Must This Lying Continue?  
Charles Johnson

Involved in informing our student body . . . Of the Biafran's plight . . .
Anita Alzamora
Linda Eliash

Fascists Donate To Bard  
L. N. S.

Permanently Peaceful  
Gregory Inaugurated President-In-Exile
Quote From Dennis Fitzgerald  
(L. N. S.)

No Plans To Scrap Draft

Ken Grimwood

Inside the Blood Factory  
Diane Wakoski

Public Service Notices & Things
"Beginning to think is beginning to be undermined."

Albert Camus

MUST THIS LYING CONTINUE?
Charles Johnson

I cannot help but wonder how many people are actually aware of the state of emergency which has long existed with reference to that 'community of scholars' which is, or is associated with, Bard College. In order to adequately understand the nature of this emergency, let us first understand that social values are predicated on the basis of cultural ideology. If we also understand that the values of a particular group may be operationalized through institutions which are created and/or maintained by that group, we can and must conclude that any institution established for the propagation, promotion, or dispensation of ideas certainly carries a cultural message or ideology.

The total cultural message of Bard College as an educational institution is a combination of many ideologies, not the least of which is positivism—the basis of western 'scientific' thinking—which is predicated on the myth of ethical neutrality. The aspect of Bard's cultural message which I wish to discuss here, however, is the ideology of white supremacy in all of its various forms.

Let us look first at the narrowest function of an educational institution; that is, its academic function. If we were to assume that the academic function of a 'liberal arts' institution is to acquaint people with the great material, intellectual, and spiritual accomplishments of man, the conclusion which we would automatically reach upon a survey of the curriculum and course content at Bard, as one such 'liberal arts' institution, is that the only human accomplishments of any value have been the accomplishments of Europeans and people of European ancestry. When it is pointed out to us that one professor out of a faculty of more than fifty teaches courses dealing with 'eastern' thought, religion, etc., we amend our conclu-

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sion to say that 49/50 or more of human accomplishments since time began are attributable to Europeans, and the other 1/50 or less is attributable to some isolated eastern freaks. Either way you put it, it is still a monstrous lie—a lie which is planted and cultivated every day in more than six hundred fertile young minds.

Thus the Bard curriculum is a vehicle for white narcissism. As a social instrument, moreover, it is a vehicle for the propagation of the ideology of racism and white supremacy. Non-white—indeed, non-Northern-European—subjects are dealt with in such condescending terms as ‘cultural deprivations’, ‘underdevelopment’, and ‘subculture’, by a faculty which is lily-white.

The admissions policy of this ‘radical’ and ‘innovative’ institution is totally reactionary—designed to create a social situation which reinforces the lie that is taught in the classroom. The number of black and Third World students admitted each year is just high enough for the college to reap the benefits of a nominally ‘de-segregated’ institution; but it is kept so low that there is no sufficient, at a numerical basis for the kind of psychological and self-defense which is necessary, and which a much larger nonwhite enrollment would greatly facilitate.

The result of all this is at least twofold: One result is a culture shock from which many black students never fully recover. Another and related result is that the black student, whose presence at Bard does more for the college than the college can do for him, is subjected to a four-year process of psychological and intellectual whitewashing of such intensity that, upon receipt of his diploma, he is of no use to his own people. Barbara Williams of San Francisco State has said that ‘For us, it is no “privilege” to be a product of your racist universities and colleges from which emerge Black men with white minds. We don’t intend to reflect your destructive apathy and noninvolvement and inhumanity.’

You need only to look around you to discover that Bard is rapidly succeeding at its apparent objective of chasing away all of its black students. Most of those who stay do so only to retain financial assistance. Bard is now meaningful only to that handful of middle-class black children who are interested in maintaining and reinforcing their own irrelevance to present social realities. But their apathy is highly relevant because it reinforces a racist status quo. If Bard is to become meaningful in any positive sense it must become totally committed to addressing the needs of all the people. It must admit at least one hundred nonwhite students in the Fall of 1969 from wherever it can find them, with the maximum possible amount of financial assistance. This means that at least half of these students must be on full scholarship. The college must also engage itself immediately in such secondary-school equivalency programs as may be necessary to compensate for the miseducation which nonwhite young people have been victimized at the hands of the racist system of which Bard College is an integral part.

Moreover, the college must revitalize its academic curriculum. With regard to course content, the white aim has been mainly to 'black out the black perspective'. Conventional courses must be redesigned to come to terms with the impact of blackness in every major field of human achievement. If the divisional structure is to be maintained, then a fifth division must be created to deal specifically with the questions revolving around the phenomena of blackness which has been blatantly ignored for so long. As Professor Nathan Hare has said:

In the search for educational relevance, black today is revolutionary and nationalistic. A black-studies program which is not revolutionary and nationalistic is, accordingly, quite profoundly irrelevant.

These actions Bard College must undertake immediately in order to head off the emergency situation which has long existed with reference to that institution. If the college does not move now, or if it begins to move in that direction without a realistic sense of the fierce urgency of the movement, it will ultimately sink with a whimper into the abyss of lily-white oblivion.

As-Salamu Alaimum.

To the Editor:

As two students attending the State University College at Buffalo, we are involved in informing our student body and the community of the Biafrans’ plight which necessitates the world’s immediate response.

According to Senator Goodell’s (N, Y) fact-finding mission, approximately two million Biafrans have died in the world-witnessed genocide. Each day, as the war continues, three thousand more will die. There is an estimation that 40% of the Biafran children between the ages of two to four years have already been wiped out. With these facts in mind, several questions should be posed: Why are the Biafrans being allowed to die? Have we become numb, calloused, and thick-skinned people in a world that is ignoring their desperate struggle? Is accepting their death as a fact of life? Must we have a daily slaughter to tell us, in our comfortable, western society, that we are alive? Is life becoming so cheap that an age has come when a country can exterminate troublesome minorities?

To date, the United States has been reluctant to use diplomacy in bringing this atrocity to the United Nations for responsive action. Contributing to this hesitation is the $100,000,000 investment and five thousand American civilians present in Nigeria. Daily, the death rate mounts, yet each day we continue to endorse Nigeria’s action by our unquestioned presence. It is time for the United States to realize that the Biafrans are crying for freedom or death. Let us begin to help these people by putting our strength into a “Keep Biafra Alive” program. We urge all colleges to initiate a relief program which will aid the Biafrans through the issuance of food and medical obtained from their contributions. We are also seeking students’ participation in sending a continuous flow of mail to their representatives in Congress and to President Nixon, demanding an end to the genocide through diplomatic pressure. In addition, we hope that a group of students will circulate the petition that we have enclosed in our letter, (may be obtained from your newspaper editor).

In closing, we await the news of your progress in the “Keep Biafra Alive” program.

Sincerely yours,

Anita Alazmora
Linda Elias
M. B. A., E.A.S., C. B.
P.O. Box 419, Bidwell Sta.,
Buffalo, New York

3 March, 1969
RED HOOK HIGH
by Marion Sverdlof

"Red Hook high school is the best school around here. The administration is conservative, but the faculty is excellent!"

The eight students I spoke to were not anxious to knock their school. Only their youth distinguished them from the rest of the afternoon crush at the Bard coffee shop. They wore C.P.O jackets, colorful mufflers, mustaches. Had their appearances, particularly their long hair, gotten them into trouble at school?

"When it was just a few of us, two years ago, there was some shit. But now there are too many of us. They just don't bother." Do most boys have long hair? "Most of 'em just wear it like Bob."

Bob's carrot-colored hair, although thick, left his neck, ears and eyebrows clear to view. But the students gripe about other things. In a small town, without even a discotheque where kids can gather, the school dance is a large part of student social life. Red Hook High dances start at 7 p.m. and end at 10:30, even though most students want later hours. The administration claims late dances would mean hiring a janitor to stay overtime, but the students know that the custodian stays late anyhow. And in spite of student enthusiasm, light shows have been banned from these dances as "fire hazards."

Each student is assigned to a specific school bus, and if, whether to visit a friend or for any other reason, one wishes to take a different bus after school, he must bring a note from home. These students said they resented depending on parent approval of their actions.

"They treat us like babies," one said bitterly. "I suppose its to protect us from the dangers of rural life. They don't want us getting stomped to death by a cow."

One student, a member of the Student Council, said he is "fed up with okaying things the administration has already okayed."

"I'd like to see some sit-ins," said David Oja.

Over what issues?

"How about when they put us into study halls during lunch period?" recalled Dan Tiesger. "And how about this drug thing now with John?"

The last weekend in February, two Red Hook students were busted on narcotics charges. They have been suspended from all extracurricular activities even though they are legally innocent. For one, John Amram, this is not merely a harmless, is unjust, measure. He is bent on attending music school after graduation. To be admitted, he must have music credits he can only get through such extracurricular activities as band. Thus Amram's suspension seriously affects his chances of admission to college.

How do most of Red Hook high school students feel about Amram's dilemma?

"Not enough care."

"They couldn't do anything anyhow. The administration would crush it."

How widespread is drug use among Red Hook students?

"The scene is almost nothing."

"Very few use drugs."

They all agreed there aren't more than ten steady users, though perhaps twenty have experimented."

Drug use is not associated with radical politics or with a 'hippie sub-culture.' "It's kicks - like drinking beer. Its not a cool thing to do - its not rebellion."

The charge that Red Hook high kids get their stuff from Bard students was called "a lot of bull." According to these students, drugs are bought in large cities, received in the mail from friends, and even home-grown.

"There's no pushing, no profits. A guy gets an ounce and he'll turn on his friends."

"It's all grass. There's no hard stuff around."

There is no political activity beyond talk among a few friends. The majority of students were described as "apathetic."

"They're IBM kids. They'll tell you, 'my parents would kill me.'"

The students denied the existence of religious or radical prejudices at their school.

"Of course there are three Negroes and two Jews -- that might be it."

Dan Tiesger, who is of Jewish background, disagreed.

"They don't let you forget who you are. There's a lot of teasing and horseplay."

The rest passed this off with, "Don't be a snobhead," and "he's an atheist, any- how."

*********FASCISTS DONATE TO BARD*********

Bard is the recipient of an award in the amount of $7500 from Texaco, Inc. Texaco, the nation's largest gasoline marketer, posted a 0.6 cent-per-gallon increase in the price of gas to the dealers on February 34. Texaco attributed the boost to rising labor costs and the need to increase the price paid for crude oil. The Times suggested that the decision of whether the price advance will hold will be made by the thousands of people who sell gas and the millions who buy it." Unfortunately they neglect the fact that gasoline is not a luxury item, but a necessity for a nation on wheels.

The meaning? Simply that the kind of capitalism we learned about in grade school is dead. There is no price competition among oil companies, nor would they wish there to be. The price of a commodity becomes the highest price which will be acceptable to the largest market, in short, a monopoly. Some economists see these conditions leading toward a not-too-distant transition to some form of state socialism. Considering the economic determinants, that could be anything from repressive fascism to libertarian communism. But given the present political trends, a repressive fascism seems the likely choice.

(from LNS)

Did you know that the army is sending a recruiter to Bard on April 15? See Public notice for details.
TONIGHT
all things speak of themselves quietly.

Gauguin in Tahiti,
Searst in France,
Nascita di Venere in Roma.

Your breasts,
your white neck.

Now I am with the ones
who stare at moon
strong pull.

(Peter Boffy)

"Sanity consists in sharing the hallucinations of your neighbors."

Evelyn Underwood

PERMANENTLY PEACEFUL


The national budget for fiscal year 1970 calls for giving away $481 million in military equipment and advice and asking for $550 million for credit sales of armaments to the underdeveloped world. The latter is an increase of $54 million over the fiscal 1969 program.

In addition, $13 million is the estimated cost of supporting assistance -- a program which props up the military governments of less developed countries, mainly in Southeast Asia.

Military aid continues to go to countries with repressive governments: Greece, Spain, Korea, Taiwan, Thailand and Laos.

"The task lies in altering the political conditions, recognizing the roots of tyranny and destroying them."

Dennis Fitzgerald (LNS)

WASHINGTON (CPS) -- Dick Gregory, sporting an Edwardian jacket and tie, was inaugurated as President-in-exile of the U.S. on March 4th. The ceremony followed the form of a regular inauguration with swearing in, speech, and inaugural ball.

Unlike the other inauguration, the audience was completely integrated and included a great many young people. The speech included an attack on Ted Kennedy for subtle racism in a draft reform bill. The bill provides amnesty for deserters, but does nothing for those legally refusing the draft.

He also pointed to unjust treatment of American Indians. In addition, he denounced the Democratic and Republican parties as "too immoral and corrupt to solve problems."

Speaking of the economy, he said, "Go out and reform the capitalist system -- if you have to destroy it to reform it, then destroy it."

Gregory and the New Party, a New Left political organization of which he is co-chairman, will set up a "Black House" this month in Washington. It will serve as a research and Social Activist Center. In two months he will begin serving a jail sentence for a 1967 demonstration.

At the beginning of his speech, he said his first job will be to "convince the other fellows that he's not the one." Hall to the chief!

NO PLANS TO SCRAP DRAFT

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- President Nixon instructed the Department of Defense Jan. 30 to establish a commission 'to develop a detailed plan of action for ending the draft' after 'expenditures for Vietnam are substantially reduced.'

Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird has since stated, however, that after the war 'we could move toward a voluntary army situation, and not rely on the draft as heavily as we have had to during the last 5 years.' Laird's statement reflects a general attitude that the Selective Service System should not be abolished.

Sen. Mark Hatfield (R-Ore) and 8 others have introduced a bill which would provide incentives to attract more volunteers and end military induction. The bill would retain the Selective Service System on a standby basis, capable of being reactivated on the recommendation of the President and action of Congress. In introducing the bill Hatfield described conscription as a 'drastic invasion on individual liberty' and involuntary service, plain and simple.'

ASSUME THAT YOU KNOW HIM
assume you can see, I

assume you can see, in a glint of his feathers
the shadows of the moon

and yet this pale day cast

gathering reflections

three mirrors

embedded in the snow

two lovers

rocking in tight embrace

One peacock

(Murph)
by Ken Grimwood

**STATIC**

 STATIC like crumpling cellophane. Steady, steady against the stok-a-ta-tha, stok-a-ta-stok-stok ding! ..... that: RRRRRRRRRR "Clean and sparse, keep the copy clean and sparse... facts, that's it, just facts. Who, where, what, when. Maybe how."

WHY?

STATIC, teesstatistatistaatatatatatstatatatatatatatatasta...
PSHUTT, (Over-modulating, those stupid cops are always over-modulating) "Uh, calling car number twelve, car number twelve. Calling car number twelve. Come in twelve, over."

Fingers stop at the keys, maybe it's worth listening to, maybe it's a lead. Re-read copy so far: the mayor's speech. But list: Half-listen.

(SOUND OF OVER-MODULATION): "uhhh... yeah, car twelve here, what's it over."

G. M. AGAIN, FOLLOWED BY: "Charlie? Looks like we got us a signal seven..."

INSERT: STOP READING, START LISTENING, TWO EARS "...over on route 39, out past the glass company warehouse... you think you could get over there right away, over."

Two words spill out of the chair, into the car, take the tape recorder, get your ass over there now, look it all, take it in... Two words, or rather One word and one number: Signal (Word) Seven (number),... word + number equals: Fatality. Get your ass over there.

endosperm (en-do sperm), n. Bot. The nutritive tissue formed within the embryo sac in seed plants.

Always takes too goddamn long to get there, so why do you always get there before you want to? Both at the same time. It's a read drug always driving to them alone, and playing buddy-buddy with the cops. Maybe Sammie'll be there, taking pictures for the Tribune. Taking pict-u-res, for Christ's sake. Sammie really enjoys taking those fucking pictures, doesn't he? There's a rumour going that he's got a whole collection at home, ones the Tribune wouldn't print. Mass circulation means just this much blood, no less, no more. Sammie really loves those pictures, the bastard.

energasia (en'er je-a-sis), n. Plant Physiol. The chemical process or series of processes within the plant cell by which energy is made available through catalytic changes.

Past the glass warehouse, right...can't be too much further...

(VIDEO: ZOOM IN ON THREE POLICE CARS, ONE AMBULANCE, ALL LIGHTS FLASHING)

Hey, you ol' son-of-a-bitch, you still playing ree-porter? Be nice to the cop, what's this one's name? A Static, glance at the name-plate: J. SANDOWSKI. Right. From that time when the milk truck turned over on the little boy, and the gutter was full of milk and blood all mixed together, pink.

English horn, music. A double-reed woodwind instrument similar to the oboe but a fifth lower in pitch.

Yeah, Jerry, still hung up in the same old grind. How's it with you?

Oh, are the cars? Has the wrecker already been and gone? Damned fast for M&R to get a truck here that quick.

'Just like always, stayin' alive. Not like some folks. Follow his laden-with-meaning glance, but there's no one except some glass around a telephone pole. Big dent in the telephone pole. Splinters sticking out at crazy angles. Nothing else but glass, though. Some of it kind of red.

engrall (en-grall), v.t. To ornament, esp. with a pattern indented on the edge.

The cop is a grown-up tough kids with ugly jowls and meaty hands, and you hate him. But talk nice. He's the only one who can tell you.

"Well, we all gotta go sometime. Just what was it that happened?"

Don't forget to take notes. Never trust your memory, use notes, or even better, the recorder. Just the facts, all the facts. Who, where, what, when. Maybe how.

WHY?

"AW, looks like some old dodger had a heart attack at the wheel. Comin' along here doin' 65, maybe 70, just went right off the side into that pole over there."


"Wrecker and ambulance already been here, huh?"

"Yeah, M&R got one out here faster's shit. Had three ambulances, didn't need but two. That one you saw when you drove up got here too late."

"Just one other person in the car with him?"

"Yeah, that's it. Granddaughter, look like it was.

WAS.

omen, (om'mesh), v.t. To entangle in or as in meshes.

"Listen, I got to get on back to the station. Tell you what, you follow me on back, I'll give you the whole story there. That all right with you, Ed?"

"Sure, Jerry. Just hope I, not taking up too much of your time, that's all."

The bastard. He knows you have to get this on the 5:30 news, wants to throw his uniform, his gun, his office in your face. Make you kiss authority's ass. Just like the time when they found that woman's body in the woods, beaten to death, he had to run the whole show. Television boys were out that day, he really played it up big. Talked like he was head of the crime lab. Kept pointing out the wounds in what was left of the flesh.

entablature, (en'ta-blä-tur), n. Arch. The upper section of a wall or story, generally supported on columns or pilasters, in classical orders it consists of architrave, frieze, and cornice.

"You can just make a U-turn right here, Tom'll hold the traffic for us.

Thank the nice cop, make the U-turn. Follow him. Funny to follow a cop, instead of vice versa. Can't drive worth a shit, actually. Just a hot-rod kid at fifty, with a badge. But stay nice to him. Have to. He runs the blood shows, he supplies the copy. Never see him unless there's blood somewhere, except once a year when he (or one of them) comes out to tape the safety spots.

Turning, why is he turning here? This is Becker's funeral home, not the highway patrol station. Why Becker?'s? Go in and ask, not much time left to get back and get this thing written.

Old man Becker's nephew, a carbon almost as unctuous as the original: "Officer Sandowski is in the back, sir; he said for you to go right in and join him there."

The smell, the sick-sweet smell, it'll never change. Through two doors, and the smell stronger.

"Oh, hey there, Ed; I just wanted to see when the old man's watch broke, get the time of death just right. Come on in, you can take a look."

Kathy, why are you and your father lying down? Kathy, why is your white blouse with the blue lace trim so red? Kathy why is your right leg bent backwards? KATHY, WHY

entropy (en'tro-pi), n. A mathematical factor which is a measure of the unavailable energy in a thermodynamic system.
Reviewed by
$1.55 paper
Norman Weinstein

The progress could have been predicted
The girl’s lament has become the woman’s
Iamentation”
“Father
Father
Father
Have you really come home?"
Wakoski has not only become the most
vital poetess in America (in my unhumble
opinion) but has redeemed that most ugly
of tages ‘confessional poetry.’ These are
personal, painful, woman poems, poems
about falling out of love, of frustrated
passion, of deerts of soul that make the
grumbungs of a Sylvia Plath or Anne
Sexton seem like so much blather. Nothing
is held back. That’s what fascinates me,
the absolute, naked stance of this woman,
the lack of self-consciousness. She bares
her dreams, her waking phantasms, but
reveals them in terms of a fabric of
images as exciting and as unique as any-
thing in print. The sequence “Poems for
a Man in a Blue Peretti” struck me as
particularly moving, but its hard to single
out poems. The book has the unity of
Wakoski herself, or of a scream. You
can hear the superhuman agony of an
Artaud here, that intensity of loneliness.
Yet there are also poems focused on
small celebrations of the flesh and spirit.
Read this even if you read no other poetry
book this year. No bullshit in the almost
chic titles: this is: *Inside the Blood
Factory*. Let’s hope the next title doesn’t
mention suicide. Let the angels keep her
pen moving. No ease in being tough & frail-
a poet & woman.

HUD. The Man With the Barbed Wire Soul,
will be shown on Friday and Sunday at 8:15 pm.
Paul Newman, Patricia Neal, Brandon de Wilde
and Melvyn Douglas star, under Martin Ritt’s
direction. (Cinemascope)
ALSO: “2” a film by Rene Taylor.
Film Committee

ARMY INVADES BARD

The Observer has obtained information indicating
that a U. S. Army “Officer Candidate Selection Team” will visit
Bard on April 15, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.
The time for action has come. Help keep
Bard free……

America’s only 10¢ lunch.

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