RED TIDE

Vol. 1  No. 3  October 14, 1971

Cover Page  [Photograph]
Back Page  Freak Brothers [Cartoon]
Page 1  Mini Norths and South: The 3 Powers Meet
Page 2  Letters
  La Verdad
Page 3  A Talk With Little Queenie
  Women's Liberation NEWS
Page 4  Repressing
Page 5  Bring The War Home, Ltd
  The Bill Will
Page 8  Bard Mania: It's Not Your Fault
  Robbie Goldwitz
Page 9  Grateful Dead
  Dan Henklein
  The Band Cahoots
  Rich Tedesco
Page 10  Judith
  S.L. Siegel
  Nazi Death Book
  The Devils
If nothing else, the torrid Senate and budget committee meetings, exposed the well-concealed feelings and attitudes of the community towards Latin and Black people. The attitudes have been malign that of resentment, but infrequently outright racism.

Poor and lower middle class students deeply resent the fact that Latinos 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 "self" (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 to the point of being subhuman, is the same as saying I have not oppressed me as an individual but in a group sense you have. That we have been oppressed, discriminated against, humiliated, abused, and degraded by the group collectively, that is, Anglo-Americans, rules out your contention that you, as an individual, have not oppressed me. Ghettoes still exist. El Barrio is still in Spanish Harlem. WilliamSBurroughs 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 on the part of the faculty. I am 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 superficial and complete.

To avoid the social implication of hating Latin and Black students in a predominantly white middle class American 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 constantly 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 uncorrupted 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 nothall about social injustices, 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 stimulii. 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 halfhearted 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
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 Vallaie, De Long and their foul cohort, the lice 'Fol lette,' (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!'"


Sincerely,
Kevin 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 emasculated in commerce
you wear my tampon 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 scrab the commode]

which would you rather
dump 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 kid

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 makeup is what you do after a fight with your boyfriend.

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 parents sent me a copy 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 Clary 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 laugh the Stones 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 the girls screaming and whining all over the place, but Jagger had on his sweatshirt and Brian jumped over the edge with his flag. 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 concert will be?

I hear all sorts of things, that they can't come back till after the baby and that they want lots of new 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 mellow, everybody trying to get into a country, cowboy-worker dress thing. Some girl was telling me, 'The comfort-loving girls have gruff looks and hard shoes. No one wants to be your friend because you dress different. 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 picture scene?

The boys are sexists, they can't talk to you. Just go to Adolphe's one night, fifty creeps trying to-ball you; you know 'YOU WANT TO GET STONED.'

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

Bruce Holstenstat

Last spring, Bard Women's Liberation organized and conducted a Women's Studies course. The class was limited to fifteen students: the first meetings were discussions of recent feminist literature Sexual Politics, Century of Struggle, The Dialectic of Sex, parts of The Second Sex. After this common background in reading had been established the course was devoted to individual projects prepared by each student. Some of the topics presented were: Women in Art, The Myth of Women's Sexuality, Women in the French Revolution, A Study of Attitudes toward Stereotypes (conducted among Bard male and female students). Also, a student involved in drama held a workshop on recent Women's theatre.

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 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, bringing 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 tentative, but 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, through her own progressive ideas about children. You would have to provide your own transportation to and from Red Hook; hitching isn't too rough. The Center operates five days a week, from about 8:30 am to 4:30 pm. Call the Center directly (the number 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 6:30 pm in Albee Social, to conduct an about four hours. 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 form to get to Poughkeepsie; I will contact you concerning meeting time and place.

Courtney Collins

Women's Liberation NEWS

A TALK WITH LITTLE QUEENIE

What did you think when Brian died?

Well it was kind of sick cause I was in a pool that was the upper reaches of Stones. 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 makeup is what you do after a fight with your boyfriend.

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 parents sent me a copy 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 Clary 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 laugh the Stones 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 the girls screaming and whining all over the place, but Jagger had on his sweatshirt and Brian jumped over the edge with his flag. 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 concert will be?

I hear all sorts of things, that they can't come back till after the baby and that they want lots of new 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 mellow, everybody trying to get into a country, cowboy-worker dress thing. Some girl was telling me, 'The comfort-loving girls have gruff looks and hard shoes. No one wants to be your friend because you dress different. 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 picture scene?

The boys are sexists, they can't talk to you. Just go to Adolphe's one night, fifty creeps trying to-ball you; you know 'YOU WANT TO GET STONED.'

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

Bruce Holstenstat

PART AND WHOLE

he is contained in her
and in her man is contained
in woman, men in women.

female is contained in female,
mr. in mrs., adam
in eve, god in goddess.
"The youth of the country is too fine to be narcotic-minded." —Harry Anslinger, 1938

Illegalization of marijuana was born in imperialist, nurtured in racism, and sealed in deliberate deceit. To this day the anti-marijuana crusade has done its work because of purposeful mystification of the public, kept ignorant by greedy doctors, chauvinist politicians, and self-serving, fascist policy: 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 black, chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and powerless whites.

MENCHE

The Reefer Menace had by the 1920's thoroughly convinced the South and was beginning to move north—like jazz, up the river from New Orleans. New Orleans took the lead, banning pot by city ordinance in 1923 after a racist hysterical 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 was in part responsible for the creation of the Federal Narcotics Bureau in 1930, when only sixteen states had laws against marijuana, laws which were rarely enforced except against ethnic minorities. Jazz musicians, travelling around the country, as provided an early underground distribution center, quite similar to today; friends turning on friends and listening to music from stoned jazz, blues, and swing artists. Since jazz, dropouts, free sex, boozers, and boozers were all considered immoral, the prohibitionist movement quickly centered around lower class non-whites. With his help, Illinois and New York prohibited grass in the early part of the decade, because it was used mainly by black chicks a sprinkling of white "swing" musicians. Racism created the entire campaign. Although the Federal Bureau did not touch its arguments in their reports, the white racist power structure in the Thirties thus played on the fears of the white racist middle class and the red sector 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. In March 1938 laws of The New Yorker says by then there were hundreds of "beer parties." The Hearst "many more of them than there were speakers. He makes no mention of who was turning on? Then "colored." Then "tiggers." Then "spicks."

The medical profession continued to support this racism. When 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 Lindes Hemp Commission in 1934. The A.M.A. and F.D.A. professed, instead, a racist study of "marijuana addicts" in the South which attempted to attribute an "overly hostile, provocative, and, intransigent attitude toward authority among "colored" soldiers to marijuana.

As such the American Medical Association, was used by Anslinger and the Narx in their campaigns. Thus Mississippi outlawed pot after "the anti-marijuana crusade" of the practical 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 "marijuana madness" 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 northern states, some with bags on their heads to "inhale all the smoke from the radiation" shown flying and carrying on with black Stickers in

and in further Federal legislation in 1966. 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 1933, who was sent to the West Virginia prisons, applying for 25 kilos; Richard Dorsay, black shoeshine stand operator in Dallas, given 50 years in 1967 for selling a $5 matchbox to a narc; SAMUEL WILLIAMS, black, sentenced in Seattle to 20 years for sale of 31 joints to a 16-year-old. The list could go on.

The Reefer Menace was organized and funded by big business. Longhorns, radical activists, and pot smokers—the new revolutionary class of "working class" had their beginning in 1937. The FBI magazine poll in September 1979 showed that, indeed, most pot users are the most revolutionary college students: 39% of frequent users said the need a violent revolution (rather than "working within the system is futile") as compared to only 4% of non-users and 22% of all users. Thus the pot laws have become theSend the hardest 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.

JOHN SINCLAIR being given "9 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 race-reased tactic. In fact, he was charged with over 100 counts.

In 1950, Congressman Hale Boggs of New Orleans began successful campaign led by Anslinger and the Narx 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, and in further Federal legislation in 1966. 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" was P. Lopez in 1933, who was sent to the West Virginia prisons, applying for 25 kilos; Richard Dorsay, black shoeshine stand operator in Dallas, given 50 years in 1967 for selling a $5 matchbox to a narc; SAMUEL WILLIAMS, black, sentenced in Seattle to 20 years for sale of 31 joints to a 16-year-old. The list could go on.

The Reefer Menace was organized and funded by big business. Longhorns, radical activists, and pot smokers—the new revolutionary class of "working class" had their beginning in 1937. The FBI magazine poll in September 1979 showed that, indeed, most pot users are the most revolutionary college students: 39% of frequent users said the need a violent revolution (rather than "working within the system is futile") as compared to only 4% of non-users and 22% of all users. Thus the pot laws have become theSend the hardest 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.

JOHN SINCLAIR being given "9 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 race-reased tactic. In fact, he was charged with over 100 counts.

In 1950, Congressman Hale Boggs of New Orleans began successful campaign led by Anslinger and the Narx 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, and in further Federal legislation in 1966. The highest penalties meted out for pot offenses occur in Texas and the Deep South, again directed mostly at blacks and chicanos.
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 (except 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 newsworthy events as this one. Warton domestic violence - in its finest Hour - is Truly an Ameri-
can Heritage and has provoked Train-
ing Ground necessary for even far more superior (and more news-
worth) commitments abroad.

Now I do not think, Gentlemen, that blaming the Hon. Rockhead Governor for things that are a result of the rebellion, he made the flight decision, Yes he did. What did you expect him to do, allow prisoners—a some of whom being mad Savages—to take vengeance on the State? Who are you kidding, all you Hum-

sentric types in colleges, especially those of York state itself? These dead criminals—doubtlessly there are some who still liv-
ing— 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 college for their passion to prepare to be inter-vened with 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 Days in Ohio, and sure there were those of a few more down there in the South. Over there, these students haven't gotten their Full Share.

When, in the course of quasihuman events, we come to realize our country to have an enormous unparalleled faith in those of the masses (not to mention assassinations), it seems in my most—definite judgment that the college are not receiving enough due preparation to determine their Destiny in our Great Amer-
ican Quasi-human Events. Students in that respect need a lot more actual Experience and some more time to Vent their arteries. So we need to Choose An Extra-Curricular Activity in which the students can be killed and be killed.

In addition, this will be the only in which the President will be allowed to retain the ill-deferred

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 all graduate Film Directing (thereafter, prison rebellion). While all the Honors Students are going in, the Sub-Honors Students will be responsible in this Department.

The mortuaries lab will be supervised by av-

age, 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-caliber

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

The next crucial question, Gentlemen, whom will we be tripping, these destitute criminals in the jails or perhaps they are safe as few of them have been wound up by Central Park. Sure, a few are giving orders, and a few are still living... good question, uh... the truth is, the Draftees are hanging around, the drugstore hippies press, the Hon. Rockhead Governor has declared war on them. I trust you by the time this goes to press, I will have forgotten my bitterness. One learns to forget anything.

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.

It was supposed to write an article on the battlefield, but the subject only makes me angry and separates me from the rest of the boys. This project is the best way to explain the whole thing: ANGER, BITTERNESS.

Intro 476 is a bill which will make unfair employment practices (such as hiring, firing) and unfair housing practices (such as refusal to lease, eviction), because of a person's sex or sex orientation, a punishable offense.

Now let us demonstrate further intentions of this course. Where are we go-
ing to do battle? Do we have the means to buy some land where we can fight? Are there any possibilities? Arizona, north of the West Coast of Central Park in Brooklyn? (Great for Guerilla Warfare). How about having it at Shea Stadium, open combat? Could the entire radical rock-heads at one of their concerts? For this we will need the Governor's permission. When we join the fight, 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 collegiate for-
yo? Let us embark to the stadium grounds with our ammunition and supplies. Let us recruit naive droopers ready to die for our cause: Recruit, recruit Build up armaments to the sky Kill all uncontebles reify our FUN! Have FUN! For tomorrow they will die. And as we marched into the darkened dusks, preparing ourselves for the Hours ahead, we made sure enough droopers were with us and ready. Necessity was the 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 and Mr. Onwill will conduct the exam, as usual. You will be given one hour to com-

plete 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. JOURNEY.}

the bill will pass on sharison's ass

On Saturday, October 2nd, 600 guys marched on Mr. Sharison's house on 10th St., 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 speaking 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 watched them on. I was flipping. I had my umbrella, a black, and I was showing 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 umbrella, I was thinking of that lousy S.O.B. 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 targets. (Or is this simply the lower class conception of wealth?) But the tenants with whom I knew some who were watching it on their televisions sets, there were new
t tweens perhaps they read about it in the Monday papers. At any rate, THE BILL WILL PASS ON Sharison's ASS.
BY: Robbie Goldwitz

8 BARD MANIA:

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT

Hello. I'm a Bard student, and like many others, 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 good 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, perhaps because of the "distant insanity of the paper," or, as I (she so well put it) but because we were supposed to concern ourselves with the Social-Economic implications of the East 80th St. Gimbel's—but no matter.

The actual story began way back in the misty primeval past, and involved a new tribe, a bit further to the south, around what is now called New Paltz. Reasons for expulsion are not exactly clear, but it is known that he had a habit of picking the flowers and weeds about the camp ground, and using them to create decorative purposes. His wanderings took him to the Hudson River. There he befriended an old man who would ferry people back and forth from bank to bank. The old man seemed to have a strange intangibility with the supposedly hearing voices and seeing spirits from it's deep blue depths. (Read book no. two in Mr. Jones's required reading, by H. Hesse)

The Old Man River (as he was affectionately known by the people), agreed to take the young brave as far north as he could, 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 Cru- ger), the old ferryman, realizing that the place was so distant from any red man, remarked, "This place is far out!"

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 amuse ment. At this time, the game of 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 wove, 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 bend of stray young nubile Indian maidens paddled upstream, in search of the infamous brave. (By now, the entire Hudson Valley was aware of his ways). These maidens, contrary to their thoughts and distinctions, were human, and proceeded to take large family.

Generation upon generation grew and prospered, always following the "way" of the Founding Father. They also, romped, slept. Some wore content, but new-comers, after spending about a year with the tribe, began to go quite insane. They wondered if they had 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 River or climb the tallest Pine Tree until they vanished from sight.

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 Tepees, one that, even today would rival the home made counter-cultural model, or even the nylon Abaracolmba & Flitch 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 "footsifters 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 walking "down the path," thumbs outstretched, as a sign 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 Tepees. And some would never stop doing what they decided they would do when they were but pionees.

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 preceded 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 bound leapt, 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.

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 forebears. 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 its true self, don't despair! It's not your fault.

You just happen to be cursed.

BY: Robbie Goldwitz

Many years passed, and, in the Year of our Lord, 1860, 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 Dolisyst, better known as the Krazy Kardinal of the Krimes.

Indian maidens paddling upstream, in search of the Indian brave.
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, it's 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 head-phones. 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 concept 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 energy 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 Budd and 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. Guitarist 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 "Oni" by John Coltrane.

The album has its better cuts, such as "The Other One," "Watt 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 album'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'm 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 altof 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.

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 make the emotional result powerful. When Robbie Robertson writes of the raped of the post-war South, the words carry:

Now I won'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 acid 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 myyles. In an ostensibly light song, "When You Awake," he expounds pure philosophy:

When you believe You will release 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 conscious 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 an 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 accordion. 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 boat, Oh to be back in the land of Coca-Cola

"River Hyme" is another fine example of the cohesive sophistication 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 laid 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 "Jimi Mahlman's 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.
Of all the arts, only that of the cinema can be called "technological." True, the music world can be seriously affected by the technical advance as the forthcoming-and dubious-one of four-channel playback, but this concerns only a portion of the art. When such reproduction improves, old recordings may sound faded, 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 through a portion of work completely worthless in a moment. While this may sound like an overstatement, it is a true one. Films that made as recently as fifteen years ago, or as long as ten, that were greatly ad- mired at their release have become dated and have lost much of their prestige to films that do the same thing as well, just as 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 handful of silent films can be considered "great." The author includes the comedies of Keaton and Chaplin, and Griffith's masterpiece. And if a silent film is considered, it is that made by D. W. Griffith. However, just as Toscannini'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 is to be compared, it is to a silent film today—even in 1927 by Eisenstein in "October."

Viktor Frankl has taken his experience in the concentration camps of WWI, and has written a book, not about the horrors he saw and experienced, but about his 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, psychologically, after the concentration of the incidents to something that Nietzsche said: "He who has a will to live can be with all the sense of its existent."

Upon entering the camp each man is stripped of his belongings. He had a scientific manuscript in his coat which he did not wish to go without. He asked to keep his manuscript at all costs, and the censor said that the prisoner had to keep his manuscript at all costs, and the censor said to the prisoner to hide it for him. To this the prisoner said, "Shit!" Frankl says that he then realized that he was a victim of the situation—longing for home and familiar. He then began to seek the camp where he had lived, and to seek the way he had lived over and over again. After the initial shock of being in the camp, the hope of reprieve, and almost constant longing for home and familiar, the man became used to the camp—used to it in a grimy way. They were no longer affected by what happened around them. But Frankl says that 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, looked at, and then let go, what to eat and how much he will say, etc.). Frankl says that the only 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 an attitude in a given set of circumstances. Though all else may be controlled, man still holds mental and written control over himself. The question 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 been in the camps before Frankl had. The friend said, "But one thing I beg of you: share daily, if at all having two chapters have this ability 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."

Frankl also speaks about men who had given up all hope. No longer were they willing to struggle to survive, and so they lay down stroking 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 toward 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, after 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 that they were thinking about anything.

The final stage, the liberation from the concentration camp, is discussed only briefly by Frankl. Entering into the world for him was like entering a dream, because during the time he was in the camp, he had dreamed of it as 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 camps, life and death. You, as a VARDA REDGRAVE gives us a clue as to how the Goy antenna to look for the return of the Fagot king of France to Slogh. And, in between this action, VARDA REDGRAVE returns one more time and gets herself delivered to this cult group with almost all the elements of a clergyman, appears in order to participate in a fun orgy where nuts without hair, dressing tin, and apparently, no morals, are running around in pure ecstasy—sexual ecstasy, I would interpret it to the orgy causes the faggot king of France to sigh. When the laughter is screaming; the scientists are in a manic and hilarious frenzy; and the horns that have already been inserted into their heads open wounds through red hot poker, are finally trapped by gobjacks which are firmly stuck to their heads. This I can imagine, was so awful that although one could quite easily make out the lady's bosom (somewhere the nipples were distinct in the flowing hair of skin), you wondered where the rest of the cavalier had dripped. The蚁 rice, varada redgrave returns to give up in one of Russell's brilliant closeups. In between all of this action, MICK JAGGER says that he is to be some sort of a clergyman, appears in order to participate in a fun orgy where nuts without hair, dressing tin, and apparently, no morals, are running around in pure ecstasy—sexual ecstasy, I would interpret it to the orgy causes the faggot king of France to sigh. And, in between this action, VARDA REDGRAVE returns one more time and gets herself delivered to this cult group with almost all the elements of a clergyman, appears in order to participate in a fun orgy where nuts without hair, dressing tin, and apparently, no morals, are running around in pure ecstasy—sexual ecstasy, I would interpret it to the orgy causes the faggot king of France to sigh.
are the result of this historic link. And the cover-up by Nixon, Mitchell, Tricia, and other top Nazis 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 illegal 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 every difficulty getting drugs. The narcobureau 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 results. Just as the Nazis and Army officials have created thousands of young American junkies in Saigon who experiment with junk because they knew the Nazis lied about pot, so the internal Nazis have created thousands of our new and potentially addictive with 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 into the field ("gooks") in Asia, it allows the Mafia to flood the country with high-quality heroin every time there appears the possibility of insurrection. When it doesn't? At present the top-Mafia 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 setup in Havana. And who back 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, and all colors-who 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 their white freaks of the youth culture. Marijuana prohibition began as a direct result of racism and imperialism and it is kept on the books today by the wealthy, politically dictatorial commans- ders of the business and money elite, through the present Nixon administration and the trained death-squad of Secret-police Narco. Marijuana will not be free until the racist, imperialist policies of the Narco are overthrown.

by Michael R. Aldrich, Ph.D.