

CLUBSIDE

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FUCK

Maryland Bureaucracy

When you scream and rant and rave and attempt to analyze why the tuition at state-supported University of Maryland at College Park is taking another bite out of your asshole, take a look at the hell registration is and apply the same rule across the board to all of the bureaucracy that employs thousands of restless paper-pushers. This tale of woe is not for the squeamish, so make sure you're not taking advantage of the fabulous meal plan while reading.

I thought it would be simple. I have nearly 100 credits transferred from my previous years of college, and so registration should be an open book: there are only a few classes I have to take to graduate, so I'll sign up and be done with it. Hold it right there, first you have to get rid of your blocks. Oh, and by the way, you can't sign up for those 100 level classes even though you have to take four of 'em because all of the maggots get first dibs. Yes, everything that possibly could go wrong did. I had used MARS the previous semester, and it was great. Should have been simple again, yet the reality was a fucking nightmare.

I had to get out of *Math 110* and *English 101*, the stupid USP requirements. Understand, I already have four-and-a-half years of college behind me, and yet obviously I can't do things like write an essay on dingleberry picking or add a few numbers together. Luckily I have the SAT scores to exempt me from the math. Yet, why should I have to track that shit down? When the school evaluates transfer credits, shouldn't it get the school catalogs from the other colleges to find what class equals what? Why should I

waste my precious time running between libraries and offices to xerox a puny course description? Don't we pay to go to this hole? As with everything else related to Maryland, the student comes second. Who gets the best parking? The faculty. Why, we pay to go here, they work here. Customer is number one. You transfer in, the fucking school should send for your transcripts, financial aid forms, SAT scores and whatever other nonsense they seem to need. I have more important things to do, like work to pay to keep the hamsters running and the power turned on. No, I have to run to a building on the other side of the fucking campus to have English 101 evaluated. So what that the course I took at my previous college was called Composition and Reading, that doesn't sound close enough. Neither does the fact that I wrote a fucking 40 page thesis in my major and I passed that shit. Nope, they wanna make sure I did everything in a class that is taught at a lower level than my sophomore high school English class.

Now the requirements are out of the way, my two blocks are removed. Time to register and withdraw from a class I've been too busy to attend and can't afford to take a D in. Call up MARS and log on. Try to drop the class—sorry you piece of shit, you have a Fundamental Studies block? What the fuck? I'm already taking these classes! Register for the Spring—it takes my first two classes, then says, "sorry, you can only take one CORE class." What the fuck? The other two classes are in my major, required for graduation. I go to walk-in and manage to drop my class. It seems a block is put on

retroactively, even though at this point I can't add classes, so a block seems pointless. As for my other classes, I find out Maryland has a rule that after 80 credits you can only take one low-level or CORE class per semester without special permission. Fuck that nonsense! The students who have the most credits should get to take whatever they want, they're the closest to graduation and need those classes. What if you've changed majors and are trying to make up for the years lost in useless low-level classes for your old major and need to catch up? Fuck you. What if you decided to knock off the major and some minor classes before hitting COREs? Fuck you. What if you are in USP and not CORE at all, and none of this makes sense? Fuck you. Yes, it was off to my "college" (I thought the whole campus was a fucking college) to find out how to remove the one-CORE block. Unfortunately students seem to work in these offices and take the brunt of my anger. I apologize to the girl in the office, since it was Kirwan's nuts that should have been being stomped, not hers. She explains that after 80 credits you have to have a Senior Review, sit down to explain why you need these low-level classes to graduate, and then meet before a panel that will decide if you really need to have the block removed. And you have to do this every single fucking semester you fucking want to take these courses. I said "fuck this" and walked out of the office. What is this shit? I have to prove to a panel of worthless "college" bureaucrats that I need to take classes that according to their own fucking pamphlets and catalogs I have to

take and their own transcripts prove I'm in need of. They should figure this shit out. "Duh, Mr. Rection switched majors and needs to take four 100-level classes and some USPs to graduate. I guess we can make him keep paying us for years by making him only take one class per semester, or let him get on with his life by letting him take those classes right now." I pay for the school to take care of me, to let me graduate if I prove I can do the work they demand. Part of that is not sorting out their fucking paper work.

In the end I registered for a bunch of classes that meet no requirements. I have decided that I don't want to switch majors like I was forced to do at the beginning of the year. I will never stop attending this school until the foreign language requirement of Arts and Humanities is eliminated. I will not rest as long as tens of thousands of worthless paper shufflers continue to drain the coffers of the school. I want to see this budget. We will find out where the money is going. We will fix it. This is a public college, and this fucking citizen is taking it back. I know a lot more people out there have even more heinous tales of bureaucracy getting in the way of the students out there. People who understand that students should be allowed to register first and if there are blocks or money problems or requirements they should be handled later, they shouldn't be used to put you days behind in the process. These people will help take the school back. Or perhaps they will sit on their apathetic asses and never accomplish anything. Everyone has a chance to make their own decisions. How do you feel? I'm fucking pissed off.—Hugh G. Rection

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. Now Maryland has one. 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

Hi, I'm Ophus. I am a DWM, 54, who enjoys taxidermy, listening to scanners, and WWF

Wrestling. I'm ISO single or married little female, 17-19, who enjoys similar activities. Drop me a line and let's do the wild thing. Write me c/o the Clubside.

Hey Christian—

You pathetic loser! Your ass is mine for beating off in my sister's underwear drawer. You can cum and run, but you can't hide!

AJAY

Janet, thanks for the fuck, I'll never speak to you again, as anyone who talks to fish id considered weird.

J.B.

Chew me Bobby—H.L.

To anyone who wants to fuck or just suck a high hard one, drop a line to the Clubside. I'm looking for sex (heterosexual) from

all shapes and sizes of ladies, oral sex preferred. Send name and photo to: Honey Hug, c/o the Clubside.

Hey Steve, your dick made me scream. I need more.

Shelley

Marc,

I know that you have a girlfriend, but you make me tingle all over when you feel me up. Please don't let the fact that I'm 17 stop our love.

Misty

(your busted cherry)

Ken,

You said hello
Then you bought me a drink
I didn't care
That you were a dink
Back in my dorm room
I thought "What the heck?"
Off with your pants
It looked like a speck

Again I thank you
I needed the booze
But as far as nailing it
I guess you just lose

Stacey

I think I'm the only woman who reads the Clubside. I guess it's what I deserve.

Hey you, yeah you, reading this. I want you. I want you bad. Oh, you're a guy. FAG!

Donnie—

Cool wheel covers. I don't think so.

Chris

That's the way, uhn huh uhn huh, I like it... That's the way, uhn huh uhn huh, I like it...

Mary, I believe that this is the only place I can properly propose to you.

Jim S.

Dracula and Another Dateless Saturday Night

I freely admit and accept that I'm a goofy-looking guy. Shit, I'm an orange-haired mutant whose taste in music is ridiculed by my peers, who's stuck liking heavy drinking as well as hanging out, loving murderous body count movies as well as romantic comedies. Still, should I have to put up with all this? Is there a legitimate reason I'm great at making female friends, but can never get involved romantically with a woman? Why do women like assholes who cheat on them, don't like hanging out with them and love to ignore or abuse them? Why do women never find attractive a guy who likes to do what they do, who makes them laugh and who genuinely seems to have a good time when they're around, wherever they are, alone or out about town or campus? Obviously I'm not going to get answers sitting here talking to myself. Yet this is all that ran in my mind as I tried to see *Dracula* this past weekend.

Friday night is usually **Baja** night for me, but a female friend had just been through some rough times and I thought she wanted to go do something. Of course, as the hours raced by, it became more apparent that my plans would change. Too late at night for anything else, I asked one of my roommates if he wanted to see *Dracula* at the midnight show. Sho'nuff, we headed out 45 minutes early only to find it sold out. I was so looking forward to Winona cleavage—denied.

Saturday night would be the night. I hadn't been to karaoke at the Greenbelt El Torito in a while, and they have it every Saturday night so I figured this would be the perfect prelude to *Dracula*. Yes, margaritas, Manilow and more Winona cleavage dreams. My roommate was zonked from his late night work, but wanted to see the flick so I told him I'd call before we left for the film. I called a few more friends and told them about my plans, and three agreed to join me at El Torito to get primed. We started the evening with the old job updates and I pounded margaritas left and right, only achieving a slight buzz. A new guy was running the karaoke, which could've been good or bad, as Ted, the old operator, was usually annoyed at my performances. Why, you ask? I sing seventies annoy clas-

sics, have no singing ability, dance and shake around during the performance, and scream so loud I don't need the microphone. That night I did "Copacabana," "Delta Dawn," "Thank God I'm a Country Boy," one that I forget, and a duet of "You're the One That I Want" where I sang Olivia's part. During "Delta Dawn" a chick came up and asked to sing along. I obliged, though she was visibly afraid as I shrieked the song without the need of the video—I know all the words by heart. After this we consolidated cars, grabbed my roommate, and headed for the **Cineplex Uptown**, the greatest single theater in the area. It happens to be on Constitution Avenue, I mistakenly drove down Wisconsin. I needed to piss bad and ended up jumping out of the car and going on some grass as other cars wisked by. Luckily I wasn't arrested. At the theater we saw huge lines of people excited over Winona's cleavage. I let the four out to get tickets and turned around to make sure it wasn't sold out. The guys weren't in front of the theater upon my return, so I surmised they were in line and I parked at least a mile away in Bum-fuck. After hauling my big ass the whole way, there they were, no tickets. Winona—denied.

The decision was made to hit **Good Guys**, a strip club on Wisconsin Avenue that has total nudity, just the way we like it. We waited in the freezing cold for a chance to take a gander at the naked chicks, bought a few rounds of \$4 beers, and finally got tables. After suffering through some very slutty chicks, we got the prize of the night. I waited in line with my soaking dollar bill and she swang around the pole, but one foot on my shoulder and shoved that thing right in my face. Suffice to say, it was worth the dollar if you know what I mean and I think you do. There's was another chick at the end that looked real good and I gave away my last two dollar bills and headed for the door. The night wasn't a loss, but no Winona.

Sunday would be the day. Even though I had to work that night to meet a deadline, I wanted to see this film and at the Uptown. Two of my roommates and some other people reserved tickets with me and I went down two and a half hours

early. I got the tickets and waited in line two hours early. Unfortunately, about a half-an-hour in, a group formed behind me with what sounded like a couple of fags in it. They had lips and spoke like no one should. As the line deepened and I froze, I worried the posse wouldn't get there in time. They did make it with a few minutes to spare. The Uptown: the last of the old-style theaters in the area, with a balcony, huge curved screen, lounges and more. Definitely worth the trip. I sat in the front row where you can't see the whole screen at once. This is the greatest way to see a movie. Everyone else took advantage of the fact that I was first in line and took dead center of the theater, main floor.

As for the movie, man was I disappointed. It was just not my kind of movie, and there was decidedly little Winona cleavage. There is a lot of nipple of other chicks, and some full breastesses, but all I wanted was Winona. The actors all did a good job, with Anthony Hopkins excellent as the eccentric scientist/Vampire-hunter. Gary Oldman as Vlad the Impaler, Count Dracula, took on many guises and was okay except for a terrible, at times un-understandable, accent. Richard E. Grant (a favorite of mine from *Hudson Hawk*, far more restrained here) and Carey Elwes played competing suitors for the devil's concubine. Winona was nice and innocent, but her character was bogus beyond belief. There is no fucking way she could fall in love with Dracula and want to become a vampire without mind control. And the Count wouldn't mind control his true love. So what gives? Almost no body count, and lots of really annoying music. Overall, I was pretty pissed, and the only thing good was seeing Winona and the previews for *A Few Good Men* and *Toys*. A bunch of the people I saw it with liked it a lot, but despite great costumes and effects, the story was boring (I kept looking at my watch the last half-hour), the jokes non-existent, and they didn't say "fuck" even once. I give old *Dracula ONE CASE* for Winona. Next week, *Home Alone 2* and *X*, and maybe I can get a date. Don't count on it, though (I won't).

—Hugh G. Rection

It started out easy enough, get blotto'd then hit the Friday late night show of *Dracula* on Friday night but it turned into a nightmare 48 hours for Hugh. Ya see, Hugh has this weakness for Winona Rider. He was really psyched for seein' her tits or at least some really good cleavage shots. Well needless to say he got there well after it sold out. Denied and frustrated he headed back home to dream of Winona.

But this was only the beginning. Saturday night was all planned out. Myself, Hugh and three other swingin' Richards were decked out ready for a rowdy night. We first headed to a local club for some karaoke. Hugh gave the crowd his energetic and extremely passionate versions of classic 70's tunes and I even added my ass to the fire with a rendition of "Wild Thing". After a few drinks we were ready to take off for the Uptown theater. Hugh mistakenly thought the theater was on Wisconsin Ave. He flew down the road weavin' in an' outta traffic like he had a death wish (but then again this is how always drives). Once we reached Georgetown it was obvious we'd fucked up and shoulda been on Connecticut Ave., it was all so obvious by the pain Hugh was in that he had ta piss--badly.

We began our trek towards Connecticut when, at a light, Hugh yells "chinese fire drill!", jumps outta the car and into the passenger seat where I was. Now I'm drivin' a car that's four times as long as my jeep and ready to fall apart in the middle of DC while Hugh proceeds ta try ta piss in a Big Gulp cup. About two minutes later he couldn't hold it anymore and demanded ta be let out, it just so happens we stopped in front of a church where Hugh unleashed a monster piss that lasted at least ten minutes. The whole time we're sttin' in the car howling as people walk by wonderin' what big, stupid son-of-a-bitch is doin' on the church lawn.

Once Hugh was relieved of this, we proceeded to Good Guys (unfortunately Willie has managed to completely forget getting to the Uptown, where the show was sold out--Ed.). Now I'm not one to frequent this kinda place often, but I was about do and everyone else was in agreement, so we headed in. The three swingin' Richards got seated away from Hugh and I cuz of the crowd. We had the privilege of sittin' with a guy at his bachelor party. This guy was so fucked up that he could barely find his face ta put another beer in and in between came a constant barrage of insanity directed at which ever piece of sqwack was showin' her gash off at the time. This eventually got him and his party thrown out, so for the time our in between amusement was over. This didn't last long cuz alls ya have ta do is look around ta find other maggots trollin' and droolin'. There was the Menuod reject that bounced between both stages handin' out dollar bills like they were candy on Halloween. Then there was the drunk army guy that could barely walk, the preppy dad who kept gettin' two fly traps for the price of one (the girls musta liked him), and of course a host of other degenerates like ourselves. Then there was her. When this chick got on the stage, it was instant woody time. Her tits (BAM!), her ass (BAM!), her slash (BAM!), her body (BAM BAM BAM!) (I think I just came). Anyway, she was by far the best in the place. Guys would line up to give her money while the other girl would get sympathy tips. Normally I don't go up to the chicks and give 'em money but this beaver was an exception. Needless ta say I stood there droolin' on myself while she gyrated her clam inches from my face. After she mesmerized me she bent over, put her ass in my face and disarmed me of my money.

From that point on it was all down hill. We soon packed up the swingin' Richards and headed for home. Hugh feelin' a little better since he got ta look at naked tunas even though they didn't come close to his Winona.

--Willie Dewer

There were great things and annoying things in the latest chapter of the soap I love. The great things revolved around the event I'd been crying for: Dylan and Brenda's break-up. However, heavy and annoying developments in the Dylan SAT and Steve computer break-in stories detracted from the great edition of Mr. Walsh's new secretary. Ole Jimbo had an eyeful and fantasyful of that babe.

As revealed last episode, Dylan and Brenda broke up and Dylan headed over to Kelly's while Brenda made more plans with Rick. Brenda seemed to get the hard time over the break-up, which isn't fair since Dylan was the one who needed the escape and Brenda saw it and let him run free. Dylan and Kelly went on their first official date following some weird vibes at school where Brenda said she didn't care who Dylan went out with. The two went to an observatory and proceeded to have a great time, and to show what I love the best about 90210: a real relationship. You see, Kelly and Dylan have known each other since the dawn of school, and many times it comes down to people who've known each other for a long time coming together and seeing yes, they do have a lot to talk about. The two recall the last time they remember being at the observatory, and who they were with. As with many young couples in lust, they watch the inside of their eyelids instead of the stars. Dylan wants to get a piece of that ass, but fate was not by his side. Brenda was out with Rick, who was slowly revealing himself as the boring nice guy Brenda could not deal with. He was already talking about marriage and kids, and off to

the Peach Pit calling it "their place." They go to a fancy restaurant instead, which just happens to be the one Dylan and Kelly have gone to. A catfight ensues, with Brenda calling Kelly a slut. This spoils the mood, and Dylan doesn't get to cut a slice.

After not getting any poontang, Dylan's SAT appeal is denied. This is complete bullshit--go down and find the fucking proctor and kick his old grizzled ass. You can't put up with the boneheaded ETS. Anyway, things don't go his way, and with all the rest of the shit in his life, he takes off after saying goodbye to Brandon and ignoring calls from Kelly and Brenda.

Meanwhile, in the other bogus development, the police (!!!) are investigating the computer break-in. C'mon people, one person's grade was changed, and if they can't use the computer to figure that out, they couldn't have stopped Steve in the first place. Now Andrea is hot on the trail, and Brandon is wise. Who in their right mind gives a shit? We used to kill narcs like Andrea. The little bitch has nothing better to do with her life? Well, she doesn't, I know, but comparing it to the Billionaire Boys Club. Shoot her, please.

Finally, our pal Jim. Cindy starts getting phone calls from a new temp secretary keeping her informed, and Jim raves about how great this temp secretary is. When he asks her to drop off a letter to sign and Brandon and Mom get a look, we get instant lust and jealousy. Later Jim has a great dream involving cleavage, and we can only hope there's more where that came from.

—Hugh G. Rection

Ask Elvis



Dear King,

I was with my girlfriend last night and we didn't have any lubrication for the rubber. I was frantic. What can I do?

Perplexed Pika

Well perplexed, I too have had this problem. You see even the King chafes. Next time you're at Denny's eatin' biscuits and gravy, put some of that gravy aside for later. When you have this problem again just slap some gravy on that bad boy and go to work. Be sure to keep all pets away as the smell of sausage gravy drives 'em crazy.

The King

Dear Elvis,

What's the deal? Why won't you come clean about your whereabouts for the last few years? We have a right to know.

Curious in Cambridge

Okay Curious, I guess the story should come out. In the mid-Seventies, as you all know, I was getting bloated and addicted to narcotics. I decided that I had to change. So, while touring the Orient, I jumped ship in Hong Kong. There I met Carlos the International Terrorist. He took me under his wing and showed me the arcane killing arts. After a few years I emerged as a master killer. No longer was I Elvis: King of Rock 'n Roll, I was Elvis: Have Gun Will Travel. Yeah, I was slapping leather for the highest bidder. Perhaps you've heard of my work. Sadat. The Pope. Reagan. Zia. Breshznev. Chernenko. Andropov. Oh, I know people say that some other guy did it, or it was natural causes. But that's how good I am. I want to get out. But they keep pulling me back in. So as my last act I'm offing the Energizer Bunny. I hope that answered your question. You would be surprised how killing a few people really takes your mind off your problems.

The King

Send all questions to: **Ask Elvis**, c/o Clubside, 4431 Lehigh Rd. #121, College Park, MD 20740.

Bumper sticker we'd love to see...

**CELEBRATE THE ANIMAL WITHIN
EAT A VEGETARIAN**

"Low and to the Left"

"Hey! How ya doin'?"
 "What's up?"
 "Yo motherfucker!"
 "How's it hangin'?"

No doubt that at some point in your wanderings around the campus, you have heard one, two or all of these brotherly greetings being shouted robustly between a couple of friends, one of which may be yourself. More often than not, you will continue on your dreary way to class, ignoring the rest of the meaningless conversation (yes, it's usually meaningless even if you are one of the people involved) without a second thought about what you just heard. Well, just this once lets'

give it a little more thought. When I hand a buddy of mine a pitcher and ask "How's it hangin'?" his response will either be 1) Low and to the left, or 2) It's not, it's standing. Since normal men cannot have woodies twenty-four hours a day (but oh! don't we wish we could!), the response is usually 1) Low and to the left. It doesn't matter if my buddy is tall or short, stud or geek, buzzed or shit-faced-the answer is almost always: "**Low and to the left.**" Question: Why do we respond this way?

Well, the first part of the phrase is pretty obvious. We say "low," because we want to imply

that our member is of adequate size. No, it is bigger than adequate size. No, it is really **much** bigger than adequate. No, it is **really** bigger-**NO**, I'm tucking the damn thing into my **FUCKING SOCKS!! ACTUALLY...** Well, you get the picture.

So that answers that. But what about the second part of

"How they hangin'?"

the reply? "Low and to the left" ?? Why not to the right? or straight down the middle? Needless to say, this phenomenon bugged the shit out of me. My imagination ran through all sorts of weird, en-

tirely irrational (yet interesting) explanations. They ranged from a penis magnet hidden somewhere in every man's thigh to uneven growth of pubic hair to poor circumcision techniques. Then somehow it came to me (no pun intended).

One boring summer day, my pal Ed drops off a couple of floppy disks on his way to work. Casually I sorted through them hoping to find something to keep me from sticking my head in the oven. Leisure Suit Larry 4...

Galaxian... football... golf... sexware... Tetris... dBase 4... Whoa! Back up a sec... sexware?? Needless to say, this was booted up first. Rummaging through the contents, there were pictures of women with fairly large breasts (yawn), a couple of make-your-own-fantasy programs (double yawn) and... a sex quiz (huh?). Test my sex I.Q.? Sure, why not? Anything for kicks. Then I started... some quiz! 200 fucking questions! Multiple choice... but still, who would have the patience? I didn't have the patience, but I have time. Questions on chromosomes... diseases... S&M... **and** (of course) genitalia. I'm not sure which question it was (somewhere between 100 and 150), but it was worded something like this: The left testicle hangs lower than the right in what percentage of males? a) 10% b) 50% c) 90% Oddly enough, the answer was c). Shortly after the answer was revealed to me on my monitor, my six and a half working brain cells made a conclusion: this is why we say "low and to the left"! If the left testicle hangs lower, the penis will follow it.

Unfortunately this led to another question: why does the left ball hang lower than the right? Is it bigger?... Uneven scrotum?... Ball magnet in my knee?...

-Benjamin Schuyler Colfax

Musical Trip

Well, it's a week late but here it is (actually it's real late, but that's my fault, ran outta room last issue, sorry Syd-Ed.). I kinda missed the deadline, but I'm over it. Hope nobody lost any sleep over it. If you did you might want to seek some professional help. Damn people, get a grip.

This week, What Hits!?, the new greatest hits collection of the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Super album. It features 67 minutes of music contained on 18 tracks and samples each of its 6 previous releases. As a new found Chili Pepper fan, won over by listening to their latest release Blood, Sugar, Sex, Magik while being really fucked up, I don't know what the hard core Chili Pepper fans think of the album. All 18 tracks were enjoyable, as well as diverse. One would think that shifting gears from tracks like "Higher Ground" to "Fight Like a Brave" would sound shitty or something, but it doesn't. The sound-boys did a top-notch job

on the layout of this album.

I found the 5 tracks from the 1985 album Freakey Styley to be among my favorites. They include the tracks "Jungle Man," "Catholic Schools Girls Rule," "Hollywood," "The Brothers Cup," and "If You Want Me to Stay." Good stuff. The only track I felt the album could have done with out was

Red Hot Chili Peppers What Hits!? Grade: A

the version of the Hendrix (a god in his own right whose music should not be tampered with) tune "Fire." Some love the way they did it, others, well not as enthusiastic. Another track off of Mother's Milk or The Uplift Mofa Party Plan would have made the album better.

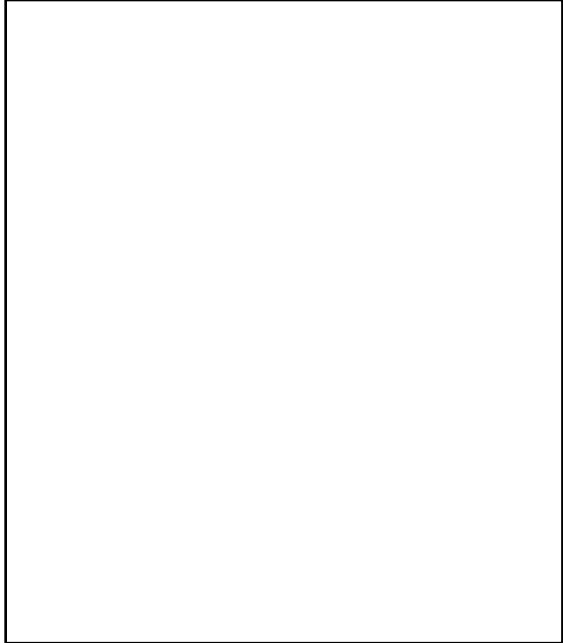
Diversity appears to be the key to this album's success. From ancient tracks like "Real

Men Don't Kill Coyotes" to the recent "Under the Bridge," this album has it all. Definitely a must buy and a great first step for those of you who want to explore the world of the Red Hot Chili Peppers (sometimes it's good to know what you're getting into before you end up in some kind of culture shock). Due to it's layout and mix of the different albums, this disc is also an asset for general listening purposes and any party, drug, and or alcohol atmosphere.

Something for everyone. It's got bass, rap, alternative riffs, and a uniqueness that can only be defined as chili-pepperish. It's that little something twisted that has created a strong following for the group. Anyone who purchases this album won't be disappointed. What hits? Who knows? This album is easy grade A material. Next week we'll scope out the new Alice in Chains album Dirt. Send in comments. Let's communicate. SMILE!

-Syd Rocket

DAVE BRUNDIGE, STUDENT ALCOHOLIC



Do it yourself Brundige... send it in and we might print it.

Top Ten Jobs Dan Quayle is Applying For

- 10 Proctologist's Pliers Cleaner
- 9 Head Cutter for Bris Ceremonies
- 8 4th Stoooge--Lump (to replace Shemp)
- 7 3rd Member of Crossfire (taking the Stupid View)
- 6 Paper-weight on the Oval Office desk
- 5 Stunt Dick in Ginger Lynn movies
- 4 Hair Club for Men President
- 3 Michael Jackson's new sidekick
- 2 New Burger King spokesperson
- 1 Goofy at Euro-Disney

Top Ten Things Elvis is Doing

- 10 Searching for a spot on his body without a track mark
- 9 Hustling blowjobs in Union bowling alley
- 8 Sharing a sandwich with Janis Joplin
- 7 Answering letters for Clubside
- 6 Singing on new Milli Vanilli album
- 5 Managing night shift at 24 hour Mac-Donald's
- 4 Managing Priscilla's movie career
- 3 Trying to shit a 10-pound turd
- 2 Eating
- 1 Rotting

Days with Masturbation

Yes, it's true, it has gotten that bad. I'm now jerking off everyday. I swore that my streak would start again, and then there she was, getting three copies of the mag in front of the Union in the rain. Wearing that tight green top. The breastless were magnificent. I spoke to them. Then a female buddy of mine had a crisis and I had to relieve the tension, then all the Winona trouble, spank spank spank, it just wouldn't stop. I know I can do it. Gotta concentrate. Why did Markie Post have to wear that dress last night on Hearts Afire!!!! Aiiigh!

—Hugh

Football Season by Bull S. Hitter

Since the Terrapin football season has come to a close, I thought that it would be appropriate to recap the eleven games of the 1992 season. They sucked! It was one of the worst fucking teams I have ever had the misfortune of watching. The highlight of the season was watching a squirrel run across the field during a game, and faster than many of the Terp players I might add. The largest man we had was Mark Duffner! I mean is he fat enough? Do you know why Denton Dining Hall is closed on Friday, Saturday and Sunday? It's because the toothless, non-English speaking, Green Card forging, food service staff can't make enough food for both the student body, and Duffner. But I digress, there is just so much to jump on, and so little room in this great publication. The offensive line was offensive. You want to talk about a running game? Well, after Mark Mason broke yet another bone, we were left with a criminal, a slow defensive player, and a big white guy. Did anyone take down the name of that squirrel? Out QB's best passes were to the other team, and almost as frequent. Then there is the defense. Well, enough

about the defense. How about special teams? Do you remember in the movie Twins, Arnold Schwarzenegger got all the good genes, and Danny DeVito got the shit? That is what we have here. Dan DeArmas was like Arnold, and Dave is, well, shit. From inside the five yard-line, though, Dave DeArmas is about as clutch as they come.

I could critique each individual shitty game performance, but I won't. Instead I'll mention the positives that I got out of the Florida State shellacking. But before I do, was it really necessary for our defense to be out on the field? We were handed what is known in New York as "an old-fashioned ass-whipping." I said I'd be positive so here it goes. First of all they did not double the point spread. Second, F.S.U. did not break every offensive record in the books. That's right, the record for most points scored by a football team made up of all white players with big dicks, still stands. Finally, since they were being blown out so early in the game, it left much more time to get shitfaced.

Good luck next year, and try getting some more big black guys.

Letter to the Editor

Dear fellow dope-smoking scumbags—

Congratulations for putting out a publication that truly has its hand on the pulse of College Park. Let's touch on a couple of subjects everyone is thinking about.

#1. Wild Bill Clinton—That non-inhaling asshole never had to say a word to win. People's only idea was to get that CIA scumbag and his grandmother out of office. As far as all that family values crap goes, if I had a daughter like Gore's, I'd value my quality-time with the family, too! Spuuurt!

#2. As far as Psychotic? Vagina bitch is concerned, I hope all you stuck-up sorority cunts get

terminal crabs and get knocked up by Igdoof. You Jersey/N.Y./Long Island (is there a difference?) chicks gotta get the poles out of your asses and realize there is a world outside of the one you gotta pay to be in. Try a real man, instead of those crew-cut, polo-wearing, khaki-sporting, Beemer driving no-dick sausage-jockeys in the "system." Find some man with facial hair and big boots. By the way, scuffless Timberlands, flannels around your waist, scrunchies and Yorkie caps are tired. And what's with that fucking pendant? Can't you remember your own name? You do look good in tight jeans and the black boots,

though—bent over my table with a hole cut in the snatch of those 501's, baby.

#3. 90210—I fucked her.

#4. That MaryPIRG sorority slut in rayon—there is such a thing as asking for it. Fuck P.C.!

#5. Finally—U.M. Get out of the rut. Protest for your freedom. Freedom to drink at 19, smoke dope IN YOUR ROOM! Be loud—fuck cute chicks and puke or blow your wad wherever you want. Don't sit still while these government and administrators bend you over and butt-fuck your civil rights. Make a sign and tell these fuckers to suck your dick or mind their own fucking business.

Signed Ulysses P. Ineau