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NEW EQUIPMENT for B&G

B&G Personnel Manning New Equipment
Dateline: Physical Plant, Bard College
May 6, 1978

This reason, Bard will be receiving a large Federal Grant to be used for improvements of campus facilities. Laven Mowry, tractor, 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-sustaining institution. The lower level of the Hudson and Moore field will be cleared over the summer for farm use. That's right — Bard will be plowing her own fields in years to come.

To accommodate the new farmland, Bard will be acquiring a sparkling new custom-built tractor. For those familiar with the tractor, the new tractor will be better suited for the heavy-duty jobs which are in the offing. Twelve Sherman tanks, two tiger tanks, and several surplus jeeps will be brought in for field clearing and covering.

To house the new spray plants, the antiquated Kellogg-Hoffman Library will be converted into a hangar. The south aisle of the building will be removed, and the structure will hold an estimated seven jet-stream row, as well as a few other obstacles within thirty feet of the College Path.

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

Tasks, as well as four armored personal carriers (which will replace the old Bard vans) will be housed in the asyet unfinished gym.

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 river! That's right! Now you'll be able to enjoy your symptoms SAGA meals on board the hardwashed Bard, creasing the magnetic Hudson at forty knots between 3 and 8 p.m. Prices will be reasonable and after dinner music will be provided by our own cavanaugh 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 student program for Bard next fall, entitling, "The Inter-Generational Mercenary Training School." The program has a rolling admission; the mercenary comes up for the day, just as a credit student and, $5000 and informed as to whether he has been accepted or rejected. Not many are turned away, as three admissions offices have been seriously wounded by disappointed rejected mercenaries.

President Bostin has stated that the courses offered in the school will be linked under the Humanities division. The goal is to "humanize" the average mercenary. Just how subtle this attempt will be is the subject of one of the proposed courses, "The Education of Mercenary."

The mercenary will be taught to control a gun (on target on 1), how to eat with knives and forks, (2) abstinence from smoking, (3) literature, and (4) assuming a more refined...

General Jack Smith, a mercenary, of the program. "We want our students to be aware of what they are going to be dealing with. We're teaching them about the liberal arts."

Prospective students at I.D.P. seminar

Looking abroad now...

During its summer Baccalaureate & Cernehal Paly Diaco-tion, a tertiary Rotary Council presented Bard's president with the Mr. Objeficition Award for 1978. An anony- mous, uh, spokesperson for the council had this to say of Mr. Bostin: "It's today's go-to guy, the able speaker authentically on anything from Lennon to Wannabe. He plays the violin superbly, keeps his wine cellar well-stocked, dresses impeccably, and induces beautiful women...."

"Yeah, well. The spokesperson went on to set one Leon as "proof that the middle-class male mystique is alive and well. Meanwhile, an actively sensitive Bard poet "wandering with timeless knowing" through Nepal, "in the search of cosmic warriors," writes "Lena is a stallion" on an urgent well. It becomes a terrible sphybolion oversite. It also be comes a proof to a point when Deepak Ramkumar sees 60 on the men's room at Chico's."

Consequently, Ron Lekker achieves no topography. Leftist circles when he takes up "equator's rights" in Stone Row and must be plainly extended come the rainy season. He sells his story to a mimeographed journal.

All of us are sufficiently cool that when someone else is suffering major emo- tional complications, we are in the way called upon to give him or her special sup- port. Either we are just too timidly sensi- tive to shochond the load or perhaps too fear-loving. So are we.

On an intellectual plane, we are again beyond reverse. Much of what we say taxes or disturbs us — anything which does not give us relief, antagonistic advice the way Jerry Garcia always does — it's, let's face it, an imposition. The arts should remain police and servants of the back- ground of our socializing or right in the middle of our man-eating Florence Mac, after all, goes very well with designer glasses and a visit to Five Points.

Well, much too said already. Time to get on with cultivating and preserving our splendidness. We are the vanguard of the revolution. Most of us, in short hours we've been at our deaths families or sexual partners of our own. Holding fast to our way of life, instruc- ting our kids, "Shut up and eat your dinner."

Plastic Chandelier Owners Make Better Lovers

Putting out by left-over Young Spartacists and Blackstone Rangers. It appears right beneath a column on Paraguay called "The Plundered Offense.

Despite these developments, the rest of the campus remains politically unchanged. Few people turn out for the charitable fast and one student paints a picture of this for "Yes, I went on a pilgrimage through Northern India once, I couldn't find one fucking holiday, I'm one fucking Cogent person, or a single birth control dispensary in the village where I stayed. Now, WHORES, FAULT IS THAT!" For more smooth you starve today, the less you'll have to feed tomorrow. And then also, it's not like our culture where you're trying to exploit you with real high prices. I get things dirt cheap. And the women are really cool about getting bored for practically nothing. They're a progressive system, and we're no right to fuck with.

Another made it clear that she very much wanted to feed the West African ba- bies, but that she herself was "a have-not, especially after those exploitive bastards at Saxon's ripped me $35 for this haircut?"

Another student observed, "People in the late 60's were full of bullshit situation about making social or personal improve- ments, "snow always having to reach some goal. Well, we're cool because we know we've already there. We just have to sit on the B lickweeds lawn and maintain our Redeemed Figure.."

How's it done? Well, hard women, spry paint and glue all over their heads in order to look appealing. Bard can wear camera, lots of 'em. We all put on Coney Island shades and listen to rockers having turds, by bringing all of their annual tants amid narcissistic realization of their inability to relate to the world in general in any constructible or meaningful way.

Bridge players and racquets reflect their magnificence by sitting in d.c., while men majors kneel at their feet and pick up the dirty disks. After all, they get paid for the work they do. Whereas the unfulfilled fun act get handed an equal amount without having to do any work. [See how cool and adroit they are?]

Bard College, 957 Cogent Street, Barking, New York, 00000. Telephone: 999-9999.

LOOK INSIDE...
**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 Fisch, our SAGA gourmet, has prepared a mouth-watering menu which includes, a breakfast of beer, sauerkraut and vegan parmesan (served in the Manor basement from 5:00-5:15 a.m.), a bunch of beer, uncooked corn and veggie 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 persuas- ed that a lottery would be more enjoyable and unbiased. The winning faculty member is requested to appear on the lawn at 12 noon for the event. (Stories, tricks 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-dismantling contest will be held at 2:00 p.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 EmMarco’s on the Dining Commons windows, and a contest to see who can land the most jelly cubes into the Commons ceiling lights.

A dance outside the remains of Tewksbury will last until 4:00 a.m., to the music of “Parson’s Arse” and the new punk group “Social Disease.” Afterward, there will be a bonfire in the ravine. Dear 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!

Alfonso L. Fuchs

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**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 breeder community. The plant will be used to supply the electrical needs of Bard and Alpaca, as well as providing B & G with a source of plutonium. Caught outside his office, President Biondi claimed that the construction of this facility had no influence on Amanda’s plans to escape 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)

I love physics and experimented friends divulge age-old secrets. Films, slides, demonstrations and in-depth discussions. Professor Wo-Wo-Wo will teach the above $20 for true hackers who can change your life. MEN ONLY. Women personnel provided Seal up early. Starts promptly at 7 p.m. Doors locked. Last part of May Call Paul office or Community Events for information. Limited capacity, so make sure your name is on the list.

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

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$90/gm.
$27/gm.

**Dope**

Hash...$17/gm.
Hash oil...$18-35/gm.

**LUCITE TAMINHI & LIMP PLASTIC SPRINKLES**

After reading about NYC’s proposed Anarchist, SAGA/Amateur Gregg Flach decided to dispense with the current Anarchist station/flip Noah Nancy decade to redact the caffeine with Pop iconography. The new “environment” includes echoes of the infamous scones case, the Ogdenburger & sculpture teams, and Robert Indiana’s RAT DIE canvas.

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**COMMITTEES SUBMITTING BUDGETS FOR CONVOCATION ALLOCATIONS**

P.A.L.N. 
U.B.A. 
S.C.A.R.E. 
Weather Underground 
J.D.L. 
Eeffyg Burning Society 
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Lynn Moeh Committee 
Demolition Coalition to Renovate Ludlow Soda and Dodges Committee 
Monsite 
Students for Wankers

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Never Send my 720 Mercenary hit list now

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Dear Abbie,

As you know, it's just three short weeks till final exams. As usual, I have 26 months worth of studying to catch up on. A week and a half ago, I began my preparations. 2 bits of four were really colorful for awhile, and they got me in an "up" mood to study. Since then I've been doing a ratio of 5:1 (Seizure 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 stupid 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 immortal judgment, and sell all of your remaining stuff to me, care of the Manifesto, I'll take care of it for you.

Tired of walking/riding bumbies from your friends? Well, now's your chance to take the Bard "Crash-Stuff!" offensive driving course. Learn how to clear the road. Don't worry about other drivers. Jet them worry about you. Just put the pedal to the floor and go! (Please bring last will)

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ADOLPH'S

Steal This Letter

Dear Abbie,

My roommate is getting 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 what pot is poisonous. My mother came up a couple of days ago. I'm not sure but I think she said a "Hi". 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 chemist 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.

Rhinebeck's taste buds. Is it greenish in color? Try Uncle Sam's Marijuana Enhancer! Uncle Sam's Enhancer will stretch your

Greetings, fellow Marxists, Leninists, Maoists, Trotskyites and revolutionary 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's late eighteenth issue. We entitled it the "Manifesto" because the tide is rising. It is a new version, not suited for your true poodle-centric style. To these days of apathy, alienation and decadence, we have tried to raise the dormant spirit of the "true" hard student — that fun-loving kid with liberal, radical, devil-may-care tendencies. Some may contend that this type of student never exists; 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.

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

Yours,
Comrade Ed Colen
Committee of the
Observer, the official Party Propaganda Organ of the
Bard Student Com

Bard Gets Beached

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 Mod's. 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 own. When praised, the President stated that as soon as the new theater is completed, the Bard Ocean Construction will begin.

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 re- cated position formerly held by Quaish, a Ranger. In the office, which will become a Deputy Sheriff. The Masked Man has promised to "clean up the county", save our wives and children from Indian attacks and non-existent mortgage collectors, and bring such criminals as Butch Cassidy 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 wear 4-6 inches."

Before we could question him further, he vanished with a "Heigh- ho, Silver-moth, away!"

2nd Annual Revolution

During the Association meeting, a large discontented faction of graduating upperclassmen (boistered by many justices) 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 bad vision, more and more people joined their forces (the upperclassmen) and started calling for a new form of government. At the deadline for dissolution it was decided that Anarchy was running too smoothly and should be replaced by some form of social despotism.

A committee was formed to create and write a new constitution. Benefiting from past experience, the attending members authored a new essay on the growth of the Association, which was to serve as the basis for the new document.

Dick AIDS Kids

The Bard Student Association seems to have solved its apathy problem. A con- tinent has been born and has himself recently retired from active political life. R.M. Nixon will lecture this Wednesday 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 Klute Commons before a large crowd, both A and B teams and our boys were cooled-off for the game.

Rev. Moon blessed the game ball, har- ding it to President Botstein who threw it out, hitting Roy Linker (home plate umpire) on the head. While still holding home plate, Vispoor Linker called the Bard team onto the field.

Few mistakes were made by either side in the hard-fighting, 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 none 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 Monitors almost came back to tie the score, but fell short on a fly ball to right field that was scoped up to end the game. The final score was Bard 5 and Monitors 4.