RED TIDE

Vol. 1      No. 1      September 27, 1971

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

I have had some first impressions: probably the inside of the brain is all I really see. Whatever.

實際上我想, 非常感謝在這裡打工。

What was the last time I saw Paris?

Carole King. Traffic. And the famous sky seen snaring from every room positively amazing! (sort of blues)

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

I find it a bit hard to take that I'll have to grow up... dont you?

Bard... the word fairly hangs over the sky like a omnipotent cloud... yesses...

The last few days... have been such a whirlwind. What with registration and all... mambo.

I love coal mining... and cherry cigers, all in the same breath.

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

If he lost without his suspenders...

I must say I've never been so happy in my life, student!

The end
in the penal colony

ATTICA, N.Y. (LNS) - "P-1", "P-2", "P-3", said the tags which hung from the toes of the prisoners who were killed in the Attica Prison Riots, Massacre, as prison officials began to call it. Even with those labels, they couldn't quite keep track of how many bodies they had. On Thursday, Sept. 16, three days after the attack on the isolated prison, prison officials announced there were 33 bodies; the next day they discovered they had counted several bodies twice and now they claimed 30 prison deaths, as of "P-1", "P-2" and "P-3" just had to do for anxiously waiting relatives since they didn't get around to announcing names until Friday.

Tuesday, Sept. 14, the Monroe County Medical Examiner, Dr. John Edland, announced that all of the bodies he examined – prisoners and hostages – were killed by bullets.

"Some were shot once, some, as many as five, ten, twelve times," he said, with "two types of bullets, buckshot, and large caliber missiles." One wounded hostage recuperating at a nearby hospital was found to have particles of an expanding "dumdum" bullet. (A dumdum is a soft-nosed bullet designed to expand upon impact, entering with a small hole and leaving a large hole.) The wound left a hole "where you could put your two fists," said Edland, once source from the hospital.

The reaction from prison officials who had gone into gory detail about the slit throats and the guard they claimed had been castrated was pure cover. Russell G. Oswald, the State Commit-tee Investigator who signed the report which was sent into the prisons to give up or face conscription, said he had never told the reporters about slit throats or castration.

With that he refused to answer any more embarrassing questions and left his press conference. Whatever the role of Oswald, who is certain to be a center of public attention now that the initial screw-up story has been exposed, it is clear that quite a few people were happy to spread lies that would present the prisons as barbaric and inhumane. Deputy Director of Corrections Walter F. Keating can expect recruiting from San Quentin, California, the newly freed inmates, spokesmen for Attica's Warden Manueli, and members of joint police-troop assault team said the same lurid tales to a press that sunk into the sensationalism with glee.

Dr. Edland said he received a telephone call from someone in Gov. Rockefeller's office, urging him to cancel the press conference at which his autopsy findings were being announced. He said the state trooper observers watched as he performed the autopsies.

"I'm my own man and I call things as I see them. All the time I have 17 bodies. (Those others died after he did the autopsies, but they too were found to be killed by gunshot as well.) - Ed in my office, which is more than I ever want to see again in one day."

The bodies were first examined not by the coroner's physician in Attica, Dr. Martin Biesel, as they were supposed to be but by the prison doctor, Paul Sternberg, who was suddenly appointed acting coroner. Prominent among the inmates' demands during the rebellion was the replacement of Sternberg. Coroner Paul Sklarski of nearby Perry said he had been informed by prison officials that Dr. Biesel was not available, so Dr. Sternberg had been appointed acting coroner. Biesel said later that he had been ready and willing to do the job.

William Quinn, the hostage who died on Saturday after being returned to the inmates for outside medical help, was thrown out of a window by prisoners, according to all early reports. He died from a fractured skull. When the inmate was told about the accusations, they said, "If we could throw a man out a steel-barred window, we could escape the same way, couldn't we?"

A reporter from Harlem's Amsterdam News checked every window in cellblock D and found them all barred and about six inches square. Another reporter talked about getting a tour of the cellblocks which was the control of prison officials in the middle of the rebellion.

"Entering, we were struck by the pathetic sight of inmates propping instantly from the window of each steel door; the windows are too small for the cell's occupants to see anywhere but straight ahead, and only the mirrors can show them what is happening.

Von facts in the town of Attica - where everyone has a brother or aunt or father who works in the jail, where the local bakery and hardware store are running their lives to the buying power of the giant gray fortress - would be those of Edland's findings. No matter that he was surrounded by a circle of state troopers as he worked.

A relative of Carl W. Vajone, one of the hostages who was killed, was in a minority when he said: "We feel Carl was not killed by the prisoners but by a bullet that had the name of Rockefeller on it." He did not want the reporter to mention his name since he holds a government job but he mentioned that his whole family feels the same way.

While people like Rev. James P. Collins, chaplain of Elmira prison, exulted the dead guards, calling for the creation of a "maximum security institution for about 150 hardcore, militant, Marxist revolutionaries," doctors were frantically trying to get in to see the injured prisoners.

Before dawn on Tuesday morning, doctors and nurses from the Medical Com-mittee for Human Rights from hospitals all over New York City tried to get in to treat the injured inmates. They, along with lawyers from Buffalo and New York City, were refused entry even the next day when they returned with a federal court order commanding the prison officials to let them in. Teams of black doctors and nurses were also turned away.

In the mass of confusion and conflicting reports arising from the Bay Area with regard to the recent killings at San Quentin there appears to be no positive idea as to what actually happened inside those walls on August 21. As long as those who were most intimately involved in the events of that afternoon, the prisoners in the Adjustment Center themselves, are not allowed to speak openly and freely about what went on we shall not know the full story. But as they cannot speak and as the people's curiosity demands some information I am going to try to tell it in a logical manner as possible what I have been able to put together from various accounts in the straight and under-ground press and from the accounts of various people in Marin Co.

To begin with, the central character in the San Quentin killings is George Jackson, and there can be no understanding of the day's events without some knowledge of him and his life in prison. George Jack-son spent the last ten years of his life in prison; first in Soledad Prison and later in San Quentin. This was not a long time to get a guilty plea to a $70 robbery of a gas station at age 18. He got the usual sen-tence that most "disadvantaged" (in other words those who can't afford a good law-yer) people in California get – the inden-terminate sentence. The indeterminate sentence is one year to life but somehow it seems to work out closer to life than one year.

Most of his time after sentencing was spent in Soledad Prison, long known as the tensest, toughest and most potentially explosive of California prisons. Some time in early 1969 things exploded. A new riot raged in the prison courtyard and tower guards fired "warning shots" at the prisoners below. Scattered enough the "warning shots" killed three black inmates and no whites. Shortly afterwards a guard was thrown over a third floor cellblock railing to his death and within hours prison authorities charged Jackson and two other black inmates, Fleeta Drumgo and John Cleghote with murder. No charges were issued against the tower guards.

The prison's proceedings against the three were so sullied and swift that a good many people became suspicious. Questions about things inside Soledad were being left unanswered. A defense committee was organized for the three who collectively became known as "The Soledad Brothers." Before too long, supposedly for their own safety, the Brothers were transferred to California's maximum security prison – San Quentin.
We decided to change the name of the old "Observer" to "Red Tide", in order to reflect some of the changes that have taken place among members of the old Observer staff and the Bard campus in general. The format of the Observer had become stale, dull, and generally fairly uninspired. A change in the name of the newspaper would be the first step towards redefining and recreating that object, we thought—and "Red Tide" is about as funky a name as we could come up with in a fairly short amount of time. Which is to say that we don't consider "Red Tide" to be a permanent name; that is, unless we fail to get any better suggestions. We are counting on receiving suggested names and titles for the new student paper from everybody.

Much more important than deciding on a new name for the paper is the question of the basic content of the paper. We believe that a change should take place in what goes into the paper. So that a new name for the paper is justified. Instead of having the same old people do all the artwork, wrapping and layout, we want all of you to contribute some of your time and talent to upgrade the paper—whether your thing is writing, drawing, graphic, cartoons, layout, typing, humor, political commentary, sports, art, anything—we want you! We want to broaden the staff to include as large a percentage of the student body as possible—to make it a paper that truly serves the people. Whatever your talent, you're needed.

We are attempting, then, a re-organization of the paper in order to effect the changes outlined above. To draw and attract people to the paper, to make the production of the paper more valuable and interesting, we have eliminated the role of a single editor. Instead we hope that everyone who is involved in putting the issue at hand together will participate in deciding what should go into the paper, what not, etc... This should include the writers, the artists, the typists, the businesspeople, everybody. If you decide that the paper as it now does not fill your needs, please help make it better. Written or spoken criticisms of the paper is what we're after; even better are specific personal contributions. If you feel you can help, contact us through Box 76 Campus mail, or better yet visit the paper's office in the basement of McVicker (in Stone Row). Come!

Bard Women's Liberation has proposed to set up an abortion fund which would be available to any woman in the community. Our plan is to raise money through donations from students, faculty, and administration, and to place the funds in a savings bank. We count on offering a flat sum, from fifty to seventy-five dollars (depending on community support of the project), to every woman who asks for help. The money would be advanced as a loan, with the understanding that the student will make every possible effort to return the sum before the end of the year, or before she leaves Bard.

Along with the funds, we are setting up an abortion referral service. A list of doctors and clinics within the area (including New York City) will be available through the intercampus and Mrs. Suggett. Also, two students, Natalie Kaye and Jay Merrill, will gather information about the various listings, and will relate their findings to any woman needing an abortion.

Please help us provide this long-neglected assistance to women in the community. If you wish to make a donation now, write a check payable to BARD WOMEN'S LIBERATION ABORTION FUND (BWL—Abortion Fund) and drop it into campus mail, box 232. You'll hear back about the fund, and about other Women's Liberation Action.

--Courtney Collins

Recently I was down the road enjoying a Sunday afternoon nap and I struck up a conversation with a local insurance man. The man was full of information and we progressed from talk about the new Paul McCartney album to the time Bob Dylan was thrown out of Adolfs for being drunk and disorderly.

Since he was an insurance man, and had no qualms about mixing business with pleasure, we soon came around to discussing automobile accidents. The amount of mishaps involving Bard students driving or walking on Annandale Road is really shocking. Although I couldn’t locate the exact statistics, Mrs. Fraser assured me that there is at least one bloody smash per year which involves a student. Accidents not resulting in personal injuries are rarely reported but nevertheless quite numerous.

I can easily understand the fumbling late-night journeys back from campus from one of those long nights down the road. Walking, we are lulled into a sense of security by the veritable consumerism spirits, as well as the unique natural beauty of the area. I can remember seeing people laid out on the side of the road one evening last summer. Anyone travelling at high speed could have run over them with no chance of stopping.

Taking one look at Bard's fleet of deluxe-distributors automobiles, you can easily understand where our greatest safety problem originates. Annandale Road is a winding, dangerous road that shouldn't serve as the training course for every amateur Barney Griffin at Bard College. This year we have more cars than ever before and chances of the accident rate increasing is good.

There is a real world out there somewhere and the quickest way to hell is via an accident and subsequent hospitalization.

—Jeffrey Miller

Many disgruntled student residents at Bard this semester are expressing dissatisfaction with their housing assignments. Due to the delayed construction of the modular dorms, students have been housed in the infirmary, in the Skytop Motel, and doubled up into single rooms. Probably the worst inconvenience is felt by our students living in Village halls, where single rooms are serving as doubles. How long will these conditions last? According to Lee Suggett, there will be no problem at all when the modular dorms are completed. Naturally, the next question comes to mind: is just when are the modular dorms going to be completed? Unfortunately, there is only vague speculation about a date sometime during the month of October. These innovative single-room dorms were originally scheduled for completion by September. However, on August 20, the company in charge of their construction declared bankruptcy. At the present time, other building companies are being evaluated, and there is a possibility of a preliminary contract with one of the largest builders in the country. President Kline declined to disclose the name of this company as plans are indefinite as yet.

Meanwhile, some resident students are trying to find places off-campus, and are discovering that they must pay a $200 non-resident fee. As President Kline explained, because of inflation, the cost per student increased by $25. Since overall enrollment at Bard had already been raised, it was decided that non-resident students would pay $215 more a year and resident students $220 more a year for housing. He added, "We are trying to help students who wish to live off-campus; we are merely trying to spread the costs."

Another cause of complaint is the dilapidated condition of the dorms collectively referred to as Stone Row. These dorms are described as "characteristic of the college," and "picturesque." Therefore, knocking them down is out of consideration. However, it will cost more to renovate their interiors than to rebuild the dorms. President Kline gave a cost estimate of three quarters of a million dollars for their renovation. At the present time there are no funds available to cover these costs.
Finally, on Friday Sheldon Schwartz, a doctor who went into the prison with the rest of the team that got out, said that between 350 and 370 inmates were wounded and not the 20 that the prison doctors originally said were treated.

Schwartz said that many prisoners were standing up in Block C - captured by the guards early in the rebellion - watching the shooting from their cells, which is not normal. Feeding inmates saw other prisoners shoot into the air to avoid killing another inmate. Two prisoners were shot while covering in a trench, they said.

A National Guardian described what happened while he was inside a Fed-Ex truck. James P. Wat-son distributed ammunition to his group and notified the inmates being carried out on stretchers. Many of them were tied to the fence. I see a lot of women say things about this on the Internet. They are saying that they were in connivance or shock. Occasionally, you could see a prisoner (like me)营养 his feet.

When they did that, guards would tell racial epithets at them and shout, "Keep your head down or we're going to kill it."

Many of those who remained were dead in the cell block. N.Y.C. and who was shot dead in Cell Block D during the invasion. Long before the rebellion, blacks, Puerto Ricans and whites had formed groups which they called the Black Panthers and the People's Party for blacks, the Young Lords for Puerto Ricans, the Weathermen for whites.

According to Jose "G" Paris, one of the Young Lords Party representatives on the negotiating committee who had served time in Attica, "If you aren't poppin' your fingers and listening to music and reading 'Black Nationalist' magazines in there; you're not doing that, sitting down writing or reading or talking to other people serious about serious questions, you get repressed. Because then they call you a potential trouble maker."

Schwartz said that inmates were captured by the guards during the process of a search. He thought they were being drawn out of the prison. "They are all going to the same place. They are all going to the same place," he said.

When Tom Wicker (who is originally from North Carolina) came out to report the violence, he was greeted with cries from the crowd, "Nigger lover. You must live with niggers. Sonofabitch. What kind of a cop is this? Standing on a platform with a niggar and helping a niggar to save their own life."

Fear for five days, Attica's doors were sprayed open enough so that some of the outside world found a little what was happening inside. Now they're closed again, even tighter then before. People in the Cujo's had considered leaders here were quoted in newspapers or had their pictures taken are locked into the hole word out to even other inmates. Whether they are wounded from bullets or beating or whatever, no one knows. Hospitalized inmates, some with inter- nal bleeding or hemorrhaging are still so tight that it often stops circulation. When people from the black community tried to get in to see them, they were stopped at the door and were told the names of the inmates and their condition in one word.

Inmates can't even get word out like the inmates in San Quentin did by sending a note out with a hospital transport. Inmates here are no one in Attica has a trial coming up. Attica is a sealed fortress again.

But can you talk about the "hard core" and "the ordinary prisoners who are forced to go along" as Roy, Collins did? The thing that most of the people that went in as part of the negotiating committee or as reporters remarked about was the "absolute solidarity" among the prisoners. During one of the meetings between the negotiating committee and the prison, a black inmate grabbed the microphone and shouted: "To the oppressed people all over the world - we got the solution. The solution is unity!"

One inmate, Keese Montgomery, a young black inmate from Costa Rica, C.S. said: "Man, there's people in here we treated like dogs down home... but want you to know, you can stick together, we gon' get what we want, or we gon' die together. I've learned so much that if I get out of this I want to plane ticket out of this country."

Though Attica Prison was 85% black and Puerto Rican, the People's Central Committee, which acted as a governing body, had a number of whites on it (one of them was Sam Melville, who was convicted of conspiracy in N.Y.C. and who was shot dead in Cell Block D during the invasion."

On the afternoon of the 21st, Attorney General George Jackson had a meeting with an attorney, later stated as Stephen Mitchell Bingham, in the Visitors' Center outside the Adjutant Center. Jackson set on across from one another at a table in the room and conversed for an hour or so. Prior to his entrance Bingham had to go through a metal detector, which registered. He also tried to get in and out. Jackson was talking to the man who is identified as a black male. He was talking to him, Jackson said, and he did not say what was the matter.

At the conclusion of the halting hour a guard came to announce the meeting was over. Bingham left, and excluding one accident that evening, he has not been seen since.

George Jackson, meanwhile, was taken back to the Adjustment Center where a guard was engaged in a search of the drug dealer's car. He turned over his files to the guard and left. His papers contained a letter from the guard-vision, from this point until a minute or so while watching a crowd, we only ran this guard's version of the story, who is probably probably anonymous. The guard, a black car, discovered the man who is a black car, and according to him, Jackson pulled a firearm, pistol out of the way and said, "This is it." He added that a few days later a correspondent for the San Francisco Chronicle with a head size of three feet high, proximate to George Jackson tried this stunt with the specified pistol and found it impossible. At how Jackson got the gun is seen if he had a gun at all (which many people doubt) it was given to him by Bingham in a hollowed out compartment of his tape recorder.

At any rate, at this point there were 27 prisoners and six guards in the Adjustment Center. A guard, wondering why Jackson was not taken down, opened the center door and shot at (shooter, if any, unidentified.) that guard, who was an alarm while supposedly hitting the master switch to unlock the cells. Jackson then tore into the courtyard with another inmate, Larry Spain. A tower guard sprays Jackson and falls to the ground. Strangely enough, Spain wasn't hit but was captured, unarmed, with a min- i-bike.

Immediately after Jackson had been shot a group of guards broke in and found most of the prisoners moving about or sitting on the floor. They only locked them up. Then, in the process of that, they found a dead guard, two dead guards and a wounded guard in Jackson's cell. Another guard found a dead guard and a dead and two wounded guards. All had been slashed with a half of a razor blade and were cut in a toothbrush handle. None of them, now, no one either knows or cares to say who killed whom.

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26 MY LIFE TO LIVE  
(dir. Jean-Luc Godard)  

**Wednesday**  
22 LEFT-HANDED GUN  
(dir. Arthur Penn)  
29 RED RIVER  
(dir. Howard Hawks)  

**Friday**  
24 CHRISTMAS IN JULY  
(dir. Preston Sturges)  

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**CINEMA:]’71**  
**October**  

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<td>8 REBECCA and BLACKMAIL</td>
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**DECEMBER**

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<td>HIS GIRL FIRDAY</td>
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<td>(dir. Howard Hawkes)</td>
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by LARRY GROSS

Robert Altman's latest film, McCabe AND MRS. MILLER, is a dazzling work of art. It is made to appeal to the American in a number of years. It is a maddening film to try and describe because it moves in a totally different way from most films, good or bad. As in McCabe AND MRS. MILLER, Altman's previous films, plot and formal narrative are largely eliminated, (perhaps "just barely present") to be more accurately described as a rhythm of the characters; we catch them out of the corner of our eye or manage to just over hear what they are saying.

The central characters in the film are established along two classic patterns. McCabe is the face-talking, mysterious card-player, Mrs. Miller is the tough-minded whore. We have seen their like in dozens of previous westerns, or so we think, but Altman shows us startlingly new dimensions in these stock characters.

In one scene the character of McCabe, who emerges as all bluff, who has no capacity to outwit the Bad Guys and win the girl, may seem to be Altman's way of debunking the myths of the Western hero, and this is an element of Altman's invention. But McCabe is not simply more stupid than the previous heroes we've encountered in watching. He is of a human, more authentically mysterious. He embodies the problem of all the classic American heroes (Tug's Hunk Finn, Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby), the problem of goodness, the inability to know his own best interests, the desiring for a kind of permanence which he can't achieve.

Contemporary American films love to show us heroes who are uprooted and then show why the society, vileness and corruption, make our heroes that way. Altman doesn't moralize or rail about the society in this film. The townpeople for whom McCabe builds a whore house, are shown in their full rich ambiguity, pathetic, ignorant, at times violent, but also capable of great warmth and goodness. Scenes like the opening card game, the funeral mid-way in the film, and all the seedy, jumbled being built, show the fellowship of the townpeople, its cruelty and authenticity.

McCabe's situation is not that of the hero, morally superior to all the corrupt members of society, but that of the half-dreamer, the man bewitched by his own sense of possibilities, but incapable of realizing them.

He sees them for a time emboldened in Mrs. Miller, the whore who runs his brothel. But Mrs. Miller is too strong for McCabe, too practical and too resourceful. She knows how to get the vocation for opium-smuggling, which is the key to her own dream. It is one which she does not share, cannot share with McCabe. McCabe AND MRS. MILLER is so rich and many-spangled a work that my emphasis on the central relationship is in effect misleading. The most remarkable achievements derive from the way Altman and his whole cast completely immerse themselves, and us, in the milieu. The town itself is realized on-scene in a great sense of immediacy. The sense of mud, cold, rain, and the physical discomfort of a ramshackle mining town. The central story is not superimposed on the milieu, it grows organically from the milieu in bits and pieces, in the rhythm of ongoing life.

A word about the acting. Altman uses a number of actors from two of his recent films (Revere Aubrey-Jones, Shelley Duvall, and a number of others whose names I've forgotten) and we get a real sense of the townpeople as members of a community. I don't mean the word in its modern political sense, but literally, people who know one another, and are familiar. This is a lived-in movie. In the central roles Warren Beatty and Julie Christie give the performance of their respective careers. Beatty has mastered his scene of comic timing, and with various understanding, embodies McCabe's foolhardiness. We never concede to him, as we so easily might. Julie Christie, whose part is slightly less well-written, performs with intensity and authority. For years we've been told to see her because she was just too beautiful to miss, but in this role she seems, through the character, and not her good looks, Mrs. Miller is authentically a heroine, in a way which is rare in American cinema.

The film explicitly endorses the notion that prostitution and male-dominated marriage are pretty much the same thing, but that prostitution is more honest. Also the scene where Alma, the youngest whore, knifes her client, may be the first true dramatization of the effects of chauvinism, in a film by an American male director.

McCABE AND MRS. MILLER is, in its unwavering way, a revolutionary film, not in its ideas, which are simple and straightforward enough, but in its easy, relaxed, and wholly indirect form of presentation. It is a film of amazing gracefulness and dexterity, and with it, Robert Altman revivifies our conception of narrative film.

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A disc of "Greatest Hits" by Johann Strauss means the kind of waltz-and-polka collection that was old hat before most of us were born. This one has Reiner and Fiedler in four waltzes, two polkas, and the "Pietanzen" Overture, all beautifully done. Definitely recommended.

If you simply must have Ormandy and the Philadelphia in the 1812 Overture, this RCA record is hard to beat. It's the first of its kind, with chorus, bells and electronic cannon, does pack a certain punch. Fiedler does the March Slane and the last scene from "Swan Lake," and Munch adds some music for strings. This is especially recommended for beginning "classical" bugs, because when you start getting serious about a Tchaikovsky collection, you won't have to get doubles on anything on this record.

The Wagner concert is okay as far as Wagner concerts go. Highlights: Ormandy doing "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," Reiner's "Meistersinger" Overture, and Leonard Stokowski's "Pilgrims' Chorus" and "Ride of the Valkyries," especially the latter, since Stokowski takes it right out of the opera instead of using the different and less exciting concert version.

And, finally, a monstrosity called HEAVY HITS, including the "2001 Sun-rise," the "Elvira Madigan Concerto," and the same finale from the Beethoven Ninth that was on the Beethoven record.

This last horror and the Bach are the only albums in the bunch that I can say, outright, that I can't recommend to the uninitiated listener. But there are problems. First, the liner notes are often either condescending or stupid, especially in the case of the imaginary interviews and "Elvira Madigan" holds with many of the composers. Second, many of the pieces or these records have words in German or Italian, but only the Martyr has translations.

And, last but hardly least, a primary purpose of RCA should be to sell recordings of the complete works to those who have just heard the excerpts. But only one of these records - the Mahler again - has a list of RCA recordings of the complete versions of the works excerpted on the record. The others all plug the other "Greatest Hits" records. If the kids don't know where to get the "real thing," how are they going to get to? If this doesn't boost sales on its other classical LP's, RCA can only blame itself.

San Quentin

After that the now famous body search of all inmates took place and then all prisoners were returned to their cells. Almost immediately afterward the prison administration closed the prison and until Chuchute and Drungo appeared in court the outside world had no idea what was happening. In court they told of harassment and beatings by obviously scared guards. Only after repeated attempts were selected journalists allowed in and they were hand chosen by the warden himself. Even then, however, the story was sublimated and might never have come out. A group of black leaders, including Congressman Ron Dellums, went in a few days later and arrived at exactly the same conclusion.

Something has come up in the past few days that is the views of San Quentin prisoners on the events of the 24th of August expressed through an intermediary, John Thorne. John Thorne, who was George Jackson's attorney, stated while appearing on Black Journal that he had talked to several inmates and the general consensus was that the "escape attempt" was an unquestionable frame-up. According to inmates, their cells were opened while Jackson was in conference with Bingham. Jackson came back and while under the required skin search realized what was afoot. The prison guards released the inmates so they could claim an escape attempt and justify their re- sulting actions. Jackson realized he was the intended victim of the "escape" and broke away in defense and was shot. A net little setup on the prison's part for ridding themselves of a prisoner who knew too much.

Three weeks later not much more is known than two weeks ago and much of what we know comes from questionable sources. George Jackson is dead, whether the victim of an escape attempt or of a cold blooded murder we don't know. Two prisoners and a few guards died and at whose hands we don't know. Stephen Bingham, as last I heard, is wanted on five counts of murder under, I believe California's conspiracy law and has not been seen since the evening of August 24th. In the end, for a true explanation of what happened on that day we can only hope for the freedom of those who know who but are either not allowed or are afraid to speak. For if they don't know, we've never known the full story of that day at San Quentin.