I tell you what... why don't you sit down while I light my pipe...

It was fun, the last time I saw Paris, too...

Actually, I think Bard is just like in the sky, so to speak...

Charlie King, traffic and the red maple sky, a dream thing from every corner, positively amazing!

The end... a place to be seen over the sky like a omnipotent cloud... yes...

I love coal torpedoes and cherries, too, all in the same broad sheet...

Excuse me... perhaps I'm rambling... incoherently, but these last few days have been such a whirlwind... what with registration and all... mambo...

Bard... the word fairly hangs over the sky... like a omnipotent cloud... yes...
in the penal colony

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 Rebell Ion Massacre, as if portions of the bodies they had carried were 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 liberal 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 deads, as last. "P-1", "P-2", and "P-3" just had to do for anxious 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, buck-shot, 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, said once last time that he had never told the reporters about slit throats or castration.

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 prisoner 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 inhuman. Deputy Director of Corrections Walter Barrett can explain recruited from San Quentin, California, the newly freed inmate, spoken for Attica's Warden Manuali, and members of joint police-troop assault team said the same lurid tales 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 alone I have is 27 bodies (the others died after he did the autopsies), and they too were found to be killed by gunshot...I did that 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. Martin Bisel, 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 Slusarski of nearby Perry said he had been informed by prison officials that Dr. Bisel was not available, so Dr. Sternberg had been appointed acting coroner. Bisel said later that he had been ready and willing to do the job.

William Quinn, the hostage who died on Saturday after being returned to 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 casualties, 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 Harlan'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 a round cellblock G which was under the control of prison officials in the middle of the rebellion:

"Entering, we were struck by the pathetical sight of prisoners moping 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 path 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 are run by the inmates - to the buying power of the reality. No matter that he was surrounded by a circle of state troopers as he worked.

A relative of Carl W. Vajone, 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, euphugized the dead guards, calling for the creation of "a maximum security institution for about 150 hardened, 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.

In the mass of confusion and conflicting reports emanating 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 it in a logical manner as possible what I have been able to put together from various accounts in the straight and under-ground 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 tenser, toughest and most potentially explosive of California prisons. Some time in early 1969 things exploded. A new riot raged in the prison courtyard and tower guards fired "warning shots" at the prisoners below. Strange 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 guard.

The prison's proceedings against the three were so futile 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.
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.

"Red Tide" is chosen as such 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, we're not going 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, tying, 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 types, the business people, everybody. If you decide that the paper as it is now does not fill your needs, please help make a better one. Written 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 mall, or better still visit the paper's office in the basement of McVicker (in Stone Row). Come!
Finally, on Friday Sheldon Schwartz, a doctor who went into the prison with the team that got out, said that between 300 and 350 prisoners were wounded and not the 29 that the prison authorities talked about. During one of the meetings between the negotiating committee and the prisoners, a former inmate grabbed the microphone and shouted: "To the oppressed people all over the world — we got the solution. The solution is unity."

The orders given to the inmates were to sit on the floor, according to one inmate who was standing up or running away was resisted. Schwartz said that many prisoners who were wounded in the raid were locked in their cells. Two inmates were locked in their cells. When Bobby, a former inmate, was told to sit on the floor, he refused and was shot. The sound of prisoners moaning could be heard throughout the area.

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. Though Attica has a committee and the prisoners, a black leader who had been shot, came into court and the pre-determined hour a guard came in and was shot at. Whether the gun it seems that if he had a weapon, the earth that is going to keep us from being understood, in which case, we are deprived of the right to be recognized as what we really are, Latin Americans. Instead we’re being denied the right to be recognized as what we really are, Latin Americans.

In 1963, George Jackson, a former inmate, wrote a letter to the editor of the San Quentin Times. In the letter, he said that the guards were systematically beating the inmates. He also mentioned that the guards were shooting inmates without cause. The letter was published in the San Quentin Times, which led to a public outcry and eventually resulted in the formation of the Black Panthers.

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**CINEMA:'71**

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Robert Altman’s latest film, McCabe and Mrs. Miller, is a dazzling work of art—a film made by a true 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 McCabe and Mrs. Miller, Altman’s previous films’ 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 is also more human, more authentically mysterious. He embodies the problem of all the classic American heroes (Tennant’s Huck Finn, Fitzgerald’s Jay Gatsby), the problem of goodness, the inability to know his own best interests, the acheing desire for a kind of permanence which he can’t achieve.

Contemporary American films love to show us heroes who are uproated and then show why the society, vileness and corruption, 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, brutal, golden. Scenes like the opening card game, the funeral mid-way in the film, and all the shame and dirtiness being built, show the fellowship of the townspeople, its crudity and authenticity.

McCabe’s situation is not that of the happy 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 to be the temptation to the opium-smoking, which is the key to her own dream. It is one on which she does not wish, cannot share with McCabe.

McCabe and Mrs. Miller is so rich and many-splendored a work that my emphasis on the central relationship in effect masks 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 in a great sense of indeterminacy. 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 the town 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 (Reuben Arthurianis, Shelley Duvall), and a number of others whose names (we’ve forgotten) and we get a real sense of the townpeople as members of a community. I don’t mean the word in its modern political sense, 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 roles of comic timing, and with various understanding, unrehearsed. McCabe’s foolishness. We never understand him, we so easily might. Julie Christie, whose part is slightly less well-written, performs with intensity and authority. For years we’ve been trying to see her because she was just too beautiful to miss, but in this role she earns our respect, 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, investigates her client, may be the first authentic dramatization of the effect of chauvinism, in a film by an American male director.

McCabe and Mrs. Miller is, in its unwavering way, a revolutionary film, not in its ideas, which are simple and straightforward enough, but in its basic, 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.
HITS
From page six
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 RCA Victor 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 "classic" bugs, because when you start getting serious about a Wagnerically 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 "Maistinger" Overture, and Leonard Stokowski's "Plagiarus Chorus" and "Ride of the Valkyries," especially the latter, since Stokowski 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: Sun-rise," 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 uninformed 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 Maier has transcriptions.

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 who 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.

SANT 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 Chicharito 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 wardens themselves. Even they, however, felt the true story was subsumed 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 that 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 nullified what was going on. 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 next little setup on the prison's part for ridiculing 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 do 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 we 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.