**Curses! Frozen Again**

by Mary Lou Ish

In an unsurprising move by Chintz Insaner, SGA president, the MONTCLARION staff was frozen last Thursday at 4 pm.

Chuckling and rubbing his hands with glee, Insaner said, "I've been trying to get those suckers since last May. It serves them right for not endorsing me," he snickered.

Keep Ontrucking, treasurer of the SGA, explained the reasons behind the freeze.

"Uh, well, you see...well, it's because...huh, I haven't the vaguest idea! All I know it that Chintz is always right. He is the president, isn't he? Well, isn't he?" Ontrucking asked.

Fink Hirohito, vice-president of the SGA, had more concise explanations of why the staff was frozen.

"I went to see Lethal Brickhart (Editor-in-chief) and asked her to endorse me, but she refused to accept the emergency legislation."

"But are they sanitary?" he was asked.

"Maybe, maybe not. I'll have to get my mommy to read it to me first. Besides, you can't make me do anything I don't want to. I'm the president," Insaner chuckled.

"Oh no, here we go again," Brickhart groaned. "Why can't he just let us put our paper out in peace?"

"We're gonna need ice picks," he added, laughing maniacally.

Insaner explained that the decision was made by the entire Executive Board, except for Mary Ellen Purina, SGA secretary. "She's around even less than I am," he commented.

Noddy Unpronounceable, president pro tempore of the SGA, tried valiantly during a marathon 30 minute meeting of the legislature to prevent Insaner from freezing the staff.

"You can't freeze them now!" Unpronounceable screamed.

Although the vote to halt the freeze was an overwhelming majority, Insaner refused to accept the emergency legislation.

"It's not legal 'til I sign it, you know," he explained.

"Will you sign it?" Unpronounceable asked.

"Maybe, maybe not. I'll have to get my mommy to read it to me first. Besides, you can't make me do anything I don't want to. I'm the president," Insaner chuckled.

"Oh no, here we go again," Brickhart groaned. "Why can't he just let us put our paper out in peace?"

Unpronounceable, accepting defeat, brought up another piece of emergency legislation.

"We're gonna need ice picks," he explained. "Otherwise, they'll never get unfrozen."

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**Bone Hall Goes Bats**

by Ivan Putskie

Termed by some as ‘The worst health hazard to ever hit the MSC campus,” vampire bats continued to plague students living in Bone Hall.

"They are now. Before, we only used to wash them once. Now we wash them twice. And we know for a fact that they're fresh. Besides, they go absolutely fantastically with our special new worm salad."

"They develop a new 'Special of the Day' every day, including the vampires. I talked to one of the chefs. He told me that tonight we're having bat souffle with a side dish of fresh fried bats. I just love fried bats."

According to a county health inspector who asked to be identified only as Igor, "This is a fairly common problem which often arises when so many people are living so close together. We see no cause for alarm yet, and feel that the students are in no imminent danger. Besides, the normal human body contains 16 pints of blood, and these bats can only ingest three ounces per day. That gives you more than a month and a half of donations before you have to start worrying."

Bone Hall co-ed Anemia Hematoma commented, "At first I almost thought they were kind of cute, but they're beginning to be a bit of a pain in the neck, ya know?"

In an attempt to aid the troubled students, the health department has issued each resident a crucifix, as well as a small pouch of garlic which is to be worn about the potential victim's neck. Chintz Insaner, president of the SGA, has promised to give all the aid in his power to the unfortunate residents of Bone. "Just give me a couple of weeks to figure out exactly what my power is," he commented. "I've got to talk to my mommy about this. It's a real toughie."

The infestation has not been without its lighter side, however, with the students creating their own version of "batmitton." At almost any hour of the night, racket-wielding Bone residents can be seen racing to and fro through the hallways, smashing the furry little critters senseless.

"Obscene, Unlimited Is offering a bounty for every bat we bring in," Hematoma commented. "They've developed a new 'Special of the Day' with bats. I talked to one of the chefs. He told me that tonight we're having bat souffle with a side dish of french fried bats. I just love fried bats."

Slip No Unitol, manager of Obscene, thinks the bats are a gift from heaven.

"We've really been hitting the bottom of the barrel for menu ideas, and the kids really seem to like the bats."

"But are they sanitary?" he was asked.

"They are now. Before, we only used to wash them once. Now we wash them twice. And we know for a fact that they're fresh. Besides, they go absolutely fantastically with our special new worm salad."
Hollerer Throws Us A Freebie

by Gidget Goway Pleez

Happy days are here again for NJ state college students. A tuition-free state college system was recently recommended by NJ chancellor on higher education, Teddy Hollerer.

This sudden move by Hollerer would completely abolish tuition at the eight NJ state colleges. Undergraduates who presently pay $22 per credit would only be required to pay the general service charge and student government fees of their respective colleges.

"It is my firm belief that a college which is under the complete control of the state should also be the financial responsibility of the state!," Hollerer screamed at an emergency meeting of the NJ board of Higher education yesterday.

This action by Hollerer was quite surprising to many state college officials. Hollerer had previously suggested that a tuition increase be imposed on students in all NJ institutions of higher education.

When questioned about this change of opinion, Hollerer shouted, "I finally realized that NJ college students were being treated unfairly! The state alone should bear the financial responsibility for the education of our students!" Hollerer reassured state officials that enough money would be available to cover the cost of educating the approximately 65,000 state college students. He reminded them that by offering college faculty members an extra low pay package in their contract negotiations, the state would be saving money, which could then be used to the students' benefit.

"I feel that these students have been treated as second class citizens up to this point. They have been paying one of the highest tuition rates for state colleges in the country!," the bespectacled Hollerer screeched.

Brendle (Tweety) Birdseed, Governor of NJ, was not so pleased with Hollerer's suggestion. Birdseed will now have to adjust his state budget, which included the previously recommended tuition increase.

"I don't know why Teddy couldn't make up his mind in the first place," Birdseed stated in a recent phone interview. "It is such an inconvenience for me to have to change my budget after all the work I put into it."

But Hollerer's hopes of a tuition-free system were not dimmed by Birdseed's comments. "I think this (adjusting the budget) is the least Tweety could do for the state college students."

"After all, their tuition pays his salary," Hollerer yelled.

Look In Your Shorts

The SGA held their last meeting on Wed., March 25, at 4 am in the Student Center janitors' closet.

The SGA passed four charters, six bills (including a pelican bill), and a bottle of Jack Daniels.

Prospective Certified Prostitutes (PCP) were granted a Class One charter. The goals of the PCP are the enrichment of education and the enjoyment of SGA fee paying students. Membership is open to anyone who is willing. PCP's office will be the third floor of the Student Center.

Kappa Keg fraternity and Alpha Bet sorority were granted Negative Class Four status.

Students Organization for a Better School (SOB's) presents Son of Bland (SOB) for SGA President

"I've done my time, SOB deserves it," says SGA President Chintz Insaner.

"The only thing I can say is, he really is an SOB," says Joe College, cub reporter.

"Who is he?" asks Lethal Brickheart, Editor of the MONTCLARION.

"Only if he pays me more than the MONTCLARION did," says Peter J. Belligerent.
Live From Bedrock
by Desinn X. Slipshod

For the past several months, MSC students have walked into the Student Center and other buildings only to find blank screens on the tv monitors. Many began to wonder when these monitors would be used to help benefit the students.

Finally, two weeks ago, Chintz Insaner, SGA president found a way to use them.

The Executive Board voted unanimously to adopt Insaner's idea.

The next day, Insaner, along with some members of the SGA legislature, was ready to put his idea to the test. "We decided to do what was best for the students," Insaner stated, "and show them the program that will help to advance the students' academic abilities."

Insaner continued by saying that the program was chosen for its "thought provoking stimulation." He added that it would be shown continuously (24 hours a day), but different programs will be shown every day in order to "help the students progress toward higher levels of learning."

"Repeats will be shown for the slower learning students, like myself," stated Insaner, "the legislature made sure I put that in."

The MONTCLARION was invited to a special preview of Insaner's new educative program.

"Flintstones, meet the Flintstones."

MONTCLARION III. April 1, 1979

YABBA DABBA DOO! It's the new tv monitor programming—the Flintstones!

Minibus 'Just Hangin' Around
by Mary Lou Ish

Eliot I. Minibus. vice-president for misadministration and greed, was lynched last week by a horde of angry students.

Led by Chintz Insaner, SGA president, hundreds of MSC students stormed Minibus' office in College Hall and bodily forced him to the Fine Arts building, where a scaffold had been erected.

Insaner and the students charged that Minibus had embezzled hundreds of thousands of dollars in student funds.

Lawless W. Bland, dean of students, valiantly tried to save Minibus from the mob.

"Don't you think you're being a bit hasty?" he said in a stirring speech to the milling students. "After all, we're not really sure he stole the money."

Just because a man just bought a new Rolls Royce and opened a Swiss bank account doesn't mean he stole the money. Maybe he won the lottery.

Bland added, "I tried. I really tried." Bland said later, waving away a tear, "I told Eliot to jump through the window, but all he did was stand there and say, 'Retreat!' I don't know the meaning of the word!" By the time I got a dictionary he was gone," Bland sighed.

Insaner, who spearheaded the lynching mob, said later, "I've been bucking the administration all year, and I'm damn proud of it. It's what I'm going to be doing the next four years."

According to Eliot I. Minibus, vice-president for misadministration and greed, the reasons for the shifts are financial.

"We are not obligated to provide burial space for anyone," Minibus said.

After weeks of negotiations and arguments, culminating in a fight at the Security Shack, a final location was decided upon for Carnival '79.

"We are not obligated to provide carnival space for anyone," Minibus said.

All preparations for the carnival are under way. The location chosen for the carnival this year is the small amount of space by the railroad tracks near one of the MSC exits.

"To christen the carnival because of its new location as compared to last year's spot, the parking lot across from Partridge Hall, all visitors will be able to take a train ride to heighten the novelty of the new carnival atmosphere," said Guiddlydiddle.

News flash—the carnival will not be held near the railroad tracks. This decision has been revoked. The carnival spot will now be down in the Quarry.

"This year we will flood one of the pits so that everyone can have a swim when they get tired of throwing darts and wasting their money. If it'll be great," Guiddlydiddle said.

The MONTCLARION has just learned that the carnival location has been changed again. The carnival will not be held in the Quarry as previously announced, it will be held instead in the tennis courts.

Time again for another news flash folks—the carnival location will be changed again. This whole thing is ridiculous.

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"The CDUB Carnival of '79, sponsored by the College Death Union Board (CDUB) will take place Fri., Sat., and Sun. May 4, 5, and 6," Bob Guiddlydiddle, president of CDUB, announced.

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**Solve the Parking Problem: Bich**

by Ivan Putske

In response to Jean Bich's declaration of martial law on the MSC campus, the committee for Whites With a Guilt-Trip (WAG) made an unsuccessful bid for a coup d'état directed against the present administration.

The trouble began at approximately 1100 hours yesterday morning, when Chief of Campus Fascists Bich spearheaded an assault designed to end the school's "chronic" parking problems forever.

Taking the point atop an L-1 tank, Bich led a column of national guardsmen toting flamethrowers, grenades, and automatic weapons through the campus and into the parking lots.

Supported by armored personnel carriers and bulldozers, the small army began an "area sweep," which included the bulldozing of all illegally parked vehicles into the Quarry, as well as the rounding up and subsequent detention of all suspected violators. Reports of torture remain unsubstantiated.

Standing along a point of high ground surveying the "pits" through field glasses, Jean "The Terror" Bich was quoted as saying: "I gave them the chance to live peaceably within my rules, but they would not listen." Slapping her leather riding crop against her thigh, she added, "Now I will crush them like insects beneath my boot!"

After issuing a hurried prepared statement which called the action "racist, sexist, and the work of right wing, Neo-Nazi Fascist, capitalist perverts..." a small detachment of WAG members laid siege to that bastion of campus beaurocracy, the administration offices of College Hall.

Dressed in black, faces greased, the group crept stealthily to their objective. Though the women of the Registrar's Office put up a gallant fight, rubber bands and paper clips were no match for the weapons of the guerrillas, who were soon reeling in what they thought to have been an easy first victory.

Turning her attention from the parking lots to the College Hall occupation, Bich developed a plan which has been acclaimed by analysts as a stroke of military genius.

Surrounding the structure with American flags and posters of great American capitalists and conservatives, Bich inundated the guerrillas with the music of Pat Boone.

I SHOWED THEM! A militant Jean Bich discusses her victory over the attempted coup.

**Look! Look!**

Before the SGA finished business, one member, Doug Dip, called quorum. Because Dip was the only one who responded to the roll call, the SGA could not conduct official business. The meeting was adjourned with the gavel coming down on Dip's head.

Next week's meeting will be held around the urinal on the first floor of the Student Center.

Wayne Newton, and Kate Smith, as well as Horatio Alger stories.

Several hours later, the once proud rebels struggled from the building in disarray. "It just isn't fair," mumbled one trembling guerrilla, "Such psychological warfare is devastating."

Throughout the day, long lines of suspected parking violators could be seen making their way up from the Quarry on a forced march, their ankles and wrists bound in heavy shackles. What will become of them is unknown.

When the fighting ended and the dust had cleared, the SGA came forward with a statement of support for Bich and "Bich's Marauders," praising them for their restoration of "order to our beloved campus community."

Satisfied in the knowledge that the illegal parkers have been caught, a search of their cars will be made to ensure that all "American made and must be kept" cars are accounted for.

According to the Winds of Protection, however, tend to rely more on the ability of the driver rather than the merits of the car, he said.

Shields said his main goal is not to stop the competition, but to open it to all vehicles and students. If, however, he can't secure open admissions, he intends to stop it.

The students supporting him will be having discussions during the week in Meeting Room Three. Petitions, he added, are circulating for anyone who wishes to sign them.

**Cars Vie for Crown**

by Crisis Dodger

The MSC Chapter of Car Craft recently initiated plans for the first annual car competition. The tentative date for the event is June 6 and will be held mainly at the Industrial Arts Building.

Many students have already filed applications, however, the competition has encountered severe opposition from others.

On one level the discriminatory nature of the competition has been cited as an area of dispute. The use of college facilities and consequently student funds is also being contested.

Finally, students are objecting to the surface attributes on which the cars will be judged.

According to Wind Shield, spokesmen for those opposing the competition, all cars entered must be American made and must meet 1974 safety standards. "This directly discriminates against the owners of old and foreign cars," Shield complained. A large percentage of students drive cars of this description, and the exclusion of these cars is prohibiting more than half of the students from entering, he surmised.

Shields fiercely denounced the use of college facilities for an event to which such limited participation is encouraged. "The rights of the college community are being violated," he said, since the campus will be closed on the day of the competition to those not involved.

Shields finds further fault with the areas in which cars will be judged. Entries will be judged by their exterior physical condition, he stated. The results, he added, will reflect none of their interior attributes such as upholstery, cruise control, AM/FM radio or power windows, he said.

According to Shield, the refusal to accept jeeps as entries is an attempt to limit male participation in the competition since the majority of jeeps are driven by men. Shield further claims that the exclusion of station wagons from the competition discriminates against those college students with a family and children.

"The irresponsible use of student money to keep college facilities open when the majority of the college community will be prohibited from using them must be stopped," Shield stated. Al Tenator, president of Car Craft, defended the closing of the college as a safety measure. Part of the competition involves a series of races along College Avenue into the Quarry, where an obstacle course will be set up, Tenator explained. "We don't want students walking on campus who could be hurt during these difficult driving tests," he said.

According to Shield, these driving tests provide the only measurement of the internal car performance. Such tests, however, tend to rely more on the ability of the driver rather than the merits of the car, he said.

Shields said his main goal is not to stop the competition, but to open it to all vehicles and students. If, however, he can't secure open admissions, he intends to stop it.

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**Sore End Riding Club**

The Sore End Riding Club was appropriated $57 to buy pillows for members who are tired of standing through their classes.

The other charter passed was a chartered bus the legislators passed on their way to the SGA meeting.

The Sore End Riding Club was appropriated $57 to buy pillows for members who are tired of standing through their classes.
by Ivan Putskie
The Center Shop, MSC's campus bookstore, was raided and closed down yesterday afternoon. The bookstore was allegedly selling pornographic photographs and literature, as well as various types of sexual devices.

Acting on a tip from freshman religion major Thurston Schlepp, Passaic County detectives stormed the establishment at approximately 4:30 pm.

"We all owe this young man quite a lot," stated one detective who added in a whisper; "These people are all a bunch of real sickies, if ya know what I mean." (wink...wink)

"Well, I was just preparing to procure a copy of Repent You Filthy Sinner when one of the cashier ladies called me over towards the back room and said, 'Passatz, Passatz! I bet I've got something that you'd really enjoy!' Yes, that's what she said. And when I did as she asked, Ohh...Ohhhh... Why, it was just awful!" Schlepp whined.

What's the Use?
by Bark Uppa Tire
Despite last year's tragic triple suicide, MSC Existentialist Club president Nosila Beret has announced the sale of bids for the club's second annual dinner-dance.

The selected theme for this year's event will be "The Pointless Absurdity of Life." Gilbert Trappe, the club's publicity director, admitted that the '78 theme, "Why Was I Born?... Only To Suffoc... And Die?" was perhaps a "bit too heavy" for an enjoyable evening.

"We were shocked and dismayed at the behavior of a few discourteous 'radicals,'" Trappe fumed. "I think there was a definite conspiracy among them to discredit the club and the valuable services that it provides to the community." Trappe was referring to the recent fund raising efforts including the monthly spaghetti supper, roller skating party and the popular 'Disco Despair.'

This year's dinner-dance will be held Sat., May 10, at 8 pm. The club membership has once again selected Ralph's Candlelight Lounge, 451 Rt. 17, Secaucus, as the locale. The cost per couple, certain to foster morbid introspection, will be $50. Ticket price includes dinner, a five minute open bar, and dancing to music by Jean-Paul "Sartre" Feldman and his Pessimistic Determinists. Also included will be hats, favors, set-ups, brush-offs, put-downs and all the miserable wallowing in self-pity you care to indulge in.

Additional information is available at the club's office in Life Hall.

Beat Me! Beat Me!
A three-credit summer seminar in S&M will be offered this coming pre-session, oriented toward the development of a more open and receptive attitude in regard to the oft-considered "seedy side of sex."

"We're attempting to widen our curriculum," stated Henry Hoitsma, chairman of the health department, "and hope to show that there is more to sex education courses than lectures on birth control and masturbation."

The course will rely heavily on class participation, incorporating frequent lab sessions in various locations.

Students interested in taking "Pain Can Be Pleasurable: A Seminar In S&M" should be aware that it is definitely not for the squeamish, nor those incapable of prolonged physical exertion under trying circumstances.

Participants are asked to bring their own S&M gear, including high black boots, whips, assorted leather undergarments, and electric cattle prods.

A follow-up course will be offered during the fall '79 semester entitled "Bestiality—From Barnyard to Bedroom." Both courses may serve as electives for any major. ...Putskie

SPLOSH-SPLOSH: A tow truck extricates several cars from the Pothole Monster.

by Destin X. Slipshod
Winter '77. It brought you snow, cold, and potholes. But they were covered by a "cold patch" and forgotten.

Winter '78. It also brought you snow and cold. And now, just when you thought it was safe to drive on Clove Road again, Winter '79 brings you... Potholes II.

The place: MSC on a street called Clove Road. Enter Joe Student five minutes late for class.

"I've got to get to class, or my professor is going to kill me." Da dum, da dum.

"What was that?" Da, da, da, da, da, da...

"Oh my God, NO!" The body was found two days later, mangled. Its insides were ripped out.

"It's a shame that this had to happen," Jerome Squint, director of Demolition Planning, said, "and in the prime of its life, a 1977 MG."

"But it doesn't have to happen," Joseph McGillicutty, director of Brooms and Shovels added, "and you better do something with this pothole, because I DON'T intend to go through that hell again."

McGillicutty and a crew of several biology professors and students, led by Stephie Dope, made plans to get rid of the creature. They tried for weeks, with no results.

"No, that won't work. This one is bigger than the last one." McGillicutty and a crew of several biology professors and students, led by Stephie Dope, made plans to get rid of the creature.

They tried for weeks, with no results.

"We can try another cold patch." McGillicutty and a crew of several biology professors and students, led by Stephie Dope, made plans to get rid of the creature.

"No, that won't work. This one is bigger than the last one." McGillicutty and a crew of several biology professors and students, led by Stephie Dope, made plans to get rid of the creature.

Finally, Dope had an idea. They agreed that it just might work, although it was a little TLC to make her right. They tried for weeks, with no results.

"No, that won't work. This one is bigger than the last one." McGillicutty and a crew of several biology professors and students, led by Stephie Dope, made plans to get rid of the creature.

Finally, Dope had an idea. They agreed that it just might work, although it was a little TLC to make her right. They chose Squint to be the unsuspecting volunteer. They detoured his normal way to work, so that he would end up on Clove Road.

He drove right in the pothole. There was a scream and then a terrific explosion. When the smoke cleared, the pothole was no more, thanks to Squint and his 1975 Pinto.

The pothole was finally patched up with the remains of Squint and his car. McGillicutty suggested that a memorial be put up in Squint's honor.

Now it is safe to drive on Clove Road again. Until... da dum, da dum, da, da, da, da, da, da, da... Potholes III.
Fe drags Belligerent in to OH, PETE y, VOU PROMISED: Fe dealer.

Takes A Thisr.

Peter J. Belligerent, former Editor-in-chief of the MONTCLARION, was arrested yesterday on the grounds that he had embezzled $13,300 from MONTCLARION funds.

A spokesman for a team of special detectives that had been keeping a close surveillance on Belligerent's activities said, “He was very willing to be arrested. It almost seemed as if he wanted it.”

Wearing only a strait jacket and a pair of handcuffs, and sitting in his cell at Rahway Prison, Belligerent said, “I did it for attention. There was nothing for me to do once my term of office was up. Besides, the MONTCLARION needs a good story.”

Leading a life of drug dealing and pushing, wild sex orgies, and heavy drinking, Belligerent had devised a plan to steal the money last October.

When the SGA discovered that $13,300 was missing from the paper's books at the end of October, Belligerent covered up by saying it was missing because of “uncollected ad revenues.”

Apparently, Belligerent and his long-time mistress, FeFe le Franco, former managing editor, had decided to steal the money for their long-awaited trip to Honolulu. Franco, a willing accomplice, revealed in a press conference yesterday that Belligerent had actually deceived her.

“He wanted the money to get his mother out of Armenia. She had been trying to come to America for seven years, but couldn’t afford it. Peter was lonely so he thought of a way to get the money.”

As he was going in for his shock therapy in the prison Psycho-Therapy department Belligerent was heard saying, “I want my mommy. I want my mommmy.”

Belligerent was found to be an illegal alien when he was taken into the prison records department. He had no birth certificate. The former Editor-in-chief came to America seven years ago with the hope of starting a small chain of Armenian fast-food restaurants. His mother was going to be the cook and he was going to be the business manager.

He came to MSC five years ago to get a degree in small business management. When his mother could not get out of Armenia, his grades started slipping and he began to live his dark life of drugs, sex, and alcohol.

“I thought I could help him. I really loved him,” Franco remembered. “But all I wanted was to be mothered.”

According to Franco, with whom Belligerent had been intimate for the past three years, Belligerent's feelings for her began to change. “He promised to take me to Honolulu this spring,” she said.

The special team of investigators had been watching Belligerent since October when they found he was involved in cocaine dealings in North Bergen. While a drug addict was making a confession with Belligerent along the banks of the Hudson River, he discovered that the former Editor-in-chief had $13,300 in his back pocket. To avoid getting back to the Phoenix House in New York, the addict phoned the FBI and told them the story.

In appreciation, the FBI placed the addict in the Department of Pharamaceutical Research in Washington, D.C.

Belligerent was dragged from his home last night and immediately taken to Rahway Prison. The present staff of the MONTCLARION has no sympathy for the sinking sound of the.
I KNOW THE SEATS ARE REAL LEATHER: Belligerent cajoles Fe Fe out of the car. It isn't paid for yet.

photos and fashions by Rena Blade
Bland's the Man

The weather is starting to warm up, the trees are beginning to show signs of life and the students at MSC are breaking out the warm weather gear. All these things can only mean one thing—it is that time of year again, when a young man's fancy turns to backstabbing.

Yes, believe it or not, that foul excuse for a democratic student government election is approaching like a locomotive. And let us face the facts; there is nowhere you can hide, no hole you can stick your head into, close relative who can bail you out when the mud starts flying and the knives are tossed, the rocks wailed, the "threats" made and the coffee spilled.

Not to be pessimistic, we feel that the upcoming election is a good test for the next president because everything that goes down during an election is basically what happens during the actual term of office.

- It is because of these reasons, along with the fact that the newspaper wants to be on the same side as the winners for a change, that the MONTCLARION can think of only one candidate for the difficult task ahead. (We are also scared to squat of being frozen again, so we are becoming two-faced experts.)

Our man is none other than the lovable guy who hangs around College Hall—Lawless D. Bland, Dean of Students.

"A highly irregular choice" might be the first thought that crosses your mind. But the MONTCLARION would never endorse a man without clear cut evidence of not only his ability to serve, but evidence of his honesty and integrity. The facts speak for themselves.

Fact: The Dean has been around these parts longer than any other administrator.

Fact: Despite the million rumors to the contrary, he will never retire.

Fact: He is an adorable old man, sure to win the confidence of all the young co-eds.

Fact: He is not to be messed with, lest you wish to get burned.

Fact: He knows more about nothing (i.e. the SGA) than anyone else on campus.

Fact: He has enjoyed a somewhat stormy reign which will make him a colorful figure—someone to look up to when the going gets rough.

Fact: He has enemies in College Hall, which means he will never sell out the students like this year.

Fact: He has friends in the same place and might sell out anyway.

Fact: We are trying to make friends with him now so that he does not step on us later.

Fact: Jimmy the Greek has five to one odds that he'll win, and seven to four odds that someone will be maimed during the election.

There are probably one hundred other reasons why this man will make a great SGA President, but this idiotorial was done in quite a hurry with little or no planning, plus the fact that we do not wish to overwork ourselves on such a petty event.

Seriously, though, we do believe Dean Bland would make a wonderful candidate. Kissing babies is his forte and parading around the campus like a rejuvenated William Jennings Bryan seems too funny to be true. Although an analogy to a four time loser may be in bad taste, we could not think of anyone else to compare our illustrious Dean to, save a former US President who wanted everything to be perfectly clear, although not necessarily perfectly honest.

In any event, with all things considered, Bland would make a fine SGA President. But if he does not?

Who cares, summer will soon be here and we won't have to worry about the SGA or MSC until the fall.

Besides, after this year, we firmly believe that anyone can run the SGA.
by Joe College

The scales have fallen from my eyes. Yes folks, I’ll admit it. It was wrong. I blew it. I have been guilty of misjudging our SGA president, Chintz Insaner this year.

Look, when the guy first took office his supporters promised to destroy the newspaper I worked for. That upset me and I took out my rage on Insaner. But I erred. All he did was freeze us. That wasn’t so bad, was it?

Now, as we near the end of his reign I have finally realized what Insaner’s term has been all about. To be blunt, Insaner represents a return to an old American form of rule—laissez faire.

The man—aside from freezing us—hasn’t done a damn thing all year. Nothing. I mean the guy doesn’t even keep office hours. He has proposed almost nothing in the way of legislation. And, best of all, he hasn’t kept one of his numerous campaign promises.

Now wait a minute, you say. What’s so good about any of that? Isn’t an SGA president supposed to provide active leadership, attempt to fulfill his promises, and in general, look out for student interests?

No. In fact, SGA presidents rarely do any of those wonderful things they’re supposed to. All they usually do is sit around their office collecting dust and resume filler. All that other crap is just campaign propaganda.

To the editor:

My husband and I have been watching the workings of the SGA for some time now, and frankly, we find them to be a great source of amusement.

Well, well, we thought that college SGA presidents were educated, perceptive, sophisticated (IT’S A JOKE RIGHT?) individuals, and were an indication of the quality of the college. Were we wrong about SGA presidents? You’re damn right we were. I have never seen such a bungling, inept, blatantly overrated, mouselike, insecure image in my whole life, excepting maybe Richard Nixon’s. I understand that the young boy’s favorite tv program is The Flintstones. Did he run on the Bam-Bam ticket? We strongly suspect that Pebbles is the real driving force behind this boy.

Admittedly, when a reporter listed him as having lizard-like qualities I laughed heartily. But now, I’m sure the little undernourished reptile has shown his true colors.

Furthermore, I would like to tell you how diversified and wonderful my family is. My son Edward is in his third year at Harvard Medical School and my youngest son, Kevin, is up for a nobel prize for some writings he did on the theory of spatial disorientation (look it up). But I know that my daughter Mimi is doing a hell of a job as assignment editor on the MONTCLARION, so I’m not worried. I sleep nights because I know all is well at MSC and with the rest of the world because Mimi’s doing her job well.

Mimi N. You You’s Mommy and Daddy P.S. We’re good Christian Scientists and damn proud of it.

Well, if that’s true, then most SGA presidents are laissez faire rulers and Insaner is nothing special, you argue. Wrong again. Most SGA presidents at the very least pretend to do some of things their position calls for. Some actually accomplish a few things. And all would die, literally curl up and die, at the suggestion that their presidency had been passive.

Not Insaner. He revels in his do-nothing image. Behind those cheap sun glasses, and under his Fidel fatigues there lurks a president strong enough to admit the truth.

The truth is that the SGA is a large and expensive joke administered by incompetents out for their own self gain. Indeed, the SGA provides a very convincing argument, for most college administrators, as to why students should not be allowed to play with over $500,000.

Insaner intrinsically grasped this fact from the opening of his campaign last year. And he treated it, and his ensuing presidency, accordingly.

He rendered both a farcical comedy. And he did, well, absolutely nothing. After all, as Insaner himself so often pointed out, he didn’t need this for his resume.

He was right. About everything. Chintz, I think I know you now. And I am sorry.

To the editor:

My husband and I have read the MONTCLARION for some time now with interest and, on occasion, particularly during Charles’ campaign and your reporting of it, with a sense of humor.

Marion Clarke, in reporting on Charles and our family, wrote that due to varied interests, we were possesses of a “chameleon-like trait.” Chameleon-like qualities indicate somehow that one changes one’s personality with need. Clarke seems to believe that diversification indicates this quality. It does not, except it seems, to Clarke. It indicates to any thoughtful person that one possesses intelligence and skills which enable one to do many things well, a quality which again seems mysterious to Clarke. Also, diversification does not indicate contradiction, as Clarke would realize if she had used a dictionary. Diversification indicates varied interests. It indicates that one can do several things at once, a quality which my family and I feel is indicative of an educated, interested, growing person. Another mysterious trait to Clarke.

But wait, the indignities mount. The final act of unprofessionalism is yet to be played. Clarke seems to find it necessary to write “Both Charles’ parents are Jewish.” What does this mean or indicate? Perhaps that Clarke is afraid that heredity and genetics might be overlooked? Really, Clarke, this is the 1970s, not the 1920s and this is the MONTCLARION, not the Dearborn Express.

Well, well, and we thought that college newspapers and writers were educated, perceptive, sophisticated people and were an indication of the quality of the college. Were we wrong about Montclair? No. Not to worry. Charles is President of the SGA. All is well at Montclair.

Mel and Lee Sahner

Look ma.

SHUT UP

Sticks and Stones May Break My Bones...
An Iscariot Apocalypse

by Judas (why are you so cruel?) Iscariot

Eyes red-rimmed from fatigue; illusions of a better magazine crushed by the inescapability of his plight; pupils dilated by a thousand sleeping pills. Judas labors slowly under the stifling rule of tyrannical editors, grim reminders of his incompetence. Suddenly, an editor taunts the writer; they argue; one pushes the other; a fight breaks out; the editor is struck unconscious, and the writer becomes a fugitive. This is the story of the MONTCLAIRON's Quarry, a pivotal scene in the life of Judas Iscariot. Iscariot's life is an incisive, penetrating condemnation of the pseudointellectual dream, told through hauntingly grotesque images/space/surrealistic narration; and an allegorical story strikingly reminiscent of the Entropy of the individual reader.

It is getting rather difficult to say that one can see. I must confess I am a twisted, comforted horror. I lie in my bed incapable of any but the most rudimentary movement and communication. Most my friends cannot even look at me. Their words of love are decided false.

Iscariot is a conniving fine arts major and songwriter he would be able to pass for an actor in B-horror flicks ever notice how much he looks like the guy in Psycho. Are you? Not that Psycho was a B-film, for sure, it's just that any imitation of art done at least fifteen years after the fact is bound to be second-rate. Just like this album.

Hey, maybe it's just me, you know? But there's an equivalent running through these twin themes I speak of. Byrnes would like to be daring. Instead he's simply becoming declarative and repetitive.

It must have something to do with Bryan Eons flying the coop. Eon's a production on the last lp. Additional Compositions About Spiritual Fulfillment reflected his increasing one-sidedness with current events. It came as no surprise to those close to the band we knew that Byrnes and Eons had fought over the band's desire to include a disco version of "Personality Crisis," which appears in all its edited-down glory (which means you're going to have to shell out some more bucks for the real thing, the max-single, which incidently doesn't bother me in the slightest 'cause the good people at Roper Records gave me one for free with the lp - good thing they never read my reviews.)

I see," she said, flipping through the pages. "Does the article on student apathy mean that MSC students don't care about their school?" she asked.

"Quite the contrary," he said. "The students care very much about their school. It is bad art that they are rightfully bored by. Notice, if you will, that they can't even give these books away."

What does this splice of Radio City have to do with MSC?" she asked.

"Not a thing," he replied. "Isn't that profound?"

"I think I understand what they're saying now," she said, glowering. "If one is a conniving fine arts major and is good for three years, it is possible to misuse power and other people's money to publish a portfolio."

"Very perceptive," he said. "Why don't you take one? They make great cutting boards."

There's still more, next column.

Artistic Apathy

by R.U. Nutz

La Campana Publications, Montclair. 352 pages.

"Excuse me, but what and why are all those black books piled up on the front desk of the student center?" she asked.

"Oh," he said, "they're called Entropy, or disintegration of our school funds. They are there to teach us all a few lessons."

"What lessons?" she asked.

"Well, if you open one up the point becomes clear," he said.

"What is the meaning of this black and white picture of stagnant water?" she said, pointing to the opened page.

"That reminds us that when it rains it pours at MSC," he said.

"And how about that big bunny rabbit, are there big bunny rabbits at MSC also?" she said, pleased with her insight.

"I'm afraid not," he said, "that rabbit happens to be a metaphor for the editor's maturity."

"I see," she said, flipping through the pages. "Does the article on student apathy mean that MSC students don't care about their school?"

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What Do You Think This Is, Rotgut?

by Nikita Marsh

Poem Musical Management
Roper 714-003

To the Byrnes wasn't a musician and song writer he would be able to pass for an actor in B-horror flicks. Ever notice how much he looks like the guy in Psycho. Are you? Not that Psycho was a B-film, for sure, it's just that any imitation of art done at least fifteen years after the fact is bound to be second-rate. Just like this album.

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On the Rack
And in
The Sack
by Fe Fe le Franco and Lethal Brickheart

With the growing "rise" in sexual freedom and the abandonment of yesterday's generation's inhibitions, such suggestive pick-up lines as "your place or mine" have become blase and ho-hum. The missionary position just doesn't seem to grab the attention it used to. The MONTCLAIRON sent out its cracker-jack research team recently to see just what was making it in the club scene these days. Franco and Brickheart have discovered through their night's pounding the sidewalks from disco to disco that ranking even higher than "Hey, sailor..."? in sure-fire results is:

WHAT'S THE KINKIEST THING YOU'VE EVER DONE?

The answers—

macho man—"Simulated rape...that's where it's at. Give me a broad and a switch-blade any day."

macho woman—"A man's place is on the rack and in the sack. Hey, didn't you know that ERA stands for Erotic Role-reversal & Abuse."

white-suited discoer—"I can't tell you, the BeeGees wouldn't approve. But, it is in 4-4 timing with a good beat."

over 35 and balding set—"Try pretending that you're Troy Donahue, he's Sandra Dee, and Gidget just grew up (wink-wink)...made in the shade."

jail bait (but-I've-got-my-sister's-ID) set—"I'm getting sick of wearing lace bloomers and sucking those lollipops."

flying-the-friendly-skies-gold-spoon set—"Sex and drugs and rock and roll, and whips and chains and stiletto soles."

To conclude this study, the consensus attitude seems to be—"If it feels good do it, but, if it hurts—do it more."

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

Heaven On the Fourth Floor

There is a term that runs around the Fourth Floor of the Student Center; the place where your student leaders attend meetings, work hard, have Class One brawls, expand their elitist egos, and get down to some serious partying. The term is "Fourth Floor Sex."

The growing commonness of this suggestive phrase craves that an actual definition be attached to it. Fourth Floor sex is the hurried, passionate embraces in the elevator if it contains two people (or more if they are cooperative), it is furtive glances across the table at the Wednesday legislature meetings, it's being grabbed while walking down the hall passed the CDUB Office, it's being jumped in the back stairwell, and it's talking dirty while sitting on the rug by the windows between the Players and LASO's offices.

Why is this frustrating form of adolescent gratification so popular among the majority of the candidates to Who's Who Among Student in American Colleges and Universities?

The main factor seems to be time. It's difficult to fit romantic candle-lit dinners, love trysts, and Saturday nights at the movies into a schedule consisting of classes, homework, two part-time jobs, all night drunks, and about 30 hours per week in one of the Fourth Floor offices.

How does this arrangement sit with the non-apathetic minority? One officer summed it up pretty well with a passive expression and an unstimulated, "eh—" "It's not romping through the flowers and groping under the stars, but it does beat waiting until the winter break and the summer for contact with the opposite sex," added another compulsive joiner. "Besides," she continued, "where else can you get the latest on SOS, the tuition hike, the teacher's strike, and inter-office melodrama yelled into one ear, while sweet nothings are being whispered into the other?"

A Retch in Time

by Ivan Putskie

A wave of punk rock hysteria swept through the crowd attending the Patti Smith concert on March 18, leaving Panzer Gym in shambles.

While some of the crazed concert-goers could be seen sticking their fingers down each others' throats to induce vomiting, others were occupied with inflicting bloody gashes into their bodies, or committing any of a myriad of physically satisfying but socially unacceptable acts.

Though the campus police tried valiantly to keep some semblance of order, they were eventually forced to withdraw out of the fear of being beaten, retched upon, or otherwise molested.

One unidentified officer of law and order remarked, "I think that this is a censored disgrace!!! These people are behaving like wild beasts, and if I only had a gun, I'd shoot every censored last one-of-em!"

"I think that this is just great!," retorted a student, saliva dripping from her bruised chin. "The vomit is flowing like water!"

The concert and disgusting exhibition on the part of the crowd continued long into the night, and resulted in the closing down of Panzer Gym to all students pending clean-up, which is expected to take several days.

The Anorexia Nervosa Cookbook

by Still III

OH, GROSS! Patti hides her face in shame at the antics of the crowd at her concert. Clockwise: just a few fans.

BUT IS IT ART? Punk fans mill around, pondering the meaning of "gross."
**Ding-Dong, Gladly Do It Again**

by Bernadine Shlantz

Clad only in boxing trunks, and boot shorts, Bill Gladly (D) and Jeff Ding-Dong (R) went at each other, this time for any political office, they’re bad

threw peanuts into the sponsored the event. Referee

a rematch. The event took place on March 25 in MSC’s

won by Gladly, so he requested the last decision was unfairly

written on Gladly’s

for the peanut growers of

Gladly entered the ring

written on Gladly’s

in the front and rear

referring to his 10’6”

was Billy Carter.

for the Peanut Growers. Written on Gladly’s

is his nickname, America.

footwork, Gladly successfully

into the ring by his opponent, Ding-Dong. Ding-Dong wore purple hot pants with pink elephants placed at strategic locations in the front and rear areas. Folks, guess what his shorts said? That’s right, Ding-Dong, Ding-Dong.

Ding-Dong before the match.

Gladdly eloquently answered, “I think every man and woman has a right to elect those who they want to be their leaders.” Ding-Dong was momentarily stunned by the answer, and his reply to the question was, “I don’t think we should adopt abortion.”

Booing was heard from the audience.

ROUND TWO—A question was asked regarding arm limitations. Ding-Dong answered, “I think Carter should use more restraint. Someone like Carter who luts after women should certainly put limitations on his arms.”

Gladly feebly answered, “The most important thing is not to make a mistake in life. You should keep fault feeling each other. Round two goes to Ding-Dong, Gladly. We want more peanuts,” were heard from the audience.

ROUND THREE—Gladly threw a beautiful right hook under the jaw to Ding-Dong. This swung the fight back into Gladly’s favor. Some coaches from MSC asked the two fighters about what they thought of the garbage being dumped here by other states. Admitist rousing applause, he replied, “I think NJ should take as much garbage as we can and recycle it. The recycled garbage will attract flies, insects, and other vermin to the already infested state. This new source of energy would create jobs for NJ residents, since they would now be employed to rid themselves of the pests.” Ding-Dong, who was knocked to the canvas by this heavy blow, stated through a mouth of teeth, “I support legislation to stop dumping. We shouldn’t waste garbage. It should be the responsibility of the people in Washington DC that it is.”

ROUND FOUR—Gladly clinched the fight in this round. He knocked out Ding-Dong. Ding-Dong’s reply to a question pertaining to public financing for all congressional campaigns was sluggish. He said, “I’m not in favor of public financing for congressional campaigns. I firmly believe Tongsun Park should finance congressional campaigns.” At this point, Gladly threw his winning punch amongst rousing cheers amongst the spectators. He said, “I approve of public financing for congressional campaigns. I spend 60 per-cent of my time raising money and the other 40 per cent, putting my own money in the ring.”

Thus, the fight ended. Gladly won it a KO.

**Oll (By Golly!) Gets 5000**

WHERE IS MY CONTACT? by Kenneth Lank

Timeless MSC basketball coach Ollie Golly Gelton notched his 3000th career victory last night as MSC defeated Venus Tech 102-96. The win marked the end of a very successful 2178-2179 basketball season for the Indians.

Gelton, who has coached at MSC for the last 210 years, was asked about this year’s play. “K 1164 played an exceptional game for us,” he said referring to his 10’6” guard. “He keeps us in the game when we are in danger of losing.”

Gelton’s victory was the 21st.

When asked to explain his secret for longevity as a college coach, credited three things to his success. “I pride myself on really keeping up with the game,” he said. “Some coaches were unable to adjust to the many changes our sport has gone through. I think most coaches take for granted the problems that have been created by interstellar travel.”

Gelton also mentioned the importance of being able to communicate with the players. “Some coaches don’t want to take the time to learn some of the other planet’s languages,” he quipped. “You’d rather have their teams hire interpreters instead. The players aren’t stupid. That’s why MSC has been able to always recruit the top galactic prospects. The kids know I care enough to speak to them personally.”

Gelton went on to explain the necessity to keep in good physical shape. “I run every day, eat balanced food packets making sure I get the proper caloric intake, and make sure that I never let myself get too fat at any time.” Looking at Gelton, he appears to be in the same fine physical shape he was in years ago.

Gelton reflected on some great moments during his span as MSC coach. “The team we had this year was one of the best. It couldn’t compare to the 2078-2079 team though,” the coach said. “That team was superb. We went undefeated and made it to the galactic playoffs.”

Gelton, his three-piece suit showing signs of perspiration, was asked why MSC’s locker room wasn’t modernized. “It goes along with my style of coaching. The basics are still the same, and that holds true for the locker room. We don’t need wall tv sets or planetary rock and roll stereo systems. It takes away from our concentration. That’s what it’s all about.”

One look at Panzer Gym’s locker room and Gelton himself and you wouldn’t think you were in the right year. With the exception of a new paint job, the locker room remains the same, the lockers are still there, and the shower stalls remain in the walls. Even the paint is the same dingy yellow it was 200 years ago.

As for Gelton, his three-piece suit and patent leather shoes have long become an MSC trademark. He has changed his basic style of dressing in all those years. Married to the same woman the last 226 years, Gelton, who was asked about his secret to long marriage, “If you truly love someone,” he said softly, “then love is eternal.”