# Bard College
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# OBSERVER

Vol. 12 No. 19 October 22, 1969


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# observer

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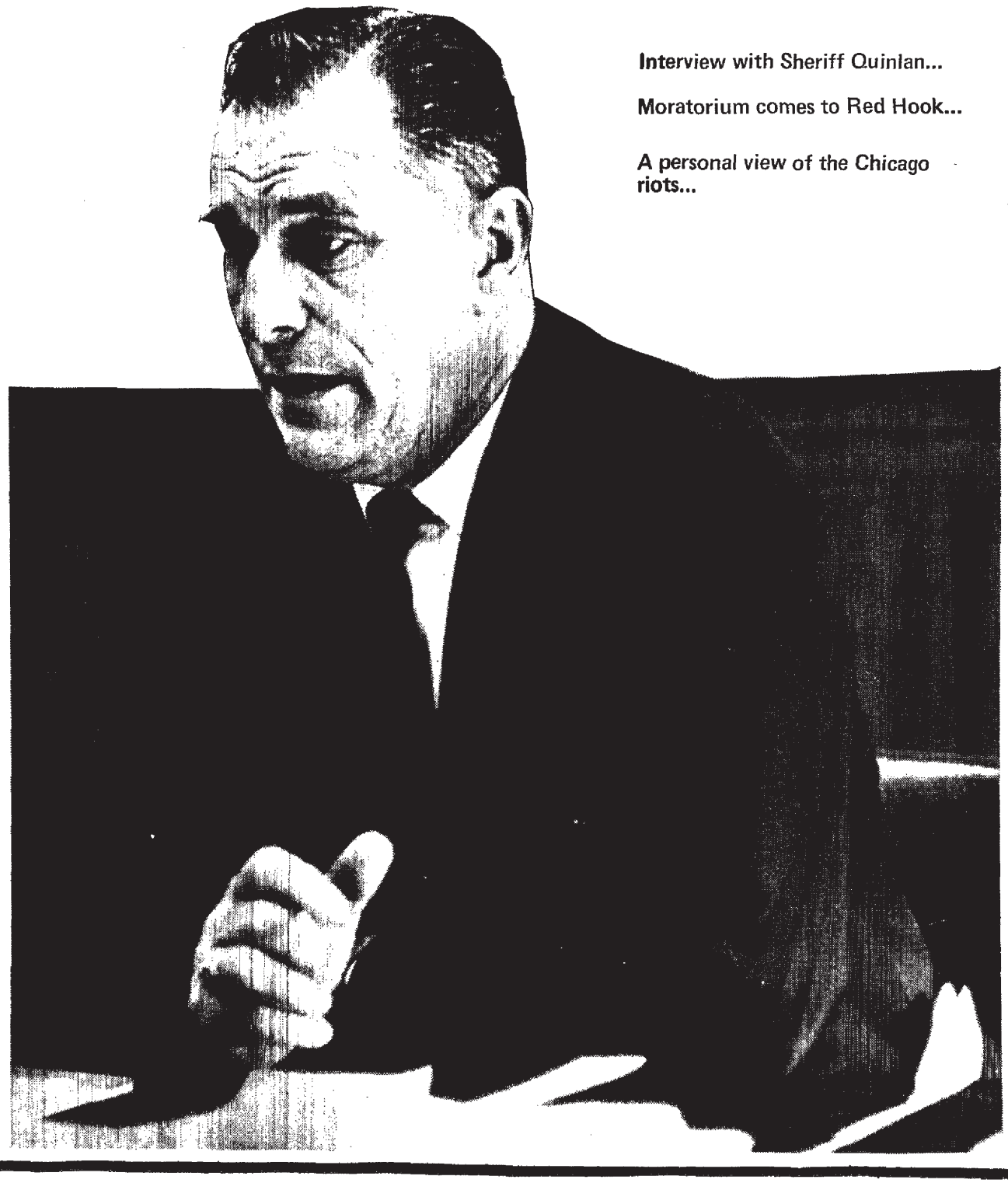

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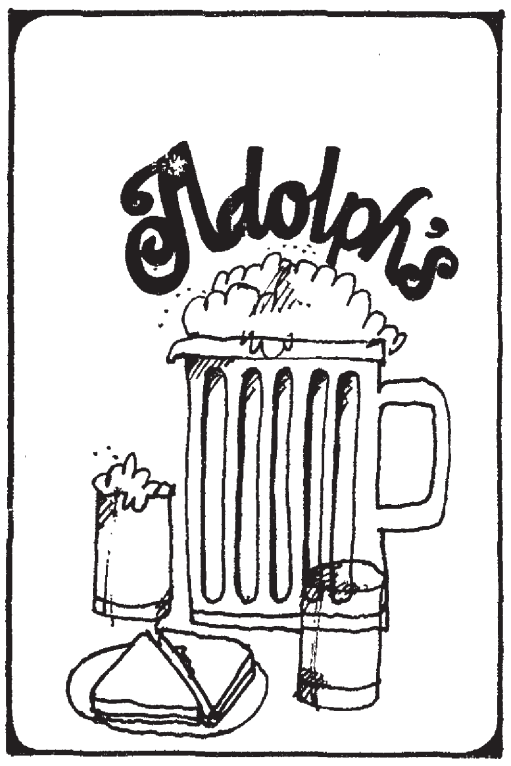
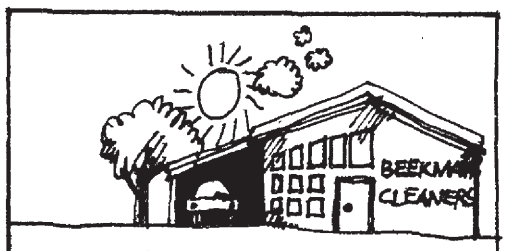


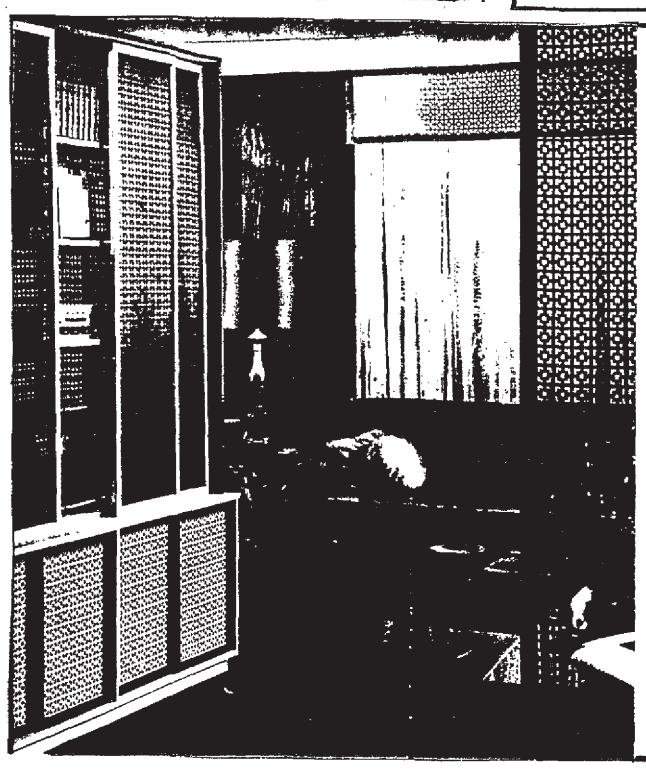

VON HUSEN'S meat market
fresh fish
quality meats
imported cheeses
43 E. MARKET ST.
RHINEBECK 876-6256




BEEKMAN cleaners
red hook: 27 n. broadway
758-1561
drive-up window
open 'til 7 p.m.

rhinebeck: 44 e. market st.
876-3671
open 'til 6 p.m.

RIKERT'S
auto body shop • route 9
rhinebeck, NY • 876-4740



SCHEFFLER lumber co.
120 S. BROADWAY
SCHEFFLER
RED HOOK

County sheriff Louis Imperato holds up traffic for marchers.

Bard students at morning march.

# community participates in moratorium day

Rick DeGolia speaks at morning rally.

Red Hook high school students participating in afternoon march. Sign reads "Give peace a chance."

# CHICAGO RIOTS: a personal view

By Norm Pressman
College Press Service

CHICAGO—(CPS)—I landed at O'Hare Field in Chicago at 9:30 a.m. Saturday with an assignment to report on the SDS Weatherman demonstration at Haymarket Square. Three hours after my arrival, I was sharing a cell with Mark Rudd and nine other Weathermen.

Trying to find Haymarket square wasn't easy. When I asked people on the street for directions, they either would not talk to me or would mislead me. I finally found it by following a wall of police which formed along what was to be the SDS Weatherman parade route several hours hence. All the police were wearing regular cloth hats.

The human wall led down Dearborn and up Randolph streets to the other side of the Chicago River where Haymarket Square, the scene of violent labor riots in the 1800's, is located. A statue honoring police who were killed during those riots stood in the square until last week, when, according to police, it was blown up by left wing groups.

But the police were adequately represented in the square on Saturday. They surrounded it with men, motorcycles and detention vans. A small group, perhaps twenty or thirty demonstrators, was sitting around the pedestal that had supported the statue.

At 12:45 p.m. three brown Plymouth sedans pulled up on the north side of Randolph Street. I assumed, as did most of the onlookers, that the pot-bellied, T-shirted group piling out of the cars represented some right wing group that had come to violently counter-demonstrate.

The new arrivals quickly walked across the street and began to viciously beat, seemingly without provocation, four or five of the people sitting at the base of the statue. They used chains and clubs.

I did not see any of the victims of the attack actively resist their beatings. Mobbed, caught by surprise and defenseless, they could not resist. The police surrounding the park only watched.

Finally, there was some movement in police lines and a van appeared. One of the victims was yelling "Help police!" and I remembered Yossarian as I saw the hoodlums shoving their victims into the van, realizing that they were police. "They're pigs," an onlooker cried, and the crowd was shocked into silence by the horrible double truth.

Tactics became obvious. Uniformed police were acting with perfect restraint. There would be no pictures this time of Chicago's finest beating people. But the police reaction had not really changed from the Chicago of the Democratic Convention—only the uniform.

I began taking pictures. I photographed Daley's plainclothes squad, euphemistically called the "red squad," beating people. I had pictures of demonstrators, of unmarked c ars, of arrests, of violence. One officer screamed an obscenity at me and instructed the police photographer to take my picture. I took his picture.

My wishy-washy-liberal blood boiled. I abandoned all pretense of being the objective reporter and yelled "bastard" at a cop as he raised a club over a prone shadow. He raised his fist at me. I took more pictures. I had used up all my film so I walked back down Randolph Street, where the parade permit would allow the march to proceed later in the day. I bought more film and waited behind police lines for the march to start.

An order came down the line and the police all donned riot helmets. A group wearing the uniform of the American Nazi Party ran down the street. The police were perfectly restrained. A few minutes passed, and then came the SDS Weathermen. They were marching ten abreast with linked arms chanting, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Viet Cong is gonna win," and "Power to the people, not to the pigs."

The police stood their ground, even as the black flag of anarchy passed, emblazoned with the Soviet emblem. The marchers, numbering approximately 800, were actually led by a police escort of about 25, guided by a wall of police down the legal parade route.

Three blocks later, as I followed, hell broke loose. I saw no incident which set it off, but within seconds blood was being drawn by the red squad.

I photographed unmarked cops kicking and beating demonstrators with clubs and chains while other cops held them. One boy was pinned against a lamp post and beaten for over a minute as I watched.

A window broke somewhere. I changed my film and ran down the street to La Salle and Madison where I saw ten plain clothesmen pinning five demonstrators faces down on the hood of an automobile. If one tried to lift his head to breathe, it was immediately shoved down into the hood. The victims did not resist.

"Post Dispatch" reporter Robert Sanford described the action "Police held Jacobs (one of the Weathermen) and half a dozen others bent over the trunk of an automobile."

What Sanford and, for some reason, the entire Chicago press establishment failed to report was that almost all the arrests were made by plainclothesmen in the business-suit tradition. They wore dirty "hippy" type outfits. They were dressed to make it appear that they were anything but policemen.

Sanford and the press corps reported that many officers were injured. None mentioned the fact that most of them were plainsclothesmen. Most of the officers who were injured were engaged in underhanded activities. Their victims were not aware that they were police officers.

One officer with a minor facial cut was photographed with blood all over his face. There was never any evidence to show that this cut, which required only a few stitches, was inflicted by a person

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# CHICAGO RIOTS: a personal view

continued from page one

involved in unlawful activity.

I was photographing the Madison and LaSalle Street scene two or three feet from the car where the demonstrators were being held. I had taken pictures which showed violent police action.

I was not interfering with any activity when a plainclothes policeman, Michael O'Shea, was instructed to arrest me. Both Officer O'Shea and the individual who in structed O'Shea were dressed in red squad attire.

O'Shea was civil. He asked for identification. I identified myself fully. But even though I had identification showing that I was a reporter, I was held. Another officer forcefully threw me into a conveyor full of bleeding bodies.

Someone had squirted teargas in to the front of the conveyor. As soon as the door was shut, a demonstrator passed around a pen and announced the legal aide number.

I was the first to be pried out of the conveyor as it arrived at the police building dock area. We were lined up five at a time for group photographs. They then put us into an elevator which did not work. It took ten minutes for an officer to discover that the emergency button had been pressed.

We were taken upstairs to the tenth floor and placed into an old courtroom with fifteen pews. One-by-one they filled out arrest slips. Most demonstrators were cooperative. Many even used their draft cards as identification.

A few refused to give more than their name and address. One Puerto Rican gave five or six different names. An Oriental who was sleeping in the courtroom was rudely awakened and introduced as Ho Chi Minh.

While I was waiting in the courtroom, two of the red squad that I had photographed at Haymarket Square approached me and took me into a back room. They asked me questions and I answered them.

"I didn't do anything illegal. I've never been arrested and I am annoyed that one of your red squad buddies pinched me for taking photographs."

"There's always a first time, Norm," said the fat ugly one whose parentage I had challenged earlier.

"Norm," he said, "I've been on the police force for fifteen years and no one has ever called me a bastard."

"There's always a first time," I replied.

I never got the officers' name but they got my film. They destroyed in my presence over two hundred photographs of blatant police brutality. I attempted to complain but I realized I had lost my film—period.

The waiting started. No one was advised of his rights. No one had been allowed to make a phone call. I was never advised of my rights or allowed to make a phone call.

Then the match game began.

They paraded officers up and down the aisles and your arresting officer had to identify you and file the complaint. I was lucky. O'Shea found me and charged me with "Disobeying a police officer." He was almost apologetic.

"Don't worry," he said, "This is only a minor charge."

Those who had been separated from their officers were in big trouble. The court's orphans were randomly assigned arresting officers who proceeded to file felony charges against persons whom they had never seen.

After being officially charged, O'Shea and I were taken up to the 11th floor lockup.

I was taken to the reception desk. I was searched again. They took my belt from me (so I couldn't hang myself). They asked some questions. I answered. We were very cordial. Then I discovered my camera was missing from its case.

"Wait a minute. I'm not going anywhere without my camera," I said.

They tried to deny that I ever had a camera.

"You guys can't stop crime anywhere, can you." The officers all laughed and suddenly my camera reappeared. It was returned by an officer who had taken it to remove the film.

"How do you open it?" he asked.

"The overweight gentleman downstairs didn't seem to have any trouble opening it." I opened it for him and he was quite disappointed when there was no film in it.

Officer O'Shea and I went to have our pictures taken. He complained he had been on duty for 19 hours straight. I was fingerprinted.

Officer O'Shea said goodbye, telling me to keep my mouth shut and I wouldn't get into any trouble.

"They're all nice people up here," he said. "Just treat them right."

I was now in the custody of Officer O'Conner. He operated a group of 6' X 8' cages in which prisoners were kept for future processing.

I looked at the list of prisoners' charges. Almost all were charged with felonies. O'Conner looked at my report and smiled.

"I'd like a first class cell, not with common hard core criminals," I said. He then proceeded to put me into a cell with the ugliest bunch of people. There were eleven of them in the cage.

As the door shut and I was officially in jail, the meanest, nastiest one of them all asked me, "What are you in for?"

"Littering and creating a general nuisance."

Each of us had four square feet in our pig pen. But we shared it equally. Still no one had been allowed to exercise his rights. It was now 6:00 p.m.

Things livened up half an hour later when Mark Rudd joined the already overcrowded cell. Several persons were removed.

Rudd, who stood out from the rest of the Weathermen with his short hair and relatively clean cut appearance, had been one of those arrested at Haymarket. He recognized several prisoners and then got into an interesting discussion with someone who had accidentally joined the demonstration. Rudd spoke quietly but with left-wing jargon. He was using the term revolution loosely. But he really meant revolution.

"From now on commitment to the movement is going to be measured by the amount of damage people do," he said.

Rudd voiced several opinions about the afternoon's activities. He said he was glad that so many people seemed so committed. But he expressed dismay at the Weathermen who had chosen to follow police rules and have a legal demonstration. He said this left SDS open for an ambush.

At this point it appeared that at least 120 persons had been arrested.

One veteran Weatherman estimated that we might be there until Monday. He said that after Wednesday's demonstrations, people were kept for several days without being allowed to make calls. They were given form letters which they could send to their relatives.

O'Connor and company then decided to feed the caged animals. He came to the cell with bologna sandwiches and ordered each of us to take just one. But we took them in and passed them to the back of the cell. We got over 20 sandwiches. O'Conner could not figure out how we did it.

At 8:00 p.m. we were taken to the 10th floor and locked in a large room. There were 34 of us waiting for our arraignment hearings. The room had benches around the perimeter and only one door, which was opened and shut by a Cook County Sheriff's aide.

This was my first SDS meeting. Rudd took charge of it immediately. One prisoner stood at the door and said "oink-oink" every time an officer appeared. Rudd said that he thought one felony charge would mean bail of $5000. Two or more would mean $10,000.

Rudd explained the Illinois system. You pay only 10 per cent of the bail as bond. This is returned when you show up for trial.

One-by-one we were removed from the large room to the same room where we were processed earlier that afternoon. I was among the first to get called out. The specific charge against me read:

"Failed to obey a lawful order of dispersal by a person known to him to be a peace officer under circumstance where three or more persons are committing serious acts of disorderly conduct in the immediate vicinity, which acts are likely to cause substantial harm or serious inconvenience."

I did not understand how they could have expected me to know O'Shea was a police officer when he was not wearing anything closely resembling proper legal identification. My lawyer, Arthur O'Donnell, a volunteer from the Chicago Bar Association, listened to my case and did a fair job on short notice. He recommended no bail. But the prosecuting attorney, a colored lawyer, asked for $1,000. The judge decided on $750 and a paycheck I happened to have covered the needed $75.

I was liberated.

Observer exclusive: Coeds Jacquie Lowry and Jamie Nicol buried under plaster and debris, as Sands House ceiling collapses Sunday morning. Accident linked to prowler in attic.

**Film Schedule Revision**

**Wednesday:**
**The Blue Angel**
**(Marlene Dietrich)**
**8:30**

**Thursday:**
**The Marriage**
**&**
**The Grasshopper**
**by Chekov**
**7:30— The Russian Club**
**The Scarlet Empress**
**(Marlene Dietrich)**
**9:00**

**Friday:**
**A Thousand Clowns**
**8:15**

**Sunday:**
**The Blue Angel**
**8:15**
**A Thousand Clowns**
**10:30**

# the conspiracy

CHICAGO—(CPS)--Television situation comedy has never had it so good as Chicago has it today with the trial of the Chicago Eight. And while the antics are coming from both sides of the bench, Judge Julius Hoffman is stealing the show.

At one point, for example, Hoffman called for the trial to proceed, but was enlightened by the defense council to the fact that the jury was not yet seated. "Oh, yes, I forgot about that," the 74 year old judge said.

Later in the trial, the judge was involved in a discussion with the prosecution about some re-printed matter. "There ought to be a law against xerox machines," he declared.

"Why not, there's one against everything else," Abbie Hoffman retorted.

Abbie was showing off the official "pogram" of the trial: the Chicago Eight vs. "The Washington Kangaroos." Why was the program published? "You can't tell the players without a pogram," Abbie explained.

About the outcome of the ball game, Abbie said, "We're going to win every day but the last." Renee Davis offered his respect for the judge: "He's a fool. They really brought up the best man for this one."

Abbie added, "He's straight out of Central Casting."

The defendants have spent a good deal of their time opening mail. Each defendant has been averaging 50 pieces of mail a day. Abbie has also been reading "Zap" comics in the courtroom.

"We're getting more mail than Perry Como," Hoffman (Abbie) said. "I even got a letter from my ex-wife, and she's going to help."

Jerry Rubin said he didn't expect a mistrial to be called, but expected the trial to last three years in appeal.

Davis was not so optimistic: "This judge is going to see this right to the end. He's going to get crazier and crazier. He'll probably start cross examining us himself. So we're working on stopping trial; we'll focus our reasoning on the judge."

# review:BARD LANDS

A complex of historical, ecological, and geological information is immersed in the composition of Bard Lands. A former Bard student, Eric Kiviat, in his essay Bard Lands, has taken the job of defining the components of this complex.

The essay has already been published in the August and November issues of Bard Alumni Magizine and will come out in pamphlet form

Associate Professors Kelly and Clarke were instrumental in pursuading the author, who lives in Staatzville and is a poet and naturalist, to write an essay as a "service to Bard College." The purpose in mind said Mr. Kelly was to give Bard Students a "sense of nature." And "so the students coming to Bard from urban areas can come to grips with their new surroundings."

The main interest of this inter-disciplinary field dealing with nature is that "we are consuming the land and turning it into garbage." Mr. Kiviat turns to the "redman" to exemplify how one can "live in harmony with the land." This simplicicty of living follows through into his writing style. The summing up of detailed paragraphs ends. "The Earth is our Mother. It is a good earth," or "Bedrock is where everything starts. It is a place to stand."

About the most technical phrase encountered might be "perennial mycelium." Other than that the essay is replete with a map of reference and many surprizingly interesting facts.

The subject matter could very easily take on a definite tedium if not saved by a constant personal references. The reader is advised to "explore in the cold and the rain and the night, as well as the summer sunlight, to know the many moods of the land." Mr. Kiviats various explorations result in descriptions from Schuyler House to Kappa Road, where secondary sucession, "the regrowth of abandoned land," is taking place. Some descriptions have a poetic quality such as "the succulent bases of grass."

The account of Bard Lands is non-technical and personal to the extent that it only concerns Bard inhabitants. While it is not earthshattering to know that grass does not just exist but is an active agent in binding soil together, that under the frozen top of a pond insects, turtles and muskrats can be seen living in a world with no winds and temperatures above freezing and that white pines are rare because they "must be 50-100 years old to produce any significant quantity of viable seed," it is at least interesting.

jana silverstein

# SMCcall

**Red Hook SMC (Student Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam) has called a rally to build the Nov. 14 strike and the Nov. 15 march on Washington. Travel arrangements will be discussed and community members will be invited to speak about the war and the actions planned for the Fall Offensive. The rally will be held at 7:00 PM on Thursday 23, in the Gym.**

# prexys:'WITHDRAW!'

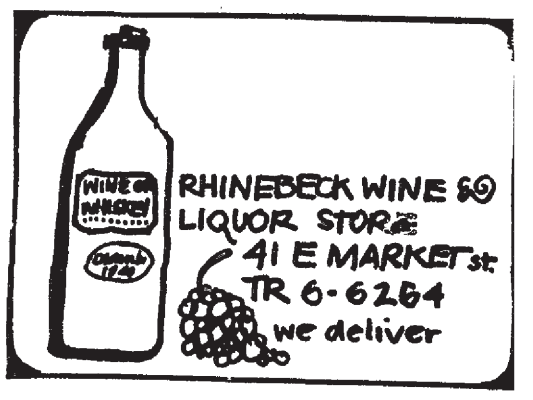
WASHINGTON—(CPS)—The presidents of some 75 private colleges and universities have appealed for a "stepped-up timetable for withdrawal from Vietnam."

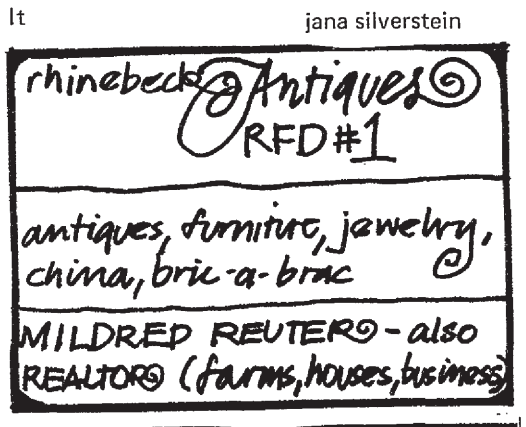
The appeal came in the form of a joint statement issued by the presidents, speaking as "individuals who work with young men and women." Their statement concluded, "We urge upon the President of the United States and upon Congress a stepped-up timetable for withdrawal from Vietnam. We believe this to be in our country's highest interest, at home and abroad."

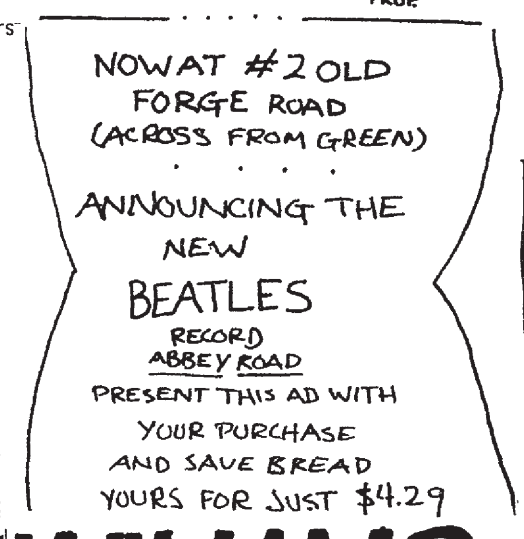
"The accumulated costs of the Vietnam war are not in men and materiel alone. There are costs too in the effects on *young people's hopes and beliefs.* Like ourselves, the vast majority of the students with whom we work, still want to believe in a just, honest, and sensitive America. But our military engagement in Vietnam now stands as a denial of so much that is best in our society . . . An end to the war will not solve our problems on or off campus. It will however permit us towork more effectively in support of more peaceful priorities."

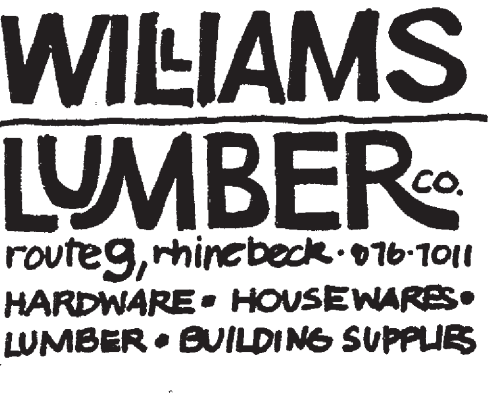
The statement was mailed to President Nixon and Congressional leaders October 11. The statement did not specify a time limit on withdrawal, but called for a "stepped-up timetable."

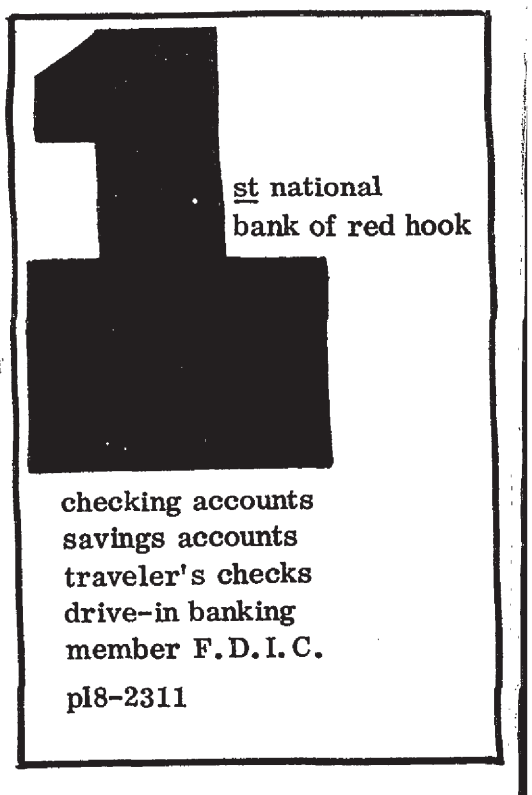
Among those signing were presidents of Brandeis, Oberlin, Columbia, Cornell, Antioch, Swarthmore, Princeton, Tufts, New York University, Boston College, University of Chicago, Amherst, Drexel Institute of Technology, MIT, Fordham, Villanova, and Vassar.







# interview with sheriff QUINLAN

(It was surprisingly easy to obtain an interview with Dutchess County Sheriff Lawrence M. Quinlan. We spent almost an hour with him in an office in a building which houses both the Sheriff's Office and the County Jail in Poughkeepsie.
—Marian Swerdlow)

OBSERVER: Sheriff Quinlan, I would like to begin by asking what you were doing when you were our age.

QUINLAN: Well, I've been with the Dutchess County Sheriff's office since I was twenty-one. First I worked in the jail as a guard, then in Poughkeepsie as a general duty officer, plainclothes investigator, then chief investigator. In 1960 I was elected sheriff.

OBSERVER: I understand you are up for re-election this November. Whom are you running against and what are the issues?

QUINLAN: I'm running against Marvin Ong. There really are no issues. I stand for law enforcement. This is my life—I'm a professional enforcement officer and official.

OBSERVER: If there really are no issues, then on what basis is he running against you?

QUINLAN: I don't know, just that he's a Democrat. That's the way the system works.

OBSERVER: Is Bard in any way an issue?

QUINLAN: I wouldn't have that for the world, no.

OBSERVER: Could I ask some questions regarding your feelings on national issues? What were your feelings about the Moratorium this Wednesday?

QUINLAN: I have no feelings, I support our president. He and I are personal friends. I don't like the war. Neither does he. It hurts him more than it does us, I believe. If the Moratorium interfered with his manner of settling the war, then I am against it. I couldn't support the Moratorium, but neither do I condemn it.

OBSERVER: How do you feel about the Negro people's struggle to attain equality in America?

QUINLAN: I know the colored people don't like you to say, "Some of my best friends are colored." . . .
I'm in favor of helping them, in seeing that they are treated fairly and have the same rights as I do.

OBSERVER: Have you had any trouble here in the ghettoes of Poughkeepsie?

QUINLAN: No, we've had no real trouble. I don't like the word, "ghetto." I grew up as a poor person—there was no one as poor as we were. But it still was not a ghetto. Many proud, fine Americans grew up in poor areas.

OBSERVER: What do you think of the term "law and order" and all that it implies?

QUINLAN: Law and order is what has made America great. If it weren't for law and order we wouldn't be here today. There is no stigma attached to it. I take an oath to enforce the law. I must do so or violate my oath of duty.

Some people have tried to make something else out of law and order. In the New York City mayoralty, because Mr. Proccacino has stood up for law and order he is called a racist. This is unfair, there is absolutely no connection. And this is unfair to the black people, for if being for law and order is being against them, it makes it sound as if they are violators of the law, and this just isn't true.

People don't talk about our real purpose in Vietnam. We're not there because we are concerned about the Vietnamese people. We're concerned with our future. From all reports, we're protecting ourselves against two great—I should say not great, but strong—nations: China and Russia. If we leave Vietnam the communists will take over Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, and those people will live under that hell, as well as our losing an operating area.

I'm sure its a terribly hard decision for the president, for he has a conscience. But if we pulled out and the communist hordes overran the country, murdering and slaughtering people, then what would his conscience be? All presidents are great men, and president Nixon is a great man.

It's a terrible thing, but it seems that wars are inevitable. We have to fight for life; it's survival of the fittest. We will have to fight in the future too if we are to maintain our great freedom.

OBSERVER: This may be a bit out of your usual realm, but how do you feel about the laws which limit the situations in which abortions may be performed?

QUINLAN: I believe in them. In fact, I think they should be a bit tighter. I'm a Catholic and I like to feel I'm quite religious.

OBSERVER: Some people feel that Nixon's recent reform of the draft law is designed to placate campus militants by creating a draft situation even more favorable to them. How do you feel about this?

QUINLAN: The president felt young people's opinion was important enough to heed. I feel this is a great gesture on his part. There's certainly nothing bad about it. Most things are done in some way to appease opinion.

OBSERVER: Two or three days ago, an aide of Nixon's suggested that penalties for the use of marijuana be modified. It has been suggested that this too was a move to appease young people, coming a day before the Moratorium.

QUINLAN: Of course I don't agree with this. I'm terribly disturbed about drugs, and I'm certain I'm right. They are destroying a great portion of the young people of our country. There is no need for them, nothing to be gained from them, only disaster. I'm extremely fond of young people, and I feel very badly about what is happening to them.

I have to equate Marijuana to other drugs and narcotics, for my experience has shown that this is valid.

It's gotten to the point now where our high schools are infested with this problem. I just learned yesterday that a young boy of about thirteen was found in possession of pills of the drug category. Now we don't arrest everybody, we help some too, and we were helping this boy. He told us he'd be called chicken and set aside by his friends if he did not use these pills . . . We try to help these youngsters, to get them away from the use of it, rather than wait until they are caught and we have to arrest them.

OBSERVER: You said you are interested in getting kids away from the use of drugs. Why do you use busts instead of preventative measures?

QUINLAN: People get aroused. They say, such and such is going on. These Bard students, they say are driving like madmen, speedin g, squealing tires . . . So you have a road check-up, primarily for traffic violations. If you find drugs you can't overlook them. . . There are traffic checks day in and day out, but when we have one, some people make them into more than what they are. The press likes to make it into a sensational story . . .

OBSERVER: I understand, but what has this to do with drugs?

QUINLAN: We figure that alot of these people are under the influence of drugs.

OBSERVER: You said before that you are interested in getting kids away from drugs. Do you think a bust has this effect?

QUINLAN: It's not effect we're interested in. If the law is being violated, we have to make an arrest. When we have complaints, we put investigators in to live with and take part in the school's life. If the law is being frequently violated, we have no choice but to move in. This is our oath of duty, to enforce the law.

OBSERVER: Why have you had two major busts at Bard in as many years, and left Marist and Vassar virtually untouched?

QUINLAN: We've visited Marist once, but we have more complaints from Bard—from local residents and other sources we can't divulge.

OBSERVER: And why haven't you visited Vassar?

QUINLAN: No comment.

OBSERVER: That makes me really curious.

QUINLAN: We haven't had any planned, large visitations, if that's what you mean. But there's no reason to say that it is free from suspicion. The same people go there too.

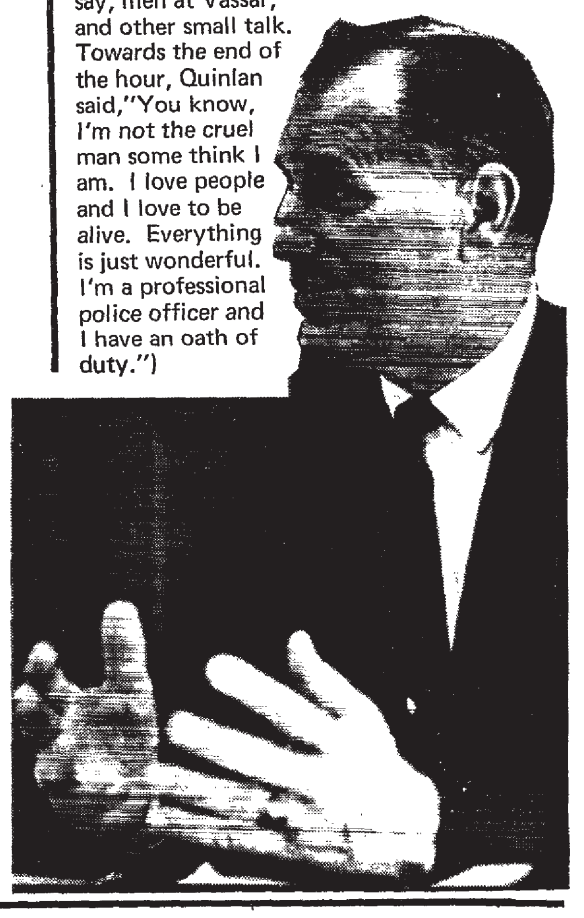
OBSERVER: Not really. Alot of influential people send their daughters there.

QUINLAN: They've got boys in there too now. It's changed the place alot . . .

OBSERVER: Do you think that the Bard Administration is in a position to stop the busts?

QUINLAN: No, they're powerless. I think the college faculty and administration are subject to what students want. In my relationship with college officials I have found them to be overwhelmingly on the side of the students. They would not allow anything that would cause great discomfort to the students.

(The tone of the interview was informal, even friendly. We digressed once or twice to speak of the the Mets, John Lindsay, men at Vassar, and other small talk. Towards the end of the hour, Quinlan said,"You know, I'm not the cruel man some think I am. I love people and I love to be alive. Everything is just wonderful. I'm a professional police officer and I have an oath of duty.")



# observer

Phone (914) 758-3665
an alternative newsmedia project

The Observer is an independent student publication for the Bard College community. Publication is weekly, twelve times during the semester. Letters to the Editor and other inquiries should be addressed to Box 76, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 12504.

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**The Observer has been informed that starting this weekend, the Dutchess County Sheriff's Department will start towing away any cars parked around Adolph's which are not completely clear of the road. That is, all four wheels off the pavement. Fine for this violation is $10 plus a $25 tow away charge. Cars will be impounded until fine is paid.**

**The cops also warn that hitchhiking is illegal on Annandale Road or anywhere else, and that people will be busted for that, starting this weekend, too.**

POEM OF WAR--Michael Ventura

I shook a hand, a medic's, bound for
the war.
He will mount the lecturn of the wound.
He will have nothing new to say.

## LETTERS

To the Editor:

As a member of Library Committee and as a student I have come up against one of the most disillusioning aspects of community life at Bard. I'd rather say "one of the most disillusioning denials of community life at Bard." I'm talking about the theft of books, records, etc., from the library—amounting to over $20 a day on an average (of a seven day school week).

I could talk about the blindness of a student body which loudly censures the kind of denial of community trust represented by an informer at a bust. Which censures the denial of a nation, and of a world community represented by US action in Viet Nam. The library is the center of our community (it sounds trite, but it's true) and some of our brothers are attempting to remove it piece by piece, while we smile the loss away.

If you're not concerned with the hypocrisy, consider the external loss: over $5,000 a year, money desparately needed for books (this semester's Divisional Funds are already spent, for example), or for non-library items such as more washers and driers to alleviate the overusage of those on Stone Row.

But I suppose those who steal from their brothers can't be moved by talk of community trust or community needs. I suppose they're interested in themselves. But that's where they're most blind. Because they're stealing from themselves—robbing themselves of the possibility of growth, the possibility of being trusted. The possibility of trusting.

Or are we so ill that some of us don't believe in that?

Thanks for listening,
Kevin O'Brien

To the Editor:

Bard students are not self-indulgent spoiled rich kids. True, we may throw away almost as much meat, bread, vegetables, salads, and milk than we eat or drink. And just because you can't find a place to eat at 1 PM since our fellow students have slobbered their lunch, milk, and cigarette ashes all over their trays and tables and then have simply walked away-that doesn't mean we're the pigs. We may litter the campus with so much garbage that men must get up at dawn every day to make it *magic-pretty again* for us when we wake. There are always niggers who still have to work for a couple of bucks an hour—these old men and women who follow and clean up the classrooms, dining commons, and coffee shop after us. (This is America: some have it and some don't.)

True, we may treat our fellow students like shit. We may blast records at 2 AM oblivious to those sleeping or studying. We may steal clothing, notebooks, and bicycles from each other, and books and records from the community library. Sure, we may subject every fellow student in every dormitory to the threat of arrest, without their say, simply because we like to stash heroin and other drugs in our rooms for personal indulgence. (This is our life style.)

Ah, but last Wednesday we applauded our moral righteousness and our dissocation from America's war policies —the United States is acting like a spoiled rich nation stepping on other countries and peoples and leaving its messes for them to live through. And we can clearly see this is wrong—immoral, in fact. (When we grow up America will be different.)

Sure. We moralistic and peace-chanting Bard students are fat and living off the wealth of parents and a nation that prospers on war and armaments—and we'

prospers on war and armaments—and we've inherited their accompanying traits and attitudes toward other human beings. More chemicals and copulation we may have, but we sure as hell don't live together much better than they do.

The System lives and flourishes at Bard College.

David Schardt

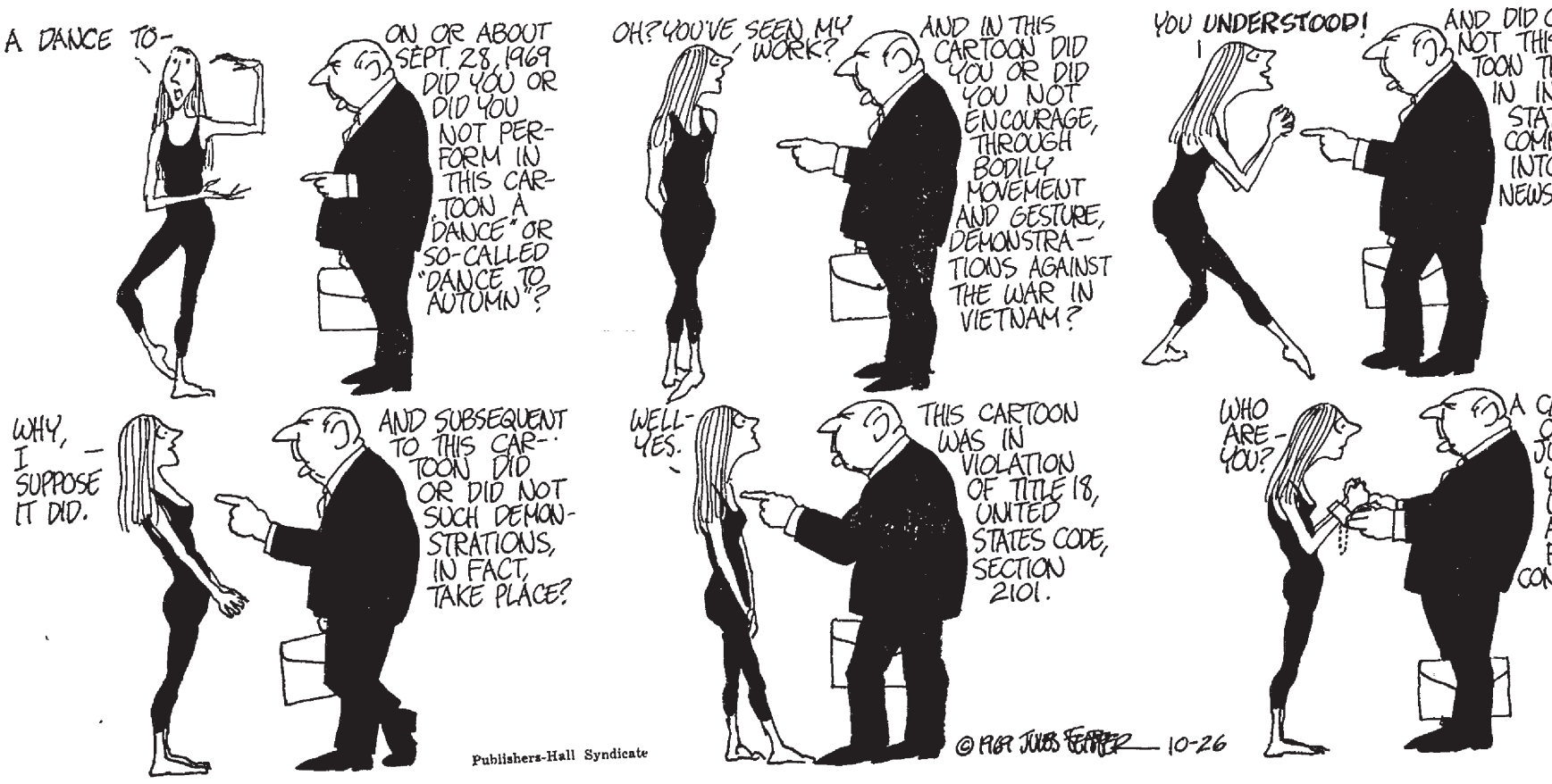
OPEN LETTER TO BARD WRITERS:

We should be accessible to each other. We should have the benefit of each other's work and thought.

As it stands now there is:

cont. on page 7

## FEIFFER



# CAT OF 9 TAILS

A COLUMN NOBODY WILL HATE,
or, CONSISTENCY IS THE HOBGOBLIN OF SMALL MINDS . . .

Once again, slipping unnoticed upon us unwary students, mid-terms are here. Bard, understandably transforms itself, much like Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde, to cope with this problem. The ordinary Bard student, doing nothing more than exist is suddenly confronted by an overwhelming mass of work, papers,

and tests. This in itself is fine and dandy, I suppose. After all, we are students, and traditionally a form in which students are graded is tests and papers, but here at Bard, it strikes me, perhaps something better could be worked out. The trouble with the present system is that the student is really not given a chance to perform. He is generally graded for a whole semester's work on just two or three marks. And the trouble with the two or three marks that he has received is that he had the same amount of work at the same time in all his courses. Apparently at best he could only devote a fraction of his thought and time to each. Invariably someone has to suffer, be it the student who stays up working all week, or the teacher who has to sludge through the same series of muddled papers and exams every semester.

So much for the dissertation on midterms. I am trying very hard this week not to alienate any large campus group. Fortunately there is not a hell of a lot to write about this week. One might even say nothing. I suppose the mark of a good journalist is to be able to make something out of nothing. I suppose I should give that a try, but still not alienate anyone. A difficult job, you must think. That just goes to show all you know . . .

There is an interview with Quinlan, you remember him, in this issue. He comes over like a big friendly bear. But then, how many friendly bears do you know . .?

I was in Kingston on the morning of Moratorium day. It was quite a treat, every store or shop had a little transistor radio going, waiting for the Mets game, I suppose. Over and over there were announcements to the effect of turning one's lights on in protest of the protest. Kingston came down heavy on the side of Milhous. But the real excitement was provided by the local high school. Classes were being held, but were generally unattended. Instead everyone was outside feeling their oats, so to speak. The local hippies were handing out leaflets and other paraphenalia, which was rather nice, but the real prize goes to that species, inherent in the Kingston structure, the throwbacks to the 1950's. Driving around, gaily bedecked in their camaro , supersport, 427 cubic inch, rallye striped, overhead cams, hurst four speed shifters, machines , the locals attempted to break up anything peaceful that was happening. Many blared their horns at the smallest provocation, and many had painted slogans on the sides of their cars, old favorites such as: "Better dead than red," or "Kill a hippie for peace." Delightfull, I thought, and left town quickly. What was interesting was the form in which these people chose to protest. The manner in which they chose these massive American cars from which they made themselves known. I had always thought that Kingston was little more than a poor imitation of Detroit's Woodward Avenue, but this really confirmed my beliefs. But the symbolism of the cars can hardly be overlooked. It was extremely fitting that the little people, with their little minds , should choose the automobile, the one constant of the American powerstructure.

Beautiful . . .

John Katzenbach

# senate

Last Monday night Senate gave out another $24 for a folksinger to appear at the Red Balloon. The money was presented to the Musical Activities Group, who could not, as yet identify who exactly would be the singer, claiming that there were a number of possibilities. The Senate had earlier decided that the school could not afford to hire Patrick Skye. After thirty-five minutes and further small talk, Senate adjourned.

# LETTERS

from page six

1. No "workshop" or "workbench" or whatever where discussion — technical, general, or of any other variety — may take place between us. There must be clots of this somewhere, but I haven't heard of it, and if its inaccessible to me there may be others for whom it is also inaccessible.

2. No place — and this is strange in a college with so many lit majors — where a sentence or an essay or a quip of some pertinence in the field can be published with enough frequency for there to be a dialogue, or at least an informed repartee. (The Observer's already been tried, by me anyway; they don't want my lit column, but maybe they'd want somebody else's so somebody else should try. The Bard Papers happens only once a semester, as does the Lampeter Muse, so it wouldn't serve the function. The poetry magazine shouldn't be burdened with stuff that would take the focus off the poems, though they've been kind enough to print two of my pieces- that is, when the mag gets to print.)

I don't see the possibility of a vigorous "scene" without such institutions.

A further suggestion:

That the poetry magazine devote several issues — or make this completely seperate, another activity, by the same people — to putting out pamphlets devoted to one writer. That would leave the mag for encouragement and cultivation of budding writers and poets, and the pamphlets for encouragement and outlet for those poets with a larger body of work.

(If the only hangup is a staff for such a series, I would be glad to volunteer as organizer.)

Perhaps this could be discussed in coming lit club meeting, or someone could reply to me personally (box 714). Whatever.

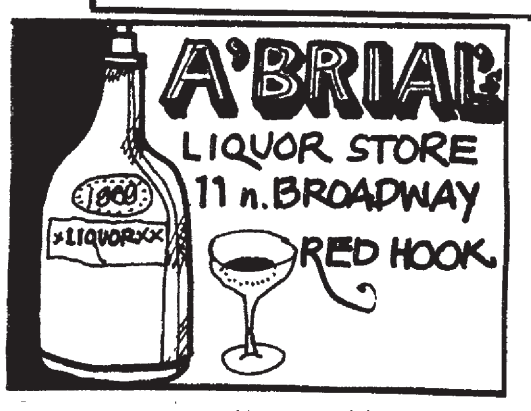
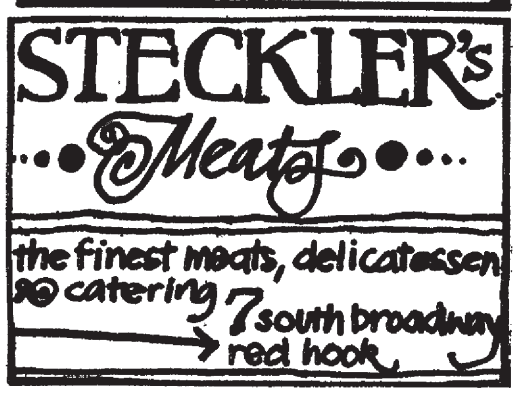
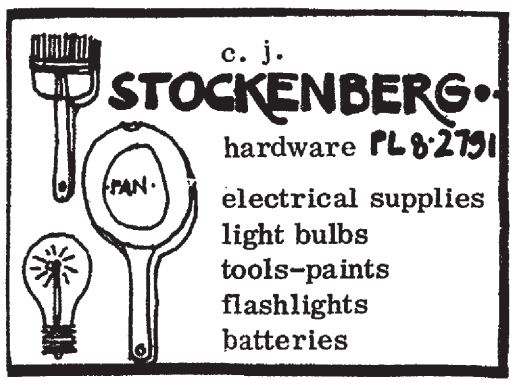
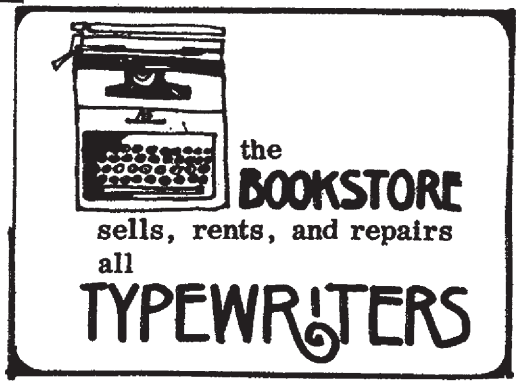
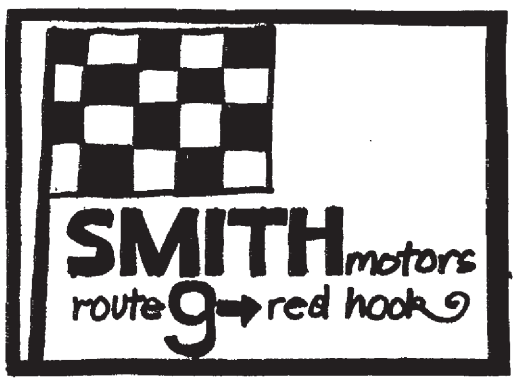
—Michael Ventura

## BEHAN PLAY SCEDULED

"The Hostage," directed by Rufus Botzow, will be the second production by the Department of Drama and Dance this season, and will open on Saturday, November 1. The cast includes: John Adair, Ellen Parker, Wendy Mogel, Jeffrey Rudick, Will Rogers, and Frolic Taylor.

# Soccer Splits Two

Rebounding from the previous week's debacle, the Bard soccer team managed bravely to beat the New Paltz freshmen, 4-1. In a game marked by distinct boredom, and with the score tied, the Bard squad suddenly exploded for three goals in the last quarter. The onslaught was led by halfbacks Rick Degolia, and Ralph Gabriner, who scored himself, on a tricky european corner kick. Demoralized by the outstanding play of grim Bard players, New Paltz rolled over pathetically and died.

In an away game the soccer team managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory, and lose 2-1 to Northeastern Bible college. The Bard team had forty shots on goal compared to the home team's eight, but were unable to convert any into scores. The lone goal was scored by Ned Griefin, who played a good game, but was unable to provide the listless Bard team with any inspiration.

The team's record now stands at 2-3-0. They will have a chance to even the whole thing up this coming weekend, at home.