**Laugh distribution shows inflation at Downer B room**

by PAUL SHRODE

Downer Commons—“This ham is really tough! I can hardly get through it,” quipped Tom Clones to an audience of fourteen students sitting around an inadequately sized round table. The comment spurred the table to numerical laughter, an incident that some observers believe to be yet another example of joke inflation in Downer’s B room.

“I remember my freshman year people thought about the jokes they made. You would hear puns and epigrams, irony and wit, the juxtaposition of disparate elements, and most of it was done subtly,” explained senior David Bess. “It was rare that someone would risk slapstick, and it had to be a sure thing.” In recent years, however, Bess cites a trend towards settling for what he calls “easy jokes,” typified by loud laughter and distortions of overcooked food. The trend is causing many to question current methods of inflation.

“I’ve heard the ‘cella studio. They start their meal, laughing and chanting and their jokes are self-referential to the point where I don’t think they’re referring to anything at all,” explained one diner. More than anything else they laugh and at points seem to be self-occupied. Their cracks are reported to range from the punny to the hostile and from the slapstick to the downright dangerous. “I’ve seen them play football,” reported one student, “they ‘call’ that someone is magnet-ic and then throw their forks-dirty and well-broiled.” And then a fanatically, furiously—“and I think forwardly, added Bess—they laugh.

And the response: They don’t have to lead to finger-pointing. Though many contend that the ‘cella studio is at the forefront of the trend, others are quick to assert that they are not alone.

A group recognized as the ‘jazz guys’ has also been charged with joke inflation. ‘The jazz guys’ sit at a number of tables in the center of the room, concocting what are often obvious conversations that persist over a distance of several tables. ‘Jazz guys’ are really pleased with themselves; they think that the dynamics of their jokes in B room is as sharp as their angular rifling in the jazz room,” noted a perturbed Leslie Monagle, sophomore English major. That combined with their habit of smiling manically while using their dishes to create what is described by most as “maniacally annoying music,” demonstrates the group’s continuing ability to break ground on the issue of joke inflation. “I mean, it’s too bad things are getting dirty dishes together,” noted one witness irritably.

Mike O’Brien, super-senior cella performance major and member of the ‘cella table, defended the joke inflation. “They’re really pleased with themselves that they’re being disruptive, and therein no end to that.”

O’Brien takes a longer view of the problem. Senior art major, Charlie Arnold, observed that if serious consideration is continued, it will eventually be impossible to recognize and reward truly exceptional jokes. And then he added, “it’s a waste of time” and Arnold, “increasing the value of bad jokes obviously devalues good jokes. And I think it’s a slow slope; I think, and I don’t want to sound dramatic, that it could even day-to-day operations we would be all right. Sadly, we were wrong.”

Recently, said Rosenberg, staff had begun to notice Rik’s behavior becoming more erratic. In his last memo to the faculty, Warch declared that he himself was “a natural extension of the mission of liberal learning.”

In an act hailed by some as inspired and by others as sheer madness, Cindy Patterson, Head of Circulation at the Wesley G. Mudd library, has scaled a first-floor library pillar, promising not to descend until her righteous demands are met. Well into the third day of her pillar strike, Patterson announced in holy shrills and wails that she will cling to the concrete supporting pillar—apparently through sheer force of will alone—until all overdue library materials have been returned to the circulation desk.

“I have gone up upon a pillar for you. And upon this pillar, I will continue to suffer for your right to borrow library materials when you need them, and for whatever duration of time you need them, but I can only do this if you want in your hearts to comply. And if you do not heed my beneficent call, I will wither for you,” Patterson said.

Patterson also announced that overdue items can be renewed by contacting a representative of the circulation desk, either in person or by phone.

“By 9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. and 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.,” said Warch, flanked by a throng of students waiting to hear her announce the renewal schedule.

An inside source at Sasaki Associates revealed a previously undisclosed section of the Sasaki housing proposal to the Lawrentian on Monday. The new section consisted of a computer-rendering (right) and the following text:

**In the mining technology, it would be possible to lower the fraternity quad to a significant depth below the surface of campus and thus create considerabler space for new construction.**

Our surveys suggest that most quad residents would actually approve of the change. They cite increased access to barbecue and sausage as a primary need for new housing. Preliminary engineering reports suggest that a choice of sites for the quick transport of freshman girls to the quad would be feasible.

Sasaki officials would not be available for comment on the new section of the proposal. Brian Lambert, a resident of the Beta house, expressed optimism about the proposal. “I look forward to working with Sasaki on this one. I think they might really have something. Just think of what this could do for the next Beach Bash.”

The president, Representative Earle Walden, was equally encouraged. “Heaven and Hell will take on a whole new meaning next year,” said Walden.

**Patterson scales library pillar in the name of library policy**

Circulation Manager’s sacrifice divides book-borrowing public

by PAUL SHRODE

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**Warch indistinguishable from parody of himself**

President’s advisors at a loss for solution

by PAUL SHRODE

In a press conference yesterday, Dean of the Faculty Brian Rosenberg announced that he will be taking over the day-to-day operations of the university until further notice.

Reading from a prepared statement Rosenberg said, “As many of President Warch’s closest advisors have known for many years, the president has two sides, the Rik Warch we all know and love, and the parody of that Rik Warch, rather a self-parody. Generally, we would only see the parody side at things like convocations and trustee meetings, where Rik would pause after words like ‘rebut’ to wait for applause. We thought we had it under control, though, and that as long as it did not affect the

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At least week's LUCC meeting had as its main topic the renovation of the Student Organization Under Paul Shrode's leadership. This announcement was intended to express the belief that the newly proposed Student Organization Under Paul Shrode's leadership would propose a paper at a recent gender studies conference in the spring of 1999 by St. John's University. Paul Shrode, a professor of gender and cultural studies at St. John's University, has found that St. John's University, though not a surprise to find that Goldgar was as much of a pain in the ass as he described in his book, though a consensus exists among grain employees that his legendary impudence...
CABARET

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SPONSORED BY LAWRENCE INTERNATIONAL
Senior philosophy major surprised to discover meatheads in Colman Hall

Bespoked senior philosophy major Quentin Jamison was surprised earlier this year to find that two meatheads live in the room directly across the corridor from his cozy Colman Hall single.

"I mean, it's not a big deal," claimed Jamison. "I think that people should feel comfortable doing their own thing. It's just that I thought all the meatheads lived on the other side of campus.

Jamison, who is of a quiet but charming disposition, will soon be completing his senior thesis on Ludwig Wittgenstein's Logische-Philosophische Abhandlung.

The freshmen roommates who live across the corridor,榴iously referred to by their friends as Dizzy and Puke, frequently engage in dart-throwing tournaments and WWF-watching parties, guzzling cans of Bud Light and grunting barely discernible phrases throughout the duration of each night.

"I lived in Colman as a freshman and I had my fun. You know? The occasional beer, the occasional joint. My friends and I used to watch Woody Allen movies. But nothing like this, really. I don't know, I'm going to graduate this year, so who's complaining?"

Recent Performance
Pushes Reischl, Orchestra in New Direction

An extraordinary performance at last Saturday's Disco Benefit Ball has convinced Lawrence Symphony Orchestra conductor Bridget Michaela Reischl to expand the horizons of the orchestra.

This week, Reischl submitted her suggested reforms to the Conservatory. The list included recommendations such as the addition of lighted disco flooring to the planned Chapel stage remodeling and the future replacement of Pierre Faux with someone more in tune with his band's self.

During her sabbatical Reischl intends to study with Professor Emeritus William Chaceyn on material from his course, "The Glory That Was Glamrock." Reischl sees these reforms as steps in a direction that was "necessary and long overdue."
The dialogue of the beer with the reviewer has begun

My first impression of Oldie English was, of course, an unpleasant one. It's a cloudy, harsh product, brewed with ethin-violating and diabetes-inducing proportions of sugar and preservatives, in enormous lote; its reason for being is to induce drunkenness as fast as possible. Then I came to realize that Oldie English is a post-modern beer—its excesses jus-
tified publishing this kind of thing?" I tell you, 'it's coming out of character again.'" Can any one malt liquor really unity all the negative qualities you've attributed to this drink? You say it's acidic, grating sour, stale and skunky; cabbages with notes of asparagus, funk, must, batteries, and boiled beans. The last one especially is over the top. This reads as though, for parody effect, some fresh-faced punk had taken all the bad points from a number of malt liquors, and for pretentious and self-serving ends made them into a unified offense to the malt liquor drinker. Are you writing this out of guilt at the pretentiousness and ten- dencies of your usual review? Is the joke that no malt liquor could possibly be suitable for your exalted con-sumption unless it was brewed by monks?'

Oldie English goes well with chicken wings, rotting carcasses, '50's flavoured potato chips, plqeig, gumpowerd, borscht, gela-
tinised macaroni, and stinky, stinky cheese. Price $1.95 for a forty-ounce bottle, and $500 for medical bills.

Oldie English Malt Liquor 40 oz.

A heartburn-inducing beer of staggering acidity

Whether funnier or not, jokes are getting more laughs continued from page 1

change the meaning of laughter.

Clohes admited, "the other day I started to tell a joke and peo-
ple started laughing right away. I didn't even get to punch-line
when I had to go down to another class. When a fellow 'studo studio member
asked me if I was going to stick around and talk about the joke, she explained, "well
I guess it wasn't really funny what you said, but it was the way you said it."

Assistant Professor of Economics John Higgins was will-
ing to comment on the issue. "Well, I would start by saying that it's not
joke inflation that we're dealing with, but rather laughter inflation.

But that being said, I would only add that, sure, if there's no demand
for good jokes, then...

Professor Peter Perigrine adds, 
"joke inflation isn't the result of a
line in joke-making skills. Quite
the contrary, in recent years, stu-
dents have given up on..."

Others are more concerned with the peripheral problems with
joke inflation. "I don't know about joke inflation," freshman flume per-
formance major Anna Sorr con-
centrated, "I had to go move to C
room because [the jazz guys] were
always making eye contact with me
after they'd say something. I just
didn't know what to do."

Few people question the exis-
tence of joke inflation in B room of
Downer. More difficult is determin-
ing its origins and possible solu-
tions to the problems. Some believe the seeds were planted in the 1992-'93 decision to make B room, the only room in
which smoking was allowed, non-
smoking. Others point to the recent prominence of political correctness.

Ultimately short-term solu-
tions—such as, maybe, B room is a
'whispers only' room—are only
Dutch boy's finger in a dast. The
perpetrators would, after all, most
likely switch to a different room. In
the end, one student suggests, "nothing will change until students once
again want to hear funny jokes."

A heartburn-inducing beer of staggering acidity continued from page 2

guess that's just what makes us orniers," she said before hitting the handicap button and exiting the library.

Halter-tops to compose core of "Good Stuff for Her" next week's weekly.

Fraternity plans to con-
tribute to new student week buckets were revealed last week and center on a *necessary
addition* to the "Good Stuff for Her" program traditionally distributed to incoming female freshmen. The nec-
essary item is hal-
ter-tops.

Coming in a variety of sizes, shapes, and colors, the necessity of the halter-top
additions stems from the way
they help some female fresh-
men adapt to fraternity living. Among their usual house parties, after-formal informal wear, and, when necessary, beer rags. Halter-tops have long been considered a staple of "house girl" living, and their addition to the "Good Stuff for Her" buckets arose in answer to a growing concern amongst fraternity members.

Explains an inside source for the Lawrentian: "I think the halter-tops are great. I mean, before, you would waste your entire evening actually trying to figure out which freshmen girls were gonna be permanent frat house fixtures. Now, with the halter-tops you can go directly from step A to C. You skip B, and you just know."

LU adopts hilarious, non-sensical course names in order to compete with Erbert & Gerbert's

It was declared on Monday that Lawrence University's elective course titles, either chosen for their "descriptive value," would be replaced by Seussian nonsense words. The decision is an attempt to regain ground lost to competition from Erbert & Gerbert's, the popular University College
College establishment where horse sandwiches such as the Girf and Pudder both charm and delight. Accordingly, Gender Studies is now called "Pluffer Nudder," Economics is the "Costy Curry," and Studio Art has become the "Arhtey Flarthay." In addition, all LU graduates will now receive crisp dill pickles and soft dough with their diplomas.

Earnest prospective stu-
dents receive campus tour, sellatio

Notably absent from "Prosopie" Chris Marx's Wednesday tour schedule was the ad hoc oral sex which he received at approximately 1:15 a.m. in the Memorial Union Gamecom, amid the odor of stale cig-
arettes and the electronic tweets and flickering lights of video game
machines. Marx, a high school senior from Slinger, WI, described the sex as "pretty good."

Senior Class Gift is $15 gift certificate to Applebee's

In a move that has been described as both "cheap" and "rife," the Class of 2001 presented a $15 Applebee gift certificate to Lawrence University in a half-hearted ceremony on Thursday. Said spokesperson cultured in a sordid Lauderdale, "I'd kinda put off
giving until the last minute, and in Lawrence University (University) really likes Applebees and all and I just 'thought, well, "spirit," you know?" The certificate was accompanied by an unsigned Hallmark card.

Pillar of the literary canon disassembled as "bullsh*t" by freshman studies student

Steve Cartwright, a fresh-
man and freshly minted frater-
nity member asserted on Thursday that Frankenstein or the Modern Prometheus has worked better for his frank por-
trayal of scientific hubris and a metaphor for our times, is "totally bullshit" as well as "written really gay." He, you
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**Opinions & Editorials / News**

**My philistine RLA has never read Orwell**

**By Nolan Hartley**

When I was sparking up likely my fifth joint yesterday, I got a knock on my door. It was my RLA (he's such a prick and he's a philistine too). He's always trying to turn that noise down please and also I am smoking so much. I'm the only person in the whole of Kansas who cares about the environment. I'm a vocal opponent of climate change. I don't want to waste my time specifically outlining every sin I've committed. I hate the winter, the cold, the darkness, the snow, the fatigue. I hate the fact that I have to wear clothes. I hate the fact that I have to go outside. I hate the fact that I have to do anything. And I was just having a relaxing puff.

So, having recently read Foucault's Discipline and Punish, I know exactly what I want to do. First, I lied, which I think is completely justifiable, seeing as how new RLA's are so easily convinced. The second reason he's the 19th century — and perhaps subconsciously — informed the imperfection of his craving to base his argument on the supposed need to exterminate the binary opposition between the good and the evil smoker. He needed at least to make the attempt to purge his consciousness of the romanticism of each.

I mean, what do you expect? Just like Dostoevsky's Underground Man, we pot-smokers need to take matters under ground. Used to be that you could speak up a decent puff whenever you wanted. Not anymore. All because these stupid RLA's are driven by guilt. They adhere mindlessly to what Nietzsche has called the Judeo-Christian 'slave-morality.'

But this guy was having none of it. "He said could I please come in?" I said absolutely not, and it was clear to me that he had read neither my private diary nor anything about the Stanley Milgram experiments, or Crackhead Life at Lawrence. I mean, seriously; what a bunch of regulation-finishing sadists. That would be wasting my energy on the unenlightened. But come on, I object to the notion that Debaser is noise.

And indeed all around us, there are those who would be false witnesses to the progress of our cultures. Several of them, in fact, we are, as it were, beset on all sides by those who dash from the shadow of understanding just as we taste the light. They can be no progress, no pilgrimage to the enlightened city, if the avaricious and wholly impure impulses are allowed to, as when the wolf cuts the sheep's throat, the shepherd's brother wolves might have their way with the sheep, usurping the laudable and precious duties of the masters of the mind. Only, and even so, when the student press, the ethic of conscience and the foil of the student body, may act without restraint, unencumbered by the petty quarrels of those who would see it cast down in chains, can there be real discourse.

So far as we may come to bask in the radiance and harmony that is the community of ideas freely given and received, and in this we must come to know progress, that most subtle and illusive of minimum things, the substrate of our being, the kind, the lode stone of our existence. It is here, in the most important meaning of the Lawrentian, that we find the smithy in which we will forge the consciousness of our race.

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**On the progress of the soul towards the Lawrentian**

**By Paul Shrode**

Spurin was leaving through a copy of the new book of Tom Tomorrow cartoons. "I think it's just a shame that people aren't as progressive as they could be," said a reader.

"Those are pretty funny," added another student at the scene.

When elevator technicians arrived to repair the elevator, they had to make allowances for the unusual circumstances before they could enter the shaft and make the repairs to the elevator.

"This is a tricky business," said Ole Gunderson, chief technician. "I can't have my guys in there trying to work while I'm trying to get out. This kind of vibration could tear the car apart. Someone could get hurt." Gunderson and his technicians fixed the problem.

Spurin and Kehoes were the only occupants of the car. They were able to lower the car without incident.

"Spurin and Kehoes were not affected," said one technician. "The power was not affected, the car was not lowered. Neither were available for comment at press time, but doctors have seen the students and said that it will be a matter of days before they will be able to change their diet.

Paul Shrode turned in his essay titled "The Lawrentian in chief using a complex series of mathematical systems and equations. No one really knows what it all works, but who are we to question genius?"

Any opinions which appear unsigned probably don't belong in the paper and we're not sure how they got there.

Letters to the editor will be read aloud at staff meetings and severely modeled in other publications. All letters to the editor will be submitted and published in our web page. How Can They Be So Stupid? The editor reserves the right to edit for style, ease and to condense or rephrase an argument.

Now you can read the Lawrentian on the web. Check out www.paulshrode.com/Lawrentian.html

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**The Lawrentian**

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**Lawrentian "Advisor"**

Paul Shrode

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**The Lawrentian**

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**Opinion**

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## DISCLAIMER:

This is satire. It is supposed to be funny, and sophisticated people should be able to laugh at themselves. Please lighten up, and we'll all have a good time. Thanks.
Detractors denounce Patterson as heretic, obstacle to progress

continued from page 1

Patterson's first-floor immolation placed her act within the ancient history of acetic sacrifice. Said Chaney, "Just as St. Simeon, the great 4th century holy man, perched upon a pillar for over forty years, sacrificing bodily comforts for spiritual concerns, so has Cindy—the great Cindy—clung to her column for three days, wearing not a hair shirt, but a silk fuschia library jacket, eating not unleavened bread, but bread crumbs from the pocket of that jacket.

"She is to be commended," said Chaney. "No, no, she is to be ventured!"

"Certainly," affirmed Chaney.

In keeping with Chaney's mystic interpretation of the librarian's act, Lawrence Christian Fellowship has announced plans to launch a letter-writing campaign to the Vatican, lobbying to have the employee canonized for her efforts. It is also rumored that members of the obscure apocalyptic sect have already begun referring to Patterson as St. Cindy, Gloriosa Martyr of the Mud among its secret circles.

Professor of History Edmund Kern, for his part, prefers to view the librarian in a strictly secular context. "Now, on the one hand, Cindy exhibits many of the characteristics of a typical librarian—the fuschia jacket, for example—but on the other she has abandoned the conventional book retrieval strategies particular to the field. I refer, of course, to the devices of pedantry and passive aggression, filtered through a veneer of benign concern for library policy—a hallmark of the university librarian.

"Moreover," he continued, "I feel that this raises important questions about the character and methods of the modern librarian...What is her last resort? Does she express her frustrations in a patently bombastic fashion, as she has done here, or should these concerns yield to popular, yet undeniably outdated notions of 'service with a smile' and so on down the line?"

"If you ask me, I say that Cindy Patterson represents a new archetype of circulation, a new Weltanschaung of the circulating woman, if you will. And I, for one, will be collecting all of my overdue library materials for return to the circulation desk—be they book, media, or reserve items—and I call on every single responsible member of this community to do the same."

"Umm-kay," he added.

But not every library patron shares such high esteem for the librarian's devotion to her career. Fraternity member and first-floor regular Jake O'Connor has been critical of Patterson since her ascension more than three days ago. "Why's she trying to get all up in my face, you know? It's not like I have overdue books. I don't even check out books—you don't really need them when you've got a sweet stack of old tests in your house. But I was just like, whatever, man, if she wants to climb to the top of the library hill that's cool, too, you know?"

O'Connor did allow, however, that opinions on the Patterson matter might not be completely uniform among the identical communities of Abercrombie-sporting, JOOF-smelling types who occupy the first floor of the library: "Yeah, it's like Marcus's girl Suzie starts yapping at the table about how the library lady is being all 'noble' and stuff, with her 'principles' and all that. But we silenced her pretty quick."

He continued, "you know, Suzie's all right sometimes but she's gotta get over that whole talking thing. It's yep yep this and yep yep that, you know?"

"Come to think of it," he said, "what the hell is Suzie doing in the library, anyway? She doesn't read. She just plays herself out so that all the guys can watch her strut her stuff all over the lobby. Plus, I hear that she's been getting on Marcus's boy Johnny whenever Marcus is off campus at a meet. I mean, Marcus just took third at state, you know?"

He doen't need to hear about how his girlfriend got juggy with one of his brothers after the beach bash. And on top of all that there's this lady showing off on the ceiling in the library! What is that?"

"You know, it's getting pretty bad around here these days," Marcus added. "I'm thinking maybe I'll have to go study in the house."

Reference Librarian Gretchen Revie is another outspoken critic of the circulation manager, citing Patterson's behavior as a "disturbance" that "has not only disrupted studying conditions for students, but may set back women's advances in library science by decades."

Her Lawrentian interview culminated in a grueling 45-minute Internet search session for the proper definition of 'mar-tys' during which she repeatedly argued that different search terms yield different search results.

Timothy Spurgin, professor of English and spouse to Revie, unanimously nodded in assent. It is unclear at the time of publication how Patterson's sacrifice has affected the return of overdue library materials, but one thing is certain: she takes library work very seriously.