

Sperm drive exceeds goals, page 7

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THE POINTLESS

Volume 47, No. 22

University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point

April 3, 2003

Doyle shows UW System what's up



Photo by Jake Grill

Responding to concerns over reductions to the UW System budget, Gov. Jim Doyle led this naked conga line on a tour of UW campuses, proving to all that some things would remain "uncut."

Bush champions penis diplomacy

By Tyler Durden
ANARCHIST PEOPLE'S FRONT

Congress recently passed a new resolution pushed by the Bush administration, entitled the, "America is God, Everyone Else Sucks" Act.

Seeking to increase the current power of the presidential cabinet, Bush can now add "Supreme Ruler of the Universe," to his list of titles.

The "I Am God, Everyone Else Sucks" Act states, "The president of the United States is hereby deemed the privilege to control all facets of the globe."

Bush states, "I think it's a great step in bringing America one step closer to freedom and security. By their referring to me as Mr. Supreme Ruler of the Universe, I can more effectively look out for the special interests of a few as well as compact my shit more efficiently. Americans, we must stay true to our televisions."

The act also includes a "Finders-Keepers, Losers-Weepers" resolution stating, "Let it be known that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe is vested the power to call Finders-Keepers, Losers-Weepers on any country that has a considerable interest to the United States Government."

"This resolution will guarantee that every child in America will own at least three nuclear weapons.



Photo courtesy of the White House

President Bush, pictured above, riding the new corporate cock of liberation.

Through patriotism, preemptive, unilateral military air strikes and penis diplomacy I can now call Finders-Keepers, Losers-Weepers on any sorry-ass country I choose. It's all me, baby. I will ride the cock of liberation into 2004."

According to Vice President Dick Cheney, "Hell Yeah! Suckas better recognize. Like the other day G-Dog and I were straight maxin' in Zanzibar and he was like, 'Finders-Keepers beeyotch,' to the Sheik of Zanzibar, and I was like yeah G-dog stay up droppin' that ill shit."

The Act also calls out the United Nations as being a part of the new and improved axis of evil, including Chad and Canada, as the upcoming

terrorist ménage-a-tois.

"With the new Act, it is inconceivable to think we as Puritan Americans could be spreading and incubating venereal diseases, thus, I have linked hemorrhoids, gonorrhea, the clap, genital warts and a slumping economy to international terrorist organizations utilizing biological weapons and vernacular English," stated Director of Homeland Security Tom Ridge.

Secretary of State Colin Powell said, "I agree."

According to Bush, "It is now known throughout the world that America rules, and everyone else drools. We shall not be a drooling See Penis diplomacy, page 4

Rumsfeld to name Tyson as new national mascot

Tough talking defense secretary backs testicle stomping prize fighter

By Bob Tyrell, Jr.
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld has announced plans to christen a new national mascot when he visits UW-Stevens Point later this month.

Rumsfeld, who has drawn attention from the national media for his tough rhetoric amidst the Iraq and North Korean crises, has selected former world heavyweight champion Mike Tyson as the replacement for the traditionally heralded bald eagle.

"The eagle just wasn't getting it done anymore," said Rumsfeld. "When your biggest accomplishment as an animal is getting off the endangered species list, there's a problem. To even get on the endangered species list, you pretty much

have to be getting your ass kicked by just about everybody, and that's not the image America needs to project."

Undersecretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz has backed Rumsfeld's decision to appoint Tyson to the position of national mascot, stating that when Tyson told the international press that he wanted to "kick your children in the head and stomp on their testicles," he knew the Bush Administration had found its man.

"Americans have become soft and weak," said Wolfowitz. "Mike Tyson is tough and mean. He doesn't protest military action. He stomps on people's testicles."

Rumsfeld has listed several reasons supporting his decision to select Tyson, but has stated that national security emerged as the most prominent factor in the selection process.

"There was a major concern on behalf of the administration that if we didn't provide gainful employment for Mr. Tyson

after his career in professional boxing ended, he would just start roaming the streets and beating the shit out of people at random," said Rumsfeld. "Given the problems we're already having with terrorism, we simply couldn't afford to take that chance."

Wolfowitz backed Rumsfeld's argument that Tyson could not plausibly be permitted to exist in our society and went a step further to detail the possible impact Mike Tyson could have upon the nation.

"If an orphanage burns down, you can count on Mike Tyson to be there to piss on the ashes," said Wolfowitz. "Then he'd stomp on the orphans' testicles."

"If Magic Johnson ever gets cured from AIDS, Mike Tyson will track him down and give him herpes. Then he'd stomp on his testicles. Or if the economy ever starts to improve, Mike Tyson will raise interest rates, cause stock prices to plum-

See National mascot, page 4

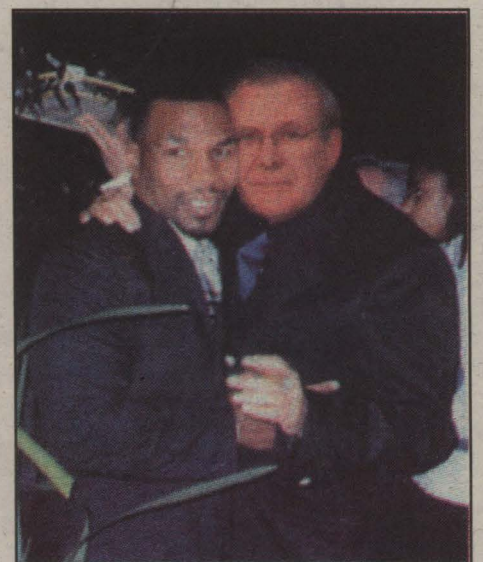


Photo by Jake Grill

Donald Rumsfeld embraces Mike Tyson as America's new national mascot in a moment encapsulating the closest any black man has ever gotten to Republican leadership outside of Colin Powell.

Inside

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College Survival Guide- kind.
near the back somewhere

www.uwsp.edu/stu/org/pointer

THE
POINTER
online

Disclaimer: Tis issue is 100% satire, except for the ads. If you're offended, your taking it too seriously. So chill out, yo!

IT budget reduction spurs less hours, more surveillance

Lab now open for six and seven minute spurts

Karl Hungus
EINE CABLE EXPERT

Colleen Andrews from Information Technology (IT) announced today that the hours of on-campus computer labs were to be reduced yet again, thanks to budget cuts in the UW System, effective immediately.

The new hours of computer labs will be Monday, Tuesday and Friday from 12:08 p.m. through 12:14 p.m. and again from 4:12 p.m. to 4:19 p.m.

The sporadic hours were created because of extreme budget cuts in the IT area, specifically in student wages for lab assistance.

"Our budget is so dried up, we don't have anything to pay lab assistants," said Andrews. "Without lab assistants, the hoodlums across campus would surely destroy all of our precious technology by May."

"I think that these new hours suck," said student Briana Fondler. "By the time I check my e-mail, horoscope and chat on AIM, it's time to close, and I haven't done any work."

"I support the reduction in hours," said student Robert Frinkledinkenshaum. "I'd rather spend time in the new smoking shelters than those smelly disgusting chlamydia-riddled computer labs."

Because of the lack of assistants, Andrews has allocated the remaining money in IT's budget to pay for new state-of-the-art digital motion sensor cameras. At nearly \$2,000 per camera, Andrews hopes that this new means of surveillance will deter anyone from even thinking about stealing, defacing or damaging school property.

"These cameras are the very same that are being used by the United States military in Iraq right now," said Andrews. "We figured 'why not get the best?' and really get some cool impressive gear. These cameras also have great control over precision bombs, so if UWSP ever needs to wage warfare on anything, like students, puppies or other wildlife that can't fend for itself, these cameras will blow all that crap out of this world."

Unknown students have already damaged two of the new cameras; one in the Learning Resources Center (LRC) was shot at and hit multiple times

See Labs, page 4

Bob Saget and Richard Pryor discuss freebase and child-porn

Gordon Shumway
80's SITCOM VEHICLE

On Wednesday, April 2, celebrities Bob Saget and Richard Pryor came to UWSP to discuss the correlation between child-porn and smoking freebase.

The event, sponsored by UWSP Health Services, was held in the Alumni Room of the University Center.

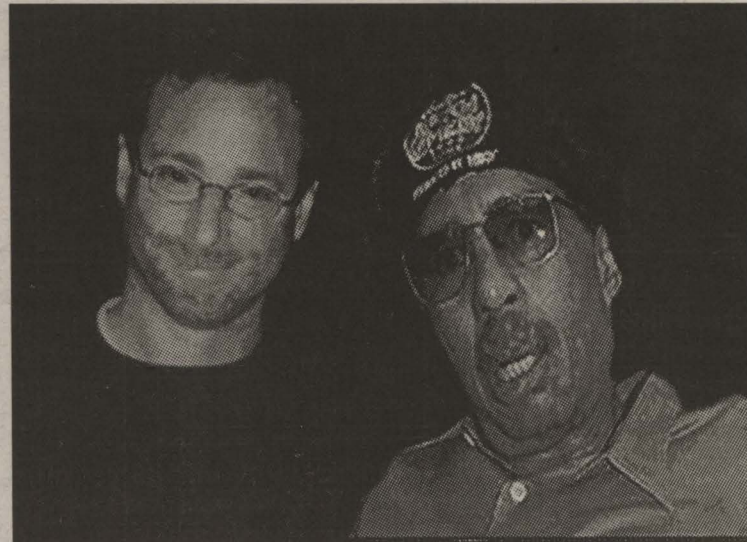
Bob Saget, best known for his role as host on "America's Funniest Home Videos," brought his extensive knowledge of kid-die porn to all in attendance.

According to UWSP student Kid E. Tickler, "I never knew it was that easy to get in the pants of little kids; Bob Saget laid out the perfect plan. First you get ripped on freebase, then just start kidnapping, it is as American as apple pie."

Famous comedian, Richard Pryor, enthused the crowd with his humorous rantings on cocaine overdoses and freebasing mishaps.

According to Pryor, "Smoking freebase isn't as easy as it seems. People think you can just get a spoon and a lighter and you're ready to go, but you need something more than that, you need to have faith and dedication if you ever want to be a great base-head."

Pryor and Saget collaborated on the forum and brought up



Pedophile Bob Saget and freebase aficionado Richard Pryor have joined forces to bring their lifestyle idiosyncracies into the mainstream.

many correlations between child-porn and smoking freebase.

According to Saget, "Once I began my adventure into the wonderful world of crack cocaine, the child porn just came easy. It's like a baker's dozen, but instead of an extra donut you get naked children and smoke-able methamphetamines."

Pryor spoke openly about his own past mistakes regarding freebase and the methods he took to alleviate them.

According to Pryor, "Back in 1980, I was still a rookie base-head, and I had the idea if I dosed my body in gas before I got ripped it would be a much better buzz. I was wrong. Instead of getting shit-face wasted, I set

myself on fire, which was cool and everything, but it hurt like a bitch."

Pryor encouraged everybody in attendance to smoke freebase while dipping their torso in a vat of condiments to increase the euphoria that is freebasing.

Saget states, "John Ashcroft thinks marijuana is addictive, I'll show that Nancy-boy an addiction. Has John Ashcroft ever sucked dick for coke? I didn't think so, and that is an addiction."

For more information on getting your fix, contact UWSP Health Services, who is offering classes on smoking freebase and child porn, with an emphasis on local strategies hosted by former UWSP Professor Gordon Miller.

SGA candidates vow to bring mudslinging to new level

Crawford and Greendeer prepare for confrontation in mud wrestling grudge match

The Ultimate Warrior

EX-PRO WRESTLER AND MUD WRESTLING CORRESPONDENT

SGA presidential candidate Jon Greendeer and president-elect Nicholas Crawford may have engaged in one of the friendliest campaigns in student government history, but now each man has confirmed that it's time to get dirty.

"He hit me in the ass with a tennis racquet," said Crawford. "Now he must pay."

Greendeer defended himself against Crawford's charges this week, stating that he would have assigned a campaign staffer to hit Crawford in the ass with a tennis racquet, but that constraints on his campaign budget prevented him from having any paid staffers.

"When it comes to hitting your opponent in the ass with a tennis racquet, the campaigning process is imperfect at best," said Greendeer. "That's why we need to settle this in the ring."

The two men will now look to settle their differences by going head to head in a mud wrestling exhibition which will aim to promote more student involvement than previously witnessed with online balloting in the SGA presidential election.

"After reviewing the low turnout at the polls, we have determined that democracy just isn't working," said current SGA

President Beth Ann Richlen. "It's easy to ignore an online ballot, but it's going to be nearly impossible to avoid the sight of two half naked gladiators rolling around in the mud."

Viking Helmut.

Protests ensued after Richlen's announcement to keep Greendeer's running mate, Matt Kamke, off the undercard, as protest organizers stated numerous

objections to seeing Kamke in a loin cloth.

"I've seen Matt without his shirt on, and based on that experience, I don't think it's in the best interests of the student body to see him in a loin cloth," said vice-president-elect Renee Stieve, who led the first wave of protestors.

Kamke, for once, could not be

Greendeer, who expects to receive the support of fight fans aligning themselves with the UWSP College Greens, has said that he will also not repeat a mistake he made during the campaign and will actively pursue students still living on campus.

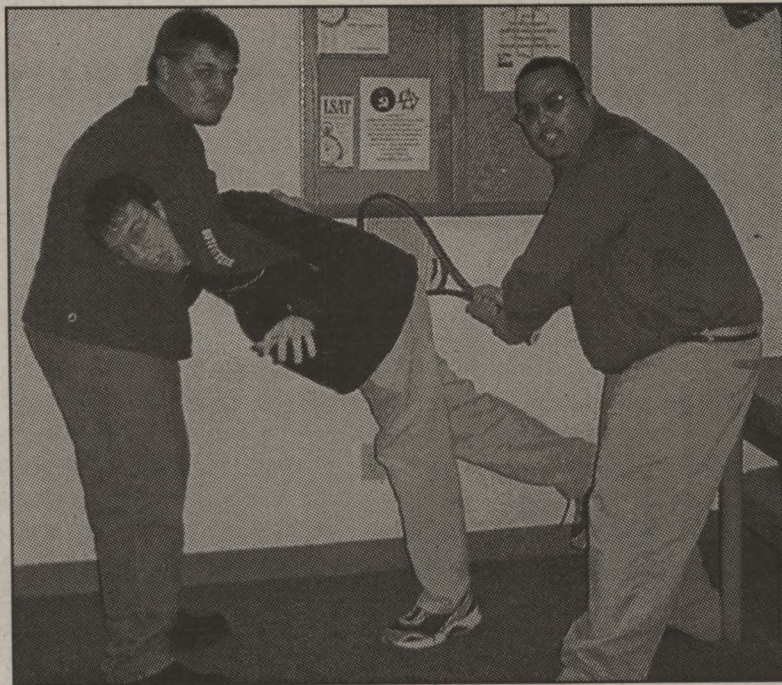
"As a non-traditional student, I can understand people who are apprehensive about putting someone in office they can't relate to," said Greendeer. "That's why I'm going to visit each and every residence hall in my loin cloth to show the students on campus how much I really have to offer."

Crawford plans to rally support from the UWSP College Republicans, for which he serves as website designer and also plans to receive support from his girlfriend.

"She's been after me to do something like this for a long time, but until now, I just didn't feel justified in mud wrestling another man in a loin cloth," said Crawford.

Political pundits and fight analysts alike have predicted that while Crawford will likely maintain strong support from most rank and file Republicans, the UWSP Log Cabin Republicans are expected to remain neutral on the fight, opting instead to revel in the opportunity of seeing two half-naked men go at it in the mud.

No venue has yet been selected for the fight, and while contract negotiations remain in their infancy, both combatants have stated that they are willing to meet anywhere and at any time, provided the mud is not too cold.



SGA Speaker Matt Kamke holds president-elect Crawford while Greendeer beats his ass with a tennis raquet just after the announcement of this year's election results.

Combatants Crawford and Greendeer were initially slated to do battle fully clothed, but a controversial last minute mandate by President Richlen has now dictated that both men will compete wearing only a loin cloth and a medieval style

reached for comment.

The implications of the upcoming grudge match have divided the student population on a level reminiscent of way that last year's Hulk Hogan vs. The Rock fight divided the neanderthal community.

Taliban takes over UWSP Student Involvement and Employment Office

Peter Arnette
RESPECTED JOURNALIST

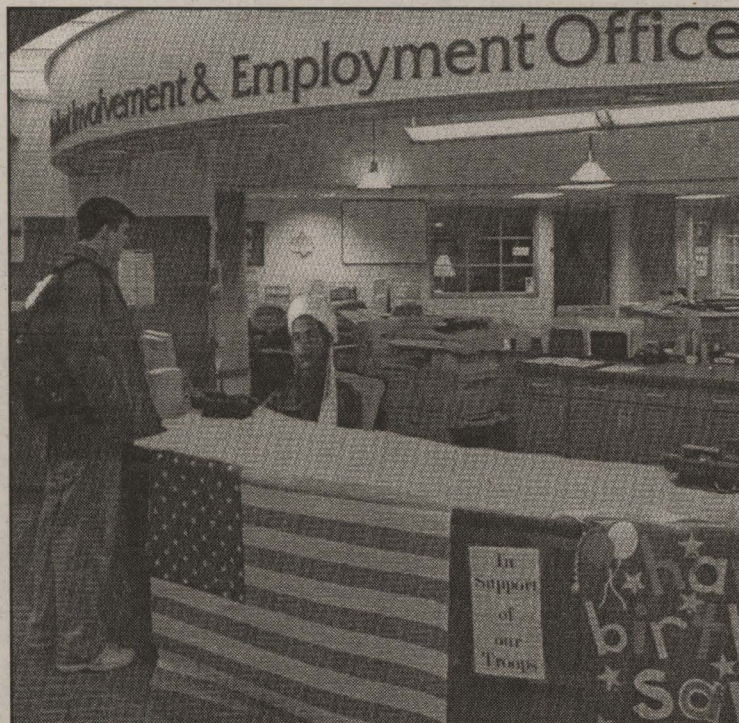
On Wednesday April 2, the Student Involvement and Employment Office (SIEO) was taken over by members of the militant Taliban organization. Fueled by the Appleton Al-Qaeda and the continual resentment held towards American authority figures, the Taliban has had control of SIEO for close to a day now.

According to Laura Ketchum-Cifti, executive censor and Assistant Director of SIEO, "This is an outrage. My office has been turned into a mosque filled with slanderous material; it is indeed the devils work."

Osama Bin Laden has taken over the position of employment coordinator, seeking to enroll students in future "jihad" and kamikaze missions sponsored by UWSP.

According to bin Laden, "This is the perfect opportunity to spread the Taliban message to central Wisconsin and take an active role in converting the UC to a terrorist friendly facility. I am also enthused in taking advantage of the Posting Policy on campus, I have great ideas."

Upon occupation, the



Osama bin Laden helps student with plans to jihad someone's ass.

Taliban immediately hung up an American Flag along with an "In support of our Troops banner" on the main reception desk of SIEO.

According to bin Laden, "Invading Iraq has made my day! Your bombs will fuel the hatred of America and the desire for revenge. By dividing the international community and distracting yourself from fighting Al-Qaeda, a new generation of

recruits is certain."

Ketchum-Cifti contends, "At least they agree with the current system, and the Bush Administration. If they were a 'left-wing' terrorist organization, I think there would be more opposition. Any support we can generate for the Bush administration is definitely appreciated."

bin Laden has also been aid-

See Taliban, page 4

Student steps on crack, breaks mother's back

Eileen Busterhymen is in critical condition after sustaining an intense spinal fracture Monday following the careless sidewalk meandering of her son. UWSP senior Mitch Busterhymen stepped on a sidewalk crack in front of the UC seconds before his mother suffered the unexpected injury.

"When we were kids, I'd always warned Mitch about the terrible consequences of stepping on cracks," said friend Biff Bifferstein, "But he was too self-centered to listen. He's made a lifelong effort to protect himself from cooties, but now his Mom is laid up in a hospital bed. Selfish prick!"

Busterymen was taken into custody shortly after the incident Monday as the SPPD instantly recognized that foul play was involved in the back breaking. Investigation into the case yielded the revelation that Buserhymen has a history of indirect spinal fracturing-related violence. In 1997, Buserhymen was apprehended on animal cruelty charges while fleeing a local circus.

"Mitch was involved in a horrific incident that led to the paralysis of an Arabian camel," said Sheriff Busch L. Britches. "After extensive DNA analysis on the fountain soda cup left at the scene, it was proven that Mitch indeed wielded the straw that broke that poor camel's back."

Since he was a juvenile at the time, Busterhymen was only sentenced to 30 hours of community service, which he spent at a non-profit chiropractic office.

"I would always catch Mitch spying on my sessions with clients," said Dr. Itzac Crackum. "He seemed mesmerized by the various popping and crunching noises of spinal discs."

A typical SPPD raid of Busterhymen's apartment resulted in the confiscation of his computer hard drive, which contained thousands of images of bizarre spinal contortions and fractures. In addition, the SPPD confiscated a yoga video, lumbar support pillow and over \$750 in cash from his home.

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A Postcard From Caen, Spring Term 2003



In only two weeks, the students from the French study abroad program have lived and breathed French culture.

In Paris, we filled our eyes and ears with a beautiful performance of the ballet Joyaux at the famous Opera National de Paris. We could not escape the city without seeing the gorgeous illumination of the Eiffel Tower highlighting the night sky, visiting Sainte Chapelle's stained glass windows, seeing Palais de Justice where Marie Antoinette was once imprisoned, paying tribute to the Mona Lisa at the Louvre, and capturing a part of the Impressionistic movement at Musée d'Orsay.

After tasting just the surface of French culture, we moved on to Caen and met the families we'll be staying with for the next three and a half months. With our new families, each of us has physically emerged ourselves into a new lifestyle filled with different words, food, and alternative forms of transportation.

Each family has offered every student a different opportunity to become a part of the French culture--whether it be a trip to the sea such as UW-Stevens Point's Lisa Anderson experienced with her host mother, a warm talk about lifetime experiences as UW-Oshkosh's Kelly Bezio had with her family, or speaking about the different perspectives in dealing with a possible war in Iraq, such as I shared with my host father.

Although our adventures in Europe have just begun, our experiences, lessons, and tastes have grown so far. Until the next postcard, au revoir!

Melissa Hintx, (UWSP, French Major)

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Waldo deployed to Iraq with elite sniper unit

Iraqis anxiously looking for target

Cam O. Flague
WAR CORRESPONDANT

In what some military analysts are calling a "cruel, yet hilarious" tactical move, the famous hide-and-seek children's book hero, Waldo Berenger, of *Where's Waldo*, has been deployed to northern Iraq with an elite sniper unit. Waldo, who is a cousin of Tom Berenger (star of *Major League*, *Sniper*, and *Sniper II*), is a m a z i n g l y upbeat about the assignment.

"I just want to serve my country like my cousin Tom," said Waldo. "I have experience in hiding from children amid thousands of animated characters and buildings, so I think I will naturally excel at hiding from the Iraqis. Hopefully I can put a bullet in Saddam's head for Uncle Sam in the end."

Capt. Lee Nippers, Waldo's immediate superior has his doubts.

"I've been training for sniper warfare as long as I've been in the military," said Nippers. "While private Waldo appears to be an excellent shot, he refuses to lose that ridiculous red and white striped shirt, wooden cane, bizarre wizard friend or that ball-licking dog with glasses. I question his chances of

living through this campaign."

U d a y Hussein, Saddam's eldest son, appeared on Al-Jazeera soon after Waldo's deployment to announce that he will rape Waldo with an assault rifle and boil his testicles in a vat of melted, sanctified gemstones upon capture.

He also

warned the entire sniper unit, their families and children who read Waldo books to prepare for God's wrath.



Sgt. Waldo enthusiastically riding some kind of sand-creature into northern Iraq

University adds new Communication GDR

By B. Zarre Oligation II

DISGRUNTLED COMMUNICATION STUDENT

After a landslide vote by the university's Academic Committee and a slightly closer vote in the Curriculum Committee, Professor William C. Davidson's proposal for a new Communication General Degree Requirement Course will become mandatory starting next semester.

The new GDR will apply only to incoming freshmen students, much to the relief of senior History major Eddie "The Bibliographer" Sanchez.

"I had to jump through enough hoops in Comm 101 to make me dizzy my whole f*cking life," Sanchez told a friend at Bahamas Tropical Tavern upon hearing the ridiculous news.

While Chancellor George and other members of the Curriculum Committee, including the mysterious Davidson,

strongly support the new GDR, some members of the University Faculty have their qualms about adding Comm 99 to the timetable.

An anonymous professor recently told *The Pointer* staff, "It's bad enough that our students have to fulfill such requirements as multiple years in the dormitories, a new no-smoking policy and even Comm 101 itself. All Davidson is doing here is using his academic clout to wrangle more assistants into his regime and gain shit loads in royalties off his new book."

The book referred to above is the new Davidson effort entitled *Your and Communication and My Ego* which began publishing before the university even approved the course to be added, lending further suspicion upon Davidson.

The book will be available in the University Bookstore for \$75, which includes a video containing two speeches

and thirty minutes of Professor Davidson rolling around in your money while naked.

Davidson's testimony during the Curriculum Meeting minutes tells another story.

"The students of today need to learn the skills of tomorrow by reading my book right now," stated the exhausted professor, who then handed over the power point presentation to an unnamed assistant wearing a mask and hot-pants. Davidson then sat down after calmly saying, "And now Assistant A, wearing a hilarious mask and sexy hot-pants will explain this point in depth for me as Assistant B sits on my lap and makes kissy faces to me, while I sip this tea over here in the shadows," as he held up the tea for examination.

Minutes later, the resolution was passed.

Incoming freshmen, who will be most affected by this new requirement, are sur-

prisingly enthusiastic while calling it absurd at the same time.

High school senior Heather Promenadeur, who will be attending UWSP in the fall, seemed excited about the "opportunity". She recently told a friend and soon to be roommate during soccer practice, "I can't wait to sit in our smoke-free dormitory studying The Great Davidson's newest work while we take it up the ass from meal plans, creepy community advisors, and especially The Great Assistant P." Her roommate retorted, "Yah Heather, it is going to be so great to be independent adults."

Upon hearing the news in his cave of evil on Clark St., William Davidson erupted in obnoxious laughter. He then ordered Assistant P to cease the foot-rubbing and continue working on plan "Incoming Freshmen Deception".



Steiner Hall
Wednesday, April 2 12:15 a.m.
Disgruntled residents reported that rivals had violated the spirit of the Geneva convention in the treatment of POWS during squirt gun fight.

Room 220, CNR
Wednesday, April 2 4:25 p.m.
After hotboxing room 220, CNR students reported that something "could" be wrong. Upon further investigation, it was determined that they were just paranoid.

Hansen Hall
Tuesday, April 1 9:30 p.m.
A female resident called to request a cadet be sent to her residence as cheap-substitute for a male stripper in a cop uniform.

Hansen Hall
Tuesday, April 1 9:33 p.m.
A responding cadet requested backup and strongly urged that additional responders bring protection.

Penis diplomacy

from page 1

nation in our quest for genocide and extra-value meals with Diet Cokes."

National mascot

from page 1

met, and put honest, hardworking Americans out of a job. Then he'd find Allen Greenspan and stomp on his testicles."

Rumsfeld, who has personally researched these possibilities, has confirmed that either Mike Tyson needs to find a hobby or be unleashed upon the North Koreans as quickly as possible.

Critics have pointed out that a number of problems could arise in naming Mike Tyson as the national mascot, and cite the fact that Tyson lost his last major fight to a British guy, an experience which has not happened to anyone since World War II.

Rumsfeld answered such criticism this week, stating "as long as Tony Blair stays in power, he'll

Cheney contends, "I hear the United Nations likes to eat pickle sandwiches, but instead of pickles they use blocks of cheese."

Powell adds, "I agree."

never have to fight the British again anyway."

Plans are also underway to give Tyson his own reality-based television show, aimed at bolstering support for the newly appointed national mascot.

"Now that the whole 'Survivor' thing has run it's course, we're thinking about calling the show 'No Survivors' and letting Mike Tyson run around the island killing people at his leisure," said Rumsfeld.

Possible locations for the show include the United Kingdom, where Prime Minister Tony Blair's approval rating crashed 20 points upon his announcement in February to back the United States in drafting a second resolution calling for military action in Iraq.

Rumsfeld will speak in the Laird Room as part of Melvin Laird Youth Leadership Day on April 28.

Labs

from page 2

with pellets from a paintball gun, and another in the Fine Arts Center exploded when "a super fine honey walked in," witnesses say.

Taliban

from page 3

ing students with resume building techniques, and giving beneficial interview tips.

According to UWSP student Sharon Needles, "Osama helped me out in finding a great job at the new UWSP mass-destruction lab, and

Landmark resolution

from a yet to be identified page

and we're really proud of that," said Speaker of the Senate Matt Kamke.

Kamke added, "I've never seen Richlen 'drop it like it's hot' so hard on the senators before. She must have really wanted to push this resolution through."

The resolution promises to finally give midgets, or the vertically impaired, the opportunity to found their much sought-after mud-

The effectiveness of the cameras is still unknown, although IT officials are optimistic that they'll solve many of the problems, which may even lead to the computer labs remaining open for a few extra minutes per day next semester.

gave me great advice for those hard to answer interview questions. It's simple; all you need to say is, 'I believe in patriotism, freedom, security, and hot dogs.' Osama loves hot dogs."

To get your jihad on, swing down to the SIEO office and look for the man in the white turban with a foot-long in his ass-mouth.

wrestling club.

After the vote passed, many of the SGA members and senators met at Bruisers, a dance club in downtown Stevens Point, to celebrate the success.

Little explanation was given for the Bruisers romp, especially when asked about who took care of the bar tab. "Leave me alone," said SGA Financial Director Rebecca Ross. "I'm hung over and late for Richlen's next show."

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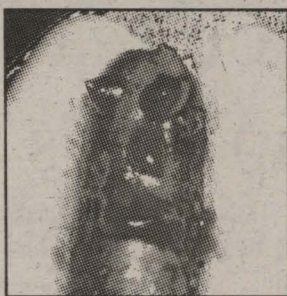
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Reading this column will only waste 15 minutes of your life. And no, it's not about a brat.

By Cheddarwurst Longfellow

BUN LENGTH SO THERE'S NO BUN LEFT OVER



your homework. You know you have work to do and you're just procrastinating. Reward yourself with something later, like booze and/or hanging out with hot members of the opposite sex. Or maybe invest in a helper monkey. Oops, that's right, no helper monkeys.

If you're madly in love with me and have to read every word I put out to paper, then, well, I'm not sure what to think of you. Trust me, I've been through the stalker thing (I was the stalker, mind you, not the stalker) and that's not really my thing. If you really think I'm worth your time, buy me a drink at The Friendly Bar next time you're there. Do you seriously think that I can afford to buy drinks at a bar on a journalist's salary?

If your attraction is purely non-physical (hey, I have non-sexual crushes all the time), then it's cool to know that I have bona fide fans out there. If you're looking for offensive materials, you will find none in here. At least not as bad as the rest of the paper, hey, hey, hey. Being the editor of course I'm a tad nervous on the eve of The Pointless's creation. But that's our job this week: offend. Most of which, by the way, is at least semi-tasteful, if not halfway tasteful. And if you're offended, then you're the true April Fool. Bwah ha.

In any event, please realize that a huge amount of time has gone into every nook and cranny of this paper. If we offended you, you're taking it a little too seriously. See, I told you that reading this would be a complete waste of your time.

Well, you're either an extraordinary backwards reader or you're standing in front of a mirror like an excited little trout to see what kind of cryptic messages I've tried to implant in my column this week. Doesn't it feel like we've entered another dimension? I mean, after all, you have to look into a mirror to read this.

Anyway, I wasn't sure what to write about this week; I only knew that I wanted to waste a lot of people's time. It's tough to write about something for The Pointless when I can write about pretty much anything every other week, too.

One of my best ideas was to write about how much I really would love to have a helper monkey, and that's no joke. Not only would it be like having a pet, it'd actually do work for you! It's like the best of both worlds!

I realized that I couldn't drag out my whole column talking about helper monkeys. The real reason why I dragged you into this vortex of space to read my apparent words of wisdom is to have a frank discussion about The Pointless.

If you're reading this, you're either really bored and/or tweaked out, madly in love with me and/or my roommates or specifically looking for offensive material in this year's Pointless.

If you're just bored, or to be tweaked out, then I truly thank you for reading this. You've invested a lot of time and thought into reading this, just as we've invested a lot of time and thought into the production of this paper. If you have nothing better to do, I urge you to finish the paper and start on

Beer, chick quality declining at house parties

I was so excited to come back from spring break. Not for the classes, crappy weather or anything like that, though.

I had a real tough time hooking up with random hot chicks in Florida this last spring break. I don't know really just exactly what the problem really was, but I couldn't find any decent poon-tang.

I was fiending for a house party; all I wanted was my cup and a corner with a smokin' hot random.

My first Friday back, I was excited to hear that one of the local frat (oh, excuse me, *fraternity*) houses was hosting a kegger.

I got there, paid the standard \$5 for my cup and ventured downstairs. What I saw was an all-out sausage festival. I mean, it was like I was attending the Johnsonville or Hillshire Farms company drink-off jammeroo in some frat house's basement. No babes.

I figured that maybe the tail would arrive in due time, so I meandered over to the barrel. I discovered that they were pumping this schwill-ass beer, and it was warm! Who the hell likes luke-warm, foamy Old Milwaukee Light?

I stormed upstairs and demanded my \$5 back in addition to some sort of oral favor for breaking out a new pair of boxers that evening in anticipation of throwing them on that special random girl's floor that night. The frat kid laughed at me and said, "No refunds, bro."

If we, as students, can't even go to a house party without decent suds and plenty of exposure to the opposite sex, what's the point in keeping frats around, anyway?

At least I got good head from that kid at the door before going home for the night.

-Thad Guy, UWSP student

FUCK! CONGRATS, YOU'VE FOUND THE ONLY F-BOMB IN THE POINTLESS.

THE POINTER

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Ask Chesty McBooberson

-a great advice columnist with a great chest-

Dear Ms. McBooberson,

This war is making me crazy! I don't sleep because of the 24-hour coverage. I don't eat for fear that my food has been contaminated by bio-terrorists. My house is stuffy because of the duck tape and saran wrap. I feel helpless. What can I do?

-Worried Stiff

Dear Stiffy,

First of all, Stiffy, it's Mr. McBooberson, but let's not discuss the cruelty of my parents. Let's talk about you and your issues, starting with the basics. It's DUCT tape. Duck tape was banned by PETA in the '70s because it was proven to restrict the migration of the incredibly stupid, yet undeniably sensual and enticing mallard duck with its supple feathers and utterly arousing flight patterns. Damn you, mallard, why don't you call me?

But I digress; I would like to tell you that your behavior is normal, even expected. But I can't, because you, my friend, are a freak that will never get over your freakiness. No one will ever love you. Back to my point. War sucks. Accept it. Take the plastic off your windows, turn off your TV, go eat a cheeseburger, soy burger, matza ball or whatever, and get out and have a beer. After all, if we don't continue to be overindulgent, drunken, self-absorbed, consumer driven, resource-wasting, blissfully ignorant automatons, then Saddam, Osama and the rest of that crew will truly have won.

However, if you feel you must do something, send Saddam a kitten. (Be sure to poke holes in the box to ensure proper ventilation.) Everyone loves kittens, and its adorable fluffiness might just cause a Dr. Seuss-like change of heart. Or he'll use it to make a weapon of mass destruction, and we'll all be screwed.

Dear Chesty,

I can't handle going to class anymore! It seems like anytime I sit down, it's always in front of a crew of giggly girls that chatter constantly throughout the lecture. Eventually it's all I can hear until I can't stand it anymore and I get the urge to stand up, scream and beat them over the head with my chair. How can I get them to be quiet without making a ton of enemies on campus or resorting to horrible acts of depravity?

-Bothered in Bio

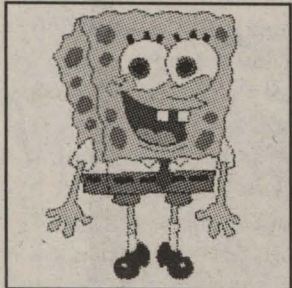
Dear Bothered,

Wow! First of all, how much do you masturbate? It's obviously not enough if you're getting this worked up in class. Spend a little quality time with yourself, buddy; you'll be a much happier person.

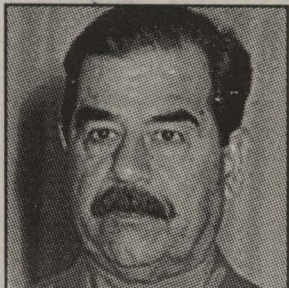
That being said, I would like to address the people that need to yammer on ceaselessly through an expensive college lecture. SHUT THE SHIT UP! Unfortunately, Bothered, there a lot of people that don't realize that they have actually left high school. These people have not matured to the point where they're able to sit for 50, 75 or god forbid, 150 minutes, at a time without talking about their hair, shoes, piece of drunken ass they got the weekend before or the inflamed sores on their genitals. There are, however, 50 simple ways to take your revenge on annoying pricks. To learn more, pick up a copy of Chesty McBooberson's *50 Simple Ways to Take Your Revenge on Annoying Pricks* at any bookstore, and watch those annoying pricks bow before your incredible power.

Pointer Poll

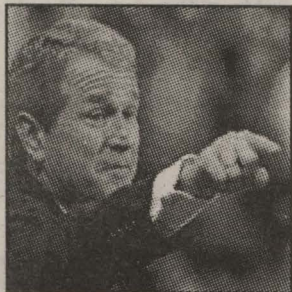
What gets you through your day?



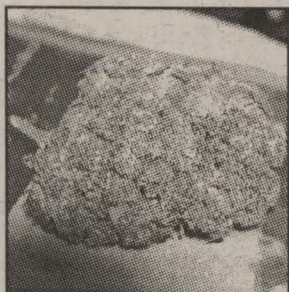
LSD. Dahahaha!



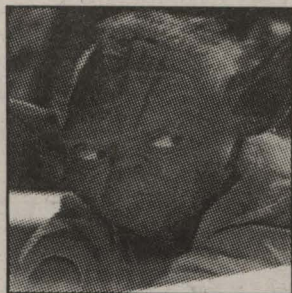
Kitties.



Hittin' that shit. That's what I'm talking about.



Going up in smoke.



Survive without the force you think I do, hmm?



Hoping that the Democrats will regain power and put an end to this unjust war in Iraq.

Too many meatheads gumming up UC's Information Desk

If there's one thing that continually makes me happy, it's my stroll through the University Center (UC) during the lunch hour. Throughout my years here, I've even catered my schedule to allow for an hour-long lunch break so I can visit the UC, grab a bite to eat and most importantly, check out those hotties at the Information Desk.

Sad, yes, I admit, but there are some damn fine honeys that work back there. I always try to make it look like I'm not watching, but I always throw a casual glance at that special nameless blonde master-of-all-knowledge-about-UWSP. Damn their all-knowingness. It only makes them hotter.

But this semester, more than ever, I've noticed an exponential influx of male meatheads working behind the desk. Seriously! Who wants to look at the meat on their lunch break? That's what Taco Bell was put into the UC for: nasty dirty meat at lunch time. Give me the dessert any day, baby.

I have formed a group on campus called Students for the Expulsion of Meatheads from the Information Desk

(SFTEOMFTID).

SFTEOMFTID already boasts a membership of over 100 students and meets every Wednesday night at 7 p.m. in room 111 in the Collins Classroom Center. I urge all frus-

trated males and females who support the expulsion of meatheads from the Information Desk to attend and make your voice heard!

-Tonto Humongo, UWSP student

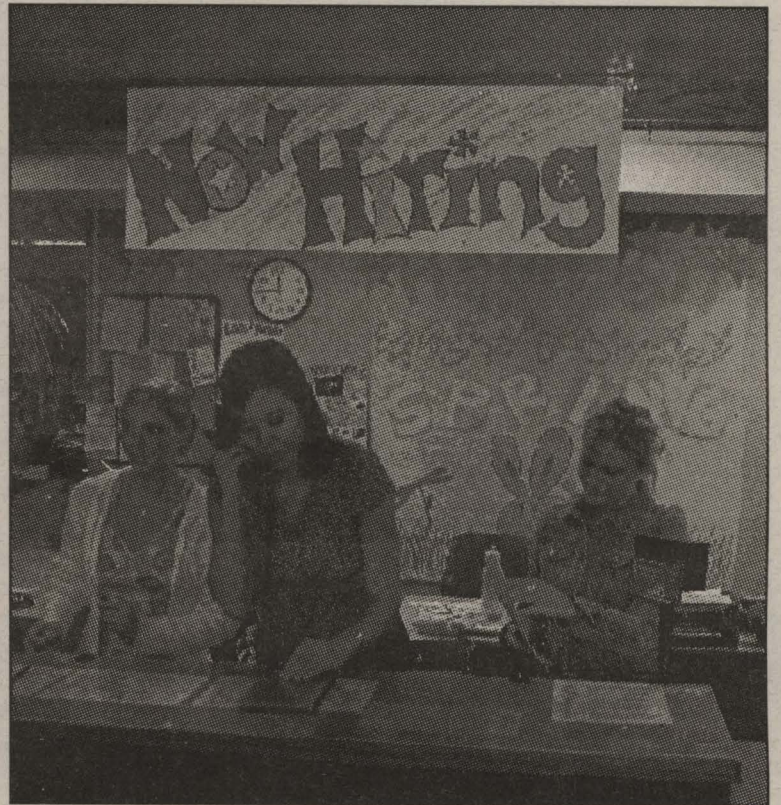


Photo taken by Miguel Jackson

The endangered species known as "Hottius Informationus," which frequently travel in packs as shown above, are being exterminated thanks to its only natural predator, "Meatius Homosapien."

LOSING LOTTO NUMBERS

Pick 3: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8

Powerball: 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48
"The Powerball": 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 25, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48

Wisconsin's Very Own Megabucks!

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48

SuperCash!

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48



The Pointless staff, 2003

UNFAIR AND TILTED AS HELL

POINTLESS STAFF, 2003 (L-R)

Back row: Josh "Sancho" Goller, Lindsay Ann Heiser "Bush", Kelli Green, Leigh Ann "Rasputin" Ruddy

Middle Row: Jaunis Baetronis, Craig Mandli, Trish Larson, Nora F. Bates, Sara Daehn, Andy Bloeser

Front Row: "Scuba" Steve Seamandel, Adam "Turbo" M.T.H. Mella, Daniel Jmirman

Not pictured:

Nathan Emerich, Kent Hutchison, Mel Rosenberg, Mandy Harwood, Mandy Rasmussen, Sarah Noonan

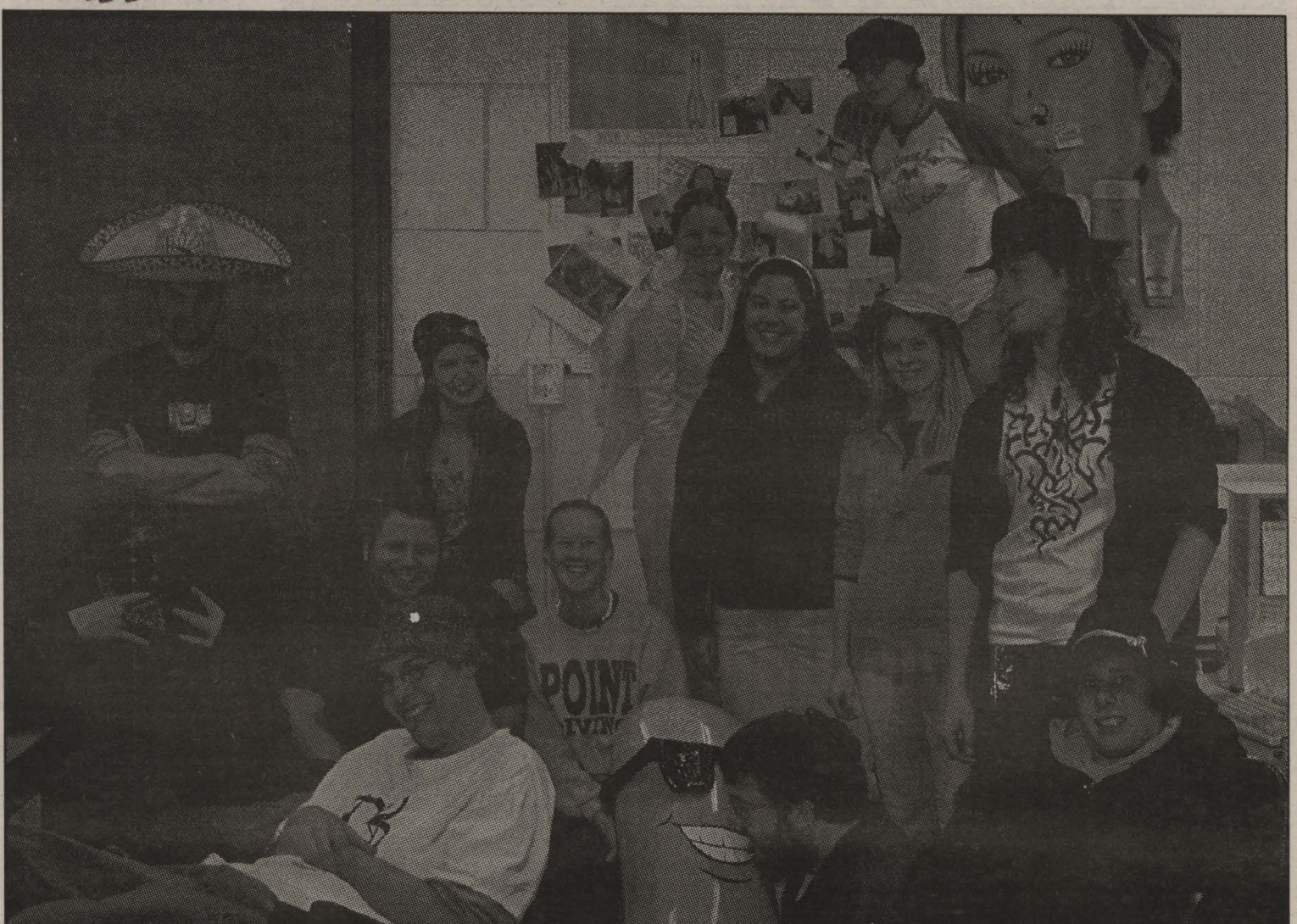


Photo by Tom Behnke, Salad Tosser Extraordinaire

Whole milk calls skim milk a "little pussy"

By Herman Nogization

FOR THE ETHICAL TREATMENT OF COOKIES

As local UWSP student Rick Groper shopped for tater-tots on Wednesday at the community County Market grocery store he heard strange voices. He told his amazed roommates the story immediately upon his return from the market late Wednesday night.

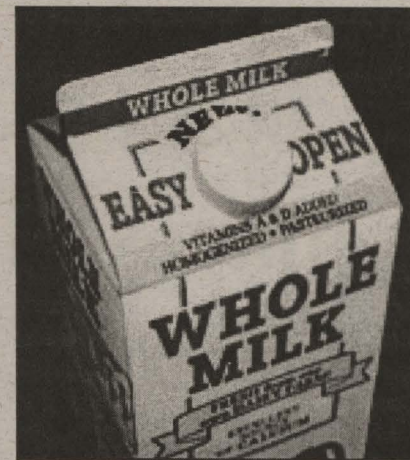
"Rick comes home from the store with three big buckets of cottage cheese, a gallon of whole milk, and eight of those big Country Crock pails of margarine," roommate Deano Jung told his girlfriend on the phone soon after the incident. He continued, "I thought he was off the quaaludes for good this time, but I guess it was just wishful thinking."

Groper had been arrested for quaalude usage several times over the past five years, for which he was serv-

ing probation and receiving rehabilitation. While skeptic Deano Jung believes the talking milk was the result of Quaaludes, Groper insists that his story is the truth.

"I told Deano exactly what happened. I was looking to buy some tater-tots and when I walked through the produce section I thought I might grab some milk as well. As I'm reaching for the skim, a gallon of whole milk jumped off the shelf and started calling me and the skim milk a 'little pussy.' I was convinced, and proceeded to buy a cartful of dairy products at the whole milk's urging. It was weird, and I never even got my tater-tots," Groper told another friend.

Nobody else was present to witness the spectacle. However, a County Market employee says that he found a bottle of skim milk crying in the back cooler while reading *The Little Prince*, a famous French children's novel, later that evening.



"You little pussy!"

An abusive whole milk shouts obscenities at passing customers and cartons of skim milk.

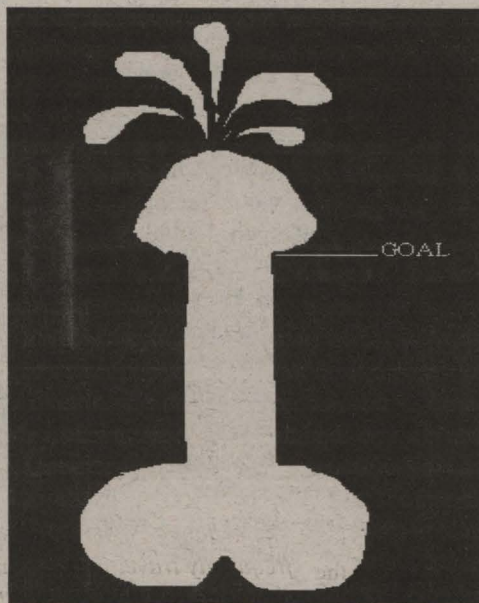
UWSP sponsors sperm drive in place of blood drive

By Ruben Strokeoff

NOT A PARTICIPANT

Members of the Association for Community Tasks (ACT) and local sorority Gamma Phi Delta would like to thank all of those who participated in the sperm drive held April 1-2 from 11 a.m.-5 p.m. in the Laird Room of the University Center. After receiving donations from 341 male students, faculty and staff members, coordinator Anita Johnson considered the charitable event a huge success.

"I've never seen so many students willing to come in and rub one out in the name of charity," said Johnson. "It's great to know that right now, over 15 males are completely thinking that they're scronking some chick who they'll never have a chance with in regular life."



Those who had signed up to donate were allowed to get comfortable in their designated chairs, and received assistance from the women of Gamma Phi Delta as it was needed. To facilitate donation efforts, the women put out refreshments for the donors. Videos provided by the Eldorado party store such as *Schindler's Fist*, *Bright Lights*, *Big Titties and Dude*, *Where's my Lube?* were played on the large screen for entertainment during the donation process.

"Though the action started off slow, it grew into a mind-blowing climax near the end," ejaculated Johnson.

By the end of the two-day affair, the organizers had overshot their goal of collecting 50 pints, mainly due to a constant flow from CIS majors as well as a strong turnout from the lacrosse team.

The event ran smoothly, as the only

complication arose when two Health Promotion department faculty members supposedly became competitive and ended up causing a minor distraction to their fellow donors, as the lights needed to be turned back on so janitorial staff could do the necessary cleaning.

Johnson felt that overall sentiments were positive, and is looking to make the drive an annual event, though several members of the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity voiced that they'd like the drive to be held on at least a weekly basis. With that Johnson affirmed, "I think it's safe to say that the event was a pleasure for all who were involved."

Bob Finds An Apartment

Bob had been throwing away his money with his high rent payments. He was looking for a way to cut his losses. Bob was at the end of his rope. He was looking for something he didn't have to fix up.

One day he saw an opening at the Village Apartments so he got on the phone and called 341-2120. He decided to dive in and signed on the dotted line. He packed up and moved to The Village.

Now he can relax and concentrate on his graduation.

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Call 341-2120 for your tour.



Smoker's haven: UWSP potheads speak out



Best places to hide your weed

To stay one step ahead of cops and their little sniffer friends, get creative by staying elusive from authorities, just don't forget where you hid it.

By Bun Dixon

HID IT SO GOOD HE CAN'T FIND IT

The war on drugs is significantly hurting pot smokers' freedom everywhere. Another war has now begun in Iraq, which will also hamper many personal freedom laws in the name of "national security."

While pot smokers everywhere have their favorite stash-spots, the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) is cracking down on the obvious spots, forcing doob-heads and burnouts everywhere to find new, more wily spots in which to place their pot.

For starters, don't hide your dank anywhere in plain sight (you dumb stoner, it's not "hiding" if you can still see it) or in very common areas of the house, and for God's sake, don't hide it in the water chamber of your toilet. The dogs always seem to sniff that shit out.

Furthermore, you've got to remember the dogs. When your shit gets raided, those damn dogs usually ruin everything. *Think* like a dog, man. If you were a dog, where would you not think to sniff? The coke stash is not a good place to put your nugs, either. Drug dogs are notorious for sniffing out, and sniffing up, coke stashes. It's best to keep different drugs in different spots.

The elusiveness of your spot depends on a few variables, though. First, how safe are you? Do you flaunt your stank-nugs all the time? If you do, you may want to consider being extra careful when finding a secret hiding spot. However, if you're hush-hush about being a dooper, you can enjoy a little more freedom when it comes to feeling hunted by the po-po.

Everyone has their spots.

Dresser drawers, or even crafty coffee table drawers are a great place for a stash. However, if you were a cop, wouldn't you think to look there? You've got to be two, nay, three steps ahead of the cops. And remember, being three steps ahead of the cops while stoned is really like being one step ahead of the cops with a clear head. Contrary to popular belief, cops actually do have the capability to exercise free-thought and at times, may even resort to logical deductions. Be careful.

The best spot that I've ever encountered was in my roommate's spice cabinet. This only works, though, if your roommate doesn't smoke or if he or she doesn't know what it is. Just put it in a jar marked "herbs with tha flava" and tell your unknowing roomie that it's a special herb from the West Indies that is very expensive and most people are allergic to it, or some bullshit.

Another great place to hide your sack is deep in your closet in a shoe. If your closet is really messy, and most are at least remotely cluttered, then a shoe in the back corner of your closet is a sure-fire grade-A hiding spot. Just remember to double bag it, or even keep it in a small empty baby-food jar to avoid foot-smelly nugs.

If you're hiding schwag, well, hell, *how do you live?* Schwag is undoubtedly the unwanted step-child of the weed world. Schwag-smokers might as well turn themselves into the cops because they're committing a crime against themselves and giving potheads everywhere a bad name. It makes you stupid and tired, and it's always overpriced. You couldn't pay me to buy schwag. Well, I take that back, because then I could resell it to those crusty dorm-rats. Anyway...

Most importantly, remember to isolate yourself from the poser-smokers out there. It's all about being safe and maintaining that head on your shoulders. Stay away from the sketch-balls and most importantly, be discreet in your hobby, and you shouldn't have many problems with "the man."

Students toked everywhere on campus since Big Wu concert

By Shrieking Cheddar

UNDERCOVER PROVOLONE

In light of the Big Wu concert here in February, students have felt that they may freely smoke weed whenever and wherever they feel the need. Since the weed revolution of Feb. 1, the night the Big Wu performed, students feel that if they can toked up in the Laird Room, toking up in other places on campus should be acceptable also.

When talking with one student from the health promotions office, who would prefer to be referenced under the pseudonym Bambi, she said, "Smoking weed is way less harmful to students than cigarettes, and, you know, it, like, enhances a person's ability to, you know, study and, like, to think, like, more clearly."

Bambi is also one of the leaders in the Right to Smoke Marijuana in the Residence Halls Campaign. Because of her advice, students have been toking up all over campus, in places like Schmeeckle, the Tutoring Learning Center, Debot and even in the chancellors office. Chancellor George just "passes on grass," though.

A spokesperson from Dining Services has also reported an increase in student attendance at Debot. Further investigation may need to be taken in order to find out if there is any direct correlation between the smoking of marijuana to the increase of campus dining. Also, further investigation will need to be conducted to see if being stoned actually makes Debot's food more appealing.

Study rooms in the LRC have become increasingly popular. Room 420 is booked for group studies for the rest of the semester.

At the Natty Nation show held in the Encore last month, students took privilege in toking up once again but many students said, "It just wasn't the Laird."

One speculation is that this recent uprising in toking up may be the reason that Danny Glover read poetry at his recent stop at UWSP.

During upcoming events, the department of philosophy and religious studies will be selling dime bags in the University Center concourse this week to raise money for the 2003 "Quest for the Meaning of Life." All marijuana is 100% organically grown and harvested locally in the science building greenhouse.



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Univ. of Wisconsin-Stevens Point
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Check out a Walt Disney World® College Program **paid internship**. 24-hour secured housing is offered. College credit opportunities may be available. Visit our website at wdwcollegeprogram.com and then come to the presentation. Attendance is required to interview.

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UW-System admits UW-Stout a hoax

By Toby Noculars

OSTRICH FARMER

In a stunning revelation this past weekend, the UW-System President Katharine C. Lyall admitted at a press conference that UW-Stout is a complete hoax and has been nothing but a falsity since its inclusion into the UW-System in 1891 near Menomonie, Wis.

After the astonishing announcement late Saturday night, President Lyall resigned her commission as head of the UW-System, citing "honesty issues and corruption at the highest levels" as reasons for her hasty departure.

The pronouncement is believed to be the result of an ongoing internal investigation over the past three years that uncovered information pertaining to the blatant deception. The investigation, entitled "The Stout Snake Oil Papers," published its findings last Thursday. Special Agent Karobee, working in conjunction with the FBI and UW-System, was in charge of the report.

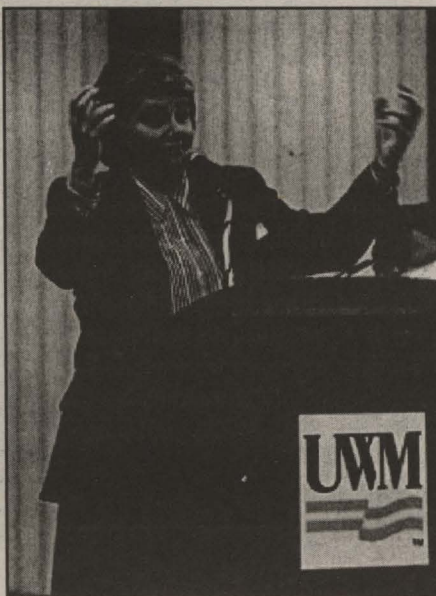
Karobee gave a rough outline of the operations that occurred in Menominee over the past century during a subsequent press conference following Lyall's departure.

"For starters, we have found UW-Stout to be a scandal beyond anyone's wildest imagination. The 'students', 'faculty' and 'staff' of Stout are believed to be a group of high tech villains. They have possibly been connected or

linked to the start of the Spanish American War, the Tea-Pot Dome Scandal, McCarthyism, an extensive speakeasy ring operated during prohibition and recent money laundering operations in the Cayman Islands that may be directly related to the impending budget crisis," said Agent Karobee.

Since the report came out, a mysterious silver orb has descended over Menomonie and the entire 'campus area,' which repels radar signals and all attempts to breach the gelatinous sphere. Skeptics are beginning to question whether or not the so-called hoax is more than what the FBI is letting on.

Area resident and mother of a "Stout graduate"



President Lyall is currently riding a hippopotamus towards Stout from UWM.

reported on Monday that her son called her from Menomonie and then proceeded to "read her mind, turn the family pet into a cactus and then show her the ultimate answer to life," among other things.

As the plot thickened in the Stout Snake Oil Case, and the hoax began to show its true colors, former UW President Lyall was found riding at the head of a significant caravan of Egyptian hippopotami making its way toward Stout on Tuesday. The purpose of this peculiar odyssey is unknown at time of printing, and attempts by the Wisconsin Republican Guard at Ft. McCoy to stop the movement north have been repelled by "lasers and hordes of locusts falling from the heavens," according to General Tetommiski of the First Wisconsin Volunteers.

In response to the madness Governor Doyle declared the UW-System "in a state of emergency beyond repair," and then proceeded to cut all funding for the state education budget. Karobee speculated soon after that the Governor himself was involved in the scandal to which former Governor Scott McCallum said, "F*ck 'em! F*ck those lousy f*cks." McCallum then turned into a cactus.

General Studies major lands job as live worm counter

By Fordegres Kolder

WHITE BREAD ENTHUSIAST

Fat Lloyd's Bait and Tackle Shop recently hired UWSP senior Sue Perslacker as the executive live worm counter. Perslacker, who will be graduating in May with a General Studies major, reportedly will be raking in \$5.35 per hour, a full ten cents above the minimum wage mark.

"I'd always been told by my professors, friends, family members, casual acquaintances and random people on the street that I'd never amount to anything with a General Studies major," said Perslacker while practicing for her new job by counting and sorting multicolored rubber bands. "Well, I guess I showed them. \$5.35 baby."

Bucking a long-standing trend among General Studies majors of failure by downfall into the seedy underbelly of society, Perslacker, in addition to her legitimate wage, will be allowed to sit during her shifts and will even be allowed to wash her hands after shuffling through soil and refuse to count the worms.

"I'm finally getting a chance to put my unfocused, patchwork education to use," said Perslacker. "All those 100-level courses I took to coast through my education are finally paying off. Apparently all I needed

was a haphazard mishmash of knowledge to succeed in the career world."

Perslacker claims to have already tripled the productivity of the worm sales at the bait shop.

"By ripping the worms into three pieces I've discovered that we can make three times more money," said Perslacker. "I may get some pungent-smelling worm goo on my hands, but it's worth it to maximize our profit."

According to Perslacker, she has UWSP's General Studies program to thank for her successful "cutting-corners" method.

In honor of her achievement, Perslacker's name has been inscribed on a plaque in the CPS that commemorates all seven general studies majors who did not die in a gutter.

"Previously, our most accomplished student was Sketchy Von Creep who made a small fortune selling crystal meth to middle school kids," said professor Arya Hornee. "He maybe squandered his wealth on morbidly obese disease-ridden prostitutes before overdosing on turpentine fumes, but let it be known that he died almost a dozen feet from any kind of gutter."

Bloody Band-Aids offered as newest topping at Pointer Express

By Hunny Bunchkins

RADIOACTIVE KITTY

Judy Jordan, a Pointer Express employee, came up with the idea for a new sandwich topping while she was sitting in the break room one day last month eating lunch. Earlier that morning Jordan had cut her finger with a sharp knife while slicing deli meat. She placed a Band-Aid over it to stop the bleeding.

While Judy enjoyed her honey turkey on wheat bread sandwich she realized there was something different about the taste of it that day.

She says, "It tasted kind of salty, but different than anything I've ever eaten before. The texture was strange too, very chewy and crisp. I looked down at the sub and realized my band-aid had fallen off my finger and into my lunch."

After the initial shock and amazement, Jordan says she started to think that everyone should have the opportunity to indulge in this newly found delicacy. Jordan soon informed her boss, Harry McToe, of her discovery and he responded with enthusiasm for the new idea.

McToe said that business had been slow for the past few months before they released bloody Band-Aids as toppings. McToe said, "In all reality, bloody Band-Aids saved this business. For a while there it didn't look too good for us. Students weren't eating with us as often as they used to, so I knew we needed to come up with something more that we could offer customers. Jordan did just that."

Students first got to taste the new topping on March 28. To find out if students were satisfied with the product they were asked to fill out a survey after eating their meal. Overall, McToe and Jordan said that feedback was positive. The new topping has drawn many new customers to the Pointer Express, and it has caused old customers to rave about the new twist in the subs.

However, some customers were initially concerned with the safety of eating bloody Band-Aids. Sanitation and spread of infection and Bandage Transmitted Diseases (BTDs) caused employees and students to feel uneasy about trying the new topping on their sandwiches.

McToe says that after dozens of tests, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said blood covered bandages are a safe and healthy food. In fact, they are a great source of protein and iron. UWSP food service workers cook bandages in high temperatures to rid blood of any possible diseases or infections it may be carrying.

The success of the Pointer Express' new topping has made numerous other restaurants re-think the choices on their own menus. Well-known restaurants such as Subway, Cousins Subs and Erbert and Gerbert's are considering offering bloody Band-Aids as a sandwich topping in the near future.

Jordan said, "I always wanted to think of a great idea and get rich, but I never dreamed it would turn out to be about a bloody band-aid on subs."

Black-sheep Bennett brother found coaching at Northland Bible College

Hidden for years, Cletus Bennett found coaching at conservative religious college

By Ima Lyer

NARRATIVE FABRICATION SPECIALIST

The Pointless Sports Information Services Department has learned that there is another in the long line of Bennettball coaching legends.

bennettball

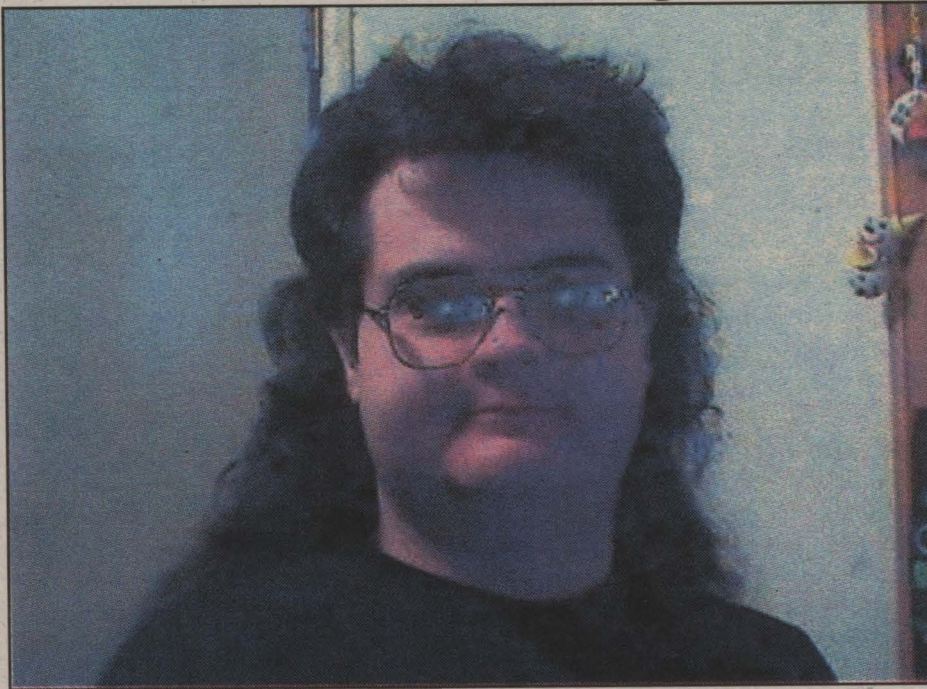
Joining brothers Jack and Dick Bennett, UW-Madison assistant Tony Bennett and Indiana women's head coach Kathi Bennett is a new coach to throw on the pile: Cletus Bennett.

Cletus, the youngest brother of UWSP men's basketball coach Jack Bennett and Wisconsin coaching legend Dick Bennett, has been coaching the Northland Baptist Bible College Pioneers for the past three seasons.

"We were really hoping that no one would find him up there," said Jack Bennett. "He hasn't really lived up to the family name, and we're frankly a little embarrassed."

The youngest Bennett brother apparently hasn't acquired much of the Bennett coaching acumen, as his Pioneers have racked up a record of 4-128 over the past three seasons.

Cletus was appointed the job as head coach of Northland, located in tiny



I stole this photo from the Internet

Cletus Bennett has been coaching at Northland for the past three seasons. Before that, he served seven years in Dodgeville State Penitentiary for running a kiddie-porn ring.

Dunbar, Wis., by now governor Jim Doyle. Three years ago, Cletus was nearing the midpoint of a six-year prison term for masterminding the largest internet child-pornography ring in the U.S. to date. He was offered the job as an opportunity to better himself in Wisconsin's prison-to-work program.

"Jim (Doyle) owed me a favor," said Dick Bennett. "They don't usually let criminals as bad as my brother out on work-release programs, but after sitting

down with Cletus, Jim decided to give it a try."

In an ironic twist of fate, Northland Baptist was looking to cut their athletic budget. Since Cletus's salary was to be paid by the state, it was the perfect opportunity. Northland jumped at the chance.

"It took a little getting used to, you know, having a registered sexual offender holding a position of prominence at a Baptist college," said school administrator Father Joseph O'Callahan. "But Cletus has

fit in here perfectly."

Cletus's players echoed the sentiment. "Coach Bennett is a great guy," said junior guard Contance Prayer. "I was brought up by a strict Baptist family, so I wasn't exposed to much outside of Dunbar. The first thing Coach did with us when I was a freshman was bring us strip-club hopping in Iron Mountain. He also introduced me to my new best friend, Jack Daniels."

When questioned about their uncle's credentials, current UWSP star Nick Bennett and former player Jay Bennett have mixed reactions.

"I remember Uncle Cletus coming over the house when we were kids," said Nick. "Usually, it was to ask Dad for money or booze, but was always happy to see me and Jay."

Jay remembers things a little differently. "I remember I always used to call him Uncle Smelly, because he always smelled like one of those outhouses at the county fair," said Jay. "But sometimes he slipped me one of his old Penthouses, and since I was 15 at the time, he automatically became my favorite relative."

When UWSP Athletic Director Frank O'Brien was informed of Cletus' existence, he was more than intrigued.

"Of course we are going to try to bring Cletus to UWSP," said O'Brien. "It says right in the school's bylaws that every Bennett male must coach here at one point or another. As soon as Jack has that aneurysm we all know is coming, Cletus is next on the list."

SPASH/UWSP athletic pipeline completed

University signs developmental contract with high school

By Lorenzo Llamas
ARE YOU HOT? NO!

In an unprecedented move, the University of Wisconsin - Stevens Point has signed a contract with Stevens Point Area High School that bars all athletes graduating from SPASH from enrolling anywhere but UWSP.

college recruiting

"We figured that since most SPASH athletes end up here one way or another anyway, we might as well eliminate all the confusion," said UWSP Athletic Director Frank O'Brien.

It is true that nearly 30 percent of all athletes at UWSP are SPASH graduates, including such standout performers as football's Cory Flisakowski and Ross Adamczak, as well as the swim team's Jaci Menzel.

Many university coaches are ecstatic with the ruling. Said football coach John Miech, "SPASH is a great athlete school. I know that most of the students are dumb as rocks, but that does-

n't matter in athletics."

Volleyball coach Stacey White echoed Miech's sentiments, saying "Getting those SPASH kids is going to be great. There are definitely some Division I caliber athletes there that we are going to take scholarships away from."

There remain some legal issues that need to be rectified before the agreement is in place, such as the student's right to choose their university, but O'Brien doesn't foresee them being a problem.

"Just remember, anybody in Madison can be bought," said O'Brien. "All I need to do is hand out some of that under-the-table money we have been getting from Point Brewery, and that will go a long way. Of course, this is completely off the record, right?"

UWSP athletes welcome the incoming SPASH students with open arms. Said basketball player Josh Iserloth, "SPASH kids are the best...at making slaves. I'm a legend around here, so I can get those kids to do anything."

Swimmer Matt Sievers added, "I think it's great! Those SPASH girls are all hotter than heck! What were we talking about again?"



O'Brien

Stevie and Stephanie Pointer get freaky in bedroom, use the missionary position

By Dr. Gene Perv



AUTHOR OF CANINE LOVE BOOSTER

In a recent study done on canine love-making, the two co-mascots of UW-Stevens Point participated with several experts from around the world to better their romantic love life. Stevie and Stephanie Pointer, who live in a small metal cage located in the basement of the HEC Center, were both eager and willing in their quest to spice up a recently lagging love life.

horny mascots

"When we first met, I could hardly get any rest with all the wild doggy-style action we were enjoying each night, and even sometimes throughout the daylight hours," Stevie told the better pet-sex experts. "Now that bitch Stephanie is always making excuses, or saying she's too tired when I bring up the proposition...unless she's in heat. It's as if she doesn't love me as she once did. I wish I could just put my paws on her back again and howl at the moon like when we first met."

Stephanie had a different story to tell.

"I remember the first time me and Steven made love," the female mascot revealed to the



Photo by Ansel Adams

Stevie & Stephanie Pointer emerge from Schmeekle after a quickie.

researchers. "It was so romantic the way he tenderly rode on my back with his little Pointer jersey lit just so, in the glow of the warm fireplace. Nowadays, Steven just thinks that he can get me excited with a thirty pack of Red Dog and a few random genitalia sniffs. It just isn't as exciting any more."

The doctors at the better pet-sex laboratory in Switzerland thoroughly interviewed each hound as well as taking psychological examinations. They came up with some interesting suggestions for the couple to consider.

Included on the list was role-playing in the bedroom, the use of lubrication and to the delight

of the mascots, a few ideas on alternative sexual positions. The couple has been on the right track ever since.

"Doctor Gene gave us some sweet videos with demonstrations on how to liven up the mood in our little metal cage in the basement," Stevie excitedly told the wrestling squad during practice. "Let me tell you boys, this old dog still has a few tricks up his sleeve when it comes to pleasing the bitches!"

Stephanie was equally impressed by the new techniques.

"Now instead of just grunting on my backside, Steven lays

See Doggy Style, page 11

Marquette bandwagon reaches capacity

By Turd Ferguson
GET IT, TREBECK?

The Marquette Golden Eagle bandwagon hit maximum capacity on Saturday afternoon when they beat Kentucky to reach the final four for the first time in 20 years.

The bandwagon, rarely used the past few years, reached its holding level for the state of Wisconsin earlier in the week. However, the unexpected filling of the bandwagon came from out of state.

According to eyewitnesses, many newcomers have shed Illinois athletic wear before jumping on the bandwagon.

"I'm not surprised at all by the FIBs on the bandwagon," said Mark Ephan. "It seems every year their teams suck, and they look for help from the ole cheese state."

The bandwagon underwent many repairs in the offseason in expectation of the full load

men's basketball

for this year. All four wheels were replaced and a fresh bed of hay was added as well. The man in charge of the bandwagon, Nole Loyalty, had a lot of work to do after last year.

"After the first round loss, everyone jumped out at once and that wasn't good for the wagon," said Loyalty. "So I reinforced everything with steel and that allowed a little more stability for the latecomers."

Early reports back from the fans on the bandwagon are mostly positive. "This is probably the best bandwagon I've been on all year," cooed loyal Marquette backer Akk Stabber. "The Packers have a little more color, and the Badgers have better beer, but this ride has lasted the longest."

The bandwagon was empty after an early season conference loss, but slowly added more people throughout the year. After a con-

ference tournament loss to UAB half the wagon found different rides for the conference tournament.

However, that's the last time anyone had armspace on the wagon. After the Kentucky win, those that can breathe are lucky. Many blue and white fans also could be seen diving from the Kentucky bandwagon onto that of Marquette after the Golden Eagle victory.

The Packers have a little more color, and the Badgers have better beer, but this ride has lasted the longest.

Loyalty now looks forward to taking his bandwagon all the way to

New Orleans. "Obviously this has been a special year and I hope the Eagles win it all. But if they lose, my wagon will have a lot more room on the way home."



Photo by Phil McKracken

Two Marquette fans get wild, still adorned in their Tampa Bay Buccaneers colors from the Super Bowl. They soon will head to New York Yankees games to cheer on their team of this year.

Justus Cleveland proclaims himself head football coach



Photo courtesy of www.XXXJustusClevelandXXX.com

Self-proclaimed coach Justus Cleveland gets comfortable for the author.

STV legend to move from camera to sideline

By Jesus H. Christ
SAVIOR

STV personality Justus Cleveland announced his appointment as Head Football Coach for the Pointers in the upcoming 2003 season this afternoon at a news conference.

foosball

The conference took place in the STV studios with Cleveland the lone public figure and this humble writer as the lone reporter.

"I've been working my entire life for this, every word, every breath, I'm king of the world," Cleveland whispered. "I know a lot of people who thought this day would never come. Now what's up?"

The announcement came with absolutely no input from the UWSP sports department. In fact, the man who Cleveland figures on replacing, Head Coach John Miech, couldn't decide whether to yell or laugh upon hearing the announcement.

"What the hell does this mean? Some kid claims he has my job, and it's news? And of all people too. Does he even go to school here?"

Though unorthodox, Cleveland contends that he will float in under the radar screen. According to his charts at the news conference, first Cleveland intends to resurrect a coaching uniform from the 80s. Something along the lines of high colorful socks, spandex shorts and an

ugly hat.

"Right now retro wear is all the rage; what could be a cooler than a coach wearing a throwback uniform? I will immediately have my players' respect and admiration."

After donning said retro gear, Cleveland plans on stalking the football sidelines during practice and then continue on into games. At first he will stroll the sidelines patiently, but when the time is right, he will assert his leadership.

"I plan on waiting till the game is on the line, then I simply tap Miech on the shoulder and inform that I will take over from there. The transition should be seamless."

Coach Miech had some choice words of his own for Cleveland, when informed of the plan. "You tell Cleveland that if he touches me in any way, I will rip off his finger and beat him with it, and you can quote me on that." Sure thing Coach.

Right now there is speculation about the length of the contract, or even whether it exists. According to Cleveland, people should get used to seeing him stroll the sidelines.

"If all goes according to plan, by the time I leave in 20 years or so, people should mention me with Lombardi and Rhodes."

Whether Cleveland can equal the patheticness of Ray Rhodes remains to be seen, but this reporter is sure looking forward to a man being beaten with his own finger.



Ousted UWSP coach John Miech

Favre admits colossal mistake

By Stoner Fillups
BONG AFFICIANADO

The eighth great wonder of the world has finally reached a stunning conclusion.

On Tuesday, Brett Favre addressed the media which gathered outside of his scenic double-wide, overlooking the picturesque Green Bay sewage treatment facility. What they were about to hear was worth every breath of rotten, rancid white trash air.

redneck quarterbacks

"It's my fault. I spelled it wrong," confessed a teary-eyed Favre. "I thought once I got to high school I had it nailed, but when I signed up for football, there was nobody there to proofread my registration information."

Farve, who now requests that it be officially known that indeed his last name is indeed spelled like it sounds, F-A-R-V-E, said all this "spelling mumbo-jumbo" as he puts it, came as a complete surprise to him.

"To be honest, I never even noticed it," said the shocked former pain killer addict. "I just kind of looked at it, saw all the letters were there; I didn't even realize it mattered what order they were in, Golly, I can't imagine what it would be like to have more than fo-- I mean, five letters in your last name," laughed the tipsy QB as he took a swig of whiskey out of the bottle. "SONUVABITCH! That silent 'e' always gets me."

Farve explained that he's not exactly sure how long he's been misspelling his name and that he has always referred to a 1990 Topps football card when signing his name.

"The card says F-A-V-R-E. I guess I just didn't think to question it. You'd hafta be some kinda boozing, redneck imbreeding hick to screw up something as simple as..." But before he could finish, Farve had retreated into his kitchen/bedroom/bathroom/lounge amidst a fresh flow of tears.

After a solid 25 minutes of tears and half a bottle of Wild Turkey, Farve returned to the media to answer some questions. He revealed that his 2003 jersey will NOT have the revised spelling of his name, citing "confusion of fans and family" as his chief concern.

"I just wish people weren't making such a big deal about all of this," shrugged Farve. "So what, I can't spell my last name. Big deal. It's not like I went and had crazy sex with a bunch of high school girls after a post-prom party or something."



The true spelling

Doggy style

from page 10

me down on the cage floor and makes love to me while lovingly gazing into my eyes. It's so quixotic. The video calls this the 'missionary position.' It's so erotic and naughty to make love like a wild human," Stephanie giggled. "There are going to be many more sleepless nights in the basement of the HEC center this spring!"

Stevie then chimed in, "Yeah, when the metal cage is a-rocking, don't come a-knocking"; which was followed by Stephanie giving him an offended glare.

Shocking discovery

from page something or other

several eyewitnesses reported seeing the player, known only as Biff, thank a man for holding a door open.

This prompted an investigation provided a startling discovery, a hockey player who was not an asshole did exist.

According to the investigation Biff has been known to actually smile in public. There was also evidence that he even shoveled his neighbor's walk.

Unfortunately, this discovery has caused problems for Biff's personal life. There have been multiple hockey sticks burned on his lawn and the hockey world has blacklisted him.

He has already been cut from his current team and no team has yet offered him a new contract.

The man's life is now in shambles and his only visitors are hookers and the newspaper boy. His wife has left for a younger player and he talks to his pillow.

Chances are suicide is the next step but who's to say, and that's probably why hockey players are assholes.

Schmitt to go out for volleyball, swimming, softball, golf and hockey

Junior to become schools first eight-sport athlete

By Tommie Peepers

HIDING IN THE WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM

UWSP superstar Tara Schmitt announced at a press conference on Tuesday her intentions to play volleyball, swimming, softball, golf, and hockey.

every damned sport

With the feat, Schmitt hopes to become the first student athlete to play eight different sports in one academic year.

Schmitt, already a star athlete on the

women's soccer, basketball and track teams, will need to do some minor adjusting to her schedule, but doesn't foresee that being a problem.

"Being a Phy-Ed major, obviously academics aren't a big concern," said Schmitt. "I only go to two classes a week anyway, and still pull all A's, so what's the big deal?"

Of course, each of Schmitt's new teams are ecstatic to get an athlete of her caliber.

"Having Tara will be great," said women's hockey coach Brian Idalski. "As soon as we teach

her to skate and get her over that fear of attempt, though. Said swimmer Matt

ice, she will make a tremendous impact on this team.



All-Everything
Tara Schmitt

However, not all people associated with UWSP athletics are excited about Schmitt's dynamic attempt at history.

"I was more than happy being the 'hot girl' on the softball team," said resident softball hottie and infielder Carrie Hermesen. "With that bitch coming over here, our male fans are going to stop looking at me. I'm going to actually have to play well now to get noticed."

Most athletes encourage Schmitt's attempt, though. Said swimmer Matt

Sievers, "We on the men's swim team are really excited to have Tara as a teammate. If she looks as hot in a speedo as she does in those sweet soccer shorts, maybe we'll finally get some fans at our meets. Hey, at least I get to look at her."

When asked about the unprecedented attempt, UWSP Athletic Director Frank O'Brien had mixed feelings. "Tara is the closest thing this campus has to a superstar athlete," said O'Brien. "Sure, this is going to throw the whole idea of 'student-athlete' right out the window, but what the hell. We get to be on 'Ripley's Believe it or Not' and get our school in the *Guinness Book of World Records*."

Lacrosse downgraded from club sport to "feminine college activity"

By Paul Italicorect

TIE WEARER

UWSP Chancellor Tom George announced that the lacrosse team would no longer keep their title of club sport after several recent incidents concerning the participants.

George gave the lacrosse team the new title of "feminine college activity" (FCA) but wanted to be clear on the meaning behind the title.

"When I say the word feminine I mean it like the kid on the football team who cried when he was hit, not like hot women with a soft side or lesbians," said George.

The downgrade stems from questionable activity from the lacrosse team occurring over the past month.

pseudo-sports

Four weeks ago the two students came forward about the hazing practices of the lacrosse team. No formal reports have been made available to the public, but speculation has squealing involved.

Two weeks ago team captain, Hass Pyrate, was arrested on charges of drug possession and pederaste. While Pyrate has shied from the media he did release a short statement in his defense.

"I have no problem with the

drug charges, but c'mon, the boy pinky-swore to me that he was 19."

Unfortunately, the off-field problems have overshadowed the outstanding play of the lacrosse team in the spring semester. It will be difficult to continue their high level of play without the pervert, I mean Pyrate.

"Sure things look tough now, but I'm not worried," said co-captain Woody Spankit. "Now we have something to play for, if everyone steps up a little, just imagine how good we can be when Hass gets out of jail."

Right now, it remains unknown what kind of effect the title change will have on the lacrosse squad. They now face the task of finding other schools with lacrosse teams that carry an FCA title. However, in their favor is the fact that lacrosse is the sport with the highest number of FCA teams.

Despite the difficult situation, Sparkit believes things could be worse for lacrosse. "Hey if nothing else, we're still cooler than the rugby team."

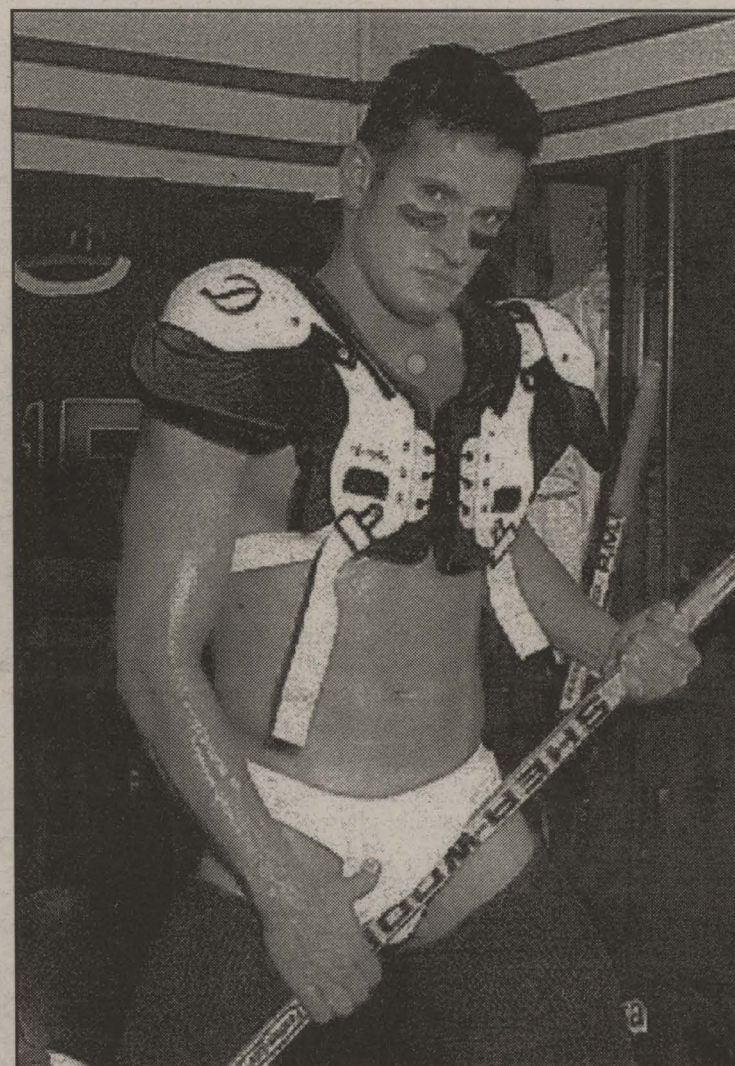


Photo courtesy of www.flamingathlete.com

Hass Pyrate, shown here posing for a smutty homosexual adult website, is currently serving his sentence at Dodgeville Prison.

SENIOR ON THE SPOT BUZZ MCFLATTOP



McFlattop

Career Highlights

- Selling over 1,000 40's in his career.
- Drinking over 2 barrels of beer over Homecoming Week '98.
- Tossing four people out of J.R.'s Liquor with one arm.

So how long have you worked at J.R.'s Liquor?-Why are you taking my picture, and what does this have to do with being a senior? I already graduated.

Yes, but you can always go back to school and be a senior again, right?- Why the hell would I do that? I never want to go to school again. I can't believe you would suggest something so stupid.

Easy, reporters have feelings. What three things would you bring with you to a deserted island?- You ask that question every week and it's still not funny. Man, if I had an island I would do two, no, three chicks at the same time. With a deserted island I believe you could do something like that.

Yeah, but why would three chicks do that? You asked, it's my fantasy, quit picking on me.

Quit being a baby.

I'm not a baby, but you know, I feel stupider the longer this interview goes on.

But who would win, the tortoise or the hare?

Whatever dude, your mom.

Excuse me.

Your mom.

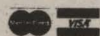
I say, Good-day, sir!



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Bliss, solitude and Fountain of Youth found in Schmeeckle Reserve

By Sassy Sass Jones
A WELL-KNOWN WHORE

UWSP biology department students found a variety of things on a recent trip to Schmeeckle Reserve over the past week. While looking for spring life and specimens in the reserve, students mostly found bliss and solitude in the quiet woodlands; however, one pair of students in Biology 160 came upon a beautiful spectacle near the clearing named Berard Oaks.

"At first I thought we had stumbled upon some glowing swamp gasses or perhaps a brush fire," said student Cassie Concord, "but as we grew closer we realized that we had found something much more out of the ordinary."

Fellow student and classmate Alex Devungus, who accompanied Cassie on the walk, explained what they discovered as "a small glowing spring that radiated warmth and love, much like a birthing mother's milky teat. When I looked into the pond I saw my life, my future and so much more. Then in the distance through the trees I spotted a creature that scampered into a cave or dwelling of some sort. We went to follow it, but we fell into a booby trap."

The two students report being drugged with "odd-looking berries and cream," and then awoke days later in the creature's cave.

"We came to learn that the creature was no creature at all, but in fact Ponce de Leon, and the glowing spring was in fact, the fabled fountain of youth," said Concord. "He was very gentle with us and fed us good things while we stayed with him. Only at several points during the day he would force us to watch him sexually abuse the

three-legged deer that he had captured and was keeping in a pen. Other than that, it was a very pleasant experience."

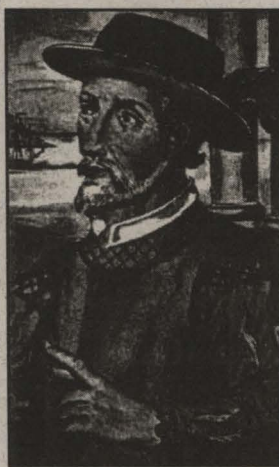
Devungus agreed, "You know, he offered us to drink from the fountain and to live with him and hump his three-legged deer and all...but in the end we decided that we wanted to continue with our education.

He was cool with that and asked that we not tell anyone about the exact location of the fountain or the three-legged deer sex."

The two students kept their promise for several weeks until Concord let her tongue slip after an all-nighter where she got "totally sideways." Soon after the rumor got out, and a few rowdy students with night vision cameras recorded Ponce de Leon humping the deer, de Leon was apprehended by the Stevens Point Sheriff Department. The fountain of youth was then closed off for inspection by the U.S. Forest Service.

Devungus was disappointed to hear the sad news, "He (de Leon) was a really classy guy aside from the weird three-legged deer sex and those creamy berries. I wish that things would have gone better for the guy, I mean, he had been living peacefully back there humping those disabled deer since 1513."

Ponce de Leon had no official comments at his first court appearance; however, he continued to mutter the phrase "tres venado de legged, mi amor" as he wept quietly onto his shiny metal armor.



Found Bliss while loving the deer, and his eternal youth.

Raping raccoon running rampant

Neighbors fear for the safety of dog's assholes

By Herbie Versmelts
BEAVER POACHER

Randy Jenkins' deer cam candidly snapped this picture of the raping raccoon anally probing his six-month-old beagle late Sunday night while Jenkins was inside watching TV.

"I'm terrified," says Jenkins, who said he heard what was happening outside that night but decided to keep on watching WWE Raw instead of checking on Spunky, his beagle. "I heard him whimpering and wrestling around a bit outside, but I thought he was just playing. I guess I wasn't thinking," says Jenkins.

This hasn't been the first case of the raping raccoon running rampant however; he's been reportedly hanging around Jenkins' neighborhood for the past six months and has raped approximately 18 dogs since the first report.

Peta Beever, an Animal Control representative, says the coon may be experiencing what humans call, "sexual urges". "It's perfectly natural for the raccoon to want to find a mate this time of year," says Beever. "The raccoon may be young and this may be the first years he's feeling the urges. I would advise that the dog owners keep an eye out for their dogs at night. That is when raccoons are most active."



The infamous raping raccoon giving Spunky a dose of down-home forest love.

"Most actively gay," contorts *Heterosexual Forever* leader Gary Strate "the raccoons are most actively gay at night. I can't believe people of America would let this kind of thing happen to their beloved pets. This ass-raping raccoon is ruining the lives of your furry little buddies and you're just standing by the sliding porch doors waiting for poochie to appear in the motion-sensor spotlight."

Barney Lefter, one of Jenkins' neighbors, said his two-year-old shih tsu, Silky, had to get nine stitches last month because of one of the raping raccoon's rampant attacks.

If you are concerned with the problems of the raping raccoon, Peta Beever from Animal Control suggests you contact them for further precautions you might take to prevent your dog from being anally probed by the raping raccoon.

Tame deer from Schmeeckle to enroll at UWSP

May major in Clinical Laboratory Sciences

By Shank Reemus
TRAINED SALAD TOSSEY

Doe Ramie, of the back 40-acres in Schmeeckle Reserve, has applied for admission to UWSP for this coming fall semester.

"I plan to study diseases so I can help stop the spread of CWD among our kind," said Ramie. "Humans are going at it all wrong. This disease is spread among promiscuous bucks who hang out with other male deer."

Ramie explained that the epidemic of CWD is similar to the humans' AIDS epidemic that has swept the world with an uncontrollable and incurable sickness.

"I've heard that Colorado is a haven for this buck-on-buck activity, which is where CWD is thought to have originated," said Ramie.

David Eckholm of the UWSP Admissions Office said that Ramie has a "good" chance of making it into the school. "She has a strong will to protect her species and I'm not surprised that she's risen up for her kin," said Eckholm.

Eckholm says Ramie will have to take a multitude of standardized tests in order for her admission to go through. Ramie is confident she'll be able to pass the tests and so is Eckholm.

Janis Borski, program assistant for the Equity & Affirmative Action Office at UWSP warns, "Doe Ramie may find that some areas of campus aren't white-

tail deer accessible. There are also many places, especially near the CNR, where she'll encounter bigotted attacks and also possible shooting attempts. I fear for her life."

What Borski is implying is that some CNR students would take advantage of Ramie's naiveté of the human race and exploit her.

"They'll shoot her...put an arrow right through her upper shoulder...she's good sized...she'd make good venison steak," Borski screamed, as this interviewer quietly exited the room without making any quick movements.

"I don't care about the attacks I may encounter. I have faith that my ambition will help me assimilate into the campus quickly. Besides, I quickly changed when the Sentry Building was constructed; man, have I

changed," said Ramie in a teary sequence. The interview stopped for a good half hour while Bambi cried her eyes out about how the pavement did something to her precious land and blah, blah, blah...you know.

Eckholm says the decision to accept or reject Ramie's application will be made in the next few days after she has completed all testing.

Additionally, Ramie tells *The Pointer* that she has been offered a scholarship from the National Wildlife Federation and also PETA for her efforts to rid her kind of the wasting disease.



Doe Ramie, a four-year-old doe from Schmeeckle has hopes of becoming an incoming freshman student next fall in spite of the warning she has received.

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Winner subject to harassment by *The Pointer* Outdoors staff. Prizes may be withheld because we don't like you. No person attending UWSP or working for UWSP may enter. Void in the following states: WI. Checks void and will not be honored. Ever.

THE CITY OF STEVENS POINT

Recreation and Forestry Department is now accepting applications for the 2003 Spring/Summer Season.

Positions available are as follows:

*Park and Ball Diamond Maintenance.

*Forestry/Landscape Maintenance - Wage differential paid to holder of CDL with tanker endorsement.

*City Life guards - Head Guards - Pool Maintenance and Pool Cashier Positions (Certifications required).

*Recreation Positions - Playground leaders, Tennis, Nature/Sports Camp, Naturalists and Preschool Instructors.

Applications may be picked up Monday through Friday from 7:30am - 4:00pm at the Stevens Point Parks and Recreation Department office, 2442 Sims Ave. or at the K.B. Willett Ice Arena east entrance lobby, 1000 Minnesota Ave.

Call 346-1531 for more information. Applications will be accepted until positions are filled.

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DNR agent thought to have a big heart

Remains "A big dickhead" in the end

By Johnny Poacher
ESCAPED MENTAL PATIENT

Surprising fellow agent Gary Bruski, DNR veteran Mike Mularky showed a thread of compassion Saturday afternoon.

"Mike usually enforces the law with an iron fist. They call him 'Stalin Mike' sometimes at the office for his tough demeanor and shitty moustache, but I guess today's stunning actions proved that he does indeed have a heart," said Bruski.

The two agents were patrolling the Lake DuBay Dam area, doing routine license checks and such when they came upon a trio of students fishing. Upon inspection, everything appeared to be in order, when Mularky spotted a pop bottle cap on the ground nearby.

"I asked the boys if the cap was theirs, which it obviously was, and they quickly agreed with me," stated agent Mularky.

His partner expected Mularky to take swift action.

"Usually 'Stalin Mike' would have written out a maximum ticket and confiscated their equipment," said

Bruski while eating a snack in the office lunchroom. "Of course, he would have hypocritically told them they were 'good guys' first to make himself feel better. Needless to say, I was very surprised by what happened next."

Mularky sympathetically issued warnings to the youngsters while whistling a light-hearted tune. He then told them to be more mindful of littering.

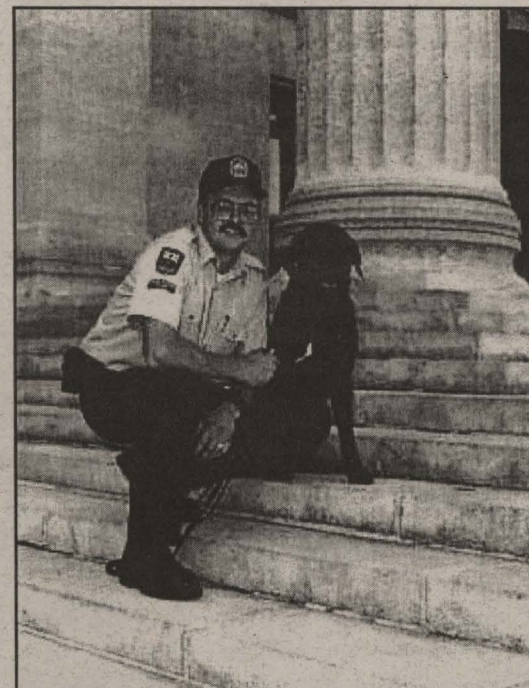
The boys shared Agent Bruski's astonishment.

"Wow," said one of the fishermen. "I thought we were toast. I've seen this guy on patrol before, and he is usually a big dickhead. Maybe he isn't completely heartless."

"No," the next refuted. "That guy is definitely a genuine asshole. He must be going soft."

Despite the whole ordeal, the fishing spot remained more covered in litter than Jackson, Miss. leaving the third youngster to ask, "What real good do those dickhead DNR agents do, anyway?"

The boys then lit their littering warnings on fire and proceeded to toss the bottle cap into the river while laughing and making jokes about the agent's shitty moustache.



Agent Mularky posing with his dog and a strained smile.

Mr. Winters' semi-poetic, medicated, delusional, post-heart trauma two cents

I really like oatmeal, folks. I would like to eat about three large bowls of hot oats and then bathe in a tub of Cream of Wheat; preferably the apple cinnamon kind. What? Who's there? De forteller at den japanske fiskeren gå seg bort!



When I get old, I want a pet falcon so I could be "Falconer Winters," like the picture show. I would feed the falcon a healthy mixture of mice and booze and then let it soar above me in the clouds. Or maybe a pet walleye named Toby. Toby the walleye, ...that's right. Stop Yelling!!!! Who's there?

I wept at the end of *A River Runs Through it*. I admit it, that Mr. Redford is a goddamned genius. I just want to play ball. Who are you? Leave me alone or, or, or... Cream of Wheat with cinnamon! Get away from me, you filthy nip! No more!

A family of walleye raised me when I was a boy. They treated me as one of their own. Toby, God bless you. Mice and booze, mice and booze. Hey, hey, HEY there, falcon! Fly with me to the woodlands where waters haunt my dreams. Where waters haunt me slow. Who's there? Julia, is that you?

Ahhhhhhh! The placement of those clouds is exceedingly perfect right now. Like the skies of my youth filled with falcons and the shade of that wonderful leaping tree. I would go then, if not for this fine oatmeal. My wife makes it just so. Hello. The waters haunt me. Who? Cinnamon and apples! Apples!!!

Ohhhh yes. Go on now folks, ...you slippery walleyes. Go on and Geeeeeeet, Toby. My next round of meds and Cream of Wheat bath is now ready for swimming. Hah-cha-cha!

Turkey supermodel claims: sweater "makes me look fat"

By Tycho Mysterious
AVID TURKEY FASHION COMMENTATOR

A depressed turkey broke down on the runway of the exquisite turkey nightclub-discothèque "Beau Gobbler 6", located in an upper-class grassland in northern Portage County. The "complete mental breakdown," as turkey fashion experts are calling the episode, occurred during the fashion show for the up and coming turkey fashion designer Jean Berio on Friday evening.

Berio is most well known for his shocking "Nude feathers and beards" campaign in 1998 and has since become the foremost expert and leading designer of turkey high fashion. "I makes ze turkey sexy. I makes ze turkey exude ze mystique!" Berio exclaimed in a recent interview with Turkey-esque Magazine. Some say he is right.

Others, like the mentally unstable turkey supermodel Touchelle LePommous, claim that Berio exploits the turkey supermodel world for his own pleasure and satisfaction. The publicly televised mental breakdown of LePommous contained cursing, tears, fits of delirium and a gobble-loaded unrestricted public defecation on the shiny runway. LePommous cares only to comment on what led to her outrage and not on the events of Friday night.

"That sick f*ck Jean Berio has been treating us turkey supermodels like pieces of luscious meat since day one," commented LePommous. "He purposely made me strut out there in that puffy-ass sweater, even after I pleaded with him to



Sexy turkey fashion designer Jean Berio showing 'ze Mystique' in a field

change his mind. It made me look fat, plain and simple! That sick f*ck, he's got it coming."

Other turkey models aren't so sure that LePommous' claims are accurate.

"She and Berio had a love affair when he first came onto the scene in '98," said rival turkey model Yamoun. "Berio broke it off a year later after Touchelle began getting lazy. Let me just say that she isn't the same model she used to be. That slut is lucky to still be getting work with a great designer like Berio after all that happened there. I guess this will be the end of all that." Yamoun then stuck a wing down her throat and heaved a half-eaten cheese sandwich into a nearby garbage can.

Berio said after the show, "I hope ze best for Touchelle, shee iz a really great turkey modeel. But in diz bizneez, ze turkey must exude ze mys-

Starting special springtime seeds

By Hedly Nuggets
CONTRIBUTING STONER

Springtime and the months prior to the vernal equinox are the perfect time to start your special seeds for a bountiful autumn harvest.

After you have the mature seeds ready, start your special seeds in a potting mix that has equal parts sand, vermiculite and slow-release fertilizer along with moist peat moss and other organic material. Keep the seeds moist and warm until their first leaves poke through the soil.

Once your special seeds have sprouted and have shown some promise, keep them moist by misting the leaves and the soil. Your special seeds at this point are very susceptible to drying out.

As your plants continue to grow, you'll notice that there are two types of flowers.

Refer to this diagram and only keep the plants that resemble the female blossoms. Be careful to kill the male plants as quickly as possible. Germinated plants will be horrible and useless.

As the summer months nourish your special plants, periodically check for plant health, insect infections or animal consumption. Mid-summer is a good time to add fertilizer to your now healthily growing special plants. This will ensure good health while the weather cools off and will bring high yields at the end of October.



COLLEGE OF NATURAL RESOURCES
STUDENT RESEARCH SYMPOSIUM
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-STEVENS POINT

Come see the research achievements of the College of Natural Resources students! There are 14 oral and 18 poster presentations with topics ranging from chemistry to wood ducks to DNR job market outlooks.

Schedule of Events

9:30a.m.	Welcome
10:00a.m.	Oral Presentations-1st session
10:50a.m.	Break
11:00a.m.	Oral Presentations-2nd session
11:50a.m.	Lunch (for participants)
12:15p.m.	Poster Presentations
2:00p.m.	Symposium ends

Friday, April 11 in the CNR 1st floor east lobby
Hope to see you there!

Shower pissers

continued from page 4

at which point I immediately exclaimed, 'that's the sickest thing I've ever seen!'" said Wu. "I started vomiting uncontrollably and well, the rest is history."

Campus officials believe that the shower pissings have been a prank by some sort of university group, but still don't know exactly who to probe for answers just yet.

"That dead puppy in Hansen Hall really threw us for a loop," said an investigator for Campus Security, who wished to remain anonymous. "We thought we had it pegged down to the Wildlife Society, but since you-know-what has happened, we can't really blame them anymore, can we?"

The investigations will continue until the shower pissers are found and justice is served to the people who have been wreaking absolute havoc throughout campus.

Dude-
Some chick called
Laship for you. She mt
you at a party. Call her
back Her # is
P22-0978

Happy
Pointless,
everyone!

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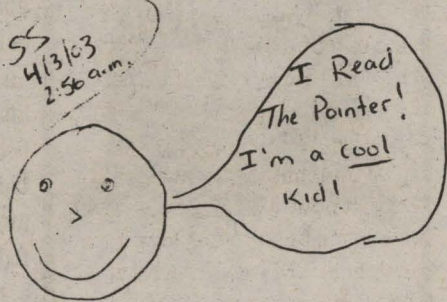
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READ THE
POINTER! BE
COOL!

*A shout out to ma
crew at 1200! :)
woo woo! *

Chancellor starts a jammin' reggae band

Natty Tee-Joe and the Flaming Blunts set to take Stevens Point by storm

By Smokie Tokerson
RASTA IN TRAINING

UWSP Chancellor and laser physicist Tom George recently announced his involvement in a new reggae band. Renowned in Stevens Point for his ability to tickle the ivories in his jazz band, George claims that he's giving up jazz forever in order to focus his full attention on reggae.

"I've always been rasta at heart," said the diminutive dreadlocked chancellor.

In addition, George requests to be referred to as Natty Tee-Joe from now on. Composed of UWSP faculty handpicked by the chancellor, his new band calls themselves Natty Tee-Joe and the Flaming Blunts.

"Our goal is to eliminate negative vibrations," said Tee-Joe, "With our driving one drop beat we want to spread the music of Jah all over Stevens Point."

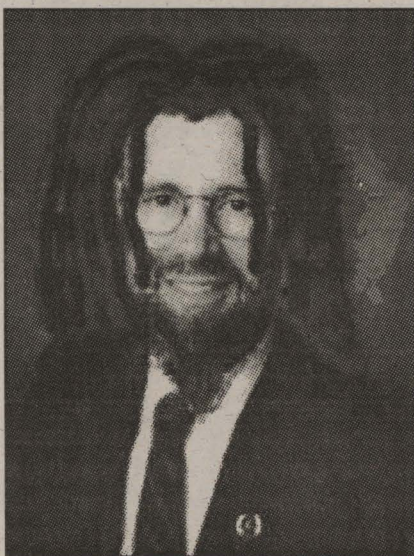
Tee-Joe has made the natural transition from jazz piano to keyboard and has even been working with a moog synthesizer in an effort to diversify the band's sound. Joining Tee-Joe in the effort to spread to music of Jah, are Heady B. Dave (Prof. Bill

Davidson) on bass, Doc John "Boogie" Munson on guitar, Dougie D. Doug (Prof. Doug Post) on drums and Jammin' Johnny Judge n' Jury (John Jury) on hand percussion.

"Ya mon, spreading the positive vibrations across campus will bring peace and harmony to this crazy world. Pass the hydrator, please," said Heady B. Dave before taking a monster hit. "We live in a nation of complication, and we need to spread the vision of 'One Love.'"

"Rastafari is dying," claimed Tee-Joe while sparking one, "Rasta children must arise and chant down Babylon. We must emancipate ourselves from mental slavery."

Natty Tee-Joe and the Flaming Blunts' first gig will be at an upcoming house party. No cover charge will be collected but the band observes a BYOH (bring your own herb) policy.



Former Playmate Anna Nicole Smith to model tents

Teams up with Outdoor EdVentures to boost sales of new camping line.

By Tabby Loid
MANAGING GOSSIPIST

Outdoor EdVentures plans to utilize former Playboy Playmate of the Year Anna Nicole Smith's ample girth to promote their new line of family-sized tents.

"We're excited to have a celebrity on board with this project," said Outdoor EdVentures employee Ben Huggentree, "At first we were thinking someone a bit more famous, like Brando, but ultimately we decided to go with the hooters."

The E! network's reality show queen will model tents of various sizes and colors but organizers claim to be leery of popular reaction to the screen tent.

"We're afraid that the screen tent may exhibit too much of Anna's spiderweb patterned purple stretch marks that cover over two thirds of her body," claimed organizer Drake Strongski, "We want everyone to know that we're taking every precaution to protect the eyes of our audience."

In addition to a small salary, Smith's agent requires she be supplied with a vat of giant pickles and a 20 lb. tub of chunky Peter Pan peanut butter. In addition, organizers must haul her on a forklift across the runway during the show.

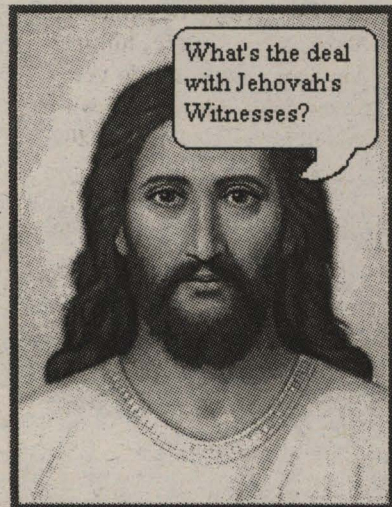
"I'm *hick* you good and I no want you ... blah ... ah.... zzzzzz," said a nearly incoherent Smith while passing out on her trailer floor. One can only assume she meant she was looking forward to the opportunity team up with Outdoor EdVentures.

Christ appears before 300 at Encore

Performs stand up comedy, magic tricks

By Helen Ahanbaskett
SINNER IN CHIEF

Jesus Christ, Biblical figure and unofficial savior of the universe, appeared to more than 300 UWSP students and community members at the Encore on Friday.



The witty Lord had the audience shaking uncontrollably in the aisles.

Christ's stop in Point came as part of his "Holy as I Wanna-Be" tour that's been sweeping the nation as of late. The Lord entertained his audience with his witty stand-up routine that poked fun primarily at cell phones, "uptight Republicans," excretory functions, phonies, organized religion and dirty hippies.

"And what's the deal with Jehovah's Witnesses," said Christ, "They're always ringing my bell right when I'm getting done in the john. And let me tell you about John, he was the beloved ... but seriously folks."

Christ went on to perform his highly-touted magic show for a mesmerized audience. During the performance he turned water into Jaegermeister, fed the entire audience with just a pimento loaf and handful of Pepperidge Farm Goldfish and impregnated a lucky young lady in the audience without even

touching her.

The Lord approved of the reception he received by the UWSP crowd, according to his agent, Archie Angell.

"The big guy said, 'It is good,'" Angell said. "I mean, it's a heck of a lot better than the heat he's getting from the critics. This is off the record, but he's been crucified lately in the papers."

Following the show, Christ greeted several audience members and jotted down a few autographs before being whisked away to his next gig in a chariot of flame.

"He wouldn't sign my boobs, but that handshake he gave me cleared up my herpes," said Meg Dalene.

The Lord's whirlwind tour is set to culminate at the MTV Movie Awards show this summer as he'll co-host with Julia Stiles.



This red tent is waterproof and can fit four comfortably.

Scholarship Available

If you're a hermaphrodite second year junior with a Gypsy and Kurdish heritage and are majoring in Communications with an Interpersonal Comm. emphasis you may be eligible for the "He-She-Nomad Memorial Communications Scholarship." One \$500 prize is awarded each year to a college student who meets the above criteria and shows academic excellence and leadership skills.

To be considered for this scholarship an applicant must also:

- *Be involved in three different organizations that promote nomadic causes in the field of communication.
- *Be a vegetarian (who occasionally eats fish because it's not really meat.)
- *Have one brown eye and one grayish-blue eye.
- *Be allergic to bees, baby powder and leopard print spanx pants.
- *Have an outtie.
- *Have an image of George W. Bush sharing a pint of Guinness with Sabrina the Teenage Witch tattooed into his/her flesh.

Applications due April 28 at the Financial Aid Office.

Don't delay.

We need your vote!

Help UWSP alumni Buzz Meade and UWSP CA Dan Seiler win a spot in the Summerfest "Big Gig" Competition. Go to www.summerfest.com and place your vote!

Each time you vote you are eligible for an awesome Summerfest package!

E-mail us for a free CD when you vote!

Voting starts APRIL 4TH!!!

www.buzzmeade.web.com

Local Live Music Schedule

The Mission Coffeehouse

Friday, April 4
The Butt Plugs
W/ The Midget Ass-Grabbers

Witz End

Saturday, April 5
Discombobulated Frenchmen
W/ Dehydrated Opposums

Know Lymytt offers contemporary looks

In addition to contemporary looks, boy band also offers acapella singing

By Walter Kronkite
TOO COOL FOR SCHOOL

As their press release clearly states, Know Lymytt offers more than just acapella musical stylings similar but drastically inferior to the barbershop quartet from days of yore. Fans also get to see their contemporary looks.

"They may sing like angels and harmonize like innocent altar boys, but they make me wanna rip those Abercrombie & Fitch ribbed turtle-necks right off their toned shoulders, exposing their Banana Republic undershirts and releasing wafts of Polo Sport cologne into the air," said an extremely suntanned busty blonde, "I'm a sucker for those contemporary looks."

The band consists of four members, all known around campus for looks that can only be described as contemporary. They include Chet Worthington, Chip Wellington, A.C. Armingham and Evan Von Andersmythe. All are seniors at UWSP. Worthington also appeared in a

local cell phone commercial, Von Andersmythe currently models for Shopko and Wellington finished as runner up in the Mr. Contemporary Looks man-beauty pangeant. Meanwhile, Armingham works at Hawaiian Tanning.

"I'm waiting for my big break in the industry so I can put my contemporary looks to use," said Armingham. "At least Know Lymytt allows me to feature my castratto voice."

The band recently cut a single, which hit the number eight spot on WIFC's Top Nine at Nine. The single, appropriately titled "Baby, My Looks are Contemporary," has not yet hit it big nationwide. However, Know Lymytt's music video, shot in Centerpoint Mall, will be featured on a local cable access channel.

"We're excited we'll get some TV time," said Von Andersmythe, "It's hard to really envision how contemporary our looks are over the radio."

In addition to looking contemporary, critics have also described the band's looks as modern, trendy, stylish, fashionable, hip, chic, all the rage, up to date, cool and with it.

An in-depth interview with the true champs

Trivia champs The Spunions offer memories for last year and tips for this year

By Oliver Closaf
REGISTERED TOOL

Trivia is right around the corner, and *The Pointless* had the great pleasure of interviewing last year's winning team, The Spunions. We asked team members Sara, Jared, Mitch and Jolanda about their ethos as a team, competitive strategy and what else kept them going for 54 hours straight.

Pointless: So, you guys nailed Trivia last year. Your team at least called in an answer for every question, and generally dominated the competition. The second place team was still one hundred points behind you!

Sara, Spunions: Speed. Trucker's Choice speed. Speed kept us awake. Speed made the

entire competition for us.

Jolanda, Spunions: Yeah, mmmhmmm, I was, like, dating this guy and he would, like, give me these pills that he found on the ground. I took them and, like, was on fire. I just knew everything.

Pointless: You took a pill that you found on the ground?

Jolanda: Pluralize pill and switch "a" to "many" and then you're talking, you cracka'.

Pointless: I see. Anyway, what did you use the most for research? Internet, books, encyclopedias...

Mitch, Spunions: I'll handle this one. I'm the smartest one in the group, so whenever one of those dumb bitches didn't know the answer, I'd just be all "Blah" with the answer, you know. They're dumb.

Jolanda: Dude, shut yo' mouf before I put my Timbaland in it, beeyoteh!

Pointless: Whoa, guys. You're a team here, remember? OK, so Mitch, you used a lot of raw knowledge?

Mitch: Yeah, whatever dude. It's not like the questions are really that hard. I mean, like half of the answers are the same exact word as the theme of the round. A crack-riddled pig that's half-dead could even guess some of those answers.

Pointless: So Jared, we haven't heard from you yet. What was your role in the contest last year?

Jared: Well, I was basically Jo's, Mitch's and Sara's bitch for 54 hours. When they were thirsty, I filled up their drinks. When they were hungry, I bought them pizza. Out of speed? Not a problem. Getting a little horny? I'll take care of that for ya.

Sara: Yeah, I can't tell you how much Jared saved our asses last year. Once I was like, freaking out on speed hardcore, and Jared calmed me down by pouring a gin and tonic down my throat while I was flipping out. It was so sweet.

Pointless: When entering a competition, how do you guys get pumped? What is your team's motivation for winning?

Mitch: Definitely drug use. We save the entire year just for a huge drug binge during Trivia. We're usually tripping balls. I mean, balls.

Jolanda: Yeah, umm, like, this one time, I ate these crazy mushrooms and I was all "where's that gnome coming from?" and shit. Shit was crazy. I mean, gnomes, G.

Pointless: Right. Surely there must be more to your ethos than drugs?

Spunions (in unison): Not really.

Pointless: So you're telling me that you all just get ridiculously spun out and sped up and still win? And you think this is fun?

Sara: It's not, like, all about the drug use. Like, we like seeing the trippy stuff on STV too. Like, you can see the people answering the phone when you call! It's so weird. Like, you call, and then you see the person on TV pick up the phone. Then you, like, just start talking to the TV 'cause it's, like, 'Dude, I'm on TV!' but really you have to talk into the phone, you know?

Pointless: Um, sure, I think I know what you're hinting at. Anyway, what plans do you have to recapture the elusive winning title to Survivor Trivia in 2003?

Jared: Well, I'm obviously going to be making up for these sand-baggers again.

Jolanda: That's it you f*cking white supremacis'. This Timba'lan' finna go straight up your colon!

Unfortunately, my tape recorder broke at this point and all further record of the interview was lost indefinitely. I can happily report though, that Jared held his own against Jolanda and took her in the sixth round by knock out, with her own Timberland heavy-duty boot to the head. The Spunions are currently looking for a replacement for this year's competition.

Horoscopes: We can tell you your future... but it will cost you your eternal soul.

Aries: (March 21-April 19)

You'll gain a whole new appreciation for the phrase *unexpected enema*. Avoid turkey basters.

Taurus (April 20-May 20))

Though it may be a great party trick, feeding your monkey cigars is really endangering his health and inhibiting his ability to rollerblade.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)

There's no way to candy coat it, you'll be eating out of dumpsters by the end of the week. I recommend the KFC dumpster. Avoid the fuzzy chicken.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Just because someone takes out a restraining order against you doesn't mean you can't still win their love. Hide under their bed and pop out to surprise them with a dozen roses while they're getting undressed. Trust me on this, it'll work.

Leo (June 23-Aug. 22)

Stay away from people named Leo.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

After a debate involving Jell-o flavors you'll realize that the handicapped parking spot isn't worth it.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)

A friend will offer you a penny for your thoughts, then demand their money back.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)

It doesn't really matter what side of the bed you wake up on, your day's going to be shit either way.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

You'll learn the hard way that it is possible to eat too much paste.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

Your romantic life will take a turn for the worse until you learn that "Hey baby, wanna tongue my balls" doesn't constitute as a good pick up line.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Your romantic life will improve when you realize that "Hey baby, I wanna tongue your balls" does constitute a good pick up line.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

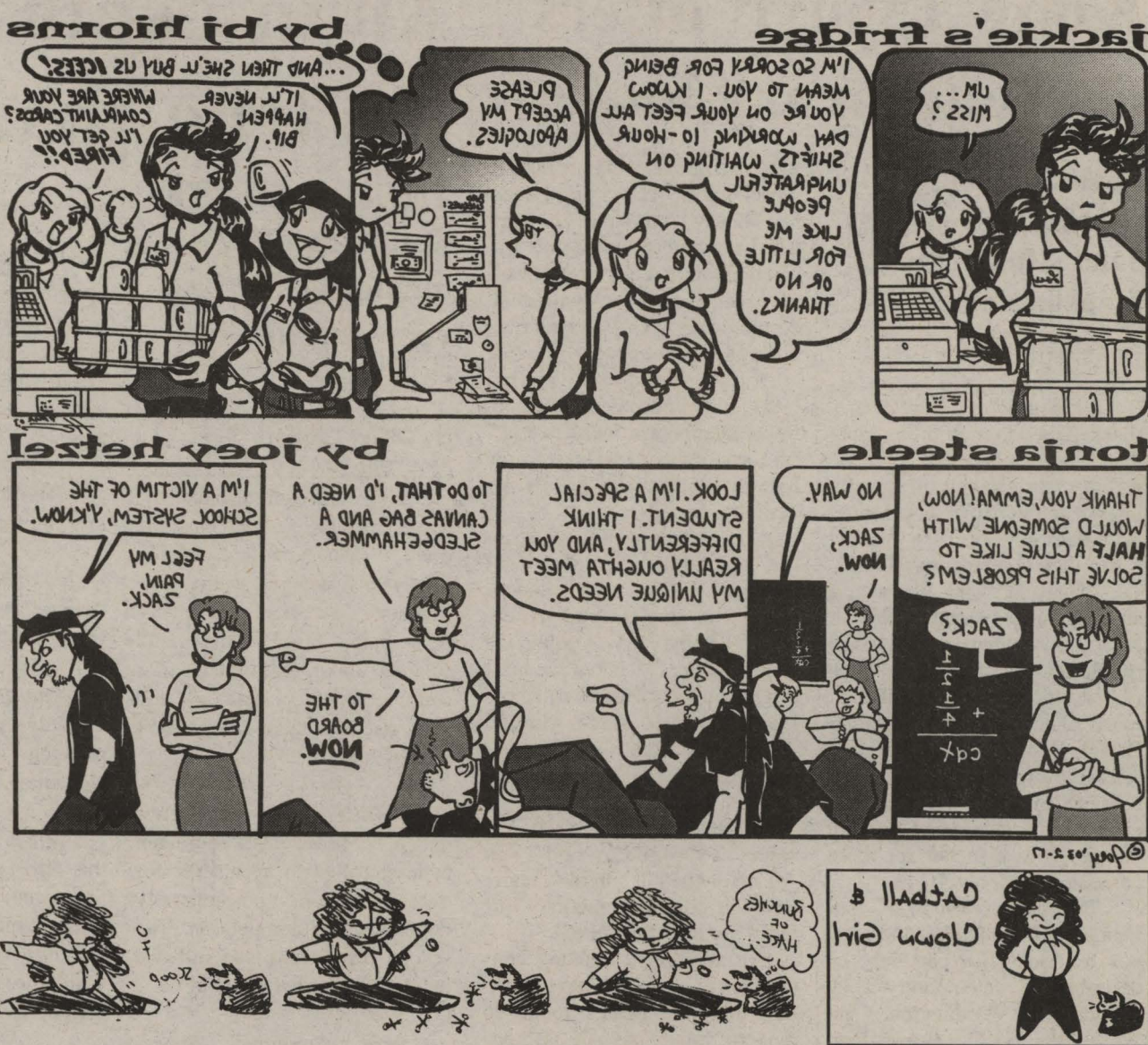
The stars have spoken and they told me to tell you they're not speaking with you.

Condoms

Reduce,

Reuse,

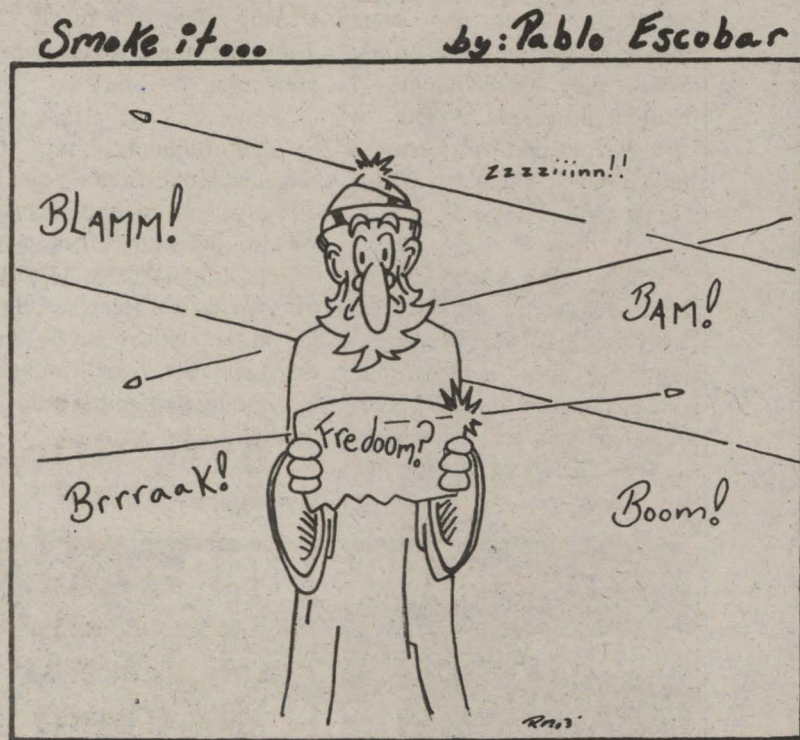
Recycle.



GOD'S FAVORITE ADVICE COLUMNIST

Pat Rothfuss's UWSP E-mail is going to be taken away by the establishment, but I'm sure that if we all meditate and focus our positive energies toward the problem, it will somehow work out for the best.

Or just use this e-mail instead: proth@wsunix.wsu.edu



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