

mocking the college community for just one week

The Bacon

May 16, 1994 • WILLIAM PATERSON COLLEGE

Bacon editor goes nuts; takes hostages

By Juan Burnt

NEWS EDITOR

In a sudden move that took the campus completely by surprise, the Editor In Chief of the **Bacon** held some 250 people hostage in the Student Center last Thursday.

Armed to the teeth, Mandy Sayer-Prayers held a captive audience of the campus community through the grueling four-hour ordeal, standing atop the building, firing randomly into the air with an AK-47, and shouting "No one loves me." Along with the Kalishnikov, she brandished an Uzi, a Tech-9, an assortment of hand grenades, and a handful of non-photo blue pencils.

Sayer-Prayers was eventually coaxed down by fellow **Bacon** staffer Sloshed Smitts, who received only minor injuries at the hands of the mad woman, who is being held for evaluation at Marlboro Psychiatric Hospital.

"I've never seen anything like it," commented one student, who wished to remain anonymous for fear of bodily harm. "She must be some kind of wacko or something. I mean, she works for **the Bacon**, doesn't she?"

"I saw her walk in," commented Charlie Geremia, a senior. "She had this crazy look in her eyes and she was mumbling something about Assignment Boards and News Edi-

tors."

"We're not sure exactly what it was that made her snap," explained Det. Truss Tangled of campus police. "What we're dealing with here is a very disturbed individual. Hopefully she can relax and get better now."

Sayer-Prayers' stay in the hospital is currently indefinite, according to authorities. They add that she is currently getting along well with the other patients (barring a fight that broke out Saturday morning over a game of backgammon). She has received hundreds of letters of support, including Colin Ferguson, who sent a fruit basket, and John Wayne Gacy, who sent balloon animals.

(Photo by Gena Zak)



Mandy Sayer-Prayers a few months before the fall.

Alien spacecraft lands near WPC

Creature might be teaching journalism on campus; has fetishes for Samuel Adams' and TJ's buffalo wings

By 'Stupid' Joe

MR. SKIING

An alien spacecraft was discovered in Westfield, N.J., on Friday, May 13, a spokesman from the Federal Bureau of Investigations stated yesterday. The exact location of the craft was undisclosed due to the ongoing joint investigation by the FBI and NASA.

The FBI is searching for the pilot of the spacecraft and NASA has begun an investigation to find out how long it has been in contact with the Earth.

Officials reported the craft is rod-like in shape and resembles a fountain pen with wings similar to those on an F-14 jet. The

mobility of the ship has not yet been determined. The ship has been transported to a government instillation.

Investigators found copies of the New York Times, Wash-

Four video screens inside the capsule displayed MTV, CNN, ESPN, and a 'Three Stooges' marathon.

ington Post, Wall Street Journal, and Chicago Tribune, along with a teachers lesson planner and textbooks, empty bottles of Samuel Adams

Boston Lager, and take-out containers filled with what appeared to be chicken bones from TJ's Bar and Grille, of Haledon, N.J., inside of the spacecraft.

They also found four video screens that were tuned into our satellite transmissions, displaying MTV, CNN, ESPN, and a "Three Stooges" marathon. All four monitors were connected to a recording device underneath the monitors.

"The items we found inside of the space vessel perplexed us at first, but it is now the bureau's belief that the pilot may have assumed the position of a teacher or a professor at one of the nearby schools," FBI

spokesman, John Smith stated.

On Saturday, May 14, NASA released test results on the soil that was found on board of the ship. "The sample from the spacecraft has a texture and

[The alien's] traits would seem to be the least favorite among students, especially those in journalism'

- Dr. E.G. Head

composition similar to the soil that would be found on the planet Uranus," stated NASA scientist, Dr. E.G. Head.

"If the pilot is, in fact, from

the planet Uranus it would seem that the climate on the planet would cause its inhabitants to have an anal fixation complex, as they would pay attention to every detail and crave constant and strict order. These traits would seem to be the least favorite among students, especially those in journalism."

A source that wishes to remain anonymous told **the Bacon** that the FBI has concentrated its search on the Paterson and Montclair areas.

Officials from WPC and Montclair State University have declined to comment on the investigation.

All classifieds, personals and advertising in **The Bacon** are real.
The other contents of this paper are satirical.

WPC party 'Toucher' charged with harassment

By Sum Yung Gui
NEWS WARDEN

Charges of Unwanted Sexual Contact and Sexual Harassment were once again filed this week in the Dean of Students Office, involving a WPC senior seen frequenting off-campus parties.

The young man, looking something like this



has been tormenting party-goes for what some say has now been three years.

The "Toucher," as he is called, is described as a Chinese male, approximately five-foot-two, and weighing some 15 pounds. He is said to get completely obliterated at the

first sight of alcohol, and proceeds to touch everyone within arms distance.

His accuser, Christopher Buono, a senior, gave a prepared statement Saturday, the day following the most recent attack.

"I hate to be touched," explained Buono. "I swear I'm going to kill this kid if he touches me one more time. He's driving me nuts."

Others attending the press conference agreed. "This kid is a menace," stated Supreme Court Judge Clarence Thomas. "I never even thought about doing anything as sick as that."

"Yeah, yeah," shouted a heavily make-upped Paula Jones. "He attacked me too, yeah, that's the ticket. But I want \$2.5 million and two first-round draft picks."

Buono hopes the complaint will end what he contends as "years of harassment."

"I know it's not just me. There have got to be others. I feel so...violated."



Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids, sponsored by the Phi Kappa Tau Fraternity, will be headlining next year's Greek Music Fest. Also scheduled to appear are the Partridge Family and K.C. and the Sunshine Band.

Dean speaks clearly and decisively

By Eaton Gravul

GEODIETETIC WEASEL

WPC has a very interesting and active Dean of Students. Dean Spank Fell assembles many committees. The Bacon interviewed Fell to see why this is.

Dean Fell, is the sun shining?

F: "That's a good question. I'm going to assemble a committee as soon as I can to determine that. This is the first time I've ever been notified about the issue."

When will this committee be formed?

F: "That's a good question. I am going to assemble a committee to determine when we should assemble a committee."

How do you feel about the "Students First" policy?

F: "That's a good question. This is the first time the issue has been brought to my attention."

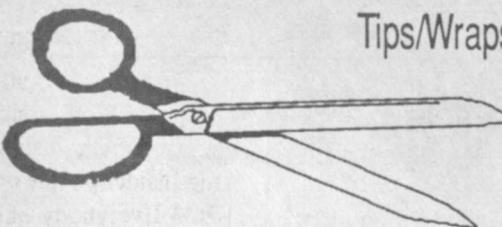
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Students travel to 3rd world country/eatery

By Moi Lepo
RESIDENT MINORITY

In previous semesters, Juan Calles took broadcast journalism students to third world countries to give them experience in gathering news in diverse cultural settings.

Due to Calles' recent spiritual rebirth, the "Television Productions: Special Projects" class will not travel overseas to an exotic country and culture this year, according to Calles.

Instead, they will travel across Pompton Road to Wainhall, a little known third-world country and Grade-D eatery lo-

cated on the edge of WPC.

Calles chose Wainhall because he felt it was a "truly unique spectacle in terms of primitive culture. These students will get to witness one of the most unusual political, social and religious structures in the world."

Baldy Glasses, ambassador to WPC, said he welcomes the class' probing cameras and microphones. "Maybe the publicity will prompt bigger countries to lend us a hand. The quality of life suffers more each day here."

Students must prepare a list of topics they wish to cover once they arrive in Wainhall.

"I heard goddess worship is really big down there," said Cynthia Banditos, a participating student interested in covering Wainhall religious ceremonies, and still crying over the change in chaperones.

According to Glasses, citizens travel to the tip of Saladar and gather around a shrine built for their principal goddess, Rikki Lake.

"Morning, noon and night, they sit and pray for guidance," he said.

The females pray to the Rikki Lake shrine when their mothers dress like sluts or when they find too much pleasure teasing fat people, while

the males go when they find out their girlfriends sleep with other girls, according to Wainhall Vice President Tray Aerobics.

Worshippers throw Cocoa Pebbles and invert their non-fat frozen yogurt cones onto the tables and floors in reverence of their most powerful god.

Less powerful gods, Yungressiss and Almichildren among them, strike their disciples numb, freezing them in their seats for almost an hour, Aerobics said.

Students will get to capture the country's "rampant delinquency" according to Wainhall Senator Victoria Y'know.

"People cut the bottoms off salt and pepper shakers, throw food and napkins, drop glasses on purpose, and steal food every day," she said.

Although Calles will not join the expedition, [he is leaving WPC to pursue a career in production] he said, "I'm advising the instructor to give the participants a month to prepare themselves for this. The difference in values and morals may shock the students.

"Honestly, I haven't been there. I've been too afraid. I wish them luck."

Edited editor's meeting minutes according to Tom Flynn

3:00 p.m. Meeting called to order.

3:01 Tom Flynn called wonderful.

3:02 "Who's going to be around next year." Insider discusses plan for power shift/editor readjustment.

3:05 Randee reminds everyone that paper was finished on time, despite 2 and a half days of school closings.

3:06 Really dumb girl interrupts meeting. Editors discuss how this week's issue sucks

3:07 Financial report brought up. Randee feels that there is some crazy conspiracy theory against us.

3:10 Jack adds his 2 cents, including the word "cheesick."

3:12 Shittiness of recent issue rehashed. "It's all about caring," said Dawn Marecki.

3:14 Dawn and Randee have some kind of crazy female bonding moment.

3:18 Somebody said "Budweiser." Bacon style discussed. Dawn calls most recent issue "hideous." Tom Flynn patronized one more time.

3:20 Dawn talks on and on.

3:21 Dawn is still talking. Randee yeses her to death.

3:22 Randee and Dawn both say "cheesick." Teresa contemplates methods of acquiring staff writers.

3:23 Mike Garry passes out...

3:25 Mike G. annoys Randee by fidgeting.

3:26 Tom Flynn says something totally irrelevant.

3:27 Kathy G. from the feminist collective rudely interrupts meeting, as does some boy with greek letters on his hat.

3:30 Randee tells all of her personal problem concerning uncontrollable urination upon seeing Insider people on Saturday.

3:34 Everybody quiet; Randee "yeahs" to herself.

3:35 One of the Timony boys shows up, meeting dismissed.

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COLUMN

This really happened, I wouldn't lie

To my devoted Bacon readers. For the past year, I have shared with you my deepest thoughts and emotions. You in return have been supportive and accepting. Together we have laughed and cried, been touched and horrified. We have moved past reader and writer to friends. It is that last point that makes this column so difficult. For this column, this column will be my last column ever. As a result of everyone's encouragement and support, I have been hired to write romance novels for Harlequin Books. I really could not have accomplished this without all of you and will miss you all deeply. I feel it only fitting to share with you the concept for my soon to be published first book. What follows has yet to be read by anyone other than my editor, nor has it been titled and I would welcome any comments and suggestions. I do hope you enjoy it:

In 1986 in an attempt to escape from life as I then knew it, I moved from New York to Pittsburgh, PA. I had spent most of my life living in New York City and was burnt out. I had lost friends to drugs and crime and finally had lost any love that I had had for that city, the Big Apple.

Soon after moving to the Oakland section of Pittsburgh, I met a young college student named Jodi. The relationship followed lasted through a number of years and states. Although Jodi is not around anymore, every Spring as the flowers begin to bloom and the birds begin to sing, I am brought back to the times we shared. As I look around our campus, I see couples walking; new relationships beginning and old ones awakening after a long winter. I pause and remember my relationship and sometimes the memories hurt.

Jodi was a small town girl with big city ideas. I was a city boy and in an area like Pittsburgh, you could tell. We were "Pretty in Pink" and

"Something Wonderfull" all rolled into one. We met quite innocently at a party and a number of nights latter out of boredom went for a walk around the town. We stopped on the steps of the Masonic Temple, and it was there that our identities began to melt. On the steps were the beginning ideas for the development of what was to be the city Pittsburgh, our relationship began. As we went to leave I took her in my arms. She looked up at me and her eyes told me I was home, I would not need to escape anymore, and then we kissed. I can't begin to tell you how good it felt, all I know is that life as I knew it was never the same.

The months that followed was like living in a whirlwind. If I wasn't with her, I was always thinking of her. We went to museums, parks slept out for three days for tickets to U2. I remember one saturday, we went ballooning. As we stood and looked at the world below, we talked about our hopes and plans for the future. Listening to her voice, watching the movements in her face, I knew that my future would be empty if she wasn't in it.

After about a year of living in Pittsburgh, I realized that the old saying was indeed true, "You can take the boy out of the city, but you can't the city out of the boy." So, I moved back to New York. It was a difficult decision, especially since Jodi hadn't been feeling well lately and until the doctors knew what was wrong I was uncomfortable with being so far away. She felt that it would be best for me and my future if I moved back to New York. I remember one rainy night when rather than going out we stayed in and just held each other and listened to music. It was during that evening I experienced a feeling I hadn't felt in a long time. Fear. Although she tried not to let it show, I know she wasn't feeling well. The doctors hadn't been able as of yet to figure out what was causing her the blinding headaches, nausea

and dizzy spells. They hadn't figured it out, this was modern medicine, at times I just wanted to scream! But, I was afraid to say those thought that I was at that moment just beginning to realize. It was the thought that she, she might die that made me feel so afraid. I held her tight and that is how we fell asleep.

Months latter and more than a year after we met, Jodi came to visit me in New York. I had just moved into the East Village section and was excited to show her my new place. I went out to the airport stopping to pick up a dozen roses. I watched for her as the plane unboarded, ready to jump the moment I saw her. When she finally emerged from the gate I knew that she had not been telling me everything. She had lost weight, her eyes seemed heavy and distant and she walked as if each step was a struggle. Not wanting to ruin the trip, I ran and swept her up into my arms. She squealed in delight and kissed me. Even those kisses that I treasured so, were different. As I put her down, I gave her the roses and we walked towards the buses talking about the week to come.

Three days later while walking through the blossoming flowers and singing birds of strawberry Fields in Central Park Jodi collapsed and was rushed to the hospital. My fears had finally been given a voice as I heard the Doctor say inoperable brain tumor. At that moment, my heart dropped to my feet and I knew that my life would never again be the same.

Once again I find myself remembering those last days and I feel those same feelings begin to creep back up. I loved unlike I have loved anyone since. Oh, yes, I have seen other women and have fallen again in love. But for me Spring and my memories of Jodi will always be special.

So now I bid you all farewell... My heart goes out to you all, I will never forget you...

The Beacon

Founded in 1936

Dick Tator
Editor-In-Chief

News Editor
Jaun Burnt

Resident token minority
Moi Lepo

Blindsider Captains
Gavin McLoud
Duff L' Ament

Blindsider Bursar
White McBoy

Spirits Editor
Joe Runzoni

Phucknards
Flipper
Stinger

Staph Wrighters
Eaton Gravel
Mettelus
Stupid Joe

The Kissing Bandit
Ernest Scribbler

Staff Phucknards
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stud boy, yo!

Imbezzelor Extrodinaie
Dog Boy

Design Director
Emo, the Stat boy

Illustrators
BoB

Circulation Manager
Just another Timony

Advisor
No one would dare!

Business Advisor
Mike Milken

The Beacon of William Paterson College is published for the students, By the students at William Paterson College of Wayne, New Jersey 07470, with editorial, production and business offices in room 310 of the Student Center. Newspaper content represents the judgment of The Beacon staff in accordance with The Beacon constitution and does not necessarily represent the judgment of the Student Government Association, the administration, faculty or the State of New Jersey. This paper is independently funded. Editors can be reached by calling 201-595-2248 or 201-595-3264. Beep. Beep, this issue is a joke, it is only a joke so get a grip!

Jordan bids for NBA comeback

After the Chicago Krulls' disappointing loss in Game 1 against the New York Snicks, River Jordan was livid.

From a hotel room in Alabama, Jordan watched in disgust as the Krulls relinquished a 12-point lead to New York. Immediately following the game, Jordan spoke with Merry Louse, owner of the Chicago Krulls and asked to reinstated. Louse went to league officials, explained the situation, and pleaded with them to let Jordan back in. "Ludicrous," one official proclaimed, "we're in the middle of the playoffs and he wants to come back now."

Upon hearing of Jordan's wishes, the Birmingham Barrels and the Chicago Blue Sox gave "Air" his unconditional release. The Barrels probably won't miss Jordan, after going through a 2-25 slump.

In order for Jordan to be reinstated, commissioner David Goliath must give his OK and then get a consensus approval from every league general manager. Now, of course, you would think, there's no way other GMs are going to let River back in the league and allow the Krulls to "4-peat." Your

right, but there are other factors to consider.

River Jordan is still the most marketable athlete in America and the biggest league draw. Allowing Jordan back

Goliath will convince all the general managers in the league that Jordan's return would be in the best interest of everyone.

All included will oblige or

**Beyond
the hole
with
Jen Italia**

into the league would instantly raise attendance throughout the playoff cities, and double league revenue in a heartbeat.

There may be 26 other general managers who don't want Jordan back into the league, but there's one commissioner who can't pass up the opportunity.

Rejecting Jordan's proposal would be like throwing away a billion dollars in cash.

Goliath is not that stupid with a little twisting of some arms and some powerplay by his office.

be recognized as someone who said "No" to the NBA's top executive. Nobody wants that recognition.

The scenario is set for one of the most memorable returns in sports history.

Don't get too excited Snicks fans, cause despite the fact that your team is up two games to one, you might be running out of time.

If and when Jordan is reinstated, it will take effective for Games 5 and 6.

So, unless the snickerbokers take the series in five games, they will pay the price and see Jordan back at the Garden Wednesday night in Game 5. And that's something

no Snick fan wants to see.

You can count on that. Oh and as Dick Versace once said, "Superman is back in the building."

Campus Security spoils car race

FROM INDY PAGE 8

track, trailing the field, which then darted into the West Road pit area.

Those expected to receive fuel or repairs instead received summons or arrests by the Campus Safety staff. Officers, reacting to noise and speeding complaints, cited participants in a ticket flurry, ranging from destruction of government property to failure to properly park. Bfstyk, seeking a resident parking spot, circulated around the course and was given the red-and-checkered flag by a distracted Magoo.

"No one told us there'd be a race here," remarked Campus

Safety Chief Longarm De-lalaw, "and it is hard to know with all the construction going on. We have to uphold the law."

"This race stinks," exclaimed undeclared major De-vious. "No one had their limbs or heads cut off and there's no fire, Fire, Fire."

The WPC Grand Prix's end puts a damper on the school's future sports marketing plans. The wild Canadian Goose chase and the Caldwell Plaza blindfold lawn dart tournament may be cancelled.

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Indy Car race debuts on campus

By Ernest Scribbler
SNORTS WRITER

WPC undergraduate Jim Bfstyk was the surprise winner last Sunday in what may well be the first and last running of an Indy Car race on campus.

Bfstyk and his 1978 American Motors Gremlin was flagged the winner after a police action ended the race on lap 96. His victory, based on being the only car running at the scheduled half-way mark, concluded a controversial event which ended in chaos.

"What's going on here?" asked Bfstyk in his native Esperanto on victory lane. "Get that garlic off me--I'm allergic. No, you keep the tin pot, I can't use it."

"I came out of retirement for THIS?," exclaimed legendary driver A.J. Taut through a Texan translator. "This is the sorriest race I ever been in. At least, an American won it for a change."



Homer Johnson thanks the Beacon for honoring him as WPC's all-time sports fan. Homer has attended 1,290 WPC baseball and softball games, 797 WPC football games, 976 WPC basketball games (men and women combined), 390 WPC field hockey games, and 453 WPC soccer games during his lifetime.

Correction

(for real)

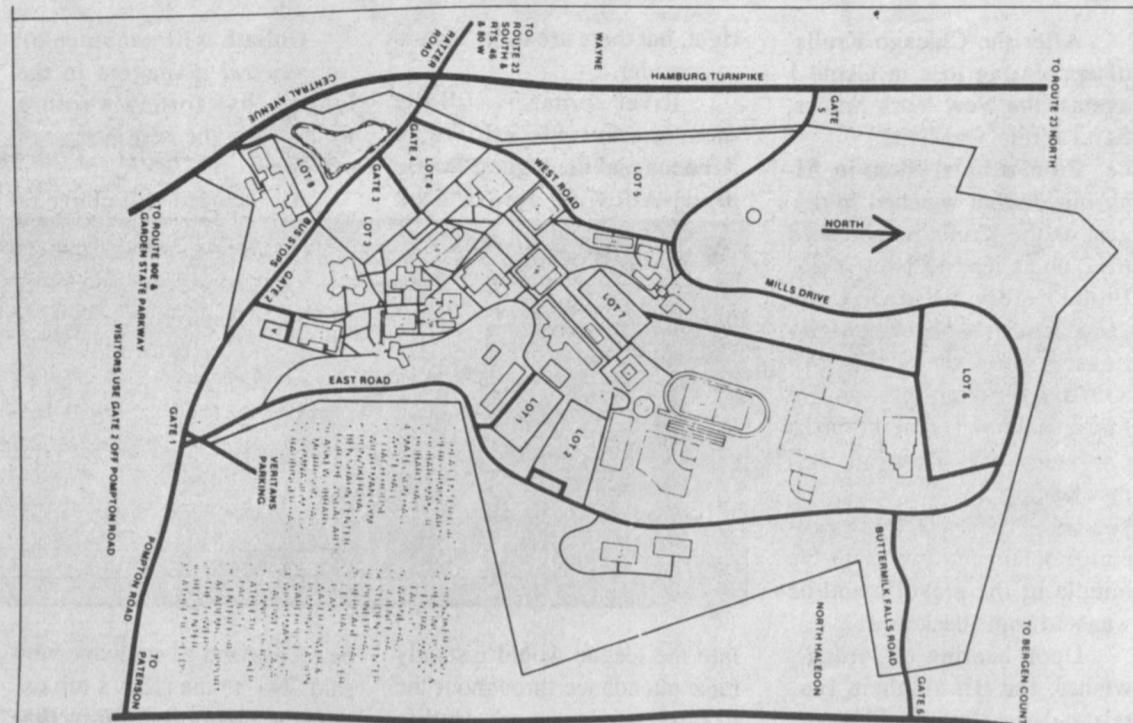
In the article entitled, "Baseball sweeps Kean to clinch NJAC berth" in the May 9 issue, it stated that WPC pitcher Tim Vinges was right-handed. Vinges is left-handed. Also, the baseball caption on page 12 stated that the Pioneers played Adelphi on Thursday. The Pioneers played Adelphi on Tuesday. The Beacon would like to sincerely apologize to Head Coach Jeff Albies, the baseball team, and the college community.

"Alright, you, get in the car," motioned Campus Safety officer Leslie Speed to Taut in the pit lane. "No comment--these guys are in enough trouble already without talking to you!"

"No, this race did not end in chaos," denied the college's Director of Disinformation Bob Face. "Chaos is not a subdivision of Wayne."

The WPC Grand Prix, the college's trial entry into big-time sports, was the brainchild of the School of Marketing. Originally a class project on unique fund-raising, plans for a 2.4-mile temporary road course was quickly approved by the Board of Trustworthiness.

"I considered the WPC Grand Prix worth the risk," explained WPC President Arnold Speer of his support. "Our funds are diminishing, while our programs are growing. So, why not have an Indy Car race?-- have a world class event for a world class col-



WPC campus converted to race track for the first ever WPC Grand Prix.

lege."

"We had to make some economies, though," noted Trustworthiness Don Clandestine. "We pulled Jersey Dividers from NJDOT and stands

from the Meadowlands. The drivers and crews use our facilities and the race has to run for a day. And we can only afford to invite 10 drivers."

When the Indy Car contingent arrived on campus, however, the site was not prepared. Weekend rain had delayed track construction, the checking-in process bogged, and the drivers had to share rooms with students.

"Four-to-a-room, long registration lines, eating on the meal plan," moaned Mario Angina. "You'd think we were back in school."

With the barriers in place, the drivers drew starting spots. Emerson Fittabaldi got the pole and the field was pushed to Pompton Road for a noon start.

But even starting the race proved troublesome. A NJ Transit P54 coach was to pace the field, but its driver pulled off, complaining that the bus handled as if it was on rails. A WPC Shuttle Bus was also

yanked when its constant stops stalled the Indy Cars. A college maintenance van finally brought the field to starter M. Magoo's green flag.

Fittabaldi got the jump and used his new traction control system to pull a commanding lead on the wet course. Racing patriarch Angina and his eight sons, cousins, and half-brothers barely matched "Emmo's" pace.

It all went wrong on lap 95. "Emmo" barreled down College Road when a banana peel from a spectator area was thrown onto his path. Fittabaldi skidded on the peel and spun. Unable to brake in time, the Angina clan collected Emmo, pushing him through the Buttermilk Falls Road barrier.

While no one was hurt and all cars were pushed away, the opened barrier let Bfstyk through. Bfstyk, returning from work at a nearby pizza-lid support factory, found himself on

SEE CAMPUS PAGE 6

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P.T. Summer Nanny—with full time wages. 6 year old boy. Call Debbie 423-5758 or 461-9595.

Personals

Phi Sig Sisters: I love you guys. It was a rough semester, but we made it through. Have faith. We're on the uprise. Hold on Sigmas, it only gets better. Good-bye graduates; I'll miss you. Always having fun, always #1. **BG**

Girls of P501: Thanks for being there for me, living in my slop, and listening to my mouth. **Love BG**

Patty ZTA- Thanks for being an awesome roommate. Watch out for psycho Bob. We'll miss you. Good luck!!!! **Pam, BG, Lynn**

Toni (Phi Sig)- Congratulations for receiving the Gregory Battcock award. We knew your hard work would pay off. **Love, your sisters**

Phi Sigs- You mean a lot to me and I'm going to miss you next semester. Keep in touch. **Love, Lynn**

Missy (ASA)- "We'll see," cruel jokes, Ms. Grimm, answering machines... I'm gonna miss you! I love you! **Love, Vickie (ASA)**

Vinnie (APD)- Congratulations! Thanks for being there! PNC, I'm sorry, do you miss me? Give me kiss! Good Luck! Sunshine

The suite and Kimmie- So

many memories... can't wait for next year! "We saw the sign." **Love in ASA. Vickie.** To **Graduating ASA's-** Congratulations! I'll miss you all. Good luck! You deserve only the best! **KIT! Love in ASA. Vickie**

Kiss her where it smells, take her to New Jersey.

Dawn and Lynn (Phi Sig)- Good luck studying abroad in Ireland. We'll miss you guys! **Love in Phi Sig, your sisters.** The Sisters of Phi Sigma Sigma would like to wish everyone a healthy and happy summer break!

To the girls who helped with the showcase- It looks great! Thanks! **Love in Phi Sig, Gooch**

Mandy- It bothers me seeing you mad at me. Please forgive me. **FAZ**

Randee- You shouldn't tell lies about Italian men... you might end up with a new pair of shoes! **Dino**

Josh- I hear you have a surprise cumming from our Hawaiian friend, Komonawannalaya.

Dino
Josh- It's a lie. **Bush**

Natasha (Info. babe)- The semester is almost over. Just wanted to say that I had the

greatest time with you. You're the best friend in the world. From Mexico to Guyana, keep in touch. **Love always, Maribel (the other info. babe)**

To all those who said I couldn't do it- GO F*CK YOURSELVES! K.M.

Teresa, Randee, Jack- Thanks for everything! Have a great summer! **Eddie**

Teresa- Good luck when you go back home! I'll miss you! **Eddie**

Ari (Rabbi)- Congratulations and good luck! May the forces of evil become confused on the way to your house! **Your favorite Puerto Rican**

Verandee- I have one thing to say. Better be nice to my mom cuz I ain't gettin' you no kama'aina rate. You drink to much, you might break something. **TAD (hey, don't call me that)**

Marcia- Am I gonna hafta become a, like, expert surfer so you and MTV Sports can fly down here and see me? I'll do what I can. **Teresa**

Diaz, (Rudolph)- Nice face. 2 tears in a bucket, fuck it.

We're all the same age when the lights go out. Some of us are even older.

Rush WPC Athletics. Why pay when you can play!!!

Rush ITK (co-ed) 'cause it takes a Real "Superman" to Tappa Kegga

Willy P's DB's will be stickin' and pickin' in '94.

Did you ever sit on a monster?

Jessie- Ho, kanaks. I say we bag now. Mumbai. Laterz to da haole land. **Teresa**

Gena- Thanx for everything. You're so cool. **T**

Mukalaka hiki come on you wanna lay me, pass the poi T! I'm going to miss you, Don't worry I'll visit- Flipper

Yearbook- Maybe next year?

Bajami- How's Milk Of Magnesium? ha ha let's bartend-g.z.

SC 310 dudes- What am I going to do without my weekly dose of perverted comments and jokes? Send me a tape, or something. **T**

Ynot winners- Congratulations and well deser.... Oh, damn I tripped, anyway good job **Randee**

Sally Gooden Happy Campers - Looking forward to Asetegue this summer, hey at least it will be warm! **Randee**

T - I'm so glad you came camping! Thanks for every-

thing! I'll miss you! **Verandee Teresa-** Goodbye, good luck. Thanks for helping me through our great classes. I'll visit soon. Miss ya. **Jen**

Graduating D Phi Es- Good luck and thanks for always being there for me. **Love, Jensey**

Richie and Brit (KDR)- Thanks for being great friends. Good luck. **Love, Jensey**

Eddie - Have a great summer, you better call me. **Randee**

Willie, Ceasar and T - Sorry about the ride home. **Randee**

Elmerrrr - Playwright and friend, Thanks for planning camping, you did a great job! **Your Stand-in wife**

SWM looking for caring female who won't be bothered with my obsession for pissing in the sink.

Corey- You feel like a smart eight-year-old because you smoke too much. **Tee Tee**

Jason E.- Thanks, dad. You're such a provider. **Charity case from Hawaii**

Pam- Congratulations on your job and apartment, man. You're stoked! **T**

Kathy G.- Cool hair.

Devils rule!

Devils rule!

Eric Stoned- Trush..what?

Aaron and Mike-7107...7

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Prayer to the Blessed Virgin

Never known to fail

O most beautiful flower of Mt. Carmel,
Fruit vine, Splendor of Heaven, Blessed Mother of the Son of GOD,

Immaculate Virgin assist me in my necessity.

O Star of the Sea help me show me here in you are my Mother, O

Holy Mary Mother of GOD

Queen of Heaven and Earth I humbly Beseech you from the bottom of my Heart, to succor me in this necessity. There are none who can withstand your power.

O show me here in you are my Mother

O Mary concived with out sin

Prayer for us who have recourse to thee.

Holy Mother I place this cause in your hands-

Repeat 3x

Holy Spirit, you who solve all - problems

Light all roads so that I can attain my goal

You who gave me the devine gift to forgive and forget, all evil

against me, and in all instances in my life you are with me.

I want in this short prayer to thank you for all things, as you confirm once again that I never want to be sepperated from you in eternal glory.

Thank you for your mercy towards me and mine.

The person must say this prayer three consecutive days. After three days the request will be granted. This prayer must be published after the wish has been granted.

M C A T

DR. BLANK'S REVIEW

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DAT / OAT

The Bacon Spirits

May 16, 1994 · William Paterson College

Jumpers seek attention

WPC bungee jumping team looks for support despite 0-21 start

By Bob W. Jobbit

SNORTS WRITER

If you walk by the Student Center weekdays between 3-4 p.m., you may see a group of students bungee-jumping off the roof of the building.

Those students are members of WPC's least known sports team: the bungee jumping team.

Every weekday afternoon, they spend an hour working on their jumping, trying to gain recognition in a school whose sports program is known best for its baseball and football.

"It's tough to play in a school where you're not respected or even known by the students who go here," said bungee-jumping head coach Spanky Springwell. "The best we can do is keep on trying."

The Pioneers have yet to win a match. In their first year, the team is 0-21, but Coach Springwell says improvements are on the horizon.

"We've got some talented jumpers," Coach Springwell said. "We're a young team, and we will be competitive a couple of years down the road."

WPC took an important step by recruiting 17-year-old Gar Samuels, the bungee-jumping champion of Sweden. Samuels, who is currently a senior at Ulfsen High School in Sweden, will join WPC as a freshman this fall.

Inside:

**The Bacon recognizes Homer Johnson as
WPC's all-time sports fan**

"Very glad to be here," said Samuels at a press conference in late April. "Will help team very much."

Right now, the Pioneers seem to have a strong, young nucleus. Their 1994 roster includes six freshmen and two

sophomores. Freshman Wayne Hall, a physical education major, leads the team with a 29.4 effective rating and 632 oppor-

tunities.

Team captain Kirk Kohain, a physical education major, has also been a standout for the Pioneers. His effective rating is 17.2, and he has 494 chances.

"This team has gotten very discouraged over the year," said Kohain. "Sometimes, we feel like we just want to end it all."

"We know, however, that we have to keep on trying," Coach Springwell said. "Better times are on their way."

The Pioneers have come close to wins in each of their last two matches. Against Geronimo College on Thursday, they lost 122-107. Their Tuesday match against the Gravity Defiance University was even closer: a 97-94 loss.

"We're on the brink," Coach Springwell said. "Just wait until we get everything together."

"We're very young," Hall said. "We have some great players coming in, and those we have now have the talent. It's just a matter of time."

"Very glad to play in America," said Samuels, who plans to be a physical education major. "Next year, team is good."

The Pioneers host Leabound College in their regular-season finale next Wednesday. It will be held at the Student Center, with the team's bungee-jumping off the roof.

PIONEER SPORTS WEEKLY PLANNER

Baseball
(for real)
NCAA
Tournament
May 19-22
at Sussex

**Bungee
Jumping**
vs. Leabound
College
Wed., May 18 (H)

**Outdoor
Track**
(for real)
NCAA
Championships
May 18-21 tba

All classifieds, personals and advertising in **The Bacon** are real.
The other contents of this paper are satirical.

JONNY ROKKITT
1994 - 1970

THE BLINDSIDER

ONE DEAD DUDE:
JONNY BUYS THE FARM,
KICKS THE BUCKET,
BITES THE DUST,
PASSES ON/AWAY,
CHECKS OUT,
TAKES A DIRT NAP,
IS WORM FOOD,
TRAVELLING TO
ANOTHER DIMENSION
(AND CRAP).
...PAGE B-3

Jearl Pam plays the can

By Duff L'Ament
and
Gavin McLoud

AS YOUR BLINDSIDER CAPTAINS

On Saturday night, Pike Barry couldn't even get into his own bathroom.

"I couldn't even get into my own bathroom on Saturday," said Pike Barry. "And I really had to Go."

On Saturday night, when Pike Barry couldn't even get into his own bathroom, the mega-famous, world-renowned, super-rich rock n' roll band **Jearl Pam** played a very intimate gig to two fans, President Arnold Speert, and his *Daughter*.

"We really wanted to play an intimate gig," said Ike Mc Crawdaddy, **Jearl Pam** guitarist.

The band, in Pike's bathroom, played a two hour long set complete with favorites like "Pitch" "Dead" and "Twistedflow."

President Speert and his *Daughter* were the two lucky fans who won the only tickets to the intimate gig in Pike's bathroom. The two had to go through a series of IQ tests, run an obstacle course around campus, write a fifteen-page paper explaining why they like **Jearl Pam** so much, and join the illustrious 1,2,3,4,5-against 1 Club (500 US dollars).

"We really wanted to play an intimate gig."
Jearl Pam



Jearl Pam felt that the rigorous contest was only logical due to its mega-stardom. The band felt a necessity to get back to its roots and be close to the fans, hence the intimate gig in Pike's bathroom on Saturday night.

"We really wanted to play an intimate gig," said Tone "Deaf" Stossard, **Jearl Pam**'s other guitarist.

The intimate gig in Pike's bathroom Saturday night caused a riot outside the Towers, when a **Jearl Pam** fan noticed, in his *Rearviewmirror*, while pulling out of a parking space (in the brand new parking complex near the Towers), vocalist Veddie Edder jumping around Pike's bathroom, at the intimate gig Saturday night. Hundreds of fans rushed to the scene and police were forced to put a few on *Leash(es)*. Fans were outraged that the event was so low key and that ticket sales were limited.

"We are outraged, **Jearl Pam** are a bunch of dirty *Rats*," said Jeremy "Lowlife" Loser, a dedicated fan. "I spilled *Blood* for this band and all I get in return is *Indifference*?"

Still, the band members maintain that they really wanted to play an intimate gig.

"We really wanted to play an intimate gig," said F. Jament, **Jearl Pam**'s other guitarist, who plays the bass.

President Speert and his *Daughter*, at the intimate gig in Pike's bathroom Saturday night, had a great time.

"We had a great time," said President Speert. "Why Go to any other concert but **Jearl Pam**? Once you see a **Jearl Pam** concert, why see anyone else?"

"We really wanted to play an intimate gig," said Piss Boy, **Jearl Pam**'s new drum-

mer, who doesn't play guitar.

The intimate gig in Pike's bathroom on Saturday night was opened by Luther K-to-the-mother-fucken G. His first song was a cover of Pophie Z. Sawkins's "Dawn, I Wish I Was Your Mother." Luther is a Pike's bathroom veteran and has played numerous shows to intimate audiences.

Jearl Pam's intimate gig at Pike's bathroom Saturday night closed with "State of Confusion and Disarray." Though Veddie Edder was knocked unconscious twice by F. Ja-



"I couldn't even get in to my own bathroom on Saturday. And I really had to Go."

Pike Barry

ment's peg head (perhaps due to the small amount of space in Pike's bathroom), the band really enjoyed playing the intimate gig.

"Wr wrerry wrertw wr wrwy wr wrtywt wrw," said vocalist Veddie Edder, who occasionally plays guitar.

Shit Happens

By Mettelus
PISS BOY

Defecator/ Bestiality
(Pungent)

From the powerful thrust of Keith Malignant's guitar at the start of this up and coming death metal band's major label debut, **Bestiality**, to the brutal, non-stop double bass drumming of Mack Douche in "Ballsuck," **Defecator** gives its hometown Tampa, Fla., spawning ground of grindcore greats **Satanicide** and **Habituary**, even more to be proud of.

Brothers and founders of the quartet, growler Dick Defecator, and six string bass player Chuck Defecator, said, "Even when we started gaining a substantial following, we never expected a major label like Pungent to even express interest, let alone have the balls to sign a un-p.c. band like us. It shows the majors see our genre as more than just a fad."

These four cool grinders, in true metalhead fashion, take a shot at, "fuckin' poseur rock stars that jump on the latest bandwagon, be it cutting their hair or adopting a new lingo. These pussies ought to get a fucking life."

Defecator fans obviously appreciate the band's straightforward, brutal honesty that permeates its lyrics and bludgeoning discord. "Necrophilia" is one of the many killer

tracks that will pound the listener's brain cells and eardrums into submission. Borrowing a stance from Christian death metal, D. Defecator screams about, "The sick motherfuckers that violate the dead." He goes farther than most people, though, in saying that "Necrophiliacs should be slaughtered, first smeared with honey outside a bee hive, the mental case will suffer."

Describing the satisfaction they receive from their well chronicled shows in "Mosh," the thrashers will once again pound the shit out of you, now, in the comfort of your home.

"Shitfuck" and "Die Poseur" are two other kick ass songs off **Bestiality**. Reiterating the sentiments of many, the Tampa natives are exclaiming how the obstinate people who think they are "hot shit" make life miserable for everyone.

The title track, "Bestiality," was inspired by Douche's girlfriend who puts gerbils "up her unit." Needless to say, it explains how Mack received his last name.

The signing of this young, relatively unproven band in this time of fiscal responsibility, has shocked the record industry. President of Pungent Records, Gyke Marry defends his decision, exclaiming, "Death metal is at a crossroads. I feel it is going to break out big time, the way grunge did a few years ago. The difference is that a kid into the death scene is much more hardcore, not as fickle, and 100% dedicated."

Will **Defecator** be the next Garden-sound? Skin pounder Douche believes it has the potential. "Our music is all about truth

and being who you want. The only punch pulled by us is the one that smacks you in the face when you press play."

The apocalypse may truly be upon us if **Defecator** ends up playing Giants Stadium (many kids wouldn't mind). However, the band insists it will continue playing underground clubs such as New York's fabled P.P.G.D.'s.

Beastiality is something everyone should have. This ultra-brutal disc is the dawn of a new era. If you are cool, it would serve you well to buy it now and not jump on the bandwagon later. So get off your lazy ass and make Gyke Marry richer and look smarter.



Rokkitt bites it

By Duff L' Ament
AS YOUR BLINDSIDER CAPTAIN

**Jonny Rokkitt And
The Rock-Hard Jonnsons /
August
(Excessive)**

The true "rock" in rock n' roll returned to the music scene this past week with a recording that is sure to move even the biggest doubters. Jonny Rokkitt had made rock n' roll his world, and he had millions of fans and groupies to prove it. Unfortunately, just as his new recording is released, this rock n' roll rebel has left this world for a better place.

Jonny Rokkitt and The Rock-Hard Jonnsons (Rokkitt, vocals; Dick Jonnson, bass; Rod Jonnson, guitar, and Sac Jonnson, drums) were labeled a "sham of a glam band" when they hit the scene five years ago. Glam supporters were suspicious of Rokkitt's girlish pout, and when he started taking away all their girls, they lost any inkling of respect they had to begin with. Meanwhile, rock n' roll hippie types posed strong opposition to Jonny and his band, often pelting him with rocks on the street and at his gigs.

Rokkitt and the Jonnsons turn the tide and now they are throwing the stones. The bands second effort, *August*, is a remarkable, heartfelt slice of musical composition. The imagery in this record is unsurpassed by any of the band's past efforts. Each song echoes with scenes of summers past and future, and Jonny's remarkable voice is reminiscent of a cool breeze and sweet aroma that fills August air.

"I've Grown" is a potent instrumental. The incredible twenty-three minute venture is full of changes that were absent on **Jonny Rokkitt and The Rock-Hard Jonnson's** first record, *Eat It Raw*. Each new movement in the song calls forth images from Jonny's past and his horrible bout with drugs. Jonny had recently kicked a severe heroin habit, that resulted in his realization of nature and the beauty around him. Hence, the title *August* and the compositions therein.

If only the rest of the tracks on this album could be as long, *August* would be perhaps the most intriguing recording in history.

"Too Long," Jonny's twenty-two minute romp through his many painful relationships is positively heartbreaking. Through lines like, "Pretty girl, hurt me so bad" the listener is brought into Jonny's heart. This is certainly a far cry from the two-bit, pathetic lyrics on *Eat It Raw*. No song show us Jonny's growth as much as this one.

The flowing stream continues with "Hey Jude," a selection that far outweighs the musical integrity of its namesake. The Beatles would be shamed by Jonny's natural attitude and his deep commitment to his newfound personar.

"Flowers Are People Too" supports this personar once again. "Smell the flowers, they are fragrant" is one of the most truly inspired lines in a musical composition that this reviewer has ever heard. The semi-mechanical rhythm is layered by the rolling vocals, and is vaguely reminiscent of recent works by **Stabbing Assward**.

The recurring summer theme of *August* is perhaps best represented in "August Sun"

a fifteen-minute track that serves as the perfect ending to a recording that refutes the belief that musical growth is usually a mistake. **Jonny Rokkitt and the Rock-Hard Jonnsons** do not need to dodge stones anymore. Rather, this band is forced to live through only two albums. Death is always a bitter occurrence. For Jonny Rokkitt, the Grim Reaper couldn't have come at a more inopportune time. Jonny's realization of self will be unknown to his fans now, because they can never see him again. Luckily, *August* offers a perfect window into Jonny's world. This 120-minute recording is not for the weak, and doubters beware, for you may find yourself praising **Jonny Rokkitt and The Rock-Hard Jonnsons** by record's end.

By Gavin McCloud
AS YOUR BLINDSIDER CAPTAIN

**Johnny Rokkitt and
The Rock-Hard Johnsons/
August
(Excessive)**

Shit sandwich. I'm soooo sick of bands that build up my hopes with their first album only to fuck it up with their second. **Jonny Rokkitt and The Rock-Hard Jonnson's** totally set the rock world on it's ear with their first album, *Eat It Raw*. They really could've been rock's best band, but once again the prophets have turned into bullshit gameshow hosts with guitars.



Jonny Rokkitt was a star in his own right. Rokkitt and his band the **Rock-Hard Jonnsons** were set to go on a lengthy US tour this summer when tragedy struck.

Rokkitt was found dead yesterday in his apartment. The honored rock n' roll hero apparently died of an severe loss of blood. Apparently, Rokkitt had been writing his newest lyrics, with excessive dedication we might add. Suddenly, the star sustained a brutal papercut. Without warning, the blood began to spill nonstop. Poor Rokkitt tried desperately to stop the bleeding, to no avail. He tied a towel around his horribly wounded finger. Tears streaming down his face, he succumbed to the pain and could take no more.

The world will feel the loss of Jonny Rokkitt for years to come. His talent and genious were unsurpassed.

A memorial service was held at Rocc Park in Jonny's

hometown of Hardville. Hundreds of dedicated fans turned out. Most were disheartened by the horror of their hero's death. Jonny's band, however, was nowhere to be found. Reports claim that the members (Dick Jonnson, bass; Rod Jonnson, guitar, and Sac Jonnson, drums) were too mentally distressed to deal with the service at the time. However, Jonny's wives, who will remain nameless, did attend. Unfortunately, a brutal fistfight broke out between two of the women as they argued over who was a better lover to Jonny. The women were escorted away.

The service lasted for about eight hours, complete with a live broadcast of the entire **Jonny Rokkitt and The Rock-Hard Johnsons** video catalog. Fans wishing to make donations can send their checks to "Hot Chicks, Inc." P.O. Box 4444, Hardsville, NJ 00444.

As you might have discerned by now my opinion of **Rokkitt** has not been softened by his timely passing, in fact if he had survived his valiant battle with that deadly piece of paper (see obit.), I would've killed him myself.

August (how profound) is just another pathetic sophomore effort by a typically overblown band of whippersnapper rock n' rollers who think they're the shit because 2 million twelve-year-olds bought their first album five years ago.

"I've Grown" is one of the most pointless forms of musical masturbation I've ever encountered. This twenty-minute plus instrumental strongly resembles a test of the emergency broadcasting system.

Perhaps the gravest injustice on this album is "Hey Jude," a song Rockitt claimed to have written without knowledge of The Beatles classic. He was quoted as saying that it just dawned on him one afternoon while he was driving around in his Maserati and that he had never heard his song's namesake. What a nosepicker.

Countries have fought wars in less time than it takes to listen to Rokkitt's aptly titled, self-absorbed, mysoginistic pseudo-love ballad, "Too Long." Glory Hallelujah. This just in. Fans of Shecky Rokkitt's jerk-off "Too Long" song will be treated to a six-hour home video titled, "Making 'Too Long' - The Video." Just shoot me.

"Flowers are People Too" (pronounced mentally incapacitated). Enough said.

Though it might seem insensitive given Rokkitt's history and recent demise, he was 10 times cooler when he was smacked out of his gourd. Maybe some chemical dependency would have kept Rokkitt from writing a piece of shit like the potential fast food restaurants familial bonding t.v. commercial "August Sun."

There is absolutely nothing on this album that qualifies as rock n' roll which might be due to Rokkitt firing his long-time co-songwriter/rhythm guitarist/roommate Izze, because, according to Rokkitt, "he was just too good."

Excessive Records already has all kinds of Rokkitt memorial product on the way, and he's only been dead for twelve hours. Can someone tell me how that works? On the way are Rokkitt protective finger condoms (emblazoned with the slogan "Don't Bite It Like Jonny") and a line of Rokkitt "Coffin-ware" Fashions not to mention a 17 disc box set that chronicles everything from the sounds of Rokkitt's potty training to his more experimental, previously unreleased recordings including something titled, *LIVESTOKKEROTIKKA*.

And if that's not enough there's the recent release of **The Gravediggers**, a band comprised solely of Rokkitt's wives and/or ex-wives (Rokkitt was a born-again Mormon [pronounced moron]). *Kill You First* is barely audible but ranks as the second coming of *Sgt. Pepper* in comparison to *August*.

I'm calling on any self-respecting rock fan to burn down any store that sells *August*, or any kind of Jonny Rokkitt and/or The Rock-Hard Johnsons paraphenalia.

Well Jonny – good riddens. You really sucked. I almost regret your passing 'cause I didn't get to smack that stupid pout off your curiously attractive mug.



EXCLAMATION MAN GOES TO WAYNE

WOODY, MY FAVORITE STORE IN WAYNE!!! SUCKY BOUGHT A REALLY COOL RECORD!!! IT WAS ON SALE!!! SHOPPING GOT REALLY BORING AFTER A WHILE, SO WE DECIDED TO GO TO THE REALLY, REALLY, TOTALLY EXCELLENT, EXCEPTIONALLY COOL WATER FOUNTAIN IN THE MIDDLE OF SHALLOWBROOK MALL!!!! I THREW IN A NEW, SHINY PENNY!!!! JERKY THREW IN A NICKEL!!!! I MADE A WISH ON MY PENNY!!! THE WATER IN THE FOUNTAIN WAS SO COLD!!!! WE SPENT AN HOUR TAKING PICTURES OF

WAYNE! WAYNE RULES!!! TODAY I WOKE UP!!! MY DAY BEGAN!!! I TRAVELED LOUDLY AND QUICKLY TO SHALLOWBROOK MALL, THE FAMED SHOPPING ACROPOLIS OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY!!! I SHOPPED!!!! CHUCK, JERKY, BONNIE AND I MET JOE, PHIL, AND SUCKY AT WE GOT YOGURT!!!! WE ATE YOGURT(WITH OUR MOUTHS WIDE OPEN)!!! THEN WE SHOPPED SOME MORE!!! OUR NEXT STOP WAS SHAM

THE REALLY, REALLY, TOTALLY EXCELLENT, EXCEPTIONALLY COOL WATER FOUNTAIN!!! STAY THERE!!!! THEY'RE COOL!!! THE WATER FOUNTAIN WAS MADE IN 1980 BY A FAMOUS PISSIC COUNTY ARCHITECT!!! HE WAS REALLY COOL!! THE FOUNTAIN WAS HIS BEST CREATION AND HE WON A SPECIAL AWARD FOR IT!!!! I LIKE FOUNTAINS!!! THEY'RE COOL!!! WE WENT TO WELDERBOOKS NEXT!!!! I BOUGHT A BOOK!!! I'M GOING TO READ IT!!! THE MANAGER AT WELDERBOOKS WAS REALLY COOL!!! SHE HAS LIVED IN WAYNE ALL OF HER LIFE!!! I WISH I COULD BE THAT LUCKY!!! WAYNE IS SO COOL!!! AND THE PEOPLE ARE EVEN COOLER!!! IT WAS VERY HARD FOR ME TO LEAVE WELDERBOOKS!!! I LIKED IT SO MUCH!!! I HOPE I GET TO GO BACK SOON!!! CHANCES LIKE THIS DON'T HAPPEN THAT OFTEN!!! I WISH I HAD MORE FILM IN MY CAMERA!!!! I RETURNED TO THE PLACE I WAS STAYING AND THE INNKEEPER SAID THERE WAS NO MORE ROOM!!!!

I BROKE INTO A LOCAL HOUSE EXCELLENT, EXCEPTIONALLY COOL WATER FOUNTAIN!!! STAY THERE!!!! THEY'RE COOL!!! THE WATER FOUNTAIN WAS MADE IN 1980 BY A FAMOUS PISSIC COUNTY ARCHITECT!!! HE WAS REALLY COOL!! THE FOUNTAIN WAS HIS BEST CREATION AND HE WON A SPECIAL AWARD FOR IT!!!! I LIKE FOUNTAINS!!! THEY'RE COOL!!! WE WENT TO WELDERBOOKS NEXT!!!! I BOUGHT A BOOK!!! I'M GOING TO READ IT!!! THE MANAGER AT WELDERBOOKS WAS REALLY COOL!!! SHE HAS LIVED IN WAYNE ALL OF HER LIFE!!! I WISH I COULD BE THAT LUCKY!!! WAYNE IS SO COOL!!! AND THE PEOPLE ARE EVEN COOLER!!! IT WAS VERY HARD FOR ME TO LEAVE WELDERBOOKS!!! I LIKED IT SO MUCH!!! I HOPE I GET TO GO BACK SOON!!! CHANCES LIKE THIS DON'T HAPPEN THAT OFTEN!!! I WISH I HAD MORE FILM IN MY CAMERA!!!! I RETURNED TO THE PLACE I WAS STAYING AND THE INNKEEPER SAID THERE WAS NO MORE ROOM!!!!

IT IS ALWAYS SUNNY AND WONDERFUL IN WAYNE!!! I DRINK A LOT TOO!!! EVERYONE IN WAYNE DRINKS A LOT!!! THAT IS THE BEST THING TO DO!!! JERKY DRINKS MORE THAN A LOT!!! HE IS COOL!!! DRINKING MAKES YOU REALLY SMART!!! LIKE ME!!!! MY DAY WAS GOOD!!! I WENT TO SLEEP!!!

Congratulations to The 94/95 SAPB Board

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Good Luck



**SAPB wishes
everyone Good
Luck on Finals
and an
Awesome sum-
mer!**

**Don't forget to check
us out next year!**