

RED TIDE

Vol. 1 No. 1 September 27, 1971

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RED TIDE

SEPTEMBER 27, 1971

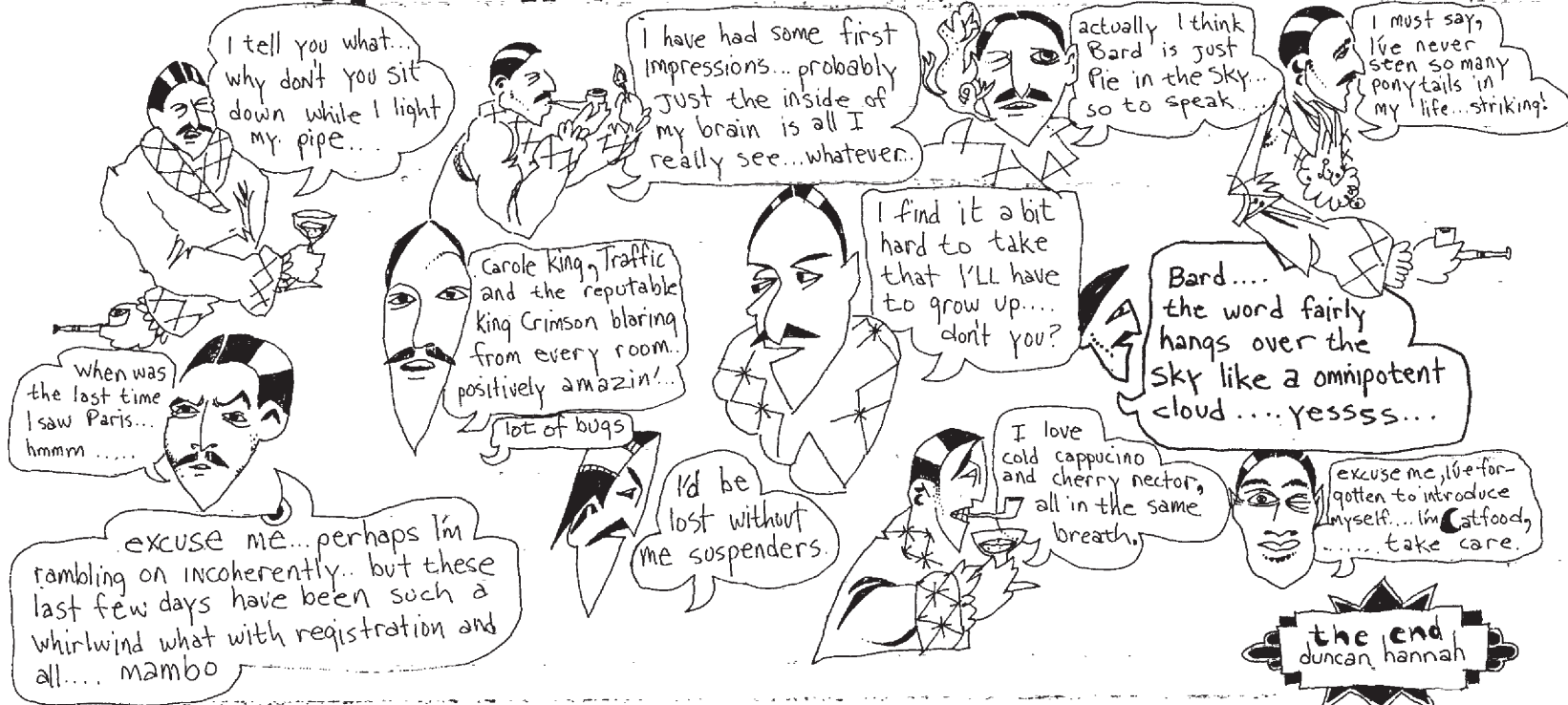
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Green glorious Green



LET A HUNDRED
FLOWERS BLOSSOM
AND A HUNDRED
SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT
CONTEND... (Mao)

RED TIDE

A newspaper serving

the Bard Community



in the penal colony

attica

ATTICA, N.Y. (LNS) - "P-1", "P-2", "P-3", ...said the tags which hung from the toes of the prisoners who were killed in the Attica Prison Rebellion or Massacre, as people are beginning to call it. Even with those labels, they couldn't quite keep track of how many bodies they had. On Thursday, Sept. 16, three days after the attack on the liberated prison, prison officials announced there were 33 bodies; the next day they discovered they had counted several bodies twice and now they claimed 30 prison deaths, so far. "P-1", "P-2" and "P-3" just had to do for anxiously waiting relatives since they didn't get around to announcing names until Friday.

Tuesday, Sept. 14, the Monroe County Medical Examiner, Dr. John Edland, announced that all of the bodies he examined -- prisoners and hostages -- were killed by bullets.

"Some were shot once, some as many as five, ten, twelve times," he said, with "two types of missiles, buckshot, and large caliber missiles." One wounded hostage recuperating at a nearby hospital was found to have particles of an expanding "dumdum" bullet. (A dumdum is a soft-nosed bullet designed to expand upon impact, entering with a small hole and leaving a large hole.) The wound left a hole "where you could put your two fists," said once source from the hospital.

The reaction from prison officials who had gone into gory detail about the slit throats and the guard they claimed had been castrated was pure denial. Russell G. Oswald, the State Commissioner of Corrections who signed the ultimatum which was sent into the prisons to give up or face the consequences, claimed he never had told the reporters about slit throats or castrations.

With that he refused to answer any more embarrassing questions and left his press conference. Whatever the role of Oswald, who is certain to be a center of public attention now that the initial cover-up story has been exposed, it is clear that quite a few people were happy to spread lies that would present the prisoners as barbarous and inhumane. Deputy Director of Corrections Walter Dunbar (an expert recruited from San Quentin, California), the newly freed hostages, spokesmen for Attica's Warden Mancusi, and members of joint police-troop assault team sold the same lurid tale to a press that sunk its teeth into the sensationalism with glee.

Dr. Edland said he received a telephone call from someone in Gov. Rockefeller's office, urging him to cancel the press conference at which his autopsy findings were being announced. He said the state trooper observers watched as he performed the autopsies.

"I'm my own man and I call things as I see them. All I know is I have 27 bodies /The others died after he did the autopsies but they too were found to be killed by gunshots -- ed.7 in my office, which is more than I ever want to see again in one day."

The bodies were first examined not by the coroner's physician in Attica, Dr. Merlin Bissel, as they were supposed to be but by the prison doctor, Paul Sternberg, who was suddenly appointed acting coroner. (Prominent among the inmates' demands during the rebellion was the replacement of Sternberg.) Coroner Paul Slusarzck of nearby Perry said he had been informed by prison officials that Dr. Bissel was not available, so Dr. Sternberg had been appointed acting coroner. Bissel said later that he had been ready and willing to do the job.

William Quinn, the hostage who died on Saturday after being returned by the inmates for outside medical help, was thrown out of a window by prisoners according to all early reports. He died from a fractured skull. When the inmates were told about the accusations, they said, "If we could throw a man out a steel-barred window, we could escape the same way, couldn't we?"

A reporter from Harlem's Amsterdam News checked every window in cellblock D and found them all barred and about six inches square. Another reporter talked about getting a tour around cellblock C which was under the control of prison officials in the middle of the rebellion:

"Entering, we were struck by the pathetic sight of shaving mirrors popping instantly from the window of each steel door; the windows are too small for the cell's occupants to see anywhere but straight ahead, and only the mirrors can show the prisoners what is happening."

Very few people in the town of Attica -- where everyone has a brother or aunt or father who works in the jail, where the local bakery and hardware store owe their lives to the buying power of the giant grey fortress -- would believe the truth of Edland's findings. No matter that he was surrounded by a circle of state troopers as he worked.

A relative of Carl W. Valone, one of the hostages who was killed, was in a minority when he said: "We feel Carl was not killed by the prisoners but by a bullet that had the name of Rockefeller written on it." He did not want the reporter to mention his name since he holds a government job but he mentioned that his whole family feels the same way.

While people like Rev. James P. Collins, chaplain of Elmira prison, eulogized the dead guards, calling for the creation of "a maximum security institution for about 150 hardcore, militant, Marxist revolutionaries," doctors were frantically trying to get in to see the injured prisoners.

Before dawn on Tuesday morning, doctors and nurses from the Medical Committee for Human Rights from hospitals all over New York City tried to get in to treat the injured inmates. They, along with lawyers from Buffalo and New York City, were refused entry even the next day when they returned with a federal court order commanding the prison officials to let them in. Teams of black doctors and nurses were also turned away.

to page three



GEORGE JACKSON
1941-1971

san quentin

by JIM TREANOR

In the mass of confusion and conflicting reports ensuing from the Bay Area with regard to the recent killings at San Quentin there appears to be no positive idea as to what actually happened inside those walls on August 21. As long as those who were most intimately involved in the events of that afternoon, the prisoners in the Adjustment Center themselves, are not allowed to speak openly and freely about what went on we shall not know the full story. But as they cannot speak and as the people's curiosity demands some information I am going to try to tell in as logical a manner as possible what I have been able to put together from various accounts in the straight and underground press, and from the accounts of various people in Marin Co.

To begin with, the central character in the San Quentin killings is George Jackson, and there can be no understanding of the day's events without some knowledge of him and his life in prison. George Jackson spent the last ten years of his life in prison; first in Soledad Prison and later in San Quentin. This was rather a long time for a guilty plea to a \$70 robbery of a gas station at age 18. He got the usual sentence that most 'disadvantaged' (in other words those who can't afford a good lawyer) people in California get -- the indeterminate sentence. The indeterminate

sentence is one year to life but somehow it seems to work out closer to life than one year.

Most of his time after sentencing was spent in Soledad Prison, long known as the tensest, toughest and most potentially explosive of California prisons. Some time in early 1969 things exploded. A race riot raged in the prison courtyard and tower guards fired 'warning shots' at the prisoners below. Strangely enough the 'warning shots' killed three black inmates and no whites. Shortly afterwards a guard was thrown over a third floor cellblock railing to his death and within hours prison authorities charged Jackson and two other black inmates, Fleeta Drumgo and John Cluchette with murder. No charges were issued against the tower guards.

The prison's proceedings against the three were so furtive and swift that a good many people became suspicious. Questions about things inside Soledad were being left unanswered. A defense committee was organized for the three who collectively became known as "The Soledad Brothers." Before too long, supposedly for their own safety, the Brothers were transferred to California's maximum security prison -- San Quentin.

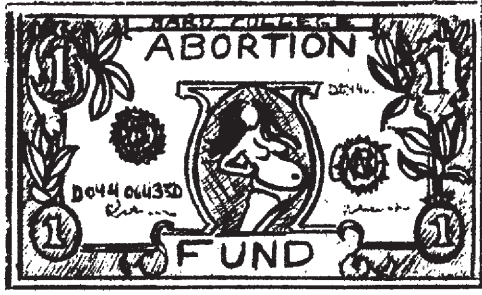
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We decided to change the name of the old "Observer" to "Red Tide", in order to reflect some of the changes that have taken place among members of the old Observer staff and the Bard campus in general. The format of the Observer had become stale, dull, and generally fairly uninspired. A change in the name of the newspaper would be the first step towards redefining and recreating that object, we thought, and "Red Tide" is about as funky a name as we could come up with in a fairly short amount of time. Which is to say that we don't consider "Red Tide" to be a permanent name; that is, unless we fail to get any better suggestions. We are counting on receiving suggested names and titles for the new student paper from everybody.

Much more important than deciding on a new name for the paper is the question of the basic content of the paper. We believe that a change should take place in what goes into the paper, so that a new name for the paper is justified. Instead of having the same old people do all the artwork, writing and layout, we want all of you to contribute some of your time and talent to upgrade the paper—whether your thing is writing, drawing, graphic, cartoons, layout, typing, humor, political commentary, sports, art, anything—we want you! We want to broaden the staff to include as large a percentage of the student body as possible—to make it a paper that truly serves the people. Whatever your talent, you're needed.

We are attempting, then, a re-organization of the paper in order to effect the change outlined above. To draw and attract people to the paper, to make the production of the paper more valuable and interesting, we have eliminated the role of a single editor. Instead we hope that everyone who is involved in putting the issue at hand together will participate in deciding what should go into the paper, what not, etc... This should include the writers, the artists, the typists, the business-people—everybody. If you decide that the paper as it is now does not fill your needs, please help make it better. Written or spoken criticism of the paper is what we're after, even better are specific personal contributions. If you feel you can help, contact us through Box 76 Campus mail, or better still visit the paper's office in the basement of McVickar (in Stone Row). Come!



Bard Women's Liberation has proposed to set up an abortion fund which would be available to any woman in the community. Our plan is to raise money through donations from students, faculty and administration, and to place the funds in a savings bank. We count on offering a flat sum, from fifty to seventy-five dollars (depending on community support of the project), to every woman who asks for help. The money would be advanced as a loan, with the understanding that the student will make every possible effort to return the sum before the end of the year, or before she leaves Bard.

Along with the funds, we are setting up an abortion referral service. A list of doctors and clinics within the area (including New York City) will be available through the Infirmary

and Mrs. Sugatt. Also, two students, Natalie Kaye and Joy Merrill, will gather information about the various listings, and will relate their findings to any woman needing an abortion.

Please help us provide this long-neglected assistance to women in the community. If you wish to make a donation now, write a check payable to BARD WOMEN'S LIBERATION ABORTION FUND (BWL--Abortion Fund) and drop it into campus mail, box 232. You'll be hearing more about the fund, and about other Women's Liberation Action.

—Courtney Collins



dorm crisis

Many disgruntled resident students at Bard this semester are expressing dissatisfaction with their housing assignments. Due to the delayed construction of the modular dorms, students have been housed in the infirmary, in the Skytop Motel, and doubled up into single rooms. Probably the worst inconvenience is felt by those students living in the Cruger Village houses, where single rooms are serving as doubles. How long will these conditions exist? According to Mary Sugatt, there will be no problem at all when the modular dorms are completed. Naturally, the next question which comes to mind is, just when are the modular dorms going to be completed? Unfortunately, there is only vague speculation about a date sometime during the month of October. These innovative single-room dorms were originally scheduled for completion by September. However, on August 20, the company in charge of their construction declared bankruptcy. At the present time, other building companies are being evaluated, and there is a possibility of a preliminary contract with one of the largest builders in the country. President Kline declined to disclose the name of this company as plans are indefinite as yet.



Meanwhile, some resident students are trying to find places off-campus, and are discovering that they must pay a \$90 non-resident fee. As President Kline explained, because of inflation, the cost per student increased by \$220. Since overall tuition at Bard had already been raised, it was decided that non-resident students would pay \$215 more a year and resident students \$230 more a year for housing. He added, "We are not trying to penalize students who wish to live off-campus; we are merely trying to spread the costs."

Another cause of complaint is the dilapidated condition of the dorms collectively referred to as Stone Row. These dorms are described as "characteristic of the college," and "picturesque." Therefore, knocking them down is out of the question. However, it will cost more to renovate their interiors than to rebuild the dorms. President Kline gave a cost estimation of three quarters of a million dollars for their renovation. At the present time there are no funds available to cover these costs.

safety

Recently I was down the road enjoying a Sunday afternoon nightcap and I struck up a conversation with a local insurance man. The man was full of information and we progressed from talk about the new Paul McCartney album to the time Bob Dylan was thrown out of Adolf's for being drunk and disorderly.

Since he was an insurance man, and had no qualms about mixing business with pleasure, we soon came around to discussing automobile accidents. The amount of mishaps involving Bard students driving or walking on Annandale Road is really shocking. Although I couldn't locate the exact statistics, Mrs. Fraser assured me that there is at least one bloody smash per year which involves a student. Accidents not resulting in personal injuries are rarely reported but nevertheless quite numerous.

I can easily understand the fumbling late-night journeys back to campus from one of those long nights down the road. Walking, we are lulled into a sense of security by the various consumable spirits, as well as the unique natural beauty of the area. I can remember seeing people laid out on the side of the road one evening last semester. Anyone travelling at high speed could have run over them without ever having the chance to stop.

Taking one look at Bard's fleet of deluxe-destructo automobiles, you can easily understand where our greatest safety problem originates. Annandale Road is a winding, dangerous road that should not serve as the training course for every amateur Barney Oldfield at Bard College. This year we have more cars than ever before and chances of the accident rate increasing is good.

There is a real world out there somewhere and the quickest way to it is via an accident and subsequent hospitalization.

— Jeffrey Miller

ATTICA from page 1

Finally, on Friday Sheldon Schwartz, a doctor who went into the prison with the team that got thru, told the press that between 300 and 350 prisoners were wounded and not the 29 that the prison authorities talked about. He had talked to two surgeons who had been operating on prisoners since the day of the raid. Three hundred to 350 had bullet or pellet wounds and 30 were in critical condition.

"Ninety percent of the torso wounds were back entry wounds," Sheldon reported. "We were told by many prisoners that most of the prisoners were shot either fleeing or shooting, lying on the ground, ducking, or trying to shield themselves from the bullets." The orders given to the assault team were to shoot anyone who resisted and since inmates were told to sit on the ground with their hands over their heads, anyone who was standing up or running away was resisting.

Schwartz said that many prisoners who were locked up in Cell-Block C -- recaptured by guards early in the rebellion -- watched the shooting from their cells. Two other doctors said that fleeing inmates saw other prisoners shot in the back while lying prone to avoid gunfire. Another prisoner was shot while cowering in a trench, they said.

A National Guardsman described what happened while he was inside to a Federal Court hearing. James P. Watson distributed ammunition to his group and noticed the inmates being carried out on stretchers. "Many of them were twitching. I would see a lot of blood. It appeared that some were in convulsion or shock. Occasionally, you could see a prisoner lift his head and try to cover his feet."

When they did that, guards would yell racist epithets at them and shout, "Keep your head down or we're going to bash it in." State troopers ordered one inmate to get up. When the prisoner said he could not, a doctor "looked at his back and then walked away." Then two troopers prodded him with clubs and "I heard one trooper say, 'Break him, so he'll stand.'" They cracked him a few times. He described the sound of clubs hitting flesh and bone and the sound of prisoners moaning. "One sergeant told me that 'what you saw today you are not to repeat to anyone else. You could be sued,'" related Watson.

Most people from around the area wouldn't agree with Watson's perspective on the attack or with the views of Carl Valone's family. "Bull!" said a brother-in-law of John G. Montelone, a slain hostage, to the idea that the invaders shot the hostages. He quit his job at the prison as a guard right after the last hostage was freed. "I don't want to work there as long as this state is run by the Oswalds, the Dunbars, and the niggers."

Most people in the area would agree about the "Niggers". Blacks, sometimes relatives of the inmates, sometimes not, coming up to the prison had guns pointed in their faces and found themselves turned back from the prison. When Bobby Seale arrived at the prison, one cop guarding the entrance to the prison was heard to say, "It's a goddam shame that that black bastard is so close that I can almost touch him. I'd like to take this rifle and blow his goddam brains out."

When Tom Wicker (who is originally from North Carolina) came out to report to the other reporters what happened inside he was greeted with cries from police, guards, and hostages' relatives: "Nigger-lover. You must live with niggers. Sonofabitch. What kind of white man are you? Standing on a platform with a nigger and halping a nigger talk against your own. You dirty double-crossing bastard. You ought to be strung up."

But can you talk about the "hard core" and "the ordinary prisoners who are forced to go along" as Rey Collins did? The thing that most of the people that went in as part of the negotiating committee or as reporters remarked about was the "absolute solidarity" among the prisoners. During one of the meetings between the negotiating committee and the prisoners, a black inmate grabbed the microphone and shouted: "To the oppressed people all over the world -- we got the solution. The solution is unity."

One inmate, Blease Montgomery, a sandy-haired white from Conway, S.C. said: "Man, there's people in here we treated like dogs down home . . . but I want everyone to know we gon' stick together, we gon' get what we want, or we gon' die together. I've learned so much that if I get out of this I want a plane ticket out of this country."

Though Attica Prison was 85% black and Puerto Rican, the People's Central Committee, which acted as a governing body, had a number of whites on it (one of them was Sam Melville, who was convicted of conspiracy to bomb in N.Y.C. and who was shot dead in Cell Block D during the invasion). Long before the rebellion, blacks, Puerto Ricans and whites had formed groups which they called the Black Panthers and the People's Party for blacks, the Young Lords for Puerto Ricans (Santiago Santos -- one of the dead inmates was a Young Lord) and the Weatherman for whites.

According to Jose "GI" Paris, one of the Young Lords Party representatives on the negotiating committee who had served time in Attica, "If you're not popping your fingers and listening to music and reading 'Slut' -- pornographic magazines in there--; if you're not doing that, sitting down writing or studying or talking to other inmates seriously about serious questions, you get repressed. Because then they call you a potential trouble maker."



For five days, Attica's doors were pried open enough so that some of the outside world found out a little what was happening inside. Now they're closed again, even tighter than before. People authorities have considered leaders (who were quoted in newspapers or had their pictures taken) are locked into the hole with no word out to even other inmates. Whether they are wounded from bullets or beatings or whatever, no one knows. Hospitalized inmates, some with internal bleeding or hemorrhaging are shakled so tight that it often stops circulation. When people from the black community tried to get in to see them, they were stopped at the door and were given the names of the inmates and their condition in one word.

The inmates can't even get out word like the inmates in San Quentin did by sending a note out with the two remaining Soledad Brothers since no one in Attica has a trial coming up. Attica is a sealed fortress again.

SAN QUENTIN from page 1

While awaiting trial Jackson wrote a book about his experiences called SOLEDAD BROTHER which states his views about the case and prison in general. The trial itself was more of a show than anything else. It was obvious that there could be no justice for George Jackson. Whenever he came into court it was in chains to a courtroom that was split in half by an incredible bulletproof shield that in the paranoid court building was deemed necessary. This was the scene on Saturday, August 21. The brothers trial was still going on, they were still being shuffled from San Quentin to San Francisco and they were now housed in the Adjustment Center. The Adjustment Center is like a prison-within-a-prison. There the Prison Authority keeps its "hardened" cases separate from the main prison, though enclosed in the main walls. There were some 30-odd prisoners in the Adjustment Center on the 21st. Among them were the three Soledad Brothers and Ruchell Magee who is charged, along with Angela Davis, for murder and kidnapping in connection with the Marin County Courthouse shoot-out of August 1970. Incidentally, George Jackson's younger brother, Jonathan, aged 17, was one of those killed in that incident.

On the afternoon of the 21st Jackson had a meeting with an attorney, later established as Stephen Mitchell Bingham, in the Visitors' Center outside the Adjustment Center. However, before he could enter the Visitors' Center he had to undergo a thorough body search. Bingham and Jackson sat across from one another at a table in the room and conversed for an hour or so. Prior to his entrance Bingham had to go through a metal detector, which registered. He was asked to show his briefcase, which he did, and it was determined that a tape-recorder in the briefcase was what set it off. He was allowed to proceed. At the conclusion of the pre-determined hour a guard came in to announce the meeting was over. Bingham left, and excluding one brief appearance later that evening, has not been seen since.

George Jackson, meanwhile, was taken back to the Adjustment Center where a guard during the process of a skin search thought he noticed 'something funny' about Jackson's hair. However questionable, from this point until a minute or so later when fighting erupted, we only have this guard's version of the story, who is probably purposefully anonymous. The guard checked the hair, discovered it was a wig, and according to him, Jackson pulled a 9mm. pistol out of the wig and yelled 'This is it.' I might add that a few days later a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle with a head size approximate to George Jackson tried this stunt with the specified pistol and found it impossible. As to how Jackson got the gun it seems that if he had a gun at all (which many people doubt) it was given to him by Bingham in a hollowed out compartment of his tape recorder.

At any rate, at this point there were 27 prisoners and six guards in the Adjustment Center. A guard, wondering why Jackson had taken so long, opened the center door and was shot at (shooter, if any, unidentified). That guard hit the alarm while Jackson was supposedly hitting the master switch that unlocked all the cells. Jackson then tore into the courtyard with another inmate, Larry Spain. A tower guard spied Jackson and fatally shot him. Strangely enough, Spain wasn't hit but was captured, unharmed, within a minute.

Immediately after Jackson had been shot, a group of guards broke in and found most of the prisoners moving about the cell block and locked them up. Then, in the process of that, they found a dead prisoner, two dead guards and a wounded guard in Jackson's cell. In the corridor they found a dead guard and a dead prisoner and two wounded guards. All had been slashed with a half of a razor blade jammed in a toothbrush handle. As of now, no one either knows or cares to say who killed whom.

continued on page 7



This being the first of many articles to come, I would like to use it as an introduction for my "Latin American Brothers and Sisters." When I use the term "Latin American Brothers and Sisters" I am referring not only to the Brothers and Sisters born in Latin America but all the Latin Peoples of the World. At times circumstances may arise when I may have to be more specific, in which case I will use the nationality of the Latin Brothers and Sisters I am referring to

On the whole, my Latin American Brothers and Sisters are basically proud, friendly people who are reared in an atmosphere of traditions that are passed on from generation to generation. Yet more important than our tradition is the way in which we are united in a common brotherhood. It is this compassion, understanding, and respect for each other that has enabled us, as a whole to refuse defeat--in a world where the weak or so called minorities are defeated every minute of the day--and strive for victory. It is this same common bond that will some day unite all the Latin People of the world into a World Power in which, through brotherhood, our sufferings will end.

The main cause of our sufferings is due to the fact that we live in a state of oppression. We live in a world where the "Whiteman" rules. In this world we are deprived of the right to be recognized as what we really are, Latin People. Instead the "Whiteman" wants us to reform under his rule and do everything the way he does it, in other words become what we are not, White.

Through this method many of my Latin American Brothers and Sisters have been deprived of their culture; because by reforming or trying to be White they soon forget what they are or where they came from--as far as their ancestry is concerned. Let's be realistic--you can't plant pumpkin seeds and expect corn to grow. In the same way, the "Whiteman" should stop trying to make us White. We were born Latin, and there is no power on this earth that is going to keep us from dying Latin. Right On!

If "Whiteman" took some time to go into our backgrounds, maybe he would understand where we are coming from. Then again he may not be "Human" enough to understand; in which case, as he is doing now, he will attempt to destroy us. This is one of the major reasons why we have formed a Latin American Organization at Bard College. We want to enlighten the Bard Community about our background, our tradition and our life style. We will be having certain events of which the Bard community will be informed. I mean, after all, how long can you run from a reality. So come on, check us out, there is something rewarding in store for you, you'll even find out that we are Homo Sapiens.

If you have any points you want to bring out about this article, pro or con, drop a note in my mail box which is 240.

Forever Latin,
Hector Cortijo
Public Relations for
the Latin American
Organization

4 SEPTEN

WELCOME
FROSH!

MBER

sunday

wednesday

friday

19 EARRINGS OF MADAME DE...
(dir. Max Ophuls)

22 LEFT-HANDED GUN
(dir. Arthur Penn)

24 CHRISTMAS IN JULY
(dir. Preston Sturges)

26 MY LIFE TO LIVE
(dir. Jean-Luc Godard)

29 RED RIVER
(dir. Howard Hawks)



CINEMA: '71

october



1 YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN
W.C. Fields

3 SEVEN SAMURAI
(dir. Akira Kurosawa)

6 PASSION OF ANNA
(dir. Ingmar Bergman)

8 JUDITH OF BETHULIA
(dir. D.W. Griffith)

10 PATHER PANCHALI
(dir. Satyajit Ray)

13 RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY
(dir. Sam Peckinpah)

15 THE ROUND-UP
(dir. Miklos Jancso)

17 MAN WITH X-RAY EYES
(dir. Roger Corman, w. Ray Milland)

20 NIGHTS OF CABIRIA
(dir. Federico Fellini)

22 THE TENTH VICTIM
(dir. Elio Petri)

24 THE SLEEPING
CAR MURDERS
(dir. Costa-Gavras)

27 BECKET
(dir. Peter Glenville)

29 CUL-DE-SAC
(dir. Roman Polanski)

SUNDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

FRIDAY

5

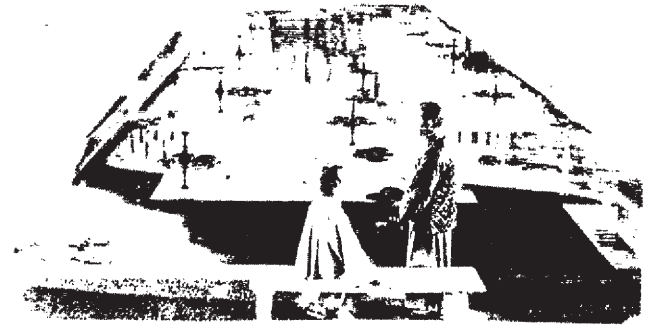
2 CAT AND MOUSE
(presented by the German Club)

3 TRASH
(dir. Paul Morrissey)

5 THE GOLEM



NOVEMBER



7 CORRUPTION OF THE DAMNED
(dir. G. Kuchar)
BLOND COBRIA (dir. B. Fleischner)

10 RED DESERT
(dir. Michelangelo Antonioni)

12 DESIGN FOR LIVING
(dir. Ernst Lubitsch)

14 WILD STRAWBERRIES
(dir. Ingmar Bergman)

16 YOUNG TORLESS
(presented by the German Club)

17 THE GENERAL
(dir. Buster Keaton)

19 THE KILLERS
(dir. Donald Siegel)

21 (dir. Georges Franju)
HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS



28 THE WILD CHILD
(dir. Francois Truffaut)

30 METROPOLIS
(dir. Fritz Lang)

1 ALPHAVILLE
(dir. Jean-Luc Godard)

3 LOST HORIZON
(dir. Frank Capra)

5 GREAT ESCAPE
(dir. John Sturges, w. Steve McQueen)

7 DIE NIEBELUNGEN
(presented by the German Club)

8 REBECCA and BLACKMAIL
(Alfred Hitchcock double-feature)

10 GREAT BLONDINO
(dir. Nelson)
SCORPIO RISING
(dir. Kenneth Anger)



DECEMBER

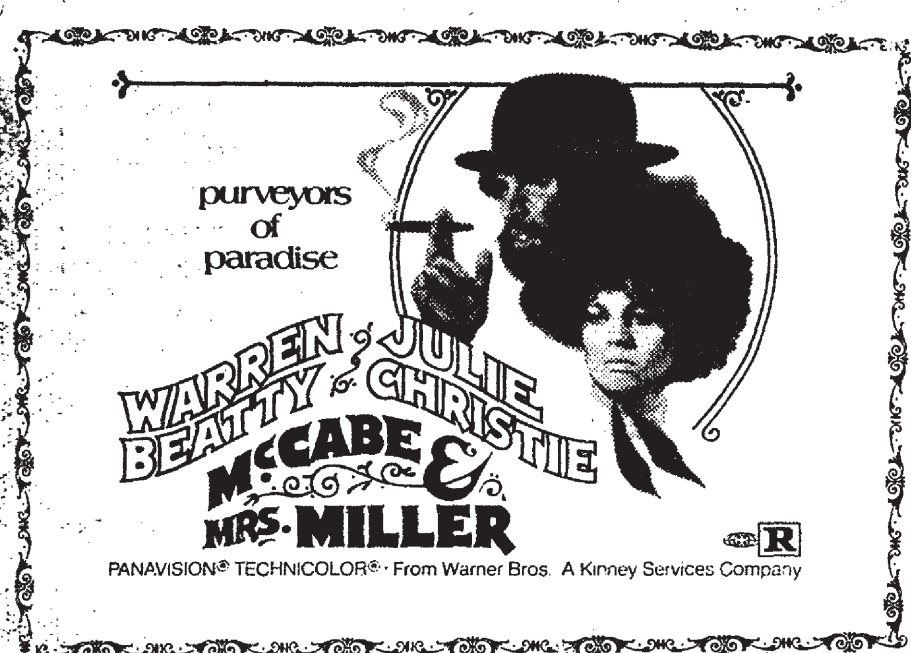
12 I'M ALL RIGHT JACK
(w. Peter Sellers and Terry Thomas)



15 JOHNNY GUITAR
(dir. Nicholas Ray)

17 PUTNEY SWOPE
(dir. Robert Downey)

19 HIS GIRL FIRDAY
(dir. Howard Hawks)



by LARRY GROSS

Robert Altman's latest film, **McCABE AND MRS. MILLER**, is a dazzling work of art, the best feature film made by an American in a number of years. It is a maddening film to try and describe because it moves in a totally different way from most films, good or bad. As in *M*A*S*H*, Altman's previous film, plot and formal narrative are largely eliminated, (perhaps "just barely present" to be more accurate) in favor of a richly textured emotional atmosphere. The film moves in time with the rhythm of the characters; we catch them out of the corner of our eye or manage to just overhear what they are saying.

The central characters in the film are established along two classic patterns. McCabe is the fast-talking mysterious card-player, Mrs. Miller is the tough-minded whore. We have seen their like in dozens of previous westerns, or so we think. But Altman shows us startlingly new dimensions in these stock characters.

In one sense the character of McCabe, who emerges as all bluff, who hasn't the capacity to outwit the Bad Guys and win the girl, may seem to be Altman's way of debunking the myths of the Western hero, and this is an element of Altman's invention. But McCabe is not simply more stupid than the previous heroes we're accustomed to watching, he's also more human, more authentically mysterious. He embodies the problem of all the classic American heroes (Twain's Huck Finn, Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby), the problem of rootlessness, the inability to know his own best interests, the aching desire for a kind of permanence which he can't achieve.

Contemporary American films love to show us heroes who are uprooted and then show why the society, venal and corrupt, makes our heroes that way. Altman doesn't moralize or rail about the society in this film. The townspeople for whom McCabe builds a whore house, are shown in their full rich ambiguity, pathetic, ignorant, at times violent, but also capable of great warmth and goodness. Scenes like the opening card game, the funeral mid-way in the film, and all the sequences of the whorehouse being built, show the fellowship of the townspeople, its crudity and authenticity.

McCabe's situation is not that of the hero, morally superior to all the corrupt members of society, it is that of the half-crazy dreamer, the man bewitched by his own sense of possibilities, but incapable of realizing them.

He sees them for a time embodied in Mrs. Miller the whore who runs his

brothel. But Mrs. Miller is too strong for McCabe, too practical and too resourceful. Her own passion is the lonely passion for opium-smoking, which is the key to her own dream. It is one which she does not share, cannot share with McCabe.

McCABE AND MRS. MILLER is so rich and many-splendored a work that my emphasis on the central relationship is in effect misleading. The most remarkable achievements derive from the way Altman and his whole cast completely immerse themselves, and us, in the milieu. The town itself is realized on-screen with a great sensuous immediacy. The sense of mud, cold, and rain, the physical discomfort of a ramshackle mining town. The central story is not superimposed on the milieu, it grows organically from it, we pick it up, in bits and pieces, in the rhythm of ongoing life.

A word about the acting. Altman uses a number of actors from two of his previous films (Rene Auberjanois, Shelley Duvall, and a number of others whose names I've forgotten) and we get a real sense of the townspeople as members of a community. I don't mean the word in its modern political sense, but literally, people who know one another, and are familiar. This is a lived-in movie. In the central roles Warren Beatty and Julie Christie give the performances of their respective careers. Beatty has mastered his sense of comic timing, and with marvelous understanding, underplays McCabe's foolishness. We never condescend to him, as we so easily might. Julie Christie, whose part is slightly less well-written, performs with intensity and authority. For years we've been going to see her because she was just too beautiful to miss, but in this role she earns our interest, through the character, and not her good looks. Mrs. Miller is authentically a heroine, in a way which is rare in American films.

The film explicitly endorses the notion that prostitution and male-dominated marriage are pretty much the same thing, but that prostitution is more honest. Also the scene where Alma, the youngest whore, knifes her client, may be the first real dramatization of the effects of male chauvinism, in a film by an American male director.

McCABE AND MRS. MILLER is, in its unassuming way, a revolutionary film; not in its ideas, which are simple and straightforward enough, but in its easy, relaxed, and subtly indirect method of presentation. It is a film of amazing gracefulness and dexterity, and with it, Robert Altman revitalizes our conception of narrative film.



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heavy hits

by SOL LOUIS SIEGEL

How bad is the classical record business in this country nowadays? I'll tell you how bad. Many observers think that within five years, or less, there will be no classical recording done in the United States at all. That's how bad. The American public has been conditioned by slick, prepackaged entertainment in every form of mass media that, for the most part, it is incapable of giving the concentrated attention that "serious" music -- or any other kind -- requires. That's too bad, because it doesn't really take great brains or knowledge to enjoy the music -- the Russians don't have them, either, but they do.

Now there is a new phenomenon in American classical records. A man named R. Peter Munves produced a series of records for Columbia, with bits and pieces from the music of a different "classical" composer on each, and called them "Greatest Hits" -- "Bach's Greatest Hits," "Brahms' Greatest Hits," etc. The project must have been a financial success, the only kind the record industry knows, because RCA immediately proceeded to hire Munves away from Columbia so he could do a similar series for them. In addition, they also had Eugene Ormandy and his Philadelphia Orchestra, which they hired away from Columbia in 1968, record some extra bits and pieces for the new records. After twenty years of wasted opportunities, this just might be the only way left to get a new audience for this kind of music, because it's never occurred to these people that pushing the "new" music in the stores would work at least as well. (Nonesuch has been making a profit with it at a "list" of \$2.98 for years.)

RCA has now sent to our offices its first batch of "Greatest Hits" LP's, so here are my views on each, in alphabetical order:



An Arthur Fiedler/Boston Pops concert of LEROY ANDERSON pieces looks good on paper, but it didn't sound so good on vinyl. Was it that Fiedler played the music too fast, or that the sound of the recording is harsh and shrill? Maybe both. A disappointment.

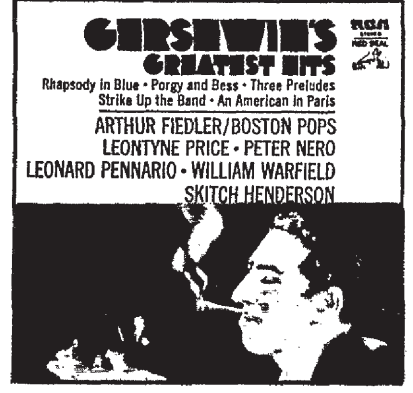
The BACH record is to be avoided at all costs. It starts with Ormandy's elephantine transcription of the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, and gets worse from there with overblown arrangements and tasteless performances. This one is good only for target practice.

The BEETHOVEN is a good start for beginners. The late Fritz Reiner's performances with the Chicago Symphony of the first movement of the Fifth Symphony and the finale of the Sixth sandwich in



Vladimir Horowitz playing the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata on the first side. Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony take up the flip side with the choral finale to the Ninth. These are all good performances. Recommended for the novice.

The GERSHWIN disc could have been a great one. Fiedler is dazzling in "An American in Paris," and "Strike Up the Band," Leonard Pennario is just fine in the piano preludes, and Leontyne Price and William Warfield are magnificent in three excerpts from "Porgy and Bess." But this all comes after Peter Nero and Fiedler give the worst performance of "Rhapsody in Blue" I have ever heard. Nero simply has no feeling for the music; his playing is exaggerated, mannered, and overblown, and he doesn't relate any section of the piece to the one before or after, much less hold the whole thing together. Why RCA chose to put this "Rhapsody" on the record instead of Fiedler's excellent earlier version with Earl Wild at the piano, I'll never know.



MAHLER wrote monstrous symphonies, some nearly two hours in length, and they do not respond well to the excerpts treatment. Still, the music is pretty, and Ormandy, Reiner, and Leinsdorf play it well. The "Death in Venice" adagio is here, of course.

Anyone who is convinced that opera is a manifestation of bourgeois decadence is hereby commended to the flip side of the PUCCINI record where Leontyne Price and Richard Tucker are glorious in well-known sections of "Madame Butterfly." The rest of the program is less well chosen, but it's still a good intro into grand opera.

The sadly neglected Jean Martinon leads off the RAVEL record with a stunning "Bolero" with the Chicago. The late Charles Munch is less than stunning in "La Valse." Side Two is well-done bits and pieces from longer works, played by



Reiner, Martinon, Munch, and the now defunct Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia.

Students of conducting should listen to the first side of the RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF disc. Two movements from "Scheherazade" are here, the first conducted by Ormandy with the typical lush opulence of the "Philadelphia Sound," and the other by Reiner, whose Chicago ensemble dashes off the "Festival at Baghdad" with spectacular precision and virtuosity. The rest is more well-done bits and pieces. Get this one, then get Stokowski's complete "Scheherzade" on London Phase 4.

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hits

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A disc of "Greatest Hits" by JOHANN STRAUSS means the kind of waltz-and-polka collection that was old hat before most of us were born. This one has Reiner and Fiedler in four waltzes, two polkas, and the "Fledermaus" Overture, all beautifully done. Definitely recommended.



If you simply must have Ormandy and the Philadelphia in the 1812 Overture, the TCHAIKOVSKY record here is the one to get. Personally, I think he does it too slowly, but this version, with chorus, bells and electronic cannon, does pack a certain punch. Fiedler does the March Slave and the last scene from "Swan Lake," and Munch adds some music for strings. This is especially recommended for beginning "classics" bugs, because when you start getting serious about a Tchaikovsky collection, you won't have to get doubles on anything on this record.

The WAGNER concert is okay as far as Wagner concerts go. Highlights: Ormandy doing "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," Reiner's "Meistersinger" Overture, and Leopold Stokowski's "Pilgrims' Chorus" and "Ride of the Valkyries," especially the latter, since Stokie takes it right out of the opera instead of using the different and less exciting concert version.

And, finally, a monstrosity called HEAVY HITS, including the "2001 Sunrise", the "Elvira Madigan Concerto", and the same finale from the Beethoven Ninth that was on the Beethoven record.

This last horror and the Bach are the only albums in the bunch that I can say, outright, that I can't recommend to the uninitiated listener. But there are problems. First, the liner notes are often either condescending or stupid, especially in the case of the imaginary interviews one "Charles Yulish" holds with many of the composers. Second, many of the pieces or these records have words in German or Italian, but only the Mahler has translations.

And, last but hardly least, a primary purpose of RCA should be to sell recordings of the complete works to those who have just heard the excerpts. But only one of these records -- the Mahler again -- has a list of RCA recordings of the complete versions of the works excerpted on the record. The others all plug the other "Greatest Hits" records. If the kids don't know where to get the "real thing," how are they going to get it? If this doesn't boost sales on its other classical LP's, RCA can only blame itself.

san quentin

from page three

After that the now famous body search of all inmates took place and then all prisoners were returned to their cells.

Almost immediately afterward the prison administration closed the prison and until Cluchette and Drumgo appeared in court the outside world had no idea of what was happening. In court they told of harassment and beatings by obviously scared guards. Only after repeated attempts were selected journalists allowed in and they were hand chosen by the warden himself. Even they, however, felt the true story was submerged and might never come out. A group of black leaders, including Congressman Ron Dellums, went in a few days later and arrived at generally the same conclusion.

Something that has come up in the past few days are the views of San Quentin prisoners on the events of the 21st of August expressed through an intermediary, John Thorne. John Thorne, who was George Jackson's attorney, stated while appearing on Black Journal that he had talked to several inmates and the general consensus was that the "escape-attempt" was an unquestionable frame-up. According to inmates, their cells were opened while Jackson was in conference with Bingham. Jackson came back and while undergoing the required skin search realized what was afoot. The prison guards had released the inmates so they could claim an escape-attempt and justify their resulting actions. Jackson realized he was the intended victim of the "escape" and broke away in defense and was shot. A neat little set-up on the prison's part for ridding themselves of a prisoner who knew too much.

Three weeks later not much more is known than two weeks ago and much of what we know comes from questionable sources. George Jackson is dead, whether the victim of an escape attempt or of cold-blooded murder we don't know. Two prisoners and a few guards dead; how and at whose hands we don't know. Stephen Bingham, as last I heard, is wanted on five counts of murder under, I believe, California's conspiracy law and has not been seen since the evening of August 21st. In the end, for a true explanation of what happened on that day we can only hope for the freedom of those who know but who are either not allowed or are afraid to speak. For if they don't know, we'll never know the full story of that day at San Quentin.



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