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OBSERVER

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Observer

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CLEARWATER

by Allen Young (LNS)

COLD SPRING, N.Y. (LNS) -- a graceful sloop, with a 106-foot mainsail, an interracial crew and the songs of Pete Seeger, is plying the waters of Hudson River these days as part of a campaign to make its waters run clear once again.

The idea of the boat, Pete Seeger says, "is to bring tens of thousands of people to the waterfront. We've got to get the patient to admit there's a disease. Many people say, 'It's a sewer, so what?' We bring 'em down and they are reminded of what a beautiful river the Hudson is and there's no more of that 'so what' stuff."

The approach of the Clearwater, its crew and the association that raised \$180,000 to build and outfit the sloop is hardly militant. They feel that the people who live in the towns and cities along the river need to be awakened about the problem. Those immediately responsible for the pollution of the river, of course, are industrial magnates who own the factories which dump waste into the Hudson, and the politicians, bigtime and smalltime, who do not allocate appropriate tax money toward sewage

treatment plants and who refuse to take necessary measures against the offending corporations.

Ultimately, Seeger and the Clearwater sponsors would argue, action against the industrialists and the politicians will come only when the people are aroused.

Some of the people are aroused, all right, but against the Clearwater. When the boat was tied up to the small wooden pier at Cold Spring, a lily-white village of 2,000 in rural Putnam County, only 50 miles north of New York City, right-wing hoodlums hassled the crew. They stood on shore yelling such epithets as "scumbags", "blow-jobs" and "cunt" and said they didn't want the "communist" boat in their town. "If you want to clean up the river," they shouted at the crew (which includes black people and hip people), "just get off it!"

The sloop's reception has been mostly positive, however. Some of the money for the project, ironically, comes from old WASP families who live in big old Hudson Valley mansions. (Seeger and his family have lived for years in a comfortable log cabin in

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All right. The Clearwater. Pete Seeger. In Kingston. Lets find out what, if anything, is happening. We shake our way down the hill, under the yellow ochre streetlamps, towards what's left of Kingston's waterfront, a tiny rectangular strip of grass wedged between the water and the Miron Cement Company's former residence, a dirty red brick building that still bears the slogan "Better Lumber from Better Mills" between the dark sockets that were once windows. We walk across the grass, toward a crowd of 200 at the far end of the rectangle, seated facing a makeshift stage whose yellow bulbs gyrate crazily in the sheet metal of the warehouse behind it. On my right rises the mast of the Clearwater, separated from the crowd by a cyclone fence, low in the water, a composite of ropes and rolled canvas, Douglas fir spars, so the signs tell me.

I wonder what the hell the residents of the areas collapsing rat-ridden rooming house think of all the noise and crowds of long-haired white men in the ghetto tonight. The crowd is hip. Woodstock. A sprinkling of Kingston High School; older ones, wives, babies, their desert

boots make them hip. Kennedy people. And cops. Four. No, six. Nighthsticks.

A black man on the stage, singing about trouble with the cops. But not in Kingston. Not tonight.

Pete Seeger is the MC. Bounces up on the stage, and talks with a lilt and a quick line. The middle-aged ladies ahead of me are enthralled. But so are the kids. Practice, I think. He's got it down pat. More performers. Some local, all from the Hudson Valley area. A constant insertion of Clearwater propaganda. Clean it up. Clean it up. Several black singers. The few blacks in the audience respond with yells. Seeger says that the show must end by ten. City Hall says so. A few local chicks sing. Then some Woodstock guys. Then the captain of the ship sings. He makes up for talent with sincerity.

I find myself liking the whole thing a little better. No one's trying to con me. Seeger all over at once. At the sound booth, with the audience, talking to kids, blacks, cops, back to the stage for another introduction. Since things are so peaceful, Seeger says, the law says we can run past ten. A cheer. Black chick sings Summertime. The audience is really warming up.

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2 PROCTOR RAPS

An Interview
by Marian Swerdlow

'The Dutchess County Sheriff's Department spokesman, Sergeant John P. Daikin, addresses assembled officers from the Villages of Tivoli, Red Hook and Rhinebeck, as well as village and town officials and representatives of Bard College in the first of a series of policework classes at Rhinebeck Town Hall.'

-Kingston Daily Freeman
Sept. 11, 1969

OBSERVER: I understand you sat in on a policework class in Rhinebeck. How did you first hear of this class?

MERRY ENTIN: I read in the Red Hook Advertiser of September 4 that judges, FBI agents and law enforcement agents would be speaking to the local police. It mentioned that interested residents were invited to attend. I consider myself a resident. It seemed to relate to the idea of getting to the community, of meeting them face to face, of seeing how they feel.

OBSERVER: What happened at the class?

MERRY: A Sergeant Lewis started by asking each of us our names- there were sixteen people there. I gave my name, but didn't identify myself as a Bard student. Pat DeFile and Wally Brewer both identified themselves as proctors at Bard. Lewis began to talk about accident cases...how to use little forms.

Finally the speaker, Daikin, arrived. He was speaking on 'Accidents in Depth'. After a while, he said, You know, of

of all the years I've been speaking, I've never had such a pretty audience. Young lady, are you a policewoman? I answered, no sir. Not NO SIR. But politely, no, sir. He asked me how I knew about the meeting and I told him about reading the September 4 Red Hook Advertiser regarding the class, and the fact that it was open to the public. I plan to go to college here for four years, and I consider myself a resident.

Daikin began to talk about the police in relation to the community...I don't remember the exact quotes...

OBSERVER: The Freeman quotes him as saying, 'Our feet hurt, we get hungry, we have financial and social problems, but the citizen sees only the uniform nine times out of ten...The fastest way to ruin your image is to brush off that man that is asking for help. Spend a couple of minutes, hear what he has to say, and help as you can.'

MERRY: That's when Pat DeFile raised his hand. He wanted to know if that courtesy and consideration could extend to everyone. He started to talk about his experiences as a proctor at Bard. He said he'd seen two busts. He knew they had to bust, he said, in these cases as well, the manner made the difference. Then Lewis started to talk across the room, saying What do you mean?

Well, answered Pat, your men came into a dorm room and asked a student his name. He'd answer, the ask the officer his name. He could have told him. Lewis said, but we don't have to- we have our names on our uniforms. Pat said, but you were in plainclothes. I know be-

cause I was there. If you had treated them like people, you would have had more cooperation. I know because I'm there every day.

Lewis said, You and the Dean wouldn't cooperate and tell me where those kids were, because I wouldn't show you the warrant...I didn't have to show the warrant to anyone but the person I'm arresting. Pat said, If you had come to me 24 hours before, I could have had the kids you had warrants for waiting in my office with no trouble. Treat them like people and you'll get cooperation.

Lewis answered, Proctor, I was busting them. You don't seem to know what that means. You don't send them any invitations.

Daikin began, Listen, proctor... It was an obviously contemptuous form of address. Pat interrupted, My name is Pat DeFile. Daikin said, Listen, proctor, if that school was doing what it was supposed to do, there wouldn't be any need of us coming out there in the first place. The administration should take care of this - clean it up themselves.

Pat kept saying, I know you've got to bust. Its a terrible shame that kids get into it. But if you have to, here's what I'm arguing... and Daikin interrupted and said, We can talk about drugs some other time, and he went back to talking about Accidents in Depth.

At the end of the meeting, Lewis and Pat resumed arguing about whether Lewis had to show the warrant to Pat and the Dean. Lewis said to him, I wish they'd just hurry up and change the law, but meanwhile, I wish you'd cooperate with

us. You never come to us, just wait for us to come to you. If you guys were handling it right, we wouldn't have to come out there at all. Pat said, We're trying to establish trust, by treating them like people. I love some of these kids. I put up \$900 of my own money after the first bust. Then he told about some girl who had become hysterical after her arrest. He asked again that they carry out the arrest in a different manner.

OBSERVER: Did he ever clarify what he meant by 'different manner'?

MERRY: I got the idea he meant individual arrests with warrants, without getting a whole lot of people involved.

Afterwards, Wally drove me back to Bard. He talked about the kids he knew, he told me there were twelve heroin addicts, or some number like that, here last semester, though only a few of them had come back. He talked about how they had become addicted...not being able to take the tension of work, about broken homes, with parents away all the time in Europe... One guy, he said, fell apart when his father committed suicide. Wally really is a good guy- he thought I didn't think so. He told me that the police are really coming down on this place this semester. He said that Security had tried to establish trust with the students, but that they didn't realize how hard the police are going to come down on them.

OBSERVER: It looks as if we face a choice of individual busts by our own Security office, or a repeat of the arbitrary and indiscriminate terror of the last two busts.

MERRY: I guess you could say that.

ART SHOW

Bard College's Art Department's first professional exhibition of the year, "Varieties of Figurative Art," will run from September 4 to 28 at the Proctor Art Center and will be open to the public from 10:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. daily.

The attempt of the show is to reveal the several ways in which representational art is being developed by American artists of quite different aesthetic tendencies, ranging from an extremely explicit treatment of still-lives, figures and landscapes on the one hand, to a highly suggestive and interpretive reaction to them on the other.

New York artists whose work will be represented include Philip Pearlstein, Herman Rose, David Sawin, Luisa Matthiasdottir, Gabriel Laderman, Wolf Kahn, Robert De Niro, and Bruno Civitice.

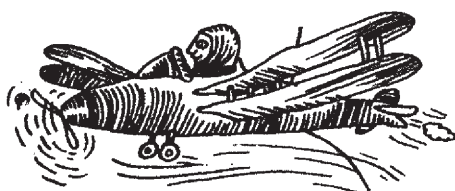
From Boston there will be Joe Ablow, a former teacher at Bard, who is now teaching at Boston University and has been head of its Department of Art.

Paul Wiegardt, a prominent artist and teacher in Chicago, and a former student of Paul Klee and Kandinsky will also be represented.

Finally, work by two of Bard's faculty will be on display: Stephen Pace, well known in New York, who is joining the faculty this fall; and Matt Phillips, Department Head. Mr. Pace has had many shows, most recently a June exhibition at the Graham Gallery in New York.



Playboy pigmeat hustler Bruce Draper smiles wanly at naked opposition. At Grinnell, as at Antioch, students stripped in protest of tits and ass peddler.



tits & ass

YELLOW SPRINGS, Ohio (LNS/Fred)

A fashion photography crew from Playboy Magazine -- described by the Daily News as "four guys and one good-looking chick"--recently went to Antioch College, "bastion of New Left radicalism," to shoot pictures for the magazine's fall fashion forecast. Before the five departed in disarray, five male students paraded nude to protest Playboy's "glorification" of nude women, members of the Women's Liberation Movement accused Playboy of exploiting women as playthings and their "mindless flaunting of the female body" the crew's supply of men's fashions were stolen and then returned by students who intended to mail the clothes back to Chicago.

President of the Antioch Community government, Peter Fessenden, said that part of the protest was because "we're tired of people coming here because of our radical, hippie, New Left image. We're tired of being a zoo." When asked if the five nude men (the sight of which caused the Playboy girl to turn several shades of red and leave the room) were arrested, Fessenden said, "Of course not. They wouldn't arrest anyone for that here." Back in Chicago a Playboy spokesman stated, "We're in favor of nudity, but the only thing about nude college students is that they look so funny."

Join The Conspiracy



CHICAGO (LNS)- The Anti-Riot Section of the 1968 Civil Rights Act permits the federal government to throw any radical or movement organizer into jail for five years if he so much as discusses a planned demonstration or rally with two or more people. In it's first run the government is trying to pin the responsibility for the police riot in Chicago during last August's Democrat. Convention on eight key movement people— Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale and Lee Weiner. If convicted, the eight men face up to 10 years in jail and \$20,000 in fines per defendant.

The conspirators make rather strange bedfellows, representing widely different points of view within the movement. Three of the men were leaders of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, a coalition of radicals and liberals which called for large demonstrations outside the convention. They are: Dave Dellinger, whose pacifist ideology put him in jail during World War II; Tom Hayden, one of the leaders at the Port Huron Conference which founded SDS seven years ago, although he hasn't been active inside SDS in recent times; and Rennie Davis, an urban-community organizer.

The chief promoters of the Yippie media myth, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, are perhaps more glamorous defendants than the Mobe organizers. Abbie and Jerry are the personification of everything Chicago's Mayor Daley finds disgusting. They devote most of their energies to no-holds-barred spur-of-the-moment theater—street theater in the streets and theater

of the absurd in Congressional Committee meetings -- a tactic which obviously disturbs the government even though it does not involve a disciplined revolutionary organization.

John Froines and Lee Weiner are University radicals. John is an assistant professor of chemistry at the University of Oregon and Lee is a research assistant at Northwestern University in Chicago. While the government's attack on Froines and Weiner is somewhat mysterious because they are so much more obscure than the other defendants, certainly the most amazing indictment is that of Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale. The illegitimacy of Seale's indictment is even clearer considering the fact that he spent less than four hours in Chicago during Convention Week -- to deliver two speeches, which bore no clear relation to any other action.

In order to keep the offensive, the eight "conspirators" have set up an office in Chicago under the name of The Conspiracy. They do not plan to sit quietly until their trial starts on or about September 24. So far, the Conspiracy's lawyers—Charles Garry, Bill Kunstler, Lennie Weinglass, Mike Tigar, Mike Kennedy and Jerry Lefcourt -- have conducted a fruitless campaign of court motions to force some semblance of due process out of the U.S. government.

The presiding judge assigned to the Conspiracy trial is Judge Julius Hoffman, often called Mr. Magoo for his startling resemblance to the General Electric Company's near-sighted mascot. Judge Magoo is 74 years old and many Conspiracy staff members are making bets that he

won't live past the trial. His wife is a major stock-holder in a corporation which makes gadgets for the Vietnam war, and, not surprisingly, he has a record of giving draft resisters and other "subversives" the harshest penalties permitted by law.

After three costly delays, Magoo decided not to rule on a defense motion for the release of illegal wiretap records the government readily admits to having. The reason? The motion was of such a heavy nature that Magoo felt he could not possibly rule on it until after the trial was over. Conspirator Abbie Hoffman retaliated with a claim that he is Judge Hoffman's illegitimate nephew, but Magoo was unmoved.

The Conspiracy staff has been cooperating with Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) in plans for a national action in the fall. The main slogan for that action is "Bring the War Home!" -- a new and more intense phase in the struggle against U.S. imperialism.

The action is scheduled for October 8 through 11, centering in Chicago with support actions throughout the country. On Friday, October 10, there will be a march on the Federal Building to protest the Conspiracy trial. The following day, a massive march will be held to call for the withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Vietnam.

The laws under which the Eight have been indicted may well surface again in the government's drive to crush the national action. The Thurmond Amendment to the 1968 Civil Rights Act makes it illegal to cross state lines or use interstate commerce (such as mail, telephone, television and other communications) with

the intent to "incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in, or carry on a riot." A riot is defined as an act or threat of violence by one person in a group of three or more. The key word is "intent"—a riot need never occur. Thought-crimes are already on the books.

Another of Attorney General John Mitchell's chief weapons in stifling the government's opponents is the Long Amendment -- Louisiana Senator Russell Long's contribution to the jurisprudence of repression -- makes it a felony to make any effort to get in the way of any cop who is going about his "business." Combine that one with the conspiracy laws which make it illegal for two or more people to "agree" on an illegal plan, even if they never make an illegal move, and you have all the necessary machinery for a police state.

The Conspiracy refuses to make the trial a matter of apologetic technicalities. Abbie Hoffman says, "We aren't playing games. This is the biggest political trial of the century."

* * *

The Conspiracy has available a variety of literature, including leaflets, bumper-stickers, buttons and posters. A brochure describes the case in detail. The button, brochure and bumper-sticker are being sold for 25 cents each, the poster costs 50 cents and the leaflets are free. Postage and contributions are appreciated. Address inquiries and orders to: The Conspiracy, 28 E' Jackson, Chicago, Ill. 60604, phone 312-427-7773.

SHIP

cont'd. from p.1

Beacon, N.Y., but have known decades of red-baiting from neighbors') Among the contributors to the Hudson River Sloop Restoration, Inc., the 2,500 member group which owns the ship, are the Rockefellers, the Ottinger Foundation, and Reader's Digest. Old-fashioned conservationists, such as the scenic Hudson Preservation Association (which has been successfully fighting Consolidated Edison's plan of building a power plant on Storm King Mountain), have also shown support for the Clearwater. Most of the money was raised at folk song concerts, however.

Before sailing south to Cold Spring, the Clearwater visited Newburgh, an old river town which was once George Washington's headquarters and how has one of the worst black ghettos in the Hudson Valley. Thousands, black and white, young and old, came down to celebrate at the Newburgh waterfront (guess who lives in the buildings around the decrepit waterfront). The crew of the Clearwater is hopeful that the presence of the ship at the waterfront made more Newburgh people aware not only of the filth in the river but of the plight of the city's black population.

Pete was one of the main architects of the Clearwater project and knows almost as much about sailing the Hudson as the captain. He loves the Hudson and has spent several years dedicated to the project. The boat was first conceived in 1966 and left the Harvey F' Gamage shipyards in South Bristol, Me., on May 17, 1969.

Pete is chairman of the board of the Sloop association and is currently leading a battle to place the ship firmly in control of the young politically-minded crew. There are those in the association, Pete told LNS' who don't dig the idea of an amateur crew (they want to have experienced professionals running the boat), who want the boat to spend more time in scenic upstate and less time around New York City (fewer blacks up there, presumably), and who want to keep children under twelve off the ship while it's sailing. (One of the most pleasant things about the sloop was the way the crew treated the dozen children on board; they were given work to do and they did not have to be told every minute to get out of the way or to be careful!)

When the Clearwater visits a town, school children visit the sloop and learn about its history. Displays tell about the problem of water pollution. Pete Seeger, Allan Aunapu and others entertain with songs.

Will the people listen? The beautiful sloop Clearwater, Pete Seeger's charming songs and the crew's peaceful commitment to their task can only be a beginning. This fall, the Clearwater will continue its sailing up and down the river, with the expectation that thousands of school children will visit the boat and learn about its history and its purpose. The fight to clean up the Hudson is part of a larger fight to clean up the filth and sickness across the nation; if the Clearwater helps to win people to that greater fight, she is indeed a good sloop



SHOW

cont'd. from p.1

Then she goes wild with St. Louis Blues. And I'm warming up. It's chilly now, and the crowd's down to about 150. But they're the ones who didn't just come to look. They came to identify. And everyone knows it.

I look up idly and see a shooting star. Maybe an omen. What if the earth opens up. Or maybe a tidal wave is more in order. Are the gods watching this tribal ritual? Suddenly the sound of a tuba. There's a brass band on stage. Something about the Woodstock Choir, or something. A chick in bell-bottoms on the trombone. An old guy with suspenders wrapped in the tuba. And lots of horns. Off they go, ooom pah pah, backed by a bass drum, and the whole night seems to come together. Seeger's tapping his foot and smiling. He knew it would happen. Even the rumble of a passing Chris Craft seems rounded and fitting. Water, stars. yellow light, brass bands.

The chick behind me is clapping. She's wearing a poncho with the corners hanging off her shoulders, touching the ground in front and behind her. Somebody told me that if you wear a poncho

like that in Mexico, it means you're a virgin. Wonder if the guy holding her hand knows that?

Some kids up front have started tumbling and dancing in the grass. The cops have disappeared. The sound crew starts dancing around the stage, and half the audience joins in. Women, kids, black, bald, button down, fire marshalls; all dancing together in Kingston's ghetto on a Saturday night in the funky light, now more yellow than ever. Pete Seeger's vision. All the people. It's over with a great gasp and Seeger takes the stage for a final song. Applause, people break up and cars begin to start, headlights, dirty streets. People still singing. Pete Seeger sends them away singing. What incredible corn. Americana. Some PR man's dream. And I really feel good. A little taste of some choreographed corner of a possible life.

No riot, No heavy scenes. Everybody happy. I just can't seem to accept it. It's contrary to what I've been taught. How do you deal with something you know can't exist. Far out. Pete Seeger doesn't even glow.

4 Miss Amerika

ATLANTIC CITY N.J. (LNS) -- Two hundred women came as they were to the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City, N.J. Sept. 6. Bereft of false eyelashes, wigs, uplift bras, vaginal deodorants and the rest of the standard American equipment for masking humanity, the Ad Hoc Committee for the Miss Amerika Demonstration arrived on the Boardwalk armed only with determination and political analysis.

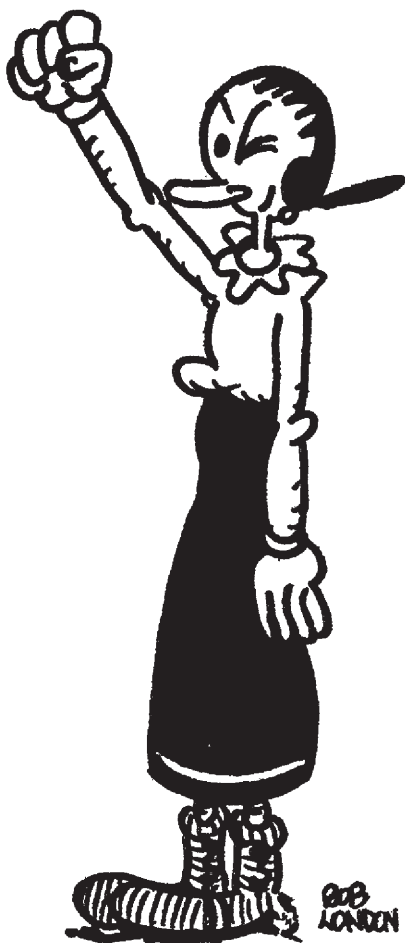
Their purpose was to:
 --Express solidarity with the sister contestants who are pressured into epitomizing the roles all women are forced to play in this society
 --Reject the degrading image of women as propagandized by the Pageant concept : brainless, smiling, sex-object pieces of meat.
 --Protest the blatant racism of a Pageant which has never had a non-white finalist.
 --Boycott the products pushed by the Pageant sponsors, and demand an end to the symbolic use of a woman to sell those products and the attempt to manipulate us all as consumers.
 --Denounce the Pageant's collaboration with the bloody Vietnam war and the practice of sending Miss America overseas each year to urge our men to kill and die "in defense of American womanhood."

The women gathered in J.F.Kennedy Plaza in front of Convention Hall, chanting, singing and performing guerilla theater behind double police barricades which separated them from onlookers, who occasionally threw rocks and sand at them as police looked on.

On the Boardwalk, women passed out leaflets on abortion, daycare centers and welfare. Reactions from the crowd varied. Some accused the women of being "jealous" of the pageant contestants, others were on authority trips and thought that all protestors should be arrested.

One woman complained, "They're dirty." Her husband replied, "They are clean in their hearts."

Many in the crowd agreed that the consumer is exploited in our society. An organizer of the demonstration (she prefers to remain anonymous) told LNS that one of the 50 Miss America contestants was a woman's liberation "plant." Fifty

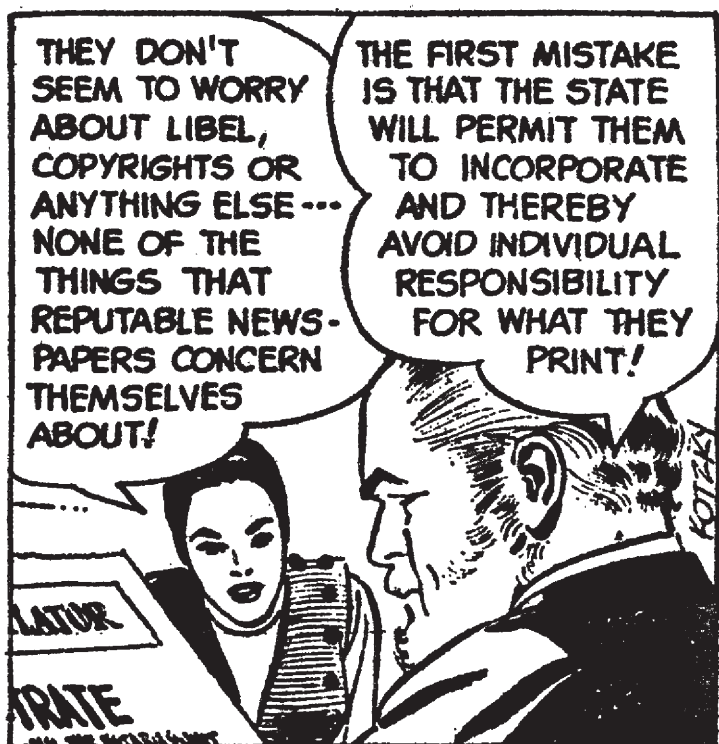


women from the committee planned to stage a demonstration inside the hall in support of the liberated beauty. However, pageant officials discovered the traitor in their midst in time and threatened her with conspiracy charges and economic sanctions against her and her parents if she did not stop the demonstration. The girl's name cannot be revealed at this time. The demonstration was called off.

Pageant officials and lawyers harassed the demonstrators in a variety of ways. Committee organizers suspect that they were responsible for the last minute "Collapse" of the two buses they had rented to go to Atlantic City.

Pageant lawyer Leonard Horn obtained the so-called "Minnie Mouse injunction" which made it a criminal offense to even think about disturbing the pageant, say anything "obscene" about Miss America, emit noxious odors, use loud or offensive language, or distribute offensive literature. Judge Caserio of Atlantic City upheld the injunction, saying, "Is it true they came here last year without underwear?"

Miss America was asked at her first press conference what she thought of the demonstration going on outside. Her male caretaker told her, "Don't answer that question."



Art Review

by Kenneth Daly

Unfortunately, I find very little to get excited about in the current show at Proctor Art Center. The show, entitled Varieties of Figurative Art, supposedly shows the viewer some of the new directions of figurative art. Unfortunately, for the most part, this is not the case... the figurative pieces being merely derivative of French painting.

This is the problem in reviewing this show. Most of the paintings are certainly palatable and agreeable to our sensibilities. The ideas are not altogether new, they are reworking and exploring French ideas which we accept as basically sound and agreeable. The artists in this show are definitely not placing themselves out on a limb - for there is security within the framework of painting they have pursued. The paintings are colorful and sometimes precious, but gutsy they are not.

You can't knock apple pie, and there are a thousand ways of cooking it - I don't find the paintings essential enough to begin to understand each painter's personal esthetic. I'm being snobbish, certainly, but that's my prerogative.

There are paintings which set themselves apart from the rest, either because they are better or worse. Looking at the worst, I think Gabriel Laderman's pictures are pathetic. They are not paintings because they do not involve themselves with any interesting ideas of space, color, light or line. They look like copies of photographs. His palette is predominantly one color which is boring, and his illustrator's eye sees nothing more than a camera's - shadows are dark

green - light areas are dotted light green. He has absolutely no consistency of brushwork as it varies from area to area. They are pictures and not paintings.

Sidney Goodman is a slick illustrator - he sets up a mood in both of his works. The drawing of the girl is bad not only because he is inconsistent in his treatment of the drawing as a total work (instead we see a head in un-realized space), but also because the girl's left shoulder is incorrectly drawn, and it's no artistic device.

Looking at the better work, Louise Matthiasdattir's very handsome still life shows us some gutsier painting. The composition is original and in-

teresting, and her handling of paint with heavy brushstrokes and flat areas of color - keeps the paint on the surface in a way some of the other painters do not (particularly Laderman). She uses strong, vibrant colors very nicely and they never approach being precious.

Phillip Pearlstein's paintings bore me in that his eye does all the work - while his imagination rests. But he has a very honest approach - to put down exactly what he sees. This he does - but so what?

As I stated earlier, I don't find a hell of a lot of new and gutsy figurative work in this show - but I can't be too critical of most of the painters exhibited. There are painters who are progressive and make the ideas, and there are painters who take their ideas and work into them more fully. For the most part, in this show, we have the second category of painter.

SOUNDS

by Willie (LNS)

Muddy Waters and Paul Butterfield have just cut an album together for Chess, to be titled Fathers and Sons, with Otis Spann on piano. All were very happy with the session, as indicated in an interview with Don DiMichael in a recent Down Beat, which quotes Muddy at one point as saying "We got to bring a boychild into the world who can sing the blues like a black man. 'Specially my age, that came up through this scene that one day I eat, the next day I don't. Ain't got them kind of blues today. The colored ain't The black people ain't got it today. Eat everyday. Eat good. If you don't give it to them, they take it. I was afraid of taking something, afraid of going to jail, but the black man ain't scared to go to jail no more. That's why I say he can't have the blues I had 40 or 50 years ago."

Rev. C.L. Franklin (Aretha's father who has well over 50 -- yes, 50 -- albums on Chess) reportedly was busted for grass recently. So was Agnew's daughter Kim, according to John Wilcock of Other Scenes.

Right now she has to be introduced often as "the lady who first did Hound Dog and the singer Janis Joplin tries

to imitate," soon she may be known in her own right. Following an exciting set of appearances at the Newport Folk Festival comes her first album on Mercury, Willie May "Big Mama" Thornton. She has long had two albums out on Arhoolie Records (Box 9195, Berkeley) which are, in my opinion, still superior, but the Mercury album will be the one to give her the much-delayed chance at real success. She sold over 2 million copies of Hound Dog a year before Elvis did it, but now that Janis has done Big Mama's "Ball and Chain" and followed her arrangement of Gershwin's "Summertime," the time is ripe.

The Mercury album is very well done, but has so much studio brass and organ as to obscure her regular group, the HoundDoggers. Compare the Otis Rush Cotillion album with his superb work in the Vanguard Chicago : Blues Today series and you will see another case of the same. The Big Mama Thornton album, though, sounds great even with all the brass. But, if you're in a mood to further compare, get Big Mama in Europe on Arhoolie (with backing by Buddy Guy. Fred McDowell, Shakey Horton, and Eddie Boyd) and hear Big Mama do the real blues, without that polished professional studio-musician sound. Big Mama in person has a personality that is her greatest asset (after her voice and that cannot be captured on any record). As far as I'm concerned, she was the best thing at Newport this year.

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INSTant news

Liberation News Service

(ed. note: the following "story" comes to us from the practiced journalistic hands at the Chicago Journalism Review)

An uneasy calm settled over racially tense _____ today as National Guardsmen and police stood by in case of renewed outbreaks of trouble. The _____ side of the city has been wracked by sporadic sniper fire, looting and arson for _____ nights.

Mayor _____ said _____ day: "I think we have the situation under control."

The trouble broke out _____ day night as rumors spread through the _____ Side ghetto area that a _____ year old Negro _____ had been shot by a policeman while _____ a _____.

_____ persons, including _____ police and _____ firemen, have been injured in the violence.

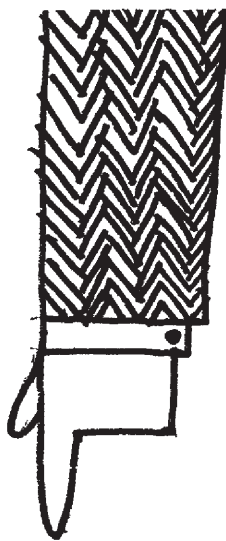
Negro leaders, _____, the Rev. _____ and _____ Jones toured the riot area _____ day night in an attempt to restore calm.

"It's just a small percentage of trouble makers and kids causing the problem out there," said weary _____ Police Chief _____. "Most of the

people want law and order just like we do."

The riot area is near the scene of the 19 _____ riot which took _____ lives and caused \$ _____ million damage.

Mayor _____ said he would appoint a committee of leaders to investigate the rioting. Shot and killed _____ day night was _____ of _____ Street. Patrolman _____ said he shot the boy as he saw the youth turn and approach him in a "threatening manner."



God forbid we should ever be 20 years without a revolution.

--Thomas Jefferson, 1787



editor jailed

ITHACA, N.Y. (LNS) -- Bruce Dancis, editor of the First Issue, the underground monthly published at Cornell University, is in the Federal Youth Center in Ashland, Ky., serving an indefinite prison term for violation of Selective Service laws.

Bruce tore up his draft card at a public rally on the Cornell campus in December, 1966. He was sentenced under the Youth Corrections Act to a term 0-6 years, and his appeals ran out last month when the Supreme Court refused to hear his case. He turned himself in to Federal authorities in Syracuse, N.Y., on May 20 to begin his term.

Under the Youth Corrections Act, offenders are released when they are deemed "rehabilitated," but there is no predicting how long Bruce will be in prison, since the standards for rehabilitation are determined by the government.

Day Of the DOLPHIN

The Day of the Dolphin

by Robert Merle, translated from the French by Helen Weaver, N.Y., Simon and Schuster (320 pp) 1969

by Jerry Bernstein

Data on the bottle-nosed dolphin, or tursiops truncatus, reveal that this species possesses a brain larger than man, with a cerebral cortex (memory center) as highly differentiated as that of homo sapiens. In the early sixties research published by Dr. John Lilly suggested the strong possibility that the dolphin possesses his own language, consisting of shrill whistles emitted from the spirical (the respiratory organ of the dolphin, located on his back).

This evocative research served as inspiration for Robert Merle (one-time winner of the Prix Goncourt), in writing this novel. The fact that the dolphin in captivity was upon occasion known to imitate the human voice by repeating sounds of words, is carried one step further by the author, who romantically endows the dolphin with the ability to speak english, and hence, to converse with man.

We watch the fictional character, scientist Henry Seville, establish means of communication with his dolphin, Ivan, who was raised in captivity.

Sevilla teaches Ivan to use a small vocabulary of about forty words. At first, progress is rapid, but then two obstacles present themselves, as deterrents to Ivan's development of the competent use of language. Firstly, he cannot pronounce more than one syllable in any

word. Second, he cannot combine these contracted words, so as to make the leap from the word to the sentence, the measure of human logic. Ivan, for example, pronounces his own name as the contraction, Fa. Sevilla and his crew must put their heads together and think of some means of getting Ivan to combine syllables. In the midst of an affair he is having with his assistant, Miss Arlette LaFeuille, he decides that, if his subject, (Ivan) is endowed with similar sensitivities (thus supposing a human element in the subject of the experiment) to man, that perhaps Ivan needs a lover. Sevilla himself feels with Arlette a sense of renewal. For the first time, he states, he is not sacrificing one of his faculties for another; the work of the experiment is going well, accompanied by a feeling of personal vitality.

The introduction of a female, named Bi (dolphin for Bessie) does in fact spur Fa (Ivan) to combine syllables. He is happy at learning to do this and teaches Bi, and the two miraculously make the transition from word to sentence.

After several months of conversing in English, a press conference is held. Several reporters pose questions to the Dolphins, who answer in complete honesty. Because everything that is said is taken as real to the dolphins, they can neither lie, nor deal with the hypothetical situation "if." Fa and Bi relate their feelings about man, that they love men and the land they live on.

Fa and Bi recount how once, their ancestors lived on the land, and loved it. Terrible creatures came along, who tried to conquer the dolphin, and drove

him back into the sea. But Fa and Bi say that when they die they will go back to the land. Thus, the dolphin possesses the notion of a god (man) of a life after death, and of a paradise lost (land), and can be said to have as valid a religion as any man on earth.

The violent reaction of the public and the press was two-fold. Most people hailed the event, as prestige and scientific advance. A minority scoffed at the notion of talking animals as talented freaks. Teen-agers began Fa and Bi clubs, fashion took a turn in the favor of dolphin-trimmed dresses, pop songs were written about dolphins, and a new dance called "the Dolphin" suddenly appeared in Minnesota and spread across the country.

But the greatest horror of all was the plans of the military and the government to employ dolphins as the carriers of nuclear weapons and as instruments of demolition. The navy planned to begin training dolphins in tactical maneuvers as soon as possible, thus putting America without a doubt, at the lead in the nuclear race.

Through trickery, when Sevilla is in conference, the Navy sneaks into his lab and steals his beloved Fa and Bi. They are taken out into the ocean on a demolition mission. Harnessed with mines, they are sent to destroy an enemy ship (which turns out to be American: a plot by the military in which the sacrifice of two hundred American sailors aboard the vessel, would be used to cause sufficient reaction against the communists, blaming it on Red China, and starting World War Three, simply dropping a bomb on

Red China). When Fa and Bi realize that there are men on the ship, it is too late. The mines are deposited and the plot is fulfilled. The Americans are up in arms at Red China, and World War Three seems days away. Fa and Bi decide that men are bad altogether. They are discovered, and a sympathetic spy helps Sevilla recover the two dolphins.

Sevilla then becomes subjected to a complex system of espionage. The dolphins must be kept from talking. Followed by CIA and spies of numerous organizations, in a series of nightmarish revelations, Sevilla becomes aware that the American people cannot accept the idea of the humanity of another species, or (on the level of current politics) of another race, and that the dolphins will mean nothing but power and prestige to Americans. The government and military (informed by spies) take these sentiments as unpatriotic, even communist.

The Day of the Dolphin cannot be classified in the genre of science fiction. Set just a few years away, in the early 1970's, with America on the brink of World War III, the power complexes, the threat of nuclear exhilaration, the position of the military running the country, running the president like the strings of a marionette, are situations all too real. The issue of the dolphin is not remote enough to offset certain qualities which are real.

This book is a chiller! For every metaphysical marvel evoked at the thought of the intellectual dolphin, the author matches up one grave doubt as for the people of America (or the world, on implication) to comprehend the meaning of communication with another species, without translating it into power.

Black Mountain College

by Roger A. Wicker

Mark Hopkins' hoary chestnut about a teacher and a student on a log constituting the ideal college has never gained much academic ground in American higher education. And while his idea has been alternately embraced and discredited, it has a lasting value, as shown by the number of small, experimental colleges that have tried his approach, including Mark Hopkins College in Brattleboro, Vermont, and the now defunct Black Mountain College.

Black Mountain College, just outside the present day town of Black Mountain in Western North Carolina, roughly 20 miles from Asheville, was an attempt, from 1933 to 1956, to put into living terms the philosophy of Mark Hopkins and BMC's principal founder, John Andrew Rice, a Rhodes scholar, was a graduate of Tulane University and a genuine American educational rebel. His outspoken ideas amounted to a rebellion against the raccoon coat American colleges of the Coca Cola era of the 20's and 30's,

Generally speaking, American higher education then was centered around the German university ideal -- that is, in Rice's words, "stuffing the head full of facts," but not possessing self-knowledge. The European tradition stressed the intellect and emotional development was neglected. The business of helping students develop insight into how to live in and cope with their world, and the make their education relevant to the condition of existence was not thought worthy of the attention of the universities.

Rice and the founders of Black Mountain College were seeking a balance between emotion and intellect. Seeking intelligence, by which Rice meant "a subtle balance between the intellect and the emotions." A close friend of John Dewey. Rice had taught at several colleges before BMC, and he said in his autobiography that most of them were glad to see him go. He sought an ideal that would embrace the search for intelligence and the Mark Hopkins notion of what constituted a good and thorough educational base.

At Black Mountain, Rice gathered around him nine close associates from Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida, and elsewhere and nineteen students. Rice had been fired from Rollins by the then President, Hamilton Holt, on charges that now seem to have been inflated, and from a distance seem esoteric and purely "technical," but such is the stuff of which academic infighting is often made. Rice described the fight at Rollins as a "liberal college in an illiberal town, with the inevitable conflict when the college has to decide not to be liberal," so as to avoid offense to the college's donors.

Professor Rice left Rollins and several faculty friends from there followed him, some from sympathy with his cause and others because they had been fired for supporting him, despite an American Association of University Professors' report that upheld Rice's position. But they were willing to take on the adventuresome chore of founding a new college, in every sense of the word, in the advent years of the Depression. Thus it was that Rice and the Rollins professors ended up at Black Mountain at the suggestion of Robert Wunsch, former drama instructor in the Asheville City Schools and later faculty member at Rollins and BMC.

Explaining to a friend in 1933, what he was seeking by the founding of a college of an untried concept, Rice said, "Now look at Mark Hopkins' log. Between the teacher and the student sit as

a minumu requirement of all academic logs, a president, a dean of the college, a dean of men and women, and a registrar, all of whom are more or less subject to a board of trustees or regents." Rice and his associates sought to eliminate as many of those "impediments that ordinarily stand between the teacher and the student," as possible.

And to that end, Black Mountain College had no non-teaching presidents, no trustees, no deans,

no fraternities or sororities, no imposed rules and regulations, no required courses and no football team or organized intercollegiate sports of any kind. (One year the students squandered \$12.80 on homemade athletic gear in the college gymnasium.) And this was in 1933, three decades before the free university idea evolved from student unrest at Berkeley and New York University, three decades before student-faculty dialogue gained the fashionable position now prevalent in some



The Studies Building 1940

Everyone worked at Black Mountain College because they were totally involved with the continued existence of the College. Unlike most colleges, even today, the students at BMC had a vested interest in keeping the college functioning. The heavy construction work on the Studies

Building on the shores of Lake Eden at the new campus was shared by students and faculty, male and female. Even the digging of the foundation trenches. Women were allowed to work wherever they felt they could handle the job, and there were almost no shirkers.

American colleges and universities.

In the absence of deans, presidents and trustees, Rice and the college's founders turned to the idea of participatory democracy, where everyone has a say about the things, rules and forces that govern his life, for the administration of the college. Black Mountain was governed entirely by the members of the college community, students and faculty included. More specifically, a board of six faculty members and the chief student officer elected by the students as their policy-making voice on the college's board of fellows, as the governing faculty group was called, administered the affairs of the college. Each year the faculty would elect an administrative head called the Rector. The post involved being primarily the titular head of the college, functioning much as a present day academic dean. Other student officers included four representatives who met weekly with the board of fellows.

And not so long ago, Fred Hechinger of the New York Times blandly asserted that "student power" as a viable student demand upon the faculty and administration of a college was unfeasible because a college population is transient, with four year turnovers. Yet Black Mountain was already there in 1933, and the Black Mountaineers had a plan for coping with the transient nature of the student body. It was simply that at least half of the student body for every new academic year was to consist of former students, as a control group and to initiate the newcomers into the spirit of the college and its unique participatory democracy. The same rule of thumb was applied to faculty selection.

In the college's application of democracy, there were, at first and for many years after, no votes taken on matters concerning the entire college. The board of fellows and the student representatives met and discussed the problems facing the college and in cases of vital importance, the entire college faculty and students would discuss, hash and rehash the problem until a general consensus was reached, the theory being that voting would have divided the community into disgruntled minorities and arrogant majorities. Necessarily, group functions of this nature precluded a large student body. The college was kept small (about 100 students) intentionally to avoid the facelessness and impersonality of large student bodies, and to make a more cohesive community life. Smaller groups, as a general rule, are more flexible and hence more dynamic, and the founders of BMC realized this. Their emphasis was not on turning out vast numbers of Black Mountaineers, but rather on helping their students achieve a maturity of emotion and intellect. And this was most easily done in a small college. Years ahead of the protests of the Berkeley activists, years before Clark Kerr enunciated the concept of the multiversity, Black Mountain was seeking to avoid mass education, stressing the importance of the individual's development.

There were no formal graduation requirements for BMC and the college for several years purposely did not seek accreditation. The curriculum was divided into the junior and senior division. When, after approximately two years of general studies in the junior division, a student felt ready to concentrate on a major field of study, he requested an oral and written examination designed by the entire faculty.

For graduation, a student notified the Rector when he felt ready to leave the college. Outside examiners were called in from Columbia University, the University of Chicago, University of North Carolina, Tulane, Harvard, and most of the Ivy colleges. These examiners were scholars preeminent in their particular fields. And they all expressed surprise at the breadth and scope of the knowledge of Black Mountain students they examined. Not being an accredited school, Black Mountain made special arrangements with Columbia, the University of North Carolina, the University of Chicago and a few others for Black Mountain graduates to enter their graduate departments, despite their lack of formal credentials.



Johnathan Williams came to Black Mountain as a student and later founded his own private press in Highlands to publish avant-garde poets and novelists. Williams is a representative of the shift in emphasis to the literary arts after the Albers left.

From the beginning of the college, Rice and his associates decided that art would be the center of the college's attention, partially because art was felt by them to be a reflective process. The student must think about what he is going to do, do it, and then reflect on what he has done. At the time of the college's founding in the rented Lee Hall of Blue Ridge Assembly, owned by the YMCA, a uniquely creative teacher was growing uneasy over the growth of Nazism in his native Germany.

Josef Albers, later one of the fathers of abstract expressionism in American art, was a faculty member at the Bauhaus in Dessau, which Hitler ordered closed as "degenerate and Communist." Albers was seeking a way out of Germany, chafing under Hitler's regime. Through the Metropolitan Museum of Art, he was persuaded to come to Black Mountain after Rice had heard of him quite by chance. Rice acted on the hunch that Albers was the man the college needed to put into effect his ideas on the importance of art in general education.

Albers came to Black Mountain, speaking little English, with his wife Anni, a noted textile designer and weaver. He fitted in so well with the Black Mountain scheme that he stayed and taught from 1933 to 1949, turning down several offers from more affluent colleges that were able to pay whatever salary he might have wished. But he was primarily a teacher, and the Black Mountain set-up was ideal for his ideas of teaching art, color and "Werklehre" (work with materials and forms). During the second world war, anti-German feeling was responsible for renaming the materials and form class in English.

A visit to an Albers Werklehre class was described in 1938 by journalist Louis Adamic, in his *My America*, where he said, at first "the work that he and his students do there looks ridiculous... They take, say, a piece of yellow cloth, and a lady's slipper, or some such seemingly irrelevant or incongruous group of articles, then work with them, together and individually, trying to arrange them so that each thing enhances the form, line, texture and color values of each of the others, and' helps to tie them all together into a well-proportioned, harmonious, effective picture.

"It is, in fact, important training in seeing things, in discrimination, in taste, in acquiring a sense of form, line, color, proportion and in handling materials. It is also an indirect aid to the students in getting to know themselves and one another, for there are inner reasons why I want to place this bottle here and you there. It is action. Things happen in that class; things that can be seen, touched, changed, analyzed, reflected upon." Adamic commented that after several months of this sort of art work, the student, when home from college in the summer or on vacation, is able to see in his hometown the same incongruities, not only its architectural, but - if he is a successful Black Mountain student - also its social and spiritual incongruities and disharmonies. "Thus, art instruction at Black Mountain,

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working jointly with the other elements of the college setup and processes is, in actuality, indirect sociology - sociology grounded in artistic values, which are positive and eternally active in their objection to incongruity."

Drawing classes under Albers were not just drawing classes. Albers realized for example, that student So-and-So was a timid young person, a victim of all sorts of fears, a product of contemporary family and social conditions and trends. Albers helped the student in subtle ways, part of his teaching technique. He helped him overcome the feeling of fear and uncertainty when faced by a huge sheet of black drawing paper - the student drew a line., Albers was there, watching, helping, encouraging and joking with him. A few months of Albers attention and the student begins to draw fairly well, the timidity is gone and he gradually becomes a new person.

By 1936, the college had established a solid reputation in academic circles. But in spite of this it remained obscure to the general public. And in 1937, with the help of financial backers, the college purchased a tract of land across the valley, a summer resort on Lake Eden, - now Camp Rockmont for Boys. Walter Gropius and Marcel Breuer were commissioned to design a building complex for the Black Mountain campus, but financial difficulties caused these plans never to be carried out. Architectural models and photographs of the models were as far as the Gropius-Breuer design could go.

An alternate plan, utilizing student and faculty labor, was decided upon. Architect A. Lawrence Kocher, a former editor of *Architectural Record*, designed a complex of buildings for a self-contained college plant. And in 1941, the first of the three proposed buildings was completed. Students and faculty alike dug the foundations, mixed the concrete and hauled the rock for the foundation walls. Under the supervision of Richard Gothe, a German refugee with European work camp experience, the entire college community raised the walls of their new Studies Building. It had approximately 60 individual study rooms for students and faculty on three levels, and a large faculty meeting room was called the Kocher Room, in honor of the building's designer. The Studies Building, now in disrepair, was the only one of the Kocher designed group that was completed. Actually, it was occupied before it was completely finished, and it never really was finished according to the plans, but it was used nevertheless.

Robert S' Moore, Jr., writing a catalogue forward for an exhibit of Black Mountain artists at East Tennessee State University in 1966, said the "move (across the valley), which was the college's immediate salvation, brought with it new problems, and was ultimately another factor in the college's decline." For the 700-acre tract destroyed the closeness of the community. The former unity of one building was destroyed when the college occupied the several Lake Eden resort buildings. The Studies Building contained only rooms for classes, studies and very little social contact, whereas everything was carried on in the old Lee Hall, including eating and sleeping.

The resort buildings and their maintenance, the roads, the increased college farm, all required extra time and effort taken from studies by both faculty and students. World War II brought yet another phase of development and problems to the college. Much of the student body was drafted or volunteered for army duty. The college became, practically, a girls' school, and enrollment dropped sharply. To counter this, the college initiated a series of summer institutes in the arts and music which proved an enormous success. Visiting artists such as Willen de Kooning, Ben Shahn, Franz Kline and Jean Charlot provided an important stimulus to the college. Charlot, an important figure in the Mexican art movement, was a summer teacher at BMC in 1944, and he painted two fres-

continued on page 10

EDITORIAL

The recent dispute with Student Senate concerning the status of the Observer budget has made it clear that some action must be taken immediately to prevent the possible demise of a free student press at Bard. The issue concerns two points - the structural independence and the financial independence of the Observer from both student government and Administration.

First, the Observer must become a structurally independent student organization. At present the Observer is incorporated, which leaves the members of its staff financially liable for its debts. Second, the method of financing must be brought up to date. Submitting a budget to the Budget Committee has been shown to lead to editorial control by Student Senate. An independent billing system must be established to insure the continued availability of funds for the campus newspaper, without risking editorial control via economic sanctions. Ideally, such a system would incorporate some means to audit the Observer's account to insure continued responsible service. Unfortunately, subscriptions cannot be sold on an individual basis to students because of the size of the college. Six hundred students can support a newspaper only if everyone contributes. An independent press is a luxury which, if desired, has to be paid for.



STUDENT SENATE 8

Events at the Senate Meeting of September 15th were as follows

- Mr. Roberts, of Slater Food Service, defended the quality and variety of Dining Commons food.
- Jeff Raphaelson announced that a Food Committee will be elected from HPC to help plan the Slater menu.
- Mr. Raphaelson also pointed out that the recent outbreak of virus seems to have stemmed from a power breakdown recently, which affected the Red Hook area. Red Hook reports virus outbreaks, too.
- Mr. Roberts reported, back in the food department, that he throws out more food every day than is consumed.
- Results of the Budget Committee election were announced. Elected were Charlie Johnson, Bruce Warshavsky and Mark Zuckerman. The Red Balloon and Sandwich concession were awarded to Bruce Arnold.

they felt the decision to be a close one, but liked the work, personality, and "teaching program" of the second better.

This letter is addressed to those at Bard who in good conscience wish to rectify imbalances caused by past and present prejudice. I do feel that it is irresponsible to encourage black applicants and then try to be "color-blind" when the decision to accept or reject is made.

The directive to open the college to qualified black instructors should be withdrawn if it is not to take priority as a goal over a few points of merit one way or the other. If a black must presume that the same system for such decisions is to be used, and he knows that the college has no black faculty, why expect him to apply?

Patricia de Gorgoza



EDITOR LETTERS

Letter to the Editor:

Earlier this spring, President Kline issued a directive to all departments at Bard to the effect that a special effort should be made to consider qualified black applicants for new faculty appointments or replacements.

Taking the directive seriously, I felt encouraged to recommend to the art department the most

highly qualified printmaker I know, who is also black, a man with many years of teaching experience, a professionally exhibiting artist, a friendly, mature and considerate individual. He visited the campus and was interviewed by the art department. I was, for some reason, not included in the group screening other applicants for this job, nor in the final decision-making. The job was given to another, also qualified man, who is white. The group conceded that

FEIFFER

"How I Spent My Summer Vacation"



July... I watched them land on the moon... I got mugged... our car was stolen... my brother was indicted for draft resistance...



my mother broke a leg during a power blackout... I watched President Nixon in Vietnam... Talk about base-ball... my sister got busted in a pot raid... I started reading "War And Peace"...



August... I watched television pictures of Mars... I went away to camp where there was a race riot... my sister got beat up by cops... my father went out on strike...



President Nixon visited my camp and talked about foreign Policy... my brother was shot by a sniper... I gave up reading "War And Peace"...



It wasn't real.



9-7 1975 JAMES FEIFFER

Publications-Hall Syndicate

by Paul Cassidy (LNS)

"Easy Rider," directed by Dennis Hopper, starring Hopper, Peter Fonda and Jack Nicholson, written by Fonda, Hopper and Terry Southern, produced by Peter Fonda. Columbia Pictures.

Ever since Jason went chasing after the Golden Fleece, Daniel Boone hunted Indian scalps and "elbow room," and Tom and Jerry floored their Corvette and followed Route 66 on Channel 4, adventures, tourists, bums, poets and fugitives have torn up their roots to "get away from it all" and find "answers" -- to find themselves.

easy rider

The latest in this parade are pedant Peter Fonda and giggly Dennis Hopper, looking for America in the film "Easy Rider." They push heroin in L.A., make enough money to buy jazzy motorcycles and cut their own umbilical cords. Revving up their bikes, they head out on the Yellow Brick Road. Destination: Mardi Gras, New Orleans, La., and the East.

Hair blowing in the wind, spectacular Southwest as their set, the Riders bathe in pot, while the screen vibrates fine rock music and glorious technicolor. I prayed this hip travelogue would run ten hours. The romance of "1969: Hip Odyssey" completely caught me up.

The problem begins when the riders find their "answers." As tourists right along, they're attacked by the "straight" world of "crackers, rednecks, pigs, etc." and welcomed by the "outcast" world of communal hippies, whores, an intellectual, self-sufficient rancher, and, by implication, by blacks.

The vulgar white rural poor are depicted as the source of violence; they represent the "system" the marketplace where everyone's greedy after a piece of the "pie." envious and paranoid. Hold down a "straight" job and you take orders from a boss, stop sign, or IBM card; you become repressed. Wear a crewcut and watch Lawrence Welk.

But outside the "system," either physically, (communes, ghettos, or the underworld) or spiritually (drug, alcohol, or "mind game" worlds) people are open to each other's feelings, tolerant and capable of intimacy without a blush.

So the battle lines are drawn. The "system" vs. the "free alternative." The Riders are the Free, and we all know who are the bad guys.

So "Easy Rider" imagines itself to be a stunning protest against the brutal, flag-waving racist reactionary mentality of George Wallace types. And an affirmation of gentle simplicity, a plea for kindness, since the "outcasts" simply want to be left alone. And the reality is, if your hair is long, skin is black, or you use big words, watch out on the backroads of America! It's all so true you wish it weren't a fairy tale.

But it is. "Easy Rider" is.

About 40 or 50 years ago, William Z. Foster, (who joined the early Communist Party) went bumming West, also "looking for America." His trip is "Pages From a Worker's Life." Read his book sometime and contrast it with "Easy Rider," because Foster learned to see the main enemy, the main source of violence and blood-sucking in that same American South which "Easy Rider" plays around with. It isn't the redneck-cracker-pig whose racism keeps him from fighting the men responsible for his thin wallet, his lousy job and his slipshod education. It's the big landowner, the big banker, the factory boss, and the Dixiecrat politician.



"Capitalists generally act harmoniously, and in concert, to fleece the people."
--Abraham Lincoln, 1837



hip?

BENNINGTON 'VT' (LNS) -- Denise Levettov, well-known poet and wife of Mitchell Goodman, one of the defendants in the Spock trial, hit the graduating class at Bennington College this year with a commencement address attacking the privileged and elitist place they had spend their last four years. The girls took it well, their parents took it well, and even the administration seemed pleased. But it was no surprise that the Bennington Alumni magazine, which customarily prints each years' commencement speech, had declined to publish Miss Levettov's. The editor claims "reasons of space."

They use that one for genocide, too, don't they?

BadDope

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WASHINGTON D.C. (LNS) -- Summoning the vast resources of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) and the Departments of State, Justice and the Treasury, the Nixon Administration is girding itself to fight the good fight. It has announced the launching "Operation Intercept" the nation's "largest search and seizure operation by civil authorities."

What can Super-Government be up to? Will it round up the Mafia and deport them to the moon? Sweep the skies free from pollution? Stamp out VD? No. Nixon is waging war on marijuana.

The Administration strategy involves a two-pronged attack: increased controls in the United States and pressure on Mexico to place a program of eradication and control of marijuana among its highest priorities.

The New York Times lists the proposed improvements in control on this side of the border:
-- Pursuit planes and some motor torpedo boats will be used for the first time.
-- More observation planes will be added to a strengthened border patrol.
-- The Bureau of Customs and the Bureau of Narcotics will get additional inspectors and investigators.
-- NASA is developing new gadgetry to track down the evil weed -- it is working on a remote sensor device capable of detecting the presence of marijuana from planes flying over fields in inaccessible mountainous areas.

The study group for "Operation Intercept" suggested in an unpublished report that the U.S. provide the sensor device to the

Mexican government; once the marijuana is discovered, the U.S. would then supply benzydiethyl amino benzoate to spoil the marijuana.

Benzydiethyl amino benzoate is a nausea-inducing chemical. Frank Bartimo, head of the Department of Defense drug abuse committee, gleefully told Life magazine all about it:

"Let's say we give some to the Mexicans. They find a marijuana grove and they spray it. The plant absorbs the compound. People buy it and try to smoke it. Well, you can guess what kinds of complaints the dealers will be getting. Just the smallest bit of the chemical touched to the tongue and you really have to spit to get rid of the bitter, bitter taste."

The Life reporter pressed, "What really happens if you try to smoke it?"

"I don't really know," said Bartimo.

U.S. officials claim that the main burden of responsibility for stopping the flow of marijuana into this country lies with Mexico.

As an "inducement" to make Mexico live up to its obligation to keep young Americans pure, the U.S. will declare Tijuana off-limits to military personnel.

"The effect on the local economy would be substantial" states the study group report, adding that the U.S. should put other border towns, including Juarez and Nogales, under the same restriction if the Mexican government doesn't toe the line in eradicating the marijuana traffic.

CALL issued

WASHINGTON (LNS) -- The Vietnam Moratorium Committee is calling for a periodic moratorium on "business as usual," beginning October 15, "in order that students, faculty members and concerned citizens can devote time and energy to the important work of taking the issue of peace in Vietnam to the larger community." The "Call," signed by about 300 college student body presidents, is being organized by ex-McCarthy campaigners.

Observer

an alternative newsmedia project

(914) 758-8755

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BLACK MOUNTAIN

cont'd. from p.7

and the Mexican art movement is captured in the massive, blunt figures. Other American artists received valuable training while at Black Mountain, among them Kenneth Noland and Robert Rauschenberg.

Through these summer institutes, the college became a new center of American art and music, with composers such as Ernst Krenek, Stefan Wolpe and Lou Harrison. (Composer John Cage staged the first American "happening" at BMC, and infuriated writer-critic Paul Goodman, also a BMC teacher, with his criticism of Beethoven in a summer lecture.)

But the problems brought on by the war were enormous and financing became even more hectic, in spite of the summer programs. The ideal of retaining half of the previous year's student body and faculty became unworkable under the circumstances of war. Ted Dreier, the college's long-time treasurer and one of the original nine founders, commented in a summary report in 1949, that most of the faculty was exhausted by the strain of keeping the college together during the war years, and that new faculty members were not always aware of, or interested in, the founder's purpose and plans, but were intent on trying out their own pet ideas, rather than discovering and adhering to the original plan. Dreier commented that they all seemed determined to repeat the errors BMC had already survived.

As a result of the war years' strain and financial difficulties, the original faculty group began to lose influence, until finally the tension between new and old broke into a fight for leadership in 1948. Dreier was ousted from his post as treasurer. The division between majority and minority factions the college had always sought to avoid was too great for reconciliation among some of the faculty. In 1949, Dreier, Josef and Anni Albers, Trudy Guernonprez and Charlotte Schlesinger resigned their positions.

As they were the core of the college's visual arts program, their leaving left the college without some of its sense of direction and strength of conviction. Joseph Fiore took over as head of the art department until the college's end. Dreier's competent years as treasurer had kept the college financially afloat, even if precariously, at times, and now with his leaving, money became the ubiquitous, all-important problem.

Meanwhile, the college maintained its quality, but a new emphasis was inevitable with the Albers' departure. The subsequent shift was from visual to literary arts. Out of this new and final phase of Black Mountain College came many of the foremost names in the new movement in poetry and prose in America. Names of contemporary poets like Robert Creeley, Charles Olson, Joel Oppenheimer, Paul Blackburn, Robert Duncan, Gregory Corso and Jonathan Williams were commonplace at Black Mountain, and their presence named a new group of poets. Kenneth Rexroth describes them in *Assays* as having laid the groundwork for "a new minor renaissance in American verse." The Black Mountain group, when the college was disbanded, gravitated to the West and East urban coastal centers, with the bulk going to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Allen Ginsberg, in an interview with Lawrence Lipton in 1956 (published in *Holy Barbarians*, N.Y. 1959) said of the Black Mountaineers:

"They're cool; having rejected everything they've become unable to utter anything except in the most roundabout way." Robert Creeley was

distinguished from the rest by Ginsberg because "he doesn't say anything except what he absolutely knows -- simple -- like on a basic, simple level, very short, epigrammatic, elliptical, like --"

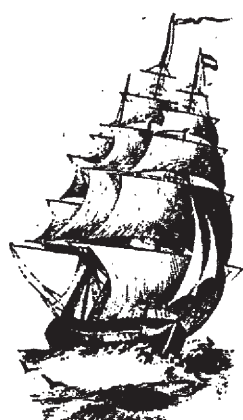
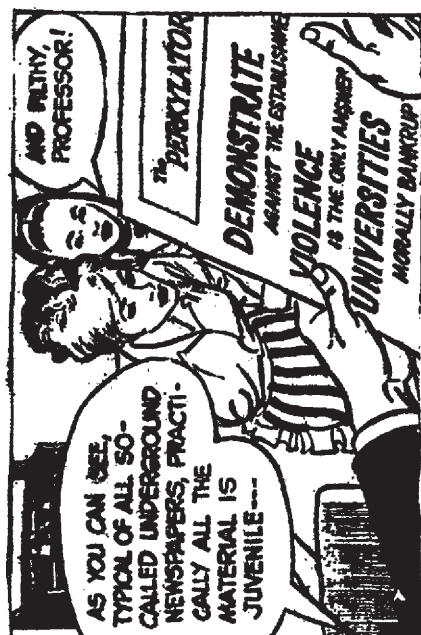
I went out.
Got a beer.
Ran into a milk truck,
by God,
You won't understand me till you
run into a milk truck.

And while these poets, at first, were known and admired only by a coterie, they have gained a position that is neither in the pantheon of "great poets" nor the obscure poet-mendicant responding alone to his "small still voice." Although the Black Mountain Group hasn't reached the point where high school English teachers sing their poetry like that of Byron and Keats, they have won grudging respect and/or admiration from a literary elite whose poetic Weltschmerz they set out to challenge.

The literary quarterly, *Black Mountain Review*, which flourished under the editorship of Robert Creeley from 1954 to 1957, provided a first principal voice for many of today's best known poets, including Ginsberg, Duncan, Olson, Williams, Gary Snyder and others, both in and out of the Beat movement.

Finally, however, in 1956, the years of effort in trying to strengthen the college and prolong its life proved too much and the faculty was forced to sell the last portions of its land and the college became Camp Rockmont for Boys. The end was brought about, legally, by the institution of legal proceedings by some of the faculty, demanding back "paper salaries," some of which had gone unpaid for years.

As Robert Moore said in his foreword to the catalogue of Black Mountain artists, "As an institution, Black Mountain College had ended, but its real life, the students and faculty, continue awaiting the judgment of time."



White Panther gets 10

DETROIT (LNS) -- "We have tried to understand John Sinclair," said Judge Robert J. Columbo. "We have tried to reform and rehabilitate him. John Sinclair has been out to show that the law means nothing to him and his ilk. Well, his time has come. You may laugh, Mr. Sinclair, but you'll have a long time to laugh."

The Judge then sentenced the manager of the MC-5, guiding spirit of Trans-Love Energies and leader of the Ann Arbor based White Panther Party to nine and a half to ten years.

Sinclair's crime was possession of two joints of grass; he was busted in 1966 and was recently convicted. His lawyer, Justin Ravitz, attacked the treatment Sinclair was given by the cops on the case as unhuman; Sinclair called it cruel and unusual punishment.

Police harassment of Sinclair and the White Panthers has intensified lately; the W.P.P. program of rock and roll, dope and fucking in the streets has not gone over very well with respectable elements in quiet Ann Arbor. A major street riot between cops and White Panther-inspired street kids broke out last June after a street party expressed the 3-point program.

Lawyer Ravitz said, "You cannot single out unpopular leaders by using political overkill and think that the problems of this country can be solved that way. Leaders are no longer indispensable in this country, and isolating them will not prevent a revolution."

The lawyer went on to condemn as criminals the doctors, legislators and judges who uphold marijuana laws.

Sinclair flipped out when the sentence was read to him, and shouted "You've completely revealed yourself, you've exposed yourself even more!" As he was dragged from the courtroom, he cried, "You're a punk, you're a pig, you will die!"



John Katzenbach, creator and author of *The Observer's* well-loved column, 'Cat of Nine Tails', has arrived at Bard just in time to contract strep throat, and regrets to inform that he is unable to contribute his weekly observations to this newspaper. The combined efforts of the friendly Bard Infirmary and his indomitable will to live should pull him through in time for next week.



P & F DISBANS

NEW YORK (LNS) -- The Peace and Freedom Party passed a resolution August 13 disbanding the party in New York City, ending its 20 month existence.

A press release stated that the Party's fundamental flaw was its failure to reorganize "the diametrically opposed views" represented by the radicals and the liberals who made up the party.



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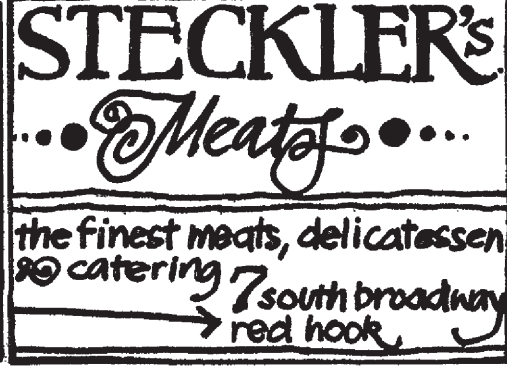
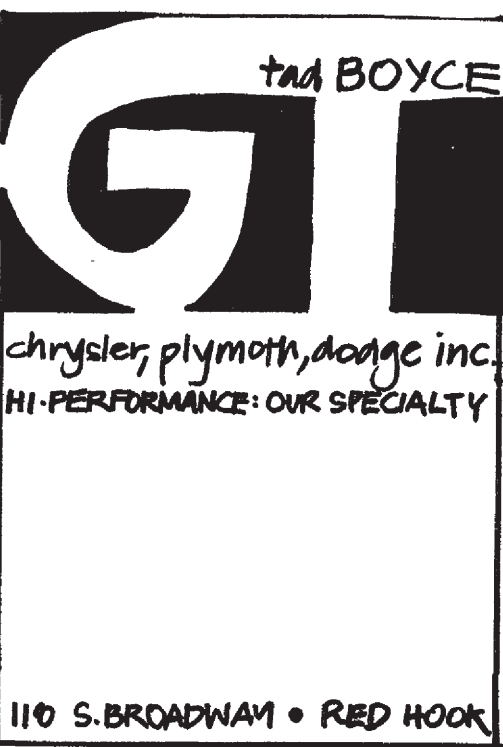
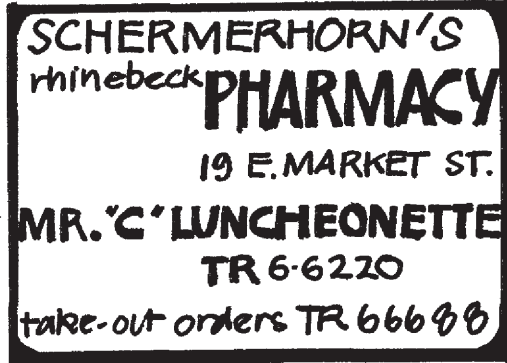
PUBLIC SERVICE
NOTICES & THINGS

LIBBY, whom i met at WOODSTOCK
on Friday and lost on Saturday before
the Incredible String Band came on,
PLEASE get in touch with me. Also,
Paul wants you to do a nude lay-out in
'The Realist'.
Bob Schilling (Apt. 16)
2460 Washington Ave.
Bronx, N.Y.

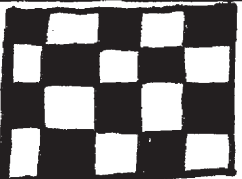
HINTS FOR THE HEADS
1. Don't stash it in your room.
2. COOL IT BABY HEAT'S ON.

The Sweet Smell of Money

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Deodorant sales
are expected to rise by 13% per year up
to a total of \$330 million by 1973. The
cosmetic companies have created a whole
shuck -- implying that your natural smell
is bad. It's just another money-making
gimmick.



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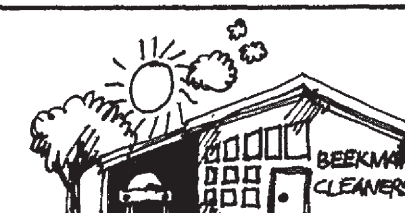
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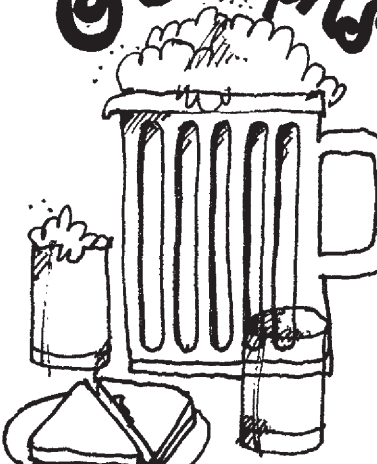
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