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OBSERVER

Vol. 12 No. 21 November 12, 1969

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ARE YOU GOING TO

OFFICIAL PENTAGON FIGURES for the
number of troops in Vietnam, as reported by
I.F. STONE'S WEEKLY:

Aug. 31	509,800
Sept. 4	509,600
Sept. 11	508,000
Sept. 18	510,200
Sept. 25	511,500
Oct. 2	509,600
Net withdrawal	200

D.C.?

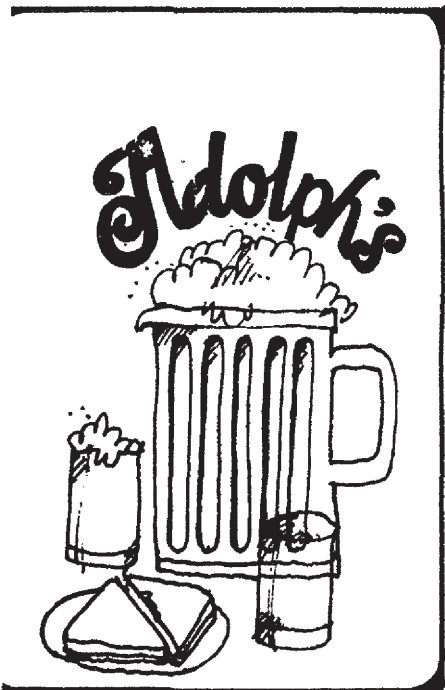
Bard Student Busted in Chicago ...

The War Comes to Washington ...

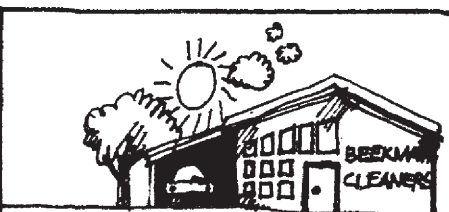
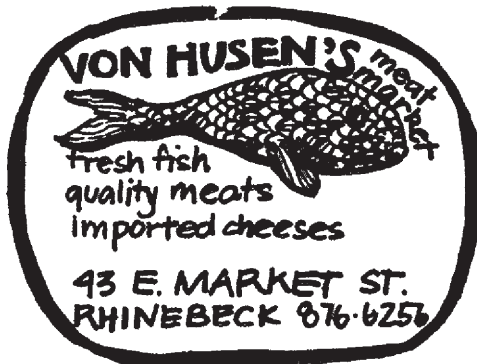
Katzenbach Returns from the Depths ...

observer

volume twelve number twenty-one 12 November 1969



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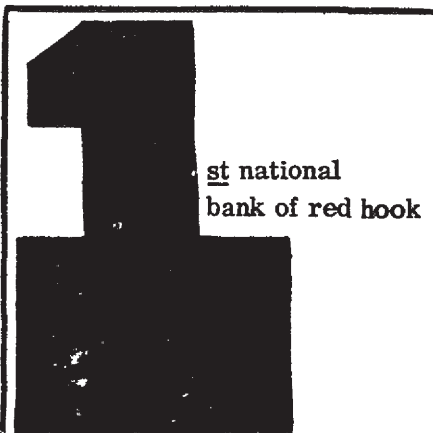


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SCHIEFFLER
 LUMBER CO. RED HOOK



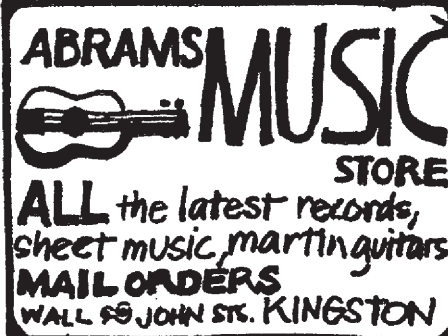
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once again, chicago 1969

by Arthur Sata

"You walked on the grass. You are not allowed to walk on the grass. Walk around it. What's your name and number?"

I told the pig, "Arthur Sata, number 2392." The pig oinked and I walked out of the House of Correction yard.

I was arrested in Chicago on Oct. 11th, 1969, for State Disorderly Conduct and Resisting or Obstructing a Peace (?) Officer. The action on Saturday, Oct. 11th, was just a part of SDS National Action "Days of Rage." The National Action, scheduled for Oct. 8-11 actually began on Oct. 7th.

On Oct. 7th, a statue of a policeman was dynamited off its stand in Haymarket Square. The explosive charge chopped away the statue at the feet. Those responsible have not been caught, they got away clean. It's very important to understand the political significance of that statue.

On May 1st, 1886, workingmen, their wives and children gathered at a rally for a real anarchistic communistic demand. They wanted a shorter working day: they wanted a fucking eight hour work day. Someone threw a bomb into police lines. The police responded by opening fire on the crowd. The number of people killed (about 60) was never exactly determined. So in Chicago Pig City a statue was erected to commemorate the police and dig this, with an inscription, "In the name of the State of Illinois, I command peace."

Mayor Daley and a spokesman for Chicago Police have pledged money to replace the statue.

On Oct. 8th, 1969, a rally was held in Lincoln Park to commemorate Che Guevara and Nguyen Van Troi (Vietnamese Martyr). The rally started at about eight o'clock; I did not get to the park until about 9 or 9:30. There were about 500 people at the rally. The best rap was given by Tom Hayden, of the Conspiracy 8, who said, "It's a lie that we (Conspiracy 8) oppose the Weathermen; we support any intensification of the struggle." The rally ended as a speaker exhorted the crowd to "visit" Pig Hoffman who lives in the Drake Hotel. The column of helmeted Weathermen moved out of the park headed south toward the Gold Coast and Near North Side areas of Chicago. Everyone in the park is drawn into the stream of Weathermen running out of the park, except for newsmen and plainclothesmen. Magically I find myself running down the middle of a Chicago street, chanting. Down the street ahead of me I hear loud but muffled sounds. In a few seconds I see huge windows smashed. Car windows are being destroyed. The war is being brought home to Chicago Pig City.



marines returning from The Great Swamp, letting photographers know how they feel about the war.

One scene I remember vividly. A shiny Rolls-Royce is parked outside a plush apartment. A Negro chauffeur or doorman is leaning up against the front fender. He looks amused and unconcerned. The Rolls has been miraculously untouched. People throw some small stones, some do slight damage to the side windows. The Negro man still looks unperturbed. Another demonstrator appears before me carrying a large stone or piece of pavement with both hands. The large stone is dropped through the front windshield of the Rolls. At this, the Negro man takes his cap and runs into the apartment lobby.

At a construction site, the demonstrators, who I find out later were leading the action, are fighting a pitched battle with police. The Pigs are using mace, they are not just swinging their nightsticks but they are throwing them. Very, very loud gunshots blast around the construction site. I see the incredible: The pigs are shooting pointblank at some kids, the kids run away but are not hurt. The pigs are using blanks. The blanks are very loud and since it is so dark the sparks from the guns show up well. The pig tactic works. The Weathermen believe the pigs are shooting live ammo and run.

The result is that many valuable leadership people are arrested and lost for the action. Down another street, some

kids overturn a car and block the pigs.

A few blocks further the pigs deliberately demonstrators. Someone shouts a warning and all the demonstrators except for one are able to get out of the street. The one, a woman, was thrown up and over the fender of the car. People pick her up and I see her later at a movement center, apparently no broken bones.

Saturday morning a strategy session is held to plan for the march in the afternoon. Since Wednesday night, the Weathermen have been on their feet. An action for Thursday is called off, The Wargasm; the youth culture rock festival is off, the school jail-break is called off. The march for Saturday has become all-important.

The police have very heavy security around the police station. Everyone is being searched before they are allowed into the police station! The National Guard has been alerted and called up. The pigs and the newspapers say that SDS has been beaten by the rain and by the police. A pig infiltrator forced a whole collective to evacuate a movement center. A police raid on an Evanston, Illinois, movement center ripped off 40 Weathermen. The Chicago newspapers after screaming headlines early in the week are now mentioning that Weathermen

will hold a peace march on Saturday. The Weathermen march on Oct. 11, was not a peace march. The ruling class loves people to have a peace march. There's nothing better than to have people demonstrating, carrying signs and doing a lot of talking. They want people to dissent to show that reasonable dissent is possible in a 'democratic' society. This reasonable dissent just validates the whole 'democratic' process. Weathermen turned off the scheduled march route; they turned LEFT. A thin blue line of pigs was smashed. Sure there were a lot of arrests and heavy penalties.

I was busted by a plainclothesman, who maced me. I thought he was some right-wing nut with an iron pipe. Two Chicago pigs held me to the ground with their knees; another pig spit on me as I was led into the paddy wagon.

The prosecutor wanted to level additional charges against me, a mob action charge and a simple battery charge. They were both misdemeanors but each was punishable by up to a year in jail. I was sentenced to 10 days in jail and a heavy fine. The last thing the Judge, Pig Shamberg, said before I was handcuffed was, "God Bless America."

2 PAY NOW; VOTE LATER

TRENTON, N.J.—(CPS)—Those students who still believe change can be accomplished working through the political system have suffered a set-back in the Nov. 5 elections, as referendums to lower the voting age in two states failed.

Voters in Ohio and New Jersey rejected their opportunities to grant voting rights to 19 and 18-year olds respectively in referendums considered the crucial tests to indicate the probability of other states doing the same. Had the referendums passed, the possibility for passage of a federal Constitutional amendment on the issue also would have been greatly improved, Youth Franchise Coalition spokesman had predicted.

The double failure by over 300,000 votes (18 per cent) in New Jersey and about 50,000 (1 per cent) in Ohio seemingly would discourage the students who campaigned and canvassed for months to win the vote. But in traditional good-loser political style, organizers of the campaigns refuse to admit discouragement.

David DuPell, chairman of the Voting Age Coalition (VAC) in New Jersey, released a statement to the press which vowed to continue the fight. As a staff member at the Trenton headquarters explained, "The resolve is there. It's just a matter of time until we can convince the voters of our cause. We're not pessimistic."

But there is plenty to be pessimistic about. The earliest possible time the issue can again be put before the voters is in two years, and then only if the state legislature is convinced voter sentiment has changed sufficiently to warrant passing another referendum bill.

The earliest possible date for 18-year old voting to go into effect in New Jersey is 1972, and then only if 10 per cent of the voters can be convinced to change their minds in another referendum.

VAC is encouraged by Republican Governor-elect William T. Cahill's support for lowering the voting age, and the organization expects Cahill to campaign heavily for it.

"Women's voting, Social Security, and Medicare didn't pass the first time around either, but people didn't give up on them," a VAC spokesman said, indicating his continuing faith in the ballot. "We in New Jersey don't give up easily either."

In Ohio, where polls had predicted the 19-year old vote would pass by several per cent, the story is similar to that in New Jersey.

"We're quite pleased with the results," said Vote 19 Director Clark Wideman. "It's just a matter of time until it passes."

"You see, nobody who voted for it this time is going to vote against it next time. We can only go up, and we're just about one per cent away from victory. A lot of our supporters didn't expect we'd come so close this time."

Wideman noted that a great deal of campus unrest is the only thing that could reduce this year's level of voter support in future attempts.

The issue could be placed on Ohio's May primary ballot if a petition drive, which is being considered, is successful. The alternative to a massive petition drive is returning to the state legislature and convincing it to place the issue on a future ballot, Wideman said.

"We're going to study the alternatives for awhile," he said.

Eleven other states will place the voting age issue before their voters next year, but prospects for lowering the age have not been improved by this month's results.

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selinger launched

Dean Selinger launched his raft on the perilous sea of student teacher relations Thursday night at Blythwood. The occasion was the first meeting of "The Thursday Society," a conglomerate of faculty members and students, the latter attending at the invitation of faculty members. A course had been charted in the form of a lecture on mathematics by Sam Pasciencier, who started the meeting at the helm and finished up closer to the yardarm.

The people in attendance responded to a fairly innocent question about the whole nature of the "Thursday Society" in a variety of ways, not the least of which might be viewed as mutiny. Two major contingents emerged in the ensuing debate, that is, those who wanted the society to shape itself by its actions, to relate in a personal way to those assembled (a crew of 35), and those who wanted a more structured lecture to prevail, with extraneous discussion limited in range and subject.

No one was finally cast overboard, although the Dean spent most of the evening bailing frantically as his ship lost its shape. The voyage ended on a somewhat perilous note of unity as the crew voted to return next Thursday for a navigational meeting rather than a lecture. Because of the inter-departmental nature of those on board and the apparent splits, lack of interest, understanding and communication between departments, the Dean's raft could perhaps fulfill a more important role as a life boat for the Bard community.

encore: CHICAGO 8

CHICAGO—(LNS)—Bobby Seale was sentenced to jail for four years Nov. 5 for repeatedly asserting his right to defend himself before Judge Julius Hoffman. The judge took an hour and a half to intone sixteen counts of contempt of court, each of them containing Seale's firm insistence on his constitutional rights.

He then told the Black Panther Party Chairman that a fine would be inadequate and sentenced him to three months in jail for each of the sixteen counts. The judge also declared a mistrial in Seale's case, severing him from the other defendants, and told him he would be returned for the Conspiracy trial on April 23, 1970.

The trial of the other seven defendants in the Chicago Conspiracy case was set to continue despite the action against Seale.

Before sentencing, Hoffman asked Seale to comment on his impending punishment. Bobby pointed out the irony of his finally being allowed to speak after six weeks of inquisition. Judge Hoffman cackled: "This is a special occasion."

Seale then tried to ask the judge about his rights to defend himself, but Hoffman said, "I don't want to be questioned any further."

Seale said, as he had in the past, that his fate was linked to the fact that he is "a black man living under the scope and influence of the United States of America."

The last of the sixteen contempt citations

contained his statements in court during the morning session that day. Seale stepped up to the lecture to cross-examine Bill H. Ray, a deputy sheriff from San Mateo County, California.

Ray had testified earlier that Seale bought a ticket in the San Francisco International Airport and boarded a plane for Chicago.

Seale asked three questions before the Judge rushed the jury out and ordered a recess. The questions were:

"Why did you follow me?"

"Have you ever killed a Black Panther Party member?"

"Have you ever been on any raids in Black Panther Party offices or Black Panther Party member's homes?"

Ray did not answer any of the questions.

The questions vividly expressed the political nature of the trial, which has been in no way reflected in the prosecution's case. Seale and the other defendants are being railroaded to jail in Chicago because of their political activities and affiliations, not for any crimes. In fact, the only thing the government has to say about Seale is that he made a speech during the Convention protest.

The previous week, from October 29-31, Seale sat shackled and gagged in the futuristic courtroom in Chicago's Federal Building. Even through the gag, Seale repeatedly reaffirmed his constitutional rights. On Monday morning, Nov. 3, after authorities saw several days of sharp editorials and cartoons in the

establishment press—Seale was escorted into the courtroom without the gag and shackles. There was no altruism in this. Prosecuting Attorney Richard Schultz: "To be candid, it prejudices us in the eyes of the jury."

Seale rejected Hoffman's insistence that William Kunstler, lawyer for the 7 white defendants, was his counsel. Seale wanted Charles R. Garry to represent him, but on a weekend trip to San Francisco defendants Tom Hayden and Jerry Rubin and defense attorney Leonard Weinglass met with the ailing lawyer and returned with a statement from him. Garry, who knows Seale well and has defended the Panthers since the Party was founded in 1966, said that he was too sick to come to Chicago and that he could not become involved in this trial so late in any case.

Garry subsequently joined with dozens of other black and white lawyers in a suit to demand the federal authorities to justify their oppression of this black defendant. The suit was perfunctorily dismissed.

As the spectators listened to Judge Hoffman smugly read his contempt citation, it became apparent that the vain, wisened, preening judge was the criminal and not the Black Revolutionary

At one point, the judge, quoting from the transcript, noted that the spectators had shouted "Right On!" to one of Seale's prior denunciations of the court. At this point, laughter broke out, virtually unanimous throughout the gallery. The judge, angry, threatened to clear the courtroom and ordered the more than 20 burly marshals to watch over the scene carefully.

It was satisfying, in a way, to hear Hoffman repeat Seale's description of the judge: "You oink in the faces of the mass of the people." The judge failed to say aloud a few sections of the contempt citation, including Jerry Rubin's epithet "fucking pig!", which he had uttered the previous week when a marshal struck Bobby. Explaining to the court stenographer that she would get the text later, he said, "There is a comment here which I do not wish to repeat in front of all these young people."

Although the fascist-like nature of this court had become apparent weeks ago, almost everyone in the courtroom was stunned at the judge's new pronouncement against Seale. However, after the judge left the courtroom, prosecution attorneys Richard Schultz and Thomas Foran were seen laughing raucously as they clustered with other pigs at the prosecution table.

As Bobby was shoved out of the courtroom into the lockup by a squad of marshals, many people in both the press and spectator sections shouted "Right On!" and "Power to the People!"

Abbie Hoffman had the last word, shouting to the people as they filed out of the courtroom:

"See you in Washington November 15. We got to take care of business."

CAT OF 9 TAILS

WELCOME BACK, JOHN, or, WASHINGTON IS A NICE PLACE TO LIVE BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO VISIT THERE . . .

The hospital was a complete and utter drag. I have come to the realization that God never intended for people to operate, surgically, that is, on their fellow men. Pain, I was once told, is a relative thing. No one ever told me what



it was relative to. The only good thing about the hospital was the night they shot me full of morphine when, shades of William Burroughs and Nelson Algren, I nodded right off into the nicest

oblivion I had ever had the opportunity to experience. Not good enough to make into a regular thing, though. The real trouble with the hospital was that I was unable to move any distance greater than six inches for the first week. You, dear reader, cannot imagine what agony this is, lying helpless in bed, waiting for some idiot nurse to come in and try to shove a rectal thermometer up your rear end. There was no place to go, and my whole worldview was reduced to the size of one small room, and a television set. I lost almost all of my own sense of humanity, and for the first, and hopefully the only time in my life, I felt like little more than a glorified animal.

So I came back to Bard, happily, I might add, beginning to feel human again, slowly but surely. Bard is a good place for restoring one's lost faith in one's self. Everyone here looks more or less the same values, etc. Consequently, one finds himself in the process of losing their self. In some cases this isn't altogether bad, but generally . . .

So much for talking about myself. Hopefully now I won't have to explain where I've been, and how it was to so many people . . .

The demonstration takes place in Washington this week. The estimates of the crowd expected range up to several hundred thousand, of which some will, undoubtedly, be Bard students. This column, then, is directed mainly

at them. I had the misfortune of living in Washington for the last eight years, and feel that I may be able to shed some light on the manner in which the government handles such demonstrations. In the first place, don't go unless you can run. I doubt that there will be any violence, but if there is I would imagine that the government would send its troops down on the demonstrators in a manner that would make Mayor Daley smile in delight. I was in Washington during the riots and had the enviable opportunity to see machine guns mounted on the capitol, and army troops patrolling the streets. During the demonstration at Nixon's inauguration there were no machine guns, but the motorcycle cops filled their place admirably. I've never seen any group move as quickly as they did. Washington is a town that breeds on efficiency, and the handling of any group as large as the one expected will be quick and deadly.

Milhouse is extremely touchy about demonstrations. It is commonly accepted that one of the reasons he won the election is because he did not have to handle the effete snobs that Humphrey did. It would stand to reason that, despite what he says, he is more or less terrified of the crowd. I personally think that he is not capable of withstanding the confrontation that this demonstration will provide. This makes it more dangerous for the demonstrators, but also heightens the effect of the demonstration.

Washington is also a town that does not accept dissent. When a government is voted in, the spirit of the town turns towards the administration, in the space of a few days the town metamorphosises from a democratic town to a republican. Therefore the area for dissent is limited strictly to the Washington Post, and the two houses of Congress. To be young in Washington is to feel an overwhelming sense of impotency. This demonstration will change that for a few days, and I would imagine the reaction on the part of the government to be one of panic. The government is rarely made to be answerable to any large immediate block of people. Now it will be, and the result could be discouraging.

But go, and believe that you are accomplishing something. The war may not change but for once someone's attitude towards the frustrated youth may. For once the youth of the country will exert a concentrated force at the government and for that, and that alone, the demonstration is worth it . . .

John Katzenbach

BARD EXPOSITION

Would you like to own a piece of furniture that could easily pass as a sculpture? Such would be the case if you were to purchase the handmade wooden furniture of Stephen Robin of Woodstock, N.Y., which will be exhibited at the Bard Handcraft Exposition and Sale on the weekend of November 21, 22, and 23. The strong sculptural look of the furniture is achieved by Mr. Robin's technique of laminating—piling one solid block of wood on top of another—and then carving out the intended shape, which, in turn, is given an oil finish. Even though the flowing, simple lines give a feeling of lightness to his work, the furniture is strong and massive. Not only will its graceful lines enhance a room, but the designer feels it can be subjected to extremely heavy usage. Visitors to the 1967 Craft Exposition will remember the handsome standing clock, and the wood and leather chair exhibited by the artist. Mr. Robin, a former industrial design teacher,

will be on hand at the Bard Exposition to meet visitors and answer questions.

Sharing honors of excellence in execution of a craft, yet in sharp contrast to the massive beauty of Stephen Robin's work, will be the elegant and imaginative photography of Heinz and Elizabeth Bertlesmann. The Bertlesmanns, residents of Barrytown, do color photography that appears to be abstract, but is really close-up studies of rocks, lichen, rusted materials, and water. The unusually beautiful end result of their photographic talents contribute greatly to the Bard Craft Show. The Bertlesmann's work is included in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Currently Professor and Mrs. Bertelsmann are exhibiting their works at the Lamont Library of Harvard University and the Municipal Art Gallery of Los Angeles.

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IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF CONSUMER REPORTS

THE AIRLINES. What they don't advertise . . . what are the rights of the ticketed passenger?

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Plus reports and brand-name Ratings on freezers, stainless-steel flatware, toasters, melamine dinnerware and champagne.

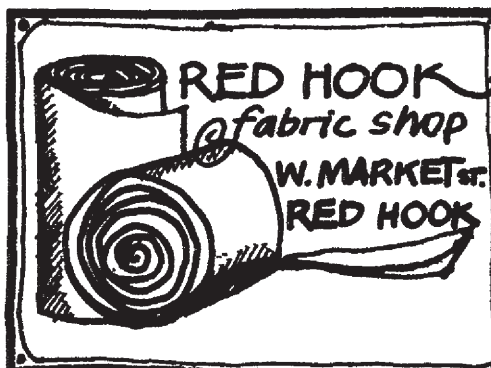
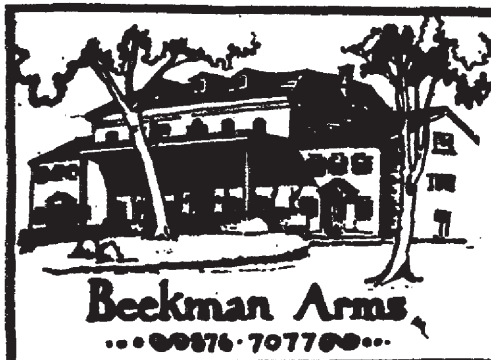
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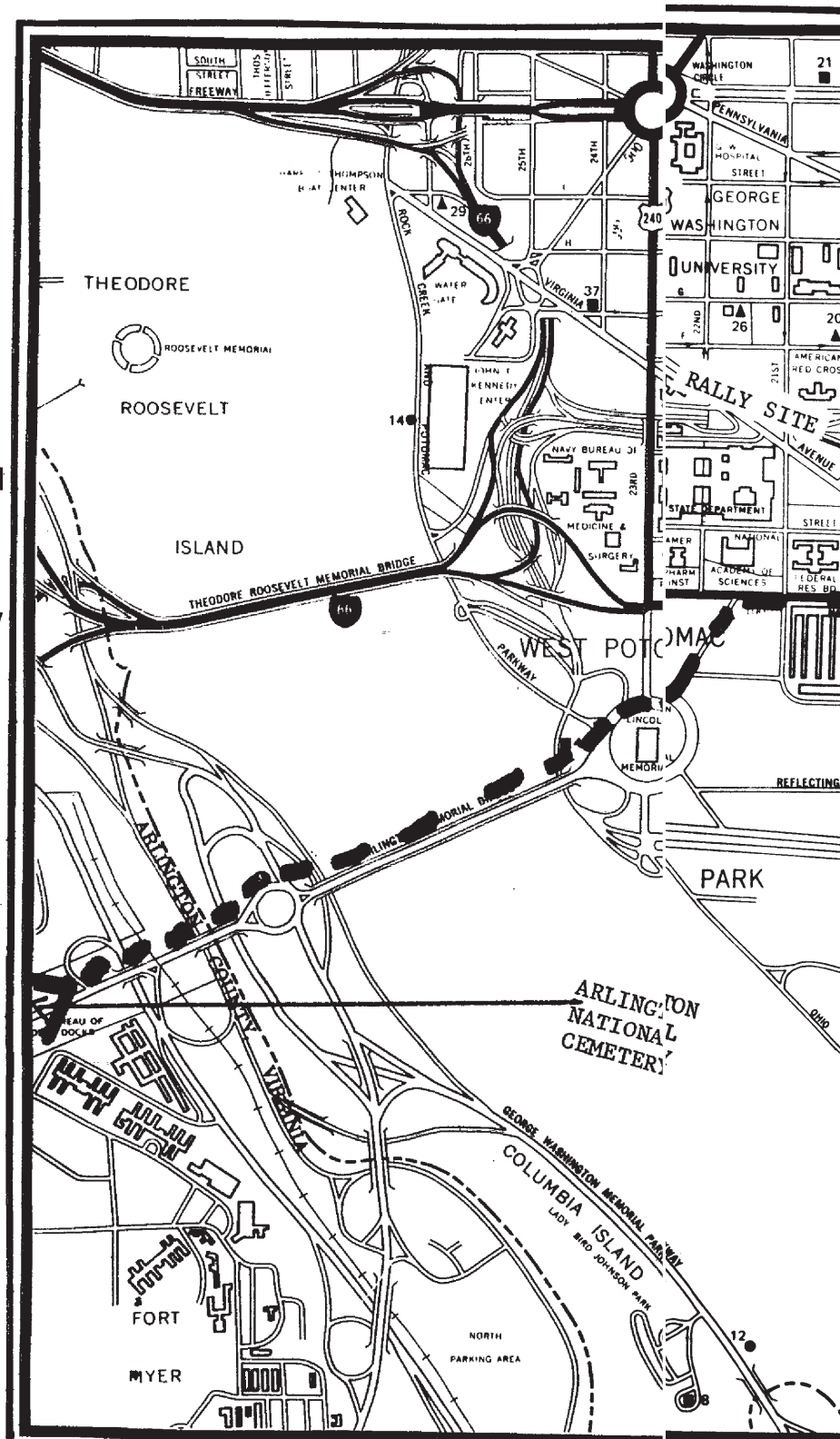
Everyone who wishes to purchase a bus ticket for the March on Washington should do so by today at the latest. If you haven't got the money and wish to go, it shouldn't be difficult to borrow it. If we are able to get enough donations there will be a reduction in price of all bus tickets and/or subsidizing of those unable to come up with the money.

In order to get food from Slater, and in order for us to organize car pools, it is necessary for everyone who is going down in a private car to inform Bruce Diamond by today. You should give him your name, tell him whether you are a driver or a

passenger, and how many people can go in your car or whose car you are going in.

If you haven't got a ride, he will organize the car pools. Tell him how long you're planning to stay. If anyone is interested in going to Washington on Thursday afternoon at 2:00 and returning on Sunday afternoon at 3:00, there is a bus leaving Woodstock which has 5 seats left. The price is \$12.50 and they will give you a place to stay free of charge. If you want to take the Woodstock bus (sponsored by the Episcopal Peace Fellowship), you should give your name and bus fare to Rick De Golia (Box 245).

15



WASHINGTON—(CPS)—Ron Young, Project Director for the New Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam, was trapped by reporters in a crowded corner of the MOBE press room.

His eyes bloodshot from sleepless nights, and long hours of bickering with Justice Department officials, Young kept up the facade of optimism. Richard G. Kleindienst, deputy attorney general, had announced only hours earlier that no permit would be given for the Nov. 15 anti-war parade down Pennsylvania Ave. expected to draw hundreds of thousands from throughout the country.

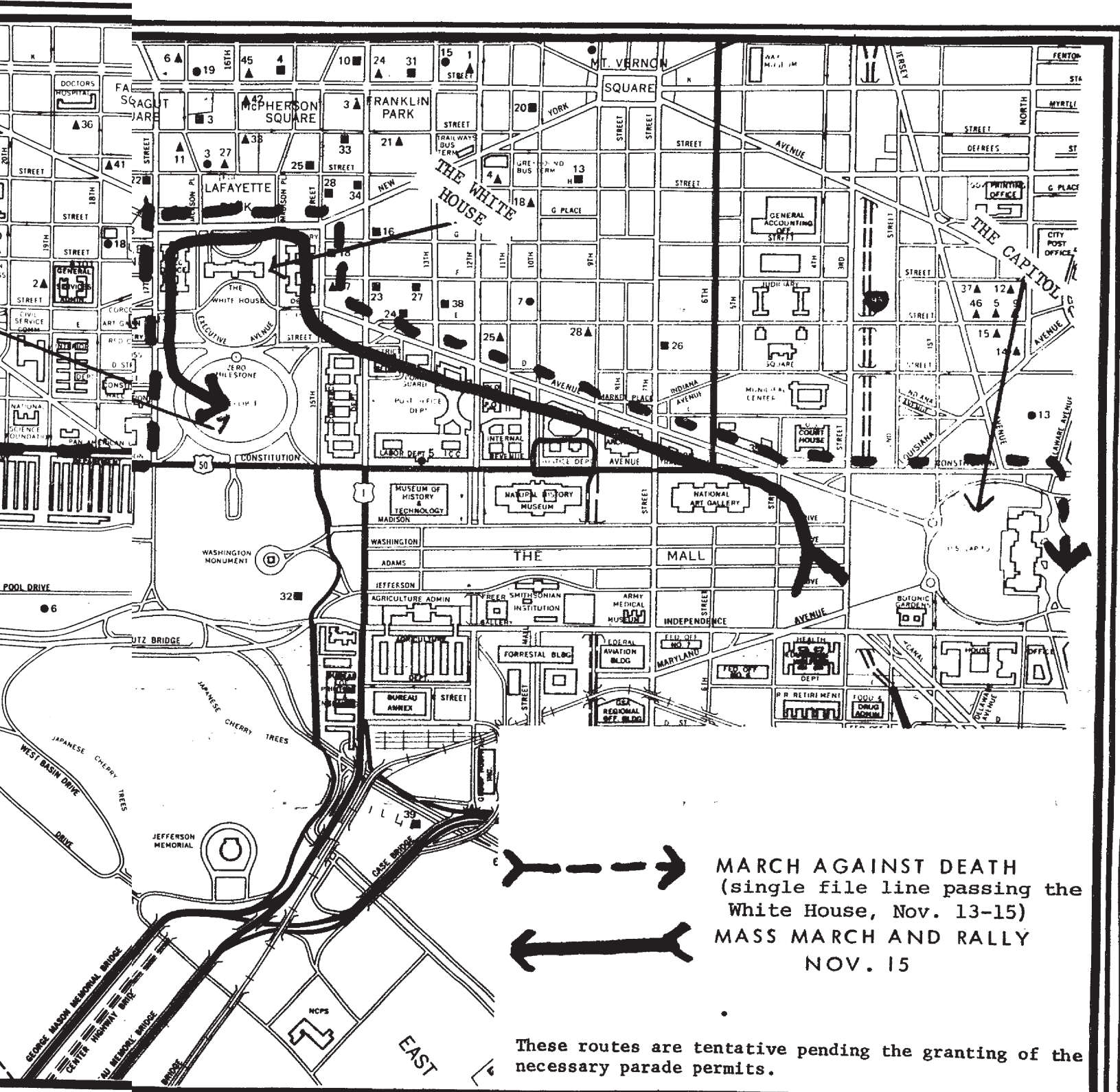
But Young maintained, "There will indeed be permits."

"It is the basic right of Americans to

demonstrate, and Pennsylvania Avenue is the official route for parades in the capital. It connects the two centers of power, the Capitol and White House . . . It is vital that we be able to pass the White House, for that is where the President lives and he has the power to end this war," Young said.

The Justice Department denies that right and says it will use the "minimum force" necessary to keep the demonstrators off Pennsylvania Ave. and away from the White House.

The difficulty with the mobilization, Kleindienst said, is that it's march lacks the predictable character of "an American Legion parade," and therefore must be limited by the government. The limiting of free assembly and dissent is clearly



unconstitutional and certainly cannot be the tactic of a free-world government, MOBE spokesmen maintained.

Young, pressed and pressed again by reporters, explained, "We are firmly committed to this march, and we have faith in this democratic government that it will grant the necessary permit (for one of two alternative routes proposed by MOBE.) We have to go ahead believing we have these rights. I don't know what else to believe . . ."

His voice trembled. And he told reporters that the march past the White House may go on with or without a permit.

Later, talking with CPS reporters, Young said he realized chances are looking more gloomy for reaching agreement with the Justice Department, but that MOBE was

going to keep trying. "If we come out and say we don't have a chance to get a permit, then what kind of chance do we have?"

Young said MOBE is thinking in terms of alternatives for Saturday's march, but the Justice Department is pinning them in every way possible.

Kleindienst would restrict demonstrators to the mall area between the Capitol and Washington Monument. "Mr. Kleindienst would reduce peace members to second-class citizens," Young challenged.

"The Justice Department is carrying out a policy of prohibiting dissent against the war to fit in with White House policy . . . You can be sure the President is fully aware of what is going on."

Boston, and you know what's going on at M.I.T. People are coming from Madison, Wisconsin, and you know what some students did there last year. Therefore, the march won't be peaceful. The government has decided from logic that should make every high school logic teacher in the country shudder.

And maybe it won't be peaceful. If the Justice Department does not grant a permit for the march which has been promoted for months, and hundreds of thousands of persons do come to protest the war thinking they will be marching down Pennsylvania Ave., it may take an incredible amount of "minimum force" to stop them.

But it will be the Justice Department who brings the war home.

observer

Phone (914) 758-3665
an alternative newsmedia project

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To: The Editor
Re: The Death of Paul McCartney

Sir:

Being in a position to know, I thought I'd add another dimension to the interesting piece on Paul's death which made the front page of your last issue.

Buy six or seven tape recorders. On the first, record 'Penny Lane' backwards. On the second, tape 'I Am the Walrus' at 78

clue ought to end once and for all any speculation that Paul McCartney is still alive.

Yours very truly,

Brian Epstein

P.S. Don't worry. John had no trouble resurrecting me. I'm sure he will be equally successful with Paul.



letters

rpm. With the third machine record 'Don't Let Me Down' at the highest possible volume. (One will notice that the first letters of each of these songs form the initials for the words "Paul is dead.")

Now, on the next machine tape the Symbolum Nicenum in Bach's "Mass in B Minor", using only the bass track (Paul played the electric bass). On the fifth tape recorder, record "A Day in the Life" which is the story of Paul's fatal automobile accident. Then, play all these tracks simultaneously and record the result on the sixth tape recorder. Play this in reverse and you can hear John Lennon disguising his voice as Ringo's and laughing at you. Using a seventh tape recorder, you can listen to it again.

This unmistakable and rather obvious

Dear Editor,

There are a few things we would like to explain for the general community concerning the MAIL.

a) Contrary to some opinions we do NOT steal mail—we enjoy giving it to you as much as you enjoy receiving it.

b) We are going to make mistakes, being only human—that's why there is the Campus Mail slot (aside from other reasons).

c) The only time the door is locked is when the first class comes—we can get it to you faster. (app. 10–11:30 a.m.).

Contd. p. 7

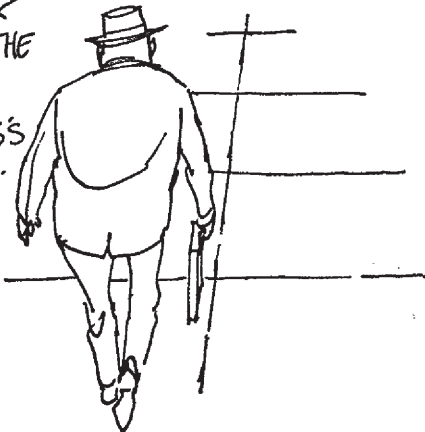
Bard's Rumor Mill hums most loudly when the administration decides that a student has behaved in a manner that warrants his departure from Mother College. The reasons people are bounced out of Bard are as varied as the people who come here. Drug addiction, or at least something that resembles that administrators nightmare; anti-social behavior (dismembering your room-mate, etc.); taking academic liberties such as plagiarism and other, less exotic, crimes, all figure in the scene. Several students have departed Bard this year via Ludlow's back door, and what concerns us is not so much their respective guilt or innocence as the methods by which they are expelled.

The American Association of University Professors in their Joint Statement on Rights and Freedoms of Students are quite concerned with standards for disciplinary proceedings. If a student's misconduct can result in "serious penalties" he should have the right, says the AAUP, to have a hearing before a committee composed both of students and faculty members (who have no special interest in the case.) Seven other recommendations for the hearing include a written statement to the student informing him of the reasons for the proposed action; the right of the students to personally appear before the committee and have any counsel he wishes with him at the time; that the burden of proof should rest upon the officials bringing the charge; that the students should be given a chance to testify and present evidence and witnesses, and to cross examine hostile witnesses; all matters upon which the decision will be based must be presented and have been legally acquired; there should be a transcript or some complete record of the hearing and, last, the decision of the committee will be final, subject only to the student's right of appeal to the president or governing board of the college.

This AAUP code is certainly mild enough to be acceptable to any college administrators, and, while Bard's chosen few may not be in willful neglect of the provisions, they are certainly not in ignorance of the creature. Bard students are not generally inclined to press matters that may verge on the political, but they should be aware that there are ways to handle the prospect of becoming a non-member of this community.

FEIFFER

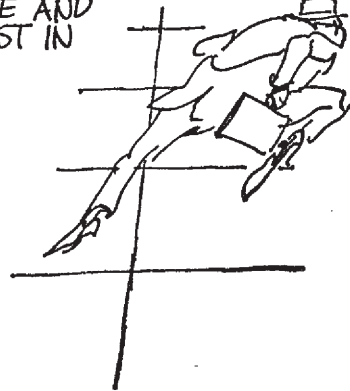
I WALK
DOWN THE
STREET
AS IF
NOTHING'S
WRONG.



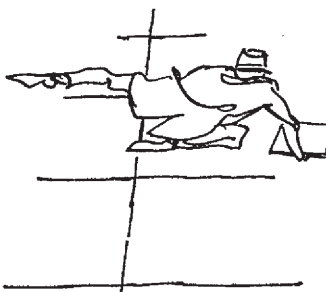
BUT EVERY
DOZEN OR SO
STEPS I
DUCK—JUST
IN CASE.



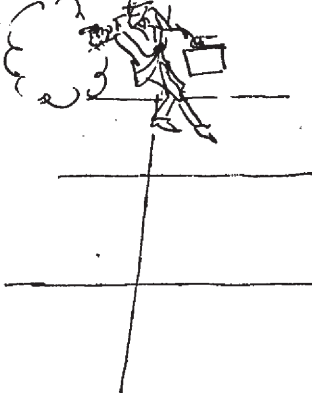
OR I DODGE AND
WEAVE—JUST IN
CASE.



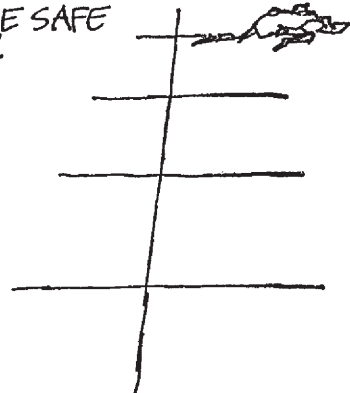
OR I DROP
TO THE GROUND—
JUST IN CASE.



OR I UNEXPECTED-
LY WHIRL AND
GET OFF A
COUPLE OF WARN-
ING SHOTS—
JUST IN CASE.



BETTER TO BE SAFE
THAN SORRY.



STUDENT SENATE

This week's first prize in Observer staff inconstancy goes to Geoff Cahoon for his stunning failure to deliver your weekly Senate report. All due apologies to Raphaelson fans.

letters



From p. 6

d) Campus mail is distributed AT LEAST three (often five) times a day: 8 a.m., 1 p.m. & 4:30 p.m.

Perhaps with a bit more understanding, you will realize that we enjoy our work and do NOT wish to seem uncooperative.

Sincerely yours,

Adele Paff
Joy Justice
Elaine Bak
Mary Jo Olson

P.S. If you are expecting a letter or a package and do not receive it within a week, check at our Sunday night bon-fire in the woods by the swimming pool. If it is not there, it may have been destroyed in the tragic crash of the Boeing 707 on its way up from Annandale. If none of the above are found to be the case, you'll be forced to the conclusion that Dick Griffiths ate it!

smut

CHICAGO—(LNS)—Dirty words have become a major issue in the trial of the Conspiracy 8. The defendants supposedly upset Chicago's cops, known for their prissy vocabulary, by shouting obscenities at them during the August 1968 Democratic Convention. At the trial, a red squad cop named Rodriguez was on the stand.

Did you ever hear a policeman curse? asked Defense Attorney William Kunstler.

Well, said Rodriguez, they may have muttered things, but they didn't shout.

What did they mutter?

Son of a gun.

Nothing worse?

No.

Did you ever hear a police officer say, "Get those fuckers!"?

Would you repeat that, sir?

Did you ever hear a police officer say, "Get those fuckers!"?

No, but they did say, "Those son-of-a-guns are real tough."

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Dr. HIP POCRATES, actually Berkeley doctor Gene Schoenfeld, will appear as a regular feature of the Observer, starting with issue number 22. The doc's column appears nationally in many underground papers including the L A Free Press and The Fifth Estate. Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters and questions. Write to him c/o P O Box 9002, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.



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