

The Acron

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SERVED—YUM

VOL3π³

KEANVILLE, NEW JOISEY

APRIL 1, 1993

Reds beat SGA at own game

V.I. Lenin
Still Going

A group of unknown communist revolutionaries within the student body interrupted Student Government Association elections last Friday, overturning ballot boxes and closing the polls.

When the black-clad insurgents emerged five hours later from the SGA office in the University Center, their leader declared SGA to be defunct, null, and void. "We've been cheated," he said.

Within a matter of minutes, red banners were seen flying from every dorm, reading "Today Lawson, Tomorrow Yeltsin."

The revolutionaries mysterious leader refused to remove the hood of his jumper, keeping his eyes veiled, although he could be seen to scratch a rather full goatee which covered his chin.

"We will lead the students to higher states of being. The new student leadership will emerge by accident. They'll meet in The Other End over nachos and Hippy Kippies."

The entire SGA Cabinet and Senate has disappeared entirely without a trace. Their housing picks are being sold at the U.C. desk for big bucks. They're going like hotcakes, folks.

In a press conference held Friday evening at 8 p.m., the revolutionary leader said when asked how he felt about the operation, "It was easy; just a surgical strike. It was better than it was in Nam."

Bystanders were shocked and confused about the future. One said, "I'm shocked and confused about the future."

The official opposition to the deposed SGA administration was too busy with a stripper to either wipe the drool off their mouths or give any insightful comment.

Womyn beat Econ at own game

Tom Bombadil
Arboretum Denizen

The Womyn's Concerns House struck back against erstwhile invaders to the theme house community last Monday, taking over the upper floors of the Hall of Sciences. In a move of absolute desperation, residents broke a three week siege of the House by key administrators to counterattack against the economics department. Economics lost seven rooms, two faculty restrooms, and Professor Cole in the fighting. Three other wounded were reported, and one non-affiliated janitor is missing in action. The House reported that none of their number was hurt.

Professor of Economics Fred Curtis described the battle as "unfair, incredibly barbaric. They had grenades and automatics. All we had was a slide-rule, three compasses, and a bag of rubber bands."

Another professor, who wished to remain nameless, blamed the territorial loss on "grievous tactical error. Everyone knew, after the fall of Faulkner House and Sycamore Cottage, and the peace treaty with Wesley, Sciences was next. Most of us

Haselton: Don't believe the blueprint

Dieter Schutzenfest
God I Like Black

In a grand ceremony on the porch of Mead Hall Sunday, March 28, at 3 p.m., University President Tom Kean and Director of Facilities Operations Jim Maloney revealed the dark purpose behind the current renovations to Haselton.

In order to give incoming Drew first-year students the most enjoyable and fulfilling experience possible, an outside contractor has begun construction of a new concentration camp surrounding the ruin of Haselton.

According to Dean of Admissions Roberto Noya, the new Drew students will be taught to suffer so later aggravations will be less painful to their measly existences. "We have ways to make them like it," Noya said.

Vice President for Financial Affairs and Deficits Mike McKitish was seen late Satur-

day night within the compound by passing students, who said he was ecstatically adding numbers on a calculator and hopping about on alternate feet while laughing wildly.

The Acron was unable to squeeze any more information out of McKitish, who said Monday all his assistants had eaten all records of the incident and were out sick getting their stomachs pumped.

One unidentified snoop within the Orientation Committee said the organization is planning to make new students extremely, extremely happy. In addition, sources say O.C. will give up bright colors for a newer, earthy palette. Instead the new O.C. outfits will consist entirely of either a brown or black shirt. Every day.

"They can't decide which is better, although I think the armbands really make the ensemble complete," an anonymous source said through a voice distorter. The next day

Public Safety found our source bound and gagged on the frisbee field. She had been tarred and papered with 43 copies of "Fifty Well-Known Reasons To Come To Drew."

Orientation Committee Politburo member Mike Manzi said Tuesday, "We want to create an extremely friendly environment for new students. In the past, we've had a big problem with students skipping O.C. events, and I don't really think they knew what they were missing. But Jesus, man, these new fences make the Berlin Wall look like small potatoes. I expect 100 percent attendance."

Despite all ominous storm clouds on the horizon, prospectives remain positive. One student hailing from Northern Pennsylvania said while eyeing the fence, "Our tour guide told us it was going to be like Sesame Place. I like Sesame Place a lot. A lot. Did you get that? ... Am I on camera?"

Alleyne sneaks away with life

O. Boy!
Aerobics Woman

Monday, March 29, at 5:45 p.m. Dean of Student Life and fitness guru Denise Alleyne suffered a bizarre and serious accident during her weekly aerobics class.

According to one devout follower, they were mid-way through a high impact section set to Buster Poindexter's "Hot, Hot, Hot," when Alleyne went into a "deep knee bend and didn't get up." Apparently, the Dean had been executing a runners stretch, when in a manner still not completely understood, her sneaker lodged between two abdominal muscles, and despite the efforts of her class, could not be removed.

Repeated attempts to budge the Nike air cross trainer were to no avail; it would seem that students, paralyzed by the unfolding tragedy, did not think to remove Alleyne's foot from the sneaker.

According to another stricken aerobicizer, "she was, like, really contorted. She brought



John Mapplethorpe/Robert's Brother

Denise Alleyne, in happier days, prior to sneaker catastrophe. Boy does she go places!

exercise to a totally new level of pain—I was so impressed."

Unfortunately, Alleyne was unable to fully appreciate her feat of unprecedented flexibility. Allegedly, she grabbed the nearest student in a firm grasp, and "twisted her arm until she screamed."

"I didn't really understand what she said, she was kind, of, um...snarling," said another student who wished to remain anonymous.

With a sound most describe as a "resounding pop," Alleyne's sock pulled free. Seemingly, the sound prompted the students to immediate action. Concentrating on utilizing muscle groups in the upper back and arms, the group hoisted Alleyne high over their heads, jogged to the infirmary, (making sure their heels touched down to avoid shin splints) and deposited the still "snarling" Dean on the front step.

Two students maintained close monitor of her heart rate at both the carotid and radial arteries. Unfortunately too much pressure was applied to the Dean's throat, and the resulting lack of oxygen caused Alleyne to lose consciousness.

Tragedy seemed unavoidable when students discovered that the infirmary had in

fact been converted to faculty offices the previous night. "We couldn't find anyone medically qualified, but the professors were real nice about the whole thing. We sat down, had a chat, and you know, this academic village thing might not be so bad," one aerobicizer commented.

Alleyne, not entirely forgotten in the midst of the intellectual exchange, was left on the steps, in hopes that the fresh air would revive her. She was found by Assistant Professor of Chemistry Dr. MacGyver in a state of slight confusion.

According to Dr. MacGyver, sweat, combined with a particular brand of skin moisturizer, will, when heated, chemically bond with rubber; in this case the rubber on the Dean's shoe. The uncommon strength of her abdominal muscles, often described by her followers as "ripped," behaved in a manner similar to a steel trap, capturing the shoe securely between the powerful divisions of Alleyne's stomach.

A second opinion was obtained from an obscure castaway academic, known only as the Professor, who was summoned from his island home. He corroborated MacGyver's diagnosis completely, and with the use of coconuts, masking tape, Vaseline, and a bit of twine, the two pried the leather portion of the shoe free from Alleyne's person.

They were unable to remove the sneaker's treads, but according to the now intelligible Dean, "I kind of like it. 'Just do it' looks cool on my stomach."

NEWSBRIEFS



DOGGONE LITTLE HAPPENIN'

Absolutely nothing happened this week. Nothing was heard, said, felt, seen, or smelled, let alone done. So go back to bed where you belong. Boy, was that brief.

THE DEPENDENT RAG FOR DREW UNIVERSITY

The Acron

(201) 408-3456 C.M. BOX L-000 P.O. BOX 666 KEANVILLE, NEW JERSEY

Puppet Governor: Howdy Doody
Manager of Minute Details: Buffalo Bob
Minister of Information: Chaka Zulu
Henchpeople: Sgt. Takem Away
 Sgt. Max Bookem

Minister of Propaganda: Ronald Reagan
Assistant: George Orwell
 June Cleaver

Wannabe Comedians: Andrew Fenwick
Wanna-be wanna-be: Adam Sandler
 Dennis Leary

Dart King: Bobby Fischer
Target: Miss Teen 1992
 George Bush

People who like Dark rooms: Batman
 Batwoman

Fact Checker: Richard Nixon
Paste-up Manager: Michelangelo

Advertising Manager: Jimmy Hoffa
Assistant: Ronald Reagan
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Assistant: Ivan Boesky

Lead Editorial Read This Or Die

If you think we are going to write another lead editorial about how the administration sucks and the students are being screwed, think again. To tell you the truth, we never bought all that crap in the first place.

Frankly, we like the administration—we like Ken Cole, we like Pat Naylor, and we absolutely love John Ricci (he's just so cute). Not only do we think John Ricci should be re-hired, but we think the school should do everything within its power to hire even more administrators.

A recent survey on student attitudes about the administration back us up on this. The questionnaire revealed that 18 percent of students who cared enough to fill out the survey said they wanted less administrators, 38 percent wanted to same, 79 percent wanted more, and 13 percent didn't know what an administrator was. Clearly, students want a bigger, more bloated administration. Who are we to argue?

It's not hard to see why. Drew has so few administrators that Tom Kean has trouble finding enough mindless bureaucrats to fill all his committees. Last week, for instance, the Committee on Misuse of Space couldn't submit its 5,000 page report because it didn't have the minimum number of people required to form a committee (35).

God knows, Drew could also use another couple dozen layers of red tape. Coming up with foolish forms and pointless policies takes a lot of people. Not only that, but doesn't the idea of having to deal with even more courteous and friendly people in the Registrar's Office give you the warm fuzzies? We thought it might.

Hiring more administrators would also allow Drew to reach a one to one student to administrator ratio. This will make it possible for the school to assign each and every student one administrator, who's job it is to screw up his or her life on a full-time basis. (A pilot program has been tested very successfully on Roy for the last three years; just ask him, he'll tell you *all* about it.)

After reading this, we think you'll agree it's high time Drew stopped scaling back its bureaucracy and started hiring more administrators. This school has a lot of problems, and problems don't solve themselves, they require tons and tons of people. Administrators are born problem solvers, so it only makes sense to keep adding more until all the problems are solved.

This Space For Rent

In order to pay for the Opinion Staff's drinking habit, starting this week, *The Acron* will begin selling advertising space in the lead editorial spot. Prices will depend on how much the Opinions Editor spent on beer the previous week, so if you see him in the Pub, buy him a drink.

Many people will say that selling ads in the Opinions Section is a conflict of interest, but if *The New York Times* can do it, so can we. Plus, it's not like anybody reads this thing, so who really gives a pickled ham.

Wanna pray to the Porcelain God this weekend?

If so, then Suite Hoyt Liquors can help you on your pilgrimage!!! We sell only the finest college-style liquors to cover all of your party needs. Just look at these prices!!!!

Budmeister Lite only \$2 per case

Suite Hoyt's very own **Special Blend Jello** for the most ideal Jello Shots ever only \$1.99 per package (available in Stomach Churning Cherry and Totally Blasted Blueberry)

Aluminum Anniversary only \$3 per case

Bush Lite only \$8 per keg (for an extra \$2 the keg can be delivered to any dorm or suite window to avoid those nasty little Drew Vice guys)



"Andee," owner

So, remember, if you're going to party this weekend, then do it right. Do it with your favorite liquors from good old Suite Hoyt!

The Acron is the dependent rag used in various ways by the students of Drew University. The above editorial expresses the opinion of the more high-strung and bitter members of the editorial board of *The Acron*. Bylined editorials represent solely the opinions of the authors (and usually nobody else). If you read them, you're pretty much in the minority on this campus. Letters to the editor must be received by 5 p.m. the Tuesday preceding publication. Letters must be typed, double-spaced, signed, and accompanied by a phone number, height, weight, and at least \$10. Letters should be either delivered to *The Acron* office or scrawled on the bathroom of Hoyt Third. Letters may be edited for length and/or libelous content, and might be withheld if we don't like them.

BREEDER'S FORUM

Haven't you people got it yet?—SGA is here for you

To the Editor:

You probably think you know what the SGA is. You're probably thinking, "well, of course, it means Salty Galvanized Almonds," or perhaps you're thinking, "sure, it's a Semaphore Gaelic Amplifier." Well, you're wrong. SGA stands for Student Government Association, and that means more than just the illusion of being a liaison between apathetic students and out-of-touch administrators. It means control of your environment.

Many of you have complained this semester about the frequent snowfall, how it ruins your weekend plans and traps your cars in ice. Well, how many of you have brought your weather concerns to your friendly SGA representative? No one; not a single one of you has voiced your opinion about this matter to us. And yet you expect it to get warmer in time for spring.

The SGA can't do everything on its own. Without input from students, we can do nothing to help you. All it takes is a phone call to your friendly SGA Senator, or you could just visit their room and say, "Hey, what's the deal with

the snow?"

This year, and especially this semester, the SGA has worked very hard to make life at Drew better for students, but you aren't keeping up with us. We even held a weather concerns Town Meeting the Tuesday before Spring Break, but did anyone attend? No (the fact that the posters advertising it did not exist in time for the meeting was simply a metaphysical oversight by the Imaginary Committee, which was abolished for the error). The SGA gets its power from YOU, people, and if you don't communicate with us, how are we supposed to address your weather concerns—we just assumed you wanted snow. Call on us, and we can alter the shape of your reality, but continue to cultivate apathy, and we're not worth much more to you than a Siberian Goldfish Analyst. Peace, sunshine, and world harmony are yours for the asking if you simply call up your SGA Senator and COMMUNICATE.

Ashref Pita-Tempore
SGA Shaman

Totally hair-brained article will leave you begging for mercy

•First off, I just want to say how much I love writing these articles that jump all over the place. I don't have to talk about any one topic too long, which means I don't have to think about things too much. It's also a good way to keep the attention of you readers who were weaned on MTV and have the attention span of a stop light.



IN MY NOT-SO-HUMBLE OPINION

I. G. Norant

On Again, Off Again
Opinions Writer

•What's the deal with the weather? Heading home for Spring Break I practically drove off the road when I hit a snow storm in New Haven. I don't think that I'm alone on this one either. Most people I know all experienced travel difficulties after the "Blizzardo Diablo" (as Al Roker called it) hit on the last day of Spring Break.

Hey! Notice the key word that's missing here: SPRING Break.

Ever since I can remember, Spring Break here at Drew has been a big disappointment. It's either too cold, too wet, or too short. In short, Spring Break sucks.

As with every problem at Drew, it's the administration's fault. Somehow, some way Mike McKitish, Ken Cole, and John Ricci must be responsible for the horrible weather during Spring Break.

Maybe, if students had been consulted, this problem could have been avoided and there would be not a need for the protest riots that are planned for next week.

I think that on behalf of all students, I can safely say that we've had enough of the cold, enough of the rain, and enough of the blizzards (Diablo or not). Thus, I call on Tom Kean to invoke his almost God-like powers and fix the weather for all future Spring Breaks.

•Unlike many students, I wholeheartedly agree with Drew's keg policy. By outlawing kegs, the Drew administration has done something truly brilliant. Without kegs, students now must buy all their beer in bottles or cans. While when some people see mountains of bottles and cans on Monday mornings they see "waste," the administration sees something else entirely: Jobs.

Think about it, by forcing people to generate all those bottles and cans, the administration has created jobs for garbage and recycling companies all over the New York metropolitan area.

Another consequence of the kegs policy

is that it encourages people to avoid the beer route entirely and just hit the hard liquor. Again, brilliant! After all, why should Anheuser-Busch make all the money? This way, all those mom-and-pop companies that make stuff like gin and vodka can get a piece of the action too.

Not only that, but it has been my experience that hard liquor is a lot easier to expunge than beer when the occasional stomach pumping becomes necessary.

•Like many people out there, this month I have become addicted to March Madness (that's the NCAA basketball tournament). I mean, there can't be a better feeling in the world than watching huge state schools like Kentucky absolutely destroy small colleges like Rider in the very first round.

Throw in the cheerleaders, bands, and drunken fans and you've got something called excitement.

Personally, I feel a little left out of all this excitement. I think it is high time that Drew dropped all this Division III nonsense and started putting its sports talent to the test. After all, why should Rider and Evansville State have all the fun of getting blown out on national television?

The Drew Athletic Department should take the first opportunity to apply for Division I status so we can have the honor of becoming first round victims to Kentucky or Indiana.

And who knows, if the Simon sports center ever becomes a reality, maybe we can actually host a round or two.

March Madness here we come!

•In case you haven't heard, the new Concentration Camp theme house is set to open next semester. The Prison Camp House will be located in wasteland that was once Haselton and is designed to serve as a place where students who are interested in experiencing the conditions in a state penitentiary or concentration camp may live.

In order to give Haselton the feel of a genuine prison (like it didn't have that already), barbed wire fencing has been put in, with guard dogs to be added later.

I'm glad to see the administration finally gave in to pressure from a tiny group of extremely vocal (obnoxious) students and set up a new theme house. It's time like this that make me want to forget about all the times the Registrar's Office or the Business Office screwed me over and I felt like taking a shotgun over to Tilghman.

I only hope that the administration will continue to this practice of mindlessly giving in to the students demands so that someday, we can forget about our differences and just all be friends.

Major League Baseball selects Rangers

Drew to join National League East; New York Mets relegated to Division III

Sports Information Director Ernie Larossa announced Thursday that the National League has invited Drew University to join its Eastern Division, replacing the New York Mets.



PICKING THE
PINE SHARDS OUT
OF MY BEHIND

Boy Toy
Sports Stogie

According to Larossa, "[National League President] Bill White's office intimated to us several months ago that they were becoming increasingly unhappy with the actions of the New York Mets management and players. Athletic Director [Vernon] Mummert was contacted by Mr. White's office after the 1992 World Series and at that time, White offered Drew a National League franchise."

Mummert reportedly discussed the offer with coach Vince Masco and University President Tom Kean. According to unnamed sources, Masco was excited about the opportunity to coach in the big leagues and Kean was overheard saying that Drew and the National League would be perfect together.

Contacted at the National League office in New York City, White was asked the question that most here have wondered since the announcement was made. Why Drew?

White responded that he was impressed that Drew was situated on a 186-acre wooded campus in Madison, 30 miles to the west of New York City.

He added (in a statement that eerily mirrored the one in the Drew Catalog) that "Drew's exurban location is within easy commuting distance of New York City while Madison and the surrounding countryside offer the same residential qualities and rolling, green landscapes which have characterized it since the American Revolution, when the area played a major role in the struggle for independence."

"Between the contrasting yet equally invaluable resources of Manhattan and Morris County, Drew's location provides baseball and its fans the best of all possible worlds."

White was queried as to what the New York Mets did wrong to deserve such a reaction.

"Well," White said, "there were a few reasons behind my decision. First of all, we were distressed that the Mets were unable to

put a winner on the field despite the fact that they were spending ungodly sums of money on free agents.

"Second, we were unhappy with the location of Shea Stadium. Attendance was dropping, due in large part to the fact that a baseball stadium in the middle of Queens, surrounded by highways, airports and drunks, does not perpetuate the family image that is necessary to draw fans back into the ballpark."

"Finally, it looks like the New York Yankees are going to have a decent ballclub in 1993 and I am really getting tired of getting calls from the Scooter [Phil Rizzuto] telling me that I made a mistake when I left the broadcast booth to take this job."

White admitted that a decision like this affects all of baseball, but added that he was confident in his decision.

One of the ramifications White referred to was the fact that there would now be two ballclubs in Major League Baseball with the nickname "Rangers."

He added the names would not be a problem since George Bush Jr., owner of the Texas Rangers, had already announced that he was changing the name of his club to the Texas Ryans in honor of pitcher Nolan Ryan who is retiring after the 1993 season.

White also said that having two teams in the New York area with the nickname "Rangers" would not be a cause of confusion because the National Hockey League Rangers could not really be considered a team based on their history.

Larossa was ecstatic. "Not only will more people now see my meticulously researched game notes, but they'll be paying me two bucks a pop for the scorecard. Woo-hoo."

Masco was unavailable for comment but his voice mail message informed callers that "I am out sharpening my spikes right now and will not be in for at least the next six months. Leave a brief, yet informative message when you hear the roar of the capacity crowd and I promise to get back to you in October."

Mummert was surprisingly ambivalent. "It's nice and all," he said, "but I guess this means we are going to have to erect a wall in the outfield and add more seating and parking, which will prevent us from hosting summer soccer camps."

The Mets' front office had no comment but immediately after the announcement, New York Jets owner, Leon Hess, announced that the team would be moving back to Shea Stadium. "I never really liked Giants Sta-

dium anyway," Hess said.

Mets manager Jeff Torborg predicted that "this move will be a good one for the team. It will help get some of the guys into college."

He added that he harbored no bitterness towards the Rangers and even offered Masco a bit of advice. "Don't ever do a daily radio show on WFAN, regardless of how much money they offer you. Those afternoon guys will eat you alive."

NCAA Executive Director Dick Schultz announced that since the Rangers were now a professional ballclub, the players on the team had lost their eligibility.

Upon hearing Schultz's edict, outfielder Chapman Sharp replied, "So what if we lost our eligibility, we're making the major league minimum."

Shortstop Rob Denkin amended Sharp's comment. "Some of us had better be making more than the minimum."

Reaction from other players was mixed. "Who would have imagined that a 5'5" white kid like me could make it to the show?" outfielder John Simpson said. He talked about himself for a bit longer and

concluded, "I'm pretty happy. This is a good thing for my career."

Mets outfielder Bobby Bonilla, upon finding out that Middle Atlantic Conference crowds are even more vocal than Mets fans said, "I'm keeping the earplugs in. From what I hear, the inbreds in Scranton can be cruel."

When reached at his Dodgertown office in Vero Beach, FL, Los Angeles Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda commented that he had met Masco once and only spoke to him for a brief period of time.

"Even though I only got to speak to Vince [Masco] for approximately 20 minutes before our exhibition game last spring," Lasorda said, "I was immediately struck by what kind of a baseball mind he had. Vince knows the game, no doubt about that. I'm not looking forward to facing the Rangers."

"Some people might consider the Rangers an expansion team, but don't tell them that. They'll eat you alive, and spit you out without saying thank you. And speaking of eating, I'm going out for pizza, beer, and a cool, refreshing Slim-Fast shake."

Senior G.P.A. Picks

Here it is folks. For the first time ever, anywhere... Grade Point Average picks.

What are they, you may ask. Well, this is the place where the usual gang of idiots gets a chance to predict what the final cumulative g.p.a.s will be for the senior members of *The Acron* staff who are (hopefully, so we can finally get them the hell out of here) graduating.

The way that this works is the prognosticators will decide whether each senior staff member's grade point average will be over or under the average that their parents hoped they would be able to get when first they started their academic careers at Drew.

Now some of you may ask, how did we get these numbers? We called up their parents and told them that we were doing a research study which would determine whether the confidence they had in their child's academic ability actually correlated to their final grade point averages. (They all bought it.)

Anyway, these columns are usually a hell of a lot longer (and funnier) but since I'm stuck writing sports for the next year I realized that funny lines are a precious natural resource and—as is the case with many natural resources—

there are not enough of them to go around that I can just waste them here.

GEOFF GERHARDT, POLITICAL SCIENCE MAJOR, 3.58

Jeff B.—Over
Roy O.—Over
Karl L.—Under
Kelly W.—Over

ANDREW FENWICK, ENGLISH MAJOR, 2.22

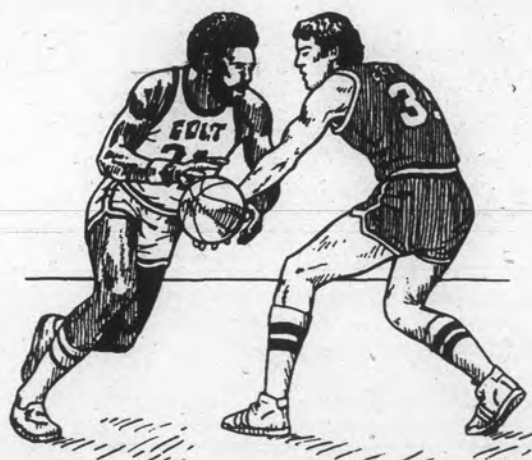
Brett W.—Under
Joy E.—Over
Jessica P.—Over
Megan M.—Under

LARRY GRADY, ENGLISH MAJOR, 3.38

Tom K.—Under (Are you Kidding?)
Denise A.—Under (No doubt)
Tom E.—Under (When does he study?)
Keith M.—Over (And I'm telling you, Tampa Bay will win 12 games this year)

SHOT OF THE WEEK: Over the river and through the woods to Grandmother's house we go, all net.

Achetez vos billets pour
le meilleur jeu du monde:



Le championnat NCAA:
le 5 avril 1993

Coed Intramural
Showering sign-ups
are almost here.
Rosters can be found in
the Holloway 3rd floor
bathroom. A great way
to see what your
friends look like wet and
naked. Bring a towel.
Just Soak It