Observer secret agenda revealed!

Undercover source discovers the shocking horror behind The Bard Observer

by Bubba Boarly

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 take over the world!"

According to the documents that the main editor supplied, 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 attack 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 made through the personalities and the mysterious graphics in the pages of the Observer, which are burnt along with other sacrificial items.

Editor-in-Chief Kristen Huchison blisteringly 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 in my story on page 2 only because I had to."

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Dear Ms. Editor:

It's no picnic down here pal!

by Mr. President

I'm sick and tired of this morning's bulletin you all put out every week. My Secret Service people read it to me every time it comes down the pipe. You think that it's easy being the press? 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 (Colonel? Who continued on page 3?)
Professors Flip

by Bubba Beazly

The introduction of a certain "controlled substance" in the Kline brownies last week found its 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, "I'm better department head than you are...you couldn't do 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 Shklarewsky began raving 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 vedaic 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 Stolenelik, Chinua Achebe, and Sanjib Baruah. Professor Baruah then used a mid-­goat-­throwing contest 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!"

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Over Kline Brownies

Are you sick?
Do you have any Sudafed in the house? 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;

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

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Observer Scam

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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 "nothing new," which means she's in on the scheme.

Managing Editor Jason Van Driesche was equally helpless in trying to defend himself against the charges of the Observer. "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.

Aris 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...
The Drab Obsfuscator

Idiot-in-Chief
Tristan Hutchinson

Bandaging Editor
Jason Van Druedel

Viewers Editor
Tom Hillig

Creatures Editor
Greg Causio

Destroyer Editor
Doug Donatell

Sorties Editor
Joey Papas

Photo Predator
Perry Baker

Staff Writers
Angel Alexandre
Mack Cutler

Save Crapper
Join and Franchise

Lined Past
Angela Jannoes

Rubba Klein
M.D., L.

Melonoid Logos
J. Nathan Tillier

Tawny Bantering
Matt Fippeal

Tabba Black
Crista Serene

Photo Babe
Catering Comaguses

Seduction Manager
Michael Cafione
Production Staff
David Gomes

Diction Jean

Seniority Copy Editor
Andrea Braith

Slippery Editors
Goldie Miller

Titic Pillow
And DJ Stein

None of Your Business Manager
Little Folk

Glaedvertising Manager
Koran Clamant

Circuit Managers
Amy Sewater

Ina Oif Cauldon

Technical Resident/ Computer Guru
Michael Cinnally

Secretary wanna’ be’s
Miss Shirk
And DJ Stein

The Drab Obsfuscator is published only once a while class is in session so we don’t get caught.

Editorial policy is determined completely haphazardly 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 complimentary. 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 Bandians. 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.

Band College
Annandale (Look, I don’t know where it is eluded, NY 12501
1 (800) 738-6660

April Fool’s Day, 1991
The Drab Obsfuscator

Uncovered:
Communist Plot in Earth Day!

Dear Editor

continued from page 1

I 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- ing 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, Kove’s been on the company payroll for years, the DEA’s been putting so many drugs in your area that they’ve enlisted the help of Music Program Zero, and your Pez 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? Kickbacks? Ring a bell, kiddies?

Prison? I’d rather send ’em to the front. How do you think we won so fast? That, plus we pay your physicists to invent cool new bombs! Did you think they were making paper airplanes? No! "Hello America!!" You can’t move that! It calibrates all the nukes on the eastern seaboard (Thank you very f-kings much, Philip Davis, Bard ’80). 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 lumpy yellow-ball 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 drip into Hell—forget it! Like when I forgave the Poles. I didn’t mean their debt! Selling Hawaii wasn’t even make a dent in the S & L crisis! It’s not cocktails on the g-dmn 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-dmn Osherer flunkies—who gave them that stupid-ass name anyway? Just what is “Ms.” Hutchinson smoking when she thinks that she needs to buy a new car? The g-dmn 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 you go through hookers on Sunday. These pictures look like they came from Grid 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 G222X person, hey, he’s a man I need on my council. Spandex is the only thing I read in your rag! Oh, and that DfHasta 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, SKIFFER!

Yours, sincerely,
George Herbert Walker Bush, President of the United States of America.

Dear Editor

continued from page 2

by Greg “Greenkiller” Giacello

Although far less industrialized than the United States, the USSR has policed the atmosphere far more with its Communist fifth 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-loving 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. It is 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-apricid 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 leftists, Bolsheviks, and commies.

The real 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. CPC’s a lie, America! Wake up!

This Paper is Non-Recyclable

Blakeslee’s Apothecary
Feel ill? Get a fix and a shop
and in upstate New York
64 Tinker Street, Woodstock 331-9008

HEY BOYS AND GIRLS
CUM TO RHINEBECK’s LATEST NEWS CRAZE
BARNEYS
MUDWRESTLING ARENA
HI-TONE GALS AND HARDBODY GUYS
OPEN THURSDAY- SATURDAY 9PM-3AM
“Awright, man cool!” 2 bucks cover
756-2068
38 MONTGOMERY ST, RHINEBECK (in back of the StarrBan)
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 going to 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 boo you if you actually wanted to go).

Music Symposium:
On March 30, 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 Tschongak, Michael Tork and Paul Monroe 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! Inshall Allah you fag!

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 Last Door in Olin 202 at 9:30 PM (Part of the French Film Series)

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**Calendar of Events**

**Sunday 17**

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>5:15 PM</td>
<td>Women’s Center Meeting</td>
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<td>6:00 PM</td>
<td>Geometry Lecture</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 PM</td>
<td>Environmental Club/PC Symposium</td>
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**Monday 20**

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<tr>
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<td>Levy Lecture</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00 PM</td>
<td>English Course</td>
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<td>5:30 PM</td>
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**Tuesday 21**

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**Wednesday 22**

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<td>5:00 PM</td>
<td>General Admission</td>
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**Train Runs:**

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