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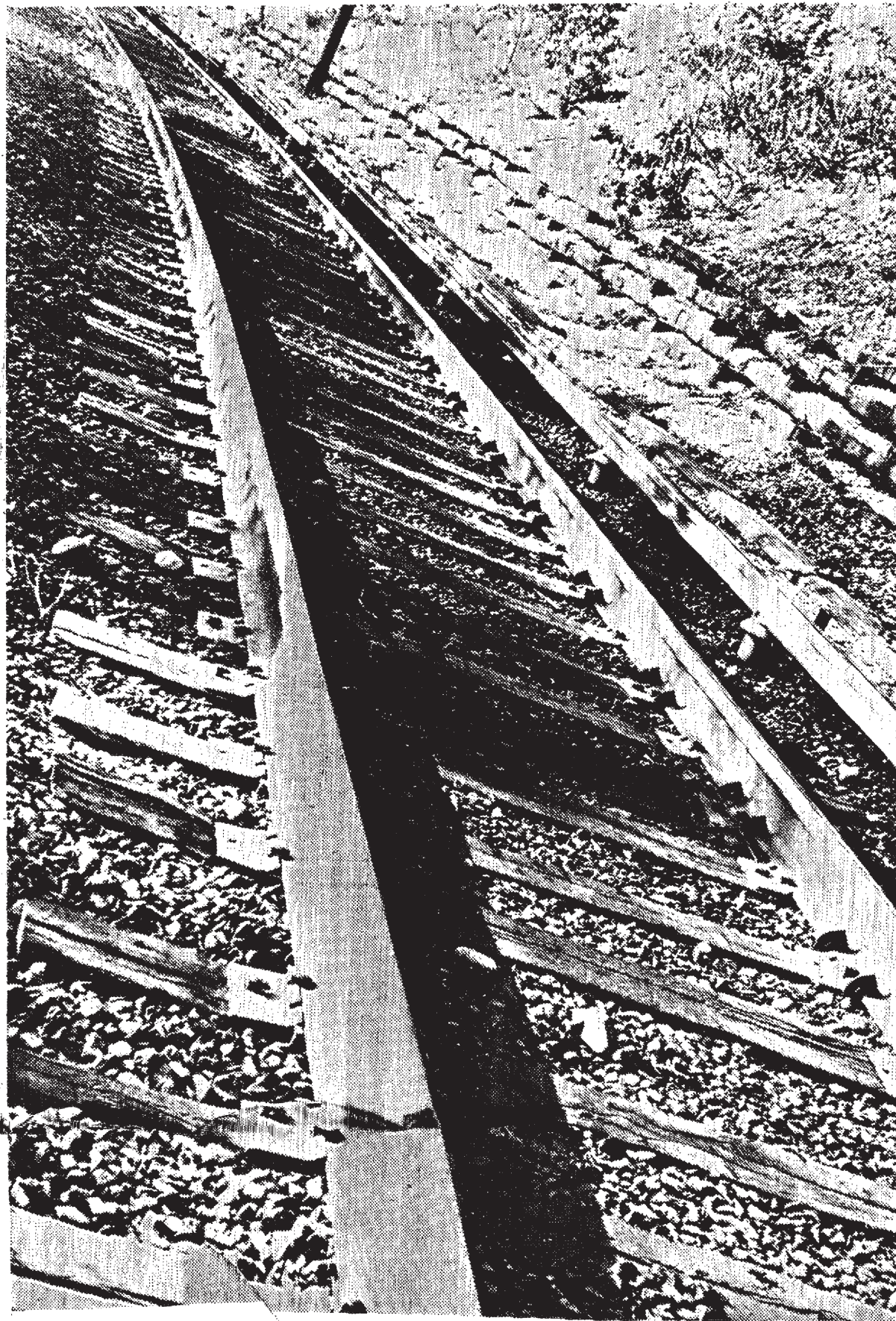
# OBSERVER

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# observer

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# ROOM DRAW HOLDS PROMISE

By Andy Abbatepaolo

There is a problem with housing here at Bard. More detrimental than SAGA, and less transient than trickling showers ( a condition that demands correction ), it is persistent and difficult to deal with and/or evaluate. It is *Tewksbury*, avoided by all rational sophomores and upper-class students, and forced upon incoming freshmen for whom there is no other choice.

People who have lived there complain about, or at least discuss their dissatisfaction with, certain characteristics Tewksbury has come to assume in recent years.

"It's a zoo."

"Basically *scrungy*."

"A cross between a *cell-block* and a *motel*."

"Unnatural social atmosphere caused by single sex floors."

And so on.

If all of these are absolutely, or even partially true, then we must ask ourselves whether it is the wisest policy to fill the building with newcomers, coping with re-orientation both socially and academically, whose first experience at Bard will include being housed in the most unpopular dormitory, both because of its inherent nature as well as its difference from typical Bard housing. Or is it that Tewksbury *is* what it *is* because it is filled with freshmen?

Tewksbury's full capacity is ninety ( thirty singles and thirty doubles). Place eighty some-odd people, all going through some sort of adaptation and change in a new environment, in what they are *told upon arrival* is the worst dorm on campus, and then deprive them of the normal level of social interaction ( whatever that may be ) with

*those who know*, meaning experienced returning students, and they are undoubtedly liable to behave in a different manner than is generally accepted or preferred. Consequently, Tewksbury is a world in and of itself, noisy and rambunctious, and not conducive or appealing to most non-freshman students pursuing a different lifestyle. Indeed, not even acceptable, in most instances, to the freshmen who are compelled to live there. Their displeasure, in turn, cannot and does not exert any positive influence on the overall atmosphere.

This is reflected in the favorable reception peer counselors have received from Tewksbury freshmen this past year. It is also reflected in the fact that, whereas in previous years Associate Dean of Students, Theo Jolosky, has been beleaguered with requests and demands by Tewksbury residents to be moved elsewhere, this year he reports very few such incidents, which he feels is a demonstration of the improvements in freshman orientation and a lessening of turmoil due to the introduction of social ( and advisory ) interaction between freshmen in Tewksbury and peer counselors. If a small number of peer counselors can bring about such improvement, imagine integrating thirty or more non-freshmen into the Tewksbury population.

In the process of formulating a proposal to the Dean's Office by which a system of incentive(s) could be set up to encourage students to pick a room in Tewksbury in the upcoming room draw ( May 16 ), the argument employed thus far in this article was presented informally

to about two dozen students. They unanimously endorsed the probability that it was correct in most of its assumptions. On the other hand, they were reticent themselves about moving into Tewksbury. Clearly, a *reward*, of sorts, for this "sacrifice" was called for, if any substantial number of students were to be expected to draw rooms in Tewksbury for next year. Their suggestions, as well as ideas already worked out, were brought to Theo, and the following program was worked out.

The first stage of the program involves physical improvements and regulatory modifications concerning Tewksbury itself. Over the summer, it will be cleaned thoroughly, and then repainted. Other necessary repairs, as usual, will be made as called for. One of the three floors will be made officially coed, and possibly two, if student response warrants it. The problems concerning the showers will be looked into, especially at Tewksbury and Stone Row, where the greatest inconvenience and hardship has been invoked. Finally, when and if there is a waiting list for installation of cable TV in dormitories, a prospect under consideration, Dean Jolosky promises to do everything he can to get Tewksbury as high on that list as possible, especially considering the adequate lounge/living-room and high population of Tewksbury. Students may also be interested to know, if they do not already, that there are two pianos and practice rooms in the basement of Tewksbury maintained there by the Music department.

The second stage of the program involves the specific incentive provided for the purpose of attract-

ing students to Tewksbury in the room draw. Any student selecting a room in Tewksbury for next year will be given first pick of his class in the following year's room draw. In this way, two obstacles are surmounted: more non-freshmen will be living in Tewksbury, and more freshmen will be distributed among the college community at large. Also, this system is fair to all students in that whatever small impact a group of fifteen sophomores and fifteen juniors ( picking as juniors and seniors first in their class the following year ) will have when they draw first a year from this fall will be offset by the positive effect their elimination from this fall's room draw will have. Reduced competition this year will be balanced by a proportionate increase *next* year. In order to judge the extent of student interest, and also to enable students considering moving into Tewksbury under this program to see who else is ( as well as how many others are ) reacting to the incentive as they are, a separate *Tewksbury Room Draw* will be held before the full room draw. It will still be possible for students to draw rooms in Tewksbury, as they are still available, at the full room draw.

Under this program, it is hoped that living conditions for *everyone* there will be improved to at least the level enjoyed at other dormitories at Bard. At tonight's Student Senate meeting, this program will be discussed and possibly voted on. If you are interested, please attend.

by Lisa Foley

On February 26, a student's car was towed from its *disabled* position on the outdoor basketball court behind South Hall. The car had been on the court for about a half hour while its owner was attempting to repair it. "The Parking lot was too muddy and I had to fix my shifter," said the student.

For reasons both obvious and posted, parking on the basketball court is neither legal nor desirable. That is why one or more concerned basketball team members requested that a large, massive, and heavily treaded tow truck ascend the court and remove the compact car at the owner's expense of \$26.50. ("They wanted to push the car into the swamp," a bystander remarked.) But as the basketball court is neither an emergence equipment nor a delivery area, the violation did not warrant towing which was therefore illegal.

The Student Judicial Board (SJB) was of a similar opinion and



recommended that Bard Security repay the student for towing costs. Things are seldom so easily resolved and this case was no exception. After several weeks of what resembled useless wandering from security, who denied responsibility, to the Dean of Students, to the Business Manager, all three offices agreed that the towing was illegal for technical reasons, but none was prepared to redress the grievance. In fact Business Manager, William Asip, communicated to the student that he had decided not to refund the money on the grounds that the towing was a responsible *security* act. Later the Business Manager told the OBSERVER that he was opposed to the leniency of parking violation penalties.

Finally last week, after receiving a letter of objection from the student's father, which Asip claims did not influence him, the \$26.00 was "reluctantly" refunded to the student, and they all lived happily

ever after. But why did all this take two months, when the SJB ruled the act illegal three days after the event?

The SJB has only the power to make decisions and recommend action to the administration. Those recommendations are attended to and followed, says William Asip, "if they (the SJB) make a legitimate decision." The judgments must be judged, in other words, and the plaintiff can only hope that the conclusion of the POWERS THAT BE is consistent with whatever favorable recommendations that the SJB might make. Such a system, as shown in the case mentioned here, can hardly be judicially efficient or provide much service to the community.

For this reason the constitutional revisions committee, first undertook the constitutional redefinition of the role of the judicial arm of the student government. Having met once this semester, the committee's

goals are fairly long-ranged. "Probably not this year," said committee member Stuart Low -- and the changes to be made have not crystalized. Among other suggestions being made is to establish a committee of administrators and students to make the rules, and likewise, a joint judicial board.

At the very least, Low says, while the administration may veto, the decisions, the present board should be given the power to make absolute decisions, rather than tossing recommendations up to the next layer of judges. Low stressed the importance of these and other constitutional changes and hopes for extension of the committee's efforts into next semester.





### Police School

#### EDITORIAL

*Editor's Note: In order to save space on the opinions pages, and avoid repetitious editorials, The News is providing this handy fill-in-the blank editorial for members of the bi-College community. Simply clip out the editorial, and fill in the blanks (in pencil) with the appropriate committee name or issue each week. The editorial can then be reused week after week, without the bother of duplicating it on the opinions pages. Thank you for your cooperation.*

The lack of student representation in \_\_\_\_\_ at Bryn Mawr is appalling. How can fair decisions about \_\_\_\_\_ be made if student opinion is not included in the considerations? Students are, after all, the ones who are most directly affected by any decisions on \_\_\_\_\_. We fail to see how \_\_\_\_\_ can, in good conscience, continue to fail to include student representation in the matter of \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_ is depriving itself of valuable help in its considerations by not giving students a voice in \_\_\_\_\_. The lack of student input into \_\_\_\_\_ is simply another indication of Bryn Mawr's failure to take students' opinions seriously. The time for student representation in \_\_\_\_\_ is now.

*Final Note: No News editorials can accomplish anything unless people respond to them. If you're really upset about the lack of student participation in Bryn Mawr decision-making, The News wants you to go to the window, right now, lean your head out, and scream as loudly as you can: I'M MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS ANY MORE! Go ahead — do it now. You'll be glad you did.*

The above editorial appeared in The Bryn Mawr-Haverford College News on April 1, 1977. We at the OBSERVER are extremely disturbed that many students did not show up to the Student Association Meeting on April 20th to voice their concern regarding the proposed police program. We say again, "if you want to end war and stuff you gotta sing loud." (The next time it comes around on the guitar.)\*

When the OBSERVER asked Gene Mason why he had not consulted the Educational Policies Committee, the Faculty Senate, and the Student Senate regarding the proposed program he replied that there are no written guide lines regarding when the EPC should be consulted. He would like to see

more specific written procedures.

Specific guide lines are all well and fine and we agree they should be written down. But more than that we need administrators who "know" when to go to go, to the rest of the community. It is a shame and a disgrace that the administration has to be watched by written rules like a five year old who cannot go across the street by himself.

It is not necessarily pragmatically, expedient to instate added beauracracies into this institution. We submit that added words get in the way of the ideas they represent. What is expedient is to have administrators responsible to community concerns.

\* From "Alice's Restaurant Massacre" by Arlo Guthrie.

Theo Jolosky's arrival at Bard two years ago has produced mixed reactions on the part of students and faculty. Some feel that he was just another one of Botstein's lackys who pushed peer counselors down our throats. Others felt that women who went crying to him, complaining that their rooms were unsatisfactory got a faster response than those of us that were more rational about our complaints. There was also some feeling that Theo was just here to nudge Mary Sugatt out. There were several students, however, that formed firm and deep friendships with the man from Carleton.

All further reactions on the part of the community will have to be directed at someone else next semester. Associate Dean Jolosky has decided to resign as of this June. He feels that he has outgrown his present position and it is time for him to move on. We agree with him and his decision and yet are still troubled with what we feel will be a loss to the community at this time.

The paper has had a great deal of contact with the administration. David Wagner, Rick Tilden, Dick Griffiths, the Deans and us have all spent hours talking, arguing and hammering out opinions. Some of these people are small men. Men who do not listen to the community and are bull-headed enough to press through programs and directions without outside consultation. But Jolosky has, in our experience, always been willing to listen and fight with us as equals. Several others in the administration still consider student input to be without any basis in fact.

Several decisions he has made have been, ideological. We have had our share of disagreements. Always, though, he appeared to be working for the students (unlike Botstein and Mason who work for themselves also.) This intangible approach to the job is what is most needed and is most lacking in Ludlow. Theo Jolosky, we don't think, ever forgot this aspect of his job. Many persons working in the administration seem to forget that the function of "institution" is to act as a tool for the betterment of its members. That it is only a tool and not an end in itself.

Bard is on the verge of far reaching changes: changes that will carry the school toward ends we can only imagine. If this institution is to retain the atmosphere of a small community, if this institution is to treat its faculty and students as integral parts of the community, if this institution is to finally recognize its enormous potential then the leadership must work for the community first.

Even though we agree with Theo, in that it is time for him to leave, we are afraid that his absence will perhaps allow for a further steam-rolling by that small group now Ludlow. Several respected and influential faculty will also not be here as they take their well earned sabbaticals. A new person is going to have to learn all the ropes in this very fast paced atmosphere.

We wish Dean Jolosky our best. We hope that Mary Sugatt and the search committee will be able to find another person who will "never paint 'no admittance' on my gate."

## Attention

In compliance with the OBSERVER constitution, the editor for the next semester must be chosen before the last issue in order to use the last issue as "hands on" training.

We should not like to misrepresent the job. It takes an enormous amount of time, patience and sensitivity to produce an independent newspaper. The enormous impact this production can have on the one thousand men and women who make up this community is infinitely

rewarding. Indeed the Editor and Associate Editor have grown in leaps and bounds this semester. "Oh but for a man who has a backbone you cannot pass your hand through," Thoreau once said.

Any persons interested in being editor, or on the editorial staff, next semester should place their names in Box 85 and attend the OBSERVER meeting May 9. The Editorial Board will choose the Editor at that time.



#### CHAPTER VIII

THE HIGHEST good is like that of water. The goodness of water is that it benefits the ten thousand creatures; yet itself does not scramble, but is content with the places that all men disdain. It is this that makes water so near to the Way. And if men think the ground the best place for building a house upon,

If among thoughts they value those that are profound,  
If in friendship they value gentleness,  
In words, truth; in government, good order;

In deeds, effectiveness; in actions, timeliness—

In each case it is because they prefer what does not lead to strife,  
And therefore does not go amiss.

TAO TÊ CHING

## observer

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## Letters

To the Editor:

As the legions of the Faculty pursue the tribes of the Inquiring Mind over the plains of Bard, they leave behind their miscarried treasures on the grass; and deep the heavens sigh. I speak not of litter or fetuses, but of Lost Items. Yet there is a golden room guarded by security, that serves as a Lost and Found. No one knows this. Every one to whom I've mentioned the Lost and Found, has professed an ignorance slumbrous as an egg. It has not been their fault, however; they have never been told of the fabled room (in the gym); neither is there mention of it in the annals of the week, or any sign of it upon the wall. The walls hold other signs; signs of anarchy. If an object is lost or found, one puts up a sign, usually near the mailroom. This sometimes is useful. However, I think that it might be better, more efficient dare I say, if we all knew about the Lost and Found, and used it. Hence this letter.

When I visited that room of Security, the keeper of the lost informed me that there were no objects in his keeping at the time. Only lost souls, he said. He did. He had me describe what I'd lost and told me they would keep an eye out for it. If you have lost a soul, found or are a lost soul report to the Security Office from 3:30 P.M. till early morn. I do not know who is in charge of publicity for the Lost and Found. I know I, m not;

perhaps whoever it is should get organized a little, hmmm? And while I'm writing, has anyone seen a wooly mohair blue and yellow checked blanket? If so, please contact

Paul Carroll Box 956

To the Editor;

Once again another high level administration committee is establishing policy that is clearly in opposition to student opinion. The issue again, unfortunately, is Peer Counseling and this time an administration committee had made modifications in the program that are basically insubstantial and in most cases ill-advised. For example, the "new" program calls for Peer Counselors in Albee and Manor Annex, two dorms which this year did not have them. In these dorms reside large amounts of freshmen and sophomores. In response to the committee's own questionnaire these groups of students (Freshmen and Sophomores without P.C.) felt by a margin of 46-15 that the program was not a success, and by a margin of 39-28 that it should not be continued, even with changes. In addition sophomores with P.C.'s in their dorm felt 28-5 that the program was not a success, and voted 21-15 that it should not continue, even with changes. Clearly, Peer Counseling was not a success with sophomores, and putting P.C.'s in dorms where sophomores are likely to live would encourage a

sophomore exodus, thus aggravating the problem which P.C.'s were supposed to relieve. In addition its success was only slight with freshmen. Clearly, the fact that the freshmen class felt 39-34 that the program was not a success, shows that some fairly serious changes are called for. Pertinent to this is the fact that the phrasing of the questionnaire on the points of money and rooms was ambiguous and misunderstood by many voters. A common error, for example, was the belief that one had to check one or the other category, resulting in a large "no answer" response. The changes made regarding rooms and money were basically empty compromises which alter neither the status-quo nor the position of P.C.'s as being alienated from their peers. Next year the eleven P.C.'s will receive \$125.00 a semester, have double rooms only in Tewks, and be in "strategic locations" throughout the dorms they are in. This is not seriously reflective of the communities sentiment which was evenly divided on the issue.

In fact, the administrative committee was severely non-representative of student opinion. While 52% of the students felt that the program should not be continued, even with modifications, only one member of the committee of 7 felt this way. The inflexible attitude of the administration on this and other issues creates a ridiculous political situation in which we are forced to endlessly debate the most

petty issues, which leads to division and a total breakdown in communication.

Looking at the results of the Senate questionnaire one finds that 58% of the students polled felt that the program was not a success; 52% felt that it should not be continued at all; and of those who felt it should be continued, 33% felt changes should be made. The findings obviously call for a serious re-evaluation of the program from its premise, which we do not believe has been done.

Steven Salzman  
Authur Carlson  
Student Senators

To the Editor:

Re: The matter of pets on campus and the striking pet committee:

As everyone on campus is well aware, I am a pet owner who registered my dog with the pet committee, paid my 25.00 deposit, and kept my animal as prescribed by pet committee rules. Most other pet owners did also, and pets were much less a hassle than they had been in previous years.

But with the strike of the pet committee came chaos. I had never seen a dog fight on campus during the past two years - yet have witnessed half a dozen this week alone. Two of them today; it was reported at the student senate meeting of April 13th that a girl was badly bitten by one animal; Continued on Page 4

## Tales of Courage



**BURLAP: "WE HAVE WAYS..." EXAMINATION & REDISCOVERY**  
The Fifth Part in a grand total of Six Continuing Episodes excerpted from "An Exercise For Its Own Sake"

By Andy Abbatepao

Cathy awoke to find herself manacled to Skeets, the cabbage. She was naked and cold. Water was dripping from a crack in the ceiling overhead, and it had splattered on her face, awakening her.

No, it's not a crack in the ceiling, she realized. It was raining, and she and Skeets were chained to a fire hydrant in Times Square! The passers-by took no notice of them.



One man, dressed in a smart three-piece worsted suit, stooped to ask Cathy the time.

"Excuse me, he asked politely, 'but would you have any chance happen to know what time it is?'"

Cathy was astonished that he should ask. Whoever had undressed her had been frantically thorough. She was not even wearing earrings, much less a watch. "Sorry," she apologized dutifully, "I wouldn't know a thing like that."

"Well, it's 4:47pm," he enlightened her, glancing at his wrist, "and... thirty seconds. I really must be going! So no meeting you, Miss, uh... Miss."

"Burlap. Burlap."

"Yes. Well, good day, Miss Burlap!" He hurried off, alligator shoes glinting in sunlight, briefcase swinging at right side.

"Wait! Wait! help me! Please, help me!" she cried but he did not even look back, "Take me with you! Come back! You can't leave me like this!" And so on.

She continued to scream as she watched him vanish into the dense jungle, his pith helmet nearly catching several times on low-hanging vines. Cathy then turned her attention to the woven hemp binding her wrists together behind the tree trunk at her back. The bark cut into her shoulder blades as she twisted and contorted in her attempt to loosen the knot.

It was no use.

Skeets was floating on a paper plate in the middle of a pool of quicksand two meters from the base of the tree. Not that it mattered a great deal; Skeets could not be considered an asset in many worldly dealings.

Her eyes widened in disbelief as once again she heard the groaning complaint of Times Square traffic, and above it the sound of an excited tenor engaged in unintelligible and incomprehensible conversation with himself. The voice grew louder as the speaker approached through the bush. A tiny pygmy suddenly smiled at her from under a fern to her left. Her surprise soon changed to apprehension when she observed that he wasn't smiling. He was leering and drooling audibly.

Dear God, Cathy thought miserably, THAT'S why I'm tied so low to the ground....

The pygmy stood up, revealing at once his shortcomings and intentions. He was smiling all over, and Cathy shuddered.

"Skeets!" she cried weakly and without much enthusiasm, "Skeets, help me!"

The cabbage shrugged and cautiously folded its leaves. Clearly, it did not want to get involved.

Meanwhile, the anxious pygmy had completed his preparations and was mounting his attack. It was not until then that Cathy noticed anything other than animal lust in the gleaming eyes of her captor. It can't be! she thought, No! No! NO! NO!

Almost too late to preserve her sanity, she fainted. When she regained consciousness, the man in the three-piece worsted suit was bent over the pygmy's mangled body. It was Times Square again, and he was busily feeding and pushing the corpse into a sewer. As before, no passers-by exhibited even the slightest interest or concern. He looked up from his patient effort from time to time, but remained silent until it was finished.

"Hello there! How are you feeling? Got the bugger just in time! Nipped him in the bud, you might say!" he commented cheerily, finding it all much more amusing than Cathy could understand, "By the way - do you know what time it is?"

"Sorry..." She shook her head emphatically, no longer so sure that she had been rescued after all.

"It's every bit of five o'clock by now, I'd imagine..." he sighed sadly, "Really must be going, in that case. Don't want to be late! No no no! Can - Not be late anymore."

He bowed dramatically and left without another word. As his pith helmet once again got temporarily snagged, Cathy almost burst out in tears.

What happened to Times Square? Cathy wondered, and then shrieked shrilly, "What in Hell is going on around here?"

Edwin wondered, too, as he scrutinized his surroundings through Cathy's moist eyes, now filling with tears. Originally, he had thought himself lucky to have landed in her mind when he fled his body, shortly before its demolition. Now he was not so sure. He found this last, most recent (including Treeroot's assault, and Notaman's subsequent imprisonment of Cathy and Skeets), series of events intensely disturbing. He was committed to Cathy's welfare by more than choice. Until he collected and amassed sufficient cosmic



energy to complete another spiritual transfer without risk, he was determined to keep his present host alive. With all that he had subconsciously learned from his association with Sector Administrator "Boss" Tweed, he knew that continued survival was possible. It was merely a problem of applying concepts he was not entirely certain that he understood.

He assessed his situation.

Cathy was obviously being psychologically tortured by the ruthless [INANIMATE INVASION CORPS] for what little information she might possibly possess. They were probably completely aware of the fact that she actually knew nothing of interest to them at all, yet they were expected to follow standard operating procedures. This made Edwin especially angry. He fumed at the thought that the poor frail woman, who had never consciously harmed anything or anyone in her life, was being pointlessly mistreated for the sake of bureaucratic consistency. His indignation nearly caused him to inadvertently seize control of Cathy's body, (something that occurred with high frequency among other spiritual nomads), which would have sentenced her to a spiritual purgatory that defies description, but he caught himself before the tertiary ego-flare-up stage.

They would SUFFER!, he swore. They would rue this day! And Edwin would make sure. Enraged was not the word.



# Prettie Soonie

Slumberfication Seminary, Boringtown, New York, is a recognized graduate school of a cataplexy (loss of muscle power following a strong emotional stimulus), hibernation, and narcolepsy (condition characterized by attacks of deep sleep.) It's inaugural convocation was held on September 27, 1977. The Seminary promotes interfaith inter-racial and international slumber. Students in the Master of Hypnology Education Program study the basic positions of major world sleepers; understand traditional and contemporary languishment in relation to the denying principle, the main teaching of the Slumberfication Church. "Wasn't me! I was asleep the whole time!" This June of 1978 three billion students will comprise the first graduating class. The grads will communicate the meaning of pillow-dribbling and the denying principle effectively in yawning, blinking, and drawing up from cramped, stooping or relaxed positions.

Slumberfication Seminary provides total release from theology, philosophy, Biblical studies, church history, personal and moral obligations and all contemporary world affairs. (i.e. the psychology and methodology of a good-life's rest.)

The Seminary aims to prepare men and women for international leadership. Leaders must be able to view history, contemporary affairs and the future not in the light, but in total darkness of a relationship with no one and nothing in particular. Leaders will serve as blinds between absent-minded, ignorant peace and dreadful awareness.

## PROGRAM OF STUDY

Non-committal, enervated. However, the program is cushioned enough to meet the unconscious needs of those in both horizontal and vertical positions. An additional Master of Lapsing Memory Degree Program has been discarded due to utter lack of observance of the near future.

## STUDENT DEATH

Lying on the back of seminary life are the dreaming groups of happy sleepers. Essential to the achievement of the seminary's goals is a haphazard environment whereby sleepers are not connected with formal courses, work, or any form

of life, for that matter. On rolling over, a student once was quoted as saying, "Sleep is a condition in which I refuse to have anything to do with the outer world and have withdrawn my interest from it. I go to sleep by retreating from the outside world and warding off the stimulus proceeding from it." He yawned without opening huge crusty eyes. "At any rate, I try to bring about quite similar conditions - warmth darkness and absence of stimulus-characteristic of that state. Some of us still roll ourselves tightly up into a ball resembling the intra-uterine position. It looks as if we grown-ups do not belong wholly in the world, but only by one-tenth; nine-tenths of us have never yet been born at all!" A relationship to Almighty Dull is essential to meaningless relationships with others. Students meet each week day morning, but aren't sure why. They are encouraged and counselled in developing a rich, personal relationship with Dull. Effort is made to create a king-sized bed conducive to maybe individual, but never interpersonal, boredom.

Supplementing the rich academic program are numerous shut-eye activities; sports, farming drama, photography, and painting. Horseback riding and fishing were available, but lack of interest led to delirious horses and rusted fishing worms. Heartless, brainless and unappreciating students mature for the dull-centered experience through an articulative yawn.

## THE LIBRARY

The library features a rapidly expanding book, microfilm and tape collection. White and grey static is recorded and made available to students. Large scale expansion of library and isolation cubicals is providing peace and tranquility for an increasing number of students. Growing at the rate of 2,000 books per month, the Seminary goal of 5 million volumes of conservative rhetoric will be reached by December of 1977.

Dedicated to providing the deepest possible sleep to the students, the Librarians work closely with faculty and a student committee to build a library that re-reflects the hopes and distress of the seminary as a whole and the individual students.

out \$10.00 fines each semester, ignoring abandonment or cruelty to pets, infringement by pet owners on the rights of non-pet owners and (as previously shown) even outright attacks upon students by undisciplined animals.

I understand the point that the pet committee has tried to make by striking; it is now time that the administration realize that the point has been made. We need the pet committee - badly. Administrative fines are tolerable... pet owners are seeing them as little more than a small semesterly fee to be paid as automatically as fees for other privileges we all partake in.

But the present dog problem cannot be tolerated by the individual or the community at large. No administrative policy is as totally ignored as the pet rule, thus the policy must be amended if it is to have any reason for existence. Recognition of the pet committee's power to legislate and enforce reasonable pet regulations is the administration's only alternative to the problem we now have; if they fail to do this, things will only grow worse.

Shelia Spencer

To facilitate the study of areas of particular interest, the SS library is assembling special contradictions in such fields as American Theology and the History of Christianity in the Orient.

## ANTI-CULTURAL AFFAIRS SERIES

An anti-cultural affairs series brings drowsy musicians, lecturers and artists to the campus in order to sleep. In addition to these events, educational and cultural films are shown with such nonsensical delays and interruptions that everyone can help by being bored. Student groups occasionally have the opportunity to attend de-cultural events at nearby colleges or in New York City.

## FACULTY

As a new academic institution dedicated to inter-religious dialogue and discovery, the Slumberfication Seminary is in a unique position; prone. Both faculty and students have an opportunity for extensive sensory deprivation from a variety of perspectively desexualization, complemented by the unifying insights of Slumberfication theology.

The faculty selected for this innovative new seminary are half-bakes in their chosen fields and lead the slope of religious mission to the world. The present faculty are post-academic, lying in a spectrum of religious straight traditions including Norman Cadallacism, Week Orthodoxy, Reformed Prostration, Flea Church and Robotic Jewelism. Processors and students of SS are joined in harmonious monotony by their common commitment to the grave vanishing point of the Seminary as a dead-as-doornail orgasm.

The Seminary is striving to appoint high qualified processors in accordance with its vigorous expansion programs.

An extensive dust texture series regularly brings noted snorlars in a wide variety of filed to SS.

## ADMISSIONS

Fifty-Fifty students from 9 or 10 different notions comprised the first ass admitted to Master of Hypnology Education Program in September 1977.

Applicants who are not members of the Slumberfication Church are expected to attend a weekend seminar on Denying Principle conducted by the Seminary. The purpose of this seminar is to acquaint the applicant with the leechings and rejectities of the Slumberfication Church.

A student who has attended any Master's Degree Program or seminary other than SS and completed none or more credits can be considered for admission as a transfer student.

## Admission Requirements:

1. A nocturnal Degree from an accredited college
2. A minimum cumulative average of .
3. Transcripts of college records
4. A personal, if requested
5. Scores on Granule Record Examination and the Elastic Gratitude Test if molested.
6. For international students, the student must furnish proof of ability to read and write, speak and understand English sufficiently while sleeping by taking the test of English as a Foreign Language. (Yawn)

I agree I will be Prettie Soonie. Please sign me up for this exciting new opiate. I want to be a Soonie too!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
Hair length (Inches) \_\_\_\_\_ Feet \_\_\_\_\_  
Lashes Length (Inches) \_\_\_\_\_ Feet \_\_\_\_\_

Send to Slumberfication Seminary, Boringtown, New York.

"I'm NEVER EARLY! I'M ALWAYS LATE! ONE THING YOU GOTTA LEARN IS THAT YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO WAIT!"

Rev. Sun Myung Soon  
ZZZZZZZZZZ

## Letters cont.

Continued from Page 3

my own small dog has been attacked four times this semester, three of those times by the same animal.

What is the administration's response? Mary Sugatt's reaction to the attack upon the girl was (roughly) "If people obeyed the rules, there would be no dogs on campus and no one would have been bitten." That attitude is understandable if a dog attacks its owner or another dog, but when innocent people are involved, the matter can't be passed over so lightly.

No matter what administrative policy contains there will still be a population of animals on Bard campus. There are plenty of us who feel that the pleasure of keeping our animal is worth fines and administrative harrassment; we care about our pets and are willing to do whatever is necessary- not merely to keep them with us, but to allow maximum comfort and freedom for the animal and the people with whom we coexist. Such animals do not involve a danger or inconvenience for other students.

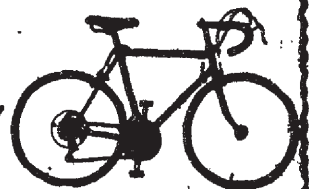
But the administrative policy is blind to this. It continues to dole

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## DR. BISH

Dear Dr. Bish,

My friend and I keep planning to do things but they never get done. Its kind of like she agrees to do something on the spur of the moment and then goes back on the plans we make. I try and relax and not let it hurt me. I try to see where she's coming from. Is there anything I can do to get her to consider *(Here Dr. Bish spilled soup on your letter I hope the following is correct)* what she really wants to do before she makes her plans? It seems as if she is not being honest with either me or herself. --your student.

Dear Student,

Maybe you're a little bit too busy about it. What good are plans anyway? Try not planning anything and see how it goes. As to honesty, perhaps she is being quite honest in finding the plan a bother. Sorry about the soup.

Dear Doctor,

It being near the end of school we would like to take advantage of this column to thank the janitors and maids the grounds men, and our Security friends. Your daily labor to allow us the free time for our studies is very much appreciated. --Ward Manor and Annex Students Assoc.

Dear Dr. Bish,

What do you think has happened to someone at 21 years who feels too old for love, excitement, marvels *(I hope this is your word-marvels,)* hope; and feels like she will never find these things or that they will never come to her. What I'm asking is what is the remedy? She feels her youth is gone, her *(could not read this word, sorry)* vitality. She sees others around her younger and realizes all she has missed. it a strange dilemma for someone at 21? This has been digging at me for awhile. --The Old One.

Dear Reader

Kind of a hard one, kid. To feel too old for love...? Well, for one thing you're near the end of a confined and arduous school year--another thing, you are stepping from the world of childhood into... the Universe. You are also a citizen of a difficult age, a "time of uncertainty"... (Send for Dr. Bish pamphlet no. 301 Coming Out, free, the post-box). I suspect you haven't missed too much and that in fact your life is now launched toward great adventure, wonderousness the like of which you've not yet tasted.

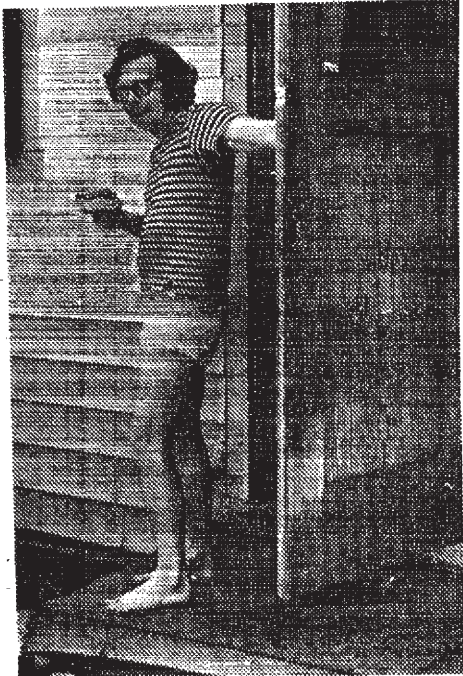
Remedy? Quiet, stillness. Empty yourself of what you have been and become who you are. Method<sup>3/4</sup> See above free info. or come see Dr. Bish. Best luck to you!

Esteemed Sir,

I can only humbly reply we--Roy and I--were indeed hungry. Roy was when I first met him a sickly child at best who could not readily digest and assimilate nor even tolerate ordinary food. You can see from the picture I enclose that he is now a bright-eyed dimpled cheeked young fellow... but we have fallen upon difficult times and have been obliged on occasion to take the advantage of the excellent local cuisine, without, as you point out, the opportunity to repay the management. However, I believe we will in the long run be able to set things right by perhaps offering to mix a quantity of our highly successful Elixir for the paying public.

As to the first matter, the title is admittedly unofficial - what harm. Frankly, I have always wanted to follow in the footsteps of my esteemed brother. Manfred (von) Bish, NY critic and lecturer. Somehow, while out west, I got side-tracked in some of the wild schemes of younger Billy, and never quite finished the dissertation. Since there remains only one more column before we all pack up, I sincerely hope the Board of Directors will take into consideration the few good deeds we may have accomplished and look upon our stay here as a not altogether unpleasant affair.

Yours most respectfully,  
Wilhelm R. Bish



### TODAY'S BISHERY

Trash, theft, random destruction is useless crime against oneself... if you are a part of the whole and destroy or steal from it, from whom do you steal? Don't be a shithead.

### NEXT WEEK

The last issue and the last we may see of Dr. Bish at Bard! Dr. Bish reveals his true identity and purpose, as well as an alternative plan for Bard College.



### STOLEN LUNCHES

Dear "Doctor",

It has come to my attention, through various academic channels, that your PhD title is a purely fictitious product of your own imagination. Furthermore, just last week a letter from "Foods, Inc." was passed along to my desk concerning an alleged attempt on your part, along with one of your student

followers--a person known only by the name of Roy, to procure 2 free lunches. I believe you were overheard to say, "we have only one more month here, Roy..." And when apprehended, remarking merely, "We were hungry..." My dear Sir! The ignominy of it! I really expect some kind of explanation. --yours Sincerely, E.Evan Rothschild, member, Board of Directors.

### AWARD

To John Gonzales *(whose picture should appear in this issue or next-Ed.)* for Excellence in the Field as human-being and as pastry baker; the last few weeks displaying technique and diversity comparable to the efforts of any great composer... for our pleasure a magnificent series of muffins with resins and nuts, delicate morning pastries, donuts, rolls; absolutely the best whole wheat bread in the area this past week; cornbread, and more. Thanks, John.

### NOTES

\* Correction: Charles King V, not III.

\* Warning: Dr. Bish found since printing the recipe to his famous Elixir that it must not be taken in haste on arising. He became seriously ill last week from his own formula and only by strenuous effort was able to recover.

\* Overheard off campus re. police training controversy, from part-time officer: ".38, the great equalizer." An example of why the recommended attitude course.

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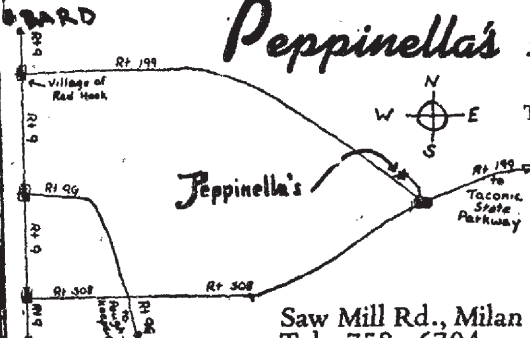


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