

BOOZE

We liberal heathens in the press molderize good Americans on campus

Page -1,280

ARTSY-FARTSY CRAPOLA

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck is a woodchuck could chuck wood? (We don't really care. Do you?)

Page 482

SPORTY SPORTS

Plenty of mangled bodies and mindless violence

Page 44

THE ILL N' FEEBEL

PUNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, LOST WAGES

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Our fair university zapped off face of the globe

Police say extraterrestrials responsible for carnage; student reaction varies from "Oh my Gawd!" to "Duuuuude!"

By Tiny Crinkles
ILL N' FEEBEL

Every building on campus has mysteriously disappeared, and police and UFO experts are saying that otherworldly beings, angry because Duke lost the NCAA championship, may be responsible.

Students showed up on campus Thursday to find nothing—nada, zilch, zero and zip. Goose eggs.

No trace of any building has

been found anywhere.

The crafty critters did their handiwork sometime last night, according to Sherman Schnozberry, chief of campus police.

"These little sonsabitches must've had one helluva laser beam to do this job, I'll tell you," the chief said.

Fred Fruitloop, a certified, honest-to-gosh UFO nut—er, pardon us, expert—said the aliens, who may be the same ones who visited the Soviet Union last year. They may

also be angry because, he added, these particular beings were fans of the Duke Blue Devils, who recently received a major ass-whipping from our very own Runnin' Rebels during the NCAA championship, and wanted to take revenge on UNLV.

"These creatures are feisty creeps!" our boy Fruitloop said. "They just lost after Duke in a major way, and couldn't take the agony of defeat at all!"

Ironically, Fruitloop said the colors of the sneaky bastards isn't

blue at all, but sickening green.

Administration reaction varied. The university president said, "This is a setback, but we still have a fine, young, proud growing, uh, glowing university."

The prez wuz referring to the eerie aura surrounding the scorched areas.

"Don't have a cow, man," was the reaction of the vice president for Student Cervezas.

"They're ugly bastards," continued Chief Schnozberry. "I

thought at first that they were senators, but then I remembered that most of them don't even have cars, let alone flying saucers of death."

Student reaction was predictably apathetic.

"Like, who cares?" asked Annabella Airhead, sophomore. "It's, like, just college, after all."

"I really don't care, man, so long as I get laid Friday night," said Arnold "Bart" Simpson.

"Speaking of which, are you

continued on page 5

THOSE AWESOME REBELS



III Photo / Drunken Anderson

- IT'S BIRD, IT'S A PLANE... No it's those damn Rebels again! Quit bitchin'... at least there's no more photo spreads.

"The Donald" cashes his chips in at U-hoo

By Zenith McWowwy Tomato
ILL N' FEEBEL

Donald Trump, billionaire, cheating husband and short-fingered vulgarian, said during a recent press conference here in Las Vague-us that he is going to purchase the school.

(Well, what's left of it, anyway.)

Trump, a man whose gaudy casinos add to Atlantic City's grossness, said he will rebuild the entire campus, with one catch—everything must be named after him.

"Mark my words, this will be a quality university," he said. "Buildings will made of marble, faucets will be solid gold. We're talking quality here. Quality."

The Donald said he will shell out some \$10 billion for the uni-versity, which will probably be name after him.

"If I'm going to shell out the bookoo bucks, my rules must be followed," he smirked.

If Trump's takeover succeeds every, we mean, every building will be renamed: Donald Trump Student Union, Donald Trump Humanities Building and Donald Trump Engineering Building, to name a few examples.

The quality of food offered by

the uniadversity will improve dramatically, Donny remarked.

"We're talking quality, dammit, quality," he said. "Cavier. Smoked salmon. Champaign. Pheasant under glass. Chicken Kiev—"

Trump was distracted by the drooling from the gallery.

"Students will eat better, that's for sure," he concluded.

After that, a hearty cheer came from students sick of the slop they've endeared for a millinium or so.

Transportation will change as well, he said. "Students will be carted from class in platinum, bullet-proof, mag-lev carts," Trump said. "They'll never worry about being late to class again."

Each professor will have his or her very own secretary (for the male, a corporate trophy; for the female, a real beefcake), and an office decorated with only the finest "quality" materials.

"We're talking QUALITY, here. QUALITY," he exclaimed, flapping his arms up and down like a chicken on PCP. "Silk from China. Genuine Persian rugs. Solid gold desks. Three dimensional holographic computers. Motorized chairs. And they'll even make more than minimum wage, too."



The price of text books will decrease as well, because the only the bookstore will sell is Trump's autobiography, "Trump: My Incredibly Large Ego."

Students majoring in hotel will be flown to the Donster's very own fun palaces in Atlantic City for their education.

He wouldn't comment on whether his new companion, Marla ("Gimme, gimme") Maples would take over as the new student body president, vice president.

"All I can say is, 'Steve Wynn, watch out,'" he said.