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BARD TIMES

Vol. 1 No. 1 October 7, 1981

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"AMERICANS LIKE TO READ ABOUT THINGS
WHICH THEY ARE AFRAID TO DO THEMSELVES"

- ROBERT HARRISON

PUBLISHER CONFIDENTIAL MAGAZINE



BARD TIMES

Vol. 1 No. 1

The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community

October 7, 1981

BARD TO CLOSE IN JUNE!

SEE EXCLUSIVE
STORY ON PAGE 11!

BARD TIMES SELLS OUT-EBNER turns jaundiced eye to yellow journalism

AN ARTICLE BY CHRIS HORD

On a recent Wednesday evening, in Albee Social, would-be reporters, photographers and technical help met with new Editor-in-Chief, Mark Ebner. For many of them, the meeting may well have been a surprise.

Ebner entered, carrying a copy of last year's Bard Observer, which he found in a puddle somewhere on campus, and proceeded to denounce the paper as being boring. He claimed it was time to create a controversial, humorous new paper. To eliminate any further doubts as to the direction which this year's paper would take, he cited a role model: Rupert Murdoch's infamous New York Post.

"We're printing a humor magazine here," said Ebner, "leave your good taste at the door." He cited the time lag of the bi-weekly paper and claimed that this made any attempt at news-breaking journalism impossible. "A murder doesn't happen every two weeks."

Instead, workers were instructed to be "outrageous, controversial", and most of all, "funny." Writers were encouraged to search for in-

teresting news. "If a murder doesn't happen every two weeks, make one up," Ebner said. They were also told to quote out of context, be biased and occasionally obscene. "I would not," claimed our fearless editor, "want my children to read this paper."

When pressed, Ebner confessed that he would not be adverse to breaking news, changing people's thoughts on important issues, and affecting the day-to-day lives of his readers and that, if such an opportunity were to come along, he would gladly seize it. "But," he cautioned, "We are not going to wait for that to come along. If you can't find any news, make up some." He went on to cite the National Enquirer as a prime example of this journalistic technique.

"But most of all," he summarized, "we want to make the paper fun. Be outrageous, be wild, have fun with it. Who knows, maybe if it's good we'll enter contests or apply for federal grants or something. I don't know."

Photo by Joshua Siegel



Mark Ebner-Co-Editor-in-Chief

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PAUL SPENCER
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

Dear Reader,
Welcome to Bard Times. This newspaper is not meant to change your view of the world. It is not meant to enlighten you, stimulate you, or even inform you. This paper's purpose, aside from merely acting as a vehicle for fulfilling the enormous egos of its editorial staff, is one of pure sensationalism, meant primarily to make a few laugh while shocking and offending the majority. I imagine this sounds a bit elitist, and I guess that's exactly what it is. We're basically out to please our friends, and if you'd like to be one of our friends then you'll like the paper. If not, well, then you'll be incensed and appalled by this publication. That's fine, as far as we're concerned you can go to hell.

For those of you who remember last year's newspaper, *The Observer*, we are confident that you will find the Bard Times a great improvement. We promise never to bore you with that dreary armchair revolutionary garbage that was forced upon you last year. We will not whine about El

Salvador, nor will we moan about the dangers of nuclear power. This is not to say that the Bard Times will be an unchallenging newspaper, it is just that our targets and our methods will be different. The battlefield will be here, on campus, not in South America or Indian Point. Our weapons will be slander, cheap sensationalism, and above all, tastelessness. For the one thing that frightens Leon and Ludlow most is not Marxist polemics (they'll dance circles around you when it comes to such intellectual babble). It is *bad taste* that they really fear. It is the barbarians knocking at the gates that starts them to trembling.

Barbarianism is the most effective social and political movement on campus, and it's also a lot of fun. We're not going to question Leon's tenure policy or the validity of the new freshman summer program, we're going to play dirty - question his sexual virility, laugh at his hair-doo, personal stuff. Fortunately for us, Leon is a very susceptible target with this line of attack. He'll make mincemeat out of you if you start debating with him about the origins of totalitarianism, but you'll stop him dead in his tracks if you ask him who he's banging these days. The man is sexually repressed as we all are, but to a higher degree than most. How else could he have made such a celebrity out of himself at so early an age? All that pent-up energy had to go somewhere. So, when we take senseless and tasteless swipes at the guy, it's only because we're trying to help him. We're hoping that maybe we'll get his blood boiling and his hormones flowing and that he'll take a swing at us and call us ugly obscenities. We would respect him a lot more if he did.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

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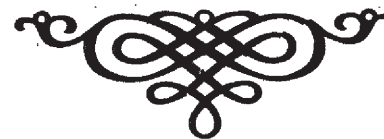
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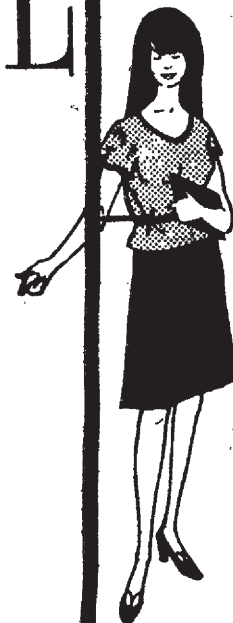
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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE...

True, being a barbarian is just as much of a reaction to sexual repression as being an uptight drip, but at least we have more fun. Barbarians drink, fight and fuck more than anyone else across the neurotic spectrum. That seems a good enough advertisement for the cause.

Now, for those of you new students who get offended by these highjinks and have been going around saying things like, "They're not even as mature as we are" (referring to the upperclassmen), here's a bit of advice from one who has been around; the older you get, the more mature and educated you become, the more you begin to realise that you are only going to be happy, you're only going to start having fun, when you can start acting like a mindless adolescent again. Believe me, when you first get here you are very serious about yourself and the world around you. You strive for enlightenment and self-awareness. You read lots of books and have "important" dialogues in your dorm hallway. But as you near graduation, and that cold and serious world that follows, you take all that knowledge and wisdom that you've stored and say "Fuck it, let's go party!" Hell, you're going to have to get real serious when you get out there and look for a job, and nobody out there cares who Plato or Nietzsche was anyway. So, you might as well loosen up while you're here and have a good time. Drink some beer, have some meaningless sex, and scream about what geeks Stu and Leon are at keg parties. All that intellectual stuff will fade away, it's the meaningless stuff you'll remember and tell your grandchildren about.

See ya down the road.

Paul Spencer
Co-Editor-in-Chief
Bard Times



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BOTSTEIN PROPOSES NEW FRESHMAN PROGRAM

an exclusive by PAUL SPENCER



Still reeling from his latest publicity coup, President Botstein intends to expand the three-week freshman summer program (commonly known as "Thinking and Writing") into a more comprehensive package.

"Admittedly, 'Thinking and Writing' was a stroke of genius," the president elaborated, "It brought this school a hell of a lot of publicity, and publicity means BUCKS! And, without wanting to seem too immodest, let's give credit where credit is due - 'Thinking and Writing' was my baby, I created her and I'm the guy who made her work. Certainly I'm pleased with the way the program worked but still there was something lacking. The program is great as far as preparing a student for academic life goes, but it doesn't do a damn thing in preparing a kid for the rigorous social life he'll find at a place like Bard."

In the president's new proposal, 'Thinking and Writing' will continue to be a freshman summer program, but will be expanded to include another program, tentatively titled 'Drinking & Fighting'.

"The idea for the program came to me recently," said the president. "I was having a few drinks down at Adolph's

when I started watching how these new kids carry on. They were getting drunk on sweet drinks and puking their guts out in the bathroom. I saw several of them getting the shit kicked out of them by townies. I also overheard a few of these twits making feeble attempts at picking up chicks and getting nowhere with the inept lines they were using. They didn't know the first thing about drinking and fighting, and

nothing about getting laid. I was appalled and disgusted! Here were these kids, these kids that I knocked myself out to create a summer program for, these kids were nothing but a bunch of Whoopies! Egg-headed Whimps is what they were!"

President Botstein paused, calmed down a bit, and continued, "After awhile, when I'd thought it over a little more, I realised that I was as much at fault as these kids. I mean, here I was, teaching them how to write and think and, sure, it was working - these kids could talk a good game and go into all kinds of clever polemics and all that, but what good does that do when you're faced with some drunken townie who's about to tear you in half? Or, so you can

write a nice paragraph. How's that going to help you score with a hippie chick at one of those Manor parties. Or, from a woman's point of view, how's Plato or Rousseau going to help her deal with some of those slobbering creeps she's bound to run into on this campus?

"I know how these kids feel, though. Hell, when I was in college, I had some awful times. Sure, I was a whiz-kid in the classroom, but I was a nobody at the school bar. I'd get sick after a couple of beers, a lot of big guys pushed me around, and I was a zero with the broads. It wasn't

until I came to Bard that I learned what being tough was all about. There are some real rough-and-ready customers around this place.

"These new kids are going to have a tough time up against those upperclassmen. I think they deserve a fighting chance - and that's what this 'Drinking and Fighting' program is all about. I'm not too sure of its format yet, but I figure I'll be able to draw on a lot of the existing faculty as instructors. Believe me, there are some heavy drinkers among those characters...real brawlers, too! I know some real rugged types from New York who could also be recruited.

At this point our conversation was interrupted when Dean Stuart Levine strode into the office, slapped

President Botstein hard on the back and asked with a grin, "See you at the bar tonight?"

Botstein smiled, jabbed Levine in the gut, and said, "You kidding? I'll drink you under the table, you big galoot!"

Levine laughed heartily and left the room.

It seemed our conversation had ended, yet I was still intrigued by this rare view of Leon. I had always written him off as a nerd and here he was talking like a prize-fighter. I wondered if he was really as tough as he acted. So, I decided to test him. I made some remark to the effect that he and Levine seemed to horse around together like a couple of latent queers. He didn't say a word, he just decked me with an incredible right hook! That afternoon Leon made a believer out of me.

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THE ART CARLSON COLUMN



photo-Tracy Roth

"If you want to affect politics, show us your genitals."

I am so glad to see the demise of the pencil necked geek "leftists" who ran this newspaper last year. One of my favorite subjects to yell and scream about is the utter futility and ass-backwardness of these people's approach. Isn't it funny that these oh-so-wise college educated white males (it's only a coincidence, really!) who claim to be championing the liberation of all humanity (OH, blacks, hispanics, women, Indians, the savior is here) are themselves the most conventional, unliberated, boring people? I mean, c'mon, when was the last time you saw Mark Hambleton really let it all hang out?

And how come the newspaper of liberation was full of party line spiels about the oppressed masses, the evil ruling class, the heroic third world, etc., etc.? Haven't we heard it all before? The philosophy seemed to be that this propaganda is like a disease; expose people to it often enough and they'll say, "Awright awreddy, let's smash the state awreddy, liberate the oppressed masses. Do I need an appointment?"

Sure, lots of us kids grew up in the 60s, and when we were young and impressionable we saw lots of TV and read in *Life* magazine about the kids tearing up their schools and starting the movement to save the world and end the war, and we said, wow, this looks like fun. I wanna go to college too, and grow my hair, and take drugs and fuck and save the world too!

Well, we did ok on the hair, and the take drugs and fuck part came pretty easily, but we found that we needed a little guidance when it came to the save the world part, and lo and behold, there were the traditional leftists of all stripes, (remember, the only thing a leftist hates more than capitalist pigs are leftists of differing ideologies), ready with all kinds of neat ideas that sound real good to young

revolutionaries. So us kids bought, if not the literal ideas, certainly the language and political strategies of these people.

Notice I say "we". I include myself in all of this. I ran the leftist gamut as well as anybody, and would recommend to any curious youth that they do so as well. Because leftism as it now exists is every bit as dangerous and life-denying as reaganism.

From this I see two points that are illustrated. The first is that conventional politics yields conventional politics. The minute the left succumbed to the idea of reasonableness and compromise it was lost.

The whole secret to the resiliency of our political system is its ability to incorporate any group or idea that becomes large enough to be threatening. We see this again and again in American history, and certainly with the left. Old radicals like Tom Hayden and Huey Newton have been absorbed and neutralized, each in his own way. Certain cosmetic changes have taken place in the system, but the system, the way power and money are gathered, distributed and used, have remained unchanged. This is a fatal flaw of the left. The bottom line is that power is power and the state is the state. As long as the left sticks to the conventional ideas of these things (as they have in Russia and everywhere else there has been a communist revolution; it is no "accident") it won't matter whether communists or reaganites or liberals or moderates are on top, the result will always be the same, brutalization and deprivation for the people on the bottom.

The other point in this is that through the passage of time a thing that starts out at one point will often move in such a way that it becomes the opposite of what it started out to be. We can observe this type of movement in many different spheres. Take punk rock. In 1976 punk was a movement of poor, angry

continued next page...

† KILLER CHRIST OR PUT god IN THE RING

BY KRATOS VOS

photo-Tracy Roth



Christianity as any other religion or belief is axiomatic. That is, it is based on one simple given or axiom as in math, i.e., the shortest distance between two points is a straight line; GOD IS GREAT. Neither of these axioms have been proven, but they are both interpreted as fact and form the basis for vast superstructures and paradigms for their respective cults.

But if we view God in the light of pro-wrestling the story changes considerably. Seriously, how would god face up to one of Fred Blasie's men and how would his rhetoric of "Love thy neighbor," and "Turn the other cheek" face up in the Ring of Glorious battle?

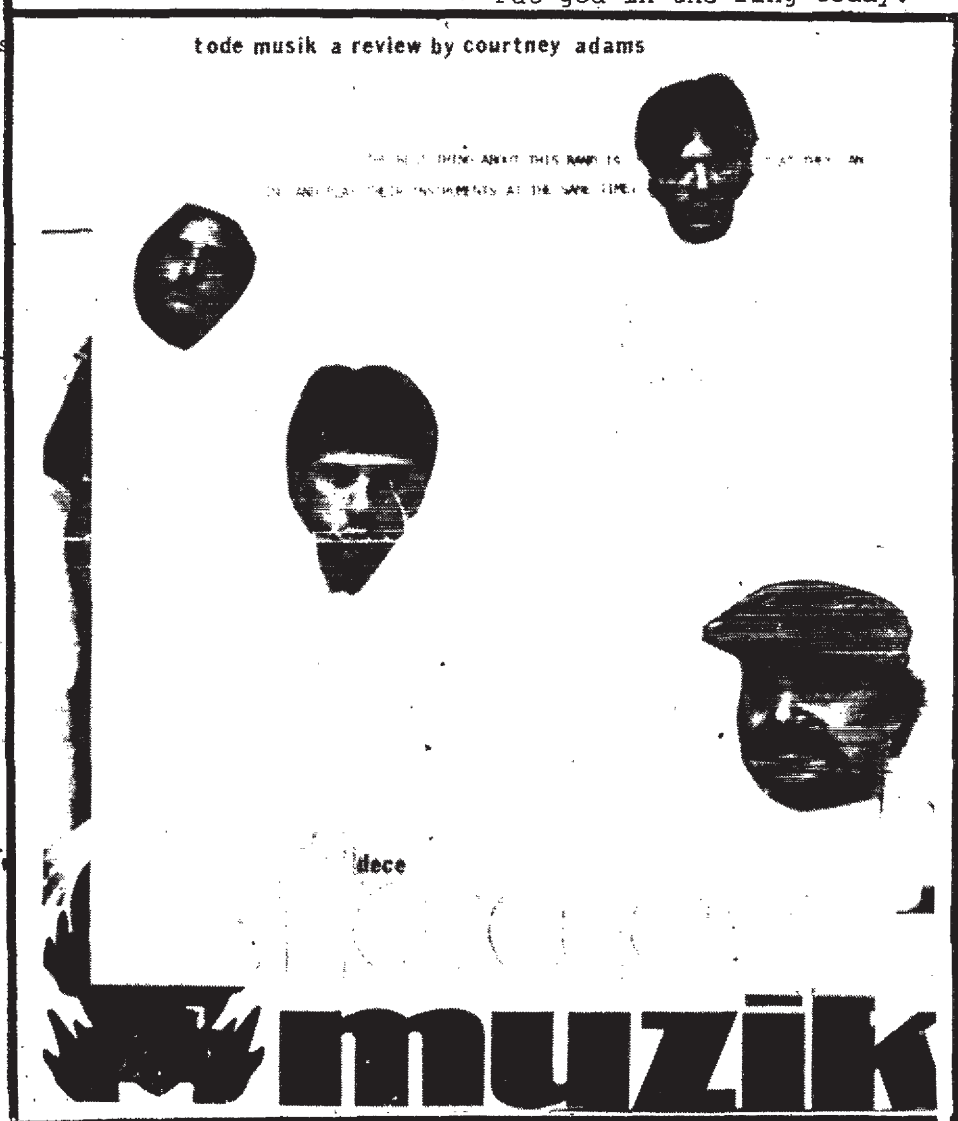
Picture this billing:

Killer Christ Vs. Stan the Man Hanson. Imagine the saviour, the main man of Christianity and the crux of the Holy Power Trio in the ring with the staggering Stan the Man. Here's this long-haired skinny little wimp with a loin cloth, facing one of the most feared and awesome men in pro-wrestling.

The bell rings. Fear runs throughout Christ's body and mind. He stands there, looking for water to run away on, or a sea to split... something, anything... But the only sea around is a sea of angry fans screaming "crucify him".

So before you sell your soul out to some religion or god, see how it would face up in the Ring of Glorious battle and if it'll fight for you. Put god in the ring today!

tode musik a review by courtney adams



THE ART CARLSON COLUMN continued. GUY SPEAKS

British kids, producing what was, regardless of whether you hate it or love it, music that was creative and stirring and self-generated. By 1980 punk was an expensive fashion among upper crust American kids whose actions were very much dictated by concerns about "being punk" and whether or not a record company could sell or buy what they did. There are many such progressions in the whole of the 60s movements, from change the world types who became change your-self types and who are now neutralized off meditating somewhere, to capitalist haters who became capitalists (Jerry Rubin, for one). You get the picture. Take demonstrations. Around Mayday 1971, a major demonstration was a cause for concern, if not fear, among the police and power structure. Washington resembled an armed camp and the general mood was rather grim and serious. Now you go to a demonstration and it resembles nothing so much as a picnic. People playing frisbee, serious young couples with coolers of fried chicken and fruit punch. The police are there, but now they are bored and a little pissed about having to work overtime, but they don't want a fight, they don't want to provoke and refuse to be provoked into anything that might make waves, the radical speakers are still there making the same speeches, using the same catch phrases, getting the same kneejerk response, saying those words over and over the way christians pray, as though those words said often enough can still wring some magic from somewhere. Everyone yawns. Which brings us back to why the leftists at Bard are so straight and safe. They too cling to the old words, the old styles. Style is very important. At times more important than content.

At any rate, for our leftists, and all leftists, it is important that they start doing things differently. The problem with ideology is that it becomes fascism very

easily and practically unnoticed. Many of our leftists have no fear of fascism, as long as it is a leftist fascism. Just look at last year's *Observers*, and the condescending way it handled people who disagreed with it. If you didn't buy the Hambleton party line you were uneducated. If they explained it to you again and you still didn't get it, then you were declared stupid. Notice how the party line leads to strange conclusions; remember the posters of last year -- "El Salvador, Another Vietnam?" The implicit answer, of course, was "Yes". Yes, please, let it be another Vietnam so us leftists have a war to oppose just like in the good old days, and we can have lots of rallies and meetings and big demonstrations so we can preach our self-righteousness and go home feeling fulfilled, having saved the world?

The self-righteousness is really what gets me. I wouldn't bother so much with these leftists if they weren't so absolutely convinced that they were the liberators and their way was the only way, the necessary way, of ending capitalism and redeeming humanity. Fuck that shit. If you want to redeem humanity, start with yourself. Pull out your dick, or scratch your ass in public. Stop using deoderant. Fart during a Stu Levine lecture. Or name your band "Take Drugs and Fuck". Or sit on top of the dining commons roof and say "dece" for two hours. Pick up a boy or girl at Adolph's and confront your own sexism. Or sexuality. Cease all politeness. Forget authority. Forget that Art Carlson says these things. Make fun of Art Carlson. Make fun of everything. Go berserk during solidarity meetings. Outlaw Solidarity by vote of the student forum. Seriousness is silliness. Play softball on Sundays. Go have a drink at the Morey and talk to Mr. Bayly about the old days. And, like Bozo sez, "Remember kids, always keep laffin."



photo-Tracy Roth

Bard's future lies in the past. Bard's past lies in the future. This seems to be the general assumption in Ludlow and, while we're at it we might as well include a fair majority of the Bard population. It's pretty scary to think that so many of us are fantasizing constantly in thought, belief, or action: 100 years or more behind the present.

Prime fall-guy--Leon--is an absolute sucker for this sort of regression. One day he explained to me that, basically, dormitories were worthless as part of an educational institution. What he seemed to be getting at was that in the (?)renaissance(?) everyone lived at home or in boarding houses and the college has no residential responsibilities. This obviously suggests that an academic community is an impossibility or just plain worthless. Well, that's just excellent, Leon, of course.

in an academic environment. If I were him I'd be paranoid also; in all seriousness we must begin to understand that any sort of fraternization (especially between faculty and students) is absolutely detrimental to any sort of learning exper-

ience. GO LEON?! YATA YATA

We're all quickly discovering what he and his lackeys think about tenure; giving a basically permanent position to anyone actually involved in a community is basically undesirable. You could, off the top of your head, probably name ten professors who would not have tenure right now if they happened to come up for it during the recent institutional success in avoiding it. Long-range planning!?! If this was 19th century Vienna, Paris or Venice... But, shit, Leon, it's not! The work of Strauss and Freud etc. is great; so is that of Timothy Leary. And it's strange that most people would never, even metaphorically speaking, think of Leon as an acid casualty.

Anyway, I could pick out many people who are exemplary of this pre-lifestyle. It's just that President Botstein is such an easy target for abuse. There's no time to lose; strap on your swords and hop on your steeds--to the joust! As Mr. Reagan said recently--we have the power to change this world of ours, "so what are we waiting for?" Goodnight and "God Bless You".



"Hey, take those glasses off so I can punch your fuckin' face in!"

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Two Hearts Beat as One

BY JESSE BROWNER



Seen recently at Steve (Studio 54) Rubell's "coming out" party: our very own Stu and Diane! Is there romance in the air? Courtney Adams, seen behind the bubbly two-some, would seem to think so. "Bless 'em, they're a lovely, lovely couple. I wish them the best of luck." However, judging from his left hand, Stu is still looking for the key to Diane's heart. "There is nothing between us," said

Stu, wiping the sweat and glitter from the palm of his hands. Diane concurred, "We are just good friends," she said. This reporter's sources at the party, where champagne flowed like water and cocaine like champagne, seemed to think otherwise. Said one; "I think Stu will soon be promoted to 'Dean of Student Affairs', if you know what I mean." We do, my friend, we do.



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FREE NATHAN!!

BY JESSE BROWNER

32 years old white.
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sexual abuse and murder of
sweet little girls.
Cell mate of Leonard Peltier.

Nathan had been living quietly in a suburb of Des Moines for several months when 12 CIA agents, armed with tear gas and M-16's, surrounded the building where he lived. He was working as a dishwasher at the Shanghai salad Bowl on Orchard st. at the time, and was anxious that the police had discovered that he was flicking boogers in the soup. This is why he returned fire with mortar shells. When he was eventually apprehended, the agent claimed to have found the remains of four young girls, between the ages of 3 and 7, horribly mutilated in the icebox and under the fold away bed. A further report proved that there were only 3 bodies. The agents involved have since been dropped, but the charges against Nathan stand.

"I was framed," claims Nathan from his double cell in Marion Prison. "The CIA placed the bodies in my house when I was sleeping. Can I be blamed for the deaths of little girls who I only ever saw in the playgrounds, jumping in the sandbox, showing off little frilly panties to anyone, kicking their soft little legs high in the air? Is it my fault that they be- have like coy little bitches, pretending they're sweet and innocent when they're just out for a good time. No, the CIA hates my kind; they know that us dishwashers are a seething cauldron of unrest, a potential powderkeg of revolutionary activities. I will not stand silent while my brothers and I are being abused. The conditions in restaurants are abominable, a deliberate denial of basic

human rights and a blatant provocation by the establishment."

Nathan spoke to this reporter of conditions in Marion, and the "treatment" he gets

there: "I am daily sub- jected to cruel and unusual torture. Leonard's feet stink. The guard s

taunt me with chants of "fucking ignorants washer," the traditional epithet aimed at my kind. They deny me the right to wash dishes, which is the cultural outlet of my kind. It's unhuman, that's what it is."

When asked about his feel- ing on the national attent- ion focussed on his cell- mate's campaign for freedom, Nathan waxed poetic: "Lenny's a good kid. I wish him the best of luck. Still, it's hard for me to accept his philosophy. Do you have a daughter?"

The "free Nathan" campaign is well under way now. The above interview was held 6 months ago, and Nathan has since had an additional 12 years added to his sentence for indecent exposure to a warden's daughter in the visiting room at Marion. He is still optimistic about the chances of success, however. In a recent letter, he ex- plained to me that "the peopl-

of America are more open and accepting nowadays, and I have been receiving many care packages from concerned citizens. Last week I got 6 copies of "17" magazine. I love America. Furthermore, I know from sources high up that the government is symp- athetic to my cause."

This reporter has not found anyone in Washington to cor- roborate that statement, and likewise who would deny it.

All inquiries, donations or letters of support should be sent to: Free Nathan!

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ASK DOCTOR CURBO

Dear Dr Curbo,

In regard to your article in the recent issue of the *Lite*: I have a little case of the emotional plague I'd like to tell you.

I was a virgin until a little while ago when I met a wonderful, terrible and enigmatic young man we'll call Sol (since that is his name). Sol and I met at a party, went home to bed and instantly fell in love.

We been going steady ever since and will do, and have done, anything he asks.

Things were excellent until recently.

You see my Sol is insanely jealous. I know people have said this about people before but this guy is really jealous. And he's really afraid he'll lose his Virgin Mary. Anytime I do anything that shows any independence he objects. I told him I wanted to be a rock singer-he says I'm an exhibitionist! Any male friends of mine he sees me hang out with too much he starts to glare at, than rants and raves accusations at me when we go home. I feel he wants to keep me from growing up.

The sad thing is I really love him and his attitude is not necessary. But I hate feeling like I'm a barnyard animal! Help me

please!

--Miss Piggy

Dear Miss,

Sounds like and all too familiar case of the control Virus. Poor Sol. You have to pity the poor patient. By being puke green with envy, he's choking off the air of your life support system, alienating you, his source of animal warmth and life giving orgone energy. This behaviour is rampant, a by-product of a diseased world. Love to him is a form of currency and you are his investment. I recommend cutting the car-cion lose. You deserve better and cancer is contagious.

Dear Doc,

I'm from an isolated part of the country and I want to know is it true what they say about Samoans?

--Dark Ages

Dear Dark,

Ask yo momma, muthafucca!

Dear Dr. Curbo,

I read your column in the *Lite*. Don't, don't, I beg of you, don't tell them about the fish flesh swindle. And no! Not the orgone parasite caper or the love meter rip off, my only chance to fuck things up for generations upon eons...Please. Doc I beg of you not to divulge the true nature of the Titanic-Life boat syndrome! No, no, no turn out the lights.

--Slime Dwellers

Dear Slime,

I'm glad you wrote. Judging by your tone and knowledge of the various criminal conspiracies you must be a member of the power elite controllers, those who would choke off the air from life support systems, our freedom and happiness. If I could, I would turn you over my knee an' really learn ya,

continued page 11.

DEAR DOCTOR BOB

(Doctor Bob is a practicing psychiatrist who writes this column as a service to those who, for whatever reason, do not wish to seek professional help. Send your problems to Doctor Bob, c/o Bard Times. Doctor Bob is sorry that, due to the volume of mail he receives, he cannot answer each letter individually.)

DEAR DOCTOR BOB:

I am writing this letter to let you know that there are normal people out there, unlike the warped and harshly treated people who seem to be your constant correspondants. It is Christmas eve as I write this, and I am sitting with my loving husband, my two bright and talented children (aged eight and eleven), and my parents, who did a wonderful job of raising me. I could never thank them enough.

Christmas to me means a time of love, togetherness, and tenderness; everything seems to stop and people, at least for this one day, are kind and generous. You don't have to be a Christian to understand this time of year. It just feels good, and gives me hope for this human race.

I hope you will print this letter in your column. On this Christmas eve, people should have a reason to think that all is not lost.

Signed,
A HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER

DEAR HWAM:

Of course, the Christmas Holidays are important to all of us, as they are to me. But perhaps for a different reason. You don't know that the national suicide rate jumps to an unbelieveable high during the holiday season. I interned in a Manhattan hospital emergency room in my younger days, and one year I was there for Christmas. I've seen blue bodies, lifeless, smelling of feces (hangings,

of course), sliced throats, and drug overdoses. When you understand that a man has ripped his guts out with a kitchen knife because he didn't have someone to talk to one night, the visions of softly-burning yule logs seem to easily fade from consciousness.

People die at Christmas just as on any other day of the year; there are still those with cancer painfully bleeding away the rest of their lives. At Christmas, leukemia doesn't just disappear. No Hallmark card can wipe away the memory of a loved one, horribly killed in a freak automobile accident.

Happy Wife and Mother, (as you call yourself; your sexual habits might shine a different light on the matter), you're living in a dream world, isolated from all the loneliness and sorrow that intimately surrounds you. Perhaps you are naïve, but as a practicing psychiatrist, I know that every ring on my telephone will represent some deep, personal anguish.

But, what you don't know won't hurt you. Live in your illusion. And I and millions of others will be buying yet another bottle of bourbon to help us through that house of horrors called Christmas. (Editor's note: We realize that due to his incredibly busy schedule, Doctor Bob simply forgot to note in his response that Christmas falls in December not October).

*** **

Are you a Sodomist? It's okay, Doctor Bob explains, in his new book, *Sixty Sexually Degradating Sicknesses*, available for \$6.95 through this newspaper. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!



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A BARD PROFILE



Photo by Joshua Siegel

Name: David Hamilton Simonds
 Age: 20
 Place of birth: Bennington, Vt.
 Occupation: Student
 Hobbies: Macrame, collecting tin soldiers
 Last book read: Our Bodies, Ourselves
 Favorite Movie: Raiders of the Lost Ark
 Favorite quote: "Have a nice day"
 Turn-ons: Making young children happy, running on the beach at sunset
 Turn-offs: smokers, drugs, fatties, cynical people
 Favorite Periodical: GQ, People, The Bard Times (of course)
 Favorite Personalities: Richard Dawson, Ben Vereen, Margaret Thatcher
 Favorite T.V. show: 60 Minutes, Real People, Mash
 Lifetime goal: To be true to myself and others.

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THE STRIKE IS OVER

BY IVAN STOLER

another one. This time I was hit with a case of the dreaded swine flu. The flu was transmitted to me by a person who I had thought, wrongly of course, was of sound mind and body.

In order to try and recover from my many ailments I decided it was best for me to spend some time on the Cape. My comeback had been stalled for too long; it was now or never. It was going to be a long and arduous task but I had no choice as the future was on the line. So there I was on the Cape trying to recover my once respected and admired batting stroke.

It was a hot, sunny afternoon and a salty breeze was blowing off the bay as I readied myself in the batting cage. I started swinging loose but my timing was off as it should have been for an injury plagued veteran. My shoulders were aching with pain and my hands were soon covered with blisters.

Driving over the grandeur that is the Throgs Neck Bridge out of New York on my way to Cape Cod in early June I heard the new Kink's single, Better Times, on the radio. An omen perhaps. Many hours later somewhere in Rhode Island I chance to come upon Mark Ebner. It was then that I knew for certain that things had to get better. This past season had been a rough one for me. It was perhaps the worst six months of my entire career. Shortly after the start of spring training in early March I was hit in the head by an errant fast ball thrown by an aging veteran attempting a comeback. As a result I was out nearly all of March. Even so, quicker than you could yell "Bobby Murcer is God" I was back at the ball park working out. Now this isn't to say that I was fully recovered, far from it. A total recovery could take years. The fear, depression and pain might linger for a long time.

Things were going smoothly, or as smooth as one could expect after such a traumatic experience, when I hit another roadblock. In early May I was stricken by a viral disorder and had to return home immediately. As a result I was bedridden for three and a half weeks. I was so weak that it took all the energy I could muster just to walk down to the kitchen. Toward the end of this sickness I contracted

As soon as I got out of the cage I saw a tall geeky looking Ivy League type boy walk in. He looked to be about sixteen or at the most eighteen. It seemed that he might be from Harvard, Brown, or even that den of stoopidity, Columbia. His stroke was tense but level. His timing was right on the mark. He could handle the fastball, but the curve gave him fits. The offspeed pitch would be his undoing. I knew

the machine was just throwing him fastballs. Obviously he, wasn't one to rise to the occasion and battle back. I wouldn't want him at the plate with runners on base in the ninth inning of the last game of the world series. No sir. Well anyway he was quite comfortable with the fastball. Him and a thousand other al-mos-t in the bush leagues. Well he just kept banging and hanging on the fast ball, and the crowd of little girls he had brought with him swallowed it whole. It was a sight to behold all those pseudo-vogue rejects cheering a never was. It almost made me wanna puke.

Later that evening I saw him again. This time it was at a Cape Cod League game. It was then that I realized what was so different about this boy prodigy. He wasn't really interested in the game, he was only interested in what he could take from the hangers on. I could feel no bitterness for such a person, only pity. If he could not see the beauty inherent in the game then it was his loss, not mine. After the game I went out for a few cold Naragansett beers and then went home early so I would be wide awake for my next session in the batting cage.

Early the next morning I returned to the cage. Ivy was there too, and everything was as before. For him. I made up my mind to dive

even deeper into my rehabilitation program. After about an hour or so I felt my shoulders begin to loosen up and my swing began to feel fluid again. My timing was coming back to me once again. Later in the summer I felt as if I could take on both the Japanese and Mexican leagues with one arm tied behind my back. The old confidence was back and I was ready to get back into the game. I missed the smell of the kill.

I waited around for the offers to start rolling in from the majors. I didn't even think about offers from the minors as I had spent the season before with an organization that wasn't worthy of being in the lowest rungs of the minors. It wasn't long before the offers did start to come in. I haven't signed a contract yet but the contracts offered have been pretty lucrative. I hope to sign a contract within the next week or two. Thinking back on the events of the last six months I've realized that it indeed had been a long and hard road back. No matter what I knew I could do it and more importantly my friends and family knew it too. When I needed support they were there without me even asking. Next season I know I'll be battling it out for the Triple Crown with Dave Winfield. Stand back American League. I'm back.

DEARDEBBIEDEARDEBBIEDEARDEBBIEDEARDEBBIEDEARDEBBIEDEARDEBBIE

Dear Debbi,

I've been going with a boy for several weeks now, but we've been unable to have sex because his penis is too big. What should I do?

--Too Much of a good thing

Dear too much,

If you can't take big pricks, you never should have come to Bard.

Dear Debbi,

I'm a freshman, and I feel like I just don't quite fit in at Bard. What can I do to become more popular?

--Alienated in Tewksbury

Dear Alien,

There are many ways to be popular at Bard, but the easiest way is to associate yourself with things that people here are most interested in: namely fame, and money.

For instance, try

spreading it around that you're Don Kirschner's son, and watch the girls come bouncing up to you. Parental celebrity status is a tried and true method of getting laid that is fast becoming a Bard tradition.

Dear Debbi,

My Lord, how much is one supposed to take at this God-forsaken place? I mean, the food here is TER-RI-BLE! I have to go out to Jacaruso practically every night, and believe me, my Saab does not need that kind of wear and

tear. Not to mention my room which is a disgrace, and hardly big enough for my stereo speakers, much less my mohair sofa. Let me tell you, this place has me miffed but good. I have half a mind to go back to Sorbonne tomorrow. Sign me

-- seeing red, My Gawd

Dear Gawd,

I know what you mean, but say, aren't you, like Alan Alda's daughter? You know, I know a bunch of cute guys who would love to get into your pants.



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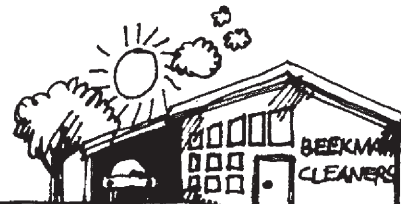
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DEAR BABS

Dear Babs,
I've been at this place since August 15th. When I had my tour, the student told me I'd have no problem getting laid. I think I'm pretty swank; after all, my mother is a famous actress, I'm really rich, and Mom spent a shitload of money to get this cleft put in my chin...but I'm really sick of beating off.

signed, Desperate

Dear Desperate,
People don't really care who your mother is, particularly girls that you may be trying to pick up. Subtlety does have it's merits—so does a gram, sometimes. When all else fails, you can always lay claim to a room in the Mods, even though you might be lying through your perfect teeth.

Dear Babs,
I never had any trouble keeping my skin clear until I came to college. But now my face is erupting all over the place and everyone thinks I'm gross and repulsive, even though I smoke Newports and listen to Bruce Springsteen. How can I appear to be less of an adolescent and more of a cool college chick?

--signed, Pockmarked

Dear Pockmarked,
Smoke Camel straights, and buy a record by the most obscure band you can think of. Use Oxy-5, and dance alot.

Dear Babs,
After a lot of deliberation and one too many one night stands, I've decided that I'm tired of men and their cruel, sadistic ways. All they want is a quick fuck or a blow-job on the picnic table behind Adolf's. And they always leave me in the morning, so now I'm into women. But how do I meet them? And what should I do with one once I've brought her home?

signed, Searching

Dear Searching,
Give up while you're still ahead.

9-G

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DRAMA DEPARTMENT NOTES

By GEORGE HUNKA



BARD TIMES

Professor William Driver has announced that next semester's repertory production will be a complete staging of Richard Wagner's twenty-one hour "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Driver plans to build stage replicas of Heaven and Earth for the production, which will also include a four and one-half hour verse play based upon Cosima Wagner's diaries (the play will be written by Driver himself) and a prologue about how bad American playwrights are.

Arthur Burrows will provide musical accompaniment.

Neil McKenzie will stage his derivation of Krapp's Last Tape, called Krapp. To shortententented, but she doesn't have this lengthy play, McKenzie has cut all of Krapp's lines. The tape recorder will be performed by Natalie Lunn.

McKenzie's Mirror Productions company has not lost hope after their critically

lambasted production of The Girl from Schenectady, which closed in early October. "We weren't expecting good reviews from the Village Voice or the SoHo News," a member of the company said, "It's not their kind of play." In the fall, Mirror Productions will open its new play, Two Black Jewishnessee Williams classic, (But Assimilated) Radical Les-Clothes for a Summer Hotel, bians Protest Love Canal and Nuclear Power in the South Bronx While Performing Morally. Questionable Sex Acts in Front of a Videotape Camera, a "performance piece", in New York.

Naomi Thornton, who is directing Tennessee Williams' brilliant drama Orpheus Descending this December, has announced that she will revive another neglected Tennessee Williams classic, (But Assimilated) Radical Les-Clothes for a Summer Hotel, in the spring.

Former drama professor Eugene Kalish directs the St. Nicholas Elementary School second-grade class in Samuel Beckett's Endgame this January. Don't miss it!

And notes about distinguished drama department alumni - Blythe Danner is still a television show and nobody knows her name. Chevy Chase, who was marginally connected with the department, has burnt himself out creatively and languishes, comatose, in a Los Angeles hospital.

we're rich and you're poor!

By COURTNEY ADAMS

At a special coffee hour yesterday, President Botstein outlined his plans for a new program at Bard, Lateral Peer Planning. Said Botstein, "Some kids arrive here uninformed and make poor choices that are essentially disruptive to the social life of the college." Lateral Peer Planning Program provides appropriate peer grouping for students based on the yearly income of their parents. Stuart Levine explained that he thought the program "will eliminate a lot of confusion about where students go out at night."

"What we're interested in is a comprehensive program based on economic status that can eventually organize not only social activities, but academic choices as well." Said Botstein. Levine illustrated Botstein's idea. "I mean it's kinda pointless to let

these HEOP kids into the Film Dept. 'know what I mean? We're all adults here, and this is not the time or place to be fooling yourself about where you stand in this world."

When asked if the new program will affect housing procedures Loton Springstead answered "Oh sure, sure. If we put, say, the top 5% in Mr. Botsteins house, then he can still have social hours there when they go to New York on the weekend. And of course the bottom 5% will have to tighten the belt a little. We have tents on order right now."

The administration asks that you go to Peter Sears' office at your convenience to fill out a Lateral Peer Planning Program Profile. Says Sears, "The profiles are really quite simple to complete, and who knows you might learn something about yourself."

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but I'm afraid of being infected. It is obvious you're driven by your diseased body and mind and I will continue to expose your schemes.

Patients like you receive no pity, not like a small timer like Sol. Your carcass must burn like a corpse on plague riddled streets of Medieval Europe. Once exposed it becomes a matter of disposal.

The fish flesh scam-kids don't get vaccinated against that one. Over the years the flesh clings and slowly sinks into the soul of the host, distorts DNA, and bends the victim to a caricature of a human being fit only for the mundane and dangerous tasks that keep the

order afloat-factory workers marks, computer operators, and those called public servants. The Orgone Parasite Caper and invention of capital and Machine Age-the creation of docile appendages to steel and steam. The individual is sapped of all life energies and it is damn

hard to eek any out in the present world. The scam continues with television, porno and designer jean ads. The love meter rip-off-as another doctor, the Great Stanly

amond once wrote, "Romance.. is lament at feelings absence. The foul notion is carried by books, movies, day time serials, The New York Post. In it's wake, a host of dried

husks of once human beings, bitter and sick and unable to make even a routine sound and sane decision. The Titanic boat syndrome-adrunk opium addict at the wheel of the boat sails into an iceberg. Water fills the lower levels.

Dressed as a woman he leaps aboard the last life boat, whips out a pistol. "Alright suckers, start, rowing and later on I'll be strokin'

Dear Abdi;

I am a foreign student at Bard who has a serious problem here; I am not accepted by the people here, that is, no one likes me here. I don't know what I have to do to make the people like me. You have no idea what it is to feel this way. For example just two days ago I was attacked by a bunch of seniors (with leather jackets) in front of the dining commons. These animals (who included

Mark Ebner and Paul Spence) savagely ripped the "alligators" off my shirt and jacket! I mean really, this is disgusting.

Please help me honorable Haji, what does your greatness suggest his humble follower to do? signed, scared and lonesome

Dear Lonsum:

May the almighty Allah give you the power to withstand these culprits of the satin. I understand your problem because I am also a foreign student at Bard and I too am not accepted here among these reptiles of the devil. There is nothing you can do too make the people to like u. U just

have to wait until u make sum freinds (I am still waiting). As for the animals that attacked u, don't worry about them, they r just having a

good, kleen, Amerikan fun. I think vat they did is a part of their velcoming party for the freshmen/voman. Ven I kame here they put gazoleen on me and tried to put me on fire

Now dat u'r in amerika u have to try too learn the customs of the people here. The peoples here are not

DEAR ABDI



dat bad dey just have a different sense of humor. Just relax and remember this iz theyr country!

Allah is great!

Dear Asshole:

There is a problem with all the attention you foreigners have been receiving. My american friends and I are getting real pissed at the shit you muthers been

geting away wit. I think it has gone too far. As if things weren't good enof for you, that commie fascist Ebner now haz

given you your own column. Jesus Christ, what is this country coming to? Thank god the greats like General Patton

are dead (RIP) so they don't have to see this. I'm warning you budy, shape up or ship out! signed, member of the

american socialist youth movement against foreigners in America

Dear Concerned:

I decided to publish your letter to show my readers vat kind of peopple I have to deal wit. First of all, frum your spelling I kan tell that you are also a lit.

major like me. Now my broder, why are u so angry? Why don't u

like foreignerz? Just becauz ve come to your countree, demonstrate against your govenment, and r protekted from people like u by your police force which u paid for with your tax money. is nut a good reason. It will do u no good to threaten me or my employear Marck Ebnyr. There are many memberz of the administration dat have threatened us and vant us out of here. Just tree week

ago me and marck vere assaulted by a art teacher as another von stood by and laffed.

Ve vill carry on our mission, allah villing. Any vay, things aren't dat bad if i don't

"shape up" because I vill be "shipped out" on a jet wit u paying the fare wit your tax money. Onse in my

country, I will get a high post in the government for my actions against amerika. Den I vill kome back to amerika in 25 years where I vill become

rick by writing about my experience with the regime I vorked under and then I vill sue the government for inhuan treatment (the "shipping out") and collect

a large sum vick will be paid with your tax money. Allah is great!

My faithful folloerz: I vill be going for a vocation payed by Bard times (which fearz my safety hear at Bard after my artikles are

printed) so please send your leterrs to de folloeing addrees: Dear Abdi Sand Dune 133, Hut #s107 camel., Mohabi Desert

BARD CLOSES!

special report by Paul Spencer

This June Bard will close its doors when the last of its students have left commencement. The campus will be all but empty except for the B&G staff who will clean and maintain the empty dorms and classrooms. Except for the occasional summer programs that go on here, Bard will cease to exist as an educational institution. All this will of course change come Labor day with the return of students and faculty. This has always been the case at Bard.

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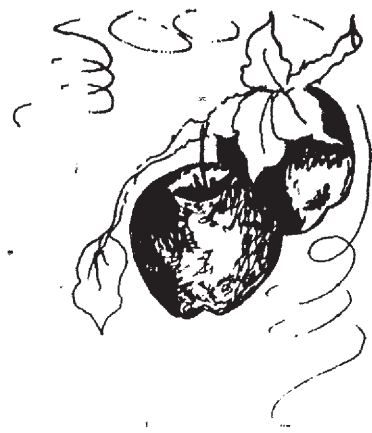
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- Great Carrot Cake**—ladden with walnuts, coconut, pineapple and honey
with a delightful dollop of frozen yogurt 1.25
- Old Fashioned Pecan Pie**—Choc full of pecans—Served warm and
made even more sinful topped with frozen yogurt 1.75
- Aunt Buba's Creamy Yogurt Cheesecake**—delicious and fattening 1.50
- Frrrozen Yogurt**—delicious Columbo vanilla frozen yogurt
- | | | | |
|---|---------------|------------|------------|
| | small .50 | medium .75 | large 1.00 |
| Carob chips, walnuts, wheat germ, coconut, raisins, honey, granola | ea. .25 extra | | |
| with fresh fruit | ea. .45 extra | | |

Ask About Our Daily Specials

An Excellent Selection of Vitamins, Health Foods and Cosmetics
WE HAVE BROWN COW YOGURT AND KEFIR