Cover Page Photograph
Back Page Advertisements
Page 1 Official Souvenir Pogrom
Photograph
   The Chicago Conspiracy vs. The Washington Kangaroos
Page 2 Arrests
   Nixon On Drug Laws
   Quote From Joe Hill, IWW Troubadour
   Sculpture Show
Page 3 Stone Row Renovation Plans
   Kerouac Is Dead
   Michael Ventura
Page 4 Prague: 'Remember Us Here'
   Birgit Winslow
   Photographs
   Pavel Hudec-Atiasver
Page 6 Cartoon
   Feiffer
   Letters
   "... A student-run course was meeting in Albee Social ..."
   Bruce Warshavsky
   "... There has been a lot of talk on campus concerning pets, ..."
   David H. Goodwin
Page 7 Cat Of Nine Tails
   A Column?
   Friendly Skies
   Public Service Notices & Things
   Say It Again
   Junk! Mail!
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CHICAGO (LN) — Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panther Party and one of the Conspiracy Eight, celebrated his 34th birthday Oct. 22. His co-defendants tried to have a party and to give him a birthday cake to eat in his Cook County jail cell, but courtroom pipe cut the party short and arrested the cake.

The festivities began after the lunch break. When Seale entered the courtroom, a contingent of Black Panthers said: "Happy birthday, Bobby! Power to the people!"

Seale replied, "Thank you, brother. I'd forgotten it was my birthday. It's a hard struggle and you have a lot of things on your mind."

 Moments later, a marshal decided to expel one black man from the courtroom, which moved Seale to say: "You're a pig for kicking him out!"

"Right on!" the Panther spectators said in unison.

Judge Julius Hoffman looked on darkly. Defense Attorney William Kunstler then made his birthday cake motion: "Your honor, we'd like to bring in a cake..."

Hoffman wouldn't hear of it. "I don't even let anyone bring ME a cake in this courtroom," he said.

The judge wanted the jury brought in right then, but the other seven defendants — and the cake — were in a little conference room across the way. The press and many spectators pushed past marshals to go out and see the action.

The defendants came out like a football squad, protecting the cake in the middle. It looked like a first down, but the cake was intercepted by an astute marshal, who held it over his head and ran down the hall. (The cake, with "Free Huey!" and "Free Bobby!" written on it, was eventually bailed out.)

"It's a cake-napping," Abbie Hoffman shouted.

The defendants walked into the courtroom, and Ronnie Davis said, "Hey, Bobby, they've arrested your cake."

"They've arrested a cake," Seale proclaimed. "But they can't arrest a revolution."

The Panthers shouted, "Right on!" and raised their fists.

When the judge called for silence, Seale turned to the Panthers and said, "OK brothers, sit down and listen quietly to the proceedings."

Hoffman didn't like that: "Mr. Seale, I am the only one who gives orders in this courtroom."

Seale: "They don't take orders from a racist judge."

The judge made another of his oft-repeated contempt-of-court threats against Seale, then said, "Bring in the jury."

Seale: "Please do."
Arrests

From the Poughkeepsie Journal—

Two New York City residents were arrested last Friday night at Bard College on narcotics and police-obstruction charges.

Kipp Wilson, 19, pleaded innocent before Red Hook Town Justice Frank Martin to a charge of sixth degree possession of dangerous drugs, according to State Police at Rhinebeck.

Lewer Tung, 20, pleaded innocent to a charge of obstructing governmental administration, troopers said.

Wilson was remanded to the Dutchess County Jail in lieu of $1,000 bail and Tung was remanded in lieu of $250 bail.

Troopers said they were called at 10:30 p.m. by college officials to arrest Kipp, when Tung allegedly interfered with the arresting officer.

Neither of the two was a student at the college, police said. Trooper T. Rabbott investigated.

WASHINGTON—(AP) In his July message to Congress, President Nixon called it a "common oversimplification" to count drug use as a law enforcement problem only.

Soon after, the middle-aged Executive proposed the most repressive drug legislation yet to be considered by Congress: 2-10 years in prison and a $20,000 fine for possession of marijuana, LSD or harder narcotics, and 5-20 years in prison and a $25,000 fine for a first selling offense.

Now, hard-line Nixon after consulting with sister-line members of his administration has come up with a compromise. The administration, interpreting its drug bill in the Senate's Subcomittee of Juvenile Delinquency, has proposed making possession of any of the drugs a misdemeanor rather than a felony, punishable by a jail sentence of no more than a year, and a maximum fine of $5,000.

A second possession offense would become a felony with a penalty of as many as two years in jail and a $10,000 fine. Possession with intent to sell would entail 5-20 year prison sentences for the first conviction and 10-40 years for a second conviction.

Marijuana would be removed from the legal category covering narcotics such as heroin and placed into what the administration refers to as the "hallucinogenic substance" classification, with pop and sleeping pills.

Persons convicted of having drugs for personal use for the first time would be eligible for a special probationary period, if they completed it satisfactorily, they would escape without a criminal record.

Currently, a person who is convicted for possession of marijuana a first time faces a mandatory 2-10 year sentence, and the second time 5-20 years. LSD entails only a maximum of one year in jail with no mandatory minimum.

The administration's more lenient law enforcement proposals are seen as the culmination of a battle, fought both inside and outside the administration, between the Justice Department and medical experts.

In recent months, such highly-placed officials as Stanley Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, and Roger Egeberg, Assistant Secretary of Health Education and Welfare, have spoken out against Nixon's original proposal, which virtually ignored rehabilitative approaches to drug use.

Yolles said harsh marijuana penalties were self-defeating, since they are more harmful to the person convicted than to the offender, the act of smoking the grass itself. And Egeberg, contradicting the conclusions of a task force whose report was the basis of Opiotin Interpoint, said very few marijuana users go on to hard drugs.

John Ingersoll, director of the Justice Department's Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, said in presenting Nixon's changes that the revised penalty structure is intended to make the punishment fit the offense. He said the tougher sentences should be meted out to drug traffickers.

Sculpture Show

"Don't waste any time in mourning. Organize!" —message from RWV troubadour Joe Hill just before his execution by a firing squad on a frame-up.

Sculpture by Sidney Geist is on display at the Proctor Art Center of Bard College from October 28 through November 19. A student at Bard, then St. Stephen's, in the thirties, Mr. Geist is known today as a sculptor, critic, educator, and author. He has written the most outstanding recent book on Brancusi and is largely responsible for the Brancusi exhibition now in Philadelphia, which will arrive shortly at the Guggenheim in New York.

Early in his career as a sculptor, Mr. Geist was apprenticed to Paul Fenech of Woodstock, and he has also studied with William Zorach and Jose de Creeft at the Art Students League in New York, and with Oscar Zadkine in Paris. His work has been included in numerous exhibitions, among them: one-man shows—Gallery 8, Paris, and Tanager Gallery, New York; two-man shows—Dixie Gallery, San Francisco, and the Pollock Gallery, Woodstock; and also, about 90 group shows in the United States, Paris and Mexico City.

Mr. Geist has taught at Brooklyn College, Southern Illinois University, and Pratt Institute. He is currently teaching at the New York Studio School and Vassar College.

The sculpture to be shown at Bard will be selected yet representative of Mr. Geist's themes and ideas.
STONE ROW RENOVATION PLANS

Come next summer, work will begin on the renovation of Stone Row. Under the new plans, there will be 24 singles on each floor, with a bathroom for every four rooms. President Kline explained that construction has been delayed due to the Nixon administration's change of application form used for funding of the project. He expects to have funding ready by next spring.

(Nota: A free-swinging door goes from McCvicker to Potter, and from South Hoffman to North Hoffman. This is to meet state requirements of two interior means of egress but normally these doors will be closed to avoid a "long corridor" effect.)

By Michael Ventura

"You and I will be the two most important writers in America in 20 years..." wrote Jack Kerouac to Neal Cassady twenty years ago. Cassady had written him a 13,000 word letter which (in the footnote said) was to be the beginning of his first novel. All that survives of that letter are the first few pages, reprinted in 1964 in a little magazine out of San Francisco called NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND. In which also is Kerouac's reply. Cassady is the Dean Moriarity of ON THE ROAD.

Kerouac, Ginsberg, Burroughs, Carlos Solano, Orlovsky, Corso, Ferlinghetti. Several others, IA group through which women—waitresses in diners, Mexican-Americans, girls from New York, Denver, Frisco—a group through which women passed like birds. Search out the roots of the present hip culture and you come to these men. And what is perhaps more to the point: you come to their writings.

Imposed on Ginsberg in the cafeteria of the Museum of Modern Art. Stammering and nervous, I tried to tell him what it meant to some of us (aged 14 in 1958) to have those books at the moment we needed them. And God knows we needed them. For some of us America meant suburbs and junior highs, for others of us it meant tenements and alley-fights—and the impeding America of legend behind it all, contradicting everything, giving us a dream, trapping us in a dream, and leaving each of us to fight our way through the dream alone. Then, through the warped channels of media or other unlikely chances, a few of us (in '59 aged 14), an impossible age, remembering Truman's administration dimly, growing up under the faulchon Eisenhowers), a few of us read ON THE ROAD, HOWL, GASOLINE, THE HAPPY BIRTHDAY OF DEATH, THE CONEY ISLAND OF THE MIND. These books passed from one to another with telegraphic rapidity. This was an America we understood—its visions, its rhythms, its loneliness. And even more than that: hectic and sad as it was, this was an America we needed.

Now there are many more books, a bigger hip community (so big it's called a culture), more things shared, and music to match. Then there were just those books. What is now, begun with those books.

"We were about all there was then," Ginsberg told me, and he was right.

Cassady died last year. PLANET NEWS is dedicated to him. Kerouac died last week. In many ways the most forgotten of these men.

His achievements: A novelist who took on the job of expressing all he knew of one time and faction in America. ON THE ROAD, THE DHARMA BUMS, THE SUBterrANEANS, DOCTOR SAX, MAGGIE CASSIDY, BIG SUR, DESOLATION ANGELS—he tried it from every angle he could think of. The books are uneven, full of brilliant passages and long mistakes. Except ON THE ROAD. Written in the early '50's, published in '57, taken place from '47 through '50. Where you will find, for instance, exactly the hip usage spoken today. Where you will find the animalerve of a thing that has mellowed as it has grown larger and become safe, that thing in the word "hawk." Which is a word like the clicking of a switch, like the syllable of a cricket, like the blinking of an eye.

Jack Kerouac. Novelist, Born of New England, Hawthorne's ground, Melville's ground. The Pequod metamorphosed into a car-bought, hitched, borrowed, rented, stolen. The mark of the outcast become a living speech.

Kerouac was 47. Cassady was 43.

KEROUAC IS DEAD

From the last paragraph of DESOLATION ANGELS:

"...and now we're famous writers more or less, but they wonder why I'm so jumpy now, so unexcited as we sit among all our published books and papers... and so I told my Desolation Angels goodbye..."

The first paragraph of Cassady's letter:

"To have seen a specter isn't everything, and there are deathmarks piled, one atop the other, clear to heaven. Communist still are the wan visage of those returning from the shadow of the valley, this means little to those who have not lifted the veil."
Most residents of Czechoslovakia learn English only in college, but at 4 a.m., I felt rather fortunate in meeting a 19 year old nightclub disc-jockey who spoke fluent English. In this situation, French was of no use anywhere. He mentioned first how everyone there despised the Beatles, and that it was virtually impossible to obtain other LPs from Western countries. He had visited Sweden a year ago and bought records such as The Quo, Jethro Tull, Hair and Steppenwolf. Our hallway tapping was quite open to listeners so when I mentioned the Czech situation, he made a wide grin, and, checking the surroundings, said, “Everyone loves the Czech government!”

We found a place to talk. He spoke of the scores of pig mobiles which race about the city searching for “conspirators.”

No one is quite sure what a conspirator looks like, especially the cops. He felt Czech pigs were as bad as Soviet soldiers, explaining how they stop long-haired on the street, asking for their ID cards. If their ID photos show short hair, it’s instant haircut. Apparently Dubcek was ousted any cat with long hair, really got harassed. In order to fit in, get through the University, or simply remain unmolested by the cops, you’ve simply got to keep your hair short.

Dope is nonexistent in Czechoslovakia. It’s either beer, vodka, or wine. A year ago, it was possible for some privileged groups to obtain grass, but now there’s not a chance of it anywhere in the country. So the Czech hippy is a no-dope hippy. Also there is no obvious distinction between hippy and student. Students aren’t into semi-hippies. One is either a short-haired student, or a non-schooling, non-working hippy without dope. There are very few hippies in Czechoslovakia.

That same night my father witnessed an incident between 2 soldiers and a boy with his chick. The boy’s hair was wrapped in blood-stained bandages and his hair was medium in length. The girl looked a little hip. The two of them were approached by soldiers who remanded their ID cards. Having shown his, the boy asked to see their authorization.
Both soldiers looked angry, pulled out their ID and commenced hassling the boy. Voices were raised until each soldier grasped an arm and dragged him off. The girl was hysterical.

Another acquaintance I made was a young photographer who was at the Studeniski Klub, a gathering place for the university students. He was one out of five of the University of Prague’s first graduates in Photography. He was going to fly to New York and accept a job photographing; all had been settled and he was packed to go. That day a government law banning travel of all Czechs went into effect, shaking up a great many Czech people. Many who happened to be out of the country at the time asked asylum where over they were. They would not return.

He told me that being poor didn’t phase him; what he wanted was freedom to travel. He went on to say that he had ones seen a car with a Connecticut plate and imagined its journey across the ocean, yet he as a human being could not even leave the country. At times he contemplated assassination, only realizing it to be no solution. “If this doesn’t let up soon I’m going to get out no matter how I have to do it.”

Later I mentioned topics such as birth control and Vietnam. “There are many old people in Prague, a lot of younger people left while they could. No one wants to have children. As for Vietnam some believe the U.S. should be out, but frankly we have too many problems to worry about that.”

My photographer frieend gave me some pictures he had taken at great risk during the August 21 invasion, knowing I would have good possibilities of getting them out of the country.

These are the pictures that accompany this article.

As I walked back to the hotel people on the street either smiled at me (it was obvious from my clothes that I was not Czech) or hid their expressions. As I entered the lobby a young Czech man approached me with a letter asking would I mail it for him once I left the country, which I did. That day he was standing trial for taking pictures of Soviet troops. I guess my other friend was lucky.

My general idea of the Czech people’s feelings was that of a boiling temper. They tested things under Dubcek’s government and the unrest will continue. The photographer said to me before I left, “No matter where you go think of us here, in this country.”
To the Editor:

Last Wednesday a student-run course was meeting in Albree Social when the chairman of the Social Studies division walked in. Mr. Koblitz told us that we'd have to move, because a divisional meeting was scheduled for 4 o'clock in the same room. We explained to him that he was interrupting a full-credit course which had been meeting weekly this semester at that time and place. Mr. Koblitz argued that classroom rooms are assigned by the Registrar, that the Division always met in Albree Social, and that rooms were available for our use in Aquinwall and Hegeman. We suggested the faculty go there. Then Mr. Koblitz left and Miss Randolph came in. She warned us that there was nothing to argue about— we had five minutes to get out.

The pettiness, infantilism, etc. was too much to believe. As the saying goes, you had to be there. After ten minutes of disrupting the class they refused to find another room.

So much for the entertainment. We finally got sick of the whole thing and moved our class to Hegeman. But after the show there was much to think about.

For one thing, I don't doubt that had a professor been standing in front of our class, the divisional meeting would have been held across the hall. Then, I wonder whether the flexibility Mr. Koblitz and Miss Randolph display in shaping the academic policy of their division matches their flexibility in choosing a meeting place. I also wonder whether these two faculty members ever thought of teaching in a high school. The paternalism there might better suit their needs.

Bruce Wernhavsky

To the Editor:

Recently there has been a lot of talk on campus concerning pets, and the latest word out from the administration is that they are not allowed. This view is far too narrow to satisfy the needs of the community and therefore I would like to propose a different solution of the problem of Pets.

I live in Ward Manor and as I was walking continued page 7
from page 6

to campus this morning I saw something that inspired a solution to this great problem. Half way between the guard house and the chapel I heard the noise in the bushes and being in no hurry to get on campus I decided to investigate and see what creature was walking through the woods at such an early hour.

Well, you can imagine my surprise as I neared the source of the noise and saw Buffy, squatting over a pile of leaves taking an early morning shit. Out of curiosity I drew nearer and when she was done I closely examined the results of her work. I don’t know how many of you have ever closely examined Buffy’s shit, but in all honesty it is not an attractive sight. I sat there for two hours gazng at this evil thing that had fallen on Bard’s lawn, and then I realized that there was a solution for the animal contoversy that is so horribly dividing this great community.

We cannot expect BBG to build, on their limited budget toilets for all the dogs in the community. The dogs are not content with using the bathrooms already built. Therefore we can turn the building of pay toilets reserved exclusively for the use of the campus animals. The owners of the animals will be responsible for supplying their pets with the charge for the toilets, ten cents for dog toilets, and five cents for cat toilets, because of a smaller size needed.

If this plan is cut into effect immediately then the dogs will no longer be a nuisance to others, and within a short time the cost of the toilets will be payed off and the profits from the plan may go into a fund for the improvement of the school in what ever way is needed.

David H. Goodwin

PUBLIC SERVICE NOTICES & THINGS

Under Milk Wood, a Rhinebeck hand, who lives at the Salty Dog in Rhinebeck, has the following equipment for sale:

1 Vox Vistron Instrument Amp
70 Watts 2-12" Jensen 18 ohm speakers
1 Ampex Bass Speaker Cabinet
2-18" Jansens
1 Traynor P.A. Amp
4 channels 100 Watts
1 Balteco Mattrilla 200 c.c. superbike

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cartoon of 9 tails

Friendly Skies

LOS ANGELES (LMS)—Thirty people gathered at the Los Angeles Airport recently to protest the Firing of Deborah Remick, a black stewardess for United Airlines. Miss Remick, a United employee for six years, was dismissed because her natural hair did not conform to the company’s racist “grooming” standards.

The picketers pointed out that if demanding that the black stewardess comply with white standards of beauty, United is maintaining a racist employment policy.

Also under attack was the United policy of advertising the women it employs as one of the 151 “friendly things” offered by United (along with slipper socks, pillows and bubble gum).

JUNK MAIL!

ANN ARBOR, Mich.—(AP) — Roger Staples got fed up with junk mail cluttering his mailbox. So he took it to the post office, labeled it “obscene,” and requested the post office not to deliver any more mail from the offending advertisers.

Though the local postmaster found this quite strange and refused to do what Staples asked, the Post Office Department’s assistant general counsel ruled that the obscene mail falls under the definition of “obscene” squarely in the hands of the recipient. Said he: “Under the law, they (Postmaster) can declare that an ad for a sick of potatoes looks sexy to them. And if they do, we’re obliged to act.” (i.e., refuse to deliver the mail.)

The ruling apparently includes obscene mail from the Selective Service System. (From Great Spooked Bird, Atlanta.)

SAY IT AGAIN

—"We’re on a course that is going to end this war."—Pres. Richard Nixon Sept. 26, 1969.

—"We’ve certainly turned the corner (in Vietnam)."—Sec. of Defense Melvin Laird, July 15, 1969.

—"... We have never been in a better relative position."—Gen. William Westmoreland, April 10, 1966.

—"... We are enlightened with our program ... we are generally pleased ... we are very sure we are on the right track."—President Lyndon Johnson, July 13, 1967.

—"We have succeeded in attaining our objectives."—General Westmoreland, July 13, 1967.

—"We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves."—Pres. Johnson, October 21, 1969.

—"The United States still has hopes to withdraw its troops from South Vietnam by the end of 1969."—Sec. of Defense McNamara, Feb. 19, 1964.

—"Victory is just months away ... I can safely say the end of the war is in sight."—General Paul D. Harkins, Comm-


—"I fully expect (only) six more months of hard fighting."—General Nairara, French commander in chief, Jan. 2, 1954.