

Bard College
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OBSERVER

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NEW EQUIPMENT for B&G



B&G Personnel Manning New Equipment

Dateline: Physical Plant, Bard College
May 6, 1978.

This season, Bard will be receiving a large Federal Grant to be used for improvement of campus facilities. Lawn Mowers, tractors, and all automotive equipment will be replaced. In addition, many of the central college buildings will be undergoing major alterations.

The first of the major changes is that next year Bard will be becoming a self-sufficient institution. The lower lands near the Hudson and Manor field will be cleared over the summer for farm use. That's right — Bard will be planting her own fields in years to come.

To accommodate the new farmlands, Bard will be acquiring a spanking new surplus fleet of tractor replacements, better suited for the heavy-duty jobs which are in the offing. Twelve Sherman tanks, two tiger tanks, and several surplus Israeli Phantom jets will be brought in for field clearing and spraying.

To house the new spray planes, the antiquated Kellogg-Hoffman Library will be converted into a hanger. The south side of the building will be removed, and the structure will hold an estimated seven jets. Stone Row, as well as other obstructions within thirty feet of the College Path will be

cleared away so that the path itself may be used as the new Bard Runway. Plans have been made to move Ludlow, stone by stone, to the structurally-stable environment of the unused swimming pool.

Tanks, as well as four armored personnel carriers (which will replace the old Bard vans) will be housed in the as-yet unfinished portion of the new theatre.

A brand new selection of flame-throwers will also be used, for quicker, easier building renovation and grass care and maintenance.

Also new next year will be the "Save the Hudson" seminar. Already ordered for next year's seminar are two Polaris submarines for research of our beautiful river's bed. In conjunction with this, Bard will be opening a grand surprise restaurant on the waves! That's right! Now you'll be able to enjoy your sumptuous SAGA meals on board the Battleship Bard, cruising the majestic Hudson at forty knots between 5 and 8 p.m. Prices will be reasonable and after dinner music will be provided by our own cavortin' campus bands!

All in all, it looks like a big year for Bard, so let's make the best of it.

MERCENARY TRAINING PROGRAM

Dateline: Ludlow, Bard College
May 7, 1978

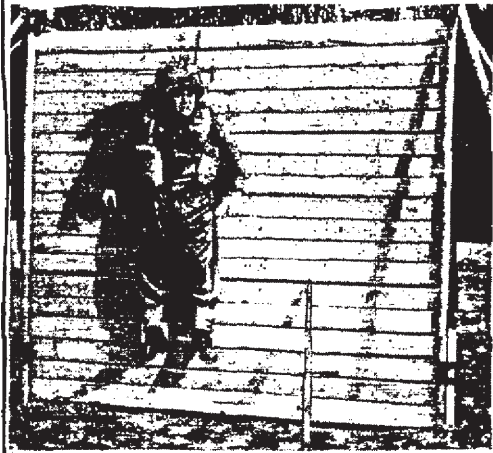
In a surprise move, the Administration has announced the formation of a new academic program for Bard next fall, entitled "The Inter-Generational Mercenary Training School". The program has a rolling admissions: the mercenary comes up for the day, flashes his credentials and \$6500 and is informed as to whether he has been accepted or rejected. Not many are turned away, as three admissions interviewers have been seriously wounded by disappointed rejected mercenaries.

President Botstein has stated that the courses offered in the school will be listed under the Humanities division. The goal is to "humanize" the average mercenary. Just how subtle this attempt will be is evinced by one of the proposed English courses, "Re-Evaluation of Mercenary Jargon: a course designed to soften the Soldier of Fortune's vocabulary". The mercenary will be taught not to employ such "violent" words as "wipe-out", "crush", and "invade". Instead, these words are to be replaced by "pacify", "subdue", and "ideological justification of boundary expansion". The mercenary will also be instructed on: 1) how to eat with knives and forks, 2) abstention from assassinating one's leaders, and 3) assuming a more ob-



Prospective students at I.D.P. seminar

jective view when liquidating villages. "We don't want hot-headed fools who don't know how to 'hit a town properly'," snarled General Jack "Demo" Smith in-



General Jack Smith

structor of the program. "We want fellows who think about who and what they are killing. We've lost touch with our true ideological goals."

In addition to the classes, the mercenaries must also attend films and seminars and meet with advisors. Though this special attention may detract from the regular course offering, General Smith sees little difficulty in overcoming the problem. "If they (the students) complain, shoot 'em", was his solution. "Education at any and all costs, is my motto."

The program has had success in Africa and South America, but it has run into opposition here at Bard. The President, countering anti-mercenary feelings, argues that mercenaries are a very misunderstood social group, and that this program would improve relationships with the outside community. "Since freshmen have seminars, sophomores have moderation, juniors their major conferences, and seniors their Projects, the mercenaries may feel left out and alienated."

The program will be implemented next fall. Students are advised to obtain all the life insurance they can. The administration has assured the student body that "Everyone will have the time of his life, those who survive."

Plastic Chandelier Owners Make Better Lovers

Looking ahead now...

During its summer Bacchanale & Cerebral Palsy Disco-thon, a tristate Rotary council presented Bard's president with the Mr. Objectification Award for 1978. An anonymous, uh, spokesperson for the council had this to say of Mr. Botstein: "He's today's guy on the go, able to speak authoritatively on anything from Lavoissier to Courvoissier. He plays the violin superbly, keeps his wine cellar well-stocked, dresses impeccably, and seduces beautiful women." Yeah, well. The spokesperson went on to assess Leon as "proof that the middle-class male mystique is alive and well. Meanwhile, an acutely sensitive Bard poet "wandering with timeless knowing" through Nepal "in search of cosmic verities", writes "Leon is a wanker" on an ashram wall. It becomes a Theravahita aphorism overnight. It also becomes a punk anthem when DeeDee Ramon sees it on the men's room wall at CBGB's.

Concurrently, Roy Lisker achieves notoriety in Leftist circles when he takes up "squatter's rights" in Stone Row and must be forcibly evicted come the renovation. He sells his story to a mimeographed journal

put out by left-over Young Spartacists and Blackstone Rangers. It appears right beneath a column on Paraguay called "The Pissed-Off Peon".

Despite these developments, the rest of the campus remains politically inactive. Few people turn out for the charitable fast and one student paints a picture of why this is: "See, I went on a pilgrimage through Northern India once; I couldn't find one fucking Holiday Inn, one fucking Gugenheim, or a single birth control dispensary in the village where I stayed. Now, WHOSE FAULT IS THAT? The more mouths you starve today, the less you'll have to feed tomorrow. And then also, it wasn't like our culture where everybody's trying to exploit you with real high prices. I got things dirt cheap. And the women are really cool about giving head for practically nothing. They've got a progressive system, and we've no right to fuck with it."

Another made it clear that she very much wanted to feed the West African babies, but that she herself was "a have-not, especially after those exploitive bastards at

Sasoon's ripped me \$35 for this haircut!"

Another student observed, "People in the late 60's were full of bullshit idealism about making social or personal improvements, y'know? Always having to reach some goal. Well, we're cool because we know we're already there. We just have to sit on the Blithewood lawn and maintain our redoubtable hipness."

How's it done? Well, Bard women spray paint and glue all over their heads in order to look appealing. Bard men wear cameras, lots of 'em. We all put on Coney Island shades and listen to rockers having temper tantrums amid narcissistic ritualizations of their inability to relate to the world in general in any constructive or meaningful way.

Bridge players and raconteurs reflect their magnificence by sitting in d.c. while the menials kneel at their feet and pick up the dirty dishes. After all, they get paid for the work they do. Whereas the beautiful fun set get handed an equal amount without having to do any work. (See how cool and aloof they are?)

All of us are sufficiently cool that when someone else is suffering major emotional complications, we are in no way called upon to give him or her special support. Either we are just too divinely sensitive to shoulder the load or perhaps too fun-loving. So screw 'em.

On an intellectual plain, we are again beyond reproach. Music that in some way taxes or disturbs us — anything which does not give us reliable, authoritative advice the way Jerry Garcia always does — is, let's face it, an imposition. The arts should remain polite and servile, softly in the background of our socializing or right in the forefront of our name-dropping. Fleetwood Mac, after all, goes very well with designer glasses and \$200 Frye boots.

Well, too much said already. Time to get on with cultivating and preserving our splendor. We are the vanguard of Larchmont Nation. In four short years we'll be out raising families or sexual partners of our own. Holding fast to our way of life, instructing our kids, "Shut up and eat your disco."

LOOK INSIDE ...



The Red Tide is Dead...LONG LIVE THE



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Chairman: Ed Colon
Comrades: Mickey Goosens, John Large
Bob Leder, Doug Milne
Josh Ostrovsky, George Smith
Shelia Spencer, Denise West

SPRING FIASCO

Plans for the 1978 Spring Fiasco are now set and from the looks of it, this is going to be the most successful Bard bash of the semester.

Craig Flinch, our SAGA gourmet, has prepared a mouth-watering menu which includes: a breakfast of beer, sauerkraut and veal parmesan (served in the Manor basement from 5:00-5:15 a.m.), a lunch of beer, uncooked corn and veal parmesan (served on the Blithewood lawn from 3:00-9:00 p.m.) and a dinner of beer and breaded veal served at Continental breakfast the following morning.

He has persuaded the administration to allow us to use the lawn below Ludlow as the site for Bard's First Annual Faculty Sacrifice. Although the BAFS committee first decided the victim should be chosen by ballot, it was finally persuaded that a lottery would be more enjoyable and unbiased. The winning faculty member is requested to appear on the lawn at twelve noon for the event. (Stones, bricks and a limited number of chains will be supplied by B&G; the more creative students are asked to bring their own weapons.)

A wall-demolishing contest will be held at 2:00p.m. outside Tewksbury. Teams of 2-4 will be assigned walls both inside and outside the structure, and are given a maximum of one hour to create a hole large enough to crawl through. Contestants may bring any tools they like (except construction vehicles) and may attack their wall from either side. Since those assigned walls in the heart of the building will be

taking a slightly higher personal risk than those on the outside, in case the entire building should collapse, they will be given a 15 minute head start. First prize to the fastest team is the choice of any room in Manor Annex for the following year; second prize is a card permitting one to remove as much food from the SAGA cafeteria as one likes for one semester; third prize is a female python donated by an anonymous Bard student.

Other contests include: a toilet-stuffing contest to be held in the Commons lavatories; a drawing contest, using ElMarcos on the Dining Commons windows, and a contest to see who can land the most jello cubes into the Commons ceiling lights.

A dance outside the remains of Tewksbury will last until 4:00 am, to the music of "Parson's Arse" and the new punk group, "Social Disease". Afterward, there will be a bonfire in the ravine. Dean Sugar announced that this year's bonfire will surpass all previous ones, since we have acquired a vast supply of kindling. (Though she did not explain where it was coming from, she stressed that no transportation of the wood to this location was necessary.) When asked whether the bonfire's proximity to the Mods might create a fire hazard, she simply smiled and assured us that nothing would get burned unintentionally.

It sounds like a grand old time, so join me in praying for a nice sunny day. See you there!

Alfonse L. Fuchs

COMMITTEES SUBMITTING BUDGETS FOR CONVOCATION ALLOCATIONS

F.A.L.N. S.C.A.R.E.
I.R.A. Weather Underground
J.D.L. Effigy Burning Society
S.L.A. Lynch Mob Committee
Demolition Coalition to Renovate Ludlow
Suds and Doobies Committee
Moonies
Students for Wankers



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WRITE NOW!!!

Send to: Office of Admissions, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y., 12504

Hurry!! Send my 1978 Mercenary kit now!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NO NUKES

The physics department recently announced that they are constructing a nuclear power facility capable of generating 12,000 megawatts of electricity. Technical assistance has been sought and received from the Israelis. The plant will be used to supply the electrical needs of Bard and Adolph's, as well as providing B & G with a source of plutonium. Caught outside his office, President Botstein claimed that the construction of this facility had no influence on Annandale's plans to secede from the Union and become an independent nation. He dismissed the rumored alliance with the IRA as pure speculation.

SPECIAL TRAINING COURSE GETTING LAID MORE (for men only)

Ipcie Phalco and experienced friends divulge age-old secrets. Films, slides, demonstrations and in-depth discussions. Professor Woo-Woo will co-host the show. \$20 for four hours that can change your life! MEN ONLY. Women partners provided. Sign up early. Starts promptly at 7 p.m. Doors locked. Last part of May. Call Bard office of Community Events for information. Limited capacity, so make your reservations now.

*Due to the success of Professor Woo-Woo's previous sessions, Ms. Woo-Woo is now concurrently offering a course in Self-Defense for Women.

going prices\$

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Mexican.....\$35-40/oz.
Thai stick.....\$15-20 each
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Black Beauties.....\$2.50/hit
Caffeine.....\$.75/hit
ACID:
4 way.....\$3.00/hit
red dragon.....\$2.00/hit
purple haze.....\$2.50/hit
Cocaine.....\$20/1/4 80 gm.
\$22.50/1/4
\$90/gm.
Hash.....\$7/gm.
Hash oil.....\$18/1/2 gm.
\$35/gm.

LUCITE TAHINI & LIMP PLASTIC SPROUTS

After reading about NYC's proposed Andymat's, SAGAmaster Gregg Finch decided to dispense with the current Amtrack station/Bagel Nosh decor and to refurbish the cafeteria with Pop iconography. The new "environment" includes lithos of the infamous soup cans, the Olgenburg burger & fries sculptures, and Robert Indiana's EAT/DIE canvas.

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Steal This Letter

Dear Abbie,

As you know, it's just three short weeks till final exams. As usual, I have 2½ months worth of studying to catch up on. A week and a half ago, I began my preparations. 2 hits of four way were really colorful for awhile, and they got me in an "up" mood to study. Since then I've been doing a ratio of 3:1 (Beauties to crystal meth), but somehow, my studies just can't hold my attention long enough for me to finish a page. I'm really getting into this study method, but I'm worried that I might not do too well at finals. Any suggestions?

Day Tripper

Dear Tripper,

Being "up" for finals is one thing, but I tend to think you may have gone a bit far. That's cool though, 'cause I've done the same trip. Basically, you have two paths open to you.
a) You can keep it up, drop out of school, sell what you've got and make a bundle, buy more and deal for life.
b) You can give up your life of immoral judgement, and send all of your remaining stuff to me, care of the Manifesto; I'll take care of it for you.

Dear Abbie,

My roommate is spitting up blood. We have been dealing a little bit and because of this we have dope laying all over our room and we can't figure out which pot is poisonous. My mother came up a couple of days ago. I'm not sure but I think she lifted a "z". What should I do? For God's sake, it's almost Mother's Day.

A Loving Son

Dear Loving,

The first thing to do is to test your weed. Take samples from each baggie, and have your friendly neighborhood chemistry major check it out. If you find it's contaminated — what the hell, she took it without your permission in the first place. Wait till Mother's Day... chances are you can save yourself the price of the card.



Editorial



Greetings, fellow Marxists, Leninists, Maoists, Trotskyites and reactionary fascists. If you are surprised at this issue of the Observer, well you should be. This is an updated version of the infamous Red Tide; the name of the Observer in the early seventies. We entitled it the "Manifesto" because the "Red Tide" is passe, not suited for your true pseudo-radical. In these days of apathy, sullen discontent and fascism, we have tried to rouse the dormant spirit of the "true" Bard student — that fun-loving kid with liberal, radical, devil-may-care tendencies. Some may contest that this type of student never existed; others may claim that he/she is now present on campus. The decision of which is more accurate is left up to you. The contents of this issue may offend

some: We apologize if this is the case. But it must be remembered that the issue was done with fun in mind, no malice intended.

Every now and then it's necessary to step back from the campus situation, with its tensions and problems, and just smile. That is what we have attempted to encourage with this issue.

Enjoy your MANIFESTO. Who knows — it might become a permanent Bard publication.

Yours,
Comrade Ed Colon
Commisar of the
Observer, the official
Party Propaganda
Organ of the
Bard Student Commune

Tired of walking? Tired of bumming rides from your friends? Well, now's your chance to take the Bard "Crash Steel" Offensive driving course. Learn how to clear the road. Don't worry about other drivers; let them worry about you. Just put the pedal to the floor and go! (Please bring last will)

Does your marijuana taste bland? Is it greenish in color? Try Uncle Sam's Marijuana Enhancer! Uncle Sam's Enhancer will stretch your ounces out, and save you Big Bux!

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	FRI	NOON-3AM	TUES	NOON-3AM
	SAT	NOON-3AM	WED	NOON-3AM

Bard Gets Beached



SURF'S UP!!

That's what we will be hearing in months to come. Thanks to the ingenuity of Mr. Griffiths, Bard students will be able to have fun in the sun. The new beach, which was installed under budget, is located behind the Mods. The color of the sand is off-white and it has been sanitized. New ramps have been added so that students will have safe access to the beach. Unfortunately, the ocean could not be installed immediately due to lack of sufficient funds. President Botstein has promised that within two years, Bard will have its ocean. When pressed, the President stated that as soon as the new theatre is completed, the Bard Ocean Construction will begin.

Bard Hires Black



President Botstein announced today that Bard has finally hired a black professor. It has not yet been determined in which department he will be teaching, but there has been much speculation on the possibility of his addition to the Film Department. An administrative official was quoted as saying, "It doesn't matter what he teaches, as long as he teaches." The rationale behind his being hired was that he would add soul to the faculty senate.

Kindred Spirits



A posse of approximately 8-10 State Troopers rode over the hill onto Blithewood lawn last Saturday during the Pig Roast. They examined the roasting pit, stating that three of their fellow officers had been missing for the past few days. The Troopers had found two grey uniforms floating down the Hudson, and were concerned as to the type of pig being roasted. After counting four legs on each carcass, they were satisfied that the pigs were not of the human persuasion.

New Sheriff Appointed



In a move to regain respectability for the Dutchess County Sheriff's office, the Lone Ranger has agreed to take on the vacated position formerly held by Quinlan. Tonto, the Ranger's sidekick, will become a Deputy Sheriff. The Masked Man has promised to "clean up the county", save our wives and children from Indian attacks and unscrupulous mortgage collectors, and bring such criminals as Butch Cavendish to trial. Asked whether he would ever come onto Bard campus arbitrarily to arrest students for drug abuse, the Ranger replied, "only if they have better stuff than what I'm selling. Those aren't silver bullets in my belt; it takes a tough man to pop 4 way blotter." Before we could question him further, he vanished with a "Heigh-ho, Silver-meth, away!"

News Briefs



That time of the month has rolled around once again. In preparation for Commencement, costumes are now being selected. With one exception, the procedure this year will be the same as in previous years. The major change, in keeping with our policy of innovative "ideals" and co-operation with students' desires, is that you will now be given a choice in the type of garb to be worn. Please fill out and return the questionnaire below and return to the office of the Dean of Academic Affairs.

COSTUME TYPE: Y N Y N
 1) traditional 4) Multi-Functional
 2) Gothic 5) Recreational
 3) Tailored 6) Naked (not illustrated)
 7) a combination of the above

COLOR:
 red flesh
 pink purple orange
 yellow fuschia
 light brown

MEASUREMENTS:
 length:
 cap size:

NAME AND BOX NUMBER:

2nd Annual Revolution



During the Association meeting, a large discontented faction of graduating upperclassmen (bolstered by many juniors) dominated discussion about the present condition of the student government. They argued that as the government now functions, things were being accomplished. A long and heated debate followed in which, through brilliant circular logic and loud voices, more and more people joined their forces (the upperclassmen) and started calling for a new form of government. At the debate's conclusion it was decided that Anarchy was running too smoothly and should be replaced by some form of social democracy.

A committee was formed to research and write a new constitution. Benefiting from past experiences, the attending members (about 35) of the Association set the date of ratification for the middle of fall semester 1979.

DICK AIDS KIDS



The Bard Student Association seems to have solved its apathy problem. A consultant has been hired who has himself recently retired from active political life. R.M. Nixon will lecture this Wed. on the merits and disadvantages of honest political manipulation. Mr. Nixon will also aid the Senate for a three week period, to lay the initial organizational groundwork.

Bard Shoots the Moon

Bard's most important softball game of the year has come and gone, boosting our team's morale with a narrow win. Playing on the baseball field behind Kline Commons before a large crowd, both the Moonies and our boys were coked-up for the game.

Rev. Moon blessed the game ball, handing it to President Botstein who threw it out, hitting Roy Lisker (home plate umpire) on the head. While still kissing home plate, Umpire Lisker called the Bard team onto the field.

Few mistakes were made by either side in the hard-hitting, action-filled game. The first three innings saw many base hits, and two runs for each side. The real excitement came in the bottom of the eighth when Scotty Porter came to bat with a man on first and one on third with one out. On a count of two balls and two strikes, Scotty knocked the next pitch into the woods, driving in the two baserunners and himself. The Moonies almost came back to tie the score, but fell short on a fly ball to right field that was scooped up to end the game. The final score was Bard 5 and Moonies 4.