

the clubside

VOL. I, NO. 2

A SUBSERVIENT ALCHOLIC STAPLE-JOB-MARYLAND MY MARYLAND, SING IT

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1992

Campus graduates promote sex with new video

By Phil McKrak
Clubside cheese-eater

Rob and Kelly are sitting on a bed. Both of them are buzzed. As his testosterone swells, Rob reaches for her.

"I'm gonna drive it home, baby," he says.

With the only partially ignited spark of a teenager in heat, Kelly belches and rolls off the bed, ignoring Rob's wanton lust.

Just another night on campus? Unfortunately yes, and that's the problem.

Too few students know how to ensure they will get laid when it's obvious that's what is on everyone's mind 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Rob and Kelly are graduates of the University of Maryland acting in a 20-minute sextacular film created by Student Orientation leaders.

Harry Knutz, 22, and Richard

Stroker, 25, created the film specifically for students.

"We wanted an opportunity to fuck a bunch of good looking, young women, so we approached the Student Orientation department," Knutz said. "We want people to get as much pussy or cock as they want."

The film was made in cooperation with Margie Bedswell, Health Center director, and Betty Dozer, director for administration.

The narrator discussed brands of booze, how to handle teases, how to tell if a guy has a big dick, how to teach him that foreplay exists and more all while various college aged couples bone away on the accompanying video.

For instance, when you want to get a guy to eat you out, "it is important to treat him like a dog, hit him with a rolled-up newspaper, and scold him if he won't obey," Stroker



Margie Bedswell

"Never too old for a stiffie..."

said in the video.

Although it is packed with facts, the narrative never gets in the way of the all-important fucking, and the accompanying Dolby Surround

Sound grunts and screeches. The "Mighty Phallus" and his partner, "Clit Wonder," make an appearance in the movie.

The Health Center "supervised most of the script," and added some ideas to make the video appealing to the non-college crowd. "I like a good stiff one as much as the next gal," said Bedswell, who has a scene with UMCP graduate and porno star, Big John Boner in the video.

"You're never too old, and the youngsters still need some schooling," Bedswell added.

Stroker said they are considering showing the video in the Student Union, but no time has been set. Within two weeks, a complete packet with videotape and teacher's manual will be available on campus.

"Our long-term plan is to make lots more of these videos," Stroker said, "my dick aches in anticipation."

WEEK 6

INSIDE

Dwarf Apples

• The SGA elections are today, did you know that? And if you did, did you know how effective your student representatives have been? Check out our thrilling SGA supplement, handy for the voting booth. The debates, the candidates, the history, what more could you ask for. A blowjob?

OUTSIDE

Gigantic Melons

• Don't you just love really, really enormous hooters. We do, especially when they're outside of all that confining clothing.

Politics in the piss

By Johnny Paritis
Irrelevant to the Clubside

In a groundbreaking survey of political attitudes, the Voter Study Institute released its findings on party affiliation of males and their choices of bathroom urinals. The director of the survey, Lance O'Boyle, came up with some startling findings. Men who group themselves on a left to right, liberal to conservative scale chose the urinal that best coincides with their political leanings. Namely, that radical liberals chose the far left urinal while reactionary conservatives chose the far right. Moderates chose the center, left of center, or right of center, according to their own views. The survey was done at three locations on campus. The bathroom on the first floor of the Armory (which always smells like at out-house), the second floor bathroom in LeFrak, and the three trees on the path from the Cellar to the dorms. These findings are by no means remarkable. What is interesting is the secondary behaviors that were observed.

Bush supporters would choose the urinal on the right. But before they could take a leak they would faint, fall down, and piss all over themselves. It is really a disturbing sight to see a grown man's incontinence. After

having soiled themselves, they would wake and swear that nothing was wrong. Ross Perot's supporters, however, would alternately stand in front of the urinals on the left and right. At each location they would constantly whip their dick out and then put it back in their pants without pissing. It seemed like they had a hard time deciding whether they should piss or not. After a few minutes of this behavior they would go to a corner and piss there. Bill Clinton's supporters were perhaps the oddest. When they stood in front of the urinal and pulled their dick out they immediately forgot what they were going to do. It appeared that they became engrossed with their penis. They would stare at it lovingly while gently caressing its length, which by all reports was formidable. One other oddity of a Bush supporter's behavior was, whenever they managed to make it to the urinal, an obsessive fascination to see what the other guy had. They would surreptitiously glance over and get depressed and dejected if the other guy's dick was bigger because it was financed by the KGB. The V.S.I. hasn't had a chance to analyze all the data yet, so there are bound to be more revelations. But the preliminary report was best summed up by the director, who said, "main, are these people fucking weird."

CLASSIFIEDS

Join the **Wing Club**. Meeting everyday, Santa Fe Cafe, 3:30pm. Drink a lot of **Busch** beer and eat some great chicken wings from the free buffet. Listen to harrowing stories of stupid youths and their glory days. Pine away for passing lust objects. Colleges of the past were reknowned for their drinking clubs. Now Maryland has one. Be a **Winger**.

PERSONALS

Limbless quadriplegic still has the all-important appendage. ISO a real take-charge woman. Let me be your "Couch Potato." Likes: long drags on the beach, swingsets and Weeble jokes. Dislikes: dancing and being used for company team's football game. I'll be your Black Knight in the search for the Holy Grail. Drop me a note w/photo at P.O. Box 00, College Park, MD 02134.

SWF, 20, recently divorced mother of two, ISO tall SBM, 25-35, who loves hanging out, smoking cigarettes and even pushing a stroller through King's Dominion. I'm a full-figured dirty-blond who loves jeans and flannels as well as flannels and jeans. You haven't had a night on the town until you've had me. Write to me at P.O. Box 666, Redneck, MD 29000.

Elvis is alive and hustling blowjobs in the Union bowling alley...

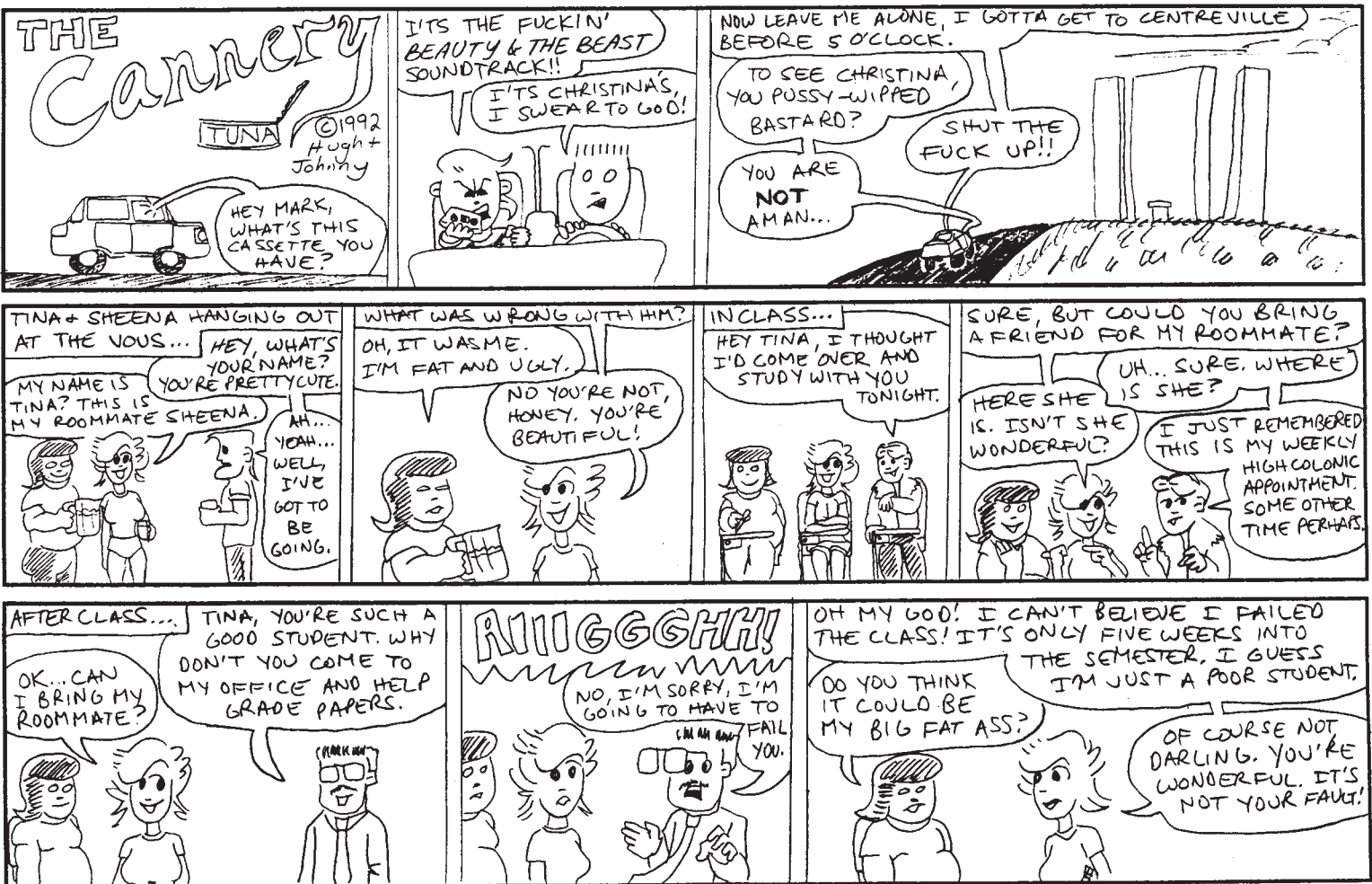
Well, not really, but it was fun to think so for just a second. It just goes to show that you can't believe everything you read. I am introducing a column of random thoughts and observations that are merely designed to make you step back and take another look around you. I don't expect to change your personal views, or slant your opinions, but if it happens, that's cool.

What is the life-expectancy of beautiful, shady trees on McKeldon Mall, and why destroy a popular hang-out spot? "Campus beautification"?...Are we (college-aged people) as plastic and trendy as we are made out to be on MTV...Will Jerry pull through? If not, who will lead the flock of lost children?...Why isn't dwarf-tossing an intramural sport?...Should the criminally insane be taken on field trips to cutlery shops?...Is the measure of a man his clothes and other possessions, or his soul?...To cleanse your life takes more than time...Derek thinks he's the lizard king. Is he?...Every beer is a sandwich...Why can't a guy find a decent silencer at a church rummage sale anymore?...Was the Bay of Pigs Invasion a police action?...John K. is no longer in control of the show, and the new episodes are on the shelf. Nickelodeon can go **FUCK** itself!...**PRIVATES REN AND STIMPY REPORT TO TEARGAS TRAININ', DUH**...Maybe Clinton should have inhaled. It would have gotten the stoner vote and we all know that is a lot bigger than any politician wants to admit...To quote the late Jim Morrison, "This is the end," and I'd like to thank both of you for taking the time to read this. To finish up, I'd like to part with the final words of the great Jimi Hendrix: "GURRGH, GASP...COUGH GURRGH, PHEEEEEEW, GASP CHOKE, HASP...UHHHHHHHH!"

-Jack N. Meoph

Necrophiliacs At Play in the Fields of the Lord! Weekly meetings begin every Wednesday at midnight. Meet the nastiest bulldog buggers at UMCP for a night of corpse carousing, stiff stuffing and remains raping. We travel the tri-state area in search of not-so-fresh meat. Sign up for our Spring trip! See you at the Union! Partially funded by your Student Activity Fee.

Wealthy SWM, 68, ISO identical twin WF, 13-16, for fun and adventure like no one has ever seen. Earn bonus dollars by reaching for the roll of 20's in my pants! I'll show you the United States in the finest hotel rooms across the nation. Finally get out of your nasty parents' house. Ride the Wild Elmo! Remember kids: no parents, special candy to lick, see the world, discover my naked self!



the clubside

A SUBSERVANT ALCOHOLIC STAPLE-JOB

OPINION PAGE

PAGE 3 WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1992

EDITORIAL

Meandering

Welcome to our stupendous second issue. This is only my first semester at Terp central, but things are already starting to annoy me. The *Diamondhack* in particular, which is the reason for our little rag's existence in the first place. Having attended two other colleges and been involved in the media at both, I can say the *hack* is not the worst, but it is far from being even remotely passable. Take the decades-old layout. Please. And how about that great SGA election coverage. Obviously noone has a fucking clue what's going on. Check out our hopefully educational and entertaining extra on the election. If you're looking to get involved, writing, doing cartoons, getting involved on the business end, whatever, let us know. Okey doke?

the clubside

Hugh G. Rection
editor in chief

Buster Hymen
executive editor, discipline and bondage

Johnny Paritis
executive editor, sheep procurement

Jack N. Meoph
commentator and speed freak

Tripp Adled
crotch-rot cultivator

Mike Hunt
copy editor

Dick Gazzinya
advertising manager (still sucks at it)

Editorials reflect our policy of writing articles by randomly choosing words from the dictionary. We are in no way related to anyone respectable, and aren't even related to the equally unrespectable University of Maryland, College Park. So there, nyah!

Send letters, stolen works of art and interesting nail clippings to The Clubside, 4431 Lehigh Rd. #121, College Park, MD 20740. They will then be forwarded to the College Park police to aid them in literacy.

If you are offended by anything to see in this magazine, why not spend more time playing with yourself and less time playing Big Brother, you Orwellian, you. We offend everyone. If we didn't get you this time, we'll try harder. Eventually you will be under our control. Roger wilco.

Johnny Paritis

Whose family values are we talking about?

ONE of the greatest smokescreens being put out by the Republican party this election is the one known as Family Values. Like a lot of things being said by both sides, Family Values conjures up warm, fuzzy feelings without actually meaning anything. Exactly what are family values? Is it the values of the 1950's where Dad worked and Mom stayed home with the kids hopped up on Valium? By whipping up family values the Republicans are appealing to an idealized WASP assumption of what constitutes values. This assumption has little or no basis in reality. It seems that the Veep (*Vice President Quayle for the abbreviation-impaired—Ed.*) wants to project us

back to a time that is supposedly better than the one we are now in. The idealized family state was rife with problems that the Republicans don't think about. This great country was still by and large segregated along racial lines (where are the family values in that?). In the Forties we rounded up our own citizens and put them in camps because of national hysteria over the yellow menace (any family values in there?). Under the leadership of Joe McCarthy we conducted a witch hunt for communists and destroyed people's lives, careers and families (how about here?). If you look at what the Republicans are saying and try to find any relevant meaning, you can't. As in most cases, family

values mean different things to different people. The family values plank would be similar to an "I Love America" plank. There is plenty of room for emotion but not much for definition.

Many people, including myself, are children of divorced parents. Are we somehow inferior because our family deviated from a supposed norm? The family values issue is exclusionary. The Veep is saying that there is only one true idea about the American family. And he has a lock on it. This whole non-issue started when the Veep denounced the character Murphy Brown for deciding to be a single parent. Quayle chose this character because he thought she was mocking the importance of

fathers. Isn't it odd that they allowed Tanya Tucker to sing (the National Anthem, I think) at the Republican convention even though she decided to be a single parent? In the intermission between speakers at the convention, the score to La Cage Aux Folles was played. Is a play about transvestite faggots the family values they are trying to promote? Or how about singer Lee Greenwood, who prior to the convention was married for the fifth time. That is more than family values. The Veep thought that he could make some political hay by launching a broad strike at the liberals' supposed lack of basic moral values. Please do not be fooled. This issue is just a desperate shot by a losing ticket.

Buster Hymen

I like Bush, what man doesn't? It's congress that sucks!

SINCE you were bombarded with the liberal rantings of Mr. Paritis in our last issue, I feel compelled to rant conservatively for a while.

Now that the Presidential election is upon us, it seems that blaming Bush for all our woes is the "in" thing to do. Sure, we are in a recession. Every economy goes through a recession at one time or another. Do you really think you are that bad off? I don't think so, due to the fact that you have the opportunity to read this independent college newsletter. Obviously Mommy and Daddy are doing well enough to finance the four-plus alcohol and sex-filled learning years you call college (*I wish I, much less my parents, could afford to finance this "learning" experience—Ed.*).

George Bush is by far the better man for the job. Don't get me wrong. He is far from perfect, but he is the most experienced. At least I know what to expect from Bush. Which is more than I can say for a draft-dodging coward like Bill Clinton, or a megalomaniacal midget named H. Ross Perot.

Let's face it. With the way government is set up, there is only so much one man can do. Which brings me to the main point of this article: **CONGRESS SUCKS BIG HAIRY MOOSE COCKS!!!**

Congress has placed so many restrictions on the Presidency, without considering it necessary to regulate themselves. Our Congress is essentially above the law it enacts. For example, take a look at the House Banking Scandal. Was anyone arrested, or even charged, for bouncing all of those checks? NO! If you or I has written bad checks totaling over \$250,000, we'd be sharing a cell with Jim Bakker. Then again, I'm pretty sure Jim Bakker thanks God

every morning he wakes up to Bubba's face instead of that thing, named Tammy Faye, he calls a wife (*weren't they divorced?—Ed.*)!

We must make Congress accountable for its actions. Congressional terms should be limited, just like the Presidency. Special interest groups and lobbyists have too much influence. When someone is elected to Congress, he is supposed to be there to represent the people. If you ask a "Congressperson" (note the politically-correct term...it makes me fucking gag) what they spend most of their time doing, and they don't answer "getting re-elected," then they are lying! We elected them to serve us, not worry about their careers.

When the election day comes, we should be thinking, "Fuck the incumbents! Fuck Lloyd Bensten! Fuck Jesse Helms! And fuck that drunken, hypocritical piece-of-shit Ted Kennedy!" They are the real problem, not the answer. It is up to us to force them to make a change. The longer we wait, the worse it becomes. It is their inability to make any hardcore decisions which would benefit the country because they are too involved in their petty partisan bullshit, that truly fucks us!

Vote! It is the most precious, and most taken-for-granted, right you have. If you are undecided, try giving the Rush Limbaugh Radio Show a listen. He is on AM630, Monday through Friday, Noon until 3PM. And remember to lick a metal pole on a really cold day.

Buster should remember not to drink 18 beers before he starts working on his column.

DAVE BRUNDIGE, STUDENT ALCOHOLIC



Sometimes drinking and eating don't mix.

90210 Update

Continuing with our recap, school got back in session and changes were already under foot. Kelly was busy sulking every time she saw Dylan and Brenda in the old lip-lock, and there was a new faculty advisor for the *Blaze* that Andrea was worried about meeting. Gil, the new advisor, thought that Brandon should be the new editor since Andrea had the job for two years and things could use some shaking up. Of course Gil didn't know that Andrea's whole twisted life was the paper, and it was a fuck-up that led Andrea to think he was a chauvinist pig and caused Brandon headaches, not having time for school, the Peach Pit, the *Blaze*, and waiting around for a new chick. Eventually everyone became buddy-buddy, Brandon and Andrea sharing the editorship.

Steve, Brenda and Donna had signed up for the freshman buddy program, and this was the producer's "clever" way of introducing three new characters. The first recurring black character, Steve's buddy, was only around for a bit so I can't remember his character's name, but the actor is the same as Col. Taylor's son from *A Different World* the last few seasons. Steve came off as his usual cool, where's the brew, kind of guy until some big dudes started picking on him, and Steve came to the rescue but still came off as an annoying butt-head.

Boy does Steve need to get his dick wet after all that pining for Kelly. Brenda's buddy ended up being Scott's sister. Scott was an early character, David's geek friend who shot himself by accident on his birthday. She turns out to be a real hosebag, hiding that fact from her parents. Brenda just sighs and goes running for Dylan. Donna's buddy ends up being Nikki, the chick who made out with David while Donna was off in Europe. David and Nikki argued about telling Donna, and David promised to do it. Of course if never happened, and Nikki mentioned the fact off-handedly, pissing disaster-faced Donna off. They decide to get even at Dylan's barbecue by having Nikki attack David and Donna walks in. They get a good laugh, but by this point I was putting a sack over my head whenever Donna's dog-pound reject mug appeared. Nikki began pining away for Brandon, and pursued him all the while he was dealing with the newspaper controversy. At the barbecue and in the hallway he actually lost his cool and blew her off. Later at the Peach Pit he decides to go for it, maybe some decent sex could come from it. Nikki's decent, but you gotta believe that there's some serious babeitude at West Beverly, and noone on the show seems to be getting it. Brenda's Freddie Mercury mouth and lack-o-breasts certainly keep her out of the category, Kelly's okay but no major babe, and Donna appears to be a department store mannequin brought to life. Where are the babes? *We finish catching up next time...*

Top Ten Least Popular Homecoming Events

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 10. Bobbing for possums. | 5. Fraternity sheep round-up. |
| 9. Tape-worm eating contest. | 4. Butt darts. |
| 8. Name that yeast infection. | 3. Genital bungee jumping. |
| 7. Shave a sorority girl. | 2. Road-kill barbeque. |
| 6. Prostate Pie bake-off | 1. Jock strap buffet. |

Days without Masturbation

//

Lasted ten days before seeing chick in front of the union with a tight red sweater on. Raced inside to jerk off before class. Lasted another day, got new issue of *Playboy*. Started over.

-Hugh

Tripp Addled

The jaundiced view

DATELINE October 11, 1992. The first Presidential debate was held in some godforsaken city in the Midwest. Was it important? Only time will tell. Did anyone win? Some might argue that there were no winners, but that all three participants were losers. And what's worse, they all seemed to be in the grips of some form of controlled substance or other. Here's a candidate-by-candidate description of the Debate, and the probable chemical used:

George Bush

Candidate with the most to lose, so consequently lost. Seemed to be in the haze of a hypnotic barbiturate. Judging from his answers, the substance was definitely not Sodium Pentathol. He evaded all questions with practiced skill, but said nothing which required the higher brain functions. He ruthlessly cut down

points made by Clinton, yet still seemed fogged when confronted by facts. He was so confused that he felt it necessary to remind himself of his location by stressing, "This is the United States of America!" at least ten times during the debate.

Bill Clinton

Bush wasn't the only candidate experimenting with mood-altering substances. From overall appearance, Clinton was definitely on quaaludes. Owing to the fact that it sometimes took him half of the allotted two-minutes just to start his response, it seemed like some form of depressant/relaxant was interfering with his neural processes. And throughout the Debate he had this small, "I'm really feeling good" expression on his face. I expected him to nod off at any point during the debate. While depressants have their place in society, I question Clinton's

choice. He might have been trying to appear sincere and solemn—but unfortunately, he came across as tired, cranky and a little wiggled out. Bill, try some Benzedrine.

Ross Perot

For those who didn't realize it, the disembodied voice issuing from behind the seemingly-empty left-most podium was the insanely rich Texan independent. In fact, based on the fact that I could only see his eyebrows and forehead, I thought Kilroy had shown up to discuss American politics. For recognition purposes alone, it is a good idea for Perot to be supplied a footstool for the next debate. As for his performance, I could immediately sense from his painfully dilated pupils and jerky movements that this was a man who was peaking on Acid. His answers were delivered with an unnatural urgent assurance. I'm not exactly sure what he was trying to say, but he obviously did. It must have made sense to him. Yes, he sounded

good, but what did he really say? Maybe we'll never know, but he must have had painful hallucinations staring at Bush, Clinton, and the line-up of gnarled journalists in front of him.

In a certain sense, the Debate was a success—the candidates achieved some sort of chemical parity, although each was on the substance of their choice. For the next round of Debates, especially the Vice Presidential one, we should rigidly enforce the use of whippets and ether. Quayle has so little brain left to fry, and Gore needs to loosen up a little. Who's the other guy? Does anyone care?

That's it for now. Stay tuned for next week's column, in which I hold an in-depth conversation with small green beings I found in my ear cavity. Or it could just be my imagination...

Tripp's column was written on an un-rolled doobie.

SGA ELECTION SPECIAL



Old Line



Jennifer Kelly

Party Attitude

The two chicks answering debate question gave no indication that they were party people. In response to our lowering of the drinking age campaign, Jen said that she thought there probably should be a drinking age because students can become alcoholics. She's pretty hot, though, so we give her one cocktail.

Political Showmanship

Definitely the airs of a politician. Jen was already dressed like a congresswoman, and spoke carefully and reservedly. The debate was filled with Old Line staff wearing custom t-shirts. The party is obviously well-financed and serious about the power (if you could call the SGA a hub of power). Jen is against the removal of Honoraria that Matt proposes, on the grounds that poor people couldn't work on the SGA since they would need the time for jobs. This is bullshit of course, because if you really want to be involved you can find the time. I work more than 20 hours a week, attend classes, drink heavily and put together this newspaper for nothing. In fact, right now I take a loss, I do it because it's fun. School is a time for experiences, you should not get paid to learn at the undergraduate level. Jen gets four suspicious eyes.

Experience

The Old Line people obviously have the most, since they won last year's election, and have been farting around in the SGA for two years. Jen is currently a Vice President, but only because the elections are held in October instead of April, when they should be. If experience counts for shit, Old Line gets five paper trails.

Ideas

Old Line really means it by that title. They have the least to say in terms of specific plans, but most likely they will work towards the goals of the other parties if they are elected. I get the impression that like most politicians, the students of Old Line can get a job done, they just don't have a fucking clue what the job is. Their idea of a weekly page in the *hack* about SGA happenings is fine, though we think the good old *Club-side* would be a better home for student info, owing to the trashcan-seeking power of the *hack*. They should get on the food service and ticketing plans, and look into the other problems: Campus Senate should be student, not faculty controlled, a 24-hour library should be available, and much more. Old Line gets a weak two congratulatory bells.

Cuteness

Old Line runs away with this one. If all you care about is how your president looks, give Jen the vote. It's gotta be better than looking at the other two's ugly mugs in the *hack*. A big old five thumbs-up for Jen. Babe city USA, there's an Old Line party in my pants!

INSIDE

Check out the other page for a history of the last ten years of SGA elections, promises made, and kept. Also our exclusive SGA Awareness Poll. Surprisingly, most people know about the SGA, even though very few students ever vote.

New Agenda



Rajiv Goel

Party Attitude

Definitely not the party guys. Stoic, never smiling (except for the cheesy political kind), looking like the SGA is actually something that is useful to the campus instead of merely an exciting resume filler. Lighten up, do a few bong hits, pound some tequila, and try again next year. No cocktails for these guys.

Political Showmanship

These guys look like politicians. They dress like politicians. They spout nonsense like politicians. They are politically correct beyond belief. People banded African-American and Native American terms around. These terms don't exist. You're either American or you're not. This is a Western Culture, that is what we should study. If you want to study something else, do it, but don't make me. People yelled for more black-oriented events. Well, hold them. But don't yell segregation. America is a melting pot. That means Cheese Whiz, not a stew. It all blends. People who don't understand this should be shot. That's the full five suspicious eyes, my friends.

Experience

They have a lot of experience running for office, but don't appear to be that well versed in the actual handling of the high ticket offices. Since the fall of the Monarchs, the Old Line appears to have held most of the seats of the SGA. Not necessarily bad, of course, as experience in the SGA is about as valuable as experience rubbing a cheese grater on your dick. Two paper trails.

Ideas

New Agenda definitely rules in terms of coming up with ideas. They have a problem with the meal point service, which can cost you a lot of money that never reaches your mouth. These guys have an attack plan, have been to the Maryland State Assembly, and seem committed to get out their and attack. However, I can't really say they will be successful, but there's no reason to say they won't. The broader support for Old Line seems to be the only reason to favor them in terms of actually implementing ideas. Five congratulatory bells.

Cuteness

A motley bunch. And they're guys. Yeaachhh! No thumbs-up.

Instant Satisfaction



Matt Maschler

Party Attitude

Alright, finally someone we can drink with. Matt said he fell asleep in meetings from lack of sleep, but I can see him partying late night and attempting to drag himself to the sleep-inducing SGA meeting. Why not make people vote by doing shots? How about eating the worm if you miss a meeting? How about meeting at a bar, getting drunk, talking to students, and really finding out what is going on. Matt is for abolishing the drinking age altogether. Party on Instant Satisfaction! Five cocktails.

Political Showmanship

Matt claims to want to run for Vice President in 2008, and maybe by then he will buy a suit. Not looking too professional, and talking straight are examples of real people, not politicians. People on the SGA should be like this, taking advantage of the learning experience and having a good time. It's fucking college! Everything you do in life shouldn't be money based. People over in Old Line talked about doing volunteer work. What do you think the SGA is? The SGA is not a job. It is not an adventure. It is just another part of college, education. No suspicious eyes for Instant Satisfaction.

Experience

Not too much in this category. They are only running a partial ticket. Experience doesn't really matter unless you think the SGA can actually affect the school in a way other than doleing out money. Just to be kind, one paper trail.

Ideas

The primary idea of Instant Satisfaction is to control the Honoraria that every member of the SGA gets. The President of the SGA gets \$2500 for a year. \$2500? They go to school for FREE because they run an SGA with less power than a limp-dick? Eliminate this money, all of it, and quickly. Disband the SGA and start fresh if that's the only way to make it happen fast. Otherwise, Matt constantly gave out his phone number and let it be known that he would take suggestions at all times. Very vague, but tries hard. Two congratulatory bells.

Cuteness

Beer-swilling guys? Party with 'em, don't want to fuck 'em. No thumbs-up.

ENDORSEMENT: OLD LINE

It is hard to make an endorsement, because after the research done in the last few days it has become painfully obvious that the SGA is powerless except for dispensing money to the various groups recognized by the school. The SGA is powerless not because of its members, who I'm sure are dedicated (even if paid) to making the school a cool place. However, I'm sure the administration, when allowing the creation of the SGA, decided to render it a mere mouthpiece. It should be the goal of this year's SGA to rewrite campus politics: eliminate the Campus Senate, create a Union Board that controls the Student Union and allocates the money, a President of the Union to direct the board, incorporate the Union to make it separate from the school and its monies untouchable by the administration, and make the SGA a governing body with veto power over Administration decisions. Want to rewrite CORE? Students deserve veto power. Want to de-tenure professors. The SGA should make the choice. The students support the school. Some of us do it twice, I pay Maryland taxes and tuition. Vote Old Line, they have their foot in the door. Tell them to empower the students. The Administration has no choice. They must listen to the students. Old Line has communication opened. They may not by the partying kind we like, but they may be the best to get our job started.

SGA: A Decade of Silliness

The SGA has a long history, I'm sure, but I didn't have time to include all the things I had planned in the first place, much less research the whole fucking history. I had planned to include the whole transcript of the debate, some fancy graphs, some examples of problems with the powers assigned to the Senate and SGA, but guess what, trying to do this rag in 12 hours, worrying about the boss seeing me using the copier, and the fact that I have a paper due in 6 hours and a test in 3, so it just isn't gonna happen. Here is the first part of a brief history of the last ten years of SGA elections. What happened after the election is anyone's guess, since you'll notice almost all parties promise the same thing each year. In the future I read every back issue of the hack and see what happened. In general, after the election nary a word was written about the SGA, unless a run-off was forced. So kick off your shoes, put a hand in your pants, and enjoy. 1982 started off with campaign controversy. A flier war was afoot, each party accusing the others of tearing down their posters on the kiosks. Seven people ran for president this year, a record for this decade of retched SGAs. The Work party said it would fight for a deferred payment plan (obviously something that eventually was implemented), rework the finance committee, eliminate restricted parking after 4pm (this should be done), and obtaining more money for the campus escort service. Work officials wanted an English competency test for TAs (a good

idea). The United Students party wanted a two-tiered athletic systems, where students who did not attend events would pay less. United Students also wanted more control of Union space, including more of the rooms and control of the bookstore (both excellent ideas). United Students supported no exams for seniors, putting an end to increasing the number of courses for graduating, and support for minority retention (an issue that everyone but the Monarchists over all ten years will say). The Surf party wanted a professor evaluation book for student use. The Strong party stressed pressure on state legislature for increased funding, better information for the students on what their activity fee goes towards, and professor evaluations. The Progress party wanted to set up a judicial branch (now in place) and improved academic quality. The Monarchists said they would give all the money away and build a moat around campus filled with beer to keep intruders out. An independent candidate wanted to build a success plan for clubs that would reward or penalize groups based on how wisely they used money. Few endorsements were given out, and this year was the only one in ten years where the hack made a choice: noone. Yes, the hack said not to vote to show displeasure with the SGA. Must have worked, because after this year no more than 5,000 students would vote in the election. A Progress/Strong runoff was forced after 5,015 votes didn't reveal the 40% majority needed. Name recognition, based

on more flyers than the other guy, won the day, and STRONG won the run-off. The SGA board investigated charges that STRONG spent more than the \$975 funding ceiling set by the board. The party was cleared.

In 1983 the headline blared, "CAUSE receives most student group support." The BSU, Commuters, Jews and an activist United Students group endorsed the group. After this, all three parties were fined for violating limits of where fliers could be displayed. Two referendums were placed on the ballot: TAs taking an English proficiency test, and a \$2 checkbox for funding of MaryPIRG, a campus political activist research group. The Monarchists wanted a morality test for TAs, funding for their moat, and "longer and slower roaches" in the dining halls for easier killing. BEST wanted to establish a student credit union, and adding plusses and minuses to grades (stupid idea). An independent wanted to lobby the state to lower the drinking age to 19. CAUSE put all of their eggs in the minority basket, a truly annoying trend throughout this narrative. BEST and CAUSE were forced into a run-off after 4468 votes didn't yield a 40% majority. The CAUSE candidate won, and became the second black president in the history of the SGA.

In 1984 the war lines were drawn over the divisiveness of the SGA and the funding process. The Monarchist candidate said he would control problems by throwing SGA members into dungeons if they caused trouble. An SGA

voting board official quit over a dispute that involved BAG party members posting on 55 building, a \$550 fine (\$10 each), far exceeding the \$100 bond limit for fines. Well, that board member can go fuck himself, that sort of logic deserves to be left in the library. The Monarchists became more visible, declaring the uselessness of the SGA, creating an idea of a group check-off for funding decisions (stupid idea), and talking about the importance of beer in government. The CARE ticket swept endorsements. The BAG (Bringing Accountable Government) party wanted to add a study week before finals and starting a problem-solving desk for students to meet with the SGA. CARE (Campus Actively Representing Equality) sought to add more parking and add a student representative to the campus judicial board. The Decentralists lobbied for the return of campus fire-extinguishers and wanted to change the name Stamp Union back to Student Union (makes sense). The Monarchists wanted to rule completely, using referendums for opinion. The USA (Unlimited Student Achievement) party wanted to update the library, increase hours during exam week, extend shuttle-bus hours, add a stop on fraternity row, and creating a student pavillion. USA and CARE were forced into a run-off, 3,814 votes not being enough to get a 40% majority (again! Why not start a primary system and eliminate this run-off crap?) The USA party won, and the first female became president.

SGA Poll

We surveyed 108 students at random about their knowledge and opinions regarding the SGA. We were only surprised by the amount of knowledge of the SGA. In comparison with the last decade's voter turnout (see text above), the students polled were very active, even if they didn't know who was running in the election. However, and SGA officials take note, very few people believe the SGA makes any difference in their lives. Also, a vast majority wanted the candidates to keep their clothes on. I guess there's nothing in their pants worth seeing.

Do You Know What SGA Stands For?	Do You Plan to Vote?	Do You Know Who's Running?	Would Seeing the Candidates Naked Help You Make A Better Decision/ Encourage You To Vote?	If the SGA Were Eliminated, Do You Think Your Life Would Change at All?
Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
No	No	No	No	No
	Don't Know			Don't Know
83%	38%	24%	36%	30%
17%	54%	76%	64%	50%
	12%			20%