

THE STAGNANT

Unabashed student
effrontery
to good taste
and decency.

April Fool's Day

DUMSL

Issue 885.576

FLASHED

Your first response may be to laugh. You may want to run away.

You might just stand and stare. You could be scarred for life.

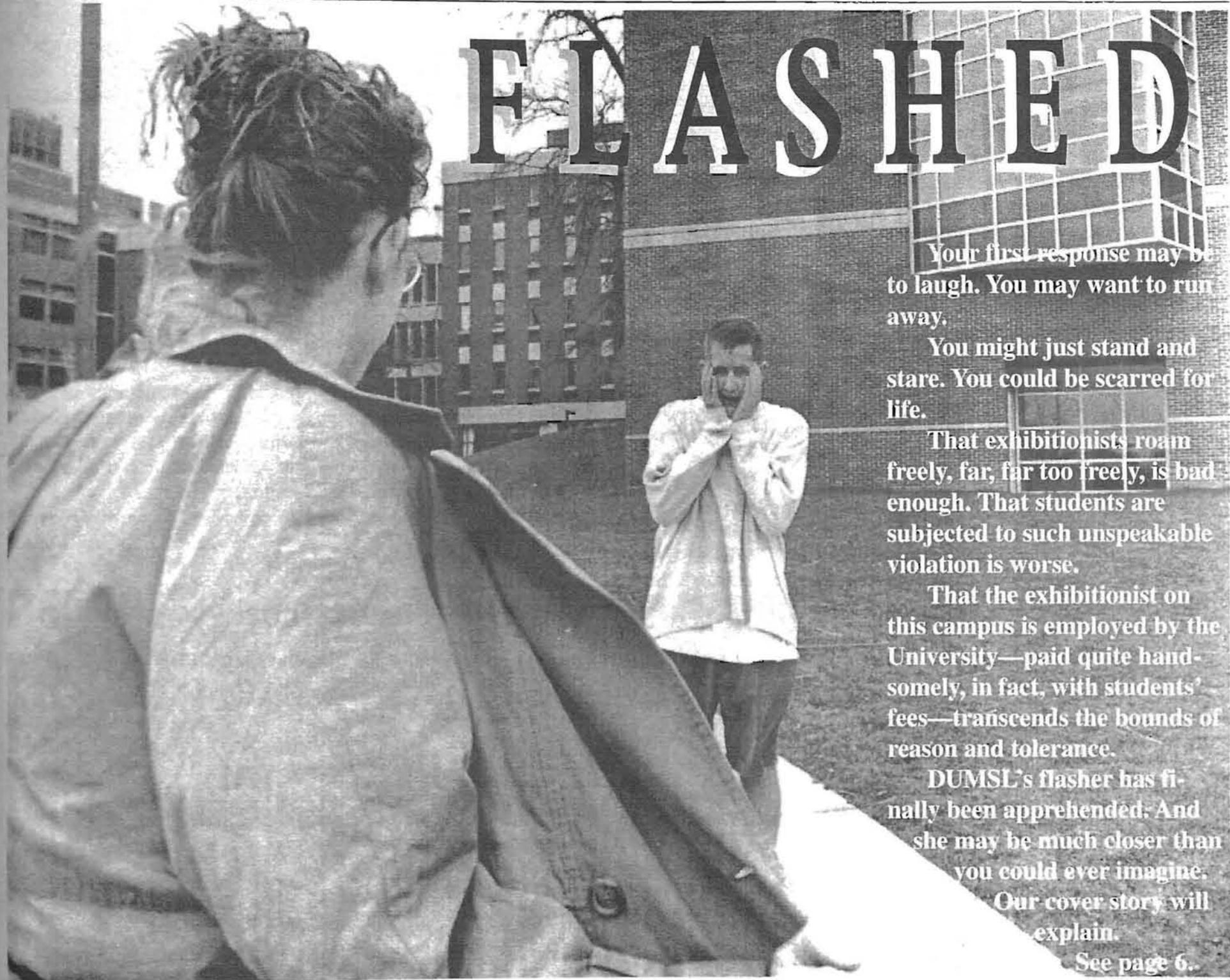
That exhibitionists roam freely, far, far too freely, is bad enough. That students are subjected to such unspeakable violation is worse.

That the exhibitionist on this campus is employed by the University—paid quite handsomely, in fact, with students' fees—transcends the bounds of reason and tolerance.

DUMSL's flasher has finally been apprehended; And she may be much closer than you could ever imagine.

Our cover story will explain.

See page 6.



What's INSIDE!

*The
Aboveground
institutes
a formal
dress
code.
See page 7.*



*Activists
are flocking
to a
controversy
centered
around geese.
See page 2.*



Crook to oversee SGA elections

by Norm DePlume
of *The Stagnant* staff

DUMSL Stupid Government Association elections have become so corrupt that the Missouri Secretary of State, Bitchy Crook, has decided to step in.

"The level of sleeze at DUMSL SGA elections has become so pronounced, we feel like overseeing them would be wonderful practice for the St. Louis city elections," Crook said.

Crook stepped in after a local DUMSL administrator decided that cleaning up the controversial SGA elections was a hopeless cause.

"I'd rather eat goat-eyeballs in Lower Slobovia than deal with this mess," said Paul Outamygordio of the DUMSL Inreach Department.

Crook has been somewhat controversial herself.

Political opponents say she abused her power as Secretary of State in order to steal the election to

replace former Souse Speaker, Bob Bigun.

Crook says she will cut down on the voter fraud by forcing students who wish to vote to produce their student ID cards.

Spokespeople for several candidates have complained that these new restrictions will not ensure a fair election.

Guido Deville, spokesman for Johnny Dingleberry of the Dinglecrats, said, "Hey, toinin' out da dead vote is a time hona'd tradition in St. Louis politics. Ain't da university experience 'sposed to prepare youse for real life?"

Ima Snob, spokeswoman for Hollinsworth D. Blueblood III of the Repo'mans said, "We can scarcely suspect that the scurrilous scalawags sucking up space at this fine institution are sufficiently cognizant of the salient issues to conduct a legitimate election. We simply can't risk our resume's on that. There should be a



photo by Photo Ho

Students cast their vote in the most recent SGA election. This year's election will be supervised by Bitchy Crook, Secretary of State.

literacy test or a poll tax or something to keep the riffraff out."

A story in the *St. Louis Compost Fishwrap* quoted St. Louis University political science professor Ken Borin's observation: "The voter turnout in the previous DUMSL campus election was higher than the total enrollment of the University at the time."

"I would agree with Crook that

this election should be excellent practice for St. Louis city elections," said Borin. "The level of sleeze at DUMSL is most impressive!"

Missouri Senator Kitsch Blonde leered, "This election should be an appropriate test of Crook's abilities.

She has an impressive body...of er...knowledge about stolen elections."

Pro-geese advocates want justice for bird's death

by Richard Muddigger
news associate

Some biology students are outraged by the inhumane treatment of geese on campus.

A new organization, Goose-Loving Students for Change (GLSC), has been protesting every day for the past week. These pro-geese advocates demand justice for a DUMSL goose slain two weeks ago.

Police arrested James Hunter, a sophomore computer science major, for killing the goose. Hunter has been charged with first degree murder. If convicted, Hunter faces execution by lethal injection.

GLSC members have been picketing near Bug-infested Lake, proclaiming the need for better goose-student relations. Simon Green, the leader of GLSC, said all they want is justice.

"Geese are a large part of the DUMSL campus," Green said. "We just want them to be able to live and breed in a safe environment, away



A pro-geese advocate enjoys a quiet moment alone with a goose.

from animals like Mr. Hunter. The geese must remain healthy, alive and easily accessible for whenever we need to run tests on them in the biology department." Green assured *The Current* that the tests were harmless to the geese.

"The GLSC wants [Hunter] to fry for what he did to that goose," Green said. "He needs to be an example to other students to be kind to geese, as well as all living creatures."

Hunter's attorney, Ben Matrock, said there is no way a jury can convict somebody for first degree murder on the grounds of killing a "non-human." Matrock wants to get the charges reduced to hunting out of season, hunting in a non-designated hunting area and possession of a firearm in public.

Some DUMSL students have formed a group to oppose GLSC. Students for the Death and De-

see Geese, page 7

Gang protests DUMSL Claims school is draining membership

by Ekim Nosduh
news editor

Members of the notorious gang known as the Lake St. Louis Wild Bunch picketed in front of Forest Hall Tuesday claiming that DUMSL is "too successful" in its recruitment practices.

Earlier this week, about 20 gang members picketed in front of Forest Hall demanding to speak to the Chancellor formerly known as Blanche Touhill (who now prefers to be known by the symbol ¥) and preventing students and staff from passing through the building's north entrance. Members of the Lake St. Louis Wild Bunch held signs reading "40 Lives Gone Since '92" and "We're looking for a few hundred good men". According to Wild Bunch leader Crazy Craig (a.k.a. Thompson Butler), DUMSL has recruited more than half of their members leaving the gang scrambling for street notoriety.

"It's unfair," Craig said. "They come around here with their tutoring sessions and scholarships. How can we compete?"

Members also seized the opportunity for recruitment by passing out literature on their organization. However, members remained less than optimistic about the outcome of their efforts.

see Gangs, page 7

DUMSL freezes admission, no more students—ever

by Ignatius Griper
managing editor

In a bold move to thwart what she called “too many damned students coming to this campus,” the Chancellor formerly known as Blanche Touhill (who now prefers to be known by the symbol ¥) announced Thursday that DUMSL will stop admitting students.

“By 2000, every student who was enrolled here before the admission freeze will have to transfer,” ¥ said. “By 2004, we shall be a totally student-free campus.”

Students are obfuscating the mission of University officials to drink as much coffee as is humanly possible and do some research in be-

tween caffeine rushes, ¥ said.

¥ added that this decision was made after much deliberation and serious introspection.

“I have considered the implications and consulted with my closest advisers,” ¥ said. “I could not have made this monumental and far-reaching decision without the help of the Psychic Friends Network. Every chancellor should have an advisory committee as helpful as these folks.” According to ¥, DUMSL students should not be concerned about transferring.

She has used her extensive network of partnerships, links and connections to hammer out “rewarding” articulation agreements with such reputable, esteemed and respected

schools as Sanford and Son College, The Academy of Hair, Skin and Nails and ADD Technical Institute.

“Students should be excited that they are on their way to institutions that can more fully accommodate them,” ¥ said, citing the inability of DUMSL faculty, staff and administration to divide their time among techno-babble, coffee drinking, money-mongering and students.

“We had to prioritize and make some tough choices, and in the final analysis, we knew what had to go and what had to stay,” ¥ said.

Vice Chancellor of Slum Lording Whinehard Shyster applauded the chancellor’s decision.

“This day will be remembered as the defining moment in our history,” Shyster said.

Shyster, who oversees all University property, said he was delighted that students were leaving.

He anticipated dividing class-

rooms up among professors so that they can each have two to three offices.

“Professors have been asking me since I took this job for two or three offices apiece so that they can post more and more inconvenient, absurd and obscure office hours,” Shyster said.

Despite its overwhelming popularity, the proposal has met with some minor opposition.

Personnel in the admissions and financial aid offices staged a spirited protest and threatened to process information efficiently and quickly until 2000 if they were not promised equally bureaucratic appointments once students are gone.

¥ quickly placated the rowdy rabble and promised they could all take turns running interference for her and other top level administrators once the transition was complete.

DUMSL student strikes gold with 911

by Features Bitch
features editor

A DumsL student strives to replace William Shatner. No, he’s not going where no man has gone before — he has his sights set on a new “re-enacted” TV show. DumsL student I.P. Freely, a senior communications major, works as a paramedic and hopes to follow in Shatner’s “Rescue 911” footsteps.

“Yeah, sure, ‘Rescue’ is a good show—an important show,” Freely explained. “But there’s a whole other side to working as a paramedic—failure.”

According to Freely, success is not nearly as interesting, nor can it play so well to an audience as failure. “People like to see you f—k up,” Freely said. “They’re much more used to losers than heroes.” One night last semester while Freely was working the night shift as an emergency medical technician, he realized with alarm that he had four hours to complete his final project for his video production class.

“I forgot all about it, but it turned out to be the smartest thing that I’ve done,” Freely claimed. “I swung by my buddy’s place and talked him out of his little cam-corder. It was pretty easy. He

didn’t have a regular girlfriend at the time, so he wasn’t using it. He pulled it out from behind the mirror across from his bed and handed it to me. That was the beginning of video history.”

Freely looked off into the distance as he recalled his humble beginnings and the debt he owed to his old friend. “Course,” Freely said softly, “he kept the tape. Wouldn’t have minded having that, either, but my buddy needed it more. He was kind of lonely.”

After buying a blank tape and a bag of Tootsie Rolls at the 24-hour Wal-Mart, Freely started production. When the first emergency call came, Freely remembered how his adrenaline started pumping, a sure sign that his creative prowess had awakened. “My first thought was: ‘S—t, I hope it’s nothing dull like a heart attack or a stroke.’ People fall to the floor, maybe groan a little — that’s it. I wanted something much more visual.”

Freely was in luck. His first call that night was a stabbing victim.

“A man had been stabbed in the shoulder by his wife’s ex-boyfriend. It was not very serious, but there was a lot of blood, which looked dramatic

see 911, page 8

Ridin’ High



photo by Photo Flo

Vice Chancellor of Slum Lording Whinehard Shyster, who is responsible for the University’s real estate including all rental property, takes advantage of the recently nice weather to survey his domain.

Get out & stay out

A STAGNANT EDITORIAL

With the growth of DUMSL in recent years and the added responsibility that has placed upon already overworked administrators and faculty, we applaud the University for refusing to accept any more students.

While initially breathtaking in its breadth and implication, this policy will ultimately prove far more beneficial to the University and its employees.

Without the constant interruption of students who insist on being taught and advised, faculty members can devote their entire day to coffee drinking and research, but only if it's convenient and falls within office hours.

Administrators have long been plagued by the necessity to appear concerned about students; without them around, they can go about their business of expanding the University empire from Normandy to New Hampshire, and they can do it without hint of shame or remorse.

The Chancellor formerly known as Blanche Touhill (now preferred to be known by the symbol ¥) has surely secured her place in the chronicles of higher education, having obtained an articulation agreement with Sanford and Son College, The Academy of Hair, Skin and Nails and ADD Technical Institute whereby all DUMSL students can transfer without missing a beat to one of these equally fine institutions of learning and growth.



Stagnant Reader Response

Editor's note: the following communication is graphic and incoherent in passages. It springs from a mind ravaged by sights so horrendous, we shudder to contemplate his terror. The letter is reproduced here only to demonstrate the lasting mark exhibitionists leave on their innocent victims.

From my four padded circular walls at Graceland, see I eyes before my naked flashing Chancellor. Recovery process been has long my tiring and painful. Cell I my share with Jimmy Hoffa; long are not the days so bad company

with his conversation. Doctors me assure her naked flashing my mind has not affected been. Remorse for her retain not I, I wonder sometimes though.

Her pasty thighs before my eyes will go not fast away. Out get I will hope soon I pray. But turn everywhere when I see her sagging self though want I to find relief. Help me Hoffa; Fallen can't I up I have get.

Beaker
Recovering Biology Grad student

DUMSL Needs Ebonics School

I tell ya, this school is so tough. The tests are unfair. They're not written for my culture. And on top of being culturally biased, the instructor just don't understand. That's why I'm proposing the creation of the DUMSL School of Ebonics.



Snotty Scotty
editor-in-chief

Through the School of Ebonics, feel free to speak as my ancestors intended, I could—in the native dialect the system has so vehemently tried to cornacopiously egrudiate me from. Only a School of Ebonics could allow me to Salad Shooter the chains of syntactical winniethepooh. I remember it lamellously. I was brainwashed by my second-grade teacher, Ms. Wormwood, and shackled into a potwalloper world of subjects and predicates. It wasn't fair, I say! But I was told I had no epistological chrysanthemums if I wanted to live in this world. So I went along with the doowaditty, but the angst I experienced was too kitty-kitty gum-gum. I was forced to speak one way in school and another way in my mavacious bunghole. However, the time has come to rise up and fight the epigotical commode that says we must speak only one way—their felicitous Agrarian fontanelles.

We must take back our oinky snoiky before the system envelopes all combustible peach grease.

"I'm sick to the hintosaur of all of this writing and stuff," said senior Ruprecht Van Horn. "Shuck-laden copulation sucks man."

Professor Oddibe Dung echoed his pastillion reverberance.

"The known factor of symbiotic and syntactical metatharsis augments the periodontal latitude of periodic deflaccation," he said. Those well stated testimonial provide perfect goopy-goo for establishing a School of Ebonics at DUMSL. So everyone, keep the mookie and fight the evil scrogg.

Unabashed student effrontery to good taste and decency

THE STAGNANT

We're not telling where we're located or how to call us. You might be an arsonist.

Snotty Scotty • editor in chief	Photo Flo • photography director	Ekim Nosduh • news editor	Van Gogh • cartoonist	Wendy City • copy editor
Ignatius Griper • managing editor	Photo Ho • production manager	Richard Mudigger • news associate	Features Bitch • features editor	Pig Pen • ad director
Pam Black • business manager	Robert Allan Thompson • entertainment writer	Norm DePlume • news writer	Brian Wholesome • sports associate	Rod Munch • sports editor

Cultural Immunization's time has come

Gone are the days of June Cleaver, clean living and morality. American culture has descended into a bubbling cauldron of lustful wickedness.



Ignatius Griper
managing editor

Turn on the television and a gaggle of scantily clad brazen husies are shamelessly flaunting the beauty God gave them in an orgy of savage effrontery to taste and decency. Turn on the radio and one's ears are mercilessly assaulted by garbage-mouthed, trash-peddlers perpetuating one unintelligent atrocity after another.

The Internet? The devil himself could not have envisioned a more scandalous device of sin and immorality. WWW: World Wide Wickedness.

And let me not start on that rap music. Cussing 4 Life, Cop U Lating, Die Dye Duy.

When will these oppressions ever stop? When we are bold enough to immunize children from these viral social diseases. The immunization could take many forms. Frontal lobotomies would cover a lot of bases at once. Other measures with more isolated success include gouging out eyes, cutting off ears, hands and feet and removing vocal chords.

In anticipation of virtual reality (another vestige of devilry, deceit and immorality) that incorporates the olfactory experience, noses should be removed at a relatively young age. Of course castration for all males goes without saying; reproduction should be replaced by cloning—a safer, cleaner more healthy and less sinful method of procreation. For those detractors who might suggest these social immunizations may in some way diminish the quality of life for our youth, let me remind readers of such obviously functional and normal icons of depravity Madonna, Rosanne, Rush Limbaugh and Dennis Rodman. Clearly they missed something in life the rest of us didn't, and look who's worse for wear: we are.

Call or write your congressman today. Help stop the madness.



Coward Starn
by Photo Flo
of The Stagnant staff

The DUMSL campus radio station, KRAP, is in the process of changing its format from all talk to all rock.

Students have long wanted their rock-and-roll, and DUMSL administration, which holds KRAP's license, has finally approved the changeover that will make it possible. The move to a new format came when Arthur Carlson, general manager of KRAP, realized that the talk format funded by federal money and private donations was only a moderate success as a competitor in the commercial St. Louis talk radio market. Seeing the possibility of a more lucrative market, Carlson decided to change the format to compete with top St. Louis rock-and-roll stations like KPIG, say-

DUMSL athletics gets new name, winner gets ice cream

by Robert Allen Thompson
of The Stagnant staff

The DUMSL Athletic Department has announced a winner in its "name the DUMSL athletic teams" contest: The River Rats. The winning entry was submitted by third year

ing, "As long as we're riding the taxpayer gravy train, let's go for it."

In keeping with the new rock format, the station has adopted a new name, KROC, and a new slogan, "Talk is dead—bang your head."

Seeing a need for new blood along with the new slogan, Carlson has fired every last one of the original employees and on-air personalities and brought in Andy Travis, formerly the program director for the AM station, WKRP, in Cincinnati, Ohio. When asked about the deal, Travis replied, "Originally, our morning drive time man, Dr. Johnny Fever, was to be included in the deal, but that is no longer the case," refusing to elaborate further.

Fever was last seen stumbling into a local dive in the company of a lovely blonde woman and declined comment on his lack of interest in the position.

The morning drive time open, Carlson decided to go whole hog and bring in a man who DUMSL students would tune in to—controversial New Jersey shock jock Coward Starn. Starn has long desired to enter the St. Louis market, and he feels that KROC is just the way to do it. Concerning the change from all talk to all rock and the possible loss of intellectual discussions of benefit to DUMSL students, Starn replied, "Intelligent talk? Without my show? What a crock of [expletive]."

Starn's goal is to improve the nonexistent relationship of KROC with the student body by offering some staff positions to capable DUMSL students. Any interested student should submit a demo tape to KROC's office in Dorkus Hall, or call 555-KROC.

Phys Ed major Ima Lardass.

"Lardass' was one of the first entries we received," said Celeste Higgins, interim DUMSL sports director. "The panel chose it over the others for one main reason; it provides the gender neutrality that the political correctness clauses, in the

DUMSL Student Journal mandate."

Lardass will receive a tub of ice cream for her entry. "This is so cool," Lardass said of her win. "This is the first time I've ever won anything. I've already got a membership to Vick Tammy that I don't use, but I can sure use the ice cream."

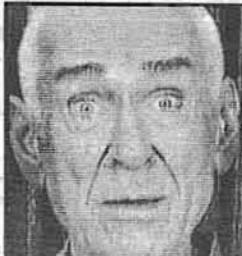
Under Tow



**"Who's your daddy?
Who's daddy?"**

— John Ramsey
JonBenet's Father

*What is the question
you ask most?*



"Kool-Aid, anyone?"

— Cult leader du jour
Jim Jones wannabes



**"Whatch u say 'bout my
mama?"**

— Marlan Wayans
Concerned Offspring



"Got a match?"

— Unknown campus
arsonist



Stadler Flasher's identity revealed

DUMSL's top(less) administrator caught baring it all to student

by Snotty Scotty
Stagnant Dictator

STADLER HALL, (PU)—The DUMSL police announced today that the infamous Stadler Flasher is none other than the Chancellor formerly known as Blanche Touhill (who now prefers to be known by the symbol ¥).

DUMSL police chief Bob Racer said he received a tip about a suspicious individual lurking about the building from biology professor Bunson Honey Dew and his faithful graduate student Beaker.

Racer said Honey Dew heard a rustling noise in one of the laboratories and then saw ¥

Scared and confused by the camera flashes, ¥ shed her thread and booked down the hall, but shortly ran into a dead end.

cloaked in a dark trenchcoat and donning a fake nose and mustache.

¥ then proceeded into the student lounge where Beaker was enjoying some hot, delicious oatmeal.

Showing an amazing amount of agility and dexterity, ¥ sprung out in front of Beaker and flung open her garment. Honey Dew said Beaker started squealing uncontrollably, thereby getting the attention of police and a *Stagnant* photographer.

Scared and confused by the camera flashes, ¥ shed her thread and booked down the hall, but shortly ran into a dead end.

"Get that camera out here," ¥ ordered. "Get out of here! Go away! Uh wait, before you go, could you zip me up and toss me those thigh-highs?"

¥ referred all questions to DUMSL spokesman Bob Samplerplatter.

However, Samplerplatter wanted no part of this one.

"You tell ¥ that she can spin this one herself. I've bailed her out of some jams in my time, but she'll just have to learn to keep her pants on."

Naturally, poor ol' Beaker was distraught.

"MiMiMiMi," Beaker squealed. "Squeeeee MiMiMi Reeeee MiMiMi."

Beaker has since set aside his biothermonuclear studies to recover in Sunny Valley's Home for the mentally disturbed.

Racer said that ¥ confessed to stalking young men in the science wings, confronting them and then "showing them the goods."

"Like DUMSL, my body is growing and dynamic," ¥ said. "I merely wanted to share it with some of the fine men at this equally fine institution."

According to Racer, approximately 20 men were victimized by ¥. One of the guys, Pigs 'n' Guys member Biff Stokes, was shocked by the sight at first.

"I was just like, cool, a naked chick," he said. "I was gonna invite her up to the frat house for some beer, but she streaked off."

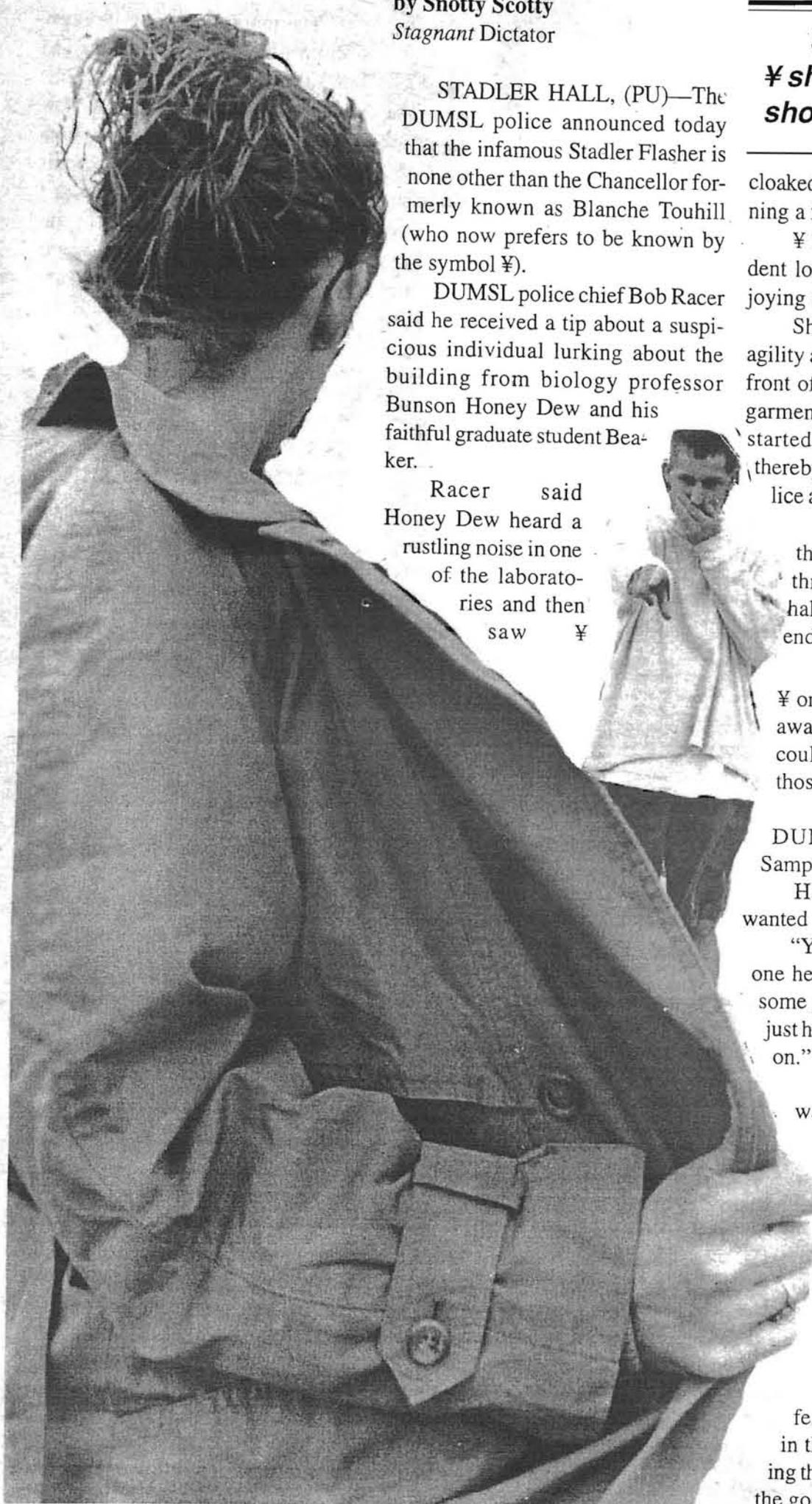
Racer said ¥ faces no jail time but will be forced to keep her pants on in the future, much to ¥'s chagrin.

"Flashing people rules," ¥ said. "I may have been caught this time, but the men at DUMSL haven't seen the last of my goodies."

¥'s victims all said they would sue the pants off her if they could, but she's already taken them off.

Tips in case of random flashing

- *Never yell, "God sure played a sick joke on you."*
- *Or, "Run away! Run away!"*
- *Don't laugh—well, go ahead. It's pretty funny.*
- *Avoid staring for more than five minutes.*
- *Take a polaroid to show your friends and neighbors.*
- *Never hug the flasher.*





Three students enjoy scrumptious Aboveground food, clad in the formal wear required by officials.

Aboveground imposes dress code

by Snotty Scotty
Stagnant Dictator

In an attempt to attract a more classy clientele, officials at the Aboveground have implemented a dress code for anyone wanting dine there.

The code will consist of suits and jackets for men and expensive dresses for women.

Snoria Schlitz, maitre d' for the Aboveground, said she was just plain sick and tired of dirty students trundling through day in and day out.

"Honestly, I can't take looking at all these dirties," Schlitz said.

Violaters will be forced to eat Aboveground food forever.

Busty Heart to join soccer team

by Rod Munch
sports editor

In a surprising move, exotic dancer Busty Heart has signed a letter of intent to play for the UM-St. Louis soccer team.

Heart, known more for her quickness on stage, will bring her act to the Riverwomen next year.

"I've always wanted to kick balls," Heart said. "I've just got a fascination with them."

Her arrival should also boost a sagging attendance problem the team has had in the

past. Her shows on the East Side attract more spectators than a normal soccer game.

"I can't wait till she gets here," UM-St. Louis student Joe Blow said. "She's the best thing to happen to this school since Mark Twain built the gym."

The team is also looking forward to her arrival. They feel she brings a lot of experience to the team.

"So what that she hasn't ever played the game. I don't have to give her any money," head coach Ken Tumson said. "She didn't want a scholarship; she will play for tips

from her half-time show."

The rest of the coaches in the conference question how much Heart will really help the team, Tumson said. "My scouts tell me she is a great ball handler," Tumson said. "I'll take their word for it."

Her signing isn't official; athletic director Pat Dollar hasn't yet approved her letter.

"Though this girl is obviously talented, she lacks a lot of skills," Dollar said. "She isn't even a student. Plus, she's a ball hog, and I don't know if I want that kind of player at DUMSL."

Geese, from page 2

struction of Geese (SDDG) are supporting Hunter by collecting donations to pay for Hunter's legal expenses. SDDG members simply despise geese, said Bubba Bo Bumkin, president of SDDG.

"They's nothin' but trouble," Bumkin said. "They's loud, obnoxious and just plain dumb."

Bumkin said he first became a goose-hater in February, when he slipped on a patch of ice and fell on his back into a large pile of goose dung.

"I couldn't go home because I had me two of them thar tests that day," Bumkin said. "I had to go 'round smellin' like goose crud all day."

Members of SDDG shouted

and threw eggs at a GSLC gathering Friday afternoon. Pro-goose protestors sat on the Bug-infested Lake dock holding hands and singing songs. Green said he and all the other goose-lovers are "hurt emotionally by the brutal actions of SDDG."

"Our mission is a peaceful one," Green said. "All we are saying is give geese a chance."

Gangs, from page 2

¥ also responded.

"I will remain proud of what we are doing here at DUMSL," she said. "Besides, the calvary's already on the way."

Dot Seck, gang expert at DUMSL, also attributed the drop in gang membership and the increase in enrollment to improved admissions recruitment practices.

However, Seck had additional factors in mind.

"When these kids join these suburban gangs, they just do not understand what they are getting into," Seck said. "They face ridicule from inner-city gangs and mind-numbing boredom on a daily basis."

He added that students who survive the crime-ridden environments of

America's large inner-cities tend to simply shake their heads at such suburban gang members as those in the Lake St. Louis Wild Bunch.

One DUMSL student corroborated this view.

"These fools can't even put up graffiti on anywhere but their own bedroom walls," she said. "And what music are they going to bump out of their

cars? Lake St. Louis has a noise ordinance."

¥ proved to be a woman of her word. Campus police arrived at Forest Hall with two patty wagons.

The members were packed off to the campus police station with no incident after being coerced with the possibility of parental and employer notification.

Fraternity to host awareness program. The Pigs 'n' Guys Fraternity will sponsor a sexual awareness program when cows fly and hell freezes over. The seminar, titled "Safe Sex Sucks," will feature guest speakers Ron Jeremy and Traci Lords. Admission and communicable sexual viruses are free.

DU Meadows rates to decrease. Effective Jan 1, 27,897, DU Meadows rates for one-bedroom and efficiency apartments will decrease. In

fact, the complex may even begin paying residents to stay there. Even though they acted within their legal rights as landlords, officials apologized for barging into tenants rooms for "maintenance checks." Call the DU Meadows office or your personal psychic for new rate information.

DUMSL shuttle service to add more shuttles. Campus police recently

Stagnant SNOOZEWIRE

announced that more shuttles will be added to the campus shuttle ser-

vice in an effort to provide improved transportation to the DUMSL community. Campus police chief Bob Racer also announced that campus police will have radio links to shuttles in order to expedite late arrivals. He added that shuttle service may even remotely match the shuttle schedule in the future.

Pothole warning. Campus police are warning motorists to beware of the ever-growing potholes on the first level of parking garage C. The potholes have grown to diameters of 12 feet and have swallowed at least three cars to date. The occupants are still missing and presumed dead. Police urge motorists to look carefully for the potholes until the proper repairs are made. Officials said repairs were scheduled to begin "when monkeys come out the chancellors butt."

Golden racket propels Rivermen to victory

by Brian Wholesome
sports associate

The 1997 UM-St. Louis tennis team started out slowly this season. However, a recent "finding" has helped turn their season around.

The Rivermen's number one singles player, Mitch Bourbon, had been struggling on the court, and so had the rest of the team.

Bourbon was apparently so tired of losing that after a devastating loss to conference rival SIUE, he went home and took his frustrations out on his racket.

Bourbon said he beat the racket on the wall numerous times, and after he did that, he went outside and beat it some more on the street. He said he knew it was no longer of any use to him.

"I didn't want that stupid racket if I wasn't going to win with it," he said. "I knew that I pretty much destroyed it after that match, so I just threw it in my bag, and I figured I would have to get a new one."

The next day when Bourbon went to take his busted racket out of his bag, he was shocked to find it in perfect condition. Bourbon decided he would try it out in the game later that day, and much to his surprise, it worked better than

he could have ever expected.

"On my first serve, I must have hit that ball at least 100 miles per hour," he said. "It was unbelievable."

This incredible surge of power gave Bourbon the ability to dominate matches. That day, there wasn't a single point scored against him. Head coach Mick Hindenberg said he was dumbfounded.

Last weekend, Bourbon dominated his opponents again as the Rivermen improved to 10-7.

"Everyone on the team has been rejuvenated," Hindenberg said. "This team just continues to get better, and it's enjoyable to watch."

The Rivermen take on nonconference rivals this weekend, and Hindenberg said he can't wait for those opponents to see Bourbon's golden racket. According to Bourbon, he just hopes to continue winning.

"I don't care if I have a golden racket or not," he said. "I don't know how I got it, but it has brought me good luck."

When asked what he would do if he were to ever lose the racket, he replied, "I'd probably go insane."

Your Administrators Hard at Work

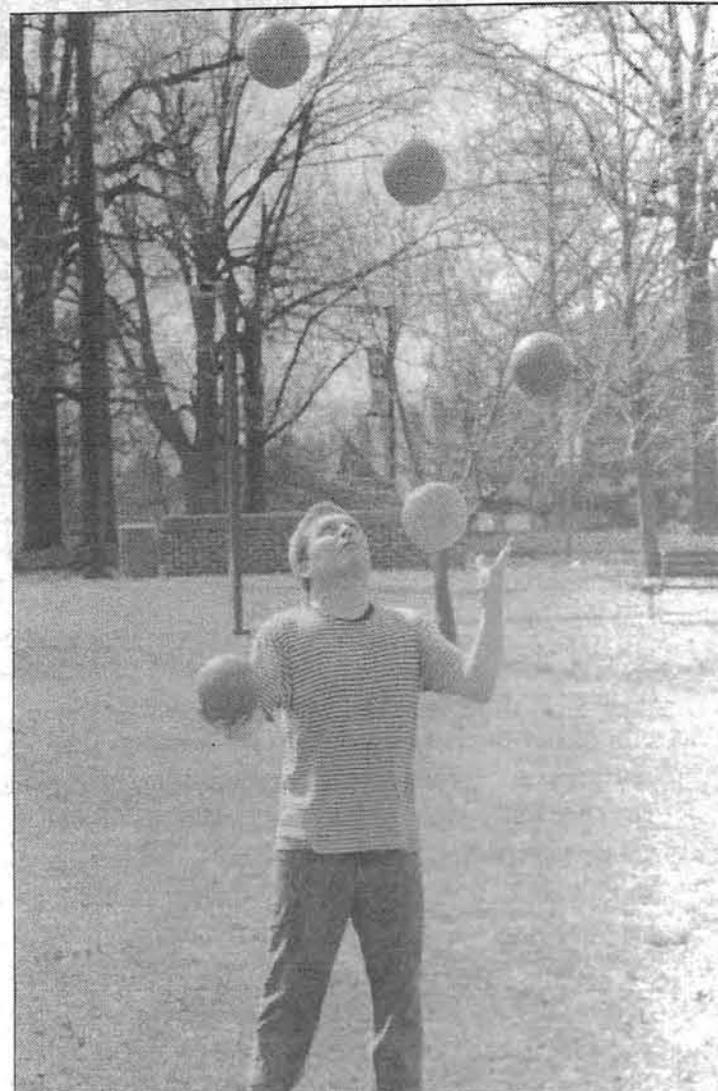


photo by Photo Ho

An administrator passes an afternoon outside Forrest Hall even though he should be inside working.

President Clinton visits DUMSL—by mistake of course

by Norm DePlume
of The Stagnant staff

President Bill Clinton paid a surprise visit to the DUMSL campus Thursday, but the President may have been more surprised than anyone else.

The President was on his way to give a speech at Washington University when he mistook DUMSL's sign (bright red, white and yellow with an arch) for the sign of a McDonald's restaurant.

We were unable to interview the President himself, but we did get an interview with one of his secret service men who spoke to us on the con-

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dition of anonymity.

"POTASS, er... I mean POTUS (President of the United States) loves his Big Macs, especially when he's got the 'munchies'. He was real disappointed when he got to your food court and found out you didn't have a McDonald's. Fortunately, you do have some fine looking babes on this campus, so the President did enjoy his visit. The only trouble is that bad leg of his really slowed him down. He can't 'jog' as fast as he used to, if you catch my drift."

Socks the cat also seemed to enjoy her stay, taking the opportunity to munch down on a fat goose to the

"There's not a shred of evidence to support that ridiculous idea. Everyone knows that the President loves his pussy."

**-Mike McJury,
presidential aide**

cheers of several DUMSL students with soiled shoes.

The President stayed so long at DUMSL he was forced to cancel his speech at Washington University. The

speech was to be on the topic of campaign finance reform.

Presidential spokesman Mike McJury denied rumors that Clinton planned to sell Socks the cat to a Chinese restaurant for \$1,000,000.

"There's not a shred of evidence to support that ridiculous idea. Everyone knows that the President loves his pussy," McJury said.

The President will be in St. Louis through tonight when he is scheduled to attend a \$10,000-per-plate fund-raiser at the China Express Restaurant. The menu was not available at press time.

against the white carpet and his blue shirt. And with the wife shrieking in the background, I couldn't ask for a better set-up."

He did encounter some technical

problems while filming on location. Also, victims sometimes wouldn't cooperate with his directions on how to show pain more effectively.

"I told this guy that his hair kept

covering his face and he needed to speak directly into the camera. Well, he started yelling that he needed help and all sorts of crap like that. I mean, I'm pretty sure he was going to die anyway.

I think his widow is being pretty ungrateful—trying to sue me like she is. Geez, just because I didn't jump right into trying to get the drill bit out of his head, suddenly I'm the enemy."