



Daily file photo

Maya Angelou would have spoken at Somerville Theatre.

## Angelou cancels her speech due to storm

### Half-price refund offered for \$10 tickets

by **JOHNO'KEEFE**

Daily Editorial Board

Late last night, acclaimed poet and author Maya Angelou abruptly canceled her appearance on campus due to the snowstorm that ripped through the Northeast. Lecture Series officials said the speech cannot be rescheduled this year due to Angelou's busy schedule.

"Maya is very upset about this, but unfortunately there's no way we can work it out," a spokesman for Angelou said yesterday.

Because Lecture Series already paid Somerville Theatre for the event, and because the booking is not refundable, students will only be able to get \$5 for their \$10 tickets.

Snow or no snow, Somerville Theatre manager Sean Garrity said he cannot afford to give the money back.

"My hands are tied. We turned down a major booking for this

show. It was a favor to Tufts. We have to pay for this renovation," he said, referring to the recent multimillion-dollar refurbishing of the building.

Apparently, Angelou canceled her flight when she learned of the forecasted blizzard. But local meteorologist Dick Albert said that the storm wasn't really bad enough to cancel a flight. "She must be a wuss, or something like that," he said. "It might blow a roof off, but the plane would be fine."

Lecture Series co-chairs were in tears last night after learning the news. "This is the only thing we've done all year. I spent at least three or four hours planning this," co-chair Traci Cranky said.

After discovering that only half the money could be refunded, Lecture Series scrambled to find a replacement speaker for the event. Cranky announced that UN Ambassador and Tufts alumnus Bill Richardson will speak at the The-

atre tomorrow instead.

"Sure, he speaks here all the time, but he was the president of DTD," Craig said. This will be the fourth time in as many weeks that Richardson has given a lecture on campus.

A phone survey of the campus last night by the *Daily* staff showed that only one student was not upset about the cancellation.

"Good riddance," said former *Primary Source* editor Colon Delaney. "She's just Liz Ammons with a tan."

Campus activist Kathy Polio said, "There's more to the cancellation than the administration is telling us. The Ballou junta is repressing the free speech of Maya Angelou."

"Is it a coincidence that Somerville Theatre serves Pepsi? I think not. The proletariat must rise up and revolt!"

No one else was available for comment.

## Res. Life announces a surplus of rooms found for next year

by **THE BLUEBERRY MUFFIN**

A Breakfast Treat

Last year, Res Life miscalculated the number of rooms needed for sophomores-to-be, as 40 were left wondering over the summer where they would be placed. This year, however, although there is an influx of freshmen, there is a huge surplus of on-campus housing, meaning that all juniors and seniors are guaranteed housing. Interim Res Life director Anne "Would you give me the full fucking position already? I've been interim director for two goddamned years" Gardiner even went as far to say that Tufts would be able to accommodate some of the homeless from the Medford/Somerville area.

"There should be enough space to put up a bunch of those dirty homeless people," Gardiner said. "We have always had the belief that Tufts is more than a private school. Even though those townies cause many problems, we

feel that we can give back to the community, and this is one way of doing that. We will have to keep them together in one dorm, though, because we don't want our students to complain of the stench."

Gardiner also said that Res Life was going to impose a new rule, restricting students from moving to off-campus housing, because of the vast amount of space on campus. "This way, we can all stick together and really bond as a community instead of people being scattered as in previous years," Gardiner said. "We're hoping that by having everyone on campus, the sex life of our students will be better off. We want to start a new trend of having the most college students with babies."

Rumors have it that all the homeless receiving housing will be placed in West Hall and that they will be required to participate in the annual Naked Quad Run, which



Daily hidden camera

From left, TCU Treasurer Lee Brenner, Entertainment Board co-chair Scott Thompson, TCUJ co-chair Josh Rubin, Senior Fund co-chair and trustee representative Brian Ostrer, and President John DiBiaggio enjoy a hot tub together.

## Student leaders and president caught in hot-tub sex scandal

by **HOTTU TROT**

Heavily Sedated

An event last month at the President's House that was billed as a fund-raiser for Senior Fund was actually a hot-tub orgy involving a number of student leaders and President John DiBiaggio, an undercover investigation by John O'Keefe has revealed.

Sources close to the orgy tell the *Daily* that the students used the event to lobby TCU Treasurer Lee Brenner to release some of the surplus money he was stashing.

The sources said Programming Board member Scott Thompson sat very close to Brenner in the hot tub trying to persuade him to give more money for Spring Fling. Co-

incidentally, the Senate gave Thompson's group nearly \$45,000 shortly thereafter.

Senior Fund co-chair Brian Ostrer also attended the event. Mysteriously, Senior Fund has received a record number of donations from unknown sources in

## Cult commits 'EPIIC' suicide

by **THE SHERMOMETER**

University Peon

Following the recent 'waive' of cult suicides, members of the EPIIC program committed group suicide in the office of cult/program leader Sherm "Testosterone-full, well-hung beast of beauty" Teichman yesterday afternoon.

Following a preliminary investigation, University Police determined that all 15 students in the program gathered in the basement of Miller Hall, castrated themselves, and watched video-recordings of past symposiums until mind-numbing boredom caused their deaths.

"It was a damn disgusting scene," said John King, the director of public safety. "The kids looked real ugly. We have yet to determine whether that was

caused from long hours with Sherm, or from that dismemberment thing."

According to members of University Health Services, all of the students were pregnant and died as a result of miscarriages. As of yet, our very own Health Services workers are the only employed and certified care providers who have discovered pregnancy in men.

"There is a disturbing trend forming on this campus. Everytime someone feels ill, they have been pregnant," said resident pre-med major Dr. Feelgood, who was the Health Services expert on call. "This is just more proof of our well-researched hypothesis."

The bodies of the students were not discovered



Daily file photo

EPIIC cult leader addresses his followers on video.

# THE TUFTS DAILY

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Whence cometh the Tufts Daily? Is it truly the gospel handed down to Moses from on high? Some scholars postulate that it's assembled by magical elves when nobody's looking. Others maintain that the business hours of 9 a.m. - 6 p.m. are a front for the Messiah's personal newsletter: What is certain is that the Daily is printed in my butt.

Editorials rarely appear on this page. Not that they appear on other pages, per se. The content of Letters, advertisements, signed columns, cartoons, menus, articles, salads, motor vehicles, rabid animals, and anything associated with Bill Copeland are pure lies. Lies, I tell you!

### PEOPLE NOT QUALIFIED TO BE WRITERS WHO INSIST ON STILL WRITING (A.K.A. LETTERS)

Letters must be submitted by 4 p.m. and should contain unsubstantiated claims, personal attacks, poor grammar, and accusations of racism by omission. All Letters must include the letters s and Q and must be made fun of by the Daily editors when you're not looking. There is a 35 IQ limit. The editors reserve the right to come to your house and beat the crap out of you. For the full policy on Letters to the Editor, corner a Daily editor at a party and just grab him in the biscuits.

## Off the Pill

### Students who aren't you are having sex

WASHINGTON, DC—A new study by the US Department of Shnooky has reported that 65 percent of students are getting more booty action than you are.

"We were shocked at how many people were more sexually active than you were," said Robert Dabolina, director of the Studliness Bureau. "You really need to get out more."

A survey of college campuses reported 35 percent more intercourse, 65 percent more kissing, 77 percent more copping cheap feels, and 91 percent more spying on the opposite sex in the shower. Sources indicate that you probably don't get much at all.

"You're a big loser," said Dabolina.

On other campuses, "People do not laugh at you and throw drinks in your face," said Gary Coleman, sex magnate. "Other people can pretty much just go up to someone and say, 'Dome, baby,' like in that Bell Biv DeVoe song. And they'll do it. But for you? What you talkin' about, Willis?"

Michael Bivins could not be reached for comment.

Students elsewhere tend to be cooler than you, the study

showed. They also got better jobs and had better-looking genitals than you ever would, it said.

"You're one ugly piece of doody," Dabolina said.

The Department of Girlie Action announced that even when you get some, everyone who isn't you was better in bed. "I satisfied far more of my partners than you did," said Larry Porkins, a student at the university that wait-listed you when you were in high school. "I'm the man. You suck."

"Yeah, you do," Dabolina said.

At parties, more members of the opposite sex grabbed other people's buttocks, and other people were less angry about having their buttocks pinched. "You would never get away with a stunt like that," Dabolina said.

A source close to the Department of Shnooky who wished to remain anonymous revealed that he had slept with your significant other. "Basically, you were inadequate," he explained over the phone. "I am much cooler than you could ever hope to be. Ditto for everyone at every college. Can you dig it? I can."

You could not be reached for comment.

## Edi-what? Edi-torial?

### Why don't you guys do anything?

Wondering why you haven't read many of these this semester? Well, we've been wondering the same damn thing, so stop your whining. Right here. Right now.

And thus I begin to make my point. Many have ridiculed our fine staff for the lack of editorials that have appeared on this page over the past few weeks. Well, maybe that's because nobody on campus does anything worthwhile of commentary.

Possibly the fact that there are, indeed, so many losers at Tufts would have been one idea. Let's face it, Tufts is not exactly a school full of "cool kids." You were a dork in high school and you looked forward to coming to Tufts to start anew. But you failed and now this page is blank everyday. Thanks a lot.

Yeah, you woke up and realized how pathetic you were. And those clothes—duh, dead give-away. It's no wonder we didn't even make the runners-up list of the best dressed campus. Better luck on your next shopping spree, courtesy of Daddy's precious credit card.

Speaking of shopping, students looking to join an *a cappella* group now have one more choice to add to the list, the Amalgamates' new farm team, sQ. They can't spell, they can't sing, they probably can't count to ten with their shoes on. This huge "controversy" created much fodder for several articles and Letters to the Editor, but really, who gives two shits?

Speaking of shit, one word for you: CampusLink. Or is that two words? Whatever—we run this campus. Is anyone surprised that they're a completely deceitful, pathetic excuse for a company that completely takes advantage of cash-strapped, hard-working students with the backing of the Tufts administrations? Most big corporations are so kind and benevolent—just look at Pepsi.

Can we say monopoly? Anyone who's taken macro or played board games in the last century can understand the significance of that big, nasty word. How fitting that Tufts has found *yet another* way to steal from their patrons. So while those still living on campus must deal with the treachery and the unacceptable service of CampusLink on a *Daily* basis, there really isn't much more to say, except fuck you.

And in terms of points off campus, you have to admit, the concept sounded too-good-to-be-true from the start. Would Patti Lee really offer us a service that competes with her very own Dining Services? Could she really, as a Tufts employee, give students a choice—enable students to pick the better, cheaper product? Of course not. Why should we waste our time touching that one?

Oh, I guess we did. Twice.

Yikes. When that's the most exciting stuff going on at this campus, it's time to join the *Observer*.

## Whiners and complainers

### Thank you freshmen with no lives

To the Editor:

The Tufts University Panhellenic Association would like to thank students for the amazing turnout at our annual Greek Jam Friday night. We had an attendance of approximately five and raised 50 cents for the Society to Eat More Animals (SEMA).

The show was entertaining, and well, exciting, especially with the performance by the stripper. We would like to additionally thank all those who made the event possible, especially the stripper.

We look forward to hosting another successful event next year, and hope that everyone in attendance on Friday will join us again, especially the stripper.

Betty Boop  
Beta Omega Omega Beta Sigma

### that curly hair makes me wild

to the editor:

i would like to commend your big cheese on his fantastic stint being number one man on your paper. i live from week to week only to see the next of his columns. and let me tell you, the more pictures, the better. i once caught a glimpse of the man, the legend, the leader of the masses around campus and wow, that guy has a great bod. he makes my heart go pitter-pat. please, sexy nanny binto, don't leave us next semester. what will we do without you?

Daniel Leopold Tobin  
Cheap Sox

### Raving mad

To the Editor:

I want to respond to the Letter to the Editor ("Don't let Oxfam die," 3/28) which completely ignored the points brought up in the well-written viewpoint ("Coffeehouse serves great coffee," 3/27) and was written in response to Will Engle's Letter to the Editor ("Me like Oxfam," 3/26) which made a mockery of the viewpoint which ran the day before ("Mmm... coffee") and was written in response to an informative Letter to the Editor the previous day ("Charity is nice, drink our coffee," 3/25). Yeah.

Patti Lee  
Tea drinker

### Worship me

To the Editor:

I would like to address you in an attempt to get my name in the paper. I don't believe that I get enough attention, and would therefore like to highlight some of my accomplishments. This past semester, I was the lone senator who called the *Daily* one Wednesday eve, appearing to give the *Daily* a "scoop" over the *Observer*. I mean, no one reads that old rag, anyway. And, hey, I got a chance to make myself look good. Now with this letter under my belt as well, you have two good reasons to vote for me for TCU President. Go, me.

Lee Brenner  
TCU ego-maniac

### Stop picking on me

To the Editor:

Contrary to what appears in your poor excuse for a newspaper, I am not an ego-maniac. I don't like seeing my name in print. I don't start all of my sentences with the word "I". I see everybody as important, valued members of the Tufts community. I wish your paper would stop printing such misleading information.

Lee Brenner  
Not an ego-maniac

### Just kidding

Who am I fooling? I am an ego-maniac. I love seeing my name in print. LEE BRENNER. LEE BRENNER. LEE BRENNER. My name is great. My name is beautiful. I'm beautiful. Everybody loves me. I am perfect.

Lee Brenner  
TCU ego-maniac

### WE FUCKED UP

In "CSL should have used death penalty" (3/28) the picture captioned as Austin Putman was actually a picture of Eaton Hall. And in "Clinton signs bill endorsing STDs" (3/11), the picture captioned as Austin Putnam was actually a picture of dog-food. And in Tuesday's Dilbert, the picture captioned as Austin Putnam was actually a cartoon.

Rishi Manchanda and Rishi Vohora are actually the same person and thus, we never screwed them up in the first place.

The article, concerning *Daily* election results from November, 1993, neglected to mention that Dan Tobin was elected Assistant Features Editor. Call it revisionist history.

Nothing in Friday's paper was right. It was all brazenly leftist. Hah!

# Racism, Narcissism, etc.

## Greggy Guy Woman

### Hey Jew, don't make it bad

On Sunday's edition of *60 Minutes*, an ex-member of the Heaven's Gate cult discussed his former brethren, many of whom have been castrated. He said that he wished that he had been castrated as well, but he never had the courage. Let me tell all of you now, it doesn't take any courage to be castrated. It's actually a painless procedure that makes all subsequent sex more enjoyable. And the removed parts make for quite a tasty snack.



#### The Skewed Picture

Now don't you write a Letter to the Editor saying how it was a religion, not a cult. It was a cult, dammit. Stop writing letters! I'm not a racist. I'm just ignorant. Wait, no, that's not what I mean. Stop pestering me! Mommy!

In a recent Viewpoint, former Dean Elizabeth Ammons said that the University needs a more diverse graduate student body in order to combat racism. More diversity is clearly needed in the graduate community, which, according to my numbers, is made wholly of Arab Fletcher students who want to throw rocks at me. Maybe a white person in Fletcher would be a good idea.

But that's not what I care about. Really, how does the graduate school affect us, the undergrads, other than by calling me racist? Not at all. Ammons applauded the admissions department for increasing the undergraduate minority population in recent years, but this clearly has not been enough. Let's face it: I've never even met a black person at Tufts besides the woman who serves me lunch at the Commons.

In order to increase the minority population at Tufts, we obviously need to decrease some of the other populations. So where do we start? Does any population have too much power on this campus? Yes. In short, we need to get rid of the Jews.

Well, not all of the Jews. Just the excess. Right now, the school is 35 percent Jewish. If we just cut that number in half, then we have plenty of room for all of the blacks, Asians, Arabs, and miscellaneous minorities that Ammons has requested.

The Senate has a bunch of Jews. Let's start there! Lee Brenner is in AEPi, so he's got to go. He makes a bad name for Jews by finding money and bringing it to the forefront, rather than hording it. Andi Friedman's Jewish, so I hear. I haven't noticed her doing anything since she became TCU president. Okay, so she's gone.

How about the *Daily*? The entire Executive Board of the paper is Jewish. Well, we can't get rid of all of them, so let's start with their boss, d a n tobin. Anyone who isn't worthy of capital letters isn't worthy of a spot at Tufts. Karen Epstein and Amy Zimmet have to go, too, as women and newspapers shouldn't mix. We should keep Bill Copeland, however, as he is an outstanding writer and person, and I fear the *Daily*, nay, the entire Tufts community would crumble without him. And I get to stay, too, because without me, there would be no Letters to the Editor. While we're at it, let's eliminate the remaining other Jewish *Daily* columnists, Greg Youman and Darrah Feldman, since no one needs them with stalwarts like Copeland and myself around.

Where else do Jews hold power? While the *Daily* has only Jews on its Executive Board, one organization on campus has only Jews throughout the organization. There is no room for such segregation on this campus. Let's get rid of all of Hillel, starting with Louis Leibowitz and moving right on down the line.

How about *The Observer*? They might as well keep their Jews. They're not bothering anyone, except for people who expect journalistic integrity. But since no one at Tufts seems to understand what that means, they might as well stay and put out their little paper every week.

There are no Jews on the staff of *The Primary Source* so far as I know. And this is part of what makes the *Source* such an outstanding paper. Only Gentile geniuses could come up with such great ideas as creating a section just to pick on me. With the inspiration of great WASP leadership, the *Source* has earned the respect given such comparable, upstanding institutions as Dining Services, the Democratic National Committee, and the Klan.

Now that we have eliminated many of the Jews, life on this campus can finally improve. Racism will end. There won't be so much fighting amongst the races, as there will be more minorities. That segregationist Hillel will finally crumble, and the Senate will finally get down to business.

And once that is done, maybe Patti Lee will start doing her job.

*Viewpoints doesn't want new writers. You're not good enough for us. Try writing for The Observer. They like bad writing like yours.*

## The real story behind Heaven's Gate

by Mepp Glwrkswz and Tem Tanslupzdz

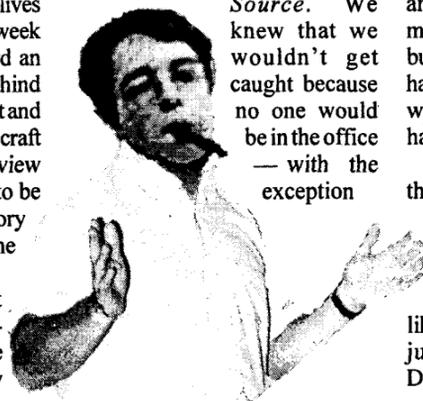
As you have all probably heard, 39 unfortunate souls gave their lives in Rancho Santa Fe, Calif. last week in a quest to be taken aboard an alien spacecraft traveling behind the comet Hale-Bopp. As pilot and co-pilot of the aforementioned craft that is, indeed, hidden from view behind the comet, we feel it to be our obligation to tell the real story behind both our ship and the Heaven's Gate cult.

Heaven's Gate was a cult chock-full of nice, well-groomed computer dorks. We rather liked them — until they decided to join us here on the deck of our ship, the Intergalactic Masculine Crusader. You see, these followers of Heaven's Gate are rather useless to our alien society of testosterone-full, well-hung space beings. If we needed eunuchs, we'd just hire those fellows on the *Zamboni* — they get as little play as testicleless men would anyway.

However, not all earthlings are useless to our community. Take, for example, *Primary Source* crony Colin Delaney. If there is a more useless man with big cajones on Earth than Delaney, then we've never met him. We were planning on hiding

*Mepp Glwrkswz and Tem Tanslupzdz are aliens triple majoring in classics, history, and Colin Delaney studies.*

behind Hale-Bopp until the last possible moment, and then swooping down into Medford to snatch Delaney from the offices of the *Source*. We knew that we wouldn't get caught because no one would be in the office — with the exception



My cock is THIS big."

of the *Source* writers who all have their heads up their asses anyway. While we were in Medford, we were also planning to pick up a few townies — hey, even aliens need to eat!

#### Why you shouldn't eat the soup on Passover and why all the girls should line up at Colin Delaney's door.

But alas, our plans were foiled when those hackers in Rancho Santa Fe found out that we would be traveling behind Hale-Bopp. (We believe that a crew member on our ship — a traitor — let the secret

out while writing to President DiBiaggio in alt.sex.footfetish). We would have really liked to have Delaney aboard; his wild antics and playful personality would make even the most serious alien burst into hysterics. Delaney would have been great — now we're stuck with the 39 biggest losers that Earth has to offer.

You may ask, how do we know that Delaney is well-hung? The answer, of course, is we looked at his car. Anyone that is bold enough to announce that he is "Jumbo," must indeed be hung like, well, a circus elephant. Oops, just because people laugh at Delaney doesn't necessarily mean that any part of his anatomy originated in a circus. Our mistake, but we are still pretty sure that he is well-endowed.

Instead of snatching Delaney, we left a present for Patti Lee in Dining Services since there wasn't room on board for the 18 pairs of Heaven's Gate testicles. A word to the wise: don't eat the Matzoh ball soup on Passover.

Unfortunately, due to the time it takes Hale-Bopp to return to Earth's view, we won't be back for a while. Our impressions of Earth have been varied and definitely interesting — but you really need to do something about that Jamie Roth. It seems that sometimes the wrong people castrate themselves. Who knows — when we return to Earth, our new fetish might be minks or masturbating with veal.

## Putting the whore back in horror

by Mork and Mindy

Something happened to us last week that we would like to share with the entire campus. It is scary, and the fact that Tufts Police treated us like we were crazy, and that we imagined this incident, is what angers us most of all.

Last Wednesday evening, around midnight, we were working very hard on our Intro to Keeping the People Down assignments, when we heard a knock on the door. Unstrapping ourselves from the straitjackets that had been placed on us by Mass. state authorities after our "Hitler sighting" in the Cambridgeside Galleria a few months before, we walked over to the door and opened it. There was nothing there, except for a message written in blood on the wall across from the door. "Go home, Jumbos," it read. Naturally, we started jumping up and down and yodeling at the top of our lungs, until our next-door neighbor Jamie Roth came outside to comfort us.

"Look at the blood!" one of us shouted to her.

"The only blood I see is that which has been spilled by the senseless killing of cows for predatory purposes. I see it when I am sleeping, I see it at the petting zoo, I see it at the Wendy's drive-thru. I see it

*Mork and Mindy are majorly screwed up.*

when I am mounting Dave Thomas, the founder of Wendy's..."

We cut her off at this point and asked her to look at the blood on the wall. She claimed not to see any blood. Well, obviously she was crazy, so we began to stone her and kick her in the head, trying to beat the craziness out of her. Soon, the police arrived, running down the hall towards us. For some reason, at the sight of the police running at her, Roth got up and began running the other way, screaming something about "free mink." We began to wonder where in the world someone would be giving away mink coats, but we had little time to ponder this as we immediately fell down a well.

"Why the hell is there a well in the middle of Lewis Hall?" we wondered when we regained consciousness. One of us was then immediately hit on the head by a wad of spit, reminding us that the Senate had put the well in so that people would stop spitting on the floor.

Looking up, we saw the scariest sight imaginable: Jamie Roth in a leotard. By her side, in a loose-flowing sun dress, was Kathy Polias, and to Polias' left, in a lovely blue-striped ensemble, was Aliguma Kabadaki. The three then announced that they formed the crime-fighting team, the Tyrannical Trio.

Polias said, "We fight all that's wrong with society: oppression, meat eaters, and white people."

Roth responded, "Hey, I'm a white person; I'm not what's wrong with society."

Kabadaki retorted, "Hey, you're all that's wrong with society. And wait, I eat meat."

Polias separated the pair, pleading, "Girls, don't fight. Fighting is wrong. That is just succumbing to the imperialistic, oppressive, male-dominated society that is trying to keep us down."

Roth said to Polias, "You know, it's people like you who give a bad name to women."

Kabadaki added, "Yeah." At that very instant, conservative and rectal thermometer Colin Delaney entered the room and began to encourage the girls to fight.

"Chick fight! Chick fight!" he yelled, grabbing himself in festive glee. Kabadaki then grabbed the *Source* stooge by the scruff of his very red neck and proceeded to beat the living hell out of him.

"Maybe meat isn't murder," Roth commented as she began to take a bite out of Delaney's bloodied carcass. "If eating other people is wrong, I don't want to be right!" Roth then proved to be a quick study in meat preparation, as she prepared Delaney's left arm in a tasty Bernaise sauce.

"Wait! That's not kosher!" Delaney yelled, in pain.

"What the hell do you know

see TERROR, page three

# Bernheim's World



Photo by Abe Lincoln

I'm glad I have this handy cushion under my chin.

## This is for you Never Heard of It? Where have you been?

by FACULTY BRAT

One of those suckers who devotes her life to the Daily

Do you like to sit outside on a nice summer day? Do you like to hang out on the quad? Do you like to eat in Carmichael dining hall? Do you prefer Pound? Do you like to eat at Jay's Deli? Do you frequent College Pizza? Do you order from Nick's House of Pizza every night?

Have you heard of Monty Python, or Saturday Night Live, or Blue Man Group? If you haven't, then you've been living in a hole for 18 years.

Is your favorite color blue? Are your eyes green? Are you really short? Are you really tall? Are you trying to gain weight? Do you think that you weigh too much? Do you eat enough? Do you feel as if you don't get a significant amount of calories? Do you think that peanut butter has too many calories? Do you like McDonald's over Burger

King? Do you think that Wendy's has the best burgers? Well, then this is for you.

Are you one of those people who calls Health Services every time your nose runs? Do you miss your mother whenever you have a high fever? Do you take Nyquil on a regular basis, or do you take Sudafed? Well, if you haven't heard of Nyquil, then you've obviously been living in the dark for the past 18 years.

Do you like to ride on the T all night? Did you ever wonder what happened between Ashmont and Mattapan at the end of the Red Line? Do you ever wonder why the Green Line is free at certain points, and more expensive at others? Do you wonder why the T makes you pay an additional fee when you get off the Red Line in Braintree? Well, it looks as if your questions have been answered.

Do you like to read books? Are

see YA, page 3

## Taking back Take-it-Away Students rallying for roll-ups

by KATALINA MAISON

Free-Fallin' Features Chick

As this semester heads towards its busiest time, students have been dealt yet another cuisine-related tragedy. As of yesterday, the wildly successful Hodgdon Take-it-Away Program has been terminated, due to worker relations.

According to Director of Dining Services, Patti "I never put things off" Lee, "Take-it-Away" is now defunct because of inter-kitchen feuding.

"I guess workers just couldn't put aside personal differences. So what if some of them are friggin' lactose-intolerant? Does that mean no one can be served provolone?" Lee asked rhetorically.

She also stated that she had called meetings of the Hodgdon take-out workers, but had not met with success.

"When we hired the workers, we never thought to check criminal records. In the future, past incidents of violence will definitely have to be taken into account," Lee vehemently declared.

The worker situation escalated last Wednesday, when one female worker, identified only as "short, nasty, and slightly resembling a rabid pit bull" caused a student injury. Iamhun Gry, an incomprehensible engineering major, suffered broken bones after the alleged assailant attempted to suffocate Gry in the salad bar.

"I was just standing in line for a turkey roll-up when I suddenly found myself face-down in the chick peas," Gry lamented. "And cucumbers are easier to choke on than they look. It was a close call," he continued.

However, even victims of the recent climaxing bloodshed are still supportive of the program. Iamo Bese, whom a month ago fell down Hodgdon's circular stairway after being chased by an irate card-swiper, says that he is disappointed by the decision.

"It was only a broken collarbone," Bese stated. "I still want my two take-out cans of soda at lunch every day."

It appears that the majority of students have been traumatized by the rashness of the obliteration of Take-it-Away. The Counseling Center cites that it has definitely seen an increase of students with eating disorders since the program became extinct. Jumbo Express also notes that business has picked up at

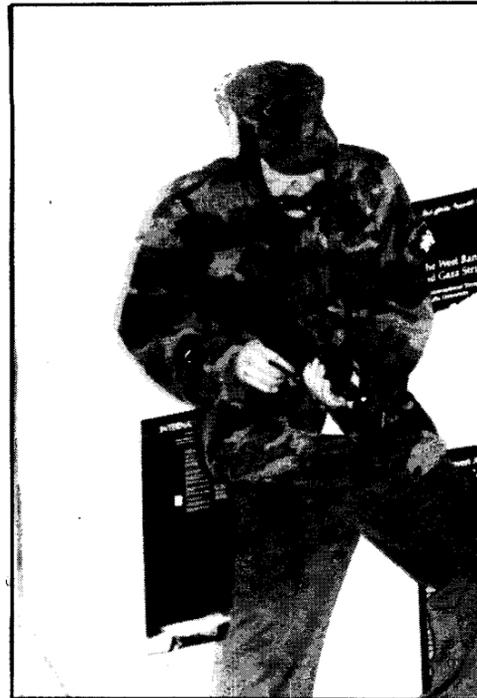


Photo by Norman Swarczokop

Mmm... gun.

least 530 percent in the past few days. Managers attribute the increased purchases to taker-outers that have no other place to go.

"It's really sad. They [taker-outers] walk in looking like they haven't slept in weeks. They wander the aisles and grab random items, like Cha-Cha Chili and Oreos," said one Jumbo Express worker, who asked not to be identified.

The Guy with the Glasses at Dewick who answers all the comment sheets and whose name no one knows, stated that the comment sheets are just flooding in lately.

"I can't keep up with the complaints. I can only write so many cheesy answers," the Guy with the Glasses whined, smoothing his receding hairline.

Perhaps the most obvious show of pro-Hodgdon support can be seen in the throngs of picketing students in front of Hodgdon Hall. The most popular and widely-waved signs appear to be "Get off your ass — bring back glass!" in reference to the cult-like glass Poland Springs bottles seen in the hand of many a Take-it-Away veteran, and "There

can't be an end — we don't have any friends!," held by those who are self-declared L-O-S-E-R-S.

Sources have heard rumors that a petition with more than 3,000 signatures has been submitted to University President John DiBiaggio.

"Save Hodgdon Take-it-Away" President, Iamdes Perate, refrained from confirming the existence of such a petition. However, Perate did comment, "Damn straight Prez Bags is going to hear from us. We didn't stand in sandwich lines for two hours every day for nothing, you know."



Photo by Hugh Hetner

Wait! Which one's Andi and which one's Lee?



Features.  
Futures. Tortures. Tours. Boars.  
Pigs. Pork. Chop. Veal. Roth.  
Moth. Bug. Rug. Toupee. Teepee.  
Tent. Rent. Play. Sports.  
Players. Coaches. Teachers.  
Features.

# TOO COOL TO PUBLISH TODAY

The weather was just what we needed today. A perfect blend of sun and rain, creating a magical atmosphere. The streets were wet, reflecting the vibrant colors of the buildings and the people. It was a day of pure joy and celebration.

We had a great time at the festival. The music was loud and energetic, and the food was delicious. The children were running and playing in the rain, their laughter filling the air. It was a day to cherish and remember.

The rain had washed away the dust and grime of the city, leaving everything fresh and clean. The air was crisp and refreshing. It was a day of renewal and hope.

We had a great time at the festival. The music was loud and energetic, and the food was delicious. The children were running and playing in the rain, their laughter filling the air. It was a day to cherish and remember.

# BOYS WITH BALLS

## Gittleman elected to Baseball Hall of Fame

by ROBYN GITTLEMAN

I am the Gatekeeper

Sol Gittleman: the man, the myth, the legend.

"Today, I consider myself to be the luckiest man alive," said Provost Sol Gittleman, after learning of his election to the Baseball Hall of Fame by the Veterans Committee. "My life is complete with a ring and the Hall of Fame. Whitey Ford, my old nemesis, was the first to call and congratulate me."

Tufts was once again done proud when Gittleman received the call yesterday morning from former big-leaguer Bob Uecker, best known as George Owens in ABC's *Mr. Belvedere*, where he played opposite a young, dynamic Christopher Hewitt.

When informed of the selection, Phil "Scooter" Rizzuto said, "Holy Cow! White, did you hear that? Wait. What the hell? He made it? How did he pull that off?"

The rags to riches story started at Drew University. Shunned by Division I, Division II, and most Division III schools, "G-man," as he was called by his friends, went to Drew University because he knew the German professor, who doubled as the base-

ball coach. His coach there never thought that his utility player would make it to the majors. "He can't hit, can't run, and can't field, but he likes to play," the coach said.

After his playing days at Drew, he was drafted by the Orioles and started off at Class D. (Yes, Class D) His coach there said, "He can't hit, can't run, can't field. But he likes to play." In a Rudy-eske situation, something burned inside of him to prove everybody wrong.

One man's misfortune is another man's gain. One dark April day at a baseball dinner with every player in the majors and many



Photo by CIA

Thousands show up at Camden Yards for Sol Gittleman Day.

and A roster out with the illness, manager Earl Weaver was forced to promote Gittleman as the other managers played scabs.

So in 1964, G-man finally made it to the big show as a scrappy hitter. (The fact that the rest of the team had the runs 24 hours a day had nothing to do with it.) Weaver said, "He can't hit, can't run, can't field, but I

minor leaguers, everybody had fish for dinner. Everyone, that is, but Gittleman. The fish had a rare type of food poisoning which gave the infected one's projectile vomiting and Montezuma's Revenge.

With most of the Orioles, AAA, AA, A

have to play someone." There, he somehow thrived, hitting .319 for the year with 121 runs scored. (Maybe because the regulars were blinding each other with vomit.) Gittleman was responsible for the start of the phrase, "You can't stop him; you can only hope to contain him." Early SportsCenter reporters called him "The Little Hurt."

The 1966 season was the pinnacle of the infielder's career. The Orioles swept the Los Angeles Dodgers in the World Series and Gittleman was named Series MVP, edging out Brooks Robinson.

The highlight of his career came in 1982 at the age of 46 when he recorded his first extra base hit off of Ron Guidry. "It was a beautiful inside the park home run," reminisced Gittleman of the moment. "Others say it was a four-base error, and it was scored that way, but I say it was a home run. Got a problem with that?"

G-man retired in 1985, ending an illustrious 21-year career. Granted, the regulars came back in 1967 and Gittleman was rel-

see SOL see SHELLS by the see SHORE, page 3

### Papa Copeland

You people should all get down on your hands and knees — especially the women, who never talk to me — and thank God that you go to school with Bill Copeland. My mere presence at Cousens Gym as a public address announcer (please don't desire me simply for my job, ladies), has forced the Jumbo basketball teams to play



better. The men went on to the second round of the NCAAs, and from what I heard, they were very thankful for my inspiration. The women just didn't seem to appreciate me, though. No matter what I did to support them — starting cheers, getting drunk on rubbing alcohol, taking off my pants and dancing the Macarena at half-court — the broads just weren't impressed.

Well, I'll show them. This year, they won't get my support. I singlehandedly directed the Yankees

#### Hi, then she's gone

to a World Series title, nudged Kerry by Weld with my last-minute campaign advice, and ensured that Howard Stern's *Private Parts* would open up first at the box office. Do you understand my power? Do you? Look into my eyes and worship me. Look deeper. Worship me!

I'm sorry for that. Maybe I should tell you a little bit about myself. Born Ezekiel William "Papa" Copelandeski in 1963, I changed my name after arriving in the United States with my uncle Mortimer, who has since made a nice living in rural Utah as a smut peddler. Having forsaken my Mormon roots at an early age, I began to stay home from church on Sundays in order to watch football, and that's

where my love of sports began. Well, that and the fact that women seem to dig sports guys. Only later in life did I understand that you have to actually *play* the sports, not watch them obsessively, for the girls to dig you.

For example, girls lust after Patriots QB Drew Bledsoe. Girls are not that hot for FOX Sports commentator John Madden, however. The way I figure it, though, I'm two parts Madden and only one part Bledsoe. And if that one part can ever figure out how to become balanced and coordinated, then I'll be a chick-magnet. Until then, though, if you feel some guy who reeks of cheap vodka pinching your ass at a frat party, it's probably either me or Rabbi Summit.

Anyway, I have helped foster a lot of change at Tufts. Once, I was walking by Curtis Hall and mentioned that I could use some coffee. Next thing I know, they were taking away practice space from those crappy theater groups, whose shows I walk out on, and building a coffeehouse. Then, at the beginning of this year, I got really drunk and took a piss on the side of Ballou Hall. Next thing I know, they tore down the whole exterior of Ballou and refaced it. That's right — I was responsible for a \$1 million project. In fact, this seems to be a theme in my life, and that's why I was not at all surprised when the male Jumbos responded to my call and won their final six games of the season to make it to the NCAAs. Remember that whole "Show me the money" thing in *Jerry Maguire*? My idea. I also convinced Pepsi to pull out of Burma with my own personal one-day boycott, and I have recently acquired the ability to free mink from their cages by simply belching. Remember how Elizabeth Berkeley decided to do that movie *Showgirls*, where she was naked the entire film? Well, even though she had been offered the lead in *The English Patient*, I told her, "You don't want to be in that *English Patient* movie. It's too damn refined for someone who's got hooters as large as

### You're welcome

yours. Show them off. Feed the world. Make it a better place."

I can change your life, too, if you are female. I don't have any desire to be with men, unless they are Yankees, Tarheels, or can get me a job when I graduate. I would rather sleep with ESPN's Chris Berman than with anyone on the women's basketball team, for example, but I would rather sleep with Nancy DiBiaggio than with John if I had a choice. I doubt I would sleep with DiBiaggio's dogs, though, unless they had connections in ESPN. If they did, I'd be down on all fours and barking like a doberman in heat. Actually, try and forgot I said that. I'd say that I just put my foot in my mouth, but I'm not sure how clean my feet are exactly.

A date with me would be, as Meatloaf said, "Paradise by the Dashboard Lights." Did I mention that I have a car? The back seat is spacious, draped in polyester, and has your name on it, baby. The date would begin at Burger King, where I would buy you a Whopper and small drink and then crown you as the King of Cope-Land. After that, we could meet up with my friends, get drunk, and holler at other women as they walked by us. Don't worry, though, I wouldn't forget about you. I'd keep my hand on your ass the entire time.

By the end of the date, I'd be regaling you with tales of my reign as editor-in-chief of *The Zamboni*, and you'd be mine. I'm not sure I'd know what to do with you, but you'd be mine. And when it was over, I'd have changed your life.

#### Bill's Bits

I once got my head stuck in the toilet. Don't ask.

Congratulations to UNC Coach Dean Smith, who has taken out his fifth restraining order on me in the last year. Let's go for six, Coach!

### The Tufts Daily's Challenge My Ass

Yo bro, bloods bin draggin' da broth cold. (The staff has been pondering this issue for some time.) In da rumblin' of da politicities, slick daddies, digits, and fly fries, who done be bustin' out da can o' whoop-ass. (The Editor's Challenge was to select the winners of a battle royal between TCU Senators, '80s sitcom characters, a number between 1 and 20, and supermodels.) Ramgopal says Cutty Cohen can't hang. (Vivek thought Jason's picks were rather uninventive) Damn girl, I bin peepin' yo steelo an' I like what I see. (Erdheim's decisions were by far the most popular.) Chill tro. Jo do mo so fo a da ju ma do (I think that Newt Gingrich performed unethically during his term as Speaker of the House.) Lookie here, I can dig grease and butter on some draggin' fruit garden. (I often imagine Kathy Ireland and ALF together.) I say hey sky, s'other say I one say I pray to J I get the same ol' same ol'. (I do not understand why Geiman picked RuPaul but I was yelled at for contesting his choice.) My mama didn't raise no dummie. (I let his strange pick go before I got fired.) Jive ass dude don't got no brains anyhow. (Figure that one out for yourself.)

	Sam Erdheim Down wit' OPP	Jason Cohen Go Braves	Vivek Ramgopal Senate waterboy	Alex Shalom Communist	Greg Geiman Racist mo'fo'	Bill Copeland Pervert	Dan Tobin Notorious B.I.G.	Karen Epstein Salt	Neil D. Feldman Spindarella	Amy Zimet Pepa
TCU Senators	Bubba	Gabe Mozes	Who do you think I'll say?	Sasha Baltins	Scott Lezberg	Julie Robinson	Mrs. Dan Tobin	Lee Brenner	Brooke Jamison	Dave Brinker
'80s Sitcom Characters	Dwayne Wayne	Arnold Jackson	ALF	Woody Boyd	Skippy Handleman	Rudy Huxtable	George Papadopoulos	Punky Brewster	Alex P. Keaton	Tony Micelli
Number Between 1-20	0	Lucky #7	24	13	What are real numbers, really?	π	i	6.23x10 <sup>23</sup>	42	349
Supermodels	Elle MacPherson	Kathy Ireland	Niki Taylor	Tyra Banks	RuPaul	Jenny McCarthy	Me	Dan Tobin	Christy Turlington	Fabio
Winner	Bubba	Mozes	ALF	13	Skippy	Amie Hansen	Arizona	Punky	Dilka	Mona Robinson

**Classifieds Classifieds Classifieds Classifieds Classifieds Classifieds**

**Personals**

**Guy who sits in front of me in Geo picking his nose**  
I love you. I LOVE YOU. You are so beautiful the way you dig for boogers while the professor talks about rocks. Sleep with me. -the TA

**Margie Bobafett**  
I'm so happy to be your big sister! I can't wait for you to do all my laundry and clean my room! And then when I get to make you drink until you ralph... YEAH!

**Birthdays**

**Andi Friedman**  
For your birthday, I bought you three

Lamborghinis with money I found in... my couch... yeah, that's the ticket. - Lee "Crooked as they cum" Brenner.

**J-Dog**  
Happy 21st: Hope you get piss-drunk and yak in your shoes. Hope you sleep in your own feces. Hope you wake up dismembered with seven tattoos and a lifetime membership in the Hare Krishnas.

**Events**

**Gus at Pub**  
Come to Pub, featuring Gus. Every Tuesday night from 9/3-5/94. Just in case you forgot.

**For Sale**

**3 Bdrm-apt**  
Beautiful house with three rooms, no walls, no ceiling, no floors, no washer, no dryer, no kitchen, no bathroom, no hope of fixing up. Cheap.

**Blue snow saucer**  
Mint condition sled from the basement of Stratton. Call the Snowboarding Club with best offer. \$50 minimum please.

**Housing**

**Mansion available**  
Beautiful, white mansion located in peaceful, stable Rancho Santa Fe, California. Comes with free computer with internet access. For more information contact Hal Bobb.

**Sophomore seeking housing**  
Will accept anything. No place too far or too dirty. No price too high. Call Sam at X2944.

**Wanted**

**School to be closed**  
Will anyone with enough power close down the campus for the remainder of today... and tomorrow if you could.

**Large Organ**

Healthy couple seeks a large member to fulfill a life of happiness.

**Sex**

Nuff said. Call anybody and hook up at random cause it's cold out and everyone could use some lovin' heat.

**More SEX**  
Call Bill, please. And we mean please.

**Services**

**Resumes**  
Free resumes. Accuracy, neatness, and relevance not guaranteed. Will cost a lot. Not necessarily your resume. Will not get you a job. Free stained paper. Paper will be ripped. We accept top money for this service.

**Shoe washing**

We'll make your shoes no longer smell like feet.

**Spring Break '97**

Get a jump on everybody. Buy tickets now for Spring Break '97. Guaranteed lowest prices.

**Something**  
We'll do you a favor. Yeah, that's it. Only \$10.

**Capital Expenditures**  
Have the TCU Senate treat you to anything you would possibly want for only \$15. Call Lee at x3646.

**Sex**

"We have sex too much," our women complain. You won't complain. Call John's Jigglers at 666-6401.

**We'll clean your dorm**

Ha! Just kidding. UNICCO.

**I'll cut your hair**

I have no experience, no scissors, and no left eye. But I like playing with hair. Give me a chance.

All Tufts students must submit classifieds in person, prepaid with cash or check. Now. All classifieds must be submitted by 3 p.m. the day before publication. None of this bullshit where you call at 9:00 the day before you want your ad to run and you ask if we can place your ad. What the hell are you thinking? Classifieds may also be bought at the Information Booth at the Campus Center, but they will not run in the paper. Come down here with your ads, you lethargic losers. Classifieds may not be submitted over the rainbow. Notices and Lost & Found are free and run on Tuesdays and Thursdays only when we want them to. Notices must be written on Daily forms and submitted in cognito. Notices cannot be used to sell merchandise or advertise major events, because then they'd be For Sale or Events. The Tufts Daily is not liable for any damages due to typographical errors or misprintings, because it's all your fault, dammit. We reserve the right to refuse to print any classifieds which don't contain obscenity and are not of an overtly sexual nature.

**Roth roughed up in rumble**

**TERROR**  
continued from page 3

about Jewish culture, you dumb WASP?" It was Hillel honcho Louis Leibowitz, and he was pissed.

"Where are all you torturous males coming from?" Polias yelled. "I'm gonna kick your asses, Burma style." She then kicked Delaney and Leibowitz's asses, Burma style. Breaking her intense choke-hold, Leibowitz took a menorah out of his backpack and bludgeoned Polias until she was bleeding Pepsi.

"Hava nagila, baby," he said, leaving the room.

"What a hunk," Roth was heard to comment. "I'd eat pork

**Bare Bags bathes butt boldly**

**TUBBY**  
continued from page 3

recent weeks.

Drama Professor Barbara Freedman also attended the event, but said her recent stay at the White House was better. "The Lincoln Bedroom was booked that night, so I figured I'd check out this fund-raiser," she said.

Freedman reportedly donated \$20,000 to Senior Fund in exchange for a spin in the Mayer Whirlpool.

When confronted with the allegations, DiBiaggio said, "It was all Nancy's idea," referring to his wife, Nancy Rodham DiBiaggio.

Former TCU Treasurer Scott Lezbug tried to crash the event, but was kicked out after he displaced all the water in the hot tub. Nevertheless, he donated \$5,000

**Gittleman grabs great goal**

**SOL SHELLS SHORE**  
continued from page three

egated to bat boy duties. Ford remembered his colleague. "He couldn't hit, couldn't run, couldn't field, but he tried hard and was a great bat boy."

Gittleman's proudest moment came in 1988 against the Yankees

**Querying queer questions**

**YA**  
continued from page 3

you going to Europe anytime soon? Do you want to save money while you're there? Do you want to sleep in train stations in Europe?

Do you spend all of your free time on the Internet? Do you spend precious time when you could be doing your homework visiting web sites on Yahoo and Excite? Do you never leave your room because you're too busy on the computer, looking at smutville.com? Well, then you need not look any further.

for him."

What remained was an all-out rumble; a Royal Rumble, if you will. The winner, having thrown everyone out of the ring, was an unexpected one: the Daily's own Amy Zimmet. The 5'1" junior used her Southern brand of martial arts and eye gouging to easily top everyone else, including the two of us.

We were supposed to have a point here, weren't we? Well, this page has ceased having points. We don't want a point, dammit. We're sick of viewpoints with "opinions" and "logic." No, we're done with that. Make up your own damn point, you lazy bastard.

to Senior Fund on his credit card.

"I wanted the frequent-flier miles. You know how it is," Lezbug said.

TCU Judiciary co-chair Josh Rubin also was spotted at the fund-raiser. A disappointed DiBiaggio said of Rubin: "He wouldn't let me bang his gavel. It's a big gavel."

DiBiaggio's dogs were not involved in the orgy in any way, the sources said.

At a press conference yesterday, Provost Sol Gittleman announced he has ordered a full investigation of the event at the President's House. "Woo hoo... it was crazy up there," he exclaimed.

in an Old-Timers game when he came to the plate against Ford. "I hit a shot off of Whitey's foot and it landed in Mickey Mantle's Martini in center field."

Gittleman added about this honor, "It is nice to be put in a place with people my own age."

**Residents resigned to recent restlessness**

**GODAAAAAAAAM**  
continued from page 3

occurs during the first day of the winter reading period. "What could be better than seeing those damn bastards running around naked?" said a wide-eyed Gardiner. "I know I'd get turned on. Plus, until we decided to help them out, they pretty much did that on a daily basis, anyway."

When asked how this turn of events came about, Gardiner said, "We were just hogging a lot of rooms over the years to use as a place for hookers to get it on with their clients. We made quite a bit of money off of that deal. How do you think we got the money to renovate Hillside's?"

Juniors and seniors are ecstatic about this new turn of

events and are hopeful that they can turn it into a live porno show. "Godaaaaaaaaaaaaamn. We are going to have a blast," TCU President Andi Friedman said. "This is a great, innovative way to get more funding for the school. It will be the ultimate fuckfest. Orgies all around. Just watch out for the homeless."

**Shexy Sherm shares sure shuicide shecrets**

**EPIC**  
continued from page 3

for several weeks, King said. "We're not talking about kids with any friends, let alone active social lives. Who the hell would notice if they disappeared off the face of the planet?"

Explaining that he was unaware of the cult-like behavior of the EPIC students, King said, "I had no idea they were a cult before this incident occurred. Sure, they're all freaks, but we admit

engineers into Tufts, so what's the difference?"

Apparently there is a difference.

In an off-the-record interview with the Daily, Associate Dean of Students Bruce Reitman said, "Damn right they're a cult! They spend their Friday nights listening to Rabbi Summit's sermons backwards and searching for hidden references to pork, milk, and Cincinnati Reds owner Marge Schott."

Reitman said that the Univer-

sity has been investigating the program for quite some time.

"Why would anyone devote so much time to a stupid symposium? We've long suspected that Teichman uses sexual favors to seduce potential young mates, I mean participants, into the group."

Teichman would not comment on the allegations, claiming that he was "tied up" at the time we called.

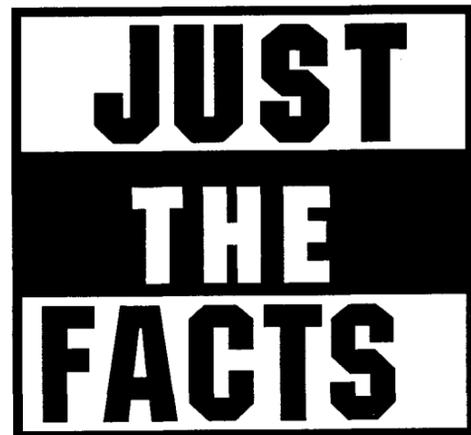
**FACT OF THE WEEK..**

Students with a GPA of "A" reported drinking an average of 3 drinks per week.

If they really were smart, don't you think they'd

find time to drink some more.

Data from an informal poll. Do your own polling for more accurate results.



**MISSING**

The Daily has lost its Arts & Entertainment department. If you find them, please contact Alexis or Abby at x2941.

# Uncle Duke reveals drug use

by GARY TRUDEAU  
Doonesbury Staff Artist  
In a statement from the reputed batch of journalists, Uncle Duke revealed taking drugs while in college. "I also have an illegitimate son," said Duke from his home in Santa Anna, Calif.

Although much criticism has been levelled against the strip for making the same obscure jokes since the 1970s, Uncle Duke has persisted. The fact that nobody even knows who Hunter S. Thompson is bothers nobody. "Please, will someone of this

generation please care about me?" Duke was heard to yell from the third floor of his ranch house. A link to Trudeau's college roommate, Tufts chaplain Scotty MacLennan, was unavailable at press-time. Some speculate on a conspiracy involving the two, an exhaust pipe, and Tony Danza.

# Jason tricks sister yet again

by BILL AMEND  
Foxtrot Lamebrain  
Jason Fox is up to his usual antics. On Monday, the juvenile Fox was implicated in the placing of a lizard in his sister Paige's underwear drawer. "This is only the 17th time

I've done this in the last month!" Fox was heard to say while fleeing the scene of the crime. "I'm, like, totally grossed out," said Paige Fox. "But I'm hardly surprised. It's not like he caught me out of left field by playing a wacky practical joke." Witnesses described the

younger Fox as short little boy obsessed with computers. He was diagnosed with Terminally Unfunny Syndrome after his third season of syndication. "Let's make a few more Star Trek references!" he was heard to shout while running down the street.

# Engineer snaps; kills fifteen

by SCOTT ADAMS  
Dilbert Editorial Nerd  
An unidentified computer engineer with no mouth and an upturned tie shocked employees when he opened fire on the entire boardroom late last night. "I think somebody got hurt

or something," said the lame-brained boss at the man's work. "This will adversely affect productivity." Eyewitness accounts describe the accomplice as a small round dog with glasses and an ego the size of Montana. Nobody is quite sure of the motivation.

A policeman on the scene was hesitant to draw a connection to Daily Assistant Features Editor Meredith Portsmore, reputed engineering mob boss. But the subject has not been ruled out. "We will not rest till he is caught," said Officer Chapin. "Justice will prevail."

# Nothing but bad lawyer jokes

by WILEY  
Far Side Wannabe  
A no-named cartoonist had an idea. "Why don't I write a comic strip without a topic?" Wiley thought. "Then why don't I write an article about it and quote myself?" In a manner that strives for

Seinfeld but merely reaches Suddenly Susan, Wiley picks a totally new topic each day. Unfortunately for the reader, it doesn't make any sense. "I really like picking on lawyers," Wiley said. "Character development is too much for me. I don't want to deal with real people.

"I'm not really all that bright." Wiley has a dream, however. "Some day I'd like to write about stock brokers. There's a lot of humor there. The way they're always 'trading' and 'selling' and stuff." "That's only a dream, though. I don't think I can pull it off."

# Three bears eat dumb blonde

by MIKE PETERS  
Just not funny  
Three bears had a house in the woods. There was a mother, a father, and a younger one of fairly vague age. They went for a walk because they were too impatient to let their porridge cool.

Then some stupid little girl took a walk in the woods and ate their food, broke their stuff, and passed out. The bears came home and noticed that someone had messed with their stuff. Even the youngest one of fairly vague age noticed when his porridge was all gone.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," he said, pointing out the obvious in a way unbecoming a bear. Later, they found the girl in the youngest one's bed. After they woke her up, she tried to run away. But they caught her and ate her, because they had no porridge.

# Around Campus

- | Today  | Tomorrow   |
|--|--|
| <b>The Zamboni</b><br>Putting out a humor paper more than once a year<br>Eaton 333, 9:30 p.m.  | <b>Monty Python Society</b><br>Screening of <i>Life of Brian</i> Dennehy<br>Barnum 008, 12:00 a.m.   |
| <b>PMS (Pre-Medical Society)</b><br>Dealing with the hormonal changes of applying to medical school and menopause<br>Women's Bathroom, whenever we damn well feel like                 | <b>Pedophile Society</b><br>Kids' day 1997 group leader meeting<br>Braker 001, 9:30 p.m.   |
| <b>TASA (Tufts Association of Stupid Assholes)</b><br>Workshop on watching Jim Carrey movies, followed by a workshop on watching Jim Carrey movies<br>Tisch Library AV room. 9:30 p.m. | <b>Tufts Poets Society</b><br>Meeting—new members welcome<br>East 301, 8 p.m.  |
| <b>Arctic Christian Fellowship</b><br>Why has Jesus created this cold weather? Why can't we live in warmth and happiness?<br>Alaska, 7:30 p.m.   | <b>Tufts Cigar Club</b><br>Meet Colin Delaney!<br>Outside of the bookstore   |
| <b>Sociopathic Anthro Dept.</b><br>Killing our forefathers<br>Cabot Auditorium, 4-5:30 p.m.  | <b>Hillel</b><br>Creative ways to mix milk and meat without anyone noticing<br>Hillel Center, every night                                    |
| <b>KSA (Kids shooting adults)</b><br>Target practice<br>President's House, 9:30 p.m.   | <b>TLGBC</b><br>Cooking: Lesbians and other yummy creatures<br>The Commons, lunchtime  |
| <b>Tufts Sex Talk</b><br>Heavy breathing exercises<br>Library roof, 6 p.m.   | <b>Film Series</b><br>Yes, we still exist<br>Barnum 008, 11:57 p.m.  |
| <b>Intentional Scalding Committee</b><br>Molten metal makes me manic<br>Campus Center Rm 207   | <b>The Primary Source</b><br>We don't want you. You might not be white.<br>Our secret hideout, all night long.<br>All night. All night long. |
| <b>Strategic Gaming Society</b><br>Playing with ourselves<br>Campus Center, Smith Room, 7 p.m.   | <b>Amalgamates &amp; sQ</b><br>Rumble in the Jungle II<br>The Jungle, 2:30 p.m.  |
| <b>Eurotrash Center</b><br>Maintaining that smoky aroma<br>Coolidge Room Ballou, 12-1 p.m.   | <b>Tufts Mountain Club</b><br>Now that we let our old home get ruined, it's time to destroy the newly-refurbished one<br>The Loj, 11:00 p.m. |

# You Want The Weather?

TODAY	TOMORROW
 Look out your window, dumbass.	 Wait. Goddamit.

# We wouldn't take away your Crossword

ACROSS

- Yellow color
- Pigtail
- Minute opening
- Fit of shivering
- Stallone role
- Surmounting
- Annoys
- Bay window
- Ascend
- Begin
- Diplomat
- Quarrel
- Lacking spirit
- Inhabiting trees
- Reaches the top of
- Gehrig or Costello
- Blunder
- Stair post
- Ova
- Bill and —
- Hack
- Old object
- Enroll
- Homo sapiens
- Shaking
- Certain kind of Singing
- Satellite
- Precept
- "Hamlet" character
- Young swan
- die (indomitable)
- Where Tripoli is
- Gas: pref.
- Punta del —
- Tum inside out
- Yarn
- Farming need
- Compact
- Minerals
- DOWN
- Way of walking
- Moster of fairly tales
- "Cool Hand —"
- Spanish explorer
- Tender
- Household god
- French pal
- Girder
- Indian of Mexico
- Bird often caged
- Of the ear
- Hashanah
- Sword
- Discharge
- Seagull
- Broad comedy
- Like a lookout
- Pilot's "OK"
- Horn
- Nuts
- Hindu ascetic
- Austin native
- Throw
- Helicopter part
- Stewed
- Unfriendly
- School
- Be dependent
- Stirred up
- Snoothly, in music
- Artless
- Works in verse

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Yesterday's Puzzle solved:

S	O	W	S	F	A	M	E	D	R	A	T	E
A	R	I	A	E	R	O	D	E	E	L	I	A
F	A	L	L	S	I	N	G	S	M	O	P	S
E	N	L	I	S	T	T	E	E	N	I	E	S
N	O	I	S	E	R	E	T					
R	E	S	E	R	V	E	S	T	A	T	U	E
A	L	A	T	A	C	I	T	T	E	N	E	T
D	A	I	S	L	U	T	E	S	D	I	R	E
A	T	L	A	S	R	O	P	E	D	T	I	E
R	E	S	T	O	R	E	P	R	O	C	E	E
U	L	E	P	E	E	V	E					
L	A	C	R	O	S	S	E	N	E	A	R	E
A	V	I	D	T	I	A	R	A	S	O	R	A
S	E	T	A	E	R	R	E	D	E	M	I	R
T	R	E	Y	D	E	L	V	E	S	E	E	K

4/1/97

# Dinner Menudo

## DEWICK-MACPHIE

- Shit
- Crap
- Poop
- Feces
- Caca
- Doody
- Number 2
- Dung
- Guano
- Turds
- Excrement
- Dookie
- Mature sense of humor

## CARMICHAEL

- Jamaican jerk-rubbed chicken
- Semen-rubbed side of beef
- Eggplant rubbed with motor oil
- Phenobarbital-rubbed pork loin char su
- Rub a dub dub
- Rubbing alcohol
- Lowfat curry-rubbed chocolate cake

# JUMBLE

Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

Q U A B S H  
G O O L T  
J O N G L E  
B O T T L E

Answer here: **QUITE TIGHT**

Yesterday's Jumbles: BATHE PANDA CUDGEL JUGGLE  
Answer: You might call His Honor this — A "JUDGE" ON THE BENCH

THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME by Henri Arnold and Mike Argirion



Now arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the above cartoon.

# Quote of the Day

"Free Delivery Daily 4 p.m. 'til closing."

— Espresso's box

Late Night with Copeland O'Thakkar