Dozens to undergo psychiatric help

Sprague riot rocks campus

By Slim Precocious
Scrap Writer

A riot occurred Tuesday night when hundreds of MSC students stormed Hair E. Sprague Library upon hearing that the change machines were actually filled with dimes and all four copiers were in working condition.

Eleventh-year senior Betty Frappington was first to discover the missing red "Out of Order" light on the change machine at the entrance to the lower level of the library.

She had gone to the library to make copies of her friend Todd's notebook, since she had not had time to make it to class this semester.

"I—I didn't know what to do," said a confused Frappington. "That red light's always on. It has been since I was a freshman in '77.

I was all ready to curse and walk to the student circus to get change, then I saw the light was out. Then, I don't know, I guess I freaked out. I started screaming, and a librarian came to help me, but she fainted when she saw the light out. Then a teacher came to help, but he didn't know what to do, either."

Acting President Donut Know Mimind was finally called in to assess the situation. Mimind finally ordered Frappington to put her dollar bill in the machine. Both were astonished to see a handful of change appear at the slot below.

As soon as the official word was passed, that the change machine was indeed in working order, students hurried to tell their friends, and the race to get change was on.

Students studying for midterms in the library were the first to get news of the freak occurrence. Despite certain groups' attempts to keep the windfall a secret, word leaked out to the rest of the campus.

The Mediocre baseball team flocked to the library in full uniform, their metal cleats tearing huge gaps in the carpeting, but that's another story.

Eventually, word reached the stupid center annex, where dozens of dollar-holders were waiting on line at the change machines or buying newspapers with five-dollar bills.

Full-fledged panic then set in, with both groups racing to the lower level of Sprague Library.

"I have no idea how this happened. The change machines are supposed to be emptied every morning at ten a.m.," explained library director Oscar Meyer.

"Either an employee forgot to take the money out or some prankster filled it with dimes as some sort of cheap joke," said Meyer. "I want this campus to know that the filling of the change machines was, in no way, sanctioned by Hair E. Sprague Library or its employees."

MiMInd issued a likewise comment, excusing the blame from the college administration, but it really wasn't that good a quote, so why waste time and put it in here?

Bored of trustees

Carpet bid screw-up puts Triffids on spot

By Mike Puladick
Scrap Writer

Carpeting torn by the MSC baseball team's rush to Hair E. Sprague Library will cost $50,000 more than originally expected, says Vice-Principal in charge of Financial Management, Will 'Screwy' Triffids.

The bid to repair the carpet was originally given to J. Batchagalupe and Sons, of Belleville. The estimate was for $4.38 plus tax, approximately $50,000 less than the closest bid.

The rodent, sorry Student Bored of Trustees MiMInd, actually carried off bound and arm restraints when the final bill was for $3,450,000. The $50,000 surplus will now go toward the library's carpet cleanup.

"No, it's not my fault. When they (Batchagalupe) gave me the estimate for $4.38, it seemed to me like a reasonable bid," said Triffids. "They looked like pretty nice guys. I thought they were sincere."

Fortunately, the college has an extra $50,000 left over from the cleanup of the Clover Road landfill.

The original estimate on the landfill project was, surprisingly, also $4.38, and was, ironically, also submitted by Batchagalupe and Sons.

Eventually, Mervin Herschkowitz and Daughters were called in to oversee the cleanup and their bid was for $3.5 million. Triffids was praised when the final bill was for $3,450,000. The $50,000 surplus will now go toward the library's carpet cleanup.

In other Bored of Trustees news, Acting President Donut Know MiMInd brought up a grievance concerning The Montquirer. "What I want to know," MiMInd said, "is how come there hasn't been a picture of me in there in three whole weeks! All I've seen are a bunch of pictures of soda machines!"

MiMInd was put in leg and arm restraints when Montquirer misalignment idiot Saul Realsilly stood up in defense of the newspaper. MiMInd was eventually carried off bound and gagged.

"What I want to know," MiMInd said, "is how come there hasn't been a picture of me in there in three whole weeks! All I've seen are a bunch of pictures of soda machines!"

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"What I want to know," MiMInd said, "is how come there hasn't been a picture of me in there in three whole weeks! All I've seen are a bunch of pictures of soda machines!"

Journalism professor Rover Wooferr announced that he would be spearheading Jerry (the Pest) Wartz Day "in commemoration of the five years of fine journalistic technique he brought to The Montquirer in particular, and the college as a whole."

The bored also decided to consider the request of the Skool of Pretty Good and Pumpkin Tarts to ban any Montquirer article that "didn't say how wonderful our play was and what a fine job we all did."

Tarts editor Gen Iffer complained, "But, but, but..." and was likewise dragged off the floor by campus security."

Candidates for MSC president strut their stuff, showing what they would do to MSC if they were given a chance. One of them suggested lioncloths as the uniform for Mediocre students.

The candidates also threaten to reveal their real qualifications if asked specifically. A warning: the last reported questioner was never found again.
Campus Police Report

Rolls disappears, turns to Hyundai?

By Saul Realsilly
Misalignment Idiot

A '88 Rolls Royce parked in lot 92 was stolen last Friday. A campus police spokesman commented, "We were right by it when all of a sudden it vanished. Our officer at the scene believes it turned into a Hyundai and disappeared."

Suggestions of an inside job were met with a curt "no comment."

Twenty-three thousand bagels stored in College Hall's canteen were stolen yesterday. Campus Police were informed of the crime after a male was found burying heavily in lot 14.

The male had apparently left a liquid trail of uncertain organic-toxic origin. The campus police had no problem tracking him down. The area, however, had to be sectioned off because of possible after-effects of the smell. A gas mask warning is in effect.

While the campus was occupied with the bagel theft, wallets began disappearing. Fortunately, only two dollars have been stolen.

Campus Cops, according to certain sources, believed that Coral Roberts' angels were in the area collecting money to save his soul.

Another theory being considered by one unnamed socialistic idiot at The Montquirer was that Ollie North's Contras had taken over Mediocre's growing wallet theft trade.

The MSC campus police have finally acquired two jetmobiles at a cost of $40,000 each. The jetmobiles, according to the police, will increase response to calls by a "whole .000000003 second."

The car thieves, vandals and burglars operating on the Mediocre campus have formed a union. They have not decided on a name yet.

They are demanding that students stop removing their car stereos, radar detectors and t-rooms from their cars. They are also demanding that all cars made before 1980 not be allowed onto campus since, according to their representative "It is not even worth checking them out."

The Montquirer discovered that its typesetting system was stolen when they returned from Spring Break. Investigations have led to two clues. The first a piece of hair, that has been determined as Iranian. The second is a picture of car Ayatollah Khomeini in No Excuses Jeans and holding what looks like a condom.

The police have been stumped by the clues, but Iranian police in Teheran have been contacted in the search. If you or anybody you know anything about the theft please call the toll free Montquirer hotline at 1-800-BAN-IRAN.

Please look for related notice concerning the delay in publication due to the theft.

SAG Blues

Kuwait to take over?

By Jane Bleech
Despondent

At last nights SAG meeting, well technically not yesterday, really today. However for those who are picky I guess it is at last nights SAG meeting.

In a late development, SAG of MSC has reported that the little oil-rich state of Kuwait has been buying large chunks of SAG stock.

The SAG-type people contacted have no idea for the reason behind it. Rob Mustafacerra said, "That man from The Montquirer from what's it, the United Arab Carrot States, Saul Realsilly. I think he's behind it. I can feel it, it's going to be a takeover."

In a shocking development, the Kuwait Investments office has revealed that its spokesman is none other than the tarts for entertainments idiot Gen Iffer.

She is apparently using this as an alias for her real name which is Jennifer Gefiltefish.

Gefiltefish could not be contacted for a statement.

Meanwhile, Mustafacerra has been taken to the hospital suffering from hysteria and delusions. He was, according to witnesses at the scene, foaming and shouting "Realsilly! He's the one behind this. Deport him. Get him out of this country. He's the one who is mad, not me."

Needless to say, Mustafacerra had not yet heard the official Kuwaiti announcement, naming Gefiltefish as their representative.

The role of Realsilly is still being investigated. He apparently holds the keys to the entire incident. Realsilly maintains his innocence. He was last seen in a Ollie North-type station wagon performing the usual "no comment" routine.

Realsilly's ally and crony Bolivis Rodriguez has been seen shredding documents. The story goes on involving more characters in it as it snowballs.

Lykes Codeine, generally known for being a real nice girl, is also apparently involved. She was asked what she was doing on August 16 and said she could not remember. This is typical of Codeine after having realized that she is of mixed parentage—half Irish, half Jewish.

The FIB and CAI have also started investigations into the incident.

One tragic result of the controversy. Mustafacerra has been committed to a SAG type organization called Human Organ Relations (HOR) for recovery. He is in the care of well-known organ specialist Matt 'the Rat' Shigabballa.

A nurse at the institution was quoted as saying that Cubala was last seen happily whistling and singing, "Rob's getting it, Mustafacerra getting it."

Machines disappear

Montquirer will be affected

The much awaited Montquirer will be late because the award winning newspaper had its machines stolen during spring break. Hence you are not really reading this. This is a dream perpetrated upon you poor sheep of MSC by the thieves. The machines, valued at $2.4 billion, were apparently stolen by Iran for use in its war. This information has been gleaned from CAI and FIB sources in the nations capital.

Details of the bizarre theft are revealed in the Campus Police Report.

Our Eye on Mediocre, but who cares

The Siamese Twin Biexual show sold out last night at Memorial Auditorium. Couples were given a discount and all had the opportunity to wear zip-on Siamese suits in their choice of colors. The show was a smashing success although there was a bit of a tangle when those in zip-suits tried to applaud.

CRUD PRESENTS:

An Evening with R. Williams, S. Wright, H. Mandel and G. Carlin

Thursday, Feb. 31, 1989
Parking Lot 13
Get your tickets NOW!

Actually, their names are Reginald Williams (world famous jew harpist), Satchel Wright (mute impersonator), Horatio Mandel (professional bonehead) and Geoff Carlin (rotting hunk of decayed carcass). We don't want to mislead anyone with this ad. We just want your money.

CRUD is a Class One of the SAG.
Changes in the Mediocre system

Welcome back from spring break, fellow . The Montquirer extends its best to those of you returning from . It would also like to draw your attention to a few that were made while you were enjoying yourselves.

The administrative hierarchy of Mediocre State has been rearranged. Instead of a and two vice- , there will be a single resident Acting who will take on the duties of both. The administrator that becomes resident Acting will rotate from year to year, and will be selected on the basis of the amount of shovels of lifted in one interview session.

The Board of Trustees voted on the concept of a resident Acting on a proposal from chairperson Murkey Coleslaw who stated, “Well, you know, having a resident Acting would mean we could import our administrators, just like resident artists or writers. I think a Honduran or perhaps a nice despotic Haitian administrator would be able to teach us a thing or two about running a college.”

The grzech and theatre department has been given permission by the resident Acting to take over all theatres within 20 miles of the campus, if the spirit moves them. Their first advance in this direction will be to the Hole Theatre located in scenic .

The head of the department, , was unavailable for comment, but spokesman A. H. Gerbil is reported to have said, “The next thing they’ll be saying that we’re going to enter into a conspiracy to take over the Stupid Center! I wasn’t born yesterday. You’d think we spend our lives crawling around in peoples’ yards.”

The Montquirer will be required to mention at least Middle Eastern countries in every issue, regardless of the amount of coverage already received. This is being done to avoid insulting any people of the , or persuasion.

Finally, all SAG chartered will be promptly de-chartered at the beginning of each semester from now on. To win their charter back, they will have to write “It’s always fun until somebody loses an eye,” times, and eat all the on the bottom of Blanton Hall’s salad bar containers without having the privilege of examining the silverware used beforehand.

The Montquirer hopes this information is of some help to returning students too to figure it out themselves. Further changes will be posted conspicuously and written in hieroglyphics or a similar language—perhaps the Registrar’s native tongue.

ON THE WAY back from the airport I thought about how it would have been proper for both of us to meet Walsh. But the last time I insisted he come with me, he warned about the “whimsical activities of that motorized mayhem” I call a car. And getting him up from the dinner table would be impossible.

I returned with Walsh at 7:45 and led him into the office. I took his hat and coat and showed him where to set up his brief case. “Mr. Wolfe will be in shortly. Make yourself comfortable.”

We were joined a few minutes later. After much fussing, he settled behind the desk. I can feel the chair bracing itself for his immensity. He shifted again and looked up. “Fritz! Coffee!”

“Good evening, my name is Nero Wolfe.” He extended his hand. Of course he could have done this when he walked past Walsh. He’s never been much for conventional methods.

“Good evening, I’m Lawrence Walsh, special prosecutor for the Iran-Contra investigations. I’m honored to make your acquaintance. You have quite a reputation.” He handed Wolfe a summary report of the activities.

“Thank you. Please sit; Archie, bring a chair.”

“You see, Mr. Wolfe, while the Congressional hearings were helpful, there are still many mysteries that remain unsolved,” Walsh said.

“Your team has unearthed a number of interesting and fruitful leads. I don’t understand what possible role I could fill. I generally address more mundane matters than this covert activities nonsense,” Wolfe said.

“We still have one main concern. We need to know what the Vice President knew and when he knew it. We are having a great deal of difficulty pinpointing his involvement. We can coordinate the volumes of reports and documentation, but we can’t seem to retrace Mr. Bush’s steps. We are hoping you will assist there.”

The Montquirer is published once a year, after April Fool’s day.
To the idiot:

As member of the fraternity U.M.T. (Uniformed Marching Twists), I would like to register a complaint against The Montquer's recent blast against frats.

I don't believe, as was stated in your idiotorial, that we are a generation of selfish, hasty students who use frats to make friends quickly and without effort.

Why, I was just hanging out with my number two wench, Amieeanne Weinsteinalucci, who I met at our "Celebrate Robert Chambers' Dating Tips" theme party, and I wanted to tell her what your idiotorial said.

But of course, since I'm pledging, I'm only allowed to speak to people (other than U.M.T. brothers) on alternate Thursdays on the condition that Bohn Hall doesn't have a fire drill. So I couldn't exactly come out and tell Amieeanne what I was thinking—or big brother Buddy, who was handcuffed to my ankle, would force five cups of Blanton Hall Turkey Tetrazzini down my gullet with a garden hose.

So I showed Amieeanne the idiotorial to get her reaction. She nearly lost hold of her quart-size travel hairspray and every one of her forty-two gold electroplated charms shook in anger when she saw the paper.

"Oh, you know how I hate to read, sweetie. Why couldn't you just show me a simple little personal—they're the only things that are important to me!"

Finally, I got her to read it by cutting it into twenty small incoherent sections, personal-style.

An hour later, after she had finished, her little gold pinky nails that her daddy had bought her for Columbus Day were nearly gone from the scraping she did on the cinderblocks.

"Ooooh, this is awful, sweetie. How could they say this about our frats? Why, if we said something like this, we would have to hang by our toes from the Little Falls bridge near the Primrose and say 'I love U.M.T.' a hundred times."

This really set me off, since there's nothing I hate more—well, except for when my number one wench, Tinaarabel-la, forgets to send me a personal—than seeing Amieeanne upset. So I grabbed her by the hairspray (or was it her hair?) and set off, big brother Buddy bumping along behind, for The Montquer office in the Stupid Center.

Well, let me tell you, idiotorial page idiot, this whole Montquer business is a hoax—yes, a hoax—and I want the entire reading population to know it. I searched all over the Stupid Center, and nowhere did I find The Montquer office. Grant-ed, I've only been to the Student Circus to play video games and drink at the Batcellar, but I'm no twit—I can find anything if I try. The only thing I saw that closely resembled a newspaper was a big, messy room that wasn't done stylishly at all, and a small, angry looking girl with glasses who yelled at me, "Personal in the white box! Twenty-five words or less! Two per person! Be tasteful!"

If you idiots think you're fooling Mediocre State, think again. I demand a retraction of your insulting idiotorial on frats and our generation's values, and I want it done pronto!

Manny Vulgarian
sophomore/undeclared

Reactions to stamp increase.

Created and made up by "The Tuna."

"The Lord does not have a Post Office box, I call and pray he gets the message."
F. Arti Monsignor Evolution Sciences

"I believe the increase will hurt everyone. When will Ronald Weagan realize that use fees will not relieve the budget deficit."
Max Gluteus/senior Classics

"I am in agreement with the Postmaster General that the increase in the cost of postage will only deter people from using letterwriting as a means of communication."
Wally's Niece/senior Child education

"Fortunately, it's becoming more expensive to mail copies of Barbarella."
Jane Fonda/senior Liberal Arts
Fake Talk

By Rat Eecke
T. V. Wonderland

Let's just skip the stupid salutation and get right to it.
Jacko that nutty Aussie seen on NBC's The Highwaymen has been chosen by T.V. viewers as well as network executives as the most annoying person on television. The poll, taken by viewers and insiders held no real surprises. Running a close second to Jacko was Bruce Willis, followed by last year's winner Mr. T. Also mentioned was that little guy who does the A&W Rootbeer commercials.

However, the ceremony held at New York's Jacob Javits Center was interrupted when an obviously drunk Gary Coleman burst into the room and demanded to speak to Grant Tinker, the former head of programming at NBC. He was finally subdued by security and ushered out of the building while still shouting "S--ushered out of the building.

Morton Downy, Jr. has finally done it. He has managed to offend every person living in North America. The good news came when morning radio shock jock Howard Stern said even he was offended by some of Downy's comments. What was actually said was unavailable at press time but insiders fear that Downy may have revealed what he gets paid for insulting and belittling the guests on his show.

"Here's a story of a lovely lady." It was revealed today that little Cindy Brady may have appeared in a number of pornographic films later on in her career after the Brady Bunch was cancelled. The reports are not yet confirmed but if they are found to be true many speculate that the opening music will have to be changed from "The youngest one in curls" to "The youngest one in leather."

AFTRA, the union that all T.V. performers must be in, has decided to enforce a mandatory retirement age on some of its more elderly members. "The first to go will be that fossil Bob Hope," said one AFTRA representative. I think we have all seen enough of those lame specials and white at it let's 86 Milton Berle. I mean the guy's as old as dirt."

Neither Hope nor Berle could be reached for comment but the new ruling could go into effect as soon as May 1 which of course might save us from the inevitable Bob Hope's Spring Time in Honduras special.

Next week PBS will air its first annual Children's Television Workshop vs. the stars of Wrestlemania wrestling event.

Featured will be some extraordinary match ups including Big Bird against Andre the Giant, Snufalupagus vs George the Animal Steel and an awesome tag team featuring Mr. Rogers and King Friday against The Macho Man and Hulk Huglan.

The heated match-up persisted when Huigan threatened to swallow one of Roger's gold fish and smash that stupid train set of his. Rogers had no comment but King Friday reportedly had to be subdued by his trainer/postal clerk, Mr. McFeely.

Finally, Webster's Dictionary has decided to update their latest issue to include the word "Chamon." Chamon, which can be heard at the end of Michael Jackson's latest single Man in the Mirror, is said to mean a flexible, virgin-like performer that resembles Diana Ross. Michael is credited with first using the new found word, however Michael's management feels it has a different meaning.

"Actually," said Jackson's management, "Michael is saying 'Shamu,' the name of the killer whale at Sea World that he soon hopes to purchase." It seems he's gotten somewhat sick of the monkey and is ready for a change.

Thanks for reading.

Mediocre State welcomes the Twins. After performing with the Freaks Dance Company of New York, the brother and sister have gone solo. Attached at the pelvis and feet, the duo made dance history. Last month they were surgically separated by doctors in West Germany.

Both John and Lynn twin are trying to match their talents while they were adjoining, but they admit it is not easy.

The Twins perform live in the Memorial Auditorium Sat. April 9 at 12 a.m.

Mediocre alumnus has success story

By T.K. Arnold
Artless Writer

This long awaited biography of one very gifted M.S.C. alumnus was released last Monday. Written by Stephen's assistant, Joe Carbajol, The Rick Stephens Story is a compelling description of a man who has seen life from every imaginable vantage point. It leaves the reader dazzled, intrigued and uplifted, for Stephens clearly is a man with a purpose.

That purpose is revealed at the end of the book, and at the risk of ruining this reading experience for millions of prospective readers, Stephens' dream is finally realized when he is named president of the news division at a major television network.

The story has a happy ending, but its middle is quite grim. After he graduated M.S.C. with a B.A. in Broadcasting, Stephens fled to California driven by an unexplainable urge to form a spiritual cult. It was in the back alleys of Pacific Beach that Stephens and a man identified in the book only as "C.E." started "The Order of Lotion," in which over 900 young members were forced to surrender all of their assets to the group's leaders, and then spend their days sneaking around convenience stores, shoplifting bottles of hand lotion. The bizzare cult was disbanded in 1983, when a disgruntled cult member developed a skin rash, and led a powerful mutiny to overthrow Stephens.

Stephens returned to the East where he made his home on Manhattan's lower East Side, taking a job as a topless dancer. Unfortunately, when it was discovered that he was a man, he was immediately fired. Stephens seemed to have reached a dead end. Things were looking pretty bad for him.

It was at this time that Stephens met Joe Carbajol, an ex-radio mogul from Mexico who was in a similarly dismal situation. One conversation on a park bench convinced Carbajol that Stephens had potential: "I'll get you in as a Production Assistant if you promise to move up fast...then, I'll write your biography—we'll both be happy!"

The rest is exciting history. Today, Rick Stephens epitomizes success, but he won't forget his past. "When I start getting a swelled head, I have this closet in my apartment I go look in...there are some old lotion bottles on the floor. Just so I don't ever forget where I came from."

Sax Anyone?
Peter Gordon;
portrait of a man possessed. So captivated was he with the saxophone's beauty, he decided to have it become a permanent fixture on his head. When he asked if he would ever regret this drastic move, he stated only, "I wear a saxophone on my head, therefore I am."
artless/entertainment

Mixed-up movie montage

By Tin Cloud

Title

If you are really into the movie scene, get set for a fun-packed field day! Hollywood is "frankin' out" flicks at an unprecedented speed and not to know what's current would be a crying shame. Everyone hold on to your hats and let us proceed with the newest releases.

For all you lovers of action, Chuck Norris is back again in Missing in Attica: Part III. This time around, Norris comes to the aid of 40 Amerasian children captured while on a tour of Attica prison. They fall into the hands of a cruel warden and consequently, they get thrown in the slammer for life.

Guess what? Eddie Murphy is blasting away hot in Little Falls Cop II. A ruthless night stalker has this quiet town on edge and Murphy single-handedly tries to crack the case. The stalker has this quiet town on edge and Murphy single-handedly tries to crack the case.

In the mood for romance? Then the Undeniable Hardness of Fleeing is right up your alley. Set in 1968, this film deals with a trio of true-blue Czechs totally preoccupied by lust, romance, and vodka as they seek to make up for being kicked out of their homeland by invading Soviets, Huns, Klingons, Zebas, and admirers of Plato.

Still hungry for more frivolity? Then Flirty Prancing is just for you. Personally, I don't see the big deal about a couple of young adult twips who specialize in seducing every living thing on the dance floor but then again, who am I to judge your tastes?

As for comedy, you can't beat Three Ten and A Maybe. Tom Selleck stars as a hapless American tourist visiting Tokyo.

In terms of future cinematic antics, Steven Spielberg's Umarra are down in the dumps for next week. It's essentially about an imprisoned baseball umpire and an unlikely bum working together to escape by challenging the Japanese to an all-out baseball game.

On the science-fiction front, Tantamount Studios is expecting to announce plans for Star Week V sometime in the near future. No details are available at this time except that James Dohhan has been placed on an extremely rigorous crash diet.

Lastly, Montclair Movie Series intends to release one law enforcement comedy and one teacher narrative during the next two months. The first, Sassy Potaski, featuring Dan Akroyd as a wayward campus police lieutenant and Edward Woodward as a fiery police chief, is due out in mid-April.

The second, Angel Monica, The Movie starring Marion Mcener as herself will be out in late May and is expected to top 1986's Gay Coobs: The Movie at the box office by a factor of five.

Cold Cuts

The Rat Pack-The Rat Pack

Rags (Yuk Records)

As I carefully shuffled through the "New Releases" section of my favorite record store, I came across something very new. Newer in fact than anything I could've ever imagined.

The cover was reminiscent of Public Enemy, their clothes are nothing but specially designed Troop appeal. The men: The Rat Pack. Their album: The Rat Pack Raps. That's right, good ol' friends Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and the "little man" Sammy Davis, Jr. have taken on another personality.

Clad in oversized Troop jackets (complete with "Rat Pack '88: Housin' the Joint" embroidered on the back), big, "dope" gold chains and red Kangol caps, these men have the look down to a tee.

This LP is the first of its kind in music history, a rap classics album. Even whitman's u.T.V. energeist called it because the average age of these men is 67.

On this album, these guys get down. Singing somberly in a deep, deep heart of raw, obnoxious rap music. It's their voices, a beatbox and "Sammy Dee" scratchin' away like a madman.

The first selection they chose was the one that started it all—"Rapper Delight". This homage to the Sugarhill Gang's recording is virtually indistinguishable from the original. Most of the songs have been slightly reggealized to suit these rappers, though. As an example, on L.L. Cool J's "Rock the Bells", Martin starts it off with "Dean-St. Marries is aboard / he'll kill or sell anyone, he don't care, you tell 'em they all fail / I'd rather just sail / Hey Sammy! Wake up! It's time to rock the bells. This is magic."

This raunchy rap trio handles the chores as rappers while Sammy "Dee" chills in the back on the wheels of steel, playing DJ. This album allows all three performers to showcase their new B-boy talents. Other tracks include Grand Master Flash's "The Message (Don't Push Me Or Ma Boys Will Pull-out)", the joyful "Fat Boys Are Back" retitled "The Rat Pack is Back (And We Don't Eat Fattoo)."

But the topper comes in their masterful rendition of Run DMC's "Sucker MC's." Frank says: six months ago, that little monkey Sammy asked me if I could rock da mike / so I said the rhyme I'm about to say / Frank's rhyme was deft and it went this way... Brilliant."

Pop star Slim Whitman, advertised as the man who has sold more albums than the Beatles, released a new LP, Slim Plays AC/DC.

This left-handed, guitar-strumming, musical genius gives the powerful tunes of heavy metal rockers AC/DC a new meaning. Listeners, unfortunately don't know what it is.

Whitman's version of "Back in Black," off the album of the same name, is almost frightening. His Ricky Ricardo hair-mony misses the technical force created by the original artists.

Whitman has adopted a new look to accompany the release of the album. Abandoning his toedcor costume, he now sports long hair, torn jeans and a "Hardy" tee shirt.

Crowning tunes such as "You Shook Me" and "Shout to Thrill" prove the album useful and worthwhile. He should honestly stick to playing the favorites of his peers. Bertie Ives and Barry Manilow.

Are Motley Crue and Ozzy Osborne next? Will Slim Whitman share his lyrical lust with other heavy metal bands? I certainly hope not.

not happening

Concert Series

Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band will not appear in the Studio Theatre Fri. April 10 at 8 p.m. Tickets, $2 standard and $1 for students with MSC ID will be returned with deepest regrets.

Talk Show

Geraldo Rivera, celebrity talk show host cancelled his engagement to meet with The Montquier staff at MSC. The conference to discuss journalistic ethics was found unnecessary because neither group had any.
Personals
—Muffy- Why haven't you called? I thought it was love, but I must be wrong. Tad.
—Lizard Lips- I long to touch your scales anew. Just let me know. Buffalo Butt.
—To the girl from Bohn- Leave me alone!
—To the girl who found my jockstrap in the cafeteria- Blow me.
—Tad- I must be wrong. Tad.
—To the guy who left his jockstrap in the cafeteria- Grow up!
—Gerry- I see you all the time in the library. I wear a dress and have hair. You know who I am. Try me.
—Snake eyes- Your looks eat me up. When will you ask me out? Bunny.
—Guido- The cruise in the red Trans Am was so cool. I love your gold chains and the way you slick back your hair. When will you ask me up. When will you ask me...
—O.K., here's the beef: It's a frontal lobotomy; I might be forever.; Jeffrey Jill, an inspiration.
—Hey big hair women- I hope you get caught in a humid thunderstorm. The bald chick.
—Hey Jude- How don't I make it bad, Take a sad song...Paul.
—Hey June- Is it true dad nicknamed me after mom's anatomy? The Beaver.
—Spock is dead. Ha-ha. Data.
—Muffin- I'll "butter" you up anytime. Cream Cheese.
—Hortense- You are the one and only. Horatio.
—Pizzaface- I'm hot for you. Oven.
—Laserbreath- Have you ever heard of toothpaste? Gagging.
—I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than have to have a frontal lobotomy; I might be drunk, but at least I'm not insane.
—I am collecting sperm samples for a bio project. Will you donate? If so, call June at 123-4567.
—Blubber- I love to wallow in your rolls. Smother me. Pin.
—I'm in love with your nose, I'm in love with your eyes, But I really like the way you part your hair.
—O.K., here's the beef: It's 11:30 p.m. and I can't think of anything good to say. (Besides, I'm running out of space.) So I hope you got a kick out of this and don't take anything "personal." I have to work on the rest of the paper now. Pastrami.
—We have no minds, we have no mores, we're just a bunch of lousy whores. Nymphs.
—Sue- I'm a guy on campus. I love your love slave. Jamaica Sama.
—You'll miss me when I'm gone. R. Reagan.

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A Trivial Waste of Everyone’s time

Each week, this paper publishes a list of sports questions and answers to fill a lot of otherwise empty space. In addition, there is a sports stumper which no one answers, forcing me to print my friends' names. If you think you have the correct answer to the stumper, have yourself committed immediately—you need help. The names of those submitting the correct answer will be turned over to the proper authorities, otherwise known as Slim Precocious, who will sort through the submissions and contact the female with the cutest handwriting.

1. Why are you reading this?
2. Who is the man in front of you, calling everyone "guy"?
3. Who are the world record holders in the teeter-tottering competition?
4. Oscar Madison used Felix' down payment for a burial plot to bet on what horse?
5. What reward finally convinced Ralph Kramden to bowl in the Championships, despite a bad back and an upcoming physical exam?

Answer to last week's stumper: If you think you have the correct answer to the stumper, have yourself committed immediately—you need help. The names of those submitting the correct answer will be turned over to the proper authorities, otherwise known as Slim Precocious, who will sort through the submissions and contact the female with the cutest handwriting.

Jill award to be presented
Jeffrey Jill, an inspiration to Mediocre State College, New Jersey women's sports and—well, dammit, the world as a whole—will have her name and likeness imposed upon a statue to be awarded annually to "the nicest female athlete in New Jersey."

And no, she didn't pay us to print this, silly!

Tax Tip
Save time and money on your taxes
DON’T FILE!!

A message from the Taxman.
Amodball the rage of ‘All-America’

By Boochnickboom Sinatra
Sports Idiot

Amodball, a new sport which originated at MSC, is sweeping the country as you read. The game is based on MSC's own Amod Feel, who says he is a "five-time All-American." There are five players to a side ("because I'm a five-time All-American," according to Feel, the game's founder), and it is played according to the rules of basketball.

The catch, however, is that players must look exactly like Feel to qualify for play. "The only difference between some of these guys and myself is that I'm a five-time All-American," said Feel.

Feel doesn't actually participate in the games, who "as a five-time All-American," has other things to do, but he is the commissioner of the fast-growing league.

There is talk of a contract between Feel and several major corporations for the rights to use Feel's likeness on their products.

Also, the United States treasury has expressed interest in putting Feel's face on the dollar bill, replacing George Washington.

"He wasn't a five-time All-American," explained Feel.

Yes, we know, we did a similar article last year

Montquerier blasts SAG in a softball massacre

By Toy Pistol and Pastrami DiFicult

A former idiot-in-chief, but now just some guy who hangs around the office on Wednesdays and a current idiot who doesn't know any better

Despite the best efforts of the SGA to "cheat their freakin' heads off," The Montquerier Montclaritikes destroyed the SAG Boneheads in last night's intragovernment softball game, 17-2.

Spartz idiot Boochnickboom Sinatra and this reporterdelivered a rousing rendition of The Montquerier's anthem, "Spot Green.

The game began amidst a cloud of controversy when SAG president/second baseman Rob Mustafara contended that The Montquerier had spiked the Gatorade, in the SAG's dugout with Maafox...

"We all got the runs," said Mustafara. "Unfortunately, they weren't on the field.

Idiotorial page idiot Lykes Cedeine denied spiking the Gatorade... despite the fact that her cleats and arms were coated in a white milky substance.

The Montclaritikes opened the scoring in the first inning when leadoff batter Saul Realistically was struck in the face by a pitch.

"Way to go, Saul," called an excited Pastrami DiFicult from behind the fence.

After recovering from his mild concussion, Realsilisely was struck in the face by a ball. The Montclaritikes opened the scoring in the second inning when leadoff batter Saul Realistically was struck in the face by a pitch.

"That Saul, what a team player!"

With nobody on base and one out, DiFicult ended the inning by grounding into a triple play.

"Oh, just get him some smoke, he'll quiet down," said Pastrami.

To make Sinatra feel at home, it was decided that he would pitch and play defense without the aid of any of his staff. Why? "Cause I don't have no f-in' staff; what are you a wise-ass?" said Sinatra.

Realistically added to the Montclaritikes' 7-0 lead in the top of the third when he was struck in the skull by an errant slider.

"I meant to hit him in the chin," said Lisa.

Realsilisely was admitted to Mountainside Hospital and declared "mentally deficient."

Since that was his status before the game, Realsilisely returned and contributed by getting hit in the teeth, nose and penis in the fifth, seventh and ninth innings, respectively.

Pastrami got four hits on the day, but they were all from reebers. Said Pastrami, "It helps adjust my eye-hand coordination. Up until I had those four hits, all I could concentrate on was the color of the infield.

Firebird, a strict anti-drug, anti-alcohol enthusiast (yeah, right) was asked to sponsor a champagne celebration after the win. "Nnnoooookkkkoooooo, maybe, Idon'tcare, yeah, sure, why not?" she replied.

"I tell ya, mistuh, dis was one of da best frickin' games of softball I ever played," said Sinatra. "I had a blast."

"Well, I didn't have a good time," said artless entertainment idiot Jen Ifer. "I only got three hits and nobody congratulated me and in the third inning I had to slide and messed up my new sweatpants and now I don't know how much it's gonna cost to get them dry cleaned and don't tell me to wash them by hand cause then they'll get ruined and I don't wash clothes anyway because it's such a menial task and what do I look like anyway a maid or something?"

Cedeine was seen crying next to a rock after the game, "Because I felt bad for the SAG. Why does there always have to be a losing team? Those poor guys."

Cedeine was console by boyfriend (we're not sure what he does but he's here) left fielder John P. Mafioso, Esq. "Hey, headlock, stop cryin'. I could always get Victoria Principal to go out with me, 'steads you, y'know?"

The Montquerier became outraged, when at the game's conclusion, SAG Treasurer Screamy Bamboy took fourteen runs from The Montquerier and added them to the SAG score, "because ultimately, anything they do belongs to us anyway. And besides, they never got a purchase order."

To retaliate, The Great and Powerful Oz cast a spell on Bamboy. She promptly evaporated into thin air, leaving a pile of ash and bone. "That'll teach her to mess with The Great and Powerful Oz."

Wanted!
MSC students needed for the formation of a billiards team. If interested, contact Eddie Felson at 893-9900. Bring money.