

OBSERVER

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DESERTED VILLAGE SUIT

Observer

WEDNESDAY 14 24 SEP 1969

Last May, three Bard students and their visitor at the college were convicted of trespass on the Central Hudson Gas and Electric Corporation property which lies directly behind Ward Manor. It is known to Bard students as the 'Deserted Village.'

Each of these four have filed a \$250,000 suit against Sheriff Lawrence Quinlan, the county itself, and the city of Poughkeepsie. They are Dawn Shifreen, Wendy Golub, Donna LaGreca, and Donald Ochiuzzo.

'It was the most infuriating experience of my life,' said Miss Shifreen. According to the lawyer for the four, Alfred Shafter of New York City, the incident began with 'an innocent bicycle ride' on May 17. The four were picked up and taken to court in Red Hook, where they were charged with a violation, the category into which a parking ticket fits.

There, according to Shafter, Red Hook Town Justice Frank Martin told them that each faced a \$100 fine of 100 days in

jail. The legal limit for punishment for such an offence is actually 15 days. They were told they might make phone calls only after they had entered a plea. Martin allegedly advised them to plead guilty, telling them that if they pleaded not guilty and were found guilty, it would result in a \$500 fine. On the basis of this, all four pleaded guilty and were given \$100 fines. They attempted to pay by check and were told that only cash was acceptable, and that they could not leave until this was paid.

The students were never allowed to phone, but prison authorities eventually made two or three calls for them. Legally, each of the four had the right to make two calls personally.

In the Poughkeepsie jail, they suffered what Shafter calls 'Gestapo stuff:' they were denied water, food and the use of johns. Forced to strip, they were searched for dope, which was not found, and then forced to don prison clothes. One student was physically manhandled, while another was constantly and

brutally harassed by a matron. At least one was placed in a solitary confinement cell. In the early hours of the morning, they were taken to the prison's cellar and subjected to fingerprinting and mugshots.

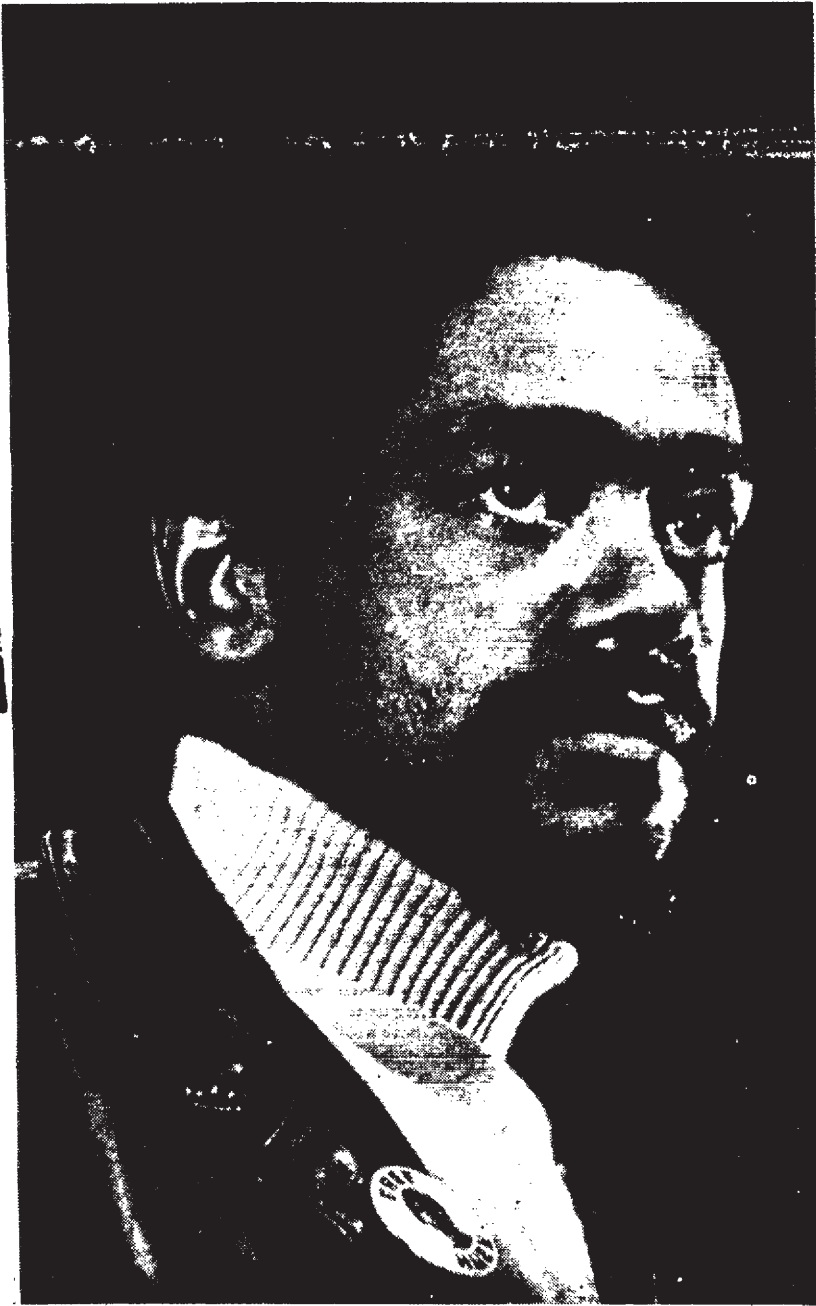
Each was told that a copy of his face and prints would be sent to the FBI. They were finally released at seven o'clock in the morning, twelve hours after they were initially picked up.

According to their lawyer, none of the four had any intention of committing any illegal act—not even trespass. The property, Shafter alleges, is not separated from the college property by 'proper means,' there is no fence, only a solitary gate which at the time had no notice that one was leaving college property. Shafter charges that the police, the company, and the authorities involved acted in concert to 'harass, defame, intimidate and deprive these students of their constitutional rights.' 'We charge,' says Shafter, 'that a conspiracy exists among these people. Now we must back this charge with facts.'

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KIDNAPPED



KIDNAPPED

see story on P.3

AMERICA_{the}in60s

by Geoff Cahoon

Sitting in 'America in the 60's'...it's in Albee Social, so we're all sitting around, slouched down low in the cheezy motel furniture the school provides. So far we've spent most of our time discussing how we're going to do papers for the class. We start getting involved with other topics e.g. the discussion turns into a sort of show and tell--almost all of us wait for a moment when it seems somewhat appropriate and injects their favorite fact or theory, whether it is really relevant or not, but, no matter, we're getting used to each other at least and beginning to trust each other a bit. A lot of us have been brainwashed, or so it seems, into expecting to have a 'leader' or a 'teacher' in a classroom situation so that when we do away with such a personage, we still react as if he were there.

As a consequence we all find ourselves striving for a graded position each time we want to make a statement..we ask ourselves: Does this agree with such and such, or 'How will I look if I say this?' Soon, I suspect such questions will either cease or be paid less attention to.

Still, it is difficult for a group of people who have been brainwashed into expecting an authority figure to lead them by the hand to seek after specifics of knowledge in a field of study as unspecific as 'America in the 60's.' The course of action we've chosen for this semester is to have individuals present papers or topics of their own choice and have discussion of them afterwards. We'll see how that works.

The class may succeed, if only because the members of it seem to have a feeling of responsibility for its success as a

course (something few teachers here could claim for their courses). Because of this, a student in this course is indulging in learning for learning's sake and not participating in an authoritarian process that holds a club over his head in the form of the teacher's assessment of his performance.

Back in Albee Social...I look around the room while another person is rambling on and realize that my eye is not constant checking the position of the professor because there is none...it sounds like a class...looks like a class...I know I read a book for it last night, so it must be a class...but still no professor...without him I suspect that it's not a class but rather a learning experience, and we need many more of them.

by Joan Tollifson and Bruce Warshavsky

Last semester a group of students got together in the hope of starting a cross-individual, student-run seminar on topics that the students themselves considered interesting and important. What motivated these students was the belief that college must first of all be enjoyable and relevant, even if it becomes necessary to work outside of traditional education forms. It was felt that if the purpose of education is to teach one to educate himself, then a student-run experiment was long overdue at Bard College.

Such an experiment is now under way. 'America in the Sixties' is a fully accredited, student-run course, meeting weekly in a seminar to discuss the past ten years in America. The course is being planned and conducted by the students themselves, and the topics, readings, and discussions are determined by the interests of those in the class.

In designing the course last semester, it became obvious that after spending two or three years majoring in a particular division, one's whole approach can be molded by that discipline.

The student risks seeing the world through the assumptions and methods of his own field, and becomes a stranger to other views. At the same time, he is digesting materials prepared for him in advance by a professor, and is in danger of becoming alienated from his own interests and unique thought processes. 'America in the Sixties' will be a chance for students to study what interests them, and to do so from a variety of perspectives.

The course will operate on a pass/fail basis. Each student will present a project of his own choosing to the seminar. The project will accompany an oral presentation, and may take the form of a paper, a film, or any other means the student designs. Some projects already being planned include 'The Self in the Literature of the Sixties,' 'The Kennedy Myth,' 'The Merry Pranksters,' 'An Inter-Arts Experience,' and so on. These presentations correspond to a general course plan that provides an analysis of America in the past decade--an analysis which does not restrict itself to the views and methods of any one discipline.

Bard is reputed to have been an innovative and experimental school in the past. Although it appears that we have long since left experimentation to other schools, there have been some new stirrings on this campus. If 'America' becomes a precedent (and it is intended to be just that), a Bard education might once again mean something more exciting than four years of mid-term papers and final exams.

mr BLACK

Mr. Black, who teaches in the Language and Literature Division at Bard, is mounting a comparative retrospective exhibition of the works of two artists, Herbert Bayer and Ingeborg ten Haeff, for the new Yonkers Hudson River Museum. The show will be called 'Two Visions of Space: Herbert Bayer, Ingeborg ten Haeff.'

It will include well over a hundred paintings, drawings and photomontages. Bayer was one of the original members of the Bauhaus at Weimar and at Dessau with Albers, Gropius, Kandinsky, and Klee. Working as a painter, designer, and architect, he introduced the theories of Bauhaus design and visual communication into the United States when he came here from Germany in the late 1930's.

He designed the original conception of Aspen, and has been chief consultant, then chairman of design for the Container Corporation of America since 1946.

ten Haeff, who was married to the late architect and city planner, Paul Lester Wiener, began painting in New

York in the late 1950's. Her work begins with a full range of cosmic forms such as the series 'Orbs,' 'Astron,' 'Cornona,' and 'Chromosphere,' develops these forms into a human interiority illustrated by such paintings as 'Man's Voyage,' 'Vision of the Inner Self,' and 'Man's Crucifixion' and evolves into the recent metaphysical portraits, among them 'Martin Luther King: Portrait of the Assassination and Gospel.'

Bayer began to paint in the surrealist idiom in the 1920's, and his vision developed into a fantasy of technological space with such paintings as 'Messages through Atmosphere' and evolved into a metaphysical and abstract vision of space in late works such as 'Moon and Structure.' The exhibition will attempt to trace and compare these two highly original and distinct visions of space. Mr. Black has been commissioned to write a monograph to accompany the show. The title will be 'Multiple Worlds and their Common Axis.' The exhibition will run from November 8 to December 8.

SUIT

cont'd from page 1

According to Shafter, the Central Hudson Gas and Electric Corporation is using the sheriff and his officers as caretakers for this unused property and paying them for their services. 'The company is in with judges and wealthy people, the Dutchess County establishment. It belongs to well-organized, very influential people,' said Shafter, though he adds that he has found nothing in the corporate records to indicate a blatant conflict of interest between the company and the authorities. Nevertheless, all according to Shafter, all involved share an interest in the intimidation and persecution of trespassers, Bard students in particular.

The charge of conspiracy has been filed with a court of claims in New York City. At the same time, the mother of one, Olivia LaGreca of Mamaroneck,

N.Y., has filed a complaint against Justice Martin with the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, which has jurisdiction over Martin's position. Justice of the Peace is an elected office. According to Shafter, one does not have to be a lawyer to fill this position and Frank Martin is not one. Mrs. LaGreca's claim is that Martin, for this and other reasons, is not competent for his duties.

Bard college administration officials, though privately expressing sympathy with the case, have declined to commit the college to support it. Their reason was that this would not further the college's efforts to build better relations with the local community.

by Marian Swerdlow

SEALE

Chicago. LNS. Federal pig marshalls have kidnapped Panther Chairman Bobby Seale en route from San Francisco to Chicago. The immediate reason for the kidnapping seems to be a determined effort by the U.S. power structure to prevent Bobby from being able to meet with his lawyer to prepare for his Chicago conspiracy trial scheduled to open Sept. 24.

He was taken from San Francisco in handcuffs and leg manacles shortly before his lawyer was scheduled to appeal the removal order, and he has been held incommunicado since Friday, September 12, losing valuable preparation time for his case. By the time the appeal hearing was convened, the pigs had taken Bobby out of the district and out of the judge's jurisdiction.

Lawyers in Chicago, Washington, and New York have filed a motion in court saying that Bobby has been kidnapped and demanding that marshalls produce him. Bobby's 'conspiracy' in Chicago last summer amounted to a six hour visit in which he gave one speech. In addition to the conspiracy charge he awaits extradition to face a charge of conspiring to murder a Panther member, Alex Backley, in New Haven.

The latest actions against Seale are part of a full-scale attack on the Panthers—a transparent attempt to destroy the most militant, most explicitly revolutionary organization inside the black community.

This attempt to wipe out the Panthers—like earlier attempts in American history to destroy oppressed people in motion—is based on the use of agents, intrigue, brutal violence, and every conceivable weapon that rich men's money can buy.

BOMBS

New York. LNS. For the fourth time in the past two months, institutions responsible for U'S' war policy have been bombed in this city. The latest target was the new Federal Office Building near Foley Square.

The bomb was placed somewhere between the 39th and 40th floors, housing the local headquarters of the Selective Service System and the Commerce Department, respectively.

No one was injured by the blast, which occurred at 2:10 a.m. on September 19. The explosion wrecked a large portion of the draft office and the Commerce Department, which is used by U.S. businessmen to facilitate their foreign investing.

The Federal Building is the latest of a series of targets. One month earlier a bomb wrecked the offices of the Marine Midland Grace Trust Co., a bank with \$3.3 billion in assets and considerable investments in Latin America. On July 26th, in commemoration of the Cuban Revolution, a United Fruit Co. pier was blown up and two weeks before that, a grenade factory in New Jersey was hit.

The mass media has cooperated with the authorities in covering up the political nature of these attacks on key institutions of U.S. imperialism. Police and FBI agents assigned to the case never mention the possibility of political motives behind the bombings, at first even trying to bury the news altogether—but the persistence of the attacks has finally made them front-page news.

Although the director of the Commerce Department Office recalled that there had been anti-draft demonstrations in front of the building during the summer, he said he could think of no reason why anyone would want to bomb his offices.

There have been no arrests made in connection with any of the cases.

'It means nothing to me. I have no opinion about it, and don't care.'

Pablo Picasso—commenting on the moon landing.

CHICKS

Detroit. LNS. Last week nine women—now the Motor City Nine—walked into a classroom at Macomb Community College and barricaded the doors. Inside they interrupted the students writing final exams to talk about the most important things going on in the world today—things that teachers at Macomb College never mention or only lie about. They rapped about the war in Vietnam and about how the Vietnamese are against U.S. imperialism.

They rapped about the struggle for liberation and the Black Panther Party, and about how Macomb College keeps black people out by charging them higher tuition, saying it's because they don't live in the same community.

They spoke about how white people are acting against the people of the world, helping the rich get richer, and how white people must join the revolution now waged by black and brown people across the world to liberate the riches of the world for all people.

When they began to talk about how women are kept down in this country, two men got up to leave the room. It is reported that the Motor City Nine responded to such an exhibition of male chauvinism and general pig behavior by attacking the men with karate and prevented them from leaving the room. They then continued to discuss how women are used as slave labor in the household, exploited on the labor market, and turned into sexual object

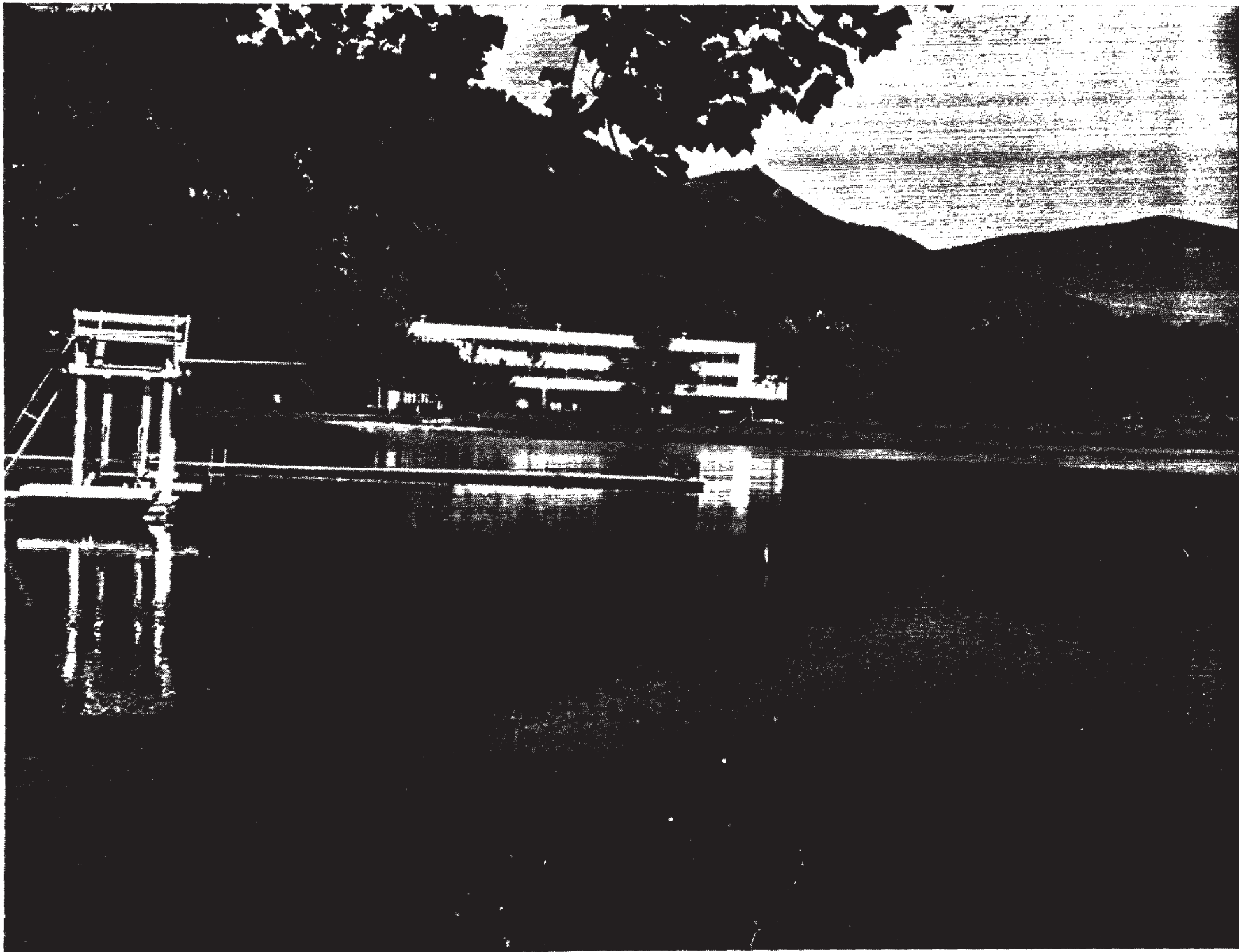
One of the men called the pigs and the women were arrested. They were released on bonds totaling \$6,500 for charges of disorderly person and assault and battery.

The Motor City Nine are part of the women's liberation movement. They understand that the road to women's liberation is not through personal discussions about the oppression of women, nor is it through an appeal to the public conscience through demonstrations or guerilla theatre about the issue of female liberation. It will only come when women act, not only around the issues of women's liberation, but when they act on other issues such as the war and racism. Women's liberation will come when women exercise real power as is done in Vietnam and in the Macomb college classroom.

budget

	Asked	Granted
Tutoring Project	\$ 175.00	\$ 175.00
Photography Club	368.00	368.00
Ecclesia et Colligium	84.35	84.35
Photography Magazine	2000.00	800.00
Forum	2053.56	500.00
Student Workshop	2990.00	000.00
Musical Activities Group	2601.00	1151.00
Inter-Arts Ensemble	2000.00	750.00
Film Committee	5337.00	4100.00
Observer	4305.14	3600.00
Lampeter Muse	891.00	891.00
Chapel Committee	988.50	488.50
Sailing Club	1125.00	000.00
Bard Black Students Association	1565.00	1200.00
SDS	825.00	200.00
Dance Club	900.00	000.00
Donald G. Tewksbury Memorial Philharmonic Marching Society and Bratwurst Festival Band	400.00	000.00
Composers Circle	500.00	000.00
Jazz Club	300.00	200.00
Art Club	773.00	618.00
French Club	1280.00	265.00
Economics Club †	1150.00	000.00
Literature Club	1483.00	900.50
Scientific Society	790.00	390.00
Psychology Club	1630.00	500.00
History Society	1500.00	550.00
Ceramics Club	665.00	600.00
Cinematography Club	650.00	500.00
Russian Club	1300.00	600.00
Sociology-Anthropology Club	1250.00	400.00

†\$550 was held by the Senate for a special request from the Economics Club pending that Club's confirmation of their speakers. If they do not report by Nov. 1 the money will revert to the Senate.)



Above is the finished Studies Building at Black Mountain College, with Lake Eden in the foreground. Started in 1940, based on designs drawn by Gropius and Brewer, the building contained one room for each student and was erected by the college community at large. This concludes the Observer's Black Mountain feature. Roger A. Wicker, author of part one

and contributor of all photographs, is a former reporter for the Asheville (N.C.) Citizen and is currently Assistant Director of Curriculum Design at Kendall College, Evanston, Ill., an experimental junior college. All parts and photographs of this issue and issue number 13 are copyrighted by Roger A. Wicker, 1969.

CLASSIFIED?

Run a classified ad in the Observer. It costs less than you think. Send your ad to Box 76, or call 758-3665. Or drop by the office in the basement of North Hoffman. All ads must be in by Monday preceding publication.

Ins|mvn

Washington.LNS. The Vietnam Moratorium, a series of national, escalating anti-war actions, will begin October 15. Students at more than 500 colleges are already committed to spending the day in the community with door-to-door campaigns, teach-ins, rallies and vigils.

Accompanying the campus-based actions will be organized efforts by businessmen, clergymen, community groups and labor. All activities are directed against continuing U.S. action in Vietnam.

The Moratorium has the endorsement of the National Americans for Democratic Action, the National Student Association, the New Mobilization Committee, and the National New Democratic Coalition.

Coordinated by a Washington office, the one-day October action would be expanded to two days in November, three days in December, escalating until the war is ended.

The National office is staffed with veterans of the McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns.

Among those are Sam Brown, 26, one of the principle organizers of the youth wing of the McCarthy campaign; David Mixner, 24, another McCarthy staffer who currently serves on the Democratic party reform commission headed by Senator George McGovern; David Hawk, 26, a draft resister and former southern civil rights worker who was an all-American diver at Cornell; Marge Sklencar, 23, the former student body president at Mundelein College who is a veteran of numerous political campaigns.

Rejecting recent announcements by administrations spokesmen of token troop withdrawals, the coordinators said:

"The announced displacement of 25,000 and 35,000 American troops would bring the total to 60,000, the number former President Johnson said could be brought home without damaging the war effort.

We will continue to work against the war until United States policies have changed and the war is ended,

tunes

by mark barnett

As a preface: what I say will be shaped by wholly personal preferences. I am primarily a musician, and certainly not a writer. My statements may be ill-phrased and simplistic, meanings are implied between the spaces and anyway, I'm a peevish opinionated cocksucker.

For the most part the records available to me had been sent by several record companies to the Bard Observer over the past several months. As such they are an unbalanced selection, leaning towards the semi-conscious and mediocre. Columbia sent a pile of new rock groups,

and a few other things like country schmaltz and English folk singing, while Epic sent only one, a beautiful record, POCO.

I would that I was being too brief if I gave only reviews of the recordings, rather like a professor handing out grades and blank criteria sheets. So I'll look at these first as entertainment, and second as indicators. We'll try to see larger movements in pop music and to derive a consistent set of criteria for evaluation.

ILLINOIS SPEED PRESS on Columbia is just dreadful. The liner notes are a collaboration from the Firesign Theatre, and are, of course, hilarious. Peter

cont. on p.5

WELCOME TO THE ZOO

john katzenbach

All strep throats aside, over and done with. My fighting will to live having carried me successfully through another apparent brush with death, I staggered back to campus to re-immense myself in the process of living here at Bard. Not having too much initiative, I busied myself with cutting classes and not doing assignments, and generally musing over what had already taken place. That is the good thing about writing a column, incidentally, for all you



people who have followed this column with such unflinching devotion. You only have to concern yourself with what has happened not with what will. No Cassandras working for this newspaper. But that is a digression. Back to Bard, back to the essence of our existence, thrust into the uncharted wilds of the Hudson River Valley, 600, (or is it 700) of us looking alike, talking alike, eating the same food, everybody enjoying themselves immensely, which strikes me as a bit strange, but, like most things, I'll just ignore it, and maybe it'll go away.

But, I suppose that is a digression also. Back to the question at hand; relieved of the physical agony of being close to death, and lacking anything better to do, I decided to review the immediate past (remember the first digression?)

I was able to get out of registration with only minor scars. In one respect I was lucky, that being the fact that magically all my courses appeared signed and happy on my formal (as opposed to informal, I suppose) registration card. I was unlucky in the fact that there appeared to be several too many, so with complete disregard to all life and limb, I simply crossed off those that looked difficult. I suppose there are about five teachers now wandering blithely through the woods, calling my name, looking, like Diogenes, for an honest man, which unfortunately does not appear to be me.

I walked out into the sunshine, or rather the unbearable heat, and, feeling existential, I fired four shots into the inert corpse of some freshman, who apparently was not able to cope with the primary of all Bard zoos, registration. It was like putting him out of his misery. The gym was like a battlefield, or at least like something out of a Fellini film, though I would reserve judgement on which one precisely. Stumbling over the bodies of the unfortunates, I made my way over to the bookstore to get a good place in line, and to discover that invariably my instructor had grossly underestimated the turnout for his course 'Contemporary World Masturbation,' and that all the books had subsequently disappeared from their allotted shelves. So I waited in line to buy two Bic pens, which were immediately borrowed, and were last seen heading off into the sunset.

Dinner, of course, would offer no solace to my twisted soul, so I jumped into my car and drove, being inherently lazy, down the road, to indulge in that other great Bard zoo, drinking, and all its particular Bardian manifestations. There, to my delight, were all my old friends, feverishly trying to seduce every girl that so much as dared enter the den of iniquity. Those that were succeeding were grace-

fully working their prey towards the door and those that were falling were simply getting drunk. No harm in that, of course. We only live once, and sooner or later somebody will have to crack up their car trying to drive to Manor, the gods must be appeased, might as well get it over with. I left Adolph's reaffirmed in the belief that all Bard students are created equal. Some just seem to get more than others.

Of course all this is nothing compared to the first Senate meeting zoo. I think saint Joe McCarthy must have been smiling as he looked down (or up, depending on your point of view) on the proceedings. Senate is quite a treat. I suggest that all students sit in on at least one meeting to find out how efficiently their gov't is run. All this is at the risk of sounding overly moralistic, but...

So here I am, or there I was, still staggering about and popping my penicillin every four hours to keep me going. It's a good drug, not a great one, but certainly it lives up to its promises. The sun has come out again after the rains, but rest assured, it will rain again...

'The truth is we are all caught in a great economic system which is heartless.'

Woodrow Wilson, 1912.

MUSIC REVIEW

cont'd from P. 4

Bergman probably never heard the record. The rhythm guitar plays unbearably out of tune in simple four-beat patterns. The tone of it sounds like 1) the guitarist had never used an electric guitar (yes, there is a difference), and 2) the producer (James Guericke) had gone out for a cup of coffee. This guitar is the rhythmic basis of the group. The vocals are chanted over twelve-bar blues patterns, voice with not much range. Now, Pearls Before Swine worked because their writer was a poet, but I didn't find any poetry in the Speed Press. A (Les Paul) guitar plays random 'lead' lines over the singer, and these sound like a thoroughly studied Mike Bloomfield-Barry Melton derivation, without even the basic phrasing knowledge of either. There are drums and a bass somewhere, I guess. The whole thing generally confuses 'heavy' (yes) with 'heavy-handed' and comes off like another ego-trip. But, if I babble about that much longer, I'll use up all my space, so keep it in mind and I'll return to it later.

CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY on Columbia. What can I say: another blues band. Formula: Take one ordinary rock band with a hard-voiced singer, add a trumpet and trombone, get the lead sheet for all of Blood, Sweat, and Tears arrangements and you have: another blues band. Mary Ann says this sounds like an elementary course in pop music for 1968 America, and I've never known her to lie. (Everything is adequate and nothing goes any farther. One interesting cut is 'Free-Form Guitar,' if only in terms of what a Fender Stratocaster can do when it's tortured.) Other than that there's

nothing of interest here, though I suppose they have a good sound live. We begin to suspect that the corporate ego of Columbia's advertising department is not to be trusted.

NRBQ. also on Columbia. I like this album better now than when I first listened to it. The whole thing is rampantly eclectic that it is difficult to find any continuum. The first side alone has six completely different songs, by different composers. They go from Space Ship Number Nine, by Sun Ra, to a Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry song. It's all a huge shock and very raucy besides. After only two hearings I still find nothing that is really exciting, musically, though it's all competent. (Now, you're probably thinking: who the fuck does he think he is, and why is he being so down on everything-but don't worry. You're not me, and most Bard students will probably like NRBQ a whole lot--they are good--I'm just picking up glaring inadequacies and I warned you anyway.) What disturbs me about the record is that Columbia has churned a good band with fine ideas through its Rock Machine, thereby over-hyping it almost to death. I mean, if I believed all the advances on NRBQ I'd be expecting the Beatles. The liner notes sound like 'Well, the organist smoothed down his elbow-length corn silk hair, while the guitarist played so fast that it sounded like the strings were barbed wires.' Too much. And it even says 'NRBQ is concerned with time and space.' So were the Byrds, but they never needed to say so.

POCO (Epic) is the nicest new thing I've heard in a long time. Rock and

country really do work together in the right hands. Their musicianship is superb--tight, smooth, and calm. Everything is neatly pieced together. Their guitars interchange leads and rhythm and rhythmic leads. Even considering the peculiar structure in some of the songs, the instruments phrase the breaks so they seem smooth, not an easy task. There isn't much dazzle and flash, but gentle virtuosity is a refreshing thing. The first two songs on side one have the most remarkable pedal steel breaks, and Brand Junction is one of the finest instrumentals around. The last part of side one is disappointing, in that the songs sound pieced-together and disconnected. Side two, however, is almost perfect. They say things about God, Love, and The City, all sung beautifully and played even better. First Love, Tomorrow, and Picking Up the Pieces, the title song, are very fine.

The essence of the album is that they're playing together--that makes it beautiful. There is a communication between the performers and the listeners, that is, simply, music cannot be loud horny noise all the time. The Chicago Transit Authority is craft--they learned the progression and riffs and pieced them together, but Poco, and for that matter, their counterpart, Crosby Stills and Nash, are perhaps artists, because of the constant communication they produce. The Illinois Speed Press has an ego trip of sorts implied in their name, you may have noticed. They sound like a circle-jerk. Well, Poco has been through the pop nonsense and stepped away clean.



Why are there more students at Bard than there are rooms? Perhaps because the administration is trying to maximize income without caring about other factors.

Why did the administration ignore the faculty's recommendation that enrollment not increase without a proportional increase in faculty? Perhaps the administration is looking more to balancing the budget than maintaining the quality of education at Bard.

Why is it the administration cares more about money than education?

HELP!

If you are an aspiring writer, the Observer could use your talent. You might even learn something. Drop by the office, in the basement of North Hoffman. Or call 758-3665.

'Not to use power as a weapon is to encounter it as an obstacle.'

-Louis Blanc

Observer

an alternative newsmedia project

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With: Birgit Winslow, Geoff Cahoon,
 Marion Swerdlow, Luther Douglas



LETTERS

To the Editor:

Questions regarding Bruce Warshavsky's and June Tollifson's article on 'America in the Sixties' in this issue of the Observer...

Perhaps, Bruce and June, you should attempt to find out why you think that, as a gross generality, Bard education as it stands means nothing more than four years of midterm papers and final exams.

The concept of a professorless, student-run course is an intriguing one, and one which I sincerely hope succeeds in application. But I question your stated motivations.

The possibility that the value of your education at Bard is to a great extent up to you should be considered. And before sweeping generalizations are made about the function and value of a professor's presence in a class, you might attempt to view an instructor as a positive force and see where it gets you. Perhaps the fact that you don't dig Bard is due to your attitude.

If your experience at Bard has been a negative one, couched in the pejorative terms of midterms and finals, I think it is rather your own tragedy. Certainly it should not be an indictment of the school system.

It is, in addition, interesting to note that you say 'The student risks seeing the world through the assumptions and methods of his own field, and becomes a stranger to other views,' blaming this on the fact that he is only digesting materials prepared for him in advance.' You claim that he is 'in danger of becoming alienated from his own interest and unique thought processes.'

But if this thing happens, don't you think that it must be the student's fault and the student's fault only? I mean, if you sit there and accept someone else's cud, by rote where is this intellectual power that you claim is being stifled? If you really have some intellectual curiosity and vivacity, do you think you are in any intellectual danger? I would suggest that you think again.

And I would suggest, once again, that you reexamine the professor's role before you condemn him to the role of a cow. Granted, there are poor professors. But do you insist that there are no good ones here, none that can offer you anything? This is intellectual arrogance.

Good luck, really. It can and may be a dynamite course. But it's too bad that you bring such motivations to bear on what could have genuine relevance.

Anita Schnee

FEIFFER

A DANCE TO AUTUMN.



IN THIS DANCE I CELEBRATE A RETURN TO EDUCATION.



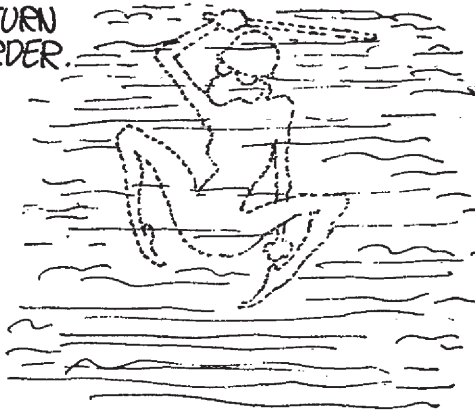
A RETURN TO REASON.



A RETURN TO DIALOGUE.



A RETURN TO ORDER.



A DANCE TO AUTUMN.



SKIFF

Peter Skiff, Bard's one-man physics department, was the subject of a recent article in Change magazine. Tom Shachtman, a CBS News writer, is the author of 'Peter Skiff's Quiet Innovation.' The scene is set at Bard, a 'consciously offbeat' old private college, whose students 'are inclined to be artsy.'

Skiff has raised the number of physics majors from 2 in 1967 to well over a dozen this year. He has motivated such projects as a 'jerry-built' linear accelerator and other bits of equipment, and he teaches that bane of all students, the required freshman science course (from time to time).

The way Skiff sees it 'In the first place, modern physics has shown that most of classical physics is either wrong, too simple in its explanations, or otherwise subject to doubt.'


Shachtman reports that 'for all Skiff's imaginative teaching, significant numbers of his faculty colleagues are ideologically opposed to his course. They cite, among other complaints, a lack of 'relevant factual material' and cursory treatment of complex concepts which leads to con-

fusion.' Some call the course 'particularly disappointing' and 'a game of little consequence.' Others on the faculty evaluation team were kinder, citing a 'high level' of student participation in class discussion and calling the course 'stimulating and rigorous.' On the whole the evaluators were complimentary--while admonishing Skiff to innovate less radically.

The faculty critics are not alone. Many students themselves are bothered by the seeming lack of direction in Skiff's course, its casual nature and its reliance on their own involvement. 'An idealistic and unrealistic course which didn't force me to grasp the fundamentals of science,' a student critic, while another commented, 'I quit taking notes because I became too interested.'

Says Shachtman, 'Skiff claims no great discovery. He makes no assertions that his course methods might succeed elsewhere. In fact, he doubts that they would. His relative success, in his particular place with his brand of student, is worthy of consideration. Skiff has perhaps devised a course which satisfies his students' artistic leanings and his own charge of teaching science.'

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SDS

The June split with SDS between the Revolutionary Youth Movement (RYM) and the Progressive Labour Party-dominated Worker-Student Alliance (WSA) was the result of long-term and serious disagreements between these two groups. WSA supports neither the Vietcong nor the Black Panthers, claiming both are 'nationalistic.' RYM, on the other hand, supports both, and also considers the Panthers to be the vanguard, or leaders of the revolution.

These differences manifested themselves within local chapters on such crucial issues as support of black studies programs and open admissions policies. Loud and angry disagreements not only turned off potential supporters, but also kept those already committed from getting on with the serious business of social change.

Thus the desertion of WSA by RYM in the dingy Chicago Coliseum was not the death rattle that the establishment heard and its media transmitted. It was a step towards less-wordy, more action-oriented life-styles for both WSA and RYM, both of which persist in calling themselves SDS.

There were not only two SDSs, there were also two RYMs. But they seemed to be getting along well, thank goodness. One of these RYMs is called The Weathermen. The other is called simply RYM II. The Weathermen, Mark Rudd's followers, control the national office and several regionals, including that in New York City.

Bard College SDS, aware of the necessity for effective national action with revolutionary aims, decided to take part in the SDS-initiated anti-war actions planned for mid-October. Hoping to receive both information and inspiration, they invited representatives of SDS from the regional office to Bard. The two, Hettie Heiman, a former Bard student, and Jed Provsansky, who attended Goddard, arrived the next afternoon.

The Weathermen are characterized by a colorful, bold style and the assumption that we are very near revolution. They see their work as 'building cadre' for the revolution. Their tactics are to 'create a presence' often by painting up buildings and walls with slogans, and to polarize people. They disdain slow, unspectacular base-building and often refuse to work with local revolutionary groups when planning their local actions. They are most interested in attracting youth, street gangs, high school kids. Typical actions include marching on crowded beaches or streets with Vietcong flags, or invading high schools, running through the halls, yelling 'jailbreak' and disrupting classes. After the initial startling and polarizing move, they leaflet those involved and rap with them, finding their reactions and trying to convince them to join them.

Hattie and Jed were 'classic weathermen.' Refusing to consult with any represen-

tative of Bard SDS, they wrote and ran off a heavily emotional leaflet. This was distributed to students, who immediately associated it with Bard SDS. After dinner, they attempted to hold a rally which was badly handicapped by the lack of a sound system, which had been a victim of sabotage (minutes before the rally, the adaptor had been stolen.) Nevertheless, Jed and Hettie made an effort. Hettie spoke sincerely and movingly of the 3rd world struggle, ending with 'the 3rd world can do it themselves--they can liberate themselves--but they shouldn't have to.' The audience heckled her with nihilistic or pacifistic sentiments. Finally the meeting dissolved into many small groups, each hot in argument. Hettie invited those interested in further discussion into Albee social. About 15 came.

The second RYM is more concerned with the revolutionary potential of the working class. The Weathermen, on the other hand believe that the crucial characteristic of the American working class is not their exploitation but rather the small, short range benefits which they derive from the imperialist policies which enrich white America as a whole. It is these benefits which shape the working class's complacency towards the system.

Both RYMs are going to Chicago for the October 8-11 actions, but they will act independently. The Weathermen will aim to involve people through the very boldness of their actions and to 'show people how to make the revolution.' To do this, they plan, among other things,

to stage 'jailbreaks' in local high schools and to impede the trial of the Conspiracy Eight.

This strategy and tactics met with unanimous disapproval within the Movement, from the Panthers to RYM II. The feeling there, as well as at Bard, was that such actions would turn a great number of people off to social change, not only liberals, but working class and blacks as well, because it did not reflect their needs. Rather than abandon the action totally, these other groups are presently working to transform it into a mass-based action against imperialism.

This week a call to Chicago was issued jointly by the Black Panther Party, the Young Lords and RYM II. It praises the South Vietnamese revolutionaries, and declares that the war has 'widened the fissures of U.S. society, exposing the imperialist white supremacist character of the U.S. rulers.

Immediately after the visit of the two Weathermen, Bard SDS agreed to disaffiliate themselves from National SDS, which is under the control of the Weathermen. They have renamed themselves the Radical Student Caucus. The RSC hopes to orient itself towards dealing with the unique situation which Bard presents. This means it will follow no national organization and will decide policy independently on both local and national issues.

by marion swerdlow

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