

"Keeping San Francisco  
a too stupid town."

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# 2 E C O N D D R A F T

THE SWEETEST SMELLING NEWSLETTER IN THE BAY AREA

## Sticking it to them

Wed, December 19th, 2001, Headquarters

On a dark, damp, and shitty Wednesday night, an elite group of culture jammers, rogues, anarchists, drunks, and pirates met at Headquarters™ to review the Super-Master-Plan. The debate was fierce. Chairs were thrown. Slaps were delivered. Insults were exchanged. Beer was imbibed. After a few half hearted apologies and the settling of minor blood feuds, cookies were shared and everybody walked out with a steely sense of purpose. Their mission was to distribute warning labels across the country upon the backs of Barbies, GI Joe's, Monster's Inc. and teeny-bopper videos. However, these warning labels were not just your quotidian "Don't Stick in Anus" or "Don't Taunt Magic-Happy-Fun-Ball" variety. These warning labels struck to the deepest heart of the American Consumer's fragile psyche.

Soon, reports came back recording the successful distribution of hundreds of stickers in such exotic locations as Boston, The Mall of America, Dayton, Colma, and Reno. As word of the Agents' victories came trickling back, Adbusters contacted our very own Agent Special! Apparently those pompous-holier-than-thou-pig-fuckers got wind of our dirty little prank. When queried as to any knowledge concerning the antics, Agent Special denied all involvement concerning any labels that happened to mention scurvy. He also denied any knowledge of Adbusters, his connection to the Iran-Contra affair, Teamsters, Bill Cosby's Sweaters, and LungButter™ (the new renewable lunchmeat substitute by R.J. Reynolds and Nabisco). Thus, the rest of you can sleep well tonight (you know who you are).

## Cacophony events and shit

### 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

### Cupid Hunt — Thursday, February 14th, evening

St. Mae puts on the 6th annual Cupid Run. Bring nerf arrows, candy hearts and pink tights and rampage through San Francisco. Come shoot the nonbelievers and heartless. Take no prisoners, leave no STDs.

### Planning Meeting — Wednesday, February 13th, 8pm

Our last meeting was a smashing waste of time. We came up with so much crap it boggles the mind, a such a large bar tab it boggles the liver. We have these every 2nd Wednesday of the month. Come down with ideas or hands to help with others. This month we hit Pow! (hit pow, get it? oh fuck me), anime-themed bar at 6th and Mission. Charming corner, guns and averting glance recommended. Look for us and the placard stating, "Cartoons are for goddamn idiots."

## CAUTION!

by purchasing this product you are agreeing to commercialize the last popular art form. May cause cultural decay artistic indifference gross consumerism, branded childhood memories and scurvy

## WARNING!

Exposure of your child to this war doll may result in violent mood swings, NRA membership, jingoism, playground insurgency and scurvy.

## WARNING!

This toy may cause irreversible psychological damage to your child's self image leading to anorexia, bulimia, materialism, breast implants and scurvy

## WARNING!

This video is not "barely legal" pornography. Any perception of sexuality on the part of minors shown here is strictly for money and branding purposes only.

### Some other shit, in planning

Here is a run down of things in the making. There is no planned date, though some have planning meetings, contact the appropriate authorities.

### Super Special Olympics — meeting: January 30th

It's tasteless. Contact Fillmore Gaps at loathar\_t\_javahed@yahoo.com.

### DADA Birthday thingy — February 2nd

How DADA can you make a birthday, existential candles perhaps. It's a surprise so don't blow it. Contact Fillmore Gaps.

### Amateur Reverse Strip Night

We're going to reverse strip at the Odeon Bar! We haven't asked Simone at the Odeon yet but we're going to do it anyway. Interested contestants contact Fillmore Gaps again.

### Guerilla Cleaning Brigade

Invalidate hotel lobbies for synchronized cleaning and dance performance. Contact Amy Amber at 510 261 2808 or ardentamber@yahoo.com

### Larry Ellison National ID

Larry in his infinite wisdom proposed a National ID to prevent terrorism and to promote his stupid database software. We think this is wrong and we hate his smug beard. Contact Chris McGuire for brainstorming meeting at 510 635 2769 or dioxinephthalocyanine@yahoo.com. Yeesh.

**Warning! Keep newsletter out of reach of children. Don't expose to direct sunlight.**



**Cacophony Meat of the Month: HAGGIS**

**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  
**where can I get this! newsletter**  
SASE to: Snail Trail, 1001 Page St PMB 103, SF CA 94117  
Muddy Waters, 24th and Valencia  
Pow!, 6th and Mission  
Horseshoe Cafe, Haight and Steiner  
Lucky 13, Market and Church  
Zeitgeist, Valencia and Duboce  
Specs, Adler and Columbus  
www.thoughtpolice.com/2econd

**Burn 2001 You Dirty Whore**  
About 100 individuals converged on the Sloat entrance to Ocean beach with their X-mas trees, Hanukkah Hedges, and Kwanza Bushes for the annual Yule Pyre. As a few drunken volunteers launched the combustibles down the cliff to huzzahs and squeals of glee, a lanky old-guy could be seen lurking in the distance prepping for the blaze to come. Soon, a critical mass of kindling reached the beach and the pyre began for real. The crowd was at its densest about a half an hour into the burn, which also seemed to coincide with the maximum peak at the flames. When five trees were thrown onto the burn within a period of three minutes the wave of heat was enough to send the revelers scrambling back to the relative safety 18 feet away. Then two drunken birds threw in a 12 foot tree that was drier than my Wild Turkey and the flames leapt above the onlookers from the cliff's edge.

As the night progressed, the rate of trees entering the inferno slackened, the revelers either revealed off to greener pastures, or formed subdued groups murmuring in time with the crackling of the now cozy fire. With fire dancers of varying skill writhing in the background and the pre-requisite glow-wire clad people chasing smoke with lasers, the disposition shifted to one more closely associated with the prototypical bonfire. Conversations were struck with that random Joe you've seen at stuff before, or that hot chick sitting on the log looking bored. The show was over, but we were warm, relaxed, on the beach, slightly drunk, and not going anywhere. At least for a while.

Send ideas, stories, trinkets and gewgaws to: bigdidiot@pacbell.net