

CLUB SIDE

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Psychotic? True Missing

CIA Doses Clinton's Daughter

PRESIDENT-ELECT Bill Clinton announced today that the CIA was involved in his daughter's disappearance. Claiming that the company (as they are referred to in the espionage circle) slipped the equivalent of ten doses of LSD in her coffee over a three day period. This caused her to dress as a vagina, and protest the greek system on Fraternity Row at the University of Maryland College Park, Saturday she followed this up by single-handedly defeating the Maryland football team. Shortly after, she was seen running down Route 1. Still in her vagina outfit, Psychotic? was singing what can only be described as "a horribly out of tune compilation of popular Grateful Dead songs," according to Scott White, a junior engineering student who saw the costumed woman near the 24-hour McDonald's on Route 1.

Clinton, who never inhaled, said that he couldn't understand why she ran off. However Vice President-elect Al Gore and his wife Tipper added that "LSD is at its most potent in liquid form, and may

take several days to wear off." Shortly after the story broke, Ophus Buttweiler, a night watchman who is a taxidermist in his spare time, claims to have seen her. "I was out in the woods looking for dead stuff, ya know, I seen this big red thing dancin' through a pine thicket. I got closer thinkin' it was the Goat Man. 'What a prize!' I thought, until I seen it was only a freaked-out hippie girl screamin' about needin' acid and askin' where the Dead wuz." Buttweiler continued with his finger up his nose, "I took 'er to my taxidermy shed and showed her some of my finer works, she sort uh freaked and ran towards the woods singin' what I think was Ripple."

When asked to comment, the Clinton/Gore camp responded with this statement: "Our main concern is that she is safe and will call us soon. As for the Grateful Dead stuff, well we all love the Dead and find nothing wrong with her singing their songs." We will follow this story to the end.

Connie Lingus is a Clubside special field reporter.

Vagina Woman's Curse Comes TRUE

Greeks suicidal

COLLEGE PARK, MD, November 10 — University of Maryland's Greek System is reeling, when signs of a curse placed on them two weeks earlier began manifesting itself in very shocking ways. Self-proclaimed labia-witch Psychotic? True placed a terrible curse on the Greeks, stating, "I'm not here to change the Greeks, I'm here to destroy them." Fraternities and Sororities alike openly scoffed at the curse and taunted True mercilessly, but it appears that the fema-nazi is going to have the last laugh.

Disturbing reports are pouring in even now as I write this article. Almost all of Sigma Alpha Epsilon has been smitten by severe menstrual cramps. The once majestic Fraternity Row, which used to be proudly littered with the "dead soldiers" of every beer known to man, is now a disgusting sea of Perrier and Mystic bottles. Even the Sororities were not spared. The women (?) of Delta Gamma, Alpha Xi Delta, and Zeta Tau Alpha have all sprouted handlebar moustaches overnight and become extremely flatulent. Incidentally, smoking is no longer permitted in those sororities. Of the sororities,

Phi Sigma Sigma was the hardest hit. These poor girls were ravaged in the middle of the night by cartoon-like chess geeks claiming to be football players. The fraternity Pi Kappa Alpha was reported to be the last bastion of normality for the Greeks. I went to investigate. The president of Pika, S. Richard Cheese, assured me that everything was fine. Mr. Cheese then held my hand, kissed me lightly on the cheek and invited me to the fraternity's newly formed Gender Sensitivity Training Class. I screamed and ran in terror.

The most devastating blow to the greeks came when the owners of The Vous announced that would be closing the bar and selling it. Rumor has it that the new owners will reopen The Vous as a bistro dedicated to Andy Warhol—where people can discuss modern art and get a good cup of cappuccino.

I approached a young man from Sigma Phi Epsilon who was sitting in front of The Vous with his face in his hands. When I asked him what he thought about everything that had happened to the Greeks, he wept uncontrollably. All he could say was, "the horror. The horror..."

—Buster Hymen

Ophus Buttweiler tells his tale of a vagina and a goat man

CLASSIFIEDS

Join the **Wing Club**. Meeting every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at the 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. Be a **Winger**.

Classifieds and Personals are free in the *Clubside*. Just mail your entry to Clubside, 4431 Lehigh Rd. #121, College Park, MD 20740.

PERSONALS

Jim, you majestically-deluded sack of shit.

Karen

Nancy,
It's all fun and games until someone drowns trying to walk.
—Holey Feet

To the tye-dyed chick Tuesday at the Paragon, thanks for the handjob, but next time try not to grip so HARD!!!!
Choked in Cumberland

Please Please
Get these monkeys off me.

Joey—
I told you you'd find me here.
Ravishing

Tom,
I thought you loved me. Why did you leave me sticky, broke and confused?
Signed,
Sticky, Broke and Confused

To all of my African brothers and sisters at the Marion Barry

rally: keep up the good work and yo free ribs is on the way.
Martin the Lutheran Rib King

Hey Ladies!! I'm Panjec, a 24-year old single male from Calcutta. I enjoy rummaging through the garbage, chasing small rodents, romantic strolls through the sewer and re-decorating cardboard boxes. My father has a job and I bathe. I'll call anyone who is virtually disease-free. Write c/o the *Clubside*.

To the cross-dressing homosexual male I met at Bentley's on Ladies Night: I didn't know how to feel at first, but now I think I enjoyed the tea-bagging. You've opened a new door for me. Please contact me.
Queer in Queen Anne

Jen, your asshole isn't tight, I lied.
DM

Maybe you can see it, maybe you can't. I can.
Mary & Bill

Phil, you douchebag!
Love Steve

To Jimmy, the cute guy I met at the Vous:
Remember when you couldn't find a condom and you decided to use a sandwich bag? Well, you should have used a zip-lock, the rabbit died.

Kris you flexible babe, be my "pretzel woman." Jack

In too deep baby, I jes wanna be yer loverman so jump back, get a job, shoobie doobie la la rain on my face holding back the years been up been down been humpin' all around where's my rabbit I can see clearly now the colors the colors...

Passenger 57 (Warner, R) **FOUR CASES**

The second of Warner's two *Die Hard* rip-offs is a lot of fun, and while not quite as classic as *Under Siege*, it more than holds its own and features countless audience-inspiring beatings. Wesley Snipes stars as a security trainer who gets caught on a flight taking a known airline hijacker and blower-upper back to Los Angeles. Of course there are conspirators on board, and soon Wesley is kicking butt trying to save the people. The villain is one of those guys you'll remember but can't place, and pisses you off enough without leaving a great impression like the guys in *Under Siege* (or *Die Hard* for that matter). This movie is Wesley, who teams up with a stewardess (flight attendant--yeah, right) and gets the plane on the ground. It's here where the fun starts, as they land in some podunk hick town and the equivalent of Roscoe P. Coltraine shows up to cause trouble. A couple of good ole boys round Wesley up, but after realizing no one knows a terrorist like himself, he kicks Enos' ass and makes it for the carnival after the villains. Here's a real down South carnival, except there are actually a few black people at it. They gotta be true to a redneck extreme in the future. Suffice to say, Wesley beats some more ass. This movie has all the beer-drinking elements: innocents get shot, karate-style extended beatings, great joke dialogue between Wesley and the sheriff, and decent enough payoff. Why isn't it five cases, when we all know you'll probably drink eight by yourself watching some piece of shit getting his ass whooped by Wesley and end up spilling some on grandma two rows behind you? Because they let one of the villains live. Producers take note: in these action movies, we want the Arnold system of justice: no one left to prosecute. I waited and waited for the bitch to die. But noooooooooo, they gotta let her live. She deserved, we all know it, and we expect it. Follow through, kill everyone. There's also no gratuitous nudity. Wesley does a great job, hope to see him in some more of these. Not much of a date movie, except for the women who want to ogle Wesley's naked chest during the required flashback scene. Check it out though, because nothing beats getting a night of partying off to a start watching a beating and drinking a lot of beer.

Jennifer 8 (Paramount, R) **TWO CASES**

A new thriller with Andy Garcia (and his 5 o'clock shadow), Uma Thurman (yowsa yowsa!) and Lance Henriksen (alright buddy!) about a psycho who has killed seven blind chicks, and is after that elusive eighth. Like all "scary" movies, this one has it advantages for guys who want to get some ass. For some inexplicable reason, chicks love to go to these movies, grip your arm and squirm, causing you to spill your beer, but in the end it turns 'em on and you get a piece, which is always nice, and you know what I'm saying here, dontcha, ya naughty boy. Anyway, my pal Lance (best known as Bishop from *Aliens*, but great in a ton of good and evil roles) is top investigator in a San Diego suburb who brings Andy out since he's an ace. Lance gets some great jokes out and talks about big tits a lot, which helps keep the movie interesting,

A coffee-table book if there ever was one, but a great excuse to keep such a yuppie concept around, Maria Reidelbach's *Completely MAD, A History of the Comic Book and Magazine* (Little, Brown and Company, paperback \$24.95) is a great look at a magazine that many of us grew up with but now consider either too silly or too unfunny to pick up unless a friend has a copy lying around. Starting with the birth of the comic book industry, the book uses images and a distinctive, weird to many but perfect to me, layout to chronicle the magazine. Bill Gaines, the founder of MAD, was the son of the man who invented the comic book. He went on to start EC, Entertaining Comics, which ushered in the horror and science fiction genres. Dr. Wertham, a psychotic psychologist, brought EC to an end by publishing a book linking comic with juvenile delinquency. EC still had one prize, and that was MAD, a comic that made fun of cartoons, TV, the movies and more. When its creative force, Harvey Kurtzman, left to start a new magazine, MAD carried on, now in black-and-white magazine form. The book chronicles the creators of MAD and examines a variety of genres and how MAD dealt with them, including Madison Avenue and Hollywood. The book features full-color reproductions of every cover of MAD since day one, and lots of reproductions of funny bits from the years. If nothing else, there's a lot of good humor to be found. There really is more than that, since the history of MAD includes so many decades of attempts to curtail free speech either through the law or pressure from other sources. Reading this book gave me a new appreciation for the pioneers of satire and

parody and also shows a sad part of Americana in the form of lawsuits and psychobabble attempting to take on a humor publication. *Completely MAD* is a treat for everyone curious about MAD, satire in America, and besides is a nice hefty tome to leave on the coffee table.

Sex Tips for Girls, Cynthia Heimel's first book (Fireside/Simon & Schuster, paperback \$9.00), is a hilarious collection of slightly-related essays from the author of *Playboy's* "Women" column. I believe there's a subtle truth behind almost any good humor, and Cynthia is a perfect example of this. Whether confronting having nothing to do on Saturday night or confronting the insertion of an I.U.D., its all in good fun. Some of the chapter names alone should get you interested: "How to Find Someone to Fall in Love With," "The Perils of Obsession," "Sex Tips #4--Is There Such a Thing as a Jaded Sexual Palate?" In a section entitled "Do's and Don'ts, Flirtingwise," she writes: "Exude a cool but promising skepticism. You don't want to fall all over a fellow, but you do want him to realize that if he amuses you enough, he's in for a mighty good time. Try not to touch him more than fleetingly." The book is also filled with stories of her friends, ex-boyfriends, her son (who gets more attention as he grows up in her later books) and her eternal search for the perfect weight. Cynthia continues writing great columns even today, but this first book is truly a classic with a lot of laughs and a lot of subtle insights. Forget the title, dudes, this one is not just for the ladies.

—Hugh G. Rection

and provides many excuses for "I'll drink to that." Uma only shows her tits in a darkly lit scene, so guys going just for that pleasure best look elsewhere (like *Dangerous Liaisons*). She does do a convincing job of being blind, and her character is cool. Andy overacts in certain scenes, and his character is kind of a bonehead in many ways. By the last third of the movie we have to put up with John Malkovich as a district attorney getting ready to prosecute Andy. This is good in that John plays a convincing penis, and you want to kill him instantly. However, Andy looks to be in such pain and it drags on slowly that you'll be wishing you had brought a few more beers. Or maybe this is the time for all those new couples to grope in the movie darkness. The ending, however, is so good that it makes up for this lull. In the end, a good date movie, even though it's a little short on chills, thumbs up for Lance, Uma show us them puppies, and bring a few extra beers and you'll make it.

Rating system:

O'Douls So lame, only people who drink non-alcoholic beer would like it.

Six-Pack Worth seeing on video, when you are alone, have no friends, and a Friday night to kill.

One Case Drink a lot and it gets to be acceptable.

Two Cases Average movie that needs beer to make it better.

Three Cases Good, beer makes it more exciting. Great way to ride out a buzz.

Four Cases Great movie, get shit-faced and check it out.

Five Cases Excellent, must see, sneak the beers into the theater, pound like an animal, interact with the screen, yell "you shut up, you grizzled cunt" at the offended fat lady in the row behind you, go out and drink some more. This is what Hollywood is all about.

Letters to the Editor

Dear *Clubside*--

I read your publication for the first time today, and I found it to be sick, stupid, obscene, predictable, trashy, slimy, tasteless, and demeaning rubbish comparable to the three inch wads of snot I pull from my nose each morning. The movie reviews were nothing short of meaningless drivel shot from the mouths of admitted (and proud) alcoholics, the articles were idiotic lame attempts at humor which were slightly less amusing than watching golfers screw, and the issue as a whole just plain sucked enlarged bloated deformed hairy kangaroo testicles.

Here is my \$2.00--I want to read it every week.

Robert M. Shearman, Jr.,
MBHB
(Master of Big Hairy Bullshit)

Dear Hugh,

Man oh man, I read your "Days Without Masturbation" and I almost lost it. That totally exquisite babe in the black skintight outfit is in my MaryPIRG group. She is Greek and wears clothes that REALLY fit. Every time I see her in a tight shirt that smashes her huge breasts into perfect round portions I almost jizz all over myself. She has a flawless ass that begs to be fucked. I think about her on a topless beach deep in the Mediterranean wearing only a tiny thong. When that scene enters my mind it only takes a minute to snap my carrot! To have her full luscious lips around my cock and then to blow my load all over her gorgeous face while she slurps me up would truly be a dream cum true.

Hugh, it's so kool you noticed that fine piece of ass. I enjoy seeing her every week. But she sure keeps the sperm count low!

Signed,
Master beater

Send all correspondence to:
Clubside
4431 Lehigh Rd. #121
College Park, MD 20740

Jack N. Meoph

MTV's Dan Cortese Killed By Cracked-Out Burger King Table Server! Employee Says "Shrimp Basket Told Him To"

I'd like to open with a get well soon to Kevin, hurry back and hope to see ya do a little "Chicken Pickin'" before too long... Well, Clinton is in, god help us all... Who cares if Dylan and Brenda call it quits?? Why not make Dylan suddenly have a taste for small, Eastern European boys named Vladimir?... Why do blondes wear large, hooped earrings?... Is Washington, D.C. the nation's capitol or Death Capital, what can we do to take back our historic city?... Should we really be paying to support people who don't work and collect money not to? Let's take matters into our hands and make these people work for a living instead of leeching off of our taxes... Did Perot actually believe that he and the "Admiral" could win this big popularity contest?... I believe that the election was best summed up by "It's a perpetuation of the two-party system, where image takes precedent over wisdom, where sound-bite politics are fed to the fast-food culture, where straight teeth in your mouth are more important than the words that come out of it."... Answer: A place to rest their ankles during sex... The next four years will be our big test we as young adults have to stand up for our rights and not let the old and practically dead fuck our future up (more than it already has been)... And this feeling shivers down your spine, love comes in colors, I can't deny all that matters is love, love, your love... I see so many miserable people around today, Newsflash, there's only one ride per person on this trip called life, and there's no time to be depressed. Take control of your life and live it too its fullest!!!... Have you ever seen a dog tackle a small person and hump them relentlessly to orgasm?... Should Cadillac make miniatures for the stylish vertically challenged? (Hi Traci)... How are our bosses (the Japs) going to cope with calling the President "Mr. Crinton"?... Didn't we just kick their asses a few years ago?... Why is Saddam still alive?... In conclusion, remember my friend Sid Viscious died from a nagging cunt, nagging cunts are bad... Hurry home, Bighead... and only users lose drugs.

UFO Invades Campus

In the wee hours of Sunday morning a strange light appeared above the mall. The drunken stumble back to the Dorms was interrupted by three-headed space aliens seeking specimens to take back to their planet.

Elmer Jode a migrant farm worker here for the great belly lint harvest described the scene this way. "Well, I'se sittin' there gettin' friendly with my sister when all uh thu sudden I sees this flashin' light and hears this buzzin' sound. At first I didn't know whats it was. I thought it might be the Lord God Almighty coming after me for using that pig for immoral purposes. But then it sets down and I saw it wasn't the Lord but a couple aliens. Shit, this is the most fun I had since Elvis appeared to me in my cornflakes."

The student body was immediately subjugated by the alien's large sticks and verbal abuse. Campus police proved ineffectual when the interlopers killed their hairless Chihuahua police dog and ate its liver with a nice Chianti.

This reporter saw many acts of unspeakable cruelty and brutality. In a fit of rage the aliens met and hooked up with two fat ugly chicks. It is obvious that there penchant for madness is beyond our realm.

Two wandering drunks were attracted by the commotion and when they drew near, the aliens gave them really bad haircuts. Their screams echoed throughout the campus.

The visitors, with their wily charms, attracted three sorority girls. They took them to a bar and didn't buy them drinks. No matter how much the girls pretended to like them the aliens refused. Obviously the girls were shaken.

Would their terror never stop? Would we always have to pull their finger and fall for that fart gag? Would we become enslaved by their hypnotic knock knock jokes and joy buzzers? The wicked imagination of these loathsome creatures knows no bounds.

Just when things seemed at their worst, when hope of salvation had all but passed away the

campus was saved by the timely arrival of Psychotic? True, the vagina woman.

She rose from the ground and faced the destroyers. She uttered, her now famous litany. "I haven't come to change the aliens. I have come to destroy them!"

With that said she leaped on her faithful horse Dildoa and proceeded to joust the creatures with an oversized tampon applicator. The aliens were immediately vanquished and returned from whence they came.

You might think that is the end of the story. Oh no. After the aliens fled Psychotic? True told us that those animals weren't real. They were the embodiment of all the negative female stereotypes. The aliens were the incarnation of the oppression directed towards women. These animals came from within ourselves. Not from another galaxy. That is why she stopped them. It is her job to make sure that the bad thoughts don't return. Thank you Psychotic? Wherever you are.

Bush—A Really Lame Duck

The era of Reagan is over. Bush has been defeated—run down like a dog in the night. It's over. I always knew he was Lame—now it's official. What is he going to do in the last two months of his administration? Nothing of any consequence, to be sure—historically, presidents have avoided decisions of any kind while Lame Ducks. Even President Buchanan, in 1861, when confronted with the start of the Civil War, did nothing—because his term had expired. Why should he bother? After all, any decision he made would probably be overridden when the new administration took over. Bush could make some excitement in the waning days of his administration if he started making some decisions. He won't be accountable for any of them, because he'll be gone soon. What power.

For example, Bush could go public with his obvious fascina-

They would be set up in a Manhattan apartment and filmed for a real-life documentary on two hard-working lunatic sex-fiends trying to make a living in the big city. The plot would focus on Dahmer and Manson continually gnawing at each other's body parts, as well as fighting over their newest kill.

Wow. Just imagine the temptation—so much power, yet so little time to use it. The contents of the National Archives could be opened, proving once and for all that William Casey was the man behind the Kennedy assassinations, the war in Vietnam, Watergate, Jimmy Carter, Saddam Hussein, and Iran-Contra. "Blame the Dead Guy!" would be on everyone's lips. Bush would appoint Michael Jackson to come up with a catchy tune to the new chant. Jackson would appear on live TV to sing the new anthem, only to be set

The Jaundiced View

Tripp Addled

tion for hallucinogens. He could decree January 1st, 1992 "National Hallucination Day" where all America could vie for the honor to eat peyote and vomit on the foreign dignitary of their choice. The mind boggles. Just think—Bush could set aside a day for the naked public whipping of all figures indicted, or even suspected, in the Iran-Contra affair. This would take place at high noon on the Mall, and be televised world-wide. For reasons of National Security, ex-President Reagan would be allowed to wear clothes while being beaten. Even George realizes that no one wants to see Ronnie's naked, wrinkled body.

Hmmm. What else? In light of the fact that there are no good shows on TV anymore, Bush could pardon Charles Manson and Jeffrey Dahmer.

upon by screaming hermaphrodites and torn limb from limb.

Finally, on the eve of the inaugural, all attention would be on the White House as the soon-to-be-ex-president and Bar burn the place to the ground, screaming "You can't have it, you redneck Cracker!" They would then resign the office, leaving Quayle in charge for the last twelve hours. The stunned nation would watch in horror in disbelief as Dan says, "Hey Marilyn—what does the big red button do?" The world would then end in a fit of raw stupidity and nuclear carnage.

Ouch. Maybe I shouldn't ponder the future—God knows what could really happen between now and the 21st. I think I'll stick to paring my toenails and talking to the small pink gnome who lives in my computer.

Well, here it is. The debut of my column which will take a look at the various things happening around the planet and the campus. Well it's been a little over a week since the election and it would appear that America has forgotten about the countless tons of bullshit that led up to the lack-luster election last Tuesday. In reflec-

Bill met his wife talking about the size of the watermelons back home in Arkansas. Can a woman that gets wet by the mere thought of a watermelon be believed when she and her husband endorse family values. Hell, you saw the Clubside last week. Chelsea, Bill's little peach, was dressed as a vagina. Give the twisted little kid

From the Wild Side

Syd Rocket

tion, I guess I would be able to forget when President-elect "Wild" Bill Clinton lost his voice. Some ponder that he has contracted a yeast infection on his tongue from his wife Hilary which prevents him from talking effectively. Think about it. Would you want our future leader spitting out bits and pieces of bread every time he opens his mouth? I think not. Others believe Bill is sick of slumming it with Joe Sixpack and would rather not deal with the stupid liberals that put him in office. I'm not implying that I'm a republican, hell, I could care less who runs the country. It's just that when you have to deal with whiny assholes, like those in MaryPirg, anyone can lose it. Poor Bill is helpless to deny anybody anything now that he's at the forefront of the public's attention.

Here's another tid-bit, the family values issue. Remember,

credit. Though she's destined to become a part of every comedians joke repertoire she did do a good job putting together that costume. Yeah, the things a mother teaches her daughter are sometimes invaluable. Obviously strong family values were present here.

It would appear that the next four years could be as uncomfortable as masturbating with a cheese-grater. How can an individual that can't even smoke dope right run a country? Makes you wonder. Maybe a burnout in the White House is what the country needs. So far nobody has figured out what to do to keep us the world power that we are supposed to be. Oh well. It might be a good idea to liquidate your money and stick it in a shoe box so the new administration can't tax it. Good luck Bill. All the best. Do a good a job and try not to fuck us up anymore than Reagan did, and by the way, nice hair-weave.

About the issue...

Greetings, humans, and welcome to the sixth stupendous issue of our first volume of the *Clubside*, a community-service production sponsored in no way by the University of Maryland or even the University of Finland. That's right, we're in no way associated with anyone even remotely respectable. However, we do find the time to churn this piece of shit out every Wednesday of the school year. For just two bucks you can have it delivered right to your door, no fuss, no muss, for the rest of the semester. And next semester, a subscription is just \$3. You can still get it for free by accosting one of our slovenly interns, but selection is limited, and you get such a fabulous staple with each issue, how can you pass it up? For the throngs who wish to communicate with us, write to:

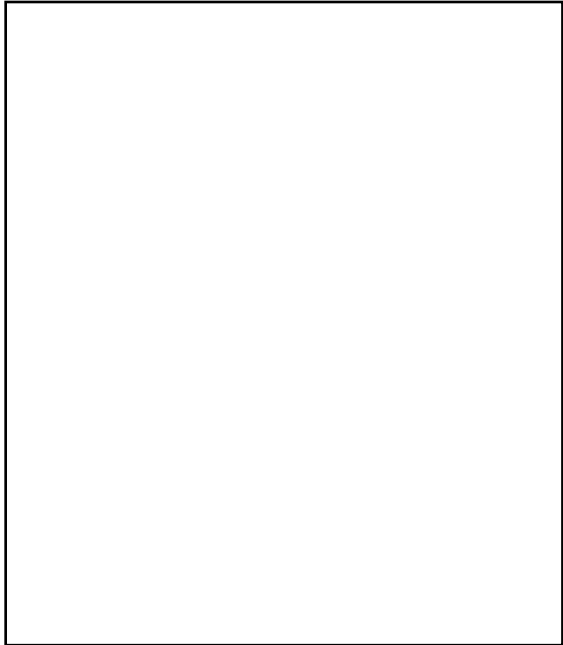
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or you can call for phone sex like someone did, or just leave a message on our impersonal machine at

(301) 441-8916

Do you want to be a journalist? Look elsewhere. Everyone else: we need writers, artists, beer-fetchers and more to round out our little soiree. Let us know, and help foster better relations with our adopted El Salvadorian friends we call the College Park Police.

DAVE BRUNDIGE, STUDENT ALCOHOLIC



The painfully obvious...

Top Ten Things College Guys Look For in a Girl

- 10 Breathing/Pulse
- 9 Credit Card
- 8 Angry Titties
- 7 Freshman!!! (1st semester)
- 6 Low Alcohol Tolerance
- 5 Intelligence (Just Kidding!)
- 4 Double-Jointedness
- 3 Oral Fixation
- 2 Dirty Knees
- 1 She has a twin

Top Ten Things College Girls Look for in a Guy

- 10 Money (Marry a Rich Guy)
- 9 Stiff One
- 8 High Whining Tolerance
- 7 Six-inch Tongue
- 6 Not Afraid to Cry
- 5 Won't Leave Her Sticky, Broke & Confused
- 4 Will Sleep in the Wet Spot
- 3 Seduction Not Involving Mad Dog & Pork Rinds
- 2 Not Into Anal Sex
- 1 Has a Package so Big, Even UPS Won't Ship It

Days without Masturbation

Sorry the column didn't make it in last week, but I got so busy with work and the mag that my only release was jerking off. Yes, friends, I'm afraid the streak was history. It got so bad that I even bought three new big tit magazines and spanked it in the office bathroom. Then, Friday night at Baja Beach Club, I had to ogle the dark-haired chick with the big tits barley contained by a black bikini top through two different bouncy numbers. What's a sperm-laden man to do? Yeppers, gotta wash the sheets. I'm trying though, I promise.

--Hugh

Finally I got what I had been asking for: Brenda and Dylan are over, and there's dancing in the streets. After a fit of her own honesty, Dylan decides he has to be honest too, and tells Brenda he had seen someone over the summer. When he won't tell her who it is, Brenda decides to look up old Rick, who's back in college. Masquerading with the same cheesy French accent, she ends up dragged to the Peach Pit where her charade ends. Rick doesn't mind, and wants to lay that pipe big time, but Brenda

is still pining away for the Dylmeister. Dylan, a smart man, clearly wants out, and Kelly is looking more and more receptive. Meanwhile Steve is finding out he can't get into college because of his wretched grades, and he figures out that his freshman buddy is a computer whiz. Steve lays out the challenge to break into the school computer, and after the usual Steve goading, the challenge is accepted. However the plan goes awry and the two must escape in the night. Brenda goes back to confront Dylan, who by now is pretty sick of her gap-toothed mug and itching for some new flesh. Brenda can't take it anymore

and they decide not to see each other any more. Brenda goes home to call Kelly, and while still on the phone, in walks Dylan. Set up for "Scenes from the Next 90210." I especially hate it when the scenes from next week are juicier than the current episode. Anyway, this episode stuck mostly to Brenda and Dylan, which was good because we had to get them over, they were dragging down the fun of the show, constantly tonguing it for all to see when we always knew that Dylan wanted to move on, he got that thang, and it was time for new blood. Now there's nothing wrong with a long relationship, but the people involved here? Brenda really needs either a guy she can strap it on and whip into shape, or a guy who's going to fuck her in the ass and make her beg for more. Dylan needs to move around, not get tied down (except for literally, of course). Brandon's more of the sucker, ready to get sucked in. We can only hope he can shake that. Can't wait for next week. Save the festering, smells-like-ass part of the couch for me, by butt-print shall be filled.

90210 Update

Hugh G. Rection

Students Arrested Unfairly

Once more the oppressive and coercive power of the state has come down upon four hapless students. The hack reported that Campus Police arrested four individuals for possession of marijuana. That in itself isn't startling. What is startling is that they expressed no outrage about it. According to the article someone dropped a dime on the four student partiers. Acting on this tip the police arrived and arrested the students. Now I have this to say to the person who turned them in:

You are Vile Fucking Scum! What are you? A little whiny ass that has to tell on everybody? All the world hates a Narc you stupid festering sack of shit. Why don't you come forward and let the whole campus know who the little pussy is who turned those kids in. Are you

scared to admit your identity? You shouldn't be. If you had the guts to roll over on people that weren't bothering you you should at least have the cojones to stand up and admit it. You belly crawling filth eater.

If you have the Nads to own up please send us your name and we will print it so that the whole student body will know to watch what they do around you.

Now lets get back to the reason these people were arrested. They weren't hurting anyone (accept, arguably, themselves). They were in a dorm room smoking a little weed. They weren't giving crack to blind orphans and telling them it was candy. They were adults who made a rational decision to smoke. Yet still the state finds it has to regulate their actions. Now you can't really bust on

the cops. They were just doing their job (remember Nuremberg). It is the law and they enforce the law. However, there are plenty of laws that, while on the books, are not enforced. The laws regulating sexual activity are an example. These laws are by and large ignored because most people believe they are ridiculous. Wouldn't it be nice if marijuana laws were thought of that way.

So, if we are going to keep these laws on the books let's not enforce them. Sure if someone is acting irresponsibly they should be arrested. But that goes for everything not just marijuana. Free the offenders. Let my people go!

If you feel as I do let me know it. More importantly, let Kirwan know, send him mail, call him on the phone. This is your school. Let your voice be heard.