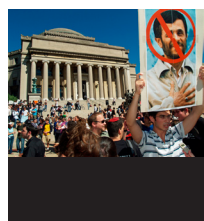


Recently due to lack of appreciation, CU sports teams decided to strike. However, now non-sports people are now free to use the weight rooms, pool, and basket ball court at their own leisure, so consequently, nobody actually cares.



SPORTS



Spectator profiles mascot. Roaree, as there are too few athletes, and the ones we haven't profiled yet aren't worthy enough for our attention.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 2009 • WE ONLY HAVE ONE SPORTS ARTICLE BECAUSE NO ONE ACTUALLY CARES ABOUT SPORTS ANYWAY

Gay wrestling, the new ice breaker?

BY RACHEL PAIGE KATZ

Spectator Staff Queen of All Things Good and Reasonable

"Just let me put the tip in," said Justin Muesler, CC '10 and the leader and champion of Columbia University's Gay Wrestling Society. During his sophomore year, unhappy with Columbia's wrestling team, Muesler decided to create one of his own. "It was a revelation of sorts, I suppose," Muesler said. "It just, I don't know, felt right. Good. But I still like pussy, you know."

Muesler then began to recruit members for this new Gay Wrestling team both at First Friday as well as Columbia University sporting events. "C'mon, all of that Gay Chicken going on in the locker rooms, sexually repressed athletes with no time for sex, always seeing each other naked. It's really quite natural, you know."

By the summer of '08, Muesler had drafted a team of ten wrestlers, all flexible and ripe with curiosity. They would begin the matches by getting naked, putting on condoms and lubing themselves up before shouting, "NO HOMO." The intention of the game is to get your opponent to cede to your advances, basically ending in anal sex. If a player yields before any contact occurs, he is called "a big fat gaping vagina" and given no points. If he yields after minimal contact, he is given one point, after the tip is put in, two points, and after full blown anal sex, 3 points and a complimentary tote bag (supplies limited). The player who "tops" is given three points as well for managing to both tackle and insert.

However, Columbia refused to initiate the GWS as a legitimate sports team. "We already have a wrestling

team and they're gay enough," stated Brendan Buckley, Head Coach of Wrestling. "Tell Muesler to go ask that whipping society [Conversio Virium] or the ones that wave the rainbow flags [Columbia Queer Alliance]." Muesler then tackled the coach, grabbed his balls and said that the team was comprised of "bromosexuals," not "pansy ass-munchers." Muesler still intends to bed all of the Barnard girls he can, while properly marrying a Columbia woman sometime down the road.

Their current incarnation as a club, a response to the "Bromophobia of Columbia's Bureacracy" as Muesler puts it, began at the beginning of this semester after GWS bursted into an Asian American Alliance meeting in Lerner. "We had this room last semester," said treasurer of GWS Brian Greenberg, CC '09. "We missed pre-calendaring for this semester so we figured if we burst into random rooms stark naked and cheering, people would get the idea and leave." But Greenberg and the rest of GWS were wrong. Rather than leave the room, the AAA gathered around the match and began cheering. Obviously, Muesler had never seen Japanese porn. Girls were pulling out their cameras when Rob Lemley, CC '09, pinned Greg Robinson, CC '12, and proceeded to sit on his face.

"It was kind of hot," said Wei Lee, BC '10. "I mean, I've watched gay porn before, but never seen anything like that in person. Kate Chang grabbed my hand and we've hated each other since she stole my boyfriend freshman year. Whore," she said fondly.

Muesler, while still somewhat sore over his rejection as a legitimate team assured us that he is still happy with their "club" status. "Refs always really bothered me, getting up in my face like that while I was just trying to win... As a club



Adam Weiler / Staff Photographer

LUBE 'IM UP | Justin Muesler's very first recruiting poster for the Gay Wrestling Society.

we don't need any coaches or asshole officials."

The most recent event was the GWS's infiltration of Columbia University's Earth Institute's seminar on Climate, Forecast and Impacts Briefing. "I was told that it would be extremely boring and no one wanted to go at all. Not just about that specific event, but actually anything the Earth Institute hosts. Everyone was ready to kill Sachs, but I kind of liked him as a professor. He gave me an 'A-' So I figured I had to do something." That something was Muesler and

Greenberg toting in a kiddie pool filled with chocolate pudding and proceeding to show the Earth Institute that gay sex in pudding is a lot less boring than global warming anyway.

Muesler volunteered to come visit us at The Spectator, but I assured him that we are quite close already and have lots of gay sex in the office to celebrate after we send every issue of to the publishers.

Bollinger's Journal, April 1st 2009

BY JACOB JENSEN

Spectator Staff Cookie Monster

Used condom in trash bin this morning, leaking its loathsome contents. This University is afraid of me; I have seen its true face. The academic building hallways are extended gutters, and the gutters are full of bullshit, and when the drains finally clog with all the bullshit, all the vermin will drown. The accumulated filth of all their cheating and partying will foam up about their waists and all the hyper-competitive

grade-grubbers and narcissistic New Jersey preps will look up and shout "teach us!"

And I'll look down and whisper, "no."

They had a choice, all of them, they could have followed in the footsteps of earnest students who sought to learn, like we used to have, or at least had true political consciences, like those protesters in the 60's... Decent students, who believed in a day's work for a good grade, who didn't just hope to ride the curve while they sat in their dorms getting high all day. Instead they

followed the droppings of hipsters and hedonists, and didn't realize that trail led over a precipice until it was too late. Don't tell me they didn't have a choice.

Now the whole university stands on the brink, staring down into bloody hell, all those identity groups and protesters and fornicators... And all of a sudden, nobody can think of anything to say.

I slept all day, awoken at 4:37, Dean Michele Moody-Adams complaining about smell. She has five children by five different fathers. I am sure she cheats on welfare. Soon it will be dark.

Beneath me, this awful university, it screams like an abattoir full of retarded children. Especially CC... Columbia.

On Friday night, a break began at Columbia. Somebody knows why. Down there... Somebody knows. The dusk reeks of fornication and bad consciences. I believe I shall take my exercise.

First visit of evening fruitless. Nobody knew anything. Tuitions completely wasted. Feel slightly depressed. This university is dying of rabies. Is the best I can do to wipe random flecks of foam from its lips?

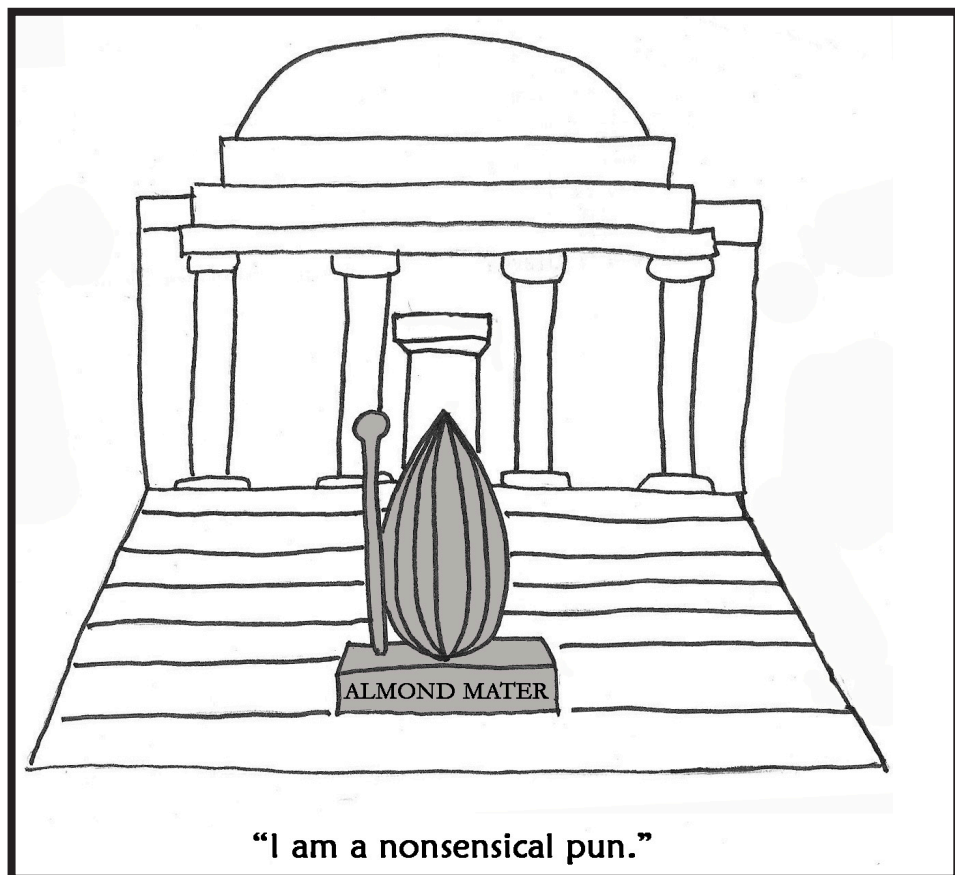
Never despair; never surrender. I leave the human cockroaches to discuss their recent conquests and favorite youtube videos. I have business elsewhere, with a better class of person.

Meeting with former provost Alan Brinkley left a bad taste in mouth. He is pampered and decadent, betraying even his own shallow, liberal affectations. (Possibly homosexual? Must remember to investigate further).

Dean of Student Affairs Schollenberger just as bad. A flabby failure who sits whimpering in his office.

Why are so few of us left active, healthy, and without personality

JODY'S DROPPINGS



"I am a nonsensical pun."

JODY ZELLMAN

SEE OP-ED (JENSEN), page 9

Acceptance letter for class of 2013

BY JACOB RICE

Spectator Staff Unicorn

From the desk of Jessica Marinaccio: As part of a new *Spectator*/Columbia University symbiotic agreement, the Office of Undergraduate Admissions has agreed to preview the acceptance letter for the newest generation of Columbia students in our illustrious paper in return for the aid of *The Spectator's* meticulously thorough editing bored.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

COLUMBIA COLLEGE
OFFICE OF ADMISSIONS

April 1, 2009

Dear Student,

Congratulations! You have been selected for admission to Columbia University in the City of New York. You and your family have every reason to be proud of the great achievements (and generous financial donations) that we acknowledge today with this good news. However, with recognizing that a student's job is never done, we would also like to mention that several of our dorms are in a state of disrepair and technically we are allowed to rescind your acceptance if you do not continue to show the high level of "excellence" that made you such a stellar candidate for this august institution.

The Columbia faculty, students, and administration look forward to welcoming you into our community. A community that has been around since 1754 and is basically a pretty big deal. We have many leather bound books and the entire campus smells of rich mahogany.

If you choose to attend (which you probably will because we talked to Yale and you are not getting in there. Oops, didn't mean to ruin the surprise.) you will join a long list of notable members of society who have passed through these hallowed halls. You know where Obama went to college? That's right, here. Governor Patterson too. We basically run the country (and if you screw up our numbers by not coming, we will find you)

Despite our illustrious history, we have every confidence that this year's class will be our strongest ever. You will be joining a diverse group of spectacular dorks, pathetic geeks, and jocks, who may be idiots, but can rip a phonebook in half. Although we this class is wonderfully diverse, there are several traits that we think define it as a whole; sparkling intelligence, atrociously poor looks, and an unexplainable affinity for black rimmed glasses and hand rolled cigarettes.

Therefore, it is our great pleasure to congratulate you on the successes that have earned you this fine honor, and we eagerly anticipate the successes that you will no doubt enjoy at Columbia. If any member of the admissions staff can assist you in the days ahead, please do not hesitate to write or call. Chances are they will blow you off because you really are not that important, but you might as well try. We also invite you to visit our "Welcome Website" so that you can see the completely candid pictures of multi-cultural and ethnically diverse yet exceptionally photogenic students engaging in a variety of interesting and engaging activities.

Warmest Regards,

Jessica Marinaccio
Dean of Undergraduate Admissions
PS: April Fools. You're actually rejected.