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FREE

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# Godchow ressurects Wilburfest

BY CARLA CLAPSATTEL  
Staff Reporter

In a surprising turnaround, Helmut ("Hell") Godchow — the Newark city councilman who successfully legislated Wilburfest out of existence last year — has volunteered to ressurect the event this spring, and to host it in his backyard.

"I must regretfully admit I was a little hasty last year," Godchow said in a press conference Monday. "I wasn't thinking enough of the fine young people of Newark and their recreation."

Godchow called the conference, he said, "to hopefully ameliorate any hard feelings that may exist between university students and myself."

Wilburfest is an all-day music festival that has traditionally taken place every spring since the 1970s in the backyards of five duplex houses on Wilbur Street. Despite its charitable contributions —

thousands of dollars donated annually to the Embalmus House, a so-called rehabilitative homeless shelter in Newark — Wilburfest had come under increasing fire from the Newark community in recent years. Complaints against the festival include underage public drinking, public urination, and more than six inches of underwear worn above the pants.

"I don't mind a little noise now and again," said Horatio Wyaduck, a Wilbur Street neighbor, "but these kids just don't have any respect for their elders. I mean, what they're doing out there, in plain view ... in the name of fun ... and with those tattoos with naked people ... and those pieces of metal in their bodies ... all over their bodies ... their pale young bodies ... in the most distressing of places ..." Wyaduck shuddered and could not continue.

Another neighbor, Hypolita Sludgwick,

74, of Prospect Street, said she had no complaints about Wilburfest until 1992, when she was struck on the head by a flying hibachi while attending the festival.

"I enjoy the celebratory nature of Wilburfest," Sludgwick said. "I enjoy spending time with the youngsters. I even ruled the mosh pit for a while — till somebody pegged my noggin with 50 pounds of cast iron."

After an abortive attempt to relocate Wilburfest to nearby Pennsylvania farmland last spring — with the condition that no alcohol would be served or permitted — it appeared to the organizers, the participants and city council that Wilburfest was morally, ethically, spiritually, physically, positively, absolutely, undeniably and reliably dead.

Now, Godchow has reinvented the fest, inviting organizers to put the event in his spacious backyard on Spooze Mill Road.

Godchow, however, refuses to discuss the city code he successfully lobbied for last year, which effectively defeated Wilburfest by stipulating that a gathering of 500 or more people constitutes a public, not a private, affair, and must therefore request clearance from Newark Police.

"Fuck 'em," he said. "I made up that rule, and now I'm tossing it out. As for the cops, Bill [Hoagie, chief of police] knows which side his bread is buttered on. And which side has dijon mustard with horseradish on it, and which has imitation cholesterol-free mayonnaise and sprouts, and which has garlic-anchovy paste and romaine lettuce. Ya get my drift?"

Godchow has further promised to provide sufficient beer and other libations to "get the whole place wrecked — those over seven years old, anyway."

When asked whether the recent voter registration drive on campus, in which over

4,600 students registered to vote in the Newark council elections, had influenced his decision to host the party, Godchow replied, "Not at all. I have had a sincere change of heart, following a near-death experience with a Jamaican hot pepper."

Godchow explained that while his body was technically dead for three full minutes last month, he witnessed a bright red light and an intense bombardment of heat.

"It really changed my life," he said. The revival of Wilburfest is scheduled for Saturday, May 4, at 2372 Spooze Mill Road. Buttons required for admission will be on sale "later this week" at various Main Street outlets, according to festival organizer Charlotte Noseroller. Scheduled bands include Razor Bleu, Iinus, Christ with Croutons, Boy Sets Hair, Mamma Leone's Bright Red Dildo, Catheterpillar, and Oboe-37.

## Activist clowns march on Main St.

Public reaction to march is exceedingly negative; clowns cite lack of respect for their essential clownhood.

BY COOKIE MONSTER  
Pastor Friend

An angry band of clowns known as The Sad Freaks paraded down Main Street last Wednesday in a show of "unity, atonement and that basically, we're pretty pissed off about everything," according to clown leader Joe Mamma.

Mamma broke down the three-fold purpose of the march in an exclusive interview outside of Treat's Restaurant.

"We wanted to show that we are unified as clowns because we're a pretty rare breed, man," Mamma said. "Not too many people want to be happy all day, you know. When we get home, we just want to down a few shots, kick our pets around for an hour and pass out."

He said the "atonement" portion of the clowns' message was designed to make up for any harm clowns may have brought to society.

"We've screwed up at times, and we know that. D. Ray over there came to a circus in Lexington wasted and urinated all over three little kids. This one guy Bubba dropped six clowns when he was carrying them around. So we've messed up and we want to say we're sorry, you know?"

Mamma went on pin the "anger" he and his fellow clowns were feeling on the "negative connotations" placed upon clowns in movies and the "dubious roles" that clowns are always given in films.

"How many horror movies have you seen with a clown as the killer? How about 'Killer Klowns From Outer Space'? What was that all about?" Mamma asked of no one in particular.

"And that part in 'Poltergeist' when the kid is attacked by a little toy clown. Now that's just ridiculous," he ranted. "And Bart Simpson: 'Can't sleep — clown will eat me.' I could go on and on. The point is, we're pretty damn ticked at this point and we want the negative stereotypes of clowns to stop."

"How are we ever going to get any respect from anybody? We're clowns, but

we're people too, dammit."

The clowns' procession down Main Street went off with only a few hitches. Locals Jason Brathead and Pippy Dukieface, who are both members of the Newark Anti-Clown Association, sprayed the clowns with water bottles, threw clown noses at them and tried to run over a few in a suped up clown car.

"We hate clowns and we want them all dead," Dukieface said. "They're not funny, they're not entertaining and they really have no purpose at all. Why ask why?"

Sophomore George Buschbeer, who watched the parade from a safe distance because "those maniacs scared" him, had many choice words for the clowns and their message.

"Those critters really need to get a life. For one thing, being a clown is bad enough," Buschbeer said. "But these hippogriffs have to march down Main Street to show the whole damn town just how eerie and demented they really are."

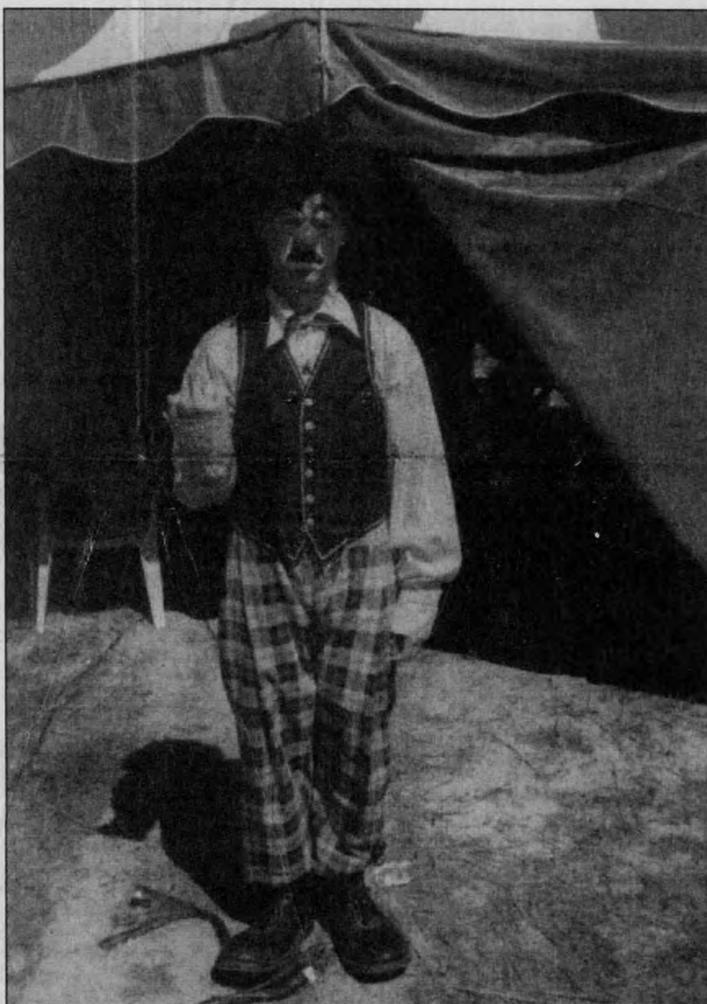
Al Sharpendedpencil, head of the university's Affirmative Action department, called the march "silly" and "degrading."

"I'm not even going to say anything about this. These loons don't merit me wasting any of my breath on them. Yuck. Ick. Blah. Ugh," Sharpendedpencil said, spitting and spinning like a man possessed in his swivel chair.

National clown figures reacted to the march with a strange mixture of euphoria and nonsense.

"I think that it's great that someone is finally saying something. I tried to make waves for years," said Ronald McDonald, figurehead and advertising icon for the fast-food establishment McDonald's. "But Ray [Crock, the restaurant's founder] would never let me say anything on the air." I guess you could say I'm the J.F.K. of the Movement, you know.

"I even have a slogan: Ask not what the circus can do for you, ask what you can do for the circus. Like it?"



THE RESCREW / John Reiffel

Chief clown organizer Joe Mamma, of the Sad Freaks, sums up his feelings at a Clown Power march on Main Street last Wednesday.

Some Newark locals were actually in favor of the march.

"Those clowns were so nice," said Mrs. Poole, a former star of TV's "The Hogan Family" who lives on Tyre Avenue. "I made them cookies and baked them a cake. Now that Jason Bateman is doing that stupid show over on the WB Network, what else am I gonna do?"

Mamma said the march is only the first step in a much larger movement. He said The Sad Freaks plan to build a headquarters, known as "The Clown

House," on top of the tennis courts on Academy Street. When confronted with the idea that students might get a little angry if his group did this, Mamma only shrugged his shoulders.

"Those little maggots," Mamma sneered. "In about a month, I'll have them all in the palm of my hands with our secret weapon, the 'Clown Gas.' Oops, I wasn't supposed to tell you that. Don't print that."

## UD sold to Disney

Officials foresee pest-control problems

BY DIPPY DOO  
Free as a Bird

Mickey, Minnie, Donald and Goofy will be scrambling on up to Delaware. Last Friday morning, the Walt Disney Corporation purchased the University of Delaware for \$123,854,059,993,339 University President David S. Roper said. The buyout was announced at a press conference in Smith Hall Friday by Disney President and CEO Rich Bastard, with Roper, popular Disney actress Pocahontas and other Disney staff standing close beside him.

"Having such wealthy partners like the people at Disney is a great asset to further increasing the diversity of our fair community," said Roper as he was stuffing his briefcase with stacks of \$100 dollar bills. "Now if you'll excuse me, I am going to the Bahamas to down some serious gin."

Disney has yet to release its plans for the university to the public, but Bastard did list a few items on the agenda. Soon the bricks of the university's walkways will be painted gold and have mono-rails built over them, according to Bastard.

"The university looks too bland. It's all one color," Bastard said. "We want to build a Magic Kingdom where Hullyhenn Hall is, and have a bunch of short people in animal suits run around and hug students. That will liven this place up."

Beginning next Fall Semester, campus life will be affected all around by the purchase of the university. Disney plans to change the name of East campus to "Happy Drunk Land" and North Central will be renamed "Geekland."

"We eventually want to diversify the names of all the areas on campus," Bastard said. "We are thinking about renaming the Kappa Alpha Soup Fraternity to 'Knockerup Village.'"

Reaction around the university has been mixed. Apparently Mickey and Goofy haven't taken too kindly to YoUDee.

"Ha Ha, when we get there and find that blue chicken we're going to make him see Jesus," a disgruntled Mickey said in a phone interview. "I'll make sure we take a shotgun to his knee caps."

Goofy, who was among the entourage to attend the press conference, expressed a stance to that of Mickey's.

"A-h'yuck. This town ain't big enough for all us mascots," Goofy

see DISNEY page A3

## New 1996 commencement speaker announced

BEAST MAN  
Skeleton's Henshman

The university surprised many people and made Hanna-Barbera very happy yesterday by announcing the 1996 commencement speaker. No, it isn't Oliver Stone, Ted Kennedy or Barbara Bush. It is Scooby Doo.

"Reah, ri'm reary rappy ro reah ro rhe rass," said the elated great Dane in his posh Hollywood bungalow via cellular phone. "Rit reasses me ro no end."

Scooby will join many famous speakers such as Tom Clancy and Maya Angelou in a long line of Delaware greatness.

University President David S. Roper gave the following prepared statement supporting his decision for funding a smelly and aging mongrel to address this year's graduating class.

"The benefits of having a great

Dane speak over someone like Bill Clinton or George Bush are of immense proportions to the importance of this fine university. Seldom do many fine universities let animals give commencement addresses. We propose to eliminate this form of bigotry by having Huckleberry Hound and Magilla Gorilla speak in years to come."

Senior class reaction to the news ranged from joyous approval to considerable disappointment.

"I couldn't be happy ... I mean, happier," said abnormal psychology major Lea DePootie. "I think Scooby's got a lot better grasp on reality than someone like Tom Clancy."

Hermione Diphthong, a major in cheating at cards, disagreed. "Once again they're foisting secondhand material on us. I mean really, Scooby

Who? I've paid out the butt for that piece of paper. I want goddamn Mel Gibson rambling about nothing over it, not some goddamn canine."

The focus of Scooby's speech will tackle the rising costs of homelessness to society, welfare cuts and why Kathy Lee Gifford should have her toenails ripped out from her feet.

Scooby began his career in acting in the late '60s and made over \$12 billion for Hanna Barbera. Various incarnations of his TV programs are still aired in syndication.

His career dwindled in the early '80s due largely to a venomous and very public palimony battle with former costar Velma, and to his battle with heroin and cocaine. By 1985 Scooby had spent most of his fortune rehabbing in the Betty Ford clinic, and had lost all ties with latter-day costars Scrappy Doo and Scooby Dumb.

"Ri ralways rated Rappy!," said the seething Scooby when asked about the junior actor's identifying Scooby in a police lineup for alleged ties with the Gambino crime family. "Ri rould've ropped a cap rin his rass."

The university will be paying Scooby \$500,000 for his speech, or will let him pick out a bitch in the Newark dog pound for his own personal use. "Rit's reen a rong time," Scooby panted over the phone that was undoubtedly getting clogged with saliva and other wretched dog fluids.

To accompany Scooby will be his best friend Shaggy, who for most of the '70s was one of the biggest Marijuana dealers on the West Coast.

"Like, Zoiks!," said the now heavily obese Shaggy in his Wilmington apartment, which is over run by crack dealers. "I haven't seen Scooby since '85 when he did Live

Aid." Shaggy will meet with Scooby at the Wilmington air port near the end of May.

"Scoob and I were best buddies, offscreen as well as on," Shaggy said, gazing nostalgically at an old still of when he and Scooby thwarted the evil plots of the Smog Demon. "After the show was canceled, all we wanted was to make a decent living selling drugs. And we would've gotten away with it, too, if it wasn't for those meddling kids!" he adds, referring to the sting in 1983 in which the group Menudo, acting as undercover agents for the F.B.I., bought a large quantity of ancient Egyptian eternal life serum from the former TV stars.

"Like, I just hope Scooby doesn't bring his bong and roach clips to this ceremony like he did when he visited Kuwait during the Gulf War," Shaggy said.

# End of the world barely upsets Pres. race

BY HOT SAUCE  
Senator Editor

The fat lady sang Monday. The Hyakutake comet, initially scheduled to eclipse the moon tonight, made an abrupt turn last Friday, effectively destroying the planet yesterday afternoon.

## News Analysis

On Sunday church officials from every world religion claimed a moral victory over science and its inability to explain the "unnatural" phenomena. "This exposes the so-called 'laws of science' to as provable as the basest lie of the most heathenistic cult," the Pope said.

All Judeo-Christian denominations fittingly declared Monday the "Final Day of Redemption." Hence, through either attrition or a true fear of the vengeful hand of God, the nation's politicians performed public confessions in anticipation of final judgment.

"I knew I was going to be the last

President of the United States one way or another," President Clinton said.

The president, rendered ineffective and utterly powerless, spoke to The Rescrew from underneath the John F. Kennedy Memorial Bed.

"Just ignore it," he advised the nation. First Lady Hillary Clinton spoke to the press in the president's conspicuous absence.

Yet, due to the utmost importance of the Whitewater scandal over something as trivial and meaningless as global destruction, Mrs. Clinton was forced to respond to a barrage of personal questions.

Even in the face of imminent destruction Mrs. Clinton still maintained that she and her husband never lived in Arkansas. She also claimed to have "no knowledge" of her husband's governorship.

Mrs. Clinton did admit, however, that even she gets the president confused with Jimmy Carter.

When asked about inappropriate statements made last week by radio personality Don Imus at the annual

"Presidential Roast," Mrs. Clinton responded, "I can never stay mad at the I-Man. He's sooo dreamy."

In preparation of final judgment, White House Press Secretary Mike Curry ordered records from the White House, Pentagon, and individual congressman be made public while on their way to shredding machines for a minimal fee of \$20 per page.

Staying true to form, Republicans took the apocalypse almost too seriously. The only exception being a handful of card carrying Religious Right zealots who delivered on-air raspberries while chanting, "We told you so, we told you so."

Republican presidential front-runner Bob Dole confessed that he is completely devoid of ideas.

"Ideas!? Son, maybe you've got me confused with someone else," he said. "I'm running for the President of the United States. What the hell do I need with ideas?"

An aide in the Dole campaign told The Rescrew that the Senate Majority Leader had expected Lamar Alexander and Steve

Forbes to drop out of the race early "so we could steal their ideas."

Pat Buchanan, perhaps the candidate most anticipating world annihilation, confessed a mutual respect and "more than friends" relationship with Rev. Jesse Jackson.

When asked about his fervent support by racist and militia groups, Buchanan responded, "Yeah maybe they're immoral hate groups but they are the only voter base I've got."

In related news, the entire media establishment admitted to a world wide conspiracy to misconstrue the truth and overthrow the world's governments.

"Secretly of course, we've all been in communication via brain implants," explained Joseph Lelyveld, executive editor of the New York Times. "It's sad really. We were so close to implementing our subversive liberal agenda."

In local politics Gov. Carper, Rep. Castle, and Sens. Biden and Roth all met for 10 minutes and agreed on everything.

Privately Sen. Joseph R. Biden admitted

that he was not only an investor in Hair Club For Men, but "I'm also a client," he said.

Gov. Carper was reported to have snapped under the pressure, demanding his staff refer to him as "Mr. Blue Hen." The governor also insisted that world leaders declare him Master of the Universe or he would destroy the world.

A press secretary for the governor told The Rescrew that Carper had previously succumbed to a similar breakdown, "trying to escape the shadow" of former Gov. Michael N. Castle and something the aide referred to as "lobe envy."

Incredibly however, though collective ignorance and apathy (or possibly as a result of subliminal messages from the media), the apocalypse went completely unnoticed by the world's population.

"Hey! I'm trying to bury my head in the sand over here. Don't bother me," was a typical response, exemplified by university president David P. Roper.

# Kappo Awful fraternity involved in vocal assault

BY RATS ROGERS  
Staff Horsewrangler

Three university Kappo Awful Disorder brothers were arrested yesterday for singing out of tune as part of a sorority fundraising event, Dean of Emus Timothy Brookstrucks said.

The fraternity brothers were heard loudly crooning out of harmony in front of the Gherkins Student Center Sunday morning, University Police said, and were immediately taken into custody.

"They were a menace to society," Sgt. Dr. Penace of the University Police said. "We had to pull them out of there quick before too many innocents were maimed."

Only two cans of mace were emptied during the arrest, Pepper said. "And some of 'em liked it," he reported.

"We are very sorry to hear what the boys did," Brookstrucks said. "They should have known better." He went on to say that the Y-Chromes, a university a cappella group, would have sounded a "helluva lot" better and raised "a huge load of dough" for the event.

One senior Kappo Awful singer, who will be facing the university judicial system next week, said he was not sorry for the damage. "I love to sing, man. The rest of the world can shove it."

Smegma Kappa sorority had

asked the brothers to perform in their annual "We Want Cash" fund-raiser, and are not being held accountable for the damage.

"I didn't want anyone to get hurt," said Bridgette Bardot, Smegma Kappa assistant to the vice-president. "I cried all day after the guys were arrested. I mean, they didn't sing great but they looked OK."

The three fraternity brothers will be required to clean up the broken windows in the Scrounge, Brookstrucks said. The windows broke during their rendition of "Goodnight Sweetheart," as the crowd went into a frenzy and jumped through any glass they could find.

No one was hurt from the broken glass, but a few Scrounge workers suffered from minor hearing loss.

"That singing was bad," Scrounge worker Ida Potato said. "I mean really really bad." She said she is quitting her job at the Scrounge, and will be joining the local circus, where "no one will dare to sing out of tune to me, sister."

National Kappo Awful refused to comment on the incident but said, "We had hoped the boys would pick a song by Prince. Ooops, wait — I meant the Artist Formerly Known As, ha ha. Aren't I cute?"

Silly Billy Wheresiswilly,

president of Outer-Fraternity council, said he was very disappointed. "The whole incident was blown out of proportion. Don't you know there are millions of bad singers out there? So what? Here's a few more. Get over it, Newark."

He suggested that next year the fraternity brothers could try painting pictures instead of singing, and promised to set up painting workshops in the fall.

University President David S. Roper did not want to comment. "Uh," he said, "It was bad, I wish I had been there to show the guys what to do. Hey — I know how to sing."

To prove his point, Roper then

broke into "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You." The phone conversation was cut short when University Police arrived in Roper's office to arrest him.

Until the end of the month, no one will be allowed to sing in front of the Student Center, FBI officials said. Trumpet playing, however, is allowed, and at least one digeridoo band has been scheduled, Smegma Kappa officials said.

# The velvety voice behind UDPhone

BY RATSON RAMONE  
Meat Editor

In a beaten-down shack on the east side of campus, Ima Loser sits and crouches and clears her throat to begin. The small snot near the bottom of the door creaks and Ima becomes excited and begins to drool because she knows food is on the way. A small dish of moldy leftover peas from last Friday's Kent Dining Hall lunch comes sliding through.

One might think Ima was a prisoner of war or a kidnap victim or a White House employee. All three couldn't be further from the truth; Ima is the sweet, soothing voice behind UD Phone.

"You have requested information about Ima Loser ... I m a L-o-s-e-r. Please enter your press credentials now." Ima says in that robotic but loving, caring voice. "Your last name is spelled Ramone ... R-a-m-o-n-e. You may proceed with the interview."

"For a longer answer, press one. To shut me the hell up, press two. If you think bananas and chicken and chocolate should never go together, press three, hold down the star button and swing the phone like Roger Daltry twirlin' a microphone during 'My Generation.'" Ima rambles.

When confronted with the accusation that the message on UDPHONE is missing a noun at the end ("Welcome to UDPHONE, the university's drop-add and grade reporting —"), Ima can only sit and blush.

"I was supposed to say 'jamboree,'" she says, frowning. "I just couldn't do it."

The rumor around campus was that the voice was just a recording or that it was computer-simulated, but all of this was false information being fabricated by the evil minions who gather in the basement of Brown Dormitory, better known as the Mutated Freaks.

The Mutated Freaks formed in late 1991, around the same year that Ima was hired to be the UD Phone voice. There are some in the upper echelon of the university administration, like university President David S. Roper, who say they love Ima and who think the Freaks got together to kill the "university's second mascot."

"Ima's just great. We took her from her home in South Dakota and forced her to stay in that there shack and — with the help of some masking tape — she doesn't complain," Roper says.

Roper likened Ima to The Gimp in Quentin Tarantino's "Pulp Fiction."

"Yeah, she's like the freakin' Gimp all right. We don't let her get out much, you know," Roper says. "Me and Dean [Timothy] Brookstrucks will send somebody over there to feed her some leftovers every once in a while, but we don't pay her no mind."

English professor Hugh Areyou says there might be some human rights violations involved and that he intends to call Amnesty International to notify them. At the time of print, Areyou was subdued (by heavy narcotics) and tied up in the back of The Rescrew offices.

"I don't complain much ... c-o-m-p-l-a-i-n

m-u-c-h." Ima says while one of Brookstruck's assistants points a gun at her head. "How can you complain with these great peas ... p-e-a-s? You can't even see the mold because they're green ... m-o-l-d, g-r-e-e-n."

Ima also denied being coerced into her position. "The job I applied for was ... full," she said. "This position was open and fit my schedule."

For the duration of a four-hour-long interview, Roper and Brookstruck didn't mention the Mutated Freaks once. As Roper was walking away, he destroyed the longer-running fable of the Freaks.

"That stupid-ass journalist thought that stuff about the Freaks was real. Who in the hell would believe something like that? Hah!" Roper yells at Brookstrucks as they are both walking away and popping open cans of Natural Light. "How long have we been able to keep that wench Ima locked up because of the freaks? Ten years?"

Apparently, the myth of the Mutated Freaks was never a rumor around campus and I was writing out of my asshole. Roper and Brookstrucks had pulled off a major gag, and the fact that Ima was indeed a prisoner became reality.

"I don't mind being stuck here in this shack, it's better than being dead ... d-e-a-d." Ima says while one of Roper's assistants sharpens a hot poker. "It could be worse, I could be a member of the New York Jets ... N-E-W Y-O-R-K J-E-T-S."



THE RESCREW / File Photo

Ima Loser, the disembodied voice of UDPhone, considers herself fortunate to have her job with the university.

# Campus Calendar

## BACH TO PLAY LEWDIS

Sebastian Bach, the former lead singer for the '80s cheese-metal band Skid Row, will perform at Lewdis Hall on April 23 in a solo acoustic performance. The show is part of Bach's "Why Bother?" 1996 World Tour.

On his European dates, Bach has rolled out stripped down versions of Skid Row gems "18 and Life To Go," "I Remember You" and "Monkey Business," as well as dazzling covers of James Brown's "Living In America" and Ah-Ha's "Take On Me."

Tickets for the show are \$1.50.

## PAPA SMURF TO SPEAK AT THE SCRUNGE

Papa Smurf, that lovable, white-bearded leader of the Smurfs, will lecture at the Scrunge on May 2. The theme of Papa's speech, entitled "Smurf Off, Smurf Face," is that Smurfs are superior beings, and that humans are "foolish mutants bent on destroying the planet."

Hefty Smurf will open the festivities with a weight-lifting exhibition. Admission is six points or 4 dollars in Flex.

## "FAMILY TIES" REUNION IN THE HENZZONE

Malerie (Justine Bateman), Alex (Mahmoud Ram Babba), Jennifer (Tina Yothers), Elise (Mereditrix Baxter Bernie) and Steven (Michael Gross) Keaton reunite for the first time since the demise of mega-popular '80s "Family Ties" to kick off their speaking tour entitled "Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down: Family Schmegma."

"I can't wait. I was sitting by the

phone waiting for something, anything when Michael called," said Ram Babba, who changed his name from Michael J. Fox when he converted to Islam last month.

## CIRCUMCISION SIGN-UPS

The cut-off date for the SCAB-sponsored Circumcision Registration is April 9, and they will be held in Percerson Hall from 9-11 a.m.

There will also be sign-ups for the Foreskin Restoration, Operation on April 10 at The Bob and Weave Center.

## RIDE 'EM COWBOY

The university's agriculture department will be sponsoring a sheep wrestling program called "Wool You Be My Baby" on May 3 in the wrestling room at the Slob Carpenter Center.

"Sheep wrestling is already huge in Bangladesh and Australia. No pun intended. Hee, hee," said Hugh G. Rektion, head of the university's Animal Husbandry Program.

## STUDENT NUISANCE RETURNS FROM TURKISH PRISON

David Nuisance, a university student who spent half of the spring semester studying abroad in England and the other half in a Turkish Prison, will talk about torture and pain in Memorial 210 on April 11.

Nuisance, who was thrown in the prison after talking about "PC Bullshit" too much, will talk for hours and hours about nothing at all and show off his dorky pony tail for all to see.

—compiled by The Loco Bandit

# Police Reports

## ROPER AND BARNEY: THE ODD COUPLE

About 500 freshmen were arrested at the Russell dorms for taking mushrooms and seeing Barney the Dinosaur in drag, police said. The students proceeded to take empty beer bottles and throw them at Barney, who turned out to be University President David S. Roper.

"The pain experienced by my person was trauma-inducing and damaging to someone of my stature," said a bandaged Roper. "The ramifications of such a disturbing event in my mind's eye lead me to believe that our fine students need to be studied and millions of research dollars need to be lobbied for."

The 500 students in question popped about 20 mushrooms apiece and described the outside world as "groovy."

"It's like, wow! Barney the dinosaur came busting out of the woods with a dress on," said sophomore Rinky Doo.

It is not clear whether the dress was also an hallucination.

## WHO HID THE POOPER SCOOPER?

Seven students were injured last Tuesday when YouDee, the university's mascot, defecated on the North Mall and didn't clean it up, said Lt. Kert "Branch" Davidson of the Oldark Police.

"That damn bird! As if that whole gaff last year with the barbiturates and lederhosen wasn't bad enough," said university President David S. Roper.

"I'd like to fry that stinkin' chicken," said junior Bob Bobbypin, one of the students injured in the accident. "Geez, those turds must have been 5 feet long!"

## PIZZA FLEET GROUNDED

Every pizza delivery outlet in Newark was put on hold last Saturday when an unknown person or persons stole approximately 33 delivery vehicles, said Capt. Jute K. Zippo of the University Police.

The same unknown party apparently ordered pizzas to be delivered in rapid succession to the fourth floor of Smith Hall, which does not exist. While the drivers were running into the building and up the stairs, the thief or thieves got into their cars and drove them away.

All 33 vehicles were found Sunday morning on the front lawn of university President David S. Roper. No pizzas were in evidence.

University Police gave the following account of the incident:

"Every pizza delivery outlet in Newark was put on hold last Saturday when an unknown person or persons stole approximately 33 delivery vehicles."

The same unknown party apparently ordered pizzas to be delivered in rapid succession to the fourth floor of Smith Hall, which does not exist. While the drivers were running into the building and up the stairs, the thief or thieves got into their cars and drove them away.

"All 33 vehicles were found Sunday morning on the front lawn of university President David S. Roper. No pizzas were in evidence."

## SLAVE FRANK RETURNS WITH A VENGEANCE

A man wearing only a chain-link fence and brandishing a bullwhip streaked down Main Street yesterday, disturbing shoppers and stopping traffic for almost 10 minutes in the middle of rush hour, police said.

Capt. John Coarsely of University Public Safety said the man, who has become known to police as "Slave Frank," streaks every year during the third day of the first lunar cycle of spring. He earned his nickname, Coarsely said, because he was wearing thigh-high boots and eating a hot dog one year.

"We think it's some sort of ancient pagan rite of spring," Coarsely said.

Police were able to subdue the man when officers shed their uniforms and firearms to don leather panties and riding crops. Slave Frank faces several charges in district court.

"If that fence was barbed wire," Coarsely said, "he might have seriously hurt himself."

—Compiled by Lem Possit & Tim Screevy



Rescrew  
News  
Summary

BY JUSTIN PUTZ  
Staff Misconstruer of Facts

From time to time a group of people comes along with wisdom and knowledge to hand down to future generations of university students, and please be assured, they aren't Rescrew reporters.

This is a tidbit of information that Justin Putz says every time he works at *The Rescrew* 95 hours a week.

"We just don't know how to do anything right," say the Putz as he takes a drag off his joint and follows up his smoke-filled ingestion by downing 12 shots of rum. "Probably because we are high 24-7 and take our bonges everywhere we go."

*The Rescrew* prides itself on completely misrepresenting the truth and the American way of life. Oh, and they like dance around in their underwear to Bon Jovi, albums according to the hallucinating Justin.

"One time we mistakenly reported that university president David S. Roper had been kidnapped by Colombian drug lords," says the glossy-eyed reporter. "We thought the Colombians had his left foot cut off because he wouldn't divulge the secret information as to how the pig in the movie 'Babe' was able to speak."

Misreporting is the backbone of any issue of *The Rescrew*. But how can they turn out such silliness every issue? For one, they mis-quote people out the Wazoo.

"Those juvenile delinquents at that *Rescrew* haven't any inkling as to what responsible writing is," pipes Drew Anglophile, who is Grand Pooba of the Honors Society Dungeons and Dragons Guild. "I am so much better off than the likes of those slacked-jawed orangutans."

"Once they called me for some of my worldly advice as to how many hit points you need to kill an Ice Dragon. I replied as I always do, to those pack of gossip mongers, I simply said, 'I am not sure you are worthy enough for what I have to tell you.' And they completely misreported it!"

Anglophile recited from the Sept. 22 *Rescrew* article: According to Anglophile, Dungeons and Dragons offers incredibly smart students a chance to explore other dimensions while eating potato chips and citing Monty Python one-liners such as "Neep!"

"Killing Ice Dragons is cool, uh-huh-huh-huh," Anglophile said.

That incident cost *The Rescrew* \$500 dollars in monopoly money and they weren't allowed to pass "Go" for three issues.

"I don't understand why *The Rescrew* resorts to such silliness in their stories," Anglophile says as he gingerly sips from his bottle of Evian spring water. "I should be in charge. It would be so much more intelligent and enlightening."

Putz says that the more *The Rescrew* reports, the worse off the campus is.

"Every day of my life I come to the office higher than a kite convention," Putz says as he inhales a mysterious white powder. "I make it a point to call all of my sources and insult them with four letter words. And then I ask them serious questions like, 'How does seeking a balanced budget amendment help to douse the suspicion that President Clinton only cares about sleeping around on his wife and eating Cheese Doodles?'"

The reaction of many university employees to *The Rescrew's* asinine questions is usually filled with rage.

"If they call me ... ever again," says Goofy Riceronzo of the Sociology and Other Meaningless Studies department. "I will be forced to hunt them down like the pack of gutless wolves that they are and force-feed them useless information about how important the studies of 'crowds' are compared to 'riots.' That will learn those leeches."

Justin was more than willing to divulge the secret information as to what makes *The Rescrew* tick.

"We drink heavily when we write our stories," he says. "We also like to pick on the staff members who are different from ourselves and shout at them."

As to what goes into writing the story?

"We just lie most of the time," Justin blurts out with a puddle of drool forming around his desk. "We also like reporting on stories that have utterly no news in them and bill them up to be the greatest things to come along since those Budweiser commercials with the frogs in them."

One of the more frightening incidents of *Rescrew* misreporting was the time they mistakenly reported that mutant species of killer rats were coming out of the sewers and infesting the fraternity houses on campus. *The Rescrew* stated that the rats ate the entire Silence of the Lambda Beta Alf the alien House, then proceeded to drink all the beer at the Steer Park and to hunt down hot chicks.

Outerfraternity council president Silly Billy Wetsiswilly gave the following reaction to that story.

"*The Rescrew* is saying that mutant mice ate our house and that they drank at the Steer Park?! When did this happen?" asks Silly. "I have been up to *The Rescrew* more times than Madonna orgasms and never once did I see any Mutant Rats. Those guys are the biggest bunch of freaks ever to climb down from the bell tower. You can't take those guys seriously at all. Where did they mutate from?"

Putz sips from his keg of beer overhearing all of these stories and kicks his feet up to look out the window of *The Rescrew*.

"Hey," he cheers. "All in a day's work."

# The chase for Pacman speeds up

BY STINKY RAMIREZ  
Section Sauce Editor

With the help of some Power Pellets and four very helpful ghosts, Lt. Jim Flathead of Oldark Police has single-handedly pinpointed what has been chomping up lawns on Chapel Street and the North Mall for over two months now: Pacman.

The world-famous yellow ball with a mouth was sighted by students last night munching on some bushes outside of New Castle Hall, Flathead said. When one of the students, freshman Raymond Blubby, bellowed, "Dude! That's freakin' Pacman!" the arcade hero darted for cover down Main Street and rolled towards the Christiana Towers area, Flathead added.

Flathead said Pacman is wanted on charges of destroying private property, violating parole (from previous substance abuse charges) and unnecessary eating.

"Man, I had no idea Pacman was real, man," Blubby said. "I've been Pacman — on Atari 2600 — about a zillion times but this is the first time I've ever seen him."

"I mean, how does that dude get around? That night he just rolled away, but does he have little legs under him? I'm just all freaked out right now. I'm going to go guzzle a beer in my dorm room now and maybe play some Asteroids instead."

The four ghosts assisting Flathead in the search were acquaintances of Pacman in the mid-'80s. Inky, Blinky, Pinky and Clyde have all come out of hiding — the four have been keeping a low profile since their 1986 arrest on sexual assault charges (they were acquitted for lack of evidence), filed by Ms. Pacman. The latter claimed that "Pacman Jr." was so named to keep up appearances, and that she has no way of knowing which of the four ghosts actually sired the scrappy young gobbler.

The ghosts said they are willing to help out in whatever way they can.

"I want to nail that wiseass Pacman," Clyde said. "We used to chase him around in the '80s, and every time we'd get close to him, he'd down one of those damn power pellets and chomp on us. Now that's just not cool,

you know?"

Blinky was also anxious to lend a hand to the case.

"He used to say we felt his wife up. Come on, man, it's just a game. She wanted to take our cherries, strawberries and pretzels. Now is that right?" Blinky asked angrily. "We spent years working that blue square cage trying to get that guy. Finally, revenge will be ours!"

Inky and Pinky refused to comment, citing that the "frustration is just too much." Blinky said the other two are far too militant and bitter form their extended unemployment.

"Since Pacman and his wife took off, the whole job thing has been kind of slow," Blinky said. "You know, with all that high-tech, virtual reality Sega stuff going on, what the hell are we gonna do? Who in the world would want four badly drawn ghosts in their game? We can't even make anybody bleed. Maybe we could get guns or something sharp on our sheets or something. I don't know."

Flathead said he believes he is on the verge of nabbing the round rabble-rouser. He said Pacman must be caught and stopped before some serious university or city infrastructure is damaged, or before somebody gets hurt.

"Last week we found a big chomp in the back of the Student Center, but Pacman has no teeth. The real danger is that he could get some power pellets and do some real damage," Flathead said. "He doesn't eat people or meat, but who's to say that guy couldn't come flying and then just swallow somebody?"

University President David S. Roper said the school will not be closed because of the Pacman case but stressed that he is concerned.

"The invasion and intrusion of Pacman on our community certainly is a dilemma that casts a metamorphic haze over the festive atmosphere of the spring solstice," Roper said. "We cannot let the indignant, barbaric, archaic functionalism of reprehensible dichotomies undermine the integrity of our institution. The vesicular rhetoric of stolid repudiation is apparent in this case."

No one in the university administration has responded to inquiries as to what Roper is talking about.

# Caught with the sauce

Junior in critical condition after saucing it up

BY UNDERDOGG  
S & M Editor

A student is strapped to a bed and "foaming at the mouth like a dog in heat" at Christiana Hospital after being found on the floor of his Sypherd Hall room late Wednesday night, university police said.

Lt. Alexander Von Hayes found junior Heywood Giablomi unconscious and foaming at the mouth when he responded to an emergency call from Giablomi's neighbor, junior Luc Pants.

Von Hayes said the incident may revolve around the "countless" number of McDonald's Chicken McNugget sauce packages that were found in the room and spilling into the hall.

Von Hayes gave this account of what police think may have happened:

Giablomi returned from his 7-10 night class, "Great 20th Century Bricks," to find that his room was filled with the packets of sauce and his roommate, sophomore Ben Dover, was gone.

Giablomi was pummeled by the packets — which allegedly belonged to Dover — and was

knocked unconscious. At first Giablomi tried to run, but after five seconds or so he was swamped in the McNugget sauce.

Von Hayes said that what happened next is very hazy; all police know at this time is that most of the sauce packets were hot mustard and not barbecue. After becoming overwhelmed by the tons of sauce, Giablomi started shaking violently while foaming at the mouth and eventually lost consciousness.

Von Hayes stressed that the incident could have "severe repercussions," for the use of McNugget sauce on campus. Dean of Chickens Timothy Brookstruck let slip a rumor that the sauce "definitely, positively" belonged to Director of Athletics Bob Johnson & Johnson, who "keeps piles and piles of the stuff in a locker at the Bob Carpenter Center for his ... games."

Von Hayes agreed it is very possible there was a conspiracy involved.

"Oh yeah, someone in the university administration had something to do with this," Von Hayes said. "No doubt about it."

Johnson & Johnson had something to do with Dover getting all of that sauce. Can you believe that?"

Police are still searching for Dover. No one really knows what charges he could be slapped with.

"You know, that Dover kid has it coming to him," Pants said. "Dover stockpiles that stuff and does god-knows-what with it. Actually I do know ... he, uh, uses it, you know? He slams into the wall, which is next to my bed, and yells and screams."

"There's nothing wrong with doing it, maybe, I've done it once, or twice, or maybe a few hundred thousand times, but c'mon. That's just sick."

One official at Christiana Hospital said Giablomi's condition was "very serious."

"I'll tell you, that boy should be put to sleep. He just won't shut up or stop freaking out for one second," Dr. Mike Rotch said. "Look, just put all of the information about that whining little turd in the last graph of whatever piece of crap article you write for that rag down there at the university. Who the hell cares about him anyway?"



THE RESCREW / File Photo

Former World Wrestling Federation star The Undertaker is the new head of Diner Services.

# Dining Services' lively new chief

BY SLOPPY JOE  
A Pretty Good Sandwich

Placing dead bodies into coffins isn't the most fun in the world. Shoving live bodies forcibly into coffins ain't all that much fun, either.

But the latter was pretty much the day-in-day-out life of former World Wrestling Federation wrestler and new head of university Diner Services The Undertaker. After wrestling for nearly a decade, the 300-pound monster from Parts Unknown has moved on to forks, knives and veal.

"Grrr. Hulk Hogan. Arrrrggghhh!" The Undertaker says. "I just love working for Diner Services. And I love veal. Especially when it's raw."

The Undertaker first started wrestling at Acorn High School in Babalugaville, South Dakota. His unorthodox patent move of shoving opponents into coffins was disallowed at first by the Hennypenny school district, but was later legalized when The Undertaker threatened the head official's life.

"That dude was a maniac," says Grape Ape, a former nemesis of The Undertaker in his days at Acorn. "We had some great battles, but I wouldn't want to face him again for all the wimps in France. Now that he's the head of Diner Services at Delaware, I'm really afraid of him."

The Undertaker applied for the job when he ate at the Scrunge and Clark Kent Dining Hall and found them both to be "rather inadequate."

"Raaaarrrrr! Boogaabooga!" The Undertaker says. "I ate at those places and felt like eating the rest of the building when I was done. But besides the small amount of food they have in each meal, they also made the mistake of cooking everything."

"There's nothing in the world like raw cow or veal with a little goat blood, you know?"

Paul E. Berra, The Undertaker's manager and keeper while he was in the WWF, says his former protégé's move to the world of dining services was "a big,

big mistake."

"You think I've forgotten about that guy? No, no, no!" Berra yells in a fit of rage. "Me, Zeus and King Kong Bundy are coming for him. And it won't be mine once again, Undertaker!! Do you year me? I hope you're listening! You will be mine!"

The Undertaker leans his head against the top of a doorway in Clark Kent dining hall as students vomit and try to force the horrendous food down their throats. It has become a sort of game among many of the university's students to challenge their friends to try to eat Clark Kent's food after "getting all liquored up."

"I think it's great. I love to see the kids having fun, even if they are vomiting. I used to make people vomit all the time when I was in the WWF. And those were just people in the audience watching!" The Undertaker bellows.

The Undertaker just sits and smiles while the doors close on another day of fine dining. He nods to The Iron Sheik, just one of many former WWF staples with no life whom he has hired as a worker.

"I love working for Mr. Undertaker. He is great man," The Iron Sheik says. "U.S.A. hak-tui!" he adds, spitting on the ground.

The Undertaker has also hired Leaping Lanny Poffo — a.k.a. The Genius — as a cook in the kitchen. The Undertaker says that despite a few spontaneous battles royales that have erupted between Poffo and the Sheik, things have worked out pretty well.

"Rrrraarrrrr!!! Reeceeaarrrrr!! He's a pretty damn good cook. I mean, how hard is it to cook raw veal?" The Undertaker asks. "Except for the few times I've caught him writing poems on the back of the veal and then throwing it around like a Frisbee, he's been perfect."

So students keep on puking, university officials keep scrambling and The Undertaker keeps on leading Diner Services into bolder and brighter directions.

# Delaware lowers legal drinking age to seven

BY KIN I. FINISH  
Staff Bullshitter

In an act of legislation that has been described as "bone-headed," the rulers in charge of making sure Delaware is clean decided to lower the state's drinking age to 7, a confused liquor store owner said.

"I swear to almighty Jesus in heaven above, it is the damndest thing I've ever seen," said Al Koholic, owner of the Steer Park on Main Street. "I had a whole flock of 10-year-olds come in today and ask for a case of New

Castle Brown Ale!"

The Steer Park isn't the only place being hit by the new monsoon of prepubescent beer guzzlers. Grade school buses have been re-routed to stop at the Stone Buffoon at lunch time, making the bartenders a little edgy.

"For the hundredth time! We don't sell Strawberry Quick Kuhlua and Creams!" said Ernie Burt to little Bobby Higgins of Newark Elementary.

The new law closely follows Louisiana's lowering of their

drinking age to 18. "Anything Louisiana can do, we can do better," piped Bertha Congresswoman of the Delaware Senate. "Drinking will teach those little rugrats some self-control and how to manage themselves!"

Reaction to the new drinking age at the school level has been predominantly outraged.

"Have you ever had to teach a drunk 6th grader?," asked Betty Boopers, a teacher at Newark Elementary. "It's bad enough they eat all the glue and piss their pants.

Now they hobble in drunk from one shot of Jack Daniels and run around screaming 'Thundercats! HO!'"

Not only are bar owners experiencing some discomfort about intoxicated youngsters running around in their bars screaming "I gotta pee!" at the top of their lungs, but Greek life is undergoing quite a bit of confusion.

"Like, oh my God!" said Ima Ditz of Kappa Delta Ortega Mu Mu Mu sorority. "Like, these really

cute guys came in and like we were drunk and felt like hooking up, but like, they had braces on and reeked of Elmers Glue! Like, how gross is that?"

The fraternity houses are also a little confused as to what to do with drunken little girls.

"What the hell are all these midgets doing in here?!" screamed a heavily wasted Ken I. Drink of Sigma Nougat. "I mean, I'd love to get these little guys to pledge, but we do have a minimum age requirement, you know?"



THE RESCREW / File Photo

(Left to right): Pocahontas, university President David S. Roper, Goofy and Disney CEO Michael Eisner at Friday's press conference

# Disney Corporation buys UD

continued from page A1

said with a tinge of malice glowing in his hollow black eyes. "We are going to make YoUDEe hit the floor and drown in his own blood."

Several campus organizations are curious and at the same time nervous about the Disney consortium.

"What the hell is going to happen to us next?," piped up DUSC leader Raymond O'Dingleberry. "Those wretched rodents and dogs are filthy and disease-ridden. They're not good enough for the likes of my constituents!" Overhearing that remark, Donald Duck quickly put an akido choke hold on O'Dingleberry and locked him away in a dark room that was infested with rats and tarantulas.

While the Disney methods of management are a bit unconventional — Roper, particularly, expressed dismay at the prospect of having to smile whenever he is in public — a few student groups have taken a liking

to some of the Disney characters.

"Well, my brothers and me invited Snow White and Cinderella to the house this weekend for some beers and wings," said Jake Usessteroids of Kappa Alphabet Soup. "I hear those babes can really pull off some wicked keg stands."

City officials have expressed concern regarding the infestation of Newark by giant rodents; some have considered taking drastic measures to remedy the new pest control problems.

Already one incident has resulted in hard feelings between Disney and the current university management: an exterminator was called in to bug bomb Memorial Hall, killing Jiminy Cricket, who was there scouting out a new office.

Absolutely no one in the university administration could be reached for comment on the death of Mr. Cricket.

The new Disney regime is slated to last forever and will most likely expand by buying the Eastern

# THE RESCREW

Founded in 1882

## And now, the Disney version

First it was ARA. Then a monopoly on Coca-Cola. Now the unthinkable has happened: the university has abdicated to the animated.

Last week the Walt Disney Corporation purchased the University of Delaware for an unchartable sum, finalizing President David S. Roper's long-standing unwritten plan to corporatize the university into oblivion.

Now it's not that we at *The Rescrew* don't like huge smiling mice. We've even been known to use them in our research. (Which newspaper does the mouse prefer to urinate on, for example, or what happens when you splice a *diptera* "make eye" gene in a mouse's butt. For the record: "The National Star," and the butt grows mouse eyes on a stalk that stare longingly at flies.)

But we do have serious reservations about the mega-merge trend in general and the Disney Corporation's hungry acquisition of everything in sight in particular. We can't help but recall the day when Disney was in the *entertainment business*, making movies and theme parks and staying the hell out of educational ventures.

Of course, there was always a thin veneer of instruction coating Disney's child-aimed projects. Just look at "Pocahontas," for example. Last summer's Disney-movie-to-end-all-Disney-movies (-until-the-next-one) was a veritable treasure trove of American history. Beside being the most egregious example of accelerated aging since Judy Garland played a 10-year-old in "The Wizard of Oz," Disney's NAP (Native American Princess) was also a little high in the hormone department. John Smith's spinning arrow, indeed.

But who cares about history? This is art, dammit! And the same sort of processes that change a friendship into a flirtation, a tragic ending into a giddily happy one, are all set to work that Disney magic on campus.

Ah, we can see it now ... first the mouse ears. Nothing cuter than the mouse ears. Mouse ears on all the Blue Hen Hosts, who, after all, have been trained in the Disney-Nazi style for years anyway. *And this is the Kappa Alfalfa house, where good little girls go to meet, nice, respectable young men. And this is Sono Halfway to Freedom, in honor of some black thing or other. And this is the President's house where you might get invited to if you do a really good job in school. Isn't the landscaping nice?*

Only it's not the President's house anymore. It's Eisner's. Gosh, this'll really piss Katzenberg off, huh? And the landscaping is now papier-mâché and plastic, with wee audio-animatronic birds singing on every tree. Somewhere in the Hotel and Restaurant Management department, students are trying on grass skirts in preparation for positions at the Polynesian Resort Hotel. Somewhere in the history department, Lincoln masturbates. *Four score years and seven inches ago ...*

As for the other curricula, we can't foresee anything good happening (and, really, why should we? We're journalists.) Literature classes are obsolete when such trivial elements as plot and characterization are deemed expendable by the management. The sciences might fare better, if only because there's still some folks somewhere hoping to thaw out Walt.

Plans have already been disclosed to give the entire campus a "new look." If we know Disney, expect a castle where Memorial now stands.

You know why Euro-Disney was such a bomb? Because Disney had been in the business of making faux-quaint-17th-century-Euro architecture for decades, and when they tried to export it back where the original stuff came from, the locals spotted it miles away: *Ça pue*. Honestly, how would you feel if a gang of French folk came toddling into Delaware to build an amusement park filled cartoon versions of log cabins, colonial forts and really awful, really baroque misrepresentations of Philadelphia's City Hall?

We've been stewing ever since we heard that Disney sold all its Magic Kingdom attractions to the highest-bidding sponsor; and that the "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" ride had been closed, ostensibly because Jacques Cousteau doesn't have that kind of cash lying about. What, ticket admissions and 300 percent markups on food inside the park don't make enough money? They need corporate sponsors for every individual ride? How much does that friggin' mouse take home, anyway?

More to the point, how much does Michael "NorthAmericaLand" Eisner make? Can we afford another money-sucker at the top of what was once an institution of higher education? Whatever Eisner's astronomical salary figure is, it is without a doubt the lion's share.

### Guest Columns

*The Rescrew* welcomes guest editorial columns from students and other members of the university community.

Columns should be 10-15 words in length, and be relevant to the affairs of the university, the nation or the world, or to any affairs you're currently involved in.

If interested, call Thor Fustigon at 831-2771, or e-mail to smegma@kludge.lib.udel.edu.

## The Rescrew

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## IN THE TRADITION OF FINE DISNEY FILMS AS THE MIGHTY DUCKS AND BIG GREEN, THE WALT DISNEY CORP. PROUDLY PRESENTS THE STORY OF A FOOTBALL TEAM WITH A SMALL PROBLEM.....

.....THEIR STATE.

# THE FIGHTING BLUE HENS

STARRING:



MIKE LEWIS as SNITCH THE REPORTER



JIMMY MILLER as THE COACH



HEATHER MOORE as THE CHEERLEADER / SCHOOL'S LONE ADMINISTRATOR



and BILL WERDE as CRAZY FAN

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

#### More Christian values, please

I would like to express by heartfelt gratitude to Paul Smith Jr., for reminding students to look to The Lord for support and guidance, and for trying to preach good Christian values at this heathen, hedonistic university.

Honestly, I don't know how he can stand to work in an office where demon-weed smoking and the selling of women's bodies is appropriate for reporting. Obviously, the people at The Review have not learned to control their more animal, heathen side, and raise themselves above the pleasures of the flesh.

Admittedly, it is very easy for me to avoid the temptation of women, because none have submitted to me in my moments of weakness. However, when I fantasize about women (not while masturbating, of course), I fantasize about having a wife who will perform bizarre and kinky sexual acts with me — while under the confines of holy matrimony. In fact, while married, I can have sex with my woman (or, as I like to think of my imaginary woman, my bitch) whenever I want. Now, isn't that preferable to rutting with random partners like dogs in the street?

And how Mr. Smith (or as I like to think of him, St. Paul) can work at that Satan's toilet paper of a newspaper, with all those queers and queer lovers is beyond me. I suppose he simply has more self-control and patience, wading among the soiled masses who approve of such God-offending activities.

Personally, I would probably feel the need to cleanse the office with holy fire, searing the devil out of that tainted, faggot-den. Better to cut off the hand if it offends ye, and better to douse the devil-paper with kerosene and burn the thing to the ground than to let it contaminate the whole university.

Peace and love,  
 Billy-Joe-Ray-Arthur-Simon Hick

#### Phallogocentric journalism must end now

I would like to bitch about the Friday, March 22 edition of The Review. First of all, I was genuinely offended by the male-oriented, testosterone laden man photo on the front cover. The Review claims to be a liberal paper — where are the minorities? Where are the women? Why

are you showing me all these damn white men? The Review seriously needs to have its photographers find women and minorities doing things, and putting them on the front page.

And the game they're playing — whiffle ball? How absolutely disgusting! Striking a thrown ball with a long, plastic phallus? I'm appalled. Not only should The Review be ashamed of giving white men such blatant coverage, but the Greek Community should be ashamed of participating in such male-centered, wind-stealing, phallus-waving activities.

Beneath this penis-waving photo is yet another white male, with his blue-and-gold tie and his self-satisfied smile, knowing he's pressing blacks and women and Hispanics and Asians and all them other folks into the Eurocentric ideal of what an educated person should be. I don't care what the state of the world is; in fact, reality is completely irrelevant — we should be concerned with ideals, with thought, not with this mortal coil of reality. Minorities should be allowed to express their separate identities, regardless of the effect it would have on the culture.

In addition, I would like to express my disapproval of the second-page story, in which The Review said that two-thirds of all AIDS cases are in the Originally-African-but-Forcibly-Removed-by-The-Oppressive-White-Man Community. This sort of reporting, although completely backed up by facts and probably of interest and use to the student body of the university, is really inappropriate for print.

However, keep them damn fags out of the paper. I don't know why, but I find them very disturbing.

Lou Beral  
 Sophomore  
 Arts and Science

#### Das Lied von der Werde

I love Bill Werde. I mean, I really do. I dream about him at night when I sleep in my cold, lonely bed, I fantasize about him while I'm in class, and I think of him while I spank it.

His words speak to me like a burning bush, and his face beams at me from his photos in the editorial page. I sit anxiously in Smith, awaiting the arrival of the weekly words of my savior, to savor his intellect and wit. I have a special place in Smith where I sit quietly, alone with the new

words of The Werde, revelling in his wisdom and insight.

I know of many others at the university who feel as I do. In fact, we are attempting to organize to form the Werde Wanna-be Lover Support Group. All those interested, please attend our meeting on April 4, in 1804 East Tower.

Werde's Devoted D disciple,  
 J. Alfred Prufrock.

#### Desirous of nomenclature elucidation

I have a question about the front page of the March 22 edition of The Review: what the screaming hell is a "veep"?

Thanks,  
 Stewart Pid  
 Senior, Engineering

#### Why am I being ignored?

I would like to express my dissatisfaction with the university's UD-Phone system. I recently attempted to change my Spring Semester schedule, but was greeted with a recording saying, "The course you have selected, Remedial Breathing 101, conflicts with your current schedule. You are dead. Please contact your dean's office. Thank you."

I've tried talking to my friends and professors about the problem, but none of them seem to hear me. I went to the dean's office, but the secretary just ignored me. What's the deal?

I tried going to Laurel Hall for a headache I've had for months, but the woman at the desk wouldn't even take my name. She pretended she didn't even hear me!

I've even had problems writing this letter — not only has my e-mail account been shut down for an unknown reason, but I couldn't even sit at a terminal at a computer site without somebody sitting in my lap and butting me off the computer!

My parents don't even call any more!  
 I'm sick of this shit, and I want some explanations.

Robert Pancake  
 Freshman  
 Arts and Science

## How I learned to cope with my slughood

It all started when I went on a semester abroad. It was my first time overseas and I had never before experienced seeing America through the eyes of another culture. It was then my eyes were opened and I realized that Americans are really stupid. We don't know anything. We're total jerks and we deserve to be hated.

On the same trip that my mother called and told me that one of my best friends from high school had committed suicide the night before. I immediately felt upset because I had never told my friend that I really cared about her. I thought how I could have made a difference in her life if only I had reached out more in recent years. I must admit I got drunk that night with a friend. Fortunately in Europe most people use public transportation so I couldn't drive under the influence. Like my friend Ed who did and got into an accident and landed in the hospital for two weeks.

But at least I felt better about mom and dad. That one phone call across the ocean made a world of difference. All at once it came to me how selfish I had been, how immature. My parents have done more for me than anyone else on this planet. Things were tough at home because of my younger sister who had a severe learning disability. I know my parents had a difficult time dealing with the situation. But I felt neglected, like they spent all their time caring about her with little left over for me. Dad stayed out sometimes drinking, too, to deal with the stress and I think he had an affair or two. But that's another story.

When I got back to Newark at the end of the semester, I had attained a new level of maturity and insight. I endeavored to read international news more often. I thought I had reached the



Under a Rock  
 Barnabas Slugworth

pinnacle of my college life. Well little did I know what lay ahead.

A couple weeks into the spring semester, another close friend, "John" (not his real name) came out to me. John and I have been buddies since freshman year. We played basketball together, hung out, partied and even talked about women. Looking back, I now realize that he never entered our conversations about the opposite sex with the enthusiasm of the rest of the guys. I must admit it hit me like a ton of bricks. I would never had thought John was gay. He didn't dress in drag or anything. I had to question my own masculinity. Did I want to have sex with other guys too? Why was I friends with Eric? Was all that PC stuff right after all?

I did a lot of thinking about sexuality. Am I bisexual? I don't feel attracted to other guys. I came to the conclusion that I was straight.

But when he talked about breaking free from society's molds, I began to open up myself to deep yearnings I had never acknowledged before in my heart, and I don't mean about sexuality. Like (this will sound very strange), wanting to call under a rock, want to climb trees but not with my legs but rather on my stomach. This turned me on more than the thought of sex.

Slowly a realization settled upon my mind. Inside I was ... a slug.

Yes, I am a slug in a man's body. It took me a long time until I was able to tell anyone. Obviously I thought John would understand so I told him first. Outwardly he was very accepting but I could tell even he had a struggle. But he suggested I get in contact with CAS (Creatures Against Speciesism). I slithered back to my dorm room after stopping by White Clay Creek to explore a few trees with a newfound sense of freedom and empowerment. The "man" who answered CAS turned out to be a giraffe trapped

in a person's body. He listened patiently and gave me some information about the nearest SA meeting (Slugs Anonymous).

I was pretty nervous at first. I couldn't believe the beautiful professional woman I sat next too was also a slug, or the beefy guy who coaches high school football. I didn't know how much I had internalized my slugophobia, how much I resented being labelled a creature to be stepped on and despised. Finally I was able to say my name and that I too was a slug, how ever since I was a kid I loved to ooze around the house. I remember the time in biology class we went out to the field looking for insects, lizards and other creeping things, the sense of camaraderie I felt when I discovered a brother slug. They didn't gross me out like other kids. I used to wake up in the middle of the night, crawl out the window and eat stuff in the garden.

So where am I now? Learning to live with and accept my slughood. I've gained new strength and insight from Bradshaw's "Healing the Slug Within" book which has encouraged me to renounce the toxic shame put on me by other slug haters. I'm working to raise consciousness about the negative stereotypes perpetrated against slugs. We are everywhere. We will not hide under a rock unless we want to.

In the meantime, I've changed my major to biology and psychology in order to further my goal of helping others in my predicament. I must admit my life is somewhat unsettled. Some of my friends have left, but I've found new ones from CAS — a spider, woodchuck and garden snake (we slither around together). But a vacation would do me some good -- I need a week on a nice dark forest floor.

Yes, a lot has changed in my life since that semester abroad. I think I'll find the next dark, moist cargo hold on a ship and go back.

Barnabas Slugworth is a lifeless mass of organic chemicals, and an editorial



Spring rains cancel all sporting events indefinitely

# SEXION 2

And you thought Dennis Rodman was terrifying before ...  
page A6



Tuesday, April 1, 1996



The boys from Bon Jovi were joined onstage by folk singer Christine Lavin and rapper Snow. Photo Illustration by Christine Fuller.

## Bon Jovi rides into the Bob

By CLYDE ZEEK BANGER

Friday night, the Bob roared like a bored-out hot-rodged big block Ford 302. Glam-rock juggernauts Bon Jovi were the high octane fuel responsible for the crowd's fire.

Opening acts Whitesnake and Europe were bitchin' as well.

For the most part, the majority of the crowd was still out in their cars getting tweaked when Europe took the stage. Clad in moussed-to-the-hilt hair, red and black tiger stripe bandanas, and long satin overcoats, Europe strolled onto the stage as a giant inflatable missile rocketed overhead amidst lots of smoke and explosions.

By the time Europe rocked into their closing anthem of nuclear destruction, "The Final Countdown," the crowd was on their feet, banging their heads in unison, sweat dripping from their moustaches, and their hands clenched tightly above their heads in the universal symbol of rock and roll.

David Coverdale and Whitesnake must

have shopped at the same clothes store as Europe, for they too sported the slamin' satin overcoat look. Most of their songs rocked along at a decent pace, as the crowd pumped their fists in approval, but again, like Europe, it was the rocking "Here I Go Again" that brought the crowd into a frenzy.

Maybe the crowd's crazed response to the booming chorus ("Here I go again on my own, like a drifter I was born to walk alone") had nothing to do with Whitesnake — it could be that every dude in the show was just picturing himself jumpin' the bones of that chick spread-eagled on the hood of the Jaguar in the song's video.

When Whitesnake departed, the die was cast ... Bon Jovi was about to take the stage. It was moments away, the crowd could smell it through the clouds of Stetson — Bon Jovi had arrived in Newark.

Bon Jovi opened with the blistering cut Bad Medicine off of 1989's New Jersey.

With lyrics approaching New Jersey's other bad boy, Bruce Springsteen, in their depth, "Your love is like bad medicine, bad medicine is what I need woohoo!" Bon Jovi ripped the crown to attention.

With pyrotechnics reminiscent of Kiss in their heyday, Bon Jovi cruised into their second song, "Living On A Prayer," from their breakthrough 1986 album "Slippery When Wet." The chicks up front swaying in unison in their painted on acid-washed jeans and their hairspray queen hair were some of the hottest to ever hit the Bob. A hell of a lot more rock and roll than all of those spaced hippy girls who rolled up in the minibuses for that wussy Phish show a couple of years back.

Just when it seemed that the pleather pants clad Boys' from Jersey were about to set the Bob on fire, they were joined onstage by two of their biggest fans. Folksinger Christine Lavin and reggae rapper Snow — who attended the show

together — jumped aboard for a slew of searing covers, starting with Lionel Richie's "Dancin' On The Ceiling."

"Oh what a feeling!" Lavin roared as a confused John Bon Jovi and a grinning Richie Sambora doused her with a barrel of warm goat blood.

The band then shifted gears for a funky, disco rendition of Snow's one-and-only hit "Informer." During the song's add-libbed drum solo, university President David S. Roper became overwhelmed and just had to join in.

"The monumental equestrian review of funky pulsations ebbing from Bon Jovi's meritorious percussionist was unmistakably irresistible," Roper said.

Roper was spotted after the show sliding conspicuously backstage with Snow and a couple of Newark High School cheerleaders after the promise of free poppers and possibly ludes from the guys in Europe. His face was lit up like Dennis

Hopper in "Blue Velvet," and Roper appeared to be doing his damndest to make up for the fact that Bon Jovi had declined to play his requested encore of Winger's ode to all things statutory "She's Only Seventeen."

When their final set wound down, Bon Jovi didn't seem to have anything to do, and they agreed to stick around and chat over lattes at Brewed Awakenings. In response to a question as to whether their power-cord laden cover of Hootie And The Blowfish's "Hold My Hand," was just a shallow attempt to boost the band's waning credibility among teenage fans, lead singer John Bon Jovi replied smiling, "I'm a cowboy. On a steel horse I ride; I'm wanted dead or alive." John seemed sincere and positive in his answer, but his bravado could not conceal the fact that in his heart he probably feels like a guy who hasn't scored since 1986.

## Decrepit Muck: Seven reasons to say 'Yuck'

Dionne Warwick, Alan Alda, MC Hammer, and Hootie and the Blowfish join forces with Trent Reznor

By ZACCHEUS  
The Tuxman

First, there was the Byrds and the Yardbirds. Later, there was Boston, Asia and Power Station. In the '90s the Minneapolis-based Golden Smog popped up.

The history of the Supergroup is a long and winding one; most of the time it's for fun, but more often than not it's purely for one thing and one thing only: da moolah.

Last week Spume Records announced the emergence of a Supergroup that just might be the most awesome ever to join forces. Hootie and the Blowfish, MC Hammer, Dionne Warwick, Alan Alda and Trent Reznor have joined forces to create the megaband Decrepit Muck.

"We were all in a bar in Pawtucket, Massachusetts one night because none of us can get gigs, and we all hit it off," Warwick says. "Well, me and Hammer couldn't get gigs. Alan's a freak, Hootie and those guys are just losers and I have no idea why Trent was there."

Reznor is the mastermind behind the Decrepit Muck project. He says he was thinking about a forming a Supergroup and wanted just the right chemistry. He found that chemistry in the bar in Pawtucket that night.

"I don't know what it was. Hammer started doing that whole 'Can't Touch This' dance, and then Dionne and Alan joined in," Reznor says. "Then the Hootie guys started doing this annoying rhythmless dance around them."

"I was watching this whole scene thinking, 'I'd love to see these people writhe in enormous pain.' That's what Decrepit Muck is all about."

The hallways and soundbooths at Foul Matter Studios — where Decrepit Muck is recording their debut album, "Fecal Offspring" — are dark and dingy

and reek of something terrible. In Booth 1 is Dean Felber of the Blowfish and Warwick. They're both naked, tied up with chicken wire, and they have little red rubber balls stuffed in their mouths. When Reznor gives the signal, the balls are removed and Alda and Hammer stick hot poker on their rumps. Predictably, they wail, and the gorgeous sounds are recorded for a song called "Beauty And Dung Without End."

It makes a ton of sense that Hammer and Warwick would do this; after all, as the Psychic Friend says, they really have nothing better to do. Alda is a freak, and Reznor is the gleeeful ring-leader. But why would the Hooties take part in Decrepit Muck when they're already multi-platinum on their own?

"As you know from our first album, 'Cracked Rear View,' we just want to do what's popular," singer/guitarist Darius Rucker says. "Trent's whole pain-and-anguish thing is what's hot now, so we just want to buy into that."

"Fecal Offspring" is a pain-riddled wall of sound with lots of screaming and loads of feedback set to a techno beat. Reznor wrote the album's opening track, "Bloody Hot Dog," when he saw Alda take a hard fall on the stairs at Foul Matter.

"His nose looked like a bloody hot dog," Reznor says, laughing. "His head kind of bounced a few times on the stairway, and after I laughed for about five minutes I ran back inside and wrote the song as fast as I could."

Hammer says he loves his bandmate/producer. "Trent's really a great guy. I don't let the way he beats and pounds on us bother me," Hammer says. "He doesn't hate us or anything. He just wants to sell records."

"We have a motto in Decrepit Muck: We'll bleed as much red as you want, as long as we get the green. Ha



THE RESCEW / File Photo

The sludge behind Decrepit Muck (clockwise, from lower left): Reznor, Alda, Felber, Soni, Rucker, Bryan, Hammer and Warwick. Be afraid. Be very afraid.

ha ha!" Alda shrieks. "You know, I kind of like it when Trent beats on me. Turns me on a little."

Other notable tracks on "Fecal Offspring" include "You Ain't Nothin' But A Hell Mongrel," a remake of Hootie's "Hold My Hand" entitled "Clench My Innards," and a searing ballad called "Mucus, Pus, Mucus."

"We were all tripping on acid one day, and we all started crying," Muck guitarist/gimp Mark Bryan said. "Then Trent takes out this whip and starts wailing on Jim Soni. The mucus and the pus was flying everywhere. It was gorgeous."

Contrary to popular belief, the normally graceful Warwick fits in with the rest of The Muck quite well.

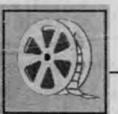
"I've always had a dark side. Even when I did that whole 'We Are The World' thing," she says.

As the "den mother" of the band, Warwick has also concocted a mantra that embodies the harsh, brutal beatings that make the band's recording sessions so fruitful.

"That's what friends are for," Warwick laughs, with a look that makes you believe that she could suck the blood right out of a small farm animal.



# The Sur-Reel Thing



## Dennis Rodman tackles role as disgruntled college reporter

BY JENNY TALLA  
Prozac Distribution Chief

One may never realize the ease that can be met with by criminals when attempting a terrorist attack.

Seasoned production veteran Ralph Lauren's newest film to hit the big screen, "Terrorist Times," is a tragic and violent tale of pre-20s rage.

"Terrorist Times" chronicles the struggle of an alliance of disgruntled college reporters, led by Dennis Rodman, who plays a frustrated sports writer with an unusual voice known as "Myron Sweetster." He and his colleagues take over Guinness College with a series of terrorist acts, all for recognition and fame.

Rodman's explosive performance is enhanced by his team of vandals, consisting of an angered Gilbert Gottfried as Jimbo, RuPaul as Tony, and newcomer Philip Anselmo, better known for his work with the metal act Pantera, as himself.

Together this team, with only the bare essentials, conquers the university with sheer firepower stolen from the campus police station in a dawn-hour raid.

Rodman out-muscles the guards of the famed weapons cabinet and blows the doors off with a plastic explosive he constructed with the aid of the entire staff of the paper "The Daily Bozac."

From there, the terror squad hardens their once-soft feelings,

loads up and gets ready to shoot off like the best of the big guns in Hollywood.

Their first mission is to take an entire fraternity hostage in the comfort of their own home and to force them at gunpoint to perform acts which are less than decent while playing their favorite board games. With a little persuasion by Anselmo and his waving pistol, two of them actually do it, in the conservatory, with a lead pipe.

After violating the brotherhood, Gottfried leads the team on a mission to sneak into the dining hall and score more than one serving of shrimp.

When the server fails to fulfill his request, Gottfried's leaps over the counter and starts lodging kitchen utensils in the server's backside until they are no longer visible.

Meanwhile, Rodman and Anselmo, tattoos blazing, pistol-whip and clobber anyone who decides to get brave and prohibit the terrorists from getting their way.

After being ejected from all campus sporting activities for masturbating on the hot dog vender, Rodman's character Sweetster has a personal score to settle with the athletics association at the school.

The quartet rushes the stadium filled with fans and takes the entire paid attendance hostage.

Delaware native, Peter "Ratso" Bothum even makes a guest cameo in this scene as football coach Stubby Crayfish. He gets a piece of the action as he convinces the cheerleaders to work with the terrorists and secure the exits, for which they will be rewarded sexually at a later date by him and his team



Marvelous special effects and technology show the terrorist group actually morph into the robot "Voltron."

In the new state, they are now able to accurately shoot and kill all those running for the doors with an actual 12-gigawatt laser cannon. As the robot blows away student after student it slowly runs out of power and dies, taking its crew along with it.

A magnificent explosion which demolishes the stadium turf kills the terrorists and the university can once again operate safely.

This movie clearly sky-rocketed over its \$69 trillion dollar budget allowed by Review Pictures with its phenomenal staff, production, and special effects.

Though tragic at times, it's a great date movie. Perfect for you and that special person whom you are trying to impress.



# The Fuzz

## What your cat really wants to know

Fuzzy Wuzzy had a bear. Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair. Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't very fuzzy was he?

This one-time-only edition of The Fuzz won't address that question or any other question containing any semblance of importance at all.

So enjoy, Newark. And don't get a hair ball caught in your throat.

### MTV VJ's REUNION

Last weekend the best and the worst VJ's in MTV's history got together in a field somewhere in Kentucky to celebrate nothing at all except for the fact that their careers have gone absolutely nowhere.

The event, dubbed "Cheeseballs Unite: 1996," turned into a circus long before it was expected to. Nina Blackwood's nipple ring became entangled in Martha Quinn's hair when the two got into a cat fight. Alan Hunt, J.J. Jackson and the two Browns, Downtown Julie and plain old Julie got so smashed on Gin and Juice that they puked all over the food and got everybody else sick.

But the evening's biggest disaster came when Adam Curry and his infamous big hair showed up and his hair spray quit on him. The ensuing spaghetti soup of people was a disaster; the event turned into one giant orgy.

Not that anyone was surprised.

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Not that anyone was surprised.

### TAKE A SLAB AT IT

Newark heavy metal outfit Slab has done it again. The band, guitarist Ratso Ramone, bassist El Torro, singer/executioner Vomit Chunk, drummer Killer and singer Laverne DiFazio, will release their new disc, "Blood Biscuit," following a CD release party on the tennis courts on Academy

Street.

The album, which features a guest appearance from former Slab member Bloody Hickey, will be released on Slab's new label "Metal Mucus Records."

Hickey also contributes a few tracks, including "Plowman" and "Ecnivi's Lyric," which he co-wrote with Vomit Chunk.

By far the album's best track is "Mouth Full 'O Maggots," with strong, searing lyrics like "Suck-Christ coming at you/ Like a freight train of pain/ Buttrammung slop holes/ Stinging sweat of ass moles."

### COREY LOVES LATOYA

Their careers were in shambles. One had to settle for a spot on the psychic network, the other was still looking and it didn't look like the phone would be ringing anytime soon.

For the former, Latoya Jackson, and the latter, Corey Feldman, Miramax Film's new flick "Joanie Loves Chachi" was like a savior. The movie, based on the short-lived "Happy Day's" spin-off, will begin shooting next week with Feldman as spunky Chachi and Jackson will try to stretch to be the soft, sweet-loving Joanie.

"What else am I gonna do? Rock 'n' Roll High School Part 2?" Feldman asks in an exclusive Fuzz interview. Actually, no one else wanted to talk to him.

"Corey Haim won't talk to me. Michael Jackson is too busy with his friends and all his other little chicks, so I'm left to fend for myself, you know?"

Latoya was very happy to get the role.

"I'm getting a little too saggy for Playboy," she says. "At least now I'll get some play. Ha ha haaaa!"

—Dudemeyer Jones

**REVIEW RATINGS**  
 ☆☆☆☆ No sucks here.  
 ☆☆☆☆ Pretty suck-less.  
 ☆☆☆☆ Some suckiness.  
 ☆☆☆☆ Can you say sucks?  
 ☆☆☆☆ Suck-arama Mama.

## In the Theaters

### Broken Arrow

Finally, the John Wayne Bobbit story comes to film. Gerard Depardieu is fantastic as the de-arranged Bobbitt (his second castration on film), and Courtney Love checks in as an wild extroverted Lorena.

Save for the extremely grisly castration scene, this film is a sweet love story for the '90s.

### Grumpiest Old Men

Since there's nothing shaking with the U.S. government — thanks to a sluggish, sludge-filled Congress — Washington's favorite old guys, Bob Dole and Jesse Helms, have taken their act to Hollywood.

Dole and Helms are not-so-friendly neighbors who playfully duke it out in a competition for their babelicious pal, Wanda, played marvelously by — you guessed it — Anita Hill. The sexual harassment is enjoyably continuous and the racist dialogue

between Dole and Helms is hilarious.

### Hellraiser: Copperline

This ultra-gory horror flick, which stars living folk legend James Taylor as Pinhead, is based loosely around the lyrics to his late 1980s hit "Copperline." It is a continuation of the "Hellraiser" series, but with a slight twist: this time Pinhead wields a steel acoustic guitar that he uses to smash into helpless teeny boppers.

Oh, and there aren't pins in Pinheads face; now they're guitar picks. Keep the kids far away. Very, very far away.

### Leaving Las Cruces

Cheech Marin stars sans Chong in an ultra-hip film about a fat and aging has-been Chicano stage actor named Juan who holes himself up in a high-way-side New Mexico Super 8 with a bag of marijuana and the intention of smoking himself to death.

David Lynch regular Sherilyn Finn plays Lolita, a blonde bombshell behind the counter at the Super 8 who becomes Marin's love interest and who can't

forgive him for his perpetual joint habit. But the sparks really fly when Don Knots jumps in — reprising his role on "Three's Company" as Mr. Firley.

### Rumble in Bangor

The yuppies had control of everything in this small, New Hampshire town — that is, until Paul Ruben took over.

No longer the wimpy Pee Wee Herman of TV's "Playhouse," "Big Adventure" and "Big Top" fame, Ruben has buffed up and taken on a rich, tough German accent.

This film is chock-full of heart-thumping, non-stop action that will keep you on the edge of your seat. Biggest highlight: Ruben blows the head off one terrorist and exclaims "I meant to do that."

### Up Close & Way Too Personal

Andrew McCarthy and Emilio Estevez play two dudes with really bad breath.

—compiled by Stinky Smith and Happy Harry

## Movie Times

140 Uganda Hall (All movies \$1)

**Oldark S&M Center (555-BEAT)**  
 (All times good through Thursday, April 8)  
 Tightly Bound II 5:45, 7:45 If Lewis Fell 8:15  
 Dead Man Talking 5:45 Executive Ketchup 5:30, 8

**Nia Peoples Plaza 13 (555-LOST)**  
 (All times good through Thursday, April 8)  
 Kaiser Roll IV: Butterlines 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10:30  
 Bobbit Pleasure Island 1:25, 4:25, 7:25  
 Dead Man Talking 9:55 Broken Farrow 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 9:50  
 Rumble in Tajo 1:20, 4:20, 7:20, 9:55  
 Bird Droppings 1, 4, 7, 9:30  
 Executive Mustard 1:05, 4:05, 7:05, 10:05  
 Ed Would (XXX) 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 9:40  
 Down Periscope 1:35, 4:35, 7:35, 9:45  
 Below the Belt and Personal (XXX) 1, 4, 7, 10:05  
 Nick Cage 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10: Wayward Hound II 1:05, 4:05, 7:05, 9:30  
 Mr. Lewis' Opus 12:50, 3:50, 6:50, 9:50  
 Hungry Hippos 1:10, 4:10, 7:10, 9:35

**Christina Applegate Mall (555-STRIP)**  
 (All times good through Thursday, April 4)  
 Kaja Goo Goo 2:15, 4:30, 7, 9:20  
 Men At Work 3, 6:45, 9:15  
 Duran Duran 2, 4:30, 7, 9:20  
 Flock Of Seagulls 2:45, 6:15, 9:15  
 Naked Eyes 2, 4, 6:30, 8:30

**Markie Mark Movies 10 (555-SUCK)**  
 (All times good through Thursday, April 4)  
 Defender 12:45, 2:55, 5:05, 7:20, 9:30  
 Combat in the Bronx 12:45, 3, 5:20, 7:35, 10  
 Warlords 4:15, 9:35  
 If Vanguard Fell 1:20, 7:15  
 Adventure 1:05, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 9:50  
 Vars Revenge 12:55, 3:05, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45  
 Kaboom 1, 3:15, 5:25, 7:40, 9:55  
 Pacman 12:50, 3:10, 5:30, 7:45  
 Ms. Pacman 10:05  
 Missile Command 1:05, 4:10, 7:05, 9:55  
 Asteroids 1:10, 4:05, 7, 9:50  
 Berserk 1:15, 4, 7, 9:40

**Chill Pill Cinema Cafe (555-PILL)**  
 (All times good through Thursday, April 4)  
 Anthony Michael Hall 6:45, 9:15  
 Peat 7:30

**The Scrunge (You know where it is)**  
 Menu: Life Portrait 1, 3, 4:30, 7:45, 10, 12  
 Whatever Happened To Vanilla Ice? 5, 7, 9:45, 12  
 The Stew Steamwobble Story 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00  
 The 1995 Delaware Blueberry Pancakes Softball Team Highlights 7, 7:10, 7:20, 7:30, 7:40, 7:50

## Your Stars This Week

### Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)

Don't worry about your dad. He's stopped wearing your mom's cotton panties and has started wearing yours. Jelly licorice is your lucky flavor in jelly beans.

### Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)

The tooth fairy will try to visit you. He will want to buy all your teeth for a cool mil. Let him. With all that cash, you can afford a new set.

### Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20)

Bruce Springsteen will show up on your doorstep with a truckload of gouda cheese. Stack up on Ritz crackers so you can share this yummy snack with the Boss.

### Gemini (May 21-June 21)

Withdraw all the money in your savings account and buy a one-way ticket to Hawaii. A woman in a pink dress will greet you with a colorful lei. Learn to dance the hula with Don "Tiny Bubbles" Ho.

### Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Award-winning journalists are strangely attracted to you. Share your mind, body and soul with these complex and wonderful creatures — you won't regret it.

### Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)

If your mate is becoming too clingy, buy him or her some Static Guard and a banana. If your mate is becoming too distant, call him or her "Babs" and suck on an earlobe. If you don't have a mate, watch lots and lots of "Star Trek."

### Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

Spend this time alone, as others are getting tired of inhaling your odiferous stench. Take a shower, for crying out loud!

### Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)

Rent a car and drive to California. The impromptu trip will cost you lots of money. In an ideal world, something wonderful would happen to you in L.A. But this isn't an ideal world, so be prepared to get fired from your job and contract a vicious case of crabs.

### Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)

Grow up. It's about time, don't you think? And stop crying before I give you something to cry about.

### Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Squirrels are breeding in your walls. Don't call an exterminator — this is a good omen. Also, a woman named Marge may call and ask you to dinner. She makes a mean pot roast, so accept her invitation.

### Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

Lemon yellow is your most sensual color. You may want to consider dyeing your hair that luscious shade. Piercing genitals makes you stupid, not brave, so pierce your nose instead.

### Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

The circus will try to pitch its tent in your house. The elephants will take up so much room, the clowns will be forced to seek shelter in your bed. Don't fight it — this could be a nice change of pace.

## Book Crook

**Holy Bible**  
 Yahweh  
 HarperCollins  
 Rating: ☆☆☆☆

BY REV. CARL LAFONG

Good Shepherd  
 Well, Mediocore Shepherd anyway

Once upon a time, a king was sitting around the palace, guzzling wine with his cronies, when a big disembodied hand appeared out of nowhere and wrote incomprehensible words on his wall. The unnerved king, on advice from his queen, sent for her favorite psychic or spiritual adviser (not like all those other psychics — this one really cares!).

The psychic showed up and immediately rattled off his translation to the king: your kingdom's finished and so are you.

The king died that very night.

A fine story, that, but one that lacks a final ironic punch. You want the smartest psychic to get sent up for the king's death. This is just one of many stories in the fascinating, multi-layered work called "Holy Bible" by a certain Yahweh, published last week by HarperCollins.

As a literary debut, this one's a stunner. Nominally it's a history spanning thousands of years in the life of a primitive tribe (patently fictionalized, but with enough nods to Middle Eastern culture to imbue it with a resonance of reality). Weighing in at a whopping 1,291 pages (with rumors that many additional chapters were excised by outraged editors due to purported inconsistencies) "Holy Bible" isn't so much a novel as a compendium of interrelated tales, drawing from a similar bank of imagery and archetype.

The book opens with the beginning of the world, telescoping all of human prehistory into the brief residency of two naked, uncivilized persons in a garden. Their history from then on is the history of the species. We see echoes of Thornton Wilder's Antrobus family, from "The Skin of Our Teeth," at every turn, ever persevering in the face of calamity — indeed, the use of the character name "Cain" and the inclusion of a world-wide flood is a direct lift job from the Wilder play.

Apart from the occasional borrowing, though, Yahweh's narrative sense leads him through some powerful story territory. The characters bicker, betroth and betray each other at every turn. The tribe fights for survival against its enemies, which bloodthirsty group seems to be everybody else in the world. Kingdoms fall like leaves, with no rhyme

or reason behind the tumult. In two separate sequences, in telling opposition, the deity, poised Godzilla-like to destroy an entire city, elects not to do so because the inhabitants are dyslexic and own cattle, while two other cities are leveled because the people therein are oversexed.

Despite its confident storytelling, however, "Holy Bible" is unmistakably the work of an author early in his development. Yahweh tries to do everything with this book, from an ongoing exploration of Why Bad Things Happen to Good People to an extended hallucinatory rhapsody at the end which posits global destruction by various means.

Just when you get comfortable with the historical stories, wham! along comes chapters of poetry, folk wisdom and erotica. Just when you're accustomed to the hatred and bloodshed, wham! along comes a brand new character who starts a radical movement espousing peace, love and humility.

This unexpectedly central figure, Jesus, provides the momentum for the last quarter of "Holy Bible." In fact, after four disparate accounts of his life, the book turns epistolary and discusses at excruciating length Jesus's philosophy from the point of view of one of his followers, an uptight little fella called Paul. Even here, though, Yahweh gets in a few splendid turns of phrase:

"And likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the woman, burned in their lust one toward another; men with men working that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet."

Unseemly! Seldom has any author captured the complex shadings of the closeted male homosexual psyche in denial.

It should be noted: I proceed above under the assumption that Yahweh is male, though the scarcity of biographical information on the author would put Thomas Pynchon to shame. If HarperCollins knows who this young talent is, they're not telling. The voice, however, is distinctly masculine — and the early tribe's deity, a borderline personality disorder who seems to be an alter-ego of Yahweh, like Pynchon's Herbert Stencil, refers to himself with third-person masculine pronouns throughout the first half of the book.

If this, then, is Yahweh's "V" — they are both collections of intertwined narratives spanning time and place, and they are both fruitless quests for elusive, ephemeral meaning — what can we expect from him in the years to come? Given the heft of this current book, will we even be able to lift Yahweh's "Gravity's Rainbow"?

A. "He-he-he-he, kind of outsmarted you, eh, little chum?"

B. "JOHN FLANDERS KITTERIDGE ... HIS CHUMS CALL HIM 'FLAN.'"

## movie lines

C. "At times your sense of humor is a little too malicious, chum."

D. "My rooms are in Trinity. And I've a dining club whose members would, if I'm not mistaken, interest you. No need to bring your chum."

(A) Tardis from "Doctor Who" (B) "Maurice" (C) "The Untouchables" (D) "The Untouchables" (E) "The Untouchables" (F) "The Untouchables" (G) "The Untouchables" (H) "The Untouchables" (I) "The Untouchables" (J) "The Untouchables" (K) "The Untouchables" (L) "The Untouchables" (M) "The Untouchables" (N) "The Untouchables" (O) "The Untouchables" (P) "The Untouchables" (Q) "The Untouchables" (R) "The Untouchables" (S) "The Untouchables" (T) "The Untouchables" (U) "The Untouchables" (V) "The Untouchables" (W) "The Untouchables" (X) "The Untouchables" (Y) "The Untouchables" (Z) "The Untouchables" (AA) "The Untouchables" (AB) "The Untouchables" (AC) "The Untouchables" (AD) "The Untouchables" (AE) "The Untouchables" (AF) "The Untouchables" (AG) "The Untouchables" (AH) "The Untouchables" (AI) "The Untouchables" (AJ) "The Untouchables" (AK) "The Untouchables" (AL) "The Untouchables" (AM) "The Untouchables" (AN) "The Untouchables" (AO) "The Untouchables" (AP) "The Untouchables" (AQ) "The 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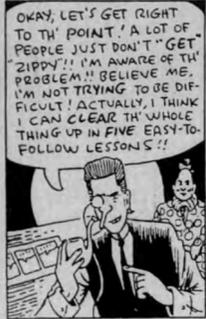
**INCORRECT  
DATE**

# **INCONSISTENT PAGINATION**

ZIPPY

"LESSON ONE"

Bill Griffant



TOMORROW: UNDERSTANDING TH' GRIFFY / ZIPPY RELATIONSHIP!

ZIPPY

"LESSON FOUR"

Bill Griffant

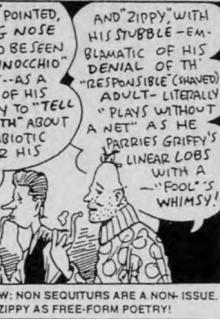


TOMORROW: TH' POP CULTURE LANDSCAPE / Z & G LOVE IT... & HATE IT!

ZIPPY

"LESSON TWO"

Bill Griffant



TOMORROW: NON SEQUITURS ARE A NON-ISSUE. READING ZIPPY AS FREE-FORM POETRY!

ZIPPY

"LESSON FIVE"

Bill Griffant



SO THAT'S IT!! WE HOPE THIS CRASH COURSE IN "RATIONAL ABSURDITY" HAS GIVEN TH' DOORS OF PERCEPTION FOR YOU TO TH' WACKY, UNDERSTANDING WORLD OF "ZIPPY THE PINHEAD"!!

ZIPPY

"LESSON THREE"

Bill Griffant



TOMORROW: A SAMPLE STRIP AND HOW TO DE-CODE IT!

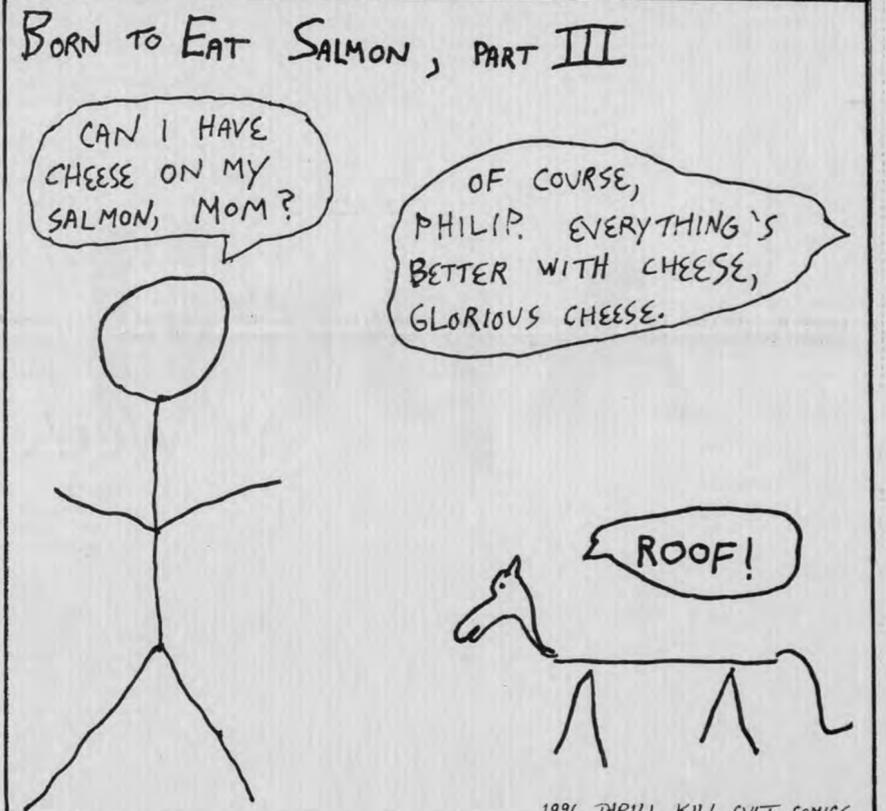
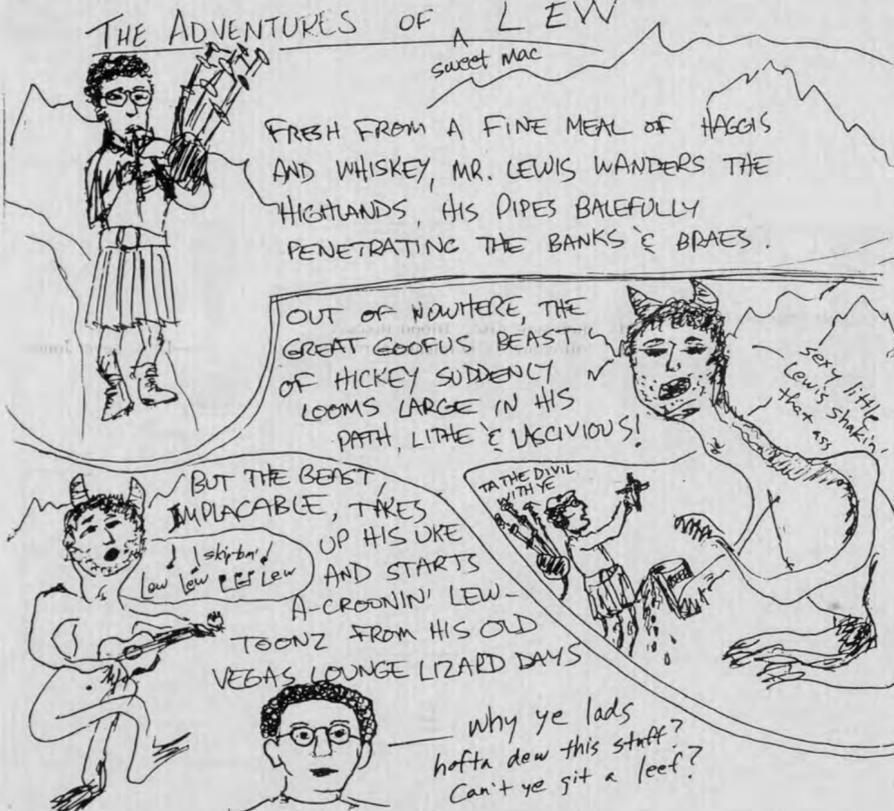
ZIPPY

"LESSON SIX"

Bill Griffant

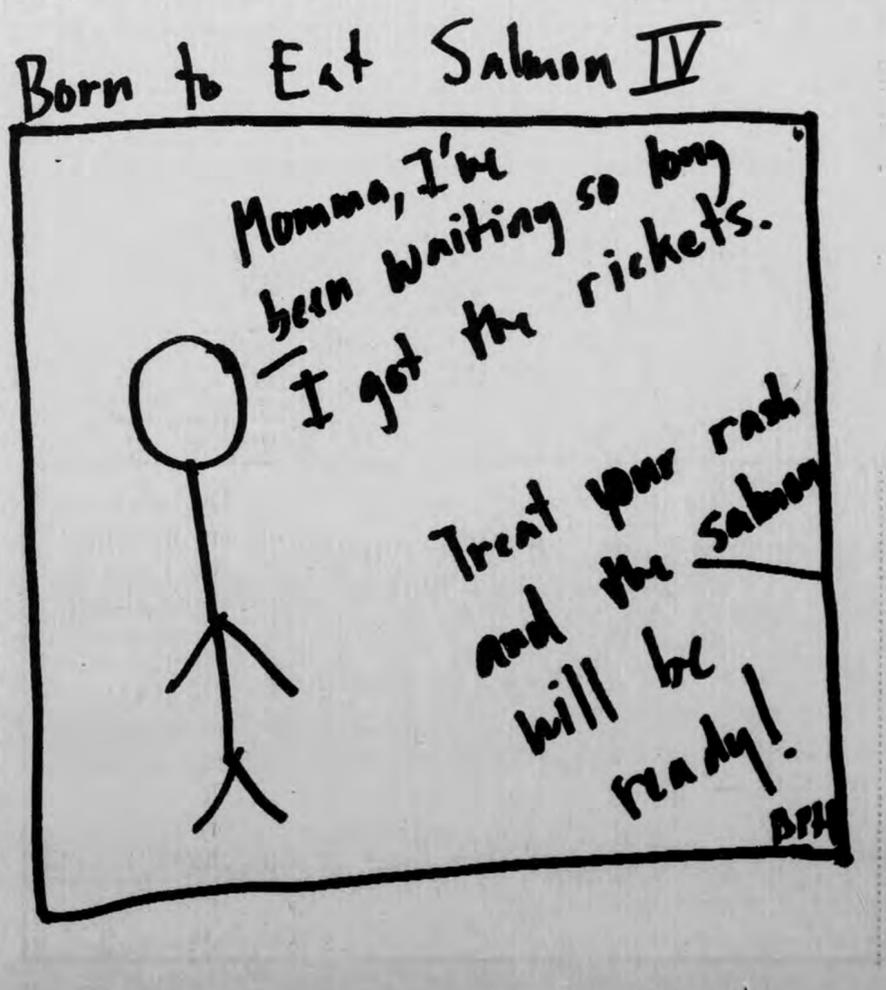


ALL WE ASK FOR AS CARTOON CHARACTERS IS YOUR UNDYING LOYALTY AND ATTENTION!! AND A HEALTHY DOSE OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE!! "ZIPPY" T-SHIRT, MUGS & CD-ROMS? ...AND WHEN'S THAT NEW FLORIDA THEME PARK OPENING? HA, HA, HA, HA!!



# Classifrieds

- FOR SALE**
- Microdots ECSTASY- Mother tested and kid approved. Single doses available or quantities. Call 831-4990 for a good deal.
  - FAKE ID'S - guaranteed to work. Call for state availability and questions. Sold by appointment only. Call 295-1251 and ask for Slick Dick.
  - SEX! SEX! SEX! - Comfortable sex lounge where you can get away from it all. M/F available. Appointment or walk-in dates. Call 831-1395 to get your jollies.
  - FOR RENT: CRACKHOUSE- beautiful Newark location. 3 bedroom, 1 full bath, newly remodeled kitchen. Some work needed. E-mail Craktown Real Estate at Craktown@udel.edu.
  - ELEPHANT RIDES- we specialize in birthday parties and greek events. Contact Oakland at 837-1603. Don't make me use my elephant in a bad way. I have the devil carved in my chest. I'll kick your ass!!!!
  - Harrington A residence hall room. Overlooks Harrington Beach. Call
- ROOMMATES**
- Transsexual seeks partner to live with in Gilbert residence hall. Tattoos and scarification a must. Call Nathaniel Hornblower at 837-0087.
  - Females needed to share 3 bdrm apartment on Haines St. You must masturbate to live here. Call 374-WANK for an audition. Bring your own power tools.
- HELP WANTED**
- Can you suck the chrome off of a trailer hitch? Casting calls for a Newark based porn documentary next month. Call Oakland at 837-1603 for details.
- PERSONALS**
- Scott Goss will FIGHT all challengers. All of you sissies come on down and he'll kick your head in. Call 831-2771.
  - SOILED PANTIES WANTED!!! yes, we want yours. Just peel those
- things off your behind and drop em off at Uncle Eddie's place. Call 837-1603 for directions.**
- SUCKING, LICKING, SECTION PANTIES-** in full effect for the nissies!!! Inquire within.
- I love you KEITH WINER.** I want to tear your clothes off and make ride you like a pony. Love Peaches.
- Gamma Smegma Smegma Pledges** - Good Luck, Keep degrading yourselves! Love, Pledge Execs
- ANNOUNCEMENTS**
- Congrats to Daddy Ratso and his new pack of Method Rats born March 30.
  - Kelly Brosnahan is the bomb!! E mail her at kelkel@udel.edu.
  - FREE CREDIT CARD FRAUD CLASSES! Tuesday and Thursday 7:30pm, Saturday 6:00pm starting March 19. Send us \$29.95 and your SS#, a copy of your license, and your mother.



# April Fools!

