

INSIDE!
J. Christaan Whalen
on Jugs!

Dave magazine



Hi I'm the Grim Reaper!
Do you like Halloween?
I sure do. Especially
since I get to spend my time drinking beer on D.P. and
carrying the souls of all the saps who fall off the
cliffs to Heaven or Hell. This Halloween, 6 clods
plunged to their deaths. For details, see inside!

Halloween, Night Of The Living Ed

Hate Us, Please

This is the third installment of *DAVE Magazine*. Welcome back. As you can feel, we've been reduced back to a paltry four-page *DAVE Pullout*, but that's OK, we can adapt.

We do, however, have one complaint, and it's maddening, we tell you, it's maddening.

Not a single person complained about our last issue. Not a one. We go out of our way to push the envelope of taste and for our troubles ...

Nothing.

So, we've got a new plan. For starters, this issue we are steering clear of the potty humor. You may be used to it, you may be tired of it, we don't know, but it's gone. Now, we're going to try some *noir* humor. This issue will probably be more

offensive to people that died falling off the cliffs last night than anyone else, but still, please try to see the bad taste involved, and complain!

This may not be enough, so we are going to give you a little more incentive. We are

"Please try to see the bad taste involved."

willing to give away Richie Sambora's latest disc, *Strangers In This Town*, to the author of the most rancor-filled letter we receive. This is not a joke. It is a promise from us, to you.

Come on! It's Richie Sambora. You know, the guy from Bon Jovi! This al-

bum contains such hits as "Ballad of Youth," "One Light Burning" and "River Of Love!" You want this. Really.

Look, we'll start you out.

Ready?

Dear Dave,

Your Magazine is bad because ...

That's all you have to do! Continue from there! Fold it up and bring it to the Nexus Office, please! You can do it!

We'll be waiting and we hope you hate this issue of ...

DAVE Magazine.



DAVE's Conversion Scale: 1 lb. = .01 TOMBSTONES

Jim Morrison (1970) = 2 TOMBSTONES

Jim Morrison (1991) = 0.33 TOMBSTONES

Elvis Presley (1976) = 2.5 TOMBSTONES

Elvis Presley (1991) = 2.94 TOMBSTONES

Isla Vista = 64,372,525.1 TOMBSTONES

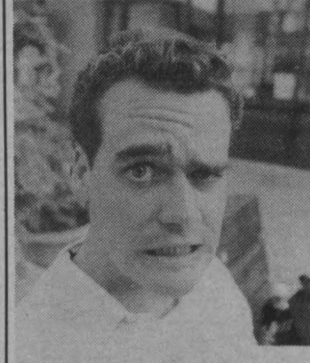
Jimmy Hoffa (1972) = 1.9 TOMBSTONES

Jimmy Hoffa (1974) = 0.9 TOMBSTONES, 0.3 TOMBSTONES (x2), 0.15 TOMBSTONES (x2), 0.1 TOMBSTONES

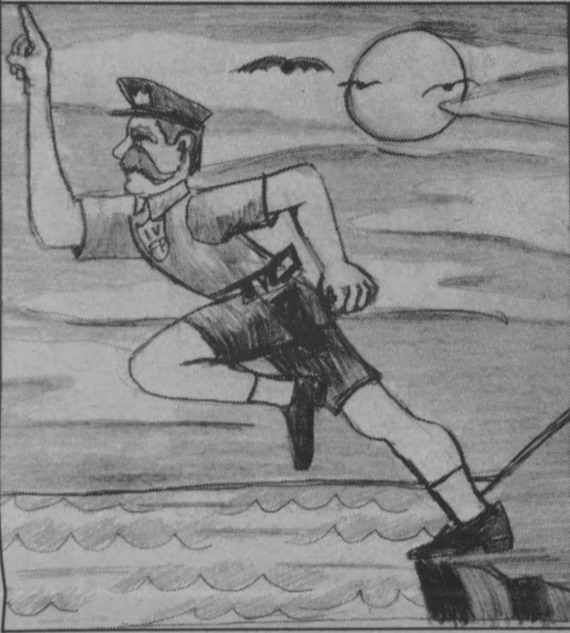
Once our loved ones and close friends are buried, it gets difficult to remember their weights. Well, fear nevermore! With this issue's new DAVE unit of measurement, TOMBSTONES, weighing stiff becomes easy, if not fun!

KEY: Morrison is decomposing, Elvis is still alive and gaining weight and The Mob cut Hoffa up when they deep-sixed him. Don't you feel stupid now?

These are the people that made your DAVE.



Doug Arellanes
Hillary Kaplowitz
Jessica Powers
Jason Ross
Pat Stull
John Trevino
J. Christaan Whalen
— A N D —
Morgan Freeman
Denis Faye - editors



Name: Sergeant Dale Horosky
Age: 46

Sign: Taurus

FYI: Sgt. Horosky was a CHP from Oxnard. This was his first year patrolling Halloween festivities in Isla Vista. His fellow law enforcement buddies told him to take the assignment for the weekend because it was a great chance to harass college girls in small clothing and that if he was lucky, he might be able to squeeze in a full body search. Go get 'em cowboy!

Events Leading To Death: 6 p.m. — The sergeant is warmed up and ready for fun. It all starts out well, as he pulls over a woman jogger for failing to stop at an intersection. He loves this job!

11 p.m. — After a disappointing night (all the girls had long underwear under their Playboy bunny outfits, due to the cold weather), Sgt. Horosky returned to the Foot Patrol Office for a donut, cup of java and a warm smile.

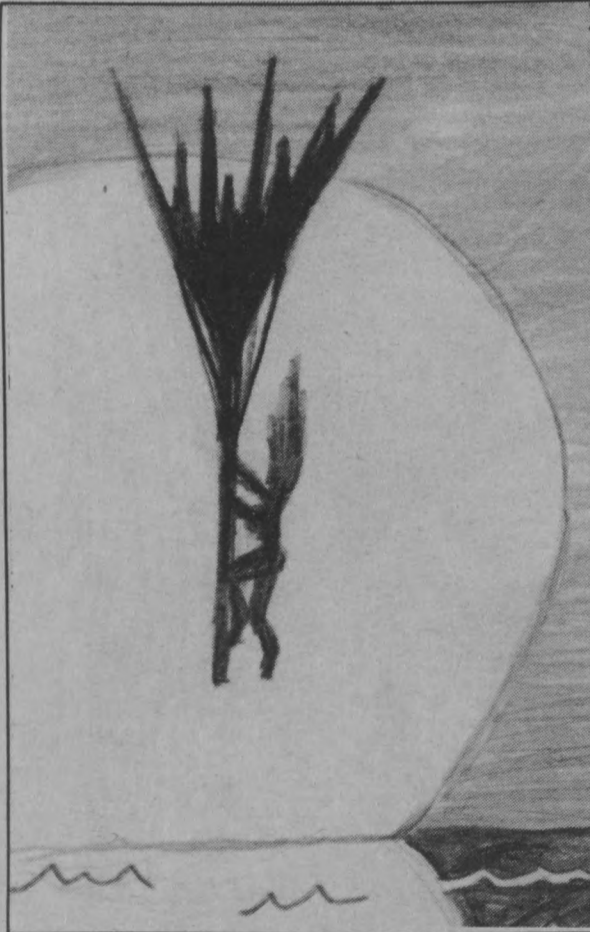
11:15 p.m. — Reports come into the office that a small riot has erupted on the 6600 block of DP. It's something about an unknown male attacking an unknown female dressed as Storke Tower, because he claimed he was a tour guide and had "the key to her elevator." Sgt. Horosky goes to check

it out.

11:18 p.m. — A youth approaches Sgt. Horosky and says "Hey! I'm dressed as one of Jeffrey Dahmer's victims, so eat me!" and runs. Sgt. Horosky gives chase.

11:19 p.m. — The youth runs to the edge of the DP cliffs, at approximately 6657, and hangs a sharp left. Sgt. Horosky, not being familiar with the area, and having his vision impaired by his mustache blowing up into his eyes, does not hang a sharp left.

Last Words: "This never happened to Ponch!"



Name: Sharron Catz
Age: 32

Sign: Sagittarius
FYI: Sharron headed north, from south, to see for herself the grand spectacle of Halloween in Isla Vista.

Events Leading To Death: 7:34 p.m. — Sharron leaves her home in her shiny new car.

8:40 p.m. — Sharron arrives at UCSB but is denied entrance into Isla Vista because she fails to produce the proper identification at the police roadblock.

8:50 p.m. — Sharron locates a parking space near

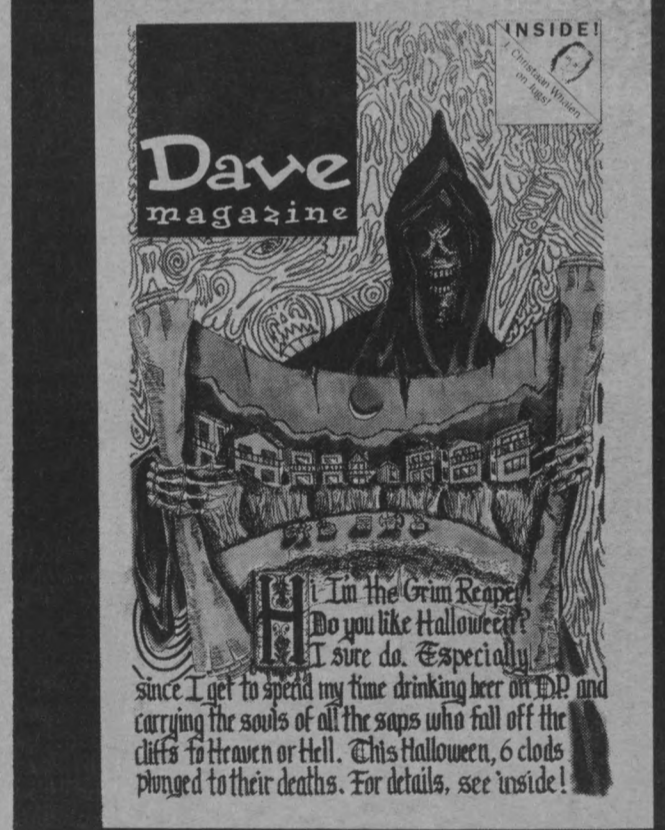
Taco Bell in Goleta and indulges in a soft taco supreme.

9:30 p.m. — Sharron arrives by foot at the Embarcadero Loop and burps. She has no problem figuring out which way to go from there.

9:45 p.m. — Sharron, completely engulfed in sloppy, drunk, horny, costume-clad students, can't believe her pristine eyes. With her newfound truth to the rumors she'd believed impossible, Sharron seeks refuge on a quite patch of dirt near the edge of the Del Playa Cliffs on the 6600 block.

9:55 p.m. — A giant gush of wind dislodges one drunk, but relieved, art guy named Pat from behind a large, dying tree. Dressed up as a large yellow umbrella, and spinning like a school bus on black ice, Pat smashes full force into Mrs. Catz, driving her over 30 feet down before squashing her against a large rock formation.

Last Words: "Now this is art."



Name: Chad Smith
Year: Sophomore, Comm.
Sign: Virgo

FYI: Chad was a pledge at Pi Kappa Alpha. He loved good times and good beer and bird-doggin' chicks from his Porsche. Unfortunately, falling on his head and having his spine spear through his cranium put a halt to the fun.

Events Leading To Death: 8 p.m. — After many beers, some tequila and a Freebird's Super Monster Burrito, Chad hits the DP party scene with three or four of his Pike bros. He is feeling mighty cool in his totally unique disco guy costume.

8:15 p.m. — Babylon offers its usual barrage o' good times. Knowing that there

will be "many fine freshman babes" there, Chad and company wander in.

8:20 p.m. — Chad, now in the height of his intoxication and horny as a drunk frat guy, accidentally stumbles out of his low-brow beer drinking party and into a high-brow intellectual coffee drinking party, and his doom.

8:23 p.m. — Chad proceeds to make advances towards what he believes to be "a really hot chick with totally big tits." Unbeknownst to poor Chad, the lass in question is not only well endowed, but also a member of the gynaterrorist

group CUNTS.

8:30 p.m. — Chad leaves the party with the girl, thinking that he is going to show her a lot more than his fishtank. He doesn't notice the three shadows lurking behind him.

8:35 p.m. — Chad finds himself bound and gagged and being told feminist propaganda by four "really agro chicks with total big tits."

8:36 p.m. — Chad is dropped to his death.

Last Words: "No, I really do have a bitchin' fishtank! Besides, there's enough of me to go around, ladies."

J. Christaan Whalen Reviews an Inanimate Object - A Jug

Jugs - The Best Ones Are Plastic

One Gallon Jug
Springfield

★★★

Before there was plastic, everything came in glass, wood, bones or gourds. These things were difficult to manufacture, as you can imagine. For example, if you've ever seen a piece of glass, you can tell how hard it would be to make a jug out of it. This is not the case with plastic. Indeed, plastic seems to come naturally in the shape of jugs and in other things similar to jugs.

The one-gallon water jug is common and is found in most stores. As jugs go, it's pretty good. It won't break and it has an E-Z grip handle. The handle has a texture like a mildly rough rock so it won't slip out of your hand.

One of the nice things about this jug is that it holds a lot of water. If you don't want that much water, however, this may be a drawback. If you are drinking straight from the jug, it is rather heavy when it is full. The jug becomes lighter and easier to manage the more you drink, until it is very light indeed.

The jug I bought was a Springfield Drinking Water jug. It was 75 cents at one of the markets in Isla Vista — I won't say which! I was pleased. Sometimes, the jugs have a cap that screws off and other times they have a cap that you pry off with your thumb. Mine was one that you pry off with



Dan Drinks Water. Dan Likes Water!

your thumb.

I wanted to call Springfield, but I didn't know how to go about doing it since they don't list an address or phone number on the label. I looked up "Springfield" in a really big dictionary and it said it was a gun. I was able to call the distributor of the jug, Certified Grocers of California, LTD., however.

They transferred me all around and kept referring to me as "Terry." They were very nice, though. I tried to explain myself to Shirley, the first person I talked to, but I didn't get very far.

"Springfield Water Drug?" she asked. When I told her it was a jug, she said "oh" and did I have a problem with it? I said no and we laughed. She wanted to transfer me to Debbie or Thomas but they were out to lunch, so to speak. She decided to send me to Tina, even though Shirley said, "(Tina) doesn't know anything about the water jugs."

I explained to Tina that I wrote reviews of inanimate objects and she said, "I bet you do." We had a good time, but, as I had been warned, she didn't know anything about water jugs. I was told to talk to Debbie about it and that I would have to call back later.

I finally reached Debbie an hour later. She was very serious and didn't take too kindly to me. I asked her why they put their water in plastic jugs and she said, "We're not supposed to talk with anyone in that area." I would have to talk to Barry, who was out and would call me later, she explained. Having already spent outrageous amounts of money on the long-distance phone calls and on consuming three large pizzas that I bought — without using coupons — with Nexus funds, I didn't call them again and they didn't call me.

Darn those guys!
Anyway, so check it out. It's a pretty good jug, even though it takes up a lot of room in the trash!

Name: John Bartelink
Year: Sophomore, Psych.
Sign: Sagittarius
FYI: John was the drummer for popular I.V. cover band "Spinal Crap." He was the eighth drummer to join the band since last June. Seven of the past drummers died, with exception of the third, Paul Chinn, who graduated, a fate many consider worse than death.
Events Leading To Death: 9 p.m. — The band is set up to play on the 6600 block of Pasado.
9:38 p.m. — The band gets ready to finish its 11-song set with a rousing

rendition of "Big Bottom." John begs for a solo and is granted such.
10:14 p.m. — After setting up the basses, the song begins.
10:20 p.m. — John is given the stage.
10:25 p.m. — In the height of his solo, John rips off his sweat-soaked T-shirt. It hooks to the end of his drumstick and makes contact with the very hot, very electrical amps for the basses.
10:25:14 p.m. — About 100,000 volts of electricity shoot through the T-shirt, the stick and then John.

10:25:21 p.m. — The heat from John's body is channeling into the bass drum his foot is touching.
10:25:40 p.m. — The air molecules in the drum expand at an alarming pace.
10:26 p.m. — The drum explodes, launching one smoking John Bartelink many yards into the air.
10:27 p.m. — John lands face-first on the beach. Despite a fractured skull, snapped spine, multiple contusions and severe electrocution, John might have survived, had he not landed on his drumsticks, managing to stab his heart and left eye socket.
Last Words: "Dude, Man ... Man, DUDE!"



Once again, DAVE Magazine is on the cutting edge. (get it? edge? cliffs? D.P.?)

We sent out an elite group of DAVE reporters, who, with the help of the International DAVE Network, were able to get the scoop on these deaths even before they happened.

Oh, the humanity!

Name: Lou Harris
Year: Sophomore, Chem.
Sign: Aries
FYI: Lou was a chemistry major for security's sake. He operated under the theory that science equals big bucks. However, to satisfy his earthy side, Lou resided in Isla Vista with four hardcore environmental studies majors.

Events Leading up to Death: 6:30 p.m. — Lou and his four roommates reach a breach on this year's Halloween costume design.
8:00 p.m. — The five amigos dress up as granola nuggets. They first roll in corn syrup and then in piles of blueberry granola.
8:30 p.m. — The five "nuggets" — itching for a game of hacky sack — locate a clearing near the Del Playa Clifftops and engaged in a soothing, friendly game.
8:31 p.m. — Lou watches his friend Sam complete a flying, spinning, kick to keep the leather sack in play.
8:33 p.m. — Lou gazes as his friend Pat succeeds in stall-



ing the sack on his chest and then flipping it back in play.
8:34 p.m. — Lou grinds his teeth in envy as his friend Harry does a back handspring and completes a successful knee kick to volley the sack in play.
8:35 p.m. — Lou, seeing a golden opportunity, attempts to earn his equality with a double, spinning, reverse, gainer flip-kick. He succeeds in keeping the sack in play, but also succeeds in lunging himself up, out and over the cliff. He sticks quite firmly to the jagged rock bottom.
Last Words: "This is gonna be bitchin'."



Name: Paster Hill
Year: Senior, E.S.
Sign: Leo
FYI: Paster was only a part-time student. He spent the rest of his time following the Dead. In order to look to his left or right, or up or down, Paster had to turn his entire head because, according to a close friend, "one day he mysteriously lost control of his eyes."

Events Leading up to Death: 8:02 p.m. — Paster takes an undocumented amount of hallucinogenic substances.
8:24 p.m. — Paster heads down Del Playa without a



costume, but you wouldn't have noticed.
8:44 p.m. — At the in-

tersection of DP and Camino Pescadero, Paster begins to see Halloween-goers transform into Grateful Dead band members.
9:04 p.m. — Paster sees and pursues Jerry Garcia for several blocks before losing him in the crowds. He is distraught.
9:24 p.m. — In a gift from God, Paster spots rock promoter Bill Graham, newly reincarnated, who tips him off that the Grateful Dead are doing an exclusive Halloween show on a nearby oil platform.
9:25 p.m. — Guess.
Last Words: "I'm coming, Daddy."

It's a DAVE! Facts

NAME: Dave Anthony
AGE: 24
HEIGHT: 4' 22"
WEIGHT: 1.5 Tombstones
BEER: Keystone
FAV COSTUME: Cyst
ELVIS: Mediocre Singer, Hellava Dancer
HAIR STYLE: Velcro Mesh

It's a DAVE! Quote:

If you wish to write to DAVE, write c/o The Daily Nexus P.O. 13402 UCSB UCen, Santa Barbara, CA 93107

"I'm a woman!
I'm a woman!"



Wacky? Zany? Kooky? COMICS!

Wuf by Morgan Freeman & John Trevino

The Cheap Journal



Wuf Sinks

Matt "Wuf" Burton was found dead yesterday at the bottom of a man-made pool in Disneyland. According to local authorities, Wuf, known to be a tightwad, jumped into the pool after catching a glimpse of the abundant shiny coins that blanketed the pool's bottom. Wuf proceeded to stuff his pockets to such a level that it was impossible for him to surface. However, he drowned a rich man.

Fashion Police by Denis Faye



Cat Butt by Pat Stull

bengoli, how will i absolutely know what my calling in life is? you will know when: you are forbidden to do it, and the pain is enough to make a shy bald buddhist reflect and plan a mass murder.



My Apartment by Doug Arellanes



Here is DAVE Card #3. This Dave is one of our favorites. Isn't life delicious?



It's a DAVE! 3 of 15

DAVEDAVEDAVEDAVEDAVE

Zeke, The Wacky Buddha's Horoscopes

Your Future ... And Then Some

ARIES (Mar. 20-Apr. 19) We've heard it all before: your dog's worms, your worms and your dog's love, your classes and your love-life's worms are all in the crapper and you feel tossed like a feather in ferocious winds and all that. Whatever you do, just avoid big, big rubber bands.

TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 20) Opacity will be your downfall this week. Not that floofy-pooey, high-tech, sorta orangish, blue, French kind of opacity, but the kind of darkness you might encounter on a good old American freeway or, even better, spattered tomato-style across the rocks and trees of your land and mine.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) Grey is a big color for you this week. Don't be surprised if this greyness takes the form of the ocean's waves, a new lover's eyes, or maybe Blue Dolphin homefries. Use Tabasco in any case.

CANCER (June 21-July 22) Get ready to explore new and unexperienced regions of frustration. Your uncanny ability to sniff out trouble and steer clear of it at all times will break down sometime soon, leaving you in the regrettable position of having a significant other who turns out to be Jerry Garcia in drag.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22) You'll receive something this week that very few people ever get. A second chance. When the waitress comes back to your table and asks, "I'm sorry, was that a pint of Bass or Pale Ale?" you will have the ability, if only for a fleeting moment, to live a part of your life over again. Choose well.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Zeke knows that brotherly love is important to you and yours, but take heed, brah. Keep in mind that objects in free fall accelerate at 9.8 meters-per-second-per-second. That

means impact, brah, and I'm not talking about no Hammer dance — you know that one, right? Yes.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) I see ... I see a cliff. No wait — two cliffs. Yeah, two cliffs and ... an umbrella? No wait: a cliff and a guy named Cliff — no, Pat — dressed up as an umbr ... forget it. You're screwed.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Louise, I know I stepped over the bounds and I know you said it was my last chance. But it was a small fire, and baby, I need your warm hands on my scalp, your hair falling over my shoulder, your nails carving furrows on my buttocks. Please come home, honey. I promise: no more Liberace seances.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) You better stop this habit of telling friends you can't go out with them tonight because, "I think I'm gonna just be mellow. Ya' know, watch Arsenio, make some popcorn." You can't see the forest for the trees, and what's worse, you can't see the mahi mahi for the dill sauce.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) You, the strong-hearted one, must lead a perilous charge against monstrosity and tyranny, right here on campus. Recent budget shortfalls can no longer help us from the Yellow-Shirted Peril, so the calling is yours to lead hundreds of bicyclers through the sidewalks of campus, all the time bellowing, "Ride your bike on the walkway, please."

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) All I can say is, "Spoon Doggie."

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 19) Some people prepare their eggs sans yolk. Cuts down on cholesterol. You need to prepare your life sans that grease-slurping dog defiler you call a roommate. Ditch that poop where you found him, give your clothes a good washing and tell your landlord that the Africanized bees got him.