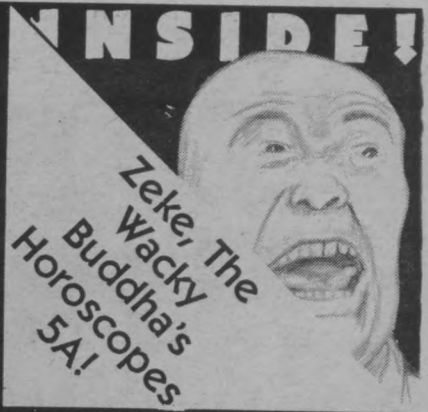


Dave magazine



So, a judge walks into a restaurant, right? He sits down, looks at the waiter and says, "I'm so hungry, I could eat a horse!"

"Well," says the waiter, taking the cigar out of his mouth, "You came to the right place."

BAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

HA!!! Get It? "The right place" ... "Horses" ... "Eating" ... It's a joke, It's funny! Yer supposed to laugh! ... No ... Okay. Have you heard the one about Anita F. Hill, the ham sandwich and the Veg-o-matic ...

We are the future of Friday Magazine ... DAVE Magazine. This week, we will speak of two things. The Senate Confirmation Hearings and, of course, FOOD ...

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Why Dave? To start, the name *Friday Magazine* has run its course. It was a good name and it made us laugh but now it is an old mare and will be put out to pasture.

That doesn't answer your question? It's because we live in a post-modern society and the name Dave exemplifies all that we've accomplished thus far.

Actually, not really. But just say it. D-A-V-E. Makes you all tingly, doesn't it. D-A-V-E. Ohh, I feel like Marilyn Monroe.

What else would you call it. Anita? No. Clarence?

Off the top of our eds

Why DAVE?

No. Miles, Humbert Humbert, Bill, Sue, Luke, Han, Leia, Red? No. It's Dave, and if it's good enough for Michaelangelo, it's good enough for us.

So to break it down, we're calling it Dave be-

cause we want to and there is nothing you can do about it. If you want to, write a letter and we'll laugh at you for wasting ink and time (in an *Inside Wave*-like fashion) on such a petty complaint. Fool.

This Day In Food History

January 15, 1991

President George Bush, while eating a scrumptious beef ribs dinner with his advisers at his vacation retreat at Kennebunkport, Maine, leans back from the table, burps and says, "Another rack, please." However, Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney, ferociously slurping the juice out of a rib bone, misunderstands Bush, believing him to say, "Bomb the Iraqis."

—Ross French

DAVE's Conversion Scale. It's Fun ... 1 lb. = .005 SCJ's

DAVE Magazine wants YOU to enjoy the metric system. It doesn't have to be dull and boring. This issue we offer the option of weighing objects in Supreme Court Justices (SCJ's). Our DAVE staffers, after an extensive amount of research, found the average SCJ to weigh a whopping 200 lbs. (that includes their robes). What do you weigh in SJC's?

LOOKY HERE

Carrow's Eatery = 498 SCJ's
A Gavel = .0075 SCJ's
Coke w/Hair = .0051 SCJ's
Big Bird = 2.845 SCJ's

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Lunchables
Oscar Mayer
Ham and Roast Beef Deluxe

★★★★

Food has to be handy, or some people wouldn't eat at all. When they say that people in this country are going hungry, I know that it's because the food here is not as convenient as it should be. Using myself as an example, I sometimes go for days at a time not eating — not wanting to be bothered by the chore of eating — until I come across something that is so handy that I have to make a conscious effort *not* to eat it.

This is where Lunchables comes in. This food is so convenient, you might accidentally eat one while actually trying to parallel park. Lunchables is a great word, too. It plurally describes a singular product which enables you to say, "I ate a Lunchables," which is a good thing to put in a philosophy paper.

The theory behind Lunchables is a simple one: a little box with meat slices, cheese slices and crackers in it. You put it all together and

Inanimate Objects In Review

Let's Talk Lunchables

eat it. It tastes just like you thought it would: like a little, crispy sandwich.

I bought the "deluxe" model Lunchables that had ham and roast beef and a little mint wafer and some "creamy mustard sauce" and a napkin. I paid \$2.26 for it at Lucky. They like me there.

As for taste, it was all right. The ham tasted like ham and it was good. The roast beef also tasted like ham and was good. In the small print, it says that the roast beef is "up to 22% flavoring solution." The crackers were, indeed, crackers and the cheese tasted like thick butter.

When I first saw the word "Lunchables," I looked it up

in the dictionary to find out what it meant. It wasn't in there. However, "smeltery" was. It said that a smeltery is a "place where smelting is carried on." I thought for sure that this must have been some kind of mistake, so I looked it up in another dictionary and there it was again!

I called up Oscar Mayer on their 800 number — 1-800-222-2323 — to see if I could get some questions answered. I suggest you call them frequently and identify yourself as a journalist. They love it! I talked to "Barb" for awhile and she wouldn't answer any of my questions unless she saw them "in writing." I was about to tell her what first

name *her* baloney had, but she finally broke down and said she'd see what she could do. Five minutes later, I got a call from an Oscar Mayer representative named Sheila who spoke with a disarmingly candid British accent.

It turns out that Lunchables is the brainchild of what she called a "joint creative team effort." She said her favorite thing about Lunchables was the "crunch." She had never bowled before, but she said she played a mean "silly-mid-on" in cricket. "I'm not kidding you," she smiled.

I asked her why they named the product "Lunchables." She replied that it was simply because "they were designed to be eaten at lunchtime." When pressed, she spoke of the "creamy mustard sauce," saying, "the theory is it's wonderfully spreadable. Oh, it's wonderful stuff."

I asked her if she had ever eaten a competitor's product. Although she admitted trying them, she said "I would prefer to stay with my Lunchables."

-J. Christaan Whalen



Lunchables just cry, "Eat Me!"

She Loves His Muffin

Vivacious Vixen Vexed With Vividly Violent Volition

The grooviest part of college life in Isla Vista, even though it's a little taxing on my brain, has to be all of the decisions we students have to make. I'm not talking about the little decisions: whether to have a salad or a sandwich for lunch; what kind of dressing to have; or even what color of lipstick to wear with my new outfit!

The most crucial question for us students is — and this is a biggie — where to shop? Should one frequent Dave's Market or Isla Vista Market? How to choose? Oh, how to choose?!

Well, it seems painfully obvious which market is superior, but quite honestly, there's a lot of debate. I mean, I've come across people who just don't agree.

"It's a personal thing," they say, and believe me, some of them take it real personal, sometimes even too personal. I once had a roommate, Suzanne. We used sit around in our pajamas and call her Suzanna Rosanna Danna or Suzanna Banana Fee Fic Foe Fanna.

You see, she had a Dave thing. She was very taken with Dave's muffins and, really, she must have been interested in the rest of his things too because she shopped there exclusively. I, myself — though very much a pastry person — was never really won over by Dave's muffins. Sure, they're bigger, but they just don't do it for me.

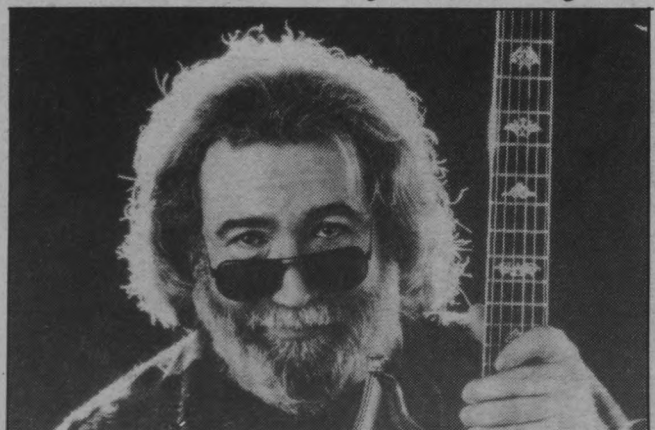
A zucchini-cranberry muffin, however, treats me just right. And you know what, they're available right next door in the bakery section of the I.V. Market. Baked fresh every day or at least most days. Some days they don't make them because zucchini-cranberry is kind of an obscure combo. I mean zucchini is a vegetable, you know. But I think that's why I like it: it's different, avant garde and exciting. That's the thing that's

so great: I.V. market has them and Dave's doesn't.

But, there really is more to this whole debate than the size and flavor and muffins. Did you ever think about how much time you spend shopping? Well, you spend a lot of time shopping; especially if you're like me: you never carry a list; you have to go down every aisle looking for neat things to catch your eye and still don't have a lot of fat in them. If you add it all up, it's a substantial portion of your time; time that could be spent meeting guys.

You know, the last time I was in Dave's market, every guy in there was some macho jock dude that had just come from the gym with his athletic shorts, short hair, baseball cap and big ego. I thought to myself ... Wh ... wait a minute! ... This isn't my store?! ... Where am I? ... This is a jock store ... and I left. Go figure.

-Amy Schlupp



If you drink to forget...

...Please pay in advance.



6 W. De La Guerra
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Cherries Of Wrath

A Tale of Bitter Fruit & Sweet Revenge

Fruit cocktail! How I have longed for thee! Many days spent only in lust, consuming your sweet, syruped flesh, breaking your corrugated bodice, rending old pleasures anew in each sensual bite. How could I know? What sheer stroke of fate fingered your lustful servant? I can never, will never, go back that twisted way, that winding road.

The day was lazy; heat curling through the backyard, fields sweet in their whispored scents, laden with pungent cow pookey, passing all through my young, naive, ever-thrusting nostrils. Oh, but I did not know that day, slow-moving and hot-happy, would from there forever be marked a day in which friend turned enemy.

Fruit of the earth, how tortured are you! Picked before ripeness, sliced into shapes not yours, drugged by corn syrup into troubled sleep, painted and colored like a whore going to work! Evil men who understood their math and sciences courses did this to you. And I paid for all of them. I paid for your subjugation, your hell. I was the sacrificial!

The doctor said it was the stomach flu, but I knew better. It was the revenge of all the fruits that have been brutalized and placed in tin coffins (usually pineapples, pears, grapes and that lone cherry). As any other time, I greedily pulled the can off the shelf before my brother got to it. We fought violently—bitter contests that left only one triumphant, belly filled with pride, hot with the one cherry. I won this time, and greedily commenced eating the contents of the well-packaged can. Bitter fruit for those forgotten.

A stirring, a remembrance of things past, of things before man, of time before history or packaging plants: a feeling of fruit raced through my body, eternal, primal, sticky, covered with dew and alternately dry, dependent completely on Mother Earth and her tides, her soil, her tears!! I was possessed, the wild child, the one who would avenge, make them all cry dry, bit-

tered tears for corrupting fruit, even at the cost of my own life! (Or severe discomfort.)

Oh ... and pay they would! They were all responsible. My parents, struggling to guide their child along a wholesome path: they slipped, they fed me the desecrated blood and flesh of the fruit. The admen, Madison Avenue wizards, creators of a new consumer state: they sold us all down river. The cafeteria: they were generally evil with food production. And I was to pay ... and make them pay. Fated.

With a slight passage of time, it increased (the murmur of the fruit spirit inside me did, oh yes) yelping, burning, struggling to hurl itself from the host that gladly and unknowingly committed evil, to show the world what was being done, to curse the prefab suburban houses, to rend the Anso IV carpet useless, man-made nylon strands to pretend wool or cotton (which is a weed, I think, but we force it to grow in lines and then tear out its fiber, so it kind of fits).

"I will die on your sad altar of banana peels!"

"Take me! I am the one! Let me pay for them and spare their twisted existence! I will die on your sad altar of banana peels and cherry wood!" I exhorted to the Fruit spirit, brain feverishly comprehending the jungle mysticism, the ancient spirits diluted by amonia fertilizer and FD&C red #4, the awakening of a strange new sun, the opening of a door.

Actually, I think I said, "Mom, I'm sick, oh God, I think I'm gonna throw up, Oh God, help me. I HATE throwing up. Get me some Mylanta quick!" but that prose doesn't work with the evil-Western-society versus state-of-nature-recycle-newspapers theme.

I did not want the whole of my existence, the commercials, the teachers, my friends, to be destroyed under the uncompromising, hateful stare of the Fruit Spirit.

I ruined the carpet. I laughed. I was not their son. I was no one's son and, for a

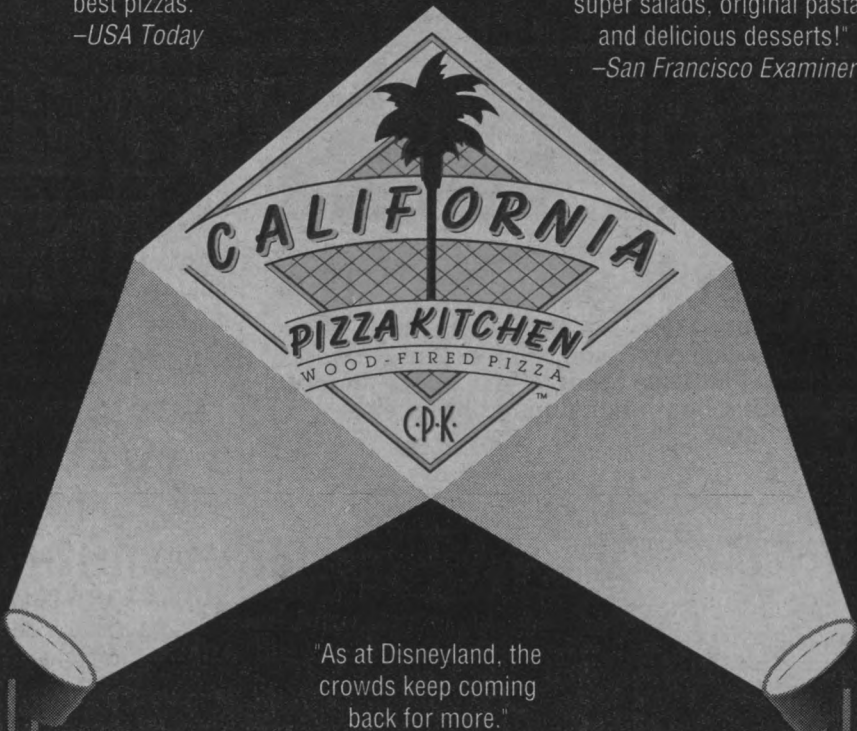
See WRATH, p.6A

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GRANADA 3 1216 STATE STREET SANTA BARBARA FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (R) (2:00 4:45) 7:30 10:00 DOWNSTAIRS ERNEST SCARED STUPID (PG) F & M-TH (1:15 3:15 5:15) 7:20 9:20 SAT (1:15 3:15 5:15) SUN (5:15) 7:20 9:20 NECESSARY ROUGHNESS (PG-13) (2:15 5:00) 7:15 9:30 SAT ONLY 7:15 9:30	FAIRVIEW TWIN 251 N. FAIRVIEW GOLETA ALL SHOWS \$3.50 W/STUDENT I.D. OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY (R) SAT/SUN (2:30 5:00) 7:20 9:45 FRI. & MON.-TH. (5:00) 7:20 9:45 COOL AS ICE (PG) SAT/SUN (2:45 5:15) 7:30 9:40 FRI. & MON.-TH. (5:15) 7:30 9:40 SWAP MEET 907 S. KELLOGG AV., GOLETA INFO 964-9050 EVERY SUNDAY SANTA BARBARA DRIVE IN 7AM - 3PM	RIVIERA 2044 ALAMEDA PADRE SERRA SANTA BARBARA MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO (R) SAT/SUN. (2:15 4:40) 7:00 9:20 M. - TH. 7:00 9:20 WEDNESDAY MAT. (2:00) CINEMA TWIN 6050 HOLLISTER AVE. GOLETA ALL SHOWS \$3.50 W/STUDENT I.D. THE FISHER KING (R) SAT/SUN (1:30 4:10) 7:00 9:45 FRI. & MON.-TH. (6:00) 8:45 EUROPA, EUROPA (R) SAT/SUN (2:25 4:45) 7:05 9:30 FRI. & MON.-TH. (6:05) 8:30
PLAZA DE ORO 349 HITCHCOCK WAY SANTA BARBARA \$3.50 DOUBLE FEATURES THE DOCTOR (PG-13) 7:00 PLUS 2:30 SA/SU PLUS LATE FOR DINNER (PG) 4:55 9:20 DOC HOLLYWOOD (PG-13) 6:45 PLUS 3:00 SA/SU PLUS HOT SHOTS (PG-13) 5:00 8:45	TICKET AGENCY/963-4408 MON - FRI 11:00 AM - 5:30 PM SAT. & SUN. 9AM - 4PM L.A. RAMS * L.A. RAIDERS * L.A. CONCERTS * S.B. COUNTY BOWL 1317 STATE STREET DODGERS * L.A. KINGS A TICKET MASTER LOCATION	

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Regarding Miss Hill:

Letters To Dave Tell The Real Story

To the Editors of DAVE Magazine,

I'm dumbfounded over this entire Anita Faye Hill controversy. It has embarrassingly plagued our nation. It seems that every time you scratch the surface of any hero, leader or public figure, out sprays streams of poison, sludge and sewage. Well, I've got an itch to scratch, myself.

Professor Hill, who publicly exposed and nearly ruined now-confirmed Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas by alleging that she fell victim to his sexual harassment, wasn't such a sweet cookie herself. Let me explain.

I spent three years with Miss Hill at Yale Law School. It was during our first term together that I first questioned her integrity and morale. Each day, although not noticed by her, Miss Hill and myself shared a patch of grass to enjoy our lunch break. I fell into a mesmerizing habit of observing her eating habits.

Each day she made a point of buying a Cherry-Pineapple Big Stick Popsicle from a nearby student ice cream vendor. She would sit on the grass for a series of moments, deeply involved in masterfully dissolving the treat. There was something deep in the technique and style of her licking and sucking. Something that said, "Hey, I know what I'm doing." But I just played it off as intense hunger.

It was what she did when she finished that really bungled me. Miss Hill always carried her garbage to the same trash bin, and as she dumped it, she would slip something into the drink of a student sitting on a nearby bench. After several days, I realized she was planting pubic hairs in students' drinks. This really confused me. I couldn't figure her out.

Out of all fairness, and respect for the privity of personal habits, I smothered any negative connotations from the situation until about six months later, when the bulk of my problem rooted from a more social encounter.

I vividly recall an evening at a fraternity party where Miss Hill was present. Sitting around a large table, sipping a frosty *Hamms*, she explained to a small group of guests that she was "most interesting and quite exciting in the sack." After two beers she loosened the top two buttons on her blouse and made a \$20 bet with another woman that "nothing compares to (her) most plump set of breasts."

What is wrong with these people? Can anybody make sense of our world?

Sincerely,
Lou Fawnsworth

Dear DAVE Magazine,

How will we ever know who is telling the truth? Who is credible? Not Mr. Fawnsworth by any means. Let me explain.

About 40 years ago, Mr. Fawnsworth and I were members of the same athletic club, in fact, we shared adjacent lockers. But to get the point, I overheard a lot of Mr. Fawnsworth's conversations which prompted me, in January of 1950, to search his locker while he was jacuzzing. In light of today's events, I believe my findings to be quite interesting.

It seems, according to a document I found between the pages of a GTE phone book, that Mr. Fawnsworth — who recently took such liberty in defacing and discrediting Anita Hill — wasn't such a precious doll in his time either. In fact, he was the secretary to the assistant to the council for Wisconsin Sen. Joseph McCarthy.

Curious as to the reason for the large book, I dressed and hid around the corner. When he returned from the jacuzzi, Fawnsworth removed the phone book, placed it at his feet, armed himself with a pen and applied a blindfold. He proceeded to randomly flip the phone book pages with one hand and drop the point of his pen with the other. Each name he marked was entered on the document under "Communists."

Remember that February? The Wheeling, West Virginia speech? Well, I think we now know our source of McCarthy's claim, "I have here in my hand a list of the names of 205 men that were known to the secretary of state as being members of the Communist Party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping the policy of the State Department."

Those men were blacklisted! They were hunted and purged. Their lives were ruined at the hands of one blinded Mr. Fawnsworth and his trusty phone book and pen. Today, they might be lucky to be found under some dusty park bench or wading in a public pond in search of a shiny nickel. Our country has no need for people like Mr. Fawnsworth.

Regards,
Samuel Howard

Editor, DAVE Magazine;

I'm a little shady about the validity of Mr. Howard's allegations. You see, I too was a member of the same athletic club as both Mr. Howard and Mr. Fawnsworth. And I too was there when the phone book ordeal occurred. However, Mr. Howard only told half the story. Let me finish it.

After Fawnsworth left, I kept a keen eye on Howard, who, believing the locker room empty, pulled a large pumpkin out of his locker and began carving it. It struck me as strange because it was the middle of February. I watched.

Once finished, Howard met a bald, stocky man and gave him the pumpkin. The next time I saw that pumpkin was on television, when Whittaker Chambers, a known communist and the man to whom Howard had given the pumpkin, revealed the mysterious "pumpkin papers," which Chambers claimed proved that Alger Hiss was a member of the Communist Party in the '30s. These papers, discovered by then Congressman and President-to-be Richard Nixon, had no secret information, but Mr. Hiss was convicted of perjury in 1949 anyway!

Mr. Howard's devotion to the communists, which I hope I have brought to light, deem himself a swarthy commie as well. He should not be listened to and, if he were still living, should be hanged. I'd have woven the noose.

Although tempted, I won't even mention his routine sauna activities.

Sincerely,
Simon Littlefield

DAVE Editors:

I have something very interesting to disclose to you. I was Mr. Littlefield's kindergarten teacher in 1909. The man was evil from birth. Why he used to stick bubble gum up nice little girls' nostrils and then covered their mouths until they blew bubbles.

Love,
Ruth Willingston

Editor,

There's a little something I think you should know about the late Mrs. Willingston. Bless her soul. I am 103 years old and I was the custodian at Singleton Elementary School, where Mrs. Willingston taught kindergarten. It seems that she left out part of the story.

She forgot to explain how she gave little Simon an afternoon detention just about everyday. What she didn't know was that I was at the window each afternoon. You see, I knew where the real action was. If you could have seen what that lady could do with a ruler! I don't know how Simon took it!

And one day, I even saw Mrs. Willingston fill her own nose with bubble gum and order little Simon to blow down her throat until the bubbles completely connected them in a sticky mess requiring a trip to the bathroom, a room in which they stayed well into the evening.

You can bet I had my ear to the door.

Thank You,
Felix Mand

Celebrity Chatting

After The Hub-Bub, The Stars Tell All



"I feel for you, Clarence, really. If you need someone to talk to, brother, give me a call. It's happened to me twice now and I understand. The Lord, unlike some people, understands that man has desires and needs. I have to go now, I'm getting all choked up. No pun intended, Thomas."

—Jimmy Swaggart



"I sympathize with Mr. Thomas behind him completely. Come to the ably spent quite a bit of time standing Hee hee. Get it? But wait. I'm not him the same way he was standing behind looking at her behind and I'm not lying anything is wrong with being gay ... I'll just shut up."

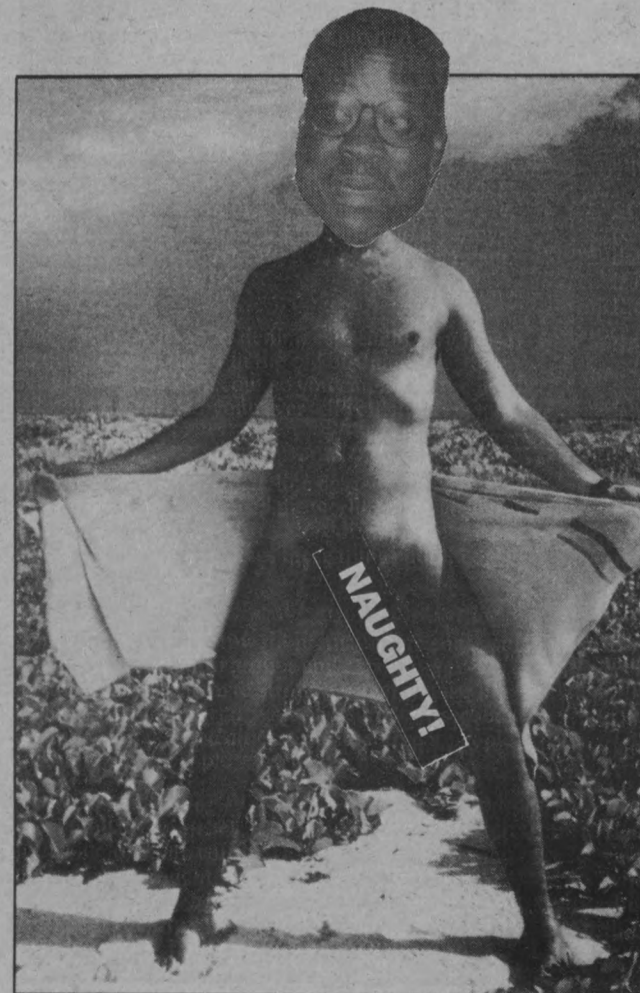
Throughout history,

man has made it a habit of objectifying women. As Hugh told us above, he would be more than happy to see Anita Faye Hill in his fine publication next month.



What is so special

about Justice Thomas is that he not only objectifies women; He objectifies men! He was very into this "Long Dong Silver" fellow and we are sure that he wouldn't mind objectifying himself thusly ...



Pubes on Coke C
Stop, you

During the Senat
and in the after
received a number
from all sorts of p
Unfortunately, non
the Heari

By EDWIN CHEN
and MELISSA HEALY
TIMES STAFF WRITERS

WASHINGTON—In riveting appearances before the Senate Judiciary Committee, federal appellate court Judge Clarence Thomas and University of Oklahoma law professor Anita Faye Hill offered compelling but utterly contradictory testimony Friday about the matters of sex ha

to be that any speaker fidgete... in their seats told the panel that Thomas had repeatedly boasted to her of his sexual prowess while she served on his staff at the Education Department and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission in the early 1980s.

The following people served on DAVE's staff.

- Doug Arellanes
- Max Donnelly
- Chris Fitz
- Ross French
- Hillary Kaplowitz
- Brendan Maze
- Todd Pacofsky
- Jason Ross
- Amy Schlupp
- Pat Stull
- John Travino
- J. Christaan Whalen

and those who served especially long on the staff ...

- Morgan Freeman
- Denis Faye



Thomas completely. I stand
me to think of it, he prob-
standing behind Ms. Hill.
I'm not standing behind
standing behind her. He was
I'm not like "that." Not that
ing gay ... I mean ... yessir ...

—Dan Quayle

"So, Anita, baby — I can call you Anita, can't I? — I
was thinking maybe after this whole thing blows over
... maybe you can stop by the Mansion. We'll drink a
little bubbly. I'll set you up with a photographer. We'll
take some tasteful photos and, if things work out,
there could be a new pair of boobs in it for you."

—Hugh Hefner

"If you would have just eaten her after
you were done making passes at her ...
you wouldn't be in this mess. I need a
smoke."

—Jeffrey Dahmer

"We feel that Clarence Thomas should
still be allowed to be a Supreme Court
Judge, as long as he has all of his geni-
tals surgically removed."

—CUNTS

oke Cans?! Long Dong Silver?!
you guys are killin' me!

enate Confirmation Hearings
aftermath, DAVE Magazine
umber of letters and comments
of people. These are all real.
none of them are as funny as
Hearings themselves...

Dave Magazine thought it wise to explore
this strange phenomenon. We called
the Los Angeles Times and spoke to Assistant
National Editor Jim Bell.

We asked Mr. Bell if he was aware of the
phrase and the negative connotations that
could be derived. He was shocked.

DAVE: Where you aware that the sentence
said that?

L.A. Times: (dazzled) Did it say that? (pas-
sage of time as Bell searched for issue in
question. As Bell returned to phone,
chuckles could be heard from the L.A.
Times staff).

DAVE: Well?

L.A. Times Well?

DAVE Well?

L.A. Times Well, I guess that's a double en-
tendre. I guess it's there. You're the first
person to see it. Well, she actually did serve
on his staff. Nothing was intentional.

Once again, Dave Magazine breaks the
news before the big boys. This time, about
the big boys.

Editor, Daily Nexus:

In light of the now nationally publicized events which transpired in the course of the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on Judge Clarence Thomas' nomination to the Supreme Court of the United States, the executive committee of pursuing truth and justice (two ideals to which every Coca-Cola employee aspires tirelessly and eternally), certain heretofore secret files of the corporation shall be opened to public scrutiny.

Judge Clarence Thomas was accused by Anita Faye Hill of holding a can of Coca-Cola high in the air (an understandable gesture of reverence) and proclaiming: "Who put a public hair on my Coke?!" For this he was practically run on a rail straight out of Washington. Only by God's grace and an ingenious defense campaign was he spared this indignity. Some have speculated that the now infamous "Coke Can Incident" was a secret smear campaign orchestrated by Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company. This is not an outlandish claim. The pack of frothing loons who run Pepsi's publicity have previously sunk to lower depths in promotion of their second-rate product. However, in this case, the accusations are unfounded.

We present for your perusal:

In 1982, as competition between Coca-Cola and its mudling lower-than-a-snake's-belly adversaries heated up, it became necessary—in the interests of reinvesting a growth potential in our product in the face of diminishing returns in light of cyclical fiscal deterioration of net gains and gross returns on all outgoing product and incoming revenue—to experiment.

Rather than resort to bikini-clad teeny boppers or fallacious and evil "taste-tests," Coca-Cola creatively maneuvered into a previously untouched market: product enhancement.

By appealing to primal instincts and desires (and the desire to drink Coke is just such a trait), we made consumption of our product all the more enjoyable for our large and loyal following.

Putting a public hair on one out of every six cans seemed like a good idea at the time.

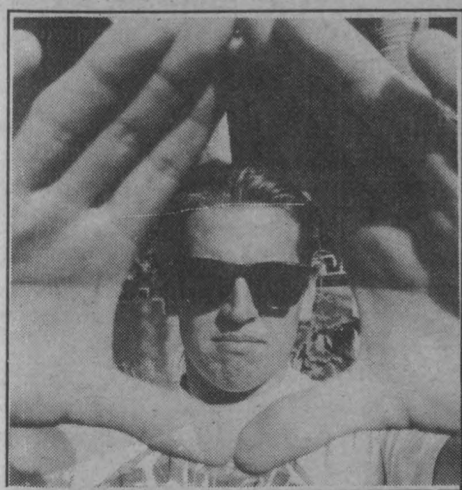
Judge Thomas was merely responding with exactly the sort of enthusiasm we'd expected from happy consumers. For this is he to be belittled, ridiculed, demeaned, ravaged, scourged, Brillo-padded and perhaps deterred from ever drinking Coke again? We sincerely hope not.

Thank you for your concern and patience.

Sincerely,
Bill Cosby
Executive Committee
Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

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Hey, Amiches! At
least, Zeke, the
Wacky Buddha, &
the DAVE Trading
Card are on the same
page!



It's a DAVE!

2 of 15

Astrology By Zeke

ARIES

(Mar. 20-Apr. 19) Jimmy, you cheating son of a bitch. If I don't get my 20 percent from you this week I'm going to shove a whole bucket of pig crap down your throat and I'm not lying. When this town finds out you're no good on your marker, you'll be starving by Christmas.

TAURUS

(Apr. 20-May 20) I'm not saying you're going to die sometime next week with every nerve in your body shrieking, maybe on fire, maybe slathered with gelatinous acid, maybe stuffed in a gunnysack full of tarantulas, but I'm not saying it's not gonna happen, neither. Have a good week.

GEMINI

(May 21-June 20) You look good in denim, especially very loose denim. See, you don't look so good in the old birthday suit. Keep your fly buttoned or keep the lights out so you can avoid the disconcerting sweet nothing, "Did anyone ever tell you you look like Art Garfunkle?"

CANCER

(June 21-July 22) You are a direct female-line descendent of someone very famous. Someone who changed the world. Someone who now haunts the back of your mind like a ... a ... distant ... relative? Or something. I don't know. Sometimes these things don't come out so, ya know, good.

LEO

(July 23-Aug. 22) Your tendencies toward premature mastication make you a prime target for support groups and expensive 12-step programs. Resist these thieves. You're strong enough to take this on by yourself. Just sooth your ego with the simple assertion: "Chewing on my tongue makes me different, and different people are great people. I'm great people."

VIRGO

(Aug. 23-Sept. 22) I think it's pretty clear by now that the people at Roma know quite a bit more than you do. Do you have any clue about the pain, the sadness brought on by buckling black patent-leather boots too tight? What about the shame of playing chess when you really don't know how? Those people know what suffering is.

LIBRA

(Sept. 23-Oct. 22) You're going places, baby. Your personal skills, quick wit and superior planning have you headed straight to the top of whatever field you choose. It's a real shame that guy you thought was your friend in fourth grade is going to ruin your career with the humiliating disclosure that you ate paste in the art corner and told fart jokes at recess.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Think flowers, beautiful one. Think grasses and daffodils, meadows and soils. Think fertilizer. Think of the fertilizer you'll be swimming in if you don't bust a move real quick, like, Rich, warm fertilizer. Steamy.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 22-Dec. 21) In this drifting phase of yours, far from home, you need the guidance of your grandparents. You need to keep in mind the simple truths: "When I was a young person like you, I never touched the liquor. And I had a job by the time I was nine, not like you college kids. And if you want to learn bowling, I'll teach you."

CAPRICORN

(Dec. 22-Jan. 19) That dream keeps haunting you. You know, the one where the man with buses for feet and clouds for hair keeps throwing pasta at your childhood home? There's only one way to confront this man, and to end the dream forever: admit that you're totally, 100 percent out of your friggin' skull, you loon. Then get some help and give us all a rest.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 20-Feb.) All I can say is "Blowfish."

PISCES

(Feb. 19-Mar. 19) Isla Vista dogs are performing a cruel and elaborate experiment on us. They ring these bells up in a tower, and when we hear them we grab food and run into crowded rooms and shut the door. Then a dog dressed up like a human pretends to say things and we believe him. One of these days the doors to the rooms will lock behind us — and the feasting will begin.

UCSB Faculty and Families with students

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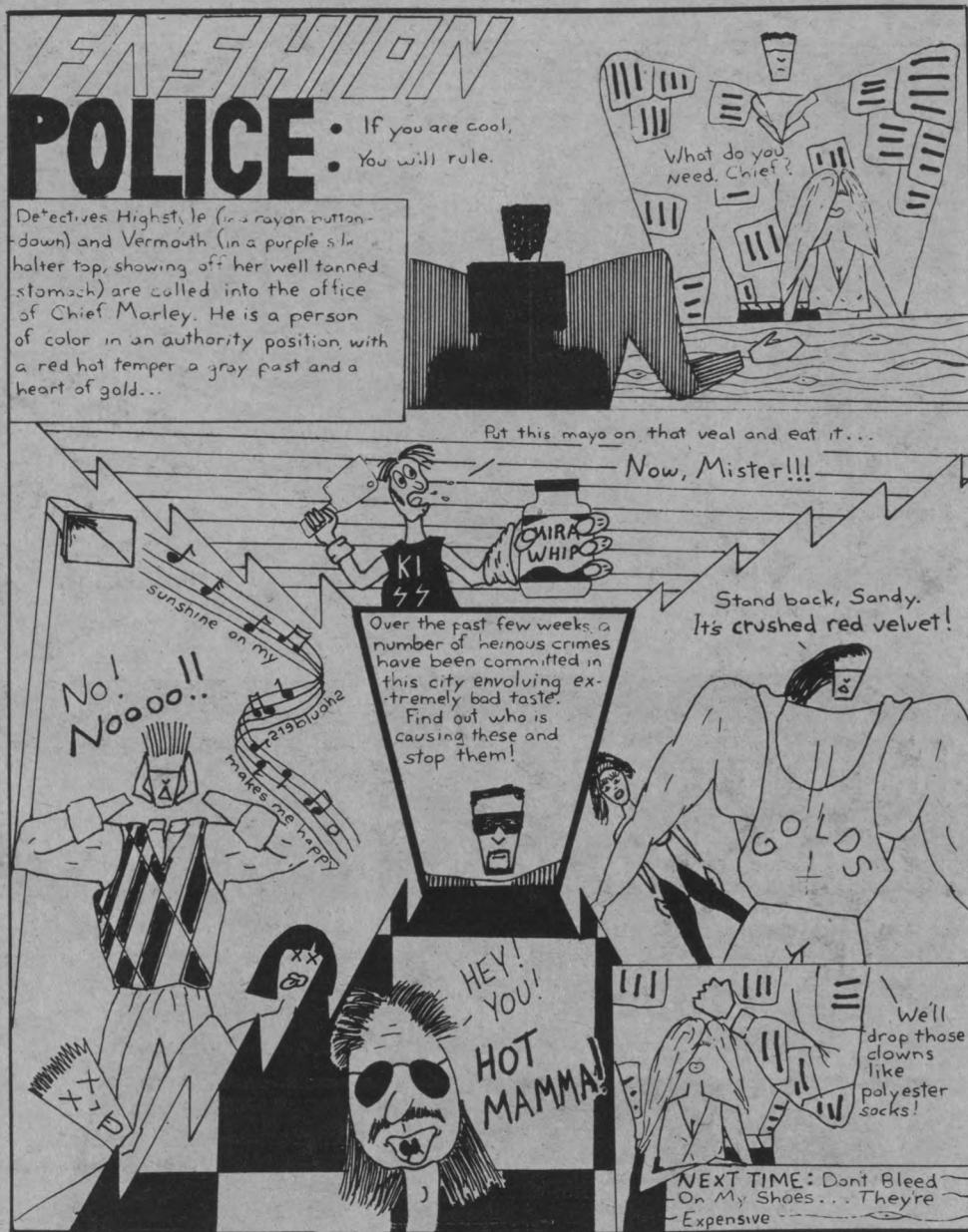


North on U.S. 101 past Santa Barbara. Take the Glen Annie/Storke Road exit and turn left, right on Hollister, then left on Pacific Oaks Road to Models.

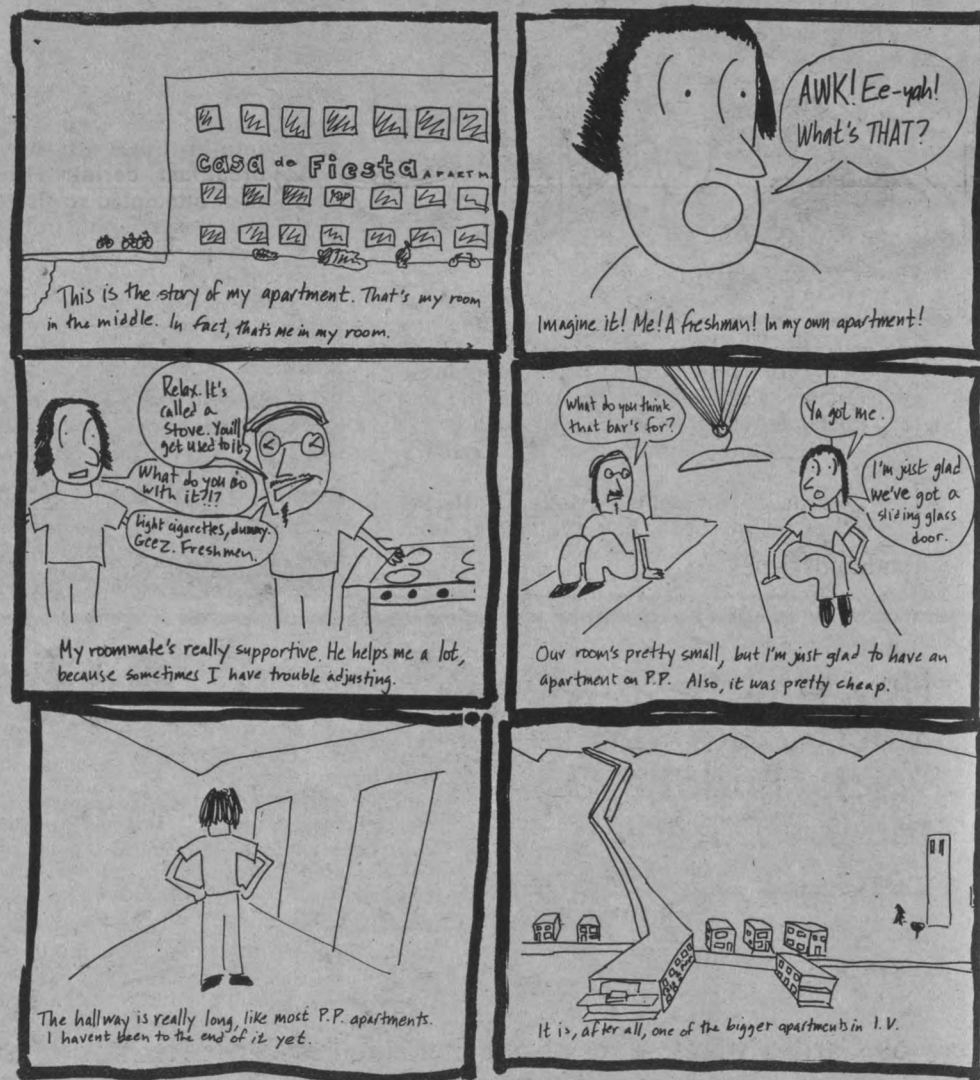
FULL BROKER COOPERATION

ASK OUR SALES CONSULTANTS FOR PROGRAM DETAILS. THEY MAY VARY DUE TO INDIVIDUAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

Fashion Police by Denis Faye



My Apartment by Doug Arellanes



WRATH

Continued from p.3A
 tragic week, I felt achingly alone. The TV held no sway, flickering lie-box colors. The school lessons dropped around me, forced corpora-state lies.

It was a virus, said the doctor, keep him inside for a few days, make sure he drinks a lot of water, give him two Tylenol every four hours until the fever breaks. It took me a week to recover my skewered senses, my tortured conscious recoiling from logic as the dog shys from the vacuum cleaner. I tried to explain to closed ears and bespectacled faces, the feeling, the cost of one carpet—a signal, a final cry, a tired and desperate act of an even more desperate and drained Fruit Spirit. And they laughed. And laughed.

-Brendan Maze

It's a DAVE! Facts

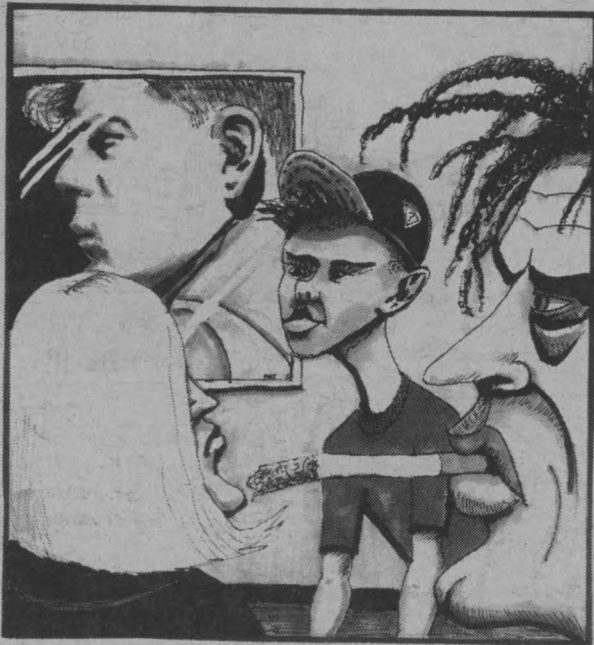
NAME: Dave Ricks
 AGE: 22
 HEIGHT: 6'1"
 WEIGHT: .935 SCJs
 BEER: Some Lame German Beer
 BIKE WRECKS: 1 (w/ Harley)
 ELVIS: Fat, Drunk Slob
 HAIR STYLE: Bono Blanc

It's a DAVE! Quote: "If it's too loud, you're too old... Kick ass, don't kiss ass."

If you wish to write to DAVE, write c/o The Daily Nexus P.O. 13402 UCSB UCen, Santa Barbara, CA 93107

Cat Butt by Pat Stull

bengolli looks on as the musically disabled discuss ideologies



that guy led zeppelin is the coolest singer ever!
yea well maybe so, but that group robert's plant rules all.

Wuf by Morgan Freeman & John Trevino

The Cheap Journal



Wuf Goes Fishing

SANTA MARIA — Matt "Wuf" Burton was found dead last night in his small home just north of Santa Maria. Authorities say that the 31-year-old Wuf, known to be a tight wad, accidentally swallowed a 25 cent-off coupon when he poured the voucher into his bowl with his breakfast cereal. He then attempted to fish the treasured note from his stomach with a line of three-pronged trouble hooks.

Long Dong Silver's

House Specialties ...

- Clam Sandwiches
- "Trouser" Trout
- Corn Bread
- Lobster Delite
- Crab Ticklers
- Saucy Carp



House of Fish and Sausages

- Penatrato Sausage
- Blood Sausage
- Foreign Beer
- Snausages
- "Sausage Envy"
- Saucy Sausages

6969 Carillo Street, across from Frenchie LaCoste's House of Underpants

HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY
COMICS, YES!!
HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY

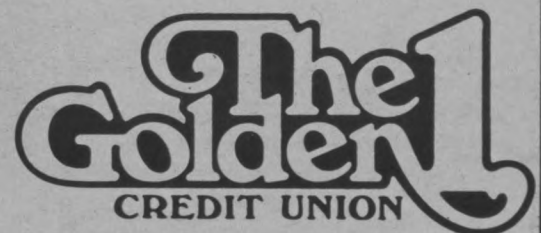
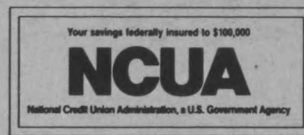


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5176 Hollister Ave.
Santa Barbara



Let's Samba!

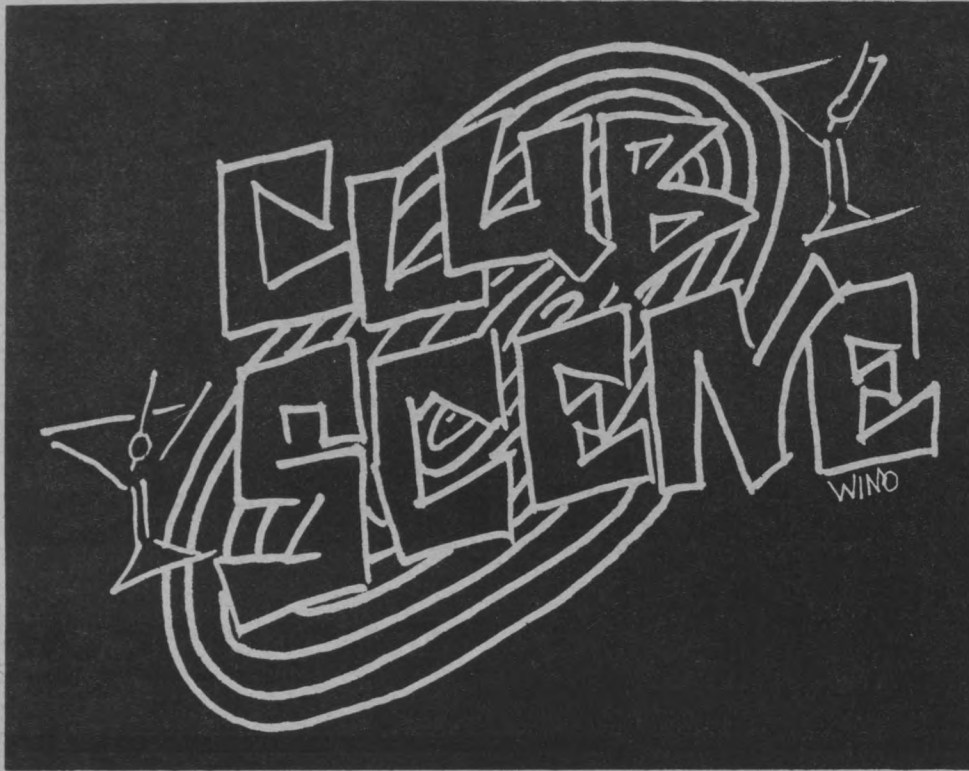
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\$1,000
Thursdays

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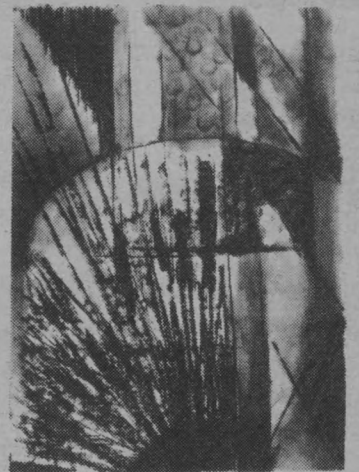
More Music



SANTA BARBARA

ALEX'S CANTINA
633 State St., 966-0032
Mexican restaurant with a separate energetic bar. In this downtown location the bar is packed with party veterans from all over. Live music.
Fri 18: The Pontiac
Sat 19: Pat Milliken
Sun 20: Sinister Fish
Tue 22: No One You Know/Funky Monkey
Wed 23: South Coast Acoustic Review
Thu 24: Pat, Finn & Greg

ARLINGTON THEATRE
1317 State St., 963-4408
A historic landmark for many, this structure is a great place to see any musical performance.



under the impression that you are sealed off from the rest of Santa Barbara. For instance, you can drink in a shrubbed patio with three-foot birds squawking.

MOONANGEL
302 W. Montecito St., 962-8949
In this casually elegant Turkish/Mediterranean restaurant one can enjoy LA Times acclaimed food and be entertained. The buffet is great and inexpensive! Check out the belly dancing.

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY BOWL
1122 N. Milpas, 963-2883
Yes, the County Bowl is gearing up for another season. The Bowl's open-air setting is an ideal place for watching the concert of your choosing. Catch one before the season is over.
Sat 12: Allman Brothers/Little Feat
Sat 19: Oingo Boingo
Sun 20: Doobie Brothers



ART'S BAR
2611 De la Vina, 569-0052
A place where the boys go to drink a beer and shoot the crap. You can shoot pool to pass the time while you watch some of SB's local talent.
Fri 18: Little Jonnie & the Giants
Sat 19: The Eddy B Blues Band
Thu 24: Little Jonnie & the Giants

THE BEACH SHACK
500 Anapamu, 966-1634
This new club has dining during the day and drinking at night. They bring in many local bands and many bands from other places, not to mention their incredible drink specials on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Call club for band info.
Tues: 50¢ Beers 9-10 pm
Wed: All Drinks \$1.00 8:30-10 pm
Thu: 50¢ Well Drinks 9-10 pm

BREWHOUSE
202 State St., 963-3090
The Brewhouse has the only micro-brewery in house. With this brewery fine quality ale is offered at reasonable prices. Along with the beer there is plenty of local music for your listening pleasure.
Fri 18: Crucial DBC
Sat 19: Avocadoe Sundae
Tue 22: John Lyle
Wed 23: Jeffrey Pine

CARNAVAL
634 State St., 962-9991
Since recently changing managers this downtown hotspot has regained its credibility. Visit this Santa Barbara club when a worthy band plays.
Every Sunday: Comedy Corner

CHASE AT THE BEACH
33 State St., 963-8184
Chase has recently brought live entertainment back to its club. They cater to most musical interests and have a full bar to wet your whistle while enjoying the bands. Call club for band info. Call club for entertainment info.

FELIX'S CANTINA
525 State St., 962-1432
This S.B. hot spot has been owned by many people and managed by more yet but once again they have seen their way clear to celebrate the talents of the many "known" bands of S.B. and surrounding areas. Call for entertainment info.

JOSEPPIS
434 State St., 962-5516
This is a great place to relax and groove to the sound that has been with us forever. This is the place for jazz lovers. Jazz played every night. Happy Hour 5-8. Call club for entertainment info.

THE KETCH
514 State St., 564-3231
This hide-away on State is again open for business and from the appearance it seems to be better than before. While having a tropical drink here you will be



SEE'S COFFEEHOUSE
1014 State St., 963-8060
Yes, in fact it is a cafe. Located in the heart of downtown Santa Barbara, See's offers a relaxed atmosphere with plenty of excellent java. Oh yeah, they have bands too.
Fri 18: The Smoking Section
Sat 19: David West
Sun 20: Tom Murray
Tue 22: Open Mic Nite
Thu 24: Cyrus Clark

WOODY'S
229 W. Montecito, 963-9326
At this Woody's location the patrons can enjoy their mason jars full of beer while soaking in the western atmosphere. I can personally attest to the quality of Woody's ribs. If you don't go to Woody's for the music then go just for the ribs.

ZELO
630 State St., 966-5792
Voted S.B.'s best dance club six years in a row. Progressive recorded music, lights, video. DJs play the latest in dance music. Occasional live music.
Fri 18: DJ Sergio Vasquez
Sat 19: DJ Matt Armor
Tue 22: Rhythm Method
Wed 23: Official Resistance & Guests

MONTECITO

THE GRILL
1279 Coast Village Rd., 969-5969
This place has a casual New York atmosphere. Featuring Italian cuisine complimented by a full bar. Live music played nightly. Call club for info.

— Written by Kevin Sheffield

Due to the erratic lifestyles of Santa Barbara musicians all dates and times are subject to change.



GOLETA & I.V.

THE ANACONDA
935 Emb. del Norte, 685-3112
The largest dance club between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Keep you eye on this place because not only do they have the best Happy Hour prices in town, but great bands play here time and again.
Sat 19: Excel/Damn the Machine
Thu 24: Stan Ridgway

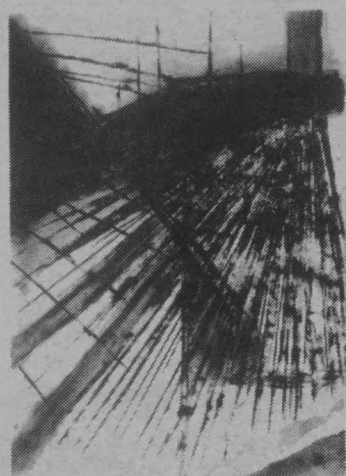
Fri 18: Cyrus Clark & Phil Salazar
Sat 19: Cyrus Clark & Phil Salazar
Sun 20: 1-5 pm Tom Ball/Kenny Sultan
5-9 pm Little Jonnie & the Giants

MONTY'S COCKTAILS
5114 Hollister, 967-9012
Located in the Magnolia Shopping Center next to the Goleta Woody's, Monty's features daily drink specials, Monday Night Football, Pool and Pinball, 6 TV screens and 2 new satellite dishes, and dancing every Fri & Sat night with DJ Richie Rich.

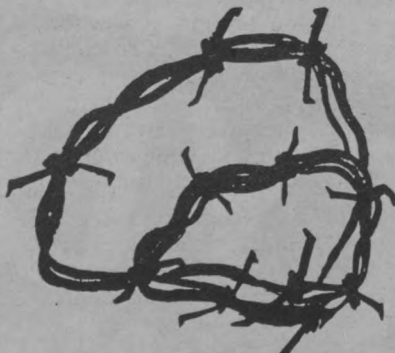
ORCHID BOWL'S GALLEON ROOM
5925 Calle Real, 967-0128
Yes, the Orchid Bowl is a bowling center and all that implies. They are now having bands play and all kinds of other events so throw on your bowlers and bring some dancing shoes for afterwards.
Fri 18: Kerrie Wilson Band
Thu 24: Sky King

THE PUB
UCSB'S UCen, 961-3536
On Thursdays this place has the best deal going. For a buck you can see a hot underground band and get good drink deals. Just don't try to smoke because of course we all know it's not permitted. Take a break from the books one Thursday night and check this out.

SPIKE'S PLACE
6030 Hollister, 964-5211
A bar in the heart of Goleta that has beers and bands. Try their variety of beers and don't forget to get your card punched.
Sat 19: Bill Fernberg
Wed 23: Alan Garbar & Marsha Blum



WOODY'S
5112 Hollister Ave., 967-3775
In the Goleta location, Woody's offers the same great ribs and jars of beer as the original does. A real knee-slappin' sort of place.
Every Tue: Daniel Peterson
Every Wed: Bill Fernberg
Every Fri: Alan Garbar & Marsha Blum



ALEX'S CANTINA
5918 Hollister Ave., 683-2577
In this Mexican restaurant/bar you can suck down some margaritas and then dance 'till your heart's content. Alex's offers music 7 nights a week. Happy Hour 3:30-7 pm Mon-Fri — Free appetizers!
Fri 18: DJ Victor
Sat 19: KCQR Night
Sun 20: Brunch 'n Crunch
Mon 21: Monday Night Football
Tue 22: Country Night
Wed 23: Los Guys
Thu 24: College Night with DJ Dr. John

THE CANTINA
966 Embarcadero del Mar, 968-2862
Located in the heart of I.V. this Mexican restaurant has 12 different types of burritos for your dining experience. Not only does this place have food and Monster beers but it also has bands. Call club for info.

CARIBBEAN CUISINE
5838 Hollister, 967-7265
Bask in radiant atmosphere of this authentic Caribbean eatery. The music and food in this joint allow us to enjoy the flavor of the Caribbean.
Fri 18: Trinidad Steel Drum Band
Sat 19: Lady D & Flaire
Thu 24: Blackjack

COLD SPRINGS TAVERN
5995 Stagecoach Rd., 967-0066
For you nature lovers this backwoods spot is the place for you. Dining and dancing with a rustic twist. (Look for the old jail cell in the back.)