

“Get out of
my sink”

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2 e c o n d d r a f t

THE SWEETEST SMELLING NEWSLETTER IN THE BAY AREA

Berkeley Salute America!

February 23rd, 2002, BAPA Headquarters

People's Park woke up as usual one sunny Sunday morning in March. Residents climbed out from under their makeshift tents and shelters to dig through the free bin while svelte shirtless men played basketball. Churchgoers strolled leisurely by. Birds sang. Something smelled REALLY bad.

The Bay Area Patriots Association had rolled into town, and they claimed People's Park in the name of Traditional American Values. As Flambeau the Clown and two Uncle Sams distributed plastic flags to the crowd, the audience was whipped into frenzy by the mere presence of men wearing ties. The small crowd thundered with disapproval when a “proud veteran” took the stage to recite the Pledge of Allegiance. Philo and Bishop Joey brought the crowd to the verge of riot with inflammatory rhetoric, such as “True patriots know that what is asked of them is to know their place in the scheme that is the destiny of our great land... a land whose heroes are Ronald Reagan, not Che Guevara; Richard Nixon, not Fidel Castro; Frank Sinatra, not Frank Zappa.” Things were getting ugly.

Xtreme Elvis took the stage and was naked within three songs. As he worked the crowd, people gradually began to understand that they'd been duped. By the time he pissed all over someone's “Peace is Patriotic” sign, the counter-demonstrators had either thrown down their placards and stomped away in disgust, or laughed it off and joined the party. The eXtra Action marching band suddenly reeled through the crowd, making everyone feel like they needed a cigarette, or at least a reach-around. Sensing the collective thirst and impending sobriety of his audience, Mateo ordered everyone to fall in behind the band, and they did as they were told, hypnotized as they were by the sunshine and the music and the gyrating pelvises. Telegraph Avenue stared slack jawed and Sproul Plaza gawked at the pub crawl, parade, and spontaneous concert that followed. An important lesson learned: *random strangers will do anything that a moron with a bullhorn tells them to do.*

Cacophony events and shit

Goth Bunny, April 1st, 10pm

We are EVIL GOTH BUNNIES! Scary fucking shit as we sneak into Death Guild as Goth Bunnies. The location is 699 Market St. @ 3rd St., show at 10:00 or so, probably not worth showing up before 11:00 and staying at least till midnight. We'll meet at 9:30 at Lucky 13 (Market and Church) and ride the F-Line down. \$5. Find your own damn costume and dye it black.

Bunny Bunny Jam Jam — April 5th, 9pm

Spring and pollen are in the air; thus, it is time to dress up like a rabbit and dance like an idiot all night long. Yessir, it's **Bunny Bunny Jam Jam**: the Duality of the Bunny! For those in the know, it is an Easter party on Friday, April 5, 2002 9pm. Get in the fine establishment of Spanganga on 19th at Valencia and amuse others through you epileptic dance for only \$7 in Easter attire, (\$10 w/ stuffed bunny, \$12 for coming empty-handed or for being a Jew on Easter). UnCelebrity guests – Easter Bunny, Santa Claus, Smokey Robinson, Alan Thicke, and Tom Selleck's Mustache!



These idiots wouldn't know radicalism if it pepper sprayed them

Vegas Trip, Baby — March 28th - April 1st

Hit Vegas for an upcoming Rockabilly Convention and general reverie. Rachel heads this trip up and has secured New Frontier (in frontiers in quality I assume) at \$89 fancy room, \$69 shithole room at Dbl Occup. with \$15 for each extra floormate. Flight is ~\$120 through Orbitz.com. Contact Rachel for flight numbers and more info: 510 384 1175 or youmightthink2@yahoo.com

Planning Meeting — Wednesday, April 17th, 8pm

Tommy's Joynt is the designated hot spot for thought. This newsletter is the spot for shitty/clever opening sentences. I hope not to get sick from the mashed potatoes this time. Tommy's is 1101 Geary St. at Van Ness.

Guerilla Cleaning Brigade — Saturday, April 27th, noon

Yes, its a month away but it gives time to reflect and forget. So far there will be one meeting the Thursday before the hits, there could be more. The premise is simple, we dress up like cleaning staff, invade the hotel lobbies for a 2-minute synchronized cleaning session and dance. Contact Amy Amber at 510 261 2808 or ardentamber@yahoo.com

Creamy Wieners — About a month

Cruelty, its the only way to explain this one. Caco Productions will be holding a casting call. We need an actor to be the mascot to head up the opening of a nationwide Hot Dog - Donut chain. Expect misery to follow. We are going to need help creating the costume, please collect any foam from old coaches you come across that smell reasonable. Contact sandwichgirl@hotmail.com when you have some foam. Contact me with jingles about hot dogs and donuts, submissions@cacophony.org

God! Look at those tits!

Amazing breasts

How sweet the mound

To 'rouse a wretch like me

I once was flat

But now I'm round

From "A" to Double "D"

Like a choir of angels, the Catholics for Pornography gathered to support the latest charitable work by their Patron Saint, Larry Flynt – the opening of the new Hustler Club in North Beach on February 20. As the Holy One rolled in on his golden throne, this devoted throng of priests, nuns, Catholic schoolgirls and pious lay people raised their voices in prayer (the Litany of the Porn Stars), song (Amazing Breasts), and religious chants (“2-4-6-8, God thinks T&A is great! 1-3-5-7, all good strippers go to heaven!”).

Fortified with the Spirit of the Bottle, the faithful braved the scornful shouts of the Unbelievers and brought the Good Word of sex, nudity, and God's carnal love to the multitudes. For the unfortunate souls who could not hear their joyful voices, the CFP carried signs emblazoned with slogans of hope, such as “If you can't join 'em, lick 'em,” and “The Children” can kiss my ass.”

The seemingly endless line outside the new Hustler Shrine was a joy to behold. Many souls indeed felt the goodness of the Lord tingle in their loins.

Beware the Brides of March

Thus did all manner of brides,

Male brides and female,

Mail-order brides and brides on roller-skates,

Brides-with-child and hopefully-forever-barren brides

March forth in perfect procession to warn the populace.

Alas and forsooth, the populace did not heed

And the innocent maiden browsing the negligees at Victoria's Secret
Was jostled aside as she cried, “Et tu, bridesmaid?”

For lo, the Brides of March descended from the Tenderloin

Unto Union Square as they do each year,

Bringing with them an ill wind and yards of tulle.

And unto each bar and retail establishment

Of the finest sort, as Tiffany's

They wrought havoc and dissent

For each Bride held firm

That it was HER day.

And thus it continued, the processing and carousing

Into the hotel and into the loins of Disney himself

Until the Brides had poured out sufficient libations

Unto themselves and unto the god Tongodeon

And they could process no more.

groups and listings of interest

SF Cacophony List: sf-caco-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

SF Cacophony Event List: sf-caco-events-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Odeon Weekly events: www.odeonbar.com

Dive Bar Happy Hour: dive-bar-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Send ideas, stories, Dawson's Creek video and Comet Cleaner to: submissions@cacophony.org



What the hell are they look at?

Us Idiots in the News!

From the Santa Cruz Sentinel, March 17th

SANTA CRUZ — Years of latent frustration in the clown community broke through the surface Saturday afternoon as a tide of bulbous noses, tri-colored wigs and oversized pants swept down Pacific Avenue.

Some 80 normally jolly clowns, supported by the buzz of a dozen kazooes, sought to make their plight public and turn the fortunes of clowndom toward a brighter future.

“You are born a clown,” said organizer Rico Thunder. “And for those brave enough to be out as clowns, the world can be a cold and unwelcome place.”

“As long as one clown is oppressed, no man is free,” Thunder continued.

The Million Clown March was organized by Thunder and friends. While a few short of the sought-after million, the pack met at Saturn Cafe on Pacific Avenue and marched toward the new Cooper House.

The noisy assemblage stopped in front of the usual protest locations, chanting “Our clothes are better than yours!” in front of the Gap and “Double mocha lattes!” at Starbucks.

Later, as the throng approached its final rally point in front of the Cooper House, it broke into the cry of “No more chanting!”

“At least at this protest you can actually see who the clowns are,” muttered an onlooker.

At the conclusion of the march, the clowns piled into three very small cars and repaired to the Boardwalk Bowl for a night of “clowning, drinking and karaoke,” according to organizer.

