

CLUBSIDE

Volume **1**, Number **8**

December **10**, **1992**

NEWS UPDATE... NEWS UPDATE... NEWS UPDATE... NEWS UPDATE... NE

Here's a look at some of the items in the news of late and how they really pertain to our miserable lives here at UMCP:

COLLEGE PARK BUDGET

I don't really understand or care much about this HUD shit, I am far more concerned with a fact printed in the hack a few weeks ago: there's a budget crisis in the city of College Park because there haven't been enough parking tickets. Are they fucking nuts? How can you plan a budget around people breaking the law? Also, there shouldn't even be parking meters in College Park. I get tickets because I'm an extra five minutes shopping. I'm shopping you fuckers, contributing to the economy, patronizing the god-forsaken city with its regulations out the ass, fucked-up zoning policies and traffic lights from hell. Don't you realize that it takes people shopping and working to keep business around? The only thing you're doing is trying to fuck the college students. Face it City of College Park: without UMCP you'd be fucked beyond all hope. There would be no City of College Park. Just like every college town in this country, you need the school for business and people. All the geezers living in the suburbs would turn this into another Cumberland without the students. So tear down the meters, let us shop like human beings, and eliminate some of this zoning shit so we can get a Taco Bell, a club like Baja and more downtown where the money is spent... by students.

HOMOPHOBIA LETTERS

For some wacky reason the *hack* published some essays from a Women's Studies class about faggots and homophobia. These essays talked about how there shouldn't be discrimination and some dyke talked about friends

and support groups, but it all boils down to one thing: there is no such thing as a lifestyle choice. If you are gay, you are fucked in the head. It is biologically impossible for faggots to exist. The dick meets the pussy, and pleasure and sometimes a screaming baby happen. Dick does not meet ass unless you are insane. As a guy, I might like watching chicks eat each other out and suck each other's tits, but living together and trying to adopt kids? I don't think so... you're obviously beyond hope if you think that "nature" has made you this way. Nature is AC/DC, and you don't put the round peg in the square hole.

MALCOLM X

I haven't seen the movie yet, even though I will. Just let it be known that Malcolm preached death to white people, was killed by followers of the organization he brought to prominence, and contributed little to the black civil rights movement. I want a movie called *Santa X*, starring Grady from *Sanford & Son*, where it is explained where Xmas comes from, and Santa X is killed by rogue Elvish Americans.

SOCCER COACH RESIGNS AND NOONE ATTENDS FEMALE BASKETBALL GAMES

First of all, no one gives a shit about soccer. It is a wimpy, boring Euro-fag sport that real men shun. There isn't even a reason for it to exist at college. The only real sports on this earth are football and basketball. As for female basketball, the reason noone attends is that it is boring. It's like watching 8th graders play: no one can dunk, lots of bank shots, too much passing. School spirit can only do so much. I couldn't give a fuck if Maryland Division I bowling was Number One in the nation—it is unwatchable. You bowl

yourself or with friends, you don't watch. A women's basketball is just not great to watch.

GREEKS CONTROL THEMSELVES

I can't handle this kow-towing shit. I understand that the Greeks are worried that everyone is out to get them, but they should instead fight the system and say "fuck it!" to the school rather than have these stupid guest lists, limited number of parties per week, co-sponsorship rules, no kegs, etc. I don't know if they know what country this is, but freedom to assemble, to have privacy and seek life, liberty and happiness are part of the Constitution, and the school can not take them away. Every college appears to be trying to kill the Greeks—first they took all the fun away on campus, now they're trying to eliminate a good time off-campus. Students cannot afford to lose this battle.

RETENTION

Who cares? You stay at the school if it's fun and you like the people and you don't get the boot. It's pretty fucked up if you change schools because there aren't enough black professors or other such nonsense. It's like this multicultural shit—this is America, and we study American culture. Wars in Africa have had no effect on this country, that is why we study European wars. We shouldn't be studying more Indian or African or Chinese literature, we shouldn't even be studying old European literature. We should study the literature of our times: TV, movies, some novels. Why is Modern American Literature starting at 1920? Maybe 1950 or 1960... Anyway, stay at the school if you're having fun, remember that almost 70% of the country is white, so you can't expect half of a faculty or student body to be black. If we could just get by all this redneck and "African Pride" shit and just be Americans, we could all be happy.

SOMALIA

Does anyone out there really care about this? I say just nuke the whole country, nothing of any importance is going on there, and at this rate nothing ever is. They live essentially where there is no food, so do like Sam Kinison said: send them U-Hauls, get them to move where the food is.

IGDOOF

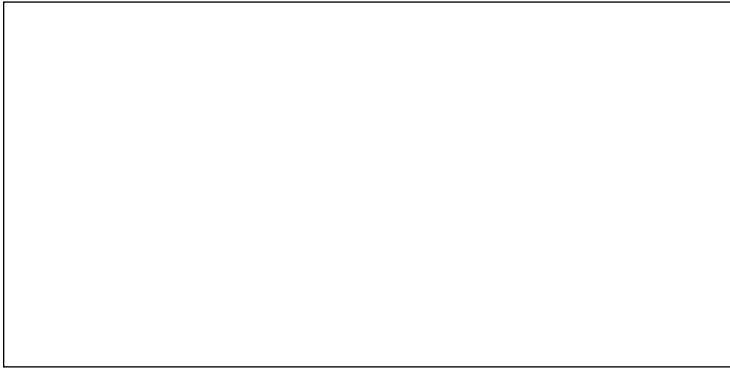
Still the only worthwhile thing in the *hack*, though he should lay off the mini-cartons, they're not as good as the real-life **Igdoof**.

POPULATION EXPLOSION

The Census Bureau says there will be more hispanics than any other group added to the U.S. population in the future. I'm a zero-population growth person, and this is doubly bad because the spics are the only group of new Americans that feel like they don't have to learn English. English is this country's language, and anyone who can't speak it should be shipped off somewhere else. None of this Telemundo, dual-language teaching or Quebec-like signs. English is it, and that's that.

CAMPUS SENATE SHUNS CLUBSIDE

We deliver a complimentary copy of the *Clubside* to a number of organizations on campus. Since this rag is filled with opinions of college students, we think groups with power and influence should read it. Some wench in charge of the Senate refused our last issue, probably because of the gigantic **FUCK** printed on the cover. This cannot stand: a campus governance board must read the rantings of all college students, and if they can't take the way we talk, tough shit, because we're not the only ones who talk this way. Write to President Kirwan and tell him to eliminate the Campus Senate. Professors and Staff should have no say in student issues anyway.



I CAN'T **BELIEVE** IT'S CHRISTMAS BREAK **ALREADY** ALL THE KIDS ARE GOING HOME AND I HAVE A **DATE** TONIGHT.

WHAT WILL I **WEAR**? WHERE WILL WE **GO**? WILL HE **KISS** ME? I CAN'T **BELIEVE** THAT A **SANTA FE GUY, E.A., NOTICED** ME.

JUST IN CASE I'LL PACK AN OVERNIGHT BAG. **DIAPHRAGM. K-Y. TOOTHBRUSH. PANTIES. THORAZINE...**

WAIT!
OH MY GOD!
MY PRESCRIPTION **RAN OUT!** I HOPE I DON'T HAVE **ANOTHER "EPISODE."**

LATER AT THE RESTAURANT...

TABLE FOR TWO?

WHAT DO YOU **MEAN**? WHY ARE YOU **LOOKING** AT ME? GET THESE **MONKEYS** OFF ME!

UH... **YEAH.** A TABLE FOR TWO WOULD BE **FINE.**

CAN I GET YOU ANY DRINKS?

TAKE THE **BUTTER KNIFE.** CUT HIS **HEART** OUT.
NO, HE IS JUST DOING HIS **JOB.**

WELL, IT COULD BE A **LONG NIGHT.** GIVE ME A **QUART OF GIN.** **NO ICE.**

IT'S **NICE** OF YOU TO TAKE ME HERE. I JUST **HOPE** MY **EVIL TWIN** STELLA DOESN'T SHOW UP.

OH GOD, WHERE'S MY DRINK!

HE LOOKS **JUST** LIKE MY PET **RABBIT.** I WONDER IF HIS THROAT **BLEEDS** LIKE ITS DID?

I'LL BE **BACK.** I HAVE TO GO TO THE **BATHROOM.**

OH **GOD.** MUST... GET... **CONTROL...** MIND **STRONG...** BODY **WEAK...** CAN'T LET STELLA **TAKE** ME... **OH GOD!** PORK AND BEANSSS.

WHAT **TOOK** YOU SO **LONG**?

JUST PUTTIN' IN MY **DIAPHRAGM** AND SHARPENIN' MY **KNIFE.** YOU CAN CALL ME **STELLA.** I'M GONNA **RIDE** YOU LIKE A **HARLEY. HARD AND FAST.**

CHECK PLEASE!

AT THE DORM...

COME ON, **SUGAR BOY.** STEP UP TO THE **HONEYCOMB.**

OH BOY IS THIS **GRREAT!**

I'M GONNA **DRAIN** YOU OF **EVERY** BODILY FLUID!

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE **ACTING** KIND OF **WEIRD.** **WHAT?** OH MY **GOD!** IT HAPPENED **AGAIN!** I **MUST** GO!

WAIT! NO! PLEASE! I **BEG** YOU!

I'M **SORRY!** THIS **ISN'T** ME!

STELLA!
STELLA!

Jack N. Meoph

ZOO TV's Plug Pulled—Bono Late With Multi-Million Dollar Cable Bill

Once again Christmas is here. Boy I can't wait for the simul-mosh at all the malls as I buy presents I can't afford. Ho ho fucking ho... In the spirit of Christmas, I'm going to break a general rule of mine and plug a new yet-un-heard band. They're called Velvet Elvis (or at least for now). I've heard some of their sessions and for an acoustic band, they're pretty hot. Cool covers, and great funky originals. Look for them sometime next semester at a dump near you... As I sit here in my dingy cave scribbling on old toilet tissue, I have to think that Christmas has become a big over-pressurized commercial farce. Let's not forget the principal involved here--giving gifts of love to the people you love... Which is more annoying to watch? Lawn bowling or women's basketball?... Jimi would have been 50 this year, wow!... Just taste the dreams, that she said... Name the song, band and album the last line comes from and when a free subscription to the Clubside (first five correct answers only). Send your answers c/o the Clubside or call us at 441-8916... Love is weird and should be considered dangerous... If Wilt Chamberlain was only 3' tall, would he have still fucked as many women... I just wish people would realize that Malcolm X, the movie, is just a tool used by Spike Lee to cause racial tension. Lighten up people, one love, one heart. BOB MARLEY WASN'T A FUCKING IDIOT!... Remember guys, "Flowers save the hour, Flowers oh yeah"... In conclusion, remember to stay away from little green-haired postal workers on acid, as they may wrap you in junk mail and burn you alive. Or if you prefer, don't take any wooden nickels... I think Keith Richards from the Stones summed it up best in 1969 when he said, "Huh?"... Pasta secretions.

There will be little or no current political content in this weekly installment. This is due to the fact that I am writing this in West Virginia, where I am visiting for Thanksgiving. In my house here, there is barely electricity, much less television. News of the outside world tends to get here slowly—the local newspaper comes out once a week, but usually contains articles about mule-raping or other such topical happenings.

So then, what is a political junkie to do in such a situation? Do what I did of course, and bring a copy of Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72, by Hunter S. Thompson, with you. This book, for the uninitiated, is a month-by-month description of the 1972 Presidential campaign from the view of Gonzo Journalist Thompson. It is required reading for anyone even thinking of becoming a political journalist.

Of course, I also brought along a bag of goodies to keep me occupied while I read and live the life of the country squire.

The prospect of five consecutive days here is somewhat mind-numbing. However, I dug immediately into the stash on the first day and got wired to the tits

on some red pills I had picked up on a trip downtown a few weeks ago. These, combined with a case of Budweiser, got me through the first few days. Although most of the memories are somewhat dim, I remember reading, eating, and meeting members of the family I didn't know I had.

I was so into the '72 Campaign that I finished the book with two days to spare in my mini-vacation. This just would not do. I had nothing left to do but dig deeper in the bag and grab some paper squares. I ingested these and blasted off into the

The Jaundiced View

Tripp Addled

night to do some serious night driving. This involves blasting the Beastie Boys at extreme high volume, and careening up and down one-lane mountain roads at insane speeds. There is no law enforcement to speak of, so the only way to get caught is to run into something. The feeling of 75mph+ on those roads, coupled with the fact that everything is basically one big blur anyway tends to warp the lesser mind. I, being of superior breeding, had no problems.

Ah. Tangents. Definitely not good for reading coherence - I

need to get to the crux of the matter, which is to impart some political wisdom: Nothing Ever Changes. From the picture I got from Campaign Trail '72 is that the crap that went on all through the '92 election happened in '72, and as far as I'm concerned, back to the Founding Fathers. No politician ever faces the truth. They are all hacks and are basically useless. The filth that all three candidates spewed was little more than recycled mush. I guess that in '72, the public believed Nixon; and in '92, Clinton was

the choice. I hope that Clinton handles his term with a little more authority and personal morality than Nixon did in his short-lived 1972 term.

Lessons I've learned? Bring more reading with me the next time I come. And get some new brakes for the car. I had some close ones.

Enough for now. Next week, I'll be back in civilization - no doubt recovering from the nasty chemicals I've introduced into my body these few days. I'll keep you posted on any flashbacks.

Yo-Yo Man of Easton A day in the life of this remarkable momma's baby.

We join our favorite son as he is just waking up. Of course you know that means he must spank his monkey to get that million-dollar wrist of his limbered up for the day ahead. I say "spank the monkey" because he has a special relationship with primates. You see, as a youth he was sexually entertained by a gorilla (you know, fucked up the old poop shute!). As you well know, I like to make my subject feel right at home. So I joined him with morning exercise. He thought it was fun having me play along. Especially when I jizzed all over his face. After a fun-filled morning of slobbering the cob he was ready to show off his yo-yo skills. He has two moves. The basic up and down yo-yo, and around the world. The only problem with going around the world was the large bruise he inflicted upon the back of his head. At last we're going for breakfast. When we get outside, the cheery youth finds his piece-of-shit tricycle torn to pieces. With a tear in his eye he vows revenge against the wrong-doers. He then tells me of his martial arts skills. Let me say this as a word of warning... he can really fuck up your day, so just BEWARE! This great loss has made him grief stricken so I escort him back to his room, tuck him into his sticky sheets, give him a Pixie Stix, thank him and go on my way. As I look back on this encounter I say to myself... what skills, what finesse, what a SHIT HEAD!

---Richard Hurtz

Drunk: On Assignment

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

The DOA writes:

It was a dark and stormy night... okay, so maybe it wasn't really stormy—I mean, the weather was pretty balmy and pleasant, actually, but it was definitely dark, which is pretty normal considering that it was night. I'd decided that it was finally MY turn to try out this DOA thing, so I located a poor, innocent friend to serve as my SPOAD, we set a time, and we met over at a friend's. I started things out with a mixture of Bailey's and Peppermint Schnapps, and headed over to [Friend X]'s (no relation to Malcolm, by the way) for some pool and "warming up." I downed a few drinks over there (some rum and cokes stand out strongly in my mind—[SPOAD] made them for me, and they had the desired effect), learned that I play pool better with each drink I guzzle, and gave [Friend X]'s carpet a bath with at least one drink. Then, we set off for the scene of the "crime"—The Cellar.

Once we got to The Cellar, [SPOAD] decided that I wasn't quite drunk enough. I decided that I was already doomed to face the hangover from Hell, so started to mix my alcohols... a few Sex on the Beach shooters, a few Lemon Drops, and a Kamikaze, which was quite heinous, and immediately chased by some beer. I hung out watching some people play pool for a while, revelling in the lovely preliminary effects of the shots, played a few games of pinball, visited the designer bathroom, and played some tunes on the jukebox. The rest of the evening is pretty blurred... like the mirror in the bathroom, forever warped, which I kept trying to straighten, I think. There may have been dancing, and there were definitely more drinks, but the next thing I remember is waking up with some horrid little men dancing inside my

head, and my tongue begging to be fed some toothpaste. At least I didn't get sick, but I think perhaps I wish that I had...

The SPOAD writes:

We started out at [Friend X]'s place early in the evening. I was appointed SPOAD by unanimous vote - but I knew that I would not be driving, so I ended up being DOAD (Drunk Observing Another Drunk). After [DOA] had downed a few drinks, including a killer Rum and Coke that I made her, I had a few myself. By the time we left for the Cellar, neither of us was feeling any pain. All together, there were six of us—[DOA], the SPOADS, [DOAD2], and myself. The SPOADS were along merely for the ride, and for the prestige of being involved in a **Drunk On Assignment** story.

The Cellar was empty when we got there, so we belly-ed up to the bar and started ordering shooters. We had a few Lemon Drops, Kamikazes, and later we got heavily into the Jagermeister. All this time, of course, we were downing pitchers of the wonderful will the Cellar calls beer. The SPOADS were not interested in such heavy action, so they stayed about the pool table, watching people play, and sipping beer.

Not so for us. [DOA], I, and [DOAD2] stayed with the drinking. [DOA] started getting a little fuzzy after about the third shooter. We were standing in the pool room, right at the end of the bar nearest the juke box. We cranked up some good tunes, and were getting into the mood of the thing.

As [DOAD2] and I got into our third pitcher, we noticed that [DOA] was tipsy - she was spilling some drinks, swaying about sensuously to the music. Alcohol has a powerful aphrodisiac-like effect on [DOA]. By her attempts at dirty dancing we could tell that she was getting into the mood.

I knew we were in for a long night when she dragged both of us out onto the dance floor in the big room and got down. For those who haven't seen [DOA] dancing when she's wasted, it is quite a sight. First of all, she's got a lot in the right places, if you know what I mean. Second, when she dances drunk, she tends to accentuate parts of her body that need not be described here, for purposes of decorum.

Needless to say, she made quite a scene twisting and writhing in ecstasy

to several of the more heinous tunes that the Cellar DJ's insisted on playing. Soon, [DOAD2] and I had enough - the dance floor was getting crowded, and more importantly, we needed more beer. We dragged [DOA] back into the pool room, and ordered another Jaegermeister shot. She didn't finish this one, but we did manage to get a few more beers into her.

At this point we made some enlightening conversation in which [DOA] compared the estimated penis sizes of all the men in the room, including myself, [DOAD2], and the male SPOADS.

By this time, [DOAD2] and I were really feeling no pain—and started drinking more heavily. After about 15 minutes of sustained pounding, we noticed that we had lost [DOA]. We had violated the Prime Directive of Drunk on Assignment—to keep [DOA] in sight at all times, for historical reasons. It was now going on 1 am, and the place was packed. It would be almost impossible to find her. We decided to split up and cover as much territory as possible.

After a half-hour of searching, dodging horny underclassmen and fistfights, we found her on the dance floor with some random rogue males. We got to her just in time to see her, in a fit of unrestrained estrogen overload, rip the shirt off the guy she was dancing with. He was, for obvious

reasons, non-plussed, and we had to hustle her out of sight as quickly as possible, so as to avoid a hostile incident.

Back in the pool room, the three SPOADS were playing pool and laughing at us. Mercifully, one of the SPOADS was also female, and escorted [DOA] to the bathroom - not a small undertaking at this hour in the Cellar. From reports we got later, [DOA] started hassling some innocent chick in the bathroom, who retaliated in kind. [DOA] is sensitive enough sober, but to get her drunk, and then say nasty things about her - well, she obviously couldn't handle it. We knew the night was drawing to a close, when [DOA] returned from the bathroom in tears.

To add to the emotional moment, she tearfully asked us all, "Why doesn't anyone like [BOD] (Boyfriend Of Drunk)?" Fortunately, [BOD] was not on hand to witness the total malfunction of his girl- friend. It was not a pretty sight. The end came when [DOA] predicted that she would be "throwing up at any time." None of us wanted to witness this, so [DOAD2] and I quickly pounded the rest of our beer and we all headed out.

I heard later that [DOA] stayed up for another few hours at [Friend X]'s place, and babbled incoherently for most of this time. Finally, about four am she passed out on his living room floor, face down. It was a fitting end.

SUBSCRIBE TO

CLUBSIDE

SPRING, 1993 ORDERS BEING TAKEN NOW!

\$3

Yes, that's right, a measly three dollars will get week after week of offensive trash delivered right to your door (if you live on or near the campus of College Park, MD). You'll get fifteen packed issues, including our first annual Spring Break Get Laid Challenge, our guide to every class and professor on campus before making your fall course selections, the yearbook supplement for all you seniors who want to remember all the good stuff they never put in the yearbook, movie reviews, news cartoons and lots more. Plus you get to see our drunken staffs' happy faces as we stagger through the dorms delivering to your door. Write to us today and include check, cash or money order, or leave your order on our answering machine and we'll stop by to collect. Subscribe before January 27 and receive our special Best Of... Volume I at no extra charge!

4431 Lehigh Rd. #121
College Park, MD 20740
(301) 441-8916

CLUBSIDE

Letter from the Editor

Editor-in-Chief
Executive Editor, Discipline & Bondage
Executive Editor, Sheep Procurement
Commentator & Speed Freak
Crotch-rot Cultivator

Hugh G. Rection
 Buster Hymen
 Johnny Puritis
 Jack N. Meoph
 Tripp Addled

Staff

Phil McKrak, Peter Draggin, Ben Dover, Syd Rocket, Connie Lingus,
 Benjamin Schuyler Colfax, Bull S. Hitter, Dick A. Virgin, Willie Dewer,
 Richard Hurtz, Dick Gazzinya

CLUBSIDE VOLUME I, NUMBER 8, DECEMBER 10, 1992 is published by a bunch of drunks with no regard to their desperate financial condition. CLUBSIDE is published every week school is in session, and we have the bucks to do it. Subscriptions are \$3/semester, and issues are delivered to your door by our alcoholic staff members who so very much want to get laid and like staring at female subscribers with big breasts. Of course our female staff members don't stare at big breasts, unless they're lesbos, and who knows with these chicks, they barely will associate with us if you know what I mean and I think you do.

We are not responsible for anything contained within, all articles mailed to us are forwarded to the Campus Cops for remedial reading (and you people better start using fewer syllables in your words, our boys in blue are having their brains melted by words like "department." If anything offends you, who really cares, plus we didn't do it, it's those foreign-exchange students from Pakistan, they did it. If you're not offended, we'll try to get to you next time.

You can contact us at: Clubside, 4431 Lehigh Rd. #121, College Park, MD 20740, or call us at (301) 441-8916.

It's hard to believe I'm here at the end of Volume I of the Clubside. When I started the mag a few weeks into the semester I never would have believed we could publish seven weeks in a row. We would have kept going if I hadn't run out of cash. This is my third go-around in publishing at colleges (and my third college) and I was never good at deadlines. Always plenty of material: I published a 36-page issue of a magazine once, and even a 16-page comic book at a different school, so I'm pretty pleased with our consistency. What's even better is next semester looks like a smooth ride, an issue each week, and if we get any advertising, we'll be thicker each week. The mag is published out of my pocket. People ask, "why the fuck do you do this?" My answer is that it amuses myself, I help the economy by having no savings and I hope others find it amusing. Everyone says no one will ever remember what you hold in your hands. I certainly hope you do.

College Park is a big campus, and the Diamondhack covers a lot of it and the surrounding town. But as with all conventional school papers, it tries too hard to be a serious news rag instead of celebrating these last four years of fun and freedom before the real world grabs your nuts and squeezes them silly. The mail we've gotten indicates that people like the bullshit as well as the real (if opinionated) commentary on the school. What do you think? Next semester we will tackle the Course Schedule, reviewing all of the professors and classes to help you make a decision about what you will do next fall. Think of it as a published campus-wide professor evaluation. We also have some investigative stories underway and plan on getting more of a staff to cover the many areas of the school we haven't a clue about. And we plan to drink even more.

I want to thank everyone who has mailed in articles. A lot of them didn't make it in, but they will next semester. Also, everyone asks if the personals and contests and Wing Club are real. Yes they are, so take advantage of them. Particularly the personals, where else do you get the chance to privately bust on someone in print? And we also need people to drink and then staple and hand out the rag. What could be more stimulating?

I hope to see you all here again next semester, and enjoy these few weeks of escape from the campus. Try not to spend many of them sober.

Ask Elvis



Dear Elvis,

I recently went home for thanksgiving. As usual the experience was horrible. My family can't accept me for who I am. A gay man who likes to dress like Barney Fife. What can I do.

Hopeless

Well, first of all you have to start believing that it isn't hopeless. Think positive to be positive. Second of all, a book was written in the 60's, I believe, about acceptance. It is called The Naked Civil Servant by Quentin Crisp (a fag name if I ever heard one). Read it. Now your parents will eventually come around. Mine did. Because I to know the unique pleasure of putting on a crisp police uniform and masturbating to exhaustion. So, don't be discouraged. Keep on being just as funky as you want to be.

The King

Dear Pelvis,

I am having a Christmas party and I was wondering what is the proper way and order to serve drugs.

Relaxed

Finally, a question I know something about. You can't imagine how tiring it is making up answers to things you don't have a clue about.

First, the general rule is to serve drugs in this order. 1) Uppers—meth, coke, speed, etc. 2) Hallucinogens—LSD, shrooms, mescaline, etc. 3) Downers that are mildly psychoactive—marijuana, hash, ecstasy etc. 4) Depressants—opiates, valium, quaaludes, etc. 5) And finally Alcohol. This drug can and should be served throughout the festivities.

You might wonder where this order came from. It was developed in the belief that your high should peak and decline in tune with the party. Now lets say that you serve your drugs in any old order and people start tripping 2 hours before it is time to go. Your guests will be in the midst of their party when you decide to end yours. This reminds me of a party we had at Graceland back in the 60's. Sonny and Red gave me 20 mikes of acid right before the party broke up. Well, I was tripping my balls off and everyone was leaving. I flew into a rage and killed for guys with a meat tenderizer. So, you see this hierarchy of contraband is designed to protect you. Enjoy.

The King

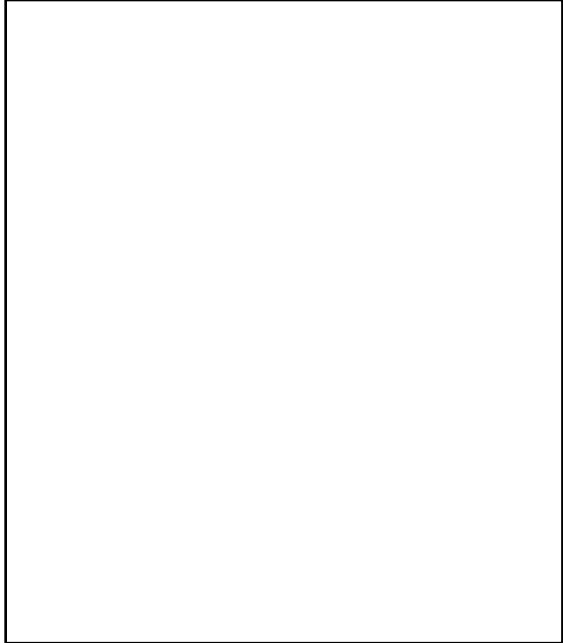
Letter to the Editor

Dear Clubside—

You guys are soooo cool. You're the big fucking penis that makes us scream in orgasm! Every week we race to the Union to get a copy of this vile cool ass mag! The main reason for this is to read your oh-so-true 90210 updates. Why didn't that cunt Brenda get hit instead of Andrea? We think Psychotic? True—aka Vagina Woman—should take the role of Donna and her mutant face, we'd much rather see Psychotic? True than that ugly prude. At least Vagina Woman uses what she's got! To close, we just want to say keep the shit cuming so we can keep screaming!

DGS E4

DAVE BRUNDIGE, STUDENT ALCOHOLIC



He's making a list...

**Top Ten
Least Favorite Holiday Dishes**

- 10 Aunt Millie's Gall Stone Chowder
- 9 Bob's Chocolate Covered Roaches
- 8 Heroin-Induced-Vomit Gravy
- 7 After-birth and Ginger Stuffing
- 6 Feces Pieces
- 5 Fresh Roadkill in Rectal Fluid
- 4 Baked Abortion with Mini-Marshmallow Topping
- 3 Great-Grandma's Cat-sized Turkey
- 2 Pedophile Jack's Secret Semen Sauce
- 1 Uncle Milo's "World Famous" Stillborn Chili

**Top Ten
Least Popular Elf Chores**

- 10 Settling multiple-paternity suits brought against Santa
- 9 Playing a pawn on Santa's life-sized chess board
- 8 Doucheing Mrs. Claus
- 7 Changing the batteries in Mrs. Claus' big black vibrator
- 6 Cleaning up Dancer's piss
- 5 Listening to the same old "When I was a kid we didn't have a Santa" story
- 4 Being third party in bizarre sex fantasy with the Clauses
- 3 Allowing Rudolf to hump until his nose lights up
- 2 Wiping Santa's ass after shitting himself in a drunken stupor
- 1 Getting fist-fucked by fellow elves while Santa watches and masturbates

Days with Masturbation

My God, it's been a non-stop fists of fury fest these past few weeks, and with no let up at all. Maybe I should start tracking the number of times in a day and print a graph showing changes

Thankfully the Billboard Music Awards are on tonight, so I only have the last two episodes to deal with to catch everyone up. And they were doozies of episodes, I must say, so I will weave them all together.

The most interesting development was with Brandon and Nikki. We got a dose of Brandon's jealousy and we got another one of those "women liking guys who are abusive" storylines that are so prevalent. This time it seemed to make more sense as a friend of mine went through an abusive time recently but she got the guy out quickly, while a friend of hers stayed in a relationship like that and shrugged off the violence. As a child of an upper-middle class family from Potomac, I'm afraid I never ran into people like this until recently, and it certainly is weird. But interesting nonetheless. How could any guy fucking beat a chick? If she annoys you, tell her to get the fuck out, but this abusive alcoholic smacking is ridiculous. Everyone should be a happy drunk like me. Anyway, Nikki's ex-boyfriend is down for a Battle of the Bands and lands a record deal. He gets her to go party and Brandon says no, but later he goes to check on her to find the dude threatening Nikki. He offers to kick his ass and you gotta be pleased with that. Whether Nikki has learned anything from this episode remains to be seen.

Dylan took off and hooked up with some older rich chick with no breasts. While I commend Dylan for getting that clam, he really needs to find a better class of women. And some big-ass titties. Anyway, he

learns a little lesson on his own when the wench sells her "priceless" horse for a lot of money, even though she's got more than enough dough and no husband already. Dylan knows that he doesn't want to hang around jerking off and spending money for the rest of his life and heads on home.

For the Thanksgiving episode Dylan lets his father stay with him while on a furlough. Daddy Dylan wants booze and to get laid, and sour-pus son Dylan stands in his way. After much arguing and the intervention of a female friend of Dad's, Dylan decides to let Dad be a dad.

Brenda and Kelly finally make up after some extended cat-fights that were quite amusing, especially

90210 Update

as mean-old Brenda dished out the slut comments to Kelly almost non-stop. Donna intervened to straighten things out. Steve got fired as David's manager, and got booted from school over the computer break-in. His Mom got him a reprieve. The whole episode was sorta stupid, as Steve's bucks could have gotten him into college with a 400 on his SATs.

The most annoying thing was the homeless shit where Brandon found the vet from the beach, brought him to dinner, had a run-in with non-serving Jim, came back to fix an antenna, and everyone lives happily ever-after. Don't know about you, but it was about as exciting as watching hair grow.

Now Dylan is back in school—let the fun begin.

Gettin' Religion by Tripp Addled

I came perilously close to a major change in my life the other day - so close, in fact, that I shudder to think about it. It was the most foul thing imaginable. Yes, that's right - I was almost saved; converted to Jesus; rendered imbecilic. Let me see...It started when... Oh yeah, that's right.

I was peacefully minding my own business, spaced out on a purely organic growth found in the excrement of small, carefully selected pot-bellied pigs. It was easy to cope, though - one foot in reality, so to speak. The location: Santa Fe, on a quiet night. I was lazily exploring my inner self, focusing on the inside lenses of my sunglasses when a voice interrupted me...

"Excuse me. Do you have a minute to answer some questions? I'm conducting a survey."

I wrenched myself away from an interesting conversation with my frontal lobes. It was difficult, but I managed to focus on the intruder. She was a kinda-cute blonde, dressed somewhat conservatively. Behind her was a geeky guy who looked suspiciously like Dan Quayle.

The Clubside does interviews from time to time, so I decided to play along with these two, no matter their intent. Besides, I've had some of my most rewarding moments under the influence talking to idiots. "Sure," I replied. "Fire away."

"Well first of all," said the girl, seeming somewhat meek and nice, "Do you believe that there is an overseer of the human condition?"

I was boggled. I didn't have the slightest idea what she was talking about—but I loved it. She must have seen the blank look on my face.

"I mean, do you believe there a universal Truth? Something that influences us in our daily lives?", she continued helpfully.

Now this was something I could get into. The thoughts raced through my mind at insane speed. I had never really thought about it, but yes... My God! There is something behind it all. There must be some insane reason that both sex and Pat Buchanan exist on the same planet. Of course, we, as mortals, probably will never be privy to such information, but consider the possibilities...

"You know," I answered, "I never really thought about it, but you are right. There must be some reason, some force guiding us in everything that we do."

They both smiled. "You look like someone who understands," the guy said. "Have you ever heard of the Intersvarsity Fellowship?"

My heart leapt. Maybe I would find a group of people who would understand. They would be a group of people ready to explore the boundaries of the known universe - hopefully without ever leaving the couch. We could have long discussions about the meaning of it all. I had never heard of the organization, though - and I still couldn't get over their conservative demeanor.

I looked blankly, and shook my head. "No. Are you guys some kind of philosophical organization?"

The girl smiled, as if at a slow-witted child. "No, we are a Christian group - spreading the Gospel to the collegiate community. You know, Jesus' word needs to be heard here. Especially considering that agents of Satan are at work everywhere."

"They are?" I asked, looking about. I did see a small, red dude leering at me from the corner, pitchfork in hand - but then I realized that I often see strange things while under the influence.

"Oh yes. We at Intersvarsity try to help people find the true mean-

ing in life - it's all right there, in the Bible."

Uggggg. I thought to myself. These were the same idiots who were picketing the beach at Ft. Lauderdale last spring break - carrying signs and literature proclaiming that Sodom and Gomorrah were nigh. I think I punched one of them. Details of the whole week are kind of dim. Actually, I may never have gone anywhere... Oh well. It could have happened.

The girl was talking, "... and we would love for you to attend our weekly prayer meetings - Thursdays at eight PM."

I had heard enough. It was time to get rid of them. "No, Thursday nights I have my Sabbath. In fact, this week is our annual 'Sacrifice the Idiot Christian' ceremony."

They looked as if they had taken a bullet. The girl's smile suddenly looked painted on - fake. Her eyes darted around, as if looking for an escape path. I wasn't going to let her off that easy though.

"Yeah," I continued, "the only problem is, we haven't found a good sacrifice yet. We like girls. In fact, we like girls a lot. Tell me, have you ever been touched? We like 'em unspoiled, too."

The guy looked menacingly at me. "You'll burn in Hell, Mister."

"Yeah ... but not before I take a piece out of you both!"

With that, I leapt up from my table, butter knife in hand. I swept off my sunglasses, revealing blood-shot eyes with insanely dilated pupils. It must have looked quite freaky to the uninitiated, for they both got a look of extreme terror, turned, and ran screaming from the bar.

A waiter came over to investigate—so I ordered another Heintzken, put my sunglasses back on, and resumed my internal journey.