

# DAILY BULL

The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like general classes!

Friday, February 15, 2008

## How To: Start a Rock Band

By Tim Kotula ~ Daily Bull

Why the long face? Did you blow yet another job interview this week? Perhaps it's time to give up on your dreams of a professional career and begin contemplating a much more interesting alternative – no, not suicide; stop it! How about starting your own rock band!?

Indeed, scores of rock bands have been formed over the past five decades. While most of them never achieve anything more than loud, tuneless “jam sessions” in their parents’ basements, there is always the small chance that you will be discovered by some hotshot producer and your efforts will be rewarded with a recording contract. I’m here to help ensure you get there, or at the very least, that you won’t contribute to your parents’ hearing loss any further.

First and foremost, all rock bands must decide what sub-genre of rock they want to play, be it classic rock, punk, blues, reds, pinks, industrial, commercial, residential, pet, etc. Naturally, this is a difficult process which will be based upon each member’s influences, what they had for breakfast that morning, whether they grew up in a zero, one or two-parent household, how much

they hate our government, how suicidal they are, etc. If you have a bad singer and/or have guitarists incapable of playing more than 3 or 4 chords, the choice is easy – go with emo. In fact that may just work out since, when it comes to emo bands, there seems to be a direct, positive relationship between how bad the singer/guitarist sounds and how popular the band is.

Once you’ve settled on a genre, you must nail down a cool name for your new band. Right away, I strongly suggest avoiding names like “Satan’s Stairway to Hellish Fiery Angels of Flaming Blood 666” or other boring, cliché stuff that would make bands like Hinder proud. Also, as much as my feminine side enjoys the occasional Journey ballad, bands named after places have, historically-speaking, sucked after their first two or three albums. If you want more advice on deciding what to name your band, I would recommend reading any of Dave Barry’s article collections for occasional hints (as a bonus, he’s also a hell of a lot better at writing humor columns than I am).

When you’ve been through about ten different names and finally settled on

...see Jazz Quartets on back

“The more I study religions the more I am convinced that man never worshipped anything but himself.”  
~Sir Richard Francis Burton

## Why I Hate Pants

By Nathan “Invincible” Miller  
~ Daily Bull ~

One day, there was a little innocent (mostly) boy named Nathan “Invincible” Miller. He loved, loved, *loved* to be happy, but a number of things would try and bring him down, such as the FAA, homicidal psycho jungle cats, and tricky people who are full of corruption. But those are stories for another day. This article is all about one of Nathan’s worst pet peeves: Pants.

That’s right. You may not have guessed it, but our up-and-coming adventurer had one weakness, and that was pants. How could a person of such might and caliber be brought down by such a simple adversary? What of his fabled Invincibility? Did it not save him?

[For those of you reading at home, this next bit contains

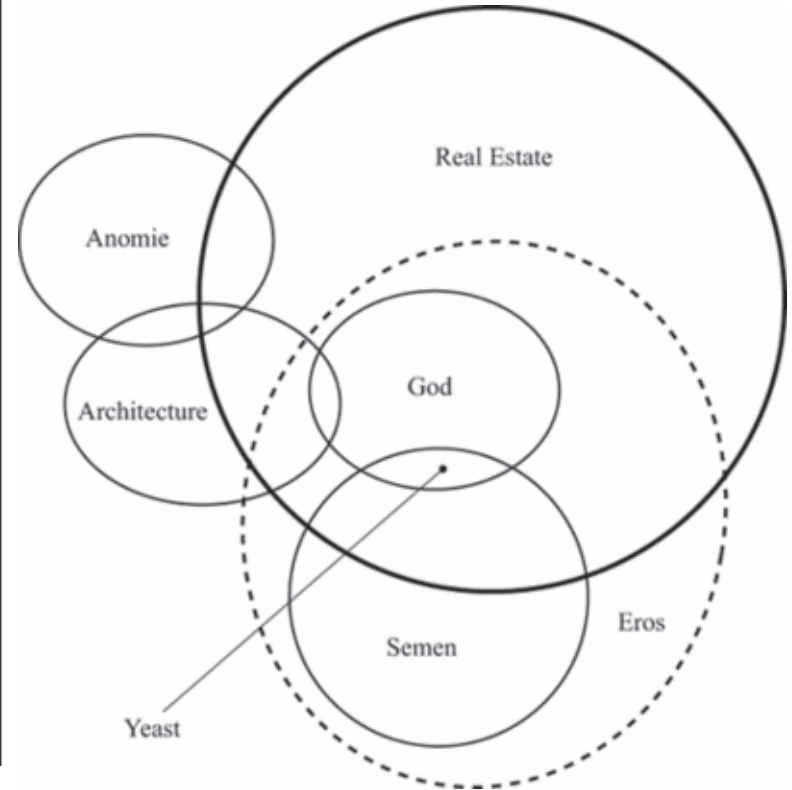
...see Cobras! on back



It’s Friday!  
Go get plastered!



## Daily Dose of Cult Philosophy



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...Jazz Quartets from front one (the whole saga of which will be great fodder for your band's shitty biography after you've washed up in about 20 years), it's time to sit down and start writing songs together. It's likely that none of you has any song-writing talent, but neither have the vast majority of popular bands since the year 2000, so don't sweat it too much. Just concentrate on throwing down some generic, easy-to-swallow lyrics about love, break-ups, partying, high school drama, etc. Your fans will eat it all up.

Finally, you'll have to start booking shows and generating buzz if you ever hope to gain enough of an audience to get signed to a major label. I'd suggest you start by booking shows in local, smoke-filled dive bars, since basically every popular band started out that way; at least that's what their "exclusive, tell-all" biographies claim. Your band probably sucks so much that it's all you'll

be able to get anyway.

I hope this How To article has inspired you to give up on the corporate life, get your music buddies together, hit the road, and chase your dream; best of luck to all of you budding rock stars out there! If nothing else, it'll free up some of the real jobs for the rest of us. ;-)

**...Cobras! from front**  
*large amounts of melodrama and may not be suitable for those who are not pursuing an English Major.]*

"Extraordinary!" a quite pleased Nathan thought to himself. "This article I'm writing on Tonka trucks is coming along quite nicely. Lovely! Oh gosh, this is going to be *di-vine!*" Suddenly there came a tapping at the dorm room door "Must be a visitor tapping at my dorm room door"

Mr. Invincible reached for the door. This effortless action, seemingly nothing to the untrained eye, was the beginning of the end for Nathan's happiness that dark, lonely night.

"Strange, there's no one at the door whatsoever! Must've been my mind playing tricks on me," he thought, closing the door and going back to his work. Minutes after sitting back down, a rap came at the window.

"I hate rap," mused Nathan while turning up his own music. "If there's one thing that won't bring up my spirits, it's rap, and the only way to destroy rap is with some sort of blunt flying object." Looking round, Nathan eyed the hall cup residing in his doorway. "That'll do donkey, that'll do."

Hefting with all his might, he channeled all his strength and power

into one valorous throw, aiming to overcome the defiant hell tunes and vanquish their torturous drone once and for all. Truly epic in scope, were Homer still alive today he would've writ long a story for all the ages portraying the Hero that was Invincible that day.

Nearly overcome by the enormous effort put forth, the now victorious Nathan Invincible moved to take a seat, once again, at his now booby-trapped computer.

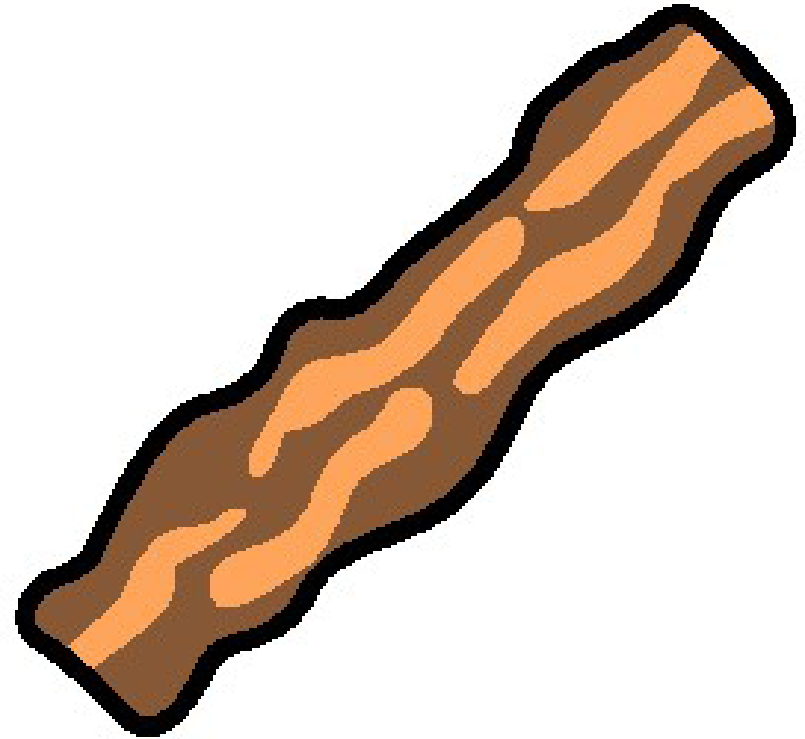
For unbeknownst to our champion, someone or something had mischievously moved his rolling office chair one centimeter to the left! Dire consequences were to follow when Nathan took a sit in the ambush.

TEEAAAAAAARRRRRRR

"Nooooooo!" cried Nathan. "What have I done?! My pants! They're ruined! I'm done for!!!" Yet it was too late. Requiring just enough extra leverage to send his buttocks to the seat, the added force was too much for the denim stitching. Critical failure ensued and depression followed close behind.

This is the saddest thing that's ever happened to Nathan in his entire life. Losing those pants meant so much to him, and now – they're gone. Maybe for good. He'll hold onto them for a while, but in the end, he knows that those pants were not meant for him. But with only a few more pairs left, it's only a matter of time before they too will fall. Someday, our hero may find the perfect pair of pants, a pair that will match his Invincible aura. One can hope, and that is all. Hope for better times, and better pants.

# bacon





## Daily Bull

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Frylock says "Damn it Shake, did you join the Daily Bull again?"

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