

OBSERVER

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Observer

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TOURISTS in their own country

by Michael Tolkin

Paul Foster said, "Never trust a prankster," so I can't really say how honest this article really is. After all, they may not have been the Hog Farm, and if they were, they may not have been here. Whoever was here, however, brought some fairly amazing things to this campus, not the least of which was a breath of some badly needed apolitical (see a never written article never published in the Observer-News-reel, How To Be Right in The Wrong and Do It With Anger) happy, pure and genuinely free air.

There they were, suddenly walking around in front of Stone Row with signs asking for money to spring some guy from jail (Peter White Rabbit - Peter what?). No introductions, no one really knew who they were, and here they are begging. And they look - well, Bard has people who call themselves hip, who dress Different Drummer hip, and do hip East Village things, but the Hog Farm... a crazy bus, a child, and the bearing of something very different. A commune, back to nature, hippies, flowers, and that's all part of it, but they're people... great people, the veterans of a thousand generations of gap wars and grammatical rap wars, no more semantics, no more "I'll do it after I get out of school next year" speeches... the Hog Farm, tourists in their own country. You probably know about their law hassles, about the harassment and such, about the school's ultimatum to them to leave, about how Mr. Roberts of Slater let them eat free, about four witnesses who went to some official and complained about Hog Farm folk doing bad things in Hoffman, things that seem to be surfacing a lot of uptightness around Bard. But were you at the light show, have you been to the bus, did you play with Djuna, talk with Paul, listen to Red Dog, help Jerry or Mike or Laura and the others?

They're an odd group, part of a larger commune, among them are an ex-computer programmer, an ex-smut peddler and bike freak, ex students, ex-etc. The Hog Farm is over fifty strong, they have a farm in Pennsylvania, busses to travel in, and light show equipment. They have a spokesman of High Romney, they have no formal organization, no written rules, no politics, no theories. Each person finds a job to do that is needed to be done and does it well. Votes are rarely taken, and then are seldom followed. Sometimes the I Ching is thrown, but mostly they make decisions in community meetings and discussion. They don't hate cops, and for the most part, get along very well with them. They're stopped a lot, but out of curiosity.

They enjoy putting on shows. Paul said that by not charging admission, they're not obliged to entertain. They organize incredible stony games... breathing exercises and touch things. They like doing that. People have they right to remain free of fear, they wrote to Bard.

Did you see the bus? Taller than Further it's called, because when it pulled alongside Further (Kesey's bus) it was taller. T. T. F. doesn't run so well, but never will you see a home like that again. Odd colors, pictures, boxes are everywhere. There are beds and blankets in the back, lots of food and fruit in the front. When I went in the first time, a bowl of corn flakes was shared - their only ritual. "Help yourself" it's American, it's coming in through the back porch to the kitchen and going straight to the refrigerator in your own home. You enter at night, and it's cold, but they take care of that, they'll give you a blanket, they know. Timidity soon leaves, you're just talking and listening - about cops, about New Mexico, about an old generator they had and after certain channels they had were opened, they got help from the Pentagon to fix it, about a San Francisco policeman who offered to pay a fine for them. They told me to be at Stonehenge on June 21 for the Summer Solstice - Kesey, Owsely, the Dead will be there, the Hog Farm might too, if they can get the bus across. Hugh said they couldn't get across the country when they left the coast last November. They did.

They liked Bard and the people here, they got good vibrations, saw things in us that are good, felt warmth. They want to come back up here again and bring the whole family and all their light equipment after vacation and put on a really light show, and have some really fine things to do.

What else? They said that they're not out to corrupt the politicians and the like, just their kids. They also say don't drop out. For myself, I can't thank them enough for coming. If you met them, got to know them, you feel that way, too.

JLRPC

The Joint Long Range Planning Committee, composed of trustees, Administrators, faculty and students, met this past Saturday for the first time this semester. Topics receiving major consideration were the idea of Bard as a residential college, and the need for restructuring the college government to include interested parties in the decision-making process.

Although there were no final proposals recommended, the Committee did show its willingness and ability to deal effectively with the problems Bard now faces. The next meeting will be on May 16. If you have an idea, opinion, proposals, or anything which you want to communicate to the Committee, talk with one of the student representatives, Larry Merrill or George Brewster.

BARD-KING PROGRAM

An outline of a proposal for the much-needed disadvantaged student program has finally been released. Tentatively called the "Bard-King Program" in memory of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., its stated purpose is "to make a Bard education available to students who could profit from it, but whose personal and family financial situation will not permit any significant payments toward college expenses." The program hopes to admit approximately 20 students in each freshman class. It is anticipated that at the end of four years, these students will constitute about 10% of the Bard student body. In the first year of the program, these students would be in addition to the regular number of freshmen, but in the following years they would be part of the regular freshman class.

The program distinguishes between "regular admission" and "special admission" students. The former would make up the majority, being students who would be admissible under regular admission standards. They would carry a full course load and receive some tutoring from upper college students. The latter are students who would not be admissible under regular criteria, but who have demonstrated ability to pursue work on the college level. They would probably take a lighter course load, participate in a special orientation program, and have the opportunity for remedial instruction and intensive tutoring. Both regular and special admission students will probably be drawn from the black community.

The report details the financing for the program in the 1969-70 academic year. Each program student will have all his expenses paid in full through a combination of new state scholarship funds, federal programs, and private donors. To continue admitting 20 students per year after next year, there will have to be an increase in funds available from private donors, federal funds, or tuition.

In conclusion, the report suggests that a Black Studies program should be implemented by the college as soon as practicable. It recommends recruitment of black faculty members to teach both black studies and other courses, and that divisions with faculty openings for the 1969-70 academic year make a special effort to recruit qualified blacks.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Last Wednesday night, President Reamer Kline made his regular contribution toward making Bard a more informed community.

The first of a dozen items he discussed was the proposed disadvantages students program. Responding to a "mandate of conscience" the college wants to admit twenty disadvantaged students this fall. Kline felt, however, that we should not "commit ourselves unless we can contribute" and that considerable resources are needed for such an undertaking. He mentioned that a memorandum by Dean Selinger on the subject would be circulated to the faculty. Wes Moore later asked if this would be circulated to students. He was told that any interested student might obtain a copy.

"There is no other position a college can take on drugs," the President said, "than one in accordance with the law. We recognize the wide diversity between practice of students and pronouncements of administrations." He pointed out that legal channels exist for changing laws. Bard spent \$10,000 for students bail and legal fees following the bust last spring. In keeping with the spirit of students' own demands for autonomy, the President reported that the college will make no guarantees of bail or legal fees in case of future arrests.

"There were three articles in 'The Times' today on the issue of student participation in decision-making, and there will be three tomorrow." He then reported his own efforts to get students on the Long-Range Planning Committee and pointed to the invitations to fifteen students to attend the Mohonk Conference. There is presently a resolution before the faculty proposing student observers be admitted to their meetings. As of now, the agenda of these meetings is submitted in advance to the head of senate and the question of representation is left to his discretion. Although stressing the importance of the faculty "maintaining its autonomy and integrity" the President said he is "not at all adverse to discussion with any interested group toward further representation of the students. We are not scared of students."

Moving to gut issues, the President revealed that the drug raid last spring had had yet another unfortunate consequence: it threw Ludlow into such confusion that

somehow the Slater contract was renewed without discussion with concerned students. This year, the senate's intention to participate in discussion of renewal will be granted. But changes may mean a further rise in student fees.

The design of the new dining commons is complete, the necessary funds raised. We will have new tennis courts as well.

The President also brought to light a largely unknown illegal activity going on at Bard: our sewerage system is "in total violation of all health laws. We are for our size one of the most effective polluters of the Hudson River." (Look that up in your Lovejoy.) A new sewage plant is under way.

President Kline said that although he felt students had earned the right to make decisions regarding their own conditions of living, "No one on this campus has enough authority to silence noise, put out smelly animals or maintain standards of cleanliness and hygiene." As a consequence, he has received many complaints which HPC repeatedly has failed to deal with when he has referred these to that body. "This is unfinished business."

He proposed re-examination of Bard's status as a 100% residential college, because the number of students requesting and successfully finding off-campus accommodations has risen beyond administration expectations.

The President supported an "open campus" policy and the right of controversial speakers to visit Bard. "A great deal of Bard's value will be lost if we adopt a doctrinaire policy regarding this subject."

On the question of student financial aid, the President stated that Bard students receive a total of only a quarter million dollars annually in scholarship aid, only \$80,000 of this from Bard itself. He mentioned the possibility of raising student fees \$200 or \$300 and using this money for scholarships for unusually bright students who cannot afford Bard fees and would otherwise choose larger institutions able to give larger scholarships. This, the President feels, would improve the "total intellectual life of the college."

He also raised the possibility of increasing the student body by up to fifty students in order to get several additions to the faculty.

Applause followed the President's statement that he favored change in course load requirements. Such a change might require lower college students to carry only 4 courses, upper college students 3.

Jay Weil suggested the college seek endowments and rich trustees. The President said the college was presently trying hard to acquire both of these, but felt hopes were "unlikely to be realized."

Questions were raised by Bruce Diamond and Bruce Warshawsky about the wisdom of spending money on building when more faculty members are sorely needed. President Kline answered that when a donor earmarks his gift for a certain project, the college cannot simply appropriate it for whatever it chooses to. He said that donors prefer something they can name as they please or see in a photograph.

The President said that quiet dorms would be instituted in the fall, with Stone Row possibly becoming Bard's first such dorm, housing only those who want peace and tranquillity.

The President regretted that there is no way to keep local police from serving traffic violation tickets on campus. "There is no way a college can keep the law off those parts of the campus open to the public." He admitted this was very bad, but said, "A college should not be seen as a sanctuary for indulgence in illegal activity."

When there were no more questions, President Kline concluded by thanking the audience for the hall. He appeared relieved it was over.

Reamer Kline is a college president at a time when a lot of college presidents are up against the wall. He appears very much aware of this. He stressed that although he does not believe in change for its own sake, channels for change must remain open and visible. He repeatedly expressed his willingness to re-examine the validity of all existing policies and programs. At one point he wryly recognized that at this time students could probably force through any changes they desired. In maintaining good relations with students, the President's sense of humor will probably be of greater value than all his declarations of flexibility, as sincere as these are.

M. Swerdlow



Monday night the Student Senate reached hitherto unplumbed depths of irresponsibility and pusillanimity. This singular accomplishment consisted of the authorization of still further tribute to the Film Committee. The amount was small compared to the blackmail payment demanded and received in the past, but the event was important in that it clearly demonstrated Senate's unwillingness to exercise any responsibility in the allocation of Student Association funds. For the Senate to do this is criminal, but for the student body to tolerate it is indescribably worse.

The issue centers about the allocation of \$75 in salary to a poster maker, but it was illustrative of the underlying pattern of misrepresentation which has characterized the Film Committee this semester. In an act of uncommon judiciousness, the Treasurer reported that a voucher had been submitted requesting the salary and that, in her opinion, this request was wholly illegitimate, in view of public statement made by the Chairman of the Film Committee and in view of the committee's budget request. The discussion that followed brought out the fact that this poster maker was originally to be paid \$60, but in spite of the committee's promises to economize she was to receive \$75. Further evidence of the nature of the Film Committee's intentions about economizing may be seen in the fact that their efforts were restricted to gypping you out of eight films while leaving their salaries intact and even raising them. For them to have the unadulterated gall to hurl the insult of this request in the face of the rest of the students is but a further example of intolerable extortion. But if you think this is bad, how does it feel to know that Senators Weil, Chisena, and Jo voted this proposal into law?

It is clear that a \$75 salary is but a small part of the real issue, which is the usurpation of enough power by the 1% of the students to determine the fate of 25% of the students' funds. This is a particularly obnoxious example of a particularly obnoxious process. The Film Committee delivered the community an ultimatum at the beginning of the semester: either the Student Association pays off a large portion of our loans or we leave it devoid of entertainment. At that time Senate copped out and permitted Film Committee's pecuniarily motivated oligarchy to pay itself over \$500 in salary. The latest voucher is merely another attempt to further the exploitation of the many to the advantage of the few.

The community must take a stand now and put an end to this brigandage. The students must rise up and hold Senate responsible for the money it has squandered and assert their right to be free from the sort of cowardice and myopia which has not only been permitted, but aided and abetted, the problems created by the Film Committee this semester. A mass turnout at the next Senate meeting in protest of the Senate's irresponsibility concerning the Film budget would no doubt help. The Senate must rescind this \$75 allocation if it is to cease falling to the mercy of self-aggrandizing opportunists.

To the Editor:
I'd like to get a message across.

Please, from now on, nobody paint on the library pillars and dormitory walls. It's really totally unnecessary. I mean you could paint stuff on a window shade or something and go out and put it up with masking tape, or a thumb tack, or something a little less permanent. You know, your favorite slogan, like You Suck. Or, because doing posters didn't satisfy your demonic urge to Deface, you could work off your aggressions and aggravations by organizing and doing posters for dances and for keeping up the student spirit with signs like Beat Bible College, for the tennis team.

Or go out and stop someone from breaking into the coffee shop and gorging himself in the middle of the night; or someone else from stealing the guy in the next room's Mother's iron. But don't paint on the stupid buildings.

It makes the administration not trust the itty bitty students and send out fascist dictatorial commands like NO STUDENT WILL BE ALLOWED TO STAY ON CAMPUS typed twice by some creative graphics artist, a little off, to make it look impressive. They seem to think that it's the students that steal like crazy out of the buildings during vacations. If they're locked, they're locked, and just as hard for a student to break into as for anyone else. But how about leaving one dormitory open, or something, as an alternative? Sorry.

It's really mostly because they're in a bad mood about all the theft and vandalism. I think they should establish a demerit system. It's proper punishment for spray can wielders.

Nick Hilton

G. B.



CRUSADER RABBIT

At Monday's Student Senate meeting, Dr. Heinz Bertelsmann discussed possible forms of immediate academic reform at Bard. Senate Chairman Bruce Lieberman announced that plans and papers were being submitted to the Senate on changes in academic decision-making, the disadvantaged students program and other matters of curricular change and declared the intention of the student body to see some changes by the end of the semester. EPC Chairman Charlie Clancy announced the proposal of a "core" Comparative Humanities course and asked for and received Senate support for introducing the course next semester.

And Senators Weil, Chisena, and Joris (Boli, Elliot, Melnick, and Miller were absent) voted to award still more money to the Film Committee's personal salary fund.

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To the Editor,

this letter is to protest a current piece of what I consider irresponsible journalism, as well as one student simply using our newspaper as his own particular plaything. What I'm referring to is the column "Cat Of Nine Tails" that has been running for the past few weeks, which seems to me is one student giving vent to his own hang-ups and neuroses. I do not attend this school for the express purpose of reading some cynic cutting down and caricaturing the modes of life which I and many fellow students have chosen to live. It is better to live in the Bard environment, and to choose what to do with oneself, than to extend oneself on the outside, and be crimped and channeled by society. I have no objection with the Observer as a whole, only with that one particular columnist who exists only to fantasize. I do not feel that there is any place in a school newspaper for irresponsible fantasy, and cynicism.

sincerely,
Roger Willis.

CAT OF NINE TAILS

Unfortunately the next day was worse. I was awakened early by the sunlight through my window, and by my next door neighbor, who seemed to have developed a passion for the Mothers of Invention at eight in the morning. But I shrugged all this off, and by ten, showered and fresh, I was roaring towards campus. To my distress I roared a bit too much in third gear, and by noon, with tears dripping down my newly tanned cheeks I watched them tow my racy little machine away with a broken oil gasket. I wandered, on foot, through the disappearing smoke which my car had produced in volume towards the post office.

Generally I approached the post office with a certain amount of trepidation, and this day I broke into a cold sweat as I went through the door. As usual it was chock full of brightly colored scraps, and after spending a quarter of an hour trying to open the little box, I attacked these with fervor. Music club happenings, SDS demonstrations and movie announcements all disappeared into the waste basket, and I was left with a letter from home and a message from the dean's office informing me that I had failed to pay my spring term bill, and that I owed the school eight hundred dollars. I imagined that they would prefer small denomination unmarked bills, cash. Having but a dollar and a half on me, I threw this message with the rest, and stuck the leather jacket. I began to wonder just who stuck all the messages in my box. Fantasizing wildly, I imagined a little hunch back student, who looked greatly like the fellow who rung the bells at Notre Dame. I could see him grinning lasciviously as he thrust the notes into the boxes, channeling all his sexual frustrations in a positive manner. Or perhaps it was this unknown, lithesome young lady, whose only manner of communicating was through music club announcements. Or better yet, it was an ordinary student who had failed to pay his parking fines, and was chained in the vast reaches of the post off-

ice, fed on bread and water, and brought out of his cell daily to shove messages.

I was awakened from my reverie by a troika of smiling faces, who greeted me warmly by slapping me affectionately on the back, and even helping me pick up my english paper, which fluttered gently to the floor. I was able to clean most of the shoe print off of it, and I followed the bunch into the coffee shop, to get a bracer before my mid-term in psychology 107, group sensitivity, and applied cynicism.

Braced adequately by the last of the original five cent cokes, I moseyed off to my test, trying to fight that sick feeling that I get when I go to a test that I've only read half of the material for. To add to my sick feeling I found that someone had left the heat on in the room. No one else seemed to notice, and I took a seat next to the class genius. Unfortunately he had a habit of eating pistachio nuts during any written exercise. But that wasn't half as distracting as the test itself. True to form, having read only half the material, I was able to perform on half the test.

Lacking anything better to do, and too embarrassed to get up and do it anyway, I let myself slip into another reverie. Perhaps there would be a bust this weekend...

Sherrif Quinlan raised his arm and the column ground to a halt. Motioning to the walkie-talkie man, he began to issue directions into the portable phone. "... This is easy company, squadron leader Quinlan calling able company..." there was some static and then a reply from the national guard captain down the column. "... This is able, go ahead Quinlan." Sherrif Quinlan paused momentarily to survey the situation. They had come all the way down 9G without any of the expected resistance, and he suspected some kind of trap. He only let the thought wander in his mind for a moment, and gave the order to proceed into the campus. There was confirmation from down the line, and the column split into two and entered the Bard campus. Quinlan overheard one of the tank men mutter to himself as he checked the Browning automatic "... That Quinlan, he's all blood and guts..." and the sherrif smiled to himself.

He pulled his division of two tanks and several mounted machine guns to a halt

three hundred yards from Manor House. An eerie silence pervaded the area, broken only as the lead tank rumbled to the front and proceeded down the road. It swung its turret to bear on the dormitory, and halted as Quinlan raised a bullhorn to his lips. "... No needless bloodshed...". But before he could issue his ultimatum there was a roar from the dormitory, and the front of the tank burst into flames. Someone behind the sherrif called "... Phosphorus bazooka ..." and state troopers and national guardsmen dove for cover. From the sides machine guns opened up, cutting into the diving men. There were screams from the burning and dying soldiers. Someone pulled the sherrif down. There was another roar from Manor, and the confused soldiers turned to see two sportscars spewing bullets racing towards them. Quinlan kept his head and motioned to the remaining tank, which fired at point blank range. The soldiers managed a feeble cheer as the smoke cleared on the wreckage of the cars, and as they climbed to their feet they were greeted with silence. Manor still stood untouched before them, and Quinlan knew that behind every window there were determined students, and that each room would be a battle in itself. He shouted the order to regroup, and reached for the walkie-talkie. However it crackled into action before he had a chance to use it. "... Easy company, calling easy, this is able company... we're pinned down up here by Stone Row... Mayday, Mayday...". Quinlan looked grimly at the phone. He knew his plan had called for splitting the attack force, and the thought 'Just like Custer'... ran through his head...

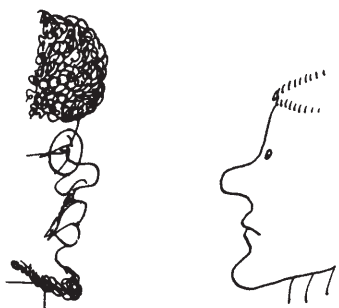
I had to pass my paper in, and smiled.

J. K.

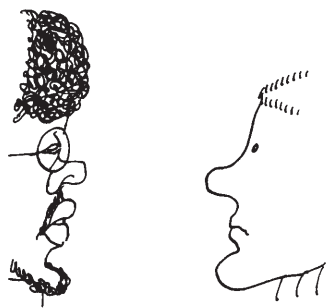


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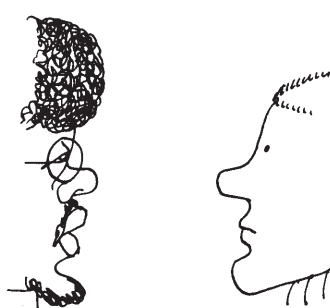
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WHITE HISTORY!



RUN BY WHITES-



TO PROMOTE WHITE POWER!



WE WANT OUR HISTORY-



BLACK HISTORY!



RUN BY BLACKS-



TO PROMOTE BLACK POWER!



OUR DEMAND IS SEPARATE BUT EQUAL LIES.



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FEEDBACK

— KEN GRIMWOOD

They feed me twice a day now, and I think that is better than it was before when they only fed me once. Once a day. They used to only feed me once a day. I think they did at least that's the way I remember it if this is what you call remembering...

One...two...three...bang; I know all the motions exactly now, I could tell you better than anyone else just what each one of them will do next. Here comes the next one, and this is the part where the girl is going to cover her face with her hands, the brunette girl over there on the right... See? I know them all, I know them better than anyone else.

I used to wonder where this place was, and who fed me, but I don't think about that anymore. I know so much more now, you see. Little things. I mean... things you wouldn't even notice, things like... watch, watch, here comes the scuffle, see his hand there in the center?

I think my food is always the same... is it? Will you tell me? I can tell you so many things, important things about which part to watch when... so will you tell me if my food is the same? I have some trouble hearing you, but if I listen closely maybe I can understand what you say. That is, if you say something. You watch for the food, and try to tell if it's the same as last time. You won't miss anything, we'll see all this again. And again. It keeps going around and around, so we won't miss a thing... and I know where all the specially important parts are, I'll tell you when to look. You won't miss anything, so you watch for the food... will you? Please?

About the food... whether it's the same all the time... that's really the only big thing I don't know. The other things, like I mentioned before about who feeds me and who keeps me in here, I gave up on finding those out a long time ago. But they don't matter that much, anyway. Just the food part, that's the only thing... maybe if I thought real hard, maybe I could remember for myself... Oh, look, NOW! Did you see that? That was one of the most moving parts of all, I hope you didn't miss it... just that expression, on that black man's face there in the corridor... he always looks so lost, so totally bewildered... I know how that man feels, sometimes I used to feel that way myself, do you know what I mean? Have you ever felt that way?

Everything they do seems to take so long when you know it all like I do... like they were all doing it over and over underwater, or the way it would look if they... if the people who... if the film slowed itself down. It is film, you know, film taken from the original videotape. I can tell the difference between film and videotape at a glance, and now I can tell when it's film taken from videotape or film taken live. This is film taken from videotape, but of course a lot of the other, that earlier part that was on before the food came, that's original film.

Oh, the food did come, didn't it? Was it the same as the other food? Was it? Why weren't you noticing? Were you looking at the food? Please say something now. Just say yes or no, whether you were looking for the food to come and how it got here, that's another part I forgot to mention, look... I mean, please look to see just exactly how it gets here, whether there is a little tiny door or if it comes down from the ceiling or what. Could you do that? I'm sorry. I just want you to say one thing to me, and then I'll be quiet and not bother you anymore, because I have plenty to occupy my time and I certainly don't want to intrude on yours. Your time, I mean, for whatever you may want to do. You may want to watch the film with me, though I already said I'd point out the interesting parts. No, this is just another interview, it's not all that important. I'll tell you when to pay attention.

About the food, now... did you see it come in? Just say yes or no, that's all you have to do... or you could even nod or shake your head, that would be enough, I'd understand, because I've become very sensitive to the slightest movement of the human body recently, from studying the reactions of everyone in the film. I can detect the tiniest change of position or expression, and you really don't have to say a word, just nod a little if the food came in through a little door. Won't you please do that for me, it isn't asking much, and I'll show you everything I've learned from my experience with this film which is of course the most important film that was ever made.

And no one person even actually made it, there was no director or producer I don't think, it was just a lot of pieces of different films by different people and different cameramen, you can tell if you look as closely as I do. NBC I think made the best parts, except of course for that wonderful brief section photographed by the man in the crowd, that mister Zapru...
Oh, now, now, Look! Watch this... WATCH! WATCH JACKIE'S HEAD TURN WHEN THE SECOND BULLET HITS HIM!

Encounter pure song

distant realms of

ethereal delight

Woman sculptured

white foam rushing

down over stone woman

cut by water into stone

And we waited listening

to ripples of sun

release across water

prisms (This vein

HISSING

HARD BEAUTY BLOOD RAGING

Tilt your head to hear her

assuage spirits of the trees

This body wanting leaves:

What could I touch

but my recollection

of our love cradle

Your body a shadow

of spirit over mine.

murph

sky

every

day

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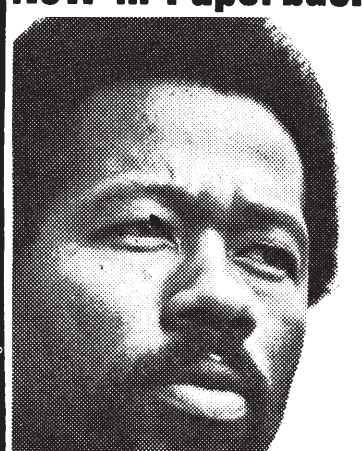
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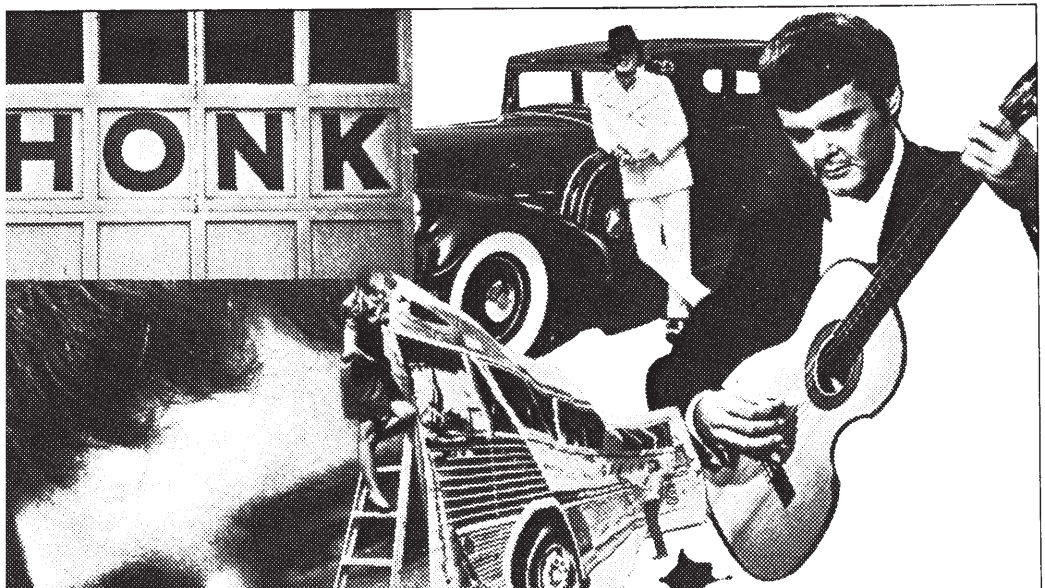
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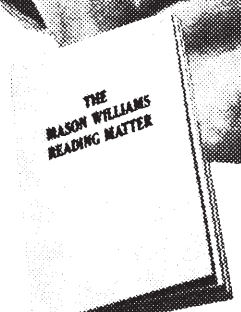
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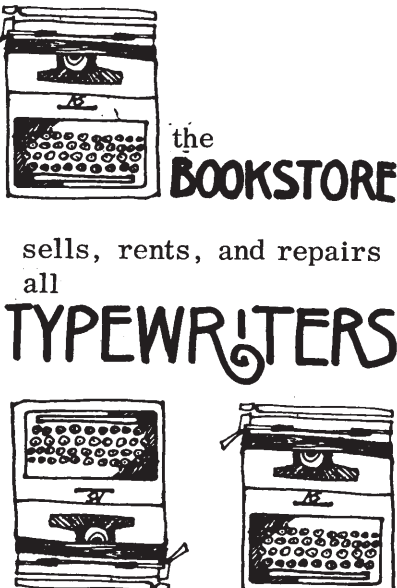
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