

## Notes from the Underground

Volume III • March 2005



**We've made you an issue you can't refuse**

### In this issue:

**Newbies:** "2nd years won't fucking shut up about WAIST 2004"

**Miranda Dodd** discovered still living in Djeol

**MTV** to start new series "Pimp My Taxi Brousse"

**PCV** receives package with only Pepto, lotion, aspirin and Newsweeks

**2nd years:** Newbies don't understand how great WAIST was last year

**Cat** still licking itself excessively, **Karl** still watching

**Bush:** Audrey Bottjen  
**Ashcroft:** Karl Adam  
**Cheney:** Miriam Edwards  
**Condrie:** Janine Kossen  
**Rumsfeld:** Carl Strolle

## Coup Attempt Fails; Dullness Restored

For a few glorious hours in early February a rag-tag band of Peace Corps volunteers rose up against their bureau oppressors and made history. "Yes, there was a coup in PC Mauritania," confirms a press release from the security chief's office. "Volunteers took advantage of the country director's absence and briefly took over. But rest assured, the staff has regained complete control and the bureau is functioning normally."

Prior to the coup, volunteers had become increasingly dissatisfied with the running of the program and felt alienated by the system. Rumors of an alarmingly high number of volunteers flocking to the capital reached staff and were ignored. "We really dropped the ball on this one," says acting director, Paul. "We heard the rumors but never thought the volunteers capable of being this smart." The staff was soon to learn the mistake of underestimating organized, angry and sober volunteers when late in the morning news broke of the PCV-launched raid on headquarters. According to an anonymous source a daring two-step plan designed by coup mastermind, Jay, was executed: the insurgents used a mole on the inside to subdue the entire staff with drugged tea, then put a PCV in the director's chair. A stunned world watched as the volunteers easily took control.

The volunteers declared the bureau an autonomous nation-state within Mauritania and Peace Corps and selected Marc V. as their leader. "There comes a time when we must take a stand and say 'enough'!" Marc said during his now famous "No Beer, No Peace" speech delivered from the director's office balcony. "I do not seek the mantle of leadership, for it is a heavy responsibility indeed... it is for the sake of my fellow volunteers that I accept this grave duty." Marc V. concluded as he crowned himself Marc I, Emperor of the newly created

*continued*



**Emperor Marc I and the Scott, Secretary of 'Recreational' Activity, at coronation bash/ Naked Tickle Party**

Republic of Peace Corps Mauritania. Immediately following the speech National Party Advisors, Mitch and Kari, started the kick-ass coronation festivities by organizing a liquor run and First Annual Naked Tickle Party.

The new emperor, energized and a little inebriated from his coronation bash, quickly got to work creating a governing body for the republic. In addition to Nation Party Advisors, he appointed a cabinet of highly skilled PCVs to put into action his ultimate vision of creating a coalition of Peace Corps volunteer republics throughout Africa. Marc I also established the venerable *Trarza Council* to draft a bill of rights for PCVs. "We tried to address issues critical to creating an environment in which volunteers can thrive," said council member Ayrin. "Time and time again we have been pushed aside and denied basic rights. The days of exclusion and deprivation are over."

Unfortunately, the good will and party atmosphere the republic created unleashed personality clashes and power struggles. Infighting and rumors of plots, subplots, hookups and alliances rampaged through the ranks leaving hurt feelings and destabilizing the regime. Internal conflict escalated when the Secretary of State, Julian, was placed under house arrest and charged with treason by the Secretary of Defense, Dan B. When asked if the charge was baseless and the arrest a sound decision, Dan B. declared, "I'm not paranoid. That bitch was out to get me!" And in a shocking turn of events Will, second in command, was clubbed to

death for irritating volunteers by speaking only French and refusing to speak English. The Republic of Peace Corps Mauritania was slowly imploding.

By the end of the business day the tiny republic was in its death throes and the coup ended as quickly and quietly as it started. Most of the ringleaders were in custody by the end of the day. "It wasn't that hard to catch them," said the restored security chief for the bureau, "They videotaped the whole thing and left a note of the front door that said *We'll be at Novatel for happy hour from 5 to 7*. A few managed to escape, but we expect to have them in custody shortly." Aside from losing Will, little damage was done and staff was quickly able to reestablish control.

As a result of the coup, drastic changes were made within the program. With the country director's approval, the enactment of the *Volunteer Anti-Aggression Act of 2005* established restrictions on volunteer service and movement. Among the most harsh measures: volunteers participating in the coup were immediately returned to site, all Nouakchott volunteers were immediately reassigned to the brousse, all volunteer service was extended six months, all volunteer vacation time was withdrawn and the option to early terminate service suspended. "I know that these measures have been called barbaric by some, but we must send a decisive message. We have adopted a zero-tolerance policy to assure that acts of this nature do not occur again," the country director affirmed

at a press conference given shortly after his return to the country. "Peace Corps is **not** responsible for providing entertainment or a good time; it's not in the handbook ... fun and amusement will **not** be tolerated."

The Republic of Peace Corps Mauritania is history. The legacy it leaves proves that PCVs can make a difference in the countries in which they serve.



**Give us a kiss!**

### Nouakchott Packing List

**Batteries**  
**Cardigan**  
**Dildo**  
**Epilator**  
**Fasigyn**  
**Giardia**  
**Hakko mix**  
**Ice**  
**Jae**  
**Klaxon**  
**Lawnmower**  
**Money**  
**Nubian Princess**  
**Oceans II**  
**Playboy mag. collection**  
**Penis piercing kit**  
**Quarter lb. camel burger**  
**Hash**  
**Sewing kit**  
**Tea**  
**Underwire bra**  
**Vagisil**  
**Water filter**  
**Xenophobic White Moor**  
**school director**  
**Yoga mat**  
**Zrieg**

### The Republic of Peace Corps Mauritania Motto: ~~The Toughest Job You'll Ever Love~~ Bring It!

#### **PCV Bill of Rights**

- 1. Assorted recreational drugs in med kits**
- 2. PC uniforms (like the cool ones on old Star Trek episodes)**
- 3. Liberal use of diplomatic pouch for alcohol and contraband**
- 4. Bling Bling**
- 5. Dancing midgets**
- 6. Naked tickle parties**
- 7. Casual Friday at bureau includes underwear**
- 8. Firearms and/or samurai swords**
- 9. Pork, sun-block, ice cream, vitamins – in that order**
- 10. Yearly pilgrimage to Mauritanian PCV spiritual homeland – Dakar, Senegal**

# First Year Volunteers Still Sucking Ass

By Karl Adam

Judges and prosecutors have finally entered the first day of litigation in STATE (of Intoxication) versus First Year Volunteers. A published class action suit with a variety of charges filed against the 38 members of the group now coined "The Poindexters," includes:

- o Staying awake during ETR sessions
- o Staying sober during ETR sessions
- o Attending ETR
- o No hot tub bartering with generally sketchy Arabs for free drinks
- o No animals rights violations
- o Lack of eye rolling when Sidna enters the room

The long-awaited case has run into a number of difficulties that have pushed back the opening. Finding an impartial jury of peers has been most difficult for STATE prosecutors. Rumors circulate that a special group of can kids has been brought in from the Western Sahara. A change of jurisdiction has been attempted by the Defense on the grounds that nobody lives in Mauritania but the locusts.

Thus far, the STATE's list of witnesses includes a number of roving street animals, a lovable, roving band of can kids and most of the ambiguously

sketchy Lebanese guys.

Commentators on the proceedings from concerned neighbors and community members have been numerous and heated:

"What's the fucking mushkila with these no-talent assclowns?" exclaimed eternal problem child Scott Eidson while picking crusted whip cream out of his curlies. "They act like drinking with my hoes in the Chinese brothel, and beating 'em pretty ain't cool."

"They all integrated and shit." Although they can fluently converse in all five of the RIM languages they showed gaping holes in their aptitude for screaming angrily at babies. Dan B observed, "I think that's pretty wierd" before shouting GASARAMARACK and cold-cocking the neighboring toddler.

"These J.C. Penney-sporting poindexters were looking for GAP outlets in Dakar, when fourteen year old Pulaar hookers are falling out of their diskette rayon right in front of them. It's rainin' Tang and they lookin' for GAP umbrellas!" heatedly cried Nathan Gretzinger upon returning from his site in China, while scratching diligently at his groin.

According to prosecutors, some of the most damning evidence can be seen in the lack of a coordinated ETR party. Allegations still circulate that Suzanne had one (1) bottle of whiskey. Visiting Marc at his house, one unidentified First Year Volunteer almost took a sip of communion wine that Mr. Valentin had beaten a nun for. Informed goats claim that Theresa was found asking about Pringles and low-carb wine coolers at the local boutiques.

Despite all the troubling allegations and vicious rumors, the general response from the First Year Defendants has been a mixture of quiet bleating and cud chewing.

Late in the afternoon, a winded and smoking Ben Richey collapsed on the courthouse steps. As he was being carried

off to his shrine, his dilated eyes fixed on the familiar faces in the crowd and reportedly mumbled, "You... once... were lame too. Give them till Dakar... Or until I get out of these panties and into the flippers."

Commented veteran courtroom reporter Miriam Edwards sums up, "It's not that we don't like you, you just suck."

## Things to send to Mauritanian Families...

10. CDs and DVDs
9. 35<sup>th</sup> Anniversary VHS of "Fiddler on the Roof"
8. Stylized T-shirts
  - Proud to be Pulaar
  - Hassaniya Hottie
  - Freaky Soninke
  - Get Off My Wolof
  - Donkeys do it in the Ass (General Purpose t-shirt)
7. Tank tops and biker shorts
6. A copy of Salman Rushdie's "Satanic Verses"
5. Tickets to Mel Gibson's "The Passion"
4. Commemorative "War in Iraq" plates
3. "Honk If You Love Jesus" bumper stickers
2. Home-made Green Cards
1. Tea and Sugar

## Ode to Bouli

Marc,

*Can you provide a name from your list of homestays of a female, non-smoker, non-drinker? We have someone who is willing to host but had a problem last year with the heavy drinking and vomiting that occurred in his home. Please respond to both of us ASAP!*

N & N





## News Briefs

**Second Year Volunteer realizes "I just might not need Hassaniya after all."**

An Unidentified Second Year Mauritanian PCV realized last Wednesday that he might not need local language skills. "I lasted this long on just my piss-poor French, so I guess, whatever," he muttered. Upon arriving at this conclusion, PCV Doe went back to his house to not integrate and not study languages. "Those language reimbursement forms were just too much, ya-know, bullshit, I guess." The only host brother in his Black Moor host family who speaks halting French said, "He can't even do the greetings right. It's like watching a flopping fish that just won't die." Well into the 18<sup>th</sup> month of his service, his approaching departure has not added to his motivation him to learn anything. "It's a francophone country, but nobody speaks any French. Ok, two million people speak some obscure, unwritten dialect. If I cross any international border, it's pretty much useless except to get free drinks at a bar. I mean, /learned French, why can't they? Yeah, French is a colonial language, but they don't even have a word for "river" or "green" for fuck's sake."

**Weekend at Taaya's**

Confirmation from Nouakchott arrived last Thursday in regards to questions and rumors surrounding the state of President health. "Yep, he's dead. And for some time too. We just prop him up with the ol' rectal posture enhancer. When he has to shake hands we have a specially trained sock-puppeteer for all the motor skills. For freshness, we got those Christmas trees thingies and the Russian who embalmed Lenin. As long as we parted his hair the same way, we could have kept it up pretty much until the next coup." Visiting Gambian dignitary commented on

his recent encounter with the highest public Mauritanian official, "He was kinda funky smelling when I met him. Like two days after Tabaski."

**New Trainees Receiving Invites**

As of press time, dozens of excited young Americans are receiving their invitations to join the elite fighting force of the Peace Corps Mauritania. "We are looking for volunteers with skill sets like silent decapitation for example. Do you speak Arabic? Are you good with Warsaw Pact Czech explosives? We could use you," says one unidentified Peace Corps Recruiter at the University of Nebraska Job Fair. Once the



Defense Department approves funding for the new subsector "assassination" under Health and Water Sanitation, David Solomon no longer has to refer to our volunteers as "water filters."

The Peace Corps Website has recently put out a public announcement concerning some of the direction changes: "A wide variety of skill sets are needed in today's Peace Corps. Not only digging wells and improving agriculture, but also stopping desertification. By shooting ice out of your sternum. Today's Peace Corps accepts Americans from all walks of life and we are currently

working on improving the numbers of nontraditional Volunteers in the Corps. Like underrepresented minorities. And mutants." New queries have been added to the interview: "Are you amenable to changing your appearance? Do you mind wearing different clothes? Like a cape. Are you blue?" Obie has not been available to comment on the new recruiting policies since retreating to his newly SPA-funded office, "Cerebro," and floating around the office in his new wheel chair mumbling about, "his hair distressing the neural connectors in his helmet," referring to himself not only in the third person, but also as "the Doctor."

**'Stouche Veterans Remember**

Veteran organizations in regional houses around Mauritania are remembering their fallen and talking through their own psychological traumas. As facial hair grows and the anniversary nears, relapses are on the rise. Says frontline veteran Dan Sutton, "Just last week, when Strolle dropped an aluminum cup in the kitchen, I could feel the vibrations of the bat in my hand. The cool breeze off the Atlantic. And the days when I was known as Pierre." Karl "Dirty Sanchez" Strolle nodded slowly in agreement as his eyes glazed over into a thousand-beer stare. Another post-traumatic stress disorder was triggered by Andy "Sarge" Furlong popping a Coke bottle in Tidjikja. "It was weird. I just unconsciously started rubbing my upper lip and my index finger curling into a hook." Watching the movie "Pirates of the Caribbean," Karl "Tex" Adam rolled his eyes back, as his mind rolled back into the dangerous muddy fields of Dakar. "I didn't grow the stouche this year for that exact reason. The larium sits kind of funny with me anyways, and between the drugs and liquor, I wasn't sure I would survive another defeat by Team Asia."

## Wedding Update

You want it, you got it! True, no one really asked for it, but we just know you too well. We will not shirk our duty to supply our highly-educated, hard-working, committed readers with the latest celebrity wedding updates.



**Christina Aguilera**, 23, award-winning songstress and heir-apparent to the queen of slutty popstars, announced her engagement to her manager and boyfriend of two years, music executive **Jordan Bratman**, 26.

The prospective groom popped the question while the loving couple was enjoying a romantic white trash vacation at Dollywood. Aguilera could not be reached for comment due to her rigorous touring schedule throughout trailer parks across America. Her publicist did say that the “star” is thrilled to be settling down and beginning her new life as a housewife with a closet-full of white fishnets. For classy wedding attire tips, seek the advice of Britney Spears.

In other tasteful wedding news, **Nicole Richie**, 23, spawn of 80s icon Lionel Richie and talented co-star of *A Simple Life*, will also be getting hitched in the near future. After living together for a year, Richie and her boyfriend, Adam Goldstein (aka DJ AM), plan an elaborate ceremony on a rural farm in the Deep American South which will be televised live on FOX. Maid of Honor is expected to be best friend and style maven, Paris Hilton who has offered to provide pointers to the couple for a truly memorable wedding video. Tinkerbell the dog and several farm ani-



mals will likely be in attendance as well. The proud father is quoted as saying, “I’m so ecstatic that I’ve been dancing on the ceiling all night long!”

After decades of dating, Prince Charles, 56, and longtime lover, **Camilla Parker Bowles**, 57, will wed in a civil ceremony at Windsor Castle on April 8. Since both parties are divorced, Bowles will take the title of “Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Divorced Debutantes”. In the unlikely event that



Charles ever becomes King in the next 30 years or so, his wife will be known as “Her Royal Highness Princess Prissypants” rather than the Queen of England. In a related note, Queen Elizabeth is rumored to be considering giving the couple his and her beauty makeovers in the hope that this will improve their image for the big day. When asked for a comment on his mother’s gift, Charles said, “Yo, yo, yo bitch. What’up? Who do you think I am, some big-eared, buck-toothed Brit?” The Queen promptly responded, “Now Chucky, don’t get your nappie in an uproar. You know I love you unconditionally. It’s that hideous Camilla I’m afraid of. She could bring disgrace upon the royal family and you know we can’t afford anymore of that after Harry’s recent indiscretions with those tramps Christina Aguilera and Nicole”

## Guide to Men

Alright Ladies! No more complaining about lack of choices. Our male PCVs can be a good time, but let’s be honest - free drinks from this crowd are kind of a long shot. Notes from the Underground is pleased to present not one, but TWO alternatives, along with a partial list of some attributes. We’re not going to presume to tell you which are pros and which are cons... you be the judge.

### Lebanese Crowd

They’ve already got the hair gel and the flashy suits! With a little packed heat and a bloody sheeps head or two, we could call them the Lebanese mafia. They know how to dress, they know how to party, and they love greeting with cheek kisses. Forget Vince Vaughn and Jon Favreau – We’ve got the “Swingers” of Nouakchott!

- Nice cars
- Speak French
- Good connections with bars and clubs
- Slick pretty boys
- Look better naked, but very hairy
- Always ready with the bling bling
- Been around the Peace Corps block

### Woodside Oil Guys

One might think that this raucous band of environment-destroying oil rig rough-necks would mix with socially-conscious, culturally-sensitive PCVs like, well, oil and water. Not so! True, the finer points of this crazy crew are enhanced by a few beers, but with them around, this is seldom the sticking point.

- Nice cars (with sober drivers)
- Speak English. More or less.
- Lonely and desperate
- (Oil) slick rough necks
- Usually at least 15 years older
- Always ready for a beer
- New kids on the block (most are married)



**Do...**Exercise and stay hydrated to get that knock out body and stunningly beautiful movie star skin



**Do...**Be innovative and seek inspiration from the past with a pair of sexy retro granny-bloomers to attract that special guy!



**Don't...**Take Erin P's advice to "drink this it'll make you look just like Beyonce!" There are no shortcuts to beauty, and Erin likes to lie and drug people a lot



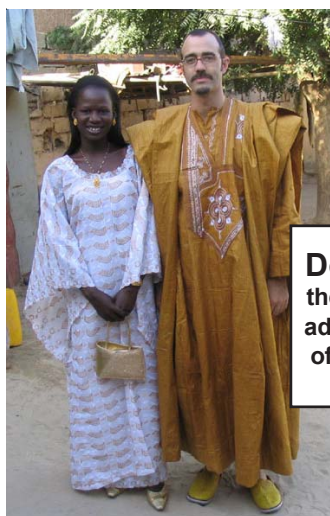
**Don't...**Be surprised if *this* is that guy



**Do...**Be the life of the party by showing the guys how you "ride the bronco"



**Do...**integrate into the community and adapt to the culture of your host family



**Don't....**ever try to be the life of the party by showing your orgasm face



**Don't...**let your family know about your alter ego Dirty Sanchez. They will *not* understand and may be obligated, according to cultural dictates, to kill you to save face



## INTERCEPTED COMMUNICATIONS

MEMO

From: Director of Advanced Research, Mauritanian Office of Tourism

To: The Honorable Director

Dear Sir,

In response to the failure of our recent campaign "Mauritania: The Vacation Before Your Vacation," I would like to suggest an alternate strategy for promoting tourism in our country, one I am tentatively calling "Operation Fat Traveler."

My idea was born after seeing the enormously overweight people of the developed world on television and can be summarized by the slogan "Let the Moors Make Less of You."

Research on North America and Europe indicates that plumpness is considered a problem rather than a virtue, and large sums of money are spent on weight-loss strategies, called "diets." New surgeries shrink your stomach to the size of a tea case, and people send family members to "fat camps." Rather than ingesting millet porridge to help them find husbands, campers try to lose weight -- the faster, the better.

Which brings us to Mauritania. The dry heat, the simple diet, the intestinal companions, and diseases such as malaria and schistosomiasis make it, simply put, difficult to keep the "junk" in the nasrani "trunk." I hypothesize that returning vacationers will rave about their shrinking waist lines, leading to exploding numbers of visitors to our country.

I am ready to start implementing this campaign immediately with your blessing. First, I request a visa to America where I can visit with the leaders of the fat people (for instance, Chet Atkins, the inventor of a popular diet and also an excellent guitar player) and learn more about their corpulent ways. Then we can begin preparing our tourist infrastructure for oversized guests. For example, it may only be possible to fit a dozen obese westerners in the bed of a Hi-Lux, and transit industry professionals must be educated on the appropriate tariff increases and load-balancing requirements.

Some will say that playing the Fat Card is not without its dangers. Small numbers of our corpulent tourists will surely fall ill, and some may even meet a bitter end. But my studies indicate that such people are unpopular in their home country, and will not be missed. We should take all the necessary precautions, and proceed with Operation Fat Traveler immediately.

I remain your faithful servant,

Mohammad S.

## Mitch's Lightbulb Jokes

Q. How many Mauritians does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A. What's a lightbulb? (brousse only)

Q. How many Mauritians does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A. That's a nice lightbulb. Give it to me.

Q. No really, how many Mauritians does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

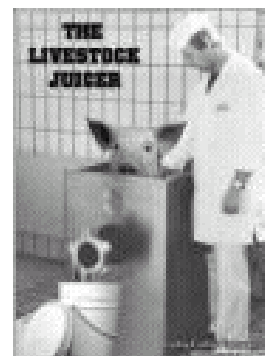
A. 3. One to pray about it, one to make tea, and one to call in a woman to change it. (Women don't actually count as people.)



## Haiku

### Pork As Porn

Sensuous delight raised to lips  
Parted, moist, waiting for a delicious  
explosion  
I open and am filled



Advertisement

## Introducing The **PCV HMO**

For just 50um a month\* you can buy into our new supplemental health plan. Our specialists\*\* are available 24 hours a day, 7 days a week\*\*\* to help meet your unique medical needs.

<b>Animal Husbandry</b>	Laura
<b>Dermatology</b>	Carl S.
<b>Ear, Nose and Throat</b>	Teresa
<b>Emergency Surgery</b>	Dana
<b>Gastroenterology</b>	Scott, Suzanne
<b>Geriatrics</b>	Brandon, Brock
<b>Gynecology</b>	Melanie, Marc V.
<b>Medical/Drug Trials</b>	Angus
<b>Ophthalmology</b>	Mike
<b>Parasitology</b>	Dara
<b>Pediatrician</b>	Karl A., Tarn
<b>Proctology</b>	Karl A.
<b>Psychiatry</b>	Thomas
<b>Tropical Disease</b>	Nathan



What has one thumb and loves blow jobs?  
This guy!

- \* price may increase depending on location, and don't think if you're in the brousse we'll come to you
- \*\* specialist cannot be held responsible or sued for any side effects from treatment, including death
- \*\*\* times and service may vary depending on if you're hot, annoying, or just faking it to get attention you crazy bastard!

## Personals

Professional, competent, responsible diva seeks pretty-boy-beefcake for business lunches, coffee breaks, prospectus writing, dryhumping, licking, assgroping, lapdancing and gratuitous nudity. For more information, contact my beeper, pager, cell, email, or my assistant, Cat. PS. I'm serious about the ass-groping.

Single white female/non-smoker/vegetarian/catholic enjoys long walks on the beach with knowledgeable guide, mid-afternoon wine, neat rocks, and clean literate polite African children. Looking for a single white male/ 29-32 years/5'10" to 6'/non-smoker/meat eater/catholic preferably from semi-urban north eastern American state, holding at least two degrees in well paying fields, owner of a medium sized short-haired mild tempered 'good with kids' dog, hair must be well maintained with earth friendly products only (no animal testing, please), and short pants are never acceptable. All applicants should submit two photos, background check, and three letters of recommendation for review by peer board. Contact: darkmolly2@hotmail.com

Loving/outgoing streaker seeking same: I want to find out what makes you tick and work on making you a better person because I want you to have a good life and really aren't we all human beings who want to have a sense of purpose and be appreciated and loved and find someone to share our lives, thoughts, successes, failures with and dream of planting pretty flowers along the highway of life? I'm waiting for you. Contact: natty@yahoo.com

Breathtakingly beautiful princess-type with a penchant for pork products seeks rich Southern gentleman to spoil her rotten. Must enjoy long, dusty taxi brousse rides and look good in leather chaps. Perfect date: a rough rub-down in a candlelit Moroccan hammam. Men not willing to admit that it is all about her need not apply. Contact me at: diadjibinediva@yahoo.com