

CLUBSIDE

Volume 2, Number 1

Maryland's Very Own Obscenity-Filled Rag

January 20, 1993

Ralph's Eye on the News

I can't fucking believe what the fuck's going on right fucking now 'cuz it's like some shit is fucking cropping up all over the fucking world like in fucking Bosnia where those fuckers are fucking killing each other cause they all speak different fucking languages and don't want to fucking live with each other even though they don't got any fucking decent shit like death dogs or shit like that that we fucking love in the great old fucking U.S. of A where any fucker can fucking walk into a fucking McDonald's and get all sorts of fucking great food any fucking hour of the day while all those fucking fuckers in fucking Somalia have to fucking eat shit and wear shit and harvest fucking shit cause all they fucking got is fucking shit and fucking sand and no fucking 7-11s or other cool fucking stuff like we got so we gotta send our fucking troops over there and give them the good shit we got even though that fucking shit doesn't look all that fucking great since it looks like big fucking bags of shit instead of fucking flour and Bisquick and whatever the fuck else we're sending over there when it's so fucking obvious that the only fucking good anyone can fucking do for those shitheads is move them somewhere where there's fucking food and grass and fucking swimming pools so they can fucking live like normal fucking people or at least as fucking normal as

those fuckers in Iraq who shouldn't even be fucking alive since we dropped a fucking shitload of fucking bombs on those fuckers in the fucking day and the fucking night and all fucking day even though that fucker Saddam is still fucking alive and sipping Pina Coladas fucking poolside while the rest of those fuckers blow up and he fucking decides that he will have a fucking cease-fire while we get a new fucking president in fucking Clinton who has that fucking ugly fucking daughter and those fuckers the Gores who fucking want to fucking get rid of fucking good music just cause someone says fuck which we all fucking know is a fucking important as shit word in our fucking language, this being fucking America and all that, so I don't want to hear any of that fucking shit out of him, but do like that fucking Clinton is easing up those stupid fucking abortion regulations that that fucker Bush had like that fucking pill from France that makes the fucker fall out while you're fucking taking a shit which is so easy 'cause I take fucking shits all fucking day, even though I can't get fucking pregnant, so who knows if fucking chicks will fucking take shits that will drop those things out but it's good they can fucking do it since it is there fucking choice and they should be able to fucking make it unlike that fucking bitch fucking Clinton wants as

fucking Attorney General who had some fucking illegal immigrants as fucking maids and never fucking told anyone when there's plenty of other fuckers in this fucking country who fucking speak English and need fucking money like me who's fucking broke with fucking college starting another fucking semester and I need fucking beer money and some fucking money for this fucking wench I'm fucking so I'll catch you later.



Ralph Natimull is (still) a sophomore in college with no declared major. He spends a fraction of his time reading USA Today headlines to keep up on current affairs so that he has some clue as to what is happening around the world. His column is intended to provide other students, without the initiative or ability to tackle the heavy reading requirements posed by USA Today, with such information in an easily-digestible, college-speech form.

Easton Lust

Welcome to the CLUBSIDE's brand-spanking new serial which will be written every week by different authors. It just happened to fit on the front page this time.

Dave wiped the slightly-undigested eggs from his chin and rolled off the bed onto the floor, breaking a dozen or so beer bottles beneath his weight. "Someone fucking shoot me," he mumbled to the ceiling while scratching his nuts with one good long tug. "I didn't fuck her?" he asked. "Tell me I didn't fuck her..." Dave asked as he swung his head towards his roommate's sorry excuse for a bed in this sorry excuse for a dorm. "Please, oh my fucking christ please tell me I didn't touch that chick in any sexual manner."

Dave's roommate Steve was already awake and drinking from a warm bottle of Mescal and not wearing any pants.

"She took my fucking pants, Dave," replied Steve, "not yours, but my fucking pants. In my sleep. And you know I don't wear no underwear since all I ever do is leave skid marks in those mighty white Hanes Mom gives me every Christmas. Man, I love Taco Bell," he concluded, raised his buttocks in the air to let escape a truly heinous fart that resounded in Dave's head as well as his newly awakened nasal cavity.

"Put on some fucking pants you nudist bastard, the sight of your johnson dangling frightens me" mumbled Dave.

"Look here, you sorry excuse for a man," Steve continued, "if the pants come off, I expect some sex, and I'm not putting

pants on until I get that sex, so you better go find me some sex and stop sitting there wishing you had a dick remotely as huge as mine."

"Just do what you normally do, finish the bottle and spend a few hours trying to shove the worm into your penis, you fuck."

"Now that's entertainment."

Dave proceeded to crawl across the floor using only his right hand and managed to make it to the fridge and pull out the last Iron City. He pulled himself to his feat, opened a pack of Instant Quaker Oats Cinammon & Raisan, and poured it down his throat.

"Egg alone not good enough for you?" inquired Steve, taking

another swig.

"Where did I get that shit anyway?"

"At Toddle House, don't you remember?" laughed Steve. "You told that fat waitress you'd butter HER muffin."

"I always did like your Mom," Dave retorted.

"Yeah, but fat was not the word to describe the chick you found in the Cellar."

"I did NOT fuck her, did I?" Dave demanded.

"Of course you did," Steve said with a smirk, "don't you see the marks on your neck from where your penis tried to kill you in the middle of the night?"

"Stop fucking with me."

"Find my pants you fucking maggot!"

Caroling

Some of you may have heard that our beloved editor, Hugh, was almost arrested before the break. Hugh got really drunk and screamed out his own version of various carols. I of course agreed with the campus police. Hugh, however, felt that he should be able to say or scream whatever the hell he wanted. It seems that the campus police took offense with some of Hugh's songs. He was singing about fucking and fags and drinking and various other pastimes (*I don't consider fags a pastime of mine, maybe yours—Ed.*). Luckily Buster and myself were around and we were able to convince the cop not to arrest Hugh. I believe that Hugh should never have been out there singing. Hugh on the other hand feels different. He believes in complete and total freedom of speech. I look on freedom of speech as a free-

dom as long as you don't bother people. I am totally for the freedom of the press and other printed material. Written words aren't intrusive. If you don't want to read don't. Hugh's actions were intrusive. He was screaming. People passing by had no choice about whether they wanted to listen or not. They had to. They can't control what they hear. If there is a noise they hear it. When Hugh was singing his songs he removed that choice from the people. I believe that the cops had every right to restrict his ability to scream on campus. It should be noted that Hugh was really drunk during this so his recollections aren't the best (*of course Johnny is completely drunk as he types this—Ed.*). If there is anything that unifies this country of diverse peoples it is the ability to speak their minds and their right not to hear other people while they speak theirs. Hugh had a lot of things to say. And lets face it.

Most of those things were bullshit because he is an idiot. I don't think people should be forced to listen to

an idiot. Do you? Say what you want. But please don't force it on people.—*Johnny Puritis*

Printing Opinions

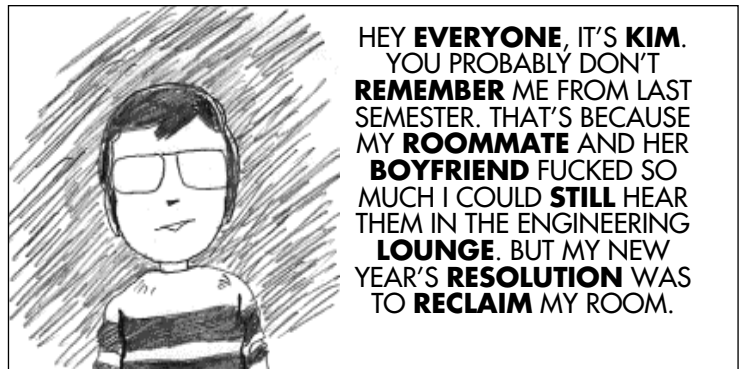
Reading the Clubside, as you are doing now, is an invitation to being offended. The magazine, by its very nature is offensive. We, the staff, are quite offensive. We smell. We have very few social graces. However, the quality that gets us in the most trouble is that we usually say what we think.

You may have noticed articles containing potentially offensive thoughts aimed at certain groups. This cannot be denied—after all, we printed it. The one fact that must be kept in mind is that each article represents the views of its writer—and no one else. In fact, sometimes the crap that a ClubSide writer spews even offends us, the

staff. However, no matter how offensive the article (much less the author), it gets published. After all, isn't this free speech? Is this not America? ...this is America, isn't it?...

The upshot of the situation? If something pisses you off, don't leave nasty messages on our answering machine. Don't threaten us with legal action via letter. Write an article for us espousing your view. We'll print it. We need differences of opinion—or Hugh's somewhat skewed perspectives will dominate our pages. Get off your collective duffs and help us.

—*Tripp Addled*



HEY EVERYONE, IT'S KIM. YOU PROBABLY DON'T REMEMBER ME FROM LAST SEMESTER. THAT'S BECAUSE MY ROOMMATE AND HER BOYFRIEND FUCKED SO MUCH I COULD STILL HEAR THEM IN THE ENGINEERING LOUNGE. BUT MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION WAS TO RECLAIM MY ROOM.



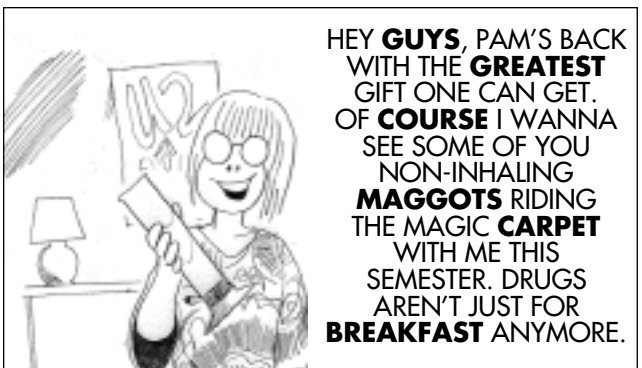
DID YOU HAVE A MISERABLE NEW YEARS LIKE ME, JEN?



YEAH, I HAD MY STOMACH PUMPED FOR FUN...



IT'S GREAT TO SEE EVERYONE AGAIN. WHEN DO WE START LOOKING FOR A NEW CROP OF MEN?



HEY GUYS, PAM'S BACK WITH THE GREATEST GIFT ONE CAN GET. OF COURSE I WANNA SEE SOME OF YOU NON-INHALING MAGGOTS RIDING THE MAGIC CARPET WITH ME THIS SEMESTER. DRUGS AREN'T JUST FOR BREAKFAST ANYMORE.



I WALK IN MY ROOM AND MY YEAR'S ALREADY A FAILURE. I THINK CHRISTINA AND MARK USE SEX AS MUCH AS AIR.

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 2, NUMBER 1, JANUARY 21, 1993 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 breasteses. Of course our female staff members don't stare at big breasteses, 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. For subscriptions outside the College Park area, the rate is \$10/semester mailed first class.

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.

Display and Classified advertising is also available in the Clubside. All Classifieds and Personals are free (within weekly space limitations) and should be mailed to the above address. Display advertising is available at the following sizes and rates:

1/4 Page	\$30.00	3/4 Page	\$70
1/2 Page	\$50.00	Full Page	\$90

Advertsing can be sent in any dimension, or can be designed in-house to your specifications. Yeah, we know all you advertisers are afraid of publishing in a magazine that prints FUCK really huge and often, but you gotta admit, it does get attention. That is what you want, people actually reacting to and taking advantage of what you print in your ads, isn't that right? Well, I find it hard to believe that a Diamondcrack lying in a trash-bin will do that for you. Go with the CLUBSIDE, a fine rag that people will cherish like fine wine and vintage clothing.

Circulation: 1,000

Welcome to Volume 2 of the Clubside. Yes, somehow we've managed to survive and continue to itch in a desire to offend everyone who continues to consume oxygen on our planet. We do have some doozies of special issues planned for this semester (take a look at the ads printed elsewhere. We would also like to get some additional staff. We have gotten a decent number of submissions, but we are looking for artwork, writers, advertising agents, etc. Remember, beer. We all love it. The Clubside staff yearns for it. Isn't it calling your name.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find some criticism of me as Editor-in-Chief from members of my own editorial board. Even if I don't agree with what they say, I think part of the service the rag provides is a forum for any and all opinions. That's why, instead of defending myself in an intelligent manor, I will just say: "Fuck you guys, I'll do what I want and be proud."

For those of you who have never seen an issue before this one, hopefully you will get some amusement from it. Remember though, our goal is first and foremost to amuse ourselves, and if you're getting some masturbatorial pleasure as well, goody.

You will find our inebriated staff lingering about campus every week handing out the mag and craving the wings that will come later. Men and women who, for lack of a better word, emit the very scent of power. Unfortunately this should be taken literally, because nothing beats a good bodily function in our minds.

So go forth and try to change what is bad on this campus, be it ridiculous drinking regulations, power in the hands of faculty, or just the mere sight of your fellow students. Do it man, just do it, everyone else is doin' it.



CLUBSIDE BACK ISSUES

Yes, for those of you who missed some of our fascinating, socially-enriching issues of last semester, back-issues are now available for a cheap 50 cents each.

Call (301) 441-8916 or write to order. Add 25 cents if you want it mailed.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Gentlemen:

As a former UMCP student & cynic, I am extremely impressed with your attempt to enlighten your fellow students with some of the "truths" about our school. Please don't lose sight of your original goal, though. Be crude, rude, ruthless—anything for a laugh (we all need it)—but make an effort to balance this part of your newsletter with "respectable" (for lack of a better word), sincere journalism. You will all benefit, I believe, in the long run.

How can I get your newsletter here in West Virginia? Please write and tell me how.

Sincerely,
Doug Higgs

Well, Douggie, you can get this filth mailed to your doorstep for a measly \$10 bucks a semester. Yes, first class government-controlled monopoly mail service right to your door. That's house door, not anal door, as many readers will assume owing to the West Virginia part. Squeal piggie.—Hugh

To: "Hugh G. Rection"
Rebuttal to "Malcolm X"

I recently recieved a copy of your periodical **CLUBSIDE** Vol 1, Number 8, and I must first commend you and your staff on the successful operation of an underground news source geared to the University of Maryland student population. But, as an African-American, I was disturbed by your piece regarding the late African-American leader, Malcolm X. Given

the podium the **CLUBSIDE** offers its writers within the College Park community and this newsletter's growing influence amongst the student population, I was appalled by your brief but erroneous characterizations of Malcolm X: 1) he did not preach death to white people, he promoted the uplifting of African-Americans "by any means necessary". 2) The individuals directly responsible for his death, acting under the *strong* influence of the FBI and the Federal government, acted *more so* motivated by self-interests and against the doctrines of the Nation of Islam faith. The Holy Qu'ran, the Nation's equivalent of the Holy Bible, specifically states the forbiddance of proactive acts of violence under any circumstances. 3) In the mid-to-late 1960's, with the growing advent of "Black Power" and the threat of African-Americans resorting to violent acts to obtain justice in America, this country conceded to several key demands of the conservative wing of the civil rights movement (influenced by Dr. King). This included the passing of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Voting Rights Act of 1965, and the Fair Housing Act of 1968. The Federal Government was influenced to take this action primarily because of the perceived "radical" approach for change festering within the catacombs of the "black masses". This alternative mindset was *directly* influenced by the techniques of Mal-

colm X. One should not be so *narrow-minded* as to disregard the influence Malcolm X had regarding the gains realized by the civil rights movement of the latter 1960's. If Previous to writing, the writer has merely tapped any valid source(s) regarding the life of this man, he/she should have realized the inaccuracies in these statements.

What White America fails to understand is Malcolm X is the embodiment of what it means to be strong, Black and proud amongst the degradation of our existence in America. The life of Malcolm X exemplifies not only to African-Americans, but all of mankind that despite the dehumanizing conditions one may be born into (poverty), and despite one's human tendencies to succumb to the disparaging vices of our society (drugs, crime, prostitution), one can through faith and spirituality uplift himself to become notonly righteous to themself, but a godsend to their own people. The *immortality* of Malcolm X proves that although one may be able to snuff out the life of the messenger, his/her message can still shine forth in all its truth and glory, and still contribute decades later to the uplifting of some 40+ million African-Americans.

From reading this and other related writings in this edition (*Somolia, Retention, etc.*), I am led to conclude that they are less of opinion of the truth, and more a reflection of the ignorance of you and your staff. With your widening influence amongst the campus community, the peril exists of students formulating judgements on these issues based on the writings in your newsletter. It is on this basis that I will **PERSONALLY** debate you, the Editor, and/or any of your staff members in any public forum regarding these or similar viewpoints you or your staff has towards Africa, or people of African decent. Truth and God go hand-in-hand, and I **FIRMLY** believe with these armaments on my side, I **WILL** unmask you and reveal you for your vile, evel and wicked self. I will be awaiting your reply, but knowing how cowardly your kind can be, I pretty well can presume your response.

A Brother in the Struggle of Our People,
Bill Wilson

Dear Bill,

Have you completely lost your mind? How could you have possibly taken anything we've written seriously? The Clubside is dedicated to poking fun at people who take themselves far too seriously for their own good. You seem to be one of those people. You accuse us of racism, yet you have never met us. Had the show "In Living Color" aired a skit called Santa X you probably wouldn't have been offended. You might have even been amused. The only racism that exists here is your own.

You speak you civil rights and the 1960's. Yet you insist on segregating yourself in your letter. You used the term "African-American" six times in your letter. And you begin your second paragraph with, "What White America fails to understand is Malcolm X is the embodiment of what it means to be strong,

Black and proud amongst the degradation of our existence in America." White America? The last time I checked there was only one United States of America. There are no African-Americans, Mexican Americans, Polish-Americans. There are only Americans! I don't call myself a French-Dutch-Irish American. You wish to be treated as an equal, yet you insist on separating yourself from the rest of the country. And it's not just you. Let me rattle of a couple of examples off the top of my head... There is the Black Student Union and a Black Engineers Club. Why? There is already an existing Student Union and Engineers club. What is so wrong with these organizations that there had to be one for Blacks only? Maybe I should start a White Student Union, or better still, an Irish Student Union because my Irish bothers and sisters have been oppressed for so long due to the fact we can't get drunk in public. Don't you see how stupid all this is? As for the "degradation of our existence in America" bit... If you hate it here so fucking much, LEAVE! I'll pay for the ticket. If you don't want to leave, then quit using Racism as a crutch. Slavery ended over a 100 years ago, and Civil Rights laws were enacted. I sick to death of being held responsible and hated for something I had nothing to do with. If anyone has a right to bitch, it's the Indians. They had an entire country taken from them! But I digress...

How dare you refer to us as vile, wicked, evil and cowardly! Guess what, bub? You have pre-judged us without even meeting one staff member. You are guilty of the prejudice that you attribute to us! If there is one thing I hate in this world, it's a fucking hypocrite.

The time for atonement is OVER. America does not need any more legislation passed out of guilt, like our current Affirmative Action laws. No one should be given a job or a scholarship due to the color of their skin, their sex, their religion, or their sexual orientation. Whatever happened to the Merit System, where the most qualified person reaped the rewards? Quit separating yourselves from the rest of the nation. It's time to forget the past, and get on with OUR lives.

*A Drunk in the Struggle for More Beer and Less Hassle,
Buster Hymen
Executive Editor,
Discipline & Bondage*

Billmeister, you're absolutely correct on every point of your moving and poignant missive, and I have decided to repent my evil, white-devil ways and submit myself to slavery on the African continent as penance for the sins of people in the past of whom I never had any acquaintance. I hope this small gesture alone will lift the burden of suffering you and all of your brothers have labored under lo these many years, and may you sleep better at night knowing that "the man" has a guilty conscience that must be satisfied at any cost.—Hugh (an Adopted-American)

Send all letters, cash gifts, and physical evidence to:
The Clubside
4431 Lehigh Rd. #121
College Park, MD 20740

ARE YOU BITTER?

HAS SOME FUCKING WHORE RIPPED YOUR HEART OUT OF YOUR RIB-CAGE AND LAUGHED AT YOU?

If you have a story to tell, we want to hear it for our all-male, all hateful, Bitterness Issue in celebration of St. Valentine's Day. Write us your story or call us up and relay it in your own spiteful tone. If you have a special Valentine's message for someone who crushed your very existence, we have a special Die You Fucking Bitch personals section. Deadline is February 7.

CLUBSIDE

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

DAVE BRUNDIGE, STUDENT ALCOHOLIC

NO DAVE, YOU ARE NOT GETTING A NEW YEAR'S KISS...



Happy New Year

Top Ten Most Returned X-Mas Gifts

- 10 Basket of Gourmet Somali Food
- 9 Chia-Turd
- 8 Marky Mark Fake Third Nipple
- 7 Mike Tyson Fight Tickets
- 6 Washington Redskins 1993 Superbowl XXVII Champions Shirts
- 5 Auschwitz Mini-Bake Oven
- 4 Ronco Self-Mutilation Kit
- 3 90210 Sideburn Kit
- 2 Mayor Barry Hat and Crack Pipe Set
- 1 Barbara Bush Life-sized Rubber Sex Doll

Top Ten Predictions for the Clinton Administration

- 10 Chelsey gets knocked up by a Haitian: Shotgun Wedding
- 9 Tipper Gore gets caught at the Kilimanjaro Club freaking Luke Skywalker of 2 Live Crew, while singing "Me So Horny"
- 8 Photographs of President Clinton mouthing someone else's Sax in a dark alley off of DuPont Circle
- 7 Hillary Clinton elopes with Billy Jean King and takes Bill's penis with her
- 6 With the aid of General Norman Schwarzkopf, Bush retakes the White House, dissolves Congress, nukes the entire Middle East, and has Perot drawn and quartered for costing him the election.
- 5 Clinton digs up John F. Kennedy's corpse, and "consults" frequently with it in the Oval Office
- 4 Gays in military stage coup: Marine Corp - now looking for lots of good men; Air Force - Aim High, so you don't miss my mouth; Army - be all that you can get away with in a bathroom stall; Navy—The Loooooove Boat, soon we'll be making another run...
- 3 Clinton actually manages to balance the budget. Yea, right! And he didn't inhale...
- 2 Vice President Al Gore visits Antarctica to study the Ozone depletion firsthand. Media watches in horror as Gore gets sucked through the hole. Film at eleven...
- 1 Plastic surgeon comes forward and reveals that William Jefferson Clinton is actually Elvis Aaron Presley

The holidays always work their magic on our favorite television shows: they fucking make them run repeats. Yes, we had to suffer through a bunch of re-runs and cancellations of our favorite show while cast and crew basked in far warmer climes. Yet they're back: Brenda and Kelly arguing and consoling, Dylan brooding, David rushing through school, Brandon doing those little Brandon things, Andrea being the coal in the stocking, and Donna looking as mutant-like as ever.

I must diverge here for a second because the subject came up again. A guy I'm doing some consulting work for said he'd do Donna in a heartbeat while I consider her at best road-kill. He argues that she has a hardbody, but as Eddie Murphy said in the prophetic *Raw*: I like a sense of humor, outgoing girls. Now wait a minute, you gotta be good looking too. I'm not fucking no funny, ugly bitch. That's it right there: all of Papa Spelling's money has done nothing but make his daughter look like a fucked-up Plastic Surgeon's play doll, and no, even with two paper bags over her head, she will not get done by me. Of course this guy also thinks Jennifer Grey is good looking, and never shall I call a frizzy-haired, 13-year old boy's body big nosed thing attractive. On a related subject, what's this with Brenda and those fucked up bell-bottom swoop pants and platform shoes. She must realize that a fashion trend is not by one's choice.

One with the tomfoolery and hijinx. For some reason they've decided to start and morality play with Brandon and gambling. In the last two episodes we've had the strapped-for-cash boy caring about wagering money instead of snagging some pussy. Steve has started detention to pay for his "crimes" and got involved with the "wrong" crowd. Oh, yes, that evil we call drag racing. I'm telling you right here that the beauty of the fifties that people crave is not just a sense of family and that shit, but the open possibilities, the owning of a great car, the sex that had to be hidden from everyone. Drag racing came of age in that era, and there's no real reason it should die out, especially in locations like that in Beverly Hills. Suffice to say, Steve likes the thrill of the race, and despite Dylan's earnest warnings, pursues a friendship. Brandon tags along to make a buck. Then the catch comes: the guy's going to be in a big race, but needs a bankroll: i.e., the reason for

Steve's existence. Warnings from Dylan and prodding from the ever-

greedy Brandon finally get Steve to go with it, but before the race Steve and Brandon figure out that the other driver drove the car that fucked Andrea up, so Steve has to stall while Brandon goes for help. In the end Steve and this guy play chicken, only to be interrupted by the worried Dylan who came to make sure everything was hunky-dorey. The bad guy is caught and drag racing is the scapegoat.

90210

UPDATE

Hugh G. Rection

Brandon continues to gamble with larger and larger stakes at the Peach Pit, while Dylan tor-

tures himself over the Brenda/Kelly choice. The choice remains clear to me: you're about to graduate high

school, find someone else, don't sell your life away at 17, plus you're bound to find some chick with big giant titties at some point Dylan, like good old Kristy Swanson in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. In the meantime, Mama Walsh sets Brenda and Kelly up with two boys from Princeton. That's the problem, as they find out after

whoring it up in a big way, because they are boys, from the "Princeton School for Boys." They go on the date anyway, and I pretty much had to cry out laughing. They go to an arcade, and after a while decide that Dylan shouldn't be controlling their lives, not that they really come up with any other way to handle it. Dylan fantasizes about what it would be like to be married to them: Brenda the housemother lording over dozens of children, and Kelly as the do-nothing shopper of a wife. All the while he plays the "Have You Ever Had to Make Up Your Mind" on the Peach Pit jukebox until Nat's ready to kill him.

We also have found out that David's being taking extra classes to be able to graduate with everyone else. I find this highly unlikely as he appeared about two years behind everyone in the first season. Also, is anyone that stupid? Give up those few precious, responsibility-free years of life? And Donna doing talk radio? Who wants to listen to any radio in the hallways in the first place??

Things are obviously coming to a head with Dylan, Brandon and the gambling, and Steve and some major choice in life. Kelly found out (or believes) that David's dad, her step-dad, is cheating on her mom. Andrea had fun at the spa. Donna is still fugly. See you next week.

It's that time again. Inaugural celebrations and triumphant parties. Time to reflect on the greatness of this wonderful country. Show national pride and unity by

parade, I can only think of Bill and Al trotting down the street, taking time to wade into the crowd to grope and molest every half-attractive female on the route.

The Jaundiced View

bombing a poor, obnoxious Arab country. If you hadn't noticed, the Clintons are already in town, marching about as if they represented something useful.

I wandered about the festivities today, and came up with the following conclusion—don't even think about going to any inaugural festivities, ever. The so-called "events" are attended by wide-eyed Okies and worse who are so alcohol-sodden that they can't function. The worst aspect of attending Inaugural events is that nothing ever happens. True, my judgment could be a little warped because I ate some nasty-tasting 'shrooms right before I went down town—but all we did was stand and look at the million other people waiting to see something. Every now and then, a rumor would run through the crowd—"Chelsea and Socks just drove by in a motorcade." The crowd would then surge forward to look, only to be beaten back by scores of special police wielding blackjacks.

By the time the hundredth high-school band marched by, I was sick and tired of parades in general. In fact, parades in general seem to be quite limited. As far as a useful

After all, *Tripp Addled* Bill's got quite a lot more to choose from, now that he's graduated from governor to president—and Al obviously needs the practice.

Finally, Bill and the gang made their appearance to give a speech—totally incoherent, by the way—near the Lincoln Memorial. This travesty of rhetoric was upstaged only by a god-awful rendition of "We are the World," a song that should have been buried before it was composed. Usually, while on the trip, so to speak, even the worst music has some redeeming qualities—but this was too much for my fried brain. I did get a decent chemical reaction seeing Michael Jackson and Tipper Gore on stage at the same time—after all, it's rare that you see two persons of questionable gender together. When it was obvious that more of the same was to follow, I, along with most others in the crowd, were ready to storm the stage and reduce Jackson to a bloody pulp, just on general principles. But, the sexless one left, leaving the ceremony to The Fresh Prince, Aretha Franklin, and Diana Ross. I, of course, ran screaming.

How to Hook a Tuna

One of the most lop-sided situations in the male/female relationship has always been the ease of figuring men out, while we men have a much more difficult if not impossible task when trying to figure out a woman. It's easy for women; touch the monkey and guys are happy. But the typical woman is much harder.

Now I'm no stud, faceman, hung like a horse, carved from marble jockhead (don't get me wrong, I got more than what it takes), but I have come up with a good plan that works with the majority of babes and I'm gonna let all you Ho-Ho eatin', thick lens wearin', trekkie life livin', wash you hair once a year, turtle shit out there how to get some.

The basis of the whole idea is actually very simple. There are basically two types of women: QUEENS and WHORES. All you have to figure out which your working on and you got it made. If you got a QUEEN, treat her like a whore, and if you got a WHORE, treat her like a queen.

You might say, "Oh sure!" but it's true. There's a married chick where I work about 5 years older than me and sexy as shit—I fucked her. "How?" you might ask. (*With you dick, and not your fist, I hope!*—Ed.) I figured out she was a WHORE and her hubby treated her that way. I told her how we could take long drives, in my jeep, on the beach in the summer and in the mountains in the fall. The next thing you know, she's sucking my dick! I treated her like a QUEEN. (*You treated her like Freddy Mercury?*—Ed.)

Then there was the chick that was very politically conscious. Was heavy into the abortion rights stuff, women's rights (choke!), etc. Very high on the tide as it were. Well the first party we were at, I shoved my hand down her shorts, took her by the hand and proceed to fuck the rights right out of her!

I don't claim this will work every time, but it will work with most swack. Next time I'll teach you slugbait some of the more subtle moves necessary for those hard to get cunts.—Willie Dewer

CLUBSIDE

After many minutes of battling the crowd, I finally made it out of earshot of the din. I was in a relatively unpopulated section of the crowd, so I fired up a joint and thought about the experience as a whole. The conclusion that I came to was that it pretty much sucked. Being packed like a sardine just to listen to another hack politician followed by over-the-hill superstars is not my idea of a good time. Just

as I realized this, the night sky lit up with some awesome fireworks (matching the ones inside my head)—the one redeeming quality of the evening.

I hear that the whole Inaugural week will be full of ceremony, parties, and other such crap. I, for one, am going to ignore all this completely. My plans? Stay home and explore my inner self—with a little chemical help, of course.

Meaning of "Malcolm X"

Over the break I saw the movie Malcolm X. As usual Spike did a good job. But I can't help thinking that people, blacks in particular, are understanding this movie in the wrong way. The movie was a great story. Malcolm was a very charismatic man who cared very deeply about what he was doing. Passion however does not make for a hero. The reason I believe that people misunderstand the message is that they pay too much attention to Malcolm's life before the Haj and not enough to his life after. Malcolm was a fighter. His fight was totally rooted in a wrong idea. But he was a fighter. How can anyone accept someone's ideas when they are founded upon an incorrect assumption? The (honorable) Elijah Mohammed believed that white people were created by the devil.

How can an ideology that automatically places one people in a place of inferiority be respected? The true beauty and transcendence that comes from Malcolm's story is his final realization that the troubles between blacks and whites doesn't come from a ultimate evil to ultimate good standpoint but from an ignorant standpoint. I supposedly am white (I consider myself more Irish than white) but I don't feel I was created by the devil. I try to treat people the same. I try to judge them on their character irrespective of their color. People should see Malcolm X and think it is a great movie because of his final realization that upbringing and not birth has more to do with worth.

—Johnny Puritis

SPRING BREAK FREE

**THE CLUBSIDE IS OFFERING TWO
FREE TRIPS TO PANAMA CITY
BEACH, FLORIDA FOR SPRING
BREAK THIS YEAR**

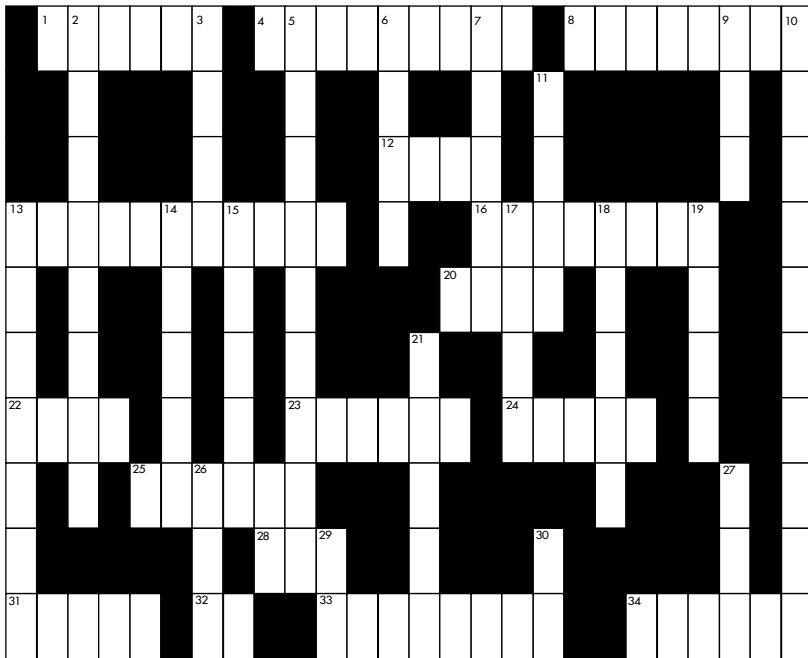
Our special Spring Break issue will deal with more than just our drunkenness: the first Annual Spring Break Fuck Challenge. We will pay transportation and lodging for one guy and one girl to the hottest spot in Florida for a competition. All you have to do is hook up with more people than your competitor. Call or write for more information. Spring Break is coming soon.

CLUBSIDE

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

WASTING THOSE FIVE MINUTES BEFORE CLASS TIME KILLER CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Buster Hymen



ACROSS

DOWN

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Fascist President of U of MD
 4 Extremely Drunk
 8 No-dick clit lickers
 12 The dreaded C-word that women love to hear
 13 Our new <retch> President
 16 He played Eddie in the <i>Rocky Horror Picture Show</i>
 20 A good adjective to describe Len Bias
 22 "I ___ be gottin' no weapon!" (Hint: <i>Hollywood Shuffle</i>)
 23 Psychotic? True's hairy costume
 24 "Feast on the ___" (i.e. eating pussy)
 25 Incoming Freshman females should be ___ of outgoing senior males unless they want to wake up "Sticky, broke and confused"
 28 The first thing chicks do when they don't get their way...
 31 Karma ___
 32 A prick tease's favorite word
 33 Never let a chick with an ___ give you a blow-job!
 34 Porn star legend John ___</p> | <p>2 Dagos
 3 Femi-___
 5 See 12 Across
 6 For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge
 7 Slogan on the side of the cake float in <i>Animal House</i>
 9 The Hershey Highway... the Poop Shoot... Chocolate starfish... The ___
 10 Circus owners like to hire fags because they're such good sword-___
 11 "Gimme ___ 'til I'm dead!"
 13 The bigger they are, the better men like 'em
 14 The only lips on a woman that don't talk back
 15 "Doin' the ___!"
 17 Jesse Jaymes' "College Girls are ___"
 18 Kappa Delta sorority
 19 "No ___ chicks!"
 21 Typical facial expression of a frat guy, when he finds out you're not Greek
 26 "___ Away!" (Hint: <i>Monty Python & the Holy Grail</i>)
 27 "Young, dumb, and full of ___"
 29 "___ MTV Raps!" should be cancelled!!!
 30 "Who you gonna satisfy with that little thing?" "___!"</p> |
|---|---|

Minority Rule

Wait a fucking minute. Hold up. Something is very wrong. Since when has a white, english-speaking male become a minority? the answer... NOW! Your proof is to simply step into the engineering building. Upon entering you are bombarded by the smell of fucked up foods, languages spoken by 7-11 managers and plenty of other non-american shit. Hey, if you are a foreigner, speak the fucking language, you hemorrhoidal anal-invaders. I am not a racist, but I am not about to wipe my ass with my hands (*What should I wipe my ass with? My feet?—Ed.*) and drink out of the shitter.

Not just Indians, but Blacks, Orientals and other races that I had no clue existed. There is a black engineers club. Where is the club for whites? Do you want another example? Well, here it is... Teaching As-

sistants. The most non-english people there are on campus. Shouldn't it be a requirement, to be a T.A. and teach, to simply speak English? That is not too much to ask. Maybe then we can teach the T.A.'s to color coordinate their clothing.

There is hardly a place on campus in which you can go and not smell someone whose culture tells them not to shower. The government promotes affirmative action and desegregation. It is now at the point which whites should apply for minority scholarships. There are too many fucking immigrants. They have a choice; either get a clue, learn to speak English, drink lots of beer or get the fuck out of my country. Thank you. Now, if you get upset at my opinion FUCK YOU TOO and fucking join the rest of the assholes.

—Harry Rhoids

The CLUBSIDE is proud to offer a new service to our readers

ABORTION RIDES

You need to get to a clinic but are worried about access or dealing with right-to-life maggots with nothing better to do than disrupt this most serious choice?

Call us at (301) 441-8916 and we guarantee a ride to a convenient clinic and safe access, and if we get to beat some fat women and priests to keep this guarantee, so much the better.