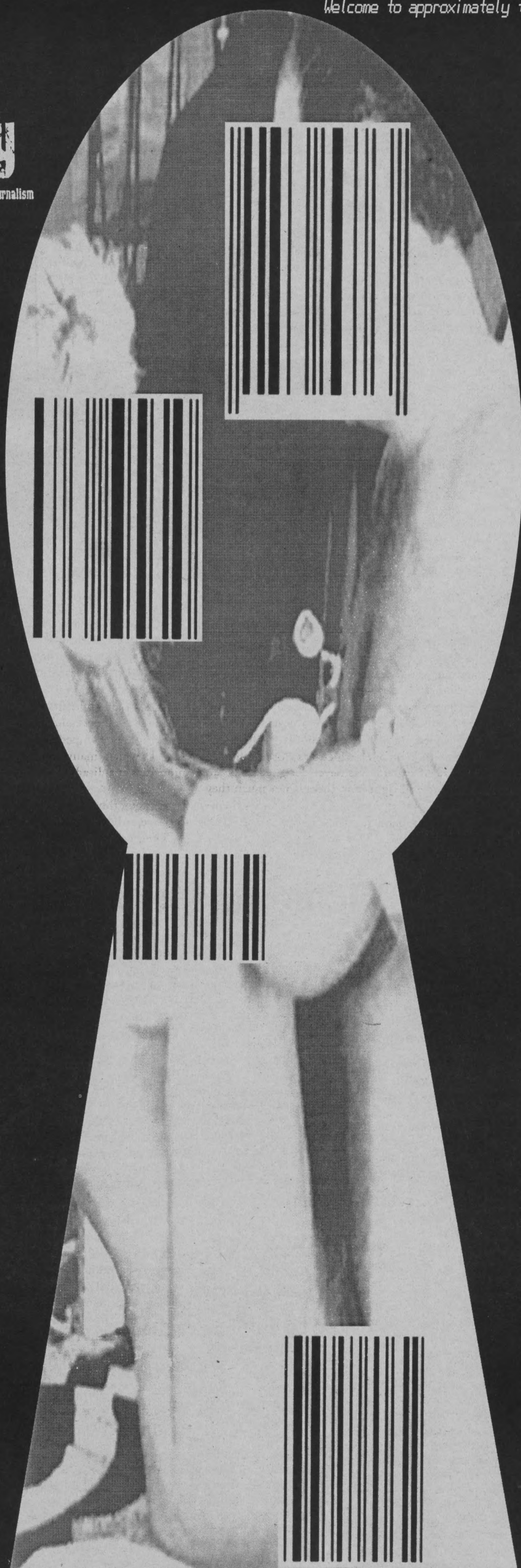


Welcome to approximately the 11th issue of the Daily Friday, entitled:

The Daily Friday

fiction*satire*humor*high journalism



Big Brother

IS

IGNORING YOU.

Subtitled:
 Because you are lame.
 Big Brother could know
 your every move,
 but what?
 What are you going to do?
 sit on your couch and watch
 Fight Club is what.

IS

private moments provide profits / by brian henley
 the weak in briefs / by smack and the junkies
 you have mail: taliban, raman, & the fatkid demographic / by dj fatkid
 the all-encompassing column that serves as the "theme" for the issue
 / by david downs

The **Daily Friday** is:

David Downs and his like-minded associates getting paid to publish their angst-ridden attempts at satire and humor. This week was especially a pain in the ass because Downs is very un-funny on crutches and substitutes snarling for his lack of Vicodin. We have one more issue left this year and DARE posters will come soon. Sorry about that. Please remember: We work while you sleep. Like gnomes.

The **Daily Friday** Mercenaries are:

Editor: David Downs
Artists: Eric Lister R.A.D.
Writers: David Downs, Brian Henley, Marisa Lages, Brendan Buhler DJ Fatkid, Jenne Raub
Verbal Support: Erin and Jaime

A Satire of Dave Eggers Starting With An Annoying, Long Headline Referencing McSweeney's and Giving The Daily Friday Street Cred With Pasty- Faced Grad Students While Alienating Everyone Else

By Jenne Raub

Since David Egger's *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* hit the jackpot on the bestseller list, publishing houses have scrambled for works by new, young, up-and-coming writers that share, in addition to their semi-autobiographical dash dash expletive-packed prose (!), works that can be neatly retitled to better capture the attention of the rapacious, insatiable appetite of the book-buying public.

Might these works borrow from the moody-yet-action-packed prose? Read for yourself and find out.

A Heartbreaking Stagger of Working Genius (original title: *An Office's Space*)

Drink's done. I turn to Gavin, slurring. "We've — gotta — go ..."

There's no need to finish the sentence. Cheek pressed against the wood bar, hand asleep in an ashtray —

"Goddamn it, Gavin! Goddamn it! We've got to be at work in 15 minutes! This is fucking ridiculous!"

Fuck Gavin. I slide off the stool. Of course he's sick, too drunk to head back to the office.

Out the front door, the steps, into the street, into the bleared suburban clusterfuck of downtown, and I'm late again. A word flashes through my mind:

FUCK!

A Genius Stagger of Working Heartbreak (original title: *Bobby Chastity*)

Of course he came back. I knew he would. I would have to have known he would — why

See Eggers Rip Off p3A.

The All- Encompassing Rant That Serves as the 'Theme' for the Issue

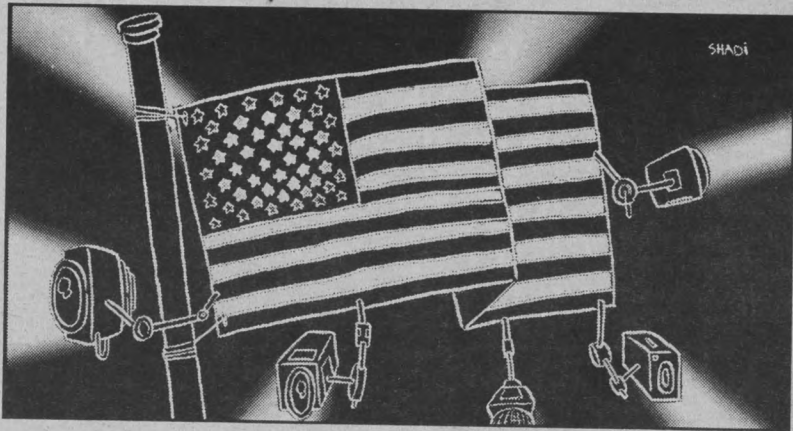
By David Downs

Sublime paranoia. It's part of living in history's most advanced civilization. They — whoever "They" are — know all. Cameras are everywhere. Pet and people tracking is in. Privacy is dead. The black U.N. helicopter owners know your movements, your heart rate, your brain waves. They can steal your identity and frame you for murders. They control all, and you exist simply because They choose not to destroy you.

Of course, the amorphous They will never come. It will never be like Columbia, where 200 men can still disappear in the night. We are one of millions and we are harmless. We watch "Friends" and buy DiGiorno's. We bitch about our government and sometimes take to the streets in permitted marches with like-minded folk. Occasionally we vote, but not often.

Unless you're planning

a Tim McVeigh Friday or a Pentagon-hacking. They will leave you alone. Messing with normal people is bad for business. Hence, most people's paranoia about the death of



privacy has little to do with real life and has more to do with guilt and ego. One has to be important for Them to come after you. None of us really are. Lonely people need to feel wanted; the nefarious 'They' fill the psychic gap.

I have yet to ascend to that coveted position in society of having enough money to worry about, but never enough to not worry. Being such, I proudly offer any rogue hacker or gov-

ernment agent my identity. Take my social security number, my driver license, my perm number and my checking account. Take my student loan debt, my parking tickets, my ex-girlfriends and my extended relatives.

Steal my fingerprints so I that I may commit ungloved armed robbery and skip off to the Bahamas. Once there, I will purchase a new identity complete with a birth certificate from Cameroon. I will retire to a place without cameras or CARNIVORES and live out my predictable, mundane consumer existence

thought. Neuroscientists, evolutionary psychologists and geneticists are well on their way to cracking the vault of the human brain.

A company called Neurometrics has developed a skull cap that measures brain waves and accurately predicts IQ within 4 percent. There are clear genetic roots for happiness levels and spirituality, and the day will soon come when a rebellion or leadership gene is isolated. What were once complex and unique character traits of a human being will be quantifiable and predictable by the end of the century. Physical surveillance is a reality, mental surveillance is just over the horizon.

On a semi-fanatical note, King Herod wiped out a generation of babies to stop the leadership capabilities of one world-be Messiah. His methods were poor, Jesus lived. But where Herod

failed, modern leaders with DNA profiling could succeed. It's the great switch from treatment to prevention. No genetic rabble-rousers allowed. We're talking Brave New World here: Gammas vs. Deltas, Gattaca, and many more scary semi-fictions of our strange days.

My offer still stands. Rogue agents, computer-savvy criminals — relieve me of the burden of my identity. I'm cool with no one.

in absolute peace; knowing They were no longer capable of watching me piss it all away.

If you are actually scared about the FBI rummaging through your e-mails, your doomed. We are in the elbow of the exponential curve, as the scientists say. It took thousands of years to develop satellite-imaging technology to watch our movements, but within a half-century we'll see technology capable of reading

Private Moments Provide Profits

By Brian Henley

With tech stocks taking heavy losses, investors seeking the next growth industry need look no further. Lucrative reserves of American's private and intimate moments, formerly protected by decency and tact, have finally been opened for business and the entertainment industry is cashing in.

"Many of life's most important and precious experiences have traditionally been occurring in the private sphere of the family or close and trusted friends, and hence generating negligible revenue," said Heidi Ann-Guitierrez, spokesperson for the Fox Network and longtime balloon enthusiast. "With the loosening of our confining notions of taste and self-respect, we are entering a golden age of entertainment where the most sacred and personal areas of social life can be developed and exhibited for profit."

Always a precedent-setter in the field of exploiting social decay, the Fox Network has led the vanguard into the previously uncharted private realm. "Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire?" was a groundbreaking master stroke," said Ann-Guitierrez. The program that reduced the eternal union of two lovers to the level of a poorly executed game show was gleefully watched

by millions of prurient viewers.

"Everybody loves weddings because they are so beautiful and meaningful," explained Ann-Guitierrez, "and everybody loves game shows because they are so gaudy and crass. Obviously the two formats were a match made in heaven."

Fox is not alone in the race to turn a camera toward people's private lives. "What could be more private than death?" asked Entertainment Network attorney and flatworm host Derek Newman. "Very little. Therefore, the People have a right to pay to see it."

The program that reduced the eternal union of two lovers to the level of a poorly executed game show was gleefully watched by millions of prurient viewers.

Newman's company has brought suit before the Oklahoma Supreme Court to obtain permission to broadcast terrorist bomber Timothy McVeigh's impending execution. Arguing that not broadcasting the lethal injection would violate First Amendment rights somehow, Entertainment Network hopes to allow access to the web broadcast (and therefore to a First Amendment right) for a small fee.

"This is a Bill of Rights issue," said master logician Newman, "or maybe just a potentially profitable macabre fascination/bloody vengeance issue. Either way, don't you wanna watch this guy fry? Hip-yaw!" Entertainment Network has been joined in its suit by LiveontheWeb.com, another company fighting selflessly for civil rights.

The tapping of the private realm, however, has only just begun. According to Ann-Guitierrez, Fox plans to augment its fall lineup with more invasive programming. After noticing the success of Tom Green's MTV Testicular Cancer Special, Fox is hyping its new "Biopsy: The Results Are In" series to go up against an aging "Friends."

A new game show is also in the works, tentatively named "Welcome to our World." In the program, labor will be chemically induced in three pregnant contestants. The woman with the fastest birth time will receive a new Ford Explorer and a chance to return as a defending champion. Not to be outdone, CBS is developing a game show of its own. Entitled "Nuclear Family Meltdown," it features divorcing couples completing gladiator-style challenges, with the winner gaining full custody of offspring.

As Ann-Guitierrez said, "Invest now. With shows like this, all of America will be watching. And we'll be watching you."

The Week in Briefs

When news breaks, we sell the scraps to homeless people.

Trillionth Bush Joke Told

GROZNY, Chechnya — Barely five months into George W. Bush's presidency, Chechnyan Alexander Starvinmasshoff won millions of dollars and international fame by telling the trillionth joke about the President of the United State's stupidity.

Starvinmasshoff was surprised by television crews and balloons when he



snuck out from behind a boulder to ask his friend, D i m i t r i Zhrybleedin, the difference between Bush and a 15cm artillery shell. B e f o r e Zhrybleedin could say "the shell can whistle and move at the same time," members of the Wacky Bush committee presented Starvinmasshoff with a

check for \$2 million dollars and told him he had beaten American humorists to the punch line.

A visibly ecstatic Starvinmasshoff embraced the prize patrol and gleefully shouted, "Get down, you fools! They're shooting!"

The honor of telling the trillionth Bush joke had been expected to go to Tonight Show host Jay Leno. Leno said he was happy to see new talent getting a shot. An enraged Leno then trashed the Tonight Show set and

broke three bones in the face of guest Jennifer Lopez.

Starvinmasshoff said he would use the money to feed his family, which has been dining on stewed army boots. Upon discovering the oversized novelty check not to be edible, Starvinmasshoff sobbed quietly before dying of malnutrition.

Jon Stewart could not be reached for comment.

110 Sierra Leone Children Free to Make Shoes



NIKE HEADQUARTERS, Sierra Leone — Rebels freed 110 child soldiers Thursday to further peace negotiations and dissuade footwear manufacturer Nike from relocating its factories.

The latest release brings to 195 the total number of children freed from military servitude and into gainful, hightop-making employment. During Sierra Leone's 10-year old civil war, children were often pressed into service as foot soldiers and land-mine detectors, a practice that put severe strain on the labor resources of sweatshops.

"The violence is horrible," Nike spokeswoman Cheryl Jordan said. "We have a very dynamic, sports vision of the world, a world where athletic competition causes people to perspire attractively and cross-train in only the finest shoes. This war, though, forced our kids to

shoot blindly into villages and spill the blood of innocent, though non-viable, consumers instead of working in 'sportshops.' We almost moved to Nigeria. What were we supposed to do? Hire their parents? Some of them can read, you know."

A rebel spokesman, who wished to be identified as only "Leopold," said it was time to mend his country's rifts.

"The war has torn us all," Leopold said. "Too many people have died. It's sad. The children no longer know the simple joy of operating industrial sewing machines."

Parents of the children expressed relief that dangerous rebels no longer hold their children hostage and instead the children are working hard in dangerous Nike factories, earning their family many shiny pennies.

Nuclear Accident Gives Cheney Superpowers

THREE-MILE ISLAND, New Jersey — A freak nuclear accident at the aging nuclear power plant imbued mild-mannered Vice President Dick Cheney with superhuman powers May 12.

Cheney, who was investigating the reactor's core in an attempt to find the solution to the energy crises, fell onto a pile of discarded plutonium rods, tearing his hazardous-material suit and sustaining a concussion. When doctors at a nearby hospital revived Cheney, the vice president destroyed thousands of dollars worth of equipment as he burst off his gurney, unable to control the radioactive forces raging in his body.

"Aggh," Cheney shouted. "Green things. Too many, really. Must fight crime and mushy-headed liberals!"

Cheney retreated to his Fortress of Isotopes in the Nevada desert, where he learned to master his newfound powers. The vice president discovered his brush with a practical, clean and tested source of electricity had given him new strength and

strange abilities. For instance, Cheney discovered he could summon 16 tons of coal to crush criminals and Sierra Club members.

On May 16, Cheney did battle in Florida with his archenemy, the nefarious Dr. Nader. After taking the entire roster of the Fox News Channel's pundits hostage alongside several spotted owls, Dr. Nader vowed to prove, once and for all, there is no difference between Republicans and Democrats.

"There is no difference between these simpering lapdogs of corporate America,"

Dr. Nader said. "I shall patch the ozone with their bodies — not even your precious vice president can stop me!"

Dr. Nader then incapacitated Cheney with a kryptonite defibrillator before turning to gaze at the sky and laugh maniacally. A nearly crippled Cheney saved the day, though, when he used his carbon-dioxide vision to melt a polar icecap and wash Dr. Nader into the sea.

"Villains aren't pragmatic," Cheney said. "Heads in the sky, not the ocean. But the vice president is here. Evildoers? Ought to tremble."

Cheney then leaped into his radioactive Lincoln Navigator and sped off to save a subdivision from a pack of marauding trees.



by DJ Fatkid (Mrs.)

You Have (fe)Mail: Taliban, Ramen, and the Fatkid Demographic

keeps recommending Philip K. Dick, Fugazi and "The Usual Suspects" to decrepit Taliban concubines, more power to me.

And sometimes it's nice to log in and be made aware of the *special limited-time offer!* on chadors in a snappy springtime shade of black.

But let's face it, I really *am* an 18- to 24-year-old male Caucasian American. Vons doesn't need to swipe my discount card to know ahead of time I'm buying Top Ramen, Top Ramen, Doritos, Top Ramen, Mickey's Hand Grenades, Top Ramen, condoms and Top Ramen. And the awe-inspiring power of the blatantly obvious extends even further in the demographically skewed realm of cyberspace. Just send porn to absolutely everyone.

I'm on the mailing list to be alerted the moment www.hobbitsex.net comes online. And, God willing, I have paved the path for the joyous news to be spread among all of my sisters under Allah.

DJ Fatkid will concede that the condoms won't get used any time soon, but he buys them flavored for when the Top Ramen runs out.

kind of person who is grateful for this kind of attention, but this is also the kind of person who buys hot coffee, spills it in their lap and then sues — and the millions that McDonald's has to pay out is a comparatively meager fee for the possibility that this person heat-sterilized his or herself. Likewise, this kind of person actually sends chain letters on, reads *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*, and wishes Jessica Simpson would tone it down just a little. I am not this kind of person. If Microsoft really wants to know what albums I shoplifted from the Warehouse recently, they can wait until it's me hauling ass on "Cops."

But more importantly, 18- to 24-year-old male Caucasian Americans are a vastly over-represented segment of the population, especially online, but I challenge you to find Internet content directed toward 100-year-old fundamentalist Muslims. This seems blatantly unfair, and so, if I can do my little bit to ensure that Amazon.com

Eggers Rip Off

continued from page 2A

wouldn't he have come back? After our quick no-answers-now break-up; good god, of course he came back after two months of solitude. I had dated before, known the routine. I had known the routine, embraced and mastered the routine, had raced into the experience before I was 13, had studied the massive half-truths, psychological games, feelings frozen in mid-consciousness ...

And there he stood, back turned, knowing full well where I was. And so immaturity, great wave of primordial reaction, ruptures and I stagger past, bumping accurately enough on the back, enough to gain attention, not enough to suggest that my bump is intentional, until I stop at the door, turn, glance for one second, and then. Yes. The point is made.

"Jackie?"
FUCK!

A Staggering Heartbreak of Genius Work (original title: *A Working Girl's Heartbreaking Diary*)

March 24.

Thirteen cigarettes. One hundred twenty-five pounds. One thousand four hundred fifty calories.

I sit on the couch. The phone hasn't rung. Bob was supposed to call, but I'm left now with self-pity, doubt. I thumb through the latest issue of *Mademoiselle*. Clothes too cute, too small.

Why hasn't Bob called?

FUCK!

Jenne Raub is illiterate and has not actually read *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*.

I am a centenarian Afghani woman. It's true. Microsoft says so.

Naturally, they only say so because they asked me when I signed up for my hot-mail account, and I lied. Indeed, I originally tried to tell them I was a 3-year-old Djiboutian, but they either didn't believe that a 3-year-old would be using a computer or, more likely, they don't believe the country of Djibouti really exists. And to be honest, neither do I, although I make it a point to root for its athletes every Olympics.

Yes, I lie a great deal. Whenever I fill out a course evaluation, I write in my major as "Rawk!" (italics and exclamation point essential) When I was pre-pubescent, I used to answer my sister's phone and describe myself naked to her boyfriends, but hey, who didn't? When asked to sign human rights petitions, I beg off by saying I don't believe in humans, especially not Djiboutians. And I always, always, *always* bullshit Internet surveys.

There's a very good reason for this. Without exception, surveys are intended to collect demographic information that is then sent back to marketing firms. There is a certain

Register Now for Summer Session Philosophy of Law 143

This course will begin with a reading of the famous Supreme Court death penalty case *Furman v. Georgia*. The death penalty will provide us with an example with which to explore and evaluate different theories of constitutional interpretation. We will consider what advocates of an original intent approach to interpreting the Constitution like Robert Bork would say about the death penalty. Then we will investigate whether Ronald Dworkin's approach with its stress on unwritten principles can provide grounds for declaring capital punishment unconstitutional. This will lead us into a comparison of the merits of Dworkin's general theory of jurisprudence with H.L.A. Hart's rule-based approach to the law. Then we will look at how advocates of Legal Realism and Critical Legal Studies movements would criticize Dworkin's approach to the law.

The second section of the course will deal with whether the adversary system in American law can be justified and if there are any feasible alternatives. The third section of the course will deal with particular issues such as privacy, abortion, affirmative action, strict liability, exploitative contracts, and pornography. We will examine relevant Court decisions and philosophical commentaries on such issues. The fourth and final part of the course will examine different theories of punishment. We shall compare the merits of reform, retributivism, restitution, deterrence, expressivism, and hybrid theories that combine elements of retributivism and deterrence.

This course is highly recommended for pre-law students as well as those with an interest in public policy issues. The student's grade will be a result of two multiple choice tests and a short paper. The course prerequisites for this course, have been waived, but students who don't meet the original requirements won't be able to RBT unless they email the instructor for an add code at dbh1@umail.ucsb.edu

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(4:30 5:45) 7:00 8:15 9:30

Mon-Thur -
(2:00 3:20 4:30 5:30) 6:45 7:45
Playing On 2 Screens

★ **THE MUMMY RETURNS (PG-13)**
Fri - (1:30 3:20 4:40)
6:30 8:00 9:40

Sat/Sun - (12:10 1:30 3:20 4:40)
6:30 8:00 9:40

Mon-Thur -
(2:20 4:00 5:20) 7:00 8:15
Playing On 2 Screens

★ **A KNIGHT'S TALE (PG-13)**
Fri-Sun - (12:30 3:30) 6:45 9:45
Mon-Thur - (2:10 5:00) 8:00

BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY (R)
Fri - (2:20 4:50) 7:15 9:35
Sat/Sun -
(11:45 2:20 4:50) 7:15 9:35
Mon-Thur - (2:30 5:10) 7:30

FIESTA 5
916 STATE STREET - S.B.

Eddie Murphy/Mike Myers
★ **SHREK (PG)**
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Sat - (11:30 12:15 1:00 2:00)
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6:15 7:00 7:45 8:30 9:15

Sun - (11:30 12:15 1:00 2:00)
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Mon-Thur - Plays On 2 Screens
(2:30 4:00 5:10) 6:30 7:30

BLOW (R)
Fri-Sun - (2:20 5:30) 8:15
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CROCODILE DUNDEE IN LOS ANGELES (PG)
Fri - (4:15) 6:30
Sat/Sun - (11:30 4:15) 6:30
Mon/Tues & Thur -
(2:45 5:00) 7:30
Wed - (2:45 5:00)

DRIVEN (PG-13)
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Mon-Thur - (3:00 5:30) 8:00

PASEO NUEVO
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Jennifer Lopez
★ **ANGEL EYES (R)**
Fri/Sat - (1:45 4:40) 7:15 9:45
Sun - (1:45 4:40) 7:15
Mon-Thur - (2:15 5:20) 7:45

Heath Ledger
★ **A KNIGHT'S TALE (PG-13)**
Fri/Sat - (1:10 2:40 4:15 5:45)
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Sun -
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Mon-Thur -
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Playing On 2 Screens

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Sun - (1:30 4:30) 7:00
Mon-Thur - (2:30 5:10) 7:30

METRO 4
618 STATE STREET - S.B.

THE TASTE OF OTHERS (NR)
Fri-Sun - (2:00 5:00) 8:00
Mon-Thur - (2:00 5:00) 7:30

★ **THE MUMMY RETURNS (PG-13)**
Fri/Sat - (1:15 2:40 4:20 5:45)
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Sun -
(1:15 2:40 4:20 5:45) 7:30
Mon-Thur -
(2:10 5:10) 6:45 8:00
Playing On 2 Screens

SPY KIDS (PG)
Fri/Sat - (1:00 3:10)
Sun - (1:30 4:30)
Mon-Thur - (2:20 4:30)

AMORES PERROS (R)
Fri/Sat - (5:20) 8:45
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Guy Pearce
MEMENTO
(R) (2:15 5:00) 7:45

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Fri & Mon-Thur - (5:00) 7:45
Sat/Sun - (2:15 5:00) 7:45

DRIVEN (PG-13)
Fri & Mon-Thur - (5:15) 8:00
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Fri & Mon-Thur - 5:00 7:45
Sat/Sun - 2:15 5:00 7:45

RIVIERA
2044 ALAMEDA PADRE SERRA - S.B.

Sam Neill
THE DISH (PG-13)
Fri & Mon-Thur - (5:15) 7:45
Sat/Sun - (2:30 5:15) 7:45

PLAZA DE ORO
371 HITCHCOCK WAY - S.B.

Uma Thurman
THE GOLDEN BOWL (R)
Fri & Mon-Thur - (5:15) 8:15
Sat/Sun - (2:15 5:15) 8:15

Pierce Brosnan
THE TAILOR OF PANAMA (R)
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Sat/Sun - (2:30 5:30) 8:00

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Sun - 7:45
Mon-Thur - (4:15) 7:45

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Guy Pearce
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TRAFFIC Daily 7:30
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| C-1000 Twin Paks (total 180 tabs) | 6.59 | 15.15 |
| E-200 (100 gels) | 3.05 | 6.75 |
| E-200 (250 gels) | 6.89 | 15.19 |
| Mother Nature's Light Scented Candles | 1.69 | 1.85 |
| I.V. Food Co-op T-Shirts, Short Sleeved: | | |
| Double-Sided | 9.99 | 13.25 |
| Single-Sided | 9.99 | 10.75 |
| Mad River - Steel Head & Jamaica Brews | 5.99 | 6.99 |
| Santa Barbara Pinot Noir Wine | 11.99 | 20.00 |

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST!

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