

The Paper

Serving Berkeley,
Oakland and the
World

FREE
BUT NEVER CHEAP

April 22, 1991

a satirical journal

Issue #2

Insulted Women Stick Their Business In Reno

By Meredith May

Over the weekend, our electric metropolis was infiltrated by a group of politico sticker criminals that left its mark on some of our most precious public landmarks. Famous points of interest like the female mudwrestling posters on Center Street and the "Nearly-Nekked Neckties" from the Misogynist Menswear Outlet were mysteriously defaced with white square stickers bearing the crimson slogan: "This Insults Women."

Reno store owners and chronic window-shoppers were shocked at the destruction of their favorite storefront pin-ups and novelty items, and called the stickers an infringement upon freedom to ogle. The stickers, strategically placed over the models' faces and chests, broke up the artistic flow of the composition, said D. Grading, assistant deputy manager of the Get-Lucky Corner Store.

"I suppose more posters can be ordered, but these were originals, and I've developed a fondness for their weathered edges and washed-out colors," he said, "I feel as though I knew these girls and I hate to see them go."

Most shopowners are replacing their window displays with anti-Saddam posters until the new shipments arrive. To pull in a comparable amount of traffic, many stores are holding half-off sales of anti-Arab paraphernalia. "Shiite toilet paper" is going for a buck a roll. Packets of Desert Storm bubble gum with collector's trading cards are free with all "No Slack For Iraq" shot glass and baby bottle purchases. However, after only two days of girl-less storefronts, businesspeople say they can already feel a dip in their sales.

"Almost everyone in Reno bought 'U.S.A. Kicks Ass!' T-shirts last fall," said Tie Me Up Trading Post clerk Susie Nabrane, "so we're having a hard time trying to get them to buy posters this late after the war in Saudi Arabia. A war boosts sales for a few months, but nothing beats the dollars a bikini brings in. I'm currently trying to work out an arrangement to borrow posters from my brother's fraternity."

The "sticker-outlaws" work in daylight hours; nine to five, when the shops are vulnerable to attack. Their method is to huddle around the item, as if considering a purchase, thus concealing the one member who places the sticker on the item. Then, like a swarm of bees, the evil-doers zip out of the store. Employees have been told to break up clumps of shoppers by institut-

continued on page 4



Photo courtesy of Kristen Schnepp

Gulf War Coverage: Shock or Schlock?

By Kristi de Lorimier

As the ticker tape parades and welcome home parties for our returing troops swing into full tilt across the nation, I am wondering what happened to the heroes' welcome for our other gulf celebrities — the war correspondents.

They, too, were good soldiers, never once out of their uniforms of Banana Republic fatigues and gas masks. When our commander and chief, George Bush, angrily demanded objectivity after watch-

ing Dan Rather and Ted Koppel's reports from Baghdad in August, reporters clicked their boot heels together and gave a collective, "Yes, Sir!" Objective reporting to George meant no "Iraqi Cheerleading." From that moment on we didn't hear much about, what Dan Rather referred to in his 'cheer' as, "those brave souls," the Iraqi citizens caught in the conflict.

Reporters were also quick studies in weaponry. From a rooftop "somewhere in Saudi Arabia," Kent waved his

gas mask and shouted, "There goes a Patriot — Let's go!"

The Persian Gulf War, or maybe we should say, the TV war, made stars out of many relative unknowns as it unfolded. 'The Scud Stud,' Arthur Kent, has women across the nation swooning and setting up fan clubs in his honor. This means, of course, the 37 year-old bachelor will probably never stay home on Saturday night again.

Don't be surprised if, within the next year, a dread-

continued on page 7

Editor's Note:

Satire has been defined by the American Heritage Dictionary as "a literary work in which irony, derision, or wit is used to expose folly or wickedness." We, at *The Paper*, choose to think of it as the refined art of looking at life in a slightly different way.

Our goal is to challenge you to think, perhaps even teach you something and, most importantly, make you laugh. While all of the editorial content of *The Paper* is satirical, the advertising IS genuine. We ask that you take it seriously and support the people who have made *The Paper* possible — THE ADVERTISERS.