

the Daily Friday

fiction : satire : humor : gonzo journalism



Inside:

This Week in Briefs. Java Jones Nihilists respond, Zack de la Rocha joins N'Sync, and honky crucifixion, oh yeah. **p. 3A**

DJFatKid is having no luck breeding and intends to take it out on all of us. **p. 2A**

STD Man and many other scary costume suggestions from Sean Stortroen. **p. 2A**

The Daily Friday Mouth Wash. For that, "not so fresh" feeling you get after reading. **p. 4A**

TALK TO THE MUTANT HAND BECAUSE EVERYMAN TIM JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND

FICTION
by Eric Lister

Tim was prone to a lifestyle of excess, packed with indulgences like rage and profanity, so he grew a small, angry head named Bob out of his hand.

Bob's activity was limited to cursing angrily at Tim or anyone who was "ignorant enough an asshole" to be nearby.

Already awkward around the ladies, cursing Bob doomed Tim's love life. Tim could scarcely carry on a conversation, and it was none the easier with Bob constantly interjecting, "So, what's your deal, are you retarded or do you want to fuck?!" Consequently, Tim's repressed sexuality steadily built up until one day a beige-nippled, bulbous breast erupted out his lonely chest.

No longer of a socially desirable body type, Tim turned to television and film to find friends. He found a mutant role model in "Total Recall," starring Arnold Schwarzenegger. As an adolescent, Tim would write graffiti up and down the one-mile strip of cement, steel, and bums that separated Church

from State, school from home, respectively. "Total Recall's" rebel leader was a mutant growing out of someone's stomach and was constantly having his name spray-painted everywhere. He and Tim were their own subculture's everyman.

After having his video rental membership revoked due to an "incident" in the mall (Bob's fault), Tim realized he could find other kindred companions featured in documentaries on disfigured humans, which pirated cable provided him with on a bi-weekly basis.

Although Kuato and the sweet Siamese sisters attached at the neck were good friends, cursing Bob continued to keep Tim alienated from the rest of the world. An unexplainable desire to communicate with characters outside of his 12-inch TV screen gripped him. About this same time, a new head grew from Tim's left leg.

Frank — the new head — responded promptly to any and all questions with

absolute and total honesty. Tim assumed this was something to be respected, but quickly discovered that Frank's lack of tact was far more offensive than Bob's heroic recitation of four-letter words.

So, Tim and his excess heads spoke with a voice that approached things honestly and angrily. Tim was now a social pariah and deservedly so.

Eyeing his ever-empty social calendar one day, Tim decided he had time to get a real job — one that paid him sufficiently to do exactly as he was told. After being hired for a company, Tim proved to be a hard worker. He completed the most meaningless tasks with fervor and it seemed that somehow through his contribution to the creation of a far-removed, seemingly abstract "product" he, himself, would benefit.

Work, sleep, late-night television. This



see The End of Tim p. 2A

Your Costume Sucks.

HUMOR By Sean Stortroen - Professional Costume Critic

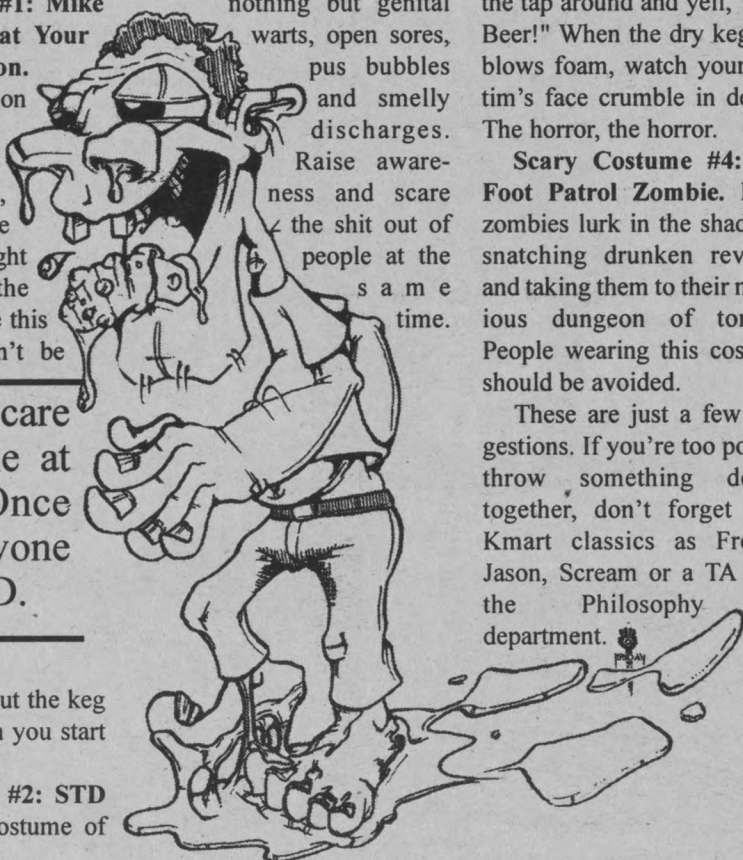
With Halloween rapidly approaching, I would like to send a message to all those lame people who are getting ready to dress up like a Backstreet Boy or Britney Spears. Don't!

Come on, what is worse than spending your entire evening thinking, "Oh look, someone dressed as me. Hey, there's another, and another."

A real costume doesn't necessarily involve a short skirt and a tight shirt — what happened to attempting to be scary? This

year I offer some costume ideas that are actually scary, in the hopes that the only Spears on DP this weekend are the ones sticking out of your rib cage.

Scary costume #1: Mike Tyson. "I'm Going To Eat Your Children" Watching this guy on TV makes my blood curdle. Ear-biting, ref-punching, baby-eating — the man is a heavyweight psycho. Cruise the streets as Iron Mike this weekend. You won't be



Raise awareness and scare the shit out of people at the same time. Once again, no sex for anyone dressed as a giant STD.

getting the ladies, but the keg line will clear when you start squeaking.

Scary Costume #2: STD Man/Woman. A costume of

Once again, no sex for anyone dressed as a giant STD.

Scary Costume #3: Empty Keg Man. Walk down DP with a pristine keg strapped to your back. Wave the tap around and yell, "Free Beer!" When the dry keg just blows foam, watch your victim's face crumble in defeat. The horror, the horror.

Scary Costume #4: I.V. Foot Patrol Zombie. IVFP zombies lurk in the shadows, snatching drunken revelers and taking them to their nefarious dungeon of torture. People wearing this costume should be avoided.

These are just a few suggestions. If you're too poor to throw something decent together, don't forget such Kmart classics as Freddy, Jason, Scream or a TA from the Philosophy department.

THE END OF TIM

FICTION

Continued from p. 1A

became Tim's mantra. Frank, Tim's honest leg head, started telling Tim he was wasting his time. Bob's beratement of Tim began to increase steadily in both cruelty and volume. Tim didn't hear them anymore, though. He worked mindlessly on the company's newest account day in and day out, following instructions impeccably.

Late one afternoon, two of Tim's supervisors paid him a visit. Tim paid them no mind, until they requested that he stop for a minute to take a step back from his work. Tim obliged, and finally looking up from his busy hands and a scowling Bob, he saw for the first time the product of his blind labor. It was a beautiful, ornate box. "A masterpiece," thought Tim, and he was filled with an unfamiliar feeling, a feeling of pride in himself for what he had done.

This pride was quickly replaced with all too familiar feelings of pain and humiliation. Tim's supervisors kicked him in the back, stuffed him into the box he had built, and quickly covered it with dirt.

Bob used the last breath of air in the dark coffin to curse Tim out.

A VIRGIN WITH AN AXE TO GRIND



HUMOR/SATIRE

DJFATKID

Fact #1: a lot of people are breeding who shouldn't. Fact #2: they tend to do it Halloween Weekend in I.V.

It is my solemn duty as a categorically unfuckable member of the UCSB community to give some helpful hints as to whether or not you yourself truly deserve the nookie you get. And let us not be exclusionary here, there is many a homosexual who simply should not be receiving orgasmal encouragement.

The following are just a few indications that abstinence may be your one true service to the species:

You ran out of pastel tank tops and opted to tie a napkin around your chest.

You are a big man on a little bike.

You know all the lyrics to "Gimme

Dat Nut."

You've run into me on the street and said, "hey, you're not fat."

You've ever attended a Pimp and Ho party. (Unless you're genuine businessmen/women of the streets.)

You think "STR8" stickers are funny. They're not. "Skinny Little Bitch" stickers, on the other hand, are highly amusing.

Your pants are big enough for two.

You quote Mike Meyers jokes incessantly. Except for the whole, "look at the size of his head!" bit. That bit was funny.

You spend hours on end trying to convince everyone you're a lesbian. hint: real lesbians say, "I want to fuck so and so, who happens to be a lesbian." Housewives in training say, "I'm a lesbian."

You spend hours on end trying to

convince your girlfriend she's a lesbian.

You're incredibly ugly and refuse to admit it. For those aware of their inherent ghoulishness, more orgasms to ya.

The solution to this awful mess? Simple. By the Power of Greyskull and the Masters of the Universe, I hereby institute the Office of the UCSB Registrar of Intercourse. Anyone attempting to get laid within the greater Isla Vista environs must first file a petition to be approved or denied by me and my select commission of People Who Aren't Getting Any Regardless.

Anyone acting in a climactic manner without the expressed approval of the Registrar of Intercourse will be afflicted with chlamydia — we have our ways. Enter the era of responsible fucking, and welcome to my world.

Fatkid is a 38 year-old virgin. He enjoys backgammon, and writing letters of protest to the Daily Nexus.

NEWS FLASH:



Radiohead Vocalist Thom Yorke was reduced to tears during a performance in Eugene, Or., Monday night after rowdy fans persistently screamed at him to "play that 'Creep' song."

At a press conference following his break-down, Yorke said the band had spent years developing new material, and he did not appreciate the fans' comments, especially the personal attacks on his family.

"We worked really, really hard on our new album, and all they want is 'Creep.' It's so unfair. I didn't know what to do, so I just freaked out," he said. "And just for the record, my little sister did not sleep with anyone in that bloody audience."

SPRINGER'S LAW STRIKES AGAIN



FROM THE EDITOR

DAVID DOWNS

Depending on who you ask, last week's *Daily Friday* was either a hilarious comic delight or an insensitive racist rag. While several students bought me endless drinks and offered their first-born children in praise, other student lined up to crucify my staff of white devils and I.

Although certain nuances of the first *Friday* were unintended by any of its honky editors, I couldn't have asked for a better response. Chances are, you're reading this week's issue because you a) liked the first one b) hated the first one, or c) heard about the *Daily Friday* from the people who liked it or hated it. Either way, you are reading, so I win.

Last week's detractors failed to realize one of the basic laws of 21st century media. I call it "Springer's Law" after

the infamous talk show. Simply put, "Bad publicity is still publicity."

Thanks to the diligent letter writing campaign of the *Daily*

Friday's detractors, hundred of students who had never heard of the *Friday* are picking up today's issue for precisely the reasons the protestors claimed it was

"Tragedy is when I cut my finger. Comedy is when you fall into an open sewer and die." — Mel Brooks

horrible. New readers want to see if I'm as naughty as the PC Nazis say I am. The reality is of course, much much worse.

For every piece of hate mail I get, three random students submit material for the section. Their funniest stuff is featured this week, while others were so outrageously twisted I can't run them for

fear of a lynching.

Their writing is the expression of sharp, intelligent minds who see through the daily steam shovel of bull-shit. These students love what the *Daily Friday* represents and they love that there is a finally a forum for this type of writing.

For all those who say this magazine is cruel, insensitive or stupid, I agree. But in comparison to the world at large, our detriment to society can be measured in nanometers. Protesting me only solidifies my belief that most activists involved with the causes I satirize would rather waste time writing letters and feeling self-righteous instead of actually helping to alleviate the pain and suffering of those I am accused of belittling.

No matter. I promise to continue delivering the jokes. Laughter is more important now than ever.

Writer James Hawes calls irony a "pre-emptive strike on pain." I believe our generation is hurting so bad only a carpet bomb of humor will do the trick. The *Daily Friday* is our weapon. The war on stupidity continues.

The Daily Friday is:

Completely and totally fake. We have to say this for the same reason they put "highly flammable" warning labels on lighter fluid. It's called humor people, the "Daily Show" is real news.

No harm is meant to Java Jones, ugly people, or anyone else we offend. ... Except George Bush, he sucks.

Editor: David Downs **Writers:** David Downs, DJFatkid, and Jerry Beers. Sean Stortroen, Dan Leahy, Marisa Lagos, Jen Raub, Kathryn McMahon and Eric Lister. **Art:** Eric Lister **Photos:** The Glorious Internet and J.E. Anderson.

The *Daily Friday* is looking for more talented fiction and humor writers, as well as gonzo journalists. Some new writers appeared this week, including 3 girls (hooray!). Drop by the *Nexus* office underneath Storke Tower.

Send \$15 for a 15-issue subscription delivered every Friday. Mail to: Daily Friday Subscriptions

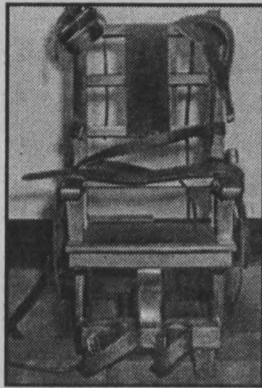
PO Box 13402, Santa Barbara, CA. 93107

Thanks to the *Nexus* night crew

THE WEEK IN BRIEFS

POPULATION CONTROL IN TEXAS, 'N SYNC HIRES A COMMUNIST, CRYING WARD CONNERLY, AL GORE AND TEN WAYS TO SAY "PENIS"

"Evidence Schmevidence," Says Texas Appeals Court



Austin, TX. — Preliminary DNA tests this week exonerated two Texas men who spent 11 years in prison for the 1989 murder, rape and robbery of a Pizza Hut cashier. They were executed anyway.

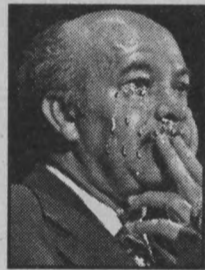
Austin District Attorney Ronnie Earle stood in front of the execution chamber Thursday as it filled with cyanide gas and told *Friday* reporters, "I trust that there DNMNA 'bout as far as I can throw a chimney by its smoke."

"Those boys killed that woman," Earle said, "I'm as sure of that as I am that Dubya has one nostril. Besides, they confessed to it; I remember it was right before my boys helped pick their teeth off the floor."

Responding to laughs about his assertion that no innocent man has ever been put to death in Texas, Gov. Bush said in a phone interview this week, "even if them criminables didn't commit that murder, you know they committed three or four other ones."

Outraged opponents of Earle's new "Gas 'em all and let God sort it out" policy are scheduled to hold public hearings today. However, sources close to the governor have hinted that all protesters will be arrested on charges of communism, and/or aiding and abetting a Canadian.

Misbehaved Gauchos Make Connerly Cry



Several dozen UCSB students were given 10-minute timeouts this week after repeatedly calling UC Regent Ward Connerly a "poo-poo head."

Infamous for his role in the dissolution of Affirmative Action,

Connerly came to UCSB this week to talk to disgruntled students and ease their minds with a special storytime. Connerly arrived bearing bright shiny things and candy, but the students began misbehaving immediately.

Although students were not allowed to physically touch Connerly, they intimidated him by holding their fingers near his face and shouting, "I'm not touching you! I'm not touching you!" Connerly appealed to the proctors who made the students sit down for storytime.

Storytime ended abruptly when Connerly said, "The white devil is not really that much of

a devil and bad public schools are to blame." This was not the story the students were usually told and they immediately began shouting epithets like "poo-poo head" and "dorkface."

Connerly broke into tears and called the students disrespectful and misbehaved. The proctors then stepped in and gave 48 students a timeout and changed their cards from green to yellow. Connerly's mother was notified and she picked the regent up shortly after. His mother was kindly instructed to never let Connerly play at UCSB.

Gore's Altered Bulge Ruins Campaign



Controversy surrounding Vice President Al Gore's penis and its appearance on this month's cover of *Rolling Stone* has caused an 8-point drop in the democratic presidential nominee's standing, possibly costing him the election.

Rumors have been swirling throughout the week as news agencies scramble to discover whether Gore's controversial one-eyed snake was airbrushed to decrease or increase its size on *Rolling Stone's* cover. Republican nominee Gov. Bush is said to be crossing his fingers in hopes that recent public disgust inspired by Gore's altered dong will hold out through Election Day.

Rolling Stone endorsed Gore in its recent issue, but the magazine's spokesperson Snappy Malone said the artists did not touch up Gore's johnson to lend their endorsement extra credit.

"Gore's hung, that's a fact. He's hung like a stallion. Our wardrobe guy had to get a bigger pair of jeans or it would have been grotesque. I'm surprised he's hidden that purple-headed yogurt slinger for so long," Malone said.

However, several Photoshop industry "specialists" have come forward to claim the miniscule size of Mr. Gore's manhood. Photoshop tech Mace Witky said the cover was a simple touch up job using shadow gradients.

"Analyzing the variable ambient shadow of the structure, I can reverse extrapolate the actual size of Gore's grandma poker from what they

touched up," Witky said. "Poor old Tipper, must be like a parking a pencil in an airplane hanger."

The mere thought of Tipper and Al naked has revolted so many voters, inside sources say, no one is expected to vote.

De La Rocha Leaves Rage for Boy Band



After stunning Rage Against the Machine fans with his departure from the band last week, Zack de la Rocha announced plans to join boy band 'N Sync.

Known for his politically charged Marxist anthems, the former lead singer of Rage will replace 'N Sync vocalist Lance Bass, who was voted out of the group by the other four members.

"I feel it's now necessary to leave Rage because our decision making process has completely failed," de la Rocha said. "From my perspective, we should be selling out for a lot more money. I mean, we've tried for nine long years to make it as an anti-conformist group, but there's only so many times you can walk on stage knowing you're totally full of shit. We still end up playing on MTV, one of the most corporate companies in America."

'N Sync said its decision to add de la Rocha was fueled by a desire to "spice up" their image. The members also insisted their decision to cut ties with Bass was almost completely personal, not musical.

"Lance was cool, but let's face it, on the pussy-scale, he was way up there," singer Justin Timberlake said. "We're trying to change our image to attract a larger demographic of legal fans. Since our album's release in 1998, we've all been named in statutory rape suits. It's not cool anymore — we should be getting strippers and porn stars."

Incidentally, de la Rocha was 'N Sync's second choice for Bass's spot. The 7 million-dollar 'N Sync deal had been declined a week prior by Kid Rock's midget.

follows:

1. Smoke at least two packs of unfiltered cigarettes a day, the more the better.
2. Fall well below the cultural norms of physical beauty.
3. Hate, with all of your heart and soul, all of the beautiful people.
4. Enjoy engaging in quasi-pseudo-metaphysical conversations ad nauseum.
5. The vast majority of your clothes must be black.
6. Any album by Morrissey, both solo and with the Smith's, should be treated with the utmost reverence.
7. Anything done by Bob Marley should be deposited in the river Styx at the soonest possible convenience.
8. Being a manic depressive does not

THE TOP 12.5

Every day Friday writers hear lame things on and around the campus of UCSB. The most shining examples of neural retardation are presented here, in the Top 12.5. Like everything else in the section, the title doesn't mean anything.

And now this week's Top 12.5, courtesy of tenured professor in the Art Studio Dept.

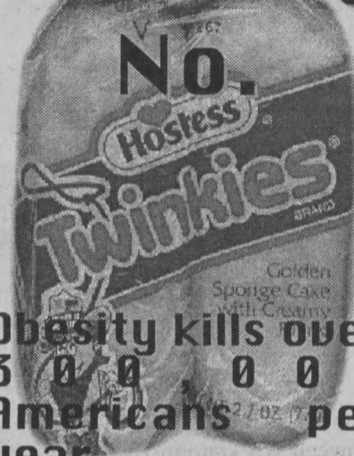
Professor: "What's that movie from the guy who did '2001?'"

You know, the new one. It's a humpy-hump-humpafest.

Oh, shit, I'll probably get that quoted in the *Daily Nexus*.

Stanley Kubrik's "Eyes Wide Shut." And yes, yes you will.

Just Say



Obesity kills over 300,000 Americans per year.

Stop this horrible tragedy by helping us to BAN FOOD.

Paid for by the American Association for the Advancement of Anorexia (AAAA)

Hire!
5000
U'wa
Indians

Hardworking indigenous people of Columbia available for sweat shop positions in exported labor market.

Loveable, but prone to mass suicide.

PRICE: NEGOTIABLE

CONTACT:

Occidental Chemical Corp.

PO Box 809050

Dallas, TX. 75380

phone: (972) 404-3680

JAVA JONES "NIHILIST" RESPONDS TO FRIDAY BRIEF

FICTION

Dear David Downs, editor of the *Daily Friday*:

My name is Strider Moonraker and I am a third year Literature major in the College of Creative Studies. I am also an active member of the JJCEI, which stands for Java Jones Community of Estranged Intellectuals. On behalf of the JJCEI, I would like to express my complete and utter contempt for the biased rag that you pass off as the *Daily Friday*.

First of all, the JJCEI is very offended that you stereotyped us as a bunch of

nihilists in last week's issue. The JJCEI is by no means an exclusively nihilistic community. We've got more than our fair share of fatalists, existentialists, skeptics, pessimists and a large contingent of negativists. How dare you categorically lump us into the label of nihilists.

Secondly, I'd like to challenge your notion of our "exclusionary" recruiting practices. Due to the JJCEI's obvious intellectual superiority, we've come to deny such bourgeois notions as exclusionism. There are some basic guidelines to consorting with the JJCEI. They are as

hurt, so long as you wear your disease like a badge of honor.

9. Quote both Kafka and Nietzsche with ease.

10. Entertain detailed fantasies of unleashing a hail of machine-gun fire into a crowded fraternity-sorority function.

If you identify with five or more of the above guidelines, or you happen to be a bitter curmudgeon who almost made it into Berkeley but had to settle on CCS instead, then the JJCEI welcomes you.

Sincerely Yours,
You Pedantic Pig,
Strider Moonraker
(A.K.A Dan Leahy),
JJCEI

When I Write in All Capital Letters, My Argument is OBVIOUSLY STRONGER

Satire (Brutal)

By Jenne Raub

Just last week I got a paper back from my writing professor who gave me a D for my abundant use of capitalization. What the fuck? WHEN I WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS, MY ARGUMENT IS CLEAR.

Even if I have nothing to say, it doesn't matter.

I went into his office hours, and I'm like, "What's going on? MY ARGUMENT WAS FINE!"

He's all, "But this excessive use of capitalization goes against all the rules for proper writing."

So I'm like, "But who's to say what's proper? I'M MY OWN VOICE, AND NOBODY CAN TELL ME HOW TO USE IT!"

He's all, "That's another thing. This use of capitalization coupled with italics shows a weakness in your ability to

clearly structure your thoughts. Resorting to these types of devices is strongly looked down upon by the writing community."

So I'm like, "Screw this!" It shouldn't matter what the conventions are. IF YOU PUT YOUR WORDS IN ALL CAPS, EVERYONE KNOWS YOU ARE BOLD IN YOUR THOUGHTS! MORE IMPORTANTLY, YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY RIGHT!

So to all those English majors and writing minors and all those professors trying to tell me what to do. I say, screw all these bullshit ideas of syntax and diction and stuff. I CAN WRITE WHAT I WANT, HOW I WANT!

I mean, we have like all this freedom of speech and stuff, so like HOW CAN YOU ARGUE WITH THAT?!?!?!?

Warning: None of The Following is Funny At All

Last week, the Daily Nexus Weatherhuman announced it would be taking entries from the general public. The weatherhuman had temporarily run out of funny anecdotes to relate to UCSB's mindless masses.

The Weatherhuman received so many poor excuses for humor and wit, it felt compelled to run the worst of the worst in this week's Daily Friday.

I repeat, there is nothing funny about these Weatherhuman entries, except maybe the authors' congenial lack of shame for such solipsistic drivel.

Um, Acronyms Are Funny Right?

Only at this campus can you take a MTB bus to the campus UCSB, attend lecture in Music LLCH, have a discussion in HSSB and then go study in the RBR.

After you are all done at campus you walk to your apartment in I.V. while stopping at BK for some lunch. That night you go to DP looking for a little party when the IVFP issues you a MIP. After that you decide you want some food and as you drive past the dorms

you yell, "Fuck FT." Then the UCPD notices your SUV and you are arrested for DUI.

Today's forecast: A 65 percent chance that you don't know what all the abbreviations you use actually stand for.

Librarian Fetishists Strike Again

I was studying for midterms all last week when I decided to get up and take yet another breather from my rigorous study session. As I headed over to the drinking fountain for the 18th time that night, I began to look around and I noticed something wonderful. Does anybody realize how many good looking girls actually study at the library?

[None? ed.] Or am I just oblivious due to my normal sedated state that seems to overcome me in midterms and finals week? I think it is time that something is done about this, I'm going to go back. [Please stay. ed.]

Forecast: Very few cold showers with a possibility of a date this Friday night. [Not. ed.]

'Why I Hate Gov. George W. Bush' in Less Than 250 Words

The Last Word

By Kathryn McMahan

Just to make my intentions clear, I should say my ultimate goal is world domination and writing for the Daily Friday seems like the logical starting place. I would like to offer my first piece of political indoctrination by saying,

"Vote Gore."

Yeah, Nader would be cool, but he has as much a chance of winning as I have of convincing Dean Bruner to come and fix my broke-ass closet. This election is about electing the lesser of two evils. Both candidates road their father's backs into Ivy League colleges, then into politics, and soon the best piggybacker will ride right into the White House. However this is all inconsequential blather.

If Bush wins he is going to turn this country into an antebellum Texas whorehouse. If Gore wins he'll continue to be as interesting as a PSTAT lecture and probably initiate a few token environmental regulations.

The key to a good argument is support, support, support. So, I am going to leave you with a few Bushisms.

"It is clearly a budget, it has a lot of numbers in it." Reuters May 5, 2000

"I know how hard it is to put food on your family." Nashua, N.H. Jan 27th, 2000.

"I was raised in the West. The West of Texas. It's pretty close to California. In more ways than Washington D.C. is close to California." L.A. Times, April 8, 2000.

The man does more justice to Gore's cause than anyone could ever hope.

Bon Q Family Billiard Center



Halloween Bash October 31

Free Buffet

Great free buffet dinner for all who wear a costume and rent a table 6:00PM to 8:00PM on Halloween

Open to ALL ages 1128 Chapala St.

DUFFY'S

STATE STREET

THR

Drinking, Dancing, & DJ RIGGS

ANYTHING GOES!

SAT



S.B.'s 1ST ANNUAL FETISH BALL

FEAT. SUGARCULT & DJ RIGGS

TUE

HALLOWEEN \$Contests\$ Giveaways Mayhem

Sat.

Morganfield, Burnett & Da Blues 4-8pm

BANDS

Sun.

New Vibe 4-8pm

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

EROTIC ATTIRE IS A MUST!