

THE BETTING MAN'S GUIDE TO SPREE DAY '97

by T.J. "The Greek" Schubert

With Spree Day just over, there is immense speculation in the betting world as to which bands will be playing for next year's Big Drunken Dance. Las Vegas odds makers have determined the chances of several bands playing, and the following is an abridged list of national acts with commentary addressing the doubts. The ratios represent odds as of 9 am this Monday.

BLUES TRAVELLER (5:1)-Good shot, but the runway at Worcester Airport is too short for a plane to land loaded with John Popper and his satchel o' harmonicas.

PHISH (24:1.5)-Mere conjecture. Spree Day folder riddled with speculation, what said speculators didn't realize was: IT'S A LIE! Someone was making it up! Besides, why would they want to play a venue where their core audience is going to spend the day in the Emergency Ward?

SMASHING PUMPKINS (50:1.5)-Little chance. It seems bassist D'Arcy was a prospective here and swore off college altogether after being "showed a good time" by a fellow prospective, the then John Gesmundo.

TOASTERS (30:1)-Nope.

Johnson Hall is so peaceful and freshly renovated, we do not need the damage caused by the synchronous explosion of Mike D's, Dave B's, and Zack O's minds upon hearing Toaster soundcheck.

NINE INCH NAILS (58:1)-Impossible. Particle physics shows us that when matter and twin anti-matter collide, there is local or perhaps galactic annihilation. Imagine the consequences if, say, Trent Reznor should meet Mark Garriepy.

CHUCKLEHEAD (1:1)-Even odds. For perhaps the first time in the 93-year history of Spree Day, Chucklehead may NOT have been booked. This may stem from the fact that 98% of Clarkies have said "Hmmm... Chucklehead? Nope, I actually don't care to see them again," while the remaining 2% state, "Whoa, dude, I'm so wasted, I can't follow the Hacky. Let's wreck a TV instead!"

BREEDERS (8:1.5)-Iffy. Already played here many times, under the Nom de College Gig "Poor Yorick."

OASIS (98:1)-Picture a snowball in Hell. Noel Gallagher caught wind that someone in Wright Hall bought a Blur CD. He now refuses to come to New England, or, rather, "Wankerland."

HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH (29:1)-Nah-hah. Most major religions suggest the return of evil and the end of the world in '99. These guys showing up here at Spree Day '96 is 3 years too early.

ALANIS MORRISSETTE (10:1)-Tough call. Hopefully, Pat Buchanan's "Wall Around America" will be up by then, and we won't have to put up with this Canadian's banshee shrieking.

COOLIO (7.5:1)-Better than one-deck straight poker. Main South would welcome him to the original Gangsta's Paradise. 'Course, when they "open their arms," it could have double meaning.

PARLIAMENT (28:1.5)-Real iffy, funk-meisters. If the Mother Ship parks too close to the President's house on Woodland, they might move in by mistake. And once Bootsy lays claim, he don't leave. Not for nobody.

SEX PISTOLS (75.3:1)-Hell no. Johnny Rotten quoted as saying, "Pansy-ass college wankers...Bash me microphone on em!" and Sid Vicious, "I use virgin college skin for my drums!"

BEATLES MINUS JOHN (100:1)-Yeah, right. These guys won't accept a quarter of a billion to play Shea. Would they even

consider Clark, where DAKA would charge Ringo for boneless pudding?

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS (20:1)-Crapshoot. Weather permitting. These guys like to parade around bare-ass, and '96's Spree Day's weather probably destroyed any chance of them giving Worcester a shot. On the other hand, Flea likes wearing a fake-fur pull-over and Speedo. Besides, Dave Navarro's nipple rings may give new meaning to "Brrrrr-turkey's done!"

Word is good on Mighty Purple again, and I'd watch for Marilyn Manson if they weren't in town recently. All I can say is look for one-word titles (esp. monosyllabic) and copious intoxicants. In the words of the Mr. Kite poster, "A splendid time is guaranteed for all."

P.S. Many scholars have acknowledged Spree Day predictions in Nostradamus' paper "Napoleon, Hister, et Spreaux Jour du Clarke-Les Trois Antichristes."

A quatrain reads: "In a field called Attwoode, bodies shall partake in sin and be purged in the same afternoon. A colloquy shall gather about an array of minstrels, the backdrop a facade of higher learning. So shall signify the end of one season and the birth of a new."

Ridiculous Haiku
by Mike Schemaille
Bunyip Slayer

i
Yummy potato!
Sits there steaming on my plate.
Is it Idaho?

ii
Hey you! Over there!
Please return my wombat Fred.
He will poop on you.

iii
Pizza never comes.
Jesus never comes either.
Dammit! Where are they?

iv
If they don't come soon,
My salvation should be free.
Half an hour or less...

v
Spinoza kitty
Came to my class in J.C.
He peed on the prof.

vi
Peace on earth, my ass!
Joy to the world concept sucks.
Wow, I'm so gothic...

vii
Cool waffled ceilings
We should reverse gravity
And pour on syrup.

viii
These poems are stupid.
Wrote them to appease Randy.
Now he won't kick me.

Free Bonus Haiku:

Happy jumping frog
Skips across the interstate
Here comes traffic... ewww...

