

IFC continues to ruin lives and kill children

I apologize to the three people who read this column for its lack of existing last week. Even whiny jackasses need to rest up every once in a while and recharge the guns.

I was thrilled to see Max Vest out at The Row on Friday night. His costume was a little ambiguous, though. I couldn't tell if he was an angry old man or maybe an angry, angry old man. But I'm glad he was out there to see SAE get broken up. An administrator watching a fraternity party getting busted elicits the same orgasmic feeling as a 14-year-old boy finding his dad's rusty old box of lesbian pornos.

And really, the only time SAE should ever end a party early is if two brothers show up wearing the same custom-made bright pink collared shirt. But SAE showed some of its pretty balls on Saturday. It knew the IFC was out there and it still let lots of unlisters into the party. That's admirable. It defied the devil-worshippers (IFC) and subtly told them what every student on this campus wants to say to the IFC: Get the large tree trunk out of your ass

and the sand out of your collective vagina.

Screech was funny. There, I said it. For all its flops in the past few years, CAB knocked the ball out of the park on this one. Everyone came to see the wash-up make a fool of himself, but he held his own. I doubt he wrote all of his own material, but that's not really important. The goofy-looking bastard gave CAB an early Christmas present.

Sticking with the positive for a second here, WDCE put on a great show on Monday night. Nada Surf is one of the best bands I've heard in a long time. Few students ever come to these concerts, but hey, you can't blame the radio station for trying.

Anyone a little disturbed by the yellow tape that surrounds trees by the science center? Tree Protection Zone. What the hell? Yeah, I can see a construction worker

approaching a little tree with a giant chainsaw only to back off when the yellow tape catches his eye. And what about the trees that aren't protected? When is someone going to stand up and say: "That's not right. Tree discrimination is wrong." Oh, and I love it when the con-

struction workers check out my firm ass when I walk by them. Ha, just kidding. I don't have an ass. And the workers only check out hot guys.

The WILL program is trying to spread its virus this weekend as campus representatives from 11 other colleges come to campus to learn how to be man-hating carpet munchers. I just hope the police are watching over this workshop and making sure there are no plans to bake poisonous cupcakes for the football team. Pure evil will be spread this weekend. I recommend all men stay in their dorms until the storm passes.

New WILL member: Hey girls, I decided to join because I want to learn how to be a real woman.

Veteran WILL member: Ha, yeah right. But we will teach you how to organize Tupperware parties and destroy the male race.

Note — I haven't touched WILL in four years and I have a strange feeling none of them want to touch me either.

I apologize for using the phrase "carpet munchers" a few paragraphs ago. I was going to take it out, but I forgot.

Last week in Wellness, we learned that if you go to bed late, you will be tired the next morning. A true breakthrough in modern science. Kill me.



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