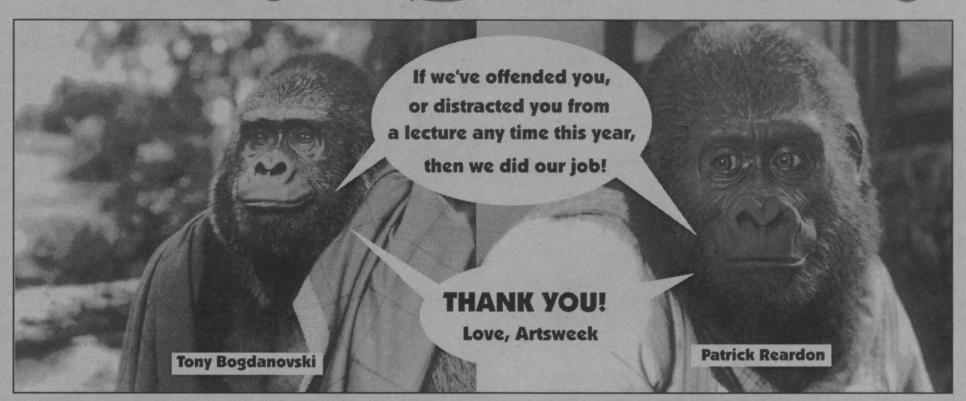
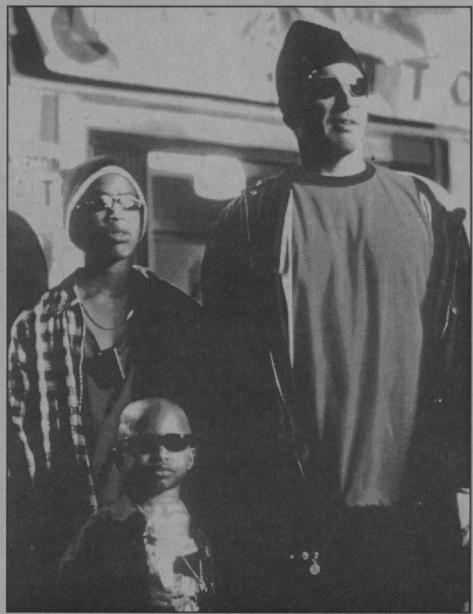
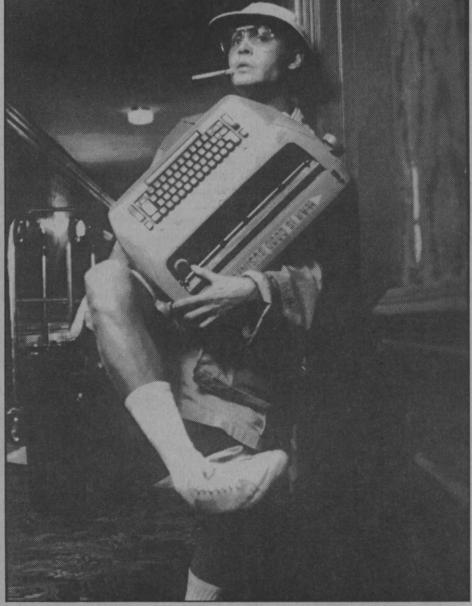
THIS IS IT. OUR FINAL ISSUE. COLLECTOR'S ITEM? YOU BET. CAN BE USED AS A TAMPON? YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT!

FARTSWEIGH







Reel Mad

Supposing Friday night's showcase of pretension and utter boredom will not last longer than three hours, the seventh Reel Loud Film Festival (REAL FUCKED! is more like it!) will approach, and probably surpass, the boundary of complete HOLLYWOOD.

Hollywood taking on a slightly different meaning than usually thought of in this case, alluding to the ability to con-

sistently and without just cause sell out one's peers while pushing oneself blindly forward. If this is the sole aim of the UCSB Film Co-op, then I'd say the \$20 "membership fee" so slyly stolen from me betwixt guarantees of "I assure you your film will be shown" has been put to good use.

Upon telling a film studies major that I actually paid my fee to the Co-op, his latte came streaming out his pierced nose along with that oh-so-Hollywood guffaw made only by pernicious, fat-pocketed storytellers. As he elbowed his group of flunkie PAs following closely in step and related this story over his tattered "Swingers" screenplay, I noticed a plethora of weasel-eyed Co-opers gathering around us. Within seconds they all began their Lord of the Flies fire circle dance, and as they began to chant the Chosen One—marked by goatee and bleached highlights—approached me and began spewing endless guarantees about how my film would make it in the festival. As he began to chortle amid popping flash bulbs, day-glo painted faces and Third Eye Blind rockin' out, his chained wallet shook and he said that I had been taken, ripped off, basically fucked.

I shook my head, rubbed my eyes and splashed a leftover martini down my gullet and noticed everyone had disappeared. Maybe the director's cut to Lone Star was showing, or possibly the entire Co-op Board was fucking screwing somebody, but before I would come to realize their "guaran-

tee" was made of complete bullshit, I would spend approximately \$211.68 on all the incessant shit needed to make a film and then have it rolled into a big, fat joint and smoked to make those numb bastards a little bit more brain dead.

After leaving the "loft" for the last time, I saw a friend of mine playing in a band for yet another of the cancelled films who was very relieved since he won't be performing; at least he won't have to attend. And if this show is anything like last year's, then all there is to expect are overproduced pieces of puerile shit made by someone on the Co-op Board. Push the deadline back another week, you egotistical hackneys, so your idiotic "films" can replace the ones you didn't even view! You know, the ones possibly with merit or truth made by someone who's not even a film major. Imagine!

So after I heard two more of my friends' films had also been thrown out, one without even being viewed, I decided it was high time to even the score. So if only one of you discern-

ing readers do not attend the over-priced event, full of crappy side acts and pompous Co-op fucks, my job has been a success.

So, TAKE YOUR CELLULOID AND SHOVE IT UP

YOUR INSOLENT ASSES, YOU OVERGROWN PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS!

- Brett Richardson



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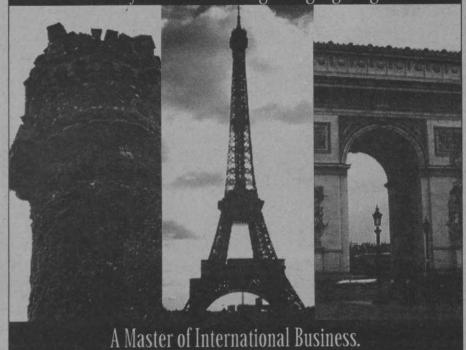
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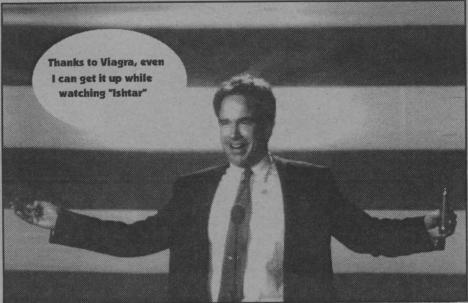
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Film Worth It?



He dances all night at clubs! He tells it like it is! He's on the cutting edge of hip-hop! He's ... Warren Beatty? Believe it or not, Beatty makes the conversion to hip-hop (sort of) in the new political dramedy "Bulworth."

When we first see Senator Jay Bulworth (Beatty), he is in his office watching a series of his campaign ads. But instead of laughing at the lighthearted spots, Bulworth is crying. Realizing that he has become everything he hates about politics, Bulworth contemplates suicide. But rather than the usual "eat-abullet" method, Bulworth has something a little more interesting in mind.

Shortly before the home stretch of his reelection campaign, the senator buys \$10 million worth of life insurance (to go to his daughter), and he hires a hit man to bump him off. Knowing that death is near, Bulworth decides to do the scariest thing of all: tell the truth.

Before you know it, Bulworth is at a church in South Central L.A. telling African Americans that "if you don't put down that malt liquor and chicken wings, and get behind someone other than a running back who stabs his wife, then you'll never get rid of someone like me." But eager to offend everyone, he also tells a room full of Jewish entertainment moguls that their product is "crap." Not exactly your typical political

Bulworth proceeds to meet up with three African-American women, who take him to an all-night dance club where, in a matter of hours, he manages to smoke dope, bust a few rhymes and dance with the mysterious Nina (Halle Berry). However, two odds things come out of this wild evening: Bulworth's popularity soars, and he no longer wants to die. From this point the film is a mix of Bulworth trying to dodge his assassin and trying to teach people about what's wrong with our

The problem I had with "Bulworth" was that it was just too damn uneven. On one hand, you have a smart political film that deals with issues that most movies are afraid to talk about. But on the other hand, you have a lame farce that plays like a sitcom. I was just waiting for them to cue the laugh track during any scene where Bulworth was trying to escape his assassin.

However, if you can get past the cheap slapstick, "Bulworth" is worth seeing based on Beatty's performance. Beatty (who also directed, produced and wrote the film) hasn't had a hit movie in quite some time, and it's truly admirable to see an actor lay it on the line. His self-deprecating humor even makes the scenes where he raps a little more

So in the end, "Bulworth" is a film with important things to say that gets side tracked a little too often. Hmmm? Kind of sounds like Warren Beatty's career.

- Patrick Reardon

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"A Love Story" is a film detailing the endless love affair between the sun and the moon. According to Matthew Vestuto, the film's director, this story is inspired by the Chumash world view that sees the sun as the father, the Earth as the mother and people as the product of their love. It's a simple film that spans one day from sunrise to sunset, using only two cameras. Shot entirely in the Santa Barbara area, this film relates not only the love between the sun and moon but their dependence on each other—without one there is not the other.

Vestuto, an aspiring filmmaker, collaborated with Jai Mitchell on the film. Mitchell, a film studies major and producer of "A Love Story," is a "brilliant entertainer," according to Vestuto. It's an inspired film that looks at the heavenly bodies in the sky as something more than chunks of matter, but as things closely related to us, because we are all interconnected in some strange way.

"The Lucky Valet" is a silent comedy done in the spirit of old Charley Chaplin films and is the collaboration of Jena Baum and Rob Simons. According to Baum, this film is a series of different situations that a particular valet finds himself in, leading eventually to a climatic punch line. "The Lucky Valet" is just over four minutes and is accompanied by piano player extraordinaire, Nick Lemieux. Lemieux's original compositions possess an old flavor appropriate for the film. "The Lucky Valet" was shot at the Doubletree Hotel downtown and stars Damien as the lucky valet.

Director Michelle Chubarov wants you to experience the world from six different individuals' perspectives. The aptly titled "Blink of an Eye" goes beyond first impressions and explores what would happen if people actually got to know others. The film mirrors society's problems, and it was a real eye opener (no pun intended) for Chubarov, who ended up with a \$2,000 budget and learned more than she would have in any university course. The film will showcase musical act Alex's Cane.

"Second Story" is a classic tale of boy meets girl, but boy turns into a crazed stalker freak, so girl employs the help of a cowboy mime. Heh? As you would expect, the film is fast-paced and funny, with a risqué ending. Some who have seen the film deem it "riveting." This is due in part to special effects, like an invisible lasso and a cigarette that appears out of thin air. Director John Bitterolf invites viewers to "note the symbolism." They may also want to note the funky Isla Vista band Tight Pants that will perform along with this tragic

Reel Loud

What do you call a film with no premise or action that runs on eight frames per second? Director Brett Gilwee calls it "Scatterbrain." Brett plans to jam on guitar while this music video-style film follows a guy channel surfing at a rapid pace. Combined on reversal film, this sometimes black and white, sometimes color film required 10 rolls to bring viewers into the channel surfer's head. Things will be breaking all over the screen, so it is advised that viewers sit back and enjoy the action, instead of seeking some deep meaning.

Somebody's smoking some reefer around here, and it's not just student film maker Jay Lee. Lee's film, "The Hidden Choice," is a touching and powerful piece that speaks to the hearts and minds of his Isla Vistan brothers and sisters. This film is about pot and the complex thoughts, fears and emotions of first-time users as they descend into a pit of druginduced debauchery. Lee, with his keen sense of trickery and desire for social upheaval, also managed to incorporate I.V.'s favorite inebriant, THC, into the title of the film ... "The Hidden Choice," THC ... get it!? Providing the musical backing for this 'seven-minute ode' to weed are The Tyrants and The Wisemen. Bring munchies!

Chemistry: The Elixer" is a film directed by Steve Konlick featuring the music of DJ Frog Dog. "It's shot in black and white, it's a simple film — but it's basically an actionadventure film, you know, a lot of running and jumping," said the director.

"Fixed in Post" is a film by Kim Chueh, junior film studies and philosophy major, and Llyr Heller, junior film studies and drama major.

Llyr Heller and Kim Chueh have created an "experimental" film that conceptualizes how far people will stretch themselves to obtain what they need in life. The film portrays how people sell themselves in certain situations and are sometimes like a flaming pot of raw meat. This film, of course, is set to a soundtrack of live ambient noise and feedback (my favorite accomplice to raw meat!), which is to be provided by Josh Berquist.

"It's meat, machinery and body parts," according to Llyr. In Kim's eyes, it's "nothing but meat," so prepare yourself for a rare film ... AH HA HA HA!!

Senior film studies major Virginia Williams may have the best-kept secret of the Reel Loud festival. The plot of her three-minute film "Virginia's Party" has been shrouded in secrecy.

According to Williams, "I didn't want to take myself too seriously, and that is kind of the whole point of the film. It's pretty experimental. It started out as a joke and just got bigger and bigger. It's surprising."

just got bigger and bigger. It's surprising."

Accompanying Williams' film is her friend Justin Silverman, who will be playing the violin during the screening.

Described as a film about "absolutely nothing," junior film studies major Brian Emerson and senior film studies major Trevor Vass invite you to share in the world of a techno water fowl in their "Triumph of the Duck."

Shot with a stop-motion video camera, "Triumph of the Duck" captures three minutes or so of a computer-animated duck's life.

"It's a film about the harsh reality of a computer-animated duck in modern times" according to Emerson

duck in modern times," according to Emerson.

Accompanied with the talents of DJ Frog Dog, "Triumph of the Duck" marks the producer's first and only No Clue Production. Skip "Godzilla" for this one for sure.

Jared Collar's Reel Loud entry, "Things You Don't Expect," deals with bestiality, postmodernism and parody? Three things you don't expect in one seven-minute film, right? But in a film named "Things You Don't Expect," however, the unexpected is what to expect.

Collar describes the film as a parody of certain directors and a takeoff of postmodern commercials. And for all you curious, perverted souls — yes, they used a dog and played with the idea of bestiality.

"Toyland" comes to us courtesy of sophomore film studies major Kazuhiro Kibuishi. In addition to directing the film, Kibuishi also wrote, produced and edited the film. Kibuishi had the following things to say about "Toyland":

"You're a kid. Your parents give you a nice toy. You do something wrong, they take it away. Now think of this film as a dark, violent version of the situation, shot on film stock unworthy of the porno industry and with cameras that run on plastic gears.

"In order to have the film run under the time constraint, we had to cut a considerable chunk out of the story, including

See REEL, p.6A

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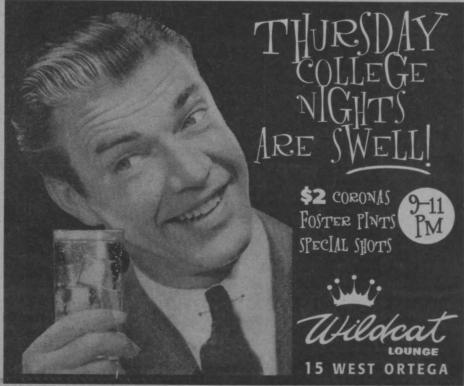
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zebrahead / zebrahead / Dr. Dream

Hailing from the oft-scorned Orange County music scene (y'know all that ska & punk shiznit), zebrahead settles the score with more noise than you can shake a guitar at.

With undertones of Rage Against the Machine and 311, zebrahead is a verbal weapons battery with a plethora of Beastie Boys rapping style to spare. Fortunately, the mix is pleasing, if not a refreshing spin on a one-of-a-kind sound.

Heavy with guitars and dangerously blood-pumping rhythms, the self-titled album marks the band's first CD release. A little over two years in the making, zebrahead's roster reads Justin "Gold Toof" Muriello, Ben Osmundson, Greg Bergdorf and Alitabatabaee (I kid you not). Together, they rally for heated delivery on tracks such as "All I Need," and a funky edge on "Bootylicious." Zebrahead even cuts a live track on the album with "Crome," making this album more than just any ordinary two-bit jaunt down the recording aisle.

Also known as the "Yellow Album," zebrahead's debut is only available for limited release in Southern California. The album, while far from perfect, displays tremendous potential for the Orange County quartet. If rapcore is your style, get it ... if you can.

— Jason "head" Green

Various Artists / Music from the Motion Picture "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" / Geffen

The "Fear and Loathing" soundtrack is a flashback to the 1970s, minus any disco or Meat Loaf. What you get is a conglomerate hell ride of psycho tunes and lines from the novel, with the addition of the usual mystery songs appearing in the film for maybe. 2 seconds from a passing vehicle.

film for maybe .2 seconds from a passing vehicle.

Upbeat highlights include a Dead Kennedys cover of "Viva Las Vegas," the resurged Three Dog Night hit "Mama Told Me Not to Come" ("Boogie Nights"), the oddly fascinating "Magic Moments" by Perry Como, and Tom Jones' groovin' "She's a Lady." These tunes keep your balls or pussy lips, or whatever you've got, slappin' across the walls.

There are also some classic gems: Dylan's "Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again," Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit," and Booker T. and the MG's "Time is

If you haven't figured it out yet, the combination of dialogue and mostly respectable tunes makes for a better-than-usual soundtrack, and the disc doubles as a flat surface to cut some lines and toot.

— Tony B. knows a bloody stool sample isn't indicative of a problem area



Anything But 3 Bucks / Anything But 3 Bucks / 3 Bucks Records

What do you call a local band that actually knows how to play their instruments? Anything But 3 Bucks. I invite you to attempt singing Marvin Gaye in front of a large audience and not crack. Well, this is no easy task, and neither is cutting live tracks for an album without over-dubbing them and still sounding tight. But this Santa Barbara act does a fine job of blending rock and soul with a little bit of bar-band charm. The result is a party band that delivers decipherable vocals and a chillin' groove, perfect for the non-mosh pit atmosphere.

Diversity is also a key factor here. 3 Bucks can move from a beer-splashin' number like "Over My Feet" to a mellow groove with thick bass lines like "Fairytale." Remember the name, because after the ska-core wave dies out, Anything But 3 Bucks will still be floating around town. You can catch their live show tonight at the Coach House at 8 p.m. sharp, and also next Saturday, June 6, at IVBC.

- Tony Bogdanovski



Tori Amos / music from the choirgirl botel / Atlantic

Every era has its cliché: the '70s had, of course, disco and arena rock, the '80s had new wave and glam and in the '90s we've got established pop stars "going electronic." Tori Amos, in a move not terribly dissimilar to Madonna ("Ray of Light"), opted to give her already-proven formula of cathartic dissonancee a somewhat convoluted "techno" surface treatment. Granted, Amos has always managed to stay just out of reach of the mainstream, but one can quickly feel a type of concession being made to corporate radio.

Music from the choirgirl hotel, both from a musical and a thematical standpoint, plays as a somewhat-fitting sequel to '96's Boys for Pele, with the only difference being some slick production and programming. There is never anything wrong with innovation; however, in keeping with the current '90s trend, Amos refuses to sacrifice any of her pop sheen. The unfortunate victim of this desire to be "up-to-date" is the absence of the austere severity of Amos' previous albums.

Being a bloated studio beast at times, music from the choirgirl hotel is well written enough to definitely not be a career stopper for Amos.

- Robert Hanson has a butt fetish!

Pick of the Week

It's bigger than Godzilla vs. Titanic. It's "The Animal Liberation Orchestra and the Free Range Horns vs. L.A.G." This star-studded CD features current and former jazz ensemble performers. The album is a musical journey, taking listeners to different genres of music: funk, rock, psychedelic country and a brief stop into a capella chaos. Part one of the CD is the A.L.O./free range horns, which features some tasty hometown grooves.

And in this corner, weighing in at three acoustical instruments, is L.A.G. If you haven't heard these musical wayfarers wandering the I.V. streets, then you wouldn't know that it's comprised of an accordion, a stand up bass and an acoustic guitar. L.A.G. is part two of this double CD and features live recordings at the seawall, the courtyard of a mexican villa and clips from the infamous "butt-cheek party."

Those who wish to obtain and witness a piece of Isla Vista history, keep you eyes peeled for the CD release party sometime next week.

- e.h. Cinnamon

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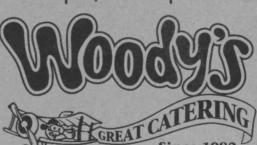


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Sirjunz Report: The Final Entry (AKA School's over beeyotch!) Starring: A-Double and his redhead blowup doll Little Orphan Annie (\$19.95) Location: Spearmint Rhino, front row stage

... Hey girl, you need to get off of my orifice, I'm doing some writer's work here. Smoke seems to seep its fingers through my hair — Yo, you ain't got hair, you're bald, nigga!! — as silky bodies with perfect curvatures laminated in blue tour through the darkness. It's Friday night, sitting in a seat most likely contaminated by thousands of jiggling survivors from some banker's sperm genocide, and I'm holding a bottle of Aftershock I somehow smuggled inside. Damn girl, and I'm not supposed to touch you right? The name of tonight's enchantment is Monique, a sultry dime piece with hair like fleece, eyes that shine like the water in a well built in the middle of the Aegean sea, and skin with a creamy color like some gourmet honey-mustard sauce that cost 400 dolares. I look at her calmly, and her gaze meets mine. Baby, baby, please stop wrapping your legs around my neck. Beckoning my face into a region that hopefully has had few visitors, my mind begins to gain inspiration for my final Sirjunz journal.

... Yo, what the fuck am I gonna do after this final issue of Artsweek? If I don't get paid from writing these bodacious columns and record reviews, I can't buy my daily pitcher of beer at Sam's to Go for those deep conversations with my shirtless surfer friends! Somebody, if you know about any underground jobs that can get a nigga paid, contact my voice mail at 1-800-2SHERBET. Recently, there's been an incident that has me amped like a muhfucker concerning our law enforcement authority. Remember the letters from last Tuesday protesting the unrighteous shutdown of an underground hip-hop after-Extravaganza function? I was one of the organizers, and mind you, I was quite disturbed to know that hip-hop wasn't made welcome in this gestapo-assed city. Especially after seeing some longhaired muhfuckers elbowing each other to some loud-assed punk music a few blocks down with no police interference. Therefore, I would like to extend a huge middle finger to the Muthafuckers That Be and announce our comeback party/event this Friday the 29 on the 6600 block of Del Playa. Now that I got that off my chest, I would like to dedicate my esteemed opinion to conduct a scathing vasectomy on everyday things, mostly based on the vicariousness that seems to pervade the lives of many an oblivious individual. For those without a voice, this shit is for

(Excuse A-Double as he retreats into his alter ego in order to conduct a self-made interview.) A-Double: Hey, Mr. A-Double, answer me this. If there was anything you'd want to

do to improve Isla Vista, what would it be? A-Double: First, I would put some shirts on the majority of the muhfuckers walking around actin' like they got bodies to show, 'cos they ain't showin' off shit, see? I would also make sure that there's a curfew for kiddies walking around on DP, 'cos each time a nigga meets a shortie, she be on some 15-year-old shit. Also, something gots to be done about these wack fucking parties, 'cos everybody seems to be havin' the same Notorious, Wu, Mase, Puffy, Tupac, Humpty Dance shit in their stereo. Also, if I hear fucking "Hoochie Mama" again, a nigga finna hurl last nights TV dinner and shit.

How about the music culture around here?

Shit, it's cool and all that, but tell me this: why there ain't more slammin' hip-hop around here? I mean, there might be some, but overall the shit is hella butt! Some fools be spinnin' the same Puff Daddy shit, thinkin' they ass has style with they Tommy Hil-wearing ass talkin' bout "Wessyde!" and shit. Their corny suburban asses need to stop fronting like they real, gabbing some fake-assed lingo they learned off of they favorite rap album, walking wit a fake limp and shit. This one kid was talking to me, all using his fake "Menace II Society" accent. Short muhfucker using the words all wrong and shit. You should've seen the gleam in his eye, he was hungry for some props. Shit, if I called him 'nigga' he would'a probably cried with joy! "Yes! I'm down I'm down!"

BBBZZZZZ oh shit what happened? I find myself laying on my enchantress' bed, dressed in a single pair of panties from Victoria Secret. I notice her in front of the mirror, adjusting her eye shadow and lipstick. Noticing my gaze, she turns around and briefly smiles. As I lay my head on the bed's silk pillow, a lofty smell from an expensive perfume envelopes my very senses, inviting me into a mesmerizing sequence of thought ..

Yeah, yeah, it's time for yours truly, the first official KCSB BraynSirjunz Sauciness Awards!! Although I wanted to dedicate this segment to the still very fine Vivica A. Fox, I decided that former Baywatch numbskull Tracey Bingham would do instead.

Most likely to have colon problems: Master P

The most disappointing comeback: Ultramagnetic M.C.'s
Biggest trend the past year: Double CDs and crews that 'break up to make up.'
Most underrated lyricist: Mikah 9, Aceyalone

Most overrated lyricist: Canibus and Rakim

The 'Too-Short-you-need-to-be-retired' awards: Ice Cube

Biggest sellout of 1998: Ice Cube

Most unlikely to happen: Mark Wahlberg actually possessing a long John Holmes

Most likely to happen: Puffy Daddy collaboration with Luciano Pavarotti.

Biggest herb on TV: David Hasselhoff as Nick Fury

Wackest rapper of 1998: Timbaland and Magoo Projects we'd all like to see:

The Sixth Toe all stars (featuring Sen Dog, Vin Rock, the Heavy D dancers, Chili of TLC, Flipmode Squad, Professor Griff, Rhyme Syndicate and the Funky Bunch.) "We're sidekicks but we ain't wack!"

Madface Clique (featuring Craig Mack, Bizmarkie and Busta Rhymes) "Facial

Missionary of Evil (featuring Marilyn Manson, Gravediggaz and Brotha Lynch Hung) "No Guts No Glory"

Well, it wasn't anything but fun on this Artsweek shit for the past 12 years. I'ma retire now, but don't forget: as long as moonlighting with sheep are still in style, make mine Nexus! For y'all hip-hop headz feenin' for underground hip-hop, it's this Friday the 29th, yours truly the BraynSirjunz/KCSB representing on the 6600 block of Del Playa. Peace out

A-Double KCSB BraynSirjunz and your moms ...



"Clusters" features paintings by Leticia Lacy and runs June 1 -June 5 in the Arts Building.

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Dear Mom and Dad:

I'm really looking forward to seeing you at graduation in a couple of weeks. There were times when I wondered if I would make it, but I worked hard, and here I am. All those years you worked and saved so that I might go to college -- I thank you for your committment and sacrafice.

There are many things that I plan to do in the years ahead, some immediate, some more distant. I hope to be a success and build on the foundation that my education has provided.

Apple Spring '98 Promotion

Buy a Power Mac G3 between March 16th and June 19th and receive one of the following

FREE: 1- 32mb of RAM

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(See UCSB Computer Store for Details)

To that end, I'd like to ask one more favor of you -- to help me purchase a G3 computer before I leave campus. The UCSB Bookstore has terrific educational discounts that we can take advantage of now, while I'm still a student. These G3's are awesome, and they start at around \$1,599.

Thanks for your consideration, and I'll see you in a couple of weeks.

"Mom and Dad told me to buy the best... so I got a G3 that did everything! What a way to graduate!"



Come see for yourself, downstairs in the UCSB **Bookstore Computer Department** www.apple.com/education

There is some question as to where pizza was invented.

There is no question as to where it was reinvented.



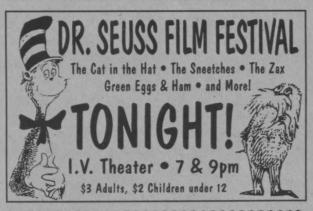
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Treat
yourself

ELIVERY***

BA FINDA (BFACK

To get the advantage, check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the

Aries (March 21-April 19)—Today is a 6—You want more things for your home than you can afford. Well, you'll just have to use your creativity and imagination. A friend with useful skills might be willing to lend a hand. If you can finish before the weekend, you can take advantage of a romantic

Taurus (April 20-May 20)—Today is a 7—Share one of your fabulous new ideas with the boss or another older person. You'll impress this person with your creativity, and that could lead to a bonus. Not all your ideas today will work, but some of the most eccentric ones will. Write them all

Gemini (May 21-June 21)—Today is a 6—If you have money coming in the mail, the chances of its arriving today are good. Either that, or you have an opportunity to sell something you no longer need. Sometimes you have to give things a little push in the right direction. If anybody

Cancer (June 22-July 22)—Today is a 7—You'll see a possibility you previously overlooked. This makes a situation that was very tedious yesterday seem much less significant now. It might even start to look silly. Another person's sense of urgency is looking more and more like his or her

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)—Today is a 7—Your group needs something. Start by finding the money, with the help of a Cancerian type. Then, decide how you're going to spend it. Actually, you should get help with that part of the job, too. Delegate it, if possible, to a professional shopper.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Today is a 6—You'll be getting some good advice nervous tension. Your friends can help you calm down, if you'll let them.
Once you're settled, you'll find the solutions to your problems yourself.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Today is a 6—Are your values really in the right place? Are you going to be satisfied when you get what you think you want? If not, change your direction. Look down the road five or 10 years. Is that where you want to end up? If not, maybe it's time to get off this train and onto another one.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Today is an 8—You can tell what other people want before they know themselves. But in order to pick up on this communication, you need a little peace and quiet. That's going to be the difficult part. Well, you hereby have permission to excuse yourself, to go * and find it.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Today is an 8—It looks like you want something to help you learn. It could be a new computer or an encyclopedia, and it could further your success in your career. It's possible you could get it on time, so you won't have to come up with the whole price now.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Today is a 5—Romance is in the air. You may even be inspired to pop the question. If you want a long-term commitment, start by saying so. If you're willing to do the work, you can build it. Start by finding out if the other person wants to play that game

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Today is a 7—It's another intense workday. Don't set anything up for lunch, or even for the evening. You won't have time. Let your sweetheart and family know you care, but you might not be able to join them until later. Get as much done now as possible. This opportunity won't last forever.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)-Today is an 8-Have something special for dinner tonight, something you like a lot. Don't worry about the extrava-gance. You deserve a treat for all the trouble you've gone to lately. If you can share it with a special person, so much the better. Celebrate.

Today's Birthday (May 28). Education and travel are your big expenses this year. The investment could be worthwhile, if you choose wisely. You know where you want to go in May. In June, make the commitment. In July, plunk down your money. Ponder the possibilities in September. You're designing your future. Heed a partner's advice in December, but follow your own conscience. Step out in February, even if you're going backwards. Completing an old phase leads to a new opportunity in March. * Rekindle romance in April and give your word in May.

REEL

Continued from p.3A

the credits. It's not as effective, but it still works. The crew was great. They started out nice, but now they're salty bastards. I wanna thank Jake Perrill, Rich Yau and John Bitterolf for their hard work, dedication and those beautiful smiles. I just hope people don't think our film is cheesy. Enjoy."

It was a dark and stormy night when Blair Franklin and his friend wrote the story of "Transparent Bohemian" - a night so dark and stormy a tree fell through Franklin's neighbor's house, knocking out electricity, and forcing Franklin to write the story by candlelight. Did the bohemian experience of such a night rub off onto the avantgarde tale of a man's remembrances? You will have to judge for yourself. O.S.L., a three-piece acoustic guitar group, adds the background music to this five-minute

Reel Loud is Friday at Campbell Hall. The doors open at 7 p.m. and begins at 8 p.m. Tickets cost \$6 pre-sale at either the A.S. Ticket Office or Morninglory Music, or at the door for \$8.

While the opportunity to see live music in Isla Vista usually consists of local acts in someone's backyard, this weekend you can seize the opportunity brought to you by Alpha Epsilon Pi to see pop, punk and ska. At Pyramids of Egypt — the name of this year's annual May Day festival audience members will be able to see Let's Go Bowling, The Mr. T. Experience, Kottonmouth Kings and Slow Gherkin in all their amplified, close-up glory.

Veteran ska band Let's Go Bowling is headlining the event. Coming out of Fresno back in the '80s when the "third wave of ska" was uninvented, Let's Go Bowling has emerged as a truly dynamic ska band, pulling on the warm, original sounds of the Skatalites with fun punk influences.

With such bands scheduled to play, this just may be the weekend to pull out your hippest threads and skank/thrash/ jump on over to Alpha Epsilon Pi to see both Green Day's favorite band, Slow Gherkin, and San Francisco pop punk favorite, The Mr. T. Experience.

The entertainment provided by Pyramids of Egypt will, of course, be benefiting charity. The event is sponsored by Lifestyles Condoms and KHTY, and the proceeds will go to Project AIDS. Tickets are \$8 pre-sale and \$10 at the door, but as May Day coordinator Eilon Artzi warns, tickets may sell out.

"This is definitely one of the biggest parties I.V. has ever seen, with over 2,000 people attending," he said.

For those who dig the loud, jarring jolt of some punk, the fun melodies of ska, or the fusion of the two, missing the opportunity to attend May Day '98 will bring you years of

- Jenne Raub

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by Scott Adams

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THE **PRINCETON REVIEW**

ALL I HAVE ARE A I'M HAVING TROUBLE FINDING QUALIFIED EXTERNAL APPLICANTS.

HEADLESS MAN, A MIME, AND A FROZEN CRO-MAGNON GUY WE FOUND IN A GLACIER.

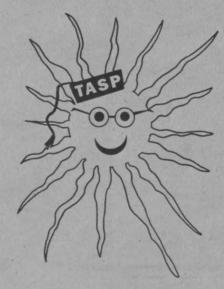
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They were somewhere outside Barstow when the drugs started to take hold ... Part autobiographical, part surreal, all gonzo journalism, the Hunter S. Thompson novel "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" makes its way to the big screen via director Terry Gilliam.

As the flashback goes, journalist Raoul Duke (played here by a convincing Johnny Depp) is advised by his attorney Dr. Gonzo (portrayed by a very large Benicio Del Toro) to cover a motorcycle race in the desert. The two jump in "the shark," a large red convertible, and head to Vegas with more drugs than Keith Richards ever consumed. Well, almost. Their real mission: find the American Dream. What they actually find brings on the sobering reality of the Dream, and instills in Duke the fear and eventually the loathing.

We follow Duke and Gonzo through their crazy, druginduced mishaps from crashing on a casino's sidewalk to a near-death experience in the bathroom. Snippets from the novel keep the film respectable and narrate the otherwise psychedelic chaos on screen. The real Thompson also makes a cameo in a flashback scene, but unfortunately he's sitting and we aren't shown his destroyed liver, which supposedly permeates his skin and droops over his pants. Still, there is

enough sick humor through social reflection, and "Fear and Loathing" gives audiences something to ponder while laughing their goddamn asses off.

Known for his extravagant forays into the psyche, Gilliam leaves us with an accurate adaptation of the classic novel, minus much of the character depth as seen in previous efforts like "Brazil." But humorous, rather than bloody, special effects — like a room full of (literally) lounge lizards with set designs showcasing the plastered-on remnants of all night debauchery - bring the film visually up to par with Gilliam's

Critics seem to love hampering on the lack of direction or meaning in "Fear and Loathing," but you may also notice that many of these critics never bothered to read the book. Whether the viewer needs to know background information on the artist to understand the art, "Fear and Loathing" is an easy target because it can be passed off as just another drug movie. But ask anyone who read the book, or read the fucking thing yourself, and you'll see those who dislike the film are those compliant fools Thompson feared in the first place. Tony Bogdanovski wants to give eight inches of love to all the ass in America

Researcher/Apprentice Recruiter

Bateman Inc., the country's premier provider of staffing services to the software industry, has recently relocated its headquarters to Camarillo, CA, and is looking for talented individuals to fill the role of Researcher/
Apprentice Recruiter. Ideal candidates would be articulate and self-motivated, have an interest in computers and the desire to work with firms on the leading edge of technology. The environment is entrepreneurial and casual; basically a cool place to work. Degree required, familiarity with Word. Web browsers and HTML a plus. Post-apprenticeship compensation in the 45–55K range.

Sound interesting? Send your resume to one of the addresses below, and please include a cover letter detailing why you think this might be the job

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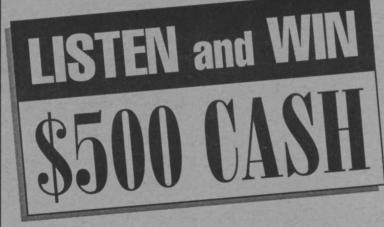
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The Thomas More Storke Award for Excellence,

symbolized by a bronze medal forged by Francis Minturn Sedgwick, is given to the graduating senior who has demonstrated outstanding scholarship and extraordinary service to the University, its students and the community. This year this distinction is awarded to:

Tu Thach Huynh

The Jeremy D. Friedman Memorial Award

is presented in grateful recognition of outstanding leadership, scholastic excellence, and innovative contribution to student and community life at the University of California, Santa Barbara in memory of Jeremy D. Friedman, undergraduate 1979-83.

Leila Soraya Salazar

The following students have been selected as recipients of this year's

University Service Awards

Given in recognition of unselfish and dedicated service to the University, its students, and the community.

Jeffrey Michael Brax
Judith Soledad Conde
Travis Lemar Dixon
Mary Elizabeth Fairchild
Oscar Martin Gardea
Stephanie Christine Gullings
Megan Anna Gunn
Justin Joseph Harris
Jasmin Hernandez

Kishla Ann Lampley Carma Kaleinani Lau Kimm Suzanne McEntire Smita Ash Nayak Jaclyn Lee Ocampo Felicia T. Pérez Loren Natalie Schaffzin Heather Renee Wong

Below are listed those students who are receiving the

University Award of Distinction

given to seniors and graduate students who have contributed greatly to the quality of life by giving unselfish service to others within a particular area.

Ilene Dale Auerbach
Jennifer Andrea Bosco
P. Morgan Brown
Nichole Kristine Camozzi
Eric Alexander Cardenas
F. Landon Clark
Olivia M. Cruz
Frank Michael DeBernardo
Madelyn Marie Detloff
Aya Hosobuchi

Jeffrey Soo Kim
Michelle Marie Manning
Ellen Marie Margolis
Colin Kendall McCarthy
Jason Thomas Mickelson
Marina Christina Para
Stacy Michele Rennebu
Joanne Laxamana Rondilla
Julian Salcedo
André Jasmine Vásquez
Jennifer Cari Zankan

The following seniors have also been selected by their campus organizations to receive awards for scholarship or special achievement.

Alpha Lambda Delta Award

The Alpha Lambda Delta Award recognizes the graduating senior having the highest cumulative grade point average of all graduating Alpha Lambda Delta members.

This year's winner is:

Lisa Michele Dittman

Mortar Board Award

The Mortar Board Award is given each year in recognition of the graduating senior having the highest cumulative grade point average in the graduating class, combined with the fewest number of transfer units.

This year's recipient is: Diana Tristan Albay

Alyce Marita Whitted Memorial Award

This award, established in 1993, is presented to one non-traditional graduating senior who has demonstrated endurance, persistence and courage in the face of extraordinary challenges while in pursuit of an academic degree.

This year's winner is

Kimberly Hyde-Schmitt

Award winners, their families and interested faculty and staff are invited to join Chancellor Yang and Mrs. Yang for the University Awards Ceremony and Reception at the University Center Corwin Pavilion on Friday, June 12, 1998 from 3:30 to 5:00 p.m.