

# Friday magazine

ISSUE  
#1



Steven '91

**UCSB: The  
Best Ejucashun  
On Earth**



Friday Magazine Going Over Like An Ed Zeppelin

# Hairy Fish Fight Back

And how! Back when you students, new and vet, were riding those trykes and Big Wheels up and down your block, the *Daily Nexus* was doing this Friday Magazine thing. It was funny. Knee slappin' funny. Rip Roarin', Hootin' Hollerin', Pull down your pants, bend over backwards and call me "Earl" funny.

Unfortunately and ungodly, dark force spit in this good humor flute and the fun was gone. The music fizzled to nothing, like Zotz on the tongue. Reading the *Daily Nexus* became as dry as a mouth full of ground pepper (try it some

time). For a full year now, you ain't had no funny.

Well, *etudiants*, the spark is back and, boy-oh-boy, is it meatier. Meatier, in a buffalo wing sense that is. That's right, we been a-waitin' for that giant cloud o' boredom to dissolve and birds been a searchin' for new improved morning melodies.

Well, they'll find 'em, even if it requires a magnifying glass and some tweezers. Hell, UCSB's a wacky place! You need us like a lizard needs a rubber. You really need us, so welcome to your guide to all this jocularly, *the new Daily Nexus Friday pamphlet*.

That's right! For the next page and a half (but don't forget to read that half page ad on page four!) we will not only make you laugh, we will guarantee that your breakfast, be it cornflakes or beer *will* come out your nose and land back in the bowl!

"In three pages?" you ask, "how can you be that definitive in humor when the voices above give you three *petite* pages to work with?"

Well, we don't know, but we're gonna try, cuz it's a madcapped world!

How about those anti-frat posters all over campus? Wacky enough for ya? So let us get this straight. If you belong to a frat, all women look tan, large breasted and wan-



ton with desire? Is that what these posters say? Well, by golly, sign us up and call us Thad and Biff, because that's the kind of power we want. Who needs X-ray glasses? Shit-howdy, who needs beer goggles? International Market, you're busted when word gets out.

And Hey! Ladies! You realize, of course, that if you join a sorority you will instantly see all boys as strapping hunks, all equipped with sixteen pounds (.128 Uehlings) of hangin' fury.



So mull it over and consider, while you read what's left of the new, compact Friday Magazine.

Pounds are too old-school. Kilometers are too post-modern. Soooo, as a special service to you, the viewer, we here at Friday Magazine have decided to give various other forms of weight measurement to make life a little bit zestier.

### This Week: Uehlings!

Our grand leader, Barbara Q. Uehling happens to weigh 130 lbs. (give or take two). Here is a little math to help you convert the the weight of the object of your choice into the new, hep measurement ... Uehlings!

1 lbs. = .008 Uehlings

- eg. A large cow = 6 Uehlings
- A large frat boy = 1.44 Uehlings
- Pie = 3.14

Objects As Reviewed by Good-Looking Fellow J. Christaan Whalen

# Tree Takes Leak on Frat Boy

**Paperbark Tree**  
*Melaleuca genus*  
★★★★

"I think I shall never see, a poem as lovely as a tree."

This poem, entitled "The Tree Poem," was written by my Aunt Madeline when I was a small child.

It's true, sometimes. For instance, there's this really

soft tree located on Embarcadero Del Mar on the west side of the street in between Segovia and Cordova. It's a nice tree — not great — but as trees go, it's all right. At the very least, it's better than Rod McKuen.

It's called a "paperbark tree," and it's the one on the left, if you're facing the AEPi house.

Some would say, when looking at a tree, "Oh, sure, it's a nice tree, but I wouldn't want to date it." This notion is understandable, especially in regard to the type of trees you need to cut down and count the rings in the trunk in order to date. Some trees find this kind of behavior extremely offensive all the way up to the third, or even fourth, date.

Topping the list of the many positive attributes of the paperbark tree is its paperlike bark. This is one case in which the bark isn't

worse than the bite! The paperbark tree is covered with thick, spongy stuff. You can punch it, just like in the movie, *Rocky*. Did you ever see one of those trees that have thorns all the way up and down the trunk and on some of the limbs? I wouldn't want to climb that tree! Or punch it. But the

paperbark tree is easy to climb and fun to punch, like in *Rocky*.

Semi-recently, the handsome and flirtatious young men at the AEPi house erected a wooden fence around their house, so it's harder to get at the tree. You can still do it, but you may feel a little silly standing on

the dirt sidewalk outside the AEPi house, punching a tree while trying to avoid a fence. If you climb the tree, though, you can look in their windows.

I went over to the AEPi house to talk to some of the fellas about the tree. There was a big sign that said they were going to have Rush there, but I wasn't in the mood for a 10-minute drum solo, so I only stayed a little while. I met Ethan there. He said, of the tree: "Leaks. It's got water sacks down towards the bottom. Couple of them broke open."

I thought he was lying, so I called up Peterson Tree Care and talked to my new friend, Terry. Terry, who has been in the tree care business for about 19 years, was very helpful. He said, of Ethan's leaky water sacks: "I don't know of any liquid that would come out of a paperbark tree."

It turns out, also, that



paperbark trees are "not so easy to trim." This is due, in part, to the fact that they are "real poofy on the ends." "You don't know what to take or what to leave," Terry said, in what could have been a fairly clever tree-care pun.

So go check it out. It's a nice tree, not great, but pretty good. Go carve your initials in it if you like, but don't bring a bowie knife, bring a ball-point pen! Its bark is like paper.

J. Christaan Whalen will be back next issue with another review of one of our community's things.

Friday • OCT. 4  
IN CONCERT  
**SPENCER THE GARDENER**

SATURDAY • OCT. 5  
• REGGAE •  
**MANAZART**  
(FORMERLY BRAVE NEW WORLD)

Closed Sunday • Monday

TUESDAY OCT. 8  
**TAO JONZ**

WEDNESDAY • OCT. 9  
FROM LOS ANGELES  
**CAUSTIC MONKEY**  
NO COVER WITH  
VALID COLLEGE ID

THURSDAY • OCT. 10  
**CRUCIAL DBC**

Tues	Wed	Thurs
9-10	8:30-10	9-10
10 oz DRAFT BEER	ANY DRINK	WILL DRINKS ONLY
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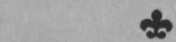
Zeke, The WACKY Buddha's Horoscopes

# Don't Like Your Future? Bite Me!

These are your Horoscopes. Enjoy.



**ARIES**  
(Mar. 20-Apr. 19) Stop denying that you're addicted to "90210." Your friends all know that you act out Brenda and Dylan's fights in the shower while you wait for the conditioner to penetrate. This is no good. Your scholastic career will crumble in November when Brandon admits he's been popping Mom ever since *Cheers* took eight ratings points in September.



**TAURUS**  
(Apr. 20-May 20) Is love blind? You might think so now, but it will take a single disturbing night involving sandalwood incense, six conga drums and a Scorpio's VW microbus to learn that the answer is an emphatic "uh-uh." Just watch out for odorific Deadheads promising to "really trip you out."

**GEMINI**  
(May 21-June 20) The one you think is the love of your life actually thinks you're a drunkard and a sap. All I can say is don't blame the messenger, honey. You drank and babbled your own way into this grievous state, and your the one who

has to tunnel your way out — if you can. You know what your problem is? You just can't see that when a body meets a body coming through the rye, the fat one wins.

**CANCER**  
(June 21-July 22) You're the type that can't quite get it through his wide head that there just AIN'T a tiny cover band inside the radio. What this can lead to, of course, is the much more dangerous assumption that there's a group of small fraternity guys under the hood of every GTI in Isla Vista.

**LEO**  
(July 23-Aug. 22) A couple months ago you kicked a pigeon on the sidewalk. The bird abruptly flew away, pooped on a car. The car went to a carwash, the carwash made some money. The carwash owner bought a plane ticket to Hawaii, and when he finally took off last week, the noise from the jet engines startled one Dr. Seuss and his heart stopped. I hope you're proud of yourself.

**VIRGO**  
(Aug. 23-Sept. 22) You try oh-so-hard to let people of the opposite sex know you're a "good person," but those close to you know

that this is only to compensate for your lackluster performance in the bedroom. News for you, sweetie: sex ain't popular because it's in movies. Get help.

**LIBRA**  
(Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Warning: if you see a Capricorn with a skateboard and a Norton anthology, DO NOT attack from the front. Rather, sneak up behind him, whisper into his ear, "Spenser was a longwinded ass-kisser." When he spins around and shouts, "But you're ignoring the duplicity of his allegory!" knock his block off.

KEVIN COSTNER  
**DANCES WITH WOLVES**  
OCTOBER 4, 1991  
IV THEATER  
7 PM & 10 PM  
\$3.00  
Sponsored by RHA

Sally Field Kevin Kline Robert Downey, Jr. Cathy Moriarty and Whoopi Goldberg  
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A DELICIOUSLY MALICIOUS COMEDY.  
Saturday, Oct 5, 1991 • 8 & 10 pm  
I.V. Theatre • \$3.50  
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As entertaining as a film can get.  
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It leaves you stunned!  
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7, 9, 11 pm  
I.V. Theatre  
\$3.75  
Sponsored by UCSB Women's Lacrosse  
1<sup>st</sup> Team Mtg. for new players 5 pm IV Theatre  
No Experience Necessary!

**MADONNA TRUTH OR DARE**



School a problem? Do you feel that your experience at UCSB just is not fulfilling? Roommate dumb? Well, **Fret No More.** These next two stories ought to make your time spent at our school even more painful!!

# Finding The Perfect Mate

So... now that the first treacherous week of classes is conquered and all you Isla Vista birds have settled into your new-but-equally-shabby nests — found that perfect perch for the old boob-tube, hung those posters in the john and filled that damn fish tank — it's time to take a good look at that new roomy.

For many out there, you probably checked out a pad, thought it was the spot and just plain-old jumped the gun. And now, when that special person leaves a half-eaten Freebird's Monster Burrito strewn across the coffee table or incessantly neglects responsibility for the yellow sprinkles and brunette curls on the body and cusp of the toilet seat, you think to yourself... "If only I had done a little more planning."

Here is a simple set of tips to size up your could-be roommate in two minutes or less... guaranteed or your money back.

First, go straight to the fridge and pop that bad-boy open. Grab that milk carton and give'er a good shake. If its empty, the

guyz'a lazy putz and'll probably leave a pair of crisp underwear at the foot of your bed for months on run.

If there's no milk at all, the putz more than likely survives on junk food and'll either keep you up all night blowin' anal kisses or spend half the day in the can re-defining air.

Next, search the cupboards for inexpensive, bulk food. If you find excessive amounts of *Cup O' Soup* or *Top Ramen*, you just found another problem—a tight wad. This putz'll try'n' ream you on all the bills. "Well, I just figured that since you cooked more, you should probably pay more for the gas bill. Daaaaa, Okaaaaa Johhhny," your roomy'll say.

Or how-a-bout this... "Aaa, since your meal cost more, don't you think you should pay more of the tax?"

Now hit the bedroom and find this lug's underwear drawer. If all you find are little, short stacks of tity-whities, you just picked another bogus deal, Eisenstein.

This dope plays sports. And we all

know what *that* means... he watches sports too! Picture it now, every big game, match or fight, this roomy (and most likely a large selection of his clumsy, sexist, foul-mouthed, fat buddies) 'll hoard around *your* tube, drinking and stuffing their fat faces with grease while vomiting useless sports stats and exploding in unison with each point attempt.

Finally, the bathroom. Open that medicine cabinet and scan for those pretty, little, orange prescription bottles. If any labels reads, "Hey, Mr. Stupid Roomy, take one tablet every four hours for Hyperchronic Halitosis," run. This guy'll give you one gnarly tan — or burn off all your facial hair — each time he rattles off some story about how his grandma wrestled a giant clam to the ground in the Yukon.

So, if you got stifed with a slime-ball this year, keep these pointers in mind and maybe next year you can find yourself a little prince or princess who still wears pajamas.



It's a DAVE! 1 of 15

## That's right! DAVE Trading Cards!

Are you stoked, or what!?

Over the next fifteen (16) issues, we'll be issuing fourteen (17) DAVE trading cards. They will be featuring various DAVEs from about the UCSB campus. Is your name DAVE? Well, come in to the Nexus offices and ask to speak with Morgan or Denis and just maybe you could be a real card!

# King of Funny's Facts!

There are some things that every Gaucho should know; things that really matter. They're facts that have somehow been omitted from UCSB's catalogues and information sheets. Even those dandy pamphlets — you knows those little hope-inflaters universities use to forge in anything walking a sense of being wanted just before they reject them all — fail to report these facts.

**Little Known Fact #1:** The architects who designed UCSB's buildings actually used empty cereal boxes as their models. Cheadle Hall took its design from a box of Rice Krispies, thus explaining the snap, crackle and pop heard last year while the building was burning down. In addition, many people don't realize that a corporate snafu almost changed the shape of Broida Hall when, instead of using 12 Cheerios boxes, designers used 12 Cheerios. At the last second, one now-legendary architect caught the mistake, and prevented the science building from resembling large inner-tubes.

**Little Known Fact #2:** Schedule adjustment, now just a bad memory since the miracle arrival of RBT, was once accomplished through morning wrestling matches in which the winners won first choice of classes and the losers would face each other until there was a clear winner or a grisly death, whichever came first. The process was discontinued in 1964 when a Battle Royale for the final Human Sexuality spot was declared a draw and a riot ensued among spectators.

**Little Known Fact #3:** The first documented use of molen lead by the administration to stem protesters outside Cheadle Hall wasn't until 1971, but some recently unearthed facts suggest that students angry about the execution of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg for treason in the '50s were turned away from Cheadle Hall "without a problem." It is now believed that the 200 assembled protesters, who were chanting the Jewish hymns "Yarmulkes Aren't For Sissys" and "Brisket

Good/Bacon Bad," were smothered with hot lead from laughing school officials on the top floor.

**Little Known Fact #4:** A record-low 3,000 students enrolled for classes in the Fall of 1976. School officials were baffled by this turn of events until it was discovered that printing errors in the Schedule of Classes were discouraging people from attending UCSB. Some of the errors included listing courses under the departments of Flem Studies and Art's Studio. Apparently, students were not interested in studying the biological makeup of bile or how some guy named Art lives in his one-bedroom apartment.

If you would like to read more about these, or other little-known, yet important facts about this campus, visit your local library, or the one here on campus (which, by the way, once housed a small community of midgets whose members lived among the microfiche and reveled in making late-night Xerox copies of their entire bodies).

## people who didn't work on FRIDAY magazine

Pat Stull  
Stacy Teas  
Doug Arellenes  
J. Christaan Whalen

Jason Ross  
Brian Banks  
Chris Fitz

EDIOTS

Morgan Freeman

Denis Faye

ZEKE (pictured)

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) You people are such tight wads. Would you please — like, for me — go to K Mart and buy a radio-controlled car, or a handgun or something? Maybe if you show people a little sillier side, they'll start returning your phone calls, and maybe stop ditching you at parties. What — you

thought you "just got separated" every weekend on accident? *Pthphtpht. Ha.*

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) This week, don't be surprised when go into class and everyone's naked. Don't wig out. Go with it. Drop trou. Smile. You're beautiful. The Baldwins love you.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Bad news is upon you this week in one of the following forms: (a) university administrative gaffe resulting in federal charges against you and your family, (b) genital warts, (c) a gaggle of eight to 10 freshmen arriving at your door with giant cups and promises to "party so hard your mother pukes," or (d) a

WWII-vintage artillery shell blowing your leg into the lagoon.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) All I can say is "Cattle."

**PICES** (Feb. 19-Mar. 19) Molecules combine to form cells. Cells combine to form

tissue. Tissues combine to form organs. Organs combine to form organ systems. Organ systems combine to form bodies. Bodies combine to form the greatest sports franchise in the history of athletic competition, the San Francisco 49ers. There'll be a quiz.



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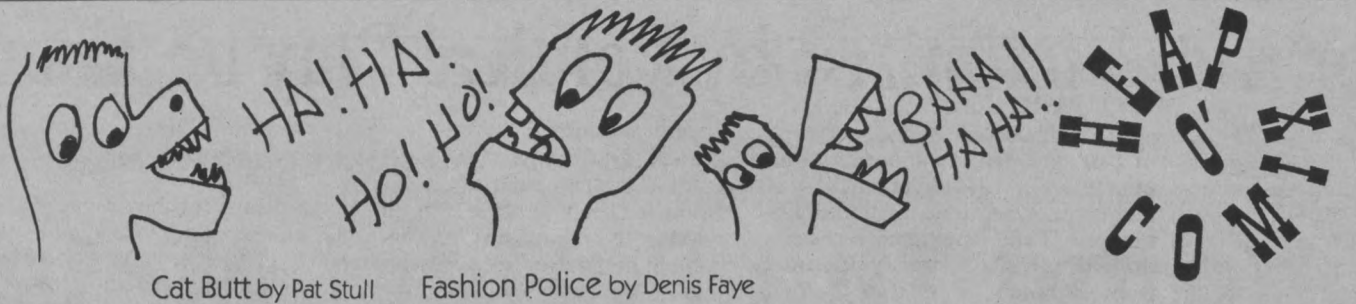
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**It's a DAVE! Facts**  
 NAME: Dave Emerson  
 AGE: 21  
 HEIGHT: 6'  
 WEIGHT: 1.48 Uehlings  
 BEER: Pacifico  
 BIKE WRECKS: 4  
 ELVIS: Sucks  
 HAIR STYLE: Mark Harmon Divot

**It's a DAVE! Quote:** "I usually wear Bill Murrey-type briefs. I feel boxers should only be worn when they are extremely wacky."

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 Fashion Police by Denis Faye

here's our list o' band names: feline fanny, calico caboose, tiger derriere, cheetah rump, bengal bum, and last but not least catbutt. i have received your ballots and the new name of the greatest band in the universe is... **cat butt**

**FASHION POLICE**

Is my hair O.K.?  
 US!  
 Generation X: The MTV Generation. The generation that was wearifarin for conscientious reasons, but still looked damn good in leather.

In the future, only the hep will survive.

2021: SOCIETY SUCKS: the Baby Boomers blew it. In the grand tradition of such 30 something favorites as suicide and divorce -- they gave up on trying to save this mutilated planet. Instead, they leave the carcass to...

civilization takes a change for... well, it takes a change. Everything starts to be like music videos and beer commercials. Even AIDS is cured, when HIV is told that it "Bums our mellow." It really could not argue.

Unfortunately, some could not quite "get with the picture..."

RAY-BAN STUDIOS

10/21-12/30 DANCE PARTY USA!!

What's your sign? LETS BOOGIE!

they were a problem

Drop the Binaco, Dirlbag

to combat these social cromagnons, society formed an elite group of the very vogue. They are...

**FASHION POLICE!**

Next WEEK: Highstyle & Uermoth -lookin' good!

Run! He's got a mood ring

You shouldn't of shot him. Vermont. Retro is, like totally back "in."

Highstyle, that wasn't Retro, that was sale. I bet that you was wearing Bikini Briefs!

[enthusiastically, bengali tests out the band's new name] hello, i'm calling about your ad for a band.

yes, who are your influences?

stone roses, charlatans u.k. wonderstuff, you know, anything from manchester.

great what do you fellas call yourselves? cat butt

CLICK!

**NEEDED: LOVE**

OR, IF NO CAN DO, WE COULD USE SOME CLOWNS FOR FRIDAY MAGAZINE. COME TO THE NEXUS AND ASK FOR MORGAN OR DENIS. WE'LL STOKE YOU.

seniors...seniors...seniors...

la cumbre

Starting monday sept. 30, senior portraits will be taken between 8:30 am. -1pm. and 2 - 5 pm. by the storke tower - under the white tent.

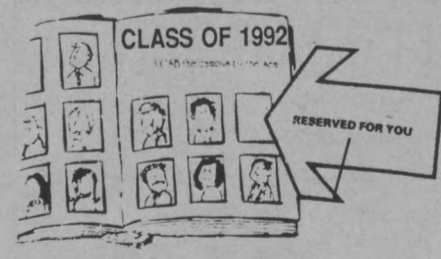
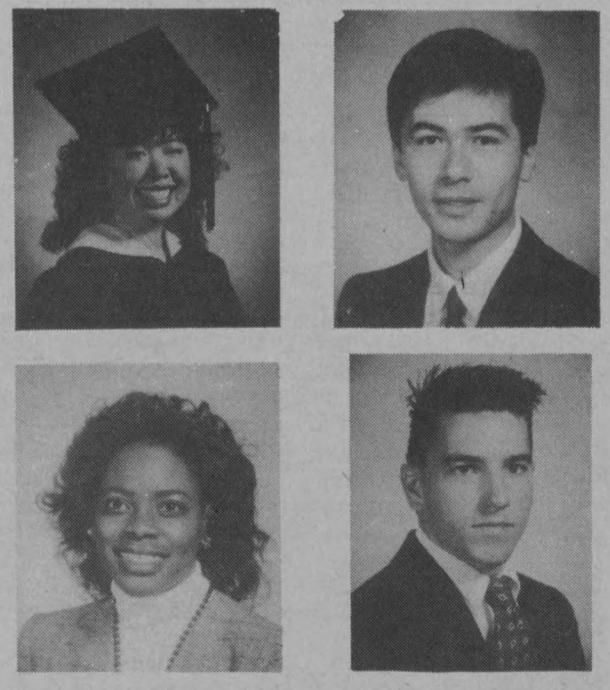
There is no charge for seniors and graduates to be photographed and included in the 1992 632-page la cumbre.

please keep your appointment date!!

If you did not check yes on your pif form last week you can still order one --only \$20 --by check or by perm. no. on your barc statement... come by room 1053 storke tower building.

If you do not have your photo taken on the day specified come to the photo sessions any time during the regular hours listed. The photo receptionists Bonnie Mclean and Elaine Smith will reschedule you.

**It's your yearbook — be sure to get in it!**  
 You will be glad you did it. Your family will be glad you did it. Your friends will be glad you did it. But most importantly your dog will be glad you did it.  
 Someday you'll be glad you did it!!!



please bring your completed senior questionnaire or pick one up when you come for your appointment. Have this year's section filled with your memorable UCSB experiences.

**Varden Studios. Inc.**  
 Verle Mojied, professional photographer

senior portraits 1992