



**"Education Cautioned"**  
 teacher, cheater  
 tutor, trout  
 student, stunted  
 parent, entrap  
 smart, marts  
 dolt, told  
 lectures, cruelest  
 education, cautioned

An anagram poem  
 by Noelle P. Amie

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# Tripping Daisy: Vegas debut on Halloween

BY ARIEL  
 STAFF WRITER

On Sunday October 31, Las Vegas is going to be treated to the best damn Halloween bash ever! Dallas' **Tripping Daisy** will be making their Vegas debut, along with **Creedle**, at Favorites (next to Tower Records).

"We're excited about being there," says Tim DeLaughter, vocalist and inspiration for **Tripping Daisy**, "cause we're all compulsive gamblers," he adds jokingly. The band has been together for about three years and their debut, "Bill," (who's Bill?) has been making incredible progress on the alternative charts. That's because it's a great album! From start to finish it rules!

"Bill" (who's Bill?) was re-

leased in Dallas on an independent label. It did so well in Texas that it "got some label attention and then Island came along." So the band signed on and re-released their album nationally.

DeLaughter marvels at the power of mass distribution. "It's really weird. I mean, it's like you've never been to these places before and then your music's being played on college radio in some of these cities. So, when you get there it's like never being there before, but there's people singing the words to your songs... and you're like 'Wow!' It's just kind of weird the power... of radio and the power of distribution."

"My Umbrella" is the first single/video and is doing very well on radio. It also introduces the band to the world so that they can spread the word of **Tripping Daisy**. And what is the word of **Tripping**

**Daisy?**  
 "Well, it's the best live show in America right now... and when you see us October 31, I'm sure you'll agree." Of course, we've all heard this claim before, but check out the facts. "We have like a major visual entourage that travels with us, and we pretty much turn the place into a spectacle. We have six 16mm projectors, ten slide projectors and three overhead projectors. That pretty much encompasses the room and (gives) this visual streamline along with the music. So it's pretty captivating if you're there." DeLaughter also adds, "It's really high-energy as well, so it's interesting."

Not only is the live show unique, but check this out. **Tripping Daisy** is actually an animated character developed by DeLaughter about five years ago. "She's really cool," he says. And

the album is thematic. "(It's) the story of going through life. It's basically our band... Where it's starting at 'a' and going to 'b' which is the next album. It's just a ride through life, basically."

He also says, "We go from town to town and give people a ride. Like I said, it's not just a normal show. It's like a Big Top that comes through and... plays... (like) a circus. That's what we do, but it's with music and it's with visuals. It's... a ride for about an hour and fifteen minutes."

The whole **Tripping Daisy** concept is like a story. "Bill" is actually DeLaughter's grandfather (oh, that's who he is) and those are his pictures on the album, as a young boy and an old man. "It's kind of dedicated to him, but it's also dedicated to the elderly to bring an awareness to the older folk because they kind of get lost in

the shuffle these days because things are moving kind of quick." They want to remind everyone that "you're young right now... but we're all going to be where he (Bill) is someday."

Since their show is on Halloween, everyone should come in costume, although DeLaughter won't be appearing as Elvis. He really should, though. His Vegas advice is "Bet on red. Red 22." If you win, buy a t-shirt "so we can stay on the road." And, while you're at it, buy Tim a drink, too.

Remember, Favorites is the place where the coolest Halloween party is happening on October 31. You must be 21, and the show starts at 9 p.m. with **Creedle** opening. So, get there early for the best Halloween bash in history.

## The Bullhorn By Jim Wilson

cont. from Tuesday  
 Aren't you actually a customer paying for a product you have a right to demand delivery of; the product being a safe, quiet, clean place to live which the university has agreed to provide you?  
 If your car has problems that are the fault of the manufacturer, are you obligated to help the manufacturer find a solution and fix the problem?  
 I know about as much

# The Zoo is full part 2

America's most irrelevant columnist

about brake lines as I do about child psychology and raising other people's children. I don't feel at fault here. I didn't ask for neighbors.  
 Are you really obligated to attend self-help groups for adolescents away from home? Isn't it a little "cultish" for Residential Life to tell you where you should be? Can they be thrown off campus for this behavior?

I'm not saying Residential Life has an obligation to raise other people's children, but I only signed a contract to inhabit this space, not attend floor meetings and discuss why Johnny can't make it to the bathroom to vomit, or Janey can't make it to the bathroom to urinate.  
 I had no idea this was a university filled with so many students with bladder-control

problems. "Depends" in the bookstore, anyone?  
 Move out, you say? That's funny. I wish I could.  
 Thumbing through my residential life contract, I see the contract is for a full academic year, with almost no loopholes. I hesitate to reveal those I have found in public, since they may prove necessary in the future.  
 I could get married, develop a food allergy, declare

bankruptcy, withdraw, or graduate.  
 None of those are imminent in this academic year.  
 "The university agrees to assist residents with cleaning services for hallways..."  
 A vacuum hasn't touched my hallway for over a week - the feces on the floor.  
 The rest of Jim Wilson's controversial column will appear on Tuesday

# A really scary Halloween story

BY JOHN QUINLEN  
 STAFF WRITER

When I was 12 years old I delivered the newspaper. The job was hard because my route included the steepest hill in Santa Barbara. The hill was so steep that it was impossible to even ride your bike up it.  
 The whole street was overgrown with ivy, shrubs and trees that flowed from behind the huge gates that enclosed the enormous estates. From the street, none of the houses were visible except for one estate that was larger than all the others. The dark, iron-gated, four towers of the house ominously jutted out from behind the overgrown, unkempt gates.  
 In school, our teachers told us that this particular street had been the sight of a terrible massacre over 200 years earlier. When the Spanish missionaries first came to Santa Barbara, they wanted to build a mission that overlooked all of the hills. The sign on the door was named the

resisted and fought them. In the end the whole tribe was murdered in an awful bloody massacre, over 400 men, women and children. The Spanish refused to touch the sacrilegious Indians and never buried their bodies. In the end, the priests decided to build the mission in a different spot: the Indians were brutally slain for nothing.  
 The big house that sat in the middle of that street was reputed to be a house of evil. Originally it was a Spanish abbey, that had been used by priests as a torture chamber during the Spanish Inquisition. It was shipped over from Spain brick by brick. A quarter of the Abbey was lost at sea when a ship carrying the pieces sank off the coast of Mexico in a mysterious accident, killing the whole crew.  
 The house was home to the oldest and wealthiest family in town. The father of the family had long been ill 10 years earlier after losing most of his only daughter (I don't know what those illnesses were. He fit in and was

speeds through the streets of the Riviera. They said he had no fear of dying.  
 One night he drove himself and a girlfriend straight into the lake at the Hope Ranch Country Club. They never found the bodies. After that the mother fired all of her household staff, except for one maid, and no one ever heard a word from her.  
 At school we heard rumors that she was performing evil satanic rituals inside the dark and foreboding house, trying to bring her family back from the dead. They said that she jacked one thing to bring back her family: the heart and blood of a young, human child.  
 Every day I delivered the paper to that dark house. I always delivered the paper to that street just so I wouldn't be in that street after dark. Not one of my classmates would be caught dead, even if it was on that street after dark.  
 One scary Friday night one of my classmates and I were walking down the street with our lanterns

the paper and somehow I had gotten away without collecting any money for the last six months. He said I had to collect the money that night or I would be fired!  
 My heart sunk to the pits of my stomach and fear crept up through my whole body. I could barely move, I was so overtaken with fear. It was almost completely dark. I hurriedly rode my bike up to the big hill and then ran to the gates of the house as fast as I could. I wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible.  
 I opened the big wrought-iron gates, letting myself into a huge maze of overgrown shrubbery and trees. A faint light was peeking through the front door. I walked up to the front door as quick as possible. The gargoyles up above seemed to watch me and follow my every move. As I walked on the porch, the birds circled underneath my feet. The animal was like a disk of dynamite in my ears.  
 I approached the door, took my keys, and went up the stairs to the

The door finally swung open. I had never smelled death, before but that was the odor that crept out of the house.  
 Inside the dimly lit archway stood the oldest and most withered persons I had ever seen. The old lady looked just like one of the evil witches out of a Brothers Grimm fairy tale, dressed in all black.  
 She opened her mouth up slowly and said: "I have been expecting you!"  
 I replied, "Yo-u-u-u h-a-a-a-y-e?"  
 "Yes I have my pretty young child," she replied. "We have a debt to settle."  
 "What debt?"  
 "Yes, I owe over a year's worth of back payments. Take this hundred-dollar bill and you keep the change. It was very nice of you to deliver the paper all of this time without stopping!"  
 The next thing I remember was