Vol. 13 No. 11 May 13, 1970

Cover Page  [Cartoon]  R. Cobb
Back Page  Rufus  
The Radical Reptile  
Bill Crawford  
Ecological Cartoon  
R. Cobb
Page 1  Come To The Meeting  
Washington  
Rick deGolia  
March On Fort Dix  
Frank Matafia
Page 2  ["College food services are infamous for lousy meals, under-paid labor and general . . ."]  
[Cartoon]  Feiffer  
Letters  
[" . . . Letter on the moderation . . . The omission of a few words . . ."]  
Carl Selinger  
[" . . . Actions at the faculty meeting at which the moderation document . . ."]  
Heinz Berelsmann
Page 3  3,000 At Poughkeepsie For Peace Demonstration  
Gide Symposium  
Let’s Get Together  
Jamie Kravitt  
Pre-Dawn Visit  
6 Yrs. Hard Labor  
Robin Fensterwald
Page 4  Get Back To Where You Once Belonged  
Art Johnson
Page 6  Cat Of Nine Tails  
The Beginning . . . Or I Would Like To Make It Perfectly Clear  
John Katzenbach  
Strike Call
Page 7  Midnight Rambler  
Michael Harvey
Community invited to Bard...
Bard opens up...
Washington: an education...

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT!
come to the
MEETING

by Rick deGusti

Last Saturday's demonstration in Washington was originally called on April 26 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 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 busses 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 rate, 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 Mobil office and talked about what was going to happen. We expected a march and found out there was to be no march; we expected it 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 Ellipse we saw that many city buses had been parked back to front so that they were touching each other. This was to assure "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 disadissant political ideologies. It was very good. After Dellinger finished, Abe Hoffman began and we left (not out of disrespect for Hoffman but out of need for water) in the direction of the Washington Mun-

march on fort dix

by Frank Matafa

In conjunction with the first demand issued last weekend at New Haven, the 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 liers and right-wingers. The Fort Dix coffee house has been robbed, vandalized and bombed. The base has been re-occupied to the area will rent another building for a new Coffee House.

This open repression of the G.I. activists is part of the coordinated national-wide 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 extreme harsh and brutal repressions 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. Set. Both basically are the results of the same situation, alienation 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 successfully 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 unea- tural and oppressive sexual roles by the Army.
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. After the rally we will march through town to the Fort Dix Stockade. The March will be a mil- itant 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 significant 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 5 p.m. from in front of the gym.
College food services are infamous for lousy meals, under-paid labor and general insensitivity 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.

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 quite even more of an ass than I would have otherwise. Whatever you can do to correct this 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 experiments; 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
The Poukheepais police department had numerous auxiliary planes along the parade route, and state police could be seen perched atop buildings. At the arraignment, a pleader of a police with riot helmets stood immobile during the speechmaking, and laughed when a speaker noted, "We should be grateful that the police are wearing new riot equipment for this occasion."

Although predominantly peaceful, the crowd of students was discernibly more militant 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 Panama Park. The Hudson Valley Office of Industrial Operation offered its toilet facilities for the students' use.

Trash was picked up and placed in piles in the park before the demonstration began. The city of Poukheepais' parade permit allowed for the blockage of the streets used until 5:30 p.m. Almost all of the crowd had dispersed by that time.

Two events announced were a "Mid-Hudson Rally Against the War" at noonday Sunday in Starks Park, Poukheepais, with Assemblyman Andrew Stein the main speaker. A visit of Attorney William Kunster to Vassar College on Friday.

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

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 New York gave a fireside talk on Gide, touching the intellectual, personal and literary facets of the writer's life, quoting Kesten, Goethe and Browning. Peyre emphasized the primacy of living as did two other speakers, Françoise Grappo who teaches at Vassar and Nicholas Kozol who teaches at B.U. Grego, a French-Italian sociologist, had obvious difficulties with English, and you had to reach out to understand. But the strain was worth it when you heard about Montaigne and Gide and about their emphasis on human values and self discovery. Kozol delivered a dramatic and scholarly analysis of Gide's idea of the mythical Theatre, comparing Daedalus's labyrinth to the endless corridors of the penitentiary making Theatre sound very relevant and about today. Another talk by a second-year student from SUNY at Albany, Mr. Richard Speak, gave a harrowing account of Gide's bout with Catholic High School and his puritan back.

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 been assigned 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 entire desk filing cabinet containing 17 collected protests from students had been broken.

The administration building was accessible to the president and residents of the student protest. However, the presence of the protesters 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 area surrounding Bard. It was generally agreed we should 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 areas home 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 punitiveness. We want the community to be aware and work with us.

Jamie Krellit

pre-dawn visit

saying was absurd. Here we had come from a university that's completely up tight, on strike, and when we told them what 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."

Richard Nixon's five men 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 Catherine Palter: "It was unmanned. 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 uptight, on strike, and when we told them what 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."

Pre-dawn Visit

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

6 yrs. hard labor

by Robin Festerwald

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

The UFO got busted last Jan. The charge was "the keeping and main- tenance 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 restaurants.

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

by Robin Festerwald

The prosecution's star witness were four young man, all of whom confessed 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 to Lenny Cohen in early 1967 at that time Lenny was a student at American University in Washington D.C.

"We're having a big tidal going on now, Columbia's got a lot of pushy drugs," remarked a businessman in a Columbia pet shop.

It seemed to be the essence of the matter to Columbia authorities. to page six
—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 Betty 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 sprawling out for them to dominate the earthly life styles of a wild young nation of immigrants and desperadoes that drifted here from around the world. A bizarre sense of adventurise 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 noshed at will with the original American Indians, orientals, and mexicans. An embled people from Africa became the pulse and bedrock of the collective cul-
tures.

But by the end of the second World War the long-established interest 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 dicks – 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 ideas – the national magazines, daily newspaper chains, radio networks – and by the fifties, the national television industry.

The upright straight-shanked Betty 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 pa-
per 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 blood hair charging across the western plains on the back of a pony express. (I remember that from the movies.) But it was subsumed at last by the purebreds (ah-hem!) of the northeast.

America was named by the powerful inbred heirs of the phonry mor-
ality and phony money. Those people detested the freewheeling, hillbilly cowpoke, injun fee liddle black factory prole subculture – that was 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 pack-
g a gun. The segment of society least affected by these cataclysmic changes were the secured managers, owners, and financiers of the east. They sat in their penthouses, tucked on Havana cigars, and greeted the war as a boon to business.

Our shattered despised fathers came back from Europe and the Pacific, many without their former homes, or even their wives, with-
out 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 thirtyes 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 Filththim wing tips, had finesses, and took the right evening school courses.

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

The Betty Ross stuff shirts foisted their super anal porcel-
instant 'culture' on a country that had always been before consenorted to rabid git down gun runnin freedom wheelin cul-
tural individualism.

Assemble, young man. Get yer hair cut yer too nails, a little dabba greeze 'll do ya, don't get yer underarma wet, line mensal, spice cinnamon decuminate yer ears, vagina, hollyboaton, 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 scarred by the world crises of the previous two decades, were conned and hypo-
tized by the Barnum & Bailey promoters of the new America from New York!

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

I remember too the B movies produced by the wierdos from Hollywood–Anglos who retained some of the Western advent-
turism and flamboyance under the magic California sun. All those way out movies: cowboys, gangsters, zood suit hustlers, motorcycles and hot rods to hell. But all that stuff, we were sterilly 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 Sun-
day morning, and pleading allegiance to the flag before home-
room and baseball games. But it had even more to do with big red com-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 drove for 'respectability.' But they couldn't find satis-
faction 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!
our children? they chanted in unison in their perm-paper-clip-glitter-
ods. Responsibility? Selflessness? the chorus. We aren't just mis-
ser gadgets, they agreed, crying in is, it's just that we are so desper-
ate, a drag, and they sat around r. formica and naugahyde swim-
ing chlorine de mente and smok-
terdy poisons, looking still to be
eating that in the end money and
e would bring them and their off-
ices and security they so desper-
ate the promise of bigger and bet-
der their eyes. More GNP! in their prefab plaza houses with walls of age policies, and double
ick guarantees on everything - it
on them that the only real secure-
when they controlled the whole
years spent millions building an imper-
tor everything, from the smallest
 remotest Pacific island.
finale to western civilization, we
ring in the bleachers - to the tune
' with Ralph Williams riding the
in the fifty yard line, his fat palm
of a bikini clad Miss Dodge Rebin-
 to chant.

THE MOON: Is irony is that as they grow-toward slyly chipping about the rising rate of investment, freezing bodies and
at Grinfield for the Last Judgment
live in the past, waiting for its
is somewhere around 1952. But
therapeutically options of 1962, and
1972.

vn children, who were born to an-
 in beauty strength and wisdom
 stricken eyes, and they can only
ny and sin and communism
children pray that their parents' ob-
ever-never-land of The Way It
To Have Worked Out will not lead
y humanity and the planet in the
in our advancing scale years.

ING LINE both in terms of world
ology was the second. World War.
ions who were born when
in the seventh house and Jupiter
ars.' The war brought in its wake
ning of the age of Aquarius, but
ch of cybernetic abundance.

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
father had struck oil on his land
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 bilfold. The past
was still alive in this country. We all drove two tone
Chrysies now, even if we didn't quite own them.

I could have been born into any one of ten mil-
jion families. In the post war economic boom,
everyone in America hid their past. I remember
the Herman Gardeng project in the early fifties,
broken bottles in the streets, gangs like the Stil-
lettos, and the little girls being raped in garages
by the wierd kid down the block and the ever pre-

ter 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 is 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
whole, 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 left school and Detroit
with $30 in my pocket. I was fleeing my past too
their uptight schools and parents and author-
ties. I never felt loyalty 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-
thowers of the Americas 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 authorities. 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, forget the clothes and theories
that constrict the minds of old men.

They tried to make a Betty Ross white shirted Anglo
out of the school yards of Oklahoma
and Kentucky mountains 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 was the mark
of hoodlums? The newest 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 compact - I kept my true street clothes
that I wore cherished in the street for neighborhood.
I kept all those comic books and
Sun records-

Flat on his back at the Wailet Lake Casino, Gene
Vincent thrust his crotch out at the screenin' 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 Danny Goodman
and Tony Bennett. 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 racines wouldn't play the
hard rock records anymore. They blackhalled Elvis
and all the rest. They banned all the good records
cause the lyrics were 'suggestive' or the artists
'obsessive'. They destroyed our idols and gave us in
return purified Anglo copies like Pat Boone and
Rick Nelles. MAD grew stale, and the Comics
Code Authority took care of the rest of the week.
They reaped 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 hashed us about our threats and our hair
everyday in school and at home. All my life have
been harassed 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 verboten. My dressing by inpatient parents,
priests, principals.

We had to cover under blankets in the back seats
of cars, fearful of The Man's spotlight. Our love
for each other, on them
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

6

CAT OF TAILS

from page 3

John Elwyn, a city cop for 14 years, said of the customers and staff of the UFO: "They were dirty, they were smelly. It was like a grotto instead of a place of business."

However, a good number of solid, liberal citizens of Columbus seemed to disagree with them. They testified about the quiet, pleasant nature of the UFO. They employed it for their children there.

Five doctors testified about the superiority of the UFO in a town of clip joints and diamond palaces. Two of them had already been arrested by Mt. and CID to say 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 Haines and Deborah Rosenzweig to six years hard labor. The jury deliberated only an hour before convicting them.

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) Deploring the continuing war in Vietnam, considering the extension of this war into Cambodia by all its legal and illegal aggressors, and the attack on the Philippines, we urge the Congress of the U.S. to assert its constitutional authority and bring about an end of the wars in Southeast Asia. We urge our withdrawal of all American troops.

(2) The unprovoked killing of students in Ohio by national guard is another example of repression 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 this repressed and repressive act. 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 contracts, and all ties with the CIA.

get back...

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 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 80 movies we watched as kids, the music, we listened to, the comic books, the magazines, it lived, 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 shut us all.

We've got our own newspapers, our own radio station, our own 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 thousand with a combined readership of over four million!

While the last twelve years, four hundred established papers have gone under and more are fading 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 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 'cooption', 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 and the encroaching statistical mind. We have discovered, 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.

We stand against all those old people with their slicked down neat haircuts and rayon ties who hold out the phony conformity as "true America" in the east as the true American way.

They have lied, and you can see it more every day. And now their world is spinning around their own 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 and our minds liberated, indolent, levitated, intransigent drive to total freedom!