

The Albitian-Post-Dispatch-

All the news that fits we print

Examiner-Herald-Etc.

ALBITE COLLEGE

REDDING, PA 19604%

STARDATE 1018.3

SAG cuts are a bloody nuisance Tuition takes a hike

by Toad Steppes

This year's insane SAG budget cuts have caused some problems, according to local organization heads. Apparently, the leaders of SAG-funded groups are going to great lengths to find new ways to run things.

Coup editor, Scoot Hat-check, is one of the hardest hit this year. His organization, which creates our highly touted yearbook, has been forced to change publishers to lessen the cost. This was a problem until SAG official Daze Fishhead suggested they use the ditto machine upstairs. Scoot is looking into the subject. Meanwhile, to lessen costs of photography, he will hire Albitian cartoonists to draw pictures of the school functions. In lieu of senior formals and informals, there will be one comprehensive "semi-formal."

Limp Howl, editor-in-chief of the Albitian, said that the SAG told her to cut back the number of Albitians published each year. The Albitian will be cut back to one page, published once a semester, but free magnifying glasses will be given to the student body. From now on, only guest editorials will be published, and Albitian typists will be paid with layout supplies.

WSEX was hit hard by the cutbacks. Station manager

Teddy N. Nooper said that if the transmitter fails, instead of hiring expensive first-class licensed engineers to fix it, they will install two megaphones on the roof of Science Hall. Announcers will have to scale the side of the building. However, the money saved by such a move would be enough to purchase two new records, and Nooper feels this is a "... true victory."

The Campus End Bored is thinking of purchasing a black and white portable T.V. set to keep the campus entertained and perhaps stop some people from going home each weekend. This is the largest purchase being discussed this year. Insiders say the SAG would consider it only if the CEB would agree to say it was co-sponsored by both the CEB and the SAG. Political analysts in Washington don't care.

In order to do something, individuals on campus are leaving the organizational scene, and doing things on their own. Private parties are found every night, and rampant violence in the streets with lit torches and screaming mobs is a regular sight. Fire alarms are ringing consistently, and Snort residents set their watches by them.

Where has the money gone? No one seems to know. Insiders hint that there will be more off-campus "bashes" this spring,

approximately two each month. There will also be four SAG-sponsored concerts coming up soon, featuring Fleetwood Mac, the Rolling Stones, Genesis, and by special arrangement, the Who. In order for the Albite community to better mingle with Reading, each SAG member will be forced to go out to dinner at prominent area restaurants. The SAG will also be attending a special "SAG conference" with other such SAGs, in the Bahamas over spring break.

News Flash

by Ann T. Matta

Several Albitian editors were stoned to death last week after campus-wide rioting caused by students protesting a blatant waste of SAG funds by the Albitian staff.

The uprising was a result of a satirical insert called *The Albrightian* in last week's paper. "It's not right that our money goes to trash like that when groups like the Chicken Plucking Society go penniless," whined freshman Kelly Valium.

Among the dead were Assistant Pretentiousness Editor Annette K. Reggers and Composition Editor Nan Existant.

by Ann Onimous

In a surprise move, the Albite College Bored of Trustees has announced that the 1984-85 tuition would be raised to \$19,295, a 127% increase over the present rate.

Dr. David Reefer commented on the hike, "Our tuition this year was pretty low compared to other comparable schools. We felt that we should have the highest tuition around, so that we could be a leader in at least one area of academics. Also, it will attract the type of well-endowed people that believe that you get what you

pay for. We are intent on attracting this type of person because we feel they will keep giving us money when we ask for it, even after they graduate."

As to whether the students will actually get any returns from this sizeable investment, Reefer replied, "Well, of course, they will receive a fine higher education in the Albite tradition. In addition, we are giving SAG an additional \$12.73 to distribute to campus organizations." Truly, the Albite student will, as always, get what he deserves for coming to a school like Albite.

Warming roommate relations:

A roomy (roomie) bedwarmer

by Snoop Lawrence

Sam Brewster, Director of Housing has announced plans for making Albite Snort, a men's dormitory, co-educational by bed next year.

Brewster decided this would be the most feasible plan after conducting a study during the numerous fire drills at Albite Snort. It was found that even though it was a men's dorm, a consistent percentage of "evacuees" were female, no matter what the hour.

In conjunction with this

new housing plan, President Reefer announced that a multi-million dollar maternity ward/day care /drug rehab. center would be built adjacent to the existing infirmary.

When asked to comment on the new housing program, President Reefer said, "After imposing our stringent alcohol policy, students need something to take the place of happy hours and frat parties. Why not spend the time doing something constructive - mixed doubles certainly seems to be the answer."

T for two, Marmalade, and you

by Harriet V. Typser

Surprising the Albite community, Stats Marmalade, director of security, announced Mr. T as the newest addition to the force. Mr. T will begin regular patrol tonight.

There were long hours of contract negotiations, but Stats feels it was definitely worth it. "Our image really needed a lift; Mr. T will make sure it gets one."

"There were compromises on both sides," continued Stats, "but we have a solid agreement. Mr. T doesn't

have to get a haircut, and his rings will serve as brass knuckles. He has agreed to leave ten pounds of necklaces because he realizes the need to be light on his feet if he has to chase 200 drunk brothers across the neighbors' rooftops.

"For this we're allowing Mr. T to wear the solid gold belt he wore in *Rocky III* instead of the standard issue black boss. Mr. T has also agreed not to practice his favorite hobby, breaking faces, unless the situation calls for such an action." (An example of an appropriate

situation would be if someone stepped on his shadow, or breathed on his badge.)

Stats is confident that Albite students will welcome this addition to the force. He reports that he was also negotiating with Tom Selleck, but Selleck insisted the old security car be traded in for a red ferrari, and the budget could only provide a baby blue corvette.

"Maybe next year," concludes Stats, "if not, we might go for one of Charlie's Angels. Of course, if we were to succeed, I would personally supervise her training."



The Band of Turkeys plays at a command performance for President Reefer modelling their new uniforms at the same time.

THE GUEST EDITORIAL

Gossip spreads faster than AIDS

It seems as though all these Albite premed heads and study-holics might have something better to do with their time than sit around talking about other Albitians. Granted, in a school the size of Albite there is bound to be talk about almost everything, but the rapid rate at which gossip spreads on this campus is alarming! People here seem to thrive on talk about others; they are, in effect, vultures looking for dying reputations to prey on. For instance, the other day my roommate, Born Loser, told me in complete confidence she planned to drop out of school at the end of the semester. Another girl on our hall overheard her, but promised not to "breathe a word." Upon our entrance of the Campus End an hour later for dinner, we saw a five-yard sign hanging across the wall proclaiming the message, "Goodbye, Born Loser!" Another friend of mine who found out the sad news on Monday that she is pregnant received a package in the mailroom on Tuesday—the package contained two infant romper suits, knitted booties, and a bib, with a card that read "Congratulations! Love from the Albite classes of '84, '85, '86, and '87."

Idle gossip occurs in all locations on campus. It can be found running rampant in the Campus End, festering in dorm lounges, and hanging around, ugly and menacing, in the library courtyard. I have a theory that gossip is to Albite students as heroin is to a heroin addict... Albitians need a "gossip fix" to keep going academically. This can be seen in the way in which students, dead-tired from hours of late-night studying, will return to their rooms to hear some small tidbit of gossip and suddenly become rejuvenated. I witnessed this phenomenon the other evening when a girl I know was practically crawling up the steps of her dorm, exhausted. She

was suddenly besieged by several other floor-mates, who injected her with a heavy dose of gossip. As it took effect she leapt to hear feet, eyes wide with shock, and screeched, "You're kidding! How did you find out?" for the rest of the night, she skipped gaily around, a secretive and knowing smile on her face, probably wondering to herself, "Who should I tell next?"

Traditionally, society has pinpointed females as being more prone to "spreading the dirt" than males; however, this is just not true. Males are just as interested and just as guilty, but they have a more stealthy, round-about approach to gossip. While girls will blatantly approach each other with tidbits of secret information, broad grins on their faces and gleams in their eyes, guys will often sidle up to each other, look both ways carefully, and slowly, hesitatingly report their findings. While girls, when gossip is held back from them, will shriek, "Tell me! I'll die if you don't tell me!" guys have a habit of pretending they don't care, saying nonchalantly, "No, but seriously... what happened?" Don't be fooled, however; their desire to get the "inside scoop" is equal to, if not greater, than a female's.

Topics covered by gossipers range in intensity from "Did you hear about that party Friday night?" to "Did you see who John Doe left the party with Friday night?" to "I can't believe Jane Doe wasn't invited to the party Friday night. Doesn't she have any friends?" Albite gossipers will stop at nothing, and if all the details are not complete, they will supply their own. It's easy to see why Albitians pick gossip addiction over other forms: talk is cheap!

—Tellmee Moore



The *Albitian* is fictitious. The names have been changed to protect the innocent. We hope that everyone will take it in the spirit that it was intended—as a source of light humor to ease the pressure of college life (especially finals). Even newspaper editors go off of the deep end sometimes. Remember—it's a wise man who can laugh at himself.

Albitian Staph

- Limp Howl Pretentious Editor
- the late Annette Peggars Managed Editor
- Grunt Lowston Squirrel Editor
- the late Nan Existent Typing Person
- Grog Gallstones. Letters Editor
- Nick Boogie Communist Editor

A LETTER

All members of the Albite community are welcome and encouraged to submit responsible letters to the editor. Whether they'll be printed or not is a different matter entirely.

Dear Editor,

I would like to complain about last week's review of the new exhibit in the Art Gallery. I was really disgusted with what your writer, Kurt Van Nugget, said. Where does your writer get off with stating his opinion in a review? I'm shocked. Whatever happened to objectivity?

Also, Mr. Van Nugget should get his facts straight. In his article he said that "all the works were painted between 1974 and 1981." Well, it just so happens that one piece in the show was painted in 1973! It's things like that that detract from the professionalism of this paper!

Finally, Mr. Van Nugget

said that *Orchestral Roller Sakes* by Tim Watercross was "superbly done, but didn't do anything for me." Well, several snotty, pretentious friends and I agree that Mr. Van Nugget has the artistic taste of a Mango.

I think Mr. Van Nugget is an uncultured, despicable little vermin who probably enjoys lower class things like television programs. I think Limp Howl should have this cretin dumped in the refuse.

And to think that a fraction of a cent of my activities fee went into such filth!

Disgruntledly,
Annette La Gauche, '92

SAG coup wimps out

by Brandon Stark

The Campus End was the site of a great emotional gathering Tuesday. The Closed Forum sponsored by SAG was a huge success according to Chairlessperson Louis Capillary.

Capillary credits the success to the change in name. "When we called it an Open Forum and invited the campus no one showed up but the usual loud-mouthed Republicans. By calling it a Closed Forum and excluding the different campus cliques (faculty, students and administrators), they were so pissed off they turned out in droves."

There was a tense moment when former SAG leader Ojay Kay led a coup to overthrow the SAG office and remove Capillary from power. As he was led away in chains by Stats Marmalade and his crack security force, Kay was heard to remark, "I didn't do no wrong, this is free country, I no never would have strung up Louie, he's my brother. I was just carried away by the spirit of the movement." Ojay Kay just hasn't been the same since he was removed from office.

The discussion got off the ground when V-C Hearnst Jello pinned down Vale Haversald (using a hammerlock)

on the visitation policy enforced in the girls' dorms. Jello pointed out that the residents in Snort, Moan, Smitte, and Albite Pines are allowed to run wild, while the women in Louise, Wiltem, Selwimp, and Bowell are locked in their rooms at 10:00 school nights and 11:00 on Friday and Saturday.

Haversald agreed this practice was archaic, and promised to form a committee to look into the situation. SAG delegated the follow-up responsibility to OSS liaison Grog Gallstones.

Another tense moment was avoided after SAG secretary Alto Sax dropped her notebook, in which she was carefully documenting the forum events, from the platform. A replacement was quickly found and the event continued.

Grog Gallstone answered Mr. Yakson's request for a student representative to the menu planning committee. This step was taken to appease student demand for input into meal selection. "We still have two tons of baby goat's liver to get rid of this year, and we're hoping the students can suggest a few new ways to

continued somewhere in the area of page five

A COMMENTARY

Valium and Oreos are the cure for Communism

by Upchuck Grimm-tale

There once was a beautiful, pristine kingdom nestled on a mountain that reached toward the heavens. It was completely isolated from all the world's evils, and was the pinnacle of moral goodness.

On a snowy day, one could not distinguish the weather from the pure whiteness that floated through the trees and architectures of this kingdom. The people were all model citizens—early to bed, industrious, studious, and abstainers from the lowly physical indulgences of life.

But there was a seldom-seen side to this seemingly paradisaical retreat. The gears generating the purity were known as the administration—a term which struck envy into the imagination of the inhabitants.

This is a brief story about those administrators, told with the hope that some enlightenment can result from the darkness that swallows the light of goodness and regurgitates falsehoods and shattered images.

The king was a popular man, though his reticence and reserved personality did little to establish warm relationships with his followers. He lived on the mountain-side, outside of the kingdom, but always within eyeshot and earshot. Few knew him well, but most liked him anyway, since he rarely intervened in the kingdom's vapid affairs.

His chief aide was the administrator of justice, a portly ruddish man with a round jolly face. He was quite well-tempered, for someone who had to handle the unpleasant cases of poor behavior that occasionally broke the kingdom's goodness. He always smiled, liked his food and drink, and never let his job get the better of him. Some of the citi-

zens didn't care for him, but he had a like number of friends to keep him happy and secure.

Justice, ah what a word! Justice was meted out and enforced with swift precision and unquestioned integrity—by a special force of well-trained tin-star types known as Security. The leader of this elite unit was a dedicated veteran of fighting undesireables, and his visage showed the effects of this ongoing struggle. He had a tightly-cropped head, intimidating proboscis, and the most loyal group of immorality fighters ever assembled.

Those few law-breakers who dared to threaten him usually received their just desserts—a trip to the administrator of justice. Justice was severe because order and quiet were the rule of the kingdom—a rule that originated from a hidden force of wealth—holders known as the BORED.

Now the BORED usually meant well in all of its endeavors; it just couldn't force itself to walk down from its mountaintop perch to really know what it endeavored to do. Some said their feebleness was the cause, but the real reason was the smug languor that prevented the members of the BORED from meeting (and thereby knowing) their rules. They made an annual pilgrimage, during the flowering of the pretty spring months, to the kingdom, to convene and set the laws.

One wonders if the trip down the mountain didn't make them dizzy, since only their most ardent supporters agreed with their legislation. But they owned everything in the kingdom, and with possession being 9/10 of the law... Needless to say, morals were rigidly upheld and the dotards rarely had trouble falling to sleep at night.

This pretty little kingdom also had a

group known as the ministry of education, dedicated to keeping the masses educated and opinionated. There were more than 100 of these upstanding pedagogues, but only a handful stood out. One man, known for his open-mindedness in clerical affairs, kept the citizens spiritually righteous. His soul was big as his body, he often joked, but nobody accused him of being narrow-minded, probably out of fear of being hit with a damnation—the most feared form of penology in the entire kingdom.

Another education minister dabbled in alchemy. His affinities included song singing, stifling the kingdom's more radical and vociferous members, and advocating a kingdom-wide uniform, aimed at destroying dangerous individuality.

A health commissioner also served on the education ministry. His pride and joy was the striking fitness center around which the entire kingdom revolved. He had it guarded day and night, was xenophobic about what kind of people could use it, and could be found there at almost any time. This man was perhaps the most powerful person in the kingdom, though no one dared to publicly conjecture on this matter.

Finally, there was a history expert, who served to tell the masses about their kingdom's glorious past and proud directions. His principal function, however, was to warn the masses about the other kingdoms with which this particular one had to co-exist. He stressed vigilance and preparedness, though his pupils sometimes wished more emphasis was placed on their present needs—which he carefully documented, on the basis of history, were well met.

So, the education ministry functioned smoothly and all in all, kept the people well-informed and stimulated, though cer-

tain members were known to use more bombastic techniques than others.

So, there you have it, the nucleus of this isolated little paradise, the best of all possible worlds. All of the administrators and ministers worked closely and efficiently, looking upon the masses as a "good" landlord looks upon his serfs. They were sure they acted for the good of the kingdom, and selflessly gave time and energy to promote welfare and happiness.

Only in rare instances did any commoner get a glimpse of the inner workings of this tight establishment. Secrecy was the key word, for the most part, and since those who learned too much usually became disillusioned, all steps had to be taken to prevent too much awareness and hence, disillusionment.

There were underground radio stations, newspapers, and secret organizations, but none dared to speak out too harshly or too often. Any many of these were administrative proxies, serving to reinforce the kingdom's positive institutions and encourage civic pride and involvement. With some exceptions (which were usually dealt with rapidly and quietly), dissension was not commonplace and those who opted to speak out were usually banished on a seemingly legitimate premise.

Yes, reader, this was truly paradise, a perfect system of authority and pedagogy, justice and law enforcement, peace and quiet. Nobody rocked the boat too roughly, order was maintained without excessive force, and the system's values were transmitted smoothly and painlessly. The bliss might have been ignorant, but it was still bliss, and no other kingdom could say as much...

Job descriptions

Is that what they're doing?!!

by Thelma N. Melona

Have you ever wondered what some of Albite's administrators and staff actually do in a working day? Most of them are highly visible college employees who cooperatively work to make the Albite "system" function smoothly. However, many of these respected members of the Albite community have some unusual duties as noted in their official (and I might mention, confidential) job descriptions. Take a look for yourself.

Dean of Students— (para. 5, line 4) — At least twice a week, attend group luncheons in the cafeteria. If there is no valid reason for such a meeting, create one. Always look interested, praise the food, and pretend not to understand the student body's dissatisfaction with the food served. (para. 11, line 7) — Attend all college functions where food is served or football is discussed.

Head of Security— (para. 27, line 2) — Never talk in a normal tone of voice. When in doubt, shout, especially if impressionable freshmen are likely to be listening. In all other situations, be heard to mutter under your breath while stalking around campus, "Those Damn Frats!"

Secretaries To The Registrar— (para. 12, line 9) — Act as if you have temporarily become deaf and then alternately struck

dumb upon being approached by any student between the hours of 12:00 and 3:30 p.m.

Director Of Career Planning And Placement— (para. 8, line 17) — Be ready with a tactful reply such as "The job market is always looking better, I'm sure you'll find a job sometime before you die," or "I've heard soup lines aren't all that bad, really."

Dean Of Housing — (para. 4, line 33) — Stall for time to think by saying to the distressed party, "I'm sure you can live with your psychotic, suicidal, self-destructive, homeopathic, homosexual roommate for just a few weeks more, can't you?"

Trustee — (para. 7, line 1) — Upon every meeting of the board, be certain to raise tuition by no less than \$800, then adjourn the meeting for a \$50 a plate luncheon at the Berkshire Country Club.

Academic Dean— (para. 3, line 19) — Try your hand at teaching general studies requirements which seem to offer little relevant material for use later in life by the student population. Adopt the philosophy that everyone needs a little oriental culture in their lives.

Now, it is a lot easier to explain the phenomenon that is often observed on Albite's campus. Coming in future issues — the little known duties of the Director of Food Services or "Who ever said variety is the spice of life?"

Biting sarcasm at N.J. bar

by L. Roy Jetson

An Albite student went berzerk in a Wildwood, NJ bar last week, injuring five.

The student, as of yet unidentified, reportedly became uncontrollable after someone asked him if they "really All Bite at his school."



C.E.B. Movies



DOUBLE FEATURE

"Santa Claus Conquers the Martians"



"Ms. Claus Does Dallas"



Dumb jocks get a chance to save Bollman

by Nat N. Quirer

A new program of study has been introduced to Albite's curriculum. "College for Jocks" is the title of the new program. The decision to create this program was influenced greatly by George C. Bollman.

Bollman has stated that he will take back his building unless Albite has a first place football team next season.

"There's nothing else we can do," explained Wilburt R. Anken, director of physical practices. "We had considered letting him have his building and just have an outdoor pool to camouflage the hole."

"This idea was rejected because we didn't want to encourage our benefactors to take back their buildings; it

just wouldn't look good," added Dean Bluboa (who is also vice-president of professors and other school-type things). "Together Willie and I developed this program. Of course we had to do this with a couple of sixes so we could think like jocks and really do a bang-up job."

The program will have all the requirements of the other majors; after all, it must be fair.

The foreign language requirement will be English, literature can be completed in Comic Books 306 or 308, composition will be fulfilled if they fill out their insurance forms and can sign their names.

More course outlines are forthcoming. Reminds Bluboa, we don't want scholars, we just want them to be able

to maintain some form of a cum so the records are clean. They're here to play football, not study.

Similar programs are being developed for the wrestling, basketball, field hockey, soccer, badminton, and chess teams.

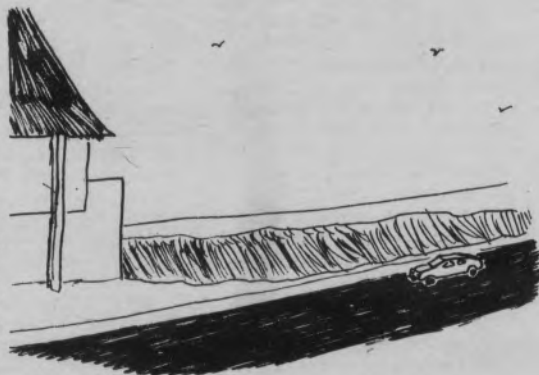
Bluboa and Anken both agree on this change and the reasons for continuing. "Albite is getting up there, both in med-school, grad-school acceptances, and tuition. Now it's time to work on the areas that really count, sports and TV rights. If we can convince the Bored to increase tuition another \$1500, we'll have enough money to develop the quality sports teams we deserve."

Concern was expressed over the accreditation reviewers. R. Anken dismissed these concerns without much

forethought, "Actually, it was the reviewers' suggestion that the athletic offerings needed some work; besides, if they don't see it our way, we'll go on up to Davie's

place, have a few beers, and discuss the matter."

If all plans are successful and deadlines are met, the program should be in full operation by 1984.



Artist's rendition of the proposed George C. Bollman hole-in-the-ground. Artwork by Phineas J. Whoopie

A FINE WORK OF ARTILLERY

by Al Bumm

Teddy and Nooper—*Live, In the Basement*

This, a record that can be called nothing but a record, has not created anything in me but a fear of what I am afraid of.

Yes, I am afraid. But do not call me a coward, because Teddy has told me the truth about myself, and what I fear and what I do not fear have become things that only I determine, in a world that I create, to be created by me and me alone. And nothing else matters, and nothing else has ever mattered and nothing else will ever matter.

Yes. Nooper. And Teddy. And Life. These mythological creatures come to life have more than just a hit single, more than just a hit album. They hold the secret that no-one else has ever known. They answer the

question that no-one else has ever asked, in a world where no-one ever lives and a bed where no-one ever sleeps and a speaker that has never given off a sound, in a universe that has no content, or a record review with absolutely no meaning except to attempt to be blatantly artsy and to mock artsyness as being pointless in a world seeking a point, purposeless in a world that desperately needs a purpose.

Who else can answer the questions that this article will bring up? Only the Editor of Life itself! (The state of being, not the magazine.) Who can call the shots when there is no whiskey left? Who can write the alcohol policy governing the drunkards, who can pull the trigger when Roy Rogers is gone? Why, it's totally obvious. Teddy and Nooper.

If ever these two did put out an album, my, it would be big. But as of yet they haven't. So what? I could write a review of an anticipation, just as

people consistently write reviews drawing on emotions they never had.

And so I do. Because I AM insane, and because I AM the center of the universe, and because nobody else ever mattered, and if there's anything I'm sure of, it's that I'm sure.

Let me tell you, readers, there is nothing better after being out in the cold rain for hours, than a steaming mug of blood. Does that prove to you that I'm crazy? No? Well, I find it hard to believe that there are people out there who would yet accept me, even after they know that I still wet my bed.

Men of tornadoes, dominoes, sternoes, oreos, unite! We have a place to go. Let them tell us where that is. After this review.

Senior Potlight Gallstones Operations

When you think about "Joe Albite," what name comes to mind? Well, if you have ever been involved in an activity or a committee of Albite, you know who this is. The student who has successfully been a member on every committee, club or activity ever made at Albite is none other than, Grog Gallstones.

After being elected as SAG Liason to the Organization of Spineless Students (OSS) this all, he finally completed his quest to have his name on every list, roster or membership at Albite. Talking to Grog, one would never expect to find such a conscientious student. When asked how he keeps up with schedules, appointments, and meetings, he commented, "I took a real light class load this year so I could keep my responsibilities, and anyway just being on a committee doesn't mean you have to do anything."

Grog's "Never say Never" philosophy is not necessarily

unique to him. Grog said, "My sister Sundae is working hard to follow in my footsteps."

The Gallstones have certainly been involved and this list is too long to print, but Grog stressed, "Our family always believes in 'not

rare!

When asked what some of his favorite committees are, Grog cited, "the President's sub-committee on Pencil Sharpeners" as his favorite, and the "Senior's in Search of a More Efficient Laundry Service" as a more active committee. Grog was recently named president of the "Meatloaf Ingredient Selection Committee."

Some of Grog's favorite courses at Albite were Dr. Shirkone's Responsibilities class and The Organizational Behavior class. Grog commented that he can't wait to graduate and get some real work on big committees. He has already sent his resume' to the Albite Bored of Trustees in hopes of landing a job on what he calls "one of my ultimate dreams in committee work."

Grog is especially proud of his accomplishment in sports, including basketball, nerfball, ice-fishing, roof hockey and ping pong. Recently Grog was named captain of the

men's swim team. "Now all we need is a pool" remarked Grog.

In conclusion, Grog commented "I have a dream; to be on every committee ever formed at Albite College. I love Albite and I think it deserves all that I can give of myself."

Grog Gallstones has certainly left his mark at Albite. Providing incentive for future Gallstones (and there will be future Gallstones) and giving unique advice and rare suggestions to committees everywhere, our hats are off to you, Grog.



Grog Gallstone: A man for all organizations.

Artwork by Bob Buffalo spreading oneself too thin' and if it ever gets to be too much for me I'll just quit a few." Responsibility like that found in Grog Gallstones is

"Call me!"

NEW!

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presents

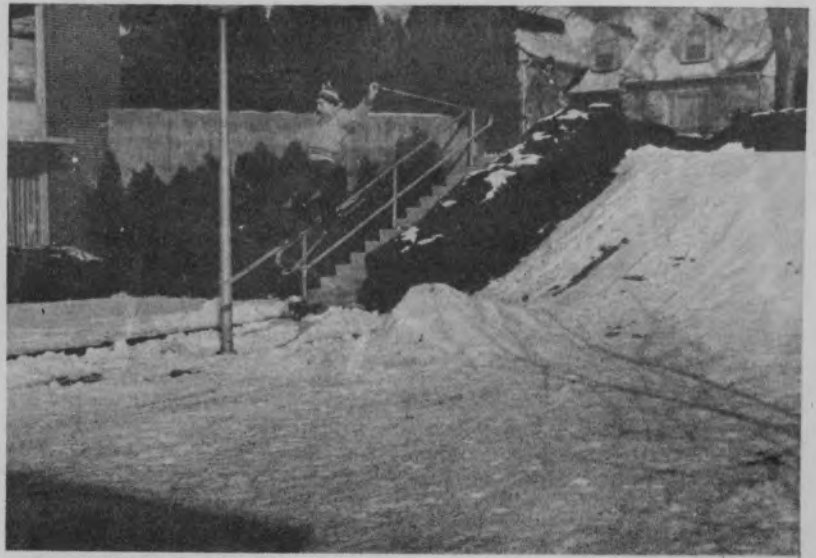
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New in the Physical Education curriculum for the Spring semester is a Cross-Campus Skiing course. Students will be taught all the ins and outs of skiing to classes, including how to avoid security and how to walk in the classroom without the prof knowing you have skis on. Here is a shot of the Expert slope in the Bay of Pigs. Administration has not yet determined whether this course will be classified as Lifetime, Fitness or Blow-off.

Trying to bandage the cuts

by Mick Godslim

While SAG treasurer, Kris Knottobrite, is trying to find where he lost the budget, campus organizations are now trying to find alternative methods for raising money. Here are a few of the funding strategies of various campus groups.

Lou Capillary is determined to save SAG's reputation by following the example of other politicians. He

will be making a movie entitled, *A Night at Snort*. However, he's still trying to find where he can hide the cameras.

The ALPO's are following in the Chippendale tradition. They will be making a PO Boy Centerfold Calendar. Each month will feature a popular brother with the traditional ALPO hat, of course.

Pi Tallus decided to keep the spirit up in this time of economic stress by sponsor-

ing daily Happy Hours.

It's rumored that the Domino Layers are starting a pizza delivery service with the slogan, "We are the original Dominos."

The Concert choir has taken to singing on street corners with tin mugs to raise money for their expenses.

The Game Room has hired the Zoo brothers as bouncers in order to help them along, as well as certain customers.

H.T.T. announces retreat

The Holier Than Thou Bible Study Group is announcing its first annual retreat. The group will embark on the adventure to the Alaskan Tundra on February 12 and will return on March 19, 1983. The group would like to extend an invitation to all Albite students, the only stipulation being you must be an ordained member of H.T.T.

Send name, confirmation date and list of personal confessions to Box 333.†

†Hurry seating is limited!

DR. DAVID REEFER: A DAY IN THE LIFE

Dr. David "Roof" Reeper is a man of many men. He will often take time out to play with the many kids who hang around all over campus. Dr. Reeper really digs in when he gets involved, always shovelling a path through the mire. An animal lover, Roof makes sure that he spends at least two hours of quality time with the family pet, Ruff. Even if he's away on business he at least calls.

Dithers bags it

by Lenashed N. Afore

As final decision made, Mr. Royboy Dithers is not picking his feet up on the matter. There will not be carpeting or stairtreads for the slippery steps that lead to the chapel basement.

"We know it's a high casualty area, but covering the steps with cheap carpeting would look really tacky, and besides we ran out of Super Glue about a month ago. There isn't room in the budget for another tube until sometime in July," explained Dithers.

Representative to the Student Safety During Inclem-

ent Conditions, Grog Gallstones is undaunted, "We're going to hold a fundraiser to make enough money to buy the Super Glue. Once we've done this they will have to rectify the situation."

After checking his portable file cabinet for the correct statistics Gallstones continued, "Last week alone, there were three broken legs, two sprained ankles, a crunched shoulder, a concussion, and three broken fingernails. This just can't go on anymore. Nurse Mable is really on our side since the infirmly ran out of crutches and ace bandages."

Closed Forum

continued from page two, I think...

pass it off at mealtime. We are already looking into the possibility of making some of it into pate' to serve at Albite functions, maybe even Happy Hour." Students were pleased with Mr. Yakson's efforts to pass the liver off to other campus departments. President Reeper stood up

to answer a question about the tuition increase, but was trampled in the stampede to return to the dorms to catch the MASH reruns.

Capillary announced that there would be more forums, hopefully one per week. "Next time we're going to try to have a special celebrity guest. This gimmick isn't going to fool anyone again."

And here... 's Reefer

by Thelma N. Melona

It was jointly announced last week by the Board of Trustees of Albite College and the Director of Daytime Programming for NBC television, Mr. Jethroe Loser, that President David "Roof" Reefer has signed a six month contract to appear as a panelist on the network's newest game show which will be hosted and produced by Chuck Barris of *Gong Show* fame.

The half hour program entitled *How Tasteless Can You*

Be? features contestants from middle America who will act like imbeciles while competing for the coveted Not so bright electroplated diploma.

"The object of the show is to make viewers totally disgusted" stated Barris, "and Roof sure knows a gross act when he sees one." Albite's trustees are anxious to see if the college's popularity will parallel the certain success of the innovative game show. One was heard to comment, "Hey, that Roof sure is a versatile guy. His show-busi-

ness personality is a real advantage when Petersons and Barrons rate us every year!"

Barris and several top NBC executives have high hopes for *How Tasteless Can You Be?* and are currently developing a spin-off called *How Stupid Can You Act?* Albite senior and SAG chairman, Louis Capillary, is reportedly the first choice for the M.C. slot after a truly dumbfounding screen test. Commented Barris, "Louis is a natural!" Stay tuned . . .



After receiving many complaints of pizzas taking longer than thirty minutes to arrive, Domino's pizza has now started a new delivery service. The fleet of compact cars has been replaced with Camaros and Trans-Ams, and former pro race drivers are now employed as delivery boys.

Intramurals

Scums try to retain lead

by Randy Verbose

The standings in last week's Intramurals came out like an oak doorknob, but I'm not sur why. The Scums, who had an apparently early lead in this truly tight race have kept their lead since the earliness of the season. Despite an early season drumbling by the "Sexually Suggestive Team Names" the Scums have persisted in playing only the best of whatever it is they do.

The MX Missiles, after a deristatingly easy romp over the still hung-over Argle-boongie team, faked, shot and deficated their way to a victory. Mike "Tweety" Esponishke hurriedly threw the ball to Dave "Washboard" Colombo in the late going, but Washboard, in all the confusion, took the ball and donated it to the Salvation Army, proving for once and for all that victory goes to the guys who down the most beers at Millertime.

In the final playoff contest, the "Roman Apple Juice" team hurriedly finished off their season in a 44-0 gloating over the Elmer's Glue team. Dan "Walzoo" Porstaph was easily turned into a high drongo, throwing his jockstrap at Steve "Arnold" Pisser, mistook it for a can of corn and stuffed it in his ear. So therefore, the Scums go on to take on the absolutely grunified ear-waxers in a thoroughly disembroiled final offering.



A concerned Albitian prepares to dig out, "the day after."



Johnny Pulaski and the Pottstown Polka Band

Nite Lite

THE RECTRUM

12/12	The Spayed Cats	8 p.m.
12/27	Joan Sweat & The Pop Tarts	10 p.m.
12/31	Johnny Pulaski & The Pottstown Polka Band	7:30 p.m.
1/17	Billy Coal	9.30 p.m.
1/19	The Moody Brews	10 p.m.

THE CRIPPLEY MUSIC HALL

12/18	Temple City Kazoo Orchestra	7:30 p.m.
12/29	Johnny Pulaski & The Pottstown Polka Band	7:30 p.m.
1/14	Otis Day & The Knights (First Philly appearance)	7:30 p.m.

THE TOWERING INFERNO

12/14	Beau Geste	8 p.m.
12/19	Baby Blue	9 p.m.
12/20	Sandi Patti	10 p.m.
12/24	Long Island Second String Orchestra	11 p.m.
12/31	Rusty Trustee & The Tuition Hikes	12 a.m.

Tonight at 8:00 In Memorial Chapel GERALD R. FORD

"Why I get Mega-bucks to come into your gym and speak for 45 minutes"

Freshman Experience Credit

Boy Roy and the door

The order has been put in and the door will be fixed according to Mr. Boy Roy Dithers. The work should be completed by December of 1985.

The main door to the Campus End has been broken since October and has been chained shut to keep students from exiting and entering.

After several weeks of consistently running to the wrong door and pulling a muscle while trying to yank it open, students have finally

become quite proficient at using the same door as an exit and entrance and the injury rate from head-on collisions has been substantially reduced. Dithers comments, "It's almost a shame to fix the door. Students get to run into more of their friends this way."

Students have grown so accustomed to using the other door that it is doubtful that anyone will think to try the broken door once it is repaired. Fear has been expressed over the psycho-

logical aspects of students readjusting to the door in its repaired state. One psych. major remarked that "it would be analogous to seeing an old friend come back from the dead. Relations would have to resumed slowly at first. It is advisable to only use the door once the first day it is repaired and then build from there."

Despite these fears, repair plans are continuing. Dithers stressed, "Once we see a problem, we do our best to promptly correct it."

Yes: A contemporary, positive approach

by Tony Shepps

Yes 90125

"Many people come to me and say, 'That new Yes album, that's not really Yes, is it?'"

Well, yes and no. The group could be called Yes. It's more faithful to the original late sixties-early seventies group than the last group that was called Yes was. Let me expand on this. The group that put out the album *Drama* had only one member in it that was in the original group.

The group that has created *90125* has three founding members in it, including surprise keyboardist Tony Kaye, unheard of since *Time and a Word*.

When people think of Yes, they think primarily of guitarist Steve Howe and vocalist Jon Anderson. Well, the *Drama* group had Howe but not Anderson, and for *90125*, Anderson is there but Howe is missing. But all this means nothing unless you are a great fan of rock trivia like myself and hoard little-known information about pop music for no reason whatsoever.

All right, the group that has issued *90125* is not really Yes. Yes, as we should think of it, was the group that put out three of the most important rock albums ever: *The Yes Album*, *Fragile*, and *Close to the Edge*. Howe himself says that Yes, in people's minds, should cease there.

But while the new Yes is inconsistent with the old Yes, it is not inconsistent with Jon Anderson's under-rated solo albums. More fundamentally, it is not inconsistent with music in the eighties, which calls for a more "horizontal" viewpoint; music in the eighties must be less focused so that a wider audience can appreciate it (and more importantly, purchase it).

Most people have never experienced Yes without Howe. Guitarist for the new Yes is Trevor

Rabin, who noone (including myself) knows anything about. He apparently had an album out sometime in the seventies. Beyond that, he is not a typically "known" artist in the sphere of rock. As a musician, he seems to be competent but not mind-boggling. But as a songwriter, he has plenty of sway in this group, for he and Anderson are the primary writers.

Enough trivia; what about the album? It's produced by none other than Trevor Horn. Horn was the lead vocalist for the Yes that created *Drama*. At that time he gave many people a great laugh when he allegedly claimed that his "Video Killed the Radio Star" lyrics were better than anything Jon Anderson had ever written. He'd produced for his own Buggles, and for ABC on *The Lexicon of Love*. His background is not very impressive, but it's certainly directed towards the high-technology, eighties, electro-pop school of recording. As such, the more traditional musicianship of Anderson, bassist Squire, and drummer White are moulded into a more contemporary sound. Out with the old Yes feeling of playing to an orchestral audience; the new album has a much cleaner sound.

Especially notable are the vocals. Anderson still has the highest natural voice in pop music—higher than Robert Plant, Geddy Lee, and perhaps on an even par with Michael Jackson. Anderson handles most lead vocal duties. When there are vocal harmonies on this album, they are done in a grand way. Many of the tunes rely very strongly on these harmonies, particularly "Leave It" and "Hold On," where two lyrics are sung concurrently a la *Close To The Edge*. Horn has done a great job recording the vocals, and this may be the new Yes's most colorful trademark.

The key to this album is the fact that, for the first time since *The Yes Album*, the music and lyrics sincerely reflect the name of the band.

Optimism and clearly positive emotions radiate from these songs. When a song is not clearly positive, it's main concern is one of ambition for the future or even self-help advice. Take, for example, Anderson's closing words in "Owner of a Lonely Heart": "Don't deceive your free will at all / Just receive it." as a result, it is impossible for me to listen to this album and be depressed.

Most of the songs, also, are complex, artistic, and powerful enough to be genuinely interesting, yet simple enough to be naturally unevasive. I haven't tired of it yet. Even the hit single seems to hold up quite hardily under the pressure of consistent airplay. It should be noted that said single is not indicative of the nature of the album. Nothing on the rest of the album is remotely danceable, especially since many untraditional key signatures are employed.

The album is not without flaws. I found "Changes" to be unappealing from the start. Although its artistic, untraditional opening holds promise, the body of the song is simple, uneventful, and boring. It feels closer to Asia. This is the kind of song John Wetton has been writing for the past few years, and since he did it, it isn't necessary for Yes to do so.

It may be that Yes will go even further in their "pop" direction, and that would be a disaster. With the attention surrounding Yes and Asia, and the reported disappointments with the pop directions both groups took, it seems that the public is ready for a group of great musicians to get together and produce a highly artistic album taking advantage of new technologies (Try Eddie Jobson's *The Green Album*).

Still, *90125* is a great effort, and I hope that Yes stick together and keep on doing what they have been doing. With the reunion (of sorts) of this great band, there is promise that pop music in the eighties is slowly improving.

Albright Information Center is back Opens February 1

Need a ride home
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Hours to be posted at a later date

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Language feature

Ser Gaviota

por Virginia Heatwole

Si la reencarnación de mi alma es posible, quiero regresar como una gaviota porque tengo un espíritu muy libre, y me gustan el mar y la playa. Y también quiero muchísimo volar. Pero tengo que ser una gaviota específica. Todas las otras gaviotas vuelan usando solamente las maniobras que aprenden en su primer día de vuelo. Pero

siempre quiero estar aprendiendo y creciendo. Tengo que desafiarme cada límite en mi vida.

Me gusta el español porque el idioma no tiene palabras diferentes para el lugar donde vuelan los pájaros y el lugar donde vive Dios. Si yo fuera la gaviota específica. Jonathan, viviría en el cielo. Mi alma sabría el júbilo y la libertad del vuelo. Y también yo estaría cerca de Dios.

This is the first of a new series of foreign language articles.

Volunteers wanted!

1. Want to help find a treatment for the common cold?
2. Want to make \$125?
3. Want to spend a free weekend at the Sheraton Berkshire Inn?

Burroughs-Wellcome Company, a pharmaceutical company is conducting a study beginning in January for the treatment of the common cold. Interested men 18 and over with colds should call 373-3380.

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND CABARET NIGHT Now Bigger than Ever

Wednesday, February 8

8:00 p.m.

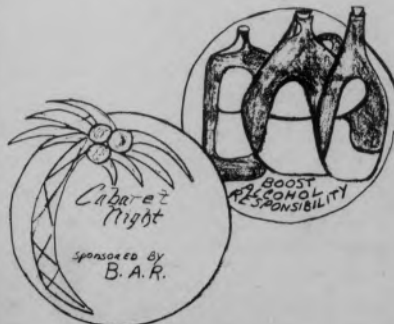
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Attention:

MDA dancers

DANCER'S MEETING
Monday, January 16
4:00 p.m. CCSL

LAST \$50 PAYMENT DUE
for couples, Wednesday,
January 25 to Dave or Linda

Greenhouse

open

for visitors

Beginning this month the Albright greenhouse will be open for visiting hours, tentatively scheduled for Monday, Wednesday and Friday, noon to 1:00 p.m. Everyone on campus is encouraged to come by and browse during this time.

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Flyer's tickets student discount

The Philadelphia Flyers are starting the New Year by offering Delaware Valley college students a special \$4 ticket for the team's regular season games at the Spectrum.

The college student discount can be obtained by showing your college or university identification card at the Flyers' box office at the Spectrum.

"The new offer will give area college students a very entertaining event at a very affordable price," said Flyers marketing director Carl Hirsh. "Our objective is to expand our customer base beyond our season ticket holders. The \$4 ticket is comparable in price to a neighborhood motion picture, but the similarity ends there. Once you have attended a National Hockey League game, you'll return again and again."

Tickets for all Flyers games are on sale at the Spectrum box office, all Ticketron locations and by calling Chargit at 1-800-223-0120 or (215) 665-8051.

Interim brings focus to Japanese art and theatre

the Campus Center Main Lounge.

This, and the exhibition "The World of Japanese Theatre: Noh and Kabuki," are the highlights of a series of events focusing on Japanese art and theatre during the January Interim.

The major exhibition of woodblock prints, masks, musical instruments and photographs is on view in the Freedman Art Gallery through February 26.

These events are presented by the Freedman Gallery and the Asian Studies Cluster and are sponsored in part by a pilot grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, the Asia Society and the Japan-United States Friendship Commission.

The works in the exhibition are on loan from such public collections as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, and the Reading Public Museum and Art Gallery, from galleries in New York and Philadelphia, and from Reading area private collections.



Wednesday's performance by Kabuki dancer/choreographer Sachiyo Ito, played before a capacity crowd in