

# the clubside

VOL. I, NO. 1

A CO-DEPENDENT STUDENT XEROX-UNIVERSITY OF MERLIND, COLLEGIANT FUNK

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1992

## Alcohol, drug use given a boost

By Phil Krak  
*Clubside pissant*

A new effort to encourage and promote alcohol and drug use on campus has been launched with a four-year, \$2M grant awarded to the Division of Student Affairs.

The grant was awarded by the Lobby for Universal Student Happiness (LUSH), said Phil R. Upps, coordinator of alcohol and drug promotion at the Vice Center.

"Almost everyone on campus wants booze and drugs," said Upps, "but the University always got in the way. We're

finally going to reverse that trend."

"The way to get everyone partying seriously is by showing them how, creating a fountain of experience," Upps said.

This "fountain" involving students, faculty, staff and members of the community is called the Revelers Roundtable. The director of the roundtable is Rolan deGrass, Health Center employee.

"A major goal of the Revelers Roundtable will be publicity," deGrass said. They will promote heavier drinking a drug use with a theme, poster and logo contests, bumper

stickers, T-shirts and a rally on campus.

"We want to rally all those puke-and-rejoice students who want to see this campus go wild," deGrass said.

The money given to Residence life will help fund an alcohol- and drug-only residence hall to open in September 1993. The hall will require massive drinking and drug use at all times, regardless of student age or desire. RAs will be tested to ensure they are taking enough drugs to impair their disciplinary ability. Many students have requested living arrangements featuring basics

like noise all day and night, free-flowing beer and a ventilation system that works for a completely different reason.

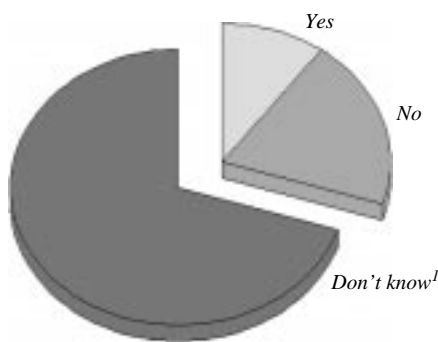
The money from the grant will only go to activities involving drugs and alcohol. For instance, a portion of the money will help fund FISH, Fuck It Saturday's Here, an open-air party with bands, kegs and contests where faculty and students can mingle in a non-academic atmosphere.

"Hopefully we'll see a students actually wanting to party on campus once we're up and running," Upps concluded.

### WEEK 5

#### SURVEY

Are you a freshman?



<sup>1</sup>Taken at least a year at Maryland, but heinous parking assignment and dubious number of credits attempted make answer difficult

#### INSIDE

##### Truly Stupid Pop Reference

• Hope you've noticed them too, since they are obvious and insipid. I guess that's all it takes to amuse *Diamondback* staffers.

## Ross Perot 'short,' but rich as a mother-fucker

### Independent has time, money to waste

By Peter Draggin  
*Not-so special to the Clubside*

Texas billionaire H. Ross Perot surprised some last wee by returning to the 1992 race for the White House.

His difficulty being seen behind a podium led to his withdrawal July 16, but armed with a foot stool he re-engaged the press October 1 and vowed to be seen across the nation.

Perot helped continue the trend of odd-looking presidential hopefuls this fall, adding his big-ears and short stature to Bill Clinton's big-hair and huge jaw, and President Bush's vomit-stained chin and pointy head. Many analysts believe this may be the year of the mutant.

Ken Uspell, an undecided junior, said he thought Perot should give him money. "And hey," he added, "If he wants to do weird shit like that fucker in Philadelphia, bring it on. I can shit to no end."

"I'd run for president if I had that much fucking money," said Mary Arichguy, an undecided freshman. "I wouldn't need my Cabriolet anymore, I'd ride around in limos."

"What does the President do?" asked Carey Waits, a senior Physical Education major.

Perot has lost much of his early support, but many have hung on because they don't own a TV and never knew that Perot had quit.

Billy Jim Joe Bob Jasper Lee, an undecided senior, summed up Perot's support best: "Duh."

**Days without Masturbation**

### |

Difficult start, trying to break the habit. Did my best to only look women in the eye and not watch the Playboy channel.  
-Hugh

**CLASSIFIEDS**

Join the **Wing Club**. Meeting everyday, Santa Fe Cafe, 3:30pm. Drink a lot of **Busch** beer and eat some great chicken wings from the free buffet. Listen to harrowing stories of stupid youths and their glory days. Pine away for passing lust objects. Colleges of the past were reknowned for their drinking clubs. Now Maryland has one. Be a **Winger**.

Classifieds and Personals will be a larger column starting next issue. Entries are free, but try not to make them too long or they'll have to be edited. Sell worthless shit. Advertise rooms for rent. Send tacky pleas to members of the opposite sex in the Personals. Whatever you want, here's your chance to buy or sell. White Slave Trade ads will not be taken as they compete with internal business.

*Buster Hymen's*  
**Top Ten Reasons Why I Like My Penis**

10. I can grow interesting cultures on it.
9. It enjoys a good working relationship with my hand.
8. It always gets up in the morning before I do.
7. I can draw pictures in the snow with it when I'm pissing.
6. Women envy it.
5. There is always one person I can sexually please with it-ME!
4. There has never been a catheter in it.
3. There is no way I could ever slam it in a car door.
2. I can hang ornaments or fly flags from it during the appropriate holidays.
1. No matter how much I abuse it, it will never leave me.

*Connie Lingus'*  
**Top Ten Reasons Why Women Hate His Penis**

10. Cultures promote yeast infections.
9. Never stays up more than a minue.
8. Just an oversized clitoris.
7. Always has flags on it.
6. It makes me burn when I urinate.
5. He only pleases himself.
4. No matter how much I want, it will never leave me.
3. Constantly trying to shove it in my mouth.
2. It's only 1 inch long.
1. Warts make my labia itch.

<p><b>MEET THE THIRD FLOOR R.A., CYBIL...</b></p> <p>① I'M GONNA DO A GOOD JOB THIS SEMESTER ② NO, YOU'RE NOT, EVERYONE HATES YOU! ③ I'M GOING TO DO WELL THIS YEAR ④ YOU'RE GONNA REPEAT YOUR JUNIOR YEAR FOR A THIRD TIME. ⑤ I'LL FIND A GUY WHO'LL STAY ALL NIGHT ⑥ YOUR CHLYMADIA WILL NEVER GO AWAY...</p>	<p><b>CHRISTINA &amp; KIM...</b></p> <p>HONEY, THANKS FOR HELPING ME MOVE IN. MY CLASSES ARE OVER AT 1PM. WHERE WILL YOU BE? WHAT'S YOUR BEEPER NUMBER?</p>	<p><b>AUSON &amp; MAUREEN</b></p> <p>MOM, DAD, I GUESS THIS IS MY ROOMMATE</p>	<p><b>DEBBIE &amp; REBECCA...</b></p> <p>DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GET SOME CONDOMS? I'M ALL OUT, LET'S GO ASK THE R.A.</p>
<p><b>TINA &amp; SHEENA...</b></p> <p>WE'LL HAVE A GREAT TIME THIS YEAR! WE HAVE CLASSES TOGETHER, WE'LL JOIN CLUBS AND RUSH!</p> <p>DO YOU KNOW ANY CUTE GUYS?</p>	<p><b>BRENDA &amp; PAM...</b></p> <p>PEACE! I'M BRENDA, YOU MUST BE MY ROOMMATE PAM...</p> <p>MY NAME IS FREEDOM AFRICA, MY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN OPPRESSED FOR 100S OF YEARS</p> <p>COOL, GOT ANY WEED?</p>	<p><b>CANDI &amp; BETTY...</b></p> <p>I JUST SAW THE CUTEST GUY</p> <p>HE ONLY WANTS TO USE YOU FOR HIS CHAUVINIST SWINE-LIKE FANTASIES.</p> <p>WHAT?</p>	<p><b>SHERRY...</b></p> <p>NO, THERE AREN'T ANY GUYS. OF COURSE I STILL LOVE YOU... I DON'T CARE THAT YOU PUMP GAS FOR A LIVING. I DON'T KNOW WHERE MY ROOMMATE IS. MY PLANE LEAVES FRIDAY AT 3PM. I'LL BE HOME BY 6. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU AGAIN. I LOVE YOU...</p>
<p><b>FAITH &amp; CRYSTAL...</b></p> <p>LORD JESUS, I KNOW YOU WILL HAVE TRIALS FOR ME THIS SEMESTER, BUT WITH YOUR LOVE AND GUIDANCE, I CAN OVERCOME.</p> <p>THE POWER TO HELP YOURSELF IS WITHIN YOU, FEEL THE KARMIC FORCES AROUND YOU. HERE, TAKE THIS AMETHYST TO FOCUS YOUR ENERGY...</p>	<p><b>SUSAN &amp; JEN...</b></p> <p>CAN I BORROW SOME RAZOR BLADES?</p> <p>DO YOU HAVE ANY SLEEPING PILL'S?</p>	<p>Welcome to <b>THE Cannery</b></p> <p>TUNA</p> <p>CENTREVILLE</p> <p>©1992 Hugh + Johnny</p>	

# the clubside

A CO-DEPENDENT STUDENT XEROX  
OPINION PAGE

PAGE 3 WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1992

## EDITORIAL No space

It's been real annoying trying to match *the Diamondback's* atrocious, unimaginative layout in the confines on a regular sheet of paper, so the editorial is to your right. Actually, the whole thing is editorial, who am I trying to kid?

the clubside	
Hugh G. Rection	editor in chief
Buster Hymen	executive editor, discipline and bondage
Johnny Paritis	executive editor, masturbatorial fantasies
Mike Hunt	copy editor
Dick Gazzinya	advertising manager (obviously not doing a good job, eh?)
Editorials reflect the opinions of noone at all. In fact, this whole paper is computer-generated, so you can't blame us, Satan makes us run it off on the copier. This has nothing to do with the University of Maryland, College Park or otherwise. We are not associated with anyone remotely respectable. We get no respect. We want no respect. We are woman, hear us roar. All letters to the editor are scanned for amusing profanity and then forwarded to University police for their remedial reading course. Anything interesting may somehow be burned into our limited brains and regurgitated on these pages in the future. Send all letters, nude photographs and Elvis memorabilia to: The Clubside, 4431 Lehigh Rd. #121, College Park, MD 20740.	

*Johnny Paritis*

## Free speech and market affairs

The parameters of free speech are being tested across the nation.

Whether you're a neo-Nazi in Minnesota, or a rap band in Florida, the government wants to restrict your right to voice your opinions. How do you know when you've gone too far? Only when you go too far. In the spirit of this constitutional question I will attempt to define the lines by crossing them. There are some people who get offended by the word **FUCK**. Some of these people use the word *nigger* in everyday speech. I would rather have the word **FUCK** screamed one hundred times in the Vatican (*sounds like a road trip to me-Ed.*) than to ever hear the word *nigger* again. The thing people don't get is that free speech includes speech that is offensive to you. What is the sense in protecting words that no one wants to ban? None. Now I know there are obvious exceptions to the whole free speech idea: yelling *fire* in a crowded theater, or telling someone to

go and kill someone else (Mr. Metzger). But expressing yourself shouldn't invite censure. Sure, some of it is gross. Some of it is offensive, crude, disgusting, vulgar, and inappropriate. So what? If you don't like it, don't read it!

I've always wondered just what words are offensive. Fuck, Dick, Cunt, Ass, Pussy, Cock, Gash, Mother Fucker, Republican, Shit, Prick, Aids, Tits, Bush, Jism, Qualye, Blow Job, Death, Starvation, Murder, Child Abuse, Conservatives, Buchanan, Duke, Nazis, KKK, Iran-Contra. Are any of these words offensive? Think about it and get back to me.

The philosophy of our last two presidents, and possibly the whole conservative movement, can be summed up this way: The Federal Government should get out of big business. I take that as meaning government shouldn't meddle in market affairs. So, if the government shouldn't meddle in market affairs then why does it feel the

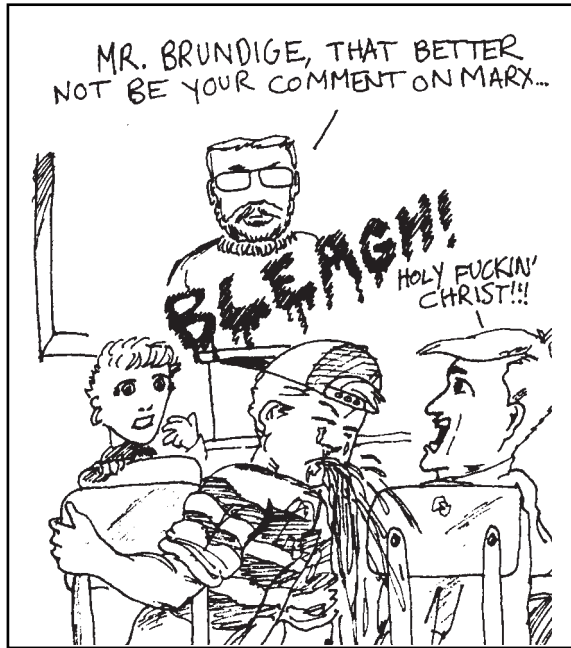
## What the fuck is it?

Welcome to the first fiery, fantabulous, fun-filled issue of *the Clubside*. We're here to entertain and inform you the only way anyone honestly can: by hiding. I mean, we didn't do it, it was really a bunch of Danish foreign-exchange students, and that's no leg-pullin'. Why *the Clubside*? You can pick up *the Diamondback* (best done with a two-ply tissue), glance at the headlines, read *Igdoof* and *Opposite Sex*, and maybe take a cursory glance at the classifieds before (a) depositing the rag in a proper receptacle, or (b) lining your ferret cage with it. What did this accomplish? You've recycled our nation's forests and maybe gotten a chuckle or two (whether that be from *the Diamondback's* attempt at "news" or the cartoons). But was the experience worth it? Was whiling those five minutes before class away with the paper better than chatting with a fellow student (or counting the holes in the ceiling tile)? Perhaps not.

Therefore, *the Clubside* has appeared to keep you abreast (or two, they're so much better in pairs) of the latest truths, falses and all of the aboves. We're actually here to amuse ourselves. Plus, it's a great way to spend time while drinking **Busch** at the *Santa Fe*. There are some regular features, and we'll be doing a lot of pseudo-in-depth investigation of things that college students perhaps even care about. We'll also keep you abreast of our national campaign to lower the drinking age. I've dedicated the rest of my life to that task, so I've only got a few years left before this liver gives out. Gotta hurry, don't want to let people down. So, if you have comments, contributions or cash to spare, contact us at the address listed in the box. We'll get back to you, I promise. You wanna be on the staff? Let us know. We're looking for people who don't necessarily give a shit about anything to do some marginal work for us. Always a great resume filler. Honest. Look for next week's issue, being distributed by semi-employed alcoholics in front of a campus building near you. We buy them beers for every hundred copies, so tell your friends and make their week complete.

*Johnny Paritis is a liberal weenie.*

## DAVE BRUNDIGE, STUDENT ALCOHOLIC



Maybe vomit could be extra credit

## 90210 Update

So much to tell in such a little space. I can't believe we breezed right through another summer of 90210. It seems like only yesterday Brandon was trading in the industrial green and maroon outfit at the Peach Pit for his pristine white shorts at the Beverly Hills Beach Club. But it was quite a summer, one which hopefully will drive a little excitement into this season.

First, the recap of the summer: Brandon made me scream and pound the walls we he got jealous over Andrea and her college boyfriend who wanted to whisk her away to the Republican National Convention. He tries to make her guilty over leaving a new deaf student behind in her youth supervision class, and then fucking kisses her. We're talking Andrea here. Brandon certainly needed to be shot for that move. The Walshes and Dylan made up after Jim threatened then asked Dylan for his help. They agreed to ship Brenda off to Paris and see how the relationship held up. Brenda went with Donna after Kelly dropped out to spend time with her new baby sister. While in Paris Donna and her mutant face became a model for a brief time until the inevitable sex

part came in. Brenda spent time faking a horrendous French accent to hang out with a roaming student that she almost followed to Italy. Back home, Dylan and Kelly became much closer, with Dylan wanting to lay some pipe but Kelly paranoid over Brenda finding out. Dylan tried valiantly, but Kelly was looking something steady like Dylan and Brenda already had. This is seen in later episodes as Kelly sulks after seeing them making out at school. David started making tapes of his synthesizer-rap music, and got a groupie vacationing from her boyfriend. They started making out and Kelly walked in, so they stopped and later David decided to be true, the whipped bastard. David also saw Dylan and Kelly together, and the two argued over who was doing what to whom. Steve signed on to be David's manager, and also got caught up in a funny identical-twin swap with Brandon. *More next time...*

## Drunk: On Assignment

As an educational service for all would-be alcohol abusers, the Clubside offers a tale each issue based on a single night's exploits of a trained professional, the *Drunk On Assignment* (DOA). The DOA consumes appropriate amounts of liquor to render a portion of the evening unaccessible, and the Sober Person Observing Another Drunk (SPOAD) fills in the missing pieces. Remember, this exercise is meant to be informative on the effects of alcohol on the body and the consequences of such abuses. Do not try this on your own. The following story is true, only the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

## The DOA writes:

I hadn't been completely shit-faced for a few weeks, so I was planning to make sure *[Birthday Roommate]*'s birthday was a treat. To this end I didn't eat so my stomach would be nice and ready for the alcohol to come. We chose Fat Tuesday's and the Baja Beach Club in Baltimore because neither *[SPOAD]* nor I had been there, and *[Birthday Roommate]* said both were cool places. I also have a yearning for any and all grain alcohol-based drinks.

We arrived at Fat Tuesday's and ordered up a round of large 190 Octanes and some shooters. I don't get cold headaches so I pounded the slurpee and waited for the others to catch up. We sat down at a table and we got a pretty hot waitress who we talked to for a while, cracking jokes and farts,

finding out what was going on. After the second 190 I noticed *[SPOAD]* giving our waitress directions to our big bash that was coming up. I've been known to hand out invitations at the cellar, but only when I am completely shit-faced. Anyway, I just continued to pound. After the third one I started to feel the effects and I walked over to where the band was playing. I yelled at some guys who were standing there not dancing, and then I remember leaving for Baja. The only remembrance of Baja was standing outside after getting thrown out. I talked to passers-by in their cars, and called the bouncers pussies for a while. Next thing I knew I woke up in my bed.

## The SPOAD writes:

It was *[Birthday Roommate]*'s birthday. So *[Birthday Roommate]*, *[DOA]* and I decided to go to the Inner Harbor to celebrate. The night started out innocently enough. We hopped into *[DOA]*'s convertible and blasted up to Fat Tuesday's.

The night's drinking was started off with 190 Octanes (vodka, grain alcohol and orange). *[DOA]* was sucking down the 190 with a vengeance. I tried to keep pace, but the dreaded slurpee headache prevented me from doing so. Three rounds of 190's, and several beers later, *[DOA]* was

feeling no pain. This was evident because *[DOA]*'s normal incessant cackling laughter had grown much louder and more frenzied. *[DOA]* head-butted our waitress, and insulted almost everyone who walked by our table.

The band started to play around 10:30pm or so. While listening to the talentless wannabees play, we struck up a conversation with three girls. As *[Birthday Roommate]* and I were talking to two of them, I noticed *[DOA]* pick one off the ground and give her a bone-crushing hug. *[DOA]* must have hugged her at least 10 more times in a 30 minute period. Finally the poor girl could take no more. Much to *[Birthday Roommate]* and my dismay, she fled, taking her friends with her. So we decided to check out the Baja Beach Club. On the way out, *[Birthday Roommate]* and I started talking to the bouncer at the back patio door. *[DOA]* decided that this was an opportune time to take a piss. Unfortunately he took his piss in a trashcan that was on the corner of the road that ran past the two clubs. The people on the patio found this most amusing, the bouncer did not.

On to the Baja. *[DOA]* proceeded to have a few shots. Poor *[DOA]* foolishly loaned *[Birthday Roommate]* and I his credit card, and we made the most of it by buying the "Bucket of Death." *[DOA]* went to the dance floor and tried to get funky. The only way to describe *[DOA]*'s dancing is Frankenstein with Mul-

tipl Sclerosis on acid. *[DOA]* thrashed about, bumping into several people. The breaking point for the bouncers was when *[DOA]* tried to climb on the soundstage.

They threw *[DOA]* out. *[Birthday Roommate]* came to tell me while I was talking and dancing with a dozen girls from Hooters. We went out and tried to reason with the bouncers. We might have been successful if it hadn't been for *[DOA]* standing two feet away repeatedly calling the bouncers "penises." We told *[DOA]* to wait outside while we finished our drinks. We drained the "Bucket of Death" and went back outside only to find *[DOA]* still berating the bouncers. We dragged *[DOA]* off, and he was still shouting, "Why are you being such a penis? Everyone loves me! I didn't do nothing!"

I could tell *[DOA]* was in no shape to drive because he ran towards the car, collided, and flipped into the back seat and passed out. As we cruised home with the top down and the Ramones blaring, several cars behind us started to flash their lights and blow their horns. I looked in the back seat and saw *[DOA]* hanging over the side of the car, puking on the cars behind us. Once again *[DOA]* passed out. This time it was for good. The rest of the ride home was uneventful. And another night of bar hopping without getting arrested was accomplished. The End.