**Pepper Spray Times**

**Scooter Finally Admitted to Crowded Democratic Party Candidates’ Field**

This scooter’s late admission to the Democratic Party’s vast field of candidates for the 2020 election should not deter people from recognizing that it is about the only thing that will turn out the youth vote.

By Bob N. Weave

“I’m just glad we can finally say the system is fair,” stated Scooter, the 25th official candidate recently admitted to the crowded Democratic Party’s unwieldy raft of competitors for the 2020 Presidential electoral race after a hearing in which the dramatic amount of venture capital funding was allowed as a qualification.

“We opened the door,” admitted one Democratic Party official with embarrassment. “We used fundraising as a qualifier for the debates, so now we’re screwed.”

Others objected to this perspective, pointing out that the youth vote might be pumped up by the inclusion of a scooter, or anything resembling a gadget.

“We also prefer the word ‘compromised’ rather than ‘screwed,’” one consultant added. “The admission of the scooter to the candidates’ field is a small price to pay for addressing any vulnerability on this important issue.”

Some voters puzzled over the admission, expressing surprise that the scooter was being presented as a viable candidate since it has difficulty communicating and using Twitter. But others acknowledged that the current administration had lowered the bar.

“People will vote for anyone at this point,” sighed one Democratic Party member. “Or even anything.”

**AMERICANS AND RUSSIANS DON’T have trouble caring much if some ship blows up in some far away harbor, but missing an episode of Game of Thrones is a serious issue.**

**Light Switch New Weapon of Choice**

U.S., Russia, Exchange Power Cyberattacks, Present Serious Threat to Game of Thrones and Jeopardy Reception

By Lorna Medejacket

Military experts admitted that turning off foreign countries’ electricity was a relatively non-violent interim step on a large, potentially creative array of choices of options on a military spectrum.

“They’ll know when we get even more serious,” assured one weapons expert. “They’ll know because we’ll turn off their scooters.”

Americans vowed to soldier on without toasters and vacuums.

“I’m good unless they interfere with Alexa,” stated one local resident. “Alexa has really taken up the slack around here. I’m not sure I remember where the light switch is, anyway.”

“In pretty well set unless they play weird games with Netflix,” affirmed another resident, who was practicing with a manual toothbrush for a potential blackout. “Without Netflix I’m not sure my marriage is viable. I never underestimate the healing powers of contemporary rom-coms.”

**Swedish Signs Inspire Cooperative Global Warming Effort**

The Swedish word for “speed monitoring” has inspired both tourists and Sweden itself to attempt methane self-restraint techniques which are being considered for inclusion in the next Olympics.

By Carter Off

An innovative program encouraging people to control personal methane emissions is taking root in Sweden, where reminders such as the one pictured above decorate the roadways.

“People can continue eating normally,” stated the program’s director Celeste Straw. “We’re hoping to see a marked reduction in emissions at least in crowded cars full of tourists and in long bank lines.”

Critics argued the program is a frivolous diversion from more effective methods of reducing climate impacts, but Straw insists the program produces results.

“Our program inspires personal discipline,” she said. “The awareness factor should not be dismissed even if the larger issue is, of course, the cows.”

Straw acknowledged that methane emissions from cattle remain the larger issue, and that cattle are not currently inspired to join the movement.

“They’re more interested in convincing people to eat more vegetables,” acknowledged Straw. “They have a personal interest in recommending kale.”

**Suggested Slogan for the City of Berkeley**

...pledging allegiance to a thicket of robots that look like toasters and, of course, scooters...
Dear Lena, isn’t there some way out of here? There’s too much confusion and I can’t get no relief. Somebody keeps drinking my wine.

Dear reader, I think I’ve been there. I’m not sure I got out. I’ll let you know. And I think my neighbor’s cat is drinking your wine.

Dear Lena, so the SF Mime Troupe, once apprised of the Downtown Berkeley Association’s lengthy record of anti-homeless legislation and homeless abuse refused to play there? Their August 24th date will be at their SF home base theater instead? That totally rocks.

Dear reader, yes. On July 23, 2019, they posted this notice on their website:

“Performance Schedule Change

The San Francisco Mime Troupe has decided to relocate our August 24th performance that was scheduled at the Berkeley BART Plaza. SFMT has discovered that the parent organization of the presenters has been implicated in situations of violent abuse and harassment against local homeless people. SFMT believes that any association with these organizations would be counter to our value of human rights and also would seem to condone this kind of behavior which we do not. An alternate location will be determined and announced ASAP.”

Be sure to contribute mightily to their nonprofit organization and cite this venue change as inspiration. And hope that other musicians, actors, singers, and arts organizations wake up and recognize that public art should not be curated by anti-homeless developers so up to their eyebrows in public money that they think we can’t ask what happened when they take away our bathrooms and public benches in a $13 million dollar publicly funded “renovation.”

Dear Lena, 13 million? Really?

Dear reader, really.

Ask Lena about renovating the DBA at cdenney@igc.org.

Holdfast, by Michael DiBacco

The poem in which we stand on mountain-tops, wave crests grown taller by our finite energy, the anticipation of a breaking, the aftermath, the seafoam.

The poem in which backseats drift into unreality.

The poem in which Ice Road Truckers plays in the ICU waiting room, not subbed, but full volume, and they’re slipping and so are you, but you need more than new tires, and she assures you it hurts less eventually.

The poem in which satellites become shooting stars.

The poem in which ladybugs still buzz in a faux chandelier.

The poem in which the sun warms your face and you’re grateful for it, but at the same time don’t want it, and wish that it was raining, like the books, the movies, and being alive becomes a new beast.

The poem in which there’s a girl standing across the room, alone, and you let her, let her go, let her walk away, reapproaching yourself, muttering Aphrodite, don’t leave.

The poem in which your friends answer all your calls and you answer all of theirs, but sometimes you can’t, or don’t, and so they call less.

The poem in which there are no quarter-fed binoculars on Lookout Point.

The poem in which the closest you come to a pilot is a rolled window, an outstretched arm, and wingtips tethered to tendons at speed.

The poem in which this summer doesn’t feel like a remembrance of things lost or things soon to be lost.

The poem in which home acts as a verb.

The poem in which you’re allowed to skim choose your own adventure stories.

The poem in which plastic dinosaurs rest precariously on my dash till stop, or slow, or turn.

The poem in which there’s no one shotgun to put them back again.

The poem in which when I sleep, I sink deep into the syrup of dreams worth remembering, surfacing slowly to avoid the bends.

The poem in which Taurus and Orion duel in Pamplona, spectators’ wineskins plump with stars.

The poem in which in I don’t feel the pressure of my last name first when sifting through paperwork.

LOVE IS PRETTY FASCINATING but until it has a news feed it’s going to come in second.
Meals Programs Booted in Favor of More Exciting, Suspense-filled Midnight Raids

By Myrtle Mostfoul

BERKELEY MAYOR JESSE ARREGUIN promised a free campground, safe overnight parking for vehicle-dwellers, and an end to the raids you see neatly scheduled here, but Berkeley is inexplicably upping the budget for the raids and cutting back on meals, services, shelters, and similar frivolity.

City of Berkeley spokespeople affirmed that police and public works personnel are Merrily participating in the group activities illustrated by the schedule below, and have experienced no interruption despite alleged promises during the mayoral campaign of 2016 to cease raids on people in tents.

“The report was just kind of a prop,” acknowledged one mayoral spokesperson. “The raids are much more politically productive.”

“People love this middle-of-the-night action,” affirmed a spokesperson from Public Works. “Not to mention it’s much more exciting for us than hanging up banners and baskets of succulents.”

Advocates for the poor raised inquiries about how the raids fit into the “Housing First” promises made during the campaign, but were dismissed.

“‘Housing First’ remains an effective slogan,” clarified a city manager’s office staffer. “We practice saying it with a perfectly straight face.”

The Dorothy Day breakfast program, which was recommended by the Homeless Commission for 100% funding and served more than 10,000 meals in the past year stands to shut down entirely if the city’s anemic funding plan stands, and can’t imagine how to manage with the 20% cut across the board.

City insiders admit that the money is miniscule compared to the Downtown Berkeley Association’s budget.

“We spent $13 million and then some renovating the BART plaza with speakers and stuff,” acknowledged one staffer in the city manager’s office. “But we like to cut back where we can on our regular $2 million plus budget. Who doesn’t look more svelte losing a little weight?”

“The DBA’s snack budget for back room meetings, however, is crucial,” added another staff member. “Otherwise people get a bit testy.”

*   *   *   *   *

**District: 01-076711**

**Region: East Bay**

**Caution:** Some addresses in Berkeley are not shown in the format of “Street, City,” then others are.

**Location:** Some addresses are shown with their postal codes.

**County:** All addresses are in Alameda County.

**Route:** All addresses are in the city of Berkeley.

**Comment:** All addresses are in the Berkeley Police Department.

**P.M.:**

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<td>21st St. &amp; Madison Ave. Bridge</td>
<td>Bridge</td>
<td>Bridge is closed to vehicles</td>
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</table>

**Instructions:**

1. Sit by the sea
2. Jump in the water
3. Get knocked down
4. Have a beer
5. Find a shell
6. Repeat 1-6

We Can’t Draw Comics

by Franz Toast
Arnautoff’s Radical New Deal Frescoes Misinterpreted by Really, Out There SF School Board

By Reed N. Itwrong

The San Francisco School Board allowed exactly one hour of testimony, half an hour from “each side”, before moving forward with a plan to paint over the large frescoes by Russian emigre Victor Arnautoff, whose murals are described as “white supremacist” images despite Arnautoff’s having addressed his New Deal assignment to illustrate the life of George Washington by portraying him critically as a slaveholder and westward expansion as having deadly results for native peoples.

Arnautoff and New Deal experts spoke at the hearing, offering signage and educational efforts to help clarify the artist’s intent which, in his own words, was to use public murals as “a weapon of ideas in the struggle for a new society, in the struggle for the future of mankind.”

But they were no match for those who claimed to feel personally offended by the images Arnautoff had used to portray the exploitation of native populations and African-Americans’ colonial slavery.

Observers pointed out that curtaining off the murals would create an irresistible urge to peek underneath the curtains at the “forbidden” images, and cost much more at the estimated $375,000 to $600,000 required to obscure them than the interpretive signage the majority of speakers recommend, but were dismissed, leaving many wondering how the school board would suggest more accurately depicting George Washington’s life.

RUSSIAN EMIGRE VICTOR ARNAUTOFF’S priceless New Deal frescoes at George Washington High School are threatened by the San Francisco school board which insists that, despite Arnautoff’s portrait of George Washington as a slaveholder and western expansion as having deadly impacts on native peoples, any attempt to preserve the 1936 frescoes, which are imbued into the plaster and can’t be moved, is an expression of white supremacy even if it comes from Willie Brown.

“Arnautoff’s assignment was challenging,” acknowledged one observer. “He should have just stuck with the thing where Washington chops down the cherry tree.”

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Next Issue: Drinking blood and motor oil with celebrities!

I Want My Present Now

by Juan Nathan Undergod

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