baco blood

by Daniel Cantor

Porocytes (poro-knots) were first discovered in 1552 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 disk 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, by using just another oddity in the world of science, the porocyte phenomenon should be the obsession of everyone who is interested in the future of man.

"Thus, as we see that porocytes, like the tail of the appendix, are a survival mechanism (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 the mind all concern for the survival or well-being of any person except the self. As man became a social animal, these cells were needed less and less. Unfortunately, they did not disappear."

"In fact, the opposite happened: as man's brain became more complex, the porocytes became more active. The explanation for this lies in the fact that porocytes 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 porocytes 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 promote subtle psychological reinforcement to the physiological effects described above."

"It is both a simple and a difficult matter to conduct the effects of porocytes. In theory it is simple. Porocytes work by creating habitual patterns of thinking, especially (in terms of the white European male) to instill those of a different sex, ethnic group, etc. If these patterns are recognized and changed, the porocytes 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 numbers of his sex who are now ex-smokers will testify, it can be done."


2. I needn't point out, however, that porocytes are equally effective on an interpersonal level, as well as with non-human forms of life.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ZGBT FROM THE PLANET BLATT

by Nilford Zergbartors

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! Here explored entire sector of galaxy a-2 have found only one planet with intelligent life third planet of sun 342 690 nmap 342690 their surival appears to be contrary to our natural laws atmosphere high carbon monoxide level which is increasing rapidly also creatures kill each other without logical reason. SOURCES 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 of left to decompose also wartered residents 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 utopia because of many great towers and monotonous layout of passageways and prevailing drabness discovered it to be a city similar to those found on fourth planet of sun 3228 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 manic habitual 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 of these troubles. DID YOU CHECK THIS OUT? went there and announced myself was imprisoned for five days for entering their nation illegally.

WERE YOU ABLE TO TALK WITH ANYONE THERE? a person came to see me a military leader probably chief warlord told me trouble in distant city could not be solved right away government barrier was being used for war materials, WEAR 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..."
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 79, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York 12505. The contents of Red Tide are copyrighted 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, VII, Station, New York, N.Y. 10024.

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**EDITORIAL**

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 "tired" with the present RED TIDE policy of including canned Liberation News Service artwork by R. Grung, R. Cobbe 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 life is going on at Bard these days.

by Jester Voyeur

Drugs

The whole thing is too bug
My whole head's a cornelie hash
of many kinds of drugs
Popping me awake

Smoking pot

It's so weird
That I am queer
When really I am not

Gulping beer

Drugging me

and what-not

Drugs

They unplug the channels of my brain

Snoozing C

Blowing Tec

LSD STP DMT

No wonder I'm insane

Methedrine

Mescaline Codeine

Benzedrine

Day in and

Day out

No wonder I

Am so far out

Drugs Drugs

And Lincoln was so snug

I'm glad that John Wilkes Booth

Saw Fit

To hit him in the mug

by Joan Airplane

Hey You Crazy Eights:

Me and my friends are sure glad your fan
map has replaced that 'political paper'.
I think that you should have more pix of
pop stars and especially Nicky St. Nicho-
lies (my face note). 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
too not tired from all that school work
and all!).

Love,

The Drama Table.

Dear Editor,

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

Joan Airplane

by Jester Voyeur

Drugs

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My whole head's a cornelie hash
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Saw Fit

To hit him in the mug
Marc Bolan is a five foot four punk from London who used to play piece-at-a-time music. Seven albums have passed and he has discovered electric, high-voltage rock and roll, still incorporating his world of satirical, jeapster, surrealistic, planet queen, salamander, child stars, wizards, romany soul and, of course, the ever-popular woodland hop. The little gnome's voice is utterly perverse. It ranges from breathy sighs, prehistoric wailing, 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 prelestest madriddles to be found these days, plus probably the funniest lyrics ('Rockin' in the nude, feelin' such a dude...' or 'Girl 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 slurred, '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 hoppin' and feet keep a hoppin'.

It is evident that Marc Bolan has a gas. He has in the tradition of a ten-year-old Pete Townend. At the Fillmore last April, third on the bill to Mountain and Mylon (lady 'nuff), Marc did a dynamic windmill lather on the last chord of the set which subsequently ripped the crucial area of his baby blue sailor's 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 Deni were able to locate his secret Panama City laboratory where they found enough then 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 Gamboa blinking tears into a glass of water like Mister Toad in the story by Kenneth Graham. 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

Micro-Man finds himself in the company of various bacteria and protozoa who are all wearing knives and guns stuck into their butts. 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 tyranny of King Spider and his corrupt regime."

"Well in that case, I'm a rebel also."

A chorus of hearty yells, signifying zeal for a cause.

"Who is this King Spider anyway?"

"He is an evil tyrant who lives on the exploitation of the peasants. Anyone who defies him he locks up in a gigantic mental hospital in Micro-Paris known as the Grand Asylum. But we have declared war against him. For the past several weeks there has been a revolution brewing throughout every corner of Micro-Land."

Suddenly a protozoa runs into the room shouting, "The Loyalists are invading the Ville!"

"Quick, to the streets!"

Micro-Man is almost run down by a stampede of micro-organisms which change into cartoon animals after his eyes have become accustomed to the weird light in this strange little world; people running through the back alleys with drawn daggers, donkeys toting huge blunderbusses, ports 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 and he picks it up and strips around his waist. 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 pedaling 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 off "Bleep! bleep!" goes straight through the peddlinng multitude, hits a 72x90 to 849x1242
fashion

by Barbara Billingsley

Get out your mud slide slim! The newest look on the scene is in plus flannel shirts, even better if they are second-hand (make sure you had them before they were
dug).

The great kick toward fluidity is orange hiking boots—better if you have your
friend drive his VW over the toss before you wear them (to make it look like you’ve been
doing some heavy trucking). It’s organic—back to nature.

A must to every wardrobe is jeans—torn and rancid. Holes must be strategically
placed. Nothing hits off that first impres-
sion like that little flash of ass.

The groovy look in Burd 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 (i.e., two dresses,
two shirts [with alternate length sleeves],
a long sweater, a short sweater, jeans, 2 yrs.
socks and sandals and hat, but not least,
for that young intellectual who fascinates
himself a social activist, 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 Tovoh.

1Not to be confused with SILVERBOOTS,
the next star of Marvel Comics, who rides
his rapidograph through the air at amazing
speed.

LOST-Large green hat with the letter’s
"CHI-E" printed on the trim. If you find it, could you please contact Hector Cortijo at Box 246. This hat
means a lot to me.

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California 91360.

by A la Mode & Turk E. Sourfex

joyous little pies
little lumps of chunky peanut butter
in my head searching for the jelly
melting on toast
yes, all over in my ears and eyes
it feels so good
Sarah Lee is ecstasy

Pepperoni pizzas are chasing me
onions and garlic and ovens of pea soup,
thick green pallions of it,
ingredients after ingredients,

I told you it would turn out like this, sugar,
the sun will melt your icy fantasies.
I am chilled at the thought—grilled
cheesy dips into velvet chairs,
loosing myself in your pudding
unable to find the door
your latitude can only be measured in red tape—or licorice,
it’s a

it’s called eliminating the evidence,
when it rains do your bagels get soggy?

Hey to the CONDIMENTS TABLE

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