

IT'S FINE TO LIVE
BY THE SWORD . . .

. . . BUT WHAT
DOES IT MEAN?

CLASH OF THE DECONSTRUCTIONISTS

BLOODY SATIRE BY KELLY PARKINSON

the daily friday magazine

Providing UCSB with
Humor, Fiction, Satire
and Gonzo Journalism

Friday, April 3, 1998

Our narrative begins in a dark, smoke-filled 4-by-4 cubicle on the second floor of South Hall.

English professors Alan Fishwater and Robert Applebloom are calmly deliberating the manner in which they shall "quite" the local video store employee, who has made an unfortunate habit of usurping overdue late fees from them for titles that could not possibly interest any other mortal, such as "A Night with Arthur Fiedler's Boston Pops," which cost them \$50 in overdue fines after they collaborated on an ambitious piece for the journal American Orchestra titled "Wand as Phallus: The Erotics of Arthur Fiedler."

"In a sense, it is as if this crime we are plotting is not so much our transgression as it is a product of the complex social and economic negotiations in which we are deeply and inseparably enmeshed, Robert."

"I may concur, Alan, but first I shall ask you to define your use of the term 'crime,' for it is not entirely clear to which act — or acts, if you will — we are referring."

"Permit me to recapitulate, then. If we can puncture the heart of this video-store proletariat with a medieval sword which I have somewhat crudely fashioned using my knowledge on 15th-century rapiers, perhaps the object's destruction will, by a string of associations, circumvent the enforcement of our contractual obligations. If I

"If I may resort to a colloquialism, we'll never have to pay that two-dollars-a-fucking-day late fee again!"

may resort to a colloquialism, we'll never have to pay that two-dollars-a-fucking-day late fee again!"

"What a fresh use of language you employ. Lyrically Mаметian, it evokes the prurient nature of this heinous act. For I feel 'fucked' indeed with each thrust of this unnecessary charge and its deep and forceful penetration of my billfold." Professor Applebloom's hand impulsively moved toward his billfold and gave it a reassuring little pat. "In situations like this, I have always made it a habit to ask myself, 'What would the editors of the Modern Language Association handbook do?'"

Professor Fishwater reflected a moment. "I suppose that if we staple a Works Cited page to his sweater, we should be in the clear."

"Yes! Let us go then, you and me, to embark upon this chivalric adventure."

They quickly typed up a Works Cited page, punctuated according to MLA guidelines. They were careful to use 12-point type in New York Times font and to italicize the titles of the books Alan had used in researching the sword. Robert included Jacques Derrida's latest tome, "Spanking the Signifying Monkey," but only because old Jacques grew quite rankled when he was excluded from footnotes and references. He snubbed one's e-mail for months, and his long-awaited replies were viciously incomprehensible.

Professors Fishwater and Applebloom had a respective Red Banana with wheat grass, and carrot juice with bee pollen, at Blenders before negotiating the sidewalk to the video store.

There the surly gatekeeper of popular culture greeted them with a wary eye. He had been watching an Ingmar Bergman film with subtitles on his monitor, only to be disturbed again by yet another duo of bumptious sightseers. Why did men always go to the video shop in pairs? He curiously inspected the iron sword which Professor Fishwater was unsuccessfully attempting to enshroud within the folds of his overcoat. These costume designers for the Drama Department needed to get out more.

"Shakespearean tragedies are in the back," he said dismissively.

But Professors Fishwater and Applebloom weren't wont to witness a tragedy tonight. They gave a final inspection of the eyes of this goat-eyed extorter, searching for the vestiges of a charitable soul. They saw only two churlish hazel specks undressing them from behind gold-rimmed glasses.

Professor Applebloom gave Professor Fishwater the signifying beard stroke, and in one efficient slash not unlike that of the brutal red flurries he inflicted on students' midterms, Fishwater slew the video-store employee.

Professor Applebloom helped because he wanted to be more explicitly engaged within this Dionysian act of transgression. He locked the door. "I locked the door," he announced.

Two blond students approached the door. One of them recognized Professor Applebloom and waved. His lips mouthed the words, "Great lecture today, Professor Applebloom." He didn't see the video-store employee, who had collapsed, in a dramatically ironic sort of way, behind

the counter. Professor Applebloom waved back, spun the closed sign around and turned off the lights. The blond men saw the closed sign.

"Oh, they must be closed," they said. "Oh, ha ha, we talked at the same time." "Oh, ha ha, we did it again." "I'm a weenie!" "STOP." "I don't like you."

They began to slap and punch one another until two officers of the Isla Vista Foot Patrol arrested them. "Ha ha," they said as the police handcuffed them. "Ha ha ha."

Professors Applebloom and Fishwater were standing over the body now. Applebloom unfolded the Works

"...in one efficient slash not unlike that of the brutal red flurries he inflicted on students' midterms, Fishwater slew the video-store employee."

Cited page from his jacket. "Drat. I have forgotten my pocket stapler."

"It is alright," Fishwater said comfortingly. "You can use mine, for I carry it with me always." He withdrew it from his pocket for Professor Applebloom, who then neatly stapled the paper to the sweater of the corpse.

Professors Applebloom and Fishwater were still hovering over the body in an awkward, indecisive moment of silent rumination. During this momentary interval in the narrative, each professor's thoughts were far too complex to simplify within the shell of a paragraph or two. Each made several revisions to his internal manuscript before Applebloom began to speak.

"Alan, I'm having serious recontextualizations of this act of subversion we have committed against what, for lack of a more precise term, I shall call the law."

"Indeed. But my point of contention concerns not the act itself, per se, but its actors. We are white, upper-middle-class men over 50, Robert. Perhaps this might have been a more informed, postmodern spectacle if we had sought the discursive contributions of someone from one of the ethnic or gender studies departments on campus. Say, an African-American scholar or a Chicano cultural materialist — or perhaps a gay graduate student from a socioeconomically disadvantaged background."

See NARRATIVE, p.3A

the Skinny

by Nick Robertson

There are many joys inherent to Spring Quarter. The weather's nice, summer looms on the horizon, and random macks are at an all-year high.

But of course, there's always that dreaded early-quarter ritual, buying your books. Prices get higher every year, and the shopper's mantra is Buyer Beware — especially at the UCSB Bookstore.

When I went to buy a copy of *Anna Karenina*, I

"...keep your eyes on the numbers when picking up a sack o' tomes."

noticed the "new" book price was only a dollar more than the "used" book price, and a fresh copy for \$5.95 seemed a decent value (It's a *big fuckin' book!*). However, when I was shuffled through the cattle drive that is the cashier's line and had paid, I noticed I'd been charged \$6.95 for my Tolstoy. I'd been ripped off!

Well, I went to see the Right People, or actually, the Right Person, UCSB Bookstore Course Materials Dept. Manager Cynthia Ellestad. She was very friendly and happily returned my buck, explaining the discrepancy as an oversight caused by greedy publishing companies.

Apparently, the basic inventory chain of command is such: the professors give the bookstore requisitions, the bookstore puts in a purchase order to the publishers, and the publishers deliver the books to the bookstore, with a catch — oftentimes the publishers will mark up the wholesale price with little cause or warning, forcing the bookstore to raise its prices.

"The publishers generally raise their prices two times a year out of routine," Ellestad said. "We don't know exactly what the price is going to be."

Unfortunately, there can sometimes be an employee delay in fixing the price tag on the shelf, as was the case with my *Anna Karenina*. Nonetheless, if you notice the invisible markup, as I did, you are entitled to receive the difference back.

This may occur at the I.V. Bookstore as well, so keep your eyes on the numbers when picking up a sack o' tomes. Ellestad pointed out that checking

See SKINNY, p.3A

University Paper

**newspaper on grayed carpet, tread on
(dim light like through rain clouds)
word written, edited, read or thrown down
crumpled babble along college lines opinions objectives
hidden
dropped with the dirt from shoes
picked up passed on recycled, and just trashed?
Resurrected in tomorrow's edition
reworded curbed on bend**

**pictures pasted by phrases, near conjunction
the word is God unholy volatile, oft neutral
unbiased bias try us why us? why not?
bought this one free
for the fee of grands of tuition and
P.C. prohibition denied; but**

**I still don't call you black or African American
I call you by your name, Sam, Gam, Pam, who-
ever
never say die unless you're prepared to do so
act in words, follow with action**

**- add 2 cups water
tomorrow's retraction
a misprint, missed the target, the proverbial
point weed-joint, disappointed time**

**all
sinking
down
into
the
crumpled
paper**

**sits naked shook alter-ego on brain-clots
in coffee shops campus cuts unread
"the undead fled to Santa Barbara for sanctuary" of artist
and whites rich Indian land on Pilgrim's day golf-course (divorced)
took the dog, the Mercedes devil car
cigarette in illegal bar in Sin City red neon Babylon
useless typewriter dinosaurs**

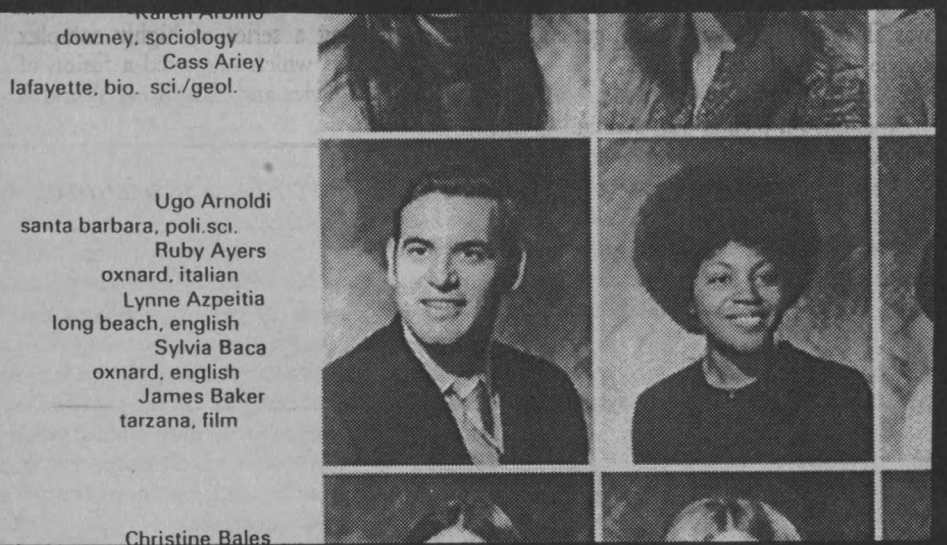
newspaper on the grayed gayed wetback hunchback car-pet, tread on

Poetry by
Brian Lubocki

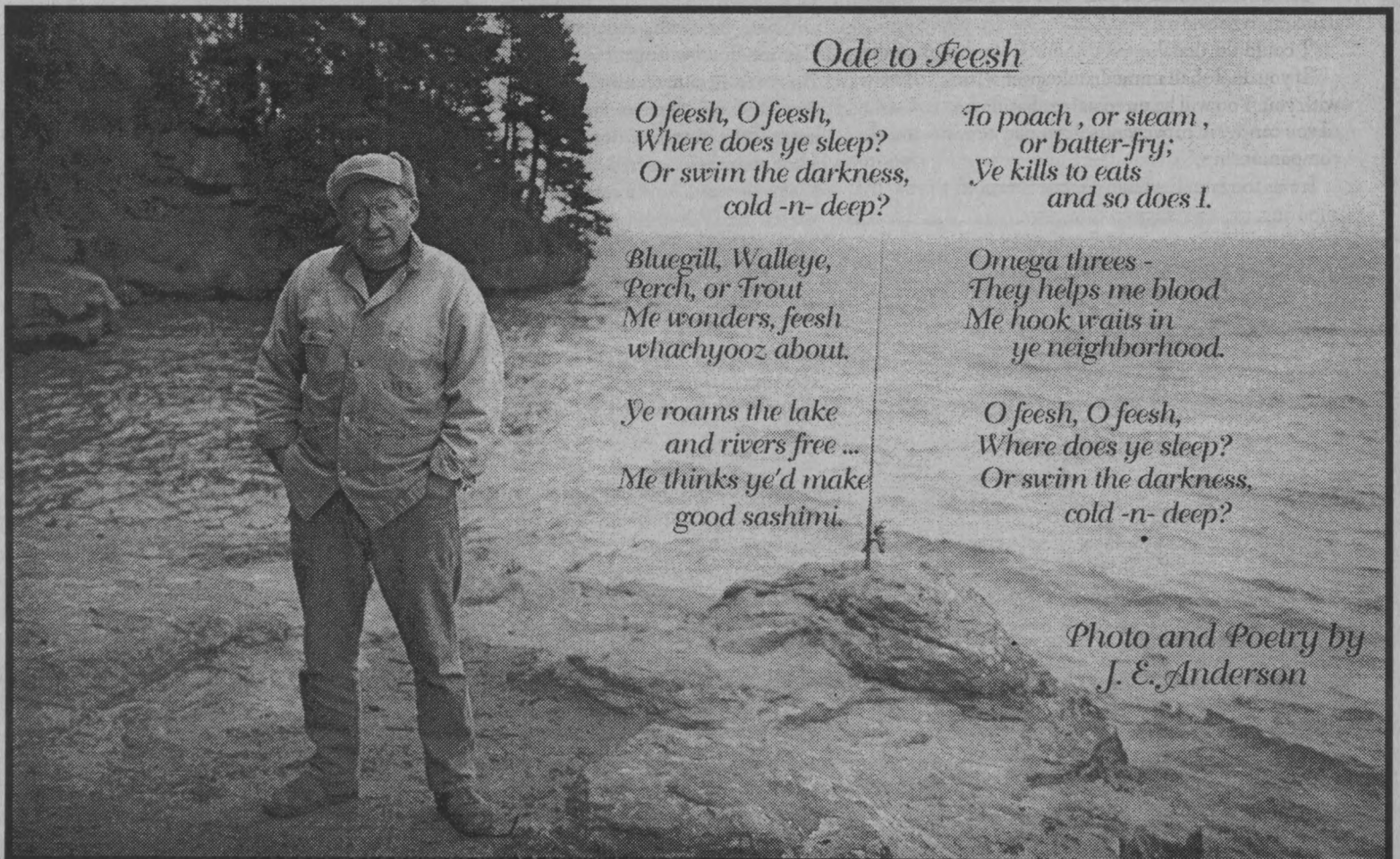
NICK ROBERTSON / DAILY NEXUS

Did You Know...

...that Lt. Arnoldi, command officer of the Isla Vista Foot Patrol, is a UCSB graduate? That's him, c. 1973. (Now we also know why he goes by "Butch")



NICK ROBERTSON / DAILY NEXUS



Ode to Feesh

O feesh, O feesh,
Where does ye sleep?
Or swim the darkness,
cold -n- deep?

To poach, or steam,
or batter-fry;
Ye kills to eats
and so does I.

Bluegill, Walleye,
Perch, or Trout
Me wonders, feesh
whachyooz about.

Omega threes -
They helps me blood
Me hook waits in
ye neighborhood.

Ye roams the lake
and rivers free ...
Me thinks ye'd make
good sashimi.

O feesh, O feesh,
Where does ye sleep?
Or swim the darkness,
cold -n- deep?

Photo and Poetry by
J. E. Anderson

Got a sex problem? Just moan out ...

Hey Ory!

Hey Ory,
For my boyfriend's birthday I thought it would be fun to give sex as a gift. We ended up having sex nine times in a four-hour period, and I orgasmed eight of the nine times. Is this normal?
— Birthday Bunny

Well, Buns, this isn't going to make the Guinness book of records, but I'm sure that's one present your boyfriend will never forget. This type of turbo humping is not too common among all ages, even for champs like myself, but if you can still get it on, go 'til the break of dawn.

Hey Ory,
Is it a myth that if you "rub one out" before seeing a potential lover, your performance is better?
— Spanktime

Mr. Spank, it seems as if you have found one of the ways to avoid premature ejaculation. Masturbation to orgasm before

sex can delay orgasm during sex and make you able to focus more on providing your partner with some quality pleasure. But this is an avoidance method and is not the best solution for correcting the problem.

If you happen to have your hands tied up, all you need is a tub of peanut butter, a nice dog, and a sick sense of a good time. If you would rather avoid the dog and want some real solutions, keep reading for more info about the biggest male sexual problem in future issues.

Hey Ory,
Whenever I have sex with my boyfriend, I end up making a farting noise. Is this gas, and how common is it?
— Noisy Nora

"Some call this farting, but it's just the body's own sexual symphony..."

Don't go reaching for the Gas-X anytime soon, Nora. You are experiencing something which has caused many awkward moments during the heat of passion, in which thrusting of the penis causes air to enter the vagina, and when insertion occurs again, the air has nowhere to go but out, causing the sound which guys can be blamed for.

Some call this farting, but it's just the body's own sexual symphony, so turn it on and turn it up, cause this music is better than Freedom Rock.♫

SEPARATED AT UCSBIRTH?



Rarely-Seen Actor Daniel Stern...

...and Never-Seen A.S. Press Secretary Jake White?



NICK ROBERTSON / DAILY NEXUS

NARRATIVE

Continued from p.1A

"Our lack of foresight is unduly problematic."

Applebloom and Fishwater decided to hold a joint forum in the near future to further interrogate these issues. Before leaving the video shop, they picked out a movie uncharacteristic of their previous selections. It was "Lethal Weapon," starring Mel Gibson and Danny Glover. The box said, "Two cops. Glover carries a weapon ... Gibson is one."

Then Applebloom remembered that it was "Two for Tuesday." "Can I get another movie? It's 'Two for Tuesday.'"

"Alright," conceded Fishwater.

Applebloom picked out "Annie." "I like this movie," he said. "I always wanted an indoor swimming pool like Daddy Warbucks so no one would see me in my swim trunks. Annie is lucky to be a singing orphan. That song, 'Dumb Dog,' is a good song. It's like it's really about her, and how people tie little cans to her tail."

Fishwater scowled. "The film is littered with a superfluous amount of singing."

"What's wrong with singing? Singing is fun. Why can't they sing?"

"They don't just sing, either. They dance. They sing and they dance."

"What's wrong with singing and dancing? Singing and dancing are fun. Why can't they sing and dance?"

"It's silly. It would be like us singing and dancing, right now."

"I could do that."

"If you do, I shall immediately sever all ties with you. You will be on social probation until you can again prove yourself worthy of my companionship."

It was too late. Professor Applebloom was shouting on the sidewalk in front of the video store: "Thank you all for coming. I was linguistically flatulent. I plotted against the very man who gave me my postmodern

multicultural identity. I wore hiking gear to the library. But my redemption can come through song and dance. Ladies and gentlemen, I bring you the music of Miami Sound Machine!

"Rhythm is gonna get you, rhythm is gonna get you, the rhythm is gonna get yooooooooouuu ..."

Fishwater realized with undiluted horror that Applebloom had apparently taken salsa lessons. He would forfeit tenure sooner than permit this mortifying spectacle to continue.

"Stop that, I say!"

"All night long!" Applebloom was now attempting to straddle a nearby Volkswagen Jetta, making a series of highly complex pelvic thrusts which suggested a fusion of Laurence Olivier and "The Real World"'s Eric Nies.

"Wow. It has a muscular flavor that is yet wryly sweet like the juice of a succulent brambleberry. It's blood, alright."

"Lethal Weapon" collided with the pavement and "Annie" landed upside down in the gutter as Fishwater sank a bony fist into Applebloom's substantial belly. "Oh way, oh way," Applebloom sang as he leapt from the car and slapped Fishwater back across his balding head. Fishwater rebutted with a powerful kick to Applebloom's arthritic kneecap. "Oh way, oh oh wah," Applebloom sang again as his chubby fingers dove up Fishwater's nostrils in a maneuver he had learned from studying 12th century warfare methods, but never before had the opportunity to implement.

"Oh, my nasal passages. Officers, arrest this man."

Two officers of the Isla Vista Foot Patrol instantly materialized. One officer's hair style was created by Ramsey. Fishwater's

nose was bleeding. He was still carrying his blood-spattered sword.

"Is that a blood-spattered sword you're carrying, sir?"

"Certainly not. It is a fake sword spattered with fake blood."

The officer whose hair style was created by Ramsey dabbed some with his finger and tried it. "Tim, taste this. I think it's blood."

Tim tasted it. "Wow. It has a muscular flavor that is yet wryly sweet like the juice of a succulent brambleberry. It's blood, alright."

"You're under arrest, sir," the officer not named Tim said as he brandished his handcuffs and snapped them onto Fishwater's wrists. "Zero tolerance. Tell your friends back home if they want to carry around bloody rapiers, they won't be doing it in Isla Vista."

"But it's blood flavored. It is supposed to taste like blood."

"Many times we heard that one, Tim?"

"Ha ha."

"Moded."

"I know."

The officers took Fishwater away, while Applebloom took "Annie" and went home.

And so our narrative ends in much the same way it began, except that one professor is in jail, the other is watching "Annie," and a video-store employee is lying dead under the cash register with a Works Cited page stapled to his sweater.

"I'm not quite dead yet."

Be quiet.

"I'm not. I think I may pull through."

But just as suddenly as he had spoken, the video-store employee mysteriously died, and through his final moan, signalled the expiration of our narrative: "Uuuuuuuuuugh."

"You talk-show host!" screamed Professor Applebloom. "You killed him!"

Be quiet. I said it was over.

"Very well."

Ow!

Uuuuuuuugh.♫

SKINNY

Continued from p.2A

prices is always a smart idea, no matter where you shop. "I think that's good consumer practice," she said.

And it's true. In our "money talks" society, you never know where evil intentions are lurking below ...



Speaking of evil lurking below, we can thank Unocal for yet another toxic contamination on our coast. Hopefully you already read on the front page about the Guadalupe spill, which has been a slow leak spanning decades, polluting our water and land like maple syrup across the Central Coast's pancakes.

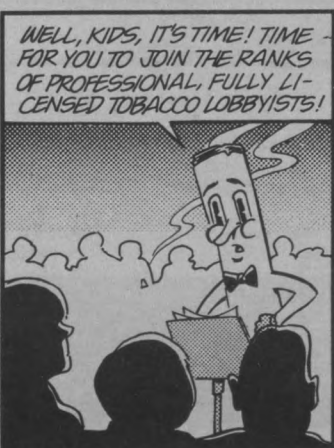
According to local activist Eric Cardenas, Unocal has admitted to spilling 8.5 million gallons of sludge into the ocean over the past few years. Chances are that's a modest corporate estimate. And the infamous Exxon Valdez spill was 11 million gallons, so this qualifies as a pretty heavy disaster.

Besides, look at Unocal's track record around here — it was they who caused the historical Santa Barbara Channel spill in 1969, which many credit as the sparking incident for the modern environmental movement. And it was they who polluted that lot right in the center of Isla Vista on the corner of Pardall and Embarcadero Del Mar.

It's time we fight back, Isla Vista. Let's Charge It and make our voices heard. Come to the San Luis Obispo protest tomorrow; all ya gotta do is show up at Bagel Cafe on Saturday morning at 8:30, and bring a car if you can. If we don't make a fuss, the bastards'll get away with murder. As Cardenas said, "This is about environmental justice!"♫

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



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\$2.00 off

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1 or more topping Pizza #12
not good with other offers; Exp 6/30/98
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PANHELLENIC SORORITY SPRING OPEN HOUSE

**Spring Open House will be Tuesday and
Wednesday, April 7 & 8, 6:30-9pm**

**There will be 3 Informational Meetings
on Monday, April 6 at 7:00pm
at 3 different locations:**

- ☛ UCen Lobero Room
- ☛ Francisco Torres
- ☛ URC (University Religious Center)

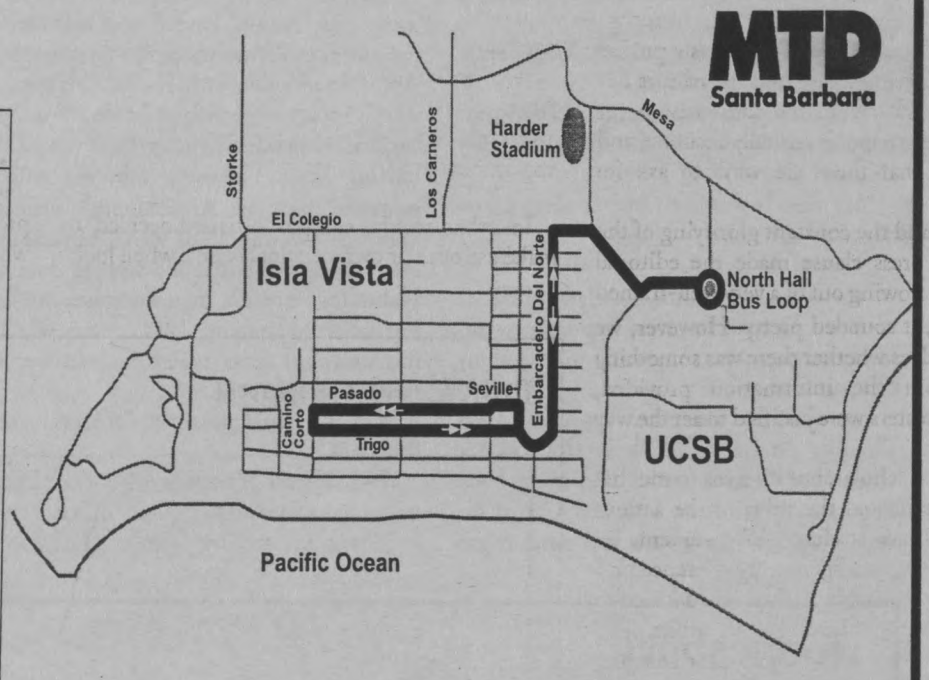
Attend the one most convenient for you

If you have any questions, please call 685-3326 or 685-3346

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IT'S CONVENIENT, FAST, ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY, & FREE FOR STUDENTS, STAFF, & FACULTY WITH CURRENT ID!

Bus Loop toward Isla Vista			Isla Vista toward Bus Loop		
North Hall	Emb. Del Norte & Pardall	Camino Corto	Camino Corto	Emb. Del Norte & Pardall	North Hall
7:45	7:50	8:00	7:30	7:37	7:45
8:15	8:20	8:30	8:00	8:07	8:15
8:45	8:50	9:00	8:30	8:37	8:45
9:15	9:20	9:30	9:00	9:07	9:15
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5:45	5:50	6:00	5:30	5:37	5:45
6:15	6:22	6:30	6:00	6:07	6:15
6:45	6:52	7:00	6:30	6:37	6:45
7:15	7:22	7:30	7:00	7:07	7:15



MTD
Santa Barbara

Bus Stops

Toward Bus Loop		Toward Isla Vista	
Trigo	Camino Corto	Embarcadero Del Norte	Cervantes
Trigo	Camino Del Sur	Embarcadero Del Norte	Pardall
Trigo	Camino Pescadero	Embarcadero Del Norte	El Embarcadero
Seville	Embarcadero Del Mar	Seville	Embarcadero Del Mar
Emb. Del Norte	Trigo	Pasado	Camino Del Sur
Emb. Del Norte	Pardall	Pasado	Camino Corto



If you have any questions, contact Leila Salazar,
A.S. External Vice President of Local Affairs at 893 - 2566.