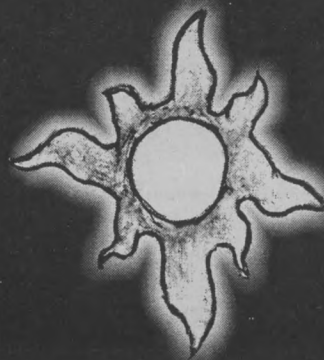
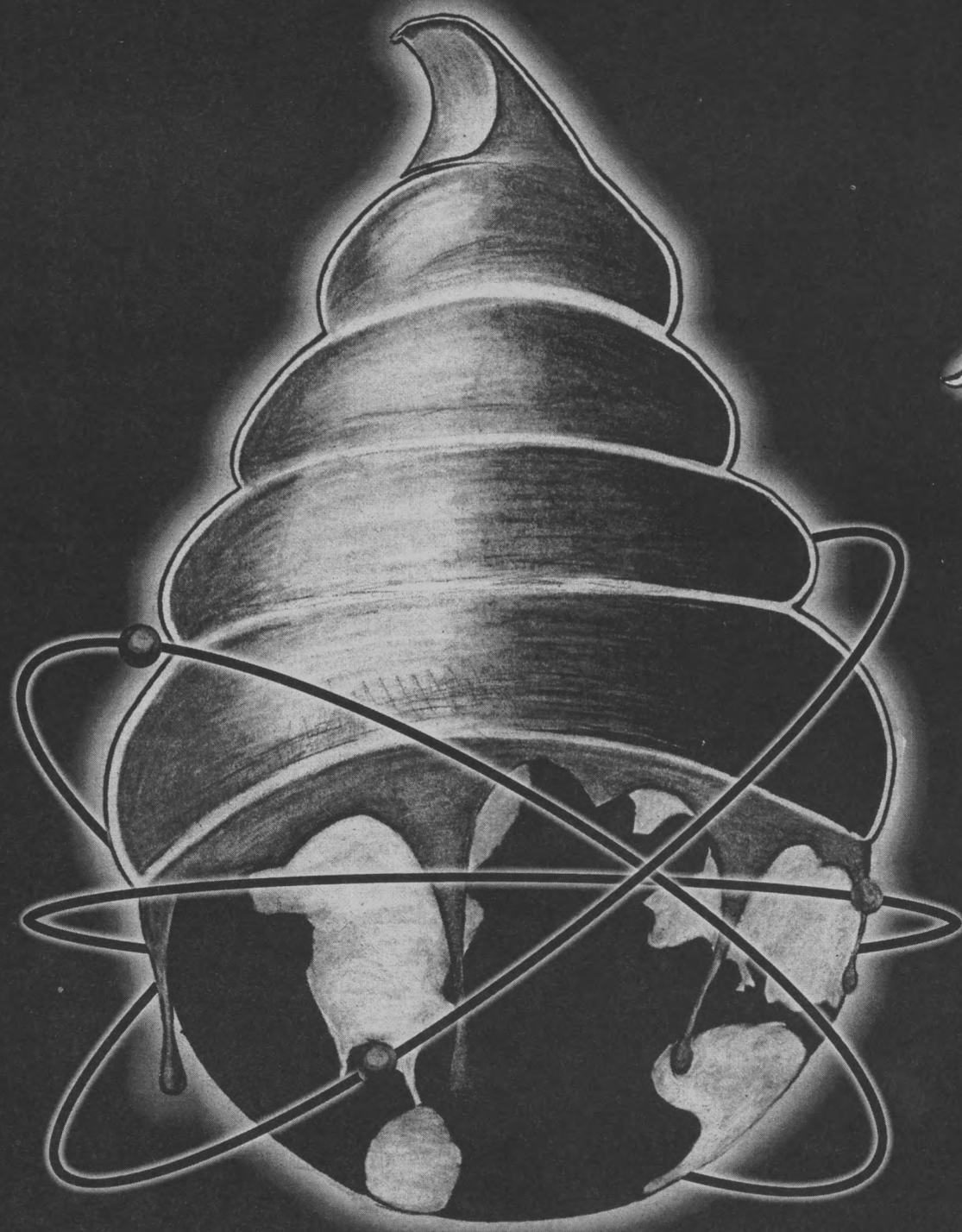


**The
Daily
Friday**

fiction*satire*humor*high journalism



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**

The Daily Friday is:

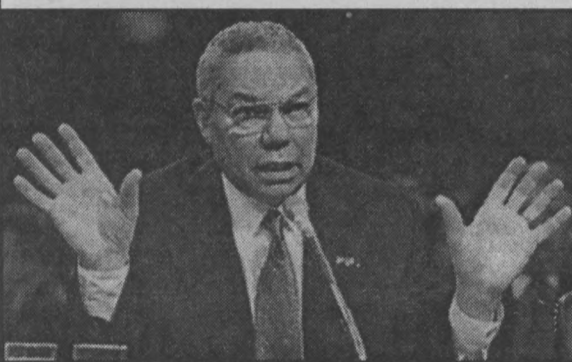
Completely true — from a certain point of view. All writings and art are inspired by real life events. The *Friday* staff blurs this distinction between horrible fact and absurd fiction in an attempt to raise cultural awareness, but we won't be offended in you only laugh at the feces jokes.

The *Daily Friday* takes public submissions and hate mail. Inquire or respond at the *Daily Nexus* office under Storke Tower.

The Daily Friday Mercenaries are:

Editor: David Downs
Artists: Eric Lister Miwa Matreyek
Writers: David Downs, Jerry Beers, DJ Fatkid, Marisa Lagos, Brendan Buhler, J.E. Andersen, Chris Cassady
Also contributed: Tim Leary

News Flash



Already fed up by members of his cabinet reminding him "not to use crayon on official documents," President George Bush invoked a little known executive power yesterday when he placed Secretary of State Colin Powell in an invisible box.

According to Bush, the magic box has proven to be very effective in silencing dissent, and is not life-threatening as long as the process is monitored.

"Suffocation is not really an issue with my invisible lock-box," he said. "You see, I happen to know that Colin can hold his breath for two minutes. After that, you got about thirty-seconds before brain damage begins to kick in."

Powell was unavailable for comment.

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 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 neatly 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: Think again, you mindless pseudo-hippie fuck. You're a prime perpetrator of

“ Buy exclusively Styrofoam, fuck your smog check, pour your used motor oil into the vernal pools, it doesn't matter. ”

noise pollution. While Bob Marley's lyrics may have been revolutionary and idealistic, the ideals he expressed were certainly not, "some day millions of upper-middle-class white boys will listen to me while they attempt to convince drunken freshman girls to go down on them."

Let's face it: The only thing creepier than walking down Trigo and hearing the same Sublime song blasting from both sides of the street, slightly out of sync, is experiencing it twice in the same day.

Question: I have received enough fliers to wallpaper San

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: Nope. 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 crank a week.

The Perks of Disaster

It's a fact. global warming is happening. Each year 6 billion dirty-assed 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 gray population will start dropping like osteoporosis-afflicted 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 cloned Dustin Hoffmans.

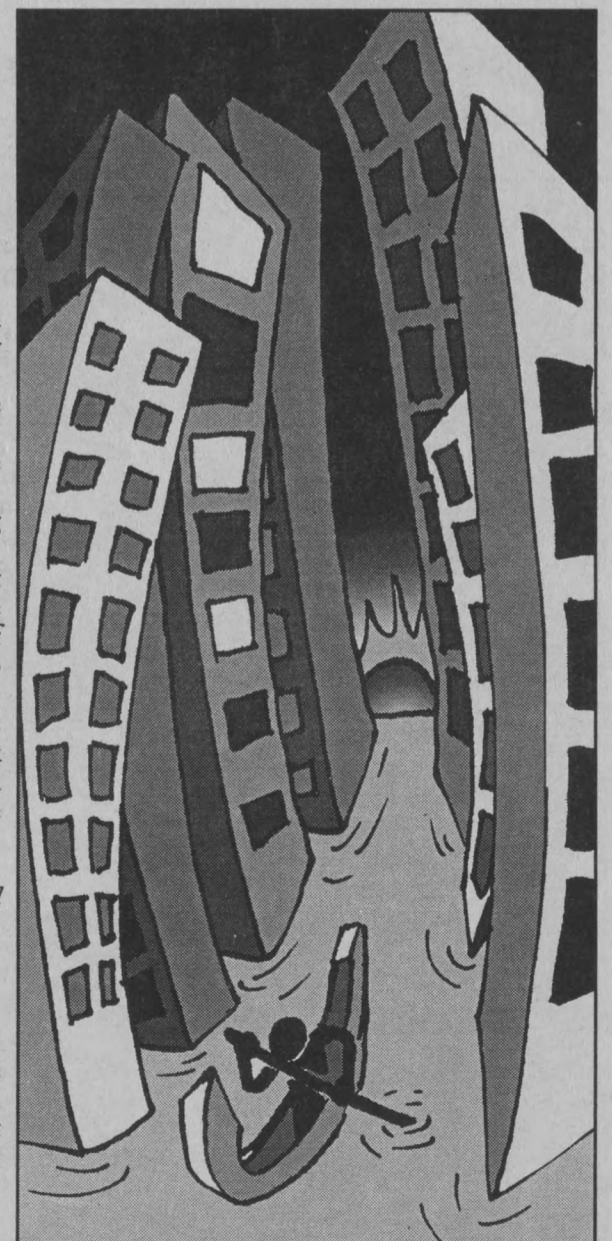
The extension of tropical zones on the planet will facilitate the rapid spread of diseases like malaria and meningitis, as well as a whole slew of virulent and mysterious super-bugs resistant to existing antibiotics. These new diseases will completely destroy the populations of poorer countries ill equipped 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.

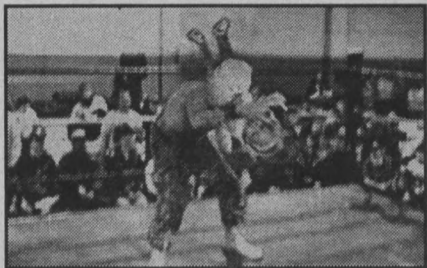
Isn't it fun to be mortal and short-sighted?



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 court jurors convicted him in less than three hours. He could be sentenced to life in prison, but is not eligible for the death penalty, as he is under 16.

Tate, 170 pounds, claimed to be imitating television wrestlers when he fractured the skull, lacerated the liver and broke a rib of the 48-pound girl.

"I just love The Rock," Tate said. "The triple-reverse, spine-crunching hemorrhager? Dude! I mean, that never hurt Stone Cold Steve Austin."

The Rock could not be reached for comment. However, World Wrestling Federation CEO Vince McMahon said the boy was misguided.

"That kid really needs to work on his technique before he's ready for the pros," McMahon said. "The WWF is not about dead six-year-olds. Professional wrestling is about wholesome, moral family entertainment, revolving around Speedo-wearing supermen slamming each other's necks into metal poles while scantily clad, steroid-using women cheer. Little Lionel just must not have been paying attention."

Rats Dream of Dead Scientists

Researchers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology say they have entered the dreams of rats and found them busily working their way through the same lab mazes they negotiate during the day. It is evidence — not just that animals dream — but that they have complex dreams, replaying the events of their lives.

Researchers are cautious, but they say that it appears rats are fantasizing about bloody revenge.

"It's really opening a new door into the study of dreams," said Matt Wilson, an

associate professor at MIT and the leader of the study.

The rats were hooked up to a device that measured the pattern of neurons firing in the hippocampus region of the brain. Patterns in the rats' brains matched those running through their minds as they ran through mazes. Other signals were, initially, unidentifiable.

However, a freak lab accident provided insight.

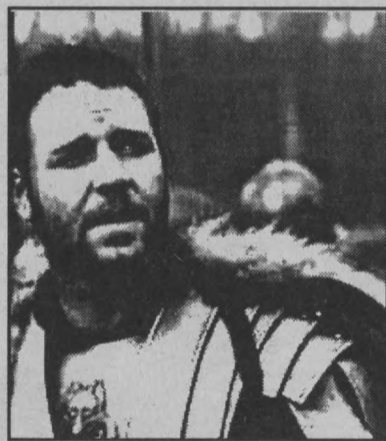
"One day, while the rats were in the maze, Professor Wilson was analyzing blood samples mixed with alcohol," lab assistant Jeff Torquemada said. "The vial spinner broke open and sprayed the professor's face with blood and fluid. He stumbled into a Bunsen burner and ... oh God, it was horrible."

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 woe for power-strapped electric companies as female viewers of Russell Crowe's biceps have been known to turn on other high-drain energy appliances while watching the film.

Edison spokesperson Skeet Magoo addressed the press during a meeting Wednesday. "While we are confident power will be provided to needy customers, we cannot make it clearer that female viewers of 'Gladiator' should be limited to one time a week if other high-drain devices are going to be in use."

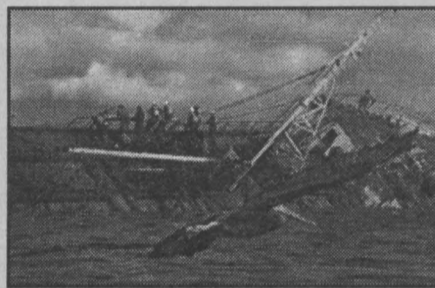
Magoo recommended alternatives to

high-drain electric pleasure during viewing of "Gladiator," including taking a cold shower, kissing your boyfriend and thinking about the Lord.

A special Friday investigation into the high-drain "Gladiator" phenomena has revealed many female customers are also watching the film's lesser-known erotic prequel "GladHeAteHer," starring Charlton Heston. This combination of extended viewing pleasure only complicates the hazardous statewide situation.

Crowe will make a public statement later this week to inform fans that he is already going out with Meg Ryan. Crowe is also expected to ask his female fans to abstain from viewing "Gladiator" until the moment is perfect, or it's prom night and you're drunk.

Puffins Get Even for Trashed Hood



PUERTO BAQUERIZO MORENO, Galápagos Islands — In what appears to be a case of harsh vigilante justice, Capt. Tarquino Arevalo and 12 crewman of the oil tanker Jessica were murdered in their Ecuadorian prison cells by a crazed flock of Galápagos Puffins.

According to reports, the late Capt. Arevalo had lost several games of Beeramid the night of Jan. 16, to a cheating deckhand named Armando. Arevalo then steered his oil tanker carrying 185,000 gallons of diesel fuel into the delicate ecosystem and crashed it on some sharp pointy rocks.

Although Arevalo was going to be prosecuted for his crimes, the Galápagos Puffins — renowned for their keen navigation skills and senses 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 legislature 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."

Nine out of ten RAVERS prefer!*



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*Studies conducted at nationwide parties—subjects may have been under the influence of controlled substances. Teeth subject would not remove pacifier to answer survey.

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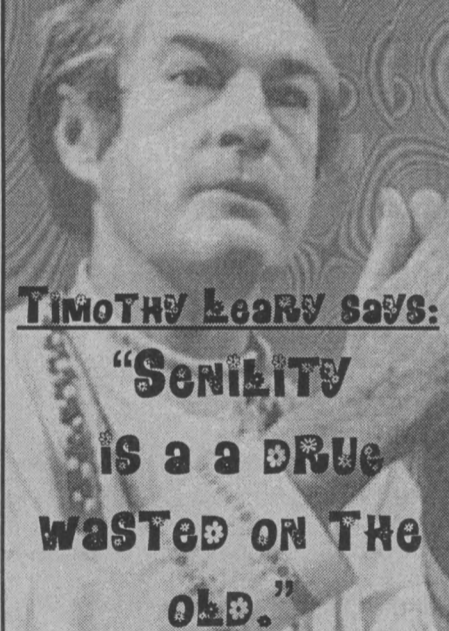
BEFORE AFTER



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Daily Friday

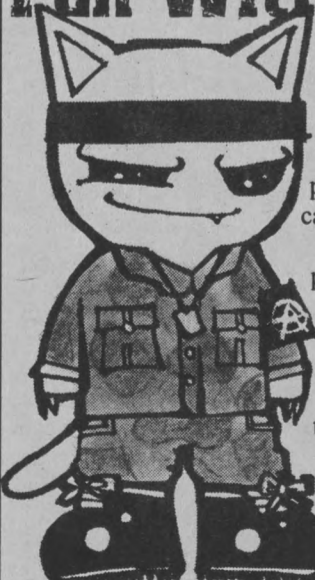
Quote of the Week



TIMOTHY LEARY SAYS:
"SENILITY IS A DRUG WASTED ON THE OLD."

Fun With Feces

Starring: AnarKitty



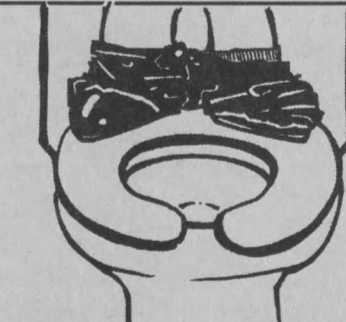
"The utility of feces in pranks and urban warfare cannot be overstated.

Shit really bothers people. The following is an AnarKitty tactic for fouling the nest of one's enemy.

This tactic requires you to gain invitation to your enemy's house, usually under the circumstances of a party."

1 "Prepare for the party by holding in that day's dookie.

Also eat a healthy dose of fiber before leaving so you are fully armed, so to speak, heh, heh."



2 "Now the moment of truth. Go to your enemy's water closet and lock the door.

Remove the top cover to the toilet reservoir and climb on top.

Think relaxing thoughts as the day's waste finds a new home in the top shelf of your enemy's john.

DO NOT FLUSH! That is a treat reserved for the other guests.

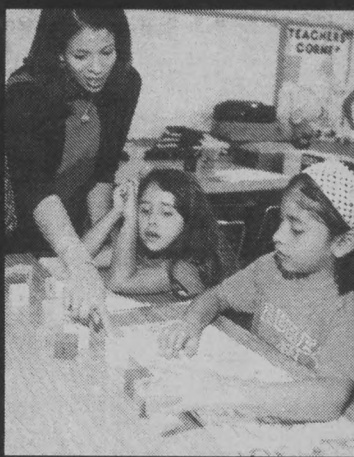
3 "When the next person flushes your enemy's toilet, a viscous brown smelly fluid will begin to flood into the toilet bowl. The guest will recoil in horror and alert the host to the foul mess in his/her bathroom.

Make off like a stealthy AnarKitty into the night. Victory through poo is yours!"



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