

Bard College
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HARD BARD

Vol. 1 No. 1 Fall, 1980

Page 2	Table of Contents
Page 3	The New Regime! s. b.
Page 4	Letters to the Editor [“I’d like to ask why everybody uses words like “Bourgeois,” “Materialism,” and “Capitalist Pig” so much?”] Peter F. [“I’m not happy with the treatment I’ve been receiving from the teacher.”] Suzy L.
Page 5	Freshman Rules
Page 6	Housing Crisis Solved! g.m.
Page 7	[Cartoon] Leila Cabib
Page 10	News Around the World
Page 11	Audio Seminar System g.m.
Page 12	Faculty Art Show
Page 13	Hard Bard Poster of the Month Big Time Tee-Vee Hero
Page 14	Classified
Page 15	Editorial [“This publication is not meant to offend anyone!”] s.b.

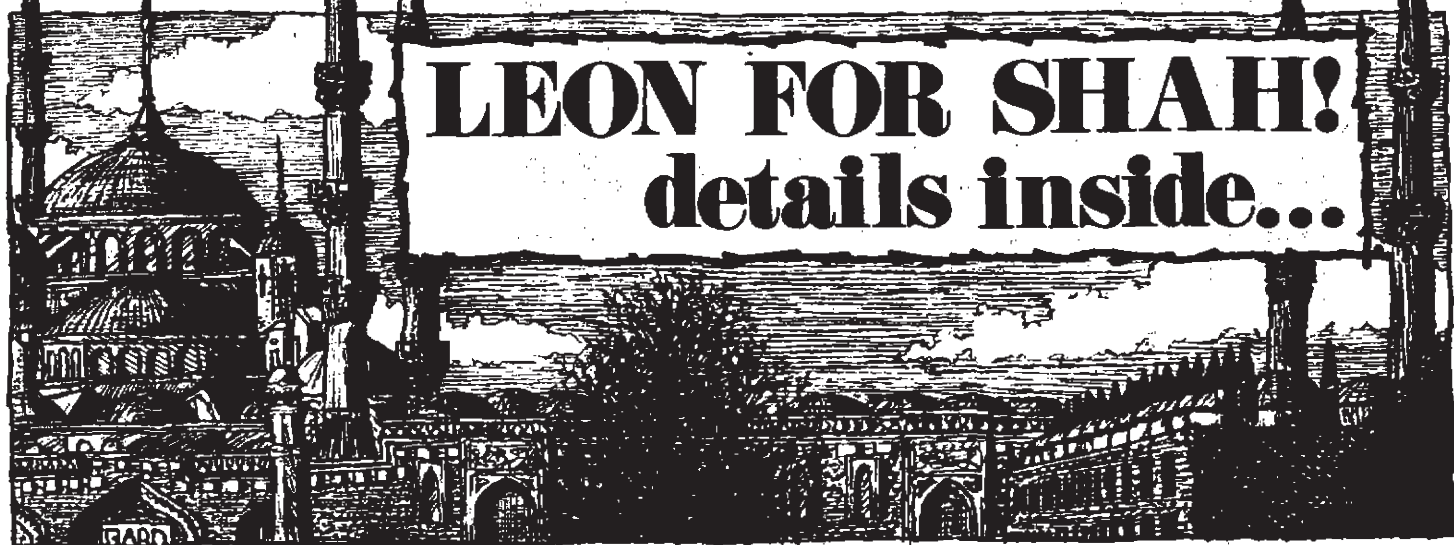
PREMIERE ISSUE!



volume one

• FALL 1980 •

number one



CONTENTS

New Regime	3
Letters to the Editor	4
Freshman Rules	5
Housing Crisis	6
News Around the World	10
Audio Seminar System	11
Faculty Art Show	12
Poster of the Month	13
Editorial	15

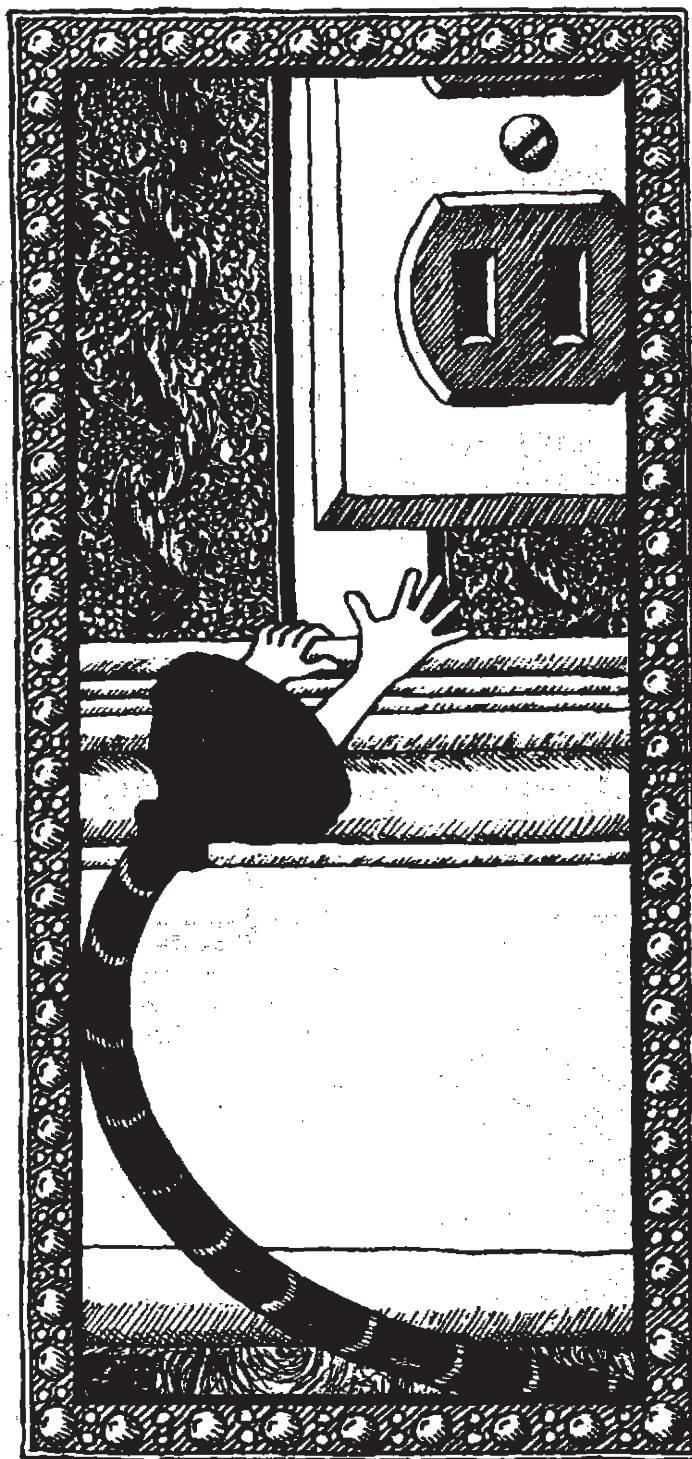


STAFF

STEPHEN BARNWELL
Editor-in-Chief
Gabe Morgan
Literary Editor
Jon Slone
Potential Person
Oliver James
Chairman of the Broad
Leon Botstien
Object of Scorn



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T EHERAN-ON-HUDSON, Dec. 12: Now entering on the 1825 day of captivity, the prospects for the 770 hostages at Bard College seem no brighter than five years ago, when the ruthless Botstein Regime seized power.

Among the henchmen awarded high places in local government is Dick Griffiths (former disciple of G. Gordan Liddy), Peter Sears the Corruptable, and a host of other shiftless, shifty-eyed men. Together, they have achieved a firm stranglehold on this isolated but strategic community.

Escorted down the long hallway by

more. A fearsome figure, indeed.

The first public interview Shah Leon gave since he seized control turned out to be something of a disappointment. To my numerous and repeated questions, the Shah merely gazed skyward, sighed, and said, "By the will of Allah...." he would reveal nothing of his plans for either the college or the hostages. However, he did ask a mysterious and disturbing question: "Has anyone seen my car?"

Leon's position, though, has met with serious opposition. The neighboring principality of Simon's Rock has just declared war on Bard, and already midnight geurilla raids

The New Regime!

two Palace Guards, I was heading towards the seat of power of this infamous tyranny: Leon's Throne Room. As I entered this majestic chamber, I caught my first sight of the awesome despot. Slumped rather twistedly in his golden chair, Leon was wrapped poorly in flowing robes riddled with coffee stains. His thick black glasses contrasted sharply with the rather poorly wrapped turbin perched precariously on his head. As he sat puffing furiously on his pipe, he suddenly burst into a fit of coughing, subsequently blowing the pipe bowl creating a cloud of ash around his head, making him cough all the

on SAGA food delivery trucks have been perpetrated. With his usual vehemence, Shah Leon declared that he will not suffer these "atrocities" and threatened retaliation. Hordes of B&G workers are now being raised in order to clash with Simon's Rock's army of deadly SAGA girls.

No more reports will come from within the Capitol City, though, as Leon has just declared that all foreign reporters must be evacuated. Thus, my compatriots and I must exit this scene of destruction and oppression. God only knows what the final fate of the hostages will be -- the world waits with baited breath.

-- s.b.

Hello, I'm a freshmen here at Bard (are you still listening?) and I've got a few questions. First of all, I'd like to ask why everybody uses words like "Bourgeois," "Materialism," and "Capitalist Pig" so much? I mean they're nice words and all, but why construct every sentence around one of them? Besides, capitalism has always worked for me....

Also, I attended a Students For a New Dichotomy --er, I mean Society, meeting and was completely lost by the time it ended. They spent the entire meeting debating how the meeting should be run. the only thing they agreed on was that Jonathan Feldman talked too much -- who is Jon Feldman, anyway?

I am really wondering if I am going to fit in. I picked up a copy of the newspaper, the Observer, but it was no help. Between the off-center type and typographical errors, all I could make out was something about Indians!

I would greatly appreciate any advice you could give me about acclimating myself to Bard.

Yours Truly,
Peter F.

Dear Editor,

I am a first semester freshman enrolled in a Spanish Art History course. Though the work is fascinating, I am not happy with the treatment I've been receiving from the teacher.

Just last week he went around the class, smiling approval at each student as he handed back their papers. Coming to me he stopped, spat, gave me a hard look and said, "Suzy, you have the art sensitivity of a Denture Paste. Not only is your opinion invalid but also your figure is terrible." Was this justified?

Yesterday, when I went up to the front of the room to deliver my oral report, he kept the class laughing with jokes about my posture and acne. Drowned out by their mirth, I returned discouraged to my seat, which by his direction faces opposite to all the others.

I don't feel that his behavior comes easily under the heading of constructive criticism. What should I do?

Suzy L.

Do something about your complexion --ed





Typical
Freshman

FRESHMAN RULES

Someone made a mistake. Someone gave Leon a copy of the 1934 Freshman Handbook. Now he wants to reinstitute all the rules in that book starting February 1, 1981. We first learned this news in the letter, dated November 5, 1980, that he sent to our office explaining the whole deal. Leon has asked us to print the new Freshman Rules since we were the next publication to be printed. Since we do not wish to antagonize the Administration in any way, we're complying with Leon's request:

1. Within thirty days after the close of the first semester, the Freshman Class shall, with all the ritual and solemnity due the occasion, secretly inter an algebra in the ground, autographed by each member of the class, and with it a certain quantity of wine. To be legal, every freshman must be at the grave during the burial. At the end of four years the algebra is exhumed and burned on a funeral pyre during the Class Day exercises. Toasts are drunk to the College, and to the outgoing and incoming Senior Classes.
2. All freshmen must wear the prescribed indication of their class within a radius of four miles of campus, except at formal gatherings or when actively engaged in athletics. This includes Red Hook.
3. Freshmen must not precede Sophomores and Upperclassmen through doorways. The Chapel is the only exception. Also, freshmen must not sit on campus benches when Sophomores and Upperclassmen are standing nearby.
4. Freshmen may only smoke corn cob pipes on campus.
5. A freshman who makes himself objectionable by continued impertinance and annoyance to Sophomores and Upperclassmen thus renders himself "Persona Non Grata" and practically eliminates himself from consideration in the athletic, fraternity, and social life of the campus. Should the individual persist in his offenses he is liable to suitable warnings and corrective measures from his fellow students.
6. Freshmen must carry matches or lights for the use of Sophomores and Upperclassmen.

(Continued on page seven)



Housing Crisis Solved!

Bard's newest housing project has left the country's leading progressive planners in a state of breathless admiration. Quoting Dean of Students Peter Sears, "We have bypassed the stifling conventions of partitioned structure. In the new units, the fine arts major's creative impulse will be permitted to soar and swoop unintimidated by the usual walls and ceilings."

True, a handful of sulky irrationals did express doubts, but were happily silenced by the committee's threats of physical violence.

I asked a committee spokesman about the project. At first he would only roll his eyes strangely, but as the interview progressed my

impartiality impressed him, and eventually he even relaxed enough to stab me several times with the ink end of his ball point.

One of the first residents, pictured above, approves of his living conditions. He does not miss walls which he has always felt were "very middle class." When asked, "Isn't it inconvenient to be roofless," he had this sensible reply: "How can I enjoy the benefits of living without walls and still have a ceiling? Ceilings must be supported," he observed keenly, "In this instance, exposure is the price of progress."

Hard Bard's editors, although they commend this healthy attitude, wonder if open air living is worth the resulting raise in tuition.

-- g.m.



Freshman Rules, continued

- GENERAL CUSTOMS -

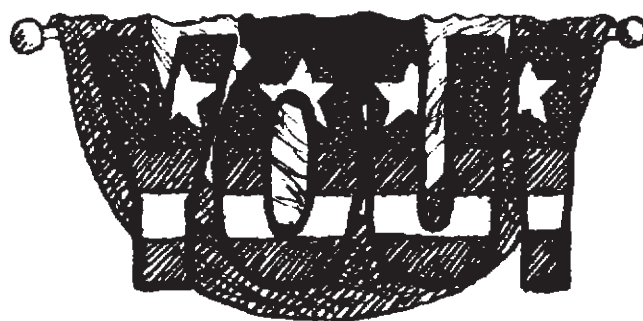
Undergraduate gowns are worn to all seminars, conferences, lectures and to chapel. They are dispensed with in the laboratories. If a man appears in a seminar without a gown, he owes an explanation to his professor, otherwise he is considered absent.

When a professor enters his seminar room, the men rise and remain standing until he is seated or requests them to be seated.

Speak to professors when passing them on campus.

When the "Alma Mater" is sung, all Bard College men rise and uncover.

These Rules and General Customs are to be honored by all freshmen and, where applicable, Sophomores and Upperclassmen. It is your social and moral obligation, Sophomores and Upperclassmen, to enforce these rules and customs to the best of your ability. Note: corn cob pipes and undergraduate gowns are on order and will be in the bookstore soon.

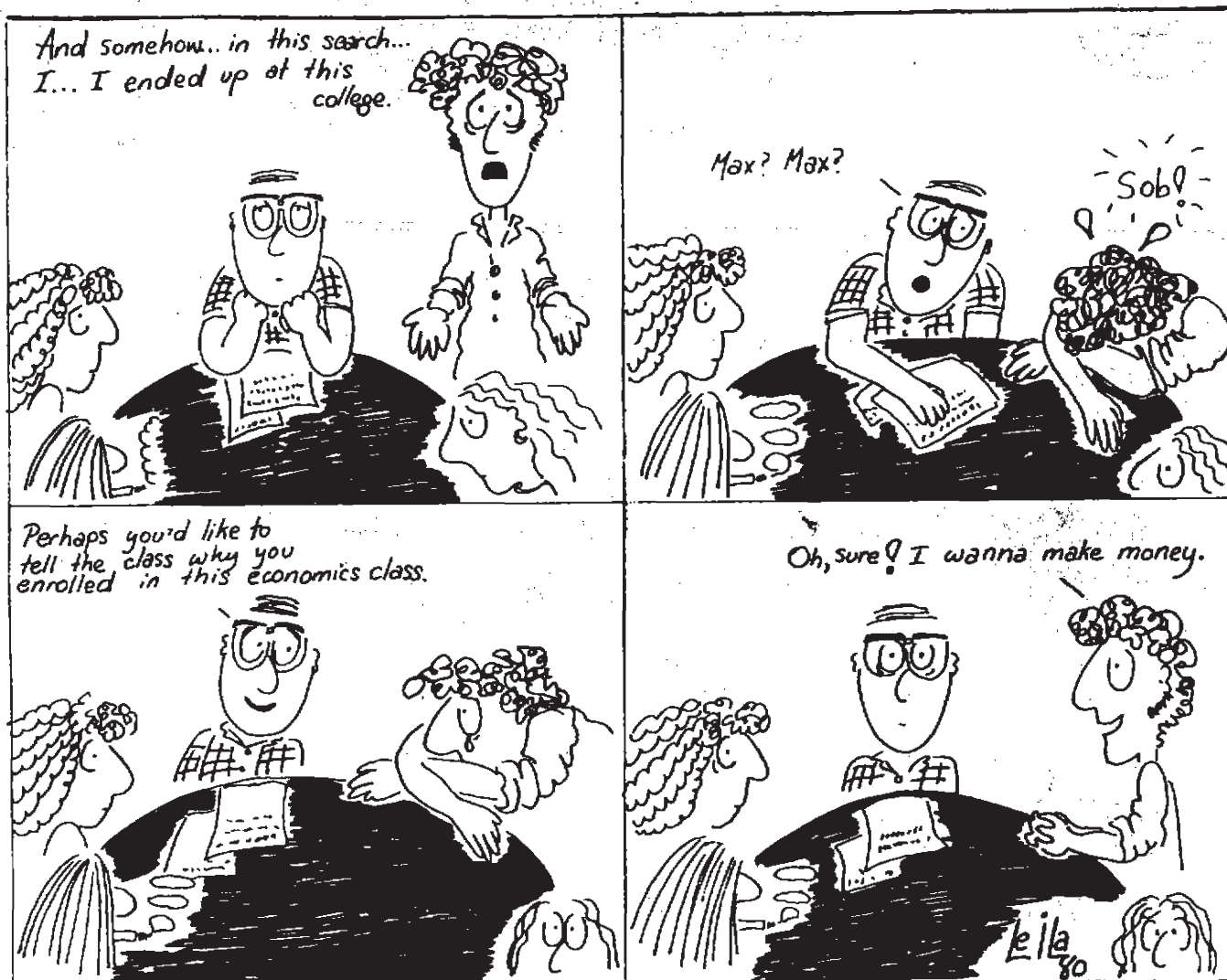


YOU! YES I'M TALKING TO YOU! Are you going to waste away the most valuable time you have by just going to class and then going back to your room and partying?! Now is your opportunity to do something worthwhile with your college years: join our staff! Yes, you can join



an elite group of dedicated young Americans already growing in number! All you have to do is get off your butt and prepare three or more sample pieces of copy or artwork

for us over January and then watch for the staff meeting announcement (in weekly calender) in February. Bring your samples to the meeting! GOOD WORK, MEN!!



Cartoon by LEILA CABIB

News Around the World

NEW YORK, Nov. 21: "Nothing under this wine glass!!" Disappointment clouds the features of Mayor Ed Koch as he gambles away New York City's 1981 Budget on a game of shells.



Red Hook, N.Y., Dec. 3: The Reverend Whop is leader of a prevalent new religious sect. Its members are more dangerous than ever since they have taken to wearing civilian clothes and can only be recognized by their paper bag heads.

Audio Seminar System

The picture below was taken at an experimental audio seminar. Deemed a success at the end of its year long trial period, Audio Seminar Systems (ASS) calls for the professor's tape recorded lecture to be played into cassettes which students collect at their convenience. It allows the lecture to be composed in a comfortable home atmosphere.

Seriously opposed to ASS is the unfortunate Poli-Sci major Jud

Wills, who's Panasonic has found a high paying State Department job while he has had to settle for janitorial work.

"It's just not right," Jud complained with an angry flourish of his mop.

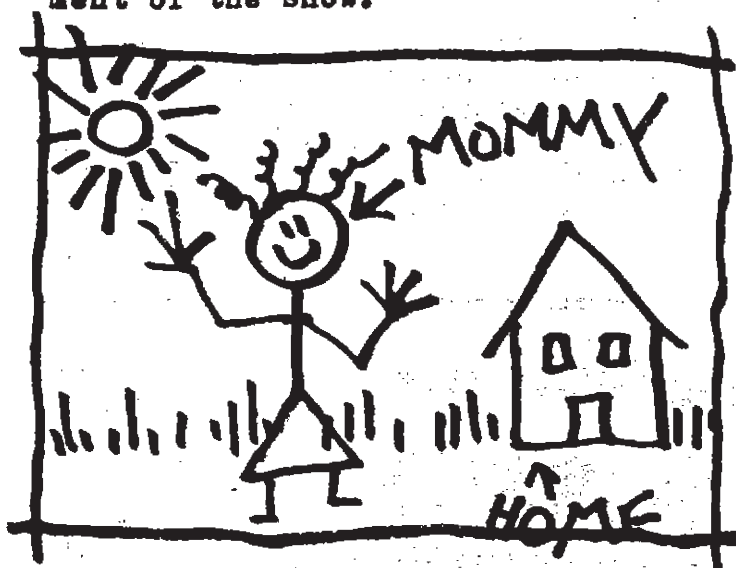
Professor Walters is pleased that the ASS leaves him time to expand his collection of lacy underthings. A two year European sabbatical was recently awarded to his Sony, while Walters himself will get a pay cut.

-- g.m.



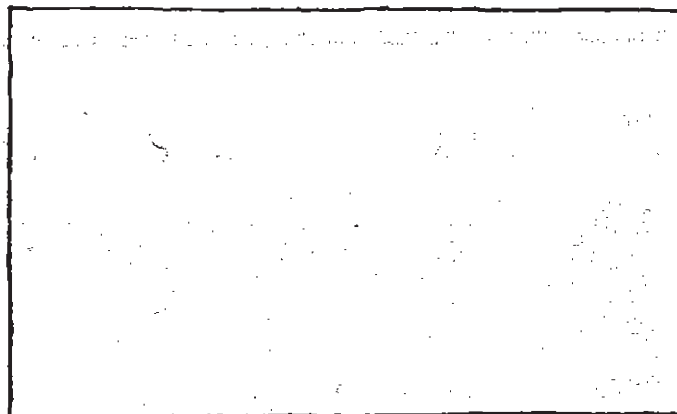
Faculty Art Show

If you were to enter Procter Art Center, you would be confronted by a quite bizarre sight. The faculty of the above mentioned center has seen fit to display their creations to all who have the intestinal fortitude to handle them. This frontal attack on the visual senses simply cries out to be scrutinized and criticized. I couldn't resist. Rather than review the entire exhibit, I have selected three sample pieces that I feel best represent the mood and visual statement of the show.



Here is a fine print by Bernard Greenwald. In an effort to analyze the "structure" of the human form and to integrate the subject with its environment, the artist has produced this deceptively simplistic style. The discerning viewer will quickly note the obvious influence of his own traumatic childhood, in which, for thirteen years, he was fed Ex-lax disguised as chocolate. Incidentally, for those of you who would like to

study this extremely refined artistic style, Bernie will be teaching an introductory finger painting course next semester (amputees should not register.)



Ah, yes. This one is by Nancy Mitchnick. In her endless quest for the ultimate abstract painting, she has produced this highly imaginative piece. Entitled "White," this painting was years in the making. Careful thought and plan-

(Continued on page 14)

HERO BAR Poster of the Month

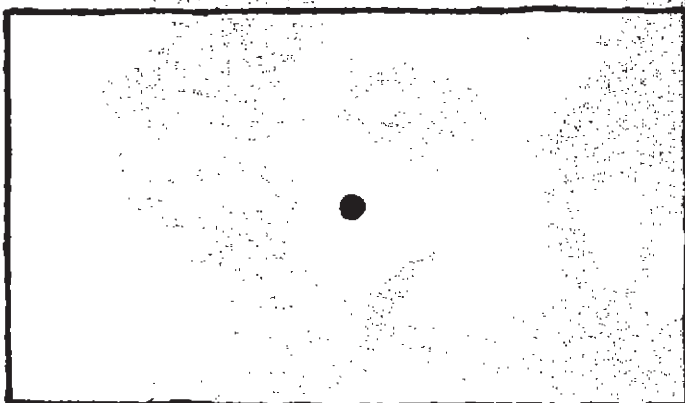
*Best Wishes Always!
Uncle Floyd & OOGIE*



Big Time Tee-Wee
HERO

faculty, con't

ning, plus six complete reworkings, successfully produced this striking composition. When asked to comment on her painting, she simply said: "I think it's a bit cluttered, don't you?"



Above is a superb oil painting by Alan Cote. Entitled, "Little Black Dot in the Absolute Center of the Damned Picture," Alan has achieved a cunning conception of perfection. Bravo, Alan!

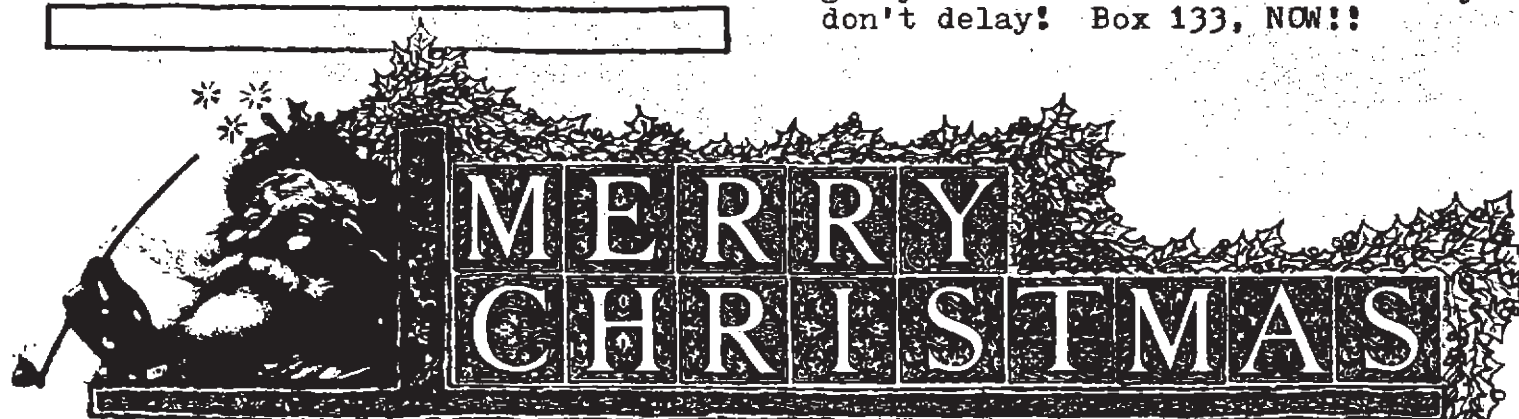


SLEEK, well groomed Doberman looking for freshman girl with a fetish. Contact Hassle, Box 104.

MULTIPLE personality girl looking for meaningful relationship with guy over 21. If interested call Janet, Carol, or Sue at 758-2239.

I SHOT GENE MASON! I SHOT GENE MASON!! HA, HA, HA!!!

SPACE CADETS! Are you out there cruising among the stars alone? Well, get into formation and join the Space Cadet Club!! When you join, you get your own flight jacket with magnetic buttons, an official Space Cadet Club Cap with glow-in-the-dark antennas, a genuine membership card, and some extra fuel to get ya back out there! Order today - don't delay! Box 133, NOW!!





EDITORIAL

Once upon a time, in a cosy little college nestled deep (and I mean deep!) in the woods, a few plucky students decided to have a little fun antagonizing the administration. "How should we do it?" they thought to themselves.

"Send the pickled fetus to Leon?" suggested one eagerly.

"Naw, too messy," said another, "besides, I'm not going to pick it up!"

"I've got it!" cried the third one in the group, "Let's start a magazine and call it HARD*BARD!!"

At this, they all sat dumbfounded for several days.

"It's Coming!" screamed the cheap xerox flyers posted all over campus. People started talking, but most still remained in the dark. However, H*B finally made it, despite the delays and problems.

As you may have noticed, H*B is a blend of humor and art. We believe that a magazine shouldn't be purely for the intellect, but it should also be beautiful to look at. that was our aim.

I don't want to drawl on and on about our "Philosophies" and all that -- the magazine should speak for itself. However, I would like to say this: this publication is not meant to offend anyone! It is here to amuse. Those who are getting poked fun at should laugh and not take everything so seriously. Also, the rest of you should laugh now, because your turn will come...

Finally, if you don't think we're funny, there's only one thing you can do: join our staff! So come and write for us, we'll be having a staff recruitment meeting in early February.

Meanwhile, have a great vacation!

-- s.b.

