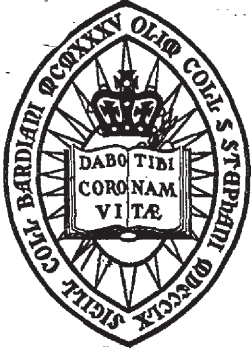


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Observer

April 24 1974

VOL. 18 no. 4



WITH

Jamie Fishman,
Richard Frank, Two
Enlightened Ones (?),
& Jesus Christ

SPRING HYSTERIA ISSUE

the DEVIL and Richard Nixon

by JAMIE FISHMAN

There is a massive exorcism now in progress in this country. The devil, played very well by Richard Nixon, is finally getting his day in court. Or should I say courts. All over the country the actions of the devil and his ardent disciples are being exposed. In LA it's the Ellsberg case; in NY it's the Mitchell-Stans trial, and almost everything else is in DC. These include the Senate Water-gate hearings, the various grand juries, John Sirica's courtroom, and of course the House Judiciary Committee. However, all of these don't match the increasing number of people who are joining the exorcism crusade. The devil must be driven out. Just about everyone has a story to relate why they personally feel Nixon and Co. are badly in need of an exorcism. High prices, no gas, Vietnam, Cambodia, the missing tapes, Erlichman, Halde-man, Mitchell, the list goes on.

What's the matter? You don't believe Nixon is possessed? Ask Alexander Haig, Nixon's

trusted henchman. It was he who suggested in Sirica's court that some supernatural power might have been responsible for the 18 minute gap.

To get a closer view of all of this I went down to NYC recently and spent the day observing the Mitchell and Stans show. That evening I saw the Exorcist. It seemed like one big double feature. I got off the subway at the Brooklyn Bridge and was immediately engulfed in granite, courthouse looking buildings. I found the right one and walked inside. Some people came in behind me and approached a guard.

"Which way to the Mitchell-Stans comedy hour?"

I reached the courtroom where the line was already forming and received ticket number 29. It was only 8:15 and the doors opened at 10:30. Gradually the line got longer.

Two uniformed Marshals, one male, one female, walked by with the latter receiving her instructions.

"Try and keep the elevator and jury room areas clear," he told her.

After he left I went up to her to ask a few questions. Pointing to a closed door that read JURY ROOM, NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL, I asked if that was where the jury was sequestered.

"I'm not allowed to answer that."

"Will there be many guards?"

"I'm not allowed to answer that."

"Will the defendants be coming in right through here?"

"I can't answer that either," she answered with a tight lip.

"Well I'm just curious because I'm a reporter for my college newspaper(a lie) and I'm covering the trial."

"Oh, well, I didn't realize. I've got two sons in college."

All of a sudden she opened up.

"I think it's really nice that so many people come down for this. It really shows that people want to be involved," she said. She went on for awhile telling me how many nice people she had met at the trial and how an entire high school civics class was going to be in attendance. She wouldn't stop talking. She even told me how there would be many armed marshals but I wouldn't know it because they were not in uniform.

Before I left to go back in line I asked her if she thought they were guilty.

"I'm sorry but I'm not allowed to answer that."

By 10:00 I had read practically the entire N.Y. Times. Eventually two plain-clothes marshals came(I knew they were marshals because of the badges on their lapels) and started to form the line. The press was allowed in first and they filled half the courtroom. Once they were seated they started to admit the spectators according to their ticket numbers. There were close to seventy-five spectators by then. On my way in a marshal asked if I had any cameras or tape recorders in my brief case. I was surprised he didn't ask about guns although he did tell me to leave my newspaper outside. What irony. No newspapers or any forms of communications are allowed in the courtroom yet it is half-filled with the people who write them.

After we all rose for the judge, the jury filed in. An ordinary looking group of people except for one of the alternates. He was sitting in the back of the jury box with a beard and ponytail. As he scanned the courtroom he winked. I nodded.

By 11:15 I was pretty tired having been up since 6:30 with a hangover. The witnesses weren't very interesting and I started to doze off. It wasn't for very long because the judge soon called a recess. Was he tired too? After all the participants left, the marshals told us that we could leave the courtroom but we

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letters !%?&#

The letters column is closer to a series of articles this issue. Two letters were received, albeit a bit late, on the Matteawan series in last term's final issue. They are printed below, with a response to the first from St. Kate.

TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading your article on Matteawan as written by Bard College students.

I assume after reading the article, that it had not been edited by the Dept. of Correctional Services.

Some of the statements were untrue, therefore slanderous.

These students apparently mean well, but are young and not dry behind the ears yet. How can they be experts on the subject? They only see these inmates two hours a week and on their best behavior. If they spent enough time with the inmates they would find they are not here unjustly. And who are they to doubt what learned Judges and Physiologists have already determined?

Do they know that it is illegal to refer to inmates in any publication without consent?

Next might I add no "guard" (Correction Officer) comes to work here just to be cruel and inhumane. Most (CO's), male and female are normal human beings. Most are law-abiding, tax-paying and of good moral standards. Just trying to earn a living, which is becoming very difficult to do, as most Correctional and Police Officers have become targets for every Do-Gooder in the nation.

Why do we have to be the scape-goat for every moron that thinks he is an expert on the subject?

Most CO's here at Matteawan have had additional training. We have had courses in communications, therapy, group-counseling, narcotics, and remotivation. A program was instituted for schooling, for the inmate, with Correction Officers Teachers, who were attending college at the time and were Qualified to teach.

Also no inmate-care depends on political influence. This student was being manipulated and "conned".

Piano practice was a regular when an officer was available. Many other programs are offered, but many of the inmates refuse to attend. We cannot force a person to attend.

One student Volunteer stated, "she had to sign the Holy Book". As a medium security institution we have to know who is coming in and out. Even so contraband finds its way in the facility. Don't you register at a motel?

Yes, there is some hostility between inmate and officer. This is considered normal for a person who is incarcerated to resent authority at times. These students do not understand this apparently, for I read this in every sentence. I also get the impression the students do not believe in incarceration. Where would you put these sick people? On the street perhaps to molest your baby brother or sister. Or murder your grandmother? It has been done.

As for inmates not being cared for...RUBBISH.

There are fat and lazy people walking the streets daily. Or can't you see this life around that you profess to know so much about?

As for sedatives and tranquilizers were invented for a specific purpose. Perhaps a little study on the subject would help you a little. Tranquilizers have helped many return to normal existence. Without them many would revert to former practices, of which many are unpleasant.

I would like to see inmates learn something to help them earn a living on the outside. That's more like life. Life isn't all dancing and poetry I'm sorry to say, it's mostly hard work and disappointment. It's a matter of self control something I'd like to see more of in this world. Then we would have no need of prisons, insane hospitals, or imature volunteers.

Where do they get the idea that criminals do not belong in prison? That police and correction officers are cruel? Why are murderers out on bail? Why do former mental patients commit horrible crimes? Who takes responsibility for this? Where are the rights of the public? Why such animosity against a high fence or iron bars? These are

OBSERVER

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Barbara Whiteman

some of the more unpleasant truths of life.

Most mental patients or inmates, when incarcerated for any length of time become con artists. The trick my young volunteers, is to know when you are being conned. And who after two hours a week is an expert on behavior?

I think these articles are an insult to every employee at matteawan, plus the Judges and Psychiatrists that committed them to our care. I also think we are owed an apology somewhere along the line.

Respectfully,

R.E. Carhart
Beacon, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Carhart,

Though the argument could of course drag on forever, I feel I must take extreme exception to some of the attitudes in your letter. I am not myself a member of the Matteawan program, and it is not my intent to champion those students who wrote the articles or profess complete agreement with them. Nonetheless, I feel your hostility is unnecessary.

In the first place, regarding your paragraph 2, no one edits material submitted to the Observer but the Observer. As for references to inmates, whose consent is necessary? You might, I think, have aided writers of future articles of this stamp by mentioning the proper person or office.

Now you find it odd that people should object to the idea of incarceration. I do not, because the simple fact is that incarceration is not the best way of dealing with the crime problem; due to numbers, it is simply and plainly the only way that can work in our present state. There is no reason, however, that institutional life should be made any more rigid and dehumanizing than it must be. This, I think, was what the girl resented in her mention of the "Holy Book": the whole official, Big-Brother surroundings of a prison. (Let us mince no words.) It is nothing like registering at a motel; signing such a book emphasizes, to many people offensively, that they are now treading unfree ground. No one can be expected to accept this happily.

As for your attitude toward judges, psychiatrists and drug therapy, it seems fraught with unnecessary reverence. Judges and psychiatrists are not gods; they make mistakes, some of them serious. The volunteers at least have contact with the prisoners as human beings; simple humanity is often worth any number of degrees. I do not necessarily mean that the volunteers are right and corrections officials are all wet; far from it--merely that the volunteers' experience may be a valuable addition to official observations, which are necessarily skimpy through numbers and lack of time.

The latter two factors are also the justification, if there is one, for programs of drug therapy. This method of treatment has become quite suspect in recent years; it is chiefly an evasion of the problem, not a solution. It can do harm. I know. Two people vitally close to me, in the past few years, have been given drug treatment for emotional conditions by doctors who thought they knew what they were doing. In one case the symptoms were aggravated, resulting in hysteria, violence and hostility; the person had the sense to refuse further drugs and solve the problem by facing it. The other

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couldn't return without getting back on line with another number. Then he went through the list of rules for spectators again. He mentioned the usual things about cameras, tape recorders and newspapers and then raised his voice, looked at me and said "And no sleeping! If you doze off, you're out!"

After the break things livened up with the new witness, a former White House aide. He broke up the courtroom when he described how Mitchell had told him to stay away from Robert Vesco. His reaction to this was "When John Mitchell tells you to stay away, you stay away!"

That remark brought back all kinds of memories of the gestapo-type tactics used by the Nixon-Mitchell team. It seemed to be the prevailing thought in my mind as I anticipated what the trial would be like. When I saw Mitchell the first time that morning he seemed almost harmless; like a man being framed on trumped up charges. I wonder if he ever thought how the various defendants in the Chicago conspiracy trial, the Mayday affair et al. felt. I feel no compassion for John Mitchell, Richard Nixon, H.R. Haldeman, or John Erlichman. I hope they all swing by their balls. Or at least get six months in the electric chair.

That afternoon Hugh Sloan took the stand. Some people remember the name as "What about the Hugh's loan?" written in Chinese. He didn't have much to say that everybody didn't already know. The fact that he was a "somebody" did stir the courtroom however.

When the judge adjourned for the day, I went outside to watch the daily ritual of newsmen surrounding the defendants on the steps. The cameras were ready to catch the first important person to come out. They waited but no one who was anyone came. Eventually I went down to the street and overheard a man from ABC News receive instructions over the 2-way radio in the newscar.

"Hey Bill, Mitchell and Stans left through a side door."

"Oh shit! Well maybe we'll get Sloan."

"No, he left through the basement to the subway."

"Damn! Okay we'll be back soon."

As they were packing, three people left the court house; one of them a young man with glasses.

Bill got excited. "There's Sloan!"

A group of photographers rushed him and started snapping as he pushed them off.

"What's the matter, aren't you Hugh Sloan?"

"No I'm sorry I'm not."

Slowly they came back to the newscar.

"What are you doing? He's getting away!" Screamed Bill.

"He's not Sloan."

"Sure he is, go after him!"

As I turned to enter the subway station they were hounding the imposter across the street. He showed them his wallet but it did no good.

Three hours later I left the theatre thinking about my day.

The longest double feature I had ever seen.

Does Leon Jaworski resemble Max Von Sydow? Who will throw himself out a window with the soul of Richard Nixon? It looks like James Buckley.

I really hope Nixon pays his back taxes. If not he might be repossessed.

THE SENATE REPORTER

with barbara whiteman

The Eastern European Students Organisation, last week, asked the Senate for \$250 to add to the funds they received from the student allocations in order to pay for a speaker they wished to bring to Bard. The Senate turned down their request due to lack of funds. One member of the EESO felt, however, that the Senate,

in making this refusal, was "dealing more in personalities" than with the issue at hand. It is late in the semester and the contingency fund is very low. The Senate could not possibly allocate such sums now. The EESO had submitted budget requests at earlier meetings but had been turned down because they did not seem to have any definite plans for the money they requested. This reasoning is difficult to understand, since other clubs did not seem entirely clear on how they intended to spend their allotments. I do not believe that the allotment of funds should be on a first come, first serve basis; however, Senate must exercise fiscal responsibility. It cannot, and has not permitted the contingency fund to go in the red.

The members of the EESO present at last week's meeting wished to voice their displeasure with the Senate vote and to ask for an explanation of the reasoning behind it. The chair however dismissed them with a wave of his hand and went on to other business. The Senate either did not wish to give the EESO the right to express their opinions or simply did not want to be criticized. Senate is always philosophizing and debating about the thoughts of the community, but when a member of that community tells them what he actually does think, they will not listen.

At the Student Senate meeting two weeks ago the chair asked for the routine committee reports. Nick Scrimshaw, in his report (Community Relations Committee) criticized the Senate, the Bard Community and certain individual members of the Senate, and then walked out, permitting no one the right of rebuttal. There are two reasons that can account for an action of this sort. One is that Nick Scrimshaw is crazy and not fit to hold office; or two, that the Senate operates in such an illogical manner that any clear-thinking person would be confused. I'm not ready to make a definite value judgment; I know neither the man nor the Senate well enough yet—but Nick makes sense a lot of the time.

AN OPEN LETTER

to barbara whiteman

I am the spokesman for the BESO whom you took it upon yourself to quote in the last Observer. I feel that you have committed a gross injustice to me by stating an outright lie in respect to what I said at that Senate meeting. I did not say anything about the Senate being considered racists if they did not give us the \$400 requested, and there are people on that very same Senate who will confirm that fact.

For you to report to the Student Body such a bullshit thing as you have done is very significant of the degree of abject ignorance and stupidity you are mired in. If you had spoken the truth about what I said at that meeting, I would have been the first to compliment you because of it. But seeing how you have fucked up quite a few friendships that it has taken some time to develop, and also seeing that you have done so much to further fuck up the already fucked up racial situation here, I can give you nothing but contempt. If you had taken it upon yourself to come out of that racist bag you are stuck in and talked to

me when I tried to talk to you, you would know what I feel about people and that I try my damndest to put that black and white shit aside and deal with everybody on a human level. But it is people (yes, I recognize your humanity) like you who prevent me from doing so. You have hurt me very badly with your distorted malicious article. If you are intending to continue reporting lies and bullshit to the people in this community, you will be doing a helluva lot more harm than good. I demand an apology from you, through this paper, because you have really fucked me up.

James Miles

DEADLINE for next issue: Thurs, May 2. Submitters of last-minute articles during layout will be slathered in rubber cement and rolled down the bank of the Sawkill.

THE Reliquary

It is manifestly Spring, what with birds singing and periwinkles coming out of the ground and all, and as is customary at this time of year, we are witnessing a surge of recidivism in the department of campus pranks. Why, exactly, this is so is a mystery to many: why spring? and why students? Just what it is about universities and colleges that makes people fill rooms with shaving cream, drive Volkswagens into lobbies, and play (I feel it was an oblique honor, in its way) "When the Saints Go Marching In" naked on a unicycle, it is perhaps necessary to seek in the dim past.

Now as everyone knows, the first universities of Europe arose in the 12th and 13th centuries, in places like Oxford, Bologna, Notre-Dame, and Prague, and despite everything they could do sooner or later attracted students. These students, like we ourselves, were generally of a penurious nature, having hocked socks, belt and beer mug to procure the necessary lucre. Education in those days was mainly clerical, and the offerings of each particular school might be rather limited. Very like transfer students, the young scholars took to wandering back and forth across Europe, merrily deprecating one another of clothes, caps and pin money as they went, and the "Goliard Scholar" was born.

Golias, whence the appellation derives, is an obscure figure; he seems to have been a sort of demi-god or roguish paterfamilias, under whose aegis the wandering scholars sang, drank, got into fights and tumbled unsuspecting milkmaids. The only possibly direct reference we have to him is a "Confession" to be found in the same MS, which he probably made under pressure. He and his followers seem to have specialised in taverns and dicing, as it were a double major, and were probably among those condemned in a Parisian edict as "those who frequent the schools but do not acknowledge any masters." We would probably remain in blissful ignorance about these early university drop-ins, were it not for the existence of a diary that recently came into the possession of a friend of mine who for several years has been groping around in dusty corners in most of the taverns of Europe. I asked him, on an off chance, to send home whatever he might find, and in the last manifest, among a few clipped deniers, tattered I.O.U.s, loaded dice and one loaded barmaid, who my friend had to smuggle out of his room somehow, I came across this autobiographical fragment apparently belonging to a Norman student by name of Odo and dedicated in the name of Golias. After the expence of translation and reconstruction of the parts obscured by wine stains, the story goes something like this:

Odo cropped up at the university in Paris early in the 13th century, pursuing a course of study in the liberal arts, which got you farther then than it does nowadays. His life seems to have been fairly uneventful, going from lecture to lecture, reading Priscian and eschewing heretical theology, until one of the recurrent series of town-and-gown struggles that occasionally enlivened university life. Animosity had been running high, but the scholars were interpid, and it seems that one morning Odo woke up in a tavern after a considerable night before, only to be confronted by a Parisian bourgeoisie stating loudly that, while in drink, he had beaten up her brothers and compromised her virtue. Odo in the MS. protests having had no memory of such an episode, but the fact is immaterial, since the young woman quickly produced several other

brothers and supporters, all of whom set out after Odo who, knowing what was good for him, had taken to his heels a moment before.

Such a situation was unhealthy for someone like Odo who, not being officially a student at Paris, could hardly count on the liberties and privileges granted students by the Crown and the bishop. All he had to rely on were his companions in Golias who, he reports, fell in with him as soon as they smelled trouble brewing and discovered between gasps exactly what it was. Without further ado, being in a mercantile quarter, they steered en masse for a scribe's booth near the head of one of the Seine bridges. The townsmen were hotly pursuing and there was nothing in the scribe's booth to hide behind, bar the inkwell, so the Goliard group simply surrounded Odo and compressed the entire ranks into the confines of the booth, thus effectively concealing him from the eyes of passersby. During their struggles to shut the door of the booth from within, however, one of the townsmen caught sight of them and summoned his contingent over.

The townsmen knew students well and summed up the situation at a glance. There was no way, except crowbars maybe, of removing the students from their defensive position in the booth without multiple injury, so without further ceremony the townsmen simply took hold of the booth at all four corners and dumped it into the Seine. This had the immediate effect of dislodging the defenders, who mostly scrambled quickly to shore; all except the hapless Odo who, being furthest in, nearly sank with the booth and reports with chagrin that "I swallowed, Raw, more live Fish before I might be rescued, than all my purse might buy Cooked at a Tavern." Removed, irate and dripping, by the townsmen, Odo acknowledged the better part of valor and allowed himself to be marched off to the provost's house, there to await a decision on which law would apply in his case. Confined in a upper room, he miserably contemplated his fate, while the day wore on to noon. The provost standing watch outside, there seemed to be no escape.

Odo's friends, however, had only been temporarily routed, and apparently succeeded in signalling him from below the window. In a few words they indicated to him that a plot was toward to further his escape, and that he was to wait until it became apparent that their plan had worked, meanwhile preparing himself for such daring as would be required. The provost, it seems, as even kings and saints must, eventually encountered the necessity of occupying the privy, which in this case was outside the house proper, abutting on the back alley. Stealthy students stood at the ready, and very shortly after his disappearance yells of pain and astonishment rang back through the house. An act of arson, it developed, had taken place, and Odo, on hearing the cries, steeled himself to escape, despite the fact that the window of his room gave, as provost's houses will, upon a large square across from a university refectory. Seizing the moment, while the distraction was at its height, he completed the rope his friends had instructed him to make. Unfortunately, due to the height of the room, it was necessary for him to first incorporate his cloak, then his shirt, and finally his breeches into the finished product. Still in cap and boots, the intrepid Odo, for whom one must feel some admiration, lowered himself from the window down into the square and hit running. Shouts of alarm went up as he tore across the square, en route pouncing the provost's deputy, who had been about to blow an alarm on his straight-trumpet, and depriving him of the instrument. Thus accoutred, Odo leapt through the door of the refectory, and possessed by an impulse which even he in his reflections does not explain played on the trumpet several bars of a popular student song. Much dropping

of bowls and cross-signing accompanied his unclothed progress through the refectory, out of whose opposite door he sped, unmolested, to escape into the countryside and hide beneath a bush till nightfall.

Here a massive winestain all but obliterates the MS. Only a brief note is left, appended later, it seems, by Odo, upon learning of the firm belief of the clerics in the refectory that they had witnessed a miracle of the Angel St. Gabriel, wherefore they forcibly prevented the provost's men from pursuit. The final fate of the provost himself is not mentioned.

This MS., I think, does much to shed light on the origin of what are today considered harmless campus pranks and student jokes. It remains only to explain the marked upswing of such remembrances in Spring; and I think one need only examine the Goliard poetry's praise of Spring to understand its appropriateness.

Nature's great renewal
In solemn Spring
And Spring's example
Bid us rejoice;
They charge us to keep to well-worn
paths...

Any further comment would be anticlimactic.
Go forth, youth, and remember.

---St. Kate

THE FORGOTTEN PEOPLE OF BARD

Philip N.
Carducci

Every year Bard students meet new and interesting people. Old students returning from a year of study in Europe or transfers, the "forgotten people". The transfers are the students who are used to college life but for some reason, cannot adjust to the Bard college atmosphere.

In my opinion, the reason it is so hard for a transfer student to adjust is that they are continually left out every year in the orientation program. There is an orientation program given by Bard students to incoming students as a whole, not as a separate group, which they are. They have already been through their initial exposure of college, so what they really need is an orientation by a fellow transfer.

But all is not lost. The "forgotten people" are being noticed. At this time a committee is being formed to orientate all future transfer students by a transfer student. Hopefully, this system will begin in the Fall so that all the incoming transfer will adjust quickly to their new environment.

CASINO NIGHT PREVIEW

Found slipped into our
box amid a sheaf of French
postcards and old OTB stubs.

Elegance seems to be a spring theme at Bard this year more than most, what with Night Club, the long awaited Spring Formal and now the Casino Night, boasting a toast to "The Good Life". If the Casino Night is to be all it claims, we can expect at least a touch of "The Good Life" here at Bard on May 11th.

To begin with, the Casino Night committee has elected to use, instead of the decourous Dining Commons or comely gymnasium, scenic Ward Manor for its big event. Big is no ex-

agora (more or less)

We are speaking in response to Messr. Redmond: as devout disciples of the all-wonderful, Guru Maharjuan-á, our spiritual light in this hour of darkness.

It is quoted by the sage, Kan-Kisi "life is but a dream", as he envisioned in his mantra rho-rho-rho yohr boht.

In the beginning was the weed, and the weed was God. The Guru in his first life was born of the immaculate union between the all-pervading Holy of Holies, the Great God Paótee, and his consort Réphah. It is written in the Book of Inceptions(758:80000), "Give me a light." And there was alight, and the Guru arose in a column of smoke.

When our High Lord created the cosmos and all therein and placed man in the Garden of Earthly Delights, man was subject to a simple test of obedience. It was then that the Beloved spoke of why we must seek everlasting peace: we're barbarians.

O wise one tells us in his famous Sermon on the Stair that we have flunked the test. Bless us Father for we have sinned. The world has not yet fully accepted the joy of our Blessed one, nor the Holy Trinity of Ruhshez, Buhzez, and Muhnchez. As a consequence of these sins, man is condemned to a life of abstinence, or as our Great Teacher once said, (Book of Vegetations 0:666), "Far out."

We are fast approaching the hour when the true followers of the faith will rise in high spirits to accept the doctrine of our Faith. Yes, the day will soon come when all mankind will gasp, exhale, and hyperventilate the word of the All-Euphoric Teacher. Now in this holy season of the celebration of the Ascension of Our Lord, may each and every burdened soul accept the Guru as their personal Lord and Savior.

We have seen visions, visions of the glory and beauty of Maharjuan-á, and his wonderful ostentations; visions of what he is ready to do for our generation. He is knocking at the skylight of your mind. But don't put it off - the time is now. Write before midnight tonite to Box 2000 B.C., and receive a free copy of "The Maharjuan-á Monitor".

Clearly, man has a choice. He can choose the straight and shallow path, or he can choose the way of serenity, His way, the Only way, the One way, the Way, Our way - yes friends, My way and Your way - the Way of Guru Maharjuan-á.

Signed,
Two Enlightened Disciples

aggregation unless Monte Carlo is to be rivaled. Twin Roulette tables, Craps, Big Six, Hazard, and a roomful of Black Jack, are only the first course. The "encore" is a "Night at the Races", consisting of ten colorfully filmed live horse races, which include a daily double.

Guests will be given a supply of play money and/or chips, in return for their tickets, with which they can place bets on all games. A number of prizes will be given out at the end of the evening to players with the most cash.

Tickets are two dollars and in limited supply, as Ward Manor has limited space. A private bartender will be mixing any drink for 75¢ and glamorous cocktail waitresses will be on hand to serve them.

Invitations will be in everyones' mailbox within the next two weeks.

As we all know "The Good Life" is a rare fantasy at Bard, so let's let our imaginations loose and enjoy it while we can.

case was less pretty: tranquilizer after tranquilizer, switching often because nervous tics and side effects necessitated, were given a severely depressed girl, whose agonies I watched merely intensify under the ministrations of psychiatrists who only reinforced her idea of herself as a sick and helpless person. Despite all that learning and treatment, she is dead. (Perhaps it is needless to add that it was a suicide.) If this can result from an intensely personal, freely chosen course of therapy, I shudder to think of the abuses possible in the prison system. It might be instructive for you to read the works of Robert Lindner, a prison psychiatrist who to his last breath opposed drugging and similar forms of shortcut therapy.

Lastly, I am not too impressed by your claim for the education of CO's; your own poor contact with the English language betrays you. And in your apparent disregard for "dancing and poetry", I think you miss the fact that while such pursuits may not be immediately lucrative on the "outside", they are among the things that make life more than a boring, stifling grind. All in all, I don't think you have been that seriously abused. At any rate, I am not qualified to make apologies. Having said my piece, I am, sincerely,

Karen E Murray
Patron Saint of the
Bard Observer

Eric Russell works as a Psychologist on the Womens' Unit at Matteawan. His letter is written as a reaction to certain articles from the Alumni Magazine. He is writing strictly his own opinion and not as a representative of anyone else.

Let's begin at the beginning. There is no longer any such legal term as "criminally insane". It was changed to "dangerously mentally ill" a while back. Criminally insane is a scare phrase. It sounds like a person who will walk over and murder you because your eyes are blue. Dangerously mentally ill patients, although meaning the same thing, implies that a person is treatable, and if he is a threat to the community, need not always be.

The patients who participate in activities are the "best" ten percent of the people here. They are alert, active, and certainly don't look "sick". Many of them are here by their own choice as an escape from being in prison -- excuse me, a correctional facility. The other ninety percent are here because they are dangerous to themselves or others, or are incapable of standing trial for their indicted crimes, in other words, mentally ill. To be exact, the last group are "incapable of assisting in their own defense or understanding the legal procedures being brought against them." Make no mistake about it, these people are sick. Many times, you just haven't touched at part of their sickness. They are glad to see you and appreciate that you are bringing some variety into their lives. They need to know the outside world is still there and that someone, who isn't paid to do so, also cares. But they are sick.

Has it occurred to you that these same people who have a right to treatment also have a right to privacy? You should consider that the names these people carry are known not only on the inside, but on the outside. Did you ask for permission to use their names? Some of the patients resent the use of their names, even the changes hit some of the people below the belt. Is it fair to review their cases in public, sometimes before the courts have even brought them to trial? For that matter, have you checked the facts or just gone by what you were told? Patients here get to sleep in the corridors for only one reason:

they are considered likely to commit suicide and we have to keep an eye on them. Which would you rather see, someone dead or someone unhappy? As far as political connections, we disregard them, whether they really exist or not. There is an officer who comes in on a regular basis to teach music, and another who gives up part of her weekends to teach piano. How do you think they feel when you come off with "I'm doing it all, it's me and my patient against the system." The irony overwhelms me that people who don't know all the facts or check their facts just go and print what they believe, whether it's factually true or not. Is this idealism? Or is it blindness? It certainly is not journalism. "Many of the women are too heavily sedated or have not been responding to the prison officials as desired, and consequently are not allowed to come." Nonsense, Ann. In case you haven't heard, this is a hospital. Do you know the difference between a very withdrawn patient and one on heavy medication? One of our more heavily medicated people (now discharged) was one of your most regular attendees. In case you haven't heard, we're understaffed here. In general, it was a good article and I was glad to see it, but next time, please make sure you're not seeing an optical illusion.

Eric Russell

To the editor:

Praise the Lord! I have just finished reading Tom Redmond's article, and I feel comforted to know that true believers still inhabit this miserable earth. Oh Sinners! You know not what pain you will endure for all eternity in the infernal pit of hell. You will suffer without end. You will cry out for mercy, and no one will hear. Eternal pain and suffering - unless you fall down on your knees right now and ask me for forgiveness. For I am the only way. I am the God of Love.

Amen,

Jesus Christ

P.S.- Send your contributions to my appointed disciple, Alvin Kimel.

To the editor:

Mr. Dalton's eloquent conclusion that Bard's guiding principle is "thou shalt not be an asshole" seems to exemplify the attitude within both the security office and Dean Sugatt's office to which students object. For in case Mr. Dalton, Mr. Defile, or Ms. Sugatt are not aware there are far more serious menaces to both society and the Bard community than the existence of "assholes." Robbery, theft, extortion, and molestation, to many perhaps less ascetic people than Mr. Dalton, seem to be far more of a threat to the well-being of the Bard Community. However these deeds, when they do take place at Bard often go unpunished because the perpetrators of these deeds are not considered "assholes" by Mr. Dalton, Mr. Defile, and Ms. Sugatt. In fact, it would appear as if these people had some interest in ignoring these goings on.

It seems odd that many large scale violations of what many would consider human, moral, and legal decency exist along side punishment of what most severely might be classified as misdemeanors. Thus the problem with Mr. Defile, Mr. Dalton, Ms. Sugatt seems to be one of knowing who merits punishment: the "assholes" or the criminals.

It would be very interesting to understand the causes of the moral and ethical myopia that these rather important members of our community seem to have developed. Perhaps to try to comprehend this would be a more productive use of time than reading intellectualized security memos that find their way into the Observer.

--Richard Frank



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The Jon Harvey Mime Theatre will present an evening of mime entitled "Ten Dimes for Nine Mimes" on May 4th, Saturday, at 8:30 p.m. at the Ulster County Community College auditorium on the Stone Ridge campus.

The evening of the silent art of mime will consist of original pieces and stories created by the members of the workshop along with Jon Harvey. The troupe will perform and demonstrate old and new facets of an art form that has remained little changed for centuries.

Information may be obtained by calling Arlene Reynolds -- 339-3032.

PHIL CARDUCCI'S SPORTS

VARSIY BASKETBALL

Final results of the voting for the Northeastern Athletic Conference all-star team are now in. Bard had three players make the squad. Frank McCray and Cliff Forrest both made the first team, while Steve Pouchie took first place on the second team. Krazinski of Albany College of Pharmacy won the Most Valuable Player award.

NORTHEASTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE FINAL STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost
Albany College	9	1
Bard	6	4
Berkshire Christian	5	3
St. Rose	3	7
Skidmore	1	6
Vassar	0	6

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

Upper College nipped the Lower College in a close battle, 89-85, to complete the intramural basketball season. A total of 55 players competed this semester, with Mark Freedman (Faculty) taking scoring honors with 126 points. He was followed by Jerry Drucker (Stone Row), 95 pts., and Jeff Adams (Faculty), 86 pts.

to next column

Nixon's Promise?

Nixon promised he'd take crime off the streets. He did. Now it's in the White House.

FINAL STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost
Faculty	10	0
Stone Row	6	4
Ward Manor	5	4
Off-Campus	4	5
Modulars	2	8
South Hall	1	8

VARSIY SOFTBALL

As mother nature continues to dampen everyone's spirits, the varsity softball team is beginning to get in shape for their opening game on April 26th. Mark Freedman, coach of the team, is expecting an excellent turnout and is hoping for a successful season.

VARSIY STREAKING?

That's right, streaking is now a new sport at Bard, at least this semester. The Observer is sponsoring a community streak on May 1st, at 3:30 p.m. The course, for the streak, is from the Ludlow-Preston area via Dining Commons ending at Proctor. Anyone interested in joining the streak just send your name and box number to Box 85, Campus Mail. All names will be held confidential.



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