

Skivvies

Sham Cafe: Everyone Got Lucky

The luck o' the Irish surely graced the crowds packed into Divvies Gym March 17, if one judges by the amount of penicillin the health center distributed this week.

"It must have been a wild night!" Madame Exxe, R.N., said of the recent Sham Cafe. "We've seen a shocking jump in the number of STDs since St. Paddy's Day, and most patients questioned mentioned going to the cafe that night."

Exxe said she suspects the center will continue to receive visits from befuddled students for a while.

"It sounds to me like the highlight of the evening was the horizontal bop, so I won't be surprised if we continue to deal with this outbreak for weeks."

Manager Arrested in Poaching Incident

Sick dining hall manager Cheesy Chester was sentenced to his own 15-meal plan after being convicted of picking dinner off the road.

Police arrested Chester last Tuesday on R.D. 1 after they spied him stuffing dead squirrels into a brown paper bag. They confiscated a variety of animals, many with tire tracks in their furry little bodies, and a cookbook entitled "Making the Most of a Low Budget."

Alfred E. Newman village justice Robby Heinous originally sentenced Chester to the 21-meal plan. But when Chester cried, "Your honor, it ain't easy bein' cheesy," Heinous lowered the judgment.

Wing Nite Clash Kills 30

Thirty AENU students died last Wednesday battling over 16 chicken wings at the Suffer Inne.

The bizzare-but-not-surprising incident occurred after nearly 200 students flocked to the Inne's weekly Wing Nite.

"I knew we were in trouble when I heard the crowds outside," Inne manager Pouting Paul Puny said. "I only ordered one bucket of wings because our turnout is usually so low."

Sophomore Z. Perkins, who barely survived the carnage, described the mood of the crowd as "frantic."

"Cheesy Chester had just been arrested the day before, so many people hadn't eaten in a while," she explained.

"When they found out there were only a few wings left, they freaked."

Two Alfred Policemen Die of Boredom

Services were held yesterday for two Alfred E. Newman village police officers who unexpectedly died of boredom.

Police chief J.J. Bob discovered officers Tweedle Dee, 33, and Tweedle Dum, 27, sitting stiff and dusty at their desks several days ago, clutching empty ticket books.

Bob said the officers had been depressed lately over an apparent lack of crime in the village. Bob was visibly upset over the loss of his two "best men."

"If only they had hung on a little while longer," he sobbed. "They would have found someone to harass sooner or later."

Because of the circumstances behind the officers' deaths, the village board has decided to hire only one replacement.

INSIDE

Nothing



The Liat

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Maniac Attempts Coup

Prez without his crown goes over the edge

Lois Lane
Former Mickey Mouse Club president Megalo T. Maniac attempted to overthrow the new MMC executive board early this morning.

Incoming wire service reports say Maniac stormed the MMC office, armed with grenades and a submachine gun, intending to retake the office he lost several weeks ago when students came out of the woodwork to vote for a new president.

President-elect No Way Ho-Zay, who was working in the office at the time, escaped unharmed, and AENU security apprehended Maniac after a brief struggle.

Witnesses at the scene said Maniac looked like a rabid dog as he ran through the Crappus Center shouting about his "rights" as president.

"I am KING of this place!" Maniac reportedly screamed as he hurled grenades



Screamin' Dee
The Mickey Mouse E-board escaped unharmed after Maniac's surprise grenade attack.

into the Mickey Mouse office. "I can go anywhere I want on this campus! Give me that stationary! You're all fired!!"

Security agent Studd Todders said he had to punch Maniac in the face several times to subdue him. Maniac is now undergoing psychiatric evaluation at an undisclosed location.

Dean Queen, AENU director of damage control, reacted angrily to reports that his former puppet had gone out of control.

"I knew this would happen!" he roared. "If you goddam press people had left him alone, he might have gone peacefully. You just haaad to criticize."

Despite the disruption, and the loss of the weekly agenda, MMC will hold its weekly meeting tonight.

Inferno Discovered in Alfred

Mister Stopholees
"Ahhhk! The president just exploded!" These were the only words Mary Softree could utter when she saw AENU president Slow Freddie explode into a burst of purple and gold flames yesterday morning.

Rumors say the Devil did it. Slow Freddie perished after reading a letter written by deceased Devil Watchers Society president Lou Syfer, who had tried to warn Freddie about the existence of a devil's triangle around AENU.

"We were trying to warn him of the dan-ger of the location AENU sits upon," said new DWS president Bee L. Zebub.

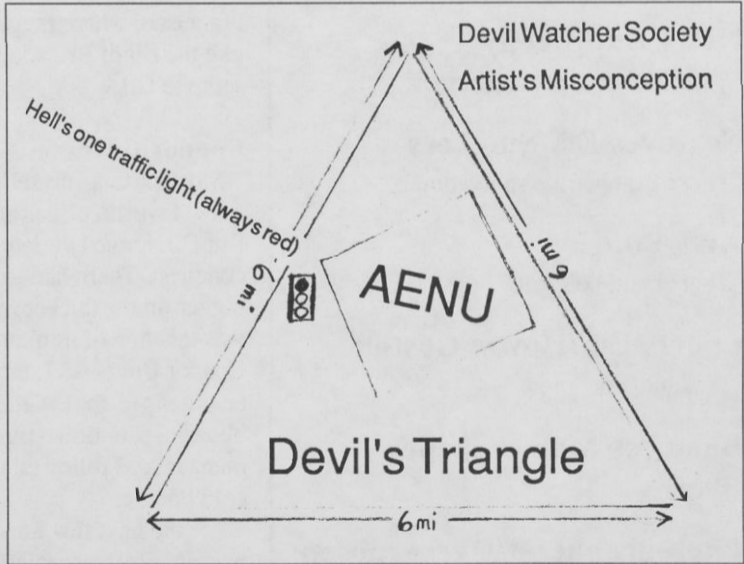
"There is evidence that points to the infamous Devil's Triangle being the exact location of the institution. After some research we found that the three roads surrounding it measure precisely, more or less, 6 miles long each."

Zebub said "This finding means that AENU is shrouded by a 666. If we add 6+6+6 and subtract the addition signs we get 666."

Dickie Takes Control
AENU Provost Dickie Off took control of the school within hours of Freddie's demise.

With a green beret on his head and a machine gun tucked into his athletic supporter, Off arranged a press conference to announce administrative acceptance of the DWS claims.

"The weather at AENU makes it impossible for us to believe otherwise," Off explained.



"After Mrs. Bee L. Zebub said something about hell freezing over we thought, my god! She's right! Hell freezes over every Oct. 1 to May 2, give or take."

Off then cited the existence of the shantytown that comprises off-campus housing as further proof that Newmanians really are living in

continued on page 4.

AENU Goes Ivy League

Aroff Smailliw
Alfred E. Newman University has been accepted into the scholastically and socially prestigious Ivy League.

Pamphlets sent to prospective students will now say "Barron's Profiles of American Colleges rates AENU as very competitive. Only 89 colleges in the nation are ranked higher."

What did Alfred do to beat out 80 or so colleges to become a part of the League?

A key factor in choosing AENU was its tuition, now a pricey \$22,300. This figure is expected to increase approximately eighty percent for the coming school year.

The main reason, though, for the new title is AENU's new elite image and the many improvements on campus. From the small to the very, very large, AENU has made many changes in the last several years.

AENU's rejections office believes image—right down to the smallest detail—is important. So they recently began using crayons to address all envelopes and letters to prospective students. This has helped show us as a professional institution.

Rejections also plays an important role in emphasizing AENU's important landmarks. Any tour of AENU will surely include a view of Hell's Bells, where a classic muzak rendition of Wipeout is played twice daily.

Along the lines of very, very large, AENU many new buildings planned. These include a lead-lined fallout shelter to service the area in the event that an earthquake destroys the

continued on page 4

The Liat is the annual lampoon issue of the Fiat Lux

The articles in this issue are not to be taken seriously and are not intended to offend anyone.

We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed writing and producing it.

On the Brighter Side of Alfred E. Newman University

Welcome to the school that's here and hot
Where a few things are cool and a lot of things are not
For example, there's the MMC, a **living joke--**
And if you will allow, fun at it we will poke.
Just go to a meeting if a nap you need
Or go to watch campus groups get **stuck and bleed.**
One of those groups is a bunch called **RALF**
who like to play music that makes maggots ralph.
If you don't want to hear a song, be sure and request it
If they infest your radio, turn it off and **rest it.**
They reside in some rocks called **Steinheim Castle**
Restoring it, says AENU, would be a hassle.
So there it stays abandoned for all to see--
It'll sit there forever, thanks to '**priorities.**'
Perhaps the castle should become a freshman **dorm**
We probably should keep the new students warm.
At least AENU should wake up and face facts--
Nobody should need to use a junker like **VAX.**
We've seen two Presidents from out of the **blue--**
When Bush was elected, everybody said, "Who?"

When No-Way got in people said, "Okay!"
Maybe this one will run MMC the right way.
Speaking of the right way, how do we handle **Nuke?**
We could send it to the dining hall and make more puke
Some say we can encase it in a special glass
But why doesn't the power co. encase it in their ...?
Speaking of ...es, many here have got lead
"Waaah!!! I'm bored!!! This town is DEAD!"
Many think in AEN there's **nothing to do**
but go hit a deer and make road kill stew
Here are some suggestions from the Liat staff:
First, attend MMC— always good for a **laugh!**
Next, go to a game and watch the Caged trip.
Third, there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip,
so have yourself a party—risk a log and phase.
Fourth, go pledge a frat—there's no more '**haze.**'
Number five, with an oldster you can go **sit**
and talk about the war: "Wanna see where I was hit?"
Number six: get a buddy and go out to eat
but NOT in the diner-dorms—they're really '**beat.**'

All they have is brown lettuce and half-dead fruit
and 100 other choices—but their horn we won't toot.
Let's go for seven now, we're on a **roll--**
Hit the Stargaze lab, where it's frigid cold.
Dr. Seever would be glad to show you around
but don't smear the 'scope—you'll get more than a **frown.**
How to get home? Call **Paranoia--**
They'll be glad to send an escort for ya.
On the way back home, watch out for snipers!
(And all because of tickets under **windshield wipers**)
Speaking of tickets, just try and **park!**
You could end up wandering around 'til dark.
But instead of making more parking spaces
Coffee Break, Inc. sits and stuffs donuts in their **faces.**
AENU ranks third in the **USA**
we've got the football majors who like to play--
but in conclusion, we'd like to say
if you're a prospective student
GO AWAY!

Editorial Policy

Complaints about our coverage? Shove 'em. We have the last word.
Letters about campus quibbles? Keep them to yourself. We're not here to address your petty gripes.
Suggestions for articles you'd like to submit? Don't bother, we don't care.

Liat Staff

- Editor/Lone Wolf
"My roommates hate this paper."
- Managing Editor/Power Tripper
"Hey man, I'll say anything I want!"
- Production Manager/Sucker
"Wanna have a cigarette?"
- News Ed./Sleepy
"There's always next semester."
- Features Ed./Snickers
"Those benches are soooo dumb."
- Arts Ed./Π²
"That would be great!"
- Sports Ed./Howie Costell
"Well, uh, you know."
- Business Man./Peaches
"Hi, guys."
- Photographer 1/Overexposed
"Wow, alright."
- Photographer 2/Seen But Not Heard
Not available for comment.
- Circulation Man./Crash
"I can't believe it--a University car!"
- Subscriptions Man./Goody Two Shoes
"So who is Nessa Connor?"
- Typist/Program Pam
"It's always raining on the Browns."
- Librarian/Invisible
" ? "

Advertising Rep./Closet Republican
"I hope they do put the dump here."
Proofreader/Beck 'n Call
"I can come back later."

Short Stories To The Editor



To The Editor,
I'm the so-called 'Surf Killer'. For a week now I've been reading about myself as portrayed by you ink-slingers: "Surf Killer At Large," "Honor Student Goes Berserk" and "Was Surfer Riding Wave Of Drugs?". I'm writing to you because your paper's coverage has been a bit less rabid than the others. Maybe you'll listen. Not that I expect a fair hearing-- it's obvious you've made up your mind about the murder. And I AM guilty, so this isn't a denial. Nor a confession. Let's call it...an explanation.

Explanation
It began one June day when my friend C.J. decided to surf Condor Cove. Now, the Cove isn't your typical Southern Cal beach with bikini-clad birds, warm sand, and steady low rollers. It's a barely accessible, rock-bound inlet up near San Francisco, where ragged, icy surf comes in like the Light Brigade. A very appealing setup to C.J.

Condor Cove
Most surfers--myself included--will find a few favorite places and stay with them. But C.J. craved variety. He needed conquest. There had to be new breaks, bigger drops, thicker lips, deeper tubes. It was this line of thinking that led us to Condor Cove-- C.J. thought it might be an untapped spot. Carrying our boards, we blazed a path down through thickets of manzanita. I followed C.J. out into the cold Pacific.

For the next few hours we rode, but it was an effort, especially for me. Finally I yelled to C.J. that I was surfed out. He held up a finger. Uno mas.

As I paddled toward the rocks, I noticed something I took to be a patch of kelp. Then I saw it was a dead bird-- a seagull, I figured. But as I drew closer to it, I saw it wasn't a gull. It had the big wings, alright, but rather than feathers on its head, it had hair.

I went ashore and waited anxiously for C.J. As he climbed out of the water, I told him about the bird. Listening, he remembered: "I saw something floating near the rocks, but I was moving too fast to check it out." He motioned toward the water, down and to the right.

Mutant Birds
We stoked our boards and hiked along the shore. C.J. pointed, and I saw a submerged object drifting a few feet out: It was another bird, smaller this time, with grey feathers and a frond of seaweed tangled in its feet. As we waded out, however, we could see that what we'd thought to be seaweed was actually a tail - tapered and lightly covered with hair, like

a muskrat's.
C.J. scooped the bird out of the water on the deck of his board and whipped it up among the rocks. Watching it sail was how we spotted the culvert.

Concealed halfway up the cliff, it seemed oddly out of place in that wild cove. We stashed our boards among the rocks and climbed to it.

C.J. thrust his head into the culvert's wide mouth. "Storm drain?" he asked in an echoing voice.

I couldn't see because of the jutting cliffs, but I knew the grey building with the security fence was above us. Standing there, I began to smell something familiar...an aroma I recognized from the bio labs at school. "Formalin," I said. "It's a solution of formaldehyde and methanol used as a preservative.

C.J. was still squatting near the mouth of the pipe, with the cold sun gleaming in his thick, yellow hair. I knew what he was thinking.

"Gimme a break," I told him. It was the kind of thing children did on a dare. "But it's wide enough," he argued. "Maybe we can find out where it goes --find out about this." As he said it, he plucked something from the mouth of the pipe: a wet feather.

Inside
The pipe was one of those corrugated jobs, just wide enough to force us to duck-walk. We came to a grate, beyond which was a room--a laboratory. We could make out cages and aquarium tanks. The grate was hinged.

C.J. whispered that we should go in, but I was adamant. A lab could be dangerous. There was no telling what precautions might be in effect against things that might, even then, be endangering us. As we crouched there debating, we heard a door open. A bald, old man in a white lab coat shuffled in carrying a culture dish. He set the dish on a bench a few feet from where we were. We didn't dare breathe.

After a moment, he left, but the close call convinced even C.J. that we should get out of there. As the sun dipped toward the ocean, our last glimpse of Condor Cove was the building, and a small sign on the front gate: Pacific Genetics.

Trouble in paradise
That fall I went back east to school. C.J. went on chasing waves. I got a postcard from Mexico: "Awesome storm surf off Pasquales," he wrote.

This winter would be spent as always: living off summer money, cruising the coastal highway, Walkman headphones clamped to his ears, eyes searching the horizon looking for waves. It seemed a reasonable life for a person, and I would think of him as I trudged to the library,

bent low beneath a pile of books. A good life. But something went wrong.

I got the news when I called home at Thanksgiving. With reluctance, my folks told me C.J. was dead--drowned a few days before.

I couldn't believe it. Drowned? While surfing, my dad said.

Mr. Editor: You should know that curious sensation of unreality that comes over you at such times? Like, this isn't me?

I managed to get through the term, and flew home for Christmas. It was a bad tim-- the warm sun mocking the dismal way I felt inside.

C.J. had drowned after hitting his head on rocks (his scalp had been torn away, and there was a fracture). Luckily he was wearing a wet suit, his mother told me, or his body might never have been found. His board wasn't--which was not surprising, his father said. "The currents are bad at Condor Cove."

That startled me. C.J. had been surfing Condor? The following week I borrowed my folks's car and drove up there.

Our hero as detective
It took some time, but I found the board: C.J.'s 9'6" Dewey. It wasn't broken or dinged as it should have been, if it had washed up. It was nestled among the rocks, hidden--very near to where we'd stashed our boards last June.

The Formalin smell was weaker, but still there. As I groped through the darkness, my hand brushed against a squishy mass. I felt feathers and (I swear it!) scales. I forced myself on.

At the upper end of the pipe I peered into the lab. No one was there. Driven by some form of madness, I eased open the grate....

Writing this, my hand trembles. Mr. Editor: Have you ever imagined a large fish with hind legs? Or an eel with the head and bill of a duck?

I began gathering them in a fever, dropping them into a hopper attached to the pipe. Some made unearthly noises, blood-chilling to hear. When I had them all --like a twisted Noah filling a ghastly ark-- I flushed them down the pipe, praying they would die before they reached the sea.

I'll finish now. There isn't much more. I destroyed those creatures because they didn't belong in this world. They were abominations--victims of a real monster, whom I also killed.

You see, Mr. Editor, I was riding the shockwave of turning suddenly and seeing that terrible old man shuffling toward me, with a crazed glint in his eyes and the hypodermic needle in his hand - and seeing on his once naked head, that luxuriant bush of sun-yellowed hair.

RosyRue's Top Five Sillies of the Eighties

Hit songs that made no sense. Movies with no plot. Television shows that bombed in our books as well as on the little screen. The eighties had it all! As we reach the conclusion of the eighties, those songs, movies and television shows should be recognized.

Songs

- 1. Walk like an Egyptian -- the Bangles.
- 2. Wake me up before you go-go--Wham.
- 3. Sledgehammer --Peter Gabriel.
- 4. Money For Nothing --Dire Straits.
- 5. She Bop --Cyndi Lauper.

Movies

- 1. Pee Wee's Big Adventure
- 2. Dune
- 3. Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2
- 4. Bloodfeast
- 5. Who Framed Roger Rabbit?

Television Shows

- 1. Nighttime soaps
- 2. She's the Sherriff
- 3. TV 101
- 4. Nightingales
- 5. Pee Wee's Playhouse

Career and Karma Comments

David Chester-Shultz

Research participants wanted—The Career and Karma Center in Bartlett Pear Hall has received a grant from the Bush administration to research ways to make kinder and gentler students. While no known psychological or physical problems are associated with this study, prospective participants should know that they will be subjected to a thousand points of light.

New Group forming at the Career and Karma Center for people who are overcommitted to groups and organizations. Members will be asked not to come Tues. from 5-6:30 for sixweeks.

Plan for our next Career and Karma Center Workshop—Deer and Careers: The buck stops here.

Allegany County possible New "Hot Spot" for Spring Break and Tourist Travel

The possibility of Allegany County having its own low-level nuclear waste dump site may actually be "a blessing in disguise," say state officials.

Their undocumented research indicates enhancement of monetary benefits for the county when people flock to the area.

Not only is an actual low-level nuclear dump site a tourist attraction, but the area has tremendous potential as a location for the college students and their almost migratory spring ritual to sun and fun.

With the increase in local temperature, students won't have to travel the traditional distance to Florida and Jamaica.

Officials say that by visiting the site, students will find that special glow not to be found elsewhere. Popular speculation says the new spring fashion will include the natural tan tinged with green.

Special activities and events could include found-object volleyball and name

that sludge. A band entitled "Instability of Ions and its Aftermath" will sing the promotional theme and will play at the site for student enjoyment.

Cow-tipping, a local tradition, may be cancelled due to the demise of these animals. Their by-product, affectionately named by the state as "Mineral Milk through Radiation," will surely replace the Nestle's Quik Rabbit slogan, "Can't drink it slow," with "No Need to Drink it."

A camping site is now being negotiated near the potential location site. Governor Mukmo gave the reason behind the preparedness for the camping site: "We want to move fast so people won't know what happened or have to bother getting involved. After all, that's what this state is all about."

State officials want the families to be as close as possible to the attraction so that they can fully expose themselves to its

heavenly effects.

When asked where he and his family plan to vacation, Mukmo replied, "Bermuda. Don't misunderstand me, I just want to get away."

Thousands of T-shirts with the slogan, "Visit Our Backyard, We Love It!" are ready for distribution as soon as the final site has been chosen.

Proceeds may be donated to charity, namely the Fund For New Lead-Lined Buildings. The administration plans to move from their present site to the new building upon its completion in the fall of 1991.

Mukmo summed up the state's official position. "The potentials are numerous. The location will become a legend, comparable to Pompeii and Mount Saint Helens."

SAPP Sponsors Parking Awareness Week

Yhprum Ekim

SAPP, Students Against Parking Problems, is a new group formed to tackle the parking problem at Alfred E Newman University. The group held its initial meeting this past week at the Crappus Center.

The only eligibility requirements are that you must be an AENU student and you must be at least as naive and thoughtless a sap as to dream of even bothering to believe you could bring a vehicle to Alfred and actually have a place to park it.

As part of their lobbying strategy, SAPP will sponsor Parking Awareness Week the week of April 17 -21 in order to shed light on theproblem. The week will be filled with various activities related to AENU parking.

The week will be inaugurated with a parking ticket balloon release in front of the Crappus Center. Those who would like to participate should bring their parking tickets to the Crappus Center by

noon.

SAPP will provide the purple and gold balloons which will be released with their cargo of Alfred parking tickets at 3pm

Those who are veterans of the art of cramming their vehicles into even the smallest piece of remaining legal parking space will be able to demonstrate their abilities by competing in Tuesday's Telephone Booth Cram Contest.

Teams must compress as many cars, trucks, or vans into a single phone booth as possible. Although telephone booths are normally considered illegal parking zones, for this contest rules will be relaxed; the penalty for such an offense will be half price — \$2.50.

Wednesday's schedule will include guest speaker Dr. Jones speaking at the Bergen Forum on the subject of "Persuasion and You: Techniques to Con Your Traffic Cop or Court Judge." Dr. Jones holds a Doctorate in the field of

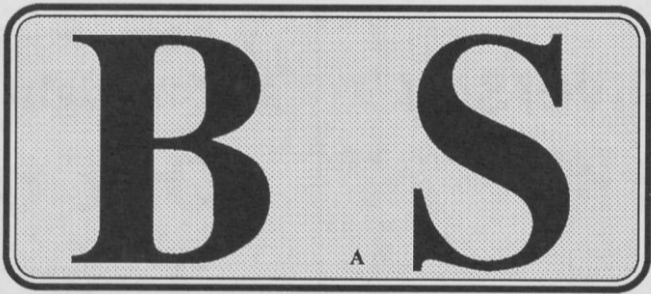
Communications and is also press editor for the National Enquirer.

Thursday, in coordination with the Engineering Dept., SAPP will sponsor a kite flying contest. The kites must be constructed entirely of parking tickets. Judging will be based on construction, flying ability, and originality in design.

The kites will then be placed in the Student Gallery for viewing from April — through May-- as a memorial to those AENU students who were financially bled dry by the AENU administration's Ticket Inquisition.

The week will culminate on Friday with a ceremony honoring the ticket taker of the year. The award goes to any deserving AENU student who had enough gall to hand out the most tickets to his or her fellow AENU students.

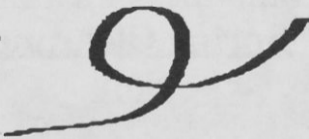
The ceremony will close with a "ticket" tape parade down Main Street.



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Bored of Activities for Students

Alfred E. Newman University Writing Centre

We'll write a paper for any occasion.
We specialize in plagerism, deadline
extention, slander and misquote, pad-
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On sale this week, ENG 375 papers.



Prof. Groover has given these papers an
A everytime they've been submitted.

AENU Telethon

pledge your first born
and we will give you
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"It's for your school!"



Fly Eastern



This Ad Sponsored By the Save-the-Frank-Lorenzo-Fund

Inferno...

continued from pg. 1
hell.
(The owner of all rentals in town, Mr. Slum Lord, swears the Devil is making him keep his apartments in their current condition.)

"Now I Understand!"
Off is not the only Newmanian who can now explain why AENU is the way it is. After hearing the devil watchers' revelation, several university employees were able to understand their own seemingly bizarre experiences.

In the past, Quick Cash, head of security for AENU, said he was mystified at the exorbitant amount of tickets his department gave to students.

"But now I understand!" Cash exclaimed. "With this triangle thing out in the open I can see the guiding principle—the more money we can suck out of our students, the more we can spend on our Bored of Liars. Now I can rejoice when we give students two or three tickets a day. HA HA HA!"

The AENU cleaning service sees things more clearly now, too. "This could be the reason why there is vomit in all of the bathrooms every weekend. It couldn't be from anything else besides the Devil," maid Belle Hoppe said.

Surprisingly, area residents reacted calmly to the news. "I've thought for years that something wicked has a grip on this village," one man said. "How else do you explain bells that play a muzak version of Wipeout?"

Ivy League

continued from pg. 1
state nuclear waste dump complex.
With its new Ivy League status, the campus inn will soon be essential as hordes of prospectives and tourists arrive to tour and admire the campus.
When reviewing the AENU campus, the League could find only one drawback: many students don't dress in a manner befitting the Ivy League's preppy, wealthy status. The League was gracious, though, in recognizing that there are no Macy's in the region and the matter was dropped.

Professor Seever Discovers Petrified Dog

Screamin' Dee
World renowned archaeologist Arthur Mudd and a team of three associates rushed to Alfred E Newman via plane yesterday afternoon to examine what appears to be a petrified dog.

Dr. H.M. Seever, professor of lunar geology at Alfred E. Newman University, called the team after stumbling onto what he thought was a rare lunar specimen.

Mudd and his team of experts examined the stone early this morning, only to find that it's nothing more than a petrified beagle.

The news came too late for Seever, who now looks like a fool for having set off a false alarm among academia nationwide.

Although Mudd was angry with Seever for playing what he says was a "silly practical joke," the archaeologist took time to examine the beagle.

Mudd dated the stone to determine the era in which the dog lived, and he researched historical records to find out more about the dog's life.



Petrified beagle found in Kanakadea Creek March 26, 1989. Screamin' Dee

Mudd ascertained that the poor pup had the misfortune of being owned by the first Dean of AENU, Dean McBride (1808-

1875). McBride had a penchant for disciplining his animals by XXXXXXXX. The dog's name was Lucky.

AENU Paranoia Guards Stalked

Recent sniper attacks on AENU guards have led village police to investigate a fanatical underground organization bent on taking out, "every last ticket writer on campus".

A spokesperson for the Student Parking Liberation Front (SPLF) said that they are "fed up with limited parking space and over-zealous security guards who hit us for \$10-20 a shot. So we're shooting back. I'm sick and tired of peeling those goddamned tickets of my windshield every time I get in my car."

T.J. Booger, chief of security said, "These nuts only pay \$13, over any way possible. If there's no spots, you may as well go home."

So far, the group has wasted six of the dastardly demons and wounded two others. Richard Eye, the most recent target, says he was plastering cars outside the

library when he was attacked.
"Man, I was in the middle of a really good one, faculty-staff parking only and get this, no sticker. A double whammy! Anyway, all of a sudden I heard like this really loud bang and the windshield just disappeared. I mean gone! So I says to myself: Dick, where ya gonna put it now? Man, I wouldn't have even gotten a hit if I didn't go back for my ticket book. I didn't see who did it, but I think it was one of those weirdos in the Brick." Fester Ape, head of the investigation says that there are about forty members of SPLF loose in Alfred.
"My biggest worry is that we might see more of these groups. I've heard rumors of a Students to Terminate Snotty Computer Consultants(STSCC) and the Society to Maim Mutant Uni-Mart Employees(SMMUE) starting in Alfred. This town will be a mess.



The Village Book Store

Announces its annual **Spring Clearance Sale**

No more than 150% markup on all items

Alfred E Newman University Student Survival Kit

Includes:

- One photo album**
for pictures of the vast tourist attractions located in the AENU area
- One four-year supply of bus tickets**
for those crazy weekends when you're in the mood to socialize
- One lead suit**
1/4" or 1/2" thickness, depending on the glow at the time of purchase
- One fake I.D.**
for non-freshmen and males only
- Two free passes to the Betty Ford Clinic**
visits with Kitty cost extra
- One book: "How to Kill Spare Time"**

Price: compliments of AENU (yeah, right! Just send the bill to your parents

Where do you go for nightlife?

Out of Town

That's right. Just follow the signs to anywhere

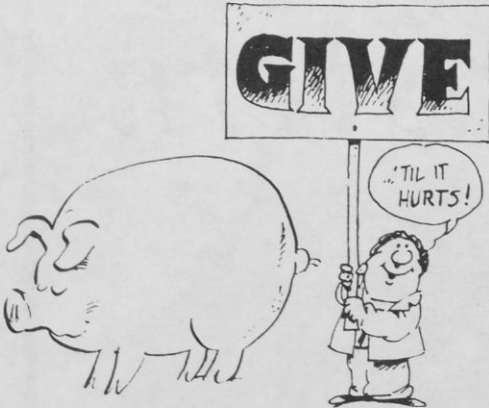
A public service message sponsored by the Student Awareness Association

Pergatory airlines

"We fly down"

one-way fare \$666
call toll free
1-800-666-HELL

not responsible for crashes in the Alfred Triangle



Steroids: Myth or Magic

Joe Huge
"I'm Hans"
"And I'm Franz"
"And we're here to pump - (clap) you up!"
"Yeah...we're huge, you puny little girly man."

Anabolic steroids are the latest rage today. God forbid if anyone were to body-build naturally. They might wind up leading a normal, healthy life.

"Steroids in laboratory rats have been known to develop to astronomical proportions. Why, just last week, one of my lab technicians was strangled to death by one of them," said Dr. Johann Wolfgang von Krauss, the head researcher on the FDA's Let's Abuse Laboratory Animals project.

"Side effects of steroid use include organ shedding, excessive facial oil deposits, hair displacement and adrenaline buildup," said Krauss.

"I heard a report of a young man who was suddenly overcome with the urge to bash his girlfriend's face in for no apparent reason. When he discontinued the use of steroids, he lost that urge. I don't know, I

think there's a connection," said Krauss. Mike Josephs, who bodybuilds as a hobby, was asked about his opinion about steroid use and had nothing but praises.

"Steroids make me huge. My biceps, my triceps, my quads, I'm just so much bigger since I began taking steroids. I think they are great. Sure they're a little expensive and illegal, but that's half the fun. Being huge is worth it, sex is such a small sacrifice," Josephs said.

Josephs couldn't finish the interview because he had to do his midmorning lifting, but he did mention that he had been experiencing some strange side effects. Josephs' parents told him that he was sleeplifting, but that's unconfirmed. Josephs, on the other hand, has been waking up sore in the mornings. Josephs, though not a compulsive bodybuilder, has membership in three gyms.

"The only conclusive evidence concerning steroid use that I have is that it is not as harmful as cocaine, and I predict that it will be the choice of the new generation," Krauss said.

Clam Jam: A Sportsmanlike Poem

Tong Ram
Pouting Paul Puny
sat on his pulpit,
eating his wings all day.
To no one's surprise
and the Suffer Inn's demise,
the wing business had gone awry.

Nowhere can be found,
a campus center on the grounds,
and the children can find no place
to play.

With balls of steel and
lungs that reel,

Paul Puny had something to say:

"I work and work and try so hard,
but the people here are such
@*&in' tards.
I lobby for activities and
for places to go.
Some call me a rude dude,
but I'm just a common Joe."

So students beware
Paul Puny knows you,
Apathy's on the rise,
but Paul Puny will find something
for you to do.

Horrorscopes

ARIES (THE RAM 3/21 - 4/19) - Things are not as they may seem today. Do not eat the hors d'oeuvres at a proctologist's house party.
TAURUS (THE BULL 4/20 - 5/20) - You will receive a very distressing phone call from your lover today. Congratulations!
GEMINI (THE TWINS 5/21 - 6/20) - Do not punch or beat your twin today. You may enjoy it.
CANCER (THE CRAB 6/21 - 7/22) - You are a total bitch today. Be careful, it may be infectious like a growth.
LEO (THE LION 7/23 - 8/22) - You are down on your luck today. Avoid homosexuals and IV drug users.
VIRGO (THE PRUDE 8/23 - 9/22) - Today is your day to get lucky. Do not be afraid to lose it.
LIBRA (SCALES OF INJUSTICE 9/23 - 10/23) - You may find out an old family

secret today. You are the result of a drunken New Years Eve romp in the back seat during a cold winter.
SCORPIO (THE SCORPION 10/24 - 11/22) - Emphasize physical and mental well being today...leave Alfred.
SAGITTARIUS (THE HALF-BREED 11/23 - 12/21) - Today is not your day. Take two bottles of valium and wash it down with a liter of tequila.
CAPRICORN (WHO KNOWS 12/22 - 1/19) - Relationships maybe under stress today. Spend a quiet evening alone with your partner and kill them.
AQUARIUS (THE WATER BEARER 1/20 - 2/19) - Life in general sucks for you today. Go find a large, fast moving truck and run in front of it.
PISCES (THE FISH 2/20 - 3/20) - You are a fool. You will believe anything that is told to you today hook, line and sinker.

Alfred Baseball Losing Big Time

Howie Costell
The latest addition to the AENU athletic department, a baseball team, made its first home appearance on Merry Field.
The Saxophones played host to Monroe Community College and lost a close 16-2 shootout. Despite a valiant effort on the mound, Bobby "Ray Charles" McGriff took the loss.

The two Alfred runs came on a spectacular move by the scorekeeper. The Saxophones would have been credited with more runs, but he fell asleep.

Monroe scored early, hitting back-to-back-to-back-to-back home runs off of McGriff. Ted "No Arms" Wibley relieved McGriff in the third inning and threw nothing but spitballs. Unfortunately, Wibley had to leave after he ran out of saliva. According to rumors from the Saxophones' dugout, the ball got wedged in his mouth.

The Saxophones, now 0-8, hope to continue the streak and then protest the season because, according to coach Bazulka Joe Smith, "the teams weren't fair."

"If things get any worse, I'm gonna start recruiting some Alfred-Almond Little Leaguers. I've seen them play, the kids have spunk," Smith said.

Tech and U Become One

JP Sllim
The SUNNY Bored of Trustees, in an agreement with the Administration at AENU, have decided to merge Alfred E. Newman village's two schools into one.
The decision was made to keep services up without cutting budgets and people.
This decision means that the AEN State College would become a four-year institution, and the university would start granting out two-year Associates Degrees.
Many programs would be added and therefore changed in the process.
First, the state college would start holding Ceramics and Performing Arts classes and labs over there and expand their programs.
Second, the U would build several Agricultural and Horticultural Gardens behind Ford St. shacks and also behind the sweets of Fraternal Twin Row.

Many classes would be added that use both schools' expertise. The Tech and the U would then share all other services.
They would also improve activities by making a winning and travelling BASEBALL TEAM and also intramural baseball teams between the schools. An Umpire School would also be set up where Umpires could learn the finer points of the game while becoming pros.

Bored with Luigi's?
Tired of Mr. Wong's?

Visit the
**Roadkill
Cafe**



weekly at AENU's
fine dining services

*'You mow it
down,
we cook it up!'*

We'll even remove those unsightly tire tracks

**BUTTHOLE
National Bank**

☞ *"Pack away your savings with us"*

587 - OUCH

An Equal Opportunity Reamer
Member FDIK

Bob's Bar & Grill

"Where the grass is always greener"

Open 24 hours

Refreshments available • Fine Alfred cuisine

Located on the strip in downtown Alfred

• Special discounts for Ladies and Freshmen •

Cheers, Newmanians



Have A Drink On Us!

(Yes, we did use the same picture last year. So what?!)