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," serves them right for not endorsing me.

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

"Uh, well, you see...well, it's because...well, I haven't the vaguest idea! All I know is 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 unfreeze the staff. Oh no, here we go again," Brickhart groaned. "Why can't he just let us put our paper out in peace?"

"Any port in a storm," Insaner said, "or a freeze," 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.

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 snickered.

"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."

Bone Hall Goes Bats

by Ivan Putskie

"batmitton." At almost any hour of the night, racket-wielding Bone residents can be seen racing to and fro through the hallways, smacking the furry little critters senseless.

"They are now. Before, we only used to worry 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. I'm going 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 going bat-crazy.

"They'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're fresh. Besides, they go absolutely fantastically with our special 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!"

"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.

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.

Brendle (Tweety) Birdseed, Governor of NJ, was not so pleased with Hollerer's suggestion. "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 Just When You Thought It Was Safe to Vote Again

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 will be shown continuously (24 hours a day), but different programs will be shown every day in order to have the students progress to 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. "Flinstones, meet the Flinstones."

Minibus 'Just Hangin' Around

by Mary Louise

Eliot I. Minibus, vicepresident of 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 RollsRoyce 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, wiping 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 lynch mob, said later, "I've been bucking the administration all year, and I'm damn proud of it. Thought it was time to really do something about it. When I realized petitions weren't enough, I got some croones I mean budes together and took action. Besides, we all know he took our money," Insaner added.

"What makes you so sure?" he was asked.

"Only two people on campus could have done it," Insaner replied, "and I, I mean the other person didn't do it." "But he looked like Chintz," Bland told him.

"He didn't like me! He never liked me!" Insaner screamed, in a tone reminiscent of Riff-Raff's farewell in the Rocky Horror Picture Show.

MNC President Trixon W.E.D. Dixon said he was "greatly saddened" by the loss of Minibus.

He indicated that two people in line for Minibus' old job are either Bob Jokeson of the Pilkage State Bank or Rose Nyetz. Dixon's secretary.

Plans for Minibus' funeral have not been revealed. Jerome Squint, director of demolition planning, said that it will be a private affair with no representation from the college.

In Eliot's own words, we are not obligated to provide burial space for anyone.

Have a Ball?

by Barbie Runzon

"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.

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," Guiddlydiddle explained.

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 will be great," Guiddlydiddle said.

The MONTCLARION has just learned that the carnival location has been changed again. The carnival will no longer 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.

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

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

After weeks of negotiations and arguments, culminating with Guiddlydiddle crying and begging Minibus for help, a final location was decided upon for Carnival '79.

"I'm telling my mommy."

There has to be a better way.
Solve the Parking Problem: Bich

by Ivan Putske

In response to Jean Bich's declaration of martial law on the campus, the committee for Whites With a Guilt-Trip (WAG) made an unsuccessful bid for a coup d'etat 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 81 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 a "clean-up" of the entire campus, 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 peacefully 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 urnal on the first floor of the Student Center.

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 Sun, May 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, spokesman 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," said Wind Shield.

"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," surmised Wind Shield.

Shield fervently 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.

Shield 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 competition 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," said Shield.

Tenator, president of Car Craft, defended the closure of the college as a safety measure. Part of the competition involves a series of obstacle courses.

"Cars entered must be new," stated Tenator. "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.

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 taught a lesson they'll never forget, "The Terror" has pulled back to her headquarters and remains unavailable for comment.

North Jersey Dirty Old Men Center

We want young, female bodies.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Open 24 hrs.

We Don't Fool Around

We DELIVER!!

NEXT, PLEASE! Cars line up for the first annual MSC car competition.
by Ivan Putskie

The Center Shop, MSC's campus bookstore, was raided 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 Slut when one of the cashier ladies called me over towards the back room and said, 'Psssst... Psssst! I bet I've got something that you'd really enjoy!'" Yes, that's what she said. And when I did as she asked, Ohhh... Ohhhhhh. "What was that?" ...Putskie whispered.

Upon noticing that the background in many of the photographs greatly resembled the decor found within the Annoyance House, Schlepp promptly passed out cold.

"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 report 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.
It Takes A Thief

by Shortstuff Bernstein

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, 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, they froze the budget, forcing the paper to shut down last November. 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 just too eager 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 mom."

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 cared too much about the paper's finances to worry about his mother.

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 flee 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 five 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 connection with Belligerent along the banks of the Hudson River, he discovered that the former Editor-in-chief had $13,300 MONTCLARION funds 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 Pharmaceutical 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 whatsoever for the sinking sound of Belligerent's name...
DO YOU HAVE THIS ONE IN PINK? Fe Fe and Belligerent look at the Rolls.

Right: WOULDN'T YOU RATHER HAVE A BUICK? Belligerent chickens out.

Left: I CAN'T BELIEVE WE BOUGHT THE WHOLE THING! Fe Fe and Belligerent choose the Jag.

photos and fashions by Rena Blade

I KNOW THE SEATS ARE REAL LEATHER: Belligerent cajoles Fe Fe out of the car. It isn't paid for yet.
idiotorial

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

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 Bryant 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.
No Comment

Beat Me. Please!

Ever Make a Mistake?

by Joe College

The scales have fallen from my eyes. Yes folks, I'll admit it. I 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. 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.

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 intricately 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.

[End of article]

SHUT UP

Sticks and Stones May Break My Bones...

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, mouse-like, insecure image in my whole life, excepting maybe Richard Nixon.

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 an 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 'Yay Mummy and Daddy

P.S. We're good Christian Scientists and damn proud of it.

To the editor:

My husband and I 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 possessed 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 unphilosophy 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 heresy and genetics might be overlooked? Really, Clarke, this is the 1970's, not the 1920's 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 into it.
**An Iscariot Apocalypse**

**by Judas (why are you so crusty?), Iscariot**

Eyes red-rimmed from fatigue; illusions of a better magazine crushed by the inescapability of his plight: pupils dilated by a thousand seconds of high blood pressure; Iscariot labors under the stifling rule of tyrannical editors, grim reminders of his incompetence. Suddenly, an editor tautens; the writer; they argue; one pushes the other; a fight breaks out; the editor is shocked, uncomprehending, and the writer becomes a fugitive. This is the story of the MONTCLARION's quarry, a pivotal scene in the life of Judas Iscariot.

Iscariot's sensibility has European roots, and it is true that his life more closely resembles Orwell's 1984 than pop music. He is a man of the moment, a pseudointellectual dream, told through hauntingly grotesque images: space, surrealism, and narcissism; and an allegorical story strikingly reminiscent of Drescher; but a Drescher that relied more heavily on consciousness (unlike this).

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**What Do You Think This Is, Rotgut?**

**by Nikita Marsh**

*Poetry, Visual Entertainment*  
**Talking Robots**  
**Roper 714-001**

The Drescher wasn't a musician and songwreeter he would be able to pass for an actor in B-horror flicks; ever notice how much he looks like the guy in Psycho, Anthony Perkins? 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.

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

It must have something to do with Bryan Eons flying the coop. Eons' production on the last lp, Additional Compositions About Spiritual Fulfillment, reflected his increasing oneness with current events. It came as no surprise to those close to the band when we knew that Drescher 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 maxi-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). As the first song on the album that Eons would decide to devote his remaining time on Earth to the Osmond family studies.

So it figures that after all this time of allowing himself to be co-produced that Drescher would take over the helm all by himself. It doesn't figure that the result would be this slimy drek which, unlike the first three, spends most of its first days with me in its sleeve. It's so bad that I haven't even bothered to listen to it. Just look at the severe titles alone: leaves me cold. "A Bottle of Formaldehyde and Tins." He heard that one the other day on the radio driving back from hearing the Snotrags and at Seedy Cheapies in New York and even the otherwise mellow DJ on fringe WPLI said it stunk and that he wouldn't play anything from that album again no matter what the program director said. I was beginning to worry about those guys up there, if they'd lost their senses or something, playing this rotgut.

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**Artistic Apathy**

**Entropy**  
by F. U. Rushou  
*La Campana Publications, Montclair.*  
352 pages.

by R. U. Nutz

"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 asked, 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 can 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 glumly. "If one is a convivial 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."

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**Fourth Class Concerts Presents**  
**The Electric Frogs**  
**with special guest stars**

**The Snotrags**

Sun. July 21 2 pm

(it's the only time we could get the gym)

"We know we're bad, but we need you." (and your money)
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 more popular among the young, "I want to show you something." The missionary position just doesn't seem to grab the attention it used to. The MONTCLARION sent out its cracker-jack research team recently to see just what was making it into 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 switchblade 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."

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

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 embrace in the elevator; 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, its 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, 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 grooping 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?"
Ding-Dong, Gladly Do It Again

by Bernardine Shlantz

Gladly eloquently answered, “I think every man and woman has a right to say 'the thing he wants it.'” Ding-Dong was momentarily stunned by the answer, and his reply to the question of what the voters want was, “We want more peanuts.”

ROUND TWO—A question was asked regarding arms limitations. Ding-Dong answered, “I think Carter should use more restraint. Someone like Carter who has a history of violence will only make the situation worse.”

ROUND THREE—Gladly was asked if he thought the last decision was unfairly made. “I think the judge was biased,” Gladly answered. “I think he should adopt abortion.”

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 congressional campaigns was sluggish. He said, “I am not in favor of public financing for congressional campaigns. I firmly believe that public financing for congressional campaigns is a waste of money.”

Gladly won the match for the US Senate, sponsored by Planter’s peanuts, by a margin of two peanuts. The event took place on March 25 in MSC’s ballrooms. Planter’s peanuts sponsored the event. Refereeing the match for the US Senate was Billy Carter.

Ding-Dong, Ding, Dong. Shouts of, “We want Ding-Dong” echoed through the arena. Why? Well, it was Billy Carter.

Gladly entered the ring wearing red, white, and blue hot pants. Written on Gladly’s hot pants was his nick-name, “Everyglade.” He was followed 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.

ROUND ONE—Dazzling technical balance, but that wasn’t what the crowd was there for. Ding-Dong, Ding-Dong! The crowd wanted blood and guts in the political arena.

“Some coaches don’t want to communicate with the players. They’d rather have their schools hire interpreters instead. The players aren’t stupid. That’s why MSC has been able to make the necessary transition from the 1960s to the current era.”

Gelton went on to explain that the secret for longevity as a college coach is the ability to keep the players interested. “I pride myself on making the kids want to come back next year,” Gelton said.

WHERE IS MY CONTACT?

by Kenneth Lank

Timeless MSC basketball coach Oily B’Golly Gelton notchied 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 his coaching style. “Kid, I’ve had a very successful 2178-2179 basketball season for the Indians.”

Gelton’s victory was the 211th in his career, making him the first coach to achieve the mark.

“This was the most recent milestone in a career spanning three centuries. He is one of the few coaches who has been able to make the necessary transition over the years of basketball coaching.”

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,” Gelton said. “They’d rather have their schools hire interpreters instead. The players aren’t stupid. That’s why MSC has been able to make the necessary transition from the 1960s to the current era.”

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.

Gelton, who has coached at MSC for the last 210 years, was asked why MSC’s locker room remains unchanged. “The recycled garbage will go along with my style of dressing in all my clothes,” Gelton said.

Gelton’s three-piece suit showing signs of perspiration was asked why MSC’s locker room wasn’t modernized. “It goes along with my style of dressing in all my clothes,” Gelton said. “The recycled garbage will go along with my style of dressing in all my clothes.”

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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 I make sure that I never let myself gain too much weight.”

Looking at Gelton, it appears he is the same fine physical shape he was back in his prime.

“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 same place. 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 tradition. He has never changed his basic style of dressing in all those years. Married to the same woman the last 226 years, he was asked about his secret to long marriage. “If you truly love someone,” he said softly, “then love is eternal.”

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