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 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.

Chancre on Higher Education Fails Basic Drills Math Test

By Ratt Wheelson

T. Edward Hollandaise, Chancre 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 Chancre'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 laughing though.

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.

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.
**Pseudo-Movement Spreads**

By Rich El Fig

An upstart group of degenerates and renegades has declared the "amoral equivalent of war" on the administration at Montclair State University (MSU) calling themselves the American Movement of Eclectic Bull-shit Artists (AMOEBAS). A spokesman for the AMOEBAS, 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 AMOEBAS requests for a Student Government Ass. (SGA) charter and a budget appropriation have created controversy and confusion within the SGA and college administration. According to the AMOEBAS 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 AMOEBAS would be given a Classless One Organism charter, entitling them to a budget appropriation and use of college faculties for meetings.

Grover Furry and Larry Schwartzle, professors of English and resident pseudo-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 AMOEBAS 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 commodities, 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 "realized themselves from the premises."

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

SGA President Jose Keneseu said that according to the constitution, the SGA Legislature may already be dominated by AMOEBAS—or at the very least, Bull-shit Artists Without a Cause (BAWAC). Some college administrators privately admit that many of the administrators are already members of the AMOEBAS or BAWAC. Reactions among faculty have been mixed. Some think a new minor should be established focusing on the AMOEBAS as a social consciousness movement of the 70's. Others feel that their colleagues are leaders in the AMOEBAS movement and 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 AMOEBAS 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.

Asked what the organization would do if granted a charter, Nucleus quoted the political wisdom of Marx: "We wouldn't belong to any group that would use 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.

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**Unclassifiable Ads**

**Lost:** One shower nozzle. Owner will offer 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, 1673,438,721,342 mileage. Call MBXKLYZ.

**Needed:** Teflon frying pans to be used in a Quarry Carp fish fry. Donations to table on main floor, Student Center.

**Found:** Container of hippopotamus dental floss. Contact Peter Potamus or Soso.

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**Datebook**

**Today, Sat, April 1**

**Lecture:** Schmeddly Oxnard Mornere, III will address the biannual convention of the Reba Meter Elk Club in Ball Rooms A & B1/2.

**Meeting:** Granny Foglencack will be holding her weekly dance recitals for "Gypsy" today outside in the Mall.

**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**

(partial nudity) — at the **Ratcellar**
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 students—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 Assn., Mon.-April 3, 7 AM in the lower pits.

New Monitor System

Jose Kenuese, SGA President, turned another campaign promise into reality this week when he unveiled the new radar shuttle system recently installed.

The $30,000 radar system will allow waiting students to follow the paths of the shuttles by means of a five ft. square radar screen showing a map of the campus with a detailed roadway diagram. Each shuttle will be represented as a red dot moves—except during blizzards, sub-freezing weather or rainstorms—along the marked out roadways.

Accidents or unruly pedestrians who are run over by a shuttle will register on the screen as a bright red light, indicating a direct hit.

The $30,000 cost will be split three ways, Kenuese said: Student Government Ass. (SGA) monies from student fees, college funds from students' tuition payments, and students' parking decal money.

Student Shanghais Shuttle

An attempted shuttle bus hijack by a dorm student in protest of the confiscation of his Sunbeam Hotdogger by fire-safety minded housing officials was thwarted by the quick reaction of Campus Police yesterday afternoon.

For a frightening five hours of terror—and no dinner—the dorm resident held 15 fellow students, the shuttle bus driver, and an alien transfer student from the planet Ergo, as hostages in the lower quarry. The hijacker, whose name is being withheld by Lawabiding W. Blandone, Dean of Students, claimed that his only means of support had been a small hot dog stand outside Panzy Gym.

College officials were alerted to the hijack by the new radar shuttle monitor system recently installed. (See related story, then read it.) Evidently the "blip" representing the shuttle had failed to move out of the quarry area for over two hours before anyone noticed.

As the shuttle desparado yelled his demands through the broken shuttle bus windows to Campus Police, it appeared that he was "possessed," according to Sgt. William Yodeling. Acting in the continued absence of James Lockjaw, rumored to have been a Director of Security at the College, Yodeling ordered the highly trained Campus SWAT team to perform an exorcism.

The team circled the shuttle bus and broke into a chant of "Out Devil! Out!" with little initial effect other than causing the hostages to laugh hysterically at their efforts.

"Your mother eats Kitty Litter," the terrorist screamed in reply.

One officer broke ranks to get at the hijacker, saying, "No one talks about MY mother that way!" He was promptly run over by the bus.

"Take this shuttle to Montclair," the one-time hot dog seller ordered. As the shuttle made for the campus exit via Normal Ave., however, a Campus Police car—which was late in leaving for the scene of the hijack—inadvertently backed into the on-coming shuttle bus, knocking the devil out of the hijacker. The hostages emerged unharmed.

By Thomas Craugh of the Biology Dept...
**Blah, Blah, Blah**

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 Retired 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, 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.)

It's time we all complain. As Jose Kenuee, 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 (Clue 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-kneec sweater vote) said “Is it prepity?”
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?)—Louy 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.”

Consumer News

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 outwitted 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.

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 dung at high noon in front of the Student Center.

By Donald Duckarnci

While the current SGA Legislature suffers from Robert’s Rules of hemorrhoids and is much like the guy 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.

The hemorrhoids are the psychological state of the Legislature’s mind, so to speak, a condition that has developed from their desire to use that symbolic can opener this writer 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 constant state of fecal anxiety—ay...there’s the awful rectal pain.

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 XII I placed the responsibility of change on vocal critics such as myself who are sluffed 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. Not so. Vocal critics, like former SGA Dictators, can say anything they want.

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

1.) Jose Kenues, 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.

Can You Get Change From a Drugstore

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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 Duckarnci 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 all 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 (AMOEBA) 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 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's 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 Krappa 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 embarrassing stupid speeches or answer ridiculous questions from MONTCLARION reporters. Instead, he will execute a complicated turn or spin 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.

Revolution 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, headed continuing to consume their lunches. When asked by this MONTCLARION reporter why they did not scream or attempt to stop this horridious 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.

All on campus are warned to take caution; if spotted this tapestry could be dangerous.

WHAT IS THIS MAN REALLY THINKING?: Former MSC Fire Marshall Joseph Blazur demonstrates new fire fighting equipment purchased by the college. In an interview held afterwards Blazur said, "I don't know how hip this tube is in fighting fires but I think I'll send one of them to my friend the VP of Decadent Affairs, I. Rate Amauling whose into B&D.

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 Valium 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.
Bicycling with Buddha

Loi Kith, a Zen master and professor of religion at MSC, was riding his bicycle downhill 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 behind the campus, 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 blow, now my forehead / the auto's pass."

Kith then continued his ride to the college.

By Roy Haikubowski

Sentimental Rot

By Very Annie Vulgar

Quarterly, the MSC literary magazine sponsored a special reading by famed poet Roy McKuen in Memorial Auditorium last Friday evening, March 31. McKuen, author of such badly acclaimed works as Listen to the Warm Milk, Sanforized Street, among others, and most recently Are You My Father? (published by Dr. Suess press), presented his sweet, sentimental and thoroughly sopping verse to a large and enthusiastic audience of blatant illiterates here at MSC.

McKuen was greeted anddebated, stumbled on stage to deliver an unrelinquent three hours of total misery in both verse and song. The audience, obviously delighted, began slobbering midway through the third poem, "Sunday Morning After A Wild Night of Total Abandon And I Don't Know Your Name But You Remind Me of My Father," and continued throughout the rest of the reading.

Tickets for the historic event were priced at the unusually steep sum of $10, as McKuen is presently taking up a collection to pay Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry.

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Arts & Pleasure

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. The mix that he selected in his palm (no palette needed here), rubber tipped his painting knife, already catalogued for color allergies in his "canvas," and of course added soft lights and music.

When questioned about his devotion Smith replied, "I like to help him 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 biodynamics of my subjects in order to suit the colors and brush sizes with their personal intensity of the mood."

Smith starts by dubbing 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 ticklish areas "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..."

While many listeners grimaced, there were many who "did the Amoeba" at their tables, under the tables, and under the tables. One face, caught up in the general mood of reckless abandon, caught Nucleus in a whirlwind when he vomited at Nick's feet. The Amoebas played, "Everybody Wants to Wear My Groovy Boots." At the time, it seemed that Nucleus would rather have been in someone else's boots.

However, half through "Mitosis Bouche" in which the band forms two lines facing each other at center stage (approximating the metaphase stage of cell reproduction), people began to throw change at them. So when the band went into "Adios Amoeba of Wasted Last Time We Split," one could sense that this was indeed their first and last appearance.

Mistaking Rattclli Manager Vic Buybourier, for one of the money throwers, Nucleus shouted: "We don't want your stinkin' money and I'll bash him over with a box of drum. Buybourier said he was only picking up the loose change. "They may not want the money—but we take every penny we can get our hands on," he said.

Cytoplasm explained, "We're anti-professional and anti-stardom. Look what happened to Harry Manilow when he became rich and famous. He used to write great jingles for commercials. And now what? When we were how notorious we were before we were a pig, we knew it was time to call it quits for good."

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bunk ROCK and PARADOX of the AMOEBA's

They came, they played, they split.

Nick Nucleus and his raving band of degenerates and renegades, the Amoebas, brought their "Hit & Run Revue" to the Ratceller. On a typically uneventful Saturday night and things will never be the same. For one thing they will probably never be allowed back in the Rat—if they ever get back together.

Their existence as a "bunk rock" group was as shortlived as its time was controversial. Before they even played they were banned from the MSC Gong Show, when word leaked out that they planned on stealing the gong and shorting the wire. They were also banned by the Globetrotters next fall as the first white woman basketball player on the team.

Opening with "Loud Music" the Amoebas displayed the minimal talent that have become characteristic of bunk rock at its best or worse—slashing guitar solos and some goodnatured splitting when he saw anyone who reminded him of John Travolta. The Flower of Power horn section joined the Amoebas on "I Should Be Dancing on Your Face," and "Disco DejaVu, Whooop, Whooop, Whooop," with some tight-knit kazoo playing.

Casually attired in oversized muffler and green rubber boots, Nucleus sneered menacingly at the audience from behind two Ratceller beer mugs which were glued onto his wraparound sunglasses.

Nucleus's sidekick, Sid Cystoplasms, embellished the dynamic two and three chord song structures with frenzied guitar solos and some goodnatured splitting when he saw anyone who reminded him of John Travolta. The Flower of Power horn section joined the Amoebas on "I Should Be Dancing on Your Face," and "Disco DejaVu, Whooop, Whooop, Whooop," with some tight-knit kazoo playing.

Screaming vocals, all delivered with a sense of happy vengance and controlled anarchy. In short, they are a paradox as their name implies: (All Wound Up) Nucleus sings: "Amoeba madness is coming out of hiding: It's taking over/Multiplying by dividing."

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..."
Molehill 'Digs' New Talent

By Grape Juice Welch

Although MSC's Baseball 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 "grats" and put them into MSC uniforms.

"Baby Ruth, Lou Gayrig, and Ty Corncob 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 Diorregardless, 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.

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

When informed that the Japanese ballplayer Sadaharu Oh holds the all-time record, Ruth simply said, "I never did like Chinese food anyway."

One problem that arose from the program was the question of college eligibility for the three stars. 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 Corncobb 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 and I might as well go 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 accidently dug up the grave of former boxing great Sunny Liston. Once up, Listen would not go back to his hole, loudly proclaiming, "But I want a shot at Leon Sphinx, too."

Molehill 'Digs' New Talent

By Billy the Kid

LITTLE FALLS—Joseph Weekly, MSC's Fire Marshall, was released on $10 bail following his arrest for kidnapping and impersonating a basketball coach by the Little Falls Police Dept.

Weekly is charged with abducting and then assuming the identity of MSC's Men's Basketball Coach, Ollie Golly on the night of Sat., March 25. The Fire Marshall is alleged to have kidnapped the renowned Golly, locking him in a Panzy Gym locker and then taking his place on the court. No one noticed the difference.

Also implicated in the alleged crime was Stan Garlic, the soon-to-be former Sports Misinformation Director at MSC. Garlic is reported to have discovered Golly bound and gagged in the locker following MSC's upset victory over Jersey City State College. Garlic however did not report the discovery until the conclusion of the basketball season.

Weekly, who bears a strong resemblance to Golly and who recently underwent facial surgery to look more like the Coach, was not at all perturbed by the arrest.

"I'm not ashamed to admit it, I confess," Weekly stated, "and I'd do it again. After all, how many people have a chance to impersonate their idol?"

"I've been a Golly groupie for years," he continued. "This was my best opportunity to follow in his footsteps...literally."

"Besides, I don't know what everybody is getting upset about," Weekly complained. "Golly has been impersonating a basketball coach for years."

Garlic however, denied being directly involved in the crime and professed alterior motives for his failure to release Golly for two weeks.

"We won the game didn't we?" he pleaded. "That hasn't happened too often this season."

"Why should I have messed with a winning formula? It's my job to help the team in any way I could. Isn't it? Isn't it?" he yelled as he was dragged kicking and screaming from the courthouse.

The MONTCLAIRION has also learned that Weekly had other reasons for the crime. An informed source, who refused to be indentified, said that Weekly received a lucrative offer from Italian film director Dino De Laurentes to portray Golly in the upcoming film "Pride of the Indians: The Ollie Golly Story."

The X-rated musical was to have co-starred the insipid Barbra Streisand.

Weekly denied this allegation, but indicated that he expected to receive some financial benefits from this ridiculous caper.

"I already have been contracted to write a book about my experiences," Weekly noted. "As a matter of fact, he polished his sun glasses. "After that I expect to hit the talk show circuit, you know, Merv, Johnny, Dick Cavetti, and spread the good word about MSC athletics," he said in a veiled attack on Garlic.

MSC Athletic Director William P. Diorregardless was bewildered by the entire incident.

"Ali...Ali? Oh, Ali," he said. "Well, he was one of the finest wrestling coaches MSC has ever had. But he wanted to go elsewhere and I just didn't have the money. What could I do?"

Golly, when finally reached for comment, summed up his feelings on the bizare incident.

"We finally made the other team dance to a different drummer," he noted rubbing his chafed wrists. "Tyronne Shemmoreid is a vast reservoir of talent and I start looking for recruits when they start playing the National Anthem. I am cautiously optimistic about the upcoming season."

Gollee...A Pair of Ollies??!!