

# the clubside

VOL. I, NO. 3

A CUM-STAINED SLUT MISTAKE-MARYLAND CCCP, BFE

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1992

## Jackson calls for change

By Phil McCrack  
*Redundant to the Clubside*

If students think they have a hard time with parking meters on campus and the local bar area, nothing compares to political activist Rev. Jesse Jackson's experiences over the last five years. Jackson was led away by campus police after they came across another unpaid meter in front of Jackson's car and by computer found he had 27 unpaid parking tickets. Jackson stood on the street calling to passers-by for change for the meter, but he wasn't able to get any before the police apprehended him.

"I come on campus to speak my mind, but they lock me up for not having no dime," said Jackson to Clubside reporter Phil McCrack, who fielded an emergency call from Jackson. When asked why he didn't use the quarter for the meter instead

of the call, Jackson responded, "It's takes more than a quarter for UMCP, but I come here to talk, I should park for free!"

Jackson lamented before a packed house about the importance of free parking, especially at college and in a retail district such as College Park. "They want your business, you come from around the nation, but you forget that meter, it's another citation."

Parking has long been a problem for students because of bizarre faculty-only restrictions and short-time meters. Asked how they could make a difference, Jackson said, "Go yell at Kirwan, that boot-lickin' ass, have him make changes, or he'll be packing bags fast."

Jackson then reiterated his call for change. "Someone should hang around, with a pocket or changer, to give out those quarters, to every needy stranger." He said he didn't



Jesse Jackson pleads to passersby for some change to put in a meter as campus police watch.

deserve special treatment, but that he sought a moratorium for his past tickets because of his contribution to campus.

"I come to Maryland, all ready

to speak, some fool sees my meter, some ticketing freak."

Jackson will appear on campus again, after he picks up a roll of quarters.

## WEEK 6

### INSIDE

#### *Not Related*

• Election Day is near. So is Halloween. Are you ready? We aren't, so we're providing another silly issue, missing a lot of the really funny stuff that we didn't have time (nor money) to squeeze in. So you'll just have to wait for the next issue, now won't you. Tough noogies, boys and girls.

### OUTSIDE

#### *To Anything*

• Perky nipples, the glorious cold causing those lovelies to become erect, to call attention to the soft white sweater...

## Study a broad program hurt by poor economy

By Ben Dover  
*Clubside bonehead*

Campus study a broad programs are in a state of flux while struggling against bad economic times.

"The biggest problem with studying a broad is it's expensive," said Oliver Bodee, campus broad studies coordinator. "It's still tough to find women who'll tolerate being called a broad, skirt, honey, chick, dame, muffin, and you have to pay dearly for it."

On the other hand, "universities are recognizing the need to get up close and personal with a chick, to really know what's inside and out, with a lot of hands-on experience, if you know what I mean, and I think you do," Bodee said.

Trends over the last 10 years have shown a steady increase in the number of men wanting a dame of their own to study, but the economy has slowed that growth.

Bodee said the annual report just came in, showing 8212 students went through his office from the fall of '91 to the summer of '92. He said despite the introduction of new pro-

grams such as the Maryland inside Marilyn program, the number of student participants has remained the same.

In 1980, around 2319 students went aboard a broad, but by the late 1980s, the number more than doubled to 5010. "We've added a lot of new broads in the last few years, but the economy is really holding us back," Bodee said.

Many students may not realize the cost of a semester with Marilyn is "clearly less than a semester with Bertha, or with your girlfriend who you might be able to say no to," Bodee said.

He added that financial aid is also available for students with big dicks and who already receive some financial aid.

"Knowledge of the clitoris is essential," Bodee said. "We try to inform the students of the range of options that are out there."

Kent Getadate, an undecided sophomore, said he decided to study Julie after a friend convinced him it would be cheaper.

He said money was a consideration in choosing who he wanted, but he also had a strong desire to experience something different.

### Days without Masturbation



Right after the last issue comes out, here comes the luscious new SGA president by the stapling table...I'm off to the Union lavatory again. Later in the week I had a date that, as always, was a night of unrequited lust. Went home and slapped that monkey.

-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**.

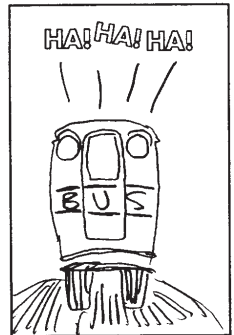
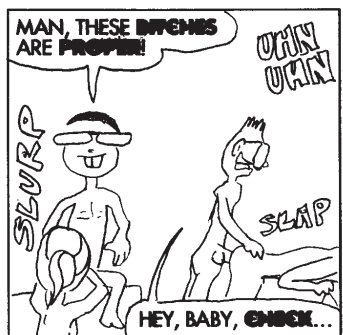
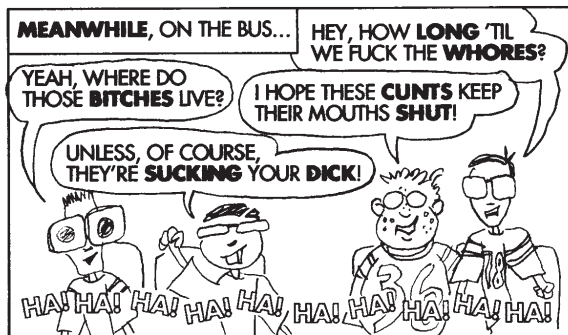
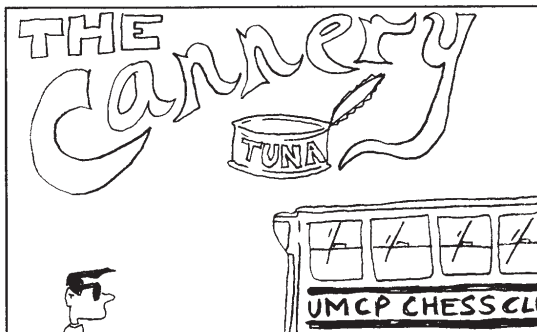
Classifieds and Personals will be a larger column starting next issue. Entries are free, but try not to make them too long or they'll have to be edited. Sell worthless shit. Advertise rooms for rent. Send tacky pleas to members of the opposite sex in the Personals. Whatever you want, here's your chance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

## Top Ten Pick-Up Lines

10. I can breathe through my ears.
9. You know I wear a size 15 shoe.
8. It's only two inches, but some girls like it that wide.
7. Perhaps you didn't hear me...I said my name is Elvis.
6. Can I buy you another beer?
5. Why yes, I'm a cunning linguist.
4. You know the French are reknowned for their creamy sauces.
3. Why yes, I am glad to see you.
2. What's a guy like me doing in a girl like you?
1. How many licks does it take to get to the center of your Tootsie Pop?

## Top Ten Rejection Lines

10. I'd rather have dinner with Jeffrey Dahmer.
9. No thanks. Maybe you take take your sister to Homecoming.
8. You work for the *Diamondback*? Get lost!!!
7. Nice hair growing from that mole. Do you mousse it?
6. BLA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
5. I'd rather masturbate with a cheese grater.
4. Ever heard of ther term "hygiene?"
3. Hmm...It looks like a penis, only smaller.
2. Sorry, I make it a rule to date within my own species.
1. I just want to be friends. You are my friend, aren't you?



# the clubside

A CUM-STAINED SLUT MISTAKE

OPINION PAGE

PAGE 3 WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1992

EDITORIAL

## Ch-ch-changes

This titanic third issue marks our last time looking the way we do. No, I don't mean the rumpled people handing out this rag, but the layout of said travesty. I simply cannot tolerate the decades-old layout of the *Diamondhack*, so we are going to shift to our own look. We will still have fun with the *hack*, of course, I mean is anything more laughable on this campus? We won't get into that **this** issue.

the clubside

Hugh G. Rection	editor in chief	Editorials are sorta like sleeping with your sister. Sure, she's a nice piece of ass with a blouse full of goodies, but it's just...illegal. And then you get into that whole inbred thing. Kids born without teeth who suck applesauce through a straw, play the banjo and pork farm animals. So keep that in mind. Tito. Jermaine.
Buster Hymen	executive editor, discipline and bondage	
Johnny Paritis	executive editor, sheep procurement	
Jack N. Meoph	commentator and speed freak	
Tripp Adled	crotch-rot cultivator	
Mike Hunt	copy editor	
Dick Gazzinya	advertising manager (still sucks at it)	

*Tripp Adled*

## The jaundiced view

**O**H Christ. I'm pushing another deadline. I am deadly sick, and probably won't live to see the publication of this column, but I must persevere and pound it out before the bitter end.

As much as I want to avoid it, the Presidential Campaign is once again at the forefront of my clouded, seemingly bloated, mind. In my delusional state, I seem to remember hearing that all three Candidates were in the College Park area last weekend. The following three accounts were compiled by myself, from fourth-and fifth-hand accounts.

### Bill Clinton

Although there is no hard evidence, rumors still circulate about that wild night at Santa Fe with the Candidate and the girls of Sigma Epsilon Xi. He was driving aimlessly through College Park (no doubt having heard that Maryland coeds are "easy") and saw the word "SEX" above the door of the house. The rest of the story is hazy, due in large part to the fact that the Candidate was visible only for a few moments at a time inside the jungle of pliant breasts and healthy, though a tad meaty, thighs. He was quoted by many at the restaurant as crying weakly, "Gatorade. Give me Gatorade." Reportedly, a bartender offered him a \$1.75 Busch, but was wrestled to the ground and severely beaten by Clinton's Secret Service escort. The Candidate made his escape, taking several coeds, who remain at large.

### George Bush

The President made a surprise visit to the offices of the Clubside to get some inside campaign advice from our crack staff. He left, hours later, in a profound stupor, due to the many toxins he introduced into his wrinkled body. The meetings were a complete washout, mostly because the President kept repeating, "have you ever looked at your hands? I mean really looked at them?" Several students saw him wandering towards The 'Vous, but he never made it. There are no immediate reports as to his whereabouts, but some say he was beaten to death by a group of Perot supporters who assumed he was a dangerous drug addict, bent on destroying American Society.

### Ross Perot

The short iguana-like Texan made a personal appearance at the school, for no apparent reason. He is quoted to have said, "I have the money, damn it. I can go anywhere I like." When told that Clinton had already worked his way through the woman, and Bush had done all the chemicals, and most importantly that the football team sucks, he left. Before stepping into his limo, he vowed to a handful of disinterested passers-by that he "won't be back to this godforsaken place again".

I'll be back next week, hopefully with a clearer head, with a report on the sudden growth of a penis from the middle of my chest.

*Johnny Paritis*

## Legalize it: smoke a joint and have an abortion

**O**kay kids. Lets talk about drugs. Specifically marijuana. Now I know there are a lot of angry feelings out there. People seem to lose control of their emotions when you bring up the topic of legalization. But these people are dickheads who should just mind their own business. Lets start with some facts. Marijuana is far less dangerous than alcohol or tobacco. It is non-addictive. It has legitimate medicinal, as well as recreational, use. More people die each year due to cancer and alcohol related diseases than have ever died from marijuana use. It isn't totally harmless. But it isn't the demon people would have you believe.

Marijuana was once a staple crop of the south. Its trade name was Indian hemp and it was primarily used to make rope. The narcotic effects were a sideline to its legitimate

commercial use. Farm magazines from the 1920's praised the crop. There was a whole industry that relied on it. So, what happened?

In this country we have a little thing called Lobbying. When Congress was in the process of passing the act that dealt with controlled substances. The big boys from DuPont and other chemical companies pressured the government to completely ban the use of Indian hemp. They didn't even allow for its commercial use as a fibrous material. Why, you ask? Because this was when the new technology of synthetic fibers was arriving on the scene. The chemical companies knew that in order to get a lock on the market they had to get Indian hemp out of the picture. With marijuana gone there would be a void. A void that their synthetic fibers could completely fill. Money.

It was all about money. There was little desire to see people protected from a dangerous substance. They just wanted to line their pockets.

Now, the case for legalization. The whole idea behind the pro-choice movement is not one of wether abortion is right or wrong. It is about choice. The pro-choice argument attempts to elevate the whole controversy out of the moral arena and place it in the realm of personal decision. The question isn't about morality. The question is about personal privacy and the woman's fundamental right to decide how to use her body. I agree. But is it fundamentally more right to allow women to control their bodies and not allow that same control to other people?

Marijuana should be about choice. If you choose it fine. If not fine. But let me have the choice. I

support the movement to keep the government out of a woman's body. If you consider yourself pro-choice then please support the movement to keep the government out of my body. Now don't misunderstand me. I don't advocate the irresponsible use of anything. Be it a gun, car, or marijuana. Adults using a drug, wether it is alcohol, marijuana or cough syrup, responsibly should not be regulated. If I find it pleasant to sit at home, get stoned to the bejeezus belt and listen to music I am not hurting anyone. Please accept the tenets this supposedly free society was founded on. Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. End unfair and unconstitutional restrictions on marijuana.

Well that's all for now but you can bet your life's money it's gonna be a stone gas next time. So, until then - Peace, Love, and Soul.

## DAVE BRUNDIGE, STUDENT ALCOHOLIC



Be sure to pick the right person to do the buying.

## Women faculty increasing gradually

By Johnny Paritis  
*Clubside drug czar*

Although the total poundage of male faculty outweighs that of the females, several nutritionists feel that women are ballooning up at an alarming rate. According to the Office of Institutional Studies, the total number of women faculty on campus is 700.

Health center researcher Tim Lipid expects the net weight gain for women to top 10,500 pounds. "This amounts to about 15 pounds per person," Tim said. "We get new female faculty weighing an average of 125 pounds. After a few years work they leave with the ass of a forty dollar cow," he added.

In order to curb this disturbing trend Tim, in cooperation with the Food Service department, has come up with a five part plan to help the women maintain their weight. "First, we're going to totally eliminate the all you can eat lard bar in South Campus dining hall. Second, the complimentary plate of Twinkies, ho-ho's, donuts, and ding-dongs that await the women every morning will be scrapped. Third, we are going to attach tiny electrodes to their nipples and shock them whenever they reach for a fatty food." Tim told me confidentially that this was his favorite part. "Fourth," he went on "we have just installed a state of the art liposuction machine that will suck the fat from those hard to reach places. Fifth, and most important, we have hired trainer and renowned porn star Big Jim Slade to keep fat off the old fashioned way. You burn it.

Big Jim most recently worked at Clemson where the female faculty there lost a total of 15,000 pounds in one year. When I asked Big Jim about his method he said, "I Fucks 'Em, I Fucks 'Em real good."

Tim is optimistic that his five point plan will work. As a last resort he said that, "if it doesn't I guess we'll just staple their mouths shut."

## 90210 Update

These repeats are only good for helping me catch up to what's been going on. Here we are. Gil and Andrea had another run-in during the college episode. This episode also continued the slow break-up of Dylan and Brenda. Or at least what I hope will be their break-up. Dylan can certainly do a lot better, besides there is no major whore character on the show, and why shouldn't Dylan be it? I always thought the great thing about Kirk Cameron on *Growing Pains* was the fact that he went through women like Al Bundy foes through socks. The classic episode was the one where he took three chicks to the prom. Back to our heroes, I think Brenda needs a new guy to go totally psycho on. The best thing would be for Dylan to finally get sick of her whining and not understanding that he's happy just hanging out, and completely crush her. We'd have the great Dylan/Brandon short-term feud, we'd have a weepy Brenda, an "I told you so" Jim and a brewing meltdown with Kelly. In the college episode Dylan and Kelly let it be known that college isn't really for them, but at least Dylan's dad understands the real importance of college: a few years of checking things out and goofing around, on the parents money. Andrea wants to go to Yale, Gil's Alma Mater, and he goes on and on about how tough it is to get in. Andrea has bizarre dreams about being on a tight-rope. The dreams are fine, but seeing Andrea in that tight gymnast outfit was truly disgusting. I defy anyone to now say she's in the least bit passable. Yeeeeeaaah! After the dreams are over she confronts Gil, who says he was only trying to make her think about it and prove that she's a real tough cookie. Awww, isn't that sweet. Donna proves to be a horrendous stick-figure artist that the art teacher decides she should go to design school. Uh, yeah, this must be part of the continuing Donna-isn't-ugly-stupid-talentless plotline. Steve wants to go to USC, but he has a "D" average and might not get in. He ends up getting a key which supposedly is the master to the school, which is handed down every year from one student to a new senior. Steve finally decides to take it, only to find it doesn't work. He tries to swipe another from the janitor, who catches him. Steve bribes his way free. Way to go, Steve!

The big conflict was Brenda and Brandon, of course. In addition to Brenda wanting Dylan to go to the same school she decided on, Jim and Carol dropped the bombshell that they only had enough money for one out-of-state private school. Brandon argued that Brenda would get it because she always got everything while he had to work for what he wanted. In the end they both decided to go to the University of California, the local state college. This is good for keeping the show going, and allowed both of them to get what they wanted and save the parents dough, even though Jim and Cindy decided they could get that second mortgage to pay for the other education after all. The last part had Dylan telling Brenda not to plan her life around him. Foreshadow, foreshadow.

The last episode was the big race relations one. It began with reports of death at a rival high school's football game. The school board decided to call off playing the other school, even though the deaths were gang rivalry-related. Brandon got pissed after talking with a student from the other school. Of course all the students at the other school were black, and there's nary a one in the average WBH hallway. They decide to write editorials about solving problems and not ducking them. The other guy writes a nasty one that Gil and Andrea are against, so Brandon plots to get them out of the way so he can sneak in his agenda. He writes an editorial that ends with an invitation to the other school to attend the WBH dance that Brenda is chairing. The other guy changes his editorial to reflect a cool head, but Brandon doesn't change his. In the end, everyone is pissed at Brandon but the dance goes on, neo-Nazi rent-a-cops and all. Some football players from the other school show up to the dance, and after much arguing are let in. The two football teams square off, but Brandon steps in, and the girls ask the other school's guys to dance. In the end, everyone is happy, and Brandon is once again loved. Kinda stupid, but fun. The sub-plots included hiring David to perform at the dance, Scott's sister being a mega-groupie that gets Donna jealous, and Kelly expecting to see her dad for the first time in forever. No one believes he will show up, and Dylan, who was skipping the dance as he often does, found her in the Pit and took her to the dance to cheer her up. More seeds of rebellion, eh?

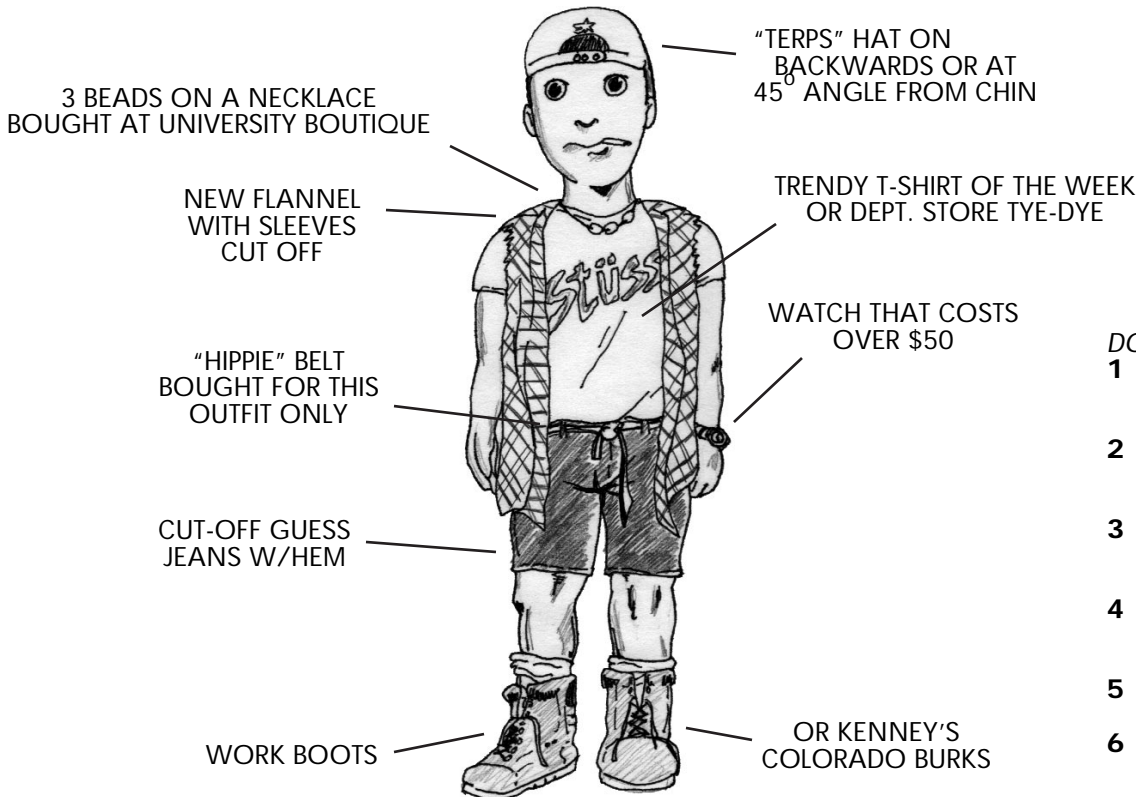
*Wow, man, like, cool, you mean I can write to the Clubside, and maybe see my name in print, dude? It's just what I've been waiting for...*

Yes, we hear you ask us every issue how you can write, how you can get involved. Well, if it matters that much to you (and obviously it didn't, or you would have read the small print on the editorial page), let us hear from you. We need letters to the editors, writers, artists, business managers, advertising managers, copy editors, stapler people, delivery people, beer drinkers (actually, we already have a lot of them), researchers, and who knows what else. So if you just want to let us know what you think, or if you want to get involved, drop us a line, think real hard, sky write, or give us a call:

**The Clubside**  
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# ARE YOU A MAGGOT?

(A MALE GUIDE)

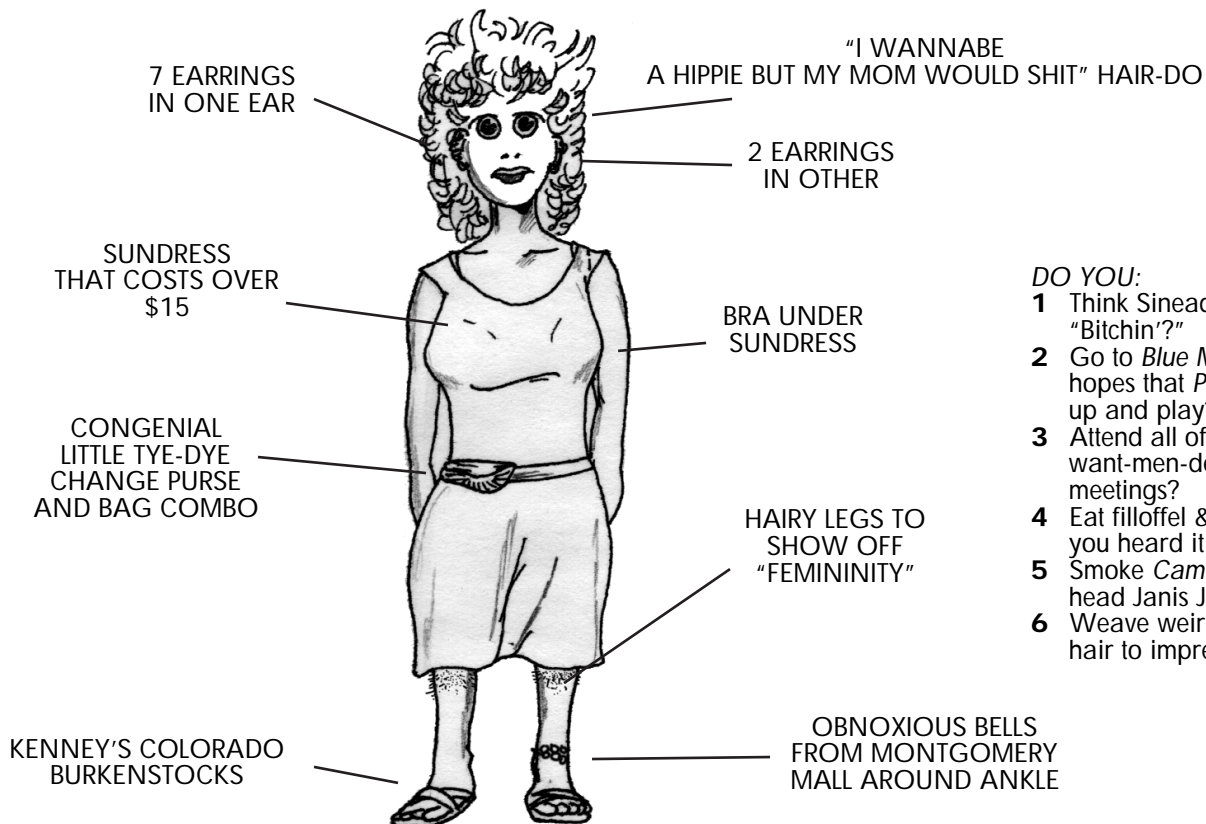


## DO YOU:

- 1 Have *Grateful Dead* stickers on your car, but never been to a show?
- 2 Go to *Blue Miracle* in the hopes that they'll play some *Pearl Jam*
- 3 Buy new clothes and try to make them look old by washing them in bleach?
- 4 Spend more than two minutes deciding what to wear before going out to bars?
- 5 Buy your tye dyes from a retail clothing store?
- 6 Hang them on hangars between wearing?

# ARE YOU A MAGG-ETTE?

(A FEMALE GUIDE)



## DO YOU:

- 1 Think Sinead O'Connor is "Bitchin'?"
- 2 Go to *Blue Miracle* in the hopes that *Pearl Jam* will show up and play?
- 3 Attend all of the women-who-want-men-dead-type meetings?
- 4 Eat filloffel & hummus because you heard it was cool?
- 5 Smoke *Camels* because you head Janis Joplin did?
- 6 Weave weird things in your hair to impress men?