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## **Bull Frog Pond, Vol. VI, No. 8**

Grand Valley State College. Thomas Jefferson College

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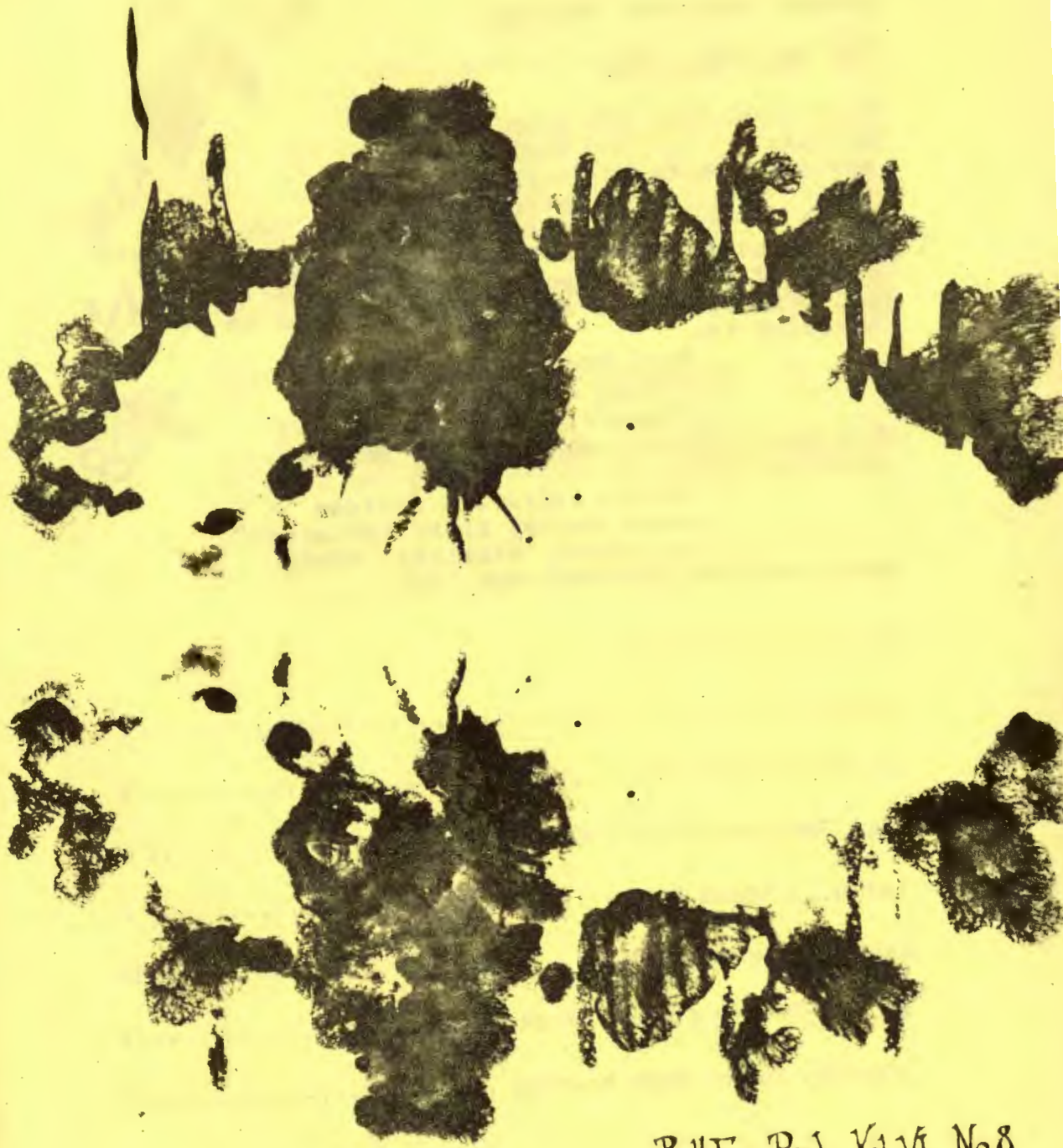
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Bull Frog Pond Vol. VI No. 8

Thomas Jefferson College

April 27

# THE BULLFROG POND

Published from the Dean's office

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# LETTER

Dear B.P.,

Congratulations on the fine job you did on my poem, Atlantis II. The illustrations were also superb.

I wish you could remember to put me on your mailing list. The last entry reached me second-hand through a generous TJC student.

If you wish to indulge in prophecy, maybe you would like to share this small ms with your readers. It turned up during the wrecking of an old Paris home, amongst many old papers between the wallboards.

Sincerely,

Warren M. Edwards



(a paraphrase on him: unbeknownst to Exupery, the Little Prince also visited an astrologer---)

"What is that circle?" asked the Little Prince.

"It is a horoscope," said the astrologer. "I predict with it."

"What does that mean--predict?"

"It means that I write down where the stars and planets are and say exactly what will happen because of them," said the astrologer, inhaling cosmically.

The Little Prince looked perplexed. "What will happen because of my star?"

"Which one is that?" asked the astrologer.

"It is my star, or really my planet. It is too small to see. It is invisible."

"Oh, that one! Yes, of course, but as you know, no predictions can be made from planets we have not discovered. And all predictions must be accurate."

"Why do they have to be accurate?" asked the Little Prince.

"Well," said the astrologer, "I see that you do not know the ways of the occult. It is a matter of great consequence that predictions be very precise, for many men base their lives on our predictions."

"I have never met a man yet," replied the Little Prince. "But, tell me--predict something for me."

"Oh, I can not do that without knowing your exact moment of birth and the exact place and whether or not daylight savings time was in effect. That can make a difference of a whole hour and make your chart a whole house off..."

"Where I come from there is not room enough for a house, but I clean my volcanos every day and pull up the baobabs."

"But, you--when were you born?..."

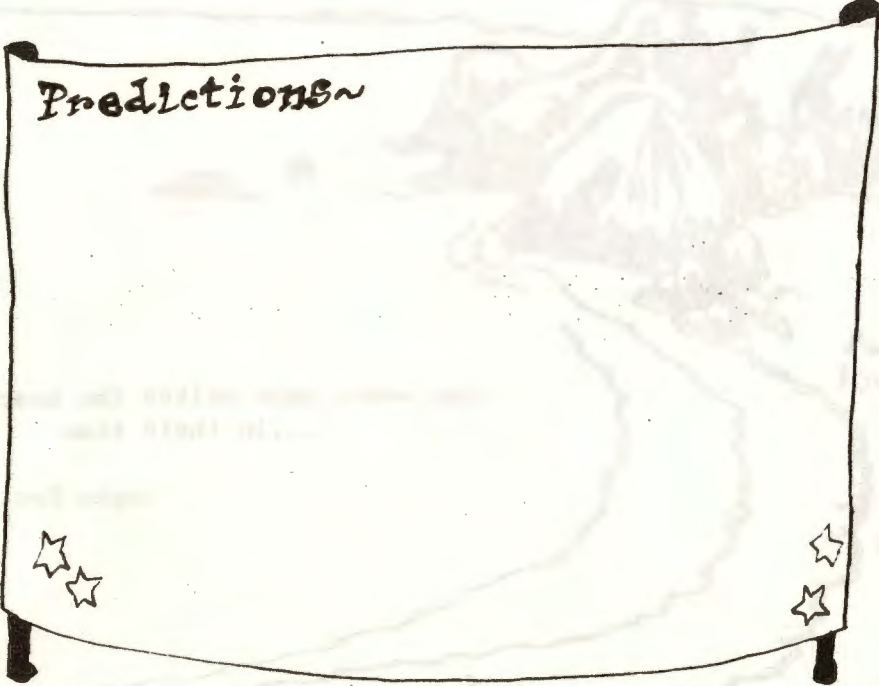
"I was never told. I think it was whenever."

"That is, sad to say, not a very accurate piece of data. Nevertheless, since you are bound for Earth, I will give you a completely accurate horoscope with my predictions for that planet. Take it with you and present it to men when you meet them," said the astrologer, handing the Little Prince a scroll with a pretty blue ribbon all covered with moons and stars.

"Thank you," said the Little Prince as he went on his way, "But I am not sure men will agree with all your accurate predictions. I have a feeling they will be like that."

"You see, you are already learning to predict!" called out the astrologer.

But the Little Prince did not hear him for he was overcome with the air of strangeness all about this last visit. Here are the predictions the astrologer had written on the scroll:



Predictions~



# GRAND VALLEY'S MODEL U.N.

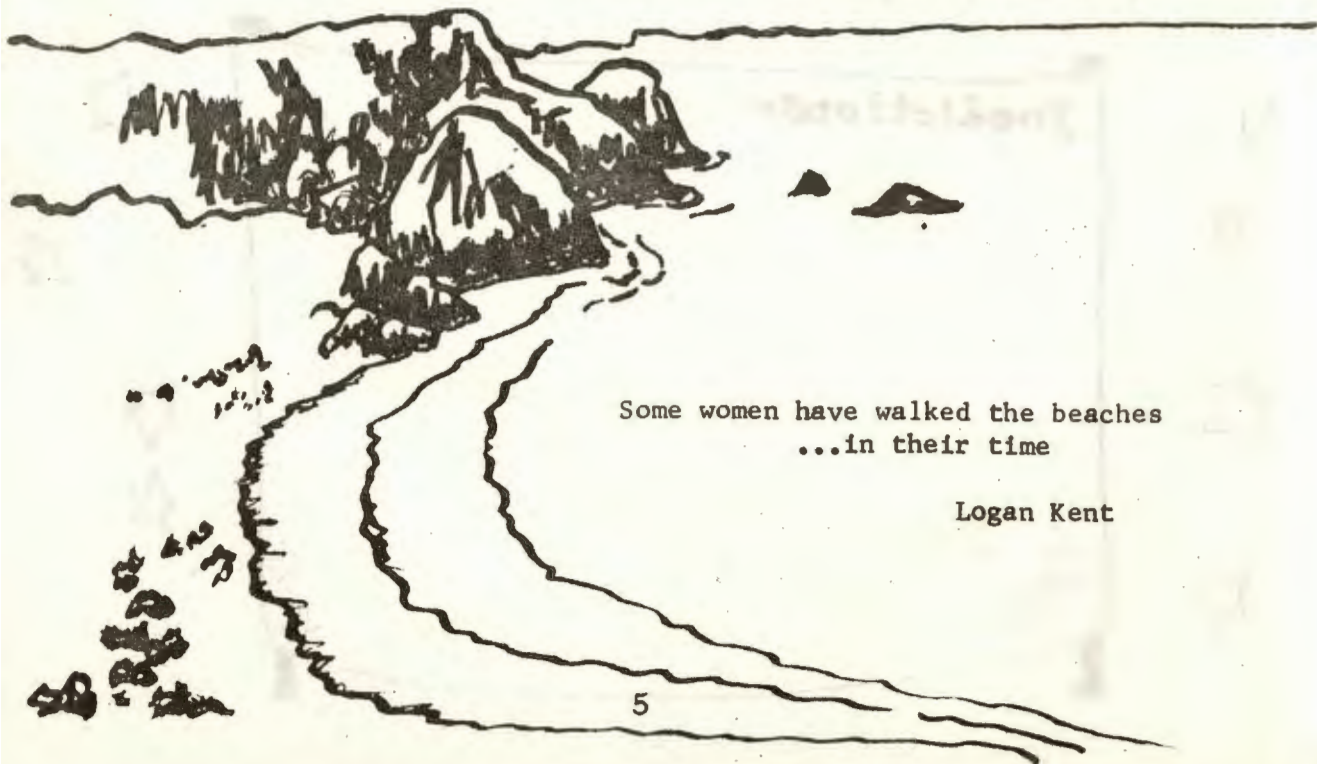
BY: GORDON MORRIS

GVSC is holding a Model United Nations, which will be held April 26-28. The Grand Valley Model U.N. should not be confused with the Great Lakes Model U.N., being held in Ann Arbor, in March.

The Grand Valley Model U.N. is somewhat different than other Model U.N.'s in that instead of inviting other colleges to participate, invitations have been sent to high schools for the involvement of high school students.

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Some women have walked the beaches  
...in their time

Logan Kent

# JOHN SCARF URIST'S THE TAC...TILE IDIOT

*Book Re-view by Bobbie Hill*

John Scarf Urist is a genius. His poetic-imagic-prose, developed so well in earlier works (Sketchbooks 1-4), springs into full bloom in this latest accomplishment, a triumph of verbal and non-verbal communication techniques, the tac...tile idiot. The appearance of this magnificent limited printing (100 copies) brings us 61 un-numbered pages of sheer sensual delight, 61 pages of exploration, a safari into and beyond the borders of human thought, vision, and obsession. At times obscure, at times grotesquely coherent, Mr. Urist performs a feat previously impossible for an artist of his standing, the growth and development of a story line, however twistey and turney, through pages of creative-environmental underbrush, through jungles of explosive, incongruent tangential creations.

## **"Bald gauch fat"**

Those of us who (like myself) have the habit of glancing at the final page of a work before beginning it, will notice, perhaps to our dismay, that the first and last pages of the tac...tile idiot are exactly alike, that is to say, identical. This, of course, is John's uniquely geniesque way of informing us of the circularity involved in living in this universe. Yes, this time Mr. Urist's work deals with this, our very own, universe, a universe very close, very dear, very TJC-ish to our hearts. This is the universe as experienced by a single character, a person introduced on page three as "I". "I", "riding down the high-way tripped out on mesk", decides to pick up a "bald, gauch, fat, flim...hitch hacker in desolate road". The travels of "I" and "bald, fat, flim" take us into minds, through cosmic ear loops, "hot dessert planet with oil pits", "into



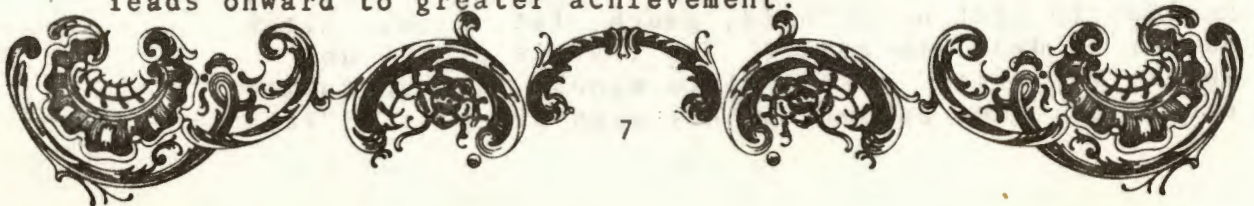
a pond filled with lilles" and up to "a mountain that only massteek people can see", unharmed. It is only in the harsh grey kaliedoscope of "American reality", the horror of a supermarket encounter with "a butiful sici-land girl" that "I", suddenly startled, jumps back, knocks over a "piramid of cantalopes" and cuts his elbow on a "half-open crate of Lima-Screams."

This is the crux of Mr. Urist's criticism of our contemporary concretes. Our rules are much too binding. John S. Urist has gone beyond these rules. In the tac... tile idiot he introduces a new, wider, grander, epistomology, a broader, more flowing set of metaphsical assumptions, brought to us easily, clearly (once we learn the code)

## VERBO-EXPANDABLE PAGE ILLUMINATIONS

in thrilling, cooing, dancing verbo-expandable page illuminations. The non-parallal arraignment of the text, interspersed with often ostensible irrelevant, generally highly appropriate, drawings, sketches and snatches of visual reality, stands as the number one feature of this work. Though rooted most comfortably in an anti-dichotomistic area of our universe, this glowing conglomeration of talent reflects and purr-fects to an understandable degree the close ties it has with western Michigan (1973). Weather reports, computer programs, sections of the Allendale Advance all make their appearances in the tac...tile idiot.

John Scarf Urist, Thomas Jefferson's singularly bold twenty four year old genius-in-utero, has truely done it again. He has blazed a trail into and beyond the frontiers of our language and stands on a hillside overlooking, not chaotic silence, but the grandeur of a valley, fantastically fertile, across which stretches his golden bridge, a perfectly woven multi-media structure. Suspended in only the purest of air, it leads onward to greater achievement.



# LETTER

Dear Editor:

From time to time, when those who interningle among us, and instruct us in proper conduct, are confused, or downrightly adverse to the spirit of the law, it is necessary to stand, to step forward, and to speak. And so I do.

Law enforcement is sometimes, more visibly than many other equally social institutions, struck with interpersonal ineptitudes and with double standards.

Such injustice has recently appeared on campus to me, and so naturally so, that I fear it to be ingrained.

## THE WHOLE NOTE ON Campus Police

At our school's Vehicle Registration center, where I went to inform that my auto was in disrepair, and temporarily stranded in a school parking lot, a burly officer confiscated my hatchet, the which was being transported home from my marooned car. The hatchet was to be kept safely till my return from classes, and I was to receive it just prior to campus departure.

Therefore, after class, on my way off campus, I stopped for my tool. With the hatchet in the deputy's hand ready to return the instrument, I asked how he could have confiscated my hatchet if it were to be used as a tool. Instead of answering, Chief Johnson was called in.

"What's your place of residence?" he asked.



"That's irrelevant," I returned.

A pause. Then the deputy, with confirmed self-righteousness: "On campus hatchets must be supervised."

"At TJC," I retorted, "we are proud to supervise ourselves."

"Put the hatchet back in the closet. We'll keep it," barked the chief.

And while returning the hatchet to its closet of confiscation, the deputy announced that they would soon decide whether or not to send out a warrant for me, charging me with carrying a weapon on campus. (!)

Before I could leave, my driver's license was demanded. (Astute these fellows. While junior is apprehended on 44th for sneering at the men in blue, his sister is raped on 45th)

And behold, when the Chief Johnson saw my name on the card, he recognized it from times past and knew it was good. At once, all that had been taken from me was returned, and, as a child of virtue, I journed back to my abode.

When are these people going to realize that students are adults, and must be so respected? Supervision for a hatchet...such being their stunted view, it is they, the police who need supervision. Sorrowful is this day, because these people lack the elementary modes of human conduct and responsibility to their fellow humans.

And since when a double standard? Did I look hostile the 5 mins before the chief saw my license, then become suddenly pacific as he recognized me? (Was I Rasholnikoff miraculously transformed into Aprhodite?)

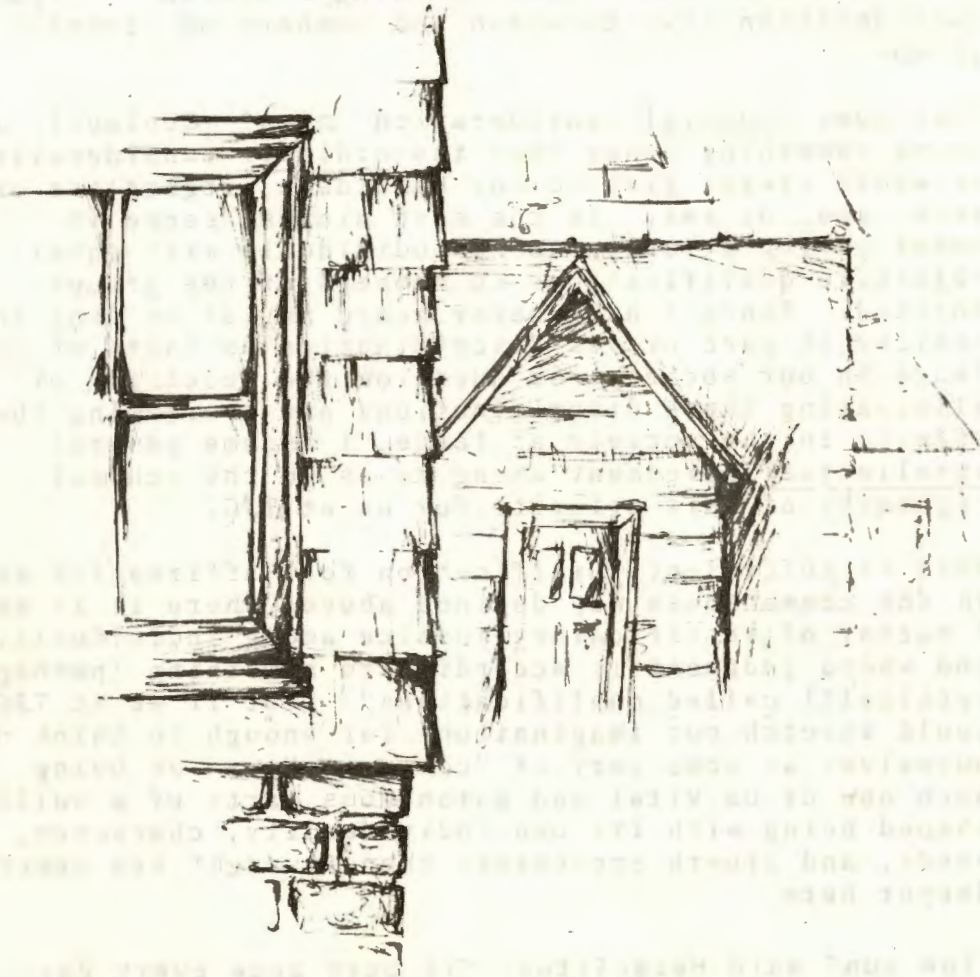
Let the police introspect and understand that compassion is more effective in dealing with



their brothers than coercion and threat.

Let the students be aware of all police misconduct  
and police the police.

DOUGLAS JAQUES



# **ACTION FOR More Women Faculty**

---

In our advertisements for prospective tutors we have made a morally and legally binding statement: "special consideration give to women and members of minority groups."

What does "special consideration" mean? Obviously it means something other than the ordinary consideration we would always give to any candidate, regardless of race, age, or sex. In the most minimal sense it means giving priority among individuals with equal objective qualifications to members of the groups invited. Since I have never heard any of us deny the reality of race or sex discrimination as facts of experience in our society, or question the necessity of eliminating these discriminations and overcoming their effects in the society at large, I assume general intellectual agreement among us as to the ethical rightness of this priority for us at TJC.

This is sufficient justification for "affirmative action" in the commonsense way defined above, where it is merely a matter of rectificatory justice among individuals, and where judgment is according to something (perhaps mythical?) called qualifications". But if we at TJC could stretch our imaginations far enough to think of ourselves as some sort of "community" --- as being each one of us vital and autonomous parts of a bullfrog shaped being with its own individuality, character, needs, and growth processes; then we might see something deeper here.

"The sun" said Heraclitus, "is born anew every day." So too for TJC: if we are true to ourselves our life should be a continual rebirth. But birth requires parents. Sex is involved. The cosmos operates on the



duality of Yin and Yang. Balance between the two is creativity and fecondity. Imbalance is sterility. At TJC there are 19 male tutors and 3 female.

Sterility. Strange, isn't it, that a group of 500 highly intelligent people should so completely lack a collective intellectual life. Not a single open, ongoing, involving discussion of ideas in sight - with just one, little, negligible exception: the Tuesday evening Ms...Miss... Mrs...Myths... series.

Right now, in our hiring, we have a chance to accept enough excellent women to bring about an enormous improvement in the level, tone, and value of our collective intellectual and emotional existence.

What I have been saying in images can be summed up in syllogistic form:

Intellectual creativity is an essential life function of TJC.

The tutors collectively constitute an essential life structure of TJC.

Balanced interaction between male and female energies is essential to creativity and imbalance is stifling to creativity.

The group of tutors is at present badly imbalanced toward the male side.

Therefore correction of this imbalance is an essential need of TJC at this time.

These, at any rate, are the present results of my mentation on this matter. Some of you may have opinions to the contrary. Good. I ask only this of all of you: think carefully about what I am saying, and if you disagree with me articulate your views in terms of rational discourse and present them as openly as I have here presented my thoughts.

Shane Mage -----







**College**

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John Tevebaugh

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