Aliens Encounter Problems

By Peter Ballyhoo

MSC hosted a different kind of commuter—alien transfer students from out-of-earth—last week as part of intensified recruiting efforts to bolster sagging enrollment figures.

The Board of Very High Education says the concept of "spaceshipping" will make individual State Colleges "universal centers of educational excellence."

However, the close encounter sessions planned by the MSC Cultural Relations Office took on a pessimistic note when the visiting aliens could not secure legal parking spaces for their spacecraft.

After hovering above the MSC campus for two hours in a futile search for parking spaces, the aliens parked illegally outside of Bone Hall whereupon Campus Police towed away six of the alien vessels.

Abu Dabu, a transfer student from the planet Ergo, said in obvious disgust and surprisingly accurate English: "I*5\&k*e!65% college—I travel three light years to get here, they make me pick up a parking decal, and I get my space vehicle towed away. Foolish earthlings."

According to Sgt. William Yodeling of the Campus Police, a thermonuclear warhead aboard the alien's vehicle was "accidentally" detonated by an unnamed Campus Police Officer somewhere along Clove Rd. as the ship was being towed away. The nuclear explosion caused no noticeable change in the condition of Clove Rd.

Save the Quarry Carp

Quarry development plans have raised the ire of students who fish there and environmentalists who are concerned about an endangered species: quarry carp. See story, P. 3. See Dick read. See ya later.

Chancro on Higher Education Fails Basic Drills Math Test

By Ratt Wheelson

T. Edward Hollandaise, Chancro on Higher Education, flunked the mathematics flash card section of the newly-implemented basic drills testing program on Monday after taking the tests in response to charges that there was nothing basic about them.

Although he performed admirably on the English and reading comprehension portion of the test, the scorer of his writing sample conceded that Hollandaise's prose was "somewhat verbose."

The Chancro's biggest drill deficiency was in the area of fractions. A math professor who administered the flash card drill commented: "He seemed badly confused by the multiplication and division of fractions. I'd say he needs immediate remedial work in these areas."

When first asked what other areas in math had given him problems, Hollandaise tried to answer the query with a riddle: "What does an acorn say when it grows up? Gee—I'm a tree! (Geometry.)" The Board of Very High Education was not amused.

Later he admitted, "Yes dammit, I am embarrassed. But I was up all night on official business and I didn't feel well the morning I took the test -- and everyone knows you need a good night's rest to perform well on any exam. It was an off day for me, that's all."

William Klutz, Director of the Basic Drills Program, disclosed shortly after Hollandaise took the tests that in a further effort to dramatize the tests' simplicity, Chee Chee, a chimpanzee of "average" intelligence, and Dipper, a dolphin from a research tank in Key West, Fla., had also been given the math section of the test Monday.

Both passed, Klutz said.

Grover Furry and Larry Sewartzle, professors of English at MSC, immediately assailed the test results as proof of the drills' "racist" nature. Said Furry: "Minorities should not be forced to compete with chimpanzees or dolphins on such tests. Both come from quite different environments than minorities." Neither Chee Chee nor Dipper could be reached for comment.
By Rich El Fig

An upstart group of degenerates and renegades has declared the "amoral equivalent of war" on boredom at ASC calling themselves the American Movement of Eclectic Bull-shit Artists (AMOEBA). A spokesman for the AMOEBA, who refers to himself as Nick Nucleus, said immediate plans include a Home Movie Film Festival, an Eat-As-Much-of-Anything-You-Want-to-Eat-Contest and a "sit-in" to protest segregation of faculty/student restrooms. They have also looked into the possibility of having Steve Martin, a comedian of questionable talents, deliver the commencement address this Spring.

However, the AMOEBA requested a Student Government Ass. (SGA) charter and a budget appropriation for operations. Action has been delayed in the SGA and college administration. According to the AMOEBA constitution presented to the SGA for charter approval, "Anyone who knows what "eclectic" means and wants to fight boredom can be a member." Under the present SGA statutes, the AMOEBA would be given a Classless One Organism charter, entitling them to a budget appropriation and use of college facilities for meetings.

Grover Furry and Larry Schwartzle, professors of English and resident psuedo-radicals, immediately denounced the stipulation that members know what "eclectic" means as "racist" in nature. Schwartzle says "minorities tend to come from less eclectic environments than the average white student."

Nucleus denied the allegations, stating: "Let's face it—we're all AMOEBA under the skin and we're all bored. There's an organism on campus for everything else under the sun. We might as well have one that allows its members to do anything they please with some degree of legitimacy—even if it is contrived."

The beauty of it, he feels—and hence, the administration's consternation—is that no one can ever be sure how many AMOEBA members will stand together on any one issue. And since no one can be sure what they will attack next, no one will become bored with it. Says Nucleus: "Today it's faculty restrooms. Tomorrow, more parking spaces for aliens. And then onto more absurd things—like the SGA and politics."

Earlier in the week, Nucleus attended the Board of Trustees meeting and demanded that segregation of faculty/student restrooms end immediately. In a flagrant display of civil disobedience, Nucleus stormed out of the meeting, leading some 15 other students and faculty who spontaneously took the AMOEBA stand, into the faculty men's room adjacent to the Coleslaw Room in College Hall. Standing on the commodes, they peered over the stalls and defiantly asserted, "We won't take this sitting down!" Custodians were instructed by Trustees to withhold toilet paper until the terrorists withdrew themselves from the premises.

Although the AMOEBA finally gave up the vigil having exhausted their supply of old MONTCLAIRIONS, they claimed an "amoral victory" in forcing the Trustees to use "student" restrooms.

SGA President Jose Kenusee said that according to the constitution, the SGA Legislature may already be dominated by AMOEBA—or at the very least, Bull-shit Artists Without a Cause (BAWAC). Some college administrators privately admit that many of the administrators already members of the AMOEBA or BAWAC.

Reactions among faculty have been mixed. Some think a new minor should be established focusing on the AMOEBA as a "social consciousness movement of the 70's. Others feel that their colleagues are leaders in the AMOEBA movement, but are concealing the fact so that they will not lose their tenure.

In presenting their case for an SGA charter, Nucleus told the Legislature, "the AMOEBA would act as a social and cultural organism to stimulate mental activity in all areas of college life." He said it would be the first organism of its kind on campus.

As what the organism would do if granted a charter, Nucleus quoted the political wisdom of Marx: ""We wouldn't belong to any group that would have us as members."

NEW IMAGE: College maintenance crew takes a break from workday routine to proudly display "Imperial-style" uniforms recently ordered by MSC President David W. Dickering in hopes that they will help to improve the public image of state colleges.

Eyelash on New Jersey

Bring on the Clones

At the insistence of Marcoantonio Lackanyacht, Federation of American Retired Teachers (FART) President, the Department of Very High Education will increase enrollment projections. "Why go out of State or to other planets to find new students when we have many fine students right now whose cells could provide plenty of fine clones," the paunchy professor pointed out. However, he considered the feasibility of "cloning" new students to other planets to find new students when we have many fine clones, "the equivalent of war" on boredom.

Other students and faculty who spontaneously took the AMOEBA stand, into the faculty men's room adjacent to the Coleslaw Room in College Hall. Standing on the commodes, they peered over the stalls and defiantly asserted, "We won't take this sitting down!" Custodians were instructed by Trustees to withhold toilet paper until the terrorists withdrew themselves from the premises.

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Unclassifiable Ads

LOST: ONE shower nozzle. Owner will give finder a chance to see if they like it in the shower.

FULL TIME help: Anyone interested in filling Clove Road pot holes with leftover Preparation H from SGA Meeting. Contact Little Falls Council.

FOR SALE: One Alien Spacecraft. Power steering, power brakes, 1,673,439,721,342 mileage. Call MBKLYZX.

NEEDED: TEFLON frying pans to be used a Quarry Carp fish fry. Donations to table on main floor, Student Center.

FOUND: CONTAINER of hippopotamus dental floss. Contact Peter Potamus or Soso.

Datebook

TODAY, SAT. APRIL 1
LECTURE: Schmeddy Oxnard Mornmere, Ill will address the biannual convention of the Reba Meter Elk CLUB in Ball Rooms A & B 12/2.
MEETING: Granny Foglecuck will be holding her weekly dance recitals for 'Gypsy' today outside in the Mail. DISCUSSION: "Why do Buffaloes Mate in the Spring of the Year of the Cat?" No place has been scheduled. DISCUSSION: "Why Do People Tend to Run On and On When They Don't Know What They're Talking About if The Really Don't Care Why They Don't..."

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WEEKLY!! Male GO-GO Dancers

at the RACCELLAR

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MSC Named in Law Suit

By Tim Paparazzi

Little Falls—The Sierra Nevada Club has filed suit against MSC for alleged violations of the 1972 Environmental Conservation Act.

MSC is accused of planning to develop the Quarry area without conducting the necessary environmental impact study, and in doing so may endanger aquatic life there. The violation was brought to the attention of the Sierra Nevada Club, America's most influential conservation organization, by a group of concerned student-fishermen, led by Judith Slickrock of the Biology Dept.

In a pre-dawn press conference, held in "the pits," Slickrock accused the "narrow minded bureaucrats in Collegiate Hall" of being oblivious to student needs.

Slickrock was joined by 200 to 300 concerned "fisher-students," clad in hipboots with rods in hand.

While the Collegiate Hall administrators are just rolling out of bed each morning, a coterie of early arriving commuters are dipping their lines into the cool, clear waters of the Quarry fishing hole, in hopes of hooking "Quarry carp," a local MSC species of fish.

Elliot Minibus, Vice President of Misadministration and Greed, said that he was unavailable for comment. Howard Flintnsteel, of the Economics Dept. and a fishing enthusiast himself, noted: "Time is on our side. This should beat the Administration at their own game by tying them up in Federal paperwork for the next 14 years."

Slickrock concluded by announcing that there will be an All-College "Save the Quarry Carp" Fish Fry, to be held in benefit of the Quarry Anglers Ass., Mon.-April 3, 7 AM in the lower pits.

Get Tough Policy Announced

By Thomas Craugh of the

In a pre-dawn press conference today, the City Council declared a "Get Tough" policy for parking violations.

The memo, entitled "The MSC Parking Penal Code" lists the various punishments to be meted out according to the severity of the violation. Sentences run from floggings and Greed, said that he was unavailable for comment.

when questioned about the severity of the Code, Minibus snarled and said, "They are animals; hardened criminals, thoughtlessly disrupting the smooth operation of MSC."

When you have a rabid dog in your community, you shoot it. Or, in our case, you seal them in their cars and set them on fire."

Minibus' method of death—exploding-gas-tank has been vetoed by MSC President David W.D. Dickering, added. "Besides, this gives us a corpse to hang in chains over the doors of Collegiate Hall. Minibus' concept was loud and smelly and we would have had to pay maintenance to remove the charred remains. Stoning is much neater."

A list of offenders has been compiled by campus security and the number of violators exceeds 783. Several dozen will be flogged as first offenders; 93 students with two tickets will be branded, 149 students with three tickets will be dragged behind the campus shuttle and any students with more than three tickets is fair game for stoning. So far, less than 346 students are awaiting execution.

Justice will be done during the weekend of "Carnival" and the School of Business Administration will have the funniest and most educational "Carnival" of the year.

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The Chancr on Higher Education has introduced the concept of "spaceshipping" to make State colleges "universal centers of educational excellence," by recruiting alien transfer students from other solar systems. The Federation of American Rehired Teachers (FART) wants the Board of Very High Education to look into "cloning" new students in response to declining enrollment projections. Conservation groups want to stop quarry development plans so they can continue to fish there. A "possessed" dorm resident hijacks a shuttle to protest the confiscation of his Sunbeam Hotdogger. And the American Movement of Eclectic Bull-shit Artists (AMOEBA) seems to have secretly taken over MSC but nobody knows it.

What exactly does it all mean?

To be truthful, we don't know. And what's more, we don't really even care. We just put this rag out so we have something to put on our resumes before we graduate and blow this lemonade stand. Actually we're getting pretty sick of "the Weekly Grind," our little nickname for the MONTCLARION. Every week it's the same old thing: aliens having parking problems, tougher parking policies, basic drills testing controversies—blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. We're starting to sound like most of the teachers and preachers around here. And what exactly are they trying to teach or preach?

We think it's time that somebody besides us stand up and start complaining. So let's all go to the Ratcellar—students, faculty, and even administrators—and start complaining to each other. You know—blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. Someone is bound to say something intelligent—even imaginative.

Meanwhile, the Weekly Grind goes on, making quotes up, making news up, making controversies up, raking mud up, and raking in the dough from our gullible advertisers and Student Government Ass. (SGA) appropriations. (After all, half our staff are SGA Legislators.)

We think it's time we all complain. As Jose Kenuce, SGA President would say: TOGETHER WE CAN DO IT!
REPORTAGE

Good Clean Fun
By Fe Fe le Franco and Lethal Brickheart

Look out streaking and goldfish swallowing! A recent 1978 statistically valid survey of campus fads has prompted this COMA (Clique for Overlapping and Multi-elevative Affairs) MONTCLARION poll question: “Do you like it in the shower?”

The results:
47% (the “natural” vote) said “Cleanliness is next to Godliness.”
23% (the dorm vote) said “Have you ever seen a Bohn Hall shower!!??”
14% (the New Wave vote) said “It rusts the bondage chains.”
12% (the macho vote) said “There’s nothing like getting back to basics with an ivory girl.”
5% (the crew-kneek sweater vote) said “Is it preyppiy?”
2% Assorted Deviants:
“Why just turn on the shower, when the shower can turn you on?”—D. Tremors
“Only with my Neutrogena.” (as a lubricant?)—L. B.
“I like to play with my big toe in the faucet.”—Lee Majors
“It may be sexy in the shower, but it’s better in the bath.”—Tim Paparazzi
—An anonymous bystander commented that she likes the squishy-squashy sounds.

After a methodical analysis (and thorough going over) of the results, experts Franco and Brickheart referred, as explanation, to the old addage: “A rolling stone gathers no moss.”

Fe Fe le Franco and Lethal Brickheart are Harvard specialists in satisfaction of the soul whose motto is “kiss the boys and make them cry.”

When Nature Calls, What’s Your Answer?

By Betty Boop

Decisions, decisions. They’re with us constantly. There are big decisions and little decisions. And one of the biggest decisions we have to face almost every day is which toilet tissue to use. Here at MSC and in almost every other building or facility of any type anywhere, this big decision arises.

Charmin, Scottissue, industrial strength paper towels. There are so many types. Charmin is great for squeezing, smelling, and feeling if you are impaired while taking care of your daily duties.

Scottissue is great also. It has five hundred more sheets than the other leading brands. This is supposed to save time and money. Time because the role doesn’t have to be changed as often and money because you get more sheets. But the question is do we replace softness for length? If this is so, then we must resort to personal preference. Again there is a decision to be made.

Lowest on the scale is the industrial paper bought in mass quantities by some institutions. It isn’t soft, doesn’t role out, and certainly does not smell nice. This brand, which will remain nameless to save the manufacturers embarrassment, is highly condemned by this columnist and anyone who prefers this brand over others is nuts. It is recommended that this paper be used only in cases of extreme emergencies. Unlike with the other brands, with this one there is no decision to be made at all. Don’t buy it and don’t use it if it’s not necessary.

Be wise when choosing toilet tissue. Choose what you prefer and what’s best for your needs. But stay away from the nameless.

Betty Boop is a Sophomoron Home Economics Major.

Can You Get Change From a Drugstore

The purpose of this 23 part series is not to criticize the Student Government Ass. (SGA) or say anything which could be misconstrued as being constructive, but to give everyone a good laugh by making some farfetched analogies which the author publicly challenges anyone to make sense out of. The author expresses the willingness to publicly debate any point made or not made in this series regarding bodily functions, rusty can openers, or llama public debate any point made or not suffers from Robert’s Rules of Press competition.

Everyone knows he’s sitting on the wallet which he never uses, the real problem lies in the SGA Executive Board that holds the Preparation H and acts like the nervous date who keeps saying it’s that time of month again.

The hemorrhoids are the psychological state of the Legislator’s mind, so to speak, a condition that has developed from their desire to use that symbolic can opener that is pulled out of the garage in Part Two of this series. It seems that they would like to open up some heads with that can opener (perhaps this writer’s for one) but Robert’s Rules keeps them in a psychological state of the Legislator’s holding the can opener. Only then will they be misconstrued as being constructive, nor can openers, or llama public debate any point made or not suffers from Robert’s Rules of Press competition.

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The notion of the Legislature’s impotency is a myth. They have the ability to perform—and the protection who carries “that thing” around in his wallet which he never uses, the real problem lies in the SGA Executive Board that holds the Preparation H and acts like the nervous date who keeps saying it’s that time of month again.

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The notion of the Legislature’s impotency is a myth. They have the ability to perform—and the protection in their wallets—but every time the direction they take appears to be “up” the SGA Board gets cold feet and says it’s not a good time to do that sort of thing.

Some may say that my positions are contradictory since last week in Part XIV of this series I placed the responsibility of change on vocal critics such as myself who are shucked off, having already placed the responsibility on the student constituency, the Legislature itself, the Dean of Students, and the United Prune Growers Association, without much effect. But it is not so. Vocal critics, like former SGA Dictators, can say anything they want.

Legislative remedies, therefore, can only come from four sources, and here’s why:

1.)Jose Kenuces, SGA President. Everyone knows he’s sitting on the Preparation H because in a democracy everyone is entitled to equal amounts of Preparation H—even part-time bilingual students.

2.)Helene Pecker, SGA Vice and Nasty Habits President. Every Wednesday at the SGA meetings she tells Legislators “not now” because they’re out of order. (The coffee machine “out-of-order” analogy comes next week.)

3.)Julius Caesarowski, SGA Treasure Hunter. He holds the money that the Legislators need to go out and have a good time or relieve their pain or both. He has too many other “affairs” to tend to.

4.)Elisa Leave, SGA Secretary. She likes prunes. Some Legislators would like her “to make like a prune tree—and leave.”

5.)Vocal critics (such as this writer). I refuse to count myself out.

Of these four sources—five counting myself—only one is viable: the one holding the can opener. Only then will there truly be a chance for this writer to start a new series. And open a whole new can of worms.

Part XIV of this series examines the goals and objectives for vocal critics to consider before embarking on similar pseudo-journalistic enterprises.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT: Donald Duckarinci is a former Editor-in-Chief of the MONTCLARION. The present Editorial Board disclaims any responsibility for his columns—honestly.
**Group Picks Disco-Wiz To Run for SGA Prez**

By Rich El Fig

He looks like anybody else.
The same clothes, the same styled hair, the same likes and dislikes in music, tv shows, and girls. At the Ratcellar he drinks with that measured casuality one only acquires after going to the "Rat" every other night for a few years. At parties and bars where disco rules, he is the king of the dance floor.

Yet Tony Manura, a junior business administration major, is different.

He has been deaf, kind of dumb, and snow-blind ever since he had a traumatic experience earlier this year; Tony saw a particularly disturbing episode of Three's Company, then watched Soap, and listened to a Johnny Carson monologue in the same night—the next day, his girlfriend left him to join a punk rock band. Moments before he was blinded by the snow while searching for his car in the quarry.

And now he is a candidate for SGA President with the unlikely endorsement of the American Movement of Eclectic Bull-Shit Artists (AMOEBAS) chapter at MSC. Why Manura? Says an official unofficial spokesman for the group, "Tony's Everyman. He's our Rocky, he's our John Travolta, he's our Artoo Deetoo."

By now you're probably wondering: if Tony is deaf, dumb, and snow-blind, how can he dance? It's make out Tony's mouth trying to form the sounds, "Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!" just like his "normal" friends on the dance floor.

And when Manura dances, all eyes are focused on him. Not because he's a great dancer—if they're not watching out for him, he's liable to crash into someone while trying to execute a complicated turn or spin.

In class Tony takes the same seat everyday, appearing attentive and compliant—just like all the other students. Of course, Manura does not hear a word his teachers are saying. But despite his handicaps he is still a Dean's List student. Says Lawless Blandone: "He is a fine student. I'd write him a recommendation anytime."

A commuter from Clifton, he is a member of the Marketing Club, the Accounting Club, the Business Club, the SGA Legislature, Alpha Kappa Psi, the Eagle Scouts, and is active in intramural sports.

What are his chances of winning the SGA elections? Most SGA observers think his handicaps may be an advantage since he won't have to make embarrassedly stupid speeches or answer ridiculous questions from MONTCLARION reporters. Instead, he will dance during his allotted speech times. One freshman coed noted, "All those speeches and articles are so boring. I'd rather watch Tony dance. He's got my vote—for sure!"

Why do writers constantly pose rhetorical questions? Go ask Tony.

**Revoluting Tapestry Loose**

Tragedy struck last Wednesday when the large macrame tapestry covering the north wall of the Formal Dining Room of the Student Center Cafeteria came alive. Occurring at 1:15 PM the tapestry devoured 15 unsuspecting faculty and students dining there. The special of the day was Goulash Surprise.

Twenty-five other diners sitting nearby watched the event silently continuing to consume their lunches. When asked by this MONTCLARION reporter why they did not scream or attempt to stop this horrendous circumstance, most answered they believed what was taking place to be a "happening" staged by Phil Summers, an "out-going" Fine Arts professor of sorts.

Recovering from the shock and a few rope burns the head dietician of the FDR assured the happening would not delay Mexican Day scheduled for this Friday. The tapestry was last seen hanging out of the Ratcellar with a beer bulge.

**School of Humanities Sets Courses for Fall**

By Veryl Vulgar

The School of Humanities is offering a new selection of courses to be presented at MSC over the Fall and Spring Semesters 1978-79.

Three new courses have been developed by the Dept. of English. Designed to introduce the student to the nitty-gritty of the last hundred years of black literature, the courses entitled "Comp and Grits" is scheduled to be taught in the Fall.

A seminar, "Survey of the Manic Depressive in Literature" will cover the works of Charles Baudelaire, Edgar and Allen Poe, Sylvia Plath, Virginia Woolf, and Doris Lessing. Prerequisites for the course are an addiction to Vimal and three attempted suicides prior to registration.

The final new lit offering intended to ease the visual student's tedium in regard to comprehensive literature studies is called "Disco Drama." Aimed at Freshmen, the course intends to cover all the basic elements of drama in an upbeat approach.

In the Humanities Dept., one course implemented for Spring '79, "Man and the Nihilistic Vision" will be presented by Wolfgang Freshman. In order to complete the course requirements, the student is expected to take full responsibility for extinguishing himself or herself in a relevant manner of his choice.

**Are you hungry?...hmmm?**

—Eat at JOE'S
The Joy of Finger Painting

By Fe Fe le Franco and Lethal Brickheart

To provide the reporter with the real feel for the art, Smith demonstrated his time-tested technique. After esthetically positioning the reporter on his easel, Smith readied body painting's necessary tools. He mixed the paints in his palm (no palette needed here), rubber tipped his painting knife, checked for color allergies in his "canvas," and of course added soft lights and music. When questioned about his devotion Smith replied, "I like to keep my hands in the body painting sciences."

Smith outlined his technique with the following steps: "A key initiator is to become in tune with each other. This is necessary for the art to reap the beneficial results it is capable of. I like to become intimately acquainted with the biorythms of my subjects in order to suit the colors and brush sizes with their personal moods."

Smith starts by dabbing the first tints of pigment on the subject's erogenous zones. He pauses for a reaction which will tell him when to continue and where, for as Smith put it, there are "different strokes for different folks." He added that particularly tickling was "to throw a curve into the design."

The process then comfortably flows into place, with the intensity of the color fitting the intensity of the mood. "Occasionally my subject gets really enthusiastic..."

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Bicycling with Buddha

Lzo Kith, a Zen master and professor of religion at MSC, was riding his bicycle down Normal Ave. on his way to the college Monday.

An auto turning from Highland onto Normal Ave. did not see the slight frame of Kith coasting on his English three speed. The sun, setting brightly in the motorist's eyes, blotted out Kith's thin form. The bicyclist, dressed in dark shorts and shirt, turned sharply only to feel his tires slip on gravel and out from underneath him. The gravel had been left at the intersection by snow removal crews. Kith fell, receiving abrasions on his forehead and chin. The motorist was stunned as he saw the master appear and fall with the bicycle before him.

Kith received treatment at Mountainside Hospital. When asked for comment the smiling man replied: "The rock dust was left by snow and glop, now my forehead / the auto's pass..."

Kith then continued his ride to the college.

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Sentimental Rot

By Annie Vulgar

Quarterly, the MSC literary magazine sponsored a special reading by famed poet R.M. McKeen in Memorial Auditorium last Friday evening, March 31. McKeen, author of such badly acclaimed works as The Last Night of the Sanforized Street, was the only poet among others, and most recently Me of My Father, published by Dr. Suess press), presented his sweet, sentimental and acclaimed works as part of his "I Should Be Dancing on Your Face," and "Deja Vu, Wooo, Whoo, Whooop, Wooo, with some tight-knit kazoo playing."

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Arts & Pleasure
Although MSC's Basketball Team figures to be a strong contender for the Conference Title, Coach Fred Molehill is still not going to sit tight. In an attempt to bolster the Tribe offense, the second year Coach has begun a recruiting program in which he will uproot the bodies of past deceased professional "greats" and put them into MSC uniforms.

"Baby Ruth, Lou Gayrig, and Ty Cobb are our main objectives," Molehill explained while supervising the digging of Ruth's resting place. "But we may go after some others as the season progresses depending on injuries."

Molehill said that the idea of digging up these past layers came to him one night in a dream.

"My wife and I were asleep in bed when, about 2:30 A.M., I heard a voice," Molehill related, "that I knew I had heard before. I looked up and there on the wall was a vision of Bill DiRegardless, MSC Athletic Director. He said that I had better bring a championship to MSC this year or he would send me to Walla Walla University to coach the Cricket Team."

The digging took place over the Easter Break with Molehill helping out in the program rather than making the trip to Florida with the Indians.

Ruth was the first player to be uplifted and was happy to be given another chance to prove his greatness. Although he hasn't swung a bat in a couple of years (43 years, 6 months, 5 days) he feels that he can help the team.

"I plan to go out and break Hank Aaron's lifetime home run record," Ruth insisted.

Weekly is charged with abducting MSC's Fire Marshall, was not at all perturbed about his arrest for impersonating Men's Basketball coach Ollie Golly (right). Or is that Golly impersonating a basketball coach for another chance to prove his greatness. Although he hasn't swung a bat in a couple of years (43 years, 6 months, 5 days) he feels that he can help the team.

Molehill, however, found a clause in the rules that states "Any person who has not attended a college institution for 60 years or more shall have his or her playing eligibility reinstated." Ruth and Corncob fit in that category, but Gayrig may have to sit out a year or two because he has only been out of college for 57 years.

"We may be able to squeeze Gayrig in on the JV squad, though," Molehill mentioned.

The Coach also expressed the possibility of expanding this practice to help strengthen the football team.

"The Jim Thrope Search Program is now in its early stages," Molehill explained, "but we should get the ball rolling by June or so."

Other MSC Coaches are also reportedly seeking out funds to begin similar programs for their respective sports. The fencing Coach Bonnie Farberware will need the most money since best fencers such as Zorro, are buried in Mexico.

There was just one peculiar incident that occurred during the digging. The staff headed by Molehill accidentally dug up the grave of former boxing great Sunny Listen. Once up, Listen would not go back to his hole, loudly proclaiming, "But I want a shot at Leon Sphinx too."