

COLLEGAIN

• Volume 69, Number 9, Number 9, Number 9.... MORESAGA, CAL.

• April 1, 1999

Cows invade Senate and Campus

by Merton Stools
Staff Writer

In a surprise move, the Senate Sunday night, March 26th made a motion to appoint cows to the Executive Council.

This precedental move by the Senate all started when four cows herded into Galileo 201, and promptly took seats at the front table. The meeting began when one cow who identified herself as Shelly Moohoney banged the gavel repeatedly until it broke calling the Senate to order. "We cows have been watching you for years now and it's time to set you straight!" another cow identified as Bully Parkin commented.

The cows then conducted the most efficient Senate meeting ever. "The cows had an incredible mastery over Roberts Rules of Order." said senator Sam Smith. The cows then proceeded to rip through the budget like a bale of hay finding calculation errors previously missed. Heifer O'Connor, cow treasurer said, "It's a good thing we took over now before the ASSMC turned into another savings an loan." The cow solved all budget problems by doing away with the Gael yearbook and distributing the difference to the other organizations on campus. "I'm just amazed that

the students didn't get outraged when their student body fees were raised \$18, without a vote from everyone on campus, and you think cows are stupid!" said Steerphanie Overholt, cow secretary.

The cows also single hoofedly solved the entertainment problem at Saint Mary's by sponsoring a "Throw a cow-patty at Mike Beseda, Mike Ferrigno or your least favorite administrator contest." Student involvement was overwhelming. "I've never seen the students rally so strongly." commented Dean Travenick.

The difficulty of the Student Union too, was easily overcome by the cows. "They called up a very generous

yet mysterious donor." said Br. Mel. Rumor has it the source might even be as high as the White house. "It's about time we cashed in on our cattle features.", Bully Parkin was overherd saying.

Senator Buster Crane, seemingly a cow

lover, had this to say, "I'm happy the cows took over. I mean, look what we had before. Besides that strange if you go cow tipping you get expelled amendment to the constitution, they've done a great job."



Senate discusses the appointment of cows, Bully Parkin (not shown), Steerphanie Overholt, Shelly Moohoney, and Heifer O'Connor

Collegian Cow

by Jimbo Tuckins
Staff Rancher

Earlier this week, sometime around Wednesday morning we think, Brian Cowsass, a Holstein originally of Decatur, Alabama, arrived on the fourth floor of the squalid asbestos-infested attic space those beer swilling hacks that pass for a newspaper staff call home. We're not exactly sure when he arrived, seeing as Editor Brian Thomas was the only one in the vicinity upon his arrival, but as usual, he was reportedly slumped over his desk, piles of Keystone Light cans surrounding him after what was allegedly another late-night conversation with his fiance. First to arrive on the scene that morning was one Ignacio "Iggy" Gonzalez. Not really so much a staff member as a guy who stands around the office and eats the food of the actual staff members (whatever that means). Gonzalez was looking for Thomas, as the editor allegedly "owed me some ducats. Anyway, when I got here, there was like this, this cow standing in front of the sports desk pecking away at the Macintosh there. Which sorta reaffirmed my belief that if Jim McDaniel can use a Mac, anyone can."

Next on the scene after Gonzalez were Jennifer Ratcliff, *Collegian* news editor with her sidekick, the Gap-clad guy who appeared as an extra in *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*, Carlos Aquino. Standing on tip-toes to look over the desk Ratcliff was somewhat awed at the presence of Mr. Cowsass. The cow quickly took the vertically challenged news editor aside and explained to her that "cow" was spelled "C-O-W" and not "W-C-O," as Ratcliff had been known to invert her c's. Fright-

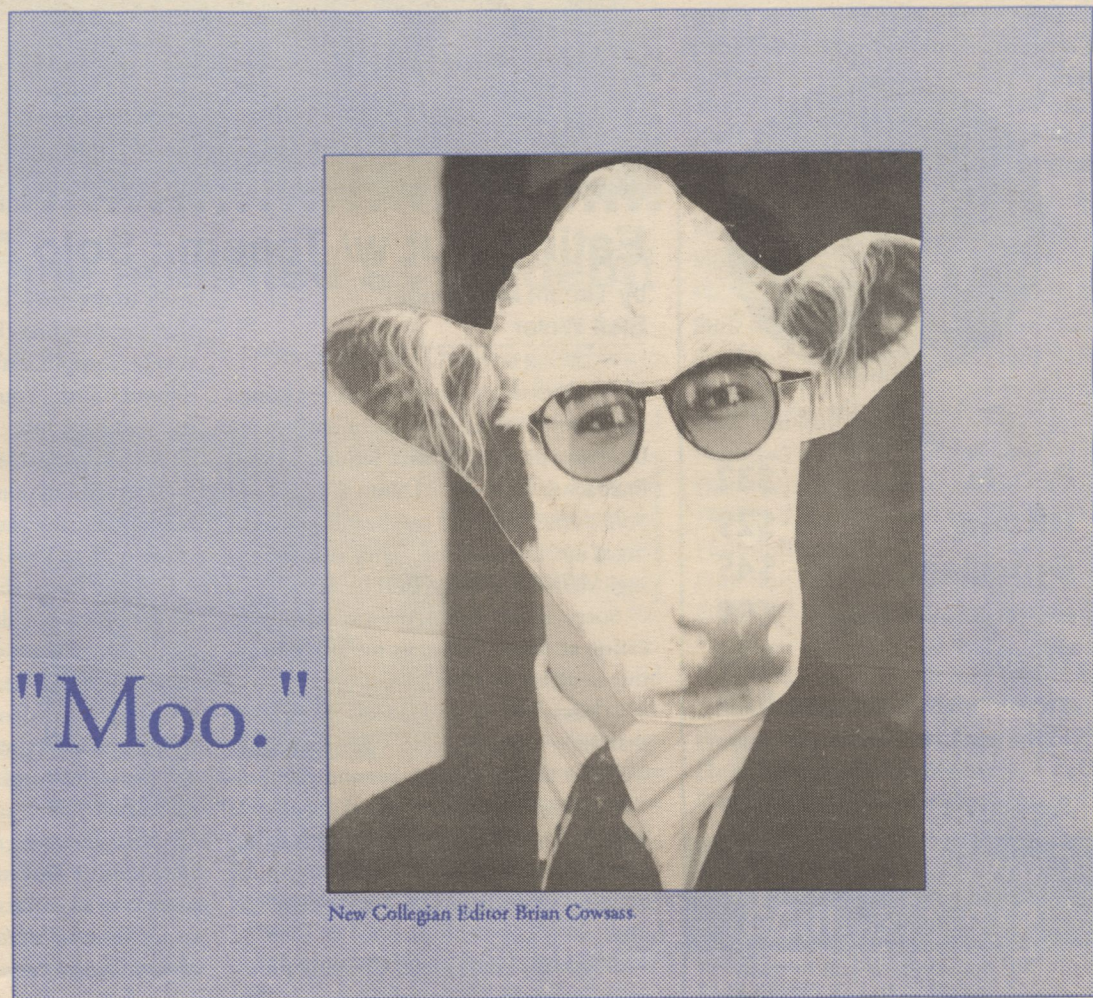
ened, Aquino hurled a rock at the cow from behind. This was a particularly unintelligent move by Mr. Aquino, as Mr. Cowsass promptly kicked him out the window, where he landed in the bed of The Adventuremobile.

The Adventuremobile's owner, A & E hack/punk guy/camera dork Dave Johnson, was arriving back from Chuck's Donuts in lovely Redwood City with Overlord Matt Selaya and future A&E Dominatrix Teeef Denman when Aquino landed in the the El Camino's bed. Luckily, Aquino wasn't injured, as occasional *Collegian* writer/Reeverün guru Erik Thornquist and his girlfriend had chosen the Adventuremobile as the point of that hour's romantic rendezvous, providing ample cushion to break Aquino's fall. Miraculously, up to this point, Thornquist and his companion had not been noticed by Johnson or Selaya, as they had

their attention focused on Gen-X poster child, Denman. Denman refused to comment, but Selaya had this to say: "Maybe this Angry Southern Cow from Alabama will compel students to get off their asses and do something for once. Kill all the business majors!" Johnson was reportedly overheard saying "Punk Rock!"

The one tragedy of the arrival was the death of next year's editor, Chad Dunigan. Dunigan was attempting to remove the cow from the building when the animal

sat down on him and refused to move. Surprisingly enough, Dunigan wasn't crushed, but since people actually *liked* the cow, as opposed to Dunigan, they brought the cow food, but only brought the future editor shepherd's pie from Saga. He died of malnutrition in a matter of days. Afterwards photo grommet Jon Randall was spotted in the *Collegian* restroom hoping for a shot of the cow relieving itself. Opinion Editor Renee Sando saw the cow ne- Please see *Mike Hunt*, page 5



New Collegian Editor Brian Cowsass

Slayer: They're Crap!

by Manley Pointer
Staff Writer

Me and all my frendz were relly jacked and, like, stoked when we herd that Slayer wuz cummin' back too town too play. The last time we saw them play, they fulley rockt. Hardcore! I mean, they just ruled, they were beastly warriors. Whoa!

Anywayz, so like me an Bob and Rodj all got off werk erley last Saturday so, we could like be the first guyz in the pit and fully kick ass on all those little punk dickheds. We were like fully jacked! We were pumped and slamming in the car all the way over to there.

In all my days of going to shows, I must say that I reeley liked the War Field the

best becuze they rocked the hardest there. The walls felt like they were bleeding and we kicked serius ass! Our buddy Doug even got his tooth knocked out.

Well, anyways, so we're their and were jacked and stuff and like the lights went out so wer were all "Slayeeeeeeeeer!!!" And then they all came out and everyone was stoked and they play all acostick and stuff. They blew! I mean, why do all those killer rockers have to do all that acostick crap. Like when Mötley Crüe did thet Home Sweet Home song. It sucked. And that whole last Metallica album with all those wussy slow songs. It sucked! So, Slayer, even though they totally rock beyond my own belief, really suck when they play that wuss metal crap!

SMCTV's Spring Season Shakeups at campus station may jeopardize its future

Bold Lee Gough
Staff Infection

Last week the campus television station, SMCTV, was shocked when its popular dircetor Kevin Horan, aka El Tigre, was found mauled in a dumpster behind Moraga's Safeway. The beloved media guru was rushed to Samuel Merritt to receive free SMC medical care from student nurses. He is reportedly keeping his spirits up and is expected to fully recover within a week.

There are still few clues to how El Tigre was acosted; the only bits of evidence the assailants left behind were bits of hay and course hair. His prized leather jacket was also missing.

There is believed to be no connection between his assault and the recent annexing of the SMCTV station by the uprising cow community. This bovine force has captured the campus quickly, infesing the Medias and post office to gain acceptance.

In the wake of the Dairy rebellion, SMCTV will be producing new shows to appeal to the diversified community. The first show, *Mr. Ron*, premieres next week, but it's premise, an intelligent college official able to converse with ordinary humans and cows, is a bit hard to believe. There is also controversy as to the treatment of the aforementioned official, with rumors that he was electrically charged to simulate intelligent conversation. Nevertheless, the show will premiere Tues. at 8pm.

Cows-Will Travel

The travel agent for the discerning trailer folk!

- Peoria \$32
- Altuna \$29
- Graceland \$45
- (The Pilgrimage Package) \$99
- Vegas \$36
- (The Gittin' Hitched Special) \$79
- (minus \$10 if she's already knocked up)
- Ageno C \$57

Cows-Will Travel
510-376-4000

"We don't care if you're trash as long as you got the cash!"

MUSIC VIEWS

Nun of the A Buff, *Hairy Lizards From Uranus* - The first album this quirky sextet comes off like a warm bucket of hamster vomit. I mean these guys have a lot of talent; unfortunately that talent must lie in the field of spot welding or bovine proctology. Their cliché covers of overplayed Live105 standards would be a perfect soundtrack for testing euthanasia candidates; If they last past track 3 "Green River of Your Soul: An Ode to the Swiss Miss," they'll kick that leukemia in no time.

Overall, I'd recommend you mutilate your face with a garden weasel rather than buy this album. These guys are trash. I don't know where there from, but they might as well be playing some crappy dive like Abernathy's instead of making records.

UPCOMING SHOWS

- Sat. April 1 - Buttered Bunghole @ Jim's Taco Palace 8pm \$6
- Chaffed Raffi @ the Sweaty Hole 9:15pm \$2.45
- Easy E @ the Warfield (cancelled)
- Lou Berney and his Rubber Band @ Slim's 10:45pm £4
- Sun. April 2 - Cool Bill Q's Jazzy Experience @ the Green Nugget, Vegas \$25
- None of the Above @ the corner of Moraga Road and Rheem Boulevard.
- Eegy Geez Flying Geetar @ Your Mom's
- Slifer Kyte @ the Oakland Coliseum; scheduled headliners Yes and Van Halen
- Tues. April 4 - Sweep The Leg Johnny @ Cafe DuNord 40¢
- Stevie Ray Vaughn @ the Warfield (cancelled)
- Timmy Eats Out Alone @ Justin 2nd Floor. (benefit to help fight gingivitis)
- Wed. April 5 - R.E.M. w/ Nirvana @ Shoreline Amphitheatre (cancelled due to swelled heads)
- Earl the Squirrel and his Musical Nuts @ the Henry J. Kaiser Roll 5pm \$39.95
- Stormin' Norman Springer and his Wheels of Steel @ Club Oasis. Scheduled Headliner 2pac and Slick Rick
- Thurs. April 6 - The NightenGaels with Three Altos @ Boston Garden. (cancelled due to lack of interest)
- Erasure @ Your Mom's, Eeegy Gee scheduled headliner. 4%
- Archers of Loaf and Meatloaf @ Bob's Big Boy
- The House of Lozano @ Slim's 9pm \$5 scheduled headliner: A Flock of Seagulls

COME ON DOWN TO THE

flub!

what's that smell in the corner?

Where the beer is so expensive, you won't notice how watered down it is!

Where the lights are low so you can mack all you want without feeling bad the next day!

Where the bands are so loud, you won't have to worry about needless talking, you can get straight to the grind!

The Flub.

Why stay at home and have a crappy time, when you can do the same thing here?

St. Mary's College, in association with KAINOS, presents:

A Carol Lashof Joint

Nora III:

THE RECKONING

Nora's back and this time she's pissed!

Take a journey into the postapocalyptic future where Nora, now a fugitive cyborg with an attitude, fights against MEN, and only MEN. For no particular reason at all. This one woman show produced, written, costumed, catered performed by Carol Lashof will be performed at 12, 2, 4:30, and 7:30 in Wildenradt Theatre. And join Carol on Sturday nights at midnight in Wildenradt for the Rocky Horror Nora Show...Where transvestites from outer space meet a liberated woman.

Tickets on sale now! Priority seating available for WOMEN!

"Ibsen might not have liked it, but when has that ever mattered?" - Polly True *New York Times*

all proceeds from Nora III will go to fight the evil scourge known as the penis. Nasty, nasty organ!

Eating Out w/ Teem : Solo Again

by Teem MacDougal
Staff Writer

It has bees thirty seven days, seven hours, twelve minutes, and four seconds since my little love muffin, Trishia, left me for that linebacker Dwayne. Damn I hate him! Sometimes at night I can hear him laughing at me, mocking me. They're all laughing! MAKE THEM STOP!

Sorry about that. Anyway, I've been eating at home lately, so my place to go this week is... well it isn't exactly a place, it's a box of Franks and Cheez. You know, that new macaroni and cheese product with the fake cheese packet and the little wieners right in the box. Speaking of little wieners, I wonder what Dwayne is doing now. That rat bastard. I'd like to rip off his head and eat Grape Nuts out of his skull.

Anyways, Franks and Cheez is pretty tasty, especially if you add some mayon-

naise to the mix. The best part about it is that the mingling cheese and wiener tastes nicely compliment a chilled bottle of Thunderbird. You know, we used to go out and have fun. We were Teem and Trish, unstoppable. We'd go to some fancy restaurant and get loaded and then head back to my place and she'd stroke my calves and...DAMN HIM!!!

Did you know that a human being can go for seventeen days without sleeping? Yep, I spend most of my nights that way now awake, alone, with a nice pot of wieners and a fifth of Jack. He's your only true friend...yep just him and a plateful of cheesy wieners and you've got a night to remember.

Ed Note: We apologize for the recent tone of these Eating Out articles. We here have pooled our resources and raised enough cash to pay for a hooker for Teem. Hopefully, he should be back to his old self by next issue. Viva Teem.

REDLIES

by Beeg Red
Self-Effacing Media Whore

Have you ever wondered what it would be like if your head was a sentient bowl of chile con carne, maybe with a little bit of premoistened cornbread on the side; you know, the kind with little nuggets of bacon and carrots baked right in to give it an extra gritty flavor?

Well, anyways, that leads me to my next point fateful readers, that being that I'm pissed off. Whosoever that may have incurred the wrath of yours truly, Esq., will heresoever be confined to a rank and squalid hell of my choosing by virtue of my mighty word processing fingers and rot there like the bilous scummy maggot that htey are ASAP, DOA, QED.

Wow, and have I ever mentioned that you should get involved? I mean it's your life, don't be stupid though, cuz if you waste it...well you get the picture.

How you ever noticed how clichéd self relizations are? I mean if you analyze yourself you are attempting to inflict anaylsis on the entire group as a whole and ergo boosting your own ego, no matter how much you doth protest.

Oh well, maybe next time I'll mention something that has a nugget of entertaining value in it. Then again, isn't that a self criticism only to highlight th efact that I am trying to be ironic and think you all really like me? HmMMMM...

The Cool/Sucks List

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| cool | sucks |
| refrigerators | Hoovers |
| ice | Black Holes |
| fans | straws |

Hello to my secret admirer, Thanks for the Zam phone conversation! -Matt

J.D. Ryan Controls You All With Ultra-Secret Radiowaves! Run Now And Put Aluminium Foil On Your Noggin To End His Reign Of Terror

buy Roundup!!!

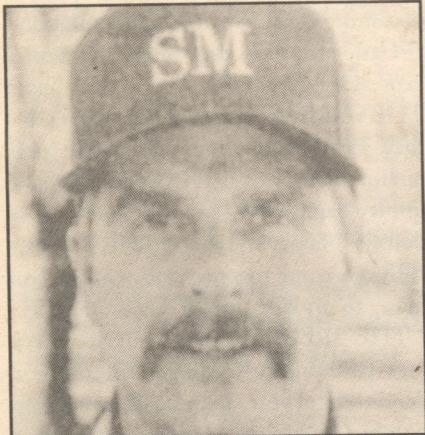
Teef teef comeceng!!!

Believe in Bovine Intervention

AAAAAAAAARGH!!! Waaah!!!

don't you wish sometimes that your eyes were Jujubes?

Jamerson "canned" in light of on and off the field behavior



Jamerson plays himself out of a job

by Chris Berman
Guest Correspondent

With just under half of the '95 season left to play, Don Jamerson has been fired as Head Coach of the St. Mary's baseball squad.

Although the move was a quick one, it was anything but unexpected. Rumors of Jamerson's termination began last weekend on the heels of a heated confrontation between Jamerson and senior second baseman Sean Dunbar in between the two games of a double header last weekend against Santa Clara.

In the first game with two outs in the bottom of the ninth, and the Gaels trailing 4-2, Dunbar hit a towering drive deep into the left-center alley. As he rounded first base he picked up his third base coach (Jamerson), who was waiving Dunbar around second and into third. However, as Dunbar came digging around second and neared third, Jamerson put up his hands motioning Dunbar to stop and return to second. By this time, the throw had come in from centerfield, leaving Dunbar hung up between second and third and the tying run in the on deck circle.

As Santa Clara left the field, Dunbar was understandably livid. Dusting himself off and walking toward the dugout, he was met at third base by Jamerson. "What the fu—are you callin'", yelled Dunbar.

"Hey man, I just wanted to end it. They had us whipped already, why drag it out?", explained Jamerson sympathetically and with a rare smile.

This, unfortunately, isn't the only story that has been brought to the forefront by Jamerson's termination. Apparently, leading up to this confrontation Jamerson had already lost every bit of respect his players once had of him several weeks before when the Gaels traveled to Reno for a three game series against the UNR Wolfpack. Allegedly, the team's current string of losses had become too much for him as during the stay Jamerson spent more time in the casinos and "nudey bars" than he did with the team. After missing the first game, Jamerson told reporters, "I was extremely sick with the flu and would have been unable to coach effectively". Apparently Jamerson had only been telling a fraction of what really happened. Yes, he was sick, but not with the flu. To the contrary, Jamerson had been admitted into Nevada

Soggy "Flake" enters day 321 of trial

Public Safety officer to make important testimony

by MiJ LeinaDcM
RotidE StropS

Today marks day 321 of the Coley "Corn Flakes" Connelly trial. Today's testimony includes Public Safety officer Tom Whitson, who is expected to confirm the fact that he got a clear view of Connelly in the back seat of the 1994 white Bronco that was made infamous after the events of May 13, 1995.

Who can forget where they were that notorious day in St. Mary's College history, May 13, 1994, when the sad, shocking saga of one man's obsession and betrayal began. As you all recall, at approximately 6:30 p.m. Pacific time, Corn Flakes was questioned at the

Moraga Police Department regarding the sudden disappearance of 14 computers from Fillipi Hall on the St. Mary's Campus. Bystander Rebecca Falk explained, "Corn Flakes appeared agitated

and disturbed when he left the station. I knew by the look in his eyes that he was getting the hell out of Dodge." (Incidentally, Falk, a professor at St. Mary's, was a prime suspect early on the case. She was in for questioning at the time Corn Flakes was brought in, but was released after providing a solid alibi for that evening. In an unrelated case, she was later indicted for postal fraud after attempting to send a blow up doll of Herve Villechaise to Uganda. She remains in Moraga police custody at presstime).

Falk's character analysis of the Flake, as his fans affectionately dubbed him, was right on target. Corn Flakes left the police station with two Moraga Police Officers. En route to transporting the suspect to 7-11 for a "slurpee break," the ill-fated officers stopped on Ascot to break up a small get together. This was

all that desperate Corn Flakes needed to get away. Uncuffed, Corn Flakes left the police vehicle and sprinted some 1.2 miles to the St. Mary's Campus. It was here that he threw some clothes and possessions in his 1994 white Bronco and took off for the airport. Those officers, who in the annals of infamy have been dubbed "milk" and "toast", were mauled at the scene of the escape by angry residents after dusting the keg and trying to steal the cap.

Corn Flakes did not make it past the front gate before public safety and the Moraga Police Department were able to construct a blockade with the combined might of their three vehicles. At this, Corn Flakes flipped a bitch and the chase was on. "It was like nothing I have ever seen



Proud public safety officer, Tom Whitson, stands by the confiscated bronco.

before," said jogger Bill McKenna. "I didn't know that there were that many police vehicles around."

To add to the event, Corn Flakes was not driving the Bronco. It was discovered, mainly because of his green hair, that wide receiver Blake Tuffli was the driver of the Bronco.

After finding Corn Flake's car phone number, Public Safety contacted Tuffli. While the two sides chatted, The Bronco and the three law enforcement vehicles made some 82 trips around the loop. America was glued to their TVs and the 2 mile/hour pace had some law enforcers from other parts of the country crying, "unprofessional."

Tuffli argued that Corn Flakes was just trying to pay coach Mike Rasmussen a final visit and that he was not trying to flee the country, although he had no explanation for why The Flake had purchased a

one way ticket to Cuba with his SMC-sponsored gold card and kept exclaiming "you got some 'splainin' to do, Lucy!" At one point, the dialogue did get heated. The officers asked Tuffli who he was and he shouted, "You know who I am! Who the hell else has green hair in Moraga? One more stupid question and I am going to use Corn Flakes' gun! Whoops."

At 11:05 pm, the Bronco finally ran out of gas. Several hundred classmates of Corn Flakes and Tuffli were carrying signs and shouting in favour of their football heroes as they were cuffed and taken peacefully to the Moraga jail.

"The community really got behind Corn Flakes," commented Tom Brokaw of the Nightly News. "It is going to be interesting to see if Corn Flakes can get a fair trial after all of this exposure."

The following days led to a prompt search of both Corn Flakes' vehicle and of his off campus residence. Seven key-

boards and some 17 discs were found in the Bronco. At Corn Flakes' home, there was more bad news for the defense, seven monitors were found buried in the back yard and there were three trash cans of computer chips hidden under a large tarp in the garage. Corn Flakes' fingerprints were also found all over Fillipi Hall and each of the recovered computers.

"This is far from a clear cut case," said defense attorney Johnny Cochrane. "Would my client really be dumb enough to leave so much software lying around?"

Prosecutor Martia Clark has not gained any popularity among football fans during the case. Clark insists, "Football players are stupid. I have known football players who can't remember to get dressed before leaving the house."

As we brace for Tom Whitson's testimony, Flakes has reportedly finished a novel entitled, "I'm a Gael, Not a Thief."

Faith Hospital by assistant coach Rod Ingram upon discovering him passed out in a Circus Circus alley. Police officials later commented saying, "We had alot of trouble with that guy (Jamerson) last night. On a number of occasions the individual had to be reprimanded for apparently exposing himself to the female dancers while fumbling with his genitals and exclaiming, "Hey baby, give me some lovin'". The only reason we didn't arrest him for public indecency, was because he just seemed so darn sad. Besides he was kind of amusing."

The next day Jamerson was quietly discharged from the hospital after being treated for alcohol poisoning and severe depression.

The deciding factor said athletic director Rick Mizzuto had to do with the recent absence of senior Kelly Asan, a two-time member of the WCCAll-Academic Team, and one of the Gaels' most talented players. It wasn't until Friday when Jamerson was officially terminated that the reason for his (Asan's) absence were released. Apparently, Jamerson broke NCAA regulations when he gave assistant Coach and

former "big-leaguer" Kiko Garcia the go ahead to hook Asan up with a try out for the Oakland A's replacement squad.

If you ask me, Jamerson should have been fired regardless of all these instances, just look at his record-it's pathetic. After starting the season at 8-4, they have since lost 15 of 18 games, dropping them to 12-19 overall. It's hard to explain why they can't win more than three out of eighteen games. We are division I aren't we? C'mon even a blind squirrel finds a nut every once in a while...can't we find a win?...or a coach?