



Blue mooning, not Blue Hawaii for Elvis

As a new student at this fine University, I feel the need to inform you Ags that you have a media treasure in your midst. In the realm of newspaper journalists, there is an overall lack of fresh material to expound upon. It is hard to find a diamond amongst all the coal. Your gem shines like a full moon.

Of all the columnists that have rehashed the issues of yesterday, today and tomorrow, I have never experienced the power of journalism as I have through the works of Stacy Feducia. I have found her narratives concerning her butt crack to be the epitome of first class journalism. Her buttocks yield fresh new scent in the closet of opinion moth balls.

As students of higher education, surely you must have felt a sense of excitement when Feducia's butt crack was first aired in print. Didn't you realize that you were witnessing the work of a rising star? Fellow Ags, we should join together in raising Feducia's butt as a beacon to the world that a new voice, has risen here in College Station. May I be the first in extending my thanks to Feducia. Her buttocks have cast their light upon the eyes and heart of one who can recognize genius,

Roy Clay
Class of '94

Reader thinks Elvis should go to Dudd's

With this letter, I am not calling for action. I am calling for just the opposite, inaction. Although, some would argue that inaction is a societal evil, I would just as soon not talk about it. After all, what does it really matter?

Why does everyone have an agenda that he or she must get accomplished no matter what the costs? Why does every issue have two factions that will not extend even the most common of courtesies to the opposing side?

What issue is of such mind-boggling, priority-needing, earth-shattering importance and complexity that it cannot be solved with a beer and a nap? Hell, I would drink a beer of any kind, make,

cost or temperature with anyone in the entire world no matter what age, gender, creed, sexuality or religion. Based on past experience, I dare say personal hygiene habits would not even get in the way.

So what I can't understand is why all the segregation and separation. If separate groups are the answer, then why don't we just form two lines, pick captains, choose teams and play a giant game of dodgeball. After the game we'd go to Duddley's; the losing team would buy the first round, we'd drink some Shiner and then we'd go home and take a nap.

All the people of the world would be well-rested, relaxed and happy. The point: sit back and let things take their course as nature would have it. Nothing is really that big of a deal.

So, when people try to tell you that something needs to get done to further their "cause," just remember what Bill Murray said in Meatballs, "It just doesn't matter!" Say it with me now! "It just doesn't matter!" "It just doesn't matter!" "It just doesn't matter!" "It just doesn't matter!"

Kyle Burnett
Class of '94

Elvis is everything, so is The Battalion

It never fails! As I sit in class waiting for the lecture to start I can't help but overhear the lewd remarks of my fellow classmates as they read the current issue of The Battalion. These comments run the gamut of "those pinko Commies," "tree-hugging liberals, back-assed Rednecks," "Neo-Nazi skinheads," "dope-smoking, freedom-loving hippies," and so on.

As a copy editor at the Butt, I will be the first to tell you that we are all of those things and more. We at The Battalion are your average homo/heterosexuals and self-satisfying, self-centered, philanthropic, pro- and anti-abortion, Simpsons-watching, Libertarian, closet Democrat/Republicans who not only stretch the truth but also report the facts to the best of our abilities while protesting for abortion-, women's-, gay-, equal-, and animal rights and still have the time to burn our bras, books, Bibles, and American flags.

We are also a bunch of non-reg, two-

percenting, bow-headed, Corps Turd, frat daddy SBs that are tree-hugging, Bonfire-building, Earth friendly and ozone-depleting, on and off Sco-Pro and the Dean's List, unemployed, underpaid, financial aid and scholarship receiving, Asian, Hispanic, Indian, African, Italian, Greek, Russian, Slavic, Haitian, Scottish-Americans, on and off campus-living liberals and conservatives who are Jerry Falwell, Oral Roberts, Robert Tilton, PTL-following Atheist, Agnostics, Assemblies of God, Hari Krishnas, Catholic, Protestant, Islamic, Buddhist, Hindu, Zen-Rastafarian, Jewish, Mormon, Jehovahs Witnesses, Christian Scientists, Branch Davidian and Satan-worshipping holy rollers and Koran/Bible thumpers.

So the next time you "Get it in the Butt," remember this: We pretend to be journalists because you pretend to be students.

Heather Winch
Class of '95

Elvis concert sparks Battalion clerk revolt

I'm just a peon here at the Battalion. I come in each day and perform my job as a clerk. Yes, my job is to answer dumb questions on the telephone, handle "What's Up" (such as the meetings for the Pig Lips Eating Club), and type in all of your letters to the editor. Now it is my turn to write you a letter! Being quite an optimistic person and a non-journalist, I used to be quite oblivious to the problems of this campus and world. But thank you, Texas A&M! Now I know everyone's problems and more.

Seriously, I have quite enjoyed your letters, and some of them are so petty that they make me laugh. As for the positive letters such as the one I just typed about the guy who carried his books on his head and made a girl laugh, thank you very much because you have now made me smile too! You make my low status, minimum wage, uninteresting job worthwhile! (Of course I really quite enjoy the extra cash, the people at the Battalion, the employment experience, etc., but it's April 1! This is my chance to say all I ever wanted!) Have a great day!

Wren Eversberg
Class of '93

Working here at the Battalion has been a great experience for me. As a writer, clerk and productions worker, I get to hear all of the readers complain time and time again about what a terrible job we staffers do. Now it's my turn to gripe at you about the "little" things that you do to make my life miserable.

There is no business for anyone to submit a "What's Up" submission if they don't even know the name of their orga-

nization or function. What do you think I am, queen of ESP?

I have no complaints really about letters, only that sometimes you non-journalists get a little carried away with the adjectives. Try to stick with the topic you're writing about and please don't ramble on. I have to admit, for the most part your letters have been interesting.

Time is short, enough of the Battalion stuff! I hope everyone has a great April Fool's Day! For those who are as gullible as I am, be on your toes!

Carrie Miura
Class of '95

'Schoolhouse Rock' in library with Elvis

Rising out of the coastal steppes of East Texas, Sterling C. Evans Library - architecture strangely reminiscent of the Jawa's sand-crawler in the classic movie Star Wars - assaults our academic skyline.

Recent criticisms of the fightin' Texas Aggie Library make my maroon blood boil. Aggies are to believe that Evans doesn't have enough books, journals and money. What an outrage!

Evans possesses one of the largest scarce- and hard-to-find book collections in the nation somewhere in its prodigious bowels, which more than offsets any deficit the library might have in the total number of volumes it carries. Further, Evans does not engage in the tawdry academic fad of keeping a well stocked periodical and journal department, saving Aggies thousands of dollars which we can turn around and spend on football games, koozies and CD's.

Finally, Evans has been an innovator on the cutting edge (no pun intended) of the occult art of keeping library patrons happy. For instance, Evans' scenic tours to its Texas branch provide Aggie students an opportunity to view wildflowers, a service no other library can boast.

And just last fall, Evans presented an avant-garde olfactory art exhibit. Visitors could be observed heaving and lunging out of the Periodicals Department due to the exhibit's concentrated alcohol fumes. Sewage was backed up in the same wing of the library for the occasion. The skull and crossbones announcing this historic exhibit created a dark and brooding atmosphere in which to fumble through newspapers, gag on fumes and contemplate the glorious end of Western Civilization. I was touched and quite possibly toxic for a week afterward. During the exhibit, I thought I saw a Jawa scurry around a book shelf. No doubt it was salivating and making do in this desert.

Matthew K. Dickerson
Class of 2000

Willie is better than Elvis, angry CT says

All right, I've heard enough. Being a CT and a redneck I've seen my share of racist and harassment accusations. And I can't deny what my less intelligent peers may have done. However at The Battalion it seems that I am the minority.

To begin with, every time I order a hamburger, the entire vegetarian-hippie staff forms a picket line outside the door to prevent me from getting to my evl-burger (which is probably tofu and soybeans anyway). I was even tricked into eating a cleverly-disguised veggie roll, and I've heard that a few of the devoted are holding an exorcism to scourge me of my "Damn it-give-me-two-pounds-of-steak-and-a-Lone Star" attitude.

Following that, I am forced to defend the "yodeling" of Willie Nelson against the "enlightened" music of P.M. Dawn and other such weirdos wonderful singers (Note the inevitable editing by the new-age opinion weirdos wonderful people). Face it. Willie can sing better than I can... who am I to complain?

And my membership in the Corps provokes all sorts of verbal harassment. I am continually forced to answer stupid questions like "How do they decide which CT blocks traffic while the rest run by?"

I am tired of being subjected to this treatment by these liberal, carrot-munching activists. I call upon the conservative of A&M (there's probably a few) to demand equality of the press and apply to The Battalion for this summer and next fall.

Dave Thomas
Class of '93

Opin-yawn Editor explains Elvis theory

It was a dark and rainy night - of course, we at the Battalion office couldn't tell because our office is in the basement - nevertheless, it was on such a night that the original 'Battalion' was born back in the early 1980s.

And it was on such a night that the 'I Have NO Life Club' at the Batt decided to pay homage to our forebears, throw caution to the wind, respect libel laws and present the April Fools' Day paper. Don't panic: WE ARE MAKING THIS UP! WE WILL reVert back to our boring Selves tomorrow. April FoolS is the only KInd of day that we can Get away with this! So enjoy it while you can.

But just remember, Rev. Willie is the illegitimate daughter of Lassie and Benji.

Stacy Feducia
Ruler of the known world

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