BARD TIMES SELLS OUT—EBNER turns jaundiced eye

to yellow journalism

An Article by Chris Hord

On a recent Wednesday evening in Albee Social, would-be reporters, photographers and technical help met with new Editor-in-Chief, Mark Ebner. For many of them, the meeting may well have been a surprise. Ebner entered, carrying a copy of last year’s Bard Observer, which he found in a puddle somewhere on campus, and proceeded to denounce the paper as being boring. He claimed it was time to create a controversial, humorous new paper. To eliminate any further doubts as to the direction which this year’s paper would take, he cited a role model: Rupert Murdoch’s infamous New York Post.

“We’re printing a humor magazine here,” said Ebner, “leave your good taste at the door.” He cited the time lag of the bi-weekly paper and claimed that this made any attempt at news-breaking journalism impossible. “A murder doesn’t happen every two weeks.” Instead, workers were instructed to be “outrageous, controversial,” and most of all, “funny.” Writers were encouraged to search for interesting news. “If a murder doesn’t happen every two weeks, make one up,” Ebner said. They were also told to quote out of context, be biased and occasionally obscene. “I would not,” claimed our fearless editor, “want my children to read this paper.”

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

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

Mark Ebner—Co-Editor-in-Chief
Bard Times is the official newspaper of the Bard College community. Letters to the Editors and other inquiries should be sent to Bard Times, Box 35, c/o Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. 12504. The contents of Bard Times are copyright 1981–1982 unless stated otherwise. All opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or Staff of the Bard Times.

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PAUL SPENCER
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

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

For those of you who remember last year's newspaper, The Observer, we are confident that you will find the Bard Times a great improvement. We promise never to bore you. We will not whine about El Salvador, nor will we mean about the dangers of nuclear power. This is not to say that the Bard Times will be an unchallenging newspaper. It is just that our targets and our methods will be different. The battlefield will be here, on campus, not in South America or Indian Point. Our weapons will be slander, cheap sensationalism, and above all, tastelessness. For one thing that frightens Leon and Ludlow most is not Marxist polemics (they'll dance circles around you when it comes to such intellectual babble). It is bad taste that they really fear. It is the barbarians knocking at the gates that starts them to trembling.

Barbarism is the most effective social and political movement on campus, and it's also a lot of fun. We're not going to question Leon's strategy policy or the validity of the new freshman summer program, we're going to play a little dirty—question his sexual vices, laugh at his hairdo, personal stuff. Fortunately for us, Leon is a very susceptible target with this line of attack. He'll make a swipes at the guy, it's only fair, 'as far as we're concerned he's a very susceptible target with this line of attack.

Leon and Ludlow most is not our friends, and if you start debating with him about the origins of totalitarianism, but you'll stop him dead in his tracks if you ask him who he's banging these days.

The man is sexually repressed as we all are, but to a higher degree than most. Now else could he have made such a celebrity out of himself at so early an age? All that pent-up energy had to go somewhere. So, when we take senseless and tasteless swipes at the guy, it's only because we're trying to help him. We're hoping that maybe we'll get his blood boiling and his hormones flowing and that he'll take a swing at us and call us ugly, offensive, and we would respect him with that dreary armor a lot more if he did.

revolutionary garbage that was forced upon you last year.

We will not whine about El...
Still reeling from his latest publicity coup, President Botstein intends to expand the three-week freshman summer program (commonly known as "Thinking and Writing") into a more comprehensive package.

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

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

"The idea for the program came to me recently," said the president. "I was having a few drinks down at Adolph's when I started watching how these new kids carry on. They were getting drunk on sweet drinks and puking their guts out in the bathroom. I saw several of them getting the shift kicked out of them by townies. I also overheard a few of these twits making feeble attempts at picking up chicks and getting nowhere with the inebriated lasses they were using. They didn't know the first thing about drinking and fighting, and when I started talking about how these new kids carry on, they were very serious about it! So, I thought it over a little more, and came up with a program for these kids that I'm pretty sure will be a hit!"

President Botstein paused, taking a can of A&W root beer and drinking it. "I'm sure you're all wondering what the program is going to be. After all, it involves drinking, fighting, and, of course, the first thing about drinking and fighting, and when I started talking about how these new kids carry on, they were very serious about it! So, I thought it over a little more, and came up with a program for these kids that I'm pretty sure will be a hit!"

President Botstein proposed a new program called "Thinking and Writing", which was a stroke of genius. However, the program lacked something, so he decided to expand it into a more comprehensive package, including another program tentatively titled "Drinking and Fighting". President Botstein elaborated on the idea, mentioning that he was watching how the new kids carried on, and that they didn't know the first thing about drinking and fighting. He thought about it further and came up with a program for these kids that he was pretty sure would be a hit. President Botstein briefly mentioned the specifics of the new program without elaborating.
"If you want to affect politics, show us your genitals!"

I am so glad to see the demise of the pencil-shaded geek "leftists" who ran this newspaper last year. One of my favorite subjects to yell and scream about is the utter futility and ass-backwardness of these people's approach. Isn't it funny that these oh-so-wise college educated white males (it's only a coincidence, really!) who claim to be championing the liberation of all humanity (Oh, blacks, Hispanics, women, Indians, the savior is here!) are themselves the most conventional, unliberated, boring people? I mean, with all the last decades you saw Mark Hambleton really let it all hang out? And how can the newspaper of liberation be full of party line spiels about the oppressed masses, the evil ruling class, the heroic third world, etc., etc.? Haven't we heard it all before? The philosophy seemed to be that this propaganda is like a disease; expose people to it often enough and they'll say, "Awright already, let's smash the state already, liberate the oppressed masses. Do I need an appointment?"

Sure, lots of us kids grew up in the 60s, and when we were young and impressionable we saw lots of TV and read in life magazine about the kids tearing up their schools and starting the movement to save the world and end the war, and we said, wow, this looks like fun. I wanna go to college too, and grow my hair, and take drugs and fuck and save the world too! Well, we did ok on the hair, and the take drugs and fuck part came pretty easily, but we found that we needed a little guidance when it came to the save the world part, and lo and behold, there were the intellectual leftists of all stripes, remember, the only thing a leftist hates more than capitalists pigs are leftists of differing ideologies, ready with all kinds of neat ideas that sound real good to young revolutionaries. So us kids bought, if not the literal ideas, certainly the language and political strategies of these people. Notice I say "we". I include myself in all of this. I ran the leftist gang as well as anybody, and would recommend to any curious youth that they do so as well. Because leftist as it now exists is every bit as dangerous and life-destroying as fascism.

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

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

British kids, producing what was, regardless of whether you hate it or love it, music that was creative and striving and self-generated. By 1960 punk was an expensive fashion among upper crust American kids whose actions were very much dictated by concerns about being punk and whether or not a record company could sell or buy it there. There are many such progressions in the whole of the 60s movements, from change the world types who became change yourself types and who are now neutering the same slogan somewhere, to capitalist haters who became capitalists (Jerry Rubin, for saying, you get the picture). Take demonstrations. Around Mayday 1971, a major demonstration was a cause for concern, if not fear, among the police and power structure. Washington assembled an armed camp and the general mood was rather grim and serious. Now you go to a demonstration and it resembles nothing so much as a picnic. People playing frisbee, serious young couples with coolers of fried chicken and fruit punch. The police are there, but now they are bored and a little pissed about having to work overtime, but they don't want a fight, they don't want to provoke and refuse to be provoked. Anything that might make waves, the radical speakers are still telling the same speech as, using the same catch phrases, getting the same kneejerk response, saying and doing things differently. It's using last year's Observers, and the censerning way it handled people who disagreed with it. If you didn't buy the Hamilton party line you were uneducated. If they explained it to you again and you still didn't get it, then you were declared stupid. Notice how the party line tends to strange conclusions; remember the posters of last year - "El Salvador, Another answer, of course, was "Yes". Yes, please, let it be another Vietnam so we leftist have a war to oppose just like in the good old days, and we can have lots of rallies and meetings and big demonstrations so we can preach our self-righteousness and go home feeling fulfilled, having saved the world? The self-righteousness is really what gets me. I wouldn't bother so much with these leftists if they weren't so absolutely convinced that they were the liberators and their way was the only way, the necessary way, of ending capitalism and redeeming humanity. Fuck that shit. If you want to redeem humanity, start with yourself. Pull out your dick, or scratch your ass in public. Stop using deodorant. Part during a stu Levine lecture. Or name your band "Take Drums and Fuck." Or sit on top of the dining commons roof and say "dece" for two hours. Pick up a boy or girl at 6:30p.m. and confront your own sexism. Or sequentially: Cease all politeness. Forget authority. Forget that Art Carlson says these things. Make fun of Art Carlson. Make fun of everything. Go berserk during solidarity meetings. Outlaw Solidarity by vote of the student forum. Seriousness is silliness. Play softball on Sundays. Go have a drink at the Møre and talk to Mr. Bayly about the old days. And, like Bozo, sez, "Remember kids, always be ready."
Two Hearts Beat as One

BY JESSE BROWNER

12 years old white.
Born Akron, Ohio
Serving life sentence for
sexual abuse and murder of
sweet little girls,
Cell mate of Leonard Peltier.

Nathan had been living
quietly in a suburb of Des
Moines for several months
when 12 CIA agents, armed
with tear gas and M-60’s,
surrounded the building where
he lived. He was working as
a dishwasher at the Shanghai
Salad Bowl on Orchard St. at
the time, and was anxious
that the police had discover-
ed that he was flicking
boogers in the soup. This is
why he returned fire with
mortar shells. When he was
eventually apprehended, the
agent claimed to have found
the remains of four young
girls, between the ages of 3
and 7, horribly mutilated
in the icebox and under the fold
away bed. A further report
proved that there were only
3 bodies. The agents in-
volved have since been
dropped, but the charges
against Nathan stand.

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

Nathan spoke to this reporter
or conditions in Marion, and the "treatment" he gets there; "I am daily sub-
jected to cruel and unusual torture. Leonard’s feet
stink. The guards
say me with chants of
"fuckign ignornats washer,”
the traditional epithet aimed
at my kind. They deny me
the right to wash dishes,
which is the cultural outlet
of my kind. It’s unhuman,
that’s what it is."

When asked about his feel-
ing on the national attention
focused on his ul-
imate’s campaign for freedom,
Nathan waxed poetic: "Lenny’s a
good kid. I wish him the
best of luck. Still, it’s hard for me to accept his
philosophy. Do you have a
dughter?"

The "Free Nathan" campaign
is well under way now. The
above interview was held 6
months ago, and Nathan has
since had an additional 12
years added to his sentence
for indecent exposure to a
caretaker’s daughter in the
visiting room at Marion. He
is still optimistic about the
chances of success, however.
In a recent letter, he ex-
plained to me that "the peop-
le of America are more open
and accepting nowadays, and
I have been receiving many
care packages from concerned
 citizens. Last week I got 6
copies of 17th magazine,
I love America. Furthermore,
I know from sources high up
that the government is symp-
thetic to my cause."

This reporter has not found
anyone in Washington to cor-
orobate that statement, and
likewise who would deny it.
All inquiries, donations or
letters of support should be
sent to: Free Nathan!
Box 4191
Grand Central Station
N.Y., N.Y. 10016

FREE NATHAN!!

BY JESSE BROWNER

Two Hearts Beat as One

BY JESSE BROWNER

Six recently at Steve
(Stu 54) Rubell’s "coming
cut" party your own Stu
and Diane! Is there romance
in the air? Courtney Adams,
seen behind the bubbly two-
some, would seem to think so.
"Bless ‘em, they’re a lovely,
lovely couple. I wish them
the best of luck." However,
judging from his left hand,
Stu is still looking for the
key to Diane’s heart. “There
is nothing between us,” said
Stu, wiping the sweat
and glitter from the palm of his
hands. Diane concurred, “We
are just good friends,” she
said. This reporter’s sources
at the party, where champagne
flowed like water and cocaine
like champagne, seemed to
think otherwise. Said one;
“I think Stu will soon be
promoted to ‘bean of Student
Affairs’, if you know what I
mean.” We do, my friend, we do.
October 7, 1981

BARD TIMES

Dear Dr. Curbo,

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

I was a virgin until a little while ago when I met a wonderful, terrible and enigmatic young man we'll call Sol (since that is his name). Sol and I met at a party. We went home to bed and instantly fell in love. We have been going steady ever since and will do, and have done, anything he asks. Things were excellent until recently.

You see my Sol is insanely jealous. I know people have said this about people before but this guy is really jealous. And he's really afraid he'll lose his Virgin Mary. Anytime I do anything that shows any independence he objeets. I told him I wanted to be a rock singer--he says I'm an exhibit don't show me in his presence. Sometimes he seems to hang out with too much he starts to glare at, than rants and raves accusations at me when we go home. I feel he wants to keep me from growing up.

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

Dear Miss,

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

Dear Doc,

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

~Dark Ages

Dear Dark,

Ask yo mamma, muthafucca!

Dear Dr. Curbo,

I'll send you your column in the Life. Don't, don't. I beg of you, don't tell them about the fish flesh swindle. And sol! Not the irresponsible parasite caper or the love meter rip off, my only chance to fuch things up for generations upon eons...Please. Doc I beg of you not to divulge the true nature of the Titanic-life boat syndrome! Noo, noo, no turn out the lights.

~Silke Dwellers

Dear Silke,

I'm glad you wrote. Judging by your tone and knowledge of the various criminal conspiracies you must be a member of the power elite controllers, those who would choke off the air from life support systems, our freedom and happiness. If I couldn't turn you over my knee an' really learn ya, continued page 11.

DEAR DOCTOR BOB

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

DEAR DOCTOR BOB:

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

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

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

Signed,

A HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER

DEAR DOC:

Of course, the Christmas holidays are important to all of us, as they are to me. But perhaps for a different reason. You don't know that the national suicide rate jumps to an unbelievable high during the holiday season. I interned in a Manhattan hospital emergency room in my younger days, and one year I was there for Christmas. I've seen blue bodies, lifeless, smelling of feces (hangings, of course), sliced throats, and drug overdoses. When you understand that a man has ripped his guts out with a kitchen knife because he didn't have someone to talk to one night, the visions of softly-burning yule logs seem to easily fade from consciousness.

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

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

But, what you don't know won't hurt you. Live in your illusion. And 1 and millions of others will be buying yet another bottle of bourbon to help us through that house of horrors called Christmas.

Editor's note: We realize that due to his incredibly busy schedule, Doctor Bob simply forgot to note his response that Christmas falls in December not October.

*** ***

Are you a Sodomite? It's okay, Doctor Bob explains, in his new book, Sixty Seconds: A Degrading Pictorress, available for $6.95 through this newspaper. SEE NEXT WEEK!
A BARD PROFILE

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

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The Strike is Over

BY IVAN STOLER

Driving over the grandeur that is the Throgs Neck Bridge out of New York on my way to Cape Cod in early June I heard the new Kink's single, Better Times, on the radio. An omen perhaps. Many hours later somewhere in Rhode Island I chance to come upon Mark Ebner. It was then that I knew for certain that things had to get better. This past season had been a rough one for me. It was perhaps the worst six months of my entire career. Shortly after the start of spring training in early March I was hit in the head by an errant fastball thrown by an aging veteran attempting a comeback. As a result I was out nearly all of March. Even so, quicker than you could yell "Bobby Murcer is God!" I was back at the ball park working out. My body was so weakened that I could not see the beauty inherent in the game. It was then that I realized the game was over for me. It was a hot, sunny afternoon and a salty breeze was wafting out of New York Bay. I was back at that den of stoopidity, Columbia, trying to get better. When I was fully recovered, I returned to the game. It was then that I realized the game was over for me. It seemed that the machine was just throwing him fastballs. Obviously he wasn't one to rise to the occasion and battle back. I was just throwing him fastballs. The result was more often than not a strike. The machine was just throwing him fastballs. It was a hot, sunny afternoon and a salty breeze was wafting out of New York Bay. I was back at that den of stoopidity, Columbia, trying to get better. When I was fully recovered, I returned to the game. It was then that I realized the game was over for me.
Dear Babs,

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

signed, Desperate

Dear Desperate,

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

Dear Babs,

I never had any trouble keeping my skin clean until I came to college. But now my face is erupting all over the place and everyone thinks I'm gross and repulsive, even though I smoke Newports and listen to Bruce Springsteen.

How can I appear to be less of an adolescent and more of a cool college chick?

—signed, Pockmarked

Dear Pockmarked,

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

Dear Babs,

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

signed, Searching

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

Dear Babs,

I never had any trouble keeping my skin clean until I came to college. But now my face is erupting all over the place and everyone thinks I'm gross and repulsive, even though I smoke Newports and listen to Bruce Springsteen.

How can I appear to be less of an adolescent and more of a cool college chick?

—signed, Pockmarked

Dear Pockmarked,

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

Dear Babs,

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

signed, Searching

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

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

The fish flesh scam-kids don't get vaccinated against that one. Over the years the fish clings and slowly sinks into the soul of the host, distorts DNA, and bends the victim to a character of a human being fit only for the mundane and dangerous tasks that keep the circus workers, marks, computer operators, and those called public servants who frequent the First Rate Caper and invention of capital and Machine Age the creation of dooms appeased to steel and steam. The individual is mapped of all life and it is a damn hard to see and use in the present world. The scam continues with television, porno and designer jean ads. The love meter rip-off as another doctor, the Great Stanyan, once wrote, "Romance, is laments at feelings absence. The soul notion is carried by boots made of same serials, The New York Post. In its wake a host of dried banks on the hum of the West, bitter and sick and unable to make even a routine sound and same decision. The Titanic boat syndrome-adrenalin opium addict at the wheel of the boat sails into an iceberg. Water fills the lower levels. Dressed as a woman he leaves the last lifeboat, whips out a pistol. "Alight suckers, start, rowing and later on I'll be storkin'"

BARD CLOSES!
special report by Paul Spencer

This June Bard will close its doors when the last of its students have left commencement. The campus will be all but empty except for the B&G staff who will clean and maintain the empty dorms and classrooms.

Except for the occasional summer programs that go on here, Bard will cease to exist as an educational institution. All this will of course change come Labor Day with the return of students and faculty. This has always been the case at Bard.}

DEAR ABDI

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

Dear Lonsome

May the almighty Allah give you the power to withstand those colossals of the satan. I understand your problem because I am also a foreign student at Bard and am not accepted here among these reptiles of the devol. There is nothing you can do to make the people like you. I just have to wait until you make sun friends (I am still waiting). As for the animals that attacked you, don't worry about then, they just having a good, kloon, American. May I think vat they are a part them welcoming party for the freshmen/woman.

Von Hansen's Market
Quality Meats & Sea Products

Dr. Debra Booten-Franklin

Von Hunter's Market
Quality Meats & Sea Products

Headhunters

BARD TIMES
P. 11

Hunan Chinese Diner

October 7, 1981

T WALL STREET
( Cor. Greenkill Ave.)
KINGSTON, N.Y. 12401
Tel. 331-3803

Tivoli Garden
49 Broadway, Tivoli, NY 12583 — (914) 757-4146
OPEN 12 Noon to 9 P.M. — 6 Days A Week
(CLOSED TUESDAY)

HUNGRY?
1. Homemade Soup of the day with health bread and butter .......................... 1.75
   with salad, health bread and butter .................................................. 2.95
2. Mug of soup, salad and half a sandwich ............................................. 3.95
3. Grilled tomato and Monterey Jack cheese on whole wheat health bread .......... 2.50
4. Chunky white tuna salad on toasted whole wheat english muffin
   with melted cheese and tomato ......................................................... 3.25
5. Curried egg salad on toasted whole wheat pita bread with alfalfa sprouts ... 2.75
6. Gently seasoned chicken salad on health bread with lettuce and tomato ..... 2.95
7. Ripe avocado half stuffed with tuna, egg or chicken salad ...................... 3.95
8. Heavenly Quiche of the day with salad ............................................. 4.50
9. 100% Beef burger on toasted whole wheat english muffin with tossed salad . 2.75
10. Sweet slices of fresh apples on a smooth bed of cream cheese, topped with
    walnuts and honey, served on a thick slice of whole wheat bread .......... 2.50
11. Delicately herbred broccoli, carrots and onions sauteed in butter and served
    in toasted whole wheat pita bread and hot melted cheese ................. 2.75
12. Carrots never tasted this Good!!
    Sweet carrot salad with raisins and walnuts. Then topped with a
    very special honey yogurt dressing .............................................. 2.95
13. Humus—a spicy Middle Eastern chick 'pea pate.
    (Scoop it up with pieces of pocket bread and sticks of raw vegetables) ... 2.95
14. Golden Brown Homemade Waffles—served warm, topped with strawberries & a
    mound of creamy frozen yogurt. Your choice of honey or pure maple syrup .. 2.50

THIRSTY?
Frorozen Yogurt Shakes ................................................................. 1.45
   In the Pink—strawberries, milk and frozen yogurt
   Roseanna Bananaddama—ripe banana, milk and frozen yogurt
   Egg Nog—fresh egg, milk, frozen yogurt, cinnamon and nutmeg.
   Coffee Cow—coffee and frozen yogurt
   Birell Beer—low cal and non-alcohol .............................................. .65
   Natural apple or grape juice ....................................................... .95
   Freshly squeezed orange, celery or carrot juice ................................ 1.10
   Iced tea or coffee ........................................................................... .45
   Hot coffee, herb tea or sanka ....................................................... .35
   Espresso—rich and aromatic—Served in a demi tasse cup ...................... .95
   Cappuccino—frothy steamed milk, espresso and cinnamon ..................... 1.25
   Mochaccino—rich chocolate and espresso coffee topped with a creamy peak
   of sweet frozen yogurt ..................................................................... 1.75
   Maple Madness—a warm and friendly combination of pure maple syrup, steamed
   milk, vanilla and cinnamon .............................................................. 1.25

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

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