

OBSERVER

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THE OBFUSCATOR

Bard College's Jerks, Twerps, & Weirdos Yearly

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Volume 89, Number 23.5 Bard College, Annandale- (Where's that?)-on-Hudson, NY 12504 April Fools Day, 1991

Observer secret agenda revealed!

Undercover source discovers the shocking horror behind *The Bard Observer*

by Bubba Beazly

Following recent allegations at Forum meetings that the *Bard Observer* has been carrying on its own "secret agenda," several restricted documents and memos have been brought to light concerning the *Observer's* actions by an editor on the *Observer* staff.

"It's horrible. I was horrified," said the main editor, who wished to remain anonymous. "I thought all the Dead Goat stuff was just for fun, and that the *Observer* would be a nice place to work... It just wasn't what I thought it would be."

The original allegations were made by Planning Committee Chair David Miller last semester at a Forum meeting while discussing the purpose of the *Bard Observer*. The main editor was appointed to an editorial position at the beginning of the Spring semester, after the allegations were made.

The main editor described the scenes of debauchery and wanton lust that went on at the hedonistic *Observer* Editorial Board Meetings. "With their lust for power, they were ready to takeover the world!"

According to the documents that the main editor supplied

plied the *Obfuscator*, the *Observer's* plans are simple: by the use of a mind altering drug, the *Observer* plans to take over the student population and use them to manipulate the administration, who will be coerced into turning Bard into a training school for superspies and top assassins.

The *Observer* will then use Bard's resources to attempt a corporate takeover. Once they have reached that stage, they will assassinate top U.S. leaders and place a person under their influence in power. (It is not possible to find out who this might be at this time, but speculations include Arnold Schwarzenegger or Leon Botstein).

According to the main editor, the desire to take over Bard and the continental United States arose from the worship of a nameless demon known only as the 'Dead Goat Goddess.'

Offerings are



Rare photograph of the staff of *The Bard Observer* after a dead goat ritual.

made through the personals and the mysterious graphics in the pages of the *Observer*, which are burnt along with other sacrifices as appeals

for the Goddess's favors. Editor-in-Chief Kristan Hutchison blatantly lied as she tried to say that the *Observer* had nothing to do with world domination or poisoning the campus with mind-altering substances. "I admit to the Dead Goat

continued on page 2

Page 1
Do not let this book out of your sight. If fall into the hands of the Enemy, our plans only be set back. Should anyone without ance D-1 see this book: kill them, and d
Observer Codebook
Calendar code:
The following is the correct way to inter on the back page of the *Observer*. Innoc enough, this is really an abbreviated code for our age
Shuttle Van-gun shipment. Add two hour time. Meet at secret dock on Hudson.
Alcoholics Anonymous-progress update
mind control research.
Women's center meeting-Satanic Ritua God. Attendance mandatory. Bring refresh
Language Tables-Table indicates an assassin The language indicates the national descent Refer to page 21 in your guidebook for more
Personals page:
The personals page seems to be ma messages written by students of th is our method of communicating u in a highly sophisticated code.
Fix a leaky pipe-terminate with extreme
Mud-use poison.
Female seeking...-save liver for Dead Goat God sacrifice.
Male seeking...-extract information before termination.
The sky is red over Moscow-make sure to bring a dairy product to the Potluck Dinner.
Shallow relationship-launders all funds.
Any sexual innuendos-shred all incriminating documents. Cannot afford to leave a paper trail at this time.

Chart of power:
Student takeover: three phase plan in effect.
Administration takeover: Use gov't influence.
Corporate takeover: controlling shares manipulated.
Federal Takeover: Assassinate power vacuum taken by influence; will b
Take previous
Dear Ms. Editor:
It's no picnic down here pal!
by Mr. President
Listen you,
I'm sick and tired of this moronic bullshit you all put out every week. My Secret Service people read it to me every time it comes down the pike. You think that it's easy being the prez? Being all shut up in a big white house with nothing but secret service dickheads, phones, and pictures of men who should be dead? We don't even get the Playboy channel! Working late every night next to that fat jerk Sununu and having a running mate that even my cook makes jokes about? It's no picnic down here, pal!
I had to work for this job—feeding that incompetent fool Reagan for 8 years! Go ahead, bite me, you can't hurt me now. I've got a wife with eyes bigger than breasts, a lame son who gets caught, two generals (Colon? Who
continued on page 3

Remember, everybody is 'The Enemy'
FROM: The Editor-in-Chief
TO: OBSERVER Editorial Board
DATE: September 11, 1990
CONCERNING: Bard Takeover
First of all, I would like to welcome you all back to school after a restful summer break. This fall already looks prosperous from the turnout we have received after infiltrating the L.A.T. among the malleable freshman class as well.
At this time I would like to review our plan for total domination of Bard College and the surrounding area, to be completed in two years. This plan will be executed in three phases: expansion, consolidation, domination.
Phase One: Expansion shall be to amass a credible amount of capital and invest it in (Herrn The Enemy). This capital is to be gained in the form of an aggressive advertising campaign. Suggested projects that we will be investing in include: an OBSERVER FAX which will increase our mobility on and off campus, an OBSERVER FAX NEWS HELICOPTER, which will allow us air superiority over our competitors.
Phase Two: Consolidation shall include organizations and electing people who dictate orders and directives to capital, will allow us to

Professors Flip Over Kline Brownies

by Bubba Beazly

The introduction of a certain "controlled substance" in the Kline brownies last week found their way into the Faculty Dining Rooms. The results were, to quote one member of the administration, "a mistake, and is a personal thing; they should not be reported."

Guess what. We're reporting them. President of the College Leon Botstein started to pace in circles, saying, "This is familiar...where did I taste this before?" while literature professor Peter Sourian accosted professor Charles Lambert, saying, "I'm a better department head than you are...you couldn't lead the literature department out of a paper bag." After professor Lambert told professor Sourian what he could do with a paper bag, Sourian threw Lambert into the salad bar.

History professor Gennady Shkliarevsky began ranting about the Soviet Union, saying, "Well, the situation in the Soviet Union right now, is, well, um, when I was a boy, uh, um, well, that's not the point now...".

Literature professor Dan Manheim started to believe that he was T.S. Elliot, and castigated professor Robert Kelly about his poetic voice. Professor Kelly then used his poetic voice, as well as his poetic strength and poetic foot, to guide professor

Manheim-turned-Elliot into the salad bar with professor Lambert.

Kelly then went on to start chanting mantras and vedic hymns, claiming later that it was a "reflex action" brought on by the Kline Brownies.

Surprisingly enough, the entire Music Program Zero staff was unaffected.

Dean of Students Shelley Morgan started dancing around the tables, and then did a striptease on top of one of the tables, applauded by professors Patrick Sloterdijk, Chinua Achebe and Sanjib Baruah. Professor Baruah was then used in a midget-throwing con-

test by Dean of the College Stuart Levine and professor Alanna Mitchell-Hutchinson.

Professor Matthew Deady used popular laws of physics to shoot carrot sticks across the room, hitting professors Ethan Bloch and Karen Greenberg, who were too busy dancing to Abba Fernando tunes, played by professor Leo Smith, to care.

The place descended into general chaos, and since there were only a limited number of Kline Brownies, the effects soon wore off. Said one Kline worker, "Boy, these guys know how to party!"



Squirrels don't like Kline brownies.

Are you sick?
Do you have any Sudafed in the house? Well, don't take it! Don't take any Sudafed. There's arsenic in the Sudafed. Don't take it!
- Your mother

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POEMS OF THE WEEK

Thoughts on Peace

by Robert Kelly (as heard by Greg Giaccio)

Kill, kill, kill the Iraqis;
Kill them, until they are dead.
Kill, kill, kill the Iraqis;
Pour gasoline on their heads.

Nuke, Nuke, Nuke that desert;
Nuke it into glass.
Nuke, nuke, nuke that damn desert;
Nuke Saddam's ass.

Stab, stab, stab the prisoners;
Stab them until they cry.
Stab, stab, stab the prisoners;
Watch them sand-monkeys die.

Haiku

by Lit. major
One, two, three, four, five
One, two, three, four, five, six, sev...
One, two, three, four, five

Observer Scam

continued from page 1

rituals, but hey, why do you think all the people who worked for the *Observer* were so successful after they graduated?"

She went on to say that introducing mind-altering substances into the Bard student body would be "noth-

ing new," which means she's in on the scheme.

Managing Editor Jason Van Driesche was equally hapless in trying to defend himself against the charges of the *Obfuscator*. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said. However, Van Driesche blanched after being asked whether or not he had masqueraded as a fetus during the Dead Goat Goddess ceremony last Halloween. Surely, he's lying too.

News Editor Tom Hickerson said he knew "nothing or little" about any "Dead Goat thing". However, when shown pictures of the trances he had assumed during the summer to attract followers (or "staff writers") into the *Observer*, he ran away.

Arts Editor Greg Donovan also denied everything, but broke down into yelling and screeching fury when shown a picture of his shocking transformation into a werewolf during the Halloween Dead Goat ritual.

Thanks to our staff, the menace of the *Observer* has been exposed. Maybe that means we'll get enough cash to buy our own car next semester. And a fax machine, and a helicopter... \$



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The Drab Obfuscator

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Senorita Copy Editor
Andrea Breath
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Gobbler Miller
Titan Pillow
And JD. Stein

None of Your Business Manager
Little Folk
Gladvertising Manager
Koran Clamant
Circus Managers
Amy Securest
Inn Of. Cauldron

Technical Resultant/
Computer Guru
Michael Cannily

Secretary wanna' be's
Miss Shirk
And JD. Stein

The Drab Obfuscator is published only this once while class is in session so we don't get caught.

Editorial policy is determined completely happenstance and with as little consultation as possible. None of the opinions are ours and we take no responsibility for anything we have said.

Letters to the Idiot-in-Chief must be completely congratulatory. All articles, cartoons, and photographs that are submitted by deadline will be filed until next year, and then lost. The Idiot-in-Chief does not want to be bothered editing, rewriting, or checking over anything, which is why this issue looks like this.

Classifieds: Free for Bardians, An extraordinary amount for anyone else, but if you want to get personal, that's free.

Display ads: Completely negotiable, any reasonable offer will be accepted.

Bard College
Annandale (Look, I don't know where it is either), NY 12504
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Dear Editor

continued from page 1

would name a four-star general after a lower intestine?) right out of a war that I gave them who are after my job, and a yapping dog that's only good for distracting the press. It's no f-

king picnic down here, pal! And you liberals think that you can tell me how to run the country? Dan's Mad Magazine collection has more volumes than your library, Kovel's been on the company payroll for years, the DEA's been putting so many drugs in your area that they've enlisted the

Uncovered:
Communist Plot in
Earth Day!

by Greg "Greenkiller" Giaccio

Although far less industrialized than the United States, the USSR has polluted the atmosphere far more with its Communist filth for years. A recent attempt by the Soviets to take over the ENTIRE PLANET was recently discovered in the event known as Earth Day.

The Marxist hordes cleverly disguised their plot as an environmental movement. However, they were not discreet about placing this holiday on the anniversary of the birth of that grand tyrant, V.I. Lenin.

God-fearing Americans should rue the day of April 22, 1870. However, they should rue the hundredth anniversary even more as it was the first Earth Day. Is it a mere coincidence that Lenin's birthday is on the same day as Earth Day? Hardly. Commie-pinko bastards planned this from the very start and those pot-smoking-long-haired-commie-symp-acid-freaks helped them every step of the way by organizing this Earth Day event.

Earth Day is clearly just a way for the dark socialist forces of the world to organize and circulate leftist, Bolshevik propaganda. The only reason for the environmentalist movement is so that those Soviet sons-of-bitches can weaken our God-loving industries by imposing all sorts of restraints on them. CFC's are a lie, America! Wake up!

The real reason for catalytic converters is that the Godless Red bastards want our patriotic Chryslers to run as poorly as that junk those vodka-swilling, Stalin-loving dogs put out. Did you ever drive a Yugo made by those running-dog-lackies to the Russians? I hit a squirrel in one once. The squirrel is okay, but the car is totaled. Everyone should encourage our fearless commander to aid those few freedom-loving Yugoslavians in overthrowing the heavy, oppressive yoke of Communist rule.

Every flag-waving, mom-loving, apple-pie-eating, golf-playing American should say this prayer with me right now:

Dear God,
I am proud to be an American.
I know that I am better off dead than red.

Now I am better off dead than green as well.

Would you please smite those evil people in the Soviet Union and stop them from spreading their demonic dirt all over this grand world you created for Americans, and Americans only, and none of those cabbage-picking illegal aliens.

Would you please smite the allies of those Godless Red Dogs who want us to stop using Styrofoam.

After all, you created the miracle of Styrofoam and plastic for mankind. Thank you God.
Amen.

help of Music Program Zero, and your Prez Botstein, why do you think he's always leaving the country? Arms for Hostages, kids!

Talk about domestic problems— you got 'em! If I wanted to spend money on education, I would. HA. You can't even get enough money for your Model U.N. club. Keynes? Kick-backs? Ring a bell, kiddies?

Prisons? I'd rather send 'em to the front. How do you think we won so fast? That, plus we pay your physics majors to invent cool new bombs (did you think they were making paper airplanes? Not!). "Hello America"? You can't move that! It calibrates all the nukes on the eastern seaboard (Thank you very f--king much, Philip Davis, Bard '86!). And don't think that you can hide behind that conscientious objector status! Next time (and there will be a next time) I'll draft every limp yellow-bellied one of you!

And as if I didn't have enough problems, the Iraqis didn't even put up a fight. This means that people are going to start pissing and moaning again. You think I can stop this slow trip into Hell—forget it! Like when I forgave the Poles; I didn't mean their debt! Selling Hawaii won't even make a dent in the S & L crisis! It's not cocktails on the g-d--mn lawn for me, trooper.

And every time I send Dan somewhere, he calls people "happy campers" or something else that has every one laughing at me. Shut up, Dan! I

thought he was white-bread enough to attract voters, but I didn't know he was dumber than my dog!

And those g-d--mn Observer flunkies—who gave them that stupid-ass name anyway? Just what is 'Ms.' Hutchison smoking when she thinks that she needs to buy a new car? The g-d--mn Editors write more articles than anyone else except for the Sports Editor, of course, who doesn't do anything at all. You guys go through production managers like I go through hookers on Sunday. These pictures look like they came from Grit or some other red-neck newspaper!

And another thing; who is this "Coltish" Ephan, anyway? L & T is over, babe! Put the free-writes away and that's an executive order, moose!

But that ZZYXZ person, hey, he's a man I need on my council. Spandex is the only thing I read in your rag! Oh, and that DiNatale character looks devious enough; she could find a good job in the Company. BUT NONE OF THAT EXCUSES THE REST OF YOU, you corny, loose-lipped, rich-kid, complaining, sniveling, unshaven, long-haired FREAKS! It's good versus evil out here, Heaven versus Hell, and there's no marshmallows for my picnic, SKIPPER!

Yours, sincerely,

George Herbert Walker Bush,
President of the United States of America

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WEEKLY COMMUNITY INFORMATION NEWSLETTER

Brought to you by the Dean of Students

Cow Tipping:

An Outing Club Trip, complete with beer kegs, is being arranged for sometime in the second half of the semester. Anyone who can run fast and drink a lot of beer is welcome. A trip leader is still needed. All interested parties may apply to Box 2431.

Calendar Deadline:

There isn't one so just bugger off.

Yoga Courses:

Geez, I mean get real! These things aren't for credit, it makes your muscles hurt, you look funny when you do it, and did you ever stop to wonder why the Tibetans are living in the middle of nowhere...it's because nobody else wants to get near them when their legs are wrapped around their head.

Concert:

Wake up, you idiots! The people that put these on are your buddies, and all you can say is "Well, uh, how'd it go, man?" With that stupid inflection of yours that comes from smoking too much dope. At least you could give them the time of day...

Levy Lecture:

Look- it doesn't matter who is giving the lecture on what. The fact is that Levy is really an instrument of Fascist terror. So will someone please tell them that only foreign economics majors go to the stupid lectures.

Another Lecture:

Another lecture by someone that you don't know, have never heard of, and is only giving the lecture here in order to tell their next employer "Of COURSE I've been working." Olin 102. The public is invited (as if they'd boot you if you actually wanted to go).

Music Symposium:

On March 20, Music Department Zero will hold a symposium on the acid in Hendrix's Brain. Its composition, business, and performance will be discussed. Guest panelists include: George Tsongakif, Michael Torke and Paul Moravec all noted acid freaks. The event will be moderated by Professor Ben Scheve and will take place in Bard Hall at 7:30 PM.

Scottish Country Dancing:

Does ANYONE go to this? Please respond. I want to know who to avoid.

Tea Cookies and Talk:

Do you think that this is really what is going on? Guess again Big Guy. Tea, Cookies, and Toke is more like it. If only we had a chem department like in other schools- one who made drugs for us, then I would be happy. The bio department won't even grow shrooms! What a bunch of losers! Inshan Allah you fags!

Photography Lecture:

Face it! You'll all be taking wedding portraits. It's all you'll ever be! No matter how pretentious you are, you are not precocious enough to actually get published unless you sleep with him. Independent free-lance, my ass! Read poor and overrated. Get out while you can and become a dance major so you can still slack off. Refreshments will be provided.

Post Office Access:

The Post Office, at its new location (behind the coke machine in the basement of the Old Gym), is now open from 8:30 AM to 5:00 PM, Monday through Friday. Exceptions are made for any and every holiday which you have never heard of and can't celebrate, but why should you care, all you ever get is *The Bard Observer* anyway.

Dances, Shows and Movies:




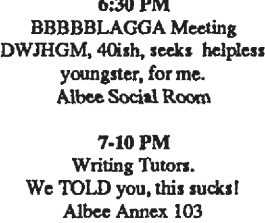

Films are shown in the Student Center at 7:00 PM and 9:00 PM. 7:00 PM is non-smoking but don't let that stop you, you callous dickheads. Other events are at the times listed in the Student Center (Old G Y M, remember)

April 1: *Love in Your Face* - in Olin 203 at 7:00 PM (You've all been there)

April 1: *Steamy Art Porn* (Movie)

Today: *The Woman in Heat Next Door* in Olin 202 at 9:30 PM (Part of the French Film Series)

Calendar of Events

Saturday 69	Sunday 17 <small>Bullshit, you know it will rain.</small>	April Fools	Tomsday 1	Weeneday 20	VDDay 02	Friday 22
<p>Morning (real exact, thanks) Bard van shuttle runs to Bumblefuck, East Idiots town & Nowhereland</p> <p>5:45 — 10:30 PM Trip to Hudson Valley Mall, World's most scum-ridden place, Kingston</p> <p>7:00 PM Albee 103</p> 	<p>6:00 PM Ecumenical Worship Service and Human Sacrifice Chapel</p> <p>7:00 PM Alcoholics Anonymous. "Hi, my name's Mo, and if I wasn't drunk when my house was on fire, I wouldn't have had the courage to rescue my daughter." Aspinwall 302</p> 	<p>5:15 PM Womyn's Center Meeting Old Gym</p> <p>6:00 PM Photography Lecture Olin 102</p> <p>6:30 PM Environmental Club/YSA PC Unlimited Co. will be speaking on their newest biodegradable, non-oppressive product. Cash Accepted Committee Room Kline Commons</p> <p>7:00 PM <i>Observer</i> Features/Arts staff meeting. Donovan, Just a Mick from the bogs, finish that beer, its time to write four pretentious arts stories. Hey, get up off the floor! Preston 127</p> <p>7:10 PM Writing Tutors. HA! This sucks! HAHHAHAHA Albee Annex 103</p>	<p>5:30 PM American Table Committee Room Kline Commons</p> <p>6:00 PM Amnesty International It should focus on getting the locals out of their daily life -now that would be like escape from prison Olin</p> <p>6:00 PM <i>Observer</i> News scum meeting. Yah, go ahead, sign up for articles and then don't write them. Kline</p> <p>8:00 PM <i>Observer</i> Photo staff meeting What Photo Staff? Albee lounge</p> <p>8:00 PM Concert Chapel</p>	<p>4:00 PM Levy Lecture (See Above)</p> <p>5:00 PM English Table Up Kerry! Kline Commons</p> <p>5:30 PM Italian Table College Room Kline Commons</p> <p>7:00 PM AI-Anon. Aspinwall 302</p> <p>7:00 PM Christian Meeting. EEEK, jesus freaks! Bard Chapel Basement</p> <p>7:00 PM Flute Choir Actually, its Jethro Tull cutting their new Album. Bard Chapel</p> <p>7:30 PM Art Lecture Olin 102</p> 	<p>4:45 PM Tea, Cookies & Toke Hegeman 102</p> <p>6:30 PM BBBBBLAGGA Meeting DWJHGM, 40ish, seeks helpless youngster, for me. Albee Social Room</p> <p>7-10 PM Writing Tutors. We TOLD you, this sucks! Albee Annex 103</p> <p>7:30 PM Narcotics Anonymous "Hi, my name's Sam and if I wasn't totally tripping, I never would have painted my 'piece,' and become really big." Aspinwall 302</p> 	<p>5:00 PM General deadline for submissions to <i>The Drab Obsfusicator</i></p>  <p>Train Runs: 4:15 PM for the 4:18 Train 6:36 PM for the 6:39 Train 8:00 PM for the 8:11 Train Gee, hope ya don't miss any. Leaves from Kline, goes to the Rhinecliff Station</p> <p>6:00 PM for the 6:13 Train Leaves from Kline, goes to the Poughkeepsie Station</p>