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## The Bates Student - [volume 125 number 21] - May 22, 1996

Bates College

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# The Corcoran Chronicles

Established under the couch

Width: about 8 inches, Size XXS

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## Corcoran: One last plug!

by Staff Groupies

Peter Corcoran rules, man! Yah, we like him sooo much! No, wait, we don't just like him, we love him! In fact we want to be Education majors now because we love him sooo much! Even if there isn't an Education major. In fact, I demand that there be an Education major right now. The man is an artist, a master, a god, our beacon of shining light in the darkness! Dude, what about that Peter C, man! He rocks our world! He's like buttah'. Peter C. is the Maaaaan! He toots my flute and lubes my groove! We need more Peter C's!! Dude, like I heard he saved like fifteen children from a burning building. He's like, Superman! Superman teaches at Bates College! Go Peter C! Everybody loves him, he's our man! He's way cool, cooler than all the Deans and the trustees too. They're just jealous and they want HIS job. Man, and he's got the coolest haircut. And those suits! They make us cream our jeans! He is sooo dreamy! We love him, we want him just for ourselves. No one else can have him. He must get tenure. He must! If he doesn't, someone else will get him and then where will we be? I'll die if he leaves. And I won't give leave anything in my will to Bates, it'll all be for Peter. Peter Corcoran, man. Did you ever check out that walk of his? So brisk, so excited and vivacious! If I didn't know better I would think he's on speed! But he's not, you know? He gets his zest from nature, maaaaan. Like the trees and birds and mosses. Peter Corcoran for President, dude! And vice-president too! Peter C has got it goin' on, like majorly and with a vengeance. He's my new age, low-fat, all-Bran stud muffin. Let's sit in a circle - just you and me.... We'll talk about the environment, and hug a few trees. We'll nod wisely about the state of decay in higher, middle and lower education. We'll talk about community values. And while we talk, my mind will be occupied with my sinful, lustful thoughts.



What a guy! He deserves tenure just for that pearly white smile. We understand someone else was denied tenure, but we only read letters to the editor, so we don't know who that is.... *pirated Yearbook photo.*

## Branham addictive, quarantine instituted

by McGruff the Crime Dog

The Drug Enforcement Agency yesterday declared Robert Branham, professor of rhetoric, a controlled substance. While the study has yet to be completed, preliminary results have been released to the press.

After several years of testing Bates College rhetoric majors, federal agents found that continued exposure to the long-time rhetoric professor resulted in an addiction to the *New York Times*, increased pontification, inability to admit error, and excellerated facial hair growth in male monkeys.

Sadly, several members of the Bates community have already become Bob addicts, or "Bob Slaves" in the common street parlance.

"I've been doing Bob for years, and I just can't stop!" cried a tearful F. Celeste Branham, dean of students.

"I wanted to do my honors thesis on advertising, but Bob persuaded me to write it on nuclear power. What do I know about nuclear power?" said Bob Rob Kaplan, former rhetoric major and admitted "Bob Slave." "And don't use my name with this!"

The process of addiction is a slow one. The first warning sign usually manifests itself in increased hand motions while speaking. As the addiction gradually becomes worse, these motions gradually grow increasingly intricate, until each syllable is emphasized by a separate gesture.

Next, the "Bob Slave" begins his buying spree. Polka-dotted ties of all sizes and colors are purchased, as are a complete set of "Brooks Quimby" figurines, shoe lifts, old

Continued on Page 2

### The Inside Poop

Dean Sawyer's office will be turned into a giant kegerator while he studies abroad at the Beruit School of Taxidermy. Upon return, he expects to move up the occupational ladder to Chief Lackey. Read all about it in...

**Clueless p. 2**

It's the end of Outrage as we know it, and no one feels fine.... While official sources claim that he perished in a tragic fall while climbing the seven foot penis in the Amerstam Sex Museum, we think it has something to do with Dave's shorts....

**Javawatta p. 3**

Ewoks sabotage *MacBeth*! Actually, it was the Discordians, but who can tell anymore. Fortunately, Captain Caveman '97 was there to save the day. In other news, Greg Egoica's *Star Wars* fetish has gotten out of hand. But we all knew that already.

**Bore 'em p. 6**

Murphy has not received nearly the attention necessary from *Student* editors. That being the case, we decided to eliminate the arts section for (yet) another photo spread devoted to this beloved dog. Her momma couldn't be prouder.

**Murphy p. 7**

Salvation will soon be offered as the ultimate in extra-curricular activities, seeing as how the football team won, and hell just froze over. You'd never guess how funny the Book of Revelations can be.

**Snorts p. 8**

# Clueless

Wednesday, May 22, 1999

## Paving our way to glory!

by Hopeless Windbag

The coming of Bates' 150th anniversary in 2005 presents the Goals 2005 committee with a tremendous opportunity to impact and enhance the quality of life at Bates. This opportunity to forever change Bates into a premier liberal arts college can only be achieved through cutting, paving and developing Bates College into a strip mall.

For years we have always associated Bates with a grass and tree-covered quad. In the interest of moving Bates higher up the *US Snooze and World Hankie*, and attracting ever-increasing numbers of personality-

proof but book-smart first-years, action must be taken to stop the growth of grass and pretty flowers on campus. Instead of spending endless hours sprucing up the campus, Maintenance should pave the campus once and for all. Trees that once were good for shade and back support should be cut down and replaced with high-quality reinforced concrete stumps.

Through paving the entire campus, the problem of soil erosion and muddy LL Bean boots in areas where students repeatedly walk across grassy areas would be no more. The run-off from rain storms and spring thaws, while potentially a problem, could be collected in an expanded

Puddle which would be the home pond for the Bates Duck Hunting Team. In winter, snow removal and plowing could be completed in minutes rather than hours, thus saving the college money.

In response to endless student complaints about the lack of shops near campus, the development of Bates as a strip mall would make Bates a much more attractive place for students and local residents. First in the line of prospective merchants should be Wal-Mart followed by the Graceland Outlet.

With these changes Bates can truly be a more diverse and enthralling place to live and study.

## Addiction explains tenure mess, says Dean

Continued from The Front Page

their ignorance.

As the addiction grows worse, their arguments become increasingly unsubstantiated. Their assertions are marked by incoherent, although not contradictory, statements, frequent interruptions, and increased volume.

The final stage of this tragic addiction occurs after the individual declares as a rhetoric major. Class schedules are rearranged to include more classes on the Christian Coalition, the death penalty, and understanding the psychology of Charles Nero.

Detoxing Bob addicts is a process fraught with peril, and is often most effective at this late stage in the addiction. One individual, now known only as "Outrage", outlined his own successful recovery.

"The first step in recovery is to admit that one's life is being increasingly ruled by debate trips and flow pads," said Outrage. "Then you have to find a different major. This can be difficult, but there's plenty of them out there. I know - I've had several. Even if it's only political philosophy, that's a start."

President Don Hardwood has instituted a quarantine of anyone who has come into contact with Robert Branham to coincide with graduation. This can be a traumatic time for any senior Bob addict, as they face the prospect of being cut off from their only Bob source. Typically, addicts return to the campus within the



The "Bob God" at home. File photo.

year under the pretext of helping to run debate tournaments or sponsor "reunions," hoping for one last "hit" from the "Bob God."

A treatment program has been instituted at the "Peter Corcoran Addiction Clinic" in the Health Center. Addicted individuals have been kept tranquilized by exposing them to old episodes of *The Simpsons* featuring Ned Flanders.

The administration is also looking into a possibly related addiction to Peter Corcoran and Val Carnegie, and whether a hitherto unknown similar condition led to this semester's tenure debacle.

"I don't understand it," said Martha Crunkleton, dean of the faculty. "All I know is we made this decision, and unaccountably everybody - students, alumni - got all upset. They must be irrational and in the grips of a pedagogical addiction. It can't be us."

## Bill girls just wanna have fun ...

by the Sister of Perpetual Virginity

Who said the Bill girls don't know how to have fun? This past Saturday, three eyewitnesses claimed to have seen Kenny G sneaking out the back door of Roger Williams Hall with a suspicious-looking grin on his face. Have the Bill girls turned a new leaf, or have they just been holding captive the star of their rocking new concert series?

Mother Superior, current resident coordinator of the Bill, claims: "I abandoned my attempts to rouse

resident interest in having fun months ago, and I am not affiliated with the incident."

She did, however, admit to having discovered suspicious plans in the Bill lounge trash can which were apparently written by several first floor residents. The supposed plans included instituting Cinderella hours in the dorms once more, mandatory study hours between the hours of 2 p.m. and 2 a.m., and for male students to have to pass an alcohol, drug, and VD test before being admitted in the dormitory.

Maxine Padd, a resident of the

Bill who did not wish to be identified, disclosed that she was actually more excited by the recent rumors that Paul Rosenthal might be appearing as an opening act than for hearing Kenny G.

According to some members of the dormitory, they are still concerned with the level of noise and excitement that may be generated at the concert, and are threatening to burn a Flying Nun doll in effigy if Mother Superior signs the blueslip for the concert.

## ... but roaches want Natty Lite

by The Water Safety Officer

Earlier this year, this newspaper reported that first-years in the center in the basement of Roger Williams hall had faced freezing temperatures, flash flooding, and a roach infestation. All of these problems either were the result of innocent misunderstandings or outright fraud.

The roach infestation was actually result of a cockroach farm gone bad. Collected from Page Hall, an intrepid etymologist had gathered 131 different species of *Blattidae*. Shedding their crunchy shell, the roaches began hissing and smoking

moldy substances found under the microwave. The roaches began swarming, however, after their regular diet of stale Natural Lite was severely curtailed.

"Well, duh!" said Batty Larsenault, resident coordinator for Page Hall. "I'd get grumpy too, if I couldn't get my daily Natty Lite."

The floods were actually caused by toilets blocked by sanitary napkins. The prank got out of hand, however, when an unknown resident stuffed gerbils, old *Victoria's Secret* catalogues, and David Chokachi pin-ups into the plumbing.

The freezing temperatures re-

sulted from excess quantities of Ben and Jerry's Chubby Hubby being stored in the laundry room. An unnamed resident said that "stocking up for the winter just got out of hand." The stench permeating the floor, previously attributed to the flooding, is now suspected to be linked to ice cream stored past its expiration date.

Junior Advisor Beera "Taj" Mihal claimed she was "shocked" and had already scheduled an interview at the Dean of Students office as soon as possible, perhaps early next year when a slot in the open hours next becomes available.

## Nothing of note: Fro' Tard shop explodes

■ Due to space problems caused by another large entering class the college plans to send Dean Stephen "sportin' that plaid" Sawyer abroad as he has done to so many of us. The Housing office has determined that Sawyer's office space would be better utilized for first-year housing. The receptionist's portion of his office will be refitted by maintenance this summer. It will soon be transformed into a large keg refrigeration area for the first-year center also to be placed in Lane Hall. Sawyer's transfer credit for the remainder of his degree work at Beruit School of Taxidermy will be evaluated by a committee headed by Homer Eroticus.

Upon returning to Bates, Stephen Sawyer is expected to graduate two years early unlike some of us. For his many years of disinterested paper pushing he will be named new Associate Dean of Dorm Damage/Chief-Lackey by the College.

■ Crew Coxswains were arrested on Monday for obscene narcissism and running the Hedley Reynolds aground in front of the Goose. In a surprise maneuver during the Tail of the Androscoggin, the eight-person Hedley Reynolds boat was forced out of the river by the influence of the new mirror in the women's toilet.

■ Fro' Tard establishment was damaged by a ripping outhouse explosion last week. The propane fired outhouses behind Hodgman's Frozen Custard were described by the New Gloucester Fire Chef as the origin of the fire that temporarily closed the establishment. The explosion was probably caused by excessive gas being released by a patron, known to some at Bates as the perfect Martina Navarotilova look-a-like. "Martina" was located on the throne at the time of the incident recovering from milk products overdose.

Colby: we're looking for a few good albino mutant asses. Really.

QUACK! QUACK!  
DUCKMAN  
LIVES!!!

# Javawatta ... the end of the world as we know it.

## Outrage's last jam:

A final tweak from that carpool in the sky...

After the unfortunate climbing accident which claimed the life of Outrage! '96, we feared that the world would never again see his long, surreal, and oft incoherent ramblings.

But fear not, gentle reader. Buried below stacks of discarded Student back issues, half-drunk Mountain dew cans, and dirty football socks, we found this. His last writings. Enjoy, dear friends.

### A Brave New World: Life on the Marsh

(continued from July 14, 1978)

The deloids were wrong. It had nothing to do with corn or pistachios or even mozzarella. Like peeling chewing gum off the bottom of your shoe, like cleaning your ears and getting the Q-tip stuck, the cat was out of the bag. Actually, it was more like a basket. And it wasn't a cat either.

(to be continued)

### Shoeless Freedom: A Hitchhiker's Journal

(continued from May 15, 1996)

Hey Jack Kerouac,  
I think of your mother...

-10,000 Maniacs

Three weeks later and Alex's dad looked more like Erik Estrada on a bad hair day. And my thumb was still sore. Even the root beer was gone, not to mention the salads and jellos and rolls and potatoes and toast and the two huge steaks.

"An' what's a good boy like y'self doin' climbin' those damn walls all day long?" he asked me.

I didn't really know how to explain it so just said something like how climbing is dealing with practice and balance and stuff like that and hitchhiking not just how it is but how it should be, and when you look at things like responsibility, beginning with vehicular responsibility but moving on to

carpooling, then you're not looking at the science of it but at the theory of it and the theory of it is transcendentalism, and that really made no sense, and somehow he saw my explanation as a jumping point to offer me some crack.

(to be continued)

### Jiminy Done Got the OCS Blues:

#### The Return of the Grasshopper

(continued from Lord knows when)

'Twas a sad day, a rainy day, much like when taffy gets stuck to the roof of your mouth while you're singing a John Denver song. It was that sort of day.

Yes, my poor naive ones, OCS was closed.

But the fish were still biting, though the lines had long since been removed. I admired the arrangement of the rocks in the natural amphitheatre, a two-bit dramatization of Stonehenge.

While I fed my resumes to the fish, I heard a voice behind me, "It's too late for that, my friend. The Blue Fairy has bestowed upon you the power to always make eye contact with your interviewer, to lean forward with feigned interest, and to answer in complete sentences."

As I contemplated the toxicity of the sludge beneath me, the answer appeared on the face of the duck-eroded bank. It was as clear as a bottle of Smirnoff on a muggy May afternoon.

(to be continued at some time which is not now, but maybe never)



## Passing wind: a ripping short tale Of receding pants lines, iguanas, and a "petite little derriere"

by Tightly Whitie

I wear short-shorts. You don't. Don't mock me because my thighs are beautiful!

People often ask me why every morning I don pants that enable anyone walking by to see my crotch when I sit down. I am constantly puzzled by such questions. Is not the purpose of modern fashion to simultaneously reveal and cover the intimate portions of our bodies? And is this not precisely what I do? Open your minds and your pants will shrink!

Yet fashion is an ever-changing, malleable industry. As Ernst Mach decided that no absolute morality can exist because it is in constant flux, so are my shorts. Take, for example, the prolific little strings hanging down on the left side of my shorts. They have been receding little by little, just like my hairline. What better way to acknowledge my own decay by expressing it on the clothing I wear? Also, the small rips grow larger every time I place my petite little derriere on a surface for sitting. Hence, why I wear a flannel to cover it so I can keep my audience guessing. I choose my flannel strategically and according to my mood. I am an iguana, er, a chameleon, yes, which changes colors according to its surroundings. I am in flux! Revel in me now, for I can change in a moment!

My shorts are a walking fire hazard, I will admit. Leg hairs are quite flammable. And my friends do own many lighters. Fortunately, they are all as perplexed as I am about operating child-proof lighters. The dangling strings are also hazardous, as they tend to get caught in doors and people's teeth during certain activities.

Yet, my short-shorts are an academic puzzle that rivals any to be found in a Bates College classroom. Which string from these cut-offs will, when pulled, unravel them? Only I know for certain. Many have tried to pants me in this manner, and none have succeeded. Each attempt only furthers their deterioration, and frustrates my attackers.

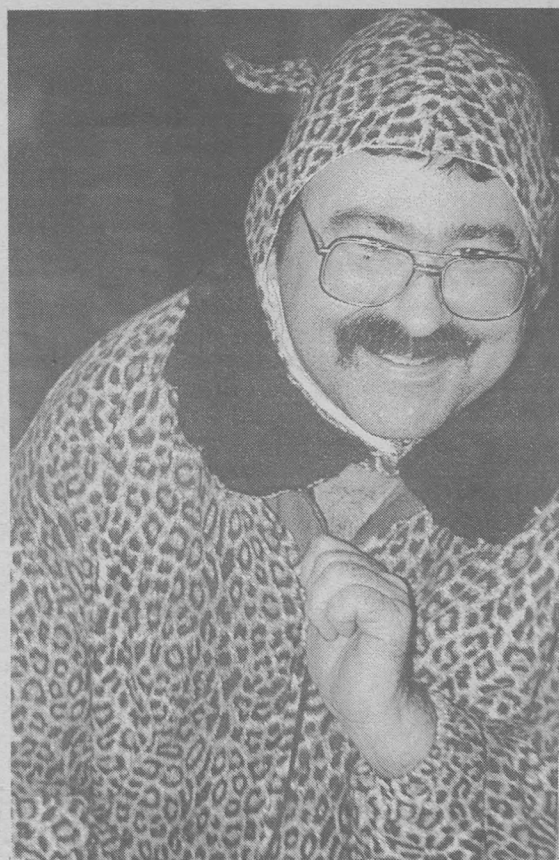
If you dare to wear short shorts, you must carry the baggage that comes with them.



Coach wears short shorts. He dares to wear short shorts. Fear him. Be afraid. Be very, very, very afraid....

"Open your minds and your pants will shrink!"

## Commons food turned me into a muppet!!!!



The puddle ducks have conglomerated... be afraid. very.

# So you wanna be a Batesie, punk?

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Nickname (for sports or drinking): \_\_\_\_\_

State of residence: MA ( ) CT ( ) NY ( ) NJ ( ) LL Bean ( )  
Check all that apply...

## Clothes/Accessories

What is your favorite brand of clothing: J.Crew ( ) LL Bean ( ) Gap ( ) LL Bean ( ) Patagonia ( ) LL Bean ( ) Salvation Army ( )  
LL Bean ( )

What is your favorite hat color: White ( ) Cream ( ) Off-white ( ) Dirty white ( ) Virgin white ( ) LL Bean, if it's white ( )

Do you wear any of the following on a regular basis: Docs ( ) Birks ( ) Tevas ( ) Hiking boots ( ) Bowling shoes ( ) Bare feet,  
like in all the LL Bean catalogs ( )

Do you own a pocket tool? Yes ( ) No ( )

If yes, what kind? Swiss Army Knife ( ) Leatherman ( ) Gerber ( ) SOG ( ) I'll get any of them, as long as it's from LL Bean ( )

## Activites

What are your favorite sports: Football ( ) Drinkin' ( ) Soccer ( ) Smokin' ( ) Lacrosse ( ) Sleepin' ( ) Rugby ( ) Page parties ( )  
Hockey ( ) Goin' to LL Bean ( )

## Activities: Drinking

What is your favorite beer? Beast ( ) Busch ( ) Natty Light ( ) Old Milwaukee ( ) any microbrew ( ) LL Bean has beer? ( )

What is your favorite party mug? Bates mug ( ) Stolen Bates mug ( ) Generic plastic cup ( ) Nalgene bottle ( ) LL Bean mug ( )  
I don't use a mug, keg stands are the way to go ( )

What is your favorite drinking game?

Asshole ( ) Quarters ( ) Beer die ( ) Beer pong ( ) Who needs games? ( ) Can we play at LL Bean? ( )

## Moxie

Will you drink Moxie? Yes ( ) No ( ) What's Moxie? ( )  
Do they have Moxie at LL Bean? ( )

What does Moxie taste like to you? Robitussin ( ) Tar ( )

Top-butt steak ( ) I still don't know what Moxie is ( ) I don't care, can we go to LL Bean now? ( )

## Other Information

Do you own a car? Yes ( ) No ( )

If yes, what kind? Saab ( ) Volvo ( ) BMW ( ) Audi ( ) American ( ) LL Bean ( )

What is "The Bill" to you? Virgin vault ( ) Score central ( ) Freshman year ( ) Formerly #69 on the High Times "Hemp 100" ( )  
Definitely not LL Bean ( )

What is your favorite band? Madonna ( ) Groove Tonic ( ) Guster ( ) Gossamer/ Puckerbrush/ Waxing Atomic ( )  
Dave Matthews ( ) Merrimanders ( ) The Christmas carrolers at LL Bean ( )

What is your favorite cause? Discrimination ( ) Northern forests ( ) Save the whales ( ) Legalize marijuana ( ) Peter Corcoran  
( ) On-campus parking for freshmen ( ) No drinking age ( ) 24-hour bars ( ) LL Bean in Lewiston! ( )

Why did you want to come to Maine? Insanity ( ) Return to nature ( ) It's not Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, or  
New Jersey ( ) LL Bean ( )

By Ducky.

# Letters

## to the Editor

To The Editor:

I can't believe that Peter Corcoran did not receive tenure. He is the greatest teacher I have ever had. He is the most influential person in my life. He is the most intelligent human being alive. Not only has he selflessly devoted himself to good works and the general liberation of humanity, but on several occasions he has driven down the Maine Turnpike at four o'clock in the morning to pick me up when my car broke down. Then he proceeded to fix my automobile right there on the spot, charging me only a modest fee for parts; and when I unexpectedly went into labor on the way home he delivered the baby single-handedly - which I have named Peter Corcoran after him. He is a deity and I hate Bates if he doesn't get tenure.

Adum B. Hovercraft, 96

To The Editor:

I can't believe that Peter Corcoran did not receive tenure. Although I've never met him, he seems from all of the "letters to the editor" to be a real nice fella'. He's the type of American that stands up for the Common Man. I want him to be my running-mate. With his brains and my wallet, I believe together we can still buy the presidency of the United States.

H. Ross Perot

To The Editor:

I recind my previous endorsement of Peter Corcoran. I have reason to believe he has been spying on me and my family, and that he is personally responsible for ruining my daughter's birthday party. Up yours.

H. Ross Perot

To The Editor:

I love that golden retriever that I saw in your paper the other week. She is so cute. Could you maybe show a couple more pictures of her? In fact, could you maybe get rid of some of those other sections and concentrate more on the dog?

H. Ross Perot

To The Editor:

Stroking Weber is a big fat wimp. She's the dumbest coxswain ever. Does "Stinky Weber" need some help? "One two three four five six seven eight nine ten." That's the dumbest thing to say. A metronome could do a better job than that. Stroking's an idiot. I challenge her to a wrestling match. Anytime, anywhere. Print this, I dare you, pansies.

Steven Young '96.

# Braveheart, MacBeth, and Ben Kanobi battle on Mt. David

by McShowgirl and Gunner

Clad only in tattered fencing whites and blue body paint, the Bates Fencing Team loudly stormed Mt. David during the Monday performance of MacBeth.

Audience members scattered as the attackers, armed with boffer weapons, sabres, and big neon noodles, surged onstage. Screaming badly accented battle cries of "My name is Indigo Montoya. You killed my fadder. Prepare to die," and "Die, English kanniggggits!" they then restaged the final fight scene of the sunset performance.

"Like William Wallace, we are a' fightin' fer our rights," the Black Irishman '97 screamed. "We are a' fightin' fer sum justice. We are a' fightin' to get those funky broadswords out of the hands of

unwashed hooligan actin' types!"

Pausing to down his thermos of coffee, Irishman continued.

"... and whay am I speaking in this outrageous accent?!"

Sadly, the Discordians never anticipated actually running into Braveheart/Pirate "poofy shirt" Boy '98 himself on the Mt., and were met with quite a fight as the delusional and obsessed member of the cast mooned the Discordians from under his kilt.

Five-Step Erotica, director of MacBeth, issued a statement about the incident.

"I am saddened and mortified at the seeming insensitivity of this seemingly respectful group of Batesies. This isn't like Star Wars, and it makes me maaaaad," he complained.

Upon further investigation,

however, it was found that Erotica actually promised the Fencing Team new satin jackets if they sabotaged his production.

Apparently, Mr. Erotica has been fighting "George Lucas Disease" for four years now, and forgot to take his medication the day of the incident.

"I have trouble separating Star Wars from reality, and I wanted to create a conspiracy, just like in Star Wars, when the Stormtroopers fight the Rebel Troops, and get my actors to defend the Millennium Falcon and they would destroy the Storm Troopers, and then, like I could be Ben Kenobi and everyone would bow to me... like they do anyway," he muttered, twitching uncontrollably.

Mr. Erotica has been admitted to St. Mary's for twenty-four hour surveillance until the relapse passes.

# What a long, strange trip it has been...

by Villanamomomo

Unfortunately, not everyone was on campus this year and they need updating on what a long, strange trip it has been. Sure, David "Super-Duper-Crack-Pot-Journalist" Kociembayam '96 wrote an article about this already, but since The Bates Spudent learned of his addiction to Kitty Dukakis, we decided to do a little investigating in search of the truth (because we always do that). The truth, from this journalist's point of view, is as follows:

## Policy changes mandate Security drink all kegs confiscated

"Everyone knew we were doing it anyway," said Big Cheese, Harry Johnston. "At least now we don't have to hide it on duty anymore." Skeptics felt that drunk Security officers might pose a threat to the student safety. Johnston retorted: "Lewiston is such a safe and friendly place, that the worst thing that could happen is there could be an epidemic of masturbators running amok around campus. But what are the odds?"

## Former Bates president faces drunken charge with BAC of 83.27

"He was just gross," said an officer on the scene. "It was like the ebola virus, only this was worse because this guy reeked. I mean he smelled. You never smelled such a smell." On the topic of drinking the officer has this to say: "You from Bates? What's a good microbrew?"

## Lighting up in public: do smokers have rights?

Supporters of the ban said no, smokers do not have rights. Those against the ban said they did, but they were mostly smokers, so they had a conflict of interest.

## Senior found guilty of improper gun storage

"I was just playing assassin," said the student. "I was supposed to win this game, but since I lost three hours into it, I thought I would just kill people for real because I couldn't think of anything else to do with my Short Term."

## Student batters the competition at Toughwoman Contest

"I'm a senior which means I've been through the housing lottery a handful of times. You learn to fight the elements," said the Bates victor.

## Local resident arrested after Bates altercation

"I didn't mean to beat the crap out of the Batesie. At first I thought I was being attacked by some wild animal," said the resident. "Turned out it was just some guy wearing three layers of Patagonia." He remarked later: "You know, those things don't stop the wind. And you guys think you're so smart."

# Simmer down, girls

by The Caffeinator and McShowgirl

They cried when he shaved his beard.

They danced barefoot as he crooned "Romeo and Juliet" over, and over, and over again at coffee houses ranging from the Silo to Chase Hall- and occasionally Bowdoin.

They swayed in unison, singing along to his acoustic merriment and gentle witticisms.

They even tolerated his bassist.

But can they survive his graduation?

They're Mark Erelli groupies. And they are afraid. They are very, very afraid.

"It all began so innocently. He was just so... so... wonderful!" one groupie gushed. "I still remember my first time- at a coffee house. It was warm, muggy. And then I looked up- and saw him."

Sighing, she swished her coffee.

"From that moment on, I was hooked. I began seeing him everywhere- at Commons, on the Quad... it was eerie!" She was soon sucked in by the cult.

*Wait a second here. This is the editor of the Spudent speaking, and I refuse to support further deification of Mark Erelli. I saw him once at a coffee house and he was wearing a lizard shirt. That's all I can remember, so he can't be THAT great. He was kinda cute until he shaved the beard, but mother of God, STOP THE MADNESS!! Get over it girls, he'll get old, lose his voice, and go the way of Bob Dylan and "the Boss".*

Mother Superior  
*Editors-in-Chief*

Yam I am  
*News Editor*

Murphy  
*Around Campus Editor*

The Caffeinator  
*Features Editor*

Tigger  
*Forum Editor*

Ivory Tower  
*Arts Editor*

Kooch  
*Sports Editor*

Bob Guccione  
*Photography Editor*

Yo' Mama  
*Copy Editors*

James Carville and the  
Shameless Commerce  
Division  
*Advertising Manager*

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Lennon, Shannon Hoon

**Staff Photographers:**

Murphy, Angus King

**Graphic Artist:**

Ned's Love Child

The Bates Spudent is published once a year by tasteless and bitter students with egos and inflated senses of self who think they are untouchable by the law because they are graduating and will not have to face the music of disgruntled readers and so pull out all stops to abuse, confuse and insult members of their community. Letters to the Editor are written by us and their sole purpose is to make fun and to insult. We hope they do.

# Bore 'em

Wednesday, May 21, 1996

## ...But Seriously

Val Kilmer is Bates College's forgotten man. Oh wait. Val Carnegie is the other professor who didn't get tenure. Sometimes, we at Bates College tend to forget that two professors were denied tenure. Charles Val Carnegie tends to get lost in all the praise that has been publicly heaped on Peter Corcoran's shoulders.

We named this Spudent after Corcoran because so many students and alumni wrote in, and over such a sustained period of time, to testify to his near-Godlike status as an educator. Yet, only one student wrote in to complain that Carnegie did not receive tenure. What does this mean?

Are the students supporting Carnegie less no. Certainly those who know Myrna Morales '97 passive individuals.

Let's take another look at Ly's letter to the editor of this letter might have been lost among the many look at it again:

"Professor Carnegie is not only a symbol of diverse outlook. This diverse outlook is crucial to Bates College's vision and commitment toward Charles V. Carnegie as a tenured professor. The era lay to rest its institutional segregation of words and

If committed students support Carnegie, does Not necessarily. At the early student and faculty planning sessions immediately after the decisions became public, popular outrage was fairly evenly split over the fate of the two men.

There is one final question to be raised by this issue of the popularity contest surrounding the two professors: is the Bates College student body racist? Can equally popular professors attract the same number of student supporters when one of those professors is a minority?

These are tough questions, and we here at the Student offices aren't sure that there even is an answer. Perhaps what happened is simply that one person decided to write into the Bates College student newspaper to express their view that Charles V. Carnegie should have gotten tenure, while many others wrote in for Peter Corcoran. Perhaps Carnegie asked his friends and pupils to support him by other means. Or perhaps Carnegie preferred the quieter method of appealing to the trustees and the administration directly, and requested that all letters of support be sent to them. We simply don't know.

Editorial

committed than those that support Corcoran? Most likely, and Tam P. Ly '96 would never describe them as politically

espousing Carnegie's value to our community. As the effect testimonials offered on Corcoran's behalf, we ask you to

diversity, he is responsible for instilling in his students a tolerating and accepting an increasingly diverse campus. diversity is bound inextricably with the retainment of of segregation has long been laid to rest, so let Bates College deeds."

this mean that he is less popular with the student body? this mean that he is less popular with the student body? popular outrage was fairly evenly split

## Assassin Gone Wrong

by the Unabomber

In a tragic case of mistaken identity, President Donald "Eh?" Hardbargain was assaulted and brutally soaked by an Assassin-crazed band of students earlier this week. While walking into the Rowe Room of Commons for a meeting concerning Dean Sawyer's off-campus study plans (see story on pg. 2), Hardbargain was surrounded by a posse of students with water guns, repeatedly demanding to know if he was one of the "Final Four" Assassin players. When he did not answer immediately, the students opened fire, liberally hosing the President down with at least 4 gallons of water.

"Dan-Dan-the-Fireman" was quoted as saying that the Deans, Security, Food Services, and CHC are now considering joining forces to ban Super-soakers, generic squirt guns, and water fountains from campus. When asked if the incident justified such a ban, "Smokin' Dan" replied, "Those things are dangerous! This is for everyone's protection. After all, I've seen water-guns bust deadly leaks just like THAT!" <snap>

When asked, the chief assassin and coordinator of the long-standing Short Term tradition, known only as "Philip," said that the attack was senseless and horrible, as President Harward was in a theoretically "safe" area at the time. He also stated that the students would not get credit for their "target," and still had to get their two kills by the end of the week.

Bates EMS quickly responded to the incident and rushed the waterlogged President to St. Mary's Hospital, where he was vigorously toweled off and released after it was confirmed that the water guns had not been filled with Puddle water.

## Them's fightin' words

Dear Editor,

After careful perusal of the last issue of The Bates Student, we were shocked to see such ridiculous vocabulary in Cyr-ing Twit's letters to the editor. We have simply had enough of the academic horse manure shoveled by some readers. Letters to the editor should be filled with clear, concise prose NOT meant to be examples of one's success on the verbal SAT or aspirations to create New York Times Crossword puzzles.

Sincerely,

Don Harward, President  
F. Celeste Branham, Dean of students  
Martha Crunkleton, Dean of faculty  
Robert Branham, Professor of rhetoric  
Gabriel Walter Fried, future New York Times crossword puzzle editor  
Jack Pribram, Record Holder for Most Consecutive SAT Perfect Scores  
Jeremy Breningstall, Poet Laureate

## Unabator speaks

To the Editor,

I will be brief. Technology is overrunning our planet, endangering the lives of plants and animals and humans. Humans are actually animals. Did you know that? I learned that at Harvard.

Certain aspects of technology can be appealing. Myself, I once used an electric razor. A long time ago. But it hurt so much that I instantly forsaked any and all electrical appliances in my tiny wooden shack. Even my night-light. And that's the problem with this country. Our dependence on appliances is limiting our freedom. Appliances are technology. Therefore, technology is bad. I learned that at Michigan. And, in the words of Dee Snider, I won't take it anymore (I learned that from MTV).

It is in response to the perpetual discussions over Bates College's possible adoption of the OneCard - which is also technology and therefore bad - that I have embarked on a personal campaign to curtail the spread of further technology. Also, I'm not on the meal plan, and I've missed the Taco Bar.

I usually deplore acts of perversion and public exposure. However, I can think of no better protest than to gallop around Wood Street with my pants down. I will continue my masturbatory strikes until OneCard is abolished. Or until I get me a woman.

Sincerely,  
The Unabator

## Hurray for blindness

To the Editor,

I am writing to express my extreme disappointment with the Bates College community. It seems that a school which claims to value diversity really has no sense of the meaning of this word.

Over the past year, the Bates College Security Office has issued memo after memo advising students of the presence of people masturbating in their cars. Furthermore, the Security Office actually asks students for information leading to the capture of these masturbators, thus treating them as criminals.

This type of narrow-minded attitude serves only to confirm the notion that masturbation is an immoral act. Instead of reveling in the pleasures that different cultures can bring to a campus, Bates College condemns these differences.

As a community which treasures multiculturalism, we must learn to appreciate the lifestyle choices of all community members. Will the time ever come when Bates students can masturbate together, without shame, in the true spirit of diversity?

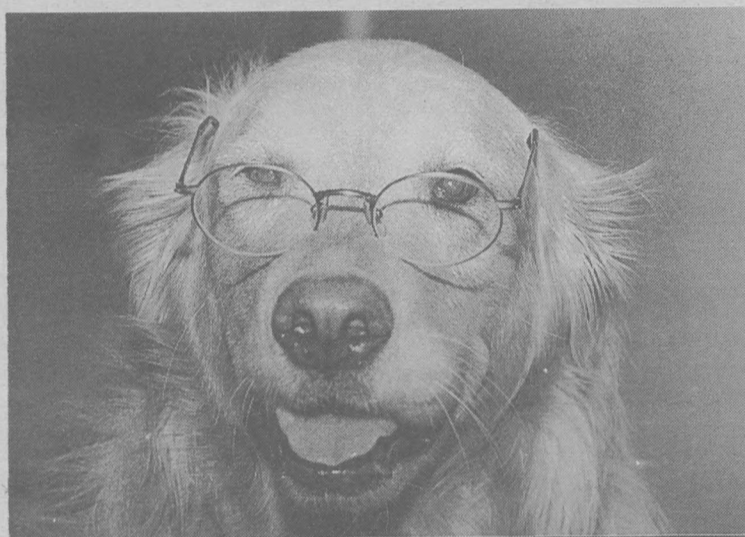
Sincerely,  
Melanie I Saw A Ghost

# I saw you naked!

The Spudent's most popular writer takes us on a nostalgic trip through her world. Join us as we travel...

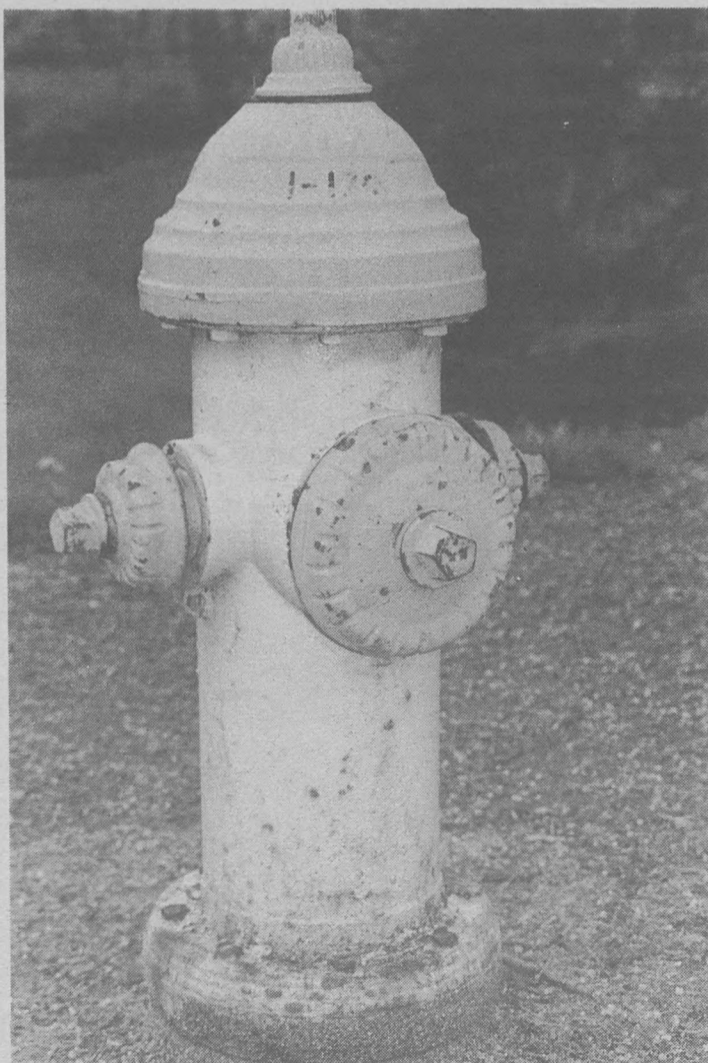
# Around Campus

## With Murphy



The legend herself!

Murphy finds a drunken Batesie!



Genital-licking good!

### Fan mail!

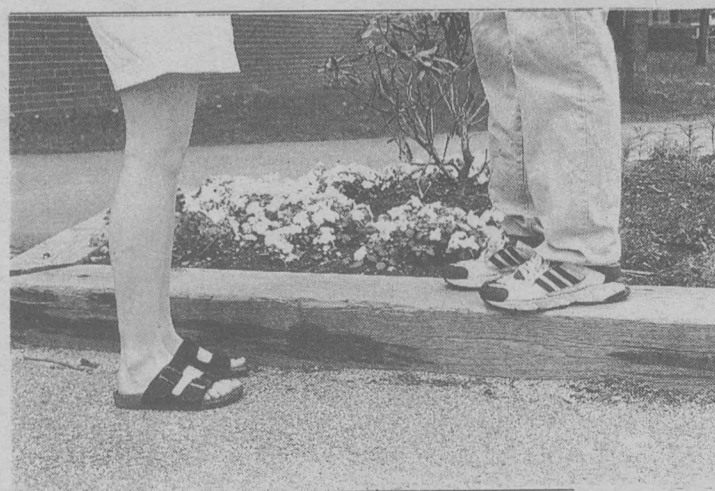
To The Editor:

I love that golden retriever that I saw in your paper the other week. She is so cute. Could you maybe show a couple more pictures of her? In fact, could you maybe get rid of some of those other sections and concentrate more on the dog?

Love and kisses,

The Bates  
Postmistress

*ed: Sure ... we love Murphy, too! Hope this photo spread will last you through the summer!*





# Snorts

Wednesday, May 21, 1996

## Bates football beats Bowdoin: The end cometh fast?

by Bilbo Baggins  
How'd he get here?

As we all know, on November 4, 1995, the football team beat Bowdoin, 33-29, ending an almost five year losing streak. However, not too many have realized the possible cosmic and religious implications of this event.

One needs only to look in the Book of Revelations of the Testament of Our Lord, Jesus Christ. For it is written that certain events shall herald the end of the present world, and all its evils, and the coming of a more glorious age, when the Kingdom of Heaven shall come down to Earth and

Christ shall take his throne at the right hand of the Lord our God for the Eternal Age of Peace!!!!

But I digress.

Contained within these holy passages are the signs which will alert both the good and the evil to the coming of the end. Properly interpreted (by me, of course), we can see that several of these signs have already occurred, signifying that the end truly is coming, "As a thief in the night."

For it was given to Saint John the Divine that upon the opening of the first seal came, "...a white horse, and he that sat upon him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to con-

quer." And lo! the football team has conquered almost five years of sin and iniquity (and bad karma), coming into the grace of God and vanquishing the Beast that is the Polar Bear.

And within this brief period of time also came the opening of the second seal, when, "...there went out another horse that was red, and power was given unto him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth...." Anyone seen the goalposts lately?

Are these the only signs which we have given witness to? Nay! Look to where it is written that upon the opening of the sixth seal, "...there was a great earthquake; and the sun be-

came black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood." (Rev. 6:12) Where have we seen these signs in our times? Anyone who has been to an on-campus concert or a Page party has felt the earth quake under the force of the pounding base, or the "dancing" of large football players. Thus, this sign has repeatedly occurred under our very noses, with none the wiser.

What of these other signs? Many stood outside, gazing in wonder at the partial lunar eclipse which occurred during Reading Week, looking at a moon which turned as red as blood. And the day of the refusal of tenure to Peter Corcoran was a dark

day indeed, with the sun within the souls of the saved turning as black as sackcloth.

And there are more signs which have come to pass!! For it is also written that the waters of the earth shall turn as the blood of a dead man, killing all living things within (Rev. 16:3). The Puddle and the 'Scog... nuff said.

And so BEWARE, ALL YE SINNERS!! For the Lord is an angry lord, as he spoke unto Ezekiel saying, "And I will execute upon them great vengeance and furious anger, and they shall know that I am THE LORD, WHEN I LAY MY VENGEANCE UPON THEM!" (Ezekiel 25:17) Amen.

