

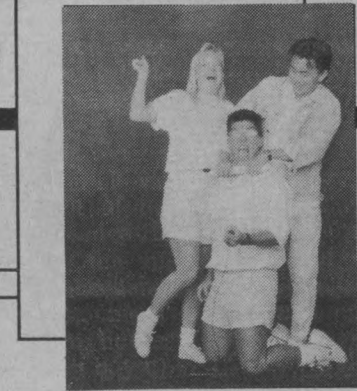
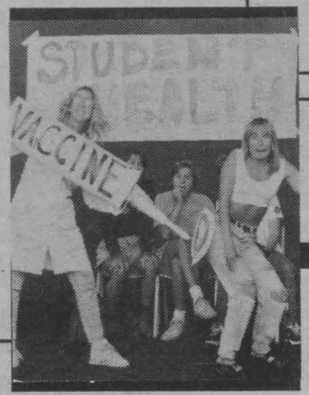
PICTURE YOURSELF

IN
1992 la cumbre
yearbook

it's coming **It's free**

nov. 18 - 22... take
original...funny...
weird photos of
yourself... **It's free**

come onecome all in front of
the Ucen from 9-4 pm.



It's free

capture the EPIC
moments of
1992

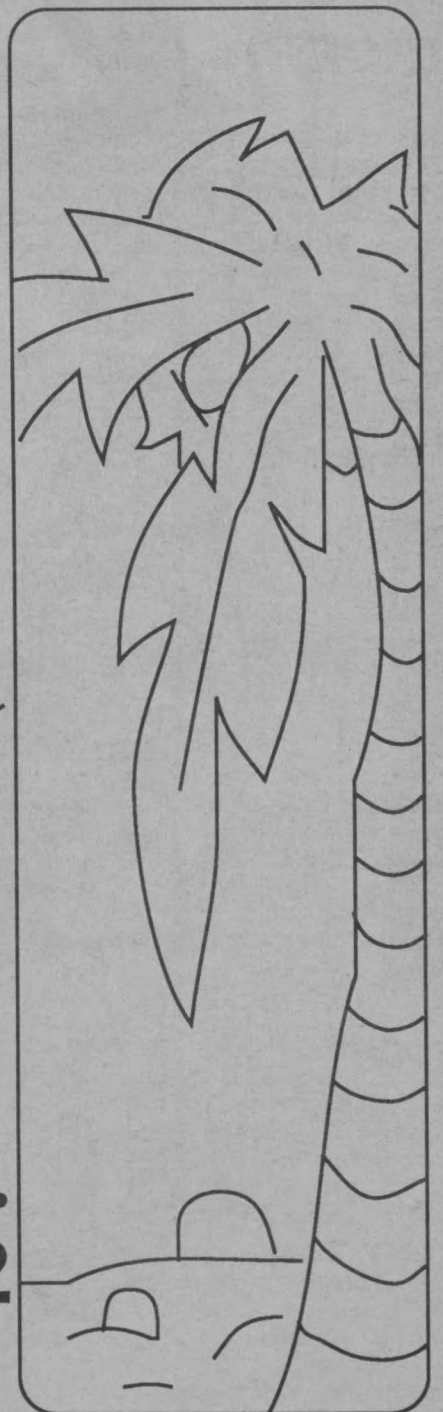
\$ 20

**la cumbre 1992
yearbook sale**

on sale in
front the Ucen

payable by
check, cash or
charge to your **barc**

9 - 4 p.m.
nov. 18 - 22



Dude, I'm Sooo Waste Ed

Bite Us!

Screw you. You smell. Keep those offended letters and drawings coming! You are really growing to hate us and we appreciate it! We love ya, babes! Next issue, we'll announce the winner of the Ritchie Sambora Compact Disc!

We hope you like this concept page, especially since it takes up about the whole magazine. And, hey, enjoy the DAVE Card.

Love,
The Editors



Bust a Move - It's Nickel Time

Yeah, that's right. With this issue, you can find your weight in shiny nickels. Try it, it's fun

1 lbs. = 45 Nickels

Bottle of Beer = 50 Nks.
A Dorm = 5,678,993,761 Nks.
Average CUNT = 6,075 Nks.
Inside Wave = 0 Nks.

STAFF
Dan Hilldale
Alan Olifson
Jeff Oldburg
Rick Harker
Pat Stull
Brain Banks
Jason Ross
Doug Arellanes
John Trevino
Dave Rosen
Todd Pacofsky

Editors
Morgan Freeman
Denise Faye



It's a DAVE! 4 of 15

Smeg House continued from cover

living in the same room for all five years and had the odor to prove it. The kind of man who would do things to himself in the shower that most of us wouldn't even think of doing to Farrah Fawcett, or even Suzanne Sommers. The kind of guy who planned to go to Control Data Institute as soon as

he got his philosophy degree. But we could look beyond all that. We saw that through that gruff, twisted exterior ...

... He was the kind of guy who could buy us beer. We loved him. As long as he didn't try to drink it with us, we could be great friends despite his excessive lathering. We would have bought other drugs from him but Smeg policy indicated that one should not buy drugs from men who admitted to eating their young.

Anyway, hard-earned experience with the Smegs has provided us with the exact means necessary to answer the previously stated question number one. As a group we succeeded in finding and expanding the envelope of what was variously described by our supposed supervisors as bad, debaucherous, stupid, not nice, immature, and invariably drunken and illegal behavior.

Disconcerted Authority Figures.

One of the first things our R.A. asked us was how many of us wanted to get together and go on a scavenger hunt for colas so we could get to know each other better. Right, *yar*. The next question came a day or two later when he found us stacking all the lounge furniture on top of a passed-out friend. "What is wrong with you people?"

You see, he felt that, as 18-year-old students at a re-

spected university, we should be sensitive, well-adjusted adults. We, however, acted on the premise that, as 18-year-old students, we had a responsibility to nurture our drinking problems.

This mission was made slightly easier thanks to the fact that we could drink in our rooms. But under no circumstances could open containers be taken into public areas, such as the hall. Needless to say, the Smegs found this rule a perfect example of the needless oppression forced on us by what we saw as the witless Yes-men R.A.s who were sliming in our midst for free. Who were they to stomp on our God-given thirst for freedom and warm, cheap beer? How did we fight the power?

Civil disobedience was definitely in order, dammit. Our man Alan took the initiative and got cited for the "crime" of drinking in the hall. He was a damn modern-day Ghandi, as he stood up for us, getting write-up after write-up, in excess of 10 times. As a result, he was forced to go to a hearing to decide if he was to be thrown out of the dorms. He proceeded to weep, convincing the angered fascists that his behavior was the result of his alcoholism (he claims he was lying, but we don't buy it). He got off, but had to attend a recovery program and produce a movie about alcohol in the dorms. Tears, begging

Parental Concern

How the nickname Bob came about doesn't matter. What does matter is that after living on the Smeg floor for two days his name was irreversibly altered from his previous name of Eron to the present Bob. Never mind all the white trash who drive around with "I'm the person your mother warned you about" bumper stickers

and emotional revelations about dependency always impress the hell out of authority figures. He never got around to making the movie, but at the end of the year, he produced a copy of Ginger Lynn's *Bright Lights, Big Titties*, and felt that expressed his point of view well.

on their pickups. Bob was the real McCoy; it was he whose mere existence on this planet made parents seriously consider making their children stay at home until they were old enough to use a walker. This guy was out of his mind. This doesn't mean your garden-variety college prankster crazy, this means suspiciously psychotic. We're talking about a guy who stalked and killed sand crabs for lunch. On any given Saturday afternoon, Bob could be found at the beach, drunk, crawling on all fours, armed only with his bare hands and a squeeze bottle of French's mustard. When asked what he was doing, Bob would simply reply, "Shut up, I'm hunting crab."

Eventually, Bob decided college wasn't for him (college decided Bob wasn't for it way earlier, but, being an inanimate object, was powerless to stop him).

Senseless Destruction

Like any fraternal organization worth its letters, the Smegs broke a lot of things on purpose. Each brother specialized in his own brand of destruction. The resident mechanical engineering major, Wally, had a forte of empirical investigation. For example, someone would ask, "Ya know, I wonder what would happen

were turned into guilty people, R.A.s admitted to mental institutions, lives were compromised, university property damaged and stolen and made love to, but, hey, now we've grown. We've matured. We've reached the legal drinking age. And we've established much better drug connections. Life is a growth experience and everyday means another challenge met. Don't forget to celebrate, and remember the important words, those which form the keys to life: "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke," and "Who, me? What?"

The Smegs On The Cans

All right, the Smegs drank a lot of beer, but they sure as hell didn't recycle all their empty cans. They found better uses than recycling. They were sick of all the hype. You know, everywhere you look it's like ... "recycle this" and "recycle that." I mean, if someone sees you throw an empty can in the trash (not littering), they'll call you some kind of modern-day Hitler ...

So, the Smegs found alternative uses to recycling aluminum cans.

#1 Tin cans are perfect for travelling portapotties. Just keep one in the crack between your car door and seat, and cast your problems aside. Next time you get the golden calling, don't pull over, don't waste time, just reach to your left, pull up a can and spell relief. It's that simple.

#2 Ever really have the urge to just do something bad? Like you need some spice in your life? Ever just want to go to that spice rack and smoke the oregano or cloves? Ever not do it cause you didn't have the proper equipment? Well, fret no more. Just keep an empty can near and smile away. With a simple bend, rip and slit of that can, you can have good-as-one-you-paid-for pipe ready at your disposal.

"Ya know, what would happen if you put a nickel in the microwave"

if you put a nickel in the microwave?" "Well," Wally would answer as he threw some change in our miniature nuclear reactor, "probably something like this." Chief preferred to leave his mark, much like a wild animal, by urinating pretty much everywhere except the bathroom. Visiting girlfriends' purses were not exempt. Javad was unusually good at performing obvious acts of destruction, such as throwing a baseball through a large window, and then blaming them on his imaginary nemesis, "some guy in a Cal Poly sweatshirt" — a scapegoat for many an evening.

All in all, the Smegma Pi Smegma experience was a good one. Sure, feelings were hurt, innocent people

How To Speak With Smegma

Many things about the Smegs might frighten you, or even scare you. Their vernacular is particularly estranging. Phrases like "Yar dude, I'd rather be drinking beers and junk than bogging, but I don't want to frab," might prove to unsettle you quite a bit. Well, fret not, for here is a small guide to help you speak Smegatorian.

AND JUNK: 1. a variation of etc. 2. used to qualify a statement you are not 100% sure of. Example: "Yar dude, I'd rather be drinking beers and junk than bogging, but I don't want to frab."

BOG: verb. to be a boring person and sit around the house. Example: "Yar dude, I'd rather be drinking beers and junk than bogging, but I don't want to frab."

FRAB: verb. to vomit. Example: "Yar dude, I'd rather be drinking beers and junk than bogging, but I don't want to frab."

YAR: a derivative of "Yeah, whatever." A term used to depreciate the comments or actions of others. Example: "Yar dude, I'd rather be drinking beers and junk than bogging, but I don't want to frab."

POLICE REPORT

A Little Tabasco Sauce For Ya?

A San Miguel Hall resident was taken into custody and charged Thursday after allegedly masticating beverage containers on the 6700 block of Del Playa.

According to police reports, the suspect identified himself as Bob after officers' horses spotted him leading a trail of bewildered freshmen into an upstairs apartment.

Once inside, the horses alleged, Bob shut the door and immediately told the students to form a human parallelogram and hurl their empty cups in the middle. Telling them it was a new drinking game called "Road to Denmark," Bob pounced on the unsuspecting cups.

Witnesses said Bob began with thin plastic cups, commonly used for kegs, but became more satisfied when he moved on to a small pile of 32-ounce heavy plastic receptacles from a local convenience store. The crowd of freshman quickly fled the scene.

Authorities denied that the incident is related to the discontinuance of the tasty mint-flavored 32-ounce plastic cups at local retailers.

Chair No Bull

A UCSB mechanical engineering student carrying two stripped wires, a pair of pliers and a copy of *Betty Crocker's Microwave Cookbook* was arrested in connection with a recent rash of microwave mishaps in the Ortega Dining Commons.

According to police reports, deputies took Wally into custody after he was spotted leaving the scene of the third microwave incident of the week. In this latest occurrence, Wally allegedly adjusted the nuclear radiation level to match that of the Love Canal, causing one student's Jiffy Pop popcorn to balloon uncontrollably. The nuked popcorn kernels were later used as cauliflower heads in the all-vegetable production of the *Wizard of Oz*.

In a related incident, witnesses at San Miguel dormitory reported seeing Wally watching curiously as a resident placed her blueberry muffin in a tampered microwave earlier in the week. The muffin is now being used as an emergency lighting source for the greater Santa Barbara area.

When questioned about the arrest, Wally reportedly told police, "I did it to impress Jodie Foster."

—King of Funny and Pal

Wuf by Morgan Freeman & John Trevino

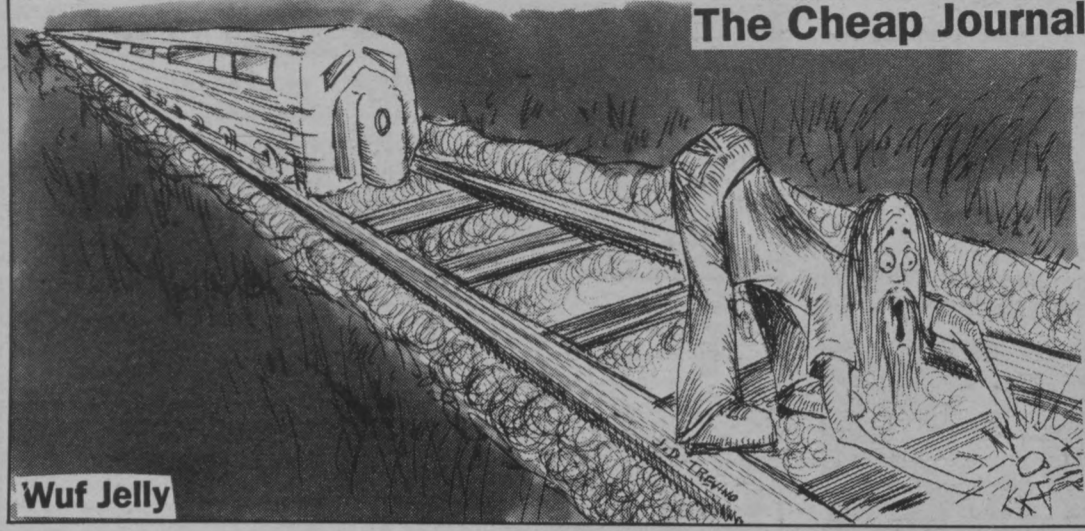
It's a DAVE! Facts

NAME: Dave Diamont
 AGE: 19
 HEIGHT: Tall
 WEIGHT: 7,213 Nks.
 BEER: Stale Heineken
 BIKE ACCIDENTS: one w/ Yugo
 ELVIS: Alive in my closet
 HAIR STYLE: Ice, Ice Maybe?

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

"This one goes to eleven!"



Wuf Jelly

The Cheap Journal

CAMARILLO — Matt "Wuf" Burton was found dead early this morning, his body spread across more than a hundred feet of railroad tracks. Authorities say that Wuf, known to be a tightwad, had spent Thursday night searching for pennies the neighborhood kids were known to leave on the tracks for the trains to flatten.

Apparently, Wuf, for the first time in his history of penny gathering, stumbled across a shiny nickel and, stunned by the coin's shocking value and gleam, failed to hear the rumble of the oncoming train.

Cat Butt by Pat Stull

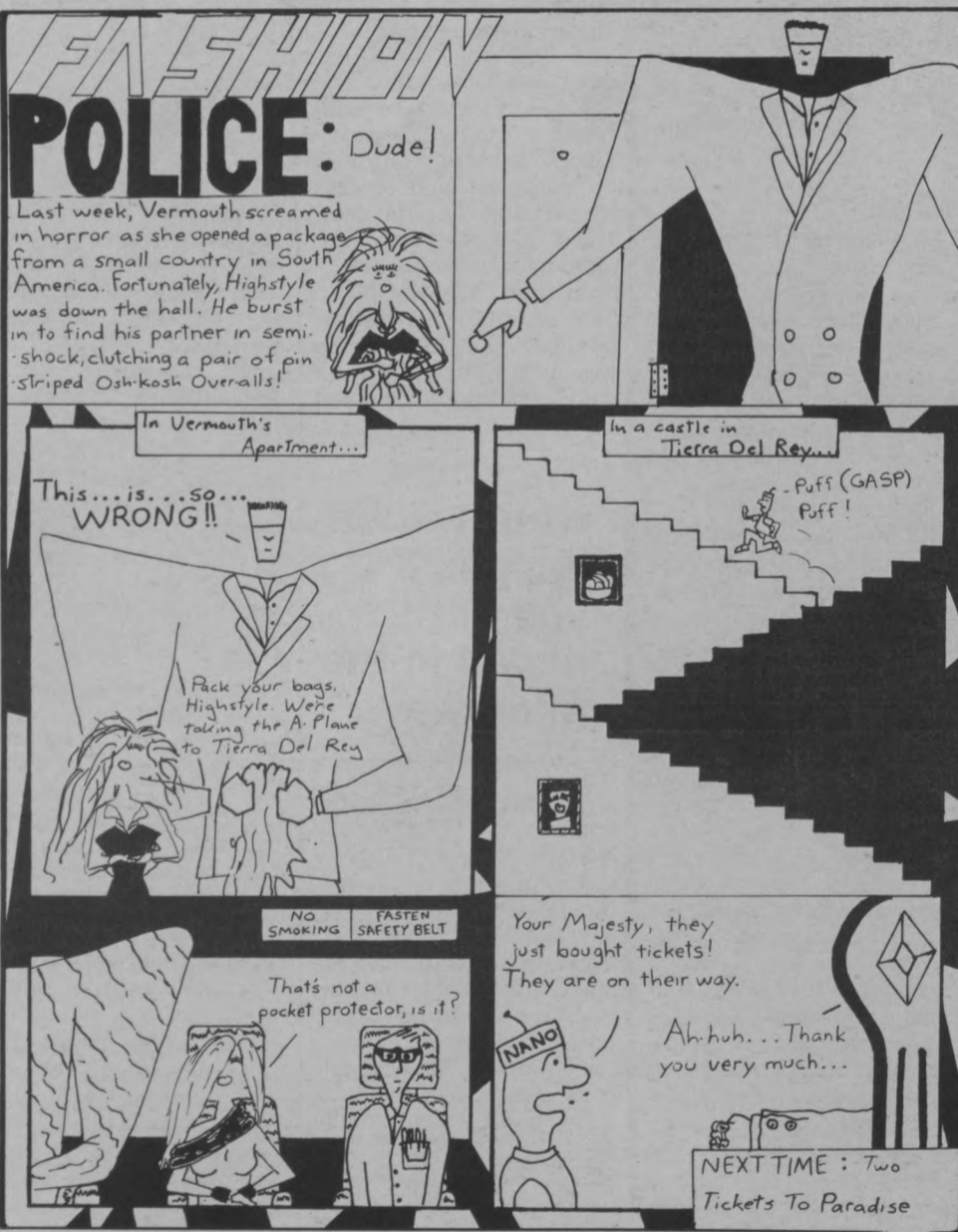
My Apartment by Doug Arellenes

dad, do you think you could send me some money for gas, grub, and some new clothes new clothes? i'll give you new clothes mister! i raised you to be a conservative republican and dammit, i expect you to dress like one!

this squiggly line denotes a voice on the telephone



Fashion Police by Denis Faye



He knows where you're going. He knows where you'll be. When all there is is nothing, you can bet there will be Zeke.

Horoscopes By Zeke

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) You need to clue in. For months now your superiors in the agency have been calling you to a secret mission, but the post-hypnotic suggestion doesn't seem to be getting through. I'll give you a hint, it's "chalk." I won't tell you where they're broadcasting it though. National security.

ARIES (Mar. 20-Apr. 19) Hints for crashing French Club: (1) don't go to the meetings unless they're in The Pub; (2) don't speak any French, ever; and (3) when someone says in English, "These meetings are so great when we have them in The Pub," part smugly, nod agreement and tell them, "Yes. Indeed they are!"

CANCER (June 21-July 22) Don't be afraid if Chancellor Uehling is posed in front of the UCen this week in a giant Donald Duck suit. This is her new "Approach me; I'm approachable" look, according to a letter from the Chancellor. The letter also stated that the UCen expansion will be dubbed "Wendy's Land," to provide "an easier, more fun way to conduct business." Bryant Weineke will be sweeping up popcorn and cigarette butts nearby.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22) The next time someone tells you how much "I really blew that midterm, man. You know how it feels when blah blah," tell them: "Yeah? Well I got a parking ticket a few days back, and instead of paying it or something, I went off two nights ago and shot up a child care center." When they look at you funny, say, "It's not like there was anyone in there."

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) A helpful cultural hint: When hippies twirl a stick around with other sticks, it's an old '60s thing for "douse my satchel in liquid hydrogen and set it aflame." So next time you're in Anisq' Oyo' listening to a Jimmy Cliff cover band, show the man twirling that stick a measure of courtesy.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Keep a wary eye for people who still swoon for the epic paths of The Cure. They will come to you bumming smokes because they're saving up for posters of Robert Smith. "Back when his hair was long. I cried when he cut his hair. I cried when Andy Warhol died, too. Do you remember that day? I was so sad that day. Both days."

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) You must give more love to your fellow humans or risk a vicious karma kickback. One point especially: Dispense with this plan to string piano wire across the steps of the Music building to fillet half-nude skateboarders there. Sure, it's tempting, but you gotta remember that what goes around comes around, Chopin.

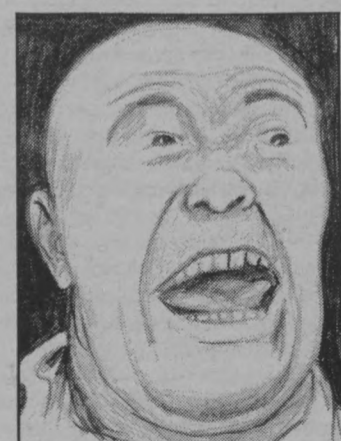
TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 20) So you're surfing off Depressions and a wicked El Niño closeout swells up behind you. You take it. You swoop left, pull up, back down the lip, for a moment you're TOTALLY TUBED, then the closeout slams into you like a leaden Chrysler. There, four feet under water, your frontal lobe dangling from your nose, you remember with perfect clarity that you haven't eaten Boboli in seven weeks.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Some driving advice: Cops cruise at about 73 mph on the freeway. If you drive, say, 70 mph, the Bear will get you. This means you should drive no slower than 75 mph — 90 or 100 to be safe, 115 to be super safe. That way you can ignore the rearview and concentrate on the road in front of you. Drive your car absolutely as fast as it will go. It's much safer.

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

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 19) You need to bear in mind that two apparently incompatible chains of connotations have thus been set up: One engendered by the idea of "inside" space and governed by the idea of "imagination," possesses the qualities of coolness, tranquility, darkness as well as totality, whereas the other, linked to the "outside," and dependant on the "senses" is marked by the opposite qualities of warmth, activity, light and fragmentation.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) In a move that will boost both his image and his budget, Dick Cheney will drive a truckload of Navy SEALs onto campus, cameras rolling, and the bunch of them will play Bob Marley tapes and sell potato-stamped "smart T-shirts" in front of the UCen for \$78,000 each. Resist the urge to buy.



joy! COMICS! rapture!