

OBSERVER

Vol. 18 No. 5 "May 1, 1974

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OBSERVER

"In instituta clavum imponite." - BB+BS

OBSERVER

"Fascist elves."
- Potter 100

"Into the boxcars,
all of you!"
- Connie Mailady

Observer

observer

observer

VOL. 18 no. 5

"Bleeeack!"
- W.T. Dickens

"So's your old
man."
- C.B. Figueras

DELAYED REACTION ISSUE



"Don't worry about it."
- Phil Carducci



"Hot
Spice?"
- Lion Harry
Jervis O

"Something intelligent."
- Sol Louis Siegel

★ we had a little trouble in the beginning... ★



★ we did everything we could
to raise some enthusiasm... ★

"If this were a movie
I'd hate it."
- Russell Shane

"Ah, good apothecary, thy
drugs are quick! Thus -
on a kiss - I die."
- Tom Redmond

It's been some year.

"Is
there anything
more beautiful
than a fully flow-
ered individual?"
- Barbara Whitman

"Excelsior!"
- St. Kate

"dog-breath!"
- Jeff Scher

★...people went out of their way to make news for us.

OBSERVER

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The Observer is an independent student publication of the Bard College community. Publication is bi-weekly during the Bard College academic year.

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LETTERS

Gerry Pierre:

An Open Letter to the Community

In response to Mr. Wayne Thomas, I have decided to make the following statements public.

I have never had any intimate or friendly rapport with Mr. Thomas. I have always been very formal with him since he and I are of two different types. Nevertheless I have never attacked him either verbally or physically, although I have had many reasons to do so. I will mention only a few cases: 1) Last semester Mr. Thomas spat at my face as I was getting into the car of someone who had offered me a lift, in back of which he was already riding. Thinking he was drunk, I said and did nothing to him although he attacked me once I had gotten into the car. 2) On Fri. Feb. 15, I decided, with my own money, to throw a party for some close friends. Without my invitation he showed up. Do you think he would behave? No. He went to the refrigerator and stole Carleen Stoye's food. I reproached him, and he got angry. 3) On Monday Mar. 11, around 8.30 pm, he and one of his friends broke my windows and he broke into my door; frightened, I called Pat DeFile to tell him of the incident. (My window is still broken.) 4) It would be superfluous to recount this entire incident. If you haven't already heard about it, you can ask me or another witness. Anyway, on a Sunday, after he was released from jail, Mr. Thomas came to my room and asked me to forgive him for what he had done (i.e. pulling the knife) and not to bring the matter to the attention of school officials. I told him I would have to. During this, Pat DeFile showed up, and asked him if he had gotten a knife from Cliff Forrest. He said yes. Pat said: "You've lied to me; you didn't tell me you had had a knife." Pat took him out of my room.

Last Wednesday, returning to my room from a Senate meeting, I found someone had broken through my window. Worse (there was no theft), my personal phone had been put out of order. When Security came to check it they confirmed that someone had opened my phone; to be fair, I have no proof of who did it.

Contrary to the statements of Wayne's letter, I've never been his friend nor will I be as long as I live. He has talked to me and sent people to talk to me, to persuade or intimidate me. He has contended that Dean Selinger was using me, a black man, as a weapon against another black man. My comment to that is: I am from Haiti, an entirely black nation; I have learned to deal with people as individuals, since in my country we do not have racial prejudices. I told Mr. Thomas he was making no sense, that before I came to Bard I knew I was entering a largely white school but that this made no difference to me.

I feel that Mr. Thomas is a danger to this community. He has threatened Bob Fleming,

thrown plates of food at Elliott Kroll, and told Marlene Rubain he would burn her dorm. Dean Selinger knows of many of the above incidents since I have complained to him.

For further corroboration you can contact anyone mentioned in any part of this statement. I will gladly answer questions if you wish to make inquiry and can be reached from 10-11:30 pm at 758-6035. Thank you for your time and attention in reading this statement.

Sincerely, Gerry

Editor's note: Unfortunately, most of us on the OBSERVER staff never even encountered the letter to which Gerry is responding. (Perhaps another argument for sending things to us instead.) At any rate, we encourage cool heads. It is a shame that in a community this size anyone should feel threatened by anybody else; or, conversely, feel "used" for political reasons. We hope printing this letter serves only to even the balance sheet and not create new problems. We have enough without looking for more...

FROM THE PRESIDENT

I have been invited by Karen Murray to contribute to this semester's final Observer any reminiscences I might have after 14 years, or any forward look at coming years which I might wish to share with the paper's readers.

As for the past 14 years, Mrs. Kline and I would simply like to thank all the people of Bard for many friendships and for the privilege of all the rewarding work we have done together. Over these years Bard has been our life and work and home, and it has brought rich rewards of happiness in each of these relationships.

but even more important for a college than the happiness of years past are the future and the years that lie ahead. The coming of a new President will almost certainly mean changes at Bard. A college often takes a great leap forward at such a time, because the purposes and goals, to measure these against contemporary needs and interests, and then to make major advances in life and program.

For Bard we look forward to such a new burst of vision, --and under a new President new paths ahead for a college which has long looked forward, not back.

Reamer Kline

TOM REDMOND

Staff Reporter

~~EDITORIAL~~

Of course, I have my own opinion about the President, as everyone does, but impeachment is a legal question; necessity therefore calls for legal considerations. And, according to our legal system, a person is innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Therefore, until the House of Representatives impeaches the President and the Senate convicts him, Nixon is still President of the United States and legally innocent (though under grave suspicion).

A summary of what I want to say was well expressed in The New York Times recently, "This is a Constitutional matter and we have the Constitutional procedure." However, certain aspects of the proceedings will make it difficult to see that justice is done.

For example, the Watergate grand jury hearings mocked the name of justice. Any grand jury hearing is to be conducted behind closed doors, not on national television. The reason is simple: the grand jury's purpose is to determine if there is sufficient evidence to warrant a trial. They were de-

IMPRIMATUR

* a preview



To start with, an apology: to those of our contributors who got their material in early, we're sorry you had to wait so long to see it in print. There are two problems here. One, understaffing and faulty ordnance; we catch our typewriters with butterfly nets every time an issue rolls around, and the numbers of the faithful are dwindling. Second, there are people on this campus who seem to think we can dawdle around forever waiting for their material, or that a promise is as good as an article. If you promise us an article, we reserve space; we don't go looking for everything we can get at once. If you don't come through, we, and everyone who has kept a promise, stay indefinitely on the line. Time is of the essence. I find it hard to believe that people can't take 30 or 45 minutes to pound out an article sometime shortly after they make the offer; or that they can't see deadline posters and notices. Really.

That over with, I want to start early talking about next year. Next year's OBSERVER will have essentially that same staff: myself, Tom Redmond, Phil Carducci, Barbara Whiteman, and contributors. If you're interested in adding yourself to this list, see one of us, drop a note in Box 85, or come to the office. We need writers; we could use: a music reviewer, book reviews, people with cars willing to look into community news and happenings, film buffs, artists, photographers. We could use a voice from the Senate, and maybe someone who would like to take over Barbara's Senate column. The more there are of you, the less will be required from each individual to make this a decent paper.

Ideas are already toward for next term's lead-off: among other things, we're interested in putting together material on what sort of diversions do exist on the Upper Hudson--restaurants, interesting stores, historical sites and what not. (Did you know you can get good wool cloth for under \$5/yd. at the Rhinebeck five-and-dime? Or sauerbraten and red cabbage, cheap, a few miles north of Upper Red Hook?) It's a little insane to go here four years and never get farther than Down The Road.

This year we came up from tacky disaster to making waves. Maybe next year, with some help, we can come up even farther and make a little sense.

St. Kate

CONSTITUTION HASSLES

We have a grave problem here at Bard which every student is involved with, one way or another. The problem, Student Government and its branches.

The Senate is elected to represent the Student Body to the best of its ability. It has not done so during the last two semesters. Not that every senator is not doing his or her job, but there are a few who think that being on Senate is time for fun and games.

Elections to the Senate are nothing but popularity contests, the person with the most friends is the winner. Students who vote, the whole 300 of them, instead of knowing the candidate for what he or she has done, they tend to vote for the name they associate with the most during the course of the day, namely their friends.

So, as a result, you have a Senate full of people who say they are dedicated to the

community but are just enjoying their power to make fools out of their fellow students and the Administration. For example, we have a senator, this semester, who, at every meeting gives a fictitious report to the Senate on the work his committee has done during the previous week. He even states his report as made-up because there isn't any committee for him to run, so as a result he gives his own opinion.

This is not representation when a senator takes it in his own hands to give a false report as to what students are thinking. This is not a Senate if it allows a person to get away with this type of fabrication. Also, the Senate should realize now that it has another semester of double-talking from this one senator and should state its policy toward solving this problem.

Another branch of the student represented government which has followed suit in not being fair in its judgment toward particular cases brought before it; this branch is the Student Judiciary Board. The SJB, except for its chairwoman, is made up of people who, when a case is coming up, listen to everyone's opinion instead of following the law, the Constitution.

As an example of this, I would like to state a personal experience which just recently happened. The problem was the last senate elections, was it constitutional or not? Well, the case was lost before it began, because of the people sitting on this board. There was some sort of prejudice involved with each one of these people. Two of them were candidates in the last election; one of them made it and the other did not. The one who didn't always seems jealous of the people who have won over her. Being that I was one of these people she continued up to par, her snobbish, jealous attitude.

The winner was more worried about his seat than he was about anything else. If a new election was to be held he might be the one to lose because he was so close to the bottom of the list.

Another person on this board is a girlfriend to one of the winners of the last election. She also was worried about his losing his seat. But the main reason was that she was interested in an ingenious plan for him to run for president of the Senate. This plan never did come off but it did help prejudice the case.

And finally we come to the person who is such good friends with the current president of Senate. These two people discussed this case before it ever came up to the SJB, and they decided it would be best not to hold the elections over again. One reason is that the president is graduating soon and she doesn't really care if someone is complaining, she's getting out soon. So as a result of their discussion the member of the board came in to the hearing with his decision already in his head.

Students listen close, the Constitution was violated and nothing was done. I personally am not bitter because there wasn't another election, but I am disappointed that student government cannot judge something constitutional or not. What are all of us to do when something worse happens, and because of prejudice an unfair judgment is made and the Constitution is by-passed.

I rest my case, in as much as this semester is over and there's nothing I can do. But next year, when the Senate or SJB does not follow its own Constitution, this newspaper will make it public to the Student Body. No matter how small the matter, we will tell all!

Phil Carducci

spirit .. review

I've been to a marvelous party, and I couldn't have liked it more. Noel Coward's Blithe Spirit, which played from Apr. 20-24 at Preston Hall, was the first Bard production I have enjoyed without reservation since Ondine, long ago in 1972. Perhaps it is significant that both the plays were shameless, outright fantasies; this may be stretching the point, though--the main reason for invoking the first play is to evince the rarity of the recent production. Beyond that comparison, of course, the resemblance is slight; the sophisticated absurdity of Coward's drawing-room comedy is captivating, involving and relaxing in an entirely different way from the tragedy or 'relevant' drama at which Bard, usually with limited success, chiefly aims.

The notable thing about this production was the way it meshed. Not only the cast, but clearly the director, the crews, and the designers had sustained a high degree of communication before and during the run. There was nothing slapdash; nothing to jolt the theatrical illusion. About fifteen minutes into the performance I quit thinking about my review, and for most of the play succeeded in quite forgetting that I was in Preston. The set design by Jane Gootnick, and efficient handling by the prop crew, take credit, I think, for much of this.

The rest of the approbation goes mostly to the professionalism of the cast. One of my main criticisms of Bard theatre has always been its lack of emphasis on creative construction--on, instead, the 'spontaneous' school of dramatic thought whose highest aim is for the players to be themselves on stage. There was none of that glaring out here--though I must admit that Joel Parkes was probably born to an English drawing room. At least, so it seemed. The polished nuance in his delivery of the harassed Charles merely reaffirmed my conviction that he is the most valuable actor we've got. Likewise, Roberta Powell was better as Elvira than I had ever hoped, proving, after semesters of type-casting, that she can play more than a frowsy, shrill matron, and play it damn well. Her Elvira was subtle and weightless, with the faintly acid tone of Coward's humorous and no-nonsensical attitude towards romance. Lynn Tepper, though at times I felt the need of a little more indignation, was completely present as Ruth (rather than as Lynn Tepper playing Ruth--which happens to too many people, not necessarily Ms. Tepper, around here--), and switched smoothly but distinctly from living, determined, wifely obtuseness to the baffled spirit of the third act, suddenly sharing Elvira's disembodiment and detachment. Special credit in the supporting cast goes to Lisa Aronson, also at the best I've ever seen her as Madam Arcati, despite a slight sense of overkill in her characterisation of the mildly dotty, forthright old lady; and Irene Menasche, who did things with her face and voice as Mrs. Bradman that reduced me to smithereens.

I rather imagine Mark Epstein is at the bottom of all this professionalism; since, if there is a word that typifies all that was good about Blithe Spirit, "professionalism" is it. Having been among the people who broke backs backstage during Epstein's Tamburlaine last year--whatever that production's faults--I know his conscientiousness about mooring a play in its proper environment, which, with all due respect to Burton Brody, is still very important to polished theatre; to do a play well without such conscientiousness takes resources Bard probably does not have. This element is especially important to a play like Blithe Spirit, whose atmosphere and humor relies vitally on the customs, styles, and sillinesses of a certain class of English society during a certain part of the twentieth century. The elocution, the costumes, even the God-awful Botticelli Venus in the middle of the drawing room, showed that someone had the right idea about the pretensions and attitudes of Coward's characters. Mr. Epstein, and everyone under his direction, clearly had a concept of where and when it was all taking place; a well communicated concept--for the first time in many

moons I sensed beyond the bounds of the set, not the vague existence of costume rooms and ushers, but damp Kentish countryside, with lots of tidy little houses and gardens, and probably bad roads. Here at Bard especially, this is a step in the right direction.

If there is any criticism to be made, it is in the ever present diction department; there were a very few lapses in the comprehensibility of the lesser characters; and Amy Block as the maid Edith should have worked more on her Cockney accent, which was at times all too transparent. Also, the arrangement of the house had its pitfalls, being such that latecomers, an annoyance that house managers nonetheless should provide for, were incapable of reaching the many still available seats the night I was there, and wound up on the floor or, during intermissions, walking across the set. This isn't a large fault, but it is untidy.

Outside of these minor annoyances, I was entirely at ease and entertained; even exhilarated. A marvelous party. I hope, devoutly, that a standard has been set.

--Karen Murray

the Phlegm Committee Presents...

AN AGGRAVATION
by TOM REDMOND

On May 19th, I saw Touch of Evil by Orson Wells. Judging by the fairly large attendance, and the names which, frankly, got me to see it (Orson Wells, Janet Leigh, etc), I was fully expecting an enjoyable evening. I was fully disappointed. Within the first few minutes, relatively speaking, the plot became difficult to follow. Husband-and-wife team Heston and Leigh got themselves involved with a sabotage just over the Mexican border. While Heston is left to encounter Sheriff Wells, wife Leigh leaves the scene for the hotel only to get herself involved with the people who apparently planted the bomb in the victim's car. Not having stayed to see the end, I'm admittedly unsure about the plot, but the people who hassled Leigh were evidently going to put pressure on Heston in an effort to make him quit asking questions.

The opening wasn't all that bad, but nothing happened after that. A few people left before the first reel was anywhere near the end, and I decided to forget it as the second reel came on. By the way, though I feel I followed the movie, I was sure a chunk of it was missing between the first two reels.

Before long my only motivation to stay awake was that this thing had to get better. Sorry to say it never did.

The foreign flicks are bad enough (a word on them later), but it is a shame when the domestic ones aren't any better. As to the foreign films, I spent two and a half years of High School trying to learn the German language. Though some of it filtered through my head (and probably by osmosis), I would not look forward to repeating something similar. When I go to a movie, one reason is relaxation and entertainment--not to have to improve my rapid reading skills and then quickly look at the picture before the next scene comes merrily along.

Since I'm on the film subject, I may as

well convey my opinion to the Film Committee, or whomever it may concern. I assume that, since I watch the selections you've made for my enjoyment (and realizing that this is no easy task of pleasing all), you would be interested in my likes and dislikes. However, no surveys or polls have, to my knowledge, been taken to allow such things to be known. Thus, though I'm not saying this is so, the only other alternative seems to be that whoever picks the films picks what they want. Now there's nothing wrong with that--if the audience is members of the Film Committee.

So my suggestion is to reduce the number of foreign films, presently the largest group with nearly a dozen members, to a more reasonable amount. And, because not everyone has the time nor desire to select films, organize some kind of informal survey.

So from a Brooklyn Boy, an Apostate Saint and a Creative Fundamentalist, you want the "Wall Street Journal" maybe?

(Have a good summer)

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO (Bardian, May 1960)

I deeply appreciate this opportunity, offered me by the editors of the Bardian, to greet the Bard community, and to tell you how happy I am at the prospect of coming to live on the campus, and of working among you in the years ahead.

Particularly I want to thank a great number of you for your many expressions of encouragement, support, and friendship, as expressed particularly by the faculty in their informal vote after I met with them; and in the stimulating and very interesting meetings I had with members of the senior and junior classes. Perhaps the chief characteristics of Bard people that stand out in my mind after these visits, are mental keenness, complete frankness, and honesty. I like all three!

As I try to learn the ways of a college president, I must count upon your loyalty, your cooperation, and your patience. I think we shall get along well together, and I hope that in not too long, you will come to know me and to trust me, and to think of me as your friend.

Now about Bard in the days immediately ahead. Since all of you have been so very honest with me, I want to be honest with you. More than anything else, I have been asked about a tension which some people fear between the present free spirit of Bard, and the convictions of the Episcopal Church. "Is Bard still going to be the Bard we love," some people have

asked, "or is it going to be an Episcopalian college?" I do not think it is a case of "either or," but a case of "both and." I realize that many people at Bard have beliefs which are different from mine. I hope they will continue to hold them with integrity and to express them with conviction. I think we will both be better for this confrontation. For both people and ideas, I think, rise to their noblest stature in confrontation. "All real living is meeting," the great philosopher Martin Buber tells us.

I think the days ahead are going to be great days for Bard College, not because of me, but because of a new spirit which others tell me they feel in the air. If all of us together share in making a better Bard College, this may well be what we look back upon at the end of life as the best thing we ever did. It will be a hard stern task. But slightly to paraphrase very famous lines:

He that outlives these days and comes safe home
Will stand on tip-toe when these days are nam'd!

I hope you find the prospect of our work together as full a promise as I do! —REAMER KLINE

RESTAURANT NOTES

(watch for more next semester from your dauntless Observer staff)

The Forbidden City

202 BURT STREET (RTE. 9W)
SAUGERTIES, NEW YORK
TEL. (914--246-3802)

This place is full of decor, if you particularly care for decor. It serves Chinese cuisine, principally Peking and Sze Chuan, with a smattering of the Cantonese dishes that appeal to blander American palates. As is the decor, they are spotty.

The night we had dinner there, a Saturday, was a spiraling comedy of errors. The place wasn't very full, but the two waitresses sharing a shift with the Chinese hostess acted completely harassed. Drinks arrived fairly quickly and were very good, along with a funny little dish of noodles that was addictive, and tea. After that, however, the service was languid, bordering on deceased, and our waitress, a trundling individual in a carcoat, never seemed quite sure whether we'd ordered. Granted, she apologized and said something had gone wrong in the kitchen. There she had something.

The Peking (hot and sour) soup and wonton was fine, if a little light on the ginger in the former. We finished it. Some time later the main course arrived: chicken walnuts with honey, shrimp, Mandarin fish fillet, and duckling. The last two were declared bland, the duck so much so that honey had to be ordered to make it palatable (it came after a couple of requests), and the sauce on the shrimp was analyzed as mostly diner-type yellow gravy. The chicken walnuts, which was my dinner, purported to contain honey. Not only did this seem absent, but the proper Sze Chuan spices as well, and the whole dish had a disturbing uniform grey color. Twice during the meal I encountered anonymous incontestable objects, gristle I think, which could no more be consumed than an eraser. The servings were generous, but overcooked to the point of losing all flavor; the essential ingredient of Chinese cooking, speed, had apparently gone by the boards. Even the fortune cookies were rather bland, which, if you have eaten fortune cookies, you recognize as an accomplishment.

We passed on dessert, and one of the party ordered a Courvoisier, which was on the menu but not, as it turned out, in the bar. (What was in the bar was an operating TV. Now really.) The final turn of the spiral came, I think, when the party on my left opened the teapot and withdrew a tea bag. It was too much. Prodded on by dropped dish covers, perhaps an hour spent merely waiting between courses, and the cookies, we collapsed in hysteria.

Dinner for 4 with soup and drinks was \$26. We are told they make Peking Duck well. I hope so. For this, or for soup and cocktails, a trip to the Forbidden City might be justified. For anything else, get yourself a Chinese cookbook.

St. Kate

... Farewell
and good luck!
The Staff of
the Bard
Observer

further food blues

I have staring me in the face this article clipped from one of the many superfluous periodicals the OBSERVER receives gratis, sententiously titled "You Are What You Eat." Mostly it is a rather dreary piece about feeding rats, coming out to the conclusion that the best of diets is diluted, sometimes harmfully, by such a preponderance of sugar and sweets as is typical of the American diet. Refined foods also come in for some heavy trouncing, and natural-food freaks, who probably know all about it, can stop right here. They know all they want to, no doubt, about undernourished rats.

What this has to do with Bard College should be fairly obvious. Unusual as it is for your humble servant to be serious about anything, if I ever am that earnest about something it is about stuffing my face. I know that, like the weather, everyone complains about Saga. The hitches of mass production can't be helped, but it seems that nutritional content can, and I feel a little noise should be made.

Now it is difficult to get very hot under the collar about sheet cake, but I might as well start on sheet cake. I don't eat the stuff. There's not much flavor to it and a whole lot of sugar and shortening, and it's the last thing basically sedentary Bardians need to tuck away. I said so to the Zoog without much effect, many moons ago, and suggested that abolishing it in favor of servings of the presumably more expensive pie might be in order. The dessert budget might not stretch as far, but who said dessert every night was vital? In short, I think we are entitled to a choice between continuous supplies of tripe, whose constant presence in our systems is perhaps less than salutary, and slightly sparser supplies of something rather more nutritious. Not everyone can show up at Food Committee meetings, but we can all get our oars in somehow.

The point is, of course, that it doesn't stop with sheet cake. Any number of over-sweet, carbohydrate-saturated fillers go down the hatch at Bard because of lazy habits, because there's supposed to be something there on the plate. It gets to be absurd when I find myself lecturing a graduating senior in a continuous state of depressed nerves and physical exhaustion about the sources of B vitamins, while he puts away mashed potatoes, noodle casserole, pudding and the sheet cake. You don't have to be an organic health nut to know about that. I've found myself in that position more than once; I could probably live high off the hog dealing Geritol.

So, pick up a good book on nutrition, or use some common sense, and if you decide it makes a difference to you (but you're not about to start living on peanut butter, salad and cottage cheese), make a noise. Dump incendiary notes on Paul Zarogian's desk (he, after all, needs to know where the pressure is.) Refuse to eat things that clutter up your bloodstream. The message will get across.

It's not entirely altruism, of course, or even the Jewish mother surfacing (I'm Scottish, anyway). I have vested interests. As I implied, there's nothing like poor nutrition to make people depressed and grumpy. And depressed grumpy people are a bore. They snap. They rattle easily. And for some unknown reason, every time I skin the cat out of a tree two feet in front of their faces, they seem to scream.

St. Kate

6

BARD MANIA

reprinted for your term-end amusement
from the Observer of 1971—
by latter-day Bardian Robert Goldwitz

Hello. I'm a Bard student, and like most of us, I picked up a copy of the Red Tide in the old Dining Commons one bright Friday morning. To my delight and somewhat disappointment, I read the article by one B. Jones, scholar, entrepreneur, and general B.M.O.C. It was quite a charming welcome to and description of Bard to the Freshman populace, which (due to some mild inconsistencies concerning Bard explained by Mr. Jones), might distress a goodly number of Freshmen, or maybe a Soph or Junior. (Not excluding the Senior of course, but from my impression, I gather that they couldn't care less where they are.)

In order to try to set aright the problems one might face because of the article, I believe an explanation of the "Bard Scene" is in order.

Being somewhat of the spiritual sort, and believing in legends and their implications, I, before entering Bard last year, decided to do some research on the school's pre-history, which I discovered to be quite interesting. So interesting, in fact, I decided to submit the findings as a sort of "Term Paper" for my high school history class. The teacher failed me, though, not because of the "blatant insanity of the paper" (as she so well put it) but because we were supposed to concern ourselves with the Social-Economic implications of the East 86th St. Gimbel's—but no matter.

The actual story began way back in the misty primeval past, and involved a now extinct Indian tribe which inhabited the very land we are now standing on.....

It seems that, at first, there wasn't any tribe. The land was, for a time, quite peaceful. Wild animals, including Deer, Muskrat, Fiee, the now extinct North American Sulking Catfish (named so because of its terrible walking posture), and assorted variety of Dog. All these wild woodland creatures living in perfect harmony.

Then, slowly, drip by drip, the Redman appeared on the scene.

It turns out that an obscure Indian was thrown out of his tribe, a bit further to the south, around what is now called New Paltz. Reasons for expulsion are not exactly clear, but it is known that he had a habit of picking the flowers and weeds about the campground, and using them for other than decorative purposes. His wanderings took him to the Hudson River. There, on the banks of that mighty Estuary, he befriended an old man who would ferry people back and forth from bank to bank. The old man seemed to have a strange infatuation with the river, supposedly hearing voices and seeing spirits from its deep blue depths.*

*(Read book no. two in Mr. Jones's required reading, by H. Hesse)

The Ol' Man River (as he was affectionately known by the people), agreed to take the young brave as far north as he dared, to the outer reaches of the old man's world. And when the party arrived at "Cruger's Island" (named after the Indian god, Tamahonna Cruger), the old ferryman, realizing that the place was so distant from any red man, remarked, "This place is far out." (ho)

The man departed, leaving the brave to his devices.

The young brave, at first grew very lonely and tired of his solitude, and looked for things to capture his amusement. At this time, the game of one-man Rugby was invented, but soon he realized that the more aesthetic life was suitable to the surroundings, so he took up gathering food in the baskets he weaved, walking about, sleeping, and engaging in friendly romps in the woods with the deer and wild sheep. A pleasant life.

A number of months later, a band of eleven young nubile Indian maids paddled up in search of the infamed brave. (By now, the entire Hudson Valley was aware of his ways) The brave, contrary to his thoughts and distinctions was human, and proceeded to have large family.

Generation upon generation grew and prospered, always following the "way" of the Founding Father. They ate, romped, slept. Some were content, but newcomers, after spending about a year with the tribe, began to go quite insane. They wondered if there was anything else to this life. The natives didn't know, at least they weren't sure. In fact, no one was, about anything. The newcomers weren't answered, (for no one knew), and often would jump into the Hudson or climb the tallest Pine Tree until they vanished from sight.

At this point I believe it necessary to describe the actual surroundings of the area at the time:

There seems to have been one clustered group of handsome Teepees, ones that, even today would rival the home-made counter-cultural model, or even the nylon Abracombie & Fitch version. There was, approximately at the new Dining Commons site, a sacrificial fire altar where the tribe, after gathering the fruits and nuts of the day, would throw them into a raging fire and see what remained after the fire died. Some anthropologists postulate that the tribe believed what was left was worth eating, while others propose that this was an early form of "foodstuffs alchemy" whereby the Indians hoped a better meal, such as roast pork or shrimp jubilee would be the result. None the less, the tribe was quite insane.

Some of the members of the tribe had,

continued →

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signed so that the courts wouldn't waste valuable time (not necessarily suggesting courts don't do this). Furthermore, the grand jury has no power to determine the guilt or innocence of a person and, though this may be a matter of opinion, many times this is what some of the jury's members did with selected witnesses. Theoretically, none of the evidence examined by the grand jury can be used due to the national broadcasts and publication.

The April issue of TIME had as its cover Nixon's tax return. This seems to be going a bit far as Mr. Nixon has been forced to make public a matter most citizens consider private. If the justification for this is because he is a public official, then why aren't additional requirements made for all public officials including members of the Congressional Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation?

A third example is members of Congress have commented on whether they believe Nixon to be guilty or innocent. Some Senators obviously don't know their Constitution (which is frightening enough in itself) as they have tried to start impeachment proceedings when it specifically states that the House of Representatives does this. Now, the men who may determine Nixon's political future are tentatively deciding the matter before the facts are in. No one knows at this time what the evidence will be against Nixon if he is impeached and no one will know until the trial.

Just mention Nixon's name in conversation and the general thought will probably be impeachment--pronto. Some are probably asking, "How can he possibly be innocent with all the evidence?" That's up to the courts to decide. And the burden of proof lies entirely on the prosecution--the defense; if he so chooses, never even has to open his mouth.

In the name of justice, let's not "give him a fair trial tonight, hang him tomorrow." Yes, let's watch this national crisis closely and hold opinions. Yes, let's take the proper steps to prevent another Watergate. And, yes, let's remember--especially on such a serious issue as impeachment--that until trial is held we are only holding opinions however strongly we believe them. Let's not take those opinions into the jury room and start playing with fire. If he proves guilty, let's find him so in the proper way. If he proves innocent, let's not have this turn into one of the darkest blots America has known.

Tom Redmond

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to their own, a "magic fountain" where, if one drank from it, one would experience a dulling of the senses, a certain "intoxicated" effect. These members could be seen at dusk, ritually walking "down the path", thumbs outstretched, as a sort of pre-ceremonial right. They would return in the morning, walking a bit peculiarly back to the main area.

Others had meetings where the only thing that would be discussed would be "why should a discussion be held."

Some would never come out of their respective Teepees.

And some would never stop doing what they decided they would do when they were but papooses.

And, in a very obscure way, this was the obscure life of the tribe. Back to the story.

After a number of generations, being totally out of touch with anything,

the tribe died out.

But a very interesting story preceeded the demise of the tribe.

One ancient medicine man, upon hearing of the suicide of his son because of the tribe, gathered together all his potions and powers, and in one bounding leap, cursed the tribe and the land forever. He then proceeded to drop to the ground, very dead.

The actual curse is not known, but the gist of it doomed the land to always have the same sort of insanity occur with each successive tribe forever and ever.

Many years passed, and, in the Year of our Lord, 1860, St. Stephens College for the Good Book, the spiritually handicapped, and the Lord, God, was created. In less than seventy years, St. Stephens simply disappeared. No one knows exactly what happened to the school, but a few of the former students did make a name for themselves. Bishop Pike, for one, and his ramblings through the desert. And

PIN-UP



photo by Niles Jaeger

streak by Wally Hoffman

THIS SPACE

DEDICATED TO ALL THE

CLOWNS

who never came through



Cardinal Dozitsky, better known as the Krazy Kardinal of the Crimea.



Then Bard took over. Nice, bright young Columbia men with some fairly good ideas on how a school should be run. A nice beginning, but inevitably, the curse of the land came out.

At their respective homes, Bard students are a nice bunch of young people. But, because of the curse, they began, like magic, to imitate the life styles of their forebearers. Freshmen would come every year, and fall innocent victims. Sophs. and juniors would commit suicide, and Seniors would get drunk.

But, please, please don't worry, dear reader. If you find yourself going a bit insane and lonesome, and Bard starts to reveal it's true self, dont distress! It's not your fault.

You just happen to be cursed.

PHIL CARDUCCI'S SPORTS

VARSITY SOFTBALL

Varsity softball came and went very quickly. The team played seven regular season games, plus a game against the Faculty. The varsity lost their first six games before winning. Their win came in the Northeastern Athletic Conference Playoff Games held in Albany on May 11th. Bard lost the first game of the playoff to Albany College of Pharmacy, 11-0. But in the second game, or should I call it a free-for-all, Bard out slugged St. Rose, 24-23. Albany College won the playoffs, while Bard placed third.

On May 16th, the varsity played the Faculty. It was the most defensive minded games played by the varsity this season. Fielding was almost perfect, hitting came at the right moments, and everyone played smart softball. The results turned out for the best, the varsity beat the Faculty, very definitely, 5-0.

During the season these team members were the most outstanding. Danny Tieger, Golden Glove award winner for the fewest errors committed, 0. Stan Corkin and Joe Rechen, top two batters on the team, .583 and .563 batting averages, respectively. Scott Baron, home run king, one for the season. Stan Corkin and Steve Levine, co-winners of the Lead Glove award for the most errors, 10. And finally, Hardy Platt, the award for the best looking member of the team (and being the only woman).

POOL TOURNAMENT RESULTS

The last few weeks, Bard's pool tables have been very busy due to the Pool Tournament held. Eighteen players signed up and were matched up in a draw slot elimination. Al Matlin and Mike Turner turned out to be the ones to beat, as they both eliminated everybody they played. They faced each other in the final round and Mike Turner came out victorious. As a result of winning this tournament, the Observer would like to crown Mike, the Hustler of Bard College.

CROSS COUNTRY

A new coach has been named to take charge of the Bard cross country team next Fall. He is Prof. Wm. Griffith of our own community. Prof. Griffith's experience comes from his personal experience, as he was a runner himself. The Observer staff would like to wish Prof. Griffith good luck in the coming season, along with a healthy and successful one.

TENNIS

A word from the coach, "No strings were broken."

**THANKS...
CHARLIE &
MARK
FOR A GREAT YEAR**

(Un)classified Ads



Free to members of the Bard Community--
send (brief, please) copy to Box 85

BICYCLES AND SUMMER JOBS AVAILABLE IN EUROPE

Summer jobs are available in Europe. Any student interested in seeing Europe on a low cost, or earn-as-you-go basis might look into the various student services offered by Student Overseas Services (SOS) of Luxembourg, Europe. Two of these services are temporary (8-12 wks) paying jobs in Europe, and new and used bikes. SOS also offers a bicycle tour with a new 10-speed European touring bike included in the deal that students can put on the plane and take home with them.

Interested students may obtain free information, job applications, descriptions and listings, and the SOS Program Handbook by sending their name and address to SOS - Student Overseas Services, 22 Ave, de la Liberte, Luxembourg, Europe: or to SOS, Box 5173, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93108.

If you know of a house with at least 2 bedrooms, in a fairly secluded, wooded area no more than a 15 min. drive from Bard, available to rent beginning Sep. 1 of this year--drop a note in box 180 or come up to the 3rd floor of Seymour--thanks, Jeremy.

Anyone knowing of someone willing to share an apt. in POUGHKEPSIE for the summer, contact box 257.

"If you want it, I've got it."
- A. L. Levine

! special thanks

to John Kisch, Niles Jaeger and Vince McGroary for their photographic work.

Do you have a job waiting for you upon graduation? Did you know that one million students will graduate from colleges and universities in June? Approximately three million will graduate from trade and high schools. Would you like to have an advantage over your competition by knowing where to apply, how to prepare a professional brief or resume, and what to say while being interviewed? Then invest \$10.00 in your future by enclosing a Money Order or Certified Check with this coupon and mail today for your booklet to:

RESUME

P. O. Box 3331
South Wilson Station
Wilson, North Carolina 27893

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City _____
State _____ Zip _____

"You want potatoes?"
- Jamie Pearson

"Tennis love."
- Kate Wittens tier

