SCANDAL
UNCENSORED

an experiment in free press...
uncompromising artwork
and writing talent, culled
with care around the
college community...........

wordsmithery:

mad ads:

scathing social
commentary:

possibly irrational ranting.

and........
could YOU be an
instant
winner?????

printd on 100% recycled paper

please donate cost of printing.
Welcome to the 1st issue of The Scandal. With your help, we will conduct an experiment testing our diverse little college community to find whether or not we can handle a free press publication.

The problems we hope to expose to the light here, are the recent mutation of censorship, and the resulting over-sensitivities of the public.

Censorship has changed from a 'butchering from above' to self mutilation. We slice and dice our own work with political correctness, moderate stance, and compromise. Writers have become timid, careful of what we'll risk putting on paper.

Must we sugarcoat our thoughts, opinions, even humor between groups of educated adults? We are college students, generally assumed to be the most open-minded and free-thinking part of society. When did the whiners drown out the shouters? We prefer the shouters—let us pick thru what may be threatening or disturbing to some, and make our own distinctions between what does or doesn't contain value for us in some form.

Humans are not of one mind on any subject. The contemporary idea that a writer, artist, teacher, or politician can be of 'moderate opinions' is one of the worst jokes of our time. It's not so bad an experience to find art or writing offensive, what's the risk? Nothing is forced on us, and we are always free to go. Or stay and react, to confront the source of disturbance.

That's what we're here for.

The Scandal's challenge to you is to fear no offense but to respond in kind. Condemn the offender as a lunatic if you wish, and boldly defend your angle. We will print your uncensored response without bias to your insane fanatical opinions, either.

Write well, because we have limited space and will prioritize the most effective writing.

Engage this as a new debate forum, start your own debate by ranting about anything volatile. Send us creative writing, poetry, song, any good stuff you're not sure would make it past the judgement board of The Pinnacle. We'd love to publish original black & white artwork if you don't mind us having to shrink it.

Pseudonyms are fine, or anonymous work, but consider standing by your work with pride.

Can it be? Have we finally come up with a 2nd issue of The Scandal? Seems unlikely, considering how long it was held hostage in that evil goddamn virus-ridden computer in the college newspaper office. We may return to the cut and paste layout method in the future.

But for now... well, this is an exciting issue, what with so many lovely contributions in response to issue #1. And the artwork is done much more justice on this printer than last year's xeroxing had to offer.

Above all other thrills contained in these pages, this 'zine has now officially been kicked out of the nest. That is to say: The Berea Scandal is of this day and forevermore, it's own entity, beholden to no one. This non-profit publication is not owned by any person or group, but by all of manandwomankind. Anyone who wishes to work on this 'zine may join in this attempt at true democracy.

Submissions are voted on for inclusion, and every vote is equal. Nothing may be censored or edited. Votes for inclusion must be based on skill & talent only. If a Scandal agent is voting by personal bias, they should be ousted by majority vote. This is the nature of the independent entity called The Berea Scandal. Should it be strayed from, the resulting product will not be The Berea Scandal.

-AS

Throughout this issue--
We enjoy Secret Face Club access from the private collection of Bill Talo.

powertothepeople.
Blood, Dust and Tears

The End
by Sylvester Little, Jr.

Tombstone reads: He kept me going. He rejuvenated me. He kept optimism and positivity on the frontlines. He turned my pain to pleasure.

Here lies...
Hope
1976-1998

Accelerate yourself into the future dimension. Establish a direct link to reality by making a time capsule. Complete your ego by choosing now a most valued possession or idea and sending it to this zine for inclusion in "The Time Capsule". Time and place of burial will be decided at a later date. Incend with the rubber ducky.

Laetitia Casta

What's blood and what's fire he wondered aloud said i know how to make the right sounds but she

Excerpt transcribed from: The Lost Files of Random Justice Throughout History tub kilt a wyt man today likerd up he wuz cum at us biff self gon a belt a cupl nigrs wit his strap nobodi in syt but he thot wed lay dow wyk it porn piz massa no but tub look now saw nobodi els so he wuz cum in him i din say nothin jes lizin to wyt devl cry plez piz and i woz hezin him skish under of tub we runnin now al nite and slp in the day tryn git up north im rytn this cuu i can ryt ifn we hang you reedin this jes no that me and tub ain't sorry for that skishupt wyt man.
To the editor or editors of The Scandal, Out of my System
First of all, thank you for providing The Pinnacle with some much needed competition and for providing a more open outlet for creative writing on campus, but...

FUCK you for referring to my staff as “The judgment board.” Certainly we must judge what goes in the paper. Do you think it’s easy to choose what goes in the paper and what doesn’t? Don’t you think that it isn’t easy to take something out of the paper that I may want in, or to put something in that I don’t agree with? Unfortunately, Freedom of Speech is a freedom which many take advantage of. Many people think it means they can say whatever the hell they want, no matter how crude or pointless. This may be true, but in my opinion, it is a wrong use of this freedom. In any publication, there are many things to keep in mind as to what goes in. Content is much less of an issue than quality for The Pinnacle. The only articles or submissions I can remember rejecting this year are those that I and members of my staff found to be lacking in quality, or that simply didn’t match up when compared to other choices when it came to space. Certainly we don’t call up the president or any members of the administration and ask them what they would like in the paper, but we can’t just throw in any old piece of crap and call it journalism—there are certain guidelines that must be followed—without guidelines and rules, we would live in a state of anarchy (which is NOT good, by the way). Believe me, there are so many things I would like to say in the articles I write or in reply to submissions. However, there is this thing called libel, this measly little job isn’t worth getting my ass sued because I said something stupid without thinking about it (or without providing definite proof).

FUCK every member of the student body for thinking that everybody has the right to say whatever the hell they want. Yes it is true that the college wouldn’t be here without the students, but the students wouldn’t be here if it weren’t for the college. As youths, we are a bunch of arrogant little fucks who think we can take on the world—unfortunately, once we get out in that world, we will quickly realize that there are many written and unwritten rules which will bog down any of our own decision making. Sure there are ways around these rules, we certainly mustn’t follow the rule simply for the sake of it being a rule. We should always fight unjust rules and shouldn’t ever give up our youthful arrogance, just channel it in an effective manner. FUCK the SGA for following their own arrogant little personal “missions” and not giving a damn what the student body actually wants. FUCK them for telling the student body what it wants and fuck those who think that just because something has been a certain way for years, that it should never change. Rules should change along with time, whether this be good or bad i.e. that moronic patriarchal bullshit known as the visitation policy.

FUCK Berea College for thinking it is so damn important. I will be leaving this college soon and although I am highly appreciative of the degree it has provided me with and the experience I have gained, I really don’t care what it does with itself in the 21st century. They’ve gone so far from their history and traditions, that they may as well change their name and seal. How’s that for freedom of speech?

--- Jeremy W. Zimmerman
--- (Pinnacle Editor ’97-’98)

Do You Suffer from painful headaches???
Do anxiety and stress run your life?
If so, Medicinal Spanking may be the answer for you!
Medicinal Spanking is a revolutionary breakthrough in homeopathic remedies.
It has been studied and perfected by Master Healer Sen Sei logami for over 20 years in Tsai, China.
NOW the secret Sen Sei logami has been keeping in the Far East for so long is available to Americans via logami-certified spankers, Dr. Shelby Austin Baker and Dr. Kristen Danielle Thomas. Just 30 minutes of moderate to intense spanking has proven beneficial in alleviating a plethora of ailments.

Health Benefits Include:
• Relief from headaches including migraines
• Relieves symptoms of PMS
• Stimulates breast tissue growth in some women
• Heigths posterial sensitivity
• Raises pain threshold
• Cures some types of cancer
• Reduces symptoms of depression
• Increases libidinal urges
• Promotes cessation of nicotine cravings
• Relieves Massive Head Injuries
• Stops internal bleeding
• Cures impotence
• Cures paralysis
• Relieves potentially fatal aneurysms

*Light Spanking available upon request
**If you’re pregnant, suffer from chronic flaggelance, multiple personality disorder, hemorrhoids or mange please consult your family physician prior to spanking session.

-----"For the past several months, my husband and I have been receiving regular spanking sessions, and our sex life has never been better. Bless your heart, Dr. Baker!"

"After months of painful constipation, Medicinal Spanking made me regular!"
Run
Cradled by wind, suspended in time, pulled by lungs like wings
Limbs straining for a farther place, a shinier shoreside
Knowing that there will be pain, that you must lose yourself in it
tongue-slide down it’s hot, scarred throat
Give a voice, form to your beast
There is a point when one must slow down
And there, straddled crooked on the grass, limbs in collapse
will be a gentle glow, a wet and warm awake-dream like
soft and shallow lapping puddle-wade and blistered feet
tendered sink into slow tide, sun
glinting golden spots and flash like
metal camera daze blurr drift & focus
Dream of lines, a curved lane

Anita Cunningham

4-24-98
Today Sampsa Morrison Wright’s friends and neighbors from Washington came, packed him up, prepared him to leave and helped him to take his medicine while he moaned, spoke, shook, cried and sang alongside the somber activity. The final acknowledgment of Sampsa’s lost ability to function quietly in society was marked by their arrival. Some had held on optimistically for the unknown, most had wallowed in denial with a resigned loss as to what to do, a few saw the need for him to seek a safe environment outside of Berea and advised him to do so. But with the deployment of these foreign ambassadors from Sam’s former life, no one could any longer deny the loss of this bright soul’s grounded sentience. I sat with him in a sunny spot on the front steps of Kentucky Hall where I found him late that afternoon. We played guitar and sang together and let tears soak into the concrete, it was the only honest action I could think to offer to him any more.

No one passed through the front doors of that hall without pausing for a moment, however brief, to allow the reality of his surrender to soak in, and to offer some apologetic last comment before proceeding with their evening’s activities. When it came time for me to fill my belly, I felt much the same urge to apologize for some unidentifiable yet undeniable shirked duty of days already lived.

I don’t know what happened to Sam after that last uncomfortable parting moment, but I have spent the rest of my night reaching out to every person who I know, being sure not to waste the moments we are given to enjoy together in good health. Some people think that Sampsa lost his mind during the month of April, some think he was just tuned into levels of existence most of us usually ignore; some look at Sampsa as a fallen angel of the Berea community, others think he’ll be fine after a little rest in a safe place. I don’t pretend to know what happened to our friend and trusting neighbor across the hall, or where he’s headed from here, I just know that there’s a lesson buried here somewhere for his adopted community, and that I can’t bring myself to close my door tonight.

Samps did leave some parting words for Berea tacked to his door. Our neighbor Mike happened upon him and put them in a safe place when he saw of what they spoke. After identifying me as the most sober party on the floor, he entrusted them with me and I’ve been reeling from what he fit onto that teal post-it note ever since:

One thing Sampsa made very clear in the days before his departure is that he is very concerned about the rest of us. He never really said what, but while others looked on pityingly and questioned Sam’s mental stability, he was racking his brain, worrying over us to death and trying to think up a way to somehow shield us from something we apparently couldn’t see but he could. I somehow don’t feel quite so comfortable in my comfort zone now – maybe the perspective I’ve grown to be accustomed to doesn’t make quite as much sense as I’ve come to assume it to-

Are we crazy?
You will be missed, Sampsa.
-pj
It started as a simple play toy
Something to fill my mind between bites of banana bread
But it became something more, an obsession hard to quench
I wanted to fuck your mind, make you crazy and senseless
As the world had done to me so many times before
I wanted to make your head swim, your dreams turn black
Now you know what it feels like, maybe you'll leave me alone
Maybe you'll think twice about biting me with your three inch incisors
You're a sick mother-puppy and you ate me alive
But now I'm in control, I have your mind locked and beaten
Maybe you'll leave me alone, maybe you'll be my friend
Maybe I'm fucked again.

The rat which has but one hole is soon caught—Chaucer

Brushy Fork is a creek. This fact must be placed in the foreground of importance, for a creek can claim responsibility for only so much. After that point, people must be forced to face the firing squad or the music or the pack of lies that twisted them in the first place.

"The rat which has but one hole is soon caught."—Chaucer

Brushy Fork means... Behind the Alumni building, creating a natural boundary between the wild forest and sophistication. The water there smells weird, like coal oil and inedible diaper residue.

Careful observation of the muskrat population at the Brushy Fork/Berea College bend reveals a sinister threat to our safety. At first glance, these animals seem to be natural robust specimens: shiny dark fur, yellow little teeth, the general ugliness that accompanies a muskrat.

Oh, what a precious round little critter, maybe, Glossy maybe I could hold him in my arms and stroke his greasy fur; squealed Corrie de Jong, poor bashard.

"Wait just a second," I entreated, "I have a strong suspicion that this here's a renegade muskrat."

Corrie impulsively reached out for the beast, too excited to heed my warning. Within moments, the muskrat was gnawing through his naughtish jumpputs, threatening to pierce his flesh. Horror pushed west onto Corrie's forehead, the realization of doom paralyzing everything.

Violence and camaraderie steamshoved away my fear. My friend was being stomped by a filthy creek rat, and I could not laugh.

Corrie's eyes began to shine with a far-away light, resigned to death by muskrat.

I landed a flying-karate elbow millimeters from the base of the muskrat's neck. It uttered a muffled "GACK!" from the depths of the naughtish infamy, clacking its teeth. Corrie sprung into action, seizing the muskrat by the snout and swiftly pummeling it against a nearby tree.

Men's Top 10 Breast Fantasy List

1. being suffocated by natural or prosthetic breasts
2. drinking breast milk
3. breasts that lactate
4. breasts that sing and dance
5. wet breasts in the shower
6. pierced nipples
7. 13-year old pancake breasts
8. mother's breasts (not yours)
9. chemically enhanced breasts
10. a friend's girlfriend's breasts

Le Poem para tu Mi best Amigo!
You could never wear me out. I'm not your size.
But seriously, I cannot complain in private, entertainment aside, we're a good enough fit.

Hell, it's just like wearing your best friend's clunky shoes
1/2 size too BIG
But clunky ain't sooo bad sometimes, I think I can grow on cue.

Grow to love the challenge of drinking whiskey till it hurts of lazing gin planes till it's gone of hearing skulls crack on "Da Man's" front door

Drunken, penniless + crippled - Now that's a perfect fit

-Tu best amiga

you tame me
draw me out
of bewilderment
purring

\[\text{\textcopyright Cle Garland}\]
I live in a town with no name. Everywhere I am home. I have a past with no history. Truth is the knowledge I hold. Do not speak to me of linguistics, the song I sing has no words. Do not complain to me your petty trials, I understand them all too well. Do not inform me the rules of your game, I play when and how I choose. I speak not with bitterness. I speak of peace. I know my purpose. Do you?

Shelley Meyers '98

"If anyone is unwilling to descend into himself, because this is too painful, he will remain superficial in his writing." Wittgenstein 1938

"I wake up to find my mind is trapped behind these enemy lines. Leaves and vines holding back sun shine. Dead men walking on their flat lines. As devil's advocates advocate devils on my shoulders. We clash in cranial jungles. Snipers taking out my soldiers one by one. M60 loaders feeding gunners ammunition to get my team of dreams who got ambushed by ambition. What the fuck. Things running amuck as he is blowing up my bases with pessimistic smiles wearing optimistic faces. No places for us to sleep. If we close our eyes sleepers creep deep in the camps that we keep. My troops like hungry wolves will kill their sheep. Peep into my mental specification. The battle rages. Targets locked. Bombs dropped. Grief is spread like radiation. Infiltration of hollow point temptation killing my inspiration, as self-esteem is captured by rebels, the Confederation. Elimination of speculation of survival from my neuro-nation. Devastation as instigation overcomes my investigation. My lips eclipsed by an elite force of insecure revelations.

It's not what we're doing but how we're doing it.

"Overrun.

WE'RE BEING

Faces full of excitement but somehow empty, lifeless, torpid. Faces that you own, eyes you look at and you see through, eyes admiring, cuddling the curves of your body but not seeing a single piece of your soul. Powerless, Heartless."

"Forget it.

My legs, the enemy has surrendered all of it's positions, peasant, and rock nulls. We rampaged and pillaged - left to right, just like the good book says - confusing the dupes among us, but even they were handy with machetes.

The camp, offered from the army troops from Tennessee, weighed - making heavy casualties in our ranks. Millions of human beings, all bound together, when we heard from Lord Hadley of Illinois, began raising the bodies of the camp operations furtively, indeed, so secretly that we were forced to nowhere but to nowhere, expose them with in fully exploiting their prowess."

Sylvester vs. Chuckles
Part I

I wake up to find my mind is trapped behind these enemy lines. Leaves and vines holding back sun shine. Dead men walking on their flat lines. As devil's advocates advocate devils on my shoulders. We clash in cranial jungles. Snipers taking out my soldiers one by one. M60 loaders feeding gunners ammunition to get my team of dreams who got ambushed by ambition. What the fuck. Things running amuck as he is blowing up my bases with pessimistic smiles wearing optimistic faces. No places for us to sleep. If we close our eyes sleepers creep deep in the camps that we keep. My troops like hungry wolves will kill their sheep. Peep into my mental specification. The battle rages. Targets locked. Bombs dropped. Grief is spread like radiation. Infiltration of hollow point temptation killing my inspiration, as self-esteem is captured by rebels, the Confederation. Elimination of speculation of survival from my neuro-nation. Devastation as instigation overcomes my investigation. My lips eclipsed by an elite force of insecure revelations.

The faces that were watching you are now gone and new ones had appeared.

"Forget it.

Sylvester Little Jr.

Hey, I don't feel this to be a tactical error. For they were a danger in all persuasions and operations.

Eight score men were seen upon the battlefield early this morn. Following their explicit directions: removing all vascular tissues from the dead, degusting this stop in heavy bloody bags, ready for your inspection.

I anticipate battles on the morrow. We have aimed at war. The men will certainly be blood thirsty by the moon rise. I ask your blessing upon us and domination upon our foe.

Long Live Your Majesty -

Col. Stewart

---

Shake Cookies
Get caught with your hand in a jar of Shake Cookies. Feel the guilty staring deep inside as you are lured closer by a hose-piping bouquet, surrender to temptation and surrender.

Delay the fulminating crime of passion to lick teasingly at cherry liqueurs, divested with luxury across the sweet pastry body. Flow indulge in a succulently fat cake-flavored crunch and plunge deep into unaccountable layers of confectioned fudge. Tastefully toss your way around the creamery center to audible fresh, gritty little espresso beans out of their dark chocolate hiding places. When you can't stand it put it off another second pour impulsively into the welling, delicate shell as you give way with an intoxicating burst of honey-melt at the core of this confectionary tabou. Savour Smokey. Recover your composure. And if you're getting away with it, have another.

Shake Cookies. --Free the calories. --None of the nutrition. --All of the guilt.

Here a whole box in the closet.

Wish you could forget

my blood-drunk smeared face staring through the dark of our bed through your black eyes my slit eyes reflecting between your crimson cream thighs

SHOCK, STILL

ANOTHER DAY

GONE BY AND

STILL JUST

SHOCK, I'M

BEEN TRYING

TO KICK IT UP

INTO DENIAL,

BUT IT HAS

NOT TAKEN

YET, I'D LIKE

TO START

GETTING

DENIAL OVER

WITH, I'M

VERY BUSY

THEN GET

MOVE ON TO,

WHAT IS

NEXT, ANGER

OR ABANDON?

Short-circuit a cerebral cortex

MENT or

SOMETHING

MAYBE I CAN

JUST LEARN

TO FUNCTION

IN SHOCK

AND LEAVE IT

AT THAT.

-07

---Angie Sanders

...hush girl just smile you know i might have to lay here awhile can't be too concerned about style now just as soon as i get back able you'll see me back in the swing like it's no thing

---End

---End

Excerpts from the Poe letters:

...I'll spare you the articulate dialogue and get right to the story. Before I knew it I was in her apartment, actually Steve's apartment, she is just staying there till he gets out of jail. We talk for some time, smoke dope, she tells me of her dissatisfaction with her current situation. There is obvious sexual tension building up to the point where she positioned herself extremely close to me on the sofa. She offers me a beer, I knew what'll happen if I stay very long so I say I better go. "Why go?" she asked, "I haven't seen you in years, you can't just take off on this soon." Imagine my horror, I knew if I didn't think up a quick story, tell her a lie, get out while I still can. I gave her a hug as I was leaving, my first mistake. She saw her opportunity to rub herself up against me, now she didn't want to go and I was dangerously reaching the point where I didn't want her to. She is a very attractive girl and I know that god was with me on that Monday afternoon in Mayville, I know that only god could've given me the strength to resist foul temptation and perform as honorably as I did. First I slung her onto the floor with considerable force, screaming, foul tempers, I'll not be corrupted by the likes of you as I flew down the stairs out to the busy sidewalk, away from harm. I lit a cigarette and wiped my brow, thankful for free will. That little bitch did manage to slip her phone number into my shirt pocket though, but now you know im gonna throw it away as soon as i get the chance....Times a comin soon ill be sittin high in Louisville with all kinds of money and kicks, and those people who say im worthless and have lost my mind can come around to be verbally abused anytime they wish......

I saw the car coming a mile away. It was at an intersection in georgetown & my light was green, I proceeded on through and there it came strait for my driver's side door. I told Steve to hold on and I swerved, trying in vain to avoid the collision. The truck flipped on its tops and we went sliding down by 460 west on our way home. My hands were on the roof of the truck, the truck was on its roof, sliding at good speed. If we just stop now, I thought, we might live. We stopped.

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EXERPT FROM ISSUE #1, 1/98

I am sick and tired of being a heterosexual male being held down by big brother. You can't get all they want but I still don't think they will ever realize exactly how powerful is my desire for pussy. Activity 1: I want to fuck it like I did it and try it and there is nothing anybody can do to stop me. Not a fucking thing. This is a Christian college but heterosexual men and women are supposedly committing a sin with their sexual activity. Can you imagine it? Even they do it, they deem it necessary. Me, this doesn't seem fair. I want to get my rocks off too. When I say this I don't mean fucking in a dumpster with kids just so I can get a piece of ass. Talking about laying my loved ones on the floor and giving her carpet burn with sex to the beat of loud, unanimous, satanic music. Make me really fucking crazy. I don't get it. I'm not against homosexuals but I don't see how men peering in on women in the shower are any different from a man peering in on me in the shower. Whether I'm wearing just a towel and my testicles are poking up. I don't know what the shit just isn't happening. Fuck all that. We have the same parts. Bullshit and fuck that you're being homophobic. I'm tired of the box of something like this happening. It's just not right. I'm all for equal rights. I'm going to happen. I'm just not going to happen and I'm not going to help. That's why I didn't know that last sentence was bullshit. This can happen. It has happened. Therefore will happen. I don't want it happening to me. I'm all for trying to back the situation. I'm really trying to get laid without doing all the James Bond shit.

THANKS,
PIED PUNK ROCKER

(response on facing page)---------->>>>>

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RESPONSE TO LAST ISSUE'S RANT BY PISSED PUNK R.

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I saw her once. I knew her. She had beautiful and long hair that almost reached her waist. And when she danced her shoulders would glide through them. Her shoulders were so thin and pointy that they pierced the sky. And her hips seemed to scream for my attention. Lushous, simple, calling for my tongue to trace them. She loved to belly dance. And, I bought her a belly chain just so I could watch it jump around and re-drape itself. I was only envious. The hypnotic rhythm flowed through me. I knew what she wanted when she started to belly dance. I don't think that I ever knew how to give it to her. And when she cried, that last time, she changed. I couldn't be around her ever again.

---

-dumb
Last Stand
by
Sylvester Little, Jr.

Funny how things workout in life.
A man can have everything, but still possess nothing.
A man can move forward, but still be in the same spot.
A man can climb and climb and climb high, but is still too low.
A man can run faster than light, but still be too slow.
So me, I just stopped moving.

AT THE ZOO
An epic poem for precocious, maladjusted children and normal adults, in rhyme.
Rated NC-17. By the authors of Death and Dismemberment Coloring Book (recommnended ages 3-8), Sodomy by Number (a beginning guide to watercolor), and the makers of X-rated Origami & Porno-Playdough.

SORRY YOU ARE NOT a winner.
Oh, please just look at yourself.

1. Tire Tyger, Tyger, in the night.
   Your passion brings me pained delight
   My deary, you’re such a carnivore
   I declare I will be sore.

2. Snake, Snake, who’s sensuous coil
   Doth make me tremble, gape and boil
   Shed your skin, but please don’t hurt me.
   All I want’s a little squirt

3. Chicken, Chicken, peck and scratch
   I know you like my little snack
   I like your little breadie eyes
   So bend over while I sodomize.

4. Pony, Pony, may I ride?
   I want to feel you deep inside
   I’m quite finished with the saddle
   Now, my pony, fetch the paddle.

5. Sloth, Sloth, you’re so slow
   Take your time and stay down low
   I do not care for lover’s eyes
   Just keep them buried in my thighs.

6. Porcupine, Porcupine, what a quill
   I’m looking for a one-night thrill
   You’re quite stubbly. Please don’t prick.
   ... come on big boy, give me dick.

7. Pyg, Pyg, make me scream
   Let’s go wallow in whipped cream
   Take me back into the wood
   And pump me like a piggy should!
   (There may be those who find this sick,
   But all that matters is the DICK.)

Further teachings of the Vine Street Prophet
For in the end shall we not all be brought low
By our brothers in the know?
For boys who can not love their mother,
Feel no guilt when they shoot each other.
As those who will not try their hand at flying
Have married themselves to the art of dying
For there are still things more fearfull than fear:
So let the rivers run wine, and the skies... rain... Beer!
Sam, samsara, samsara, samsara
   sam, samsara, samsara
Andrew David Watson 10-11-98
OTHER PROBLEMS DYSLEXICS MAY ENCOUNTER:

We're 96ing!

ARE YOU CRAZY? don't offen the DYSLEXICS
They might get us together and RNU US out of tovar

AN ART PROFESSOR FOR AN EXCEPTIONAL COLLEGE SHOULD BE AN EXCEPTIONAL ARTIST.

...provocative saturday night. you were looking for a place to sleep for the hour, the night, the day, the... well, it really didn't matter. time was irrelevant and sleep was everything, and your eyes seemed to like to focus on the back of your eyelids... but you laughed. you laughed because it seemed to make sense that the world was all in shades of blue. you being stuck in army green, and only wanting to blend in. on any other day, you to would have been in blue. but, you decided to give in that night. touched, and changed. your reflection taunts you, that you are different. it knows that you hate yourself for it. the laugh that persists into your head varies between demonic and childish. sometimes you can't tell the difference. is this love? you ask yourself this and wonder why love is pain is hate is life. you understand that this is, but not how it became. why must it be like this? and, you fade into oblivion. fade into life.

-dumb

-amy sanden

STUDENTS, WORKERS, AND PEASANTS UNITE!!!
first he showed me how to cook up the cocaine on a sheet of tin foil with a little baking soda, water and of course the coke---------

when it came time to start smoking, I told him to tell all the people that I loved them and that they should not worry about me if I died, for I was destined to be stoned in the afterlife. I was sue this was truly just a precaution and had no bearing on whether or not I lived--------extraterrestrial citizen alert-alert the media-the pope has just died and been replaced by the sanctity of cocaine. We went at the supply like mad men, smoking up bits at a time snorting up bits at another--------sure not to lie and--------there was no fooling him because he had the keen sense of awareness that comes naturally after several hours and days of amphetamine abuse. All of us ended up coke sick and snorting up a fe----in the lavatory of somebody highly respectable, thus entirely anti-cocaine------

--------and more--------all night there was more to do until the agents were bustling outside th window, peeking in under the doors sniffring around in the halls, and listening to us through the electrical outlets.

I have wrestled with cocaine and lost visciously.