

OBSERVER

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observer

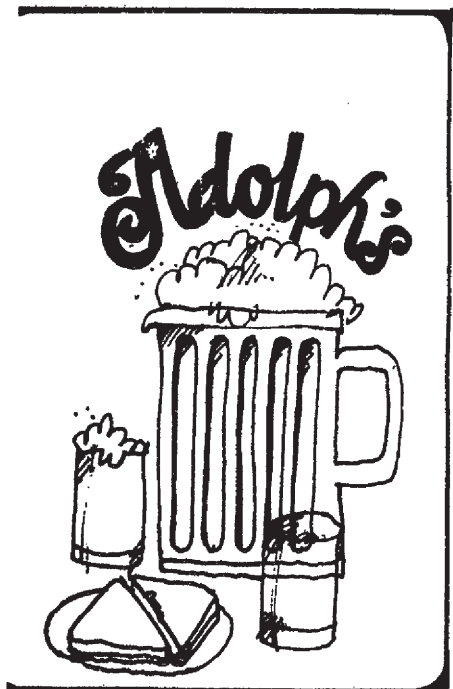
volume twelve number twenty-two 19 November 1969



Clearwater on Stormy Sea...

The Washington March...

Is Evaluation Valid...



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EVALUATIONS:



a SNAKE in the GRASP?

Until last year, student-written faculty evaluation sheets were "a matter of communication and advice to the junior faculty." Four years ago the faculty stipulated that these sheets were to be returned to the teacher evaluated. "There was a certain amount of distrust on either side—the faculty had visions of the sheets passed around as comic reading," one professor recalls, "and the students feared reprisals so they agreed only to hand the sheets to the divisional chairmen. The next year, no evaluations were undertaken, and last year when they were resumed, the original stipulation had been forgotten."

Of seven members of the faculty spoken with, representing all the divisions and tenured and untenured, only one was not absolutely convinced that students' influence should be felt in decisions regarding rehiring and tenure. Mrs. Domandi, a tenured member of the Language and Literature Division said she personally believed that these decisions should be based "one-third upon the person as a teacher, one-third upon him as a professional and one-third upon him as a colleague. In evaluating him as a teacher, the student clearly has the most to say."

All felt as well that the results of the evaluation of an individual should be available to him. "Perhaps it would be most useful if it provided feedback for the teachers," suggested William Wilson, an untenured member of the Language and Literature Division, "Instead of the

present sort of Star Chamber proceedings' recommendations. 'Last year they were Mrs. Domandi agreed, "Tenured faculty given weight," she said, "and I very much should also be kept alert and on their toes felt the lack of them this semester." this way."

Not all agreed that the findings should be open to students, though. Professor Heinz Bertelsman, senior member of the Social Studies Division, said, "The faculty has been humane, and not posted the grades of students. I do not think we should make public the grades students give teachers, either."

William Wilson advised that, "Scuttlebutt is the best way to find out things about the world: rumor, word of mouth, I don't think statistical evaluations of particular classes are adequate. Individual students vary. What determines whether they should take a course or a professor is complicated and complex."

Mrs. Domandi felt publication would be acceptable only if the content was first edited by the Educational Policies Committee, "because you cannot always trust students' objectivity." Another professor felt that some of the compilation should be published: "Senior faculty has a lot of dead wood you can't get rid of. Your only hope of having some effect is making public these results."

The only area these sheets may have been effective is in the rehiring and tenure decisions. Mrs. Domandi reports that in her division, senior faculty used the sheets directly in forming their

Professor Bertelsman said that in the Social Studies Division he was sure the evaluations had an effect. "In fact they were the only thing to which we paid serious attention." He also said he regretted that this semester's recommendations were made without the help of the evaluations.

Meanwhile, last semester's faculty evaluation sheets are collecting dust in the room in Wardens belonging to former head of EPC, Wes Moore. "We were supposed to publish those from Fall, 1968 in time for registration this semester, but somehow during the summer we never got around to it." He doesn't believe the past use of the sheets has justified the time students used in writing them. "The problem has been that the people on EPC have simply never had the time to use them as fully as possible."

Another problem may be the misuse of these sheets. According to both past and present members of EPC, including Moore himself, the faculty used only such elements as fit their arguments in specific instances. One faculty member remarked that "the evaluations are frequently not used in accord with the intention of the student writing that evaluation." According to Paula Lockard, a present member of the EPC, "Last Fall, the

evaluations were handed to the divisional chairmen without EPC recommendations. It was like giving them ammunition to use as they pleased. This semester, EPC is also supposed to make a summary of the evaluations, as well as recommendations of its own. However, and I believe unfortunately, EPC is also submitting the sheets themselves attached to the summaries and recommendations."

Miss Lockard feels that the only way these sheets will have any significant impact on the academic life is through the publication of the entire results. On the other hand, Liz Semel, present head of EPC, claims to have received reassurances from faculty that the student evaluations will be influential, even though the divisions have already made their recommendations to the joint committee, which has the final say. "On the other hand," says Miss Semel, "if the faculty goes blatantly against our wishes, we'll know."

Only Martin Miller, a junior member of the psychology department, felt that the entire proceedings were fruitless and perhaps harmful. Martin has written a dissertation upon faculty evaluations by students based upon meticulously controlled and large samples. He found that student evaluations are based 80% upon the popularity of the teacher, "just whether or not he's a nice guy". 12% is based upon the teacher's ability to organize the material, and the remaining percentage is 'irrelevancies'. Actually Miller considers neither of the two factors relevant either. A good teacher, he believes, is one who sets up conditions under which students learn. "Learning and teaching cannot be separated," says Miller. He considers the only relevant measure of a teacher's ability is a student's performance subsequent to the course, "performance in graduate school, on standardized achievement tests, awards". He feels that evaluation sheets could actually be detrimental, if they were used in such a way that prevented a student from taking a good course.

"At this place," says Miller, "there is an assumption that students should enter into decision making." Miller's findings, according to both himself and his colleague in the psychology department, O'Reilly, challenge the wisdom of this assumption.

Perhaps even more depressing, Miller has found that, even if student evaluations were based on how well they were learning, teachers who receive an evaluation of themselves don't change one bit as a result.

by Marian Swerdlow

CLEARWATER on a stormy sea

A member of the Clearwater's board of directors is abandoning ship. Richard Dwelley, a Poughkeepsie resident, says he will no longer serve on the board because of Pete Seeger's adamant support of Clearwater skipper Allan Aunapu.

Aunapu is not the real issue, however. His appearance and long hair are symbolic of a faction of Clearwater workers who want the ship to relate to the people of the Hudson Valley on a less formal level, who oppose the concept of a "spit and polish" showboat.

In a letter to the board of directors, Seeger said of Aunapu, "True, he dresses unconventionally; long hair and colorful clothes and barefoot half the time. But every single crewmember, I think I can say, would rather entrust our lives to him . . . than any other captain anyone could provide."

Dwelley said of his resignation: "It appears to me that the sloop is now being used primarily as a pretty sailing barge for minstrels to communicate things other than it's tax-free charter says it should."

Other complaints by board members

about the Clearwater included, a report that it was not flying the American flag when docked in New York for Mayor John Lindsay's trip aboard. Members of the Ulster County American Legion were upset that the Clearwater flew "some kind of liberation flag" when it docked in Kingston earlier this year.

Regarding the controversy, a director wrote, "Let's face it, the split is clearly lined. Either you 'dig' the flower children and the downtrodden to the exclusion of everybody else, or Pete (Seeger) doesn't want to know you.

"The Clearwater wouldn't be in the river today if it had not been for the sincere and productive efforts of a preponderance of the 'square' types. I honestly think we of the establishment have gone more than half way to communicate, understand and put up with what's been going on since the launching."

The Clearwater will spend the winter aground in Kingston, and when the ice breaks, who knows who the captain will be? "It is ridiculous," said another director, "that it should run aground on this dispute."



Timothy Leary speaking at Bard in 1967.

LEARY trial begins

By Geoff Cahoon

Dr. Timothy Leary's trial began Monday with two of the defendants absent, Arthur J. Kleps, chief boo-hoo of the Neo American Church was reported to be in a mental hospital and William Haines was said to be ill. Leary was present but the trial was delayed as a motion was made to have a change of venue and thus remove the case from the clutches of a Dutchess County jury. As we go to press the motion has not been decided upon.

In Poughkeepsie, Al Rosenblatt, the District Attorney, and his erstwhile assistant Denis McClure are prosecuting the case, which involves four misdemeanors. Noel

Tepper is representing Haines, while the local Public Defender is representing Kleps. Leary has a New York lawyer named Michael Standard as his lawyer, although Tepper has represented Leary in the past.

The charges are the result of December, 1967, arrests made after a series of raids on Leary's Millbrook estate. They include accusations of maintaining a public nuisance, maintaining a place where persons fathered for unlawful purposes, and criminal facilitation and conspiracy. In the joint indictment handed down by the Grand Jury in March, 1968, Leary is also accused of possessing and giving away LSD.

book review: how to SELL a president

(CPS)—If "The Selling of the President 1968" tells us anything, it tells us that despite the recognized need, at the time, for a political leader who could "bring us together," Richard Nixon was sold to the American voter through a campaign which soft-peddled white racism and took an ignorant public for granted.

Joe McGinniss should be criticized only for not letting the American people in on some of the "behind scenes" manipulating which resulted in the election of Richard Nixon as the 37th President of the United States while they could still do something about it. Now, in retrospect, the book could easily be retitled "Understanding Your President" and promoted as a handbook for people who want to know why Nixon is Nixon.

"The Selling of the President 1968" states, without reservation, that the American people were "sold" a bill of goods during the Nixon campaign. Surrounded by an expert team of media manipulators, Richard Nixon won on technique rather than substance. One of those aides is quoted, candidly, in a conversation; "... The most powerful man in the world. And he's (Nixon) going to be elected on what he didn't say. He's created an image of himself through cornball sunsets and WASP-y faces and no one remembers what he says. Which is gobbledy-gook anyway, of course."

When a hint of substance did creep into the Nixon campaign it was carefully engineered to assure maximum results when the voters went to the polls—every detail was examined and evaluated.

A commercial entitled "Vietnam," which included a series of "wounded soldier" pictures backed with the Nixon "non-position" on ending the war, was judged, according to McGinniss, not acceptable for showing in the South and Southwest by one of Nixon's media men. "His

reasoning was quite simple," states McGinniss. "A picture of a wounded soldier was a reminder that the people who fight wars get hurt. This, he (the aide) felt, might cause resentment among those Americans who got such a big kick out of cheering for wars from their Legion halls and barrooms half a world away. So bury the dead in silence . . . before you blow North Carolina."

The major part of Nixon's television campaign was centered around hour long "man in the arena" shows staged by the Nixon media troops. Packed with local members of Republican clubs for effect, and including questions tossed at the candidate by a panel of average citizens, the shows were geared at regional audiences. It was in this phase of the campaign that McGinniss found the greatest evidence of racism. The feeling among the "engineers" was that a balanced panel was essential.

"First, this meant a Negro. One Negro, not two. Two would be offensive to whites, perhaps to Negroes as well. Two would be trying too hard. One was necessary and safe. Fourteen percent of the population applied to a six or seven member panel, equaled one. Texas would be tricky, though. Do you have a Negro AND a Mexican-American, or if not, then which?"

McGinniss recalls in the book a conversation which took place while the "team" was preparing for an arena spot that was to be shot in Philadelphia:

"... On this one we definitely need a Negro. I (an aid) don't think it's necessary to have one in every group of six people, no matter what our ethnic experts say, but in Philadelphia it is. U.S. News and World Report this week says that one of every three votes cast in Philadelphia will be Negro. And goddammit, we're locked into the thing, anyway. Once you start it's hard as hell to stop, because the press will pick it up

and make a big deal out of why no Negro all of a sudden.

"... I (a local production man) know one in Philadelphia . . . He's a dynamic type, the head of a self-help organization, that kind of thing. And he is black.

"What do you mean, he's black?"

"I mean he's dark. It will be obvious on television that he's not white."

"You mean we won't have to put a sign around him that says, 'This is our Negro?'"

"Absolutely not."

"Fine. Call him. Let's get this thing going."

In the still commercials, which became a trademark of the campaign, the undertone of racism was also found. McGinniss reports the reaction of one of the creative people in the campaign to "political" changes in his work.

"They had to change something in every single spot. The riot commercial originally ended with a picture of a Negro boy staring into the smoldering ruins of what had been his home. That had to go: for political reasons, they said. They (the Nixon advisors) were afraid they'd be accused of trying to stir up sympathy for Negroes who riot. We also had to drop a shot of a group of Negroes looking at the same kind of thing. It wasn't bland enough. We had to use uninhabited ruins."

In another still commercial a young black soldier's face filled the screen while Nixon was saying "They provide most of the soldiers who died to keep us free." The remark was intended for the "forgotten Americans" but the Nixon manipulators decided that the black soldier would have to go.

"We can't show a Negro just as RN's

saying 'most of the soldiers who die to keep us free' . . . That's been one of their big claims all along—that the draft is unfair to them—and this could be interpreted in a way that would make us appear to be taking their side."

Later when the person directing the still commercials wanted to do one on Black Capitalism he encountered something that no one on the Nixon staff could understand. He had sent a photographer out to take some appropriate pictures.

"An hour after he started, the photographer called Gene Jones and said when he started lining Negroes up on the street to pose he had been asked by a few young men what he was doing. When he told them he was taking pictures for a Richard Nixon commercial, it was suggested that he remove himself and his camera from the vicinity. Fast."

The head engineer of the Nixon media campaign remarked upon hearing this account, "Gee, isn't that strange . . . I can't understand an attitude like that."

And so it went. The carefully planned campaign that won Richard Nixon a nation and lost the nation its dignity. But where are the media men now?

It is a well-known fact that Nixon feels ill-at-ease on television and has, at very best, a low esteem for the printed media. In view of the image crisis that it would appear the President is faced with at present it would seem that the men who gave the "image" life in the first place should be called back to give a transfusion.

The "new" Nixon of 1968 is rapidly reverting to the Nixon we all knew in 1962. His reluctance to be the "man in the arena" for reporters over the past months indicates that his image-makers really didn't finish their job.

Their "image" is terribly insecure about his "image."

GRADES reform at BROWN

By Rick Fitch

PROVIDENCE, R.I.—(CPS)—During the late 1700's, Brown University aided the American Revolution by housing French and American soldiers in its University Hall. Today, another quite different revolution is taking place on Brown's "country college" campus.

A revolution in education.

Prompted by the demands of zealous student reformers, the alma mater of such statesmen as John Hay and Charles Evan Hughes has adopted what is in many respects the most progressive undergraduate curriculum to be found in any major U.S. institution of higher learning.

Freshmen, once forced to attend huge introductory courses in numerous specialized disciplines in the interest of achieving a "liberal" education, are given new freedom. There are no university-required courses, and small, informal "Modes of Thought" courses have been instituted to combat depersonalization.

"Modes of Thought" courses are interdisciplinary. A course on the subject of revolution, for example, might draw on the alienated writings of Tolstol, Sartre and Camus, empirical political theory, history and political philosophy. The courses are taught independently of departmental sponsorship by individual faculty members who are free to abandon a particular course at their wish. This helps to insure enthusiastic instruction.

"Modes of Thought" courses have a 20-student enrollment ceiling.

Upper-division students at Brown no longer have to conform to a pre-established pattern of study. A "Committee of Concentrations" has been formed to aid students in determining study programs tailored to individual needs.

The old concept of "majoring" in one subject and "minoring" in another has been done away with. Students are expected to plunge into a few areas of study more intensively than others, but there are no numerical constraints on the quantity of courses to be taken. Subject to the approval of the committee, a student might fulfill his obligation for "concentrating" in an area by taking four or five courses in it.

The most radical change is in grading—or, rather, in the lack of it. All course work is evaluated either on an "A,B,C" and "unsatisfactory" basis or simply as "Satisfactory" and "unsatisfactory." A Student may choose the method he prefers. No credit is given for unsatisfactory work, and no notation of a student's unsatisfactory performance is entered on his transcript.

This reformed curriculum is largely the product of students' efforts. In 1966, a group of Brown students, meeting in an independent study project, set out to examine undergraduate education. Fifteen months later, they released a 450-page report on the shortcomings of higher education in the U.S., with specific recommendations for Brown.

BOMBERS BUSTED

In New York last week, four radicals were arrested and charged with being responsible for a series of bombings that have been shaking establishment centers for the last few weeks. The four were connected with various underground movements in the City. One of the four, Jane Alpert, works for the Rat, a subterranean newspaper. Among the buildings partially wiped out were the Criminal Courts Building and four Manhattan skyscrapers, including the headquarters for the Marine Midland Trust.

Two of the accused were arrested as they attempted to plant four dynamite time bombs in National Guard trucks. At first their bail was placed at 2 million dollars by the US District Commissioner, but two days after their arrest their bail was reduced 80% by a Federal Judge, Marvin E. Frankel, who stated that the large amount of the initial bail "cannot stand because it practically to no bail at all, in a case where justification for this extreme result has not been established."

He went on to say that while the charges were "grave and alarming", the "presumption of innocence is basic among both the statutory and constitutional principals affecting bail."

The four were arrested by the FBI on Thursday, November 13 and hustled off to jail. The Feds are reported still looking for Pat Swinton, another Rat employee.

CAT OF 9 TAILS

AMERICA—SHOVE IT, OR HEAVE IT,
OR WASHINGTON IS OUR NATION'S
CAPITOL.

After the Chicago '68 convention, I sat almost completely stunned, in front of a tv tube, feeling for the first time in my life like smashing its front in. Helpless, impotent, many thoughts ran through my head as I watched Chicago's finest



haul the last of the beaten demonstrators off into waiting vans. And, as Humphrey was nominated, I settled back into a deep depression trying to envision four years of Nixon as president...

As the campaign progressed it became easier and easier, and my thoughts turned to how to sway this bastion of Republican thought to some kind of humanist viewpoint. In my mind there was little or no possibility, and I saw America disappearing under a massive pile of "old glory" decals...

The Nixon administration continued, and I gave up almost all hope for existence as I saw a People's park and a Chicago eight forcibly flushed down the great "Law and Order" toilet. Then it was back to Bard, and I heard Supersheriff Quinlan saying he was a personal friend of Nixon's, and, god help me, I had to believe him...

But October 15th happened, and for a moment there was something to smile about, as high-school kids flashed the V, and handed out pamphlets and arm bands. But sooner than I expected the whole movement disappeared from my eyes and I had to wait, for what I thought would be the Washington slaughter of the innocents...

So November came, and with it the March on Washington. And like everything else it started and it ended. But between that, during the midst of the smiles and the tear gas, I finally felt that something that would last was starting. In spite of the Attorney General and Vice President, who don't know when they've been let off easy, something was done, and it was reflected across the nation through the fantastically sympathetic press. For once we've beaten the establishment at their own game, and it was done with the most massive, yet subtle juxtaposition of peace and violence, and force of numbers that this country had ever seen...

It was a demonstration that had something for everybody, both those who participated in the demonstration and those who were to feel its ground swell. For the Attorney General, and the Weathermen, there was the Justice Department, with broken windows and red flags, and tear gas canisters littering the ground. For the president and the rest of his mighty cohorts there was the sight of people, more than could be imagined, flowing by, uninterrupted, which gratified those walking and scared those watching...

And what was perhaps the most exciting thing was that this wasn't a group that could be labelled "shaggy", or "mis-directed idealists." Rather, this was the height or organization, a constant, flowing source of raw political power. And for a change the violent demonstrators didn't wreck the effect, but with incredible restraint the demonstrators acted with inimitable calm and grace as the tear gas spread through their midsts. It's funny, but for the first time in my life I was proud to be an American, though no thanks to the powers that be, rather, the power of the people...

by John Katzenbach

Mad Mother at Theatre

Ann Jellicoe's THE SPORT OF MY MAD MOTHER will be featured at the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance on Saturday through Tuesday, November 22nd through 25th. Using Open Theatre techniques, William Driver directs the three-act play designed to reach the audience through the basic stimulus of words and action in rhythmic interplay. Performances will be every evening at 8:30 and on Sunday afternoon at 3:30.



DR. HIP POCRATES

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QUESTION: This past summer I enjoyed a fairly active sex life with several different men. However, somewhere along the line I managed to contract gonorrhea. Around June or July I developed vaginal itching, but no discharge, and thought it was either a fungus or trichomonas infection which I've had before. I called my gynecologist and he gave me a prescription for vaginitis by telephone.

About a month later one of my boyfriends called me and said that he had a discharge from his penis and suspected that it was gonorrhea. He had worked in a V.D. clinic for a while and knew what the symptoms were. He had some tetracycline and took it for about five days.

I went to my doctor and got two shots of penicillin. O.K., so we're both clean,

right? Neither of us had other contacts the next month.

Then I saw another boyfriend. (Call him boyfriend No. 2.) The next day I developed a violent itching. Again no discharge. A few days later boyfriend No. 2 called and said he had developed a discharge, had a smear taken, and a positive diagnosis for gonorrhea was made. He said that up until he saw me, he had no symptoms nor any other contacts.

I'm well aware that people are not always reliable about their sexual antics but I have good reason to believe both these men were telling me the truth about their sex life. As a result of all this I'm becoming extremely paranoid about sex. I can't have such a worry messing up my head and still enjoy my loving.

My questions are:

- 1) Is it possible for a male to be a carrier of gonorrhea and have no symptoms?
- 2) Is it possible for me to be harboring the bug even after the treatment I had?

ANSWER: Males are usually painfully aware of the symptoms of gonorrhea—a discharge of pus, burning, itching and pain while urinating.

But some males may have symptoms so minor they are ignored, according to an article in the October 13, 1969, issue of the Journal of the A.M.A.

Gonorrhea and other venereal diseases have become so prevalent one can't afford not to see a physician if anything unusual is noticed about the genitals. Don't expect your doctor to make a

diagnosis by telephone. The symptoms of trichomonas, fungus infections and gonorrhea may feel the same to the patient. While relatively few males are unaware of gonorrhea symptoms, many females contract the disease without knowing it.

Gonorrhea is becoming increasingly resistant to treatment with penicillin. Doses which were adequate a few years ago may now be too small. Some cases of gonorrhea are completely resistant to penicillin, necessitating use of other antibiotics. Laboratory examinations should be performed before and after treatment to insure eradication of the disease.

Of all the people mentioned in your letter, only boyfriend No. 2 was party to adequate medical care.



Welcome to Washington! Part of the crowd marching from the Capitol to the Washington Monument.

By Marion Swerdlow

"A couple of years ago I would have been depressed that people weren't taking it seriously, but instead, I was really glad to see so many people. Once people commit a political act, they become more involved, and more aware. They think differently."

—Laurie Gilbert

If what Laurie Gilbert observes is true, Bard should now be a more aware and involved community, which should be fairly noticeable. Nearly a third of us were drawn into our nation's capital this weekend for the largest antiwar demonstration yet. Whether we think differently from before, we definitely think differently from one another regarding our experience.

Frank Montafia was "disappointed" that there weren't more middle-class marchers. "I was hoping there'd be more straight people. Even the middle-aged there were hip." Barry Silkowitz thinks this proved that opposition to the war is a "phenomenon among the young. Perhaps we are a minority after all."

Kathy Dalpino, who was hawking STUDENT MOBILIZER said there were a good number of Veterans for Peace and Mothers for Peace, "people of the 'silent-majority' age group." "They contributed the most money—it was like guilt money." Alita Berger felt most of the marchers were "just concerned parents, people of thirty and forty who just like to sing."

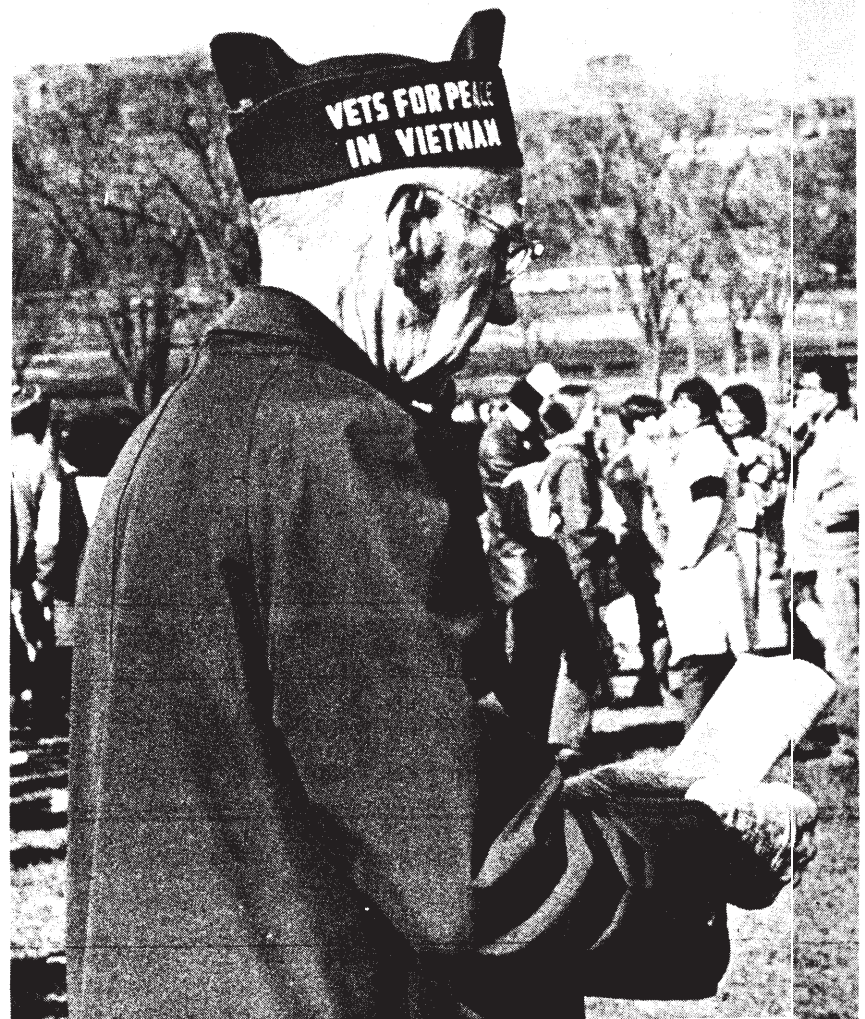
"The march was beautiful," said Lisa Bernstein, "as much as I hate to use that word. It was incredible—so friendly. The most touching part was everyone singing 'Give Peace a Chance.' And the marshalls were fantastic. Whenever there seemed any possibility of trouble, they would appear and take care of everything." Bob Mayer said, "It was just like being back at Woodstock again. I believe the whole non-violent attitude made our protest a lot more valid."

Jet Hall was surprised there wasn't "more of a feeling of comradeship." Bruce Arnold also felt "the point of agreement between yourself and the people you marched with was so shallow, and the differences were so great. Most believed the war was just a mistake. I felt estranged from these."

One girl agreed, "I couldn't relate to that whiny plea, 'give peace a chance,' it's not all I'm saying. People can still be exploited and starved with peace." Another girl felt "there is something scary about a mob shouting anything. 'Peace Now!' can sound like 'Hate! Kill!' The group spirit is a very scary thing."

Most Bard students did not stay for the afternoon rally at the Washington Monument. Those who did were most impressed by Dick Gregory, who said, "Spiro Agnew can't be as stupid as he seems, or he wouldn't be able to chew gum and walk at the same time." Laurie Gilbert was disappointed that most of what was said was centered about Agnew and Nixon, "and they're irrelevant to the large issue of the war." Barry Silkowitz was surprised at the radicalism of the ideas, Frank Montafia felt the entire rally was "low-key." Rick DiGolia felt "a pretty definite conflict between the liberal and the radical speakers," exemplified by the difference between Delinger who called for individuals to take part in a revolution in any way they chose, and former under-secretary of Commerce, who said in essence that there was nothing wrong with America that America's business couldn't cure. Bruce Arnold complained that "nothing new had been said." Bruce Warshavsky answered that "everything worthwhile has been said so often." In a rally in 1965, Carl Oglesby gave a socialist analysis of the war. Now everyone knows it, and the best you can do is what Gregory did, give a comic routine." Bruce Arnold disagreed, "I don't think most people there do have any analysis of the war. The whole march belonged back in 1965."

The people in the street for peace; military observers on the roofs.



Silent Majority? He said something Saturday.



By Geoff Cahoon

Friday night, DuPont Circle: The masses were moving. Banners and flags floated over their heads. They were showing that it was their revolution, their fight, and that it was the people who would oust the puppet Saigon regime from its embassy up the street.

Storming down the streets they let forth their cries of anger: Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Viet Cong is gonna win! The streets belonged to the people and tonight the people had taken possession. Power to the people. Fuck the pigs. Fuck the pigs . . . The revolution has come down and given its followers its blessing. The time is now!

Swarming between cars, over cars, they beat out the chant rhythm on the cars they passed. The flags fluttered in the cold air as the acid glare of the headlights made the colors all the more harsh. The vanguard wore helmets and gas-masks but the majority depended on righteousness for their protection. They knew that their time had come—history was on their side.

ment: To the beat of muffled drums, solemn ranks of marchers made their way to the end of the march rolling over their heads you could see but more marchers stretching down the avenue in an exercise perspective. The masses had come in even greater numbers. Some had been through the March Against Death, most had just arrived in the city. The flags waved above the ranks but the signs predominated. Marchers held signs neat and orderly. Some marchers were militant but most were here to ask politely: Give us peace, please, Mr. President? Pretty please, sugar on top?

Near the end of the street, about 100 feet from the embassy, the crowd broke into a trot, cadenced by the beat of the drums. Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Viet Cong is gonna win! shouted at the top of their lungs. Nothing could stop the pace of the march. How can you stop the trodden masses on the street?

Filing by continuously, seemingly endless, the line of marchers began to look more cheerful as the end drew closer. A rally with entertainment

A sign carried by one of the marchers.

WASHINGTON

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planned after the march and everyone "knew" that big anti-war entertainers were going to play. Although no one knew who was going to be there, according to rumors half the bands in the U.S. were shortly to arrive. It was going to be a really good show.

A line of police appeared at the end of the street. Gas masks, heavy batons, helmets and face masks. They looked like ruthless automations. They were. A muttered voice was heard over a megaphone saying something about dispersal and illegal demonstration but it was drowned out by the chanting as the crowd advanced. Less than a half-minute later the first gas appeared. Huge billowing clouds of pastel grey-green gas oozed towards the ranks.

"Gas!"

"Don't move, it can't hurt you!"

"Run, it's gas, it's CN!"

The revolutionary masses panicked. The crowd reversed its direction and poured over its previous route. They poured over fences, over parked cars, over slower moving people. They banged desperately on unhearing doorways. The revolution? Not when I'm getting gassed, man . . .

The Great Peace March was over. The people had showed the rulers that they wanted peace and now the show proceeded. Petter Yarrow, of PP&M was singing now:

"When the day is done . . . sing along now . . ."

Peace had been achieved because we all drove to Washington and walked with 350,000 other people down a long street. Isn't it wonderful what you can do in a democracy?

The police smiled as the marchers went by, and would, on occasion, flash a V sign.

The gas finally cleared at the intersection, but when the group reformed the gas was used again. In fact it was used almost everytime a group of more than three people formed within range of a grenade thrower. Walking away from your third gassing that night you could see the glass from a smashed pig-mobile littering the street and the glow from a charred hulk that was the remains of a police motor-scooter. Others were burned later. The marchers kept the fight going until late that night.

On Wednesday night, the March Against Death had begun. Walking from Arlington Cemetery the marchers passed single file in front of the White House. Each carried a placard bearing the name of a person killed in the war, or of a village destroyed. As each person passed the President's house he yelled out the name he bore. It was a symbolic protest. Very symbolic. The President was at Cape Kennedy watching America belch forth debris into space. All the masses back in Washington were calling out the names of the dead, but they were the only ones listening.

A half dozen Bard students, including Rick DiGolia, participated in a more militant activity following the rally, the Conspiracy's demonstration at the Justice Department. "A lot of people needed an outlet for the frustration of marching, of being stopped by a row of buses from passing the White House. We marched with the Weathermen, because we didn't like the football game atmosphere of the rest of the march. When the VC flags started flying, we got a feeling of suppressed power. That's what the people at the Justice Department had—a feeling of power. There were about seven thousand to ten thousand. We took down the American flag, but the police put it back up again. When the first rock was thrown, it was a surprise to most of the people there—I know I was surprised. Then there were more rocks, and bottles. We chanted 'bullshit justice.' Most of the people there were sympathetic, but they weren't throwing things. We felt it was a justified, but fruitless action. The cops began to mass and we tried to get out."

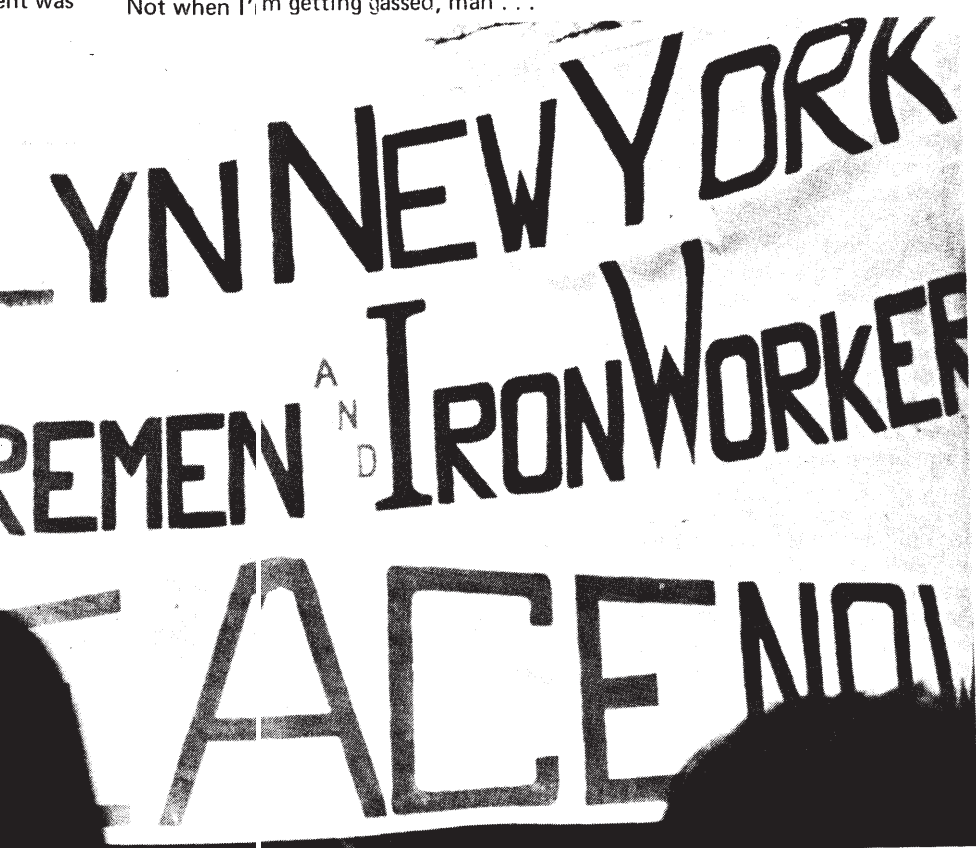
Alex Manuel, who was a marshal assigned to the Justice Department for the afternoon action, claimed that "police didn't try to stop the stoning. Only when the students began throwing rocks and bottles at the police did they use tear gas pellets. They cleared out demonstrators twice, and each time, they returned. The third time, tear gas machines were used."

Manuel said that during the march, he was heckled, and told "Marshalls are no better than pigs."

The Bard students who spent the night in Washington were housed by Saint Stephen's Church of the Incarnation. They participated in a "student mass," which all agreed was a deeply meaningful experience. "Part of it was quaker meeting style," recalled Rick, "we spoke about our feelings about the war and about the march. It was pretty political. Then bread and wine were given out and we were encouraged to feed each other. People were singing 'Amen,' and 'Take my hand, my friend,' and 'Give Peace a Chance'—but it was different from the singing on the march. Soon people were dancing, and jumping over pews and hugging each other. It was very spiritual, but it was also a victory celebration."

Monday, Bard students were already looking to the future of the antiwar movement. "The Mobe" is planning a bigger demonstration in Washington in December, but many Bard students are not enthusiastic. Some felt the militancy of the Weathermen was the trend of the future. Others recall

Staughton Lynd's call for civil disobedience back in 1967. In any case, marches can only get bigger, which seems to have made them no more effective. "This was just as perfect as it could have been," said Bruce Warshavsky, "to be any better, it would have to be a different kind of action."



...e of many groups representing unions.



A participant in the March Against Death carries the name of a slain GI.

observer

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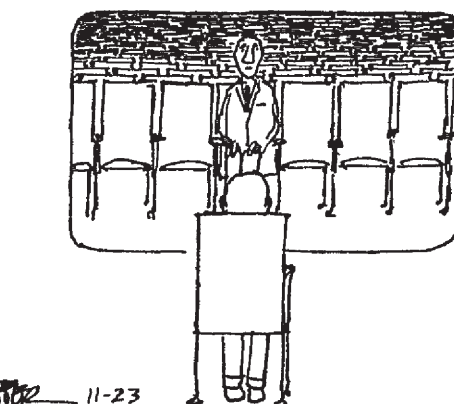
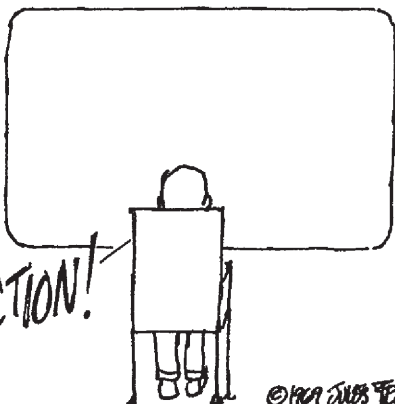
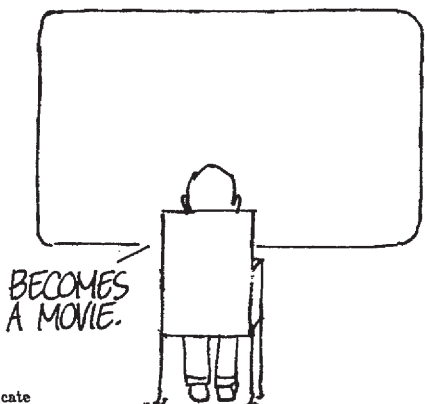
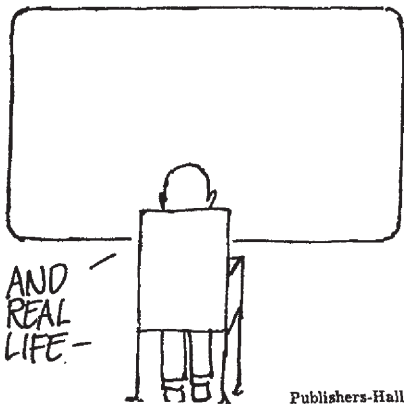
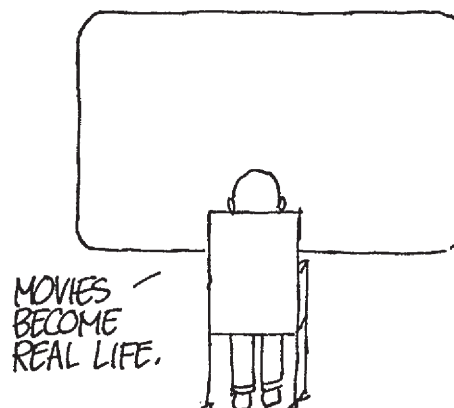
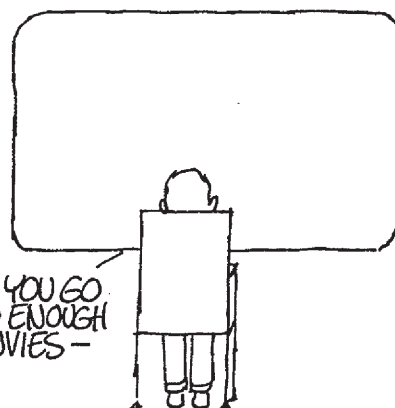
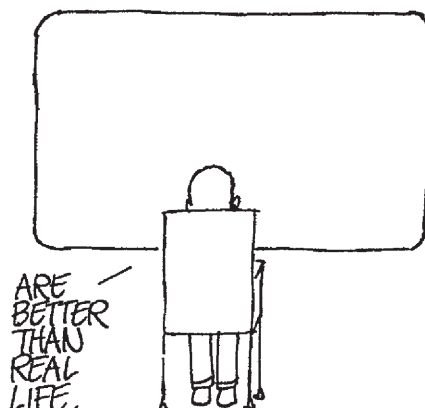
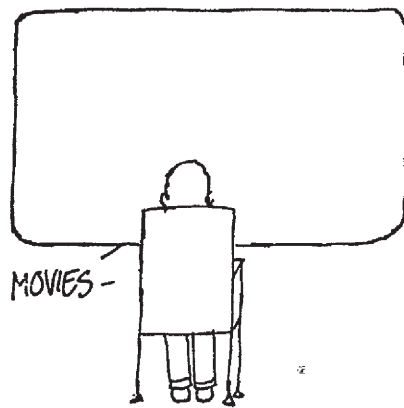
Opening discussion in Senate Monday night dealt with the problem of stolen books from the library. Centering around the recent proposal of the Faculty Library Committee to set up a checkpoint at the Library entrance, the discussion was concerned with the possible inconvenience caused to Library users by such a system. However, on being assured that the checkpoint would be set up on a strictly provisional basis, the Senate passed a motion supporting the Faculty recommendation, 3-0-2.

In other business, the Senate considered very briefly Susan Schlesinger's request for \$25 to pay for transportation for Art Club speakers. Informing her of Student Senate's current lack of funds, Jeffrey Raphealson suggested that she ask other clubs if they could spare the funds.

Just because one is willing to die for a cause does not mean the cause is right.

Oscar Wilde

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letters

To the Editor:

We would like to use this letter to thank all the individuals and groups that helped make possible the successful participation of Bard in last weekend's anti-war activities in Washington, D.C. Specifically we would like to thank Slater, B&G, Miss Randolph and Mrs. Oxley, the band "Intense," Sessions & Gould, Inc. (The News-stand) and St. Stevens Church in D.C. Lastly we thank the 200 or more Bard people who attended the march.

Thank you,

P.S. SMC
Bunch on.

To the Editor:

Notes on the Eve of Moratorium Day II,
November 1969

Let us be clear about this. The issue is not Vietnam or how soon the American colonial armies will get out of Asia. The issue is whether Americans can control their own government. The issue is whether this nation will unleash upon the world a virulent militarism, oppressive and imperialistic. The issue is whether we shall impose upon ourselves an oppressive regime of force and fear.

There are few who look upon Vietnam as our "shining hour" or the men who die there as fighters for freedom and democracy. All men now know, what yesterday only a few foresaw, that America has lost. We have lost boys of our own, more than 40,000. We have lost our wealth, more than \$100 billion. We have lost status and power and repute in the world.

Recognizing military defeat—like the Germans in World War I, the reactionaries will call it a "stab in the back"—the liberals who began the war and lost it, and the conservatives who were tempted and then disowned it and now may blunder into possessing it, are now proposing that America extricate herself. They propose the Vietnamization of the war. The "good natives" are to be armed to the hilt, advised and supported by American power. The killing is to go on. This is the liberal proposal, as Humphrey makes clear. There is no difference between Johnson and Nixon.

We must see a much more clear and radical alternative. The war must end in an unequivocal repudiation of militarism and imperialism. The boys who died, and

the million Vietnamese they killed, deserve that there be a decisive lesson. We cannot survive having to learn it again and again. Only defeat, defeat of intervention, defeat of colonial policies of white man's burden and American Century, defeat of solution by bombs and napalm and gas and biological weapons and atomic threat, only defeat can vindicate the sacrifice and save our country.

The Vietcong stand, as once did the American patriots in the 18th century, to defend their land against foreign soldiers and mercenaries. Their fathers stood as they do now, and the Vietminh defeated the French at Dien Bien Phu. And the Algerians defeated the French. And the Chinese under Mao threw out the corrupt regime which colonialism had left behind and freed China at last from

European and American domination. It is time to see these things and say these things and celebrate freedom and repudiate colonialism. This is the issue.

Now, of course, there will be much wrong with the anti-colonial forces and the "natives" will not always please us. They may even kill each other, but certainly not as cruelly as we have slaughtered them for their own good.

Fifty percent of the nation's federal budget is war, and much more of our economy and culture is involved. Indeed, it will be very, very difficult to disentangle ourselves, for disengagement means that we will not have a "safety valve" of distraction overseas to substitute for our own domestic problems. It means that we will have to reassemble our politics.

The issue, then, is not withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam. It is the lesson of defeat. It is the abandonment of policies of intervention—no more Vietnams! It is the removal of the threat of military power in America. Vietnam is but a skirmish, a slogan, and beyond it lies the long fight for a new America and a new design of culture and economics and politics for a free and peaceful society.

—R. Koblitz

To the Editor:

Notes from Behind the 8-Ball

What follows is a fragment. It begins in the middle. For its beginning imagine several paragraphs on bravado, the shallowness of it, the lacks it tries to camouflage; and on how our revolution—
cont'd. next page



letters

from page 6

aries, our 'militants'—the young, hectic men who have a grip on our imaginations surpassed only by our music stars—how they are often pervaded, diseased with bravado, and with rhetoric. Imagine also, a paragraph which I am too exhausted, emotionally, to write, a paragraph on the vacuum rhetoric, anybody's rhetoric, creates and in turn pretends to fill— a vacuum of silence in which formless questions seek a form that is in itself an answer. A silence where each of us stares at the 8-ball and its image is repeated in each of our eyes.

Lastly, imagine, if you can, a paragraph on the periphery of power, that modern power: media power. And how this power gives our leaders, revolutionary and establishment alike, command over action, fragments we are as yet unequipped to use or to examine or to relate to those other things we know or are trying to know.

And now the piece, starting from the middle:

I think it is the first sniff of this power that causes the sad bravado among these revolutionaries (a thing with which, for instance, Che was not tainted). It is the feeling one gets of them as men. They swagger, but show no strength. They are glib, but without thought. They are tough, but they are frenzied. They could die bravely but they can not fight strategically. They could lose well, but one can not imagine, how, as men, they are equipped to win.

Seale might have won a landmark case and made conspiracy trials all but impossible in America. Even from a revolutionary viewpoint, this sort of victory could keep many revolutionaries from rotting in jails when they are needed on the streets. But this is a victory that would have taken endurance, patience, the cool head of the warrior. Seale opted for the easy way, suffered in public (which is much easier than holding on alone to your insides) and became, in the end, as much a caricature as Judge Hoffman.

They lack—what is the word?—stature. The sort of stature that was not lacking in Malcom X or Che and is not lacking in Eldridge Cleaver. It is not death and exile that gives these three their aura of stature. It is their action, their writing, their presence as men. In Cleaver's work, for instance, there is a man writing, a capable man, and this strikes a cord in all who read them, so much so that SOUL ON ICE has become a "modern classic," even among those who fear what it says. (If anything, the AURA is damaging because it is theatrical, good copy for speeches and pamphlets. Those revolutionaries attracted by the theatrical are often put off or rendered helpless by a reality in which the capacity to endure is the ultimate factor.)

They, the more hectic of our revolutionaries, speak of "the people." So does Richard Nixon, "the American people" is a familiar phrase in his dry mouth. He means one sort of people, they mean another, but I distrust any man who would speak of an aggregate as though it had one soul and one mind. We are each of us single people, and who among us can claim one soul and one mind? We speak in different voices to ourselves and to each other. We can hardly sift our desires and our needs. The best of us have pasts we see as fragmented, broken. We paw among the pieces. Who among us feels himself whole? A man has to ignore half his being, or lie to himself and his followers, to speak with a conviction of "the people."

It is the same with the words "freedom" and "liberty" and "power." These are complex abstractions. Their real applications require thought and attention. They should be used as tools to educate us about our own possibilities. They are being used as bullets. I am sick of these words in their mouths.

And I am afraid for their followers. Deeply afraid. These followers believe their leaders too blindly, simply because they agree with them. They support, very often, actions and ideas they could not dream of doing. Or, dreaming of it, they would be incapable. This is a curious, and dangerous, public schizophrenia. Have you ever seen a man killed? It can be quick, quicker than anything. There is NOTHING quicker than violence. There is nothing harder, once begun, to control. Even with the best communications, it is almost impossible to control (read a detailed account of any battle). Without those communications, impossible. There is nothing as incoherent as violence.

And yet so many of us, so many "in" "the movement", are so hurt by incoherence in ourselves and in our lives. Still, we hear a man proposing the ultimate incoherence and we say "Right on!"

We will burn the world, and with the fiery pieces in our hands we will wonder at the pain. I am not against it. I only want us, I desperately want us, to know what it is we are doing and what it will involve.

Or perhaps that is the attraction: the incoherence of the violent. We are spared, by violence and by violent talk, from knowing ourselves and each other. We are spared from knowing our enemies—that is too great a burden for us. Killing a cop is one thing—killing a man, quite another, even if he is an evil, a foolish man. We are spared, for a little while.

Perhaps that is what we desire. If we can not be spared disaster, we might be spared our own consciousness, and its merciless demands.

(And when the smoke clears and we see what and who is left, what will we have become? What our new freedoms, and what our new bonds? And do our leaders dare to speak to us of this, to speak to us quietly, without rhetoric and the waving of arms? And if they do not, how are they any better than all the others who have led us to our wars?

—Michael Ventura

Dr. S.I. ("more fun than a roller coaster") Hayakawa of San Francisco State was queried by some state legislators about a speech in which he told a group of Los Angeles cops:

"If you have to make an arrest, keep a smile on your face as you drag the sons of bitches out." The doc explained, "By using a little vulgarity I achieved a little rapport with those cops."

PHOTOS

Photographs by students in Mrs. Elizabeth Bertelsmann's Continuing Education class at Bard College will be shown in a rotating exhibition at the Hoffman Memorial Library at the College through December 14. The class, "From Image Seen to Image Photographed," meets one evening a week, for 15 weeks. Photographers whose work is currently on display on the main floor and on two upper levels of the Library, are Robert Cline, Ralph Gabriner, Joseph Kelly and Bernard Nathan. These will be followed with pictures by Heyward Coehn, Richard Drake, Bernard Eife, John F. Matthews, Robert Ricketson and Gordon Wheeler.

The subjects include documentaries, nature close-ups, abstractions, landscapes and portraits. The photographs now being shown are all black and white but some of those in later groups will be in color.

Students in class come from both sides of the river, some from Kingston, Saugerties, Millbrook, Hudson and Hyde Park.

The library at Bard is open daily from 9:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., and area residents are invited to visit the exhibition.

ywca⁷

EAST LANSING, Mich.—(CPS)—The Young Adult Conference of the YWCA (Young Women's Christian Association) has endorsed legalization of marijuana and has called for using UWCA facilities for the dispensation of birth control aids to married and single women alike.

The YWCA members, all under 35 years of age, also endorsed in heated sessions: the repeal of all abortion laws, conjugal rights for prisoners of all sexes, the Black Manifesto, and the Vietnam Moratorium.

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