Front Page
Interview with Stephen Nelson
Christopher Martin
Photograph
Observer Kicks Ass
Beer Counselors
Alexis Carlson

Page 2
Editorials
Letters To The Editor
[“... Loud political fanatic with shot black hair and glasses...”]
Daniel Bohn
[“... Succeeded in making fairly little sense... Your ravings.”]
[“Special note to Mr. Bohn from the Production Editor:...”]
[“... Hearing people cut down the EEC program and tell...”]
An EEC Student
[“... All the jerks who want me to give them money...”]
[“... No system for tracking funds for the senior class activities.”]
[“... The restricted use of the daisy-wheel printer.”]
[“... The Hendersons were unavailable for comment.”]
[“... You’re doing an incredible job.”]
A Sophomore
Trapped In The Tewks-
Zone Again
[“... Didn’t think the freshman class would be any larger than...”]
[“The instrumental version of ‘Papa Was A Rolling Stone’!...”]
Seth Hollander

Page 3
The Weasly Selmont’s Article
Ges Selmont

Page 4
New Course Registration Is Success
Remaining Curriculum Ignored
Christopher Martin
Photograph
Funk You
Daniel Hillman
Photograph

Page 5
Journalism Program At Bard
Haunted Computers
Bard in Libya
Life After College

Page 6
Ex Your Ex
National Stroke Month
Reader’s Digeression Presents:
Drama in Genuine Life

Page 7
Photograph
Damato Elected Student Body President
Events in the Hudson Valley

Page 8
Volcano Erupts
Photograph
Gee, No... Jeeps
Advertisement

Page 9
Bestiality at Bard
Christopher Martin
Photographs

Page 10
That’s Why They Call It Bad Poetry

Page 11
Drawings
Profiles
Photograph

Page 13
Horoscopes

Page 14
Advertisements
$10,000 Trivia Answer

Page 15
Do-It-Yourself Graduation Kit

Page 16
The Bard Observer
Evil Twin Issue
$70,000: You Didn’t Have to Spend it all in one Place
Dan Hillman
Photographs
Interview with Stephen Nelson

On Friday, May 13, all students were expelled from campus. The students were allegedly to have been dealing drugs.

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 11 p.m. 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 16th, 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, 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 involved. They had been warned previously.
SN: I had heard that they had been warned not to deal any hard drugs, and that marijuana was not exactly condoned, and was not included in the warning.
OB: I never said that. I did not give a laundry list of what we were talking about, but what we were clearly talking about was that warning was given was illegal drugs.
OB: Of any kind.
SN: Rights.
OB: Why were the students expelled this weekend? At the end of the semester, with only three weeks to go, rather than earlier?

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 combated the fears of the Planning Committee that we could not meet our deadlines. We tried our hand at investigative journalism, we got interesting class lectures, 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 working with one idea could accomplish anything.

by Christopher Martin

OBER KICKS ASS

As long as they believed in themselves and the basic ethic 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 do with this; I am this revolutionary woman 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 anything, does she have a backbone? Find me a dead cat; and rule #1, NEVER leave the door open." (Clip and save these handy sayings for the real world.)

Amos Willey will be taking over as Taipan in her junior year.

To the new pioneers (say "Puppets of Satan") we wish all the success in the world and hope you have a very interesting story coming responses from the apathetic lambs that this paper reaches.

BEER COUNSELORS

After interviewing approximately sixty candidates, nine new peer counselors were selected for the 88-89 year. Congratulations to Michelle Berger, Monique Dyan, Ruth Goldberg, Sallie Heger, Jennifer Klein, Courtney Lee, Greg Cusley, and Esther Schwartz. Alternates are Jonna Hood, Danielle Costanzo, Kay Van Der Hiel, Susan Sullivan, Cathy Mangianele, Harman Awan, and Colleen Blackwell.

Steve Nelson and Shelley Morgan have brought some changes to the counseling system. Each peer counselor candidate was required to participate in a group problem-solving session. 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. Students also added an peer counselor evaluation session to the program. Residents of each current PC for a discussion were asked to complete an evaluation form about their PC. Steve and Shelley will be evaluating the PC's performance at the end of the year. The PC's 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!
To the Editors,

This is to the loud political fanatic with short, black hair and glasses who wrote an article 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 conference in Mr. Shukov. 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. Shukov was to defend his country’s policies. You should have read the flyer before attending 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.” As Mr. Shukov said, “I have come to expect that; the Americans are always double-conscious. I, however, have not come to expect behavior such as yours. That you failed to realize that Mr. Shukov 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 make any article about that which you know nothing about and even attend learning? Probably not, but when you were not interested in writing. You were interested in Pied-Plates by Han Rather. Moreover, in that respect, you did a good job. Your constant whining about having nothing to report to everyone except your cronies. 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, presumably even made eye contact. Was your shirt that interesting to play with it constantly while speaking? To put it bluntly, you were embarrassing. I felt called upon to apologize to Mr. Shukov who indicated that he had used it to this sad occasion that he should have to tolerate such treatment. Had Mr. Shukov just made a press release and had you been in the midst of a zoo like pack of reporters, your behavior would have been egregious. 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 hard 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 discussing.

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 importance of being 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 your guys I would have done it out of principle. Sorry (suggestion time to correct. Sorry vs.)

Dear Mr. Bohn,

Once again you have succeeded in making your little sense in the course of your little note. 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 it will have to base my response solely on your letter, in the absence of knowledge about Mr. Shukov’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 utter separate contemporary literature from political concerns. In my reading, I have found that the current literary movement is often in a political context. 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 hypochrystical. Your overzealousness has aroused many a one of us. Why must you rant (be it on paper) to the gross masses that you have no point? You cannot make a simple point without getting out of hand? You yourself say, "Excuse me for getting carried away," so you realize it at least, you still do it. Is it possible for you to put pen to paper (fingers to key board) without such inefficient andbungled 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 you had been in to be used for one of the other things 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 when I wouldn’t have done it out of principle.

(Special note to Mr. Bohn from the Production Editor: Thank you for not accepting our invitation. Our 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 distraction 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 ECC program and tell me that the requirement is discriminatory. ECC scholarship program is providing scholar\hspace{0.1cm}ships for people from low-income families. The ECC 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 ECC applications. You would be amazed at some of the things these students have done and achieved. I am aware that the fact that everyone here who is under the right requirements is eligible for the scholarship.

It’s also about time some people got around to giving those 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.

For the people giving those students in rural communities an advantage over those living in urban areas, how many people will oppose it? I happen to come from a small town. Just because my graduating class is 136 instead of 500 or 800 doesn’t mean I didn’t work as hard for my grades. The ECC 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 continued on page 12.
Interview

continued from page 1

of moving, or having somebody else buying from heaven, for instance. That is a rather troublesome, the worst case scenario being a benison kind of thing. Somebody gets an extra strong drug or something that works on some person, leads to death or permanent debilitating. Knowingly, we believe we knew about the two of them, not to mention at least 20 or so others we had never leave other students present. We've done this for three years. There's the obvious question of, 'Well don't you get from someone who you're not a yes, but we don't always kno that somebody gets them from us, and in the same way, where there's some kind of, you know to believe they are dealing, but we don't feel you're a sort of debilitating injury due to some substance that is not there yet. At this time, people like this could come back to tell us. But I want to believe the college, that they don't have the person's casual and my son or daughter is now dead or is in a coma, or has been permanently scrambled brain," which can be a death trip. We didn't want to think they were claimed as being irresponsible by somebody's family member. There might have happened if there was no one to persist one more day? At that point there were quite clearly our belief that the situation was not to be the course of action, we action.

OR: It has been the understanding of the students body that the administration, for the most part, is not interested in our activities and the individu- ual is not to be implicated in the administration, not to be responsible for what happened in the two students. OR: There was a rumor that there were state police. This was a minor handled matter. We honestly do not know about that information. We were not involved with any of the students. OR: There were state police. This was a major handled matter. We honestly do not know about that information. We were not involved with any of the students.

SN: I'm not going to say "two students." So if you're going to say "two students," 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 do it, even if the individu- ual is not named—such as the situation through the mod. However, I don't want to be in the position of not being able to say some things that we would be reflexive to say 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 policy," or that. I don't want to be in the situation of saying "This is what will be the situation." I can't do this because then we are making ourselves into a corner with that. So I do think that I will be communicating via memo. We met with the Peer Counselor- officers of the administration, with the Tweedy resident advisor, Tonight-Shepherd Morgan and I. We have made the other to go meet with any other group of students, or to another person, or to another wise man who want to talk with us about this, so it isn't as though we aren't making ourselves available. I don't need to say "Here for the good of the people." I think it is correct to correct some of the rumors and if the people in the office can the Observer can help that. So we were involved on Friday night, to our knowledge no one was on campus, we don't know that they aren't but we have no firm information in that way. We are not going to talk with the information to local authorities in order to have this to be something more than a rumor. It will happen by those who are on their own and not because of anything we did. We can't speak on them. In addition, we are also not going to make the information public. Those are the sort of rumor clarification, but you will, is that we're trying to do by meeting with the Peer Counselors. Our whole point is to say what our policies are on alcohol and use of drugs. We're working on a revised policy that think in some ways will be more clear, not for it to be something more than a rumor, but just so it's more clear. It will be more specific about the sale of drugs vs. the use of drugs and how those things will be treated. The issue is in the way in which things will be treated. 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 know about this 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 that. I've tried the best I could to improve the quality of life on campus for students, to make the community begin to feel itself as a community, and I don't want this incident to throw cold water on the work of too many people, including students who have worked too hard to begin to turn that around. That to me is the important thing that happened. If we let something like this prevent us from happening, destroy a working relationship or isolate people, then we set back that and it would be unfortunate to see that there are things that can be done differently to make life better for people, whether that's getting more counseling service, whether that's getting better health care on campus, whether that's opening the gymnasium, whether that's trying to upgrade eating halls and make life in the dorms better, whether that's working toward a new student's center down this road. Those are the things that I want to do. I don't want to be forced to start talking about the personal aspects of students. There's no big brother thing. When something like the Weasly Selmont's Article

by Sue Selmont

As far as I know there are no fire drills in Albee, it's a good thing, too, because the fire doors are operable by a combination and are not made heavier for safety reasons. The furniture is not made to be obstructed in the storage. The furniture is not made to be obstructed in any way in the day; however, at night it is almost impossible to maneuver your way through the doors. The smoke detectors do not contain new batteries. There are none of this is Bic's fault. It is all due to the Administration's pre-occupation with sending out glossy fliers adver- tising the college, rather than the actual environment for the students to live in.

Quiz-In three years, what will people say about the
Administrators? What will they say about the
Directors of Security? b) Good meals in the Com-

An answer-A tie, three Directors, long hours, three "Parents Day" break- fasts.

Why only three? In both cases because you get what you pay for. Art Otey seems to be a wonderful, frustrating, trusted guy unless things change. He needs more Security personnel. How many times have you gone to return keys and found the office empty, and the person there is not even a stenographer? The office should be staffed every day by a professional dispatcher who is qualified to give emergency calls to the proper agencies, and a police officer who should know the students if they weren't forced to quit a long time ago because he was a horrible low wage.
New Course Registration Is Success

Remaining Curriculum Ignored

by Christopher Martin

For the first time in the history of the Col-
lege, there were no lines anywhere on Registration
Day. The reason for this was the new course
Alfred Hitchcock's "Disap-
ppeared in Fun And Men-
tal Profit."

Professors showed up at
their offices the next day on
the 18th—some early, some
later—expecting to have to
fight their way to their
doors through crowds of
impatient, sweaty stu-
doners. Instead, they
walked through empty
ballrooms, through obstruc-
ted doorways, and sat
waiting behind their desks
for six hours—waiting for
students who never came.

"Three students signed
up for my course on
the 18th," said Ammy
Wilson, Head Registrar. "One of
them filled out an Irreg-
ular Course Form and took
five classes.

"No," said Ammy.

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

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

"Thank God they did,"
said James Carson.
"I had taken five cours-
es in that course and
for the first time since I've been here, I
got all the classes I
wanted."

So what if they don't," he
said. "Next year's fresh-
man class will be the
biggest ever. We've only
accepted one-fifth of the
students we've re-
ceived. We could very eas-
ily accept two more fifties
of those with no loss of
student quality.

Isn't that a rather
bias attitude?"

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

If you know the where-
abouts of any student, please notify
Dean Stephen Nelson, (914) 758-
6622, ext. 114.

Funk You

by Daniel Hillman

They've got it, appar-
tently we've got it, but
what is it? How does one
get rid of it? A short
time ago, the College's
mailmen sent a flyer (re-
questing tent purchase
information) to all seniors
asking them to "Support your
eartly, unsophisticated
feeling; especially having
the style and feeling of blues, as in piano play-
ing."

(2)Having an earthy
sexual quality. American Heritage defines "funky"
as (1) Having an earthly
unpolished, darkly
characteristic of blues, as in "funky
music." (2) Uncon-
ventionally or outlandish,
Ruther in a humorous
manner. (Those earthy, unpolished, sexual
qualities of the class of 1988 always made us think
of bad wrestling naked.)

For an examination of the
adjective form of the
word is warranted.

I just began with the
beginning. The Oxford En-

glish Dictionary notes
that the first recorded
use of "funky" is in
Charles Dickens's
1837 novel, The Pickwick
Papers, in which "The mer-
orous Junior counsel in
Barclay V. Pickwick is
named Mr. Thwack." In
this instance, and for 120 fol-
owing instances, the
active form of the word took
on the "throwing" sense of
"funk" and meant to be
frightened or depressed.

Lists of students enrolled in Alfred Hitchcock's class.

The real last class with funk.

In the late 1950's, how-
ever, "funky" went through
a strange change. Suddenly,
"funky" possessed vaguely positive connota-
tions. Kit Hartoff ex-
plained to the New Yorker
in March of 1959: "In current jazz argot, 'funk-
ny,' which once meant mal-
icious, is a term of
final approval, meaning
dirty, unsanitized, and
rooted in the blues." In a
similar manner, the lex-
ographers of Time Maga-
azine in August 1976, after explaining that it was no
longer "cool" to "do your thing," "feel it like it's a-
ke," or "where it's at,"
defined "funky" as "solid, warm, and that's a pretty
funky jacket, Kit Car-
son." It should be noted
that Time's article defined "hippies' favorite"
many of which have
mercifully died and gone
the way of the "all
Bundy body rumps, in-
cluding Pacific, Sub-
ricfic," heavy ("deep and
serious") and male, are
more or less com-
plimentary, replaces 'cath-
"at this point, it is
to say goodbye to the
noun "funk" has negative
connotations whereas it is
continued on page 7
Journalism Program at Bard

A new summer program will give students a chance to sharpen their journalism skills under the expert guidance of Jonathan Schell, George Will, and other established journalists.

Schell (40) of the best-selling The Fate of the Earth, and History Professor Will, will provide an international perspective. Students' daily efforts will culminate in a coordinated final issue to include investigative reporting, critical analysis, and features.

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 Humana Valley area are also on the agenda.

"Through Journalism From the Inside Out," students will center around the simulated "tip-off" which will emphasize in-depth analysis of their paper's role in their culture. Broader issues will be covered: What has journalism changed in your country, and why? Daily Times and the nightly network news programs are also covered.

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

Haunted Computers

Ghost stories don't usually scare lonely old houses and gadgets, but students at Bard say they haunt computers too. And they claim they know why.

"I was in the bookstore buying some gum when all of a sudden I had this tingly feeling, like I had just dropped my toothbrush into the bathtub," said one student. "I turned around in time to hear screams from the computer center. Then all at the same time, the windows and doors blew out the roof and the ceiling, about five feet. Then it all collapsed, like in the movie Poltergeist. Some say that was the end of the world."

It is unknown at this time if any students were killed in the disaster. Volunteers are still siftin' debris.

Bard in Libya

For the first time, Bard College students will have the opportunity to study in Libya with their own program. Classes will be held from July 4 to July 29 (for persons fearing there are Visa problems). Libya History of Libyan Cinema 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 Libyan or its culture is required, since there is a course open for beginners. Aren't you glad you could choose to be among such an odd combination of really ball-busting culture.

Tripoli is the capital and principal port of Libya, conveniently located a few hundred miles from the Gulf of Sirte. You'll feel right at home in this water sports ship guides oil tankers through the Mediterranean. During the month students will meet for their regular contact at the Electricity Office of Admissions, Bard College, or call (914) 758-7472.

Life after college

1. Insurers in general do not work like stock brokers. They pay you.

2. Never answer an ad that says, "We are looking for a 'liberal roommate.'" You probably are not that liberal.

3. Having a drink with the boss will help you get a raise.

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

5. Your new neighbors are not likely to share your interest in grown-up literature. Keep your Poets & Writers for Violent Femmes at full volume all the time.

6. Cars need not only gasoline, but oil, anti-freeze, transmission fluid and about $1000 in repair income.


8. "It's already stolen." You will see the same billiard-ball with an old guy who has played pool with you for years. He will destroy your youth.

9. Buy an alarm clock that works.

10. Only wallflowers might be a poor selection.
Ex your ex

2) Introduction to Roger. You never liked him much anyway. So what would you be more right than introducing him to your ex-girlfriend? If they hit it off, it could give her a new stumping ground, careful because this may backfire and incur more pain where it’s most painful. 3) Maintain a low profile. Somehow she doesn’t know won’t hurt you. Good news. Give her some light, soft light, little dark a l’orange. Think about it, and then, for God’s sake, let it go. It won’t work. Something will happen with their hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown up at parties, deck chair, hair, will be thrown at pages 2-3.
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 quite concerned with making a potent statement about the community rather than organizing a beer circus for graduating John Kasich impersonators. The following is the text of what would have been his speech to the senior class:

Events in the Hudson Valley


Apr 1: “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 914-822-4611 ext. 999 for more info.

May 20 & 21: Sun. “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: See: Three Penny Opera performed by the Rhinebeck Theater Society at 197 East Harriet St., Rhinebeck. Tickets are $7-9. Call 914-364-9713 for reservations.


June 5: Sun. “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. 1215.

June 11: Montgomery Place Opening Day Celebration of the America. It’s a land of opportunity. The mighty Dollar holes the precious borders of our nation secured against the wrath of goddess Huns. But a new infestation of what Jimmy Carter called malaise has roosted on our backs. They’re American breed because of the ease of their lives. A Super Power cannot lactose 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 dendirks heap on all of us. And so I say to you unreg your eyes from television and open your mind to ideas not based in rational brainwashing. Take the time to do things you should, like your homework, reading this book, 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 studenthoooodd, and cross the river of life to the side of the unemployed.
Volcano Erupts

A volcano erupted late Tuesday evening in an orchard at Montgomery Place, about a mile north of the town. The volcano is actually a vent from Mount St. Helens in the southwestern corner of the United States. 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 1880s.

The volcano is increasing in size by two yards every forty square feet a day. It should reach Annapolis Bay by Monday, engulf Montgomery Place by mid-June, and swallow Tewksbury by August.

As if that were not enough, there is no word from Lein 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 primed her voice and tried again to reconcile herself to the thought that she was a mere role in someone else's story. "We are all anonymous heroes who guided people's lives. Therefore, she thought, she didn't need to say anything. 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. At college she had been a literature major, specializing in folklore. Now she saw the connection between the womb and the vault, the usefulness of the woman's role in the usefulness she was experiencing.

She reached for the shaver and began to take it apart. She used the Lea 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... oh well, her fingers fell off. Now, she needed to get a real job. Please.

Adelle didn't believe in God. She didn't believe in anything. She had failed to reconcile herself with what being a woman meant to her. Her mission in life was to help others.

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 pistol packed.

RESCUERIVE EFFORTS. After such a blood-curdling experience, anyone else would have gone insane—Adelle was no exception. The shock of her long recuperation, she insisted on doing all the operations herself. She reattached her amputated leg mid-shin, and inserted fingers to the infected stump. She then amputated her leg farther up to prevent the spread of the infection. She did several unnecessary skin grafts.

She slipped down hill fast but continued to perform. The pieces of Adelle kept disorganizing her, but she raced to halt the spread of infection. Finally she was reduced to excising rotted flesh with her teeth.

In a rare moment of lucidity, Adelle said goodbye to her family from her bed at Dutcheson 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! It is true you can buy Jeeps for 244 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 pipe cubs through this outfit. We've also heard that the Jeeps come in pieces, that they were out 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 town 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 you don't come 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.
Bestiality at Bard
by Christopher Martin

On one 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 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.

Buffy 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...got. I was young, and everything seemed wonderful. I loved my master. He fed me food that made grey 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."

Buffy had been abandoned by a heartless man. She wandered the campus those summer months, lonely, depressed, suicidal, laying off scraps she found in the garbage cans along Annadale road. Her coat became matted and full of burrs. She developed severe digestion problems because of her unknown 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."

Michele Quill, alias the Pooch Packer, 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 Buffy, 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. Buffy 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 Mosha 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 pinned and gagged and she had had 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 Buffy, it's also, Roni: "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! Everyone 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.

Buffy 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 person. I don't know 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
12401 Brabant Road, Kingston, NY 12401
(914) 331 - 5377

The preceding has been a public service message from the Bard Observer and GAPL 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

Twinkle, 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 sparkle 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 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 Twinkle, love of mine, grant me what I deserve; a chance to subdued endlessly on each edible curve.

Twinkle, 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 covering.

A dead baby in hand,
Blood dripping on the rug,
"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 'wed's 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?
Everybody's worst mortal enemy picks at us and ticks steadily away.
In the quiet of the rooms.

(Shaw-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 backwords push from her.
The...she...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 so 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?

A better outlook?
Can't say, won't ask.
I wish...we had both won.

D, dutiful for geisha's guys, for ample slaves of brain. For double fountains fantasy upon the suitable main. O, Tarlinen, o, Tarlinen, Mod beds it 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, "This is not what I expected. This I did not see. I don't wish to beprotected. I only want to be me."

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

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

soreness (especially not the)
s, all the
(love he
misses.)

mind,

she exists only
(sometimes,)

th (most)

er (always)
el

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 somebody
Y's lap. The leaves grow.

be hai goa my waw
deg disk, quaky sifosh und
yp where hit dour hydeleg
qior, ynd strange yiblowuts hyndereden
jirdoch layk shaneeng.

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 poll your hair.
They steal your paper,
Just another paper to them.

Bula, Tulse, glaucoma, jilt.
Elza, Nyea, influenza, guilt.

called the an
ima 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.

People calling all the time
When will they run out of dimes?
NAME: Michael Danato
POSITION: Editor-in-Chief
ACTUAL POSITION: Guy with key to office, keeps warpers 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 glorius maximus copia, Albus Jacta est.

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: 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.

NAME: Daniel Hillman
POSITION: Science Editor
ACTUAL POSITION: Reliable microscope 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: Peter Stone
POSITION: Managing Editor
ACTUAL POSITION: Guy who hangs out with Mike
MAJOR: Literature/Creative Writing (I get all on my project, suckers!)
POST-COLLEGE ASPIRATIONS: Rubbing it in.

GRADUATING OBSERVER STAFF
Daniel Hillman, vi, Michael Demasco, Christopher Scott Martin, and Pete Stone
Dear Editor,

I'm bitting mad about all of the jerks who rent me my money because I'm finally getting the hell out of this place. What's the deal? I worked my way through college busting my ass for a thousand different jobs, and the only conclusion I can come to is that I really like beer. I've been working in the beer and wine business for four years. I don't know where my classes are going, but I'm afraid to start paying for them. I'm afraid to start living. I'm afraid to start thinking. I'm afraid to start planning. I'm afraid to start doing anything.

Dear Bitter Student,

I understand what you're going through. As a student, I've been there. I've been to the point where I've thought about giving up on college. I've thought about giving up on my dreams. I've thought about giving up on myself. But you know what? I didn't. I kept going. I kept working. I kept believing. And I'm glad you're doing the same.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing an incredible job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,

I think you're doing a great job. At a school where classes are considered to be dives, you guys have managed to find a surprising talent for cutting through the bull shit. But I'm not writing to you in order to make you feel good (although you seem to do so every time you write), I'm writing to vent my frustration about something.

Dear Editor,
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 facts are: registration is not the same as either of these.

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.

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 computer 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 grab your girlfriends—using a knife got Sid in so much shit.

Virgo
Your hair may get caught in a mixer if you keep the stuff going around and around. You need to act and act now. Also, beware of Ozzie fans outside your window and Whitekake 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

Personal

To the three girls on the train yesterday, you didn’t look because I didn’t wear a hat.

A late reply to the distracted Physiological Psychology Stu-
dent.—I think you should see professional about your obsess-
ion. M.B. Bisse, B.S. Happy Graduation.

Rick, remember, it’s now and never. You’re at peace.

To the extraverted 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, a gal you when you’re gone. —L

Lies, in which instances does澎湃ness — I know when you

Dear Blondie, you make my life worse. I’m an entire messing, boy. I never sleep. Look alike, sorry, wrong — you don’t look alike — but I’m in a knockout, and the other one has a nice personality.

Dear Darlene and Debra, you’re in the rain on a wet cobblestone street under a lonely streetlight, we met and we kissed, who’d you think?

C.L., um, Don’t sweat it; my ear will only be 44.

Stacey, now you are who you always wanted to be: Madonna.

My cheeks are on fire. 69 and number 5.

Poor penetration is best for you — I’d be skinned.

Violet, I never say you before today, but I know I must see you. You never bake, we bake. When you have baked on my bed and you begin to stroke my erection separ-
ated by editor: baldi, I just hope you will like to know — the guy who was star-
ing at you

Dearest, Happy birthday early! Love, Aceder and Helipul

To the OUT: Thank you for your gradu-

Dear "Furry Stallion," the fuse has gone out of your lives and left us with lint. —Anna

Dear Lands End Lady, sorry you roost, the same thing. You are the fire that feels that the fantasy of an ordinary girl could order from your catalog. If the order form is ever fine let me know. Alter-
atively, if there’s ever a going out of business sale, I’d love to buy the stock, reaffirm your business. From me to you, with love.

G & J, the horse is in the 1977 Birthday Early. —Anita

Michael, may Mona forever guide you in your search for Sagittarius. —Anna

To the girl who laughs, 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, however she will be missed. —Tan Greenville’s, roomate sitting like an askew for once in my life.

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

To the beautiful hot Egyptian-

vi, you are one of the funny-

P. Y. D., it is temps. "Bwahahahahahahahahahaha

Dear Hes more fun, you’ll never know until you try it! —the other half

D, thank you very much for saying so, but it’s quite gen-

Dear learning, who’s learned more this semester, you or me? It’s been fun, it’s been in-

Post-Post-Post-Post-Post? Ah-

Dear Lillana, you got two, we got eight, Ambiente has one, P. Y. D. All you Xerox copyheads suck

Dear R. M, you lose. If you

Dear Corporation, this is a day without-

Dear Keith, it’s easy to get the sign, the real fun is getting it back. It’s a man-

Wanted: young man, single and free, Experience in love pre-

To Prick, Freck, Tweedle-Dow, Tweedle DungDong and Cogule-Eye: it’s been an am-

I want to be present when my 12-

Young slut desires well-hung freshman. Duties include read-

To my UnHubbubahub: God, I love
to look into your eyes. I love how they change when our bodies meet. The caresses and kisses we share are shared heavenly. And we’ve shared alot together. Still, I think I have to share and to learn about. Love the way we share for each other will transcend the miles and months that separate us.

I M female. I mingle. I M intelligent. I m interested in a brief but

Dear Rass More Puh, periodical

Christopher, take back what you said or you’ll never see your original copy of "Seaside Woman" by Susy and the Red-

Dear Guess Who, you arise quicky, peak prematurely, and you’re on. Two minute wonders I could do without. Love, Big Boy.

Dearest, I love you. More than ever.

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

Dear Mike & vi, I’ll miss you
guys next year. Who’s gonna keep us all on track? No one. I can’t even supply: Petunias and all that
cliched garbage —Love, D.

To Bloods: Intense layers.

To you! I’ll be missing you. Have fun,

To hundreds! Having trouble getting up.

Fen, Mike, Rebecca, and Stacy: Happy birthday to you all.

To the girl who gave up the idealistic, Foreign Legion Censure Kings.

To the three girls on the train yesterday, you didn’t look because I didn’t wear a hat.

Dear Darlene, you make my life worse. I’m an entire messing, boy. I never sleep. Look alike, sorry, wrong — you don’t look alike — but I’m in a knockout, and the other one has a nice personality.

Dear Lands End Lady, sorry you roost, the same thing. You are the fire that feels that the fantasy of an ordinary girl could order from your catalog. If the order form is ever fine let me know. Alternatively, if there’s ever a going out of business sale, I’d love to buy the stock, reaffirm your business. From me to you, with love.

G & J, the horse is in the 1977 Birthday Early. —Anita

Michael, may Mona forever guide you in your search for Sagittarius. —Anna

To the girl who laughs, 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, however she will be missed. —Tan Greenville’s, roomate sitting like an askew for once in my life.

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

To the beautiful hot Egyptian-

vi, you are one of the funny-

P. Y. D., it is temps. "Bwahahahahahahahahahaha

Dear Hes more fun, you’ll never know until you try it! —the other half

D, thank you very much for saying so, but it’s quite gen-

Dear learning, who’s learned more this semester, you or me? It’s been fun, it’s been in-

Post-Post-Post-Post-Post? Ah-

Dear Lillana, you got two, we got eight, Ambiente has one, P. Y. D. All you Xerox copyheads suck

Dear R. M, you lose. If you

Dear Corporation, this is a day without-

Dear Keith, it’s easy to get the sign, the real fun is getting it back. It’s a man-

Wanted: young man, single and free, Experience in love pre-

To Prick, Freck, Tweedle-Dow, Tweedle DungDong and Cogule-Eye: it’s been an am-

I want to be present when my 12-

Young slut desires well-hung freshman. Duties include read-

To my UnHubbubahub: God, I love
to look into your eyes. I love how they change when our bodies meet. The caresses and kisses we share are shared heavenly. And we’ve shared alot together. Still, I think I have to share and to learn about. Love the way we share for each other will transcend the miles and months that separate us.

I M female. I mingle. I M intelligent. I m interested in a brief but passionate affair with a gradu-

Dear Rass More Puh, periodical

Christopher, take back what you said or you’ll never see your original copy of "Seaside Woman" by Susy and the Red-

Dear Guess Who, you arise quicky, peak prematurely, and you’re on. Two minute wonders I could do without. Love, Big Boy.

Dearest, I love you. More than ever.

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

Dear Mike & vi, I’ll miss you
guys next year. Who’s gonna keep us all on track? No one. I can’t even supply: Petunias and all that
cliched garbage —Love, D.

To Bloods: Intense layers.

To you! I’ll be missing you. Have fun,

To hundreds! Having trouble getting up.

Fen, Mike, Rebecca, and Stacy: Happy birthday to you all.

To the girl who gave up the idealistic, Foreign Legion Censure Kings.

To Donald and the food service: "Fuck you all. I’m out of here and you don’t kill me. I’ll tell, I see, I see. I was rich and famous, all of you are going to pay, ‘cus Waxel Face don’t ever for-

Dear Smiling Man, Tajuan, Guy

Joo, will I ever get to drink my orange liquid?? —D

Lost And Found


Sales And Services

staying big money for phone lines! For the price of one call, you will become a millionaire and call as much as you want! (214)535-7562. No credit card needed! 150/minute! Many Visa/American Express.

for sale: pair of women’s hiking boots, size 6 and thereabouts.

To the admissions staff: (Karen, Mary, Bonnie, Roger, Deanne, Pat, Jane, and Teresa) would like to thank all of you, our members of the Bard Com-

The members of the ad-

$10,000 TRIVIA ANSWER

The answer to our big expensive trivia question, "How many words are there in the written version of 'Papa Was A Rol-

The $10,000 has been donated to the Na-

ADVERTISMENT

ADVERTISMENT

$10,000 TRIVIA ANSWER

The answer to our big expensive trivia question, "How many words are there in the written version of 'Papa Was A Rol-

The $10,000 has been donated to the Na-

ADVERTISMENT
CVRATORES • COLLEGI • BARDIANI
APVD • ANNANDALE
IN • CIVITATE • NOVORVM • EBORACENSIVM
OMNIBVS • ET • SINGVLIS • AD • QVOS • PRAESENTES
LITTERAE • PERVERSINT • SALVTEM
SCIATIS • NOS

YOUR NAME HERE
CVM • EXERCITATIONES • OMNES • AD • GRADVM
BACCALAVREI • IN • ARTIBVS
SPECTANTES • RITE • AC • LEGITIME • PEREGERIT
AD • ISTVM • GRADVM • PROVEXISSE
ATQVE • OMNIA • IVRA • PRIVLEGIA • ET
HONORES • QVAE • ADSOLENT • DEDISSE • ET
CONCESSISSE • CVIVS • REI • IN • TESTIMONIVM
LITTERIS • HISCE • SIGILLO • NOSTRO • COMMVNI
MVNITIS • SVBSCRPSIMVS
DATIS • ANNANDALE
a.d. III • KAL. • IVN
ANNO • DOMINI • MCMLXXXVIII
HVIVSQVE • COLLEGI • CXXVII
by Dan Hillman
If you're a sensor, 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, and when you rise for some nostaligic musings, you're out of here. It's no more end of the line, splitsville, goodbye, and take off, you hoiters, 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 think, "I did it for the first time. You'll see a picture of Leon. I hid the smallest of smiles as he handed you the naive one with the ear-to-ear grin, a piece of paper that cost about ten cents to photocopy. Suddenly you stop and realizes that $70,000 equal...

$70,000: You Didn't Have To Spend It All in One Place

$70,000 can buy a lot of things. It can buy a house, a car, a boat, or a trip around the world. But what if you wanted to spend it all in one place? How would you do it? Here are some ideas:

- Buy a island: For $70,000, you could buy a small island in the middle of the ocean. You could build a private beach house and enjoy the isolation.
- Buy a penthouse: A penthouse apartment in a city like New York or London can cost millions of dollars. For $70,000, you could buy a small studio in a good area.
- Buy a family: $70,000 can buy a lot of food and clothes for a family of four for a year. It can also buy a small car or a boat.
- Buy a restaurant: A small restaurant can cost $70,000 to start up. You could buy an existing restaurant and make some money.

Whatever you do, make sure you're happy with your decision. After all, you only get to do it once.