

RED TIDE

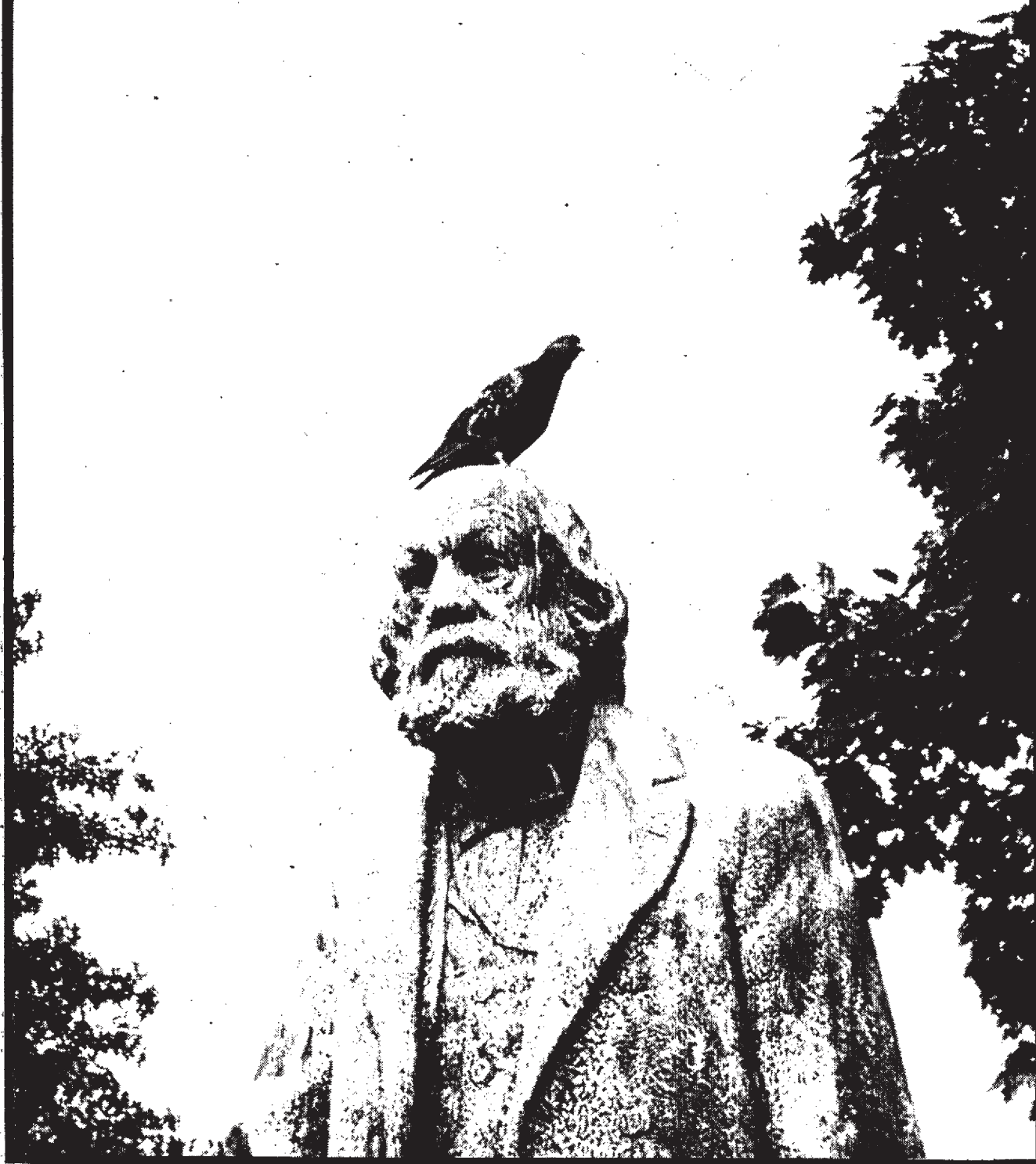
Vol. 1 No. 3 October 14, 1971

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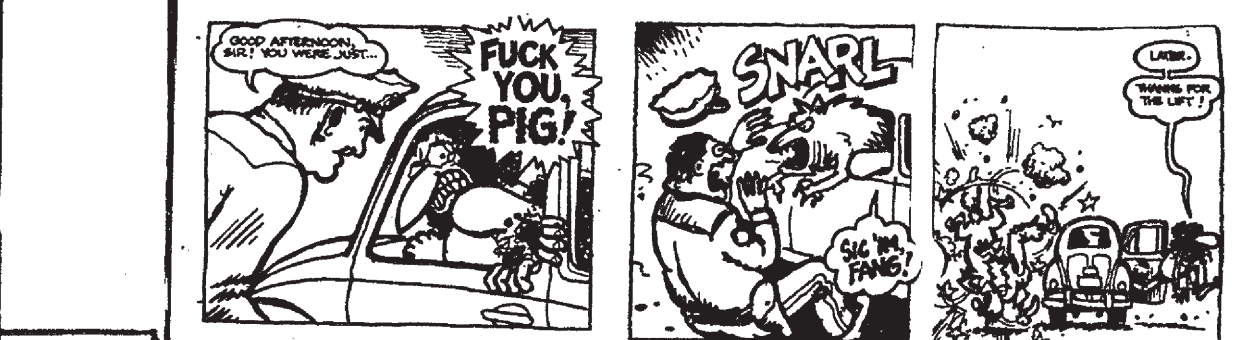
RED TIDE

OCTOBER 14, 1971

VOLUME ONE NUMBER THREE



THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS



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!!!!

RED TIDE

A newspaper serving

the Bard Community



MINI NORTHS AND SOUTHS

If nothing else, the torrid Senate and budget committee meetings, exposed the well-concealed feelings and attitudes of the Bard community towards Latin and Black people. The attitudes have been mainly that of resentment, but infrequently outright racism.

Poor and lower middle class students deeply resent the fact that Latins and Blacks get full or partial scholarships.

In the Senate budget hearings, one senator questioned why so much money should be going to students who don't even pay convocation fees. This inference, of course, was precisely aimed in a subtle way, at the Latin and Black students who are on HEOP scholarships and don't pay convocation fees but belong to organizations. I would like to respond to this senator and other Anglo-American students and faculty by stating that we are not taking anything from them. What little we have is due to us, long ago.

Anglo-Americans have exploited our land, our people and our "ser" (sense of one's integrity and human rights) long enough.

White members of the Bard community are not responsible for the oppression inflicted upon our people. But to say that because you personally have not oppressed me, nor taken away my human inherited rights, nor have degraded me is to elude the main issue. You have not oppressed me as an individual but in a group sense you have. That we have been oppressed, discriminated against, humiliated, and degraded by the group collectively, that is, Anglo-Americans, rules out your contention that you, as an individual, have not oppressed me. Ghettos still exist. El Barrio is still in Spanish Harlem. Williamsburg is the same sad misery of yesterday.

Two years ago Bard instituted a "minority program" (known as the Bard Economic Opportunity Program, shifting the central focus from one of social inequity to one of economic deprivation or class). The planning and inauguration of the program was met with a great deal of reluctance and lack of concern on the part of the faculty. I'm not going to discuss their reasons at length (lower standards, Bard is not the right school for ghetto kids, etc.). I believe their rationalizations are also superficial and completely avoid the social implication of having Latin and Black students in a predominantly white middle class Americana campus. Some faculty and students, I was surprised to learn, had never spoken to a Latin or Black person.

Bard's faculty made a commitment to the state when they initiated a minority program; they, in recognition of the inequitable and totally worthless education of minority students, would help (e.g. tutor and counsel) Latin and Black students until they got rolling. In their words "these kids



just need a little more help than the Bard student." While it cannot be denied that some teachers were and are genuinely interested in helping minority students, there were some that did not even attempt to give Latin or Black students a "little more help."

I don't think that the faculty, the students, and the administration have knowingly discriminated against us. However, they have been for the most part blatantly indifferent and insensitive. There is no question that when we come to Bard we are on an unequal footing with most Anglo students. The academic differences or disadvantages (disadvantage because a good education, like yours, was denied to us) were and are not resolved.

In the deeply polarized Senate budget meeting, I heard the word alienation repeated many times. But who is alienated from whom? Anglo-American students and faculty have (1) been hesitant to reach out to minority students because they fear "not doing the right thing" and (2) are plainly unconcerned about social inequity.

To those who are fearful of making a mistake, whether it be on an academic basis (e.g. between a minority student and his teacher), or on a personal basis (e.g. between a Latin or Black person and an Anglo-American) because of their cultural ignorance, I say to you, do not use this as a pretext for avoiding interaction. It is not important whether you make a mistake but that you try to interact. Do not alienate yourselves from us! To those who are uninterested, not concerned, and nochalant about social injustice, I tell you, that time is on our side.

My intentions are not to accuse or point my finger at you saying, "Be guilty or conscious white Yankie, look what you have done."

To sum up, Bard has not done its share in alleviating social injustice and oppression. The prevailing attitude towards Latin and Black students has been: (1) mild interest (2) cold unconcern and (3) resentment. I am sincere when I say that I am not taking anything away from you. There are too many things that have been denied to our people. Do not delude yourselves, that because we hold silent, our oppression has ended. No, the kindling wood is there, and all it needs is someone to light the fire. The fire next time, as James Baldwin says. One day there will be a united Latin America ("towards the Left" in Anglo-American terminology), a united Africa, and a united Asia.

Because we are ethnically different, the Anglo world has inflicted pain and oppression on us. The reaction will be an equal and reciprocal response to the stimuli. You have denied us long enough.

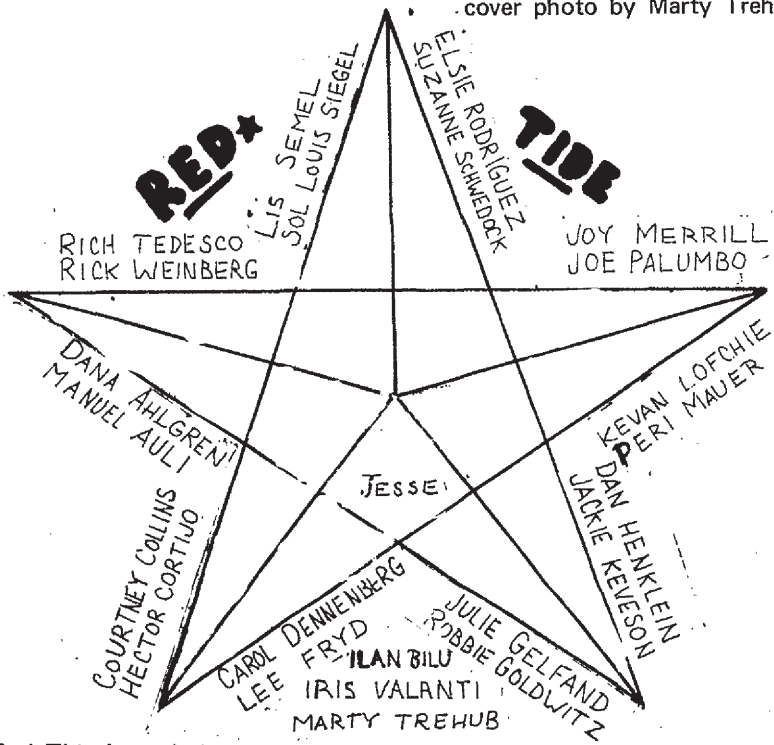
There have been times when we have been anxious and eager to get a program moving or stabilized and have encountered from the administration, the faculty and the students a half-hearted response at best. This reaction would be explainable in a large university such as Columbia, but not at Bard.

Bard's size demands that there can be no excuse for the lack of rapport or interaction between us all.

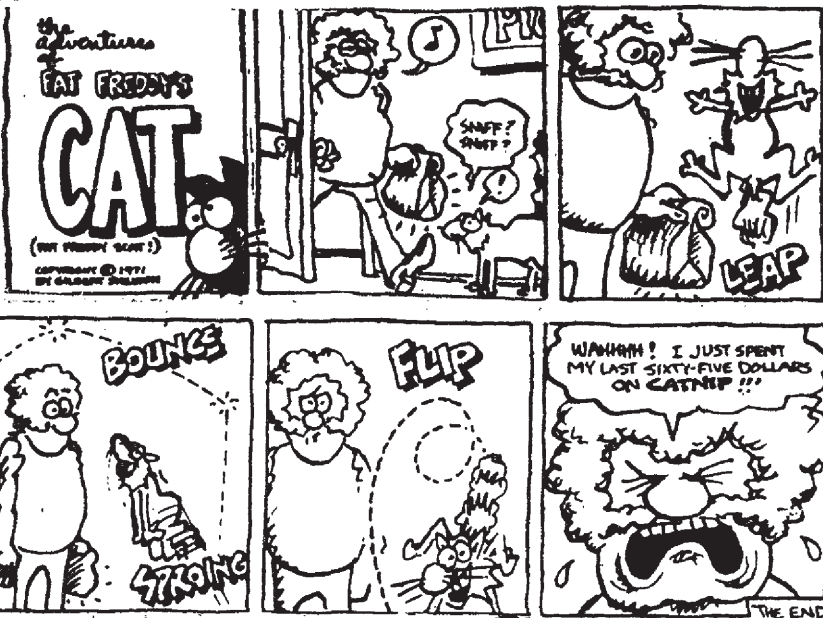
We are all living together. Let us not create a mini North and South.

Manuel Auli

cover photo by Marty Trehub



Red Tide is an independent student publication of the Bard College community. Publication is weekly during the Bard College academic year. Letters and other inquiries should be addressed to box 76, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 12504. The contents of Red Tide are copyright 1971 by The Observer Press, Inc., unless otherwise stated. Red Tide is a Member of the U.S. Student Press Association, an Associate Member of the Underground Press Syndicate, and subscribes to Liberation News Service, and College Press Service. National advertising representative for Red Tide is UPS Ad. Rep. Co., Box 26, Vil. Station, New York, N.Y. 10014. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of Bard College or the Staff.



letters

Dear Tide:

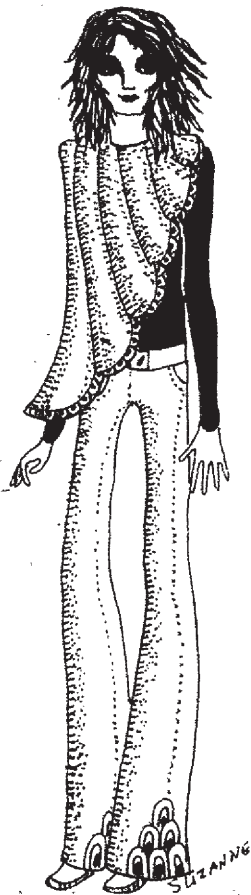
The readers of the first article of my reflects column would be well advised to understand my real intention in making prisoners akin to dogs and cells to kennels. I was deeply inspired by a letter from a prisoner at Dannemora Prison in Clinton, New York that was smuggled to Village Voice journalist Jack Newfield by the inmate's lawyer (i.e. The State has an announced policy that forbids prisoners to communicate with journalists.)

From an excerpt of the letter:

"... He (the prisoner) cannot be made to submit to the racist command to bark like a dog; La Vallee, De Long and their foul cohort, the late 'Follette', (names of wardens) have made men get on their hands and knees and bark like a dog and say out loud, 'I am a punk!'"

—Voice: XVI, No. 38, 9/23, page 19.

Sincerely,
Kevan Lofchie



THAT'S ALL A RUMOR, ISN'T IT? [about the Chinese eating the baby girls during the famine]

when i was a child
playing Tarzan on the hillside
nobody told me
when i grew up
i would be subordinate to you.

let's be equals
what do you say?
i.ll be enmeshed in commerce
you wear my tampax this week

i.ll get an ulcer pacifying the boss
you do that load of sunday dishes
and clean the oven [a bleeding
ulcer if you.ll scrub the commode]

which would you rather
clean out the diaper
or wipe away the snot?

let's be equals
what do you say
you take the pill today
and i.ll take it tomorrow
i.ll fight half the wars
if you.ll have half the babies
and i.ll visit the whores from
july to january

virginia kidd



" The Foolishness of Petitioners"

This article is directed at the petition that was brought up at the last budget meeting. It is also to be read, by all the misguided fools who signed it, and all those who came up with the foolish idea in the first place.

First of all let me begin by saying that i have made the mistake of calling it a petition. When what it really is, is a sheet of toilet paper. The only difference between your toilet paper, and the one sold in stores is that yours has already been used and it has the autograph of those who used it.

In short, it was unorganized, written by a person with his ass instead of his brain, but most of all it was done with bad intentions. The whole petition was directed at the Latin American Organization and the Black Student Organization.

What most of you fools didn't realize was, that if you would read things before you put your X on them, I wouldn't be here calling you fools. But much funnier would have been, if what you signed was your death notice. Then instead of writing and calling you fools, I would dance a Cha Cha over your graves and spit on your tombstones.

I don't know whether the person or persons who wrote out this petition really know what they were doing but, they better stop sitting on their brains and get with it, or next year they'll be eating rice and beans, along with some grits, and asking why.

Well I guess you petitioners learned a lesson as far as writing petitions is concerned. If you have any other problems in writing drop me a line, maybe I can get some death notices for you to sign. I mean aren't you against the population explosion?

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

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

Dear Editors,

Isn't it about time that Mr. Sol Louis Siegel gave up writing those stupid music reviews? Who wants to read about records that nobody around here wants to, or is going to, listen to anyway? Your publication would be far better off if Mr. Siegel would cease handing down his eternal truths from Mount Olympus in his usual patronizing tones and stick to making headlines, which I hear he does fairly well.

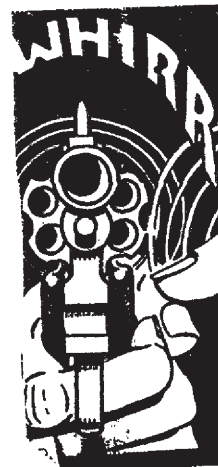
Yours truly,
John Taylor Nelson

A necessary reply:

Dear Mr. Nelson,

Just because I use simpler terms in my columns so that people who don't know a lot about classical music will be able to understand what I'm talking about, doesn't mean I'm patronizing. And just because there aren't a whole lot of classics freaks on campus is no good reason to stop printing those columns. If this paper can do without my music reviews, it can certainly do without your nauseating stories.

Angrily yours,
Sol Louis Siegel



This conversation took place in the upper reaches of Stone Row with a fellow Stones fan, one of the best-dressed girls on campus - that is to say she wears dresses and doesn't think make-up is what you do after a fight with your boy-friend.

How did you get interested in the Stones?

I had an English pen-pal, she started sending me bubble-gum cards of the Beatles, but I didn't like them so she sent me some of the Stones and I started listening for them. But then my pen-pal sent me a cross and when I explained why I couldn't wear it she stopped writing. I was about thirteen when I saw the Stones for the first time on the Clay Cole show.

What were they like?

Well there was all this stuff about who was better, the Beatles or the Stones. Some girl got beat-up, but I got all upset because I just liked Brian. Though I hear that the crowd used to just be like animals down in Richmond when they played at that hotel, fights and everything.

When did you see the Stones for the first time?

I saw them at the Academy of Music in '65. I couldn't see much cause of these girls screaming and urinating all over the place, but Jagger had on his sweatshirt and Brian jumped over the edge with his fag-act. It was loud.

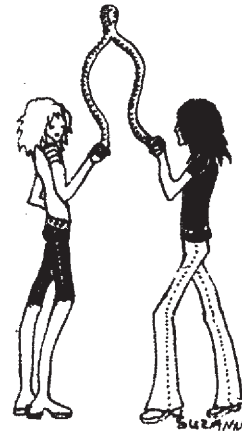


If you show people something new they hate you for it lovingly.

People are always saying that they don't progress, but the new album is so professional. Jagger's voice is changing with every track. Even old songs like POISON IVY or UNDER THE BOARDWALK aren't like CSNY.

At least the Stones are still playing, they put on the best show in the world. Have you heard when their next concerts will be?

I hear all sorts of things, that they can't come back till after the baby and that they want alot of new



A TALK WITH LITTLE QUEENIE

What did you think when Brian died?

Well it was kind of sick cause I was in a pool when I heard about it, and then I got upset when they played nothing but the Stones on the radio. It seemed like he had to die, as if that was the only way to leave the Stones.

It seems as if there is a lot of violence surrounding the Stones.

Some people say that all Brian could do is cry and sleep and do downs at the end, but he was playing in that Godard film. I didn't really understand the film I guess it was about the connection between revolutionary politics and revolutionary art.

You could see how closely Jagger and Richard work, poor Bill Wyman just sat in the corner and played that giant rattle. Godard said he thinks they are completely cynical, and alot of people wanted to blame Altamont on them. Also it is said that Brian was ousted as leader of the group and that's how he died. But like at Altamont the violence was going on long before the Stones got there.

I think alot of people, adults and our age, want to dump on the Stones because they don't have the courage to come to terms with the violence in society. The Stones seem to have an artistic vision which mixes violence with sex.

Well there is all that business about the little girls, and also Marianne Faithful and the Mars Bars. But everybody used to give them such a hard time about being fags and all, like when Mick wore some white dress at the Isle of Wight. Everyone used to laugh at their hair and call them dirty, but now they've accepted them.



material to do. Also that they are going to have a closed circuit TV thing, but who wants to see that?

How do you see the scene up here?

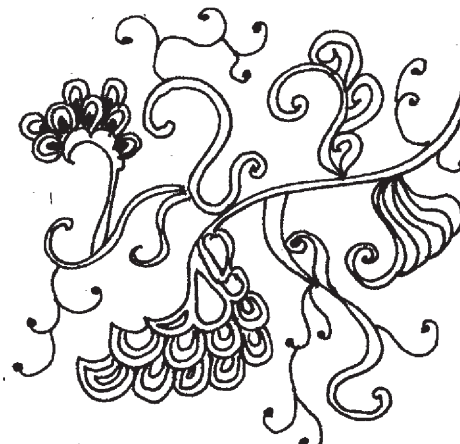
This school is so mellow I nearly puked, everybody trying to get into a country, cowboy, worker dress thing. Some girl was telling me, 'Be comfortable wear overalls and hard shoes. No-one wants to be your friend because you dress*dirrent. Your clothes aren't sturdy. You should conform.' It's like a Peyton Place, everyone knows your business.

What do you think of the freshman pick-up scene?

The boys are sexist, they can't talk to you. Just go to Adolphe's one night, fifty creeps trying to ball you; you know 'YOU WANNA GO TO MY ROOM AND GET STONED?'

Well, that's about all. so let's just get Stoned.

Bruce Holvenstot



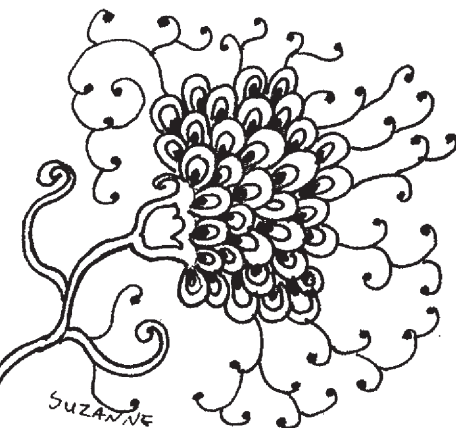
Many students had to be turned down for the course, because those who had planned it amounted to about twelve. Also, all male applicants were turned down, as women were given priority at registration. A natural thing, I think, for a course about women, organized by women, being offered for the first time. A Women's Studies course will be conducted again this spring, and we would like to encourage all students, especially men, to sign up for it. If many students are interested, we can probably form two sections, rather than turn people away. An outline of the course has to be submitted to the Registrar sometime in November, so it's important to start planning NOW. A first meeting will be held on Wednesday, October 20th at 4:00 pm in Albee Social. Bring your ideas, help to shape the Women's Studies course.

Bard Women's Liberation plans to put out its first Women's Journal some time this semester. We have tentatively sub-titled it a Literary and Political Journal. Contributions, in the form of poetry, short stories, essays, will be accepted from all women on campus. Send to box 232, campus mail.

The Day Care Center in Red Hook is in need of volunteers, male and female. The Center is run by a young woman, who, says Laurie Lewis, has good, progressive ideas about children. You would have to provide your own transportation to and from Red Hook; hitching isn't too rough if it's the only way. The Center operates five days a week, from about 8:30 am to 4:30 pm. Call the Center directly (the operator has the number), or get in touch with Laurie Lewis, through campus mail. It's a good opportunity, for anyone who feels the urge, to get in contact with the surrounding community, and the next generation.

We have set up a clinic hour with Planned Parenthood in Poughkeepsie, on Tuesday, October 19th. They are giving us a block of time, starting at about 6:00pm, long enough to accommodate about six students. If you need to go to the clinic, this applies to men and women, please get in touch with me, Courtney Collins, box 232 as soon as possible. We will have a security bus to get to Poughkeepsie; I will contact you concerning meeting time and place.

Courtney Collins



PART AND WHOLE

he is contained in she
and in her. man is contained
in woman, men in women.
male is contained in female,
mr. in mrs., adam
in madam,
lion in lioness,
god in goddess.



FROM THE ANN
ARBOR *Sun*

"The youth of the country is too fine to be narcotics minded."

—Harry Anslinger, 1938

Illegalization of marijuana was born in imperialism, nurtured in racism, and sealed in deliberate deceit. To this day the anti-marijuana laws remain on the books because of purposeful mystification of the public, kept ignorant by greedy doctors, chicken-shit politicians, and self-serving, fascist police: the Narx.

Illegalization of marijuana came about because of who was using it. Marijuana was illegalized by the white power structure because it was used primarily by ghetto blacks, chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and powerless poor whites.

MENACE

The Reefer Menace had by the 1920's thoroughly conquered the South and was beginning to move north—like jazz, up the river from New Orleans. New Orleans took the U.S. lead, banning pot by city ordinance in 1923 after a racist hysterical press crusade, and Louisiana was the first state to pass a pot prohibition law in 1927. Texas and Colorado, where pot was used mostly by chicanos and blacks, followed suit in 1929. The movement north was in part responsible for the creation of the Federal Narcotics Bureau in 1930, when only sixteen states had laws banning marijuana, laws which were rarely enforced except against ethnic minorities. Jazz musicians, travelling around the cour... es, provided an early underground distribution network, quite similar to ours today; friends turning on friends and listening to music from stoned jazz, blues, and swing artists. Since jazz, flappers, free sex, booze, and reefer were all considered immoral, the prohibitionist movement quickly centered around the issue of marijuana. It was a blatant attempt to suppress the flowering of the first truly great Black Culture in Amerika—the Jazz Age.

CIVILIZATION

Harry J. Anslinger, a bullet-brained hog taken out of his T-man booze control job by Washington politicians after the repeal of alcohol prohibition in 1933, was the first of the Narx. As head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in the Thirties he spearheaded state and nationally coordinated pot campaigns directed against lower class non-whites. With his help, Illinois and New York prohibited grass in the early part of the decade, because it was used mostly by blacks, and a sprinkling of white "swing" musicians. Racism permeated the entire campaign. Although the Federal Bureau did not couch its arguments in overtly racist terms, they happily encouraged racist state governments to move in against ghetto dwellers. Even the medical profession joined in. Two sentences from the 1931 *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal* illustrates the theme: "The debasing and baneful influence of hashish and opium is not restricted to individuals but has manifested itself in nations and races as well. The dominant race and most enlightened countries are alcoholic, whilst the nations and races addicted to hemp and opium, some of which once attained to the heights of culture and civilization, have deteriorated both mentally and physically."

A more explicit statement of racist trash could not be found; this kind of stuff was supported by wealthy elitist organizations



RACISM AND IMPERIALISM IN THE FORMATION OF U. S. ANTI-MARIJUANA POLICY

such as the American Medical Association, and used by Anslinger and the Narx in their campaigns.

Thus Mississippi outlawed pot after "the introduction of the practice by Mexican labor imported to work on a railroad construction job." The *St. Louis Star-Times* in Missouri conducted a sensational crusade against (black) smokers and sellers which resulted in "more efficient legislation" in 1935. In Tennessee, the *Chattanooga News* made a similar drive, and in that State the first sentence under the federal Marihuana Tax Act of 1937 was imposed. Even in northerly Pennsylvania in 1934, seventy-one "addicts and peddlers" of marijuana were arrested and Yawger in 1938 reported that these were mostly black: "A considerable number of the colored inmates of the Eastern State Penitentiary were thoroughly familiar with reefer smoking." David Solomon, editor of *The Marihuana Papers*, has commented: "By 1937, largely as a result of almost eight years of persistent efforts by the Bureau, almost every state legislature had been pressured into adopting a standard bill making marihuana illegal..."

COLORED POT

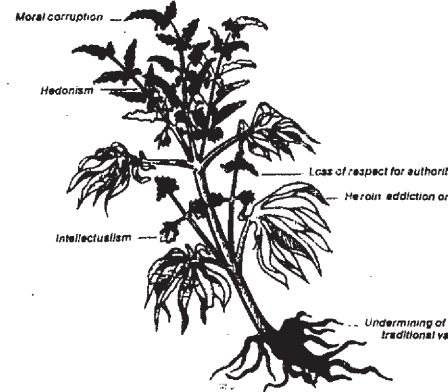
As a national and international figure, Anslinger had to be more sophisticated than the overtly racist southern Narx. He therefore superficially centered the anti-marijuana campaign not against races, but against criminal activities falsely associated with marijuana. The method was simple: everybody knew that pot was used mostly by "colored" people, so he didn't have to mention it. Pot was found mostly in ghettos, where the highest crime rates were also found. Therefore every time a non-white was busted for a crime, Narx investigated to see if the slightest trace of pot could be associated with it; and these cases were used to fabricate the theory that marijuana "causes" crime.

The Narx simply manufactured an image associating the crimes among "colored" people in the ghettos with marijuana. The white racist power structure in the Thirties thus played on the fears of the white racist middle class and the red-neck state legislatures with great success; this is the primary reason the national and state anti-marijuana laws were passed. Even after the 1937 Marihuana Tax Act went into effect, it was applied primarily against blacks, chicanos, and Puerto Ricans. A March 1938 issue of *The New Yorker* says by then there were hundreds of "tea pads" in Harlem—"many more of them than there were speakeasies during prohibition." Who was turning on? Them "coloreds." Them "niggers." Them "spicks."

The medical profession continued to support this racism. When the *LaGuardia Report* was released in 1944, the A.M.A. immediately issued a statement condemning the Report as "unscientific"—despite its being the most scientific document about marijuana compiled since the Indian Hemp Commission in 1894. The A.M.A. and F.B.N. proffered, instead, a racist study of "marijuana addicts" in the Army which attempted to attribute "overtly hostile, provocative, and intransigent attitude toward authority" among "colored" soldiers to marijuana.

VIPERS

Throughout the Forties, when marijuana "addicts" were called "Vipers" racism was an everpresent, though sometimes not explicit, part of the anti-marijuana drive continued by the Bureau and aided by popular sexational magazines. An article in a 1941 *Shock* magazine, for instance, exposes "America's Most Dangerous Drug" by having a reporter attend a "marijuana jag" party in--of all places--Grand Forks, North Dakota. White women--depicted as sluts, their skirts hiked up, their blouses open, some with bags over their heads to "inhale all the smoke from the reefer"--are shown dancing and carrying on with black slickers in



marijuana or marihua (mä rē hwä'nä) *n.* A weed herb, growing in many parts of North America; the dried leaves of the plant, which have narcotic qualities when smoked in cigarettes: of *called the assassin of you*

wide-lapel flashy suits: "Dazed by the drug's fumes, the smokers rise and try an attempt at dancing, eyes half closed in their dream world, their leaden feet shuffling aimlessly." Another caption reads "Leaping High: These two vipers break into rhythmic hand-clapping to the torrid tunes of the automatic phonograph or Joy-box. The rest will soon join in."

Such articles--most often written with the help of the Bureau--offering ridiculous caricatures of turning on, were not the exception but the rule, "Addicts" with crazed looks in their eyes rolled on the floor or squatted stolidly in zoot-suit catatonic trances. A movie poster shows a dude shooting a girl up with a syringe over the title "MARIHUANA: Weed with Roots in Hell." The junk-peddler image of a slicker in white shoes on the high school corner trying to get kids "hooked" on "funny cigarettes," which first gained national circulation in the Rowell brothers' book "On the Trail of Marihuana: The Weed of Madness."

HIGHER PENALTIES

In 1950, Congressman Hale Boggs of New Orleans began successful campaign, lauded by Anslinger, to increase pot penalties and establish minimum mandatory 2-to-20 year terms. The Boggs Amendment became the basis for greatly increased penalties in various state laws, starting again in the South,



RAINBOW
POWER!

and in further Federal legislation in 1956. The highest penalties meted out for pot offenses occur in Texas and the Deep South, again directed mostly at blacks and chicanos.

Although the Marijuana Tax Act was originally intended to apply only to sellers, rather than users, the first person arrested under the national laws for illegal "possession" P. Lopez in 1953, who was sent to the West Virginia penitentiary for 20 years. The Federal Bureau's list of crimes committed by potheads, published in 1965, reads like a who's who of non-whites: Henriques, Lopez, Black Ora, Perez, Gonzales, Gutierrez, Mendez, Jones (black), Mines (black), Ramirez, Rios, Morable, Navarro, etc., etc., etc. And the states follow the Federal lead, often with even more racist vengeance. Most of the real atrocities in the recent Marijuana War are non-white: here are some important examples.

PRISONERS OF WAR

LEE OTIS JOHNSON, Former Field Secretary for SNCC in Houston, sentenced August 1968 to 30 years for allegedly giving one joint to an undercover Nark at a party; LEE LOPEZ ALMANDAREZ, also of Houston, "Life sentence" for possession of 42 kilos; Richard Dorsey, black shoeshine stand operator in Dallas, given 50 years in 1967 for selling a \$5 matchbox to a Nark; SAMUEL WILLIAMS, black, sentenced in Seattle to 20 years for sale of a \$1 joint to a 16-year-old. The list could go on.

Racism against nonwhites in Amerika is now being applied against white longhairs, radical activists, and pot smokers--the new revolutionary class of "voluntary niggers." A *Playboy* magazine poll in September 1970 showed that, indeed, frequent pot users are the most revolutionary college students: 39% of frequent users said the U.S. needs a violent revolution (rather than "working within the system is effective"), as compared to a mere 9% of non-users and 22% of all users. Thus the pot laws have become the handiest weapon used by the government against white political activists and freaks. This will increase under the new Nixon dope laws, which will allow more selective enforcement, discrimination and penalization than the old laws--meaning judges can let sons and daughters of wealthy celebrities or politicians off with probation, while throwing the book at poor people and revolutionaries.

JOHN SINCLAIR being given "9½ to 10 years" for possession of 2 joints, primarily because he is the energetic leader of the Rainbow People's Party, is the most outstanding example of this new quasi-racism. John was also for many years head of Michigan LEMAR, fighting vigorously for pot legalization. Consequently he was framed three times on bogus pot charges instigated by Narx. The vendetta against John was a deliberate attempt by the Detroit, Ann Arbor, Michigan--and, I suspect, Federal--authorities to wipe this brilliant youth leader off the set. Before his incarceration, after all, he was having more visible effect on hundreds of thousands of people than any other individual in the country.

to page eleven

bring the war home, ltd.⁵

I think the recent prison rebellion and its results have demonstrated the enormous Power the United States has exercised in order to remain at the Fore of world - wide Recognition. Clearly no other country (excepting, perhaps some of the smaller Savage nations... well, you know what I mean) can claim so much World Prominence by virtue of such exciting and news-worthy events as this one. Wanton domestic violence - in its finest hour - is Truly an American Heritage and has provoked Training Ground necessary for even far more superior (and more news-worthy) commitments abroad.

Now I do not think, Gentlemen, that blaming the Hon. Rockhead Governor for the prison massacre is the answer. He made the Right decision, Yes he did. What did you expect him to do, allow prisoners—some of whom being naught but mad Savages—to take vengeance out on the State? Who are you kidding, all you Humanistic types in colleges, especially those of York state itself? These dead criminals (undoubtedly there are some who are still living) were dangerous; they had knives and guns.

Oh for the good old days, when men were trained for Angelic Pursuits in our Holy Kingdom instead of the revolutionary and Beardedly Bestial activities of today.

However,

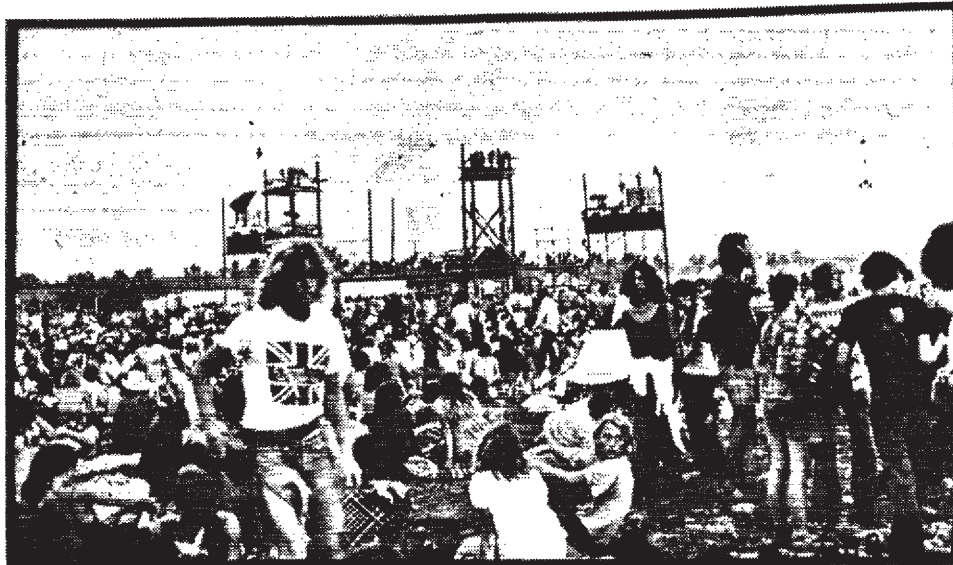
It is not fair to blame the collegians for their passionate Involvement in these sensitive Affairs. Quite the contrary, I think it is now time to Declare that students have not received their Full Share. Sure there was the Meager Four Deaths in Ohio, and sure there were those of a few more down there in the South. Overall, though, students haven't gotten their Full Share.

When, in the course of quasi-human events, we come to realize our country to have an enormous unparalleled faith in Mass Murders (not to mention assassinations), it seems in my most deliberate judgement that the collegians are not receiving enough due preparation to Determine their Destiny in our Great American Society. The students, I'm afraid, need a lot more actual Experience and some more Guidance. They need a place to Vent their emotions. So we need to Choose An Extra-Curricular Activity in which the students can kill and be Killed. In addition, this will be the only in which the President will feel obliged to retain the II-S deferment.

First of all, let's get one thing straight: No Honors Students on the Battlefield. They will be the Generals. This course may also serve as a Prerequisite For Advanced Film Directing. (Remember? prison rebellion) While all the Honors Students are giving orders, the next step is to recruit. Sub-Honors Students will be responsible in this Department. The munitions lab will be supervised by av-

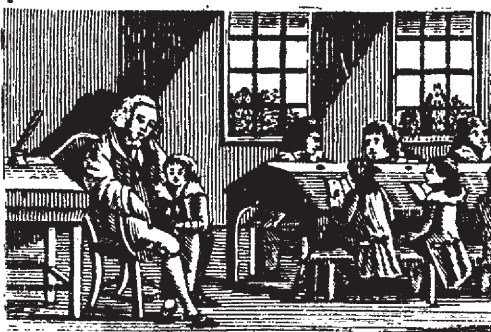


erage, dependable Low-B and High-C type students. These people will also go on field trips using machinery from the laboratory. Their equipment for these hunts...I mean trips, will be one bazooka, one small tank, two machine guns, five automatic rifles, ten 22-calibre



pistols and twenty-five Bowie knives (we will need enough of these for everybody

The next crucial question, Gentlemen, is whom will we be tripping...I mean hunting? Well, uh...good question, uh...the Flunkies! Theat's it, the Dropouts, the swearing juveniles, the drugstore hippies the artificial quasi-pseudo laler-paloser teenyboppers, and those other morons, fags, jerks, and greasers; hard-corepornographers, filthy rabbis, promiscuous priests and other Untouchables! You get it Men? All the Untouchables, all the nit-wit groups: Ready...Aim... FIRE!!!



Now let us demonstrate further intentions of this course. Where are we going to do battle? Do we have the money to buy some land where we can fight? Are there any possibilities? Arizona, about two miles west of Sun City Central Park in Manhattan? (Great for Guerilla Warfare) How about having it at Shea Stadium, open combat? We could machine-gun all the radical rock-heads at one of their concerts...of course for this we will need the Governor's permission. When we tell him, though, that they are trying to mock his name by calling themselves Rock-HEADS, I'm sure he'll give us his consent.

So what say you, Men, of collegian fervor? Let us embark to the stadium grounds with our ammunition and supplies. Let us recruit naive dropouts ready to die for our cause:
Recruit, recruit
Build our armaments to the sky
Kill all untouchables readily
...Have FUN!
For tomorrow they will die.

And as we marched into the darkened dusk, preparing ourselves for the Hours ahead, we made sure enough dropouts were with us and ready, they rejoiced for our Victory, and felt great to be dead.

For those of you who feel uneasy we may be able to offer you some slight comfort. All potential victims will have a future in Seventh Heaven, provided of course they pass the A.D.T. (after Death Test). The test will be given at 7:00 am. in Oswald 101 and Mr. Orwell will conduct the exam, as usual. You will be given one hour to complete it. Our fighting men will leave for the Stadium at 8:30 am. sharp. So be sure to make it or we'll send you home.

Honors and Sub Honors, Low-B and Hi-C... MARCH! We'll be off tomorrow at 8:30 sharp! GOOD LUCK! And to the Dropouts...I hope, to all of you...Good Luck in Seventh Heaven, and Good Night!

THIS IS BRING THE WAR HOME Ltd., signing off.

P.S. so much for the intramurals. Here are the results of today's intercollegiate warfare brought to you by INTERNECINE. Yes, when it comes to your dying power, you have it made with INTERNECINE. Remember, either by the ballot (choice: Regan vs. Rockhead) or by the grave (choice: Napalm-burning vs. suffocating in Saran Wrap), you have it made with INTERNECINE...

Good night

KEVAN LOFCHIE

the bill will

If I appear to be a little bitter here, it's because this brings back memories. Hopefully, by the time this goes to press, I will have forgotten my bitterness. One learns to forget anything.

I was supposed to write an article on Gay Liberation, but the subject only makes me angry and separates me from the rest of the campus. This perhaps the best way to explain the whole thing: ANGER, BITTERNESS.

Intro 475 is a bill which will make unfair employment practices (such as refusal to hire, firing) and unfair housing practices (such as refusal to lease, eviction). because of a person's

pass on sharison's ass

sexual preference, liable to prosecution. It is only a NYC bill. Unfortunately, it isn't national. But a start must be made somewhere, NYC is certainly appropriate.

The bill must pass the City Council. GAA (Gay Activist Alliance) proposed the bill two years ago. After much hassling with Cuite (head of the City Council), he called up GAA and said, "I hear you people have some kind of

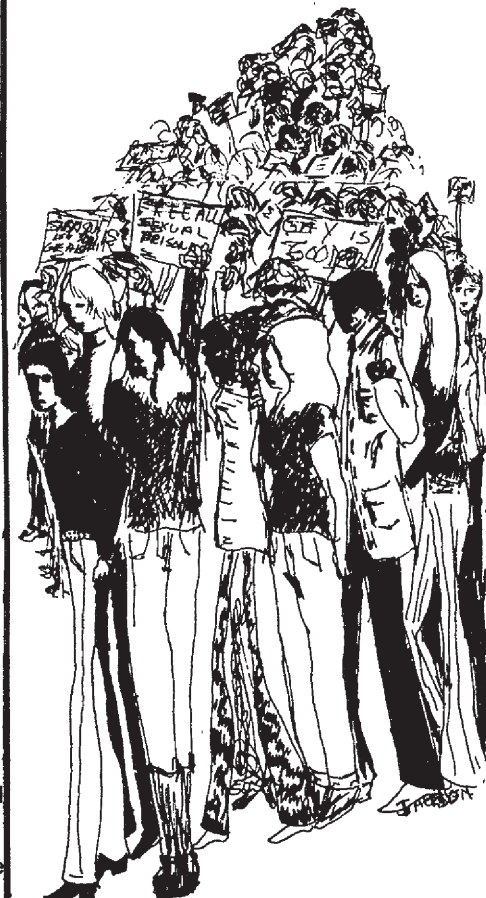
a bill." TWO YEARS! Mr. Cuite isn't that stupid, the bill has been delayed and delayed and he is the one who is delaying it.

Before the bill can pass the City Council, it must go before the Welfare Committee. The Welfare Committee's chair is held by Mr. Saul Sharison. Mr. Sharison is getting paid \$5,000 a year, in addition to his salary as a member of the City Council, for chairing a committee which hasn't met ONCE in two years. If Mr. Cuite, who also happens to be Mr. Sharison's boss, has his way the Welfare Committee will never meet. And Mr. Sharison must listen to Mr. Cuite because his chairmanship depends upon Mr. Cuite's support, and after all \$5000 a year extra can always be put to some use.

On Saturday, October 2nd, 600 gays marched on Mr. Sharrison's house on E. 10th St. at 1:00 a.m. and stayed there until 4:00 a.m. blocking traffic on 10th St., waking up the tenants, and picketing. A few brave numbers even offered themselves up for arrest. GAA lawyers wanted to make a case of this. The police refused to arrest anybody. But after they broke us up, they did take a couple of people down some alleys and beat the shit out of them. I witnessed one beating 7 cops to one 18-year-old-kid. The sergeant stood on the sidelines and cheered them on. I was flipping. I had my umbrella, a black folding one, and I was waving it in his face screaming "You lousy S.O.B., you lousy S.O.B., you lousy S.O.B., when the revolution comes, we'll have your head, we'll have your head!" I meant it. It was raining and foggy; you couldn't even see the subways. As I wended my way through the fog to the subway, or Nathan's (I don't remember what I was doing or where I went) I kept thinking of that lousy S.O.B. sergeant and I realized that if this continued like this, my prediction might just come true. People would be angrier, people would be more bitter.

However, I think we made our case. Our dear Mr. Sharison was probably off somewhere in the Hamptons as were most of the tenants. (Or is this simply the lower class conception of wealth?) But the tenants that were there knew what was going on, and I hope they get on Mr. Sharison's ass. Perhaps, they were watching it on their television sets, there were newsmen there, or perhaps they read about it in the Monday papers. At any rate, THE BILL WILL PASS ON SHARRISON'S ASS.

Joe Palombo







BARD MANIA:

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT

BY: Robbie Goldwitz

Hello. I'm a Bard student, and like most of us, I picked up a copy of the Red Tide in the old Dining Commons one bright Friday morning. To my delight and somewhat disappointment, I read the article by one B. Jones, scholar, entrepreneur, and general B.M.O.C. It was quite a charming welcome to and description of Bard to the Freshman populace, which (due to some mild inconsistencies concerning Bard explained by Mr. Jones), might distress a goodly number of Freshmen, or maybe a Soph or Junior. (Not excluding the Senior of course, but from my impression, I gather that they couldn't care less where they are.)

In order to try to set aright the problems one might face because of the article, I believe an explanation of the "Bard Scene" is in order.

Being somewhat of the spiritual sort, and believing in legends and their implications, I, before entering Bard last year, decided to do some research on the school's pre-history, which I discovered to be quite interesting. So interesting, in fact, I decided to submit the findings as a sort of "Term Paper" for my high school history class. The teacher failed me, though, not because of the "blatant insanity of the paper" (as she so well put it) but because we were supposed to concern ourselves with the Social-Economic implications of the East 86th St. Gimbel's-but no matter.

The actual story began way back in the misty primeval past, and involved a now extinct Indian tribe which inhabited the very land we are now standing on.....



It seems that, at first, there wasn't any tribe. The land was, for a time, quite peaceful. Wild animals, including Deer, Muskrat, Flie, the now extinct North American Sulking Catfish (named so because of its terrible walking posture), and assorted variety of Dog. All these wild woodland creatures, living in perfect harmony.

Then, slowly, drip by drip, the Redman appeared on the scene.

It turns out that an obscure Indian was thrown out of his tribe, a bit further to the south, around what is now called New Paltz. Reasons for expul-

sion are not exactly clear, but it is known that he had a habit of picking the flowers and weeds about the campground, and using them for other than decorative purposes. His wanderings took him to the Hudson River. There, on the banks of that mighty Estuary, he befriended an old man who would ferry people back and forth from bank to bank. The old man seemed to have a strange infatuation with the river, supposedly hearing voices and seeing spirits from its deep blue depths.*
*(Read book no. two in Mr. Jones's required reading, by H. Hesse)

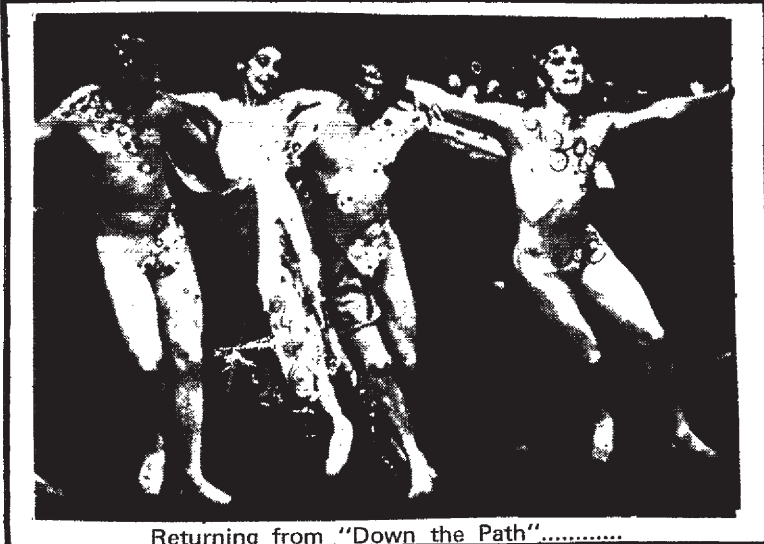
The Ol' Man River (as he was affectionately known by the people), agreed to take the young brave as far north as he dared, to the outer reaches of the old man's world. And when the party arrived at "Cruger's Island" (named after the Indian god, Tamahonna Cruger), the old ferryman, realizing that the place was so distant from any red man, remarked, "This place is far out." (ho)

The man departed, leaving the brave to his devices.

The young brave, at first grew very lonely and tired of his solitude, and looked for things to capture his amusement. At this time, the game of one-man Rugby was invented, but soon he realized that the more aesthetic life was suitable to the surroundings, so he took up gathering food in the baskets, he weaved, walking about, sleeping, and engaging in friendly romps in the woods with the deer and wild sheep. A pleasant life.

A number of months later, a band of eleven young nubile Indian maids paddled up in search of the infamed brave. (By now, the entire Hudson Valley was aware of his ways) The brave, contrary to his thoughts and distinctions was human, and proceeded to have large family.

Generation upon generation grew and prospered, always following the "way" of the Founding Father. They ate, romped, slept. Some were content, but newcomers, after spending about a year with the tribe, began to go quite insane. They wondered if there was anything else to this life. The natives didn't know, at least they weren't sure. In fact, no one was, about anything. The newcomers weren't answered, (for no one knew), and often would jump into the Hudson or climb the tallest Pine Tree until they vanished from sight.



Returning from "Down the Path".....

At this point I believe it necessary to describe the actual surroundings of the area at the time:

There seems to have been one clustered group of handsome Teepees, ones that, even today would rival the home-made counter-cultural model, or even the nylon Abracombie & Fitch version. There was, approximately at the new Dining Commons site, a sacrificial fire altar where the tribe, after gathering the fruits and nuts of the day, would throw them into a raging fire and see what remained after the fire died. Some anthropologists postulate that the tribe believed what was left was worth eating, while others propose that this was an early form of "foodstuffs alchemy" whereby the Indians hoped a better, meal, such as roast pork or shrimp jubilee would be the result. None the less, the tribe was quite insane.

Some of the members of the tribe had, to their own, a "magic fountain" where, if one drank from it, one would experience a dulling of the senses, a certain "intoxicated" effect. These members could be seen at dusk, ritually walking "down the path", thumbs outstretched, as a sort of pre-ceremonial right. They would return in the morning, walking a bit peculiarly back to the main area.

Others had meetings where the only thing that would be discussed would be "why should a discussion be held."

Some would never come out of their respective Teepees.

And some would never stop doing what they, decided they would do when they were but papooses.

And, in a very obscure way, this was the obscure life of the tribe. Back to the story.

After a number of generations, being totally out of touch with anything, the tribe died out.

But a very interesting story preceeded the demise of the tribe.

One ancient medicine man, upon hearing of the suicide of his son because of the tribe, gathered together all his potions and powers, and in one bounding leap, cursed the tribe and the land forever. He then proceeded to drop to the ground, very dead.

The actual curse is not known, but the gist of it doomed the land to always have the same sort of insanity occur with each successive tribe forever and ever.

Many years passed, and, in the Year of our Lord, 1860, St. Stephens College for the Good Book, the spiritually handicapped, and the Lord, God, was created. In less than seventy years, St. Stephens simply disappeared. No one knows exactly what happened to the school, but a few of the former students did make a name for themselves. Bishop Pike, for one, and his ramblings through the desert. And Cardinal Dozitsky, better known as the Krazy Kardinal of the Krimea.

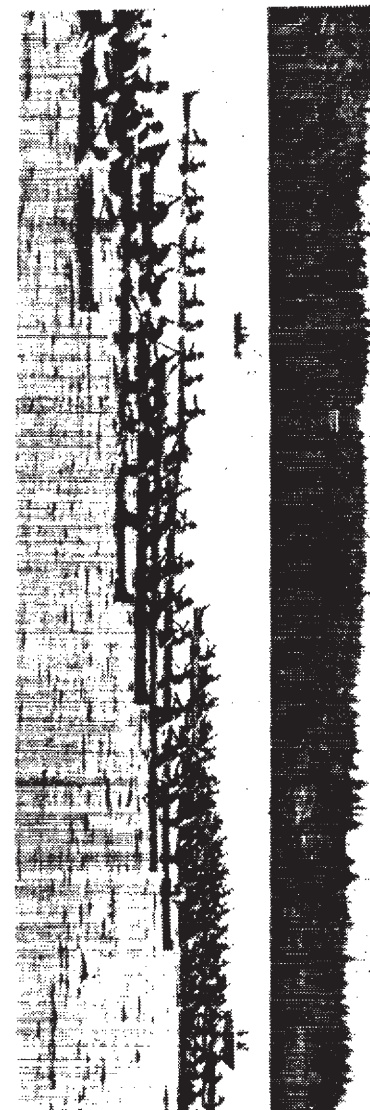


Then Bard took over. Nice, bright young Columbia men with some fairly good ideas on how a school should be run. A nice beginning, but inevitably, the curse of the land came out.

At their respective homes, Bard students are a nice bunch of young people. But, because of the curse, they began, like magic, to imitate the life styles of their forebearers. Freshmen would come every year, and fall innocent victims. Sophs. and juniors would commit suicide, and Seniors would get drunk.

But, please, please don't worry, dear reader. If you find yourself going a bit insane and lonesome, and Bard starts to reveal it's true self, dont distress! It's not your fault.

You just happen to be cursed.



Indian maids paddling upstream, in search of the Indian brave.

GRATEFUL DEAD

by DAN HENKLEIN

Of all the people to write a review of the Grateful Dead's new live double album, I am perhaps the most ill-equipped. That is, of course, if reviews are supposed to be fairly unbiased. However, I will try to constrain my extremely good feelings about the Grateful Dead and their music, and write a fairly "objective" description of their new album.

Since it was recorded live, its good points lie in the fact that: (usually) a band can get it together better in front of a good crowd that's feeding back to them positively with their frantically moving bodies, screams and very attentive minds, than that same band can when each member is in a separate soundproof room with headphones on. Its bad points lie in the fact that you just can't get as good a sound out of a live recording as you can out of a studio one. But the Dead are a concert band and the musical quality of this album more than makes up for the rare, if annoying, "fuzzy" recording quality.

When they heard this album, which is simply entitled "The Grateful Dead," some friends commented that the whole album seemed to be on a lower ener-



gy level than "Live Dead." I think this is true and it may be because the group had two drummers on the first live album. Mickey Hart has since left the band, leaving Bill Kreutzmann, the Dead's original drummer and their rhythmic mainspring.

Side two of the album is covered by a song called "The Other One," taken from "Anthem of the Sun," their second album. Written by Bob Weir, rhythm guitarist, and Kreutzmann, it shows a lot of the power and feeling in Kreutzmann's drum work:

The song begins with a drum solo which builds about a third of the side, sounding like an on-coming steam engine, when the rest of the band

breaks in, Bassist Phil Lesh forges the way, weaving fantastic spiraling core of sound for lead guitarist Jerry Garcia to spin off of. The entire band then proceeds to create music which can produce the mental effect "water off a spinning ball", a whirlpool, or planets off a sun. They spin, they whirl, sometimes streaking out, sometimes turning in, always the same, always different. The only other music I've ever heard which definitely had a similar (if less frenetic) effect is "Om" by John Coltrane.

The album has its better cuts, such as "The Other One", "Wart Hat", "Me and my Uncle", and of course "Not Fade Away". A song done around

1964 by the Rolling Stones, in something like a one and a half minute version I believe. It wasn't written by them and didn't have many words anyway.

The Dead's version is somewhere around seven minutes long, and is mostly instrumental. It sends the song to Andromeda and back in a '57 Chevy.

I think "Not Fade Away" is one of the best rock 'n' roll songs in the world, to listen to the Grateful Dead play it is great, definitely a worthwhile experience for anyone interested in music. Funny thing, the Dead don't play hard rock, in fact, I am hesitant to even use the word "rock" at all.

They play the blues straight sometimes, sure, and pretty regular country and folk tunes, too. Why, sometimes they even play regular old rock 'n' roll. But a lot of the time, you really can't define what you're listening to, it's just the Dead, the Dead's music, and I do believe that some of that music isn't like anything anybody's ever played or heard before.

"Johnny B. Goode" is a straight rock 'n' roll song. You can't go too far with it. When I first heard the Dead's version I wasn't particularly impressed.

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THE BAND cahoots

In "Cahoots" with Mediocrity

by Rich Tedesco

When the Band produced their second album, The Band, I didn't imagine that their music could improve very much. Musically and philosophically it was a beautiful album. Profound is an understated description of the themes they dealt with in their lyrics.

In songs like "King Harvest", "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down", and "Unfaithful Servant" they are dealing with real characters, real situations, real emotions. The introspective tone of the lyrics makes the emotional result powerful. When Robbie Robertson writes of the rape of the post-war South, the words cry:

Now I don't mind choppin' wood,
And I don't care if the money's no good.
You take what you need and leave the rest,
But they never should have taken the very best.

When he writes of the embattled union man, the refrain is a painful one:

Long enough I've been up on skid row,
And it's plain to see I've got nothing to show.

I'm glad to pay those union dues
Just don't judge me by my shbes.

In an ostensibly light song, "When You Awake", he expounds pure philosophy:

When you believe,
You will relieve the only soul
That you were born with to grow old
And never know.



The Band experienced an epiphany, if you will, with the music of the second album.

So what's all this leading to? Simply this: the Band's music hasn't improved very much, if it has improved at all. But perhaps "improved" is a poor choice of words, for their new release, Cahoots, moves in entirely different directions.

Cahoots is much more production con-

scious than the Band's previous recordings. It's a bit too slick for my taste. The horns they use in cuts like "Life Is A Carnival" are, at times, little more than annoying contrivance. That is to say, the use of the horns is overdone. The Band has successfully employed a variety of instruments in the past. That misuse doesn't happen often on Cahoots, but even once is annoying.

Bob Dylan's "When I Paint My Masterpiece", is a fine contribution to the album. Sung to the accompaniment of Garth Hudson's accordian, it is one of the best pieces on the album. It is an artist's hymn, right down to the typically Dylan refrain:

Sailin' round the world in a dirty gondola,
Oh to be back in the land of Coca-Cola!

"River Hymn" is another fine example of the cohesively sophisticated music which the Band is capable of producing. Their finest effort on the album, it is a flowing testimony to the life-giving spirit of the river. The river is a source of peace and comfort, and the song exudes that sensation:

Son, you ain't never eased yourself
Until you layed it down on a river bed.

"Shoot Out in Chinatown" is one of the Band's fun and games songs, and it is well done. They are at their best when they are at their funniest, and this is a funny song. It doesn't quite have the zest and flavor of a song like "Jemimah Surrender" (from their second album) but it succeeds nonetheless.

"The Moon Struck One" is another of the reflective tunes which Robbie Robertson handles so well. The experience of the death of a childhood friend is made even more vivid by the fairy tale quality of the song.

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JUDITH

by S. L. SIEGEL

Of all the arts, only that of the cinema can truly be called "technological". True, the music world can be seriously affected by such a technological advance as the forthcoming and dubious one of four-channel playback, but this concerns only a portion of the art. When sonic reproduction improves, old recordings may sound faded by comparison, but there will always be younger musicians to perform the same music just as well. But in the cinema, where a single "performance" has to be expected to last forever, a new advance in film technique can literally make thousands of previous works completely worthless in a moment. While this may sound like an overstatement, it is certainly true that films made as recently as fifteen years ago, or even ten, that were greatly admired at their release have become dated and have lost much of their prestige to newer films that do the same things just as well, or better.

The comparison becomes quite graphic when one compares today's films to the silent movies. The vast majority of the latter seem so primitive next to the former that only a small handful of silent films can be called worthy of survival. These include the comedies of Keaton and Chaplin, as well as the works of Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Lang, Stroheim, Murnau, Sternberg, Pabst, Dovzhenko, and, of course, D.W. Griffith.

However, just as Toscanini's name on a record label doesn't necessarily mean a great performance, Griffith's signature on a film doesn't necessarily signify a cinematic masterpiece. And if a silent movie isn't great, why bother with it?

Which brings me to Griffith's JUDITH OF BETHULIA, made in 1913, which was shown in Sottery on Friday as part of the regular film program. This is "a film of historic importance", which means that it points clearly to future greatness while it may not be great by itself. Now, "Judith of Bethulia" is not a bad movie at all and there must have been a time when it was considered a masterpiece, but there are many things in it that look positively ill 58 years later. Some of the battle sequences done today- or even in 1927 by Eisenstein in "October"-

make most of the battle scenes in "Judith" look like panty raids. The melodramatic gestures of the actors, most notably those of the high priest who is constantly begging God for deliverance, make many modern moviegoers snicker, and I can hardly blame them. The plot is the I-must-risk-my-life-for-my-people bit; many of Griffith's films have plots that are just as corny, but I don't remember hearing about one of his masterpieces having two characters thrown in for the sake of some close-ups who have nothing at all to do with story line.

There are some things in this movie that stand out. First and foremost is the editing, that integral part of film-making that Griffith practically created out of the air, which brilliantly integrates the film's many disparate scenes and events and keeps the whole thing moving at a healthy clip as well. Second is some good photography, especially that great angled shot of the enemy charge toward the walls of Bethulia, a thrilling effect. Finally, the movie is only 50 minutes long. Here, at least, Griffith knew when enough was enough.

The over-all effect of the film, however, was approximately that of an ancient artifact discovered in some old cave. Granted, JUDITH OF BETHULIA does have considerable importance for students of film art and history. But there is no reason why the general public has to tolerate a bad performance by Toscanini from 1939, and little more why the greater part of the student body should be expected to enjoy a dated relic by D. W. Griffith.



FILMS

the

A friend of mine has just returned from London. He looked quite spiffy with his man-tailored shirt with hamburger prints splattered in front and back. We met and had dinner in New York when he asked me with a subdued smile, "Let's see The Devils."

The following night we met once again in the theater. Barbra Streisand was on the screen singing a tune from "Funny Girl," while ushers were rolling up and down the aisles masturbating their charity cylinders for some Lake Saranac hospital. I asked my friend why he wanted to see this movie by Ken Russell, who had, by the way, directed Women in Love previously. And this was what he said:

"One night last week in London I felt quite uneasy and restless. I certainly was in no mood to fall asleep. I decided, therefore, to catch a movie. I stepped out, walked around the corner and in front of a movie palace when a civilized looking lady stopped me, grabbed a tight hold of my arm and said: "Sir, I do believe The Devils to be the most unprincipled motion picture I have ever had the displeasure of seeing." She then let go her grip, coughed disturbingly and walked away with a limp...."

It was just then, after that fourth period, that the curtain went up to reveal a most disheveled skeleton attached in a most painful spread to a gigantic revolving wheel. The skeleton was spitting up, too. What the skeleton was spitting up is really beyond me since I have never heard of a skeleton spitting up.

Oliver Reed was then shown sleeping with a grotesque wench whose face was covered in a quagmire of blue and moldy green mud. He kissed her, too. Next thing you know a female is strapped down tightly in order to permit hungry hornets to



devour wounds inflicted by a biologist and a chemist. The lady is screaming; the scientists are in a maniacal and boisterous frenzy; and the hornets, who have already been inserted into the lady's open wounds through red hot pokers, are finally trapped by goblets which are firmly stuck to her running skin. This scene, as you well can imagine, was so awful that although one could quite easily make out the lady's bosom (somehow the nipples were distinct in the flowing larva of skin), you wondered where the rest of the cadaver had dripped. At any rate, Vanessa Redgrave, a hunchbacked nun, is shown losing her robe in order to reveal such a disgusting and ugly spinal column that I do not think I will ever appreciate the hunchback part of Candy again. Jesus is then shown getting spiked. Oliver Reed gets his tongue punctured; his hair scalped; body tortured endlessly and finally is burned on the stake still believing in God. Vanessa Redgrave returns to throw up in one of Russell's brilliant closeups. In between all of this action, a Mick Jagger type who happens to be some sort of a clergyman, appears in order to participate in a fun orgy where nuns without hair, drooping tits, and apparently, no morals, are running around in pure ecstasy-sexual ecstasy. I would interpret it. This orgy causes the faggot king of France to sigh. And, in between this action, Vanessa Redgrave returns one more time and gets herself deflowered by this outrageously huge dildo filled with boiling liquids resembling chicken soup....

Ilan Bilu

NAZI DEATH BOOK

Viktor Frankl has taken his experience in the concentration camps of WWII, and has written a book, not about the horrors he saw and experienced, but about the feelings and attitudes of men in the camps. His book, From Death Camps to Existentialism (Beacon Press, Beacon Hill, Boston, 1959) brings the reader through the three stages of being in a concentration camp: the period directly after admission to camp; camp routine; and, psychology after liberation. He relates all the incidents to something that Nietzsche said: "He who has a why to live can bear with almost any how." Throughout the book, Frankl is saying that man has a choice to live or die.

Upon entering the camp each man is stripped of his belongings. The author had a scientific manuscript is his coat which he did not wish to give up. He told an old prisoner standing near by that he had to keep his manuscript at all costs, and that he would like the prisoner to hide it for him. To this the prisoner said "Shit." Frankl says that he then realized that he valued his life over the manuscript and over all else.

After the initial shock of being in the camps, the hope of reprieve, and almost constant longing for home and the familiar

the men became used to the camp--used to it in a grim way. They were no longer affected by what happened around them: guards beating up men, forcing them to stand at attention for hours, the deaths. The men generally existed in a state of apathy, with deadened emotions. It is here that Frankl says man is still in control and can determine his own fate. The situation of a man in a camp is almost entirely controlled (i.e. he is constantly being watched, told what to do and when to do it, what to eat and how much he will eat, etc.) yet, Frankl says that the one thing that cannot be controlled in a man are his thoughts. Even in a concentration camp, man retains the last human freedom--the freedom to choose one's attitude in a given set of circumstances. Though all else may be controlled, man still holds mental and spiritual control over himself. Frankl provides many examples of how a person's attitude, whether it was positive or negative influenced what happened to him. One positive attitude came in the form of advice from a friend who had arrived at the camp several weeks before Frankl had. The friend said, "But one thing I beg of you; shave daily, if at all possible, even if you have to use a piece of glass to do it...even if you have to give your last piece of bread for it.... If you

want to stay alive, there is only one way: look fit for your work.... A man who looks miserable, down and out, sick and emaciated, and who cannot manage hard physical labor any longer.... Sooner or later, usually sooner... goes to the gas chambers." (p.17-18) Frankl also speaks about men who had given up all hope to live. No longer were they willing to struggle to survive, and so they lay down, stopped eating or even moving from where they were, and died.

Since the men could have a certain amount of control over the matter of their life and death, they could have an even greater control over their attitudes towards the smaller events in the day. They could be happy as well as sad, contented or discontented, angry or peaceful. Frankl says that many years after the war, a friend showed him a photograph taken of men from the camps. The friend said That he felt sorry for these men. Frankl responded by saying that maybe the men were very happy; by the looks of their faces and bodies, one could not tell what they were thinking about.

The final stage, the liberation from the concentration camp, is discussed only briefly by Frankl. Entering into the world for him was like entering into a

dream, because during the time he was in the camps, he had dreamed so of the real world. What he saw in the world was good. But other released prisoners became violent, wishing to destroy everything around them that had been created while the Germans were in power.

It seems to me that there are very obvious parallels between the three stages of camp life and Bard life. We as students, especially the new students, go through a period of initial adjustment, perhaps even a form of shock similar to that suffered by the prisoners. We, too, grow used to the campus and the life here and may also grow lethargic or apathetic. And there may be some sort of surprise for us when we go back into the "real world" again. Of course, the situation here, is not nearly as controlled as that of the camps. There is a great deal of freedom permitted--every aspect of our lives is not tightly controlled as in the camps where the men had only the freedom to think the way they wanted. Despite this, I have heard students complain that they do not have enough control. They should remember that they will always have control over their own minds and attitudes.

CAROL DENNENBERG

DOPE

of Amerikan youth than any establishment politicians in Michigan and perhaps in the United States. But as such, he became the prime target of this concerted attack by the capitalist power structure to remove him forcibly from public consciousness. Though they have jailed him, they have not succeeded in removing him from our hearts—quite the reverse: WE WILL FREE JOHN SINCLAIR, and all political prisoners!



FIGHTING COMMUNISM

Ironically, most of the young people busted for pot are inter-nationalist, with a much wider view of the world as a planetary unit than that shared by their elders and the Narx. This is doubly true of political activists who have been busted for pot, such as Abbie Hoffman, Eldridge Cleaver, Jerry Rubin, Lee Otis Johnson, and John Sinclair. The Narx, along with the FBI, CIA, and local pigs, are one of the largest groups of Amerika-firsters in the country; they are firm believers in Imperialism, which these days is called "fighting communism." Amerikan imperialist interest in Asia began because of dope—the opium trade to China—and our imperialist intentions in Indochina to this day are significantly concerned with smuggling opium out of Laos to finance the clandestine Meo army of the C.I.A. as well as to provide invisible income for the Nationalist Chinese budget. Yet Harry Anslinger, from the McCarthy era until he was replaced at the Bureau in 1962 by Henry Giordano, maintained that this opium was smuggled by the "Red Chinese" despite repeated denials from the World Health Organization and United Nations fact-finding teams in Asia. The past and present narcotics policy of the U.S. is inextricably bound up with our imperialism, our "fighting Communism" in Indochina, China, the Middle East, France, and even Cuba. The heavy sentences and persistent harassment-busts meted out to youth leaders (who are considered "Commies" by the Narx)

are the result of this historic link. And the cover-up by Nixon, Mitchell, Ingersoll, and other top Narx today, of our C.I.A. complicity in the opium trade, is part of the reason John Sinclair sits in jail on bogus pot charges and suffers trial on the even more irrational charges of conspiring to bomb a C.I.A. building in Ann Arbor which he didn't even know existed.

Of course the Nixon anti-marijuana campaign, more sophisticated though no less evil in intent than Anslinger's, created an excellent market for heroin and speed among young people who have any difficulty getting grass; and the narco-bureau arguments against pot, backed up by fascist elite doctors of the A.M.A., are discovered to be patently absurd by every young pot smoker, which leads them to believe that they can experiment with smack, speed, and downers with no more injurious result. Just as the Narx and Army officials have created thousands of young Amerikan junkies in Saigon who experimented with junk because they knew the Narx lied about pot, so the internal Narx have created thousands of new teenage addicts by cutting off pot supplies, lying about grass, and covertly helping the world-wide opium-heroin trade.

Racism still comes into the picture. While the Government drafts large numbers of ethnic minorities to go kill "Gooks" in Asia, it allows the Mafia to flood black ghettos with high-quality heroin every time there appears the possibility of insurrection. Which Mafia? At present the top-echelon heroin dealers in the United States are the Cuban Mafia in New York and Miami, many of them former Batista army and police officers associated with the old New York 1950's Mafia set-up in Havana. And who backs up their plot to re-invade Castro's Cuba? The C.I.A.—again. Thus we kill, jail, and send to Vietnam thousands of youth-black, white all colors—and selectively enforce the pot laws hardest against revolutionaries, while covertly supporting the world heroin trade in the name of "fighting Communism."

It is entirely a matter of white, capitalist genocide against non-whites and white freaks of the youth colony. Marijuana prohibition began as a direct result of racism and imperialism and it is kept on the books today by the wealthy, politically dictatorial commanders of the business and military elite, through the present Nixon administration and the trained death-squads of secret-police Narx. Marijuana will not be free until the racist, imperialist policies of the Narx are overthrown.

by Michael R. Aldrich, PhD.

BAND

In a quest for relevance we are presented with "Where Do We Go From Here". Haven't I heard that title somewhere before? The theme is a familiar one too. Well, I already know that eagles, buffaloes and railroads are becoming extinct, and Robertson doesn't handle it eloquently enough to make the theme any less redundant than it has become.

The song which may be the most important, in terms of lyrical content, is "Smoke Signal". It addresses the problem of communication, and the reason for those problems. Robertson implies that it is largely a matter of faith: faith in what we are told, faith in other people.

You don't believe what you read in the paper
 You don't believe the stranger at your door
 You don't believe what you hear from your neighbor

This is an intense comment, and it is effective because of that intensity. The trouble with Cahoots lies in the fact that there is too little of this intensity in evidence. Am I suggesting that the Band has surrendered to the Philistines? Not exactly. I am suggesting that they may not be as close to their music as they were in The Band.

Again, the comparison may be unjust for as I have said, it is well nigh impossible to improve on that album. But even Big Pink has more intact and insight than Cahoots. Still, there is much substance in this album much that is good. It would seem that Cahoots marks a transitional period in the Band's music. Things should improve. I have a feeling that their next album will be their best. At least I hope so. I won't worry until The Band's Greatest Hits and Live Band are produced.

dead

because I was sure I'd heard much "tighter" versions of the song or similar ones, by different groups. I wasn't listening to the right places. The Dead's version of the song is comparatively "loose" rhythmically, but the subtlety of Garcia's melodic line, and the weaving interplay between Weir, Lesh, and him make the song bounce and fly where it usually just pounds and bores. I cannot praise Jerry Garcia enough. The subtlety with which he uses the electric guitar is astonishing, and it definitely calls for a redefinition of this instruments capability. You can't call Garcia a rock or blues musician, which is alot more than you can say for quite a few electric guitarists dominating the "rock" scene today. The emotional range that Garcia can reflect in his music stretches from whirling smiling gut joy to utter and hopeless lost tragedy. Did you know that Jerry Garcia is missing half his middle finger on his picking hand? I haven't managed to conceal my favoritism very well, but I don't want to. I didn't really like the way the Dead did "Me and Bobby McGee" on the new album when I first heard it. I guess what I really mean is I don't think they should have done it. I never liked Joplin's rendition too much either. Kristopher's I found rather dull, but I liked the way Gordon Lightfoot did it the best. It even seemed less the Grateful Dead's type of song than Janis', but you know? The version by the Dead is really growing on me.

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