

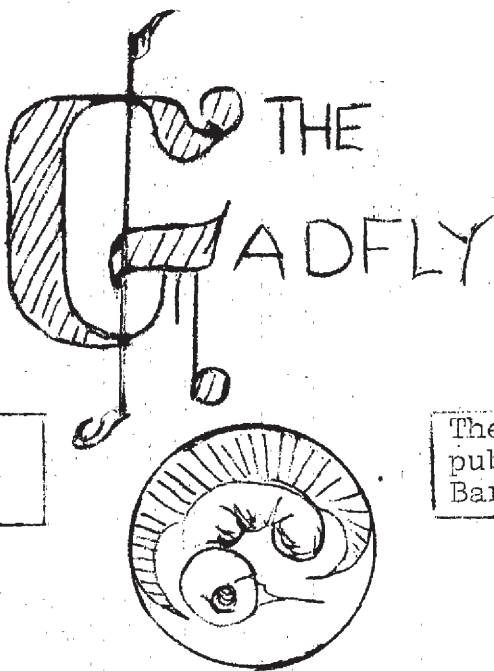
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GADFLY

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The Journal of
the New Middle

The most widely read
publication of the
Bard College Community

Vol. II No. 12

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The Gadfly is a weekly
journal of comment, crit-
icism and satire on the
activities of the Bard
College community.

Box 81, Campus Mail

COUNCIL VOTES DANCE CLUB \$10;
POWERS COMMITTEE TO PRESENT SUGGEST-
IONS FOR THE ALLOCATION OF THE SENIOR
CLASS GIFT.

With the urging of Harvey Fleetwood, Council Monday night created a committee to investigate birth control programs available to the school. Councilman Robert Edmonds moved that the committee be empowered to offer suggestions to next semester's Council for the allocation of the remainder of the senior class gift, the class of '66. Councilman Dick Ranschoff amended the motion to allow the committee to be open to anyone expressing an interest in the continuation of a birth control program at Bard.

The motion passed 5-0-0.

The Dance club requested an extra \$10 so that they would be able to complete their program this semester.

The motion passed 5-0-0.

The official results of the Community election for the four seats open on Council this semester were as follows:

MALCOLM McCUNE.....	158
JEFFREY ROCHLIS.....	125
COLLETTE BARRY.....	124
DEVORAH TARROW.....	124
Anita McClellan.....	113
Kenny Johnson.....	112
Harvey Fleetwood.....	108
Bruce Lieberman.....	103

976 votes were cast.
(I apologize for the mistake in the primary returns last week. I copied down what I thought were the correct figures, but, it seems, that at 10:00 in the morning my eyes just don't function too well.

Ilene Rosen)

To the Editors:

I'm afraid that this letter will do little to restore Mr. Mortimer (author of the commentary "And a Good Time Was Had By All") to his usual fun-filled, riotous old self: I do feel, however, that as one of the persons responsible for the dinner I owe him a sober explanation of those occurrences to which his sense of "boredom, depression, and futility" may have temporarily blinded him.

I like vodka, too. I also like apple cider, which is considerably less expensive. The ratio of each of these beverages to the other, as well as all other matters pertaining to the punch, came under the personal jurisdiction of Miss Arlene Krebs, who also transported all the cider from Tivoli to the gym. At least part of what she had in mind was the maintenance of sanity and good taste. I understand, from reliable sources, that these qualities were sorely lacking from several previous Boar's Head Dinners. May I refer

Mr. Mortimer to the freshman's handbook (I realize that it's been three years and more), section on "traditions?" Mr. Pinkwater seemed to come out pretty strongly against events held "for the sole purpose of getting (everybody) luminous". Now, drunken sots are not made, but rather make themselves, wouldn't you say? Unfortunately, in a small school one can depend on the same drunken sots to snatch at every opportunity to display their studied talent. To spare men of good taste, such as Mr. Mortimer, the punch was "slightly vodka-ed down apple cider."

The roasts and trimmings were provided by Slater System, although I wouldn't have thought so if I hadn't gone over to the kitchen to check. It seemed to me quite a pleasant reversal of the usual Slater System role, the one in which it has confronted me and most of the other seniors for the past three or four heartrendering years. Perhaps Mr. Mortimer arrived later in the evening: there was a discrepancy in time announcements (some signs said 7:30 and the invitations said 7:00, or vice versa). I ate just before Andy Frierger began to speak -- a good hour after the food had been set out on the back tables -- and ate well (my meat was hot, tender, and medium rare). Sorry about the Italian dressing -- it was an oversight.

The decision to confine the invitations to seniors and members of the faculty and administration was made solely on the basis of financial necessity. As Scott Russ, our treasurer, could inform Mr. Mortimer, the Senior Treasury was, as of last Tuesday, just large enough to comfortably cover the dinner with the invitations as they stood. I'm sure that Mr. Mortimer was among the first to pay his dues. After all, The Gadfly, of which he is a pillar, was kind enough to print a reminder about dues. But not many of his classmates were as public-spirited, even though they recently voted to raise their own dues. As far as breaking the rules, it has always seemed to me that one of the drawbacks (or assets) of a democracy is its inability to eradicate minor infractions of the legal code. Totalitarian states have, at times, been much more successful in this respect. I hope that Mr. Mortimer, who is both honorable and a member of the Social Studies division, will correct me if I am wrong. A sergeant-at-arms placed at the door to turn away spouses and friends could have just as easily turned away those who had not paid their dues, thus restricting the attendance to about 1/4th of the senior class. The Boar's Head Committee chose not to appoint a sergeant-at-arms or facsimile thereof. We call it "faith".

Speaking of the Boars Head Committee, it of course arranged the entire

evening. Membership in the committee was open to any and all members of the senior class, although we decided to recruit lower classmen (or specifically lower-class girls) to serve behind the tables. About a half-dozen people constituted the committee, and most of these really slaved, in spite of projects, fellowship applications, interviews and Thanksgiving. One of the members even lives off-campus. But everything about the senior class organization has thus far been voluntary, from dinner-planning to the payment of dues.

In the course of our mad last-minute rushing around which might have been avoided with more funds and more members, we (the committee) simply could not lay hands on an amplifying system. We had to make do with louder voices and Garry Bratman's stereo set. I could not judge the "projection" of the speakers because I was seated right next to them. Mr. Mortimer and I were, however, equidistant from the entertainers, and we both seem to have heard them well enough to remember what it was they performed. Musically, all of the performers were, in my opinion, amazingly and consistently good. The New Union String Band was given license to perform what it wanted, because it does many things well. I wonder if Mr. Mortimer also blanched at the word "cocaine" in one of Mr. Terry's songs.

If Professor Hochman's speech was that objectionable to Mr. Mortimer, who obviously was "committed" enough to listen, I am surprised that Mr. Mortimer did not "turn off his mind", so to speak. I'll admit it was difficult to do so, since Mr. Hochman is an arresting speaker and apparently hit home very directly. I hope that Mr. Mortimer is not too "enlightened" to "turn on the solemnity" at Commencement.

Have a nice Field Period, Jeff, and, above all, don't be bored to tears. We need your gentle, riotous wit to enliven the senior cocktail party and Baccalaureate.

Barry Fruchter
(Senior President)

Dear Editors:

Yes, someone finally went to Kingston and low and behold there is a slum there, BRAC's very own personal slum with real poor people. But what made me go to Kingston in the first place? First, I had grown tired of waiting for BRAC to inform the student body of how it uses our money, and second, the rather tactless reply from this organization to my earlier article about them, in the Oct. 13 issue of the

Gadfly aroused my curiosity further.

No one has ever heard of BRAC in Kingston. Its members and activities are nearly lost in limbo with other organizations such as C.O.R.E. and K.C.A.P. In Kingston the members of BRAC are simply known as Bard students and it is at times difficult to determine when BRAC is involved in or simply innocently watching the activities of its brother organizations. The instances I am about to relate are only those which BRAC members are responsible for or had a hand in. I will also not reveal the names of my sources of information out of respect for those who, as one man put it, do not want Bard students "on their backs."

As for BRAC headquarters which is rented with convocation funds, it is in all actuality the Kingston office of C.O.R.E. (and K.C.A.P.) -- I wonder why they never told us this? It is here that the so-called tutoring takes place, but as one witness described it it sounds more like a zoo with the children running wildly in and out the door.

BRAC's work in the area of community organization and relocation of ghetto families often takes on the aspects of pure meddling. On certain occasions they have made general nuisances of themselves by converging on the Mayor's office and those of the Urban Renewal people. They have pumped the Urban Renewal officials for information, the figures were then interpreted to their own satisfaction and convenience, and finally used to attack the whole Urban Renewal project. One such group of figures they expanded into a report which they sent to Mr. Weaver in Washington. Weaver, to say the least, was quite upset at what he read, for the report made the Urban Renewal people look incompetent. I glanced at part of this report and found a mass of blanket statements with no solutions or constructive ideas -- funny, we were never told this. One of BRAC's pet demands is that there be

70 new housing units instead of the 135 in the Urban Renewal project. It seems strange that experienced and well-trained people with access to the first hand information should make such an expensive error. My, what stupid people the Urban Renewal officials must be, they can't even properly interpret their own figures. BRAC also distributed flyers to ghetto people telling them what rented housing must be like or it violates the law. The circular read like the ten commandments: there must be no cracks in the walls or ceiling, 70 degree temperature must be maintained at all times, there must be this and there must be that -- my own home doesn't come up to these standards.

Another little bit of mischief BRAC has gotten into concerns the pay-

ing of rent. It seems that when the Urban Renewal people let families live in buildings which they have bought they collect rent from them. BRAC disapproves of this and has told these people not to pay their rent, but very few people have taken BRAC's law-abiding and intelligent advice -- funny, they never told us this.

BRAC does do a little good by relocation of ghetto families in better surroundings, but at the same time they have undermined the similar and much larger and better organized efforts of the Urban Renewal people. Urban Renewal has extensive lists of available housing for families displaced by the Urban Renewal project. Landlords voluntarily notify the Urban Renewal people of available apartments, at least they did before BRAC stuck its fingers in the pie. BRAC found this a perfect opportunity to do a little witch hunting. The inquisition consisted of testing the landlords for discrimination by first sending a white family and then a negro one to inquire about renting an apartment. The rather obvious result took the form of a shrinking housing list for the Urban Renewal people -- funny, they never told us this. BRAC's activities in this sphere seem to be slightly contradictory and self-defeating. For some strange reason BRAC is more of a hindrance than a help for their own cause.

BRAC has also attempted to organize the poor to enable them to stand up for their rights against those who seemingly take advantage of their ignorance. This project has met with very little success and it is easy to guess why. Visualize an old man, poor and unemployed. Now imagine that a nice shiny Volkswagen bus pulls up in front of him and out steps a kid who offers to guide him in finding his rightful place in society when from his appearance the kid doesn't have a place in society for himself -- what an insult, what hypocrisy!

As for BRAC's political ideas and activities, they must yet remain shrouded in mystery. I firmly believe there is a political side to this organization, although it is probably of a very restricted and harmless nature -- I hope. I base my assumption upon the statement of one of BRAC's underprivileged Kingston friends who didn't "approve of BRAC's political ideas." Unfortunately this person did not volunteer any further information and no one else was willing to speak on the matter.

The purpose of this report is not to destroy BRAC but to curb it (I regret having once used the word "demise" in describing my feelings about it). It is also not meant to be a personal attack, but a general criticism. I must also emphasize that I represent

no group or organization, but speak only for myself. I have sought only to gather facts and present them through my own perspective. Curiosity sent me to Kingston and what I have learned I now place before the community in whose hands the responsibility for any corrective measures lies.

Sincerely,
Philip Likes

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"The Lady doth protest too much"

A LETTER TO AN INNOCENT REVOLUTIONARY

A spectre resides in that so serious appendage of the political establishment, council elections, to reck havoc, in his recline, upon the colonial policies of the school. He is the fervent herald of the tribunes, the professional non-politician who ferments reform. But in all the terror of his glance is there not saintliness; humanity though other-worldly.

"This happened about noon, and my question to him was, 'Would you like a pack of cigarettes or anything else from Dining Commons.'"

Such pity and warmth for the lowly, the meek, who systematically kill the Vietnamese people; is not his feeling profound that he can forgive the unforgivable. But why Quasimodo, in your cyclonic voice, do you rail against the dragon of the frogs, an unknowing tool, who thinks of you as no more than a gargoyle. He is wrong for he does not understand the beauty and religiousity of the whirlwind you stir, its center. For you profess, brother, that bread too has a soul and that is where the reformation of Bard must lie.

Hieronymus Bosch
(Steve Kushner)

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As this is our final issue of the semester, the editors would like to thank all those people (students, faculty, and administration) who contributed both financially and materially to the "life" of the Gadfly. It has been the primary purpose of this publication to provide the opportunity for genuine engagement of ideas, opinions, and (perhaps humorously) world-views through comment, criticism and satire.

We intend to publish again next semester -- so keep us in mind. The Gadfly wishes everyone an enjoyable and productive Field Period.

The Editors.

THE GADFLY

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FOR THE QUOTE OF THE WEEK SEE ILENE ROSEN'S APOLOGY ON PAGE 1.