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# OBSERVER

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# observer

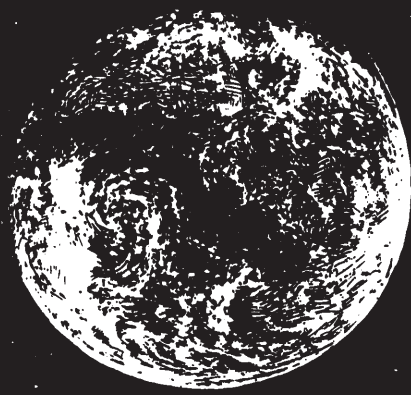
volume 13 number 11 may 13, 1970

Community invited to Bard...

Bard opens up...

Washington: an education...

RCobb



LOVE IT  
OR  
LEAVE IT!

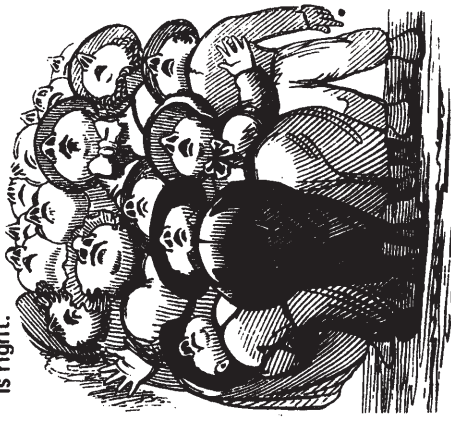
# Un classified Ads

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ANITA SCHNEE wishes to relinquish material claims and reluctantly offers an A-1 1965 Chevy Corvair to best bidder. One of Detroit's finer efforts:

4-on-the-floor  
110 HP engine  
excellent disposition  
answers to the name of MAX  
body work being done, will be  
in perfect shape. A beauty.  
Grey.

CALL MANOR ANNEX 2nd fl.,  
WRITE BOX 642, or  
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You'll be glad you did. The price  
is right.



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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON  
NEW YORK 12504  
RETURN REQUESTED

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BY BILL  
CRAWFORD

## RUFUS

THE ROSY  
RED RADICAL  
REPTILE

THE STORY SO FAR  
"GARDEN" & "OSTRICH"  
ARE IN THE MIDST  
OF A HEAVY RACIAL  
DISCUSSION

"FREEDOM" IS IN  
THE EYE OF THE  
BEHOLDER!

...IN A  
PIG'S EYE!

LIKE... WHAT AREY' GONNA  
DO WHEN THE PIG COMES  
TO RIP OFF YOUR NATURAL  
BORN TAILFEATHERS?

SAYS  
OSTRICH

SAYS  
RUFUS

WHAT THEN, DEAR?!

... WHAT THEN?

WHY, ALL I  
GOTTA  
DO IS...

ZIP!

... AND HE NEVER  
EVEN KNOWS  
I'M HERE!

SIMPLE,  
HUH?

BOY, I'LL SAY!  
"SIMPLE" ISN'T  
THE WORD!

ARE YOU SERIOUSLY  
TRYING TO TELL ME...  
THAT YOU CAN'T BE  
SEEN?!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!

... I'M INVISIBLE TO  
THE NAKED EYE!  
UNBELIEVABLE!

ZIP!

SUDDENLY...!

LOOK WHO'S  
COMING!

HI!

LO!

HEY!  
LOOKOUT!

SKRONK!

WOT  
TH'...?

OW!

OWS!

IDIOT!  
WHY DON'T YA  
LOOK WHERE  
YER GOING!

SORRY  
BUDDY...!

... I SIMPLY  
DIDN'T SEE  
YOU!

ARRGH!

OSTRICHES GOTTA  
BE THE CLIMBEST  
ANIMALS ON  
EARTH!

1269 BILL CRAWFORD

# come to the MEETING

There is a growing concern at Bard regarding the recent political issues which are stirring anger and confusion throughout our country. Last Thursday evening's meeting was the first of a series of informative gatherings in which students and faculty joined with members of the Red Hook, Rhinebeck and Tivoli communities to share political views.

The feeling throughout the community and at Bard is that this communication is of the utmost im-

portance at this time of national upheaval. Professors, members of the community and students who realize that there is a great deal to learn and teach about our country and the crisis it faces, were present at last Thursday's workshop.

The next one will, again, be open to the entire community, and will take the form of an open discussion of facts and opinions about Southeast Asia and America. Please come. Thursday, May 14, 8:00 p.m. Sottery Hall.

## washington

by Rick deGolia

Last Saturday's demonstration in Washington was originally called on April 28 by the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam. It was called as a continuation of the direction that was expected to be established in New Haven by the Black Panther Party workshops and rallies on May 1, 2. The Panther gathering gave the demonstration its first national publicity and as schools began to go out on strike last Monday they all supported the demonstration. When Bard went out on strike we obtained four buses to go to Washington (two paid for by the college administration, two paid for from the strike fund.) At least 300 Bard people were expected to be in Washington for the

weekend.

After a long and slow bus ride, we arrived in Washington, all rather tired yet very anxious for the strong and fairly militant demonstration and march that we expected. For three hours we ate breakfast, visited the New Mobe office and talked about what was going to happen. We expected a march and found out there was to be no march; we expected to be in Lafayette Park (right behind the White House) and found out that we were to be in the Ellipse -- (a couple of blocks in front of the White House). Bard people met at the National Art Gallery at 10 and marched to the Ellipse. As we approached the

park we saw that many city buses had been parked back to front so that they were touching each other. This was to ensure "that none of the demonstrators would attack the White House."

The rally began at noon, it was very hot (80 degrees), and several people were fainting. The crowd at the rally grew to at least 150,000 people with maybe another 100,000 in the surrounding area, that is, in the streets, at the Washington Monument, and in the Monument's reflecting pool. By 2 o'clock many people were really fed-up with the liberal-politician type speeches that were being given and that were dealing only with the anti-war movement. Myself and several

others started to leave because it was too hot and the speeches just weren't good enough. Then David Dellinger, member of the Conspiracy 7, began to speak. His speech related the oppression by the American government abroad, as seen in the Viet Nam war, to the oppression by the American government at home, as seen in the attempted elimination of the Black Panther Party and the increasing numbers of people being arrested for simply believing in dissident political ideologies. It was very good. After Dellinger finished, Abbie Hoffman began and we left (not out of disrespect for Hoffman but out of need for water) in the direction of the Washington Mon-

to page two

## march on fort dix

by Frank Matafia

In conjunction with the first demand issued last weekend at New Haven - political repression -- there will be a massive demonstration this Sat. at Fort Dix, New Jersey, to support the G.I.'s who are directly feeling this repression.

Last October a similar demonstration was held, thus this is being called a return to Dix. Since the Oct. rally: G.I. organizers have been charged, convicted and confined on non-existent "offenses".

Civilian organizers have been arrested, fired from their jobs, physically assaulted by lifers and right-wingers. The Fort Dix coffee house has been robbed, vandalized and bombed. The lease has been revoked and no one in the area will rent another building for a new Coffee House.

This open repression of the G.I.

activists is part of the coordinated nationwide effort being made by the state to stifle legitimate political dissent. The G.I.'s -- who are a crucial element of the movement -- are subject to extremely harsh and brutal reprisals by the system because of the nature of military life.

Though the demonstration has been billed a return there is a significant difference between the Oct. action and this one., Sat. Both basically are the results of the same situation, disregard for G.I. rights, but where the Oct. action was an isolated protest the action for this week is but one part of a planned program. This program, which was established in New Haven, is a planned escalation by the movement, a coordinated effort with each action being related to the overall struggle. This past weekend in D.C. was part of this escalation, Fort Dix is the next part and it will continue to grow until the ultimate objective is suc-

cessfully achieved. Specifically the demands of this action are:

- (1) End the repression of the G.I. movement.
- (2) Free all political prisoners and abolish the stockade system.
- (3) Immediate withdrawal of all U.S. occupation troops from Southeast Asia.
- (4) Stop Armed Forces Day and the glorification of weapons.
- (5) End the reinforcement of unnatural and oppressive sexual roles by the Army.
- (6) Support self-determination for blacks, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans, American Indians, and Orientals.
- (7) Stop the use of class oppression, which makes poor people fight in the rich man's war.

It is important that we support our brothers in the military and it is imperative that the movement at this point not lose the momentum

that it has created.

Soldiers and civilians will meet at the Fort Dix shopping center at noon on May 16th.

The speakers are going to be Jerry Rubin, Arlo Guthrie, Young Lord, and a member of the Panther 21.

After the rally we will march through town to the Fort Dix Stockade. The March will be a militant march so be sure to come prepared. There was gas in October and it is certain that there will be gas again because there is significantly more movement behind this march than there was behind the one in October.

MARCH and RALLY -- 12 NOON

Any Bard people interested contact the information center. A Bus and cars will leave at 9 a.m. from in front of the gym.



# observer

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an alternative newsmedia project

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College food services are infamous for lousy meals, under-paid labor and general in-sensitivity to the student world.

Slater food system at Bard, under the energetic leadership of Joe Roberts, has taken a brave and human stand on the current strike issues. It seems less like a food service and more like a friend.

The money provided by Slaters rebate on food contracts sent Bard students to Washington. The money was sorely needed, and Slater demonstrated its true commitment to the Bard Community by their act.

Joe Roberts is the man behind Slaters new image. And he deserves all the credit possible for the vast improvements.



## letters

To the editor:

Thank you very much for printing my letter on the Moderation. However, the omission of a few words in the last sentence as it was printed made me sound like even more of an ass than I would have otherwise. Whatever you can do to correct this will be much appreciated.

will be much appreciated.

Carl Selinger

The following is the omitted portion of the Dean's letter:

"I was shocked by the suggestion at the faculty meeting that under the proposed new Moderation plan, a student who had moderated could nevertheless be denied the opportunity to do a Senior Project if no faculty member in his field was willing to work with him. In my judgment, this suggestion could have the highly detrimental effect of substituting an ad hoc informal, and highly personal pass-fail Moderation for the formal pass-fail Moderation, with at least some procedural safeguards, that the Curriculum Committee was seeking to eliminate."

To the Editor:

I hope that you will permit me not to answer the letter signed with a pseudonym. Its "message" and venom were so gross that it could not help but amuse me and those who know me. Greater subtlety might be more effective. He might try that next time. I am worried though about the mentality of the writer. His is all too reminiscent of that of Goebbels, Stalin and McCarthy. Coming to think of it he should have signed himself "Joseph".

Since, however, my actions at the faculty meeting at which the moderation document was defeated were misrepresented in a recent issue of the Observer let me set the record straight. I did not speak even one word against the document

but pleaded twice for experimentation; once before the proposal was defeated and once afterwards. It is correct that I voted against the proposal. I made my reason known to the Curriculum Committee and I hope that it is persuasive enough to have the Committee take account of it via an amendment. To bring the record up-to-date: it was I who moved at the last faculty meeting to have the, I hope, amended proposal reconsidered at a later meeting.

Heinz Bertelsmann

## washington

from page on:

ument. We arrived at the reflecting pool where several hundred people were splashing one another and several thousand were watching the splashing, enjoying the frequent drops of water, and participating in chanting various slogans, such as 'Peace Now, and End the War in Viet Nam,' and 'Power to the People'. Later that afternoon I went to an SDS rally at the Labor Department. It was non-violent and though not particularly good, it attempted to get across the important point of the need for a student-worker alliance. At 5:00 the rally broke up because several thousand demonstrators began to march to H Street in an attempt to reach the White House. This march picked up many thousands of people, and though it didn't succeed in reaching the White House, most of the people remained in the streets until a 1:30 a.m. curfew enforced by police but not recognized by the city officials.

The police handled themselves very well until around midnight when they seemed to explode. At that time they attempted to shut off George Washington University (in the middle of the city) from the rest of the city. There were a lot of people (mostly students) in the streets of George Washington

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## FEIFFER

I SAW THE  
WOODSTOCK  
MOVIE.



HALF A MILLION PEOPLE  
GOING HUNGRY, BAREFOOT,  
SLOGGING THROUGH MUD.



AND WHAT I  
SAW WAS LOVE!



I WENT OUT INTO  
THE STREETS-



AND SAW A MILLION PEOPLE  
OVER FED, OVER DRESSED,  
STUCK IN TRAFFIC.



AND WHAT I  
SAW WAS  
DEATH!



AND I WANTED  
TO BURN DOWN  
ALL CITIES.



SO THAT MILLIONS COULD  
GO HUNGRY, BAREFOOT  
AND SLOG THROUGH MUD-



AND KNOW LOVE.



AN AMERICAN DREAM.



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# 3000 at Poughkeepsie for peace demonstration

Three thousand people, mostly students at mid-Hudson colleges, staged a Friday afternoon march through downtown Poughkeepsie urging onlookers to "give peace a chance"

Contingents from Vassar, Dutchess Community, and Marist Colleges in Poughkeepsie; Bard College in Red Hook; Bennett College in Millbrook; and New Paltz and Ulster County Colleges gathered from 1:30 to 3:00 p.m. at Mansion Park for a preparatory rally.

Several colleges sent busloads of students, and long chains of private cars filed into the area until the march began at 3:30.

In evidence, besides students, were young mothers with babies in strollers, clergymen, professors, and other adult sympathizers.

The marchers walked eight or ten abreast in a column which stretched for two blocks from the North Clinton Street Park, down Main Street, and finally to the Armory where several speakers exhorted non-violent behavior. One speaker, who suggested more vigorous methods of making his points, was hissed down by the crowd.

Chants by the marchers included "Peace Now", "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh -- NLF is going to win", and others.

Each college contingent appointed several parade marshalls, who patrolled the edges of the group as it marched to insure that no fracas broke out with the many jeering persons along the route. "Medics" were also on hand, designated by a red cross, to treat any injuries that might have resulted in clashes.

The Poughkeepsie police department had numerous auxiliary police along the parade route, and state police could be seen perched atop buildings. At the armory, a phalanx of about 15 police with riot helmets stood immobile during the speechmaking, and laughed when a speaker noted, "We should be gratified that the police are wearing new riot equipment for this occasion."

Although predominantly peaceful, the crowd of students was discernibly more action-oriented than those that marched last autumn. The clenched fist had replaced the peace sign as a symbol of greeting.

Ironically, the peace marchers gathered around a war memorial in Mansion Park. The Hudson Valley Office of Industrial Cooperation offered its toilet facilities for the students' use.

Trash was picked up and placed in piles in the park before the demonstrators left.

The city of Poughkeepsie parade permit allowed for the blockage of the streets used until 5:30 p.m. Almost all of the crowd had dissipated by that time.

Two events announced were a "Mid-Hudson Rally Against the War" at noontime Sunday in Spratt Park, Poughkeepsie with Assemblyman Andrew Stein the main speaker; and the visit of Attorney William Kuntzler to Vassar College on Friday.

Meanwhile, in New Paltz, "various administrative functions have been resumed in the administration building at State University College," Dr. John Neumaier, president, said.

And members of the Student Peace Organization will complete their work in offices set up for the use of student related activities.

Today a number of students were busy cleaning the corridors and offices where they had remained from Tuesday to Friday in protest against U.S. military involvement in Southeast Asia and the tragic killing of four students by national guardsmen at Kent State.

The building was almost completely undamaged. There were a few reports of missing personal property

or equipment. Students did much of their own janitorial work and an envelope came to Dr. Neumaier\* desk containing \$17 collected from protestors to pay for a broken window. The administration building was accessible to the president and his staff during the student protest. However, the presence of the protestors hampered administrative work and most secretaries were excused from work for three days. There was no violence reported at the college during the protest period. Faculty members voted to keep the college open for the rest of the semester.

## Let's Get Together

In a meeting Monday night following the Bard Community gathering, numerous suggestions were offered for broadening communications in the areas surrounding Bard. It was generally agreed that we will extend ourselves over as widespread an area as our resources and people will bring us.

We will be speaking with students, clergy, local politicians and residents of the community. Bard students will be available to go

into area homes on request, to discuss major issues such as war economics, and history of the south-east Asian war.

The main point is good relations, open discussion with no hassles, no alienation, no paranoia. We want the community to be aware and work with us.

Jamie Kravitt

## pre-dawn visit

Richard Nixon's 5 am visit to the Washington Monument grounds during last weekend's demonstrations was much heralded by the above-ground press. The kids he talked to, about 30 in number, had this to say about the President's visit.

Two twenty year old sophomore girls from Syracuse University, Ronnie Kemper and Joan Pelletier:

"It was unreal. He was trying so hard to relate on a personal basis," Ronnie told a reporter. "But he wasn't really concerned with why we were here."

Joan said: "I hope it was because he was tired but most of what he was

saying was absurd. Here we had come from a university that's completely up tight, on strike, and when we told him where we were from, he talked about the football team, and when someone said he was from California, he talked about surfing.

Another Syracuse girl, Lynn Shatzkin, 21, said, "He did not make sense. People would ask him questions and he would talk about something else."

The President later termed his conversations with young people "one of the most interesting conversations of my life."

## 6 yrs. hard labor

by Robin Fensterwald  
The UFO was a coffeehouse in Columbia, South Carolina for G.I.'s from nearby Fort Jackson. It was opened in Jan. 1968 by Fred Gardner, Donna Mickleson, and Deborah Rossman. A month later, several soldiers attempted to pray publicly for peace in the Fort Jackson chapel. They were arrested. The Jackson brass were not enchanted with the resulting publicity.

The UFO got busted last Jan. The charge was "the keeping and maintenance of a common and public nuisance", which has been used only twenty times in the past 80 years in S.C., and then almost always against beer joints and whorehouses.

The UFO was a center for spreading the anti-war movement to the soldiers, openly, as the truth. But the cops and brass had to be in order to get it busted.

The prosecution's star witness were four young men, all of whom testified that they had both bought and sold drugs in the UFO. Their testimony was the sensational, headline-grabbing type, and despite defense efforts demonstrating inconsistent testimony, some outright lies, and their bad reputations in town, they provided prosecuting solicitor John W. Foard with the ammunition he needed.

Foard gave them immunity from prosecution, and they testified at length about their alleged dope dealing in the UFO. One even said he had sold some speed caps to Lenny Cohen in early 1969 at that time Lenny was a student at American University in Washington D.C.

"We're having a big trial going on now -- Communists pushing drugs," remarked a businessman in a Columbia restaurant. That seemed to be the essence of the matter to Columbia authorities. to page six

## Gide Symposium

By any standard the Literature Division's Symposium on Gide was a success. Bard was alive intellectually last Wednesday and nobody seemed to mind sitting through two and a half hours of difficult speeches on Gide. Henri Peyre of Yale and the Graduate Center of CUNY gave a fireworks talk on Gide, touching the intellectual, personal and literary facets of the writer's life, quoting Keates, Goethe and Browning. Peyre emphasized the primacy of living as did two other speakers, Francoise Gregg who teaches at Marist and Nicholas Kostis who teaches at B.U. Gregg, a French-born sociologist, had obvious difficulties with English, and you had to strain to understand. But the strain was worth what you heard about Montaigne and Gide and about their emphasis on human values and self discovery. Kostis delivered a dramatic and scholarly analysis of Gide's idea of the mythical Theseus, comparing Daedalus' labyrinth to the endless corridors of the Pentagon and making Theseus sound very relevant and about today. Another Professor from SUNY at Albany, Mr. Richtman, gave a hard-hitting account of Gide's bout with the Catholic Index and spoke of his puritan back-

ground. Justus Rosenberg spoke critically of what he called Gide's flirtation with Communism and questioned Gide's sincerity and commitment. Anita Schnee who is a senior in the Literature Division and doing her project on women in Gide's work, took the day along with Peyre. She knew what she was saying and caught a lot of us off guard with the way she said it. She spoke of the failure of Gide's heroines and of their negative relationship to men. She thought this failure reflected a universal difficulty women have in finding themselves as individuals. She saw Gide's women as failing to relate to themselves and relating instead to the males around them. Schnee pointed to female need for emotional and existential liberation. Women's Liberation people must have been happy. Mr. Black opened the Symposium with some remarks on Gide's notion of Revolution as a cumulative revolution of each individual and not a revolution of societies and economies. Social revolution depends on individual revolution. Black moderated a heated discussion after the speeches. A count of heads showed 209 in Blithewood Library. A reception followed.



# GET BACK

—art johnson

THE EARLY FIFTIES is what I remember first.

America had always been a society of diverse subcultures — even if it was dominated by the Betsy Ross Anglo moneyed types of the new England states. The northeasterners controlled the nation's money and the politics and they wrote the official history. But America was just too sprawled out for them to dominate the earthy life styles of a wild young nation of immigrants and desperadoes that drifted here from around the world. A bizarre sense of adventurism and cultural individualism flourished among the moun-

tain people, the cowboys, the Texas ranchers, the European ethnic groups, the Dixie rebels, the hoboes and bohemians, the factory proles. And all these fiercely distinct groups crossed at will with the original American Indians, Orientals, and Mexicans. An enslaved people from Africa became the pulse and bedrock of the collective cultures.

But by the end of the second World War the long-established interests from the east — the original American uptights — finally had the technological power and the communications system to effectively (if covertly) manipulate the American economy and the "consumers." The Anglos, crewcuts, the Madison Avenue slicks — they had all the money, and they controlled advertising which set styles, fads, and aspirations. They controlled the corporations which decided what products would be made. They ran the big universities which bred the managers of corporations and federal bureaucracies. They owned the mass media which more and more permeated and shaped people's lives — the national magazines, daily newspaper chains, radio networks — and by the fifties, the national television industry.

The uptight straight-shanked Betsy Ross types from New York and the east coast decided that everybody would wear dacron sta-press white starched shirts, and they did. They decided that everybody should get up in the morning, shave, drink instant coffee, read the paper and turn on the radio — and they did. They decided that everybody should have half acre lawns and picture windows and fins on their cars — and they did.

This had always been a country symbolized by nothing so much as an adventure-crazed pioneer in fringed leather and long blond hair charging across the western plains on the back of a pony express. (I remember that from the movies.) But it was subdued at last by the purebreds (ah-hem!) of the northeast.

America was tamed by the powerful inbred heirs of the phony morality and phony money. Those people detested the freewheeling, hillbilly cowpoke, injun free libido black factory prole subculture that were what America was all about.

A whole generation of Americans had been psychically destroyed by the trauma of the Great Depression and total war. American society was shaken to the core. Its many subcultures were fatally ravaged by the social upheavals which threw them off their farms, out of their homes, into the roads — and eventually off to other countries packing a gun. The segment of society least effected by these cataclysmic changes were the secured managers, owners, and financiers of the east. They sat in their penthouses, sucked on Havana cigars, and greeted the war as a boom to business.

Our shattered despirited fathers came back from Europe and the Pacific, many without their former homes, or even their wives, without their old friends and their familiar cultures.

But this, said the controllers, was good. It was a healthy sign of progress!

A massive ad propaganda campaign, utilizing the psychological tools of mass manipulation that had been developed in the thirties and forties (this is no secret, read Vance Packard) quickly brainwashed the nation into believing that the cool button down Harvard cats in the east were not only richer — but they were richer because they dressed smart, smelled right, wore Florsheim wing tips, had finesse, and took the right evening school courses.

The dudes that played the role got the jobs and promotions. Everybody became ashamed of their own cultural background, their own roots, in their panic to emulate the crew cut Anglos. Pass the mashed potatoes please.

## to where you

The Betsy Ross stuff shirts foisted their super anal porcelain instant 'culture' on a country that had always before been consecrated to rabid git down gun runnin freedom wheelin cultural individualism.

*Assimilate, young man. Get yer hair cut yer toe nails, a little dabba grease 'll do ya, don't get yer underarms wet, lime menthol spice cinnamon decontaminate yer ass, vagina, bellybutton, mouth.*

By the time people my age were growing up in the early fifties, America had flipped into this whole manic trip of middle class status symbols, conspicuous consumption, and button-down consciousness. Our parents, psychologically destroyed by the world crises of the previous two decades, were conned and hypnotized by the Barnum & Bailey promoters of the new Americana from New York!

When I think of American 'culture' in those days I think of gleaming porcelain floors, that cruddy looking blond furniture, ten inch TV sets, Milton Berle and sensuous mounds of polished steel which evoked images of Marilyn Monroe's glossy tits.

I remember too the B movies produced by the wierdos from Hollywood—Anglos who retained some of the Western adventurism and flamboyancy under the magic California sun. All those way out movies: cowboys, gangsters, zoot suit hustlers, motorcycles and hot rods to hell. But all that stuff, we were sternly reminded, had given way to the Clean Machine.

Those wierd cultures belonged to the past now. We were discouraged from going to the movies too much, or reading too many comic books. Fantasy was to be rationed like chocolate fudge.

But even then—unbeknownst to anybody—while our zombie parents watched movies for 'escape'—deep down we identified. We fantasized. We came in our pants. We really wanted to be James Dean riding to the death in a custom chop hot rod.

I suppose 'culture' as our parents identified it in the early fifties had something to do with going to Anglo churches on Sunday morning, and pledging allegiance to the flag before home-room and baseball games. But it had even more to do with big red coca-cola signs in (early) psychedelic swirling circles, and chromed hood ornaments of charging rams and rocket 88s.

For the new America was the society of fuel injected change. Progress was their most important product.

Americans fled their past like it was a disease. Space and time became supercharged with MOBILITY/PROGRESS/NEW—better, more. They tried to forget their own 'lower class' roots as they strove for 'respectability.' But they couldn't find satisfaction in the present, because after they got all the enameled machines and split level homes and cars and boats paid for on time they were still unhappy.

Insecurity still chewed at their souls. More national defense would stave off this anxiety. A more adequate insurance policy: are we protected enough? Perhaps retirement in Arizona was the answer. Ah—the kids are the answer!

We son, doing driving Devotionable wheeling each other!

It was amidst mingling in the future social spring ately center gave

Still their your began ity we world. ial arm protaz

In the find the of 'ho' bounce around ellion,

"We

And death, of ret

reserv — they return with a the pe

And other under call it

And session Was Si them bitter

THE history I was "the n alligne not or the nu

I was from (rush t of the where and ta



# nce belonged

our children' they chanted in uni-  
t in their perma-press chin-glisten-  
oods. Responsibility! Selflessness!  
the chorus. We aren't just miser-  
ur gadgets, they agreed, crying in  
is, it's just that we are so respons-

uch a drag, and they sat around  
r formica and naugahyde swim-  
ing chlorine de menthe and smok-  
ther tasty poisons, looking still to  
eving that in the end money and  
ce would bring them and their off-  
iness and security they so desper-  
nd the promise of bigger and bet-  
d their eyes. More GNP!

in their pre-fab plaza houses with  
lans old age policies, and double  
ck guarantees on everything -- it  
on them that the only real secur-  
e when they controlled the whole  
y spent trillions building an imper-  
trol Everything, from the smallest  
e remotest Pacific island.

finale to western civilization, we  
ring in the bleachers -- to the tune  
ne'. With Ralph Williams riding the  
on the fifty yard line, his fat palm  
st of a bikini clad Miss Dodge Reb-  
gin to chant:

THE MOON"

ic irony is that as they grow toward  
ally chirping about the rising rate  
eir investment, freezing bodies and  
at Grinfels for the Last Judgement  
ow live in the past, waiting for its  
ast is somewhere around 1952. But  
ther-padded options of 1962, and  
f 1972.

wn children, who were born to an-  
w in beauty strength and wisdom  
r stricken eyes, and they can only  
ny and sin and communism.

ildren pray that their parents' ob-  
never-never land of The Way It  
To Have Worked Out will not lead  
y humanity and the planet in the  
on of their advancing senile years.  
ING LINE both in terms of world  
rology was the second World War.  
he millions who were born when  
s in the seventh house and Jupiter  
fars." The war brought in its wake  
awning of the age of Aquarius, but  
och of cybernetic abundance.

n South Carolina. My father came  
a -- his family was in the first land  
ey came north with the bad times  
. My mother was from Kentucky  
dfather had struck oil on his land  
r a whole mountain town. But her

old man squandered his inheritance in typical riv-  
erboat style on booze and gambling. She was the  
last of thirteen kids.

Like everybody else in the motor city, I was  
born to the new age, where one had no heritage,  
no roots. In the New Improved America every-  
one was accepted at face value -- that is, the face  
value of the currency in their billfold. The past  
was all to be forgotten. We all drove two tone  
Chevys now, even if we didn't quite own them.

I could have been born into any one of ten mil-  
lion families. In the post war economic boom,  
everyone in America hid their past. I remember  
the Herman Gardens project in the early fifties,  
broken bottles in the streets, gangs like the Sti-

lettos, and the little girls being raped in garages  
by the wierd kid down the block and the ever pre-  
sent horizon of smokestacks lining the Detroit  
sunset.

And I remember that after we moved to a  
brick two-story on the lower west side, it was  
understood we didn't talk about Herman Gar-  
dens no more. Things just kept getting better and  
better, right? The vistas of the future and all that  
milk.

They talked incessantly of the future in schools  
homes churches. The future was why we had to  
spend half our lives in schools we hated. You had  
to get ready for when you grew up, just like when  
you grew up you had to get ready for your family  
responsibilities, and then you had to prepare for  
old age, and then, with your social security check,  
buy your way to Everlasting Care. Cradle to the  
grave security, they used to call it.

I was the perfectly mobile child -- so mobile  
that when I turned 16 I fled school and Detroit  
with \$30 in my pocket. I was fleeing my past too  
-- their uptight schools and parents and authori-  
ties. I never felt loyalties to anyone but my  
friends, certainly not to schools, to my town to  
a family I couldn't relate to. I was on the road all  
my life, if only sometimes in spirit. On hot sum-  
mer evenings, I would sit on my back porch with  
the US atlas, and look longingly at those highways  
crossing the continent, leading far beyond the wa-  
tchtowers of the Americans Motors plant behind  
our brick two-story on Mark Twain Avenue.  
I had no home in their society, you see, cause the  
only things I dug when I was a kid were evil in the eye  
eyes of all authority. My trips were all bad, perhaps  
because they were associated with 'lower class' sinful  
living styles we were all so heartily trying to escape.

Can you imagine a kid in the third grade having to  
wear a white shirt and tie to school? We did. That's  
unnatural. Kids in the third grade should be learning  
about nature, not about the clothes and theories that  
constrict the minds of old men.

They tried to make a Betsy Ross white shirted Anglo  
out of the scorpion first born of Oklahoma and  
Kentucky mountain blood. But every day I came  
home from school and put on my levis. I treasured  
my levis. I would wear a pair for years (and still do).  
But can you imagine, they told us levis were the mark  
of hoodlums? The neatest most functional clothes

in the world! You never need to wash them (much  
less iron) because the older and dirtier they get the  
more personal and intimate they become until they  
are a part of you, caked with body sweat, piss  
and cream, and the good earth mud.

I used to get home from school just in time to  
see Kate Smith crooning about the moon  
coming over the mountain while the old lady ironed  
more white shirts. But in the bottom of my closet  
-- the only place on earth unaccessible to them,  
mainly because it was a veritable pit of rot and  
cultural compost-- I kept my true street clothes  
that I wore and cherished on the streets of our  
neighborhood. I kept all those comic books and  
Sun records--

Flat on his back at the Walled Lake Casino, Gene  
Vincent thrust his crotch out at the screamin' mobs  
of our thirteen year old women! They said our  
music was 'primitive' and that we would soon grow  
out of it, and learn to like Benny Goodman and  
Tony Bennet. But we didn't. My 1956 diary boasted  
a full color photo of Elvis for the frontispiece.

They put our heroes, people like Jerry Lee Lewis  
and Chuck Berry, in jail. The radios wouldn't play  
the hard rock records anymore. They blackballed Elvis  
and all the rest. They banned all the good records  
cause the lyrics were 'suggestive' or the artists  
'obscene'. They destroyed our idols and gave us in  
return purified Anglo copies like Pat Boone and  
Ricky Nelson. MAD grew sterile, and the Comics  
Code Authority took care of the rest of the meat.  
They supressed good movies, and heroes like Marlon  
Brando and James Dean were replaced by Gidgets  
and Fabians, smooth skinned short haired creeps  
from the northeast.

They hassled us about our threads and our hair  
everyday, in school and at home. All my life I have  
been hassled daily by somebody about my hair, my  
clothes, my music.

Repression? It ain't nothin' new to America. In the  
late fifties, they almost succeeded in destroying our  
emerging culture. Acting together, the parents, the  
teachers, the police, the government, the Legions  
of the Decent worked to destroy our freedom. They  
refused us the right of our own cultural identity.  
America had betrayed its most sacred principle.

Everything we loved was called 'filth', or bad taste,  
or primitive, nigger-lovin', satanic. Our holiest  
sacrament-- to touch each other's young bodies--  
was vamped on unceasingly by impotent parents,  
priests, principals.

We had to cower under blankets in the back seats  
of cars, fearful of The Man's spotlight. Our love  
for each other, on theu  
for each other, in their sick eyes, was just filth. The  
girl I was to marry was vamped on by neighbors and  
parents alike. Some of that, no doubt, was because  
she was a country girl and a foreigner.

You see, everything we cherished, everything that  
was a part of us, was downgraded as evil by them.  
Old people called all the shots, humiliating us, trying  
to sterilize our culture, trying to destroy our freedom  
to develop ourselves the way we saw fit. Two years  
ago, they tried to deny me editorship of a college  
to page six



The Beginning... or I would like to make it perfectly clear



What is left to us now is to make it all work. If this strike, and I use the term only for lack of a better one, was to fail, then the whole thing, all of our hopes and dreams, to be trite, would be useless. What we have taken upon ourselves will require more discipline than any other community project ever attempted here at Bard. There will be problems that will arise, that no one will have thought of, and there will be decisions to be made that are of the utmost importance, by every member of the Bard community. The success of this experiment in education cannot be minimized, it will demand concentration and determination on the part of everyone.

And that is exactly what this strike is, an experiment in progress. The world is extremely fond of calling progress the development on new bombs, or sending a man to the moon. I would emphatically disagree with this castrated view; real progress can be measured within the actual boundaries of the physical community. That is why this is so important, that we succeed. Without success here, then we are signing ourselves over to the dehumanization of the world, and we will go out, not with a bang, but a whimper. This will probably be the only chance for all of us to be able to stand up and say that we actually did something with our college years, that we did not sit around and watch the world change, without doing our small bit to help it along.

Education is a relative thing. Few people, if any, actually know what it is relative to, but all are certain that it is relative. This attempt, here at Bard, is to make education not only relative, but relevant, and a viable alternative to what we have come to know education as. The actual excitement of what we are doing cannot be denied. We as students, faculty and administration have come together, probably for the first time, and are attempting to find some meaning in this world of ours. We alone are going to put Annandale-on-Hudson on the map of our minds. And we are not doing this by any violent or cathartic means, rather, by probably the most gentle, yet inherently powerful means possible. We are willing to change ourselves, to step right out of the little microcosm of a world that we have created here

at Bard, and we are turning it into a living, vibrant place. In one massive step, we have done away with all of the bullshit that encumbers most positive actions, and we have created an environment that we can all be proud of.

I am not sure yet what I myself am going to do. There seems to be so much. But I am sure of one thing, and that is what I find so personally exciting; that whatever, I will be educated, and that will be a tremendous experience.

I could feel the beginning of this when I was in Washington, when the first cop that I saw smiled at me, and said "Right on, baby." For the first time I was aware of what those words actually meant, they were not in any way denigrating, rather, they expressed an emotion that is not easy to put into words. Generally, I took it to mean that we are on the right track, that what we are doing is a positive action, that what we will accomplish will build us, rather than tear us down, that by simply acting as we are, we are expressing ourselves in

## ufo

from page 3

John Earle Dennis, a city cop for 14 years, said of the customers and staff of the UFO: "They were dirty, grimy, smelly. It was like a goat stall instead of a place of business."

However, a good number of solid, liberal citizens of Columbia seemed to disagree with him. They testified about the quiet, pleasant nature of the UFO; they took their children there.

Five soldiers testified about the superiority of the UFO in a town full of clip joints and diamond palaces. Two of them had been assigned by MI and CID to spy on other G.I.'s and civilians in the UFO. They worked closely with the FBI and the county sheriff's office. And now both of them are quite active in the anti-war G.I. movement at Fort Jackson.

A happy ending except that the UFO has been closed down. The judge fined UFO, Inc. \$10,000. and sentenced Fred Gardner, Donna Mickleson and Deborah Rossman to six years hard labor. The jury deliberated only an hour before convicting them.

from page five

paper because I had long hair. They said I didn't 'represent' the student's views. For wanting to spread word of our own culture, I was called a subversive, a communist, a hippie.

In the last couple of years, our culture has experienced a rebirth. The Beatles and the Rolling Stones were the catalyst, some might say, that brought it. Rock and Roll is back to stay, and so is our culture, Uncle Meat.

We're living out our childhood fantasies now, and we aren't afraid no more. All those B movies we watched as kids, the music we listened to, the comic books we read--- it formed our lives.

And millions of young people across America are just coming to realize that we have our own culture. This time we're building our own media to support our culture and spread it, so they can't shaft us again. We've got our own newspapers, our own radio stations and programs, we make our own movies, and draw our own comic books, and write and perform in our own plays, write our own books. And we're growing all the time. In three short years, our newspapers have grown from being six with a combined circulation of under fifty thousand to over two hundred with a combined readership of over four million! While in the last twenty years, over four hundred established papers have gone under and more are failing every year.

And while Hollywood goes bankrupt (the major studios will be closing down in the next few years) our films, like Naked Angels and Monterey Pop, are

a way that few people have ever had the opportunity to do, we, here at Bard, and that means all of us, are achieving something that idealists have always wished impotently for. We have become activists within the scope of idealism, and this is a concept that has never become a reality until this point.

The President, in his news conference, said, "When the action is hot, cool the rhetoric." The action is hot here at Bard, hot with the joy of doing something positive, and we are above the rhetoric that the

President referred to. We have transcended that, and are doing something here at Bard which has an importance that even the President would have trouble understanding. One of the great criticisms of the revolution has been that it never has offered anything as an alternative to what is happening now. We at Bard cannot be said to be guilty of that anymore. We are doing more than one possibly can conceive of, and for that reason we can be considered revolutionaries. But I personally would prefer to call us innovators.

--John Katzenbach

# strike call

Bard College met in a two-hour mass meeting Tuesday evening, May 5. In one voice, the administration, the faculty, the students, and Bard employees voted to accept the following document:

I (1) Deploing the continuing war in Vietnam we condemn the extension of this war into Cambodia by an illegal and unconstitutional attack, we urge the Congress of the U.S. to assert its constitutional duties and bring about an end of the wars in Southeast Asia. We also urge the withdrawal of all American troops.

(2) The unprovoked killing of students in Ohio by national guard is another example of repressive use of authority. We stand in horror at the violence employed by armed men against students, and we condemn the encouragement and support which the Vice President and the President himself has given to these uncontrolled repressive acts. We express our sympathy with these students, and all students and Americans who are more and more becoming subject to the violence unleashed by our country first against Asians and now against its youth and its own people.

(3) While Bard has no contracts or other links with the military, we urge other colleges to end ROTC, military research on campus, and all ties with the CIA.

(4) We assert our deep concern for the repressive measures concerted by police against the Black Panthers, already resulting in the murder of many members of that protest group. The trial in New Haven, following upon the trials in Boston and Chicago and New York, had the character of a political trial, from which legal justice may not be possible. We condemn the policies of the Department of Justice, reversing the program of Ramsey Clark, which will usher in violence and police repression.

II. Joining with the colleges and students throughout the country WE DECLARE THAT Wednesday, May 6, shall be devoted by all members of the community to workshop: discussions and intellectual reflection at Bard, and that classes will be suspended Thursday and Friday, May 7 and 8, in order that all persons who wish may be free to devote themselves to personal witness, activity in the surrounding community, or participation in such non-violent demonstrations as may be held.

To implement this declaration:

(1) Suspended classes will be made up later.

(2) We have appointed three members of the faculty to meet with students to schedule full activities for May 6, in which the student body and faculty will participate.

## get back ...

fantastic successes. The story is the same on every front. Our culture was just ignited again in the last couple of years, and they aren't going to stop us this time.

We are the heirs of America. Our culture is rooted in the American experience. We have learned from every subculture in this country -- and it is our firm intention to save not only our own culture from 'assimilation' or 'cooptation', (like what happened in the fifties) but to help save all the dying cultures in America from the zombie plague of the spiritless Anglo hidden persuader -- manipulators.

They have disowned us, and called us foreigners and niggers, anarchists, degenerates and hoodlums. But we are the true protectors of the American values of individualism, adventure and organic change.

And we stand against all those old people with their slicked down neat crisp haircuts and rayon ties who hold out the phony Peyton Place uptight conformist Anglo culture in the east as the true 'American way.' They have lied, and you can see it more every day now. And now their world is crumbling amid their lies.

And we, the youth of America, are breaking on through with our long hair, our home-grown marijuana cigarettes, our rock and roll, our personalized clothing, our wild motorcycles, our Boone's Farm wine, our mind liberating psychedelics, levis, insatiable drive to total freedom!



--Michael Harvey



# RAMBLER

## midnight

It seems to me that the great majority of intellectuals swarm around the political left if not the radical left. I'm not saying that William Buckley is not intelligent. I'm saying that that type of right wing intellectual is in an extreme minority. Buckley has probably never thought of how his mind would have developed had he been born into a different class. If he had ever considered this, his rampant racism would shine through even to him.

The fact that most intellectuals inevitably become Communists is evident if we look at the great men of the world from Marx, Lenin, Mao, and Che, through Dr. King, Dr. Spock, Dellinger, and Bertrand Russell. But both sides can match names all day.

The fact becomes more evident, however, when you look at where the student movement is heading. Berkeley and Columbia were the first two universities to break out in disruptions. Since then California and New York, the leading educational centers in the world, have constantly been in havoc. Last year every Ivy League College, supposedly the most advanced centers of higher education, had strikes of one kind or another. I'm not saying that these strikes contained the majority of the student populations because that is not the issue. I am trying to point out that the disruptions themselves are indicative of a new awareness coming of age.

I think that if one also took a good look at student radicals you would find most were the brightest in their classes. Mark Rudd received a letter of suspension from Columbia College for political activities on the same day he received a letter signed by the same Dean informing him that he was on the Dean's List for academic excellence. I also want to dispel a sense you might

have that I am saying that the student rebellion has taken over the majority of colleges because that isn't an issue here either. What is an issue is that although over 450 schools closed down after the Kent State deaths, comprising almost 25% of the nation's colleges, the student rebellion is indicative of a growing awareness amongst the smartest class of people in the country.

I think this class is beginning to attain its long overdue respect from our society. Our parents are beginning to see that the intelligent people are left wing. It is becoming hip amongst powerful social circles to be liberal and join with the students. You are a dope if you are right wing or you are bright if you are left wing. I am also not trying to pat myself on the back or try to hold the class up as an elitist group. We don't want to be emulated, necessarily, but rather understood emotionally and intellectually.

Students in Europe are treated with utmost respect because most people don't get the chance to enter college. They are respected for their superior sense of awareness and intellect. Here in the United States the student is just treated like a stupid, immature kid. What can we be saying so important that the government chooses to shoot at us and kill us to keep us from being heard?

It seems as though the intelligentsia always come around to baring themselves of everything and therefore exposing their racism and then begin to dress themselves with compassion. Eventually they end up Communists and they fight in the streets. The fact that steel workers don't look up to us or listen to us is upsetting because the intellectual bases everything he stands for in his faith in the masses to comprehend emotionally if not intellectually. But let me spread my criticism fairly. One of the biggest problems for the intellectual to solve is how he can reach the steel worker and relate to them because the intellectual knows the vital importance of being able to show the way for the masses. We, as students, must realize that this is our greatest goal.

Those in Congress could contest and stop the Indochinese War but they don't because none of them has felt the pain that the loss of son in Viet Nam brings. There are 231 sons of legislators who are eligible for the draft. Only forty-eight are in the armed forces. Twelve are presently serving in Vietnam. Only one has been wounded and none have been killed. However, 42,000 Americans have died overseas. How can we expect our legislators to be responsive to our urgent pleas for immediate withdrawal?

The United States pays many farmers not to grow crops although millions starve throughout the world. This encourages the farmer to lay off thousands of men willing to work. Only four per cent of all the farmers in this country receive thirty-five per cent of the profits to be made. There are 8,000 farm owners who get 350 million dollars or each of these 8,000 farmers are making an average of \$40,000 per year not to grow crops.

Senator Eastland is the main impetus behind these government subsidies. He also happens to receive \$146,000 per year in benefits from the government for not growing crops, not employing people, and keeping millions in starvation. Man, that's sick!

## washington

from page two

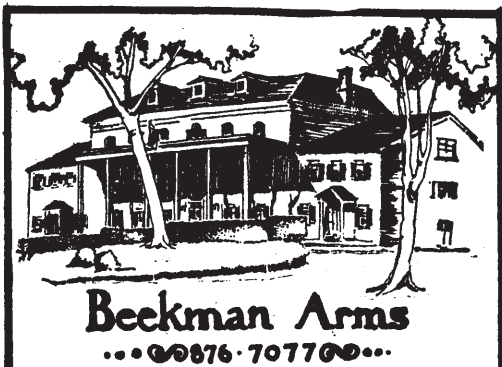

University and when the cops moved in they used a lot of gas and ended up beating many people. This was an absurd and generally unprovoked mistake. It served to provoke everyone there. About this time we found ourselves heading for the GW strike headquarters. By the time we arrived we had been gassed fairly heavily. We were met with a welcome and a possibility of being busted by the cops.

Sunday the STRIKE Headquarters was evacuated and about 30 Bard people met and began talking in a GW dorm lobby.

Our discussions dealt mainly with what had happened and what directions we felt Bard should take in response to this deep national crisis. The discussions continued on the buses as we returned to Bard, and by the time we got back here we were a group of people who had been profoundly changed and who were really ready to begin actively to do something about the problems that we so strongly felt.

We all have come to realize that the movement and its demands should not and ultimately are not something different from our lives and our life styles. This movement and its demands have become something much more personal for us than they ever were before, and this has happened because we have been forced to realize that unless this does happen there won't be a world around here in fifty years for anything to happen in.

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