

# Dope Deal Etiquette

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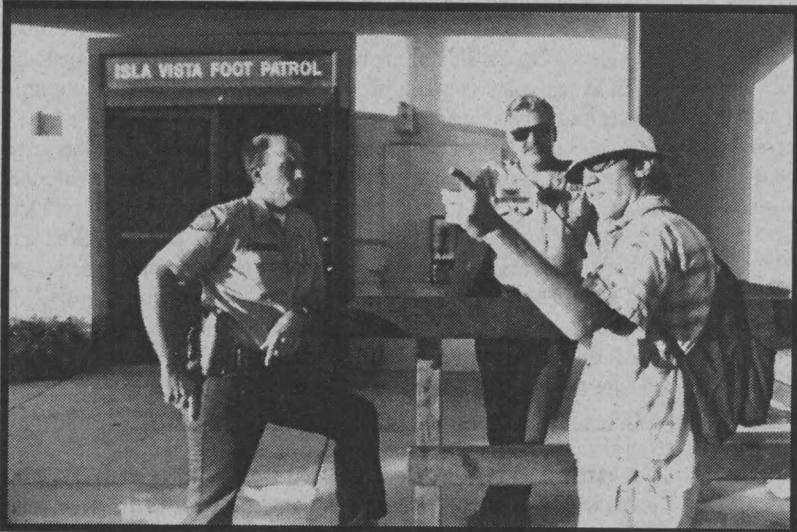
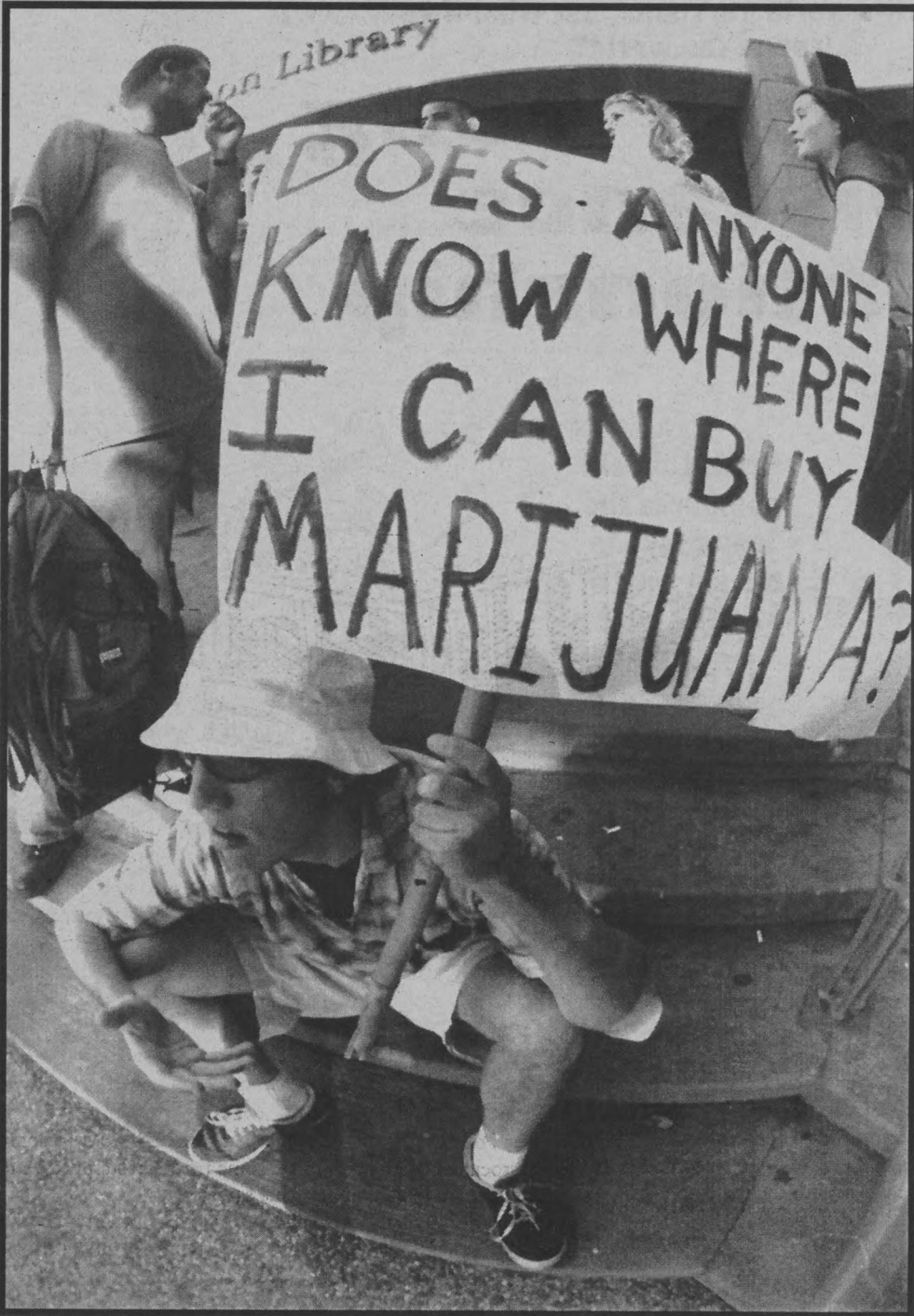
# daily friday magazine

Providing UCSB with  
Humor, Fiction, Satire  
and Gonzo Journalism

Friday, November 7, 1997

Let the daily friday's Nick Robertson  
lead you through UCSB's drug  
underworld. Photos by Jeff Clark

So you're looking to "score a sack," eh? Well, fortunately, UCSB has many students who are willing to help you out. The hardest thing about "getting a fix" is finding a "connection," so ask around, but be subtle about it.



Once you get a "hookup," known on the streets as a "dealer," you'll need to visit their home to complete the "transaction." With the vast number of homes in Isla Vista, don't hesitate to ask the locals for directions.



Many "dealers" may be willing to barter or trade for their "goods" rather than accept money, since currency can be traced by the FBI. So bring your most valuable possessions and haggle, haggle, haggle!



Once the price has been determined, the "deal" is complete and it's time for you to take your "score." The most reputable "dealers" operate on the honor system, so help yourself to their "stash" — but don't get greedy!



Now that you and your "dealer" have completed a "transaction," you are officially business partners. Do your part to keep the "goods" coming by spreading the word, nonchalantly. Now you can "pull" a "dope deal!"

# the Skinny

by Nick Robertson

As if the tragedy of losing our esteemed professor Walter Capps wasn't enough, now we must face another disaster — the special election to fill his congressional seat.

Governor Pete Wilson has until Nov. 12 to declare a new race for the 22nd Congressional District, and already the local politicians are abuzz over who will be vying for the term's remainder, with our own state Assembly-

*...the number of legitimate local voters is piss-poor.*

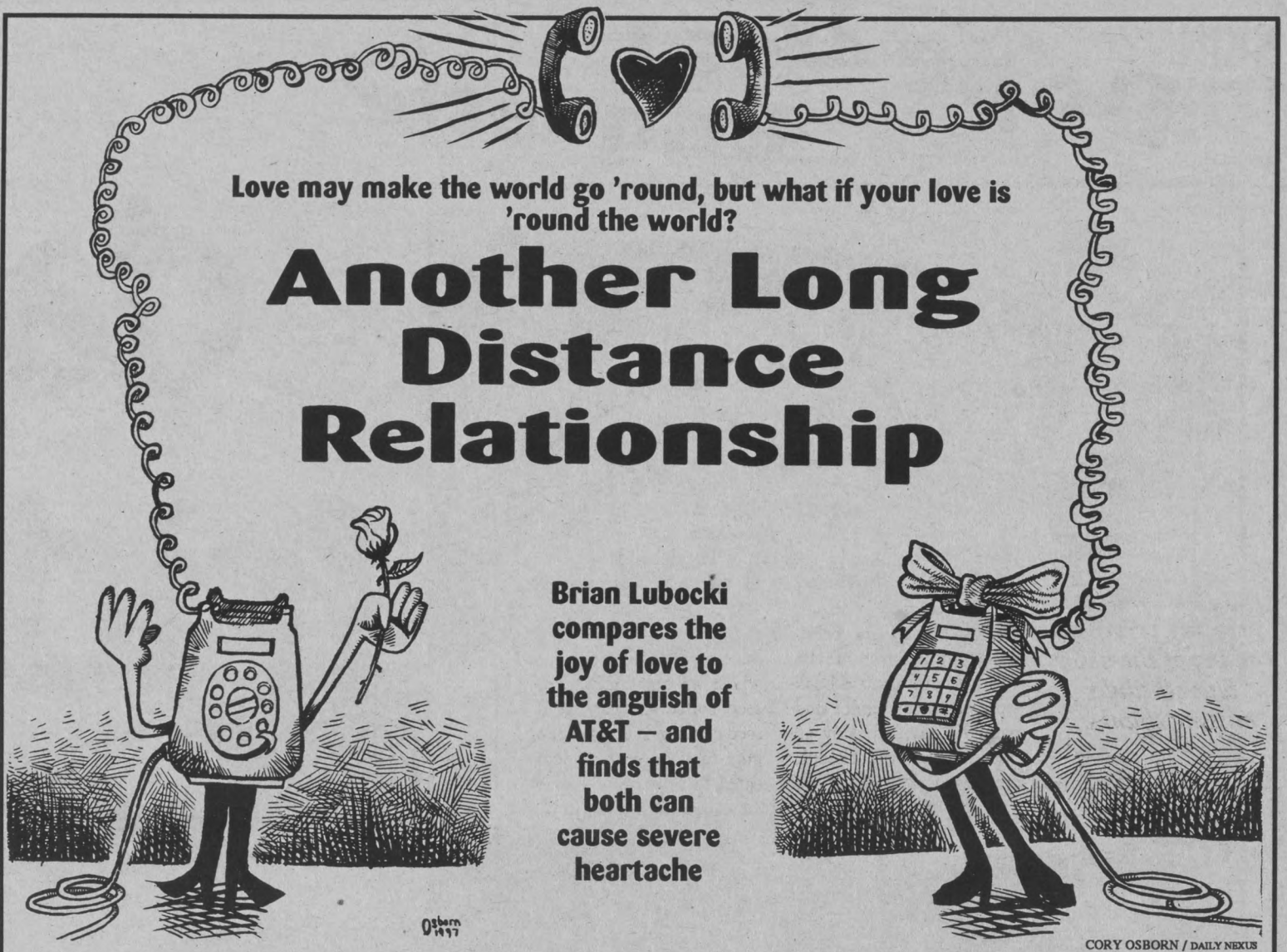
man Brooks Firestone declaring his candidacy for the spot Thursday. But although the district only covers Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo Counties, the national powers-that-be will definitely make their presence known in the running.

Remember all those major political players who came to visit during the 1996 election, like Clinton and Dole? That's because until Capps unseated Andrea Seastrand that year, Republicans held this district for decades. Retaining control of Congress is vital to keeping Newt Gingrich's limping Republican revolution alive, and of course the Democrats are desperate to maintain this area as their own.

Anyone who does step up to the plate from either side is going to have a long year ahead of them. After winning this special election, it will be just a few months before the victor will have to defend their new title in the 1998 congressional race. That's a lot of shaken hands and kissed babies before next November.

Where do we students fall into this? Well, depending on when Wilson announces the special election, it might be between the cracks. If he makes the race official this week, the first primary will be held Jan. 6; if he declares the election next week, the primary will be held Jan. 13. Either way, the general election won't be held until March, but for the primaries we have only until mid-December to register to vote — and according to Santa Barbara County Clerk-Recorder-Assessor Ken Pettit, the number of legitimate local voters is piss-poor.

See SKINNY, p.3A



**Brian Lubocki compares the joy of love to the anguish of AT&T — and finds that both can cause severe heartache**

She was here on foreign exchange, so I figured I wouldn't get emotionally involved. When summer's gone, so is she, right?

I couldn't have been more wrong. Summer ended and I got the phone bill. As I opened the envelope, I swear I heard the condescending jingle that you get when you call collect from a pay phone. You know the one; the seemingly pleasant voice of the woman who sings "AT&T."

"Stop mocking me!" I yelled at the imaginary voice. "I know I've been calling London every day! I know what \$340 means to a poor college student like me!"

At times like this, a broken heart plus a broken wallet equals three shots of Gordon's Gin and a walk to Sands Beach. It just figures that as I arrived the sun was setting, so I could be further tormented by all the romantic couples. As I passed all these young lovers, however, there was insincerity in their gestures and conversations.

"I got so drunk last night," one guy said, and his girl replied that she was too mature for I.V., that she wanted to start getting "fucked up" downtown instead.

I became philosophical in my buzzed, emotional state, and everything became falsely profound. I thought about how I'd rather be in love with a girl who lives on another continent than just hang out with a blasé I.V. girl in the name of having somebody. I silently sang into the flaming sunset, mirrored by the water, of how absence makes the heart grow fonder, and if you love something, set it free. It was corny. I was corny. I was cold so I

*At times like this, a broken heart plus a broken wallet equals three shots of Gordon's Gin and a walk to Sands Beach.*

went home.

I warmed up with a cup of English tea (of course) and with the beeps of the e-mail on my computer. At least twice a day I yearned for some kind of contact with my girl, whether it was by e-mail, air mail, voice mail, postcards, a message from a roommate, or phone calls. I typed in my password with shaky hands; this was my last hope of relationship for the day. YOU HAVE NO NEW MAIL.

I cracked a textbook, but there was no way I could concentrate. I would come across a word or an idea that sent my mind hurtling into thoughts and

memories of me with the girl I loved. Everything seemed to remind me of her, especially every place in I.V. "We ate there once," or "we walked there that time," or "we were here when I told her we should be committed." Being at home wasn't any better because she stayed with me over the summer when they kicked her out of FT to make room for the summer cheerleaders.

Then I thought about the \$340 in calls. What was I doing? Was she really worth it? Was I really in love? I knew all the things I loved about her before she left, but it wasn't until she went home, back to her world, that I started to find things that I hated about her. We had problems, but the hardest part was knowing what was a distance problem and what was a personality problem.

Three hundred and forty dollars — that was definitely a distance problem. Although it was a big one, I knew I could deal with it. The fact was that, at 8,000 miles apart, we both had to really want a relationship together. To keep it going, we were talking work-visas, living together, and eventually marriage.

I called her up to talk about it. What was an extra phone call when I already owed \$340? (This is the type of logic that makes credit-card companies happy.) On her side of the world it was early morning. She liked being woken by my voice, but talk of marriage that early in the morning, or that early in our lives, pissed her off, really pissed her off.

She told me I was putting too much pressure on her. She was scared and, I admit, I was just insecure; I wanted her to somehow reassure me of my feelings and of hers. It reminded me of the scene from "Jerry McGuire," when Tom Cruise goes to see his fiancé after he's just been fired. He looks to her for emotional support, but instead, she gives him a speech about how she's not the type of woman who cries at movies, and she won't bullshit him. "Brutal truth," she says, and he replies, "I think you were the one who added the word 'brutal.'"

From the other end of the telephone line, the brutal truth felt more like a brutal whack from a Louisville Slugger. The problem with long-distance relationships — one of the many — is that the hard feelings cannot be lightened by a touch, a smile or a gentle look. While a voice is always better than a written word, it will never compare to being with her.

I got off the phone with her and called AT&T. I signed up with their long-distance plan — 12 cents a minute — and demanded they credit my last bill. My \$340 instantly became \$40. I got off the phone, relieved, and went into my desk drawer. I pulled out the airplane ticket: London, England, Dec. 11th, 3:05 p.m., Gate 22. I may have been put off by some of her written and spoken words, but I'd never know — I'll never know — until I'm with her.∞

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



# SKINNY

Continued from p.2A

"If you have an election on Jan. 6, that's kinda the shits for UCSB students," Pettit said. Apparently, 3,325 on-campus students and 10,395 Isla Vistans are currently registered to vote, but these numbers are misleading.

"Those that are registered are probably registered from last year, and dollars to donuts they've moved. ... If they've moved, they've gotta re-register," Pettit added. "It's really important that UCSB students make sure they're registered."

*It seems that a printing error left many of the new blue schedules missing chunks...*

Any Santa Barbara County resident can call 568-2200 to hear his or her voter status, and considering that college students from all over the Central Coast will be busy with the holidays during registration time, now is a good time to call. Keep in mind that if one candidate wins over 50 percent of the votes in the primary, they'll be declared the outright winner and take the seat without a general election, so it is very important for our voices to be heard.

No matter who decides to run for the post, we all know that Professor Capps would want the students to remain active in our political realm. Make a point of registering to vote before leaving for Winter Break, and keep your eyes open for new developments in the race.

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And the special election isn't the only thing we need to be registering for — the debut of our new Winter Quarter schedules at the bookstore heralds new pass times and more fun chatting with that pleasant RBT lady.

Nonetheless, some of you may have become confused when you tried to look up a class and found its department missing from the list. It seems that a printing error left many of the new blue schedules missing chunks of pages, so be sure to check and see if yours is one of them.

Never fear if you are one of the unlucky; the bookstore will give you a new schedule if you bring them your incomplete one. Although the reasons behind the printing error are unclear, according to a bookstore customer service dude named Telly, probably about 1 in 100 of the schedules are flawed.

Of course, with my luck, I got one of the bad ones.

◆ ◆ ◆

But we are all lucky for a new business that has opened on Trigo Road in Isla Vista near Bagel Cafe — **Hempwise**. Former campus hemp products vendor Al Espino is celebrating his new store's grand opening, and we I.V. lokers have plenty of reason to celebrate with him.

Not only does Espino stock a wide variety of hemp clothing, including hats, shoes, shirts, pants, and more, but **Hempwise** also carries plenty of other hemp products like wallets, backpacks, twine, soap, jewelry, etc. The store also has plenty of useful utensils for smoking legal substances (heh heh heh).

Why am I plugging

**Hempwise** so shamelessly? Well, for one thing, I happen to agree with Espino on his views toward cannabis liberation. Also, Al has been looking for a permanent location for over two years, and I'm glad that he's found one right here on my very street. The other reason is because of what he plans to do with his new location.

Espino's goal is for **Hempwise** to become a central activism headquarters, not only for cannabis legalization but for environmentalists of all sorts. According to Espino, the hemp plant can be used for thousands of resources and materials, and you can read all about them in his library located at the store.

Later on, Al wants to build a small cafe in the store where we can drink hempseed coffee and eat hempseed cookies. It takes a lot of guts to open a store dedicated to promoting a plant

*He knows that Isla Vista is a community of free thinkers, and Hempwise, more than anything else, could become a center of progressive thought.*

our government has declared war on, but Al's a dedicated man. He knows that Isla Vista is a community of free thinkers, and **Hempwise**, more than anything else, could become a center of progressive thought.

After all, once we're done here we move out to the world to make our dreams reality, and as Al said, "This is where it begins, right here in the student community!"

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AFTERNOON SHOW(S) BEFORE TWILIGHT

**PASEO NUEVO**  
8 W. DE LA GUERRA PL. - S.B.

\* **MAD CITY (PG-13)**  
Fri-Sun - 2:00 (5:00) 7:10 8:15 9:55  
Mon-Thurs - 2:30 (5:20) 7:10 8:15  
Playing On 2 Screens

\* **ICE STORM (R)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:30 (4:30) 7:20 9:55  
Mon-Thurs - 2:20 (5:10) 7:45

**A LIFE LESS ORDINARY (R)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:45 (4:20) only  
Mon-Thurs - 2:10 (4:40) only

**DEVIL'S ADVOCATE (R)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:00 (4:00) 7:00 10:00  
Mon-Thurs - 2:00 (5:00) 8:00

**CINEMA TWIN**  
6050 HOLLISTER AVE. - GOLETA

\* **STARSHIP TROOPERS (R)**  
Fri - (4:00) 7:00 9:55 only  
Sat/Sun - 1:00 (4:00) 7:00 9:55  
Mon-Thurs - (5:15) 8:15 only

**SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET (PG-13)**  
Fri & Mon-Thurs - (5:00) 8:00 only  
Sat/Sun - 2:00 (5:00) 8:00

**ARLINGTON THEATRE & TICKET AGENCY**  
1317 STATE - INFO - 963-4408  
TICKET AGENCY HOURS:  
MON - SAT 9:00 AM - 6:00 PM  
SUN - 9AM - 4PM

\* **STARSHIP TROOPERS (R)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:00 (4:00) 7:00 9:55  
Mon/Tues - 2:00 (5:00) 8:00  
Wed - (5:00) 8:00 only  
Thurs - Playing at Fiesta 5

**METRO 4**  
618 STATE STREET - S.B.

Sneak Preview Saturday - 7:45 PM  
\* **THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO LITTLE (PG)**

\* **BOOGIE NIGHTS (R)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:00 (4:30) 8:00 9:55  
Mon-Thurs - 1:40 (5:00) 8:15

**GATTACA (PG-13)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:30 (4:40) 7:20 10:00  
Mon-Thurs - 2:30 (5:10) 7:45

**SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET (PG-13)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:00 (4:00) 7:00 only  
Mon-Thurs - 1:50 (4:50) 8:00

**L.A. CONFIDENTIAL (R)**  
Fri/Sat - (4:10) only  
Sun - (4:10) 9:55 only  
Mon-Thurs - (5:00) only

**KISS THE GIRLS (R)**  
Fri & Sun - 1:15 7:10 only  
Sat - 1:15 only  
Mon-Thurs - 2:15 8:00 only

**RIVIERA**  
2044 ALAMEDA PADRE SERRA - S.B.

**THE FULL MONTY (R)**  
Fri-Sun - 2:45 (5:30) 8:00  
Mon-Thurs - (5:30) 8:00 only

**FAIRVIEW TWIN**  
251 N. FAIRVIEW - GOLETA

\* **MAD CITY (PG-13)**  
Fri - (4:15) 7:00 9:45 only  
Sat/Sun - 1:30 (4:15) 7:00 9:45  
Mon-Thurs - (5:15) 8:00 only

\* **BEAN (PG-13)**  
Fri - (4:40) 7:10 9:30 only  
Sat/Sun - 2:00 (4:40) 7:10 9:30  
Mon-Thurs - (5:30) 7:45 only

**FIESTA 5**  
916 STATE STREET - S.B.

\* **BEAN (PG-13)**  
Fri-Sun - 2:00 (4:50) 7:20 9:45  
Mon-Thurs - 2:40 (5:30) 7:40

\* **RED CORNER (R)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:15 (4:10) 7:00 9:50  
Mon-Thurs - 2:20 (5:10) 8:00

**SWITCHBACK (R)**  
Fri - 2:30 7:10 9:55  
Sat/Sun - 7:10 9:55 only  
Mon-Wed - 2:30 (5:30) 8:10  
Thurs - 8:10 only

**FAIRYTALE - A TRUE STORY (PG)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:30 (4:30) only  
Mon-Wed - 2:30 (5:00) 7:30  
Thurs - 2:30 (5:00) only

**I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER (R)**  
Fri-Sun - 1:45 (4:40) 7:30 9:55  
Mon-Thurs - 2:45 (5:20) 7:50

\* **STARSHIP TROOPERS (R)**  
Fri-Wed - Playing at Arlington  
Thurs 11/13 Only - 2:00 (5:00) 8:00

**PLAZA DE ORO**  
349 HITCHCOCK WAY - S.B.

**EVE'S BAYOU (R)**  
Fri & Mon-Thurs - (5:40) 8:15 only  
Sat/Sun - 2:30 (5:40) 8:15

**IN & OUT (PG-13)** 8:00 only

**MRS. BROWN (PG)**  
Fri & Mon-Thurs - (5:30) only  
Sat/Sun - 2:45 (5:30) only

**SWAP MEET**  
SUNDAY - 7:00 - 3:00  
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