

NASSAU WEEKLY

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Because no one
reads anything but
the weekend page
anyway.

Reading this, most of you are probably thinking, "What the fuck am I doing wasting my time on a paragraph comprised of many complicated words when I could be skimming the little gray box in the corner then folding this page into a stylish newspaper hat?" To avoid your question, I will inform you about a fascinating species of South American bird whose only method of self-defense is to swallow its own tongue and eject it from its anus at high velocity into the face of a predator. It rules. I'll also let you know that this is the second week in a row that I'm writing the Weekend Page while my coeditor Rob lounges naked in a cardboard box full of Sacajawea coins in a sad attempt to live out the Scrooge McDuck fantasies of his youth. Some, including my 9-year-old cousin Emily, say that the fact that Rob opted out of writing the Page this week makes him a pussy, but as far as I'm concerned, "pussy" is just a different way to say, "I love you."

Actually, I'd like to come clean. There is no Rob. Each week a random assortment of words (this week including "herpes," and "boobtacular,") are fed into a Soviet model Cold War-era computer, which then generates the Weekend Page as a series of dots and slashes. The decoding process is slow and incomplete, and this is why the jokes are often less "ha ha" funny than "not" funny.

THURSDAY,
APRIL 26

Speech: "254 Years: An Irreverent & Humorous Look at Old Nassau"

Nothing can be more irreverent than two and a half centuries of Princeton, the wacky university more commonly known as "The Siberian Architectural Institute of the South." Apparently, this speech has been given many times over the years, but I'm sure that the changing social atmosphere dictated the direction in which the speaker humorously looked. While at good old Year 75 the speaker could count on solid laughs for his bit about the relative skull sizes of different racial groups, today's speaker is stuck with less guaranteed material, such as this excerpt from the opening of last year's speech: "Remember when we didn't let in women? That was sweet." Don't get the wrong idea, though, I'm not saying that the speech won't be funny. In fact, I have always found Old Nassau to be an endless source of hilarity. Of course, by "Old Nassau," I mean the man who sits in front of Hoagie Haven wearing a traffic cone on his head.

8:00 p.m. McCosh 10

FRIDAY,
APRIL 27

Spanish Drawings

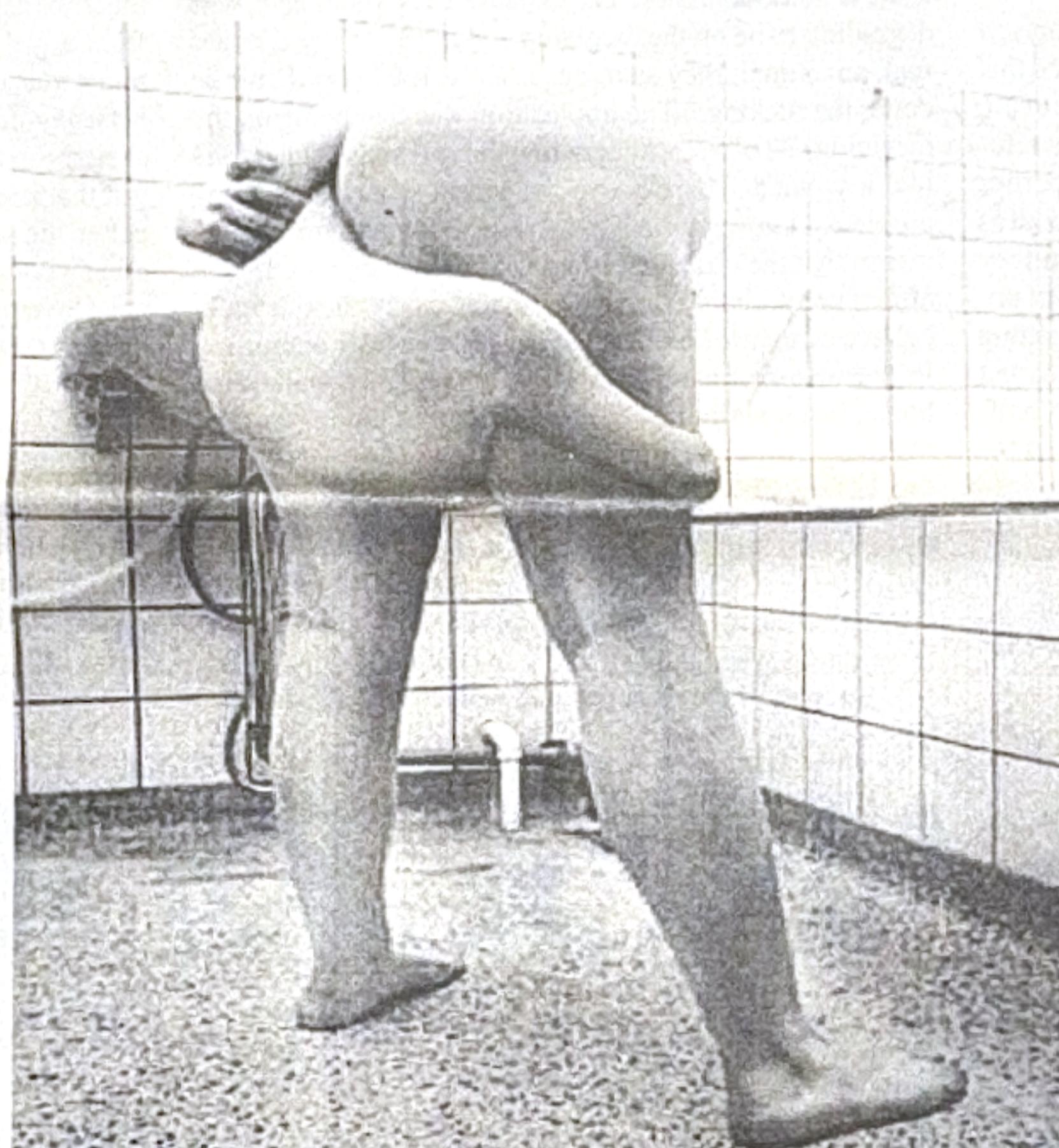
For me, the word "drawings" connotes two things, the crude naked sketches in my notebook of the girl who sat across from me in Philosophy precept, and the elaborate

sketches in my notebook of orgies of stick figures. However, appointing those drawings a particular ethnicity pushes mental associations beyond simple nudity into the realm of middle-aged men with unshaven backs engaging in vigorous coitus with their fugaceous wives. In other words, the illustrations in "The Joy of Sex." One of my best friend's parents had this book in plain view on the top shelf in their living room, and whenever I visited, we would stay up late then sneak downstairs to stare in puerile awe at the descriptions and pictures of such all-time favorite positions

stage during performances and drunkenly improvise a sign language translation of their acts. The audience usually receives it well, though, and I get a great response from my two "money moves," which are "Shadow Puppet Bird Flies Away," and the international sign for choking.

8:30 p.m. Frist Theater

SATURDAY,
APRIL 28



Where is that damn retainer?

as "Congress of the Cauliflower," and "Ape In A Dryer." The characters in the hand-drawn illustrations were extremely unattractive, I think that they were supposed to represent the average American married couple in terms of beauty, genital protrusion, and ass girth. It was disturbing to look at, but that didn't stop me from permanently storing the illustrations in the region of the brain known to psychologists as the "Spank Bank."

March 27 through June 10, The Art Museum (That includes this Friday)

DiSiac Spring Show - Liberation

There are so many booty-shaking dance groups on campus that it's hard to keep my Fly Girls separate from my Ballroom Dance Ho's and my Naachos. However, diSiac is easier to remember because its name was formed through the clever selection of letters from the phrase "Dilbert's Shit Sack." Despite confusing differences, there is one thing that all of these groups have in common, and that is that they don't appreciate when I stand on

Also, students will be encouraged to sell homemade "crafts," such as hemp eyeglasses and two pieces of paper stuck together with beer. Fairs like this are great, because no matter how bad you are at aiming that water gun into the clown's mouth, you know you're coming home with a live goldfish in a plastic bag. As a kid, I usually won those wonderful prizes, but my mom didn't like animals, so she would throw the goldfish out of the car window and give the plastic bag to my sister to punish me for pissing on the tree on our front lawn. I was just trying to make it grow.

Daytime, Nassau Hall Lawn

SUNDAY,
APRIL 29

AFM: A cappella by grad students

I've noticed that in the transition to college, certain things that most people have never heard or cared about suddenly become fantastically popular. These include the classic frisbee/weed combo platter, Dispatch, and most disturbingly, a capella. If you would have asked me two years ago to sit through an instrument-free rendition of "Baby Beluga" sung by upstanding weens wearing ties, I would have punched you in the stomach then built a fort out of pillows and cried myself to sleep. That's how I reacted to most things before they increased my dosage in September. What's more important, however, is that we are accepting a capella as quality entertainment when it's really little more than a way for kids who couldn't make high school chamber choir to hump each other in public. Never mind, that sounds pretty good.

9:00 p.m. Blair Arch

DEUCE-DROPPIN' FUNBOX

Pick the word or words that best complete the following phrase:

"I want chicken, I want liver,
_____ please deliver."

- a. Wrinkled 'gina
- b. Joseph Stalin
- c. Wilcox Dining Hall
- d. Wrinkled 'gina

Since this may be my last Weekend Page of the semester,
there are a few last things I'd like to say:

If you're ever watching porn at someone else's house and you're afraid that someone is going to walk in and bust you, always keep your thumb on the "previous channel" button and make sure that that channel is showing sports. That way, if someone does interrupt your spankerin', you can just say, "Sports! I love sports, just watchin' some sports." I suggest practicing this.

I'm sorry for publishing this picture of you, Rabbi Cooper.

Slecha du blecha