**Bacon Blood**

by Daniel Capnor

Porcocytes (paw'-ko-sights) were first discovered in 1967 during a routine autopsy for a heart attack case, although they seem to have been in the human bloodstream since even before the Stone Age. It was discovered that roughly one quarter of the red blood cells of a human being are not the usual disc shape at all, but of an irregular configuration resembling the head of a pig. A year or so after World War Two, a complete study was done (from which the following quotes are taken). I will only add that, far from being just another oddity in the world of science, the porcocyte phenomenon should be the concern of everyone who is interested in the future of man.

Thus, we see that porcocytes, like the appendix, are a survival mechanism whose function, in many areas of the world, is no longer needed. They evolved at the same time as the development of man's brain. Quite simply, in times of stress, these remarkable cells would serve to block off from the mind all concerns for the survival or well-being of any person except the self. As man became a social animal, these cells were needless and less. Unfortunately, they did not disappear.

"In fact, the opposite happened: as man's brain became more complex, the porcocytes became more active. The explanation for this lies in the fact that porcocytes function on all levels of thinking; a larger, more developed brain simply means more areas for them to work in. Thus, in modern man, exclusive concern for the self, far from being limited to problems of survival, has extended, even beyond everyday material concerns, into emotional and even spiritual well-being."

"The effects of porcocytes are most evident in the white European male, since it is he that (at present) has technological and cultural dominance over the world. Moreover, many of the basic unwritten values of his society provide subtle psychological reinforcement to the physiological effects described above."

"It is both a simple and a difficult matter to combat the effects of porcocytes. In theory, it is simple. Porcocytes work by creating habitual patterns of thinking, especially in terms of the white European male, to shunt those of a different sex, ethnic group, etc. If these patterns are recognized and changed, the porcocytes will eventually cease to function and will become oxygen-carrying, waste-eliminating cells like all the others."

"In practice, it is difficult, as difficult as for the habitual smoker to give up his habit. Yet, as the great number of people who are now ex-smokers will testify, it can be done."

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By Niford Zengallor

ZGBT making primary report to interplanetary anthropological council are you going to answer? Yes we are. What on Blatt have you been doing ZGBT? We haven't heard from you in ages. Literally.

Have explored entire sector of galaxy a bl have found only one planet with intelligent life third planet of sun 342-690 roset 342690 their survival appears to be contrary to our natural laws atmosphere has high carbon monoxide level which is increasing rapidly also creatures kill each other without legal reason sounds interesting what is this killing like? Natives are destroying each other with technologically made weapons but do not use them for food or other practical purposes later dead creatures are either buried or left to decompose also scattered incidents of similar killing of lower life forms.

Have you tried observing these creatures at close range? Disguised myself and entered large island colony believed it at first to be a prison because of many great walls and monotonous layout of passageways and prevailing sickness discovered it to be a city similar to those found on fourth planet of sun 32298 people use primitive auto-vehicles fill the streets with them early in the day empty them at night northern sector has much poverty malnutrition disease manual habitable use of addictive drugs residents kill each other to obtain barter papers.

Are the other people of this city trying to improve matters in this respect? They are blaming central government in another city for these troubles. Did you check this out? Went there and announced myself was imprisoned for five days for entering their nation illegally.

**Further Adventures of ZGBT from the Planet Blatt**

**Are you able to talk with anyone there?**

A person came to see me a military leader probably chief warlord told me trouble in island city could not be solved right away government barrier was being used for war materials.**War Materials for What Purpose?**

To preserve peace.

**ZGBT, We have just decided that you need a vacation.**

We know you've been away a long time...
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CRAZY EIGHTS was compiled by members of the Bard community who were entirely or in part dissatisfied with the quality of past issues of the RED TIDE. The graphics were produced by three members of the student body (Duncan Hannah, David Anfang and myself) who were "fed up" with the present RED TIDE policy of including canned Liberation News Service artwork by R. Crumb, B. Cobb and Jules Feiffer. We felt that these individuals did not reflect creativity at Bard, and thus did not belong in Bard's newspaper. The writers, on the other hand, were not quite as united in their reasons for submitting articles to CRAZY EIGHTS. Some felt that the RED TIDE was printing second-rate, sensationalist articles. Others felt that the RED TIDE lacked spontaneity and feeling of what Bard is all about. Still others, having no sympathy for LNS (if you want outside news you can read THE NEW YORK TIMES), decided to write their own articles, for better or for worse. Finally, there are those who felt that the RED TIDE was slanted too much towards the Left to be representative of a school that is really not radical anymore.

Be their reasons as they may, CRAZY EIGHTS presents CRAZY EIGHTS—a newspaper which is, if not totally original, at least a reflection of alternate thinking at Bard. If your conviction of CRAZY EIGHTS is that it contains no real news, think on this: maybe that's our statement. All I can hope is that CRAZY EIGHTS makes you realize what else is going on at Bard these days.

Dear Editor,

Last night I had a vision. In that vision God told me his name. It is Crazy Eights.

Joan Airplane

Hey You Crazy Eights:

Me and my friends are sure glad your fan mag has replaced that "political paper." I think that you should have more pix of pop stars and especially Nicky St. Nicho-lies (my fave rock). Also, I'd like you to print the words to songs on the radio so we can sing at lunch and dinner (if we are not too tired from all that school work, ha ha) Anyways, best wishes!

Love,

The Drama Table

by Jester Voyeur

Drugs

Glug

The whole thing is so bug

My whole head's a corn beef hash

of many kinds of drugs

Popping me awake

Shocking me asleep

Cursing me to laugh

Driving me to weep

It's so weird

That I am queer

When really I am not

Gulping beer

Smoking pot

eating slop

and what not

Drugs

They unplug the channels of my brain

Spraying C

Blowing Tea

LSD STP DMT

No wonder I'm insane

Methadone

Mesecin Cuscin

Benzedrine

Day in and

Day out

No wonder I

Am so far out

Drugs Drugs

And Lincoln was so smug

I'm glad that John Wilkes Booth

Saw fit

To hit him in the mug

CRAZY EIGHTS wishes to thank Sol Loe-

is Giglio, Dana Atigren, Liz Semel and the

entire staff of editors at The Red Tide for

giving CRAZY EIGHTS a place to be pub-

lished.

The Editor
Marc Bolan is a five foot four punk from London who used to play pixie-ish elf music. Seven albums have passed and he has discovered erotic, high voltage rock and roll, still incorporating his world of seagulls, jeepsters, werewolves, planet queens, salamanders, child stars, wizards, romany soup and, of course, the ever-popular woodland bop. The little gnome’s voice is utterly perverse. It ranges from breathy sighs, prehistoric scat singing, all-out howls, trilling mosquito noises to something akin to a poodle with a bad cough. The music is nice and bouncy, and Marc is writing some of the prettiest melodies to be found these days, plus probably the funniest lyrics (‘Aockin’ in the nude, feelin’ such a dude...’ or ‘Gill I’m just a jeepster for your love, I’m gonna suck you. ’). He starts one song out with a casual ‘take ten’, tunes his guitar for a second or two then yelps out a stuttered, ‘One and two and BUCKLE MY SHOE’.

T-Rex have had three big hits in England; ‘Ride a White Swan’, ‘Hot Love’ and ‘Bang a Gong (Get It On)’. Their concerts are shades of Beatlemania 1964—girls pulling their hair out, getaway limousine riots, ‘heads keep a-boppin’ and feet keep a-hoppin’.

It is evident that Marc Bolan has a gas playing guitar. In the tradition of a ten-year-old Pete Townend. At the Fillmore last April, chill on the bill to Mountain and Mylon (sadly ‘nuff), Marc did a dynamic windmill lashing on the last chord of the set which subsequently ripped the crucial area of his baby blue sailor jacket wide open and it all came out. Marc waved to his fans and made a slightly embarrassed exit stage right.

Unlike most flashy music, T-Rex wears well on you. It takes you back to the innocent days when our pop lyrics were our philosophies. We grew up with the Beatles, now grow up with Marc Bolan.

Foolish Fly,
MICRO-MAN GOES TO MICRO PARIS TO FIGHT IN THE WAR by Paul Cyrus Bray

The Mad Scientist had been a close friend of Mister Death’s ever since early adolescence when they had both been members of a street gang in Madrid, Spain known as The Barbarians. It was ironic, then, that it was through surveillance of Mr. Death that the detectives of the Den were able to locate his secret Panama City laboratory where they found more than enough illegal drugs to have him arrested. Mister Death, however, got off scot free due to insufficient evidence. It was Christmas day and The Mad Scientist sat alone in the Canal Zone Penitentiary in Gamba blinking tears into a glass of water like Mister Toad in the story by Kenneth Grahn. Nevertheless his mind was working on an idea which might be particularly useful to him in his present situation: an idea for a pill which would reduce his body to microscopic size and enable him to investigate the fascinating world of microbes. He had already explored the tenth dimension by means of a special pill which gave simply no sensation, but did allow him to observe the tiniest details of a bug or a fly. With the help of Waldo, his assistant, he was allowed to receive one gift each Christmas, a gift in this case being an enormous box of bagels given to him by Waldo and Mister Death. Little did the guards suspect, but concealed in these bagels was the drug which would change the Mad Scientist’s world immediately after it was synthesized. He had begun to stick along with the clothes on his body and the wall into which he carried in his trouser pockets. Soon he was invisible. It was thus that The Mad Scientist became Micro-Man.

Micro-Man finds himself in the company of various bacteria and protozoa who are all wearing knives and guns stuck into their bellies. One of them approaches Micro-Man and says, "Are you a Loyalist or a rebel?"

"What are you?

"We are rebels of course. We are going to Micro-Paris to storm the Grand Asylum. We are through putting up with the exploitation of the peasants. Anyone who defies him locks up in a gigantic mental hospital in Micro-Paris known as the Grand Asylum. We are through putting up with the treatment of the peasants. Anyone who defies him gets in.

"What are you doing?"

"I am an ex-tyrant who lives on the exploitation of the peasants. Anyone who defies him locks up in a gigantic mental hospital in Micro-Paris known as the Grand Asylum. We are through putting up with the treatment of the peasants. Anyone who defies him gets in.

"Are you a Loyalist or a rebel?"

"I am an ex-tyrant who lives on the exploitation of the peasants. Anyone who defies him locks up in a gigantic mental hospital in Micro-Paris known as the Grand Asylum. We are through putting up with the treatment of the peasants. Anyone who defies him gets in.

Suddenly a prototype runs into the room shouting, "The Loyalists are invading the Asylum!"

"Quick, to the streets!"

Micro-Man is almost run down by a stampede of micro-organisms which change into various animals after his eyes have become accustomed to the weird light in this strange little world: pigs running through the back alleys with drawn daggers, donkeys toting huge blunderburgers, goats rolling a huge cannon into the village square. Dust from cars rolling at incredible speed down the provincial streets. In the confusion, Micro-Man runs down the street, spies a holster with two gold pistols in it lying on the ground which he picks up and straps around his waste. He continues running, the sound of gunfire echoing in his ears. The village must be on top of a mountain, for he is now approaching some sort of mountain pass. He sees a discarded girl’s bike without any brakes on it.

"I’ll travel faster with this."

He begins peddling frantically, descending almost vertically down the steep pass.

“What’s that up ahead?"

Eleven Loyalists in black uniforms all on bicycles. A corner in front. Micro-Man sounds "beep, beep!" goes straight through the peddling multitude, rides straight off the road, off his bicycle into a forest full of tall pines.

“A rebel!"

With squirrel-like speed he climbs a tree and whips out his pistols. Pow, one dead. Pow, two dead. Pow, all of them dead: knocked off their bicycles like wanted fags, holes bored in their heads by the bullets; their bicycles fly into oblivion in a cloud of dust. Loyalists clutch their bloody faces, scream and go hurling off a five hundred foot precipice. Snap, bang... and another Loyalist bites the dust. Hark, what’s this? An armored truck coming down the road. Micro-Man assembles a molotov cocktail from ingredients in his utility belt and hurlts it at the truck. The truck explodes into a colossal cabbage-head of flame. Scarred and duddy from his fall, Micro-Man climbs back to the dirt road where a mass of burning breeding bodies lies.

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it, King ‘falter’!

Suddenly a whole army of Loyalists ascending the mountain through the trees. One is within firing distance. Micro-Man rests round and shoots him between the eyes. Apache yells of a thousand rebels descending from the mountains. Micro-Man is caught in the cross-fire. Flaming-bombs go off in the middle of the air. Micro-Man picks up one of the dead Loyalist’s bicycles and starts off down the winding road, passing a sign that reads: Micro-Paris 100 kilometers. Once out of fire, the front wheel of the bicycle tells off and he is once again writhing amid the trees. He staggerer heroically to the road. An old jeep is coming... It is driven by a peasy woman, her small son rides in the back. They must be rebels. Micro-Man waves down the jeep and gets in.

"Where are you heading?"

"I’m going to Micro-Paris to storm the Asylum."

"Well I can take you as far as the city limits."

They drive on for several hours until they are far away from the mountains.
The newest look on the scene is in plaid flannel shirts, ever' better if they are second-hand (make us believe you had 'em before they were vogue). The great kick towards individuality are orange hiking boots—better if you have your own! The must to every wardrobe are jeans—torn and rancid—holes must be strategically placed. Nothing hits off that first impression like that little flash of ass. The groovy look in Bard fashion is also the "layered look—mix but never match. The object of this action is to see how much you can 'pile on at once (let's, two dresses, two shirts [with alternate length sleeves], a long sweater, a short sweater, jeans, 2prs. socks and sandals and last, but not least, for that young intellectual who fancies himself a social elitist, finish off your jeans with an old tweed or plaid sports jacket from your prep collection. Follow the eight-fold path—all roads lead to Tivoli. Not to be confused with SILVERROOTS, the next star of Marvel Comics, who rides his rapidograph through the air at amazing speed. He's called eliminating the evidence, when it rains do your bagels get soggy? To the CONDIMENTS TABLE...