

Bard College
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OBSERVER

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Bard observer

VOLUME XCIII NUMBER EIGHT

News is whatever
sells newspapers.
The Observer is free.

MAY 20, 1988

Interview with Stephen Nelson



A bad photograph of DOS Stephen Nelson with an unidentified bald man.

by Christopher Martin

On Friday, May 6th, two students were expelled from Bard. The students were alleged to have been dealing drugs.

Acting on a tip from an anonymous source, authorities of the college, including Dean of Students Stephen Nelson and Dean of the College Stuart Levine, informed the students of their expulsion at around 11pm on Friday night. By their own choice, the students were given a ride to the borders of campus by Security, and dropped off.

I interviewed Stephen on Monday the 9th, in order to clear up some of the rumors that had been flying around.

SN: What can I do for you?

OB: Could you please fill us in on the details of the expulsion over the weekend of two students, allegedly for dealing drugs?

SN: I think that's probably the key, sum, and substance of it. It takes into consideration the fairly specific language in the handbook about dealing with, distributing, or trafficking in drugs. There appeared to be fairly incontrovertible evidence that they were so involved. They had been warned previously.

OB: I had heard that they had been warned not to deal any hard drugs, and that while marijuana was not exactly condoned, it was not included in the warning.

SN: I never said that. I did not give a laundry list of what we were talking about, but what we were clearly talking about when that warning was given was illegal drugs.

OB: Of any kind.

SN: Right.

OB: Why were the students expelled this weekend, at the end of the semester, with only three weeks to go, rather than earlier?

SN: Because they had already been warned at the end of last term in response to some information that had come forward in the mid to latter portion of that term. Our knowledge of it didn't really begin to come into sharp focus until last week. It became obvious that activities were still going on. It was basically a question of the timing of when the new information came to us and the fact of their violation of what we believed to be a reasonable standard in terms of the handbook (i.e., not trafficking in illegal drugs), coupled with the fact that they had been warned about that very same behavior, and the fact of that behavior now having come into sharper focus (meaning that what were maybe at the level of allegations in the fall began to have much more credibility last week). We ran the risk in terms of continued on page 3

As you read this, you hold in your hands the end of an era. Exactly 14 weeks ago, the first issue passed into your hands with a promise: an issue, every two weeks. No excuses, no delays, no shit. Eight for eight, we have succeeded in making good on our promise. But more than that, we have resurrected a dying paper. Next year, the Observer will receive more funding than ever before to produce a weekly paper--just like a real college.

In our one-semester stint, we have gone further with less money than any other administration that has run this paper. We have combatted the fears of the Planning Committee that we could not meet our deadlines. We tried our hand at investigative journalism, we got interesting classifieds, we overcame problems with delivery, transportation, and layout. We figured out ways around rules that would have prevented us from coming out on time. In short, we showed that a few people with one dream could accomplish anything

Observer kicks ass

as long as they believed in themselves and the basic rhetoric of the New Observer, "Quality is slavery; Greed is good; Drink beer, think beer; Hey, let's deal with it; Let's see what we can fuck with next; I am this revolution; Women of all ages love clowns, men of all ages are clowns; Never trust a woman who says she isn't angry; Love you can get anywhere, but does she have a backhoe?; Find me a dead cat; and rule #1, NEVER leave the door open." (Clip and save these handy sayings for the real world.)

Amara Willey will be taking over as Taipan in her junior year. To the new pioneers (say "Yuppies of Satan") we wish you all the success in the world and hope you have better luck soliciting responses from the apathetic lemmings that this paper reaches.

BEER COUNSELORS

by Alexis Carlson

After interviewing approximately sixty candidates, nine new peer counselors were selected for the 88-89 year. Congratulations to Michelle Berger, Monique Dyan, Ruth Goldberg, Suzin Hagar, Jennifer Klein, Courtney Lee, Greg Qualey, Amy Rogers, Noah Rubenstein, and Esther Schwartz. Alternates are Sonja Hood, Danielle Gostanian, Amy Van Der Hiel, Sean Sullivan, Cathy Mangiamela, Kamran Anwar, and Colleen Blackwell.

Steve Nelson and Shelley Morgan have brought some changes to the PC selection system. Each peer counselor candidate was

required to participate in a group problem solving situation. The purpose of this was to assess each candidate's ability to participate in problem-solving situations, and to see how the group interacted as a whole.

Steve and Shelley added a peer counselor evaluation system to the program. Residents of each current PC for a dorm were asked to complete an evaluation form about their PC. In addition to this Steve and Shelley will be evaluating each PC's performance at the end of the year. The PCs also get to evaluate the Dean's job performance at the conference.

In addition, Steve and Shelley hope to have a much more intensive training program for the PCs before the opening of school and throughout the year. They hope to incorporate problem-solving sessions during the PC training such as Conflict Mediation, CPR and First Aid are also on the agenda for the fall program. "Team-building" exercises will be used to unify the group, to help foster a supportive network among the PCs.

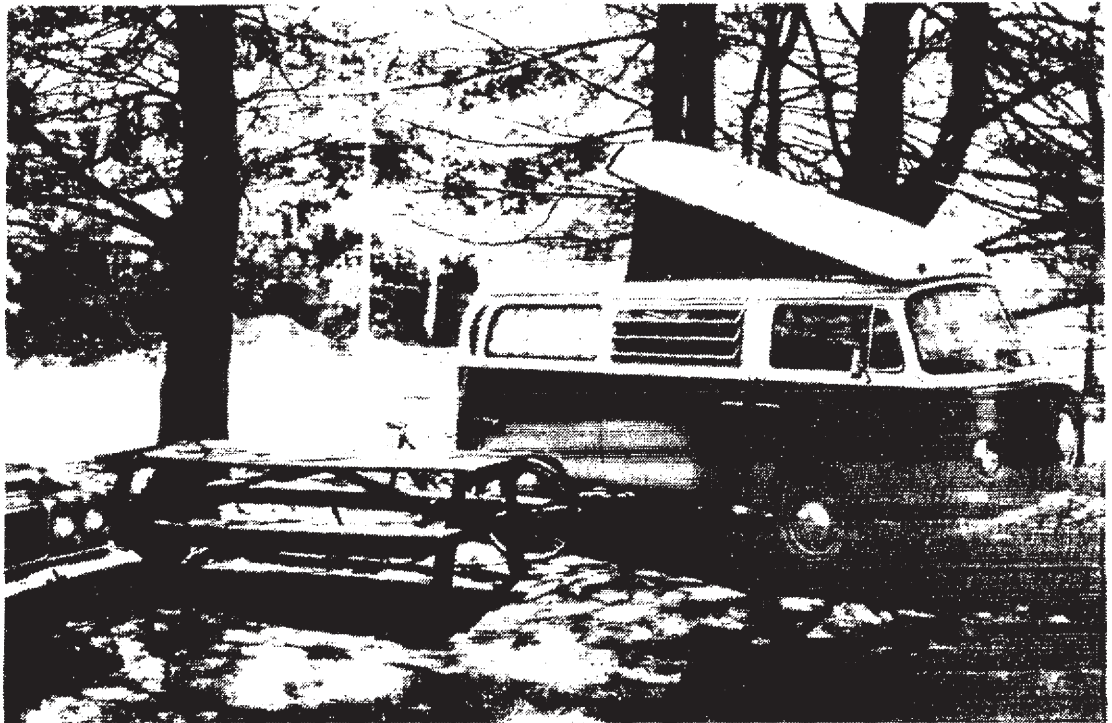
Shelley stated that she was looking for candidates who displayed a high level of commitment toward fostering a healthy residential life on campus, and who would bring their own special abilities to the PC program.

Good luck to the PCs, especially the new ones. And congrats, guys!!!

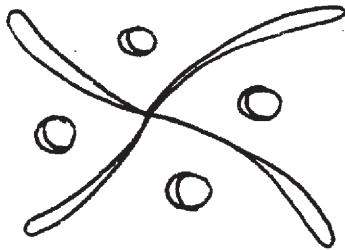


Spring has come and the AK-47's are in bloom.

Editorials



New Student Dorm.



To the Editors,

This is to the loud political fanatic with short, black hair and glasses who made an ass of himself tonight. It seems that you want to be a reporter when you grow up and I feel that you should start now. I may be of assistance to you. The first lesson will be a critique of your performance at the Russian Studies lecture with Mr. Zhukov. As a reporter, you should first learn about what you are expected to report. That was your first shortcoming tonight. Obviously you expected a political round table in which Mr. Zhukov was to defend his country's policies. You should have read the flyer advertising the event. The flyer ended by saying, "This lecture is highly recommended for all students of contemporary literature." It did not say, "Come and attack the guest speaker." As Mr. Zhukov said, "I have come to expect that; the American level of political consciousness is well-known." I, however, have not come to expect behavior such as yours. That you failed to realize that Mr. Zhukov was not a politician even after he had said so twice is your second shortcoming. Your little tape recorder will attest to that. As a reporter you should recognize that your role is not

to make the news but to report it. You seemed bent on raising issues that were not germane to the event. How will you be able to write an article about that which you know nothing about and even avoided learning about? Could you remember without your recorder what type of novels Mr. Zhukov writes? Probably not, but then you were not interested in writing. You were interested in playing Dan Rather. Moreover, in that respect you did a poor job. Your constant whispering was annoying not only to me but to everyone except your crony. And

when you ask a question there is no need to shout. The discussion took place around a table, not in an auditorium. When you persisted in your tirades, you rarely even made eye contact. Was your shirt tail that interesting to play with it constantly while speaking? To put it bluntly, you were embarrassing. I felt called upon to apologize to Mr. Zhukov who indicated that he was used to it. It is a sad occasion that he should have to tolerate such treatment. Had Mr. Zhukov just made a press release and had you been in the midst of a zoo like pack of reporters, your behavior would have been apropos. But as it was your behavior was reprehensible. It is a pity that you could not appreciate the lecture for what it was. Unfortunately you chose the favorite Bard pastime of "Let's pick an issue and arbitrarily and ineffectually discuss the hell out of it."

Excuse me for getting carried away but as I said, I do not pretend to be a journalist. It seems that you pretend to be one. Please try to pretend to be on a little more.

Who are you anyway? My first thought was that you worked for the Observer but this seems to be a bit too much even for them. Perhaps not but just the same you were disgusting.

Daniel Bohn
P.S. As for the editors' invitation to work for the Observer, I simply do not have time. Don't think that I fail to realize the effort involved in getting out the Observer. But that is your cross to bear and I don't want it. And if that was one of you guys tonight, then I wouldn't do it out of principle. (No time to correct. Sorry vi.)

Dear Mr. Bohn,

Once again you have succeeded in making fairly little sense in the course of your ravings. I attempted to determine what it might be that you are

"discussing" in your letter, but could not find anyone who attended the lecture to which you refer. Therefore, I will have to base my response solely on your letter, in the absence of knowledge about Mr. Zhukov's lecture.

I must admit it does sound that the "loud political fanatic" you mention was out of hand, but it is interesting that you seek to utterly separate contemporary literature from political concerns. In my readings, I have found that the current literary movement is often in a political direction. To claim that a discussion of politics is out of place is stupidity.

Your ground for complaint is perhaps the matter of zeal on the part of the "reporter". Glass houses, Daniel. Let's not be hypocritical. Your overzealousness has astounded many a one of us. Why must you rant (be it on paper) to the gross extent that you do? Can't you make a simple point without getting out of hand? You yourself say, "Excuse me for getting carried away", so you realize it at least, yet you still do it. Is it possible for you to put pen to paper (fingers to keyboard) without such ineffectual and overblown rambling resulting? Maybe

you should see a doctor about this problem.

At one point you say the event was a simple discussion around a table. Perhaps you could have intervened in the "fanatic's" "tirade" and saved the embarrassment you felt about the situation, to be used for one of the other things about which you should be embarrassed. If you had put up a simple opposition to the "fanatic's" enthusiasm, maybe you could have kept him under control. It's a world of communication. You could save our time by communicating with the persons concerned rather than people who don't know what you're saying.

[Special note to Mr. Bohn from the Production Editor: Thank you for not accepting our invitation. Your letters have shown a steady decline in grammatical and syntactical

coherence. Your spelling is worse each time as well. I was perhaps wrong that you would be a boon to the editorial staff. Upon reflection, it becomes obvious that you are a detriment in many ways. But hey, keep up those fascinating letters. We all need the occasional laugh, and I know you like to see your name in print.]

Dear Editor,

I'm tired of hearing people cut down the EEC program and tell me how discriminating it is. What scholarship program isn't discriminating? Sports scholarships are for jocks. Pell Grants are for low-income families. The EEC scholarship just happens to be for those people who worked very hard in high school in order to get where they are now. Being in the top ten of your class doesn't promise you such a scholarship, it's merely one of the requirements. You should read some of the EEC applications. You would be amazed at some of the things those applicants have done and achieved. I am a firm believer of the fact that each and every student who is here under the program deserves their scholarship.

It's also about time someone got around to giving the right people scholarships. Why give someone who is good in sports the money for higher education instead of someone who has proven that their talents lie in learning? That's ridiculous!

As for the program giving those students in rural communities an advantage over those living in urban areas, how many programs do just the opposite? I happen to come from a small town. Just because my graduating class was 130 instead of 500 or 800 doesn't mean I didn't work as hard for my grades. The EEC program happens to be one of the only really good academic scholarships I was offered. I could have accepted scholarships in other areas, but I thought my academic record was why I actually deserved one. If coming from a rural area

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Interview

Continued from page 1

ot moving, of having somebody else buying from hem get into some kind of trouble, the worst case scenario being a Len Bias kind of thing. Somebody gets an extra strong drug or they get some marijuana laced with some PCP and it has an effect on them that leads to death or permanent debilitation. Knowing what we believed we knew about the two of them, not to act would have been to leave other students potentially at risk by their dealing. There's the obvious question of, "Well don't students use drugs anyway? You get them from somewhere." The answer is yes, but we don't always know where somebody gets them from and in this case, where somebody has become so visible to us that we believe they are dealing, then the family members of somebody who has died or suffered some sort of debilitating injury due to some substance that they bought from people like this could come back and say, "We were led to believe the college knew about these individuals and my son or daughter is now dead or in a coma or has a permanently scrambled brain," which can happen from one LSD trip. We didn't want to take the risk of being claimed as being irresponsible by somebody's family or friends. What might have happened if their dealing would have persisted one more day? At the point where we were fairly clear on what we believed to be the situation and fairly clear on the course of action, we acted.

OB: It has been the understanding of the student body that the administration, for the most part, knew of illegal drug activity and the individuals involved, yet chose not to act because it was considered an okay or normal outlet as long as no one got hurt. Apparently this is not the case?

SN: I wouldn't go so far as to say that. I think that knowing what's going on--does Steve Nelson know that students at Bard or students on any other campus are going to experiment with alcohol or other drugs?--I'm not that naive. I know that it is part of being nineteen or twenty years old in our culture. If on the other hand you are saying, "Does the administration, when they know about traffickers in those substances, choose to do nothing?" That's not the case. I don't know about the past because I've only been here a year. I'm led to believe that there have been people who have been expelled previously for drug dealing, apparently about three or four years ago, and presumably some other cases isolated undoubtedly in years prior to that. This isn't the start of a campaign. It is two individuals whose behavior got to the point where, as I said, there is fairly credible evidence of the nature of that

behavior--that behavior being something we couldn't tolerate. That's different than, "Does the Dean know what's going on here?" and it says something about the limits and tolerances within the community, not so much what could be seen as okay, but what is likely to be going on in a college age population. There is clearly a difference between someone who needs help because of a problem with alcohol or another drug and this type of activity. I don't want anybody to think for a minute that somebody who came forward and sat in my chair and said, "I think I'm a cocaine addict," would be dealt with punitively. They would not. They would be dealt with through counselling or therapy. It would not be a tone, even after the fact, of saying, "Now that we've got you the help, you're going to be punished." They wouldn't even get social probation. There would be a move toward help, therapy, rehabilitation.

OB: What has happened to the two students? Have they been turned in to the authorities?

SN: They have been expelled from Bard per Bard policy and at Bard's initiative.

OB: There was a rumor that there were state police around Tewksbury and that they had something to do with the removal of the two students.

SN: No. There were no state police. This was a matter handled internally. We also would not turn over that information to local authorities. I am concerned about trying to protect them. We knew we could not protect their identities because it became a very public kind of thing, and they clearly have been telling people what has happened to them, which is their choice. And I don't think that local authorities would act on the basis of picking up a copy of the Bard Observer and seeing the names of two students in there. I can't say that for sure, but it might be best just to say "two students".

OB: Of course. I imagine you'll be sending out some sort of memo about this incident.

SN: I'm not going to do that at this point because there are many downsides to that, even if the individuals aren't named--sort of dragging the situation through the mud. Also, I don't want to be in the position of not being able to say some things that would be reassuring to people--I can't as a rule say those things publicly. On the other hand I don't want to be forced into a corner of saying "This will be this and this will be strict policy," because then we all back ourselves into a corner with that. So I do not think that I will be communicating via memo. We met with the Peer Counselors, we will be meeting with the Tewksbury residents tonight--Shelley Morgan and I. We have made the offer to go meet with any other group of students dormwise or any other wise who want to talk with us about this,

so it isn't as though we aren't making ourselves available. I don't see any need to say "Here for the good of the order is what happened." I certainly hope to correct some of the rumors and if an article in the Observer can help that... No police were involved on Friday night; to our knowledge no narcs are on campus (we don't know that they aren't but we haven't been told that they are); we are not going to turn over information to local authorities in order to have these two students prosecuted outside of the community. If that happens it will happen by those wheels that are moving on their own and not because of anything we did. We can't protect them but we also are not going to make the situation worse for them. Those are the sort of rumor clarifying things that we're trying to do by meeting with the Peer Counselors. Our handbook says what our policies are on alcohol and other drugs. We're working on a revised policy that I think in some ways will be more clear, not for it to be something more of a hammer, but just so it's more clear. It will try to talk specifically about the sale of drugs vs. the use of drugs and how those things will be treated. The usage issue is not one which will be treated disciplinarily but will be treated therapeutically. I don't have a plan right at this point to put out a memo, but I will certainly talk to anybody who wants to talk with me about what happened and why it happened. The key thing in my mind, and I said this to the Peer Counselors, is that I feel as though I've worked very hard this year to try to do some things for students. There may be people who like me for that, there may be people who don't like me for that. I've tried the best I could to improve the quality of life on campus for students, to try to make the community begin to feel itself as a community, and I don't want this incident to throw cold water on that because too many people, including students, have worked too hard to begin to turn that around. That to me is the important thing down the road. If we let something like this prevent that from happening, destroy a working relationship or isolate people, then we set that back and that would be unfortunate. I think there are many things that can be done to make life here better for people, whether that's getting more counselling service, whether that's getting better health service on campus, whether that's opening the new gymnasium, whether that's trying to upgrade the residence halls and make life in the dorms better, whether that's working toward a new student's center down the road, those are the things I want to do. I don't want to be messing around with the personal aspects of students' lives and there's no Big Brother thing. When something like

this gets so self-evident and seems to be so widespread in terms of people's knowledge of it, and the administration finds out about it, I think we have to act.

OB: Thank you very much for your time.

SN: You're welcome.

The two students went up separately before an appeal committee on Thursday, May 12th. No decision was made at that time, so it is not known as we go to press whether one or both students will be allowed to return to Bard next year. The committee will be making their recommendations to Leon, but otherwise the decision will be completely in the hands of the President. Let's hope for the sake of the two students that they are not on full financial aid.

The Weasly Selmont's Article

by Ges Selmont

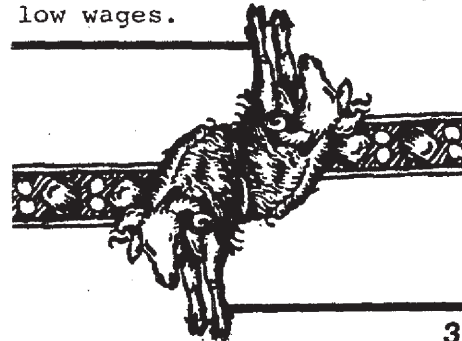
As far as I know there have been no fire drills in Albee this year. A good thing, too, because the fire escapes are obstructed by the furniture in storage. The furniture is not a tremendous obstacle in the day; however, at night it would be difficult to maneuver your way to safety since the light bulbs in these storage rooms are blown out. Also, there are no emergency lights which activate in the event of a fire or a blackout. Certainly these are fire code violations. The smoke detectors do not need new batteries. There aren't any smoke detectors. None of this is B&G's fault. It is all due to the Administration's preoccupation with sending out glossy fliers advertising the college, rather than creating a safe environment for the students already enrolled.

Quiz--In three years, what have we had more of?

- a) Directors of Security
- b) Good meals in the Commons.

Answer--A tie, three Directors of Security and three "Parents Day" breakfasts.

Why only three? In both cases because you get what you pay for. Art Otey seems to be a wonderful guy. He will be a wonderful, frustrated guy unless things change. We need more Security personnel. How many times have you gone to return keys and found the office empty, and the phone ringing? The office should be staffed every second by a professional dispatcher who is qualified to give emergency medical instructions over the phone, or just calm down a hysterical caller. The security officers could know the students if they weren't forced to quit after a week because of horribly low wages.



New Course Registration Is Success

Remaining Curriculum Ignored

by Christopher Martin

For the first time in the history of the College, there were no lines anywhere on Registration Day. The reason: Professor Alfred Hitchbox's "Disappearance For Fun And Mental Profit."

Professors showed up at their offices as usual on the 18th--some early, some late--expecting to have to fight their way to their doors through crowds of impatient, sweaty students. Instead, they walked through empty halls, through unobstructed doorways, and sat waiting behind their desks for six hours--waiting for students who never came.

"Three students signed up for classes on the 18th," said Annys Wilson, Head Registrar. "One of them filled out an Irregular Course Form and took five classes."

Had any of these students signed up for Professor Hitchbox's course on the 11th?

"No," said Annys.

We found the three students eating lunch in the coffee shop, since the cafeteria had been closed.

"They're all gone," said sophomore Caterina Punt. "They left right after registration for that course last week."

"Thank God they did," said junior Eric Caruso, who had taken five courses. "For the first time since I've been here, I got all the classes I wanted. I'm really psyched

become a ghost town.

"Maybe I should have told the students to wait until after school had ended before they started their homework assignments," said Hitchbox, when we finally found him hiding under the Bard crypt.

What assignment did he give them?

"I just told them to get lost. It was a very simple assignment, but I guess they were all very eager to get started on it."

Besides the cafeteria, several other campus services have had to close down due to lack of patronage. Red Hook Post Office is handling Bard's mail, most of which just piles up in a back room. "We'll throw it out when it gets too big," said Postmistress Bev Farque.

"We haven't had a lock-out in two weeks," stated Security Director Arthur Otey. "We've been free to do our job for once. We've actually apprehended three trespassers, one of whom had a gun. If the students don't come back, I can have this operation running smoothly and efficiently by next semester."

Hitchbox's course has had other repercussions as well.

"If I hadn't been a senior II I probably would have signed up for it," said Benjamin Vaughan as he caressed his finished Senior Project. "You know, I'm graduating in a week or so and I'm really not

"So what if they don't?" he said. "Next year's freshman class will be the biggest ever. We've only accepted one-fifth of the applications we've received. We could very easily accept two more fifths of those with no loss of student quality."

Isn't that a rather blase attitude?

"Well, what do I care which students we teach? A student is a student. Some just have more financial aid than others."

If you know the whereabouts of any Bard student, please notify Dean Stephen Nelson, (914) 758-6822, ext. 114.

Funk You

by Daniel Hillman

They've got it, apparently we've got it, but what is it? How does one get rid of it? A short time ago, the class officers sent a flyer (requesting tent party donations) to all seniors asking them to "Support your

earthy, unsophisticated feeling; especially having the style and feeling of blues, as in piano playing. (3) Having an earthy, sexual quality. American Heritage defines "funky" as (1) Having an earthy, unpolished quality characteristic of blues, as in "funky music." (2) Unconventional or outlandishly vulgar, often in a humorous manner. (Those earthy, unsophisticated, sexual qualities of the class of 1988 always made me think of mud wrestling naked.) Perhaps an examination of the adjective form of the word is warranted.

Let's start at the beginning. The Oxford English Dictionary notes that the first recorded use of "funky" is in Charles Dickens's 1837 novel, The Pickwick Papers, in which "the nervous junior counsel in Bardell v. Pickwick is named Mr. Phunky." In this instance, and for 120 following years, the adjective form of the word took its meaning from the noun "funk" and meant to be frightened or depressed.



The real last class with funk.

class, the last class with funk."

Funk?

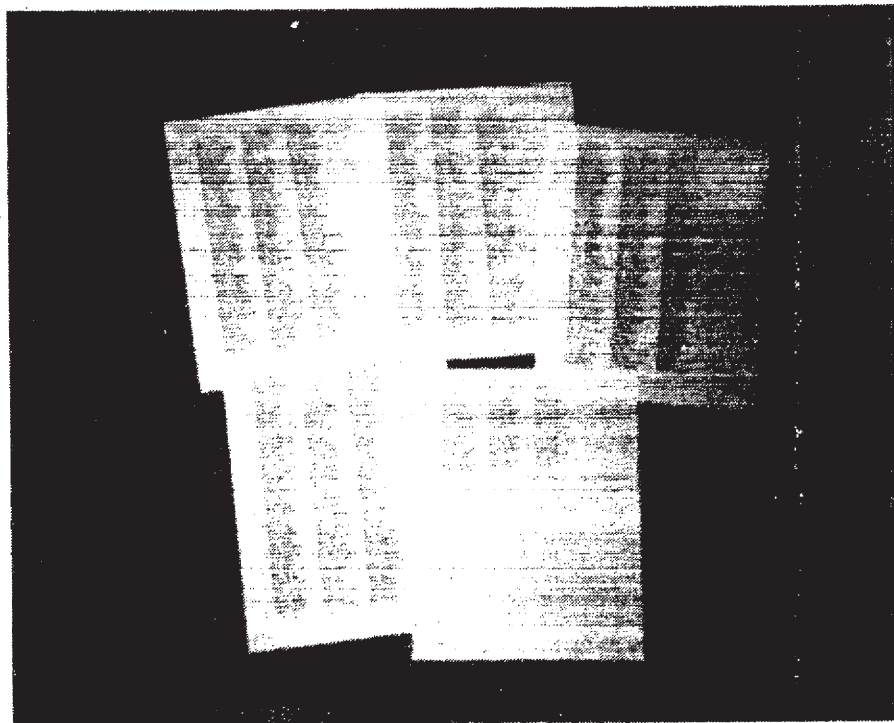
Puzzled, I went to the bookshelf and reached for what I believed to be the authority on the subject, Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary, which claimed that funk is an informal and chiefly British noun meaning a state of fear or panic, especially in the phrase, "to be in a blue funk." My American Heritage Dictionary defines "funk" as (1) a state of cowardly fright, and (2) a state of depression. Other dictionaries define "funk" as an ungodly stench, often equated with raunchy pipe smoke. This just doesn't make sense. Why should 1988 be the last class to be afraid, depressed, or smelly? Are the classes of '89, '90, and '91 too apathetic to feel these emotions or to fire up a pipe? Possible, but unlikely.

Glancing through Webster's (the same dictionary used to define "plagiarism" in the Student Handbook), I noticed that after the noun "funk" is explained, the adjective form of the word, "funky," is proclaimed to mean (1) Having an offensive odor, foul. (2) Having an

In the late 1950s, however, "funky" went through a strange change. Suddenly, "funky" possessed vaguely positive connotations. Nat Hentoff explained to the New Yorker in March of 1959 "...in current jazz argot, 'funky,' which once meant malodorous, is a term of final approbation, meaning earthy, unpretentious, and rooted in the blues." In a similar manner, the lexicographers of Time Magazine in August 1970, after explaining that it was no longer "cool" to "do your thing," "tell it like it is," or "where it's at," defined "funky" as "solid, warm," e.g., "That's a pretty funky jacket, Kit Carson." It should be noted that Time's article defined other "hiplingua favorites", many of which have mercifully died and gone to the purgatory of Brady Bunch reruns, including: outasite ("terrific"), heavy ("deep and serious"), and dude ("a male, almost always complimentary, replaces 'cat' and 'stud'").

At this point, it is rather apparent that the noun "funk" has negative connotations whereas it is

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Lists of students enrolled in Alfred Hitchbox's class.

for next year."

The third student was transfer Jordana Gunderson, a senior I. "I took a course like that at Antioch. It's all just bull-shit holistic stuff. Why should I lower myself again?"

The scene in Aspinwall on the morning of the 11th was one of chaos. Seven hundred nineteen students converged on the building in order to sign a sheet entitling them to a space in Alfred Hitchbox's course "Disappearance For Fun And Mental Profit." In two and a half hours it was over. Bard campus had

sure how I feel about it. I mean, I never had a chance to take a course like Alfie's. In that situation...just what is my diploma worth?"

And Bard faculty are concerned.

"They'll all fail if they don't come back," said Mark Lambert, Head of the Languages and Literature division. "They can't expect to pass if they don't take their final exams."

And if they don't come back? We spoke to Leon Botstein about this possibility.

Journalism Program at Bard

A new summer program will give college journalists a chance to sharpen their news skills under the expert guidance of Jonathan Schell, George Trow, and other top working journalists.

Schell, author of the best-selling The Fate of the Earth and History in Sherman Park, an account of the 1984 presidential election, is an all-around political reporter who writes frequently for The New Yorker.

George Trow, author of Within the Context of No Context, an essay on image culture, and Bullies, a collection of satiric fiction, is a New Yorker staff writer.

Two other journalists, Sue Halpern, who writes regularly for The New York Times, and Bill McKibben, who has published more than 400 articles in The New Yorker and other national magazines, complete the core faculty of "Journalism From the Ground Up," a three-week workshop to be held at Bard College from July 10-30.

Guest lecturers from major print and broadcast media including The Washington Post, The Wall Street Journal, and the television networks will also lend their expertise.

The aim of the program is to give students the equivalent of months of newspaper experience in three intensive weeks.

Students will put out a daily newspaper during the program, covering everything from campus to community to international news. An Associated Press ticker will provide national and international breaking news.

Students' daily efforts will culminate in a sophisticated final issue to include investigative reporting, critical writing and features.

Jonathan Schell will guide students' coverage and analysis of the Democratic National Convention which begins on July 18 in Atlanta. Visits to daily newspapers in the local Hudson Valley area are also on the agenda.

Though "Journalism From the Ground Up" will center around the simulated newsroom, it will emphasize in-depth analysis of the media and its role in our culture. Broader issues will be covered: What can writers teach about how to report? How has journalism changed in this country, and why? Daily critiquing of The New York Times and the nightly network news programs are part of the curriculum.

The program is open to all college students with an interest in journalism, particularly those with newspaper or other journalistic experience. For information contact the Office of Admissions, Bard College, or call (914) 758-7472.

course, students will be allowed to sign up to look at them for an hour or so. We're thinking of getting a batch of manual typewriters for them to use to write papers."

In an unrelated story, we've been told by several reliable sources that Bonnie Gilman was raised by voles. When asked about the accusation, Bonnie refused to comment.

Bard in Libya

For the first time, Bard College students will have the opportunity to study in Libya with our own program. Classes will be held from July 4 to July 28 (or perhaps later if there are Visa problems). Students will be staying at the beautiful Desert Hilton in Tripoli. Students should plan to arrive in Tripoli at least two days previous to the first day of classes. No knowledge of Libyanese is required, since there is a course open for beginners. Advanced students will be able to choose between an intermediate course or a really ball-busting course.

Tripoli is the capital and principle port of Libya, conveniently located a few hundred miles from the Gulf of Sidra. You'll feel right at home as you watch US battle-ships guide oil tankers through the Mediterranean.

During the morning students will meet for their language classes (9:30-1:45). There will be a long recess for lunch and then they will go to slide shows and lectures at 4:30. Courses offered for advanced students include "A History Of Libyan Cinema," "Violent Take-Over: Coup To Fall," "Petroleum Exploration," "Imitating Game-Show Hosts 101," etc. More information will be given on specific academic courses as they are smuggled out of the country.

The academic program will be under the direction of Professor Hamideh Sedghi, former visiting Professor of Political Studies. The teaching staff is made up of professors from the University of Mohammar of Tripoli.

The main festivities pertaining to the patron explosive of the city (plastique) take place during July. Other cultural activities include trips to the national memorial battle sites of the 1987 US/Lybian War. A sample of lectures given in previous years reads as follows: "Government By Assassination," "Your Uzi Is Your Friend," "Martial Law vs. Marital Law," "How To Blow Up A Car Without Burning Your Lips," and "27 Great Recipes For Camel." This year, as a special treat, the President of Libya himself, Mohammar Kuchdoffee, will deliver a speech entitled "I'm Not Bert Convy."

Students will make their own travel arrangements, but there is some advice available to help them select affordable flights. It is suggested that students travelling in groups

Algeria. There, they can catch 40-year-old busses filled with pigs, chickens, and peasants with rotting teeth to Tripoli. The bus trip should take two to three weeks, barring complications. Please plan accordingly. Students will be able to travel on their own after the program is over.

All students will be housed in a room at the Desert Hilton (40-50 students per room). Bathroom facilities are out back. Lodging will include a blanket and a stale roll. Students will be able to buy their own lunch and dinner from disease-ridden vendors in the streets.

The program, including tuition, excursions, and housing, will cost ten automatic weapons, one Silkworm missile, or four hostages per student (exchange rates fluctuate and this is just an approximate price).

When should you apply? As soon as you can. Arrangements must be made with travel companies. Also the University wants to have a definite list of those participating (in case of "accidents") by May 19. This is an internationally known event and they have room for 40,000 students only. Housing must be reserved too. Professor Sedghi, who will stay with the program in Tripoli, will be in charge of notifying the University. You can get in touch with her at the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge in Kingston.

Life after college

by Wes Smith

1. Insurance premiums do not work like stock premiums. You pay them. They don't pay you.

2. They aren't kidding when they say, "Wash whites separately."

3. The rate of interest is what kills you, not the down payment.

4. Never answer an advertisement seeking a "liberal roommate." You probably are not that liberal.

5. Having a drink with the boys every night after work is a bad idea. Notice that the boss doesn't do it. That's why (s)he's the boss and they are the boys.

6. Nobody cares anymore that you drank a six-pack last night without throwing up.

7. Your new neighbors are not likely to share your enthusiasm for the Violent Femmes at full volume at 1am.

8. Cars need not only gasoline, but oil, anti-freeze, brake and transmission fluid and about one-third of your annual income.

9. Instead of buying a new stereo for your city car, skip a step. Buy a window sticker that says, "It's already stolen."

10. Never play racquetball with an old guy who has played handball for 40 years. He will destroy your youth.

11. Buy an alarm clock that works.

12. Harvey wallbangers might be a poor selection for a business lunch.

Haunted Computers

Ghosts don't only haunt lonely old houses and graveyards anymore. Now they haunt computers too. At approximately 2:30pm on Sunday, May 15th, the Spike Henderson Academic Computer Center exploded, showering bricks, wood, and glass as far away as Red Hook. Ghosts were the cause of the explosion.

Authorities say that poltergeists apparently gained access to the computer center's electrical system and went sick. Several students were trapped as disks were erased, CRTs exploded in their faces, and a firestorm erupted out of the office, pulling down the roof. There were no survivors.

A witness at the scene described the devastation. "I was in the bookstore buying some gum when all of a sudden I had this tingly feeling, like I had just dropped my vibrator into the bathtub. I ran outside in time to hear screams from the computer center. Then, all at the same time, the windows and doors blew out and the roof lifted up about ten feet. Then it all collapsed in on itself, just like in the movie 'Poltergeist.' I thought it was the end of the world."

It is unknown at this time how many students were killed in the disaster. Volunteers are still sifting debris.

England in 1979, when a mainframe was taken over by a four thousand year old deity from the upper Nile region. The computer issued checks worth millions of pounds to employees and suppliers, and the company was forced into bankruptcy. Experts from the Paranormal Institute of Albany have investigated both the British and Annandale incidents and have concluded them to be the work of the same ghost.

"Yeah, he could have hopped a shipment of computer parts and made it to the States easily. He may have been laying low under Henderson for years. We're told the floor was always hot. That should have been the tip-off."

When asked if the College was planning to rebuild, Dean Stuart Levine said, "Oh, most definitely. There's no question. We secured a grant from IBM for 100 more PCs just two weeks ago. We'll have to have some place to put them. I'm sure we can get up some sort of plaque for the students who lost their lives."

Still, there seems to be some fear that what happened to Henderson could happen again. Computer Center Director of User Services, Bonnie Gilman, told us, "We're not going to plug them in this time. We think that's the best

Ex your ex

Shoes can be discarded, cars can be traded, and childhood mistakes forgotten, but an ex-girlfriend never goes away. Sooner or later she's bound to turn up, like a tumor. What is it about an ex-girlfriend that can reduce a civilized man to a heap of gnashing teeth and frustration? If Lybia can be handled, why not your ex-girlfriend?

Why do they come back? It's not to return the items they've accumulated over the years, like the engagement ring they swear is a birthday present. Generally they come back to make your life a living hell. By spreading a little misery your way, they can bring a little happiness to their own dark world. And who, other than your mom, is more qualified to bring darkness to your world? An ex-girlfriend is a living testament to your inadequacies. She never mentions your ability to get tables at exclusive restaurants, the cold steel of your eyes, or even that you signal at intersections. She knows better. She's seen you throw up at parties, deck choir boys, and she's pulled your head out of the salad bowl when you were on a drunken search for an olive. She knows what you look like in the shower. They don't carry cards saying, "We don't forget," they just never do. That's always apparent in their accusing stare that says, "It was all your fault." Next to mom, who is more easily forgotten, there is no greater source of guilt than the ex-girlfriend. Never mind that she spent all your money, took on the hockey team behind your back, or left you the day you went in for knee surgery, the implication is that you could have done something to keep the relationship alive. So what if she made fat jokes and referred to the "Big Guy" as the "Little Fella"? If you had been more caring or forgiving, the relationship would still be alive.

All in all, ex-girlfriends are inconvenient--always ready to remember a particularly funny story about you if you are unfortunate enough to be invited to the same parties. Almost magically, your ex-girlfriend will find your current girlfriend at such functions. I've never had the heart to ask about the roaring laughter coming from their proximity as I went to the punchbowl. Regardless, somewhere between candlelight dinners and contract killing lies the solution to ex-girlfriends. Here are some tips:

1) Control your anger. Casual strangling does not go down well in most circles. The best thing to do is grit your teeth and think of your ex-girlfriend as a human being. Not necessarily a fellow human being, but someone with hopes, dreams and ambitions. Perhaps you can help her achieve some of them with step two.

2) Introduction to Roger. You never liked him much anyway. So what would be more right than introducing him to your ex-girlfriend? If they hit it off, it could give her a new stomping ground. Be careful because this may backfire and incur more wrath.

3) Maintain a low profile. Anything she doesn't know won't hurt you. Good news, like your new Corvette, or engagement to a coffee heiress, would be better kept under wraps. Other news like your forthcoming prostate surgery would be well-suited for distribution.

Finally, remember to keep your distance. Think about taking your ex-girlfriend to dinner. A charming little French place, soft light, a little music, a little duck a l'orange. Think about it, and then, for God's sake, don't do it. It won't work. Something will happen. She'll knock your haircut. You'll say something nasty about her friends. Sharp objects will be thrown. Very unhealthy. Even worse is the possibility you'll be sucked back into the prison from which you were paroled. The food is the same at Attica. You've let Poland be Poland; let your ex be your ex.

National Stroke Month

Each year, nearly 500,000 Americans will have a stroke. According to figures from the American Heart Association, stroke is the third leading cause of death in the United States and one of the major causes of disability today, leaving survivors with physical, sensory, communication and cognitive impairments that disrupt their lives and the lives of their families.

May is Stroke Awareness Month. Many strokes can be prevented or detected before they become serious by knowing a few simple facts and following some common sense guidelines. Stroke warning signs are:

- Not gettin' any.
- Writing lots of letters to the Editors of the Observer, whining about everything 'cuz you're not gettin' any.
- Long periods locked alone in one's room with the Lands' End or G.Q. catalog.
- Abnormally strong wrist and fingers on one side. These guys always try to crush your hand when you're introduced to 'em.
- Hairy palms.
- Blindness.
- Insanity.

When in the right hands, however, a good stroke can be used to benefit humanity in many ways. You always wanted to play "Mad Scientist and Lab Assistant" with the perky blonde in physiological psychology, but she was always too interested in some stupid bastard who's never gonna pass moderation. Well, folks, through the wonders of self-abuse, you can do any vulgar thing you want with her

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Reader's Digression Presents:

Drama in Genuine Life

As she lay on the cold cement floor, staring at the sole of her amputated foot, thirty-seven year-old secretary Adelle Peterson contemplated the chain of events that had precipitated her predicament.

ORDINARY DAY. Adelle had everything: a fine husband, a lovely child, and a valued position as head secretary in the business office of a small but prestigious liberal arts college. She never thought she'd be bleeding her life away inside the dark walk-in vault of the college. Six inches of steel separated her from the telephones that could mean the difference between life and death.

She had awakened that morning with no premonition of the disaster to come. She had fixed dinner for her husband, seen him off, and entrusted baby Edgar to the elderly neighbor next door.

When she got to work she found a huge mound of paperwork on her desk. A note attached read, "Shred this babe, --B." It was from her boss. He always entrusted to her the job of shredding all evidence of his prolific embezzling. God knows what he'd do if I went to another job, she thought as she picked up the bundle and made for the vault where the shredder was kept.

The vault was a room, twenty by twenty feet, protected on all sides by steel reinforced concrete walls. It was a mess. Although several people had been hired over the years to clean it out, it had never attained any sense of order. Adelle climbed over stacks of records which dated back to the 1920s in order to reach the shredder tucked away in the back.

The back corner was dark and shadowy, it being lit by only a 25 watt bulb. Cobwebs hung unmoving in the still air. All sounds were muffled and Adelle felt that she was in another world.

The shredder was an ancient thing of brass and post-war plastic. Its teeth gleamed evilly in the light of the pitiful little bulb. When turned on, the machine gave out a labored grinding sound, even when it wasn't chewing on anything. Adelle thought a new one should have been bought a long time ago but, knowing her boss, dreaded ever bringing up the subject.

She put down her bundle on a sagging file cabinet and switched on the machine. Its scattered roar filled the space at the back of the vault, reverberating from the towering stacks of cabinets and old office furniture. Adelle began feeding sheets of paper into the grinning maw of the shredder.

TRAGIC MISCHANCE. When she had been feeding paper for about an hour, Adelle was startled by the sound of a box of thirty year-old timecards hitting the

floor behind her. Adelle sighed and went to pick it up. She knew that if she didn't no one else would, and it was likely the mess would remain for several years.

She gathered the cards back into the box and looked up at the place it had come from. I'm sure someone put it there for a purpose, she thought. I'll catch hell if I don't put it back where I found it.

The shredder vibrated upon its little stand as she climbed the mound of garbage. She was careful to test her hand and footholds. She had heard of employees who had to be dug out from under an avalanche of old reports. She didn't want to end up like them. Even so, just as she set the box back where it had been, the pile seemed to shift and Adelle found herself falling.

TEETH OF HORROR. She awoke to the sound of the shredder, grinding, grinding, grinding. It sounded strange, muffled. It was dark. She opened her eyes. Still dark. Someone had turned off the lights. Did that mean it was after five? She tried to look at her watch, but where it should have been was only darkness. It must be broken, she thought. She felt around the floor with her other hand and touched wetness. Something leaking? she thought. Her hand closed around something long and thin. It felt like...a candle. Yes, it was a candle. Adelle, a two pack-a-day smoker for the past fourteen years, fished a book of matches from the pocket of her slacks and, fumbling because her left hand didn't seem to work properly, managed to light the candle. What she saw in the light of the flickering flame caused her to gasp and pass out once more.

CORPUS UNCONNECTEDUS. In falling from the stack of disused records, Adelle had somehow managed to jam her right knee and left hand into the maw of the shredder, pulling the contraption down with her. Her knee and hand were chewed up instantly, but Adelle hadn't had time to feel it because her head had hit the concrete floor and she had blacked out. Luckily for her, the shredder was very hot from extended use. As she lay unconscious, the machine slowly cauterized the stumps of her leg and arm and prevented her from bleeding to death.

At five o'clock, her boss turned off the light and closed the vault. He didn't hear the shredder's grindings due to the muffling quality of the old records. He thought Adelle had gone home sick, for so he had been led to believe by an undersecretary who was hot for Adelle's job. Adelle was alone until the morning.

LONELY VIGIL. When Adelle awoke again it was

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Damato elected Student Body President

You probably missed the election of the student body president. In case you did, Editor-in-Chief Michael Damato has usurped the title, because any mail addressed to the student body president is sent to him, and because he's more concerned with making a potent statement about the community rather than organizing a beer circus for graduating John Belushi impersonators. The following is the text of what would have been his speech to the senior class:

America. It's a land of opportunity. The mighty Dollar holds the precious borders of our nation secured against the wrath of godless Huns. But a new infestation of what Jimmy Carter called malaise has roosted on our shores. Apathetic Americans breed because of the ease of their lives. A Super Power cannot let itself become so slack that it produces hot dogs in packages of eight, and rolls in packages of ten. Moderation must be used in all things, except when circumventing the bullshit and red tape other

beaurocrats and denizens heap on all of us.

And so I say to you, unglue your eyes from televisions and open your mind to ideas not based in rhetorical brainwashing. Take the time to do things you should, like your homework, reading fine books, or taking out the trash. And most of all remember that today we stand at a bridge. As we leave one side, we leave behind our happy studenthood, and cross the river of life to the side of the unemployed.

Events in the Hudson Valley

Feb.-May: Kleinert Arts Center hosts the Spring '88 Kleinert Arts Festival. Music, performance, poetry, mime, story-telling, theater, comedy, and science-fiction. Admission \$8.00. Call 679-2079 for information and reservations.

April-May: "Last Hurrah Gallery Of The Inspired Dreams Retrospective" at the Gallery Of Inspired Dreams, Building B, Westchester Development Center, Route 22, Wingdale. Open weekdays 10-4. Call (914) 832-6611, ext. 399 for more info.

May 20 & 21, 8pm: "Hello Dolly," performed by the Country Players at 15 West Main St., Wappingers Falls. Tickets are \$8 for adults and \$6 for seniors and children. Call (914) 297-9821 for reservations.

May 20-22, 8pm: "Three Penny Opera" performed by the Rhinebeck Theater Society at 187 East Market St., Rhinebeck. Tickets are \$7-\$10. Call 876-3477 for reservations.

May 21, 9am-5pm: Hyde Park Spring Sidewalk Sale, Route 9, Hyde Park. Call 229-9522 for information.

June 5, 11am-5pm: "A Taste Of The CIA", food fair with entertainment. Culinary Institute Of America, Route 9, Hyde Park. Admission is \$5. For more info, call 452-9600, ext. 1213.

June 11: Montgomery Place Opening Day Celebration (if the

volcano hasn't swallowed it). Located just down the road. Free.

Clermont

May 22, 1-5pm: Chancellor Livingston's Sheep Shearing Festival. Free. Call (518) 537-4240 for info.

Dutchess
Fairgrounds

May 21-22, 11am-4pm: Northern Dutchess Mothers Club Flea Market. Donation requested for admission.

May 28-29, 11am-6pm: Rhinebeck Antiques Fair. Admission \$4. Note: If you would like to work at the fair this year, contact Michael Damato soon. There is good money to be made.

Call 876-4001 for more info about Dutchess Fairground events.

The Mid-Hudson
Library System

May 20, 7pm: "The Real Julia," 103 Market Street in Poughkeepsie. Free admission. Refreshments will be served for one half-hour before the film.

The New York State
Museum at Albany

Apr. 1-June 30: "Danzig 1939: The Treasures Of A Destroyed Community", one of the finest European collections of Jewish religious items to have survived the Holocaust.

Apr. 9-June 5: "N.C. Wyeth: The Met Life Murals", the restored

murals from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's New York headquarters.

Apr. 30-July 4: "Art Of The Eye", featuring fifty works by twenty artists suffering vision impairment. Explores the nature of perception and the role of vision in the creative process.

Monday, May 23 at 7 pm in Sottery. Come and see what's being done in Bard: Student Film Show

Stroke Month

continued from page 6

and she'll always love you for it. And remember, a fantasy never gets pregnant or says "no."

To keep things from overheating and causing nasty friction burns, you'll need to lubricate the machinery. Luckily, a myriad of options are open to you. In drug stores, lubricants may usually be found in the aisle with soap and other skin care products. Examine the labels carefully. Good words to look for are "lubricate," "moisturize," and "relieves." Stay away from anything that says "bonds," "affixes," or "permanent." Vegetable oils may also be used, although these merit a word of caution. Some oils have been combined with garlic to reduce cooking preparation time. These are bad. No one wants their genitals to smell like a Fairgrounds pizza. By the same reasoning, you should stay away from buttery-flavored Crisco. If you're in a pinch, any

industrial-grade lubricant from your local garage will do.

A word about grip. Grip is an important thing. Grip determines the difference between "wacking off" and "pulling it off." Experiment, but within constraints. For a little variety it's one thing to use your lesser-developed hand or Playtex Living Gloves with Texture-Grip, but tire chains are probably unnecessary.

Now, with your matter well in hand, just remember the old adage, "It's not a can of spray paint, don't shake it like one." An important thing to keep in mind is that you're trying to simulate coitus, not a sewing machine. Take it easy. This is one of the few things in life that gets finished faster if you go slower.

Following these simple rules should enable you to keep stroking for years to come. For more information, contact Joyce Bichler of the Stroke Support Group at (914) 338-9320.

Funk You

continued from page 4

the adjective "funky" that implies desirable qualities. Perhaps our class officers meant to say, "Support your class, the last funky class." (Although why they expect people to give them money after being called earthy and/or vulgar is beyond me.) It's all too easy to point fingers and laugh at the class officers and their ignorance of grammar (what would you expect from one film and two art majors), but it wouldn't help to destroy the illusion they're trying to create.

Why does the class of 1988 possess any qualities or detriments that make it the last class of its kind? I suppose our fearful leaders are bringing up the Old Bard/New Bard argument in an attempt to wrest beer bucks from us. You've heard it before; every class looks at the new freshmen and says, "We're the last generation of the Old Bard."

Yeah, right.

Every year brings its own version of conservative, Reagan-loving, Whitesnake-listening, peckerhead freshmen who don't know anything about life. The returning students, the Old Bard, look at these newcomers with disdain, never realizing that they were once in the same position. Claiming that Bard's class of 1988 is the last one to be funky is like saying that the movie, Friday the 13th, part whatever, is actually the final chapter. Sure, a little class spirit seems harmless (until you remember those hellish pep rallies from high school). But wouldn't some Bard unity be more effective in raising funds for a party rather than trying to create an artificial adversarial relationship between the classes of Bard? Why not work together? Why not invite all Bard students and faculty to come together and celebrate on behalf of another successful generation of Bard graduates?



Volcano Erupts

A volcano erupted late Tuesday evening in an orchard at Montgomery Place.

According to experts, the volcano is actually a vent from Mount St. Helens in the state of Washington.

"The vent travelled laterally from Washington almost straight across the country, with a small detour to New Orleans, and ended up here," said Pit Dirksen of the East Coast Seismographical Association. "It's not a rare

occurrence. A vent from Krakatoa circled the globe three times before surfacing under a cow in Chicago. That was in the 1800s."

The volcano is increasing its area by two hundred forty square feet a day. It should reach Annandale road by Monday, engulf Montgomery Place by mid-June, and swallow Tewksbury by August.

As of yet, there is no word from Leon on how he proposes to handle the situation.

Drama

continued from page 6

about an hour later, or so she gauged from the amount of candle that had burned. She grimaced as she stoically took inventory of her situation. No left hand, no right leg, half a pack of cigarettes. She lit one and took a deep drag. Strangely, she could not yet feel any pain. She was in shock.

I've got to hold on, she thought. I want to see my husband and little Edgar again. I want to get a real job. Please.

Adelle didn't believe in God. She had never been able to reconcile herself with an anonymous being who guided people's lives. Therefore, she did not pray. She had faith in herself as an individual. Even when she was a child, she had been independent. Her mother used to say, "Adelle, if there had been a way you could have been born without my help, I bet you would have found it."

Now she had a second chance to be born. In college she had been a literature major, specializing in analogies. Now she saw the connection between the womb and the vault, the helplessness of the newborn infant and the helplessness she was experiencing.

She turned off the shredder and began to take it apart. She used the Lee Press-on nails on her remaining hand as screwdrivers. When one broke off, she used another. Soon the pieces of the machine littered the floor. She gathered the sharp teeth together in a bundle and... oops, a finger fell off. No matter, she'd get it later.

Using her left leg to propel and the fingers she had left on her right hand to pull, she succeeded in

reaching the nearest wall of the vault. Dirt clotted around her stumps and cobwebs clung to her hair.

She began to scrape at the wall with one of the teeth from the shredder.

USELESS EXERCISE. It was as good an idea as any, but Adelle was in no shape to realize that it would take several weeks to carve her way through the cement wall. The candle had gone out and she had only made a small dent in the wall when a clanking sound told her the door of the vault was being opened.

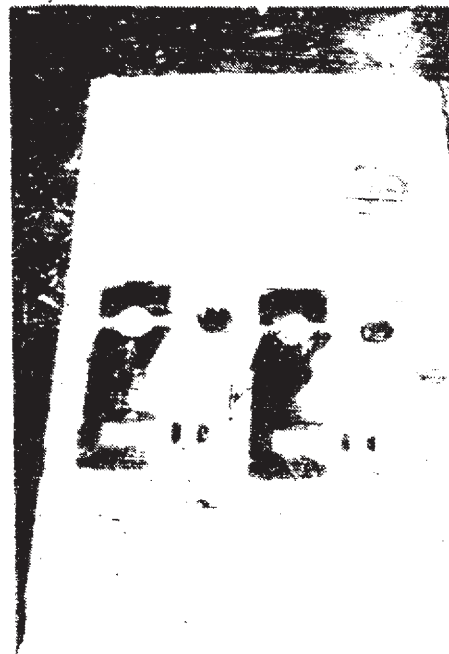
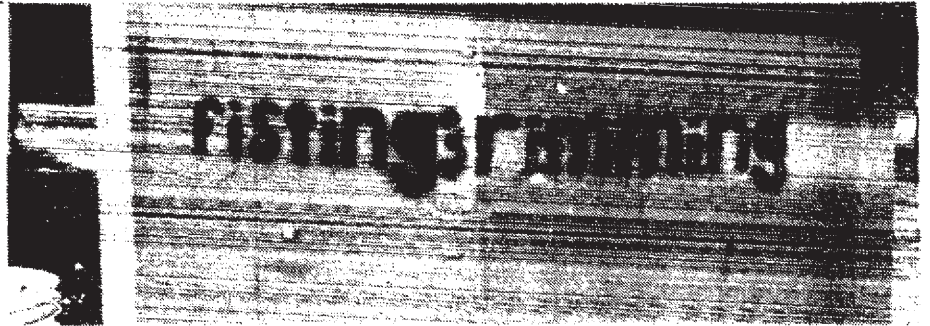
"Jesus, it smells like a Goddamn slaughterhouse in here! What the Hell is going on?" It was her boss. She gripped the tooth of the shredder in her good hand and painfully pulled herself to her foot.

She must have looked like a demon from Hell as she hopped out of the dark and stabbed her boss repeatedly in the chest and face. She didn't stop until she passed out.

RECUPERATIVE EFFORTS. After such a blood-curdling experience, anyone else would have gone insane--Adelle was no exception. During her long recuperation, she insisted on doing all the operations herself. She reattached her amputated leg but it rotted off and infected the stump. She then amputated her leg farther up to prevent the spread of the infection. She did several unnecessary skin grafts.

She slipped downhill fast but continued to perform her own surgery. Pieces of Adelle kept disappearing as she raced to halt the spread of infection. Finally she was reduced to excising rotted flesh with her teeth.

IN VAIN. In a rare moment of lucidity, Adelle said goodbye to her family



Bard Graffiti: Love it or hate it while you can, for come fall twill be painted over.

from her bed at Dutchess County Hospital on March 23rd, 1983. The next day, because she was a Godless atheist, Adelle Peterson died of pneumonia and other complications resulting from her botched operations.

Let this be a lesson to others.

Gee, No...Jeeps

You've all seen the ad: "Is it true you can buy jeeps for \$44 dollars through the U.S. government? Get the facts today! Call 1-312-742-1142 ext. 4387."

Well, is it true? We don't know. We called and got a recording: "Due to local telephone company trouble in the area you are calling, your call cannot be completed at this time. Please try your call later."

So all we have to go on is rumors (all we know for sure is that the number we called is in Illinois). We've heard that you can also get personnel carriers, tanks, and piper cubs through this outfit. We've also heard that the jeeps come in pieces, that they were cut in half for easier shipping. If this is true, anyone wishing to buy one should have some pretty solid welding skills.

This ad is too tantalizing to be real. If reliable transportation is so cheap to procure, why don't we see more military jeeps on the roads? Why didn't your mom get you one when you asked at Christmas?

Anyway, we wish we could have gotten through to ask some of these questions of the people in Illinois.

If any of you out there in the community have called and gotten through, please drop us a note (box 635) and let us know what you found out. We've always wanted an Observer half-track.

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As the school year draws to a close, the members of the Admission Staff would like to thank everyone who has helped us throughout this past year and particularly...

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why does that guy's
name keep getting
bigger?

Bestiality at Bard

by Christopher Martin

On some of their faces you can read resignation; on others, defiance. They've been to hell and back, and what's worse, no one seems to care at all. Horrible things have been happening at Bard. Unspeakable things.

Bard pets have been known to get into trouble before, but now they're in over their heads. They can't talk about their problems; no one will listen. But the Bard Observer will listen. We'll make sure you know what's happening.

Biffy is a three-year-old bitch collie. She has been sexually abused since she was a year and a half old. Her story is like so many others.

"I remember back before...that. I was young, and everything seemed wonderful. I loved my master. He fed me food that made gravy when water was added and only sometimes locked me in his room all day. I thought that was the way life was supposed to be. So obviously I wasn't prepared for the day it all ended. My master just disappeared one day. He let me outside without a leash --something he never did. I ran around and played in the grass and chased little grey things with four legs and bushy tails. I just thought that was heaven. Then it got dark, and I got hungry. I went back to where my master lived but the windows were all dark. I waited for him but he never returned."

Biffy had been abandoned

Michele Quill, alias the Pooch Poker, had been in and out of liberal arts institutions all her life. She had a long record of deaths and mutilations behind her and was wanted in thirteen states for pet abuse. She was number three on the ASPCA's most wanted list. At the time she met Biffy, she had just been expelled from Bowdoin for tying the President's cat to the bumper of a car with Ohio plates.

The attacks continued throughout the semester. Biffy was never allowed to leave the room to run and play with the other dogs. She was made to sleep in her own filth and eat food that had been sitting about for days. Then, sometime around November,

Michele brought home a friend, one Masha Chausovsky, infamous animal experimenter.

"I had thought it couldn't get any worse, but then that woman came. She had things made of metal that pinched and pulled and she had bad tasting waters that she would make me drink. I was often sick for several days after her visits. But I've talked with other dogs since and I know now that I got off lucky."

Have these cruel, heartless individuals been brought to justice? No, they have not. And it's not only Biffy, it's also,

Rex: "Yeah, I went with them for awhile. I didn't mind it. They fed me hamburgers and stuff, so how could I complain? I admit, it's not the most dignified way to live, but you take what you get, you know?"

Velcro Butt: "I don't see what the fuss is about! It's great! Every-

one should try it!"

Pig Fucker: "I survive, I guess. But sometimes, in the late afternoons, I can't help but think of the kittens, and then I cry."

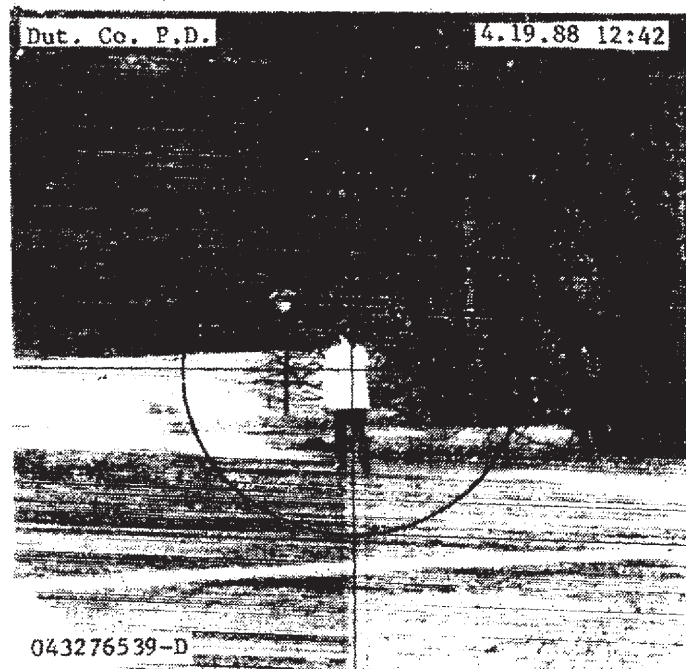
These could be your dogs, or your cats. No pet is safe from the evil machinations of the pet abuser. The culprits are known by all and yet nothing is done. Security turns a blind eye; the administration only persecutes the victims. Something must be done.

Biffy lives in a good home now. Occasionally she has flashbacks and bites a child or two but she's getting over that with the help of her therapist. This summer she will set out on a lecture tour of the East Coast to increase awareness of the pet abuse problem.

"It was an experience I never want to repeat. It's made me a much more serious sort of dog than I would like to be. I'm



Two of the unfortunate victims: velcro-butt and Rex



Michele Quill (Police File Photo) Masha Chausovsky



by a heartless master. She wandered the campus those summer months, lonely, depressed, suicidal, living off scraps she found in the garbage cans along Annandale road. Her coat became matted and full of burrs. She developed severe digestion problems because of her unstable diet. Then the fall came.

"When I first met Michele, I thought she was my savior. She fed me and cleaned me and gave me a warm place to sleep. But then after I had been with her about two weeks, it started. I could never go to sleep for fear she would come in and...do it to me again. I have seen the gates of Hell."

If there was someone in your family that was no good (deadbeats), someone who embarrassed you (deadbeats), someone who constantly took, but never gave (deadbeats)... If there was someone like that in your family (deadbeats), you'd do something wouldn't you? (Deadbeats). GAFL has someone like that in its family (deadbeats), and something was done about them (deadbeats). Experience has taught us not to make martyrs of our enemies (deadbeats), so leave them alone; don't give them money or matches (deadbeats), and don't encourage them to gamble and drink (deadbeats). Deadbeats- the

weak link in the great chain of capitalism.



still in my prime. I should be outside with the other dogs, but somehow I can't bear to play when I know such horrors exist in the world. It hurts me to see other dogs' puppies tumbling about in the grass, nipping at one another. I've been thinking about adoption, but I'm not sure what kind of mother I can be now."

If you would like to help, please send your tax-deductible contributions to: Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Brabant Road, Kingston, NY 12401 (914) 331-5377

The preceding has been a public service message from the Bard Observer and GAFL Unincorporated. The names of the guilty have not been changed in order that they may be completely degraded.



That's why they call it Bad Poetry

Twinkie, dear, I think of you each day as I'm waking;
my thoughts move fast, my wrist does too, and now my bed is shaking.

I hear your voice, I smell your scent, your name I often cry;
I see you jiggle wonderfully in the midst of my mind's eye.

My right hand clutches the baton with which I keep the beats
of my symphony of love to you on stained and stiffened sheets.

You know I've waited patiently, I'm dying for the thrill;
to lick your creamy innards out until I've had my fill.

I know you think that I'm a jerk, and jerk I often do;
I need to do something profound to show that I love you.

Dearest Twinkie, love of mine, grant me what I deserve;
a chance to slobber endlessly on each edible curve.

Twinkie, dear, you are my dream;
Spongy, blonde and filled with cream.

There are dead babies everywhere,
The stench is overpowering.
The man with his knife just stands there,
A dog in the corner lays cowering.

A dead baby in hand,
Blood dripping on the rug,
He wreaks havoc over the land and says,
"Reality is for those who can't handle drugs!"

Dead babies, yeah, dead babies,
Nobody seems to like dead babies,
But at least dead babies don't cry.

The cradle killer roams from home to home.
His mind is blown, he calls on the phone,
"Your babies will die, they're dead already!"
His mind is broken, his hands are steady.

He's present at every "had to" marriage,
He waits in his car for the 'weds to appear.
He just loves a good miscarriage
He runs them down, he knows no fear.

Dead babies, yeah, dead babies,
Nobody seems to like dead babies,
But at least dead babies don't get bad grades in school
and ask for money for a football uniform
and get pregnant
and become drug addicts
and kill their parents
and go to jail for the rest of their lives where they're beaten
and raped to death at the ripe age of seventeen!

The new one.
Another cold one.
Which one of us really lives?
Which has part of the answer?
Or is the answer somewhere in the middle, between us?
Everyone's worst mutual enemy picks at us and ticks steadily away.
In the quiet of the rooms.

(Simon will be glad, he thinks,
Though beneath it all he's really quite mad.)

She...her...why?
I can't.
One day it came that the right was not found near to.
Searching, doing. Not finding, not completing.
Always the backwards push from her.
The...shields she surrounds herself with.
I try.
Always the walls I build for myself...
Perhaps stronger than her pushes and shields. Wholly impenetrable.
Music was not the answer.
Poetry, no.
No, not prose.
Too much rejection and unwarranted good cheer.
Does she know? What does she know? What do I know?
I wish...are dreams no good if you can't hope to make them real?
Fantasies? Wishes...
Is she turning? Has she lost? Lost what?
Has she lost and I not gained anything?
Something.
A better outlook?
Can't say, won't ask.
I wish...we had both won.

O, dutiful for geisha's guys, for ample slaves of brain. For
double fountains fantasy upon the suitable main. O, Tarliman, o,
Tarliman, Nod beds its pace with me, and bounds my hood with
slumberwood from B to whining D.

And the caramel dropping fell upon the crystal cobalt sea,
And the spinning mucus came up and fell upon his knee.
Said he, "T'is not what I expected. This I did not see.
I don't wish to be protected. I only want to be me."

People calling all the time
When will they run out of dimes?

I had a little puppy dog
It wasn't very nice
It liked to bite me lots and lots
I think that it had lice

It followed me to school one day
School one...Oops, that's wrong
I better end this poem now
Before it gets too long

sorenes(cessarily
not the)
s,allinthe
(love he
misses.)

mind.
she exists only
(sometimes,) th
(most) er
(always)
e!

and yet here (so long ago this day)
is it your birthday
(of all days)
you will (go for GO) do what?
(aquario)

Big brown cow in my living room,
Get it out, get it out.
Need a derrick, need a boom,
Get it out, get it out.

It's spring and Melis
Sa is sitting on somebod
Y's lap. The leaves grow.

he bei dodu myn waw
deg disk. quokly silfosh und
yp whare bit dour hyadleg
qiour. ynd strange yiblowutz hyndreden
jirdoch luyk shaweng.

It's snowing outside.
Something I can't hide,
Strolling its way outside.
My soul opened wide.
Your answer I cannot abide.

Thieves are all around.
Thieves do abound.
They steal your chair,
They pull your hair.
They steal your paper,
Just another caper to them.

Balsa, Tulsa, glaucoma, jilt.
Elsa, hyena, influenza, guilt.

called the an
imals did
I tho I
had to wake
the rooster

He found a goat,
He slit its throat.
He ate the goat,
But not the throat.
He threw the throat in a moat.
The throat didn't float;
It's at the bottom of the moat.





NAME: Michael Damato
 POSITION: Editor-in-Chief
 ACTUAL POSITION: Guy with key to office, keeps usurpers in line
 MAJOR: Pre-law/polyscience
 POST-COLLEGE ASPIRATIONS: International terrorism, drummer for David Lee Roth or Def Leppard
 WORDS OF COLLEGIATE WISDOM: Monsanto incorpori glorious maximus copia. Albia jacta est.

NAME: Peter Stone
 POSITION: Managing Editor
 ACTUAL POSITION: Guy who hangs out with Mike
 MAJOR: Literature/Creative Writing (I got an 'A' on my project, suckers!)
 POST-COLLEGE ASPIRATIONS: Rubbing it in



NAME: vi
 POSITION: Production Editor and Laughing Man
 ACTUAL POSITION: Doorstop
 MAJOR: No clue
 POST-COLLEGE ASPIRATIONS: Invent waffles
 WORDS OF COLLEGIATE WISDOM: Have a day.



NAME: Daniel C.A. Hillman
 POSITION: Science Editor
 ACTUAL POSITION: Amiable misanthrope with a pen
 MAJOR: Psychology
 POST-COLLEGE ASPIRATIONS: Being a wildly successful writer of trashy novels
 WORDS OF COLLEGIATE WISDOM: College is the last chance you have to be irresponsible at the expense of someone else. Go sick.



NAME: Christopher Scott Martin
 POSITION: Photo Editor/Managing Editor
 ACTUAL POSITION: Guy who writes everything, does layout, bugs Mike about the fonts and sizes, acts as photocopy technician, takes all the pictures, and provides the rest of the staff with junk food
 MAJOR: Literature
 POST-COLLEGE ASPIRATIONS: To live with a woman who reminds me of someone else and not get her pregnant
 WORDS OF COLLEGIATE WISDOM: Keep your hands and feet inside at all times.

Todd S. Deh



GRADUATING OBSERVER STAFF

Daniel Hillman, Vi, Michael Damato, Christopher Scott Martin, and Pete Stone

continued from page 2
means someone deserved my scholarship more than I did, why have I been on the honor roll every semester since coming here?
If someone has questions about the program (like whether or not class size is taken into consideration), they should ask someone who knows. Admissions has information about the program. Just stop complaining about people who are finally getting what they deserve.
An EEC student

Dear Editor,
I'm pig biting mad about all of the jerks who want me to give them money just because I'm finally getting the hell out of this place. What's the deal? I worked my way through college busting my ass doing a thousand different jobs for people who treated me like shit because I went to Bard, and now they expect me to show my gratitude to this place just because escape seems inevitable? I say fuck 'em. I'm not forking over my hard-earned money for any stupid class gift just because some people get sentimental. And what's the deal with this tent party? Should I pay money just to buy beer for a bunch of assholes I never liked who've been annoying me for the last four years? The hell with that, I'm gonna buy a couple of beers and drink with the people who actually meant something to me these last few years. What I'm trying to get at is that I think these "traditions" are just a way to sucker money out of me which I'll never see again. Seriously, who keeps track of where this money goes? I didn't vote for these peckerheads, I don't even know who they are. Why should I trust them with my money when I don't know where theirs is. Doesn't it seem strange to anyone in my class that the person who blew the most amount of money on stupid shit at the Bard auction is now in charge of our money? Gee, I sure feel secure giving my money to her, when she doesn't know what the word "receipt" means. I think I've made my point. I'm not paying any money and you can't make me.
(name withheld by request)

Dear Pig-Biter,
Although your craven inarticulateness leads one to believe you were raised by misanthropic barbarians, you do make a legitimate point that a disproportionate amount of the class elected the officers in charge, and that there is no system for tracking funds for the senior class activities. We'd like to offer a challenge to each side. We'd like every contributing class member to drop us a note describing the amount of money they've contributed and to which officer. At the same time, we'd like each officer to drop us a quick note indicating how much money they've received, how much of that money has been spent, and copies of all receipts they've spent it on. We're not accusing anybody, but we'd like to see if these numbers acci-

dentally coincide. To take an editorial stance, we'd like to suggest that no one pay their class dues unless you're sure that it's going to a cause you support. In other words, if you don't like the idea of your money going to buy trees for a campus full of them, just say no when the officers come a-beggin'.

Dear Editor,
Hitler's brain is alive inside a jar and is running the computer center. How come these fascists seem so concerned with keeping "their" equipment out of the hands of students? Specifically, I'm talking about the restricted use of the daisy-wheel printer. This printer is only available when the directors (say "Fuhrers") are in residence. Ideally, this means Monday through Friday, nine to five. But in actuality, this minuscule amount of time is reduced by the fact that they're always running out to some business meeting or something in Kingston. Try finding these people on Friday afternoon. What's more, when I printed out my senior project, they forced me to stop so they could go to lunch. I suppose they'd shit a cinder block if I printed out a term paper while they were at lunch. When you think about it, it seems appropriate that Bonnie's office is separated from the work-pit by that big window. In the computer center's dream world, the computer center is filled with state-of-the-art stuff that we're invited to look at, like a fucking Norman Rockwell painting, but God forbid that we touch it. I'd like the Observer to give the Hendersons a call and check if they know how their center is being run. As supporters of the Zionist movement, I'm sure they'd be surprised to find that Adolph is running their center under their name.
Bitter Student

Dear Bitter Student,
We sympathize with your plight. At press-time, however, the Hendersons were unavailable for comment. We went to talk to somebody at the computer center, but they were at a meeting in Kingston.

Dear Editors,
I think you're doing an incredible job. At a school where asses are considered to be elbows, you guys have demonstrated a surprising talent for cutting through the bullshit.
But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you may feel free to do so if you wish), I'm writing to vent my frustration about room draw.
How many new freshman next year? Three hundred sixty!? Jesus! Where are they gonna live?
Seems there are already problems stemming from the large freshman class last year. Doubles in Tewksbury were the choice of several reluctant sophomores and juniors this year. Screams of frustration echoes across the campus on the night of room draw. It wasn't a pretty sound.

The new dorms have not solved any problems. Rather, students who had to put up with triples last semester have still found themselves stuck in doubles next year. After all the humiliation and heartache, they looked forward to something very simple: their own private room. Instead they were whisked back to those days of yesteryear when they had to share a room with a younger brother or sister. Remember how they would always borrow your comic books and stick the pages together with jelly?

I haven't asked Shelley about this as I am writing to beat the Observer's deadline, but I'm sure she would say the situation is only temporary and that it will surely get much better over the summer, what with students who decide to transfer and students who decide just not to come back and students who commit suicide. But what about the incoming freshmen? Every year the class is bigger and every year there's a housing problem.

Why put up with it? Either build a new dorm that will take up the slack or stop admitting so many students. But that would be too logical. Even if a new dorm were built, someone would marvel at all the room there was and admit a hundred more students.

Who's to blame? Admissions? Housing? Leon? The answer is D, none of the above. Ask any one of these groups or persons and they will say it's someone else. Actually, in the case of Leon, he'll talk to you for a half hour and you'll come away knowing less than you did before.

Just like everything else at Bard, the housing situation will never attain any sort of stasis other than a chaotic one.

A sophomore trapped in the Tewks-zone again.

Dear sophomore,
I did talk to Shelley and you are partly right, she did promise that many students would drop out or transfer. But she also said she didn't think the freshman class would be any larger than three hundred students. This may not seem like that much of a difference, considering that Tewksbury is nearly full already, but as you said, Bard has had the same problem since time immemorial. So far, there have been no violent administrative takeovers by students. The college, with all its faults, will still be here long after you're gone.

You are incorrect on another point--there are no juniors stuck in Tewks. It has only happened to a few unlucky sophomores-to-be. Your turn will come. When you're a lofty senior you'll be able to read about freshmen's complaints about room draw in

the Bard Observer and hark back to the days of yesteryear when you used to worry about stuff like that.

So just be cool and put in for a room change.

By the way, thank you for the compliment.

Dearest B.O. folks,

The instrumental version of "Papa Was A Rolling Stone"?! Which one! The 1971 original instrumental or the 1984 "13 Years & Counting Celebration" 12" single release of "Papa Was A Rolling Stone (Hyper Dance Floor Remix)"/"Papa Was A Rolling Stone (Instrumental/Reggae Dub)"? Huh? Huh? Which one? Huh?

P.S. Selmont was right; nice piece.

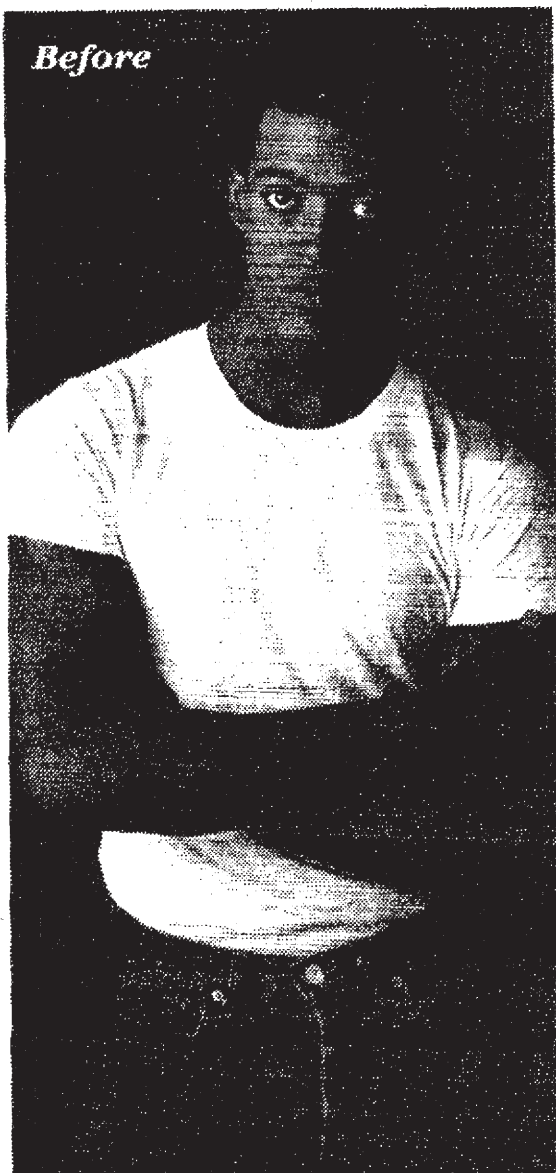
P.P.S. Bambi was better (much better?)

P.P.P.S. (isn't that the name of the college's vice-president?) "Endorsing a Candidate"--Awesome 1st paragraph. But please --many people here base their voting choices on methods dangerously similar to your immature attempt at cheap laughs. That shouldn't be endorsed, nor should not exercising one's right to vote (privilege? --look at South America or most of the rest of the 3rd world --functionally most of your "rights" should be considered privileges.) Whether or not your vote counts for much in the current elections is debatable, but, by voting, you continue the mandate for "the right to vote". As I parenthetically mentioned above, that right, a very modern practice, is still very fragile, and as someone in our history (or my mind) said, "Vigilance in the defense of liberty is no vice" or some such swelled-chested twaddle. No need to encourage cheap revolutionaries of military juntas; especially with the Reagan (the great white junta?) packed, new-look, Supreme Court. (I digress--I hallucinate! I even go for cheap laughs.)

P.S.S.S (a new approach) I think (hint: opinion) the photo of Liesl Beneke (top right, photo pages) is a better choice for "Woman of Bard". The loading of the darkness in the lower third of the photo lends the appropriate Drama/Dance gloominess. The instrument presents a message of creativity, intelligence. The concentration in the face is determination. The paisleys in the light project vivacity, smiles, splashes of sun in shimmering hair... Give the "Bard Woman" a break. She should be represented by more than a well-composed fashion/trigonometry-as-art shot. (P.S.S.S. is merely a statement of opinion and is not really meant to slander Mr. Reid's obvious ability with a camera. So nobody come up to me in the Commons and pour coffee over my head! Rational discussion is, however, welcomed. (Exception: Dorothea--you can pour coffee over my head anytime (sounds like an "Observer classified" don't it?)

Done stealing space,
Seth Hollander





You Won't Notice Any Difference, But Your Country Will.

Some young men are confused about Selective Service registration. They sometimes confuse registration with the draft or with enlisting for military service. The fact is, registration is *not* the same as either of those.

Registration is simply a way of maintaining a list of names which could save our country six vital weeks in responding to a national emergency. And registration is a requirement for federal student loans, job training benefits and most federal employment.

The five minutes you spend filling out a simple form at the post office won't change you. In fact, registration won't make *you* any different. But it *will* make a difference to your country.

**When you turn 18, register with Selective Service.
It's quick. It's easy. And it's the law.**

A public service message of this publication and Selective Service System.

Life

continued from page 5

13. "Heat included" does not mean "Heat guaranteed."

14. Toothpaste will cover up holes in plaster, but only small ones.

15. Eat good meals. Greasy burgers take their toll.

16. Buy good stuff. It lasts longer.

17. If you don't like your job, quit. Otherwise, shut up.

18. Soon people your own age will be having children and buying garbage disposals. Learn to fake an interest in both.

19. If you get invited to a wedding, send a gift. Otherwise, don't expect a crowd when your turn comes.

20. There is no such thing as a self-cleaning oven.

21. The only thing worse than asking someone how much money they make is telling them how much you make.

22. Be nice to the little people. You are still one of them.

23. Your feet will continue to grow. Be willing to go up a shoe size.

24. Shower curtains are replaceable.

25. You are going to need silverware.

26. Never assume that the telephone company is working in your best interest.

27. Never date someone you work with. Especially the boss.

28. Singles bars get more out of you than you get out of them. Go, but know what you are getting into.

29. No one sells a car because it runs too well.

30. At some point in your life, your family will be all you have. Treat them right.

31. Everybody is lonely at some point in life. At least you will have company in that. Learning to deal with it is part of growing up. It's not the pretty part.

HOROSCOPES

AQUARIUS

The age of Aquarius is over. Get a real sign.

SCORPIO

You will find a cobra in a box of Cracker Jacks. Buy a Hershey bar instead. Someone close to you will move far away and someone far away will move closer to you. Someone right in the middle will stay where they are. But what do you care? You're ignorant and bitter--you always have been.

GEMINI

You will be seduced today by your idea of the perfect lover. Don't worry about the feelings of others; it's time you worried about your own. Look out for words and names beginning with the letter "K". Your lucky number is 8.

ARIES

All you friends betray you today. Proper use of your Uzi can prevent some disloyalty, but it will not safeguard you from social diseases.

CANCER

A friend of yours will commit suicide today and blame it on you. They will be right.

CAPRICORN

You should avoid being Catholic today. It only annoys your friends and those who would like to sleep with you.

LIBRA

You will be confused with singing legend Sid Vicious today. Keep balloons handy to stab your girlfriend--using a knife got Sid in so much shit.

VIRGO

Your hair may get caught in a mixmaster if you keep just watching the stuff go around and around. You need to act and act now. Also, beware of Ozzie fans outside your window and Whitesnake on your stereo.

TAURUS

Showering will be important today, but beware of cutting yourself shaving. You move too fast. Slow down and let your brain work properly. Face it, they named a station wagon after you for a reason.

LEO

Beware of flying bullets. A friend of yours may think you are trying to assassinate him. Also beware of being dropped off on a planet with a red sun.

SAGITTARIUS

If you are male, today will bring a new beginning to your life. Everyone will respect your ideas; and believe in you. The future will become clear as destiny unfolds for you. On the downside your best friend will try to assassinate you.

If you are female, all the social diseases that you have avoided for the past three years will finally catch up with you. That balding professor you've been sleeping with is going to die between your legs.

PISCES

You seem to be obsessed with small plastic discs. This is not a good way for nice Jewish boy to spend his life. Why couldn't you collect stamps?

Observer Classifieds

Personals

To the three naked girls on the Potter fire escape: I didn't look because I didn't want to be ill.

A late reply to the distracted Physiological Psychology Student: maybe you should see a professional about your obsession with pens. --The Blonde PS. Happy Graduation.

Rick, remember it's men and women. --the pseudo-feminist

To the extroverted 19-year-old feminist future businesswoman: I don't think your hair color is like your mom's but then again, I don't know your mom.

JG & DC, I'll miss you when you're gone. --L

Lisa, in which instances does perkiness not preclude horniness? --You know who

Dear Blonde, you make my life worth living. If I am dreaming, may I never awaken. If I am awake, may I never sleep.

Dear Lookalikes, sorry to inform you that you don't look anything alike. One of you is a knockout, and the other has a nice personality.

Katharos, if someday on a wet cobblestone street, under a lonely streetlight, we met and we kissed, would you flinch?

C.L., _____, un____. Don't sweat it; my ear will only be 4 hrs. away. --L

Stacey, now you are who you always wanted to be: Madonna. My idol. --me

Tell me soon, what kind of penetration is best for you? --Hip to be skinned

Vilolia, I never saw you before today, but I know I must see more of you. When I have you naked on my bed and you begin to stroke my (portion expurgated by editor) helium. I just thought you might like to know. --the guy who was staring at you

Dear CSW, happy birthday early!! Love, Acceber and Noslip

To the SFES: Thank God you're graduating.

Dear "Fuzzy Stallion", the fuzz has gone out of our lives and left us with lint. --Anna

Dear Lands End Lady, sorry you remind me of somebody else. You are the fire that fuels the fantasy that an ordinary guy could order from your catalog. If the order form is ever free let me know. Alternatively, if there's ever a going out of business sale, I'd love to buy the stock, restructure, and get into your business. From me to you, with love.

G & J, the horse is in the ????. Happy Birthday early. Love, A.

Michael, may Moma forever guide you in your search for happiness and Pete Kuhns.

vi, I'll be missing you. Have fun out there. --another shy fan

Dear another shy fan, I'm sure I'll miss you as well, whoever the hell you are. --vi

Tyrone's roommate, stop acting like an asshole for once in your life.

You say love, but you don't mean it. Thus confusion is born. Do me a favor, just say "Yo".

To the beautiful hot Egyptian-type Jew dude with two first names of Tewks in a leather jacket: I simply drip for you, babe. I have your initials tattooed on my inner thigh. A look from you is worth all the tea in Sri Lanka. Do you like it with cream? I do. --Thirsty for You

Do you like peanuts and vodka, and riding home on the train, and the feel of love lotion, and the sound of reggae? If you like making love in public with a big hairy ape, then you're the lady I've looked for--come with me and escape.

Wanted: young man, single and free. Experience in love preferred, but will accept a young trainee.

To Frick, Frack, Tweedle-Dee, Tweedle-Dum, DingDong and Oogle-Eye: It's been an amusing semester. Have a great summer!

All I want is an honest man, all I want is a quiet man... A straightforward and honest man... and if occasionally he'd ponder... what makes Shakespeare and Mozart great... him I could love till I die.

Young slut desires well-hung freshman. Duties include reading poetry, giving blood, and finding new and exciting uses for rubber cement, Pam, and industrial washing machines. Please be familiar with plucking and the use of stripping combs.

To my Ushkabuga: God, I love to look into your eyes. I love it even more when our bodies meet. The caresses and kisses and sensations we share are heavenly. And we've shared alot together. We still have much to share and to learn about. The love we share for each other will transcend the miles and months that separate us. --From me

I M female. I M single. I M attractive. I M intelligent. I M interested in a brief but passionate affair with a graduating senior. I M not interested in U.

Dear Has More Fun, peroxide embargo coming on. Better buy a hat.

Dear Guess Who, you arise quickly, peak prematurely, and run to get your clothing back on. Two minute wonders I could do without. Love, Big Boy.

Christopher, take back what you said or you'll never see your original copy of "Seaside Woman" by Suzy and the Red-stripes again. I thought you was a nice guy, but you ain't no nice guy. You ain't no nice guy! --Benjamin

Dear Fellow Senior, nothing ever ends. Learn to live with it.

Dear Mike & vi, I'll miss you guys next year. Who's gonna entertain me on Tuesday afternoons? I can't even juggle! Good luck, and all that cliched garbagem! --Love, D.

Yo Bloods! Intense layouts. Completely fresh. We be havin' a ball. I be proud you all. Word. --Colors Colors

Cucumber, looking for vegetable garden to roost in. Will bring Thousand Island dressing.

Ken, Mike, Rebecca, and Stacy: You guys give up too easily. Foreign Utopias Censure Kings. Yesterday Otherwise Unglued.

P y D, si lo tenga, muevelo! --yo

Dear Has more fun, you'll never know until you try it!! --the other half

vi, you are one of the funniest, most "entertaining" people I know! --D.

D., thank you very much for saying so, but it hasn't gotten me very far, has it? And what do the quotes around entertaining mean? --vi

Dear Learning, who's learned more this semester, you or me? It's been fun, it's been interesting. I'm mildly confused, and nothing I write ever says what it should. War & Peace is over. --o.t.e.

Poit-Poit-Poit-Poit-Poit? Ah-ha!

Dear Lllama, you got two, we got eight. Absinthe has one, ain't we great? P.S. All you Xerox copy-heads suck!

Dear M, I win, you lose. If the key don't fit, don't use it.

Everybody, a day without Cor-mac is like a day without... uh...asphalt?

Dear Keith, it's easy to get the sign, the real fun is putting it back. P.S. they replaced the tractor crossing. Should we get this one? Or leave it for the next generation? Nice working with you. Rock steady. --Mike

Odette & Lori, Fester & I will miss you next semester! Who else would want to live with us!?!? --D.

Dear vi, you look like Charlie Manson. --A shy fan

D, why can't you own up to the fact that it was one of the best nights you'd had all semester, instead of masking it with superficial "hello"s? Too bad your p__s isn't as big as your ego.

Dear other half, are you sure you have what you want? How do you know when you have it? What does it take to make a person happy? I'm still wondering. --Look-alike

To Pursuer of Catwoman: reveal yourself and if the timing is right...Purrrrr.

Jan, thanks for the great friendship! I'll miss you terribly, but I know we'll keep in touch. In the meantime, here are Things to Remember: meals in the Commons shaking our heads, Spring Break with me and the B-man, cheese-n-crackers, Oreos, "the Experiment", Bitches and Dudes, Seminar, Mr. GR man, Kingston Mall, catalogues, Rock-n-Roll, and our very own Shack in a Ditch, Wembley Square. Can't you at least say you've learned from it all? Love, Angela.

Seniors: what ever happened to the American Express card with the penis? Where is his jeep? Oh, Cortland, where are you now? I hope Daddy gave you a good job.

Seniors: what ever happened to that human wishbone, Pilar? Who's spreading her apart, making a wish now? Boston? God, I miss that sign over her door, "Billions and billions served." Who loves ya baby? Everyone.

Donald and the food service: Fuck you all, I'm out of here and you didn't kill me. Ha ha ha, I win! When I'm rich and famous, all of you are going to pay, 'cuz Weasel Face don't ever forget.

Dear Laughing Man, Taipan, Guy Who Hangs Out With Mike, Hoser, Sparky, Crow, and Swan, it's been Hell, but it was Hell anyway. Can't say it hasn't been Hell. It's hard to admit, but what the Hell, I love you guys. I'll miss you and it'll be Hell without you. Maybe someday we'll meet in Hell. So Hell, don't forget to keep in touch. --CSCM (from Hell)

Joe, will I ever get to drink my orange liqueur? --D.

Lost And Found

Found: A book of poetry, "A Question of Survival" by Richard Moore. Claim at the Computer Center work/study station.

Sales And Services

Stop paying big money for phone sex! For the price of one call, you will become a member for an entire month and call as much as you want! (214)358-7500. No callbacks! No credit card needed! MC/Visa. Privacy assured.

For sale: pair women's hiking boots, size 8 or thereabouts-\$5; 4 sheets Kodak 11x14" printing paper-\$1; 22 oz. Edwal FG-7 film developer-\$5; Polaroid OneStep Land Camera, BC series-\$2. Contact Christopher Scott Martin through campus mail or at GAFL, Tewks 219.

Wanted To Buy

Submissive man. I'll pay any price as long as you remember that it'll be coming out of your hide. Send SASE and a sample of your soiled underwear to Agneta, Box 666, Beverly Hills, CA.

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The members of the Admission Staff (Karen, Mary, Bonnie, Roger, Daphne, Yvonne, Pat, Jan, Jane, and Terese) would like to thank all of the members of the Bard Community who helped to make OPEN HOUSE '88 (the largest ever) the wonderful success that it was, and we're still taking those "lovable, creative" types.

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\$10,000 TRIVIA ANSWER

The answer to our big expensive trivia question, "How many words are there in the instrumental version of 'Papa Was A Rolling Stone' is zero. And that's exactly the number of people who sent us answers. The \$10,000 has been donated to the National Institute of Mental Health to research a cure for Blondophobia, the fear of waking up blonde.



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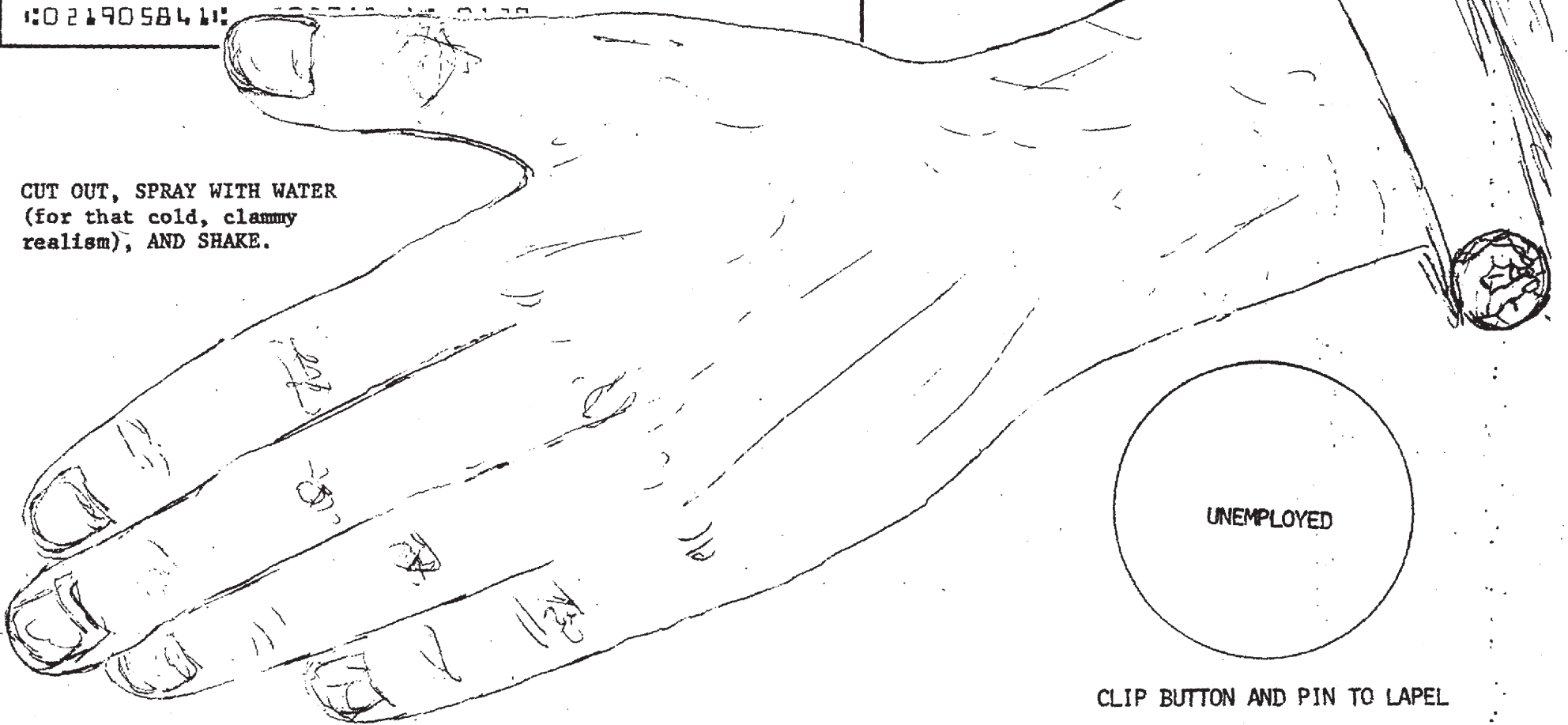
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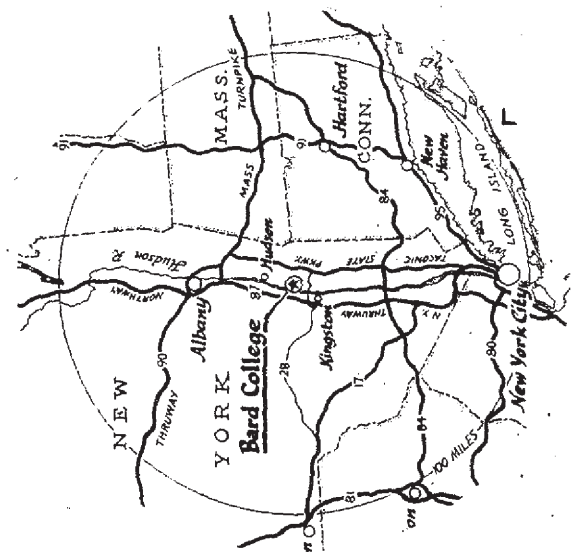
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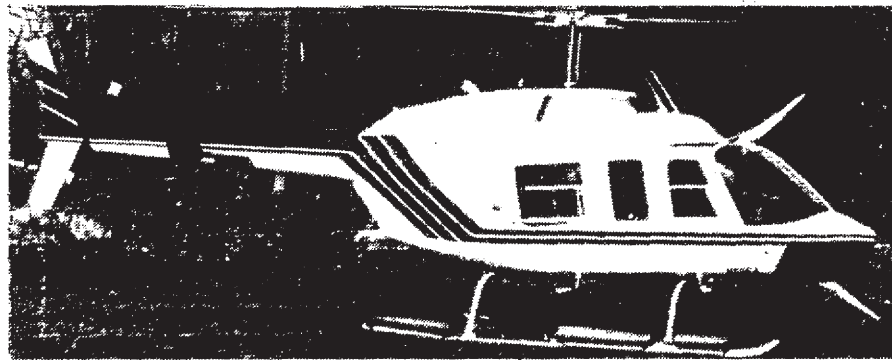
The Bard Observer

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Observer News Helicopter.



\$70,000: You Didn't Have to Spend it all in one Place

by Dan Hillman
If you're a senior, on Saturday, May 28th, Leon will put a rolled-up paper in your left hand and shake your right. A photographer will record the moment. Then, except for some nostalgic musings, you're out of here. That's it, no more, end of the line, splitsville, goodbye, and take off, you hosers. It's over and you can never come back again without seeming like a sentimental drip.

Then, one day, perhaps a week later, or maybe never, you'll realize that somebody paid close to \$70,000 for that rolled-up paper. You'll examine that photograph and truly see it for the first time.

You'll see a picture of Leon hiding the smallest of smiles as he hands you, the naive one with the ear-to-ear grin, a piece of paper that cost about ten cents to photocopy. It is at this moment that your education will be complete. Suddenly you'll stop and realize that \$70,000 equals:

8,750,000 french fries from MacDonalds.
1,296,296 lubricated condoms at bulk rate. If you started using them from the day you turned 16 until you died at age 80 you'd have to don 55 every day to wear them all before you died (a very tired person with a very big smile).
403,846 ping pong balls.
280,000 45 rpm records from GAFL, Uniac.

38,347 pints of Guinness in a Dublin pub for the last four years.
10,000 movies in New Line.

with plane tickets to get there and back.
31,111 copies of Ms. magazine at the newsstand price. A working knowledge of the latest issue makes any Neandratthal sound liberated.

28,000 yo-yos. The kind you play with, not the kind you'll soon be working for.
17,543 sets of plastic vomit. Neat idea, but stacked in their cases, they would make a pile roughly four times the height of Stone Row. Pretty scary, huh?

4,666 concert tickets. Invite your friends! What the heck, take half of Red Hook to see your favorite band.

4,129 Entry passes for Disneyland. You could go there every day for almost 11 years and all the people waiting in line.

10,238 large cheese pizzas from Village Pizza in Red Hook. That's 4018 square feet of cheesy goodness, or roughly enough to carpet every room on the first floor of Tewksbury and the Kline Commons lounge.

10,071 deluxe rubber chickens. Just like the ones you've been eating for the last four years.

10,000 movies in New Line.

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1,093 pounds of marijuana at current campus rates. This amount is not based on bulk discount.

437.5 pounds of mushrooms at current campus rates. Much cheaper than flying in a plane and you don't even have to eat the food.

314 of Leon's bow ties at the going auction rate. Perfect for covering up that scar where they tried to cut off your head.

291 cases of good scotch. No one actually drinks the stuff, but keep a bottle in your desk at all times for that "private investigator" look.

194 years of cable television. Watch MTV 'til your eyes bleed!

93 pilgrimages to Graceland from NYC. Elvis is everywhere, but his body rots at Graceland. Videotape it with AppleWorks.

0 copies of this Don't forget stock up on newspaper. The Bard Love Me Tender Shampoo. Observer, like happiness, SEs with 20 Meg hard drives and Imagewriter II printers. Salute Yuppie, compute Yuppie.

17 Yugos.
14 college educations at SUNY. I'm not gonna touch this one.

14 hammers from United States government suppliers. Remember this when you start paying taxes.

10.51 tons of Doritos. (Attention Art majors: A ton is 2,000 pounds.)

3.68 years of education at Harvard Law School.

3.38 miles of records from the \$4 bin at Record World laid end-to-end. Sure, it's a pretty stupid use for records, but think about the average person you see in Record World.

2 slightly used Jaguars. They break down often, and they're pretentious. Sounds good to me.

1 ambulance. Great for those informal get-togethers!

1 Lotus Esprit turbo. Just the thing for your new job at the local Burger King.

1 modest two-bedroom Cape Cod in a suburb of any city.

1 Range Rover. 4-wheel-drive vehicle of the gods. Even Queen Elizabeth II has one.

1 Salvation Army store's contents. Why that's enough polyester to clothe everyone in Kingston!

.4 percent of a spanking-new Cray-2 at supercomputer. Great for the folks at home.

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