY NEXUS

October 29, 1998

Madonna
Maverick Records
8000 Beverly Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90048

Dear Madonna:

Since the days of our youth, you have been there for us. Through the lyrics in your luscious pop medleys, we've danced, we've cried, we've cherished, we've gotten into the groove.

We love you, but as your dearest and most adoring fans, alas, we must break you the bitter news. As the VH1 Fashion Awards proved, you can't sing. You probably never could, but as young kids with only Debbie Gibson providing comparison, did it matter? We spent our sixth grade school dances embracing (12 inches apart) to "Live To Tell," but what did we know then of mic compression and back-up vocalists obscuring the faltering vibretto and harsh tones in your voice? Like the young girl writing to Lincoln suggesting a beard, we are writing to you now with one simple request. And like Lincoln, you're just as sexy, so heed our advice.

You just can't do it live. Whatever benefits "Evita" brought in terms of enhancing your pop queen sound, the performance is best left unsung. In case you weren't aware, your mic *was* on. No need for gratuitous belting. No need for overdramaticized vocal tremblings. No one was asking for an Ethel Merman impersonation.

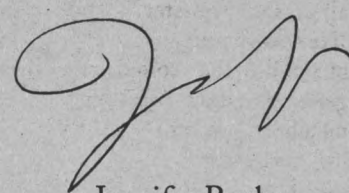
Our suggestion. It's called lip-synching and if it worked for Milli Vanilli, it can work for you. Look good, dance well, wear something revealing and keep us swooning. 'Cuz that's what you do, hon, that's what you do well.

As your name is Madonna, do it like the Pope (but not like the Catholics) and lock your self in a glass-enclosed van with scraps of your clothing hanging from the sides. Careen through the masses, let them see you and touch clothes that once graced the presence of your skin. And if allegations are correct, if you didn't bring your own child on "Rosie," who cares if your don't sing. We'll pay no attention to the young girl singing behind the curtain.

Only because we care,



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Phish / Story of the Ghost / Elektra

Invitations for tea as the boys from Vermont bring you their latest recording, *Story of the Ghost*.

Ghost is Phish's seventh studio effort in its 15-year rise to what the music industry views as an undefinable, unmarketable and uncontrollable rock 'n' roll band.

From the first note there is a feel to *Ghost* that lasts throughout the album. Guitarist Trey Anastasio shows off his unique, amorphous style with a combination of digital delay loops that add a tinge of electronica and multiple Jimmy Page-style guitar tracks, reminiscent of Pink Floyd's epic *Dark Side of the Moon*, which is a studio feat Phish has attempted many times before but has previously failed to attain.

The fact that Phish had over 80 songs to choose from and picked a mere 14, totaling under 50 minutes of music, shows its attempt to make an album that doesn't attempt to fit as much as possible onto a CD, but more reflects the band at the time the album was made. *Ghost* has a sense of completion unparalleled in even its most thematic album, 1993's *Rift*.

The main launch pads for the band's recent techno-coated funk-fests, "Ghost" and "Moma Dance," are the anchors for the album. Phish's half-dorky, half-freaky side comes out with bizarre tunes by bassist Mike Dong, including "Meat" and "Ficus."

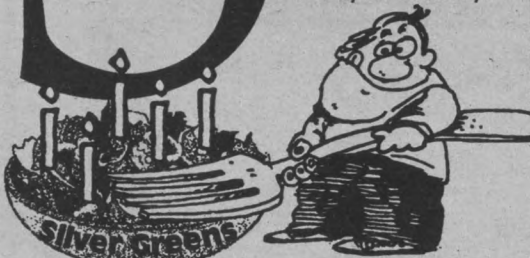
Phish's maturity both lyrically and musically shows in "Roggae," a Floydian, floating tune that starts with each member singing a line about their musical experience. The song could be viewed as a reflection of what the band and fans alike get out of a Phish concert. *So now I wander over grounds of light and heat and sound and mist/provoking dreams that don't exist/ a circus of light where dreams can take flight/ in the peacefulness dreaming dreams brings.*

So if you wonder what all the Halloween in Vegas hohum is all about, and you wonder why some of your friend's eyes light up at the mere mention of Phish's

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YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE
BY LINDA C. BLACK

Check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

Aries (March 21-April 19)—Today is a 6—Comfort a friend who's having a hard time with an authority figure, and advise him or her not to make too big a deal of this. The odds appear to be about even, but your friend is actually at a slight disadvantage. This will become apparent later, especially if a big scene is made. Advise caution and diplomacy.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)—Today is a 5—Don't give an inch, if you can possibly help it. This is going to be difficult, since you seem to be outnumbered. Someone else thinks he or she knows what's best for you. That's highly unlikely, since this person isn't even listening to you. Your partner could represent you, perhaps, but don't let anyone else.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)—Today is a 6—You may feel tongue-tied today. It's not your fault. It's the conditions in effect now. The words won't come easily. If you're trying to write a proposal or a short story, just do your rough draft and let it go at that. You'll be able to put in the corrections later.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)—Today is a 6—If you run out of ideas today, don't despair. Take several deep breaths, then call your sweetheart for advice. He or she is in a tough situation too, but between you, a solution to the problem can be found. You may have to go around an obstacle rather than trying to plow through it.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)—Today is a 5—Your partner feels omniscient today, and it might be true. If you act as if it were, he or she might start trusting your opinion a little more. When you two argue, you both lose. Treat each other with respect and you'll get past a barrier that's been blocking both of you.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Today is a 6—You may be feeling pressured, but don't let it get to you. You're learning quickly. It might not feel like it, because you can't do the job perfectly yet, but that's OK. Perfection will come with time. Right now, just keep doing the best you can with what you have. Your efforts are not going unnoticed.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Today is a 6—There's a condition in effect that could block communications—not just yours, but everybody's. You might have a breakdown with the telephone or Internet. Be careful what you say, too. The same condition could also cause misunderstanding. Keep most of your thoughts to yourself a while longer, especially about money.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Today is a 7—You're only confused because the path you want isn't open. Don't panic. Find another way around instead. An older friend can bring you an opportunity, if you are willing to listen. A little respect will also be helpful. You may be smarter, but you need the other person's talent.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Today is a 6—Someone might misunderstand your instructions on purpose, so make yourself especially clear. The one who will cause the most trouble isn't saying much, but is in a position to force an outcome. So besides being smart and direct, you'll also have to do some sleuthing. Otherwise, you're only getting half the picture.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Today is a 6—Some people think Capricorns are workaholics, but you probably don't agree. You just like to stay busy, that's all. It takes a real challenge to get your interest, such as making a business work. Did you know Capricorn is the sign of the entrepreneur? It's also the sign of rags to riches, so go for it.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Today is a 5—Be careful what you say today. It's likely to be misunderstood. Choose your words slowly and think each possible consequence out before you act. In other words, stall. The longer you hold out, the better your chances of success. You may have to hold out clear until next month, however, before you see the results you're after.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)—Today is a 7—The ego battle continues with no end in sight. Sometimes you wonder how people can get so stuck on themselves when they obviously don't know the answer. You don't know either, but at least you admit it. And because you admit it, you're the one who might actually find the answer.

Today's Birthday (Oct. 29). You're strong this year, and you'll need every bit of that strength. Show it in October, in writing. Money's unstable in December, but you can find ways to make more by January. Change something basic about your home in February, for best results. Show your love in March, and get even more back. Stick to the rules in April, to make a tough job easier. You may have to wait until August to see your dream come true. You and your friends can start a whole new project in September, with good chances for success.

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REVIEWS

Ghost / as the t bring ording,

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what all gas ho- ed you f your at the Phish's

name, then this album is a great view of one of the most innovative, cutting-edge rock 'n' roll bands of the 1990s. But, if acid-tinged Grateful Dead music is all that comes to mind when you read this, most likely it's all still going over your head.
— Jay Archibald



Mack 10 / *The Recipe* / Priority

Most rappers these days are confronted with an important choice when making an album: Which trend do I follow? Mack 10, with his new album *The Recipe*, takes this decision to a whole new level. Instead of asking which trend to follow, Mack One-Oh asks, "How many trends can I follow on one album?" In that aspect, Mack 10 has concocted an excellent album.

Those looking for something original, however, will have to look elsewhere. Starting with the pointless "intro," nearly all of the album's 18 tracks are recycled concepts. "Made Niggaz" with Master P and Mystikal is another case of rappers trying to fit a mafia niche. "You Ain't Seen Nothin'" featuring JD and Foxy Brown is a cheap version of the kind of dance tracks that Dupri and Puff put out regularly. Bi-coastal collaborations on "For the Money" (with ODB and Buckshot) and "Let the Games Begin" (with Fat Joe and Big Pun) make me long for the old days of East-West beef. Then there is the required beat-jacking and guest spots from everyone on Mack's wack sub-label, Hoo-Bangin' Records, not to mention the ill-fated attempts to intertwine old chorus melodies with silly new interpretations.

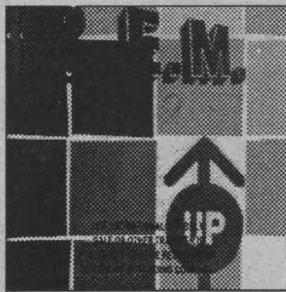
The Recipe is a perfect example of what is wrong with a lot of rap today. Ignorance and lack of creativity run rampant. Just listen to the

last 45 seconds of the obligatory blowjob song, "Get a Lil' Head." After Mack 10 commands some girl to give oral sex to everyone in his crew (he names them individually), he finally yells, "Your daughter is gonna suck Lil' Mack's dick!" Thoughtful words coming from someone who has a young girl of his own.
— Trey Clark

R.E.M. / *Up* / Warner Bros.

As the new R.E.M. album, *Up*, hits the streets, don't be afraid of the local music shop selling out. Don't worry about the band "selling out," either, but don't get prepared to shell out any cash for it.

In the lifetime that R.E.M. have been making sound, they have blazed a trail that few people are content to follow. The process they patented of digesting popular culture has even



buckled off their longtime drummer, Bill Berry, bored stiff since their snoozer everyone knows, *Automatic for the People*, and also (coincidence?) suffering from brain ailments. He gave his mates an ultimatum, telling them he was sick of making music that didn't rock. They obliged him for the next two albums, "Monster," and "New Adventures in Hi-Fi," but with the complainer gone, the three remaining members have kept evolving more naturally into a genre macabre.

Mike Mills said that this album would be "a really good late-night, by-yourself, in-the-dark kind of record to listen to," and that explains most of it. The music sounds like a real tune shredded just enough to bleed and then swathed in a gauze of vague, foggy organ tones, a perfect partner for Michael Stipe's usual fey moping rants. Each member

of the band intentionally stunts each possible complete melodic phrase by going out of key, exposing the emotion that built the song to the ears through the speakers. The only people that would get a kick out of music like this would either be driven by those that once loved them into a dank dungeon to listen to it, or would be the kind of people to be down there already.

Peter Buck said, "I'd love whoever gets this album to go, 'My God, what were those guys thinking? I can't believe this is R.E.M.'" After 18 years of people doing just that at every album, it should be no longer shocking that the band would still be trying to throw their audience a curve. But no one should waste time putting the band down simply because of that.

R.E.M. will not be touring in support of this album. No one should be allowed to begrudge them that, either. R.E.M. just isn't that kind of band. Their music doesn't rock. Many people can handle that. Others just get constipated thinking about R.E.M. Who wins? If you already like R.E.M., buy the album; you'll enjoy it. If you don't, don't.
— John Ward just hot-boxed his dungeon, suckers

Hobo Junction/ *The Black Label* / (Independent)

What do you think when you hear the name East Oakland? Do images of Casper's Hot Dogs, The Luniz, Ashby Ave, MacArthur Boulevard's late-night, rich white drug buyers, the Paramount, Eastmont Mall, Dru Down's greasy ass, Heiro and every suburbanite's nightmare come to mind? Good! However, there's more to the story like a girl on roofies. Enter the *Hobo Junction*, East Oakland's answer to what happens when folks become armed with a hungry, creative drive.

Let me begin by saying that Junction leader Saafir is one of the most slept-on emcees of today. First emerging on Digital Underground's unrighteously ignored *The Body Hat Syndrome* album,

Saafir garnered recognition as a premier West Coast griot on his underrated debut, *Boxcar Sessions*. After temporarily fading from the scene, he began restructuring his base with his fam, the Hobo Junction. Now as the new millennium approaches, the Hobo Junction is back with the independent-as-fuck release, *The Black Label*.

Prepare to blow out your speakers as the relentless assault of bass and ghetto poetry commence. Cuts like Saafir's "Ballpoint," "Eternal Champs" by Eyecue and Poke Martian's "Don't Ask Is It Real" define the quintessential Junction sound that made them popular among heads.

What makes them unique is their combination of sophisticated hip-hop and the East Oakland mob mentality, resulting in dark funk that refuses to compromise hardness and witty poetics. *Don't underestimate me over this/ Rap shit, that's like giving food to a muthafucking/ Fat Bitch/ they say Saafir are you wack?/ Don't believe that/ ... Making bone marrow/ narrow/ thinner, like Stephen King, Saafir utters with his trademark syncope, bass-enhanced flow on the stand-out cut, "Woodworks." Mahasin and DA, the two female members of the crew, show that the Junction is all family and keep shit on lock. Fuck with my Fam/ You gotta go through a Window. Believe that.*

A-Double, KCSB Brayn-Sirjunz Ince again

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2. U2 / *Rattle and Hum*
3. DJ Dan / *URB Volume 2*

- Tami Mnojan
1. Julie Andrews / *The Sound of Music* soundtrack
2. U2 / *Joshua Tree*
3. U2 / *Achtung Baby*

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Saturday, Oct. 31, 12am-12pm

- Carnival Attractions – all evening
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- Children's Fair, 2-5pm
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- Electrifying Bands, 5pm-Midnight
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- Costume Contest, 10pm
Prizes for the Scariest, Best Group, Most Outrageous, Funniest and Audience Choice.
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Sunday, Nov. 1, 2pm-5pm

- Day of the Dead Celebration, in Anisq'Oyo' Park.

There will be an alcohol permit in the park. If you are of age and choose to drink, please do so responsibly and remember to recycle your containers.

To volunteer your time for this great community event, please contact the I.V. Rec. and Park District at 968-2017, or Alonso in the AS Main Office at 893-2566.

This event is made possible by the IVRPD, UCSB AS and Office of Student Life.

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a film by Todd Solondz



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SHEEP
Continued from p.2A
Huxtable with facial hair.
5) I.V. partiers that instigate fights, burn couches, burn my homegirl's car, disrespect girls and then blame it on the alcohol. Shit, that's kinda like when I picked up their moms at the Spearmint Rhino.
6) Big Pun for being a non-player obese f*\$k.
7) Suburban (generally white) kids who glamorize shit they don't understand. Sure you got idiots in the hood lionizing the same tomfoolery known as contemporary gangsta rap. However, recognize the hazardous effects on individuals, such as my friend's ex who idolized you if you were from South Central. Ques-

tion to fools who memorize Snoop's rap dictionary, drink 40s because Dru Down's their hero and call women bitches because Too Short told them to do so: What is "keeping it real"? Your silver-spoon-ass ever have a friend blasted over ludicrous reasons? How many more black people have to sell drugs, gangbang and kill each other to provide your entertainment, when you know you're too shook to even drive through the ghetto? Double standards is a muthaf%&cker, ain't it? Peace.

When not working for the Russian CIA as undercover agent "A-Double," Lafura Jackson spends his time as an anthropology major and an employee at Morninglory.

WOOD
Continued from p.2A
fans know that I haven't totally eliminated him from my life, I have incorporated him into my daily speech. You can too. By taking words that describe Emmanuel Lewis (i.e., scary, nauseating, putrid) and replacing them with the word "Webster." Here are some examples:

Friday and Saturday evenings and on Sunday afternoons through Nov. 29 at Circle Bar B Dinner Theater and Ranch, 1800 Refugio Road, Goleta. \$25 students; \$28 general (prices include dinner). For information, call 965-9652.

MY TURN
Continued from p.1A
old and getting away with it. Are you vomiting yet? Good.
Just to let all you Webster fans know that I haven't totally eliminated him from my life, I have incorporated him into my daily speech. You can too. By taking words that describe Emmanuel Lewis (i.e., scary, nauseating, putrid) and replacing them with the word "Webster." Here are some examples:

When describing a horror film:
Friend: "Hey, how'd you like the movie 'Scream 2'?"
You: "Damn, fool, that shit was straight Webster!"

When describing a person:
Friend: "Mike is a pretty cool guy."
You: "I don't care what you say, man, Mike is Webster!"
Or when leaving a restroom:
"I wouldn't go in that bathroom for about 45 minutes, it's pretty Webster in there!"

Try these quotes in your everyday speech, and see how positively your friends and family will react.

In conclusion, Webstermania has got to come to an end. Until we can admit that we as a society have given him godlike status, we cannot overcome. Thank you for giving me my turn. Your move Emmanuel.

Jamie Flam is the singer for Fuckfarm, an Isla Vista band.

FARTS
Continued from p.2A
wanna vomit. Do yourself a favor and stay home.
Speaking of which, why is all live music in I.V. so fucking awful? What's with that shitty cover band that plays like every other fuckin' day at Ping Pong Pizzeria? If I have to hear another version of "Message in a Bottle," I'm gonna start throwing some. Maybe then they'll get the message (teehee!). OK, that's all for me today, I'm off to start my own band.

Josh Miller likes to think he's all highbrow and shit. Subject yourself to his musical tastes every Thursday from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. on KCSB, 91.9 FM.

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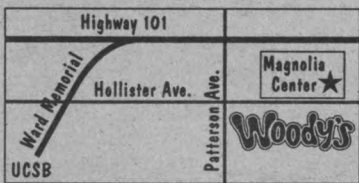


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