Derek Scheuerell takes up badminton—no longer has time to write 37 incoherent, fascist letters to the Student weekly.

Bill Hiss to MEI: “Kiss off! One percent is enough!” Vows no more letters of apology after next three. Discusses upcoming book and movie I did it my way: How to grovel and still hold to your principles.

Coulter’s Ordinary Boys breaks personal sales record. Three copies sold! "He looked so pathetic out there alone... I felt sorry for him," exclaims one customer. "Oh! This isn’t the Gideon’s bible?" said another. Third bought by poet Renaissance man Jonah Tichy. "I applaud the effort, but he simply isn’t as arrogant as I."

Gene Clough struck by lightning—remembers the wife, kids and dog he left behind in Dubuque, Iowa. His successful battle overcoming amnesia to be documented in upcoming NBC mini-series. Bates prof. Paul Kuritz to star. “I’m so excited,” he was quoted as saying. “I haven’t worked since that fruit of the loom commercial back in ’74.”
**Personal Ads**

Married professional couple ISO third partner. Male member is turned on by someone who doesn't say "um" between groans. Female member would like someone who could assume extensive butt rubbing duties on rather expansive male rear. Please respond to Celeste at BIG-BUTT. No drugs please unless you want us to turn you in.

DWM ISO woman who stays out of the kitchen. Must accept subjugation and have lots of patience in sexual matters; a physical therapist if preferred. Please respond to Mr. Bobbit at SEVERED.

DWF (dumb witless female) ISO male who will let me role play as a rich spoiled teenager growing up in Beverly Hills. Prefer men with sideburns who comb hair straight up, but will sleep with just about anyone on first date. Please respond to Shannon at BEV-69ER.

SSWBDM (single short white balding dull male) ISO anyone who can put up with all of above attributes. Enjoy debating about anything inconsequential as long as I am allowed to win. Love Madonna movies, anything by Billy Ray Cyrus, Singapore disciplinary techniques, and hot wax. Please respond to Mr. Rosenthal at JBE-GYOU.

SWM ISO women students to "study" with; one is never too old to play DeSade. Large cash settlement can be arranged if applicable. No law suits please. Please respond to Malcolm at COVER-UP.

**Ask Anne**

Dear Anne: Being a 13-year-old woman, I became concerned when I went to hop into bed with my boyfriend and he was naked. I confronted him about it and he said his PJs accidentally fell off. It seemed innocent enough but I'm not sure I should believe him...

—Confused Cowgirl in Texas

Dear Confused Cowgirl: Don't sweat the details honey. Accidents can happen: the important thing is to take advantage of every situation. My advice: don your cowboy boots and hat, mount him like the stag that I'm sure he is, and ride him like a "bad girl" until the sun comes up.

Dear Anne: I am writing anonymously as a coordinator of student activities at a small liberal arts college in Maine. My problem is that I can't seem to get a date; in fact, I don't think I have ever been on a date, unless you count the time I went grocery shopping with my grandmother. I just don't understand it; I'm handsome, intelligent, witty... When I was in college I could escape from women's rejections by doing a lot of drugs, but now... Please tell me the secret of your success. Got any good pick up lines?

—Shall Remain Nameless and Dateless in Lewiston

Dear Loser: What is your problem? It sounds like you are going to need a lot more than a good pick up line. Lucky for you, I've got the surefire solution that always works for me and is guaranteed to work for anyone else no matter how socially dysfunctional or physically disfigured you are. Just get your prospective other like really really loaded and take one of two approaches: if you're a man tell her you love her and ask her to marry you; if you're a woman take off your shirt, and slowly do a Moroccon jig in tight circles around him. Don't worry, all bets are off in the morning.

Dear Anne: I was recently invited over to a friends house for a dinner party. I was surprised to find the spoon on the inside of the knife at the placetting. Is this appropriate and if not, what is?

—Curiously awaiting your response in Ashtabula, Ohio

Dear Curious: You must be gravely mistaken. I believe you meant to write to my sister Miss Manners. You see, I have two specialties: beer and footing up. Anything else that I get right is just an extra bonus. Personally, I don't normally bother to use anything but my hands and mouth at mealtimes, so I suppose it doesn't really matter where the knife goes in relation to the spoon. But remember, the beer should be at the right side of the placetting (or preferably in your hands) and playing footies under the table is always acceptable.

**The Bates Student Bestseller List**

*Often overshadowed by Stephen King, many of Maine's best authors go unnoticed. But in fact, many of this country's most prolific writers hail out of the creative mecca of Lewiston. Here is last week's best-selling books as determined by the National Publishers Distributing Center.*

1. Jean the Concierge Woman — "Concierge by day, phone sex operator by night: real life experiences on how to avoid cauliflower ear."
2. Hi-Guy — "How to secure a job as a male strip club greeter."
4. Security's Larry Johnson — "The finer points of keg confiscation: how to transport beer from campus to home without losing carbonation."
5. Dean Sawyer — "Doing what's best for the student: a 10-step program on how to talk someone who wants to go to France into JYA in Borneo."
6. OCS's Charles Kovacs — "Just as long as I have a job: lessons in job security regardless of job performance."
9. Fire Safety Officer Dan Lalonde — "The exciting detailed account of how I extinguished a flaming paper cup."
10. Miles Buckingham IV '95 — "How to avoid embarrassment: the dos and don'ts of parliamentary procedure."

The author of the bestselling "How to avoid embarrassment: the dos and don'ts of parliamentary procedure."Author of the bestselling "How to avoid embarrassment: the dos and don'ts of parliamentary procedure."
Ethnic groups clash, Commons closes, MEI protests

By Flo
Clicker Emeritus

Due to increasing tensions between minority and religious groups on campus and the Commons staff, the building has been closed until further notice. "We give up," said an unidentified Commons worker as he shut the padlock on the sliding door on the ramp.

The increasing tensions have been due to protests on behalf of the JCC, BCF, BAS, BHC, VEG, BBC, CIA, FCC, and the Freewill Folk Society. These groups have been forcing Commons to re-evaluate its white bread menu in order to encompass more ethnic appropriate meals.

International students were outraged when a dish at the salad bar was labeled, "Moroccan Salad." They insist that it was, in fact, "compost from leftovers on unhappy trays." Billy Bob Smiles, happy tray man, was at first unwilling to comment. However, he was last heard mumbling, "Happy tray, here's a happy tray. Ask the Environmental Coalition about recycled food. Happy trays are here again."

A fight broke out in the small room and several Commons workers were injured when three French majors attacked two students with Russian Studies clusters who insisted that the orange salad dressing was not French but, indeed, mislabeled Russian.

The conflict reached a fevered pitch in April when Commons was forced to end its traditional spring brunch due to protests from the JCC and the NBA. A spokesperson for Commons stated, "We were not aware that sausage links and omelettes were oppressing anyone. We're sorry. We simply did not know." In response, angered BCF member, Quoc Transam stated, "I could understand it if they were handing out bottled holy water and chocolate crucifixes at the door, but it was damn good food and that's all it was!"

After an unsuccessful run of Tuna Fish Salad Stir Fry and Strawberry Banana Matzo Ball Soup, several staff members revolted. Sue 'No Butter In The Toaster Please' Burke apparently lost control one evening and set fire to the Orange Tempeh Tofu. Uncooked Vegetables with Unidentifiable Sauce! Vegetarian Platter. Fellow conspirators threw pita into the blaze as well as large quantities of Looks Like Humus Tastes Like Wet Cardboard.

The Deans have been meeting with Commons workers and the MEI have made plans to commence a sit in at the new Multi Cultural Center.

In the meantime, the reopening of Commons is looking dim. One student reported that boxes full of gold balls, red and blue stars, press on window pumpkins, and press on window dreidels were being thrown into dumpsters by the service entrance of Commons.

The Hi Guy has been spotted on campus reportedly approaching women, preferably blonds, and asking, "Why?"

Poland Springs bottled water and Saltines will be available on the steps of Coram with a valid Bates ID or a Maine state ID. In order to accommodate the excess of hungry students the Den will have extended hours and will be offering vegetarian pretzels as well as unleavened Otis Spunkmeyer Cookies.

Where are they now?

Flo: Moved to L.A., starring as lead California raisin
Kevin Wiemore '91: Working with Martin Scorsese on the sequel to "The Last Temptation of Christ": "The Last Flirtation of Christ"
Neil Troest '93: Rush Limbaugh's janitor, with hopes of advancement
Amy Robbins '92: Contented housewife and mother of five
Denis Howard '93: Using Chucky D'Antonio as a puppet to maintain control of WRBC
Professor Hector Febles: Sen Bob Packwood assistant on Latin American Relations Subcommittee
Bryant Gambel '72: In the shower... no, just stepped out
Steve Borucke '92: Still here
Edmund Muskie '36: Reigning pool champ at Oak Grove Retirement Community

Werner Delmann: Angst ridden. Picking up cans on Lisbon St. Zeitgeist.
Thomas Hedley Reynolds: President of the Androscoggin chapter of AA
Neal Cunningham '93: Sentenced for spraypainting subversive messages on Singapore sidewalk, awaiting pardon.
Mark Lust '91: Apostle of David Koresh, developing new sect of Branch Davidians just outside Loco, Texas.
Mitchell Chase: Appearing before Judge Wapner on the People's Court, suing Don Harward for pain and suffering, claiming Mrs. Harward bit his dog's ankle.

EARTH TIP

WANTED:

By-standers and organizers for this week's PIERCE HOUSE BRAWL

Authorities are warning that the above split personality beast has recently escaped from a local lockdown and is considered highly dangerous. It particularly enjoys terrorizing students and answers to the name of The Incredible Hulk(king) Celeste. Any information which could lead to its capture should be directed to the Found.
By Bryant Fumble
Jerk-in-Residence

In a decree issued last week I presented a notice of my wrath against Bates College, my alma mater. Unfortunately no one noticed and thus, I am reissuing the aforementioned decree.

I would like express a humble and sensible demand for a statue of myself. I deserve this memorial, this legacy for numerous reasons. The first of which is that I am, and there has never been any argument about this, a physically beautiful human being. I respectfully issue a challenge to anyone, and I do mean anyone, to find any photo of me in which I am in any way unattractive.

The second justification for the erection, did I say erection?, of a statue in my honor is my sheer intellect. Each morning for the past twelve years I have conducted scintillating interviews with the likes of The Pointer Sisters, Alan Alda and Captain Kangaroo. In many circles I have been referred to as the most astute cultural critic/observer of modern times.

Another reason for this decree is that I am a pop icon. Don't deny it, just ask me. To be frank I have never received the proper degree of adulation from Bates College. I put that place on the map and none of you whiny little weenies can dispute that statement. Did Ben Mays have his own morning television show? Did Ed Muskie in any way unattractive?

If my demands for this statue are not met I promise you that each morning I will work statements like "God, Bates College sucks," "I wish I had gone to Bowdoin" and "the new dorms are ugly" into my daily banter on The Today Show. If I'm really angry I'll send my brother Greg up there to beat the bag out of anyone in particular.

Thus, I disrespectfully submit a scale plan for a statue in my name. The statue should be place where the flagpole is currently placed and it stands 40 feet high. A few extra maintenance personnel should be hired to scrap any bird-kuck from my face if any lands there.

Chomsky vows to take no prisoners in lovely Passaic NJ

By Kirk "Fight the Power" Reed
Lameass

In adherence to the current trend of growth in the Bates JYA program Avi Chomsky has announced that numerous openings are still available for her sewage treatment semester abroad program in Passaic N.J.

"I'm so excited that not even I can express the breadth of feelings that I am now feeling," said Chomsky.

The semester's agenda plans for students to stay in lovely downtown Passaic while working at a distant sewage treatment plant and being beaten about the face and neck with large sacks full of manure-stained cash drawn from their tuition.

When asked about the program Dean Sawyer said, "I'm not sure that I can help you. Um...Hmmm...why don't you speak to my secretary Doris, I'm sure that she knows what the hell is going on here."

Newly-tenured English professor Steven Dillon will be the other faculty member on the trip. When asked for a comment at 6:30 a.m. on Lisbon St. Professor Dillon said, "You know, you act so damn eccentric for years hoping to get tenure because everybody might think that you're some kind of a tortured gargoyle Milton freak. Then, bang!, next thing you know they send you to Passaic N.J., i.e. a total hell-hole, with the equivalent of Captain Kangaroo and a gaggle of fraggles.

In Passaic, Chomsky is hoping to carry on several of the traditions begun with her first Bates abroad program in San Sebastian, Spain. Non-stop roundtrip, marathon busrides to Toledo including screaming children and bad directions will be a regular occurrence. "The thing I love about these trips is that I get to be a totalitarian dictator, which is the instinctive nature of my inner child as you know."

Assistant Professor Chomsky described the type of student that she is looking for as, "someone submissive, weak-minded. Someone with enough money to cover the trip and some extra dough for myself."

Reached later at his home Dean Sawyer said, "Look, I don't know anything about this trip or New Jersey or non-European countries. Give me a friggin' break alright, I do the best I can, I've got snakes tattooed on my legs, call Doris, just call Doris. I do the best I can. Jesus Christ on a crutch I shouldn't have taken those pills, just leave me alone."

For more information about the Passaic trip, interested students are advised to call Dean Sawyer's personal assistant Dean Doris.
James Bell kindly tells the Student to screw themselves

By Amish Adam Lunkhead
Infamous Slob

The Bates Spudent was lucky enough to gain entry into the offices of James Belch, the college’s new director of Affirmative Fraction for an exclamatory interview with this great man who has opened his heart and mind to our community.

BS: Hi, Mr. Belch. Thanks for granting us this interview.
JB: Did you say “hi”? What makes you say “hi”? I bet I am the only administrator on this campus who you greet in such a casual and nonchalant way. Do you say “hi” to Dean Branharn? I somehow bet you don’t. You will say “hello” to me or you won’t say anything at all.
BS: I would like to apologize.
JB: Don’t speak when I’m talking! You’re lucky that I don’t throw your sorry white ass out of this office right now. Now don’t think you scare me because you have the power, because there’s only one “man” in this office and that’s me. By the way, call me James.

BS: The power?
JB: Are you kidding me? I’m going to say the same thing to you that I said to that idiot reporter with your paper that looks like Abe Lincoln when he had the nerve to ask me questions about the college’s sexual violence policy the other day. You are so uncever it is pathetic. I’m not going to fall for that.
BS: Oh, you must be referring to Adam Fifield. Isn’t it inappropriate for you as an administrator to be saying nasty things about students to other students?

JB: Inappropriate, you stupid fool? My office doesn’t discriminate against anybody. I hate everyone of you snooted Spudent reporters. Now what can I do for you?
BS: I wanted to ask you a few questions about the college’s Affirmative Action policy.
JB: Oh, you do, do you? I have nothing to say to you. Obviously, you’re little newspaper could care less about what goes on in this office because you never write about it. If you think you’re gonna just throw off some facts to me, you’re guys just crawl up into that hole of an office and play God, screw you pal.
BS: We try to every week, but whenever we send a reporter in to your office you just insult them and chase them away. Half our staff has quit because of you, the other half has transferred out of Bates, citing you as the reason. I’m the only one left and every time I come here you tell me about the last time you insulted someone on staff. They’re not even on staff anymore! Even ex-staffers remain traumatized by you.
JB: Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, cry me a river you little wank. I don’t have to take this kind of crap from anybody. You see those marks on my wall? Each one of those marks represents a Spudent reporter which I have brought to the point of tears. You guys are all whiners and whiners. If you want respect then you shouldn’t come into my office. Now you better either learn to take my abuse or get the hell out of town.
BS: Um... sorry, but I feel that I have to ask you this, “Are you OK James, I mean, do you need some time to yourself?”
JB: Get out.

The Bates Spudent respectfully reminds us all to always wipe.

Hell-raising, liberty-thirsty Contra dancers leave their mark

By Laurie Bark
Arts Idiot, Toby’s Concubine

Maintenance surprised the Freewheelin’ Folk Contras this week with a $683.41 bill for floor damage in Comfortable Lounge. The damage, Maintenance maintains, was incurred during one of the group’s popular Contras Dancing events, a showcase for energetic and graceful moves and guerrilla tactics to a folk beat, held last month. Shoes and the stomping dance style as it is the bullet holes. And I hear they’re into partnerswapping, too. We don’t condone that type of behavior.

Madman Gordon ’95, one of the Contras’ fanatical members, doesn’t agree with the charge. “Maintenance needs to get themselves educated if they want to continue in this debate,” Gordon said, “and I figure this here AK-47 is just the education they need.” Maintenance has suggested that the Contras move their activities to the cheery, down-home surroundings and bulletproof floors of the Gray Cape. But again, Gordon had other ideas. “The Gray Cape would kill a contra dance,” said Gordon, branding his assault rifle, “and I’ll kill anyone who tries to move us there.”

“We just can’t afford a bill like this,” added Contra Mark Erelli ’95, “we need that money to buy weapons and ammunition. What am I supposed to do, use my guitar strings as strangling weapons?”

That financial need may soon be alleviated, however. This reporter has uncovered evidence pointing to a link between the Contras and the Dean of Student’s Office. Dean Stephen “Ollie” Sawed-off was spotted with Contra Guru Cindy Letsrock’nroll swapping standard-issue Dean’s Office Arms for Ballroom Dancing lessons and sexual favors. Sawed-off has not been available for comment for months, but it has been reported that he has traveled to Bowdoin for some of their weapons, which ranked several places higher in a U.S. News and Gun Report, but Sawed-off’s sniveling Gopher Paul Rosenamalgid insisted over the roar of paper shredders that “I don’t recall being told about any such association. And if it existed, I’d know, because I’m very very important around here.”

When asked why she was willing to rat on her own office, Brand’em told a shocking story. “My husband and I, though neither Contras nor dancers ourselves, attended one of their dances to show our support for their way of life and experience their culture. But in the middle of one particularly rousing jig, Bob lifted me in the air and twirled me around and I was...shot in the ass...I mean, stuck in the...region of my lower left hip by a stray bullet.”

Here are those wild, crazy, gun-toting, lovable, irascible, hard-working, flexible, shapely, ill-formed, prematurely ejaculated Contra dancers.
WHO THE HELL CARES ANYWAY?
Have a beer and a laugh

This is our final attempt to write something that you’ll actually read to the end. But, as you read this, ask yourself one important question: who gives a flying clough? As you see by our half-assed effort, we sure as ‘heck’ don’t. And, while you’re sitting by your pool in Darien listening to your Phish albums this summer, you will forget the sting of being shamelessly lampooned in an overly lame student publication. Ultimately, it comes down to one thing: at hiring time, we’ll all wish we went to Bowdoin.

To all you tree-huggers, yes, this is a blatant waste of paper as it is the editorial board’s last shot to boost our egos even higher than they already are.

To those who may be concerned with multiethnic issues, women’s issues, homosexual issues, or all-of-the-above, have a seat and a beer, count how many spelling or punctuation errors are in this rag and then ask yourself, “who are the fools?”

...and for the profs who are sick of late papers, dumb papers, no papers, snoring in class, no one in class, insouciance, insubordination, and just plain knottiness...think Protests!

Prayer Vigils at the President’s house! Marches through the Quad! Rallys!

Faculty Against Student Harassment
And this tee-shirt can be your’s for the very low cost of $10.95

*Bobcat Ass Holes

THE BATES STUDENT

Evans Helmke..............................Tormentor with big stick
Barnaby Flick-’em...................................Editor with an attitude
Ronald McDonald.............................Clown
Burganovichapadapolini.............................MEI Liaison
Lori Cluck..........................................Clueless Wonder
Gabe Tried.........................................Red Headed Freak
Dick Magnus.................................Bullet Head Wanna-be
Laura Allen.................................All-American Spelling Bee Champ
She-ra Agarwal.................................A.K.A. Ursula
Laura Mylles................................Laurea Who?
Rob the Slob......................................Misogynist

News Staff: Dr. Kevorkian, Stu Green, Gae Hines, LÖFSKER!
Features Staff: The Reverend Adam Filfield, Neil Troost, Crack-Baby
Forum Staff: Rush Limbaugh, Amy Gelso, Randy Annie MacDumber
Arts Staff: Dave Kocjomba, Tipper Gore, Ice-T, Brian Swaff
Sports Staff: T-T-T-April, Becky, Gabby, Big Joey F., Tim Teufel
Photography Staff: Barney the Dinosaur, Bill Cosby
Advertising Staff: Hamburger Halfer, Jennifer Caprati

The Bates Student is published weekly by the students of Bates College when the college is in session. We attempt to insult as many people as possible and refuse to accept Letters to the Editor unless they are negative and poorly written. You are always right, we are always wrong. All Letters to the Editor must be received by Thursday (midnight) prior to publication so that we can stay up all night to produce a newspaper which you will shit on anyway. The newspaper will print only signed, bad letters. No, we do not condone unautho¬rous table mail in Commons. Yes, Virginia, there are racist assholes. Hang on there. Are Bates people bad simply because they play Andrew Dice Clay, recite the Hitler Youth doxology at JCC meetings, and write white sheets while burning crosses on the quad?

Similarly, not only did I not use my “authority” or “masculinity” to intimidate a Commons worker into removing said table mail, but the actual fact of the matter is that she scared the Crap out of me. When she told me to crawl back into the hole I came out of, I felt disempowered. I felt hurt. I cried out in pain for the castration of my manhood.

Hang on there. What is intellectual freedom anyway? It’s ensuring freedom for the thoughts we hate—like racism, sexism, and table mail abuse. Students should not be protected from bad ideas. No, I think they should learn to plant and reap them if that’s what they think. Shouldn’t students be able to determine for themselves what ideas are bad?

Khalid to speak at Commencement

To the Editor:
A grave injustice has plagued the Bates Campus for the past few years—your Cracka institution publishes a poorly written school “jews...”, oh, I mean, newspaper each week. The means “jew”-dent, oops sorry, Student is a Cracker filled publication solely written to voice the petty issues that “the Man” is faced with. The jewent characteristic of the “jews,” wait a minute, news, across the land.

That is, the past two editors-in-chief have been Jewish, and the next two will undoubtedly be munching gefilte fish while writing the “jews.” Here is the trouble—we are slaves to the Oppressor and his “jews,” or the very low cost of $10.95

Faculty Against Student Harassment

news. (I just can’t seem to get that straight... A coincidence perhaps?)

Don’t tell me about the Holocaust, your Cracka “Jews,” I mean news of course, don’t understand what persecution is. My son reads that Cracker rag and speaks of Beamers, Matzos, and yarmulkes. I say to my boy, “Burn that pro-homo, hynie-loving, Cracka B.S. Irl by bay getting wash you and make you believe the Holocaust really happened.”

I refer you to the previous history of the “jews” (the Jews go again), News, and release its influence over Bates College.

Khalid Muhammed

Cartoon offends (what else is new?)

To the Editor:
I must protest the recent granting of a Columbia Scholastic Press Asso¬ciation award to your so-called cartoonist, Greg the Stoned.

When I was studying for my GRE I came across the word “sar¬casm.” When I asked my friend what this word meant she cited your car¬toon as being “sarcastic.” Now, I guess I just don’t get it. What is this thing—“sarcasm”?

I have no understanding, nor tol¬erance of sarcasm, satire, parody, or jokes of any kind. I’m even offended by the political cartoon that is drawn by a professional. I’m offended by every¬thing that is printed in this rag. This letter offends me. In fact, I think I shall stage a protest in front of the Newspaper office the night before your next publication (commotions will be catering the event, of course).

Emphatically,
Michelle Ottenheimer
Let's reclaim our rights!

By Amanda Hug
Riot Grrrl

Yesterday, my friend Amy and I went to see "Bad Girls" at Hoyts, and we spent the entire two hours staring at Drew Barrymore in low cut clothing. It was so disempowering. She conforms to all male-generated western beauty standards, and all the men like her. It's so frustrating to see well-educated Bates men idealize her just because she doesn't have fungus growing in her leg hair. I mean, you guys are supposed to be men, so deal. I was so upset, I decided to empower myself by listening to Tori Amos and reading Maya Angelou. They're both so cool, and so ... empowering. I mean, I don't exactly understand what they're talking about, but my Wimmin's Studies professors always talk about them. It's like Mary Daly says, you've got to let the blood flow, then you can feel the essence of being a woman.

We should also get together and empower ourselves by taking back the night. If we all get together and take back the night, then we can all empower ourselves. Then, I can drive my daddy's Saab into the City and buy pot. That would be empowering.

Where are all the girly girls?

By Beverly DuPont
Traitor to the Revolution

I like flowers. I like rainbows. I like teddy bears. I like sunshine. I like my daddy. I like to dress real pretty and put nice perfume on.

Why can't I be a feminist? Sure, I never go to Commons unless it's with my boyfriend. And, I think it's unladylike not to wear dresses. Fine, fine! I shave my legs OK? OK?

But, can't we all be who we want to be? For the majority of feminists on this campus, being who you want to be means taking your Daddy's charge card and buying lots of patchouli and not shaving your pits. For me, being who I want to be means getting hammered at den terrace parties and then vomiting in the Pierce house bathroom. Are we really so different?

I open my question to the community of women. How long can we tolerate exclusion and injustice? I, your teddy bear hugging, prom dress wearing, "do crew" identifying sister demand recognition. I use hair care products, and I will not be ignored!

As Anne Macomber says, "It's O.K. to be a feminine feminist." Can't we all discuss things over an episode of Designing Women? See you on Monday.

Did You Know?

- statistics -

"85 % of "Our Time on the Rag" readers are upper middle class white women who drive Saabs, and wear cheesy mall bought clothing."

"72 % of "Our Time on the Rag" readers consider themselves 'oppressed,' 'marginalized' or 'disempowered.'"

"89 % of "Our Time on the Rag" readers were once members of the Duran Duran fan club."

"5 % of "Our Time on the Rag" readers will be employed by someone other than a friend or family memeber within five years of graduation."

"17 % of all clouds are incredibly phallic looking."

Did You Hear?

"God, sometimes you don't come through. Do you need a woman to look after you?"
-Tori Amos

"Why do we crucify ourselves, everyday? Nothing I do is good enough for you."
-Tori Amos

"I've been silent all these years."
-Tori Amos.

"The more I seek my source for some definitive, the closer I am to fine."
-The Indigo Girls

"I'm a Sister Outsider."
-Audra Lorde.

"God is coming and she is pissed"

"I believe Anita Hill."

"It's not just history, it's her story, too."

OUR SYMBOL OF EMPOWERMENT...

Is it the universally recognized symbol of womanhood, an upside down guitar, or a shitty attempt at stealing Prince's new name?
Harasser or poetical genius? Woodyfeel reveals sensitive side

By Tonya Harding
Investigative Reporter

Former English Professor at Bates College and alleged sexual harasser at University of Pennsylvania Malcum Woodyfeel has revealed his sensitive side in a book of poems entitled "Spank Me, Baby." The work is described as a "wickedly naughty" collection of poetic insights into his colorful academic career.

Donny "Osmond" Hardwood, president of the college and poetry buff, commented, "No comment, and the charges lack clarity of facts."

The esteemed Professor Woodyfeel performed a reading of his works in Chase Hall Lounge last Tuesday, in many of which the themes hinge on the tension surrounding academia and the inherently erotic nature of teacher-student relations.

Some examples of his works included "Let Me Beat You," a commentary on power relations and control, along with the popular "If You Tell Anyone About This, I'll Make Sure You Don't Graduate." Other crowd favorites included "I'm a British Stal¬lion, Be My American Play Thing," "If Woody Allen Can Do It, Why Can't I?" and "Pourquoi?"

Recurring symbolism included the sinister crop and whip imagery, the insidious handcuff metaphors, and the incriminating grade book, in a message so powerful, they virtually explode with a significance that transcends the naked truth of his tortured words.

Administrative response has been one largely of professed ignorances.

Esteemed former Bates English professor Malcum Woodyfeel returned recently to give a reading of his works. Samples included "If You Tell Anyone About This, I'll Make Sure You Don't Graduate" and "Pourquoi?"

Stated Hardwood: "We had no inkling of his literary genius or extra-curricular ingenuity."

Former Professor of Spanish Hardcore Feebles, renowned for his exemplary record after less than a semester teaching before abruptly resigning for "personal reasons," remarked on Woodyfeel's poetry, "I dig it. Yeah, his stuff really speaks to me."

Call me Malcolm, Call me Anytime

Call me Malcolm,
No, no,
call me Daddy,
No, no, my sweet,
call me Spike.
Come lay on my desk and let your story unfold,
I raise this whip, this chain, to tell tales of pain, yet untold.
"Do you have time to talk with me?"
you asked,
"Wrong verb," I answered.

You said you didn't know what I meant,
I told you I was wearing pleather briefs and wanted her to scream, "Malcolm, your mommy thinks you're a turd.
Some tell me that I'm wrong,
and uggy,
and pathetic,
and lecherous,
and foolish,
But I say that they're wrong.

I'm just a lonely little boy with a very big whip, and a strap-on harness, and handcuffs,
I need you little girl,
"Do me,"
I need your little world, to
I need you-
You said you didn't know what I meant,
I told you I was wearing pleather briefs and wanted her to scream, "Malcolm, your mommy thinks you're a turd."
Some tell me that I'm wrong,
and ugly,
and pathetic,
and lecherous,
and stupid,
But I say that they're wrong.

I'm just a lonely little boy with a very big whip, and a strap-on harness, and handcuffs,
I need a young subject, a student, a
big whip, and a strap-on harness,
I'm just a lonely little boy with a very big whip, and a strap-on harness, and handcuffs,
I need your little world, to
I need you little girl,
I need your little world, to
You Can Find Me In the Gutter (With A Broken Heart)

You can find me,
If you wish,
In the gutter (with a broken heart.)
Ever since that day when I dragged you into the broom closet and tried to tear off your pants,
I've felt a certain distance

Call me Malcolm, Call me Anytime

Do me, (A favor.)
Feminine Feminist composes another Top 10 List about beer

By Anna Macdumber
Feminine Feminist

A new theater production, "The Side Effects of Mother's Overcoats on Uncle Mo's Rut," opens this weekend in Schaeffer Theater. This production was included badness from every pore. Okay, maybe it was makeup. Even the ushers stunk. This play just isn't good. It wasn't that bad, but lord, again, even the ushers stunk!!!

3. Because girls know that joining all campus clubs provides scooping possibilities, and free beer.
2. Because you can still be a feminine feminist and drink beer at a Page party, after hooking up with your buddy, while wearing a totally original L.L. Bean plaid shirt.
1. Because girls are willing to stop and ask directions when you and your buddy get lost at 3 a.m. on your way to L.L. Bean, to hook up in a display tent and drink beer, even though you already had enough beer at the Page party, and are still a feminine feminist.

Theatre Dept. outdoes itself once again, even the ushers stunk!!!!

By Dave's Evil Twin
Rock 'n Roll Moose

A new theater production, "The Side Effects of Mother's Overcoats on Uncle Mo's Rut," opens this weekend in Schaeffer Theater. This production was the epitome of bad: bad acting, bad directing, bad lighting, costume, sets, sound effects, and bad makeup. Even the ushers stunk. This play just exuded badness from every pore. Okay, maybe it wasn't that bad, but lord, it wasn't good.

Set in the town of Rutland, Vermont, this play examines the effects of moral decay on the inhabitants' fashion sense. Unfortunately, this piece uses a poetic language so staked in symbolism, audience members might as well listen to a walkman than hear the actors' lines. "Overcoats" examines several vital philosophical issues, but frankly, I missed the point. Why couldn't they have done a play by David Mamet? I love Mamet.

Assia Trompetter '94 directed, produced, wrote, made costumes for and acted in the play. She couldn't direct lemmings off a cliff. Like lambs to the slaughter, however, she kept sending her actors onto the stage. Believe me, as a writer, she's no Mamet.

There are several actors worthy of mention in this production. Hoser Draglord '94 was superb. He often showed up on stage with a "Overcoats" script that could only improve the show.

John Deary '96 provided a welcome change of pace when he walked across the stage screaming, "Tennis!" When this writer thinks of the performance given by Alec Kumbloose '96 two words spring to mind: homicidal fluidity.

Kristin Baked '94, although she seems to have an inordinate fascination with tampons, has performed well in Bates theater performances this past year. Eggs Masson '94 and Morr Beer '94 complete the cast. Also unique was the performance of Monkey Boy '96 and the Go-Go Dancers.

By far the best performance belongs to Bent Baggaley '94. He has been an unrecognized talent all year. Here, he reprises his role as an annoying audi-ence member: laughing during death scenes and chantling at violence. No one could ever possibly fill his shoes in Bates Theater.

"Overcoats" was performed on the set of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead," as it should have been, but with "Overcoats" script that could only improve the show.

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Football pleads of place-kicker: Say it ain’t so

By The Oppressor
Sports Editor

In a shocking rumor which has shaken fans and players alike, place-kicker Matt Irish ’96 is said to be leaving the Bates football team in favor of more professional pursuits, according to team mascot Web Harrison.

Coming off a 1993 season in which he broke universal records for kicking accuracy, with nary an errant boot in four attempts, Irish conceded that his absence would be an insurmountable blow to the Bobcats next year.

“It’s true, I am a god,” admitted the pride of Rumford, Maine. “But this is, in fact, a spiritual decision. I feel that the aggression and hostility that is intrinsic in place-kicking is negatively affecting my karma. Also, the coaching staff has demonstrated their unwillingness to recruit high-powered athletes, settling instead for large numbers of beefy uncoordinated primates. While these guys might look great in their uniforms, they aren’t going to win any games. I have to start thinking about my future if I’m going to continue my unparalleled success at the professional level,” Irish concluded.

While Irish has not been contacted by any professional football teams as of yet, his agent, Dean of Admissions William Hiss, said that the nearby Auburn Middle School has expressed interest in the finely tuned athlete to serve as one of their practice dummys. Irish is apparently considering the deal, but has said he will hold out for contract incentives.

Football coach Rick Pardy, whose Bobcats are coming off their second straight wireless season, is understandably dismayed over the talk of Irish’s departure. “It would completely change things,” he said in a telephone interview with Bates Student ace reporter James Bell. “Matt is the heart and soul and this team, not to mention its most outstanding player. He’s set an example that will be impossible to live up to and I’ll tell you right now that our boys don’t stand a chance in the next two years without him. Plus, he can shot-gun a beer like nothing I’ve ever seen in all my years in football. Next year’s freshmen would really miss an idol with that kind of capability,” Pardy concluded with a sigh.

Pardy has already begun the search for a new kicker, though he readily admitted that there was really no point. His first choice, Morten Anderson of the New Orleans Saints, said that Irish’s shoes were too big to fill, while the second selection, Sebastian Somran ’96 was in the midst of a double-leg amputation and could not be reached for comment.

And so, another season of Bates football appears to be lost before it has even begun. Amid consistent cries of a double-leg amputation, things are banded once and for all, things are over. Though this was a notable change in the rules of the game, team members thought it was necessary for all students to realize “just what they were doing to the planet.”

What the rules committee actually took issue with was the way these prey were tortured before death, forced to listen to readings of Haze’s endless environmental columns from The Bates Student and to the myriad annoying letters written to that same publication on the subject of wasted paper.

Bates role model and maker of environmentally sound salad dressing, Paul Newman, who is generally associated with a different annual Bates event, commended the efforts of the eccentric environmentalists. “It’s quite a positive statement,” he said in an interview from his Connecticut home. “It shows that people are ready to put the planet first and that the ends, in this case, justify the means. The carnivorous plants remind me of those great scenes from Little Shop of Horrors, when Audrey II ate all the people. Crunch crunch, Ha ha ha,” Newman concluded, giggling.

Angry eco-freaks win Assassin game for "the big mama"

By Zoro Mytles

“I don’t do sports.”

In a group effort, the Bates Environmental Coalition captured the annual Assassin competition, which sends the college into campus-wide paranoia each spring.

Using the green house next to Smith Hall as a home base, the Coalition, known for its persistent whining, used a series of unorthodox tactics in order to emerge victorious. The group forged conventional plastic weaponry in favor of more environmentally correct clay machinery, painstakingly crafted by chief eco-idiot Moron Haze ’96.

Haze, who cultivated a moss-like growth over his entire body in order to camouflage himself during the grueling contest, said that, to the Coalition, the mock-battle represented something more than a victory against its student peers.

“It was important to establish that Mother Earth still prevails over the corrupting influence of modern technology,” the impassioned nature nut commented. “Our motto is ‘It’s okay to be all thumbs, as long as they’re green.’”

Reeking havoc throughout Bates, the Coalition took the Assassin event to another level, constructing snares out of vines and laying them across the quad and planting quicksand traps and tar pits in such places as the Den terrace, Pierce House, and even outside of Professor of Biology Eli Minkoff’s office because, according to Haze, “you never know who the real offenders are.”

The squad even went so far as to feed their victims to giant Venus fly traps. Though this was a notable change in the rules of the game, team members thought it was necessary for all students to realize “just what they were doing to the planet.”

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It’s Short Term, who cares about the date!
You dirty 'Cat: this little kitten lost his other mittens

By Adam Filfield
Staff Hygienist

Based on photographs in The Bates Student, it has been established that tennis poster boy Mark Erelli '96 did not change his clothes for either the fall or spring men's season.

Erelli was pictured in four issues of The Student playing in the same white tee-shirt, Umbro shorts and Bobcats baseball cap and did not deny reports of his failure to remove these garments over the course of the year, though he likewise did not refute rumors that he did, in fact, shower in his sportswear.

In an April interview, in which Erelli was questioned about this hygienic issue, the super sophomore responded by screaming Bob Dylan lyrics at the terrified reporter, claiming that he was a "drunken political [who] weeps upon the streets where mothers sleep" before muttering something about someone stealing his flute.

Critical theory guru and avid tennis fan Sanford Freedman described Erelli's actions as "neat" and went on to say that he felt that the tennis star was merely presenting a deconstructionist view of "that literary match we call life." Freedman added that he personally hadn't changed his briefs in two months.

Erelli declined comment on Freedman's remarks.

Recently, with the conclusion of the tennis season, Erelli has been spotted on campus sporting a new hair-do and a more relaxed manner.

"It was just something I had to do," he said with regard to his outfit. "It was a tribute to such great musical figures as Neil Young and Jerry Garcia. I figured if the big boys weren't going to change their clothes, what right did I have to go against the grain?"

That's a 'Cat of a different color: Athletic Director Coughy announces change in Bates' mascot

By Tanq Jones
Josh's dumb idea

Heretofore known as the Bobcats, the Bates College sports teams will be changing their mascot to a two-toed sloth as of the 1994-95 season, according to Director of Athletics Cleless Coughy.

Coughy said that she felt that the Bobcat was really not emblematic of the character of the school's teams, and this prompted her to look for a new representative. "Bobcats are quick, strong and aggressive," she said during an interview in her olympic sized sauna, "and that's really not what sports are all about at Bates. "We feel the sloth is a much more accurate depiction."

Coughy added that, after much deliberation, the sloth was selected from among three finalists for the position, the others being a dead possum and a piece of waterlogged driftwood. Bates President Donald Hard-up endorsed the switch, saying that, as a longtime spectator of Bates sports, he felt the selection was entirely appropriate.

Everyone else has stuff about Anne Macomber so why can't I?

Tennis prodigy Mark Erelli '96, who did not change his apparel all year, is shown above in September, February and May issues of the Bates Student. Erelli conveniently agreed to assume the same pose for each photo.

Second place finisher and tennis poster boy Mark Erelli '96 did not change his clothes for either the fall or spring men's season, reports of his failure to remove these garments over the course of the year, though he likewise did not refute rumors that he did, in fact, shower in his sportswear.

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SPORTS QUIZ
Test your knowledge of Bates sports

1. What is the official team song of the Bates College football team?
   a. "Hit me with your best shot," by Pat Benatar
   b. "Live and let die," by Paul McCartney
   c. "Sunday bloody Sunday," by U2
   (changed to Saturday to suit the college schedule)
   d. "Lujo self-opinion," The Rolling Band

2. The overall philosophy of Bates athletics is
   a. to instill a sense of school pride and teamwork.
   b. measured in kegs.
   c. scribbled on the wall of a Webb house bathroom.
   d. "nice guys finish last."

3. The Bates athlete of the year is
   a. Shmoe Welsh '94, for his qualification in the NCAA championship in the thick neck press.
   b. Josh Vallee '96, ace whiffle ball pitcher.
   c. Gabe Fried '96, malted sports editor, for helping to lead his I.M. basketball team to a 1-5 record.
   d. Pretzel Steinrauf '96, for her victory in the NESCAC super-fly weight boxing championship.

4. The biggest coaching gaff of the year was
   a. Bob Flynn insisting that his clean-up hitter use a nine-iron golf club during a recent baseball game.
   b. Walt Sloveninski dropping his drawers at a track meet and yelling at the top of his lungs, "Do a lap around this, baby."
   c. Web Harrisson. Period.
   d. Rick Pardy's decision to recruit from Quaker bible schools.

5. The quote of the year from a Bates athlete/coach was
   a. "These long, hard sticks that we ski on...they remind me of something, but I'm not sure what," Jordan Lindberger '94
   b. "Tackle Schmackle. Let's have some group hugs."
   Michael Colt 45, linebacker
   c. "I'm late, I'm late for a very important date." Craig Samey '94, long distance star.
   d. "I wish we had a little more talent so that our efforts could be rewarded." Seamus Mulholland, swim coach and academic advisor, as quoted in the January 21 issue of The Bates Student.

This space is for Martha, who didn't get a feature

Martha Crunkleton has an African American in her family. This has been a public service announcement.
SEPAREATED AT BIRTH

Marty “have another” Andrucki and prominent lecturer on overcoming alcoholism, Senator Ted Kennedy....

Hapless freak Ian “how ya doin?” McDonald and Maine state gubernatorial candidate Tom Allen....

Professor of Music William Mathews and escaped asylum inmate Adam Fifield....

Brat with a bat Tonya Harding and the unsuspecting Molly Johnson, who is probably too decent to even read this rag...

Lead singer of Blues Traveler John Popper and Kyle “Get otta my way, I got a Suburban and I just don’t care anymore” Davies....

Bub “beat it anywhere” Berkeley and the fruits of his labor....