Our Toilet Earth: The Polluted Issue

Inside:
— The Perks of Global Warming
— DJ Fatkid Picks on Environmentalists
— Galapagos Creatures Get Even
— The Adventures of AnarKitty
**Putting the ‘Mental’ Back in Environmental**

*Q & A with DJ Fatkid*

**Question:** Can cleaning something up be a form of pollution?

**Answer:** Damn straight it can. Especially when that something happens to be the “Fuck Nixon” carved in concrete slabs between South Hall and Girvetz. There were two things that convinced me to attend UCSB: My tour guide's explanation that “They sunk Storke Plaza after the riots in the late 60s, since everyone knows that tear gas settles in depressions. To your left is the Music Building...” and — as I was exploring by myself — the discovery of the nearly engraved slogan “Fuck Nixon” in one of the concrete slabs.

And now it’s gone. Oh, there are some runners up: Someone spraypainted “Skinheads Suck” on the roof of one of the Arts buildings. But come on, let's say you lived a life full of meaningless hatred and violence, would you really try to further the white race through neoexpressionism?

**Question:** I recycle all my beer bottles. I ride my beach cruiser everywhere, I recycle the bud from my roaches into fresh new joints — I’m part of the solution, not the problem, right?

**Answer:** Damn straight you are. Picture me toasting your recycle efforts with a Stroh's Amber Ale. It's indistinguishable from the Budweiser they put into our bottles for free. Just remember, there's no problem with that. It's all just part of the solution.

**Answer:** Damn right, global warming is happening. Each year 6 billion dirty-ashed Homo sapiens spew seven billion tons of carbon into our atmosphere. In the 20th century, man shat approximately 400 billion tons of carbon into the sky. With the number of cars predicted to double by 2030, we at the Daily Friday are betting heavily on natural disasters and global sea level rise to kick humanity squarely in the balls. Make no mistake, we deserve it. Even rats know better than to shit in their own nest.

In keeping with the Friday belief in optimism and the triumph of the human spirit, the Daily Friday presents the readers of UCSB with our favorite side-effects of global warming. Get out your sun block kiddies, it’s about to get real hot in here.

1) Say goodbye to those sweatshops Kathy Lee Gifford, you plastic whore.

Given that ocean levels will rise 4 to 6 feet in the next 100 years, Bangladesh, Indonesia, Pakistan, Thailand and other destitute low-lying countries will be the hardest hit by floods and a rising coastline. Millions of starving, diseased people will flee their Nike factories and take refuge in brand new Himalayan Starbucks outlets. Grande Frappacinos will be provided free of charge to penniless families mourning the loss of their ancestral lands and most of their family members.

2) Singing gondola rides in Central Park.

You haven’t experienced the Big Apple 2075 until you’ve hired a gondola cabby to serenade you as you navigate the canals of downtown New York City. With ocean levels up and raging storm cycles constantly slamming into the Eastern Seaboard, many tourist destinations will be offering luxurious cruises through what was once major Eastern cities.

3) Social Security will have thinner rolls.

The rise in temperatures across America will cripple power systems and America’s increasingly grey population will start dropping like osteonons—as affected flies. Death counts from heat stroke are predicted to jump by 500 percent or more by 2070. People will be forced to move out of places like Barstow and Phoenix, thank god.

4) Numerous sequels to “Outbreak” starring closed Dustin Hoffman.

The extension of tropical zones on the planet will facilitate the rapid spread of diseases like malaria and meningitis, as well as a whole slew of virulent and mysterious super-bugs resistant to existing antibiotics. These new diseases will completely destroy the populations of poorer countries ill-equipped to take on viruses that make Ebola look like the sniffles. America, on the other hand, will make multi-billion dollar movies related to the slaughter.

And the Daily Friday's favorite thing about global warming is...

— It Doesn't Affect Our Lives.

That’s right, global warming is our kids’ problem. We will be long dead before the real horrible effects are felt on this planet. Like nuclear war and national deficits and AIDS, global warming is not this generation’s fault and we take no responsibility. Isn’t it fun to be mortal and short-sighted?

**Miguel:** How do I prevent this heinous waste of trees?

**Answer:** Practice reciting the following mantra whenever you are passing through the Arbor courtyard or outside the UCen: "No thanks, no thanks, already got one, I’m Jewish, no thanks, oh my God how can you support that you fascist!"

**Question:** Is there any hope for environmentalism with Bush in the White House?

**Answer:** No. Buy exclusively Styrofoam, fuck your smog check, pour your used motor oil into the vernal pools, it doesn’t matter. Remember, Reagan appointed a secretary of the interior who believed conservation was stupid because the world was going to end with Y2K, and the big guy himself held the opinion that trees caused pollution.

Face it, that pond you used to sit next to and watch the sun set is now a wholly owned subsidiary of McDonald’s, and spotted owls are working the deep fryers just to pay the rent.

DJ Fatkid conserves our dwindling food resources by consuming at least 6 grams of cran a week.

**The Perks of Disaster**

It’s a fact, global warming is happening. Each year 6 billion dirty-ashed Homo sapiens spew seven billion tons of carbon into our atmosphere. In the 20th century, man shat approximately 400 billion tons of carbon into the sky. With the number of cars predicted to double by 2030, we at the Daily Friday are betting heavily on natural disasters and global sea level rise to kick humanity squarely in the balls. Make no mistake, we deserve it. Even rats know better than to shit in their own nest.

In keeping with the Friday belief in optimism and the triumph of the human spirit, the Daily Friday presents the readers of UCSB with our favorite side-effects of global warming. Get out your sun block kiddies, it’s about to get real hot in here.

1) Say goodbye to those sweatshops Kathy Lee Gifford, you plastic whore.

Given that ocean levels will rise 4 to 6 feet in the next 100 years, Bangladesh, Indonesia, Pakistan, Thailand and other destitute low-lying countries will be the hardest hit by floods and a rising coastline. Millions of starving, diseased people will flee their Nike factories and take refuge in brand new Himalayan Starbucks outlets. Grande Frappacinos will be provided free of charge to penniless families mourning the loss of their ancestral lands and most of their family members.

2) Singing gondola rides in Central Park.

You haven’t experienced the Big Apple 2075 until you’ve hired a gondola cabby to serenade you as you navigate the canals of downtown New York City. With ocean levels up and raging storm cycles constantly slamming into the Eastern Seaboard, many tourist destinations will be offering luxurious cruises through what was once major Eastern cities.

3) Social Security will have thinner rolls.

The rise in temperatures across America will cripple power systems and America’s increasingly grey population will start dropping like osteonons—as affected flies. Death counts from heat stroke are predicted to jump by 500 percent or more by 2070. People will be forced to move out of places like Barstow and Phoenix, thank god.

4) Numerous sequels to “Outbreak” starring closed Dustin Hoffman.

The extension of tropical zones on the planet will facilitate the rapid spread of diseases like malaria and meningitis, as well as a whole slew of virulent and mysterious super-bugs resistant to existing antibiotics. These new diseases will completely destroy the populations of poorer countries ill-equipped to take on viruses that make Ebola look like the sniffles. America, on the other hand, will make multi-billion dollar movies related to the slaughter.

And the Daily Friday's favorite thing about global warming is...

— It Doesn't Affect Our Lives.

That’s right, global warming is our kids’ problem. We will be long dead before the real horrible effects are felt on this planet. Like nuclear war and national deficits and AIDS, global warming is not this generation’s fault and we take no responsibility. Isn’t it fun to be mortal and short-sighted?
The Week in Briefs

The Rock Incites a Teen to Homicide, Rats Dream of Homicide, Russell Crowe Cripples California's Power, and More Homicide...

Mutant Teen Bodyslams Baby

FORT LAUDERDALE, Fla. — A 13-year-old who said he accidentally killed a 6-year-old family friend while imitating professional wrestlers was convicted today of first-degree murder and now faces life in prison without parole. Lionel Tate, who was age 12 at the time, stomped, punched and kicked Tiffany Eunick to death. Broward Circuit Judge Joseph T. Funk convicted Tate of the murder.

“Just must not have been paying attention,” said McMahon. “The WWF is not about wholesome, moral family entertainment, revolving around Speedo-wear­ing supermen slamming each other's necks into metal poles while scantily clad, drug-using women cheer. Little Lionel is about bloody revenge. Lives.

However, a freak lab accident provided insight.

“One day, while the rats were in the maze, Professor Wilson was analyzing blood samples mixed with alcohol,” lab assistant Jeff Torquemada said. “The vial spinner broke open and sprayed the professor's face with blood and fluid. He stumbled into a Burnsen bathroom and ... oh, God, it was horrible.”

Wilson suffered third-degree burns all over his face and is now incapable of blinking. Every night, around three in the morning, Wilson said he wakes up screaming.

The rats, however, seemed to like it, squeaking with shrill glee. Later, scientists realized the rats' brainwaves during the incident corresponded perfectly to those in their dreams.

“I don't walk into that lab anymore,” Wilson said, "unless I have a .38 in my pocket.”

Crowe's Biceps Steal CA's Energy

The recent release of “Gladiator” on DVD and VHS has caused more woes for power-strapped electric companies as female viewers of Russell Crowe's biceps have been known to turn on other high-drain appliances while watching the film.

Edison spokesperson Skeet Magoo addressed the woes during a meeting with the women involved. “What the hell are you people doing? It figures.”

Although Arevalo was going to be prosecuted for his crimes, the Galápagos Puffins — renowned for their keen navigation skills and sense of smell — followed the scent of the rum-soaked captain. Arevalo then steered his oil tanker carrying 185,000 gallons of diesel fuel into the delicate ecosystem and crushed it on some sharp pointy rocks.

Arevalo had lost several games of pranks and urban warfare, including taking a cold shower, kissing your boyfriend and thinking about the Lord.

There is no question, it appears rats are fantasizing about watching the film's lesser-known erotic scenes. Fearsome Galápagos Puffins may soon be encountered in the region.

Although Arevalo was going to be prosecuted for his crimes, the Galápagos Puffins — renowned for their keen navigation skills and sense of smell — followed the scent of the rum-soaked captain to his holding cell. Once found, the puffins flew past the sleeping guards and mutilated the captain beyond recognition.

Ecuadorian lawmakers intended to make a law banning idiot tanker captains from entering invaluable biological environments, but the law was dismissed by Ecuadorian legislators for $20, a kilo of uncut cocaine and a full-body massage.

Charles Darwin was contacted via séance for comment, to wit he responded, "It figures."

丑闻少女化蝶也救了自己 — 一些黑帮老大和黑帮老大的女儿。丑闻少女的成名引起公众关注。
Elementary children in low-income areas are reading three grades behind their suburban peers.

Liz Dwyer’s third graders began the year that far behind. In one year, she’s caught them up and put them on a level playing field.

We need more Liz Dwyers.

INFORMATION SESSION
Tuesday, January 30, 2001 • 6:00 p.m.
UC Santa Barbara
Webb 1100

TEACH FOR AMERICA
1-800-TEACH-1230 www.teachforamerica.org
Final application deadline is February 26, 2001