

Bonnye  
Is  
Ready...

# The Commentator

... When  
You  
Are

Official Undergraduate Newspaper of Yeshiva College

VOL. LXXIX

YESHIVA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK Purim 1974

232

NO. 3

## Tattler For Polio But Not Vaccine In His Discussion

The Yeshiva community, while only slightly stirred by the controversy concerning the Tay-Sachs testing program, has recently been rocked by a new clash over the oral polio vaccine. The psychological, ethical, economic, moral, and even the biological and halachic ramifications of this vaccine were recently discussed by Rabbi Moses D. Tattler, head of the Biology Department of Yeshiva College.

In his opening remarks, Dr. Tattler expressed his gratitude to this reporter for consulting him on this delicate issue, after all "this is a case of *dinei n'fashot*. This is not a question every small rebbe can decide on."

Dr. Tattler, in his second attempt in two weeks to steal the limelight on campus, condemned the random administration of the vaccine even to children allergic to the older Salk vaccine. According to Dr. Tattler, the psychological consequences are far worse for the community as a whole than the suffering involved for those who might contract this incurable disease. "Without the Sabin vaccine," continued Dr. Tattler, "approximately one out of every 5100 Americans would contract the virus. Is it ethical to subject 5099 people, needlessly, to this traumatic experience in an effort to save the less fit minority?"

### Stabs of Juice

What are these psychological consequences? "Let us consider the facts for a moment. Suppose a child is given orange juice every (Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)

## Registrar Tarzanman Imports Monkeys Though Unnecessary

The secret of the wall that separates the student body from the working of the Registrar's Office has finally been uncovered. This reporter, in a daring series of undercover maneuvers, managed to step beyond the forbidden line.

If students have been mystified by incomprehensible replies to request forms or absurd transcript recording or any other such disaster that at present characterized the Registrar's Office, they need not search further.

It seems that in order to save money, the entire staff of secretaries has been dismissed and that a crack corps of Tanzanian chimpanzees has been imported. True, chimps are quite bright, but someone seems to have neglected to teach them how to read and write.

When asked to explain the presence of monkeys behind the desks, Professor Morris Tarzanman waxed indignant and pelted this reporter with banana peels. When approached later in a more

## Baconetti Eyes Shack-Up-Now's; Nikstrike Violates Minimum Law

As anyone at YU knows, the staircases do not lead to exits—they serve as funnels into the Game Room, otherwise known as "Schack-up-now's Pool Hall and Vice Parlor." Crowds have

on even numbered dates, and those with odd numbered cards can get in on odd numbered dates. Musclebound has also imposed a three dollar minimum purchase, in quarters.

had to wait on line for up to three hours to play the artillery game. He has therefore instituted, with the help of Rabbi Zevulun Baldtop, an OTB (Out to The Bims?) system to allow



Pinball Wizard "Trommy" Nikstrike on 1,000th game

been known to jam the stairs (especially during shiur hours) due to lines outside Schack-up-now's.

The lines have become so long that YCSC president Manny Musclebound has seen fit to institute an alternate day rationing plan — students with even numbered ID cards can get in

This system, however, has not succeeded in diminishing the long lines — it has merely created longer lines at Fern's cash register for three dollars in change. Major General Bimmy Marmalade, security director for the university, has also reported a rash of muggings outside the ramp entrance to Last Hall, but only quarters were taken. Asked what his department was doing about the rash of muggings, the Bimmy replied "Let 'em carry nickles and dimes, and the rash is Dr. Czar's problem!"

### Out To The Bims

The problem has even permeated the upper echelons of the university. Due to a ban on preferential treatment for regular customers, Belkin Samuels has

students to get in on the action without leaving their gemorras.

This system too has failed. The students are not willing to take a substitute. They want to be where the action is. (Either that or they don't want to be where the action isn't!) Belkin Samuels, overwrought due to this failure, retreated to the fifth floor and has been playing with his Barbie and Ken dolls ever since.

### Behind The Screen

There has also been an interest expressed in Schack-up-now's by the Matzia, Gangland boss Isaac (I am zee Dean) Baconetti has employed an out of work Sociology teacher, Miss May-sell-if-you've-got-the-money, to work (Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)



Chimpion Office Workers

training, all would return to normal.

Professor Tarzanman also advised that all request forms should now be filed with the ASPCA instead of at F125.

## LNA Abducts Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous Reinstatement One Of The Demands

In a recently disclosed communication, the kidnapper of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous, noted teacher (he's taught Notes 71-78 continuously for thirty-five years) have lowered their demands. The communique, directed to Dr. Vagueus, head of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous's department and creator of the compendium of Jewish historical knowledge known as the "Tradition of the Jews as Seen Thru History. (71-72); detailed the conditions for his release.

Firstly, You-See-A University(?) would have to pay a

ransom of 50 million dollars. This could be paid over a series of years and the main recipients would be the old and poor banks and contractors. The communique said that these long-neglected institutions must be cared for.

The second condition would be the reinstatement of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous as an Assistant Professor. The kidnappers, members of a group known as the Liverated Nutritional Army, said they would not allow a friend of theirs to get the boot—"not in a pig's eye!"

As a final prerequisite, they

## Sternlioneese State Famishtman Goes Free For Nothing

Colonel Muddlestein announced today that he had received a communication from the Sternlioneese Liberation Army stating that with a sense of "profound frustration and disgust" they were going to free without ransom Dr. Joshua Famishtman, newly appointed Vice President in charge of Academic Affairs at Yeshiva University. The Army claims to have kidnapped Dr. Famishtman sometime last month.

Col. Muddlestein, reading the Liberation Army letter phonetically, disclosed the huge frustrations experienced by the kidnapers over the past weeks. According to the letter, the kidnapers first suspected something was wrong when, after their public announcement about the abduction of Dr. Famishtman, everyone at Yeshiva staunchly denied knowing who he was. It was only after finding that a certain Dr. Famishtman had not yet paid his \$75 fee for his parking spot that Yeshiva's Administration acknowledged the existence of a Dr. Famishtman at the University.

In the initial negotiations for a possible ransom the Army tried communicating with Yeshiva authorities through anonymous letters. This proved disastrous as it meant the letters had to go through inter-office mail. When after three weeks the letters all turned up in the Touro College Admissions Office along with just about everything else at YU, the Army was forced to turn to the YU radio station. After dictating an impassioned speech on revolution and freedom to the ineblic disk jockey on duty at the time, Army leaders were reportedly shocked to hear their entire message dedicated to Stern 8G. The broadcast, however was picked up by WYUR's entire listening audience and Mr. Glenn Hertz, dutifully relayed the life-and-death (Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

would have to be granted immunity from persecution and inspection by the investigative arm of You-See-A University(?), Wesson's Oily Gumshoes, saying that these guardians of purity both at the Main Center and at Steers In College for Familial Development must be kept out of the stomachs of the INA.

Rabid Dr. Fahrheerst Bumpkin, in replying to the demands, stated that the University has already complied with the first demand. He noted the now-famous plan for keeping the banks (Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)

## Slow-Moving Marmelade

YU has long prided itself on being a vibrant academic community whose members always make lasting contributions to world scholarship. Unfortunately, it has come to the attention of THE COMMENTATOR that certain members of the Yeshiva community have not been pulling their intellectual weight. In a world whose creed is "publish or perish" the time has come for some to "perish."

Major-General Bimmie Marmelade, director of Securities, bonds and ski-hats has, in fact, not once graced Yeshiva with a proof of his intelligence. His long awaited magnum-opus **A Pictorial History of Parking Tickets**, is far from complete and his minor directives, more often than not are deposited in trash cans instead of libraries.

THE COMMENTATOR can in no form or fashion condone such academic indolence and it is with a deep sense of duty that we call upon an old soldier to fade away.

## Always On Sundae

The owners of Curvel at Slambamsterdam Ave. and 181 St. recently have seen fit to move up their closing time from 1:00 A.M. to 12:00 Midnight. Although there may be some valid reasons for this drastic change (e.g. the energy crisis, a shortage of cream, or fear to remain open much later), the move nevertheless shows a blatant lack of sensitivity towards the Yeshiva student body. The owners are denying the student (who, due to late classes often has fleishik meals even later), his milchik nightcap. Being denied this nightcap, THE COMMENTATOR fears the various other kinds of nightcaps to which the Yeshiva student may resort.

It is apparent that there has been a breakdown of the Curvel-YCSC communication lines. THE COMMENTATOR there-

fore urges both parties to set up a liaison committee to see that in the future, Curvel will be there when the student needs it worst. THE COMMENTATOR suggests that during study and finals weeks, Curvel remain open all night (and even deliver to the dorms), and close during testing periods. If Curvel is so intent on saving energy and cream, maybe they should consider closing on Shabbat when they are of no service to the YU community.

## Pareve Burgers

We wish to commend the recent establishment of a new food service on the YU campus. As a result of the partnership newly made by Flopsie and Maalex, McDewdy's offers many specialties and innovations not seen previously. For seating students can use the barrels of hay utilized during the night to store the meat or can seat themselves in the bottomless chairs popularized in the past at the delicatessen run by Maalex. A take out service is in the making which would allow students to receive food directly in the rooms by way of a metal shoot leading out of the store. Transportation is by means of the grease on the food, except for the fried chicken which flies to the students.

We would also like to commend the several new food items which can be purchased. Pareve hamburgers and hot dogs are being served. A Sunday special includes The Big Chopsie which can feed up to 100, and the Tub diet drink for only one dollar. However a substantial deposit is required at the time of purchase for subsequent use of the bathroom facilities. Once a month McDewdy's is inviting the student body to meet with the newly appointed head of the McDewdy's corporation, I. Slick Bakon, at which time a free kernel of corn will be distributed to each attendant. Such generosity on the part of McDewdy's is a welcome change on the YU campus.

## SOY Demands Satmar As Shofar's Exchange

The most recent political kidnapping has struck Yeshiva University to the quick, as the abduction of Dr. Brechkin's chauffeur has tossed the administration into a state of turmoil. The kidnapers, members of an underground organization called SOY, have demanded that Brechkin turn over the reins of Yeshiva to the Satmar Rebbe. The ineptitude of the kidnapers was revealed this morning as the Satmar Rebbe officially stated, "I wouldn't touch that place with a ten foot pole." Zoltan Pollski, a ten foot Pole, said he wouldn't touch it either.

Dr. Brechkin's office has unofficially stated that Brechkin is considering a policy of indifference to the situation, but pressure is being brought to bear for a more decisive statement, even though it is more than Brechkin is capable of.

Meanwhile, the college seems to be sinking fast, as student, faculty, and administration representatives have been unable to get through to the President's office for approval of vital plans and monetary allowances. Buildings and Grounds reports that approval to pay the electricity bill for Furst Hall (which is overdue since October 1972) must be given before next week when the electricity is scheduled to be cut off. Mr. Flookass refuses to direct any further dramatic productions until Brechkin's office commends his recent "I Flew

Into the Cuckoo's Nest." In addition, the implementation of Muscles Rufflesman's motion to install pinball machines in the main Bais Medrash is being subject to cruel and inhuman bureaucratic delay.

Dr. Brechkin has thus far intelligibly stated that "I am not a crook . . ." "I Blew Over the Cuckoo's Nest is a good little book."

The Kollel has been studying the situation and in a recently given chabura Hussy Fillit-up offered the following two theories as to why the abduction of Brechkin's chauffeur should have such a profound effect on the college.

Theory "A" offers the possibility of the chauffeur being Brechkin's brother-in-law. This conjecture is solely supported by statistics that report that 90% of Yeshiva University employees are somebody's brothers-in-law.

Theory "B" suggests that the chauffeur has, in actuality, been serving as President of the University for the past few years.

A special bulletin has just arrived. After a conference with the Satmar Rebbe, SOY representatives have offered to return Brechkin's chauffeur, calling the whole affair a "gross mistake." Negotiations shall continue, however, as the chauffeur has refused to return, terming his captivity "my first vacation in twenty-five years."

## Wesson's Oily Gumshoes Out Of It To Maintain Reputation

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5)

going that has saddled the University with a debt very close to the one demanded by the kidnapers. But, as a measure of good faith, the Rabid Dr. announced the formation of a graduated school which will undoubtedly cause more debts even more gradually than before. Not only will it teach graduates but it might attract even more students which might necessitate even more buildings and scholarships and other debt-producers.

Regarding the reinstatement of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous, Dr. Fahrheast Bumpkin referred all queries to his assistant, Isaac Hambone, a negative specialist. After much hamming and hawing, Isaac said that if a person was indispensable then the University might consider reinstating him. Noting eminent student of human relations, Dr. In-The-Flesh (to the consternation of the Nutritionalists), Isaac said that no one appears indispensable so that it might be difficult to comply with the demand. How-

ever, he did promise to look into the matter. He asked that anyone interested in this matter to come to his office whose door is the only thing open.

### Can't Swallow Hambone

About inspection, A Kernel Always Murmuring, the Indian nut in charge of You-See-A University's police arm (not its leg) said that the kidnapers had nothing to fear from his men.

Experts when asked about the possibility of a release of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous from enforced captivity said that there wasn't much hope. Although the Rabid Dr. has done his best to save him, the experts noted the natural enmity between hambone and the kidnapers. Nutritionalists, opposed to bacon in the morning, cannot swallow his insistence of indispensibility. Also, the delaying tactics employed by Hambone seem to have sealed the fate of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous (Is That Ethical?). Thus it appears that Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous will never be seen again in You-See-A University?

## NEWS IN BRIEF

In a singularly exciting debate staged by the Speech Department last Tuesday, Miss A. Shen of the Biology Department faced Rav Lesson. The issue for the debate was "Do all Yeshiva students look alike?" for Miss Shen while Rav Lesson's topic is not yet known. The audience found both speakers to be equally articulate and effective. They both lost.

Gene Budapest and his lovely wife, owners and pump attendants at Gene's Dairy Fill-Up, complained yesterday of difficulties being imposed upon them by the current fuel crisis. It seems that in the past week alone there have been nine incidents of oil being siphoned off the plates of unwary customers. Furthermore, Gene complained about being forced to raise prices. He pointed out that prices of a premium blintze had risen sharply in the past week although regular blintzes had levelled off at about two and a half dollars a gallon.

Yeshiva's radio station, WYU-ARE was recently offered a huge grant from the FCC on the condition that it refrains from continuing to play Baboker Baboker and Adon Olam. Resembling ancient Chinese torture, this station's repetitive performance has created an unprecedented emotional strain on the Washington Heights community. The FCC, though notified of this torture in early September, was unable to get through to the station by telephone until February. Glenn Hertz, clad in a purple flowered

blouse and green pants, was asked about the implications of this contribution in light of the station's expansionary commitments. In response to this highly relevant question, Mr. Hertz characteristically replied "Ahh, okay, why aren't you call'n?"

Dr. Asher Cee published yesterday his projected program for the premier performance of the Yeshiva University Glee Club next month. The program will be accented by an ancient Polish dirge said to have been sung once by the Ramah's landlord during his shower. The song, entitled 'B'arvot Haneekud', is to be sung and conjugated interminably in thirty-seven different keys by the thirty-seven members of the club.

Irwin Prosst and Arthur Shayketz announced this afternoon this year's winner of the Rav Yeruchumrah Garelik award. The award, given each year to the most 'shayueh' publication in the Boro Park area, was presented to the Stern OBSERVANT for their fascinating front page stories over the past months on the mitzvah of giving blood, the mitzvah of mezzuzah, the mitzvah of shatnez, the mitzvah of brotherly love and many other equally absorbing pieces. The OBSERVANT, according to SOP spokesmen, narrowly beat out the Lubavitch Tale of the Week but was finally judged the winner on the basis of their March issue which was printed ingeniously in black on black print.

An investigation into the YCSC Executive Council has just begun.

It seems as though the machinery of democracy at YU has been jammed. Allegations have been made that no member of the Executive Council has been duly chosen by a real election. President Mono Kichelsman, in a very myterious election, ran unopposed (wonder why?) Secretary-Treasurer Murk Missing was only elected after the disappearance of Howie (I will be the President of the USA!) Weedie, and Vice President Limpwrist Handfling was appointed after Michael Birdman flew the coop.

This will be the second investigation of its kind into Council, often referred to as the Wrestling Team. The previous investigation was abandoned when the investigators were found in the basement of the Main Building broken into little itsy-bitsy pieces.

SOY President Irwin Grossiest has announced that SOY will sponsor a "Streak - in" for Riets students only. Mr. Grossiest was quoted as saying that such an activity will definitely not make Yeshiva a "K'chol Ha'goyim" university. To give the activity a "shaichut to Torah," the participants will be permitted to carry a pocket mincha-maariv.

A high administration official was finally arrested by Corporal Muddlestein after nine consecutive "streaks" between a black limousine on 185th Street and the elevator in Furst Hall. Official sources scoff at a claim that it may be a certain elusive president, saying that the man in custody did not have "naturally silvergray hair."

### YOUNG ISRAEL OF THE BIMS

Congregation Rodfei Noshim V'Ohavei Kesef

\* BORED WITH TYPICAL SINAGOGO \*

— COME DOWN AND TRY US —

near all transportation  
IND, BMT, LSD, EMC

DRESS OPTIONAL

Rabbi Zulu Harlotte

Cantor Racy Allman

\* night classes strangely recommended \*

## Bimiethal Is Left Shortless After Burglary Attempt

By **BORIS MEPHISTOPHELES**  
Noman Bimiethal, Editor-in-Chief of THE CONSTIPATOR was recently arrested for burglarizing the dorm room of Noshel Epshep, Editor of the HAMI-VOMITER.

Authorities are, as yet, uncertain how this ruthless crook managed to penetrate the securely locked dorm room of his rival editor. Upon his arrest, Bimiethal offered little explanation for the stealthy undertaking. In his usual incoherent fashion he merely muttered something about "looking for a change of underwear." In contrast to Bimiethal's maundering Epshep was characteristically eloquent as he stated "this is a boosha and a cheleema for Bimiethal and all of **Kilal Yisrool**. I am confident that **Hashem** will be meanesh this choytel if not in oylim hazeh then certainly in oylim haboo.

Bimiethal was locked up in the reserve section of the Goggleman Library where it was said that he would be totally inaccessible. This extreme precaution was taken to minimize the chances of any contact with the dubious members of his governing board.

From this most excluded area, Bimiethal issued his first relatively comprehensible statement. Following an accusation that his arrest was simply due to the fact that he's an EMC student, the so-called editor claimed that the conditions in local penitentiaries is a remnant of the archaic European notion that prisons are just for punishment and not part of the learning experience.

In response to Bimiethal's arrest, there was little outcry from the University. When approached by reporters most administrators denied any knowledge of Bimiethal or THE CONSTIPATOR. One administrator

confessed to having been familiar with the crook and his slander-sheet but found himself with his "hands tied behind his back."

However, as other members of Bimiethal's governing board were being implicated, Rabbi Bereshit, secretary of FSS (Francis Streik School of Hebraic Studies) affirmed his inviolable trust in the honesty and sincerity of all of THE CONSTIPATOR's editors. Even Dean Streik got into the picture as she delicately commented "They lay one finger on Danny and I'll wrap 'em in the mouth."

In response to the recent crisis, President Belkin Samuels appointed special prosecutors Moses Not-so Tender and Joseph Bummer to deal with Bimiethal. The two prosecutors appeared particularly anxious to handle the case and are attending to it with alacrity.

## Bylkan Cuts Hibernation Short After Thirty Years

According to YUPR, in honor of his thirtieth year at Yeshiva, Bob Bylkan, YU's elusive president, has scheduled a series of public appearances. Bylkan, it is well known, has not appeared before the student body in years, except for a brief mumble last year at the reception honoring Colda Beer, owner of the Mid-East's largest kosher pizza palace. Skeptics agree, however, that it was not even Bylkan at that date, but rather look-alike Colonel Sanders, owner of the fried chicken concern. If that is the case, then no YU student who entered prior to 1949 has ever seen the mythical gentleman.

One-time Bylkanologist, Sim-

## Derraneo Attempts To Find YU; Edselstien, Bascon Can Not Help

A frail and stringy youth adjusted the beak on his Roger Maris baseball cap as he stepped off the subway train at 181st St. It was to be Derraneo Yanush's first day at YU and by now the bulb of anxiety growing in his chest must surely have become visible. I must get a hold of myself, he thought.

Fortunately the shriek he let out at that moment, as he felt a tap on his shoulder, was drowned out, at least partially, by the roar of the train. Turning around frightfully, Derraneo saw a black member of the human race gesticulating wildly: "Sheet, brother, sheet up. Ah only wanted a dahm." Derraneo clutched the refugee bag that he was using as a valise to his heart and made a break for it. He might not have stopped all the way to YU had he not run into what seemed to be a concrete wall but was really the hill across Broadway. Derraneo's head be-

gan to buzz and he had lost his sense of direction. Over by a telephone pole he spotted a respectable looking gentleman standing under a sign that read, "Office of the Assistant Registrar."

"Excuse me, sir, but could you please instruct me as to the way to get to Yeshiva University?"

"Yes. Five dollars," came the reply, sounding suspiciously like a computer print out.

Derraneo opened his wallet and looked pitifully at the six dollars that he had brought for the week. There was no pity in Edselstien's heart, however, as he snatched the bill with Lincoln on it and looking at his watch, commanded: "Now wait on line." "There is no line here," observed Derraneo with the puzzled daze of a true patsy.

"No matter," retorted Edselstien. "We must follow procedure. Oh yes, and you must fill out forms P-3, 6, 7, 8, 9, & 14 in duplicate and then each of the duplicate copies in triplicate."

After a half of an hour of distressing paper work and Edselstien counting his rubberbands, Derraneo decided to start pleading.

"Look, all I want to know is how to get to YU."

Edselstien winced in surprise. "Ah-hoh! Is that all?"

"Yes. Yes, that's all!" Derraneo gurgled out a delighted chuckle of relief.

"Ah-hoh, ah-hoh, ah-hoh ah-hoh. Well for that you'll have to go to the office of our illustrious dean, Dean Bascon."

"Oh? And what does this Dean Bascon do that he might be able to help me?"

"No one seems to know," replied Edselstien reflectively, and then, under his breath, "I don't think he does much of anything."

"And now be off with you, boy. I have important work to do. Scale that hill over yonder and make known your grievous

dilemma." As Derraneo disappeared in the distance he added, "That boy is perfect YU material," and then busily resumed his counting.

Over the hill, was the YU faculty. But it was a few blocks down and a few blocks over that Derraneo encountered a proverbial dead end. On one side of the street stood the schnorers in their batchless zone defense. On the other side a yet worse fate, if such a thing is possible; there stood a disorderly band of rowdy youths, who, with their presence, were defacing the natural beauty of the neighborhood. Derraneo had heard that this was a rough end of town, but not like this. These youths did not look too intelligent, and they exuded meanness. They went by the anachronistic name "The Seniors."

It was now that Derraneo's peculiar talent of being able to throw his voice would have timely usage. Though they thought it came from the other direction, Derraneo's menacers were actually hearing him announce, "Engagement party, Morg. lounge. Free food!" Of course they all scattered and Derraneo was able to slip into luxurious Furst Hall, although not totally unscathed. Scraping the sole of his shoe against the curb, Derraneo understood what was meant when they first said: "Watch your step."

Once inside the dean's outer office he declared his business: "I'm Derraneo Yanush and I want to speak to Dean Bascon."

The secretaries paid no notice and continued to pitch quarters while eating juicy Florida oranges. "I say I'm Der-"

"Please," one secretary interrupted impatiently. "I'm occupied now and the dean is a very busy man so I'm sure he's also occupied. You'll have to get an appointment."

It was Derraneo's second (Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

cha Coalition, has rummaged through Bylkan's waste paper basket in order to find clues for the guru's return. According to Coalition, Bylkan, in his newfound religious fervor, has decided to convert the University to Taoism rather than to merely secularize it.

The Registrar's office has been assigned the task of distributing tickets. To secure tickets a student must appear in person to a Jewish Studies office other than his own and present a validated ID. Those with even social security numbers can get tickets on odd days, while those with odd numbers can stop by on dates divisible by four.

**We Have Gas!**



**Come To Parker's**

**See Ze Lines Move!**

### ALL STAR BENEFIT CONCERT

For Bang-The-Desk Jewry and Youth In Asia Featuring: Rabbi Shlomotion Fallback Cantor Sherwood Forrest from the Lincolnshire Syn.

The Negiyah Orchestra

The Miss More Shiur Orchestra

The Bat-Call

The Ya Didn't Singers

The Rayach Revival

And Special Guest: Maria Muldaur Where: Art Graymond Auditorium Cong. Our Lady of Perpetual Nachas Walt Witlessman M.C. (Also featured will be that dynamic thaumaturgist Stevie Wonder.)

**WANTED: Mashgiach. No exp. nec. App.—RIETS Box 110.**

## Agglayer Is Bird-Like Pecking In The Dome

Dr. Helmet Agglayer, chairman of Yeshiva's psychology department has recently undergone a remarkable transformation by turning himself into a bird. This near Kafkaesque metamorphosis is the culmination of Agglayer's highly relevant search on the sanity behavior of the New York City pigeon.

Doubts about Agglayer's whereabouts were first raised when he failed to show up for his regularly scheduled 3 A.M. class in ichtyological psychology. Scattered feathers on the professor's usually spotless desk aroused further suspicion.

### Sternface

Several hours after Agglayer's disappearance the rest of the psychology department was summoned for an emergency meeting. However, he (Dr. Manny Sternface) was inaccessible as he refused to answer his phone and had his house surrounded by furious German shepherds specially trained to attack and devour lawyers or CBS news reporters. After numerous valiant attempts, Sternface was reached

for comment and, admirably concise and to the point, he declared, "Who's Agglayer?"

The nature of Agglayer's disappearance was realized when he was spotted perched on the Main Building inadvertently pecking ogives into the green domes.

### Bird Is A Word

A freshman reporter of THE COMMENTATOR was thereupon trajected to the dome in order to interview Agglayer. Describing his metamorphosis as the high-point of his career, Dr. Agglayer emphasized the ease with which he can now commute between his birds at the museum and his birdbrains at Yeshiva. Agglayer remarked, "This proves conclusively that psychology is for the birds. If only Fechner could see me now." And on those sentimental words the birdman of Psi Chi flew off chirping a Wagnerian aria.

Agglayer was last seen March 1st on the Main Building making last-minute preparation to fly south for the winter.

## Into What Rites Undergrads Have Exorcists Possess Scary Insights

By SITRA AHRA

The University committee on Ceremonial Occasions, Chanting, Hokum and Incantations has announced that the forty-third annual mass exorcism will take place on Thursday, June 6. Presiding for the 30th time, if not in person at least in spirit, will be YU's own resident in disappearing acts, Dr. Samuel Belkineinahora.

The exorcism has always been considered the acme of a stay at YU. After a four-year period of steady decomposing and disintegration, the tortured student having endured excruciating pain in the form of a demonic possession is finally cleansed and returned to the world of the living.

Possession in its four year variety (possession may also occur in the 7 8 and 11 year varieties) exhibits a most striking symptomology. Impossible super-human feats are quite commonplace, particularly the ability to rotate one's neck 360 degrees during final examinations. As demons rarely permit their hosts to sleep, most students seem to be in a perpetual state of insomnia, wandering bleary-eyed and foul-mouthed through the halls of YU, muttering incoherently in a gibberish approaching backward Pig Latin.

Renowned exorcists have long attempted to identify the particular breed of demon that possesses YU students. The field, in the experts' opinion, has been narrowed down to Dr. Isaac Beelzebub and Professor Mephistopheles Silverbread.

The exact identity of this force

## Sternlionese To Give Promise To Liberate

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5) message to the proper authorities, Mrs. Frances Strike.

The Liberation Army demanded as ransom one million dollars in small wedding gifts to be delivered to the Blue Lounge and another million dollars to be used to fulfill the mitzvah of Tzedakah by buying food for the neighborhood poor.

The Sternlionese demand was greeted by a range of response at Yeshiva. Dean Isaac NoCan said that "no" was his best and absolutely final offer after the Army had flatly rejected his proposal to deliver, in exchange for Dr. Famishtman, Mrs. List and two million dollars. The kidnapers, in response to the proposal, angrily threatened to break off negotiations if the Administration did not begin to come up with any serious offers. Dr. NoCan responded in turn by offering Mrs. List and four million dollars but was again refused.

Meanwhile, the Yeshiva College Senate was called upon to adopt a resolution jointly congratulating the six chairmen of the Bible Department who, after six months of intensive monologue among themselves, finally devised the same Bible requirement we had a year ago and demanding the release of Dr. Famishtman. Unfortunately, pro-

of evil, however, has yet to be determined. Those having undergone exorcism are not wont to narrate the experience of their harrowing past and those still

for all expunge the evil that stalks YU.

The exorcism, as always, promises to be a most uplifting experience. All those who wish to



Four of YU's Devil's Advocates

possessed are unable to form a coherent sentence. Moreover, as the demons always manage to find new hosts they never have been identified. It is hoped that Belkineinahora will once and

see the transformation of these irritable, bleary-eyed bundles of nerves into normal human beings are advised to secure tickets at once.

## Derraneo Attempts To Find YU; Edselstein, Bascon Can Not Help

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 5)

shower of the day. With each 'P' that the woman pronounced he got schpritzed with orange juice. In the meanwhile, a veteran YU student marched straight into Bascon's inner office, knowing better, after years of experience,

than to kvetch around with secretaries and appointments. Derraneo listened in on their conversation.

Student: Dean, I'd like to take 18 credits this once—

Dean: No.

Student: But you don't seem to understand—

Dean: No.

Student: But sir, with that extra ½ credit I can graduate—

Dean: No.

Following suit Derraneo headed on in. There amidst piles of bubblegum cards, he saw Dean Bascon under the sunlamp. "Is this—Dean Bascon's office?"

Caught at his unawares, the dean thought fast. "Yes, uh, this is part of my research project on the effect of sunlamps on chewing gum," Bascon snapped, amazed at the nonsense of it. He sidled over to Derraneo and slipped him a dime. "Keep quiet about this. There's more where that came from," he whispered from the corner of his mouth. The Dean was in one of his generous moods.

"Now what can I refuse you?" Bascon asked confidently.

"Yes sir," began Derraneo. "Well actually I wonder if you can tell me how to get to YU."

Bascon looked on in amazement at this mere poopik. "You feel sick, my boy. In fact I think it's a terminal case. Why don't you go see the school Doctor."

Derraneo flew out by the seat of his pants and soon found himself walking into the infirmary, hurting where he sits. Behind the desk stood a man, though it appeared that he was sitting and on the right lapel of his "Gorgeous Rashi" teeshirt was a card that read: "I'm Rabbi M. Bedpan. You have to know the text."

Appalled, Derraneo cried out, "But you're not a doctor."

"Of course not," answered Bed-

## Samuels' Barbie, Ken Can Keep Him Busy

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

behind the inconspicuous screen in Schack-up-now's. Students have been known to come out from behind the screen muttering something about the sociological effects of wearing glasses. "Big Jack" Schack-up-now, when reached for comment, said "Huh?" He went on to say that there were only vending machines behind the screen, to which this reporter answered with a Bill Cosbyan "Right!"

A lone voice has been raised against all this corruption. Rabbi Maurice (Really-love-your-peaches-wanna-shake-your-tree) X. Bedrin has voiced concern over the failure of the alligator pin ball machine to pay off a free game. He claims to have played forty-seven games and the scores never matched. He has called for an investigation and Mrs. Trombe Nikstrike was appointed consumer advocate. Mrs. Nikstrike reappeared three days and 1,260 games later, having let only one quarter slip through her bandaged index fingers. When asked how she managed this, she replied, "A little shake will get you anywhere," whereupon she was

handcuffed by Captain Gaybrillo for violation of the three dollar minimum purchase law.

In a related incident, Mrs. Sarah Bassfiddle, whose perennial shopping bag has aroused much curiosity, was found to have been hoarding quarters in it. This discovery was made by Hymje Baboon when he was in the office to see about getting his phone its ten thousand word check-up. Mrs. Bassfiddle was severely reprimanded by Jake the Snake, who was last seen carrying a shopping bag and heading for F024.

The goings-on in the game room have created such an atmosphere of general lawlessness that the Yeshiva College Senate Bull Bowl has put this problem on its agenda. After two and one half years of deliberation, the bull slingers voted down a proposal to have F024 annexed by the basement biology labs. To illustrate his dissenting opinion, Dr. Not-so-tender-hearted smashed a juke box as it was playing "Love me tender, love me true." He was then sent off for an ophthalmological examination after he tried to hang a carpet on the wall.

Dr. Soul Weinerschnitzel, in a last ditch attempt to restrain the boisterous atmosphere that was rapidly breaking down the premed grub ranks, staged a Purim Day Massacre, aided by Dr. Pixie Posie, Simonize Bootlicker, and a cast of hundreds of brown-tongues.

Schack-up-now is now hiding out in an abandoned non-science physics lecture hall in Belcher under the assumed name Schack-Jack-up-now. The staircases leading to the game room are now empty, save three lurking figures: Irwin Grossness wandering the building spouting egotism, Michael Fruit-of-the-Bloom spreading gaiety, and Bozo Chernobits spreading "culture" and trying to figure out how to button his jacket.

## Tattler Wonders About Ethics; Fears Random Administration

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

morning for three years. The child enjoys the taste and anticipates each morning the rewarding sensation of the orange extract. One day, a doctor, whom the child has learned to associate with excruciating pain, offers this child a small cup of orange juice containing an added dosage of live poliomeylitis virus. The child immediately associates the needle stabs and bitter potions prescribed by the physician with the cup of orange juice, and thus bats the cup across the room. Simultaneously, the child releases a torrent of tears down his cheeks. Instinctively, the parent accompanying the child applies a swift whack to the child's padded glutius maximum.

The child is then presented with yet another cup of juice which he now associates not only with pain, but with retribution as well. This time the physician forces the liquid into the oral passage of the child... suddenly, it all comes to a head. The child

discerns a distinct tang to the drink which he has never previously sensed. Images of poisoned fruit from Snow White and moribund neonates from Marcus Welby flash into his cerebral cortex. Psychological trauma sets in. The child refuses to drink orange juice ever again. Children around the world refuse orange popsicles, orange soda, orange flavored vitamins, and even Romper Room orange balloons. Orange growers and pickers are laid off. The economy flops. Scurvy is rife; death, disease, dissectitude. **Dinet n'fashot—no doubt!!**

## Who's Whose

Doc Leavin 1860 to Ethyl Alcohol.

Joseph Duramer 1984 to Bellie Absug.

Mosses Love-me-Tender to Mosses Love-me-Tender.