

THE DAILY SHOW  
"TEN FUCKING YEARS (THE CONCERT)"

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH  
IRVING PLAZA, NYC

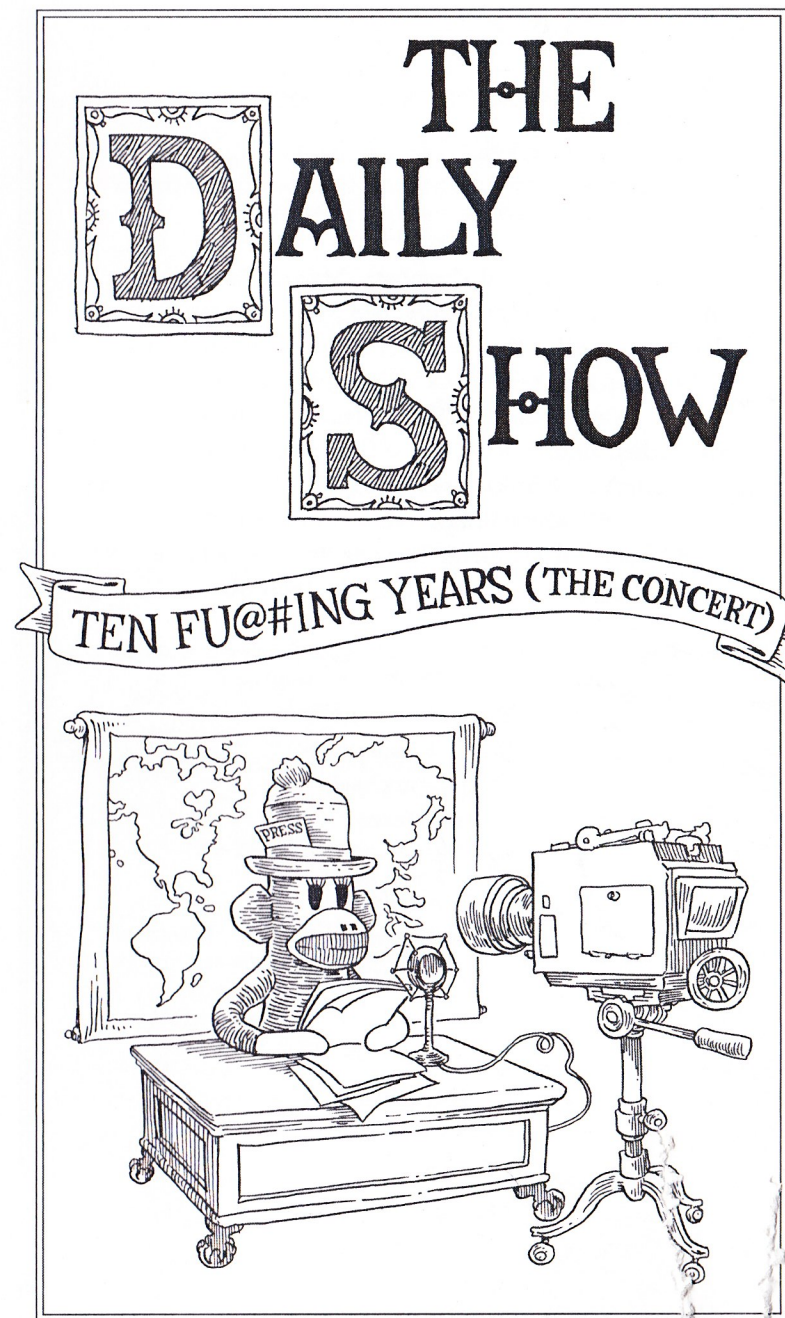
*With*  
SUPERCHUNK  
THE MOUNTAIN GOATS  
CLEM SNIDE  
THE UPPER CRUST

*Appearances by*  
SAMANTHA BEE, DAN BAKKEDAH, JOHN HODGMAN,  
JASON JONES, JOHN OLIVER, ROB RIGGLE, JON WURSTER

*Contributions from*  
STEPHEN COLBERT, ROB CORDDRY, JON STEWART

*All proceeds benefit the 826NYC tutoring center.<sup>1</sup>*

1. A FOOTNOTE FROM DAVE EGGERS: This is how it went down: I was minding my own business when some guy from the Daily Show emails me, saying that they're doing a concert program and there's a footnote and do I want to write it? To be honest, for a few days I was pretty excited. I started hashing out some ideas, drew some diagrams, did some squat-thrusts — the usual. Then he finally sends me the program, and I see the above. Uh... why the hell would that sentence need to be footnoted? There's nothing unclear there, nothing that needs any explanation. Jesus. Now we're stuck here, deep in a footnote and with nothing to say. And between you and me, didn't footnotes sort of have their heyday between, say, 1996 and 2000? Whatever. While we're here, we might as well do some of the work a footnote might, buttressing and clarifying and fact-checking: Let's see... The "all proceeds" part seems true enough. Or at least I have no hard proof the organizers are engaging in graft. Not that I would put it past them. Did you hear what they did to Hodgman? The thing with the closet and the calipers? Okay, more fact-checking: Just tried the web address. It's a working link. Right. So the work of this footnote is done. But you know what was a pretty good movie? Con Air. I went in with some pretty high expectations, and I have to say, it met those expectations and then went a few steps better. There's a movie that's full of heart, humanity, humor — and it's got some pretty timely things to say about the state of family in these United States.



*Thanks to*

The Sponsors, Ted Thompson, Melanie Jackson,  
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Teri Abrams, The Staff Of The Daily Show

*Art by*

Tony Millionaire  
Michael Kupperman  
Rob Carmichael  
Sam Means

*Organized by*

Scott Jacobson  
Sam Means

*Program Design*

Tom Keeton

CONTAINED HEREIN:

26 or so pages of ribaldry from the staff of The John Daly Show,  
as well as an introduction by noted wordsmith Thomas Pynchon  
(seriously, the Thomas Pynchon)

"The Evolution of The Daily Show"

THOMAS PYNCHON *page 3*

"Makin' It with Joyce Maynard in the Green Room  
at The Daily Show: My Story"

J.D. SALINGER *page 5*

"I Couldn't Have Done It Without You..."  
(Congratulatory Letters From Around The World)

HENRY KISSINGER, MAHMOUD AHMADINEJAD, JOHN MARK KARR, JOHN  
HINCKLEY, JR., SADDAM HUSSEIN, TIMOTHY MCVEIGH, CHARLES TAYLOR,  
AND OSAMA BIN LADEN *page 8*

"Goulash, Speaker Wire, and Rumpel Minze: A Few of the Things  
That Steve Carell Threw Up While On Air"

MIGUEL THE JANITOR *page 14*

"The Hookers Were Kind of Old: Reminisces on the Daily Show After Party"

JOHN MCCAIN *page 14*

"For The Last Time, Please Stop Using My Voice"

JERRY LEWIS *page 16*

"Retarded,'Hobo,'Balls,' and Other Words We Can't Get Enough Of"

THE WRITING STAFF OF THE DAILY SHOW *page 17*

"The Panopticon: A Treatise on Modern Penal Theory"

DAN BAKKEDAHL *page 20*

"5 Easy Steps To Rock Hard Abs"

JASON JONES *page 25*

CONTEST: Win A Chance To See John Oliver Naked  
(Backstage, Tonight)

*page 27*



# The Evolution of The Daily Show

BY THOMAS PYNCHON \*

Actually, it all began with *Death to Smoochy*. The green light had been given to proceed with *Death to Smoochy 2* on the strength of the first weekend grosses, as well as some unexpected merchandising feedback. It seemed that “Smoochy the Rhino” items weren’t selling nearly as well as those based on the evil network executive “Marion Frank Stokes,” played by Jon Stewart. This applied across the spectrum — mouse pads, lunchboxes, T-shirts, McDonald’s tie-ins (the Happy Meal being briefly eclipsed by the Anxious Meal, served in a takeout bag bearing Mr. Stewart’s likeness) — you name it. Kids started

showing up at school in business suits and wearing the same peculiar fringe haircut as the Stokes character, provoking peer commentary and vice-principalistic perplexity.

In the course of reviewing star availability for *DTS2*, however, one of the producers suddenly recalled that toward the end of the first picture it was strongly implied that “Frank Stokes” had been done away with in a violent manner, rendering perhaps problematic his appearance in Part Two. Options such as resurrection, identical twins, and the extensive use of flashbacks were entertained and discarded. Meanwhile the Frank Stokes Armani Edition action figure was outselling G.I. Joe, Darth Vader, and eventually even Barbie herself. Focus groups began to hint at the possibility of a class action suit if “M.F.S.,” as he had come to be known, did not appear in *Death to Smoochy 2*.

Well. Talk about dilemmas! Script development sessions became notable for long and gloomy silences, until one day, down at the far end of some all-but-forgotten conference table, a screenwriter, just back from a weekend seminar in Canoga Park entitled “Disrespect — Make It Work For You,” tentatively raised his hand.

“Yes, I forget your name, you had your hand up?”

“Let’s say that in life, in his career as a network slimebag, Frank Stokes accumulated a huge pile of truly horrible karma. So next time around, to work off this karmic debt, he gets to expose, mock, ridicule and otherwise invite contempt for the very behavior he was once guilty of in his former life. Lying, corruption, the abuse of power, so forth.”

“Hmm. If we could pitch that in shorter sentences...”

So it came about that, though the studio still owned the character of Frank Stokes, the premise of Jon Stewart as a reincarnated evildoer persisted somehow as a negotiable script element, passing from one corporate entity to another, undergoing mutation at each step, till it finally ended up at Comedy Central, Where it was welcomed with a scream of recognition.

And one thing led to another...

\* Seriously. Thomas Pynchon actually wrote this.



## From The Head Writer

BY DAVID JAVERBAUM

The Daily Show is ten years old? Can it be that long since Sid and Marty Krofft first envisioned an animated news/variety/kids' show hybrid starring, in their words, "four groovy okapis"? Has it been over a decade since it debuted locally in the coveted time slot after Al Goldstein's *Midnight Blue*? And can it really be nearly eight years since original host Craig Kilborn accepted tenure at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Studies, clearing the way for an up-and-coming Shakespearean actor whose work at Dublin's Abbey Theatre earned him accolades as "the world's Jewiest Lear"?

Nine Emmys, two Peabodys, five Grammys, and three Norbert Weiner Prizes in Applied Mathematics later, *The Daily Show* is a cultural phenomenon. "Did you watch *The Daily Show* last night?" has become as frequently asked around the water-cooler as "Whose turn is it to change the water?" and "Does this water seem cooler to you?" Numerous studies by The Pew Research Group suggest our show has become the sole *raison d'être* of The Pew Research Group. Most ironically, many people now consider *The Daily Show* more reliable than so-called "real" sitcoms, like *Two and a Half Men* or *Ugly Betty*. They know we're unafraid to sock it to fat cats, crumbums, pooh-bahs, bigwigs, big shots, big fish, big cheeses, and, with a few exceptions, high-muck-a-mucks. Put simply, *The Daily Show* is beholden to nobody, and that independence is why advertisers keep shelling out cash to let us stay in production.

I came to the show in 1999. It was a difficult time in my life — my second marriage was crumbling (largely because my first marriage was still going strong), and I was suffering from a cripplingly stupid addiction to paincausers. What prompted me to answer the "Comedy Writer Wanted" ad at the back of the *New York Post*, I'll never know; nor do I understand exactly what Jon saw in my ill-conceived collection of Top Ten Lists, Church Lady sketches, and questions Jay Leno could ask people on the street to make them look retarded. I just know I got the job, and I haven't looked back since, except when I hear footsteps behind me or when I'm driving and I want to pass.

I've been Head Writer for the last four years — an Olympiad of comedy, if you will.\* In that time, I've worked closely with every writer represented in this program, including Thomas Pynchon, who used to write all of Frank DeCaro's "Out at the Movies" segments. They are as talented a group of writers as I could ever hope to be hierarchically superior to, and I know you'll find their memories of *The Daily Show* not only insightful, but hilarious, because nothing's funnier than good writing about comedy, except maybe for good comedy.

So enjoy the program and the music, and remember: Others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win unless you hate them...

... And then, you destroy yourself!

\* You must!

## My Contribution to The Daily Show

BY BEN KARLIN

A television show is nothing if not a collaborative venture. At the best shows, everything that makes it to air bears many sets of fingerprints, rather than the lone hand of the "auteur." But I am proud to say that I brought something revolutionary to *The Daily Show* that instantly made it better and set it free to become the cultural phenomenon that we all spend the better part of every day telling ourselves it is.

Prior to my arrival in 1999, writers at *The Daily Show* did not use the letter "e." I don't know why — whether it was superstition, pride, a bar bet taken to deadly serious lengths — but scour tapes of the show from 1996 to April of 1999 and you will not find a single word uttered by the host that contains this most useful vowel. Countless hours were spent working and re-working scripts, bleeding them of verbs like "are" and "be." Most of the past tense had to be thrown out, to say nothing of references to such major late-nineties cultural figures as Gloria Estefan, Emilio Estevez and Roger Ebert. And didn't you find it odd that all of 1998 passed without a single mention of deceased rapper Eazy E? Now you know why.

When I arrived as head writer, the first thing I said at my very first staff meeting was: "You guys are fucking crazy for not using the letter E, you know that?" On that night's show, Jon Stewart used the word "penis" instead of "dick" when referring to a particularly ribald incident involving one Monica Lewinsky. The rest is history.

You're welcome. Or as they used to say at *The Daily Show*, "You am backward thank you."

**THE**  
**DAILYSHOW**  
WITH **JON ST'WART**

## The Rules of This Concert

1. Please turn off all pagers and cellphones.
2. No, seriously. Do it now.
3. Don't make us come down there.
4. Our security tonight is provided by the Heck's Angels, the Hell's Angels' somewhat-less-aggressive counterpart. However, please do not mistake their polite demeanor and earth-toned turtlenecks for weakness.
5. Please respond promptly, courteously, and thoroughly to all commands issued by this evening's performers — e.g., if you are asked to "wave your hands in the air like you just don't care", a self-conscious lifting and half-hearted waving of hands is grounds for expulsion from the venue.
6. Clem Snide has requested that concertgoers not bring any brown M&Ms into the arena. If you have accidentally brought any inside, kindly deposit them in the two receptacles in the lobby designated for this purpose. (N.B.: You are expected to sort them into "Dark Brown" and "Tan".)
7. As is customary at any musical performance, the drummer is entitled to



## Never a Dull Moment...

BY J.R. HAVLAN

That's how I'd describe my ten-plus years of being a writer at The Daily Show to anyone who had the balls to ask. The two questions I get the most from complete strangers who seem to suddenly feel much closer to me when they find out what I do are...

*Q: What's Jon Stewart really like?*

A: Cannibal. Eats people. Outside of that, a total mystery.

And...

*Q: Have you ever hung out with any of the guests?*

A: Hung out? I'll do you one better: I've had sexual relations with over 300 guests who've appeared on The Daily Show.\*

Here's just a few in no particular order (accept for maybe hotness) – Halle Berry, Sandra Bullock, and Cindy Crawford. Done, done, and done.

And I didn't limit it to beautiful women who would never have sex with me unless they thought I was the Executive Producer of an immensely popular television show. (Of course, you now know that I'm only a writer on the show, but rich, famous poontang is rich, famous poontang and I'll say whatever it takes to rip me off a piece of that.)

I'm not writing this to be discreet so let's start rattling off some more names.

1. Marilu Henner: Tony Danza wanted to watch, so I told him there was an open mic at a song-and-dance club downtown. It was a lie, but it got rid of him.

2. S. Epatha Merkerson: I went there, yes, but I'll definitely go back.

3. Lance Bass: But that was before I knew he was gay. I totally wouldn't have done it if I knew that. Too weird.

4. Kelly Ripa: Two words: "Dirty," and, in an effort to protect her integrity by separating the words with enough other words to make it difficult for you to put the original two words together, "Sanchez."

Notable Three-ways...

1. Bob and Elizabeth: They treated me to what they call "The Dole Pineapple." Type it in on "YouTube." It's disgusting.

2. Freddie Prinze, Jr. and his wife... that chick that played "Buffy." What the fuck was her name? Anyway, it was pretty much just Freddy trying to hit on me in their bathroom while she masturbated on a bidet.

3. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and country music superstar Loretta Lynn: They ended up ignoring me though, so I took a dump on his couch and split.

I could go on, but it gets a bit embarrassing. My point is, working at The Daily show has turned me into a notorious star-fucker, and it's been the best experience of my life.



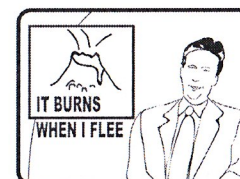
**MARILU HENNER:**  
Did her big time.  
I'm JR Havlan.

## Daily Show Over-the- Shoulder Gags Through History

BY ERIC DRYSDALE



Last Supper, 33 AD



Vesuvius destroys Pompei, 70 AD



Gutenberg prints Bible, 1440



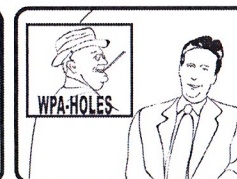
Franklin demonstrates electricity, 1752



Civil War rages on, 1862



Prohibition enforced, 1920



F.D.R.'s "New Deal," 1938



Ayatollah deposes Shah of Iran, 1979



Iraq conflict rages on, 2028

### YOU DIDN'T KNOW

Daily Show host Jon Stewart and Colbert Report host Stephen Colbert have NEVER BEEN SEEN in the same room at the same time, when there is also an elephant present.

## The Rules (continued)

sleep with the audience member of his choosing.

8. Snakes of any size are strictly prohibited.

9. You are required to introduce yourself to at least one other person at this concert. (N.B.: This rule only applies if you see a person in the room to whom you are attracted, and are stumped for a clever pickup line. You may feel free to walk up to that person, point to rule 9, and announce that you are fulfilling your obligation.)

10. If any long-term relationships result from the above incredibly lame pickup tactic, The Daily Show is entitled to one (1) invitation to the eventual wedding, with a plus one. Inasmuch as it has already facilitated the lifelong happiness of bride and groom, The Daily Show will not be bringing a gift. It will also reserve the right to kiss the bride, full on the mouth, with tongue.

11. Strobe lights will probably not be used in the course of the performance, but those audience members in whom strobe lights induce seizures are requested to come talk to us after the show about what that is like.

12. Ditto for audience

\* Fact.



# What if Hitler Won... and Became Host of The Daily Show?

BY RICH BLOMQUIST AND SCOTT JACOBSON

Fans of historical fiction have often wondered: What would the world be like if the Nazis had won World War II? And how would it have affected our favorite TV shows? We can only speculate.

One thing, however, is certain: Had the Nazi war machine been triumphant, it would only have been a matter of time before Adolf Hitler became "Der Host" of The Daily Show.

**JUNE 1940:** Having successfully conquered Western Europe, Hitler ignores the advice of his generals and invades England instead of France. The brazen assault catches the British off guard, and the Nazis capture England with such ease that Hitler has plenty of time to watch TV.

**AUGUST 1940:** Increasingly frustrated by the lack of genocide on TV, the Führer decides to take measures into his own hands. Working with Minister of Propaganda Joseph Goebbels, Hitler pitches a "fake news" show to the BBC. The network passes.

**SEPTEMBER 1940:** Still stinging from rejection, a vengeful Hitler sets his sights on the Soviet Union. The Nazis are victorious and Adolph tours the newly expanded Fatherland as road comic, honing his act.

**OCTOBER 1940 - DECEMBER 1998:** Nazi rule.

**JANUARY 1999:** Jon Stewart replaces Craig "The Blond Beast" Kilborn as host of The Daily Show. An aging Hitler finds Stewart to be a poor substitute, lacking Kilborn's striking Aryan features and brutal disdain for gypsies and homosexuals.

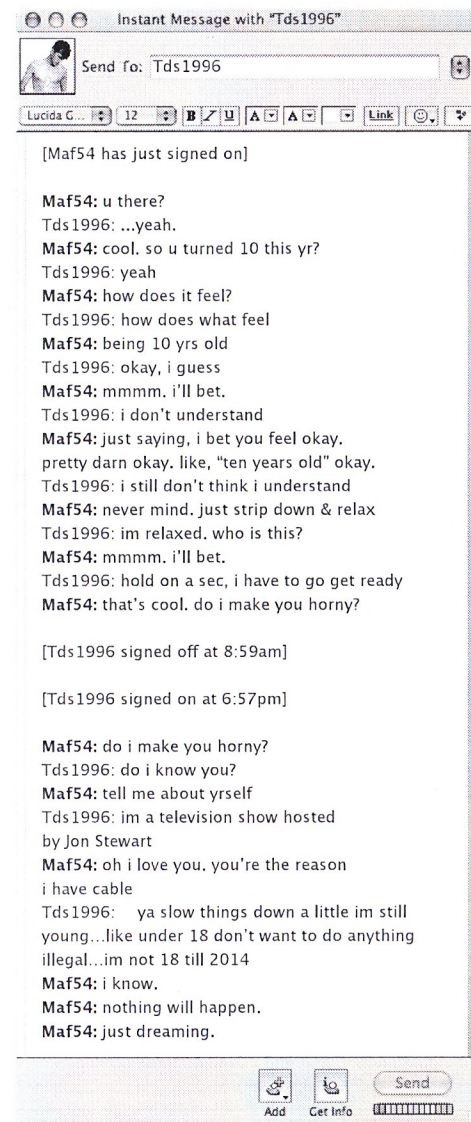
**FEBRUARY 1999:** Nazi forces surround The Daily Show studio. Stewart formally surrenders the show with a tearful opening monologue that network executives would later call "a ratings blitzkrieg." Hitler declares himself host-for-life, demoting Stewart to the role of sidekick and implementing a show-ending Moment of Grossraumordnung.

**SEPTEMBER 2000:** The Daily Show enjoys unprecedented success, buoyed by Hitler's sharp political satire and Stewart's new role as the almost-loveable Clown of Zion. Hitler wins his first Emmy for Outstanding Anti-Semitic Performance in a Variety, Music or Comedy Program.

**2001 - 2006:** Nazi rule. More Emmys.

**OCTOBER 2006:** Accusing Stewart of scheming and backstage money-changing, Hitler fires his Jewish sidekick. He is replaced by Dane Cook, a cocksure, Mauser-toting young standup deemed by Nazi eugenics experts to be the least Jewish person on earth.

**NOVEMBER 2006:** Hitler appears at the Union Square Barnes & Noble to sign copies of his best-selling "Third Reich: The Book." There, he is ambushed by the ever-scheming Stewart, who bludgeons the Führer with a shofar and drinks his blood. The shocking incident cements the Jews' bad reputation and leaves fans of historical fiction to speculate: "What if Hitler lived... and hosted the Spike Feresten Show?"



## YOU DIDN'T KNOW

how much it hurt when you left me, Carla. But it did. It hurt a lot. Also, a group of owls is called a parliament. I guess.

## The Rules

(continued)

members with synesthesia

— the tendency to interpret words as colors, or numbers as musical notes. We'd be kind of fascinated to know more about that.

13. No matter what he tells you, you are not required to touch Dan Bakkedahl's genitals.

14. If, instead of the advertised bands, you find yourselves watching some sort of bullshit Mummenschanz ripoff, try

to remain calm. You are at the Blue Man Group. Simply breathe normally, make your way slowly to the exit — always avoiding eye contact with the performers — and make your way northeast to Irving Plaza.

15. Out of all our concertgoers, you're our favorite. Don't tell the others.

16. If you are not completely satisfied with your concertgoing experience, you are entitled to a full refund. To claim your refund, kindly ride the F train to Park Slope, walk over to the headquarters of 826NYC, and personally pry the money from the hands of a damp-eyed — but too proud to cry — child. Asshole.



# 10,000 F#&%ing Years: The Lost Daily Show Fragments

BY ROB KUTNER

Modern science focuses almost exclusively on the incidence of Show in the Post-Historic (1996-2000) and Post-Ironic (2001-) epochs. However, modern<sup>1</sup> science has recently uncovered evidence of the Show's primordial origins: namely, fragmentary records of the Show's fabled, but long-neglected oral tradition.<sup>2</sup> Because we're like *this* with science, we hereby present you with a few representative<sup>3</sup> selections.

## PHILANGIAN STELE (9500 BCE, Nile River Valley)

...so speaks thy Chieftain, *Behold, I effect sovereignty over all lands from Epntha to the River Hyknos*. In a [continuation] of speech, our ears were also struck with the following imagined/unreal words from the Chieftain: *Yea, even the Plains of Sagrid*.<sup>4</sup>...

## TOMB OF BENBEN (7850 BCE, Namibia)

...after this time, the god Rassnu grew jealous of Thyra's... [love for] Enoki...making great storms of fire upon the ground... swarms of giant insects. In his [unrequited] lust, Rassnu is then reported by one seer to have attempted sexual congress with a volcano.<sup>5</sup>

## NESTOR'S WALL OF CURSES (5100 BCE, Wales)

May your outpouring of tears be greater in volume/size than the Great Flood that once ravaged the Earth.... Too soon?

## MEGALITH AT HYPERIA (4640s, Bergen County)

... *Yea*, the Prophet spoke, *I receive also at this time the [emanations] of a new spirit, whose voice rises from the Underworld*...And the Prophet spoke, in a voice unlike the first, *Nay, Prophet, is it not your voice that descends to me from the Overworld?*<sup>6</sup>

## POTSHERD (3051ish, Crete-Adjacent)

The forests — Did they not sprout from the Exalted One's hair? The skies -- from the [blueness] of His left eye? The mountains — from His excretion of feces?<sup>7</sup>

1. i.e., better. Can you believe we used to fall for that "modern" folderol?

2. Yes, we do realize this doesn't make them, strictly speaking, oral. You really got us there, brainiac.

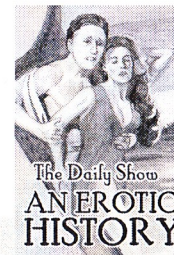
3. Or maybe not representative. You'll never know, will you?

4. A territory famed for its agricultural infertility.

5. A ridiculous notion at the time, as no volcano could survive Rassnu's mighty wrath.

6. Many believe this recitation was followed by a groan, and the rape and enslavement of the speaker's wives.

7. Even the modernest science has no explanation as to why this was considered comedic.



# From 10 Years F#&%ing: An Erotic History of The Daily Show

BY SCOTT JACOBSON

## CHAPTER 3 Feed/Need

The Daily Show staff sat in the dark, some of us cross-legged on the floor in an ever-expanding back massage circle (a show tradition dating to the Kilborn years), others thigh-to-thigh on gamey, sweat-anointed sofas. Our fingers and tongues were variously engaged, but our eyes flickered in unison: we were watching Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz suck on a comb. It's a sight familiar from Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11*; what few outside the news industry know is the raw satellite feed goes on much longer than in the movie. The Deputy Defense Secretary soaks the comb in spittle and runs it through his lank, salt-and-pepper bureaucrat's coif. That's what Moore chose to show. But then, moments before airtime, just as he seems ready to deliver his talking points to camera, Wolfowitz grins slyly. He holds the comb — cheap black plastic, stamped UNBREAKABLE, plucked at random from some tawdry drug store counter — betwixt thumb and forefinger and regards it sweetly, almost pleadingly. He licks it. Slowly at first — the long, savoring laps of a child with ice cream. Then hungrily. Need flashes in the eyes of the hawkish neocon as his tongue plays along the comb teeth, probing them, assaulting them like a greedy baby at the nipple. An off-camera voice calls 10 seconds to air. Wolfowitz ignores it. His sucks and slurps take on an antic quality, suggestive of exotic rituals of passion: the grunts of a macaque in estrus, the barbaric yawp of a yogi's monstrously forestalled climax. Wolfowitz shivers. His eyes roll back. One of the chief architects of the Iraq war, a man whose theories were made manifest in ghostly rubble and shattered bodies thousands of miles from the Beltway, stands emotionally naked. He weeps. We at The Daily Show, watching on a control room monitor, moved and indescribably turned on, wept with him.

Honestly, I don't know why Moore left it out of his movie. It's pretty fucking crazy.

On my first day at the show I was ushered past tuxedoed security guard and nubile intern to the office of DJ Javerbaum, our head writer. Javerbaum sat ramrod straight at his desk, his legs encased in an OttoMan 3.5 Calf and Foot Massager, the hypnotic whirr of which would be the aural backdrop of my workday.

"All who work here must study two texts," said Javerbaum. "One addresses technique. The other, that part of us the Hindus call 'Kama.'"

He handed me copies of *The Chicago Manual of Style* and Judy Blume's mid-80s foray into adult fiction, *Wifey*. I held them humbly, like the holy books Javerbaum seemed to believe they were.

News is an erotic business, and has always attracted men and women with epic appetites and hair-trigger libidos. My officemate, Richard Blomquist, was a strapping, bearded Swede and veteran of many foreign wars. His old reporter's eyes had witnessed gore-soaked horrors beyond human reckoning, but they'd also seen a lot of really hot Swedish people, so it sort of balanced out. There was Jon Stewart himself. A tender pervert, presiding over the carnal fantasia like a merry Rabelaisian prince, dispensing sexual wisdom like a Solomon of



# The Daly Show: Ten Amazing Years

BY ELLIOTT KALAN

Well, it seemed bound to happen. "The Daly Show," the celebrated topical news program hosted by former "Wings" star Tim Daly, has reached its tenth anniversary. It's hard to believe now, but back in 1996, nobody really thought the show would fly. Who knew it would take off the way it did? But rather than crash on that black box of television, it truly plane-related-pun'd its way to the top.

The show wasn't always the brilliant skewering of modern day mores it's become. On July 14, 1996, at 4:15 am, rather than another episode of the Discovery Channel program "The Very Best of Backyard Surgery Video," appeared a totally new show with nothing going for it but attitude, charm, and the most biting satire of the world of aviation technology the world had ever seen. The logic was obvious. Tim Daly, best known as charmingly neurotic pilot Joe Hackett, was exactly the right person to finally achieve the long sought after unifying of comedy fans and aeronautics professionals into one powerful and lucrative viewing audience.

There was only one problem. Despite Steven Weber's legendarily in-depth research for his own work on "Wings," Daly knew next to nothing about flying. It was an uphill battle, and despite the constant, some might say obtrusive presence of "Wings" co-star Crystal Bernard to ease the transition, Daly was a noticeably anxious host. Stumbling over punch lines, belching on camera, and forcing back tears, he alienated millions by confusing 19th century glider pioneer Octave Chanute with early 20th century stunt pioneer Yakima Canutte.

Things looked bleak for "The Daly Show." But just as Discovery was losing faith, fledgling network Comedy Central took an interest, proposing that it broadcast Daly's show weeknights at 11pm. Daly accepted and never looked back. As a result, "The Daly Show" was slowly molded into the form we know it today. The focus shifted from the latest in aviation to medical breakthroughs, then the science of food preservation, then home construction, then cryptozoology, and then finally broadened its view to current events and the newsmedia and transgender lifestyles.

Though cancellation has been predicted several times, Tim Daly and his crew of misfits has always found a way to inject new life into the show, whether through exciting celebrity cameos, surreal dream sequences, or the introduction of Daly's long-lost twin brother, Rappin' Zack. I guess the only thing we can say for certain is the world hasn't seen the last of "The Daly Show." Here's to another decade of profit!



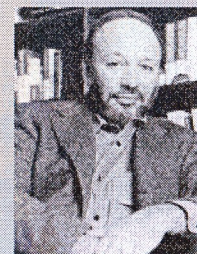
**TIM DALY:** Wings star, fake news pioneer.

## The Daily Show Hanky Guide

COLOR	WORN ON LEFT	WORN ON RIGHT
Grey	Bondage top	Fit to be tied!
Rust	Cowboy	Cowboy's horse
Blue	Fareed Zakaria on show tonight	Tomorrow's guest: Fareed Zakaria
Purple	Spanker	Spankee
Red	Wolf Blitzter	Wolf Blitzee
Mustard	Hung 8+	Size queen
Gold	"We've got a great show for you"	"Let's phone this fucker in"

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE ✂

## Daily Show Memories



Like the legendary Ed Ames clip from The Tonight Show, one of The Daily Show's most memorable on-air moments involved a tomahawk throw to the crotch. In The Daily Show's case, the result wasn't humor but the tragic castration of Newsweek columnist Joe Klein.

## YOU DIDN'T KNOW

Webster's defines "satire" as "a seamlike joint or line of articulation, such as the line of dehiscence in a dry fruit or the spiral seam marking the junction of whorls of a gastropod shell." ...What? Do you have a dictionary with you? No? Then shut up and trust.



## Former Writer Tom Johnson's 4th Step Inventory to The Daily Show with Jon Stewart

BY TOM JOHNSON

To The Daily Show with Jon Stewart as a whole I'm sorry I wrote jokes hungover, and possibly still drunk so many mornings. Okay, most mornings. Even though I truly believe I was sometimes funnier when I smelled like chemicals, sweat and garbage. And it wasn't really my fault that everyone else stopped drinking at lunch sometime around year two.

To JR Havlan. I'm sorry I cut a hole in the wall between our offices so that I could blast you with a Super-Soaker filled with water the temperature of urine.

Other than that, I'm sorry for the Matt Walsh "Goin' Hawaii" special. That was also Eric Drysdale's fault. And Matt's. That said I should also apologize for The Daily Show Summer Spectacular Special, which was also Chris Regan's fault.

Outside of those few things, I was an exemplary employee. Except to one particular former writer, whose name I shouldn't mention. With you my offenses were great and many.

Writer X, I'm sorry I pulled your pants down in front of the new interns so many times (in my defense, you wore elastic-waist pants a lot).

I'm also sorry I made a big deal of the hair paint I found on the back of your neck when you got back from that important audition that you claimed was an appointment with your physical therapist (this was made even worse because it was obvious to everyone that your scalp had recently rejected your "plug system.").

I'm sorry I installed lurid child modeling photos — repeatedly — as your desktop background.

I'm sorry I covered your desk in shredded paper, glitter, confetti, and then wet shredded paper, glitter and confetti — repeatedly.

I'm sorry I put a lot of glitter and confetti in your briefcase before that important meeting you had with other lawyers about your mom's property settlement. And I'm sorry that when you pulled your legal briefs out, confetti and glitter flew across the table towards the opposing attorneys (on a positive note, maybe you seemed magical to them).

I'm sorry I hung ultra-realistic donation sign-up sheets around the office that implied you were raising money for a race called the "HPV-10K Run" which also implied that you had HPV (the virus that causes genital warts and some cervical cancers).

And finally to a recovery organization whose name will remain anonymous — I'm sorry I broke our anonymity clause listed in our traditions to further humiliate former Daily Show writer Writer X.

And now, my healing begins.

## From Minstrelsy to Mock-Ups: A Daily Show History

BY CHRIS REGAN

It should be said that Jon Stewart was not the first person to host The Daily Show, although he was the first person to host The Daily Show with Jon Stewart, after a months-long hunt to find someone named "Jon Stewart" so that the program's title would make some sense.

The first person to host TDS was zaftig singer and actress Kate Smith, who was the star of the 15 minute-long The Daily Show with Kate Smith, which debuted on the DuPont Network in 1954. Miss Smith would sashay out, sing one of her hits - like "When The Moon Comes Over The Mountain," or "That's Why Darkies Were Born" - do a joke or two about then-postmaster Arthur E. Summerfield (a favorite Fake News target of the era), and then close with another song, usually "That's Why Darkies Were Born (Reprise)."

Smith left the show in 1956, frustrated that the 15 minute format wouldn't allow for another song or two, and then the show had a variety of different hosts and titles, including The Daily Show with George Gobel, The Daily Show with the June Taylor Dancers, and The Daily Show with Arthur E. Summerfield (he was eventually dropped for being too "in on his own joke.")

Jon Stewart made his first appearance on the program when he was 11 years old, during the era when TDS was hosted by Richard Deacon, who used to play "Mel Cooley" on the old Dick Van Dyke Show, which is why the program went under the cumbersome banner, The Daily Show with Richard Deacon, Who Used To Play "Mel Cooley" on the Old Dick Van Dyke Show.

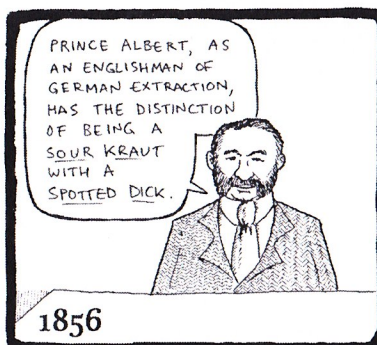
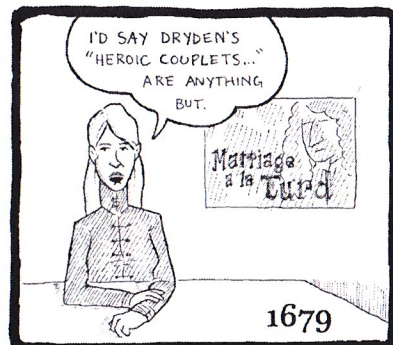
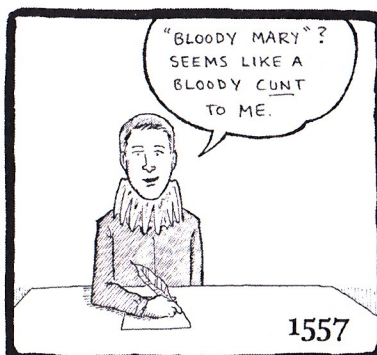
Jon was a fake news prodigy, which is why he is often called The Tiger Woods of Fake News. (Jon's "comblinasian" ancestry is another reason.) The pre-teen Jon took the stage and did a few jokes about H.R. Haldeman, all of which did OK, but he was not invited over to "the couch" afterwards, and that day's guest star Bob Hope slapped Jon hard across the face for "being a little Commie." (Although Hope did compliment the boy for "keeping it clean.") Young Jon was horrified and left comedy for many years, as evidenced by some of his cinematic outings, but then took his rightful place behind the Daily Show desk in 1999.

And hopefully, he will one day stop opening the show by singing, "That's Why Darkies Were Born."

### YOU DIDN'T KNOW

Jon Stewart's name wasn't always "Jon Stewart." The New Jersey native was born "John Stewart," but had the "h" surgically removed in 1979, for purposes of pronunciation.





### YOU DIDN'T KNOW

The Daily Show with Jon Stewart has won 9 Emmys. That's exactly the same number as siblings in the comedy superstar Wayans family, if you subtract one.

I know this program's supposed to be about the 10TH Anniversary of the show + everything, but this... thing happened recently. It messed me up, man. I'm still trying to get my head around it. Anyway, take it or leave it. This is all I got.

## How To Thank Your Dad for Letting You Bang His New Girlfriend

BY JASON ROSS

Breakfast is the best time. He scoops blackberry yogurt onto his granola; you grind the coffee and pour a bowl of raisin bran; Diane toasts two slices of sourdough. It's a comfortable moment, reaffirming that you're still family. Except for Diane.

As an opening gesture, give him first crack at the Sports section. It's the least you can do. After all, last night he sat quietly watching Shark Week while two rooms away you did your best pile-driver impression atop his one and only.

Talk casually about the normal things – baseball scores, politics. You'll notice Diane is a little warmer to him than usual. Don't take it personally. It's her way of showing him that, even though she was doing the reverse Kermit on you less than nine hours ago, she's still his girlfriend. And who pays the mortgage around here? Damn straight.

After a second cup Diane will rise and go to the bathroom, like she does every morning. Only this time it will feel different, since everyone here has now seen her naked.

It's time.

"Dad, I just want to say, last night..."

Whistle a low whistle to convey your appreciation.

"Really," you continue. "I can't believe it."

Dad's eyes deepen into a twinkle as he returns your smile.

"She's really something, eh?" he says.

"Truly, she is," you reply.

"It's the damndest," he agrees. "And to think, less than a year ago she was a 22-year-old dude named Danny. Had a cock, balls, the whole bit."

The coffee sits in your mouth, unswallowed.

Your dad chews his granola and smiles at the limitless possibilities afforded by life on this big blue marble.



IF YOU WANT to see FRANK & ERIC  
 A LIVE AG AIN, we AVE \$100,000 AND  
 ORLANDO BLOOM IN AN ENVELOPE  
 AT the STUD farm, KARAOKE  
 ROOM NUMBER 12.



Dear Daily Show,

You were our "purrr-fect"  
 little angel.

We are "feline"  
 so proud of your  
 "meow-velous" talents!

Also, you smell like "cat" feces.

And we ain't "kitten"!!!

Carla

Sorry for that sidebar. Pls take  
 me back. This cost me 5 bucks.

Joe

Dear Jon and  
 Daily Show staff:

I will destroy you.

Best of luck watching The  
 Colbert Report,

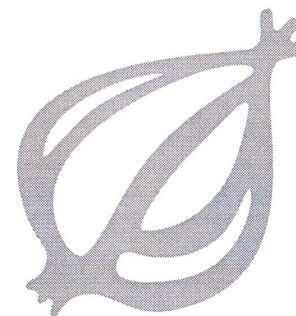


Weeknights at 11:30  
 on Comedy Central.

We are so proud of my plans  
 to destroy you. Congrats,  
 and best wishes for your  
 destruction by me.

Reach for the stars!

Love, Stephen



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