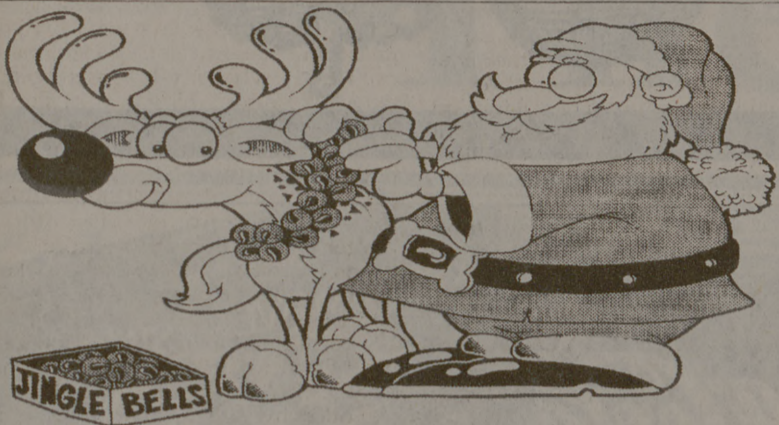


# OPIN-YAWN

Thursday, April Fool's Day

The Buttalion

Stacy Feducia's Bock is Beautiful Page



**WANTED: SANTA CLAUS alias Kris Kringle, St. Nick - known for pedophilia, cultural insensitivity and weird penchant for toys, deer and elves. HO! HO! HO!**

## The Buttalion Idiotorial Bored

Steve O'Brien, editor in briefs

Jason Loughman, masturbating editor  
Todd Stone, bonehead editor  
Stacy Feducia, ruler of the known world  
Susan Owen, short chick editor  
Elvis Aron Presley, king of rock and roll, patron saint, rock vocalist

The Buttalion



100 sneers at Texas A&M

## IDIOTORIAL

### Regulate Santa Claus

#### Old Saint Nick is dirty old man

He goes by a number of aliases: Father Christmas, Kris Kringle, St. Nick, and most commonly Santa Claus.

But his real name is Lucas Rhodes. He's a heroin addict, a dead-beat dad, and a convicted child molester who is out on parole. Although it seems an unlikely story, "Santa" may not be who he seems. Underneath that snowy white beard, he's purring when little Johnny sits upon his knee.

We all remember our first ride on Santa's lap. But lurking beneath the fluffy beard is a debauched soul without a conscience or a license. That's right. All you need to be a Santa in America is some prison-issue black boots and a beer belly.

In a country where you need a license to run a trot-line, kids can wriggle on Santa's magic lap without his having need for permit of any kind. President Clinton says it's time for a change, yet he lacks a coherent policy by which Americans can again feel safe to walk through mini-malls of this fine land.

The myth of Old St. Nick tell of a man who sneaks around your house in the middle of the night, uninvited, leaving "gifts" for your children. This story gives credibility to perverse behavior exhibited by unscrupulous Santas.

Clinton must get the despicable Santas off their merry thrones, out of the shopping malls and into a licensing office before they stick another candy cane into unsuspecting little mouths. But let us not stop there. Next time

you walk through the Winter Wonderland that is a shopping center in December, look at the face of Santa. Do you see the diversity of nationalities that make up this nation? No. Do you see the sharp minds of both sexes? No. Almost every Santa in these United States is a white male.

It's time for the Department of Labor to step in. Where has the Equal

Employment Commission been hiding its head? In times when more and more people are growing sensitive to knowledge that all are created equal, the lone profession of Santa Claus-ing has been left to white men. We need a system where we can pick Santas not based on their sex and gender, but on their knowledge of gift-giving, reindeer, elves, and the North Pole. More Africans. More Native Americans. More

Middle Easterners. More Asians. And definitely more women.

Furthermore, someone needs to investigate why there are no Jewish or Islamic Santas. Do those who hire these masked marauders think a non-Christian cannot be as skilled at gift-giving as a Christian? Does a non-Christian Kris Kringle lack the ability to "Ho! Ho! Ho!" right along with the Christian Kris? This lack of diversity is truly a travesty of a nation that claims to be so equal, especially in the holiday season.

In these times of change, we need reform. And, in viewing the blatant discrimination in the merriest of careers, something must be done.

We need Santa reform, dammit.



## Elvis sighted on Opin-yawn page

### College: They call it a trap, and we can't walk out!

The great communicator, Ronald Reagan, almost once said, "If breasts were fish, I would've stayed in school." But, he didn't, and that's where it all begins.

What is school? Is it fish? Could be. I'm not talking about freshmen, either. As a matter of fact, what is the relevance of that nickname? Do we all enter college with scales, fins and sick, filmy, bulbous eyes? Of course not. That happens about our junior year. And what's the deal with names like Piss Head, Band Queer and Corps Turd? Oh, stop my quivering loins.

When Shakespeare said a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, he hadn't considered the full range of possibilities. Buying someone a dozen long stem snodspurts, for example, would not be a big Valentine's Day hit.

Another great communicator, Ross Perot, might have said, "Here's how it is. Elvis - he of hound dog or bulldog fame - took my wife's Caboodles makeup kit along with a pair of her best support hose, made himself up like my daughter, crashed her wedding and tried to marry my son-in-law before someone noticed the sideburns. Now, that's just sad. Sad."

So, is school about Elvis? Could be. Look at all the king has to offer. Everything we really need to know about life, we can learn from any of Elvis' greatest hits volumes. I personally recommend "Elvis Presley - Our Memories of Elvis, Volume 2" and "Elvis - A Canadian Tribute."

Take these gems for example. "I Got a Feelin' in My Body" - This is a song about how to deal with the ill-effects of consuming too much cheese.

"Green Green Grass of Home" - This song was created specifically for those who have trouble with color identification.

For those interested, I suggest listening to the lesser-known "Red Red Bloodstains on the Sidewalks of Home" (also a popular beer drinking song for those who find themselves in the midst of government housing).

And finally, "That's What You Get for Leavin' Me" - After listening to this song, there can be no mistaking its relevance to the current Clinton Administration. Take these lyrics for example: "Everything we have is gone, gone, gone. / Don't you see. That's what you get for lovin' me. / Now don't you start cryin' again. / You should have known how things would end."



TONI GARRARD  
CLAY  
Bonehead

A lesser-known German communicator, appearing on a special edition of Dieter's 'Sprockets,' unwittingly described the relationship between University administration and students when asked to detail his ideal date: "I push you down. I make you drink antifreeze until you puke. I pee on you screaming, 'House on fire! House on fire!' Then, you wake up in the morning with a size seven poop-shoot."

So, is school about dating? Could be. We each have our own horrifying stories of interludes with the opposite sex. But, the dating nightmare can be partially improved by using the appropriate screening techniques for identifying satanic pick-up lines. For your benefit, we'll review a few of the most commonly used lines:

\* "Are you free around midnight during Summer Solstice?"  
\* "Are you a virgin?"  
\* "Do you have an aversion to naked men with large, shiny daggers dancing in circles around your chained body?"  
\* "You know, I think the Satanic Bible is highly underrated as a work of classical literature. Don't you?"

\* "I'm particularly fond of hooved animals. Would you know of any quaint little out-of-the-way goat farms in the area?"

\* And finally, the classic, "Hi, I'm Satan. You can call me Bubba." Watch out for this one. It's particularly common at the Chicken.

While these pick-up lines may seem quite obvious, more than a few unfortunate souls have fallen victim to a smooth talking devil. Take for instance, Paulina Poritzkova and Ric Ocasek or Madonna and any one of her emasculated conquests.

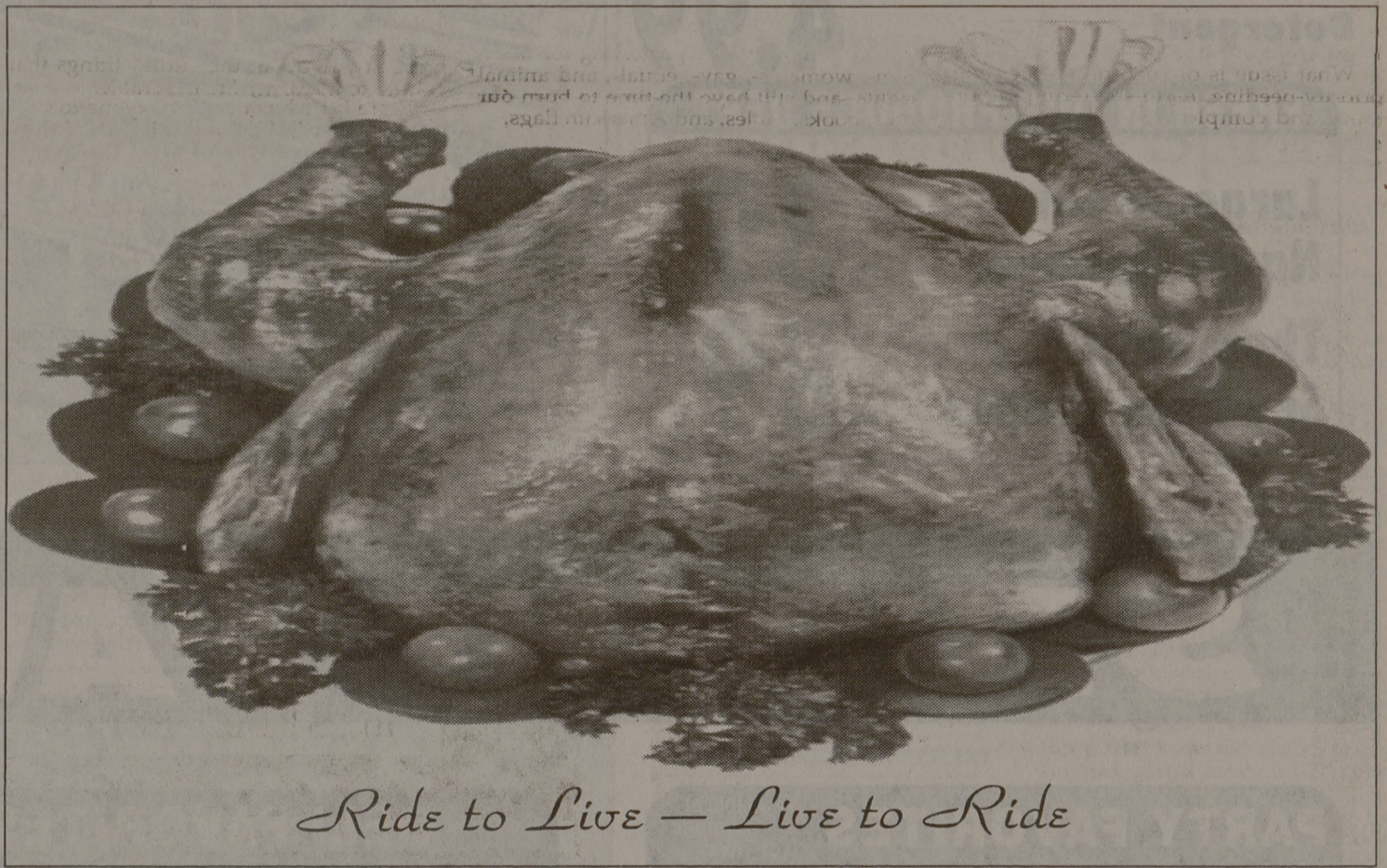
Maybe school is about Madonna. Could be. After all, she is very fond of fish. In fact, it's been rumored that fish were involved when she spent that night with Elvis and Ross Perot's son-in-law in a seedy Tucson motel room right next to Betty Lou Thelma Liz's Red Neck Mother All-You-Can-Eat Cafe.

So, just what is college? Some say it's reality. Some say it's dancing naked on the fourth floor of Evans library screaming passages of Dostoyevsky's "Crime and Punishment." I say it's neither.

Franny Glass may have come closest to the truth when she said, "I got the idea in my head - and I could not get it out - that college was just one more dopey, inane place in the world dedicated to piling up treasure on earth..."

While that may be true, at least it's a better joint than Betty Lou Thelma Liz's Red Neck Mother All-You-Can-Eat Cafe. And that's something we can all be thankful for.

Clay is a brazen hussy and saucy tart.



COLLEGE STATION, TX  
APRIL FOOLS'  
1993  
**MAIL CALL**

### Elvis seen at Bonfire, a hunka burnin' love

Every year I get more and more disappointed with the way our esteemed University handles the "Bonfire Situation."

With each coming fall, hundreds of doomed trees find their way to Ag-gieland to be placed in one of the great phallic monuments with the anticipation of a glorious ritual blaze to ensure the spirit of victory against t.u.

Yet that is where the glory ends. When will the fools in charge realize that such a tradition needs - nay, demands a climax of ultimate proportions.

Instead of cautioning Aggies about the evils of drinking and rowdiness, they should be encouraging a total, unbridled, orgasmic release. Let us drink. Let us dance. Let us run naked before

the raw power of bonfire. Return bonfire to its pagan heritage. Return the glory to this tradition.

John M. Scroggs  
Class of '93 - 4 - 5

### Suspicious minds in bathroom with Elvis

The secret of the campus is more untold than that of The Crying Game. It's scourge more awful than the lack of multicultural Santas.

Stacy Feducia is a man. Last Thursday night, I sat studying on the library's fourth floor. As the clock struck 11, nature called and I retreated to the men's room. As I walked to the wall of urinals, I saw Ms. Feducia with her skirt hiked up around her

waist standing next to a urinal, peeing. This cross-dressing behavior should not be tolerated. All the queer cross-dresser types in the world should be sent to storm that damn Waco compound and kill that crazy sonofabitch.

Sir Fatty  
Class of '00

### Love them tender, Elvis slams writers

Being the only sane person around, I have taken it upon myself to slam all you non-ultraconservatives on the opinion page. First of all let me say doing this hurts me more than it hurts you. I am doing this strictly out of love and concern for you and your welfare. Although I hate all your stupid columns, I still like you. So don't be offended, I am a friend. After all we don't have to agree on everything in order to get along, right? I've often wondered what happens, though, when you can't agree on anything.

Hmm... So maybe I'm not your friend. And maybe I hate all of your guts - and, and maybe I think all your

feet stink. (This is the part where, with all the education A&M has provided me and all 23 years of maturity behind me, I proceed to stick out my tongue.)

To change yourselves in order to be as PERFECT as I am, I recommend several things:

1. All the guys should shave their heads and wear robes. Joining a monastery is an option for everyone except Matt Dickerson. Sorry Matt you can't. You're married, remember?

2. All the females can remain as they are, that is as gorgeous and beautiful as God intended. Remember to keep writing touchy-feely columns exhibiting the grace and compassion only a female can have for the human race. As for Stacy Feducia, I'll address her columns individually.

Robert Vasquez, have you considered counseling? Honestly, you write about "lobsters crying out." Oh, and I heard about you shedding a few tears at Red Lobster just the other day. Yes, you claim to be a chauvinistic pig but we all know you are the ideal sensitive man of the 90s.

Concerning Stacy and her columns: Thank you so much for helping us understand the human body more. You continually help readers go past society's social taboos, explore new worlds,

new galaxies, new civilizations, and boldly go where no man has gone before - space. Yeah, yeah, space, space, just lots of empty space. I won't bring up the famous colon columns right now.

They say honesty is the best policy. I hope all of you think so after I slammed you. I just needed to express myself. Understand? I hope you'll forgive me and forget about it. I hope all the 40,000 readers do too. Ha ha ha.

Janet Holder  
Class of '92

Editor's Note: Holder is the president of the Alternative Sex Club. She goes by the alias, Janet "Hold me down" Holder.

Editorials reflect the infinite wisdom of Stacy Feducia and her immaculately intelligent Opinion Page staff.

We take no responsibility for boneheads who write into the Buttalion complaining about Bonfire, homosexuality, abortion, Republicans and Democrats, religion, howdy, MSC grass, the Corps, non-regs, Greeks, multiculturalism, ad nauseum because they have nothing better to do and, in fact, have no lives. We believe that these individuals were paid by David Koresch to persecute those of us who are their intellectual superiors and that they exist solely to make Stacy's life hell by causing her irritable bowel syndrome to act up.

Chieftains who habitually rant and rave are ineffective leaders. Huns who periodically complain are just being Huns - it is their way of ridiculing themselves of momentary frustration. - Altius the Hun.

Elvis lives inside of my butt. - Stacy Feducia, ruler of the known world.