MINI NORTH AND SOUTHS

The 3 Powers Meet

Taco Tiffner

A Campaign Among the Red Community

MINI NORTH AND SOUTHS

North and South students have always lived together. Let us not forget this.

Marek Sull
letters

Dear Tide:

The readers of the first article of my reflective 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 Verdad

“The Foolishness of Petitioning”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,

lets he equals

what do you say?

I’ll be ensnared in commerce

you wear my tampons this week,

I’ll get an ulcer pacifying the boss

you do that load of Sunday dishes and
clean the oven [a bleeding ulcer if you’ll scrub the commode]

which would you rather
drain out the diaper

or wipe away the spot?

lets 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 column 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.

Angry yours,
Sol Louis Siegel

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Sol Louis Siegel
A TALK WITH LITTLE QUEENIE

What did you think when Brian died?
Well it was kind of sick cause I was in a pool when I heard about it, and then I got upset when they played nothing but the Stones on the radio. I didn't like it, unlike him I think. But I did think that the Stones were a part of the radio. It was like the only way to leave the Stones.

It seems as if there is a lot of violence surrounding the Stones.
Some people say that all Brian could do is cry and sleep and die down in the end, but he was playing in that Godard film. I didn't really understand the film. I guess it was about the connection between revolutionary politics and revolutionary art.

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

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

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

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 out 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 also 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 so mellow I nearly puked, everybody trying to get into a country, cowboy, worker dress thing. Some girl was telling me she comfortably walks in overalls 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 theme?
The boys are sexist, they can't talk to you. Just go to Adolph's one night, fifty creepies trying to bail you. You know "YOU WANNA GO TO MY ROOM AND GET STONED?" Well, that's about all, so let's just get stoned.

Bruce Holvenstot

Women's Liberation NEWS

Last spring, Bard Women's Liberation organized and conducted a Women's Studies course. The class was limited to 15 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 intended to take 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. Bring your ideas, help to shape the Women's Studies course.

Bard Women's Liberation plans to put out its first Women's Journal some time this semester. We have tentative, yet sub-titled it a Literary and Political Journal. Contribution 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 progressive ideas about children. You would have to provide your own transportation to and from Red Hook; hitching isn't too tough. If it's the only way. The Center operates five days a week, from about 8:30 am to 4:30 pm. Call the Center directly (741-8060) if you are interested. There are more boys in the class, so 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 6:00 pm, long enough to accommodate sixty students. If you need to go to the clinic, this applies to men and women, please get in touch with me, Courtney Collins, box 223 as soon as possible. We will have a form to get to the Poughkeepsie; I will contact you concerning meeting time and place.

Courtney Collins

PART AND WHOLE

he is contained in she
and in her, man is contained in woman, man in men,
and male is contained in female, male in males, in the lion in lions,
god in goddesses.
FROM THE ABKSA

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

ARIZONA

VIPERS

Throughout the Forties, when marijuana "addicts" were called "Vipers," racism was an everpresent, though sometimes not explicit, part of the anti-marijuana drive continued by the Bureau and aided by popular sensation-magazine articles. An article in a 1941 Shock magazine, for instance, exposed "America's Most Dangerous Drug" by having a reporter attend a "marijuana jazz" party in one of all-aces Grand Forks, North Dakota. White women—depicted as sluts, their skirts hiked up, their hair up in a ponytail, some with bags over their heads to "inhale all the smoke of the room"—were shown dancing and carrying on with black sticklers in yellow.

and in further Federal legislation in 1966. The highest penalties meted out for pot offenses occurred 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 prison, applying 400+ kilos of marijuana—was a man.

LEE OTIS JOHNSON, Former Field Secretary for SNOCO, Houston, sentenced August 1963 to 30 years for allegedly giving one joint to an unwelcome Nark at a pool table. LEE LOPEZ ALMENDAREZ, also of Houston, "Life sentence" for possession of 42 kilos; Richard Dorsey, black shoeshine stand operator in Dallas, given 50 years in 1967 for selling a $5 matchbox to a Nark; SAMUEL WILLIAMS, black, sentenced in Seattle to 20 years for sale of a $1 joint to a 16-year-old. The list could go on.

Racism against nonwhites in America is now based largely on cultural longings, radical activists, and pot smokers—the new revolutionary class of "wyd"—combined the Rhythm magazine poll in September 1978 showed that, indeed, the new users are the most revolutionary college students: 35% of female students said that the need a violent reaction, rather than "working within the system is necessary," as opposed to 10% of non-users and 22% of all users. Thus the pot laws have become 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 wives of wealthy politicians or politicians off with probation, throwing the book at poor people.

In 1965, Congressman Hale Boggs of New Orleans began successful campaign to exterminate the DEA's power and establish minimum mandatory 2-20 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 occurred in Texas and the Deep South, again directed mostly at blacks and chicanos.

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I think the recent prison rebellions 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. Wonton domestic violence - in its finest pour - is Truly an Amer- ican Heritage and has provoked Train- ing Ground necessary for even more superior (and more newsworthy) commitments abroad.

Now I do not think, Gentlemen, that blaming the Hon. Rockhead Governor for these things is any better. He made the flight decision, Yes he did. What did you expect him to do, allow prisoners - some of whom being nuts - to make the place a battle area, to be. Without the needed treatment? These dead criminals - undoubtedly there are some who are 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 colleagues for their passion involving in these sensitive Affairs. Quite the contrary, I think, is now to the time to Declare that students have not received their Full Share. So far there has been the Meager Four Dollars of Ohio, and sure there were those of a few more down there in the South. Over here, the students haven't gotten their Full Share.

When, in the course of quasi-human events, we come to realize our country - to have an enormous unparalleled faith in Mass Murder (not to mention assassination), it seems in my most deliberate judgment that the collapse are not receiving enough due preparation to Determine their Destiny in our Great Amer- ican Panorama. But they need a place to Vent their emotions. So we need to Choose An Extracurricular Activity in which the students can be killed and be killed in addition. This will be the only in which the President will be asked to retain the 15:00 deficit.

First of all, let's get one thing straight: No Honor Students On the Battlefield. They will be the Generals. This course may also serve as a Prequel for Ad- vanced Film Directing. (Remember crime rebellions). While all the Honor Students are to be recruited. Sub-Honor Students will be responsible in this Department. The munitions lab will be supervised by ex- perts, dependable Low-B and High-C type students. These people will also go on field trips using machinery from the laboratory. Their equipment for these hunts, I mean trips, will be one bazooka, one small tank, two machine guns, five automatic rifles, ten 22-calibre

The bill will I feel it is a little bitter here, this because this brings back memories. Hopefully, by the time this goes to press, I will have forgotten my bitter- ness. One learns to forget anything to the best way to explain the whole thing: ANGER, BITTERNESS.

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

pass onSharion's ass

On Saturday, October 2nd, 800 guys marched on Mr. Shairson's house on 10th St., at 9:00 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 one day, they did take a couple of people down some arrests and beat the shit out of them. I witnessed one beating 7 cops to one 18-year-old kid. The sergeant stood on the sidewalks and looked at them on. I was flipping. I had my umbrella, a black belt, and I was using it in his face screaming: “You fanny S.O.B., you fanny S.O.B., you fanny S.O.B., when the revolution comes, we'll have your head, we'll have your head!” I meant it. I was very hot and sad; you couldn't even see the subways. As I wandered through the fog to the subway, or Nathan's (I don't remember what I was doing or where). I kept thinking of that fanny S.O.B. and I realized that if this continued like this, my prediction might come true. People would be angrier, people would be more bitter.

However, I think we made our case. Our dear Mr. Shairson was probably off somewhere in the Hamptons as were most of the ranchers. Or is this simply the lower class conception of wealth? But the tenants were there. They knew what they were doing, and I hope they get on Mr. Shairson's ass. Perhaps they were watching it on their televisions sets, there were news- clippings perhaps they read about it in the Monday papers. At any rate, THE BILL WILL PASS ON SHARISON'S ASS.
THE MEHR TREATS FIGHT THE FEDS TO THE FINISH.

BY: Robbie Goldwitz

BARD MANIA:

IT’S NOT YOUR FAULT

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

In order to try to set aright the prob- lems 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 im- plications, I, before entering Bard last year, decided to do some research on the school’s pre-history, which I dis- covered to be quite interesting. So interesting, in fact, I decided to sub- mit the findings as a sort of “Term Paper” for my high school history class. The teacher failed me, though, part because of the “bizarre insanity of the paper” (as he so well put it) but because we were supposed to con- cern ourselves with the Social-Economic implications of the East 8th St. Gim- bel’s—but no matter.

The actual story began way back in the misty primeval past, and involved a new order of the world—human. It was not the same as the one we inhabited the very land we are now standing on.

It seems that, at first, there wasn’t any tribe. The land was, for a time, quite peaceful. Wild animals, including Deer, Muskrat, Flee, the now extinct North American Sulfing Catfish (named to beech its terrible walking posture and assorted variety of Dog. All these wild woodland creatures, living in per- fect harmony.

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

It turns out that an obscure Indian was this tribe; a bit farther 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 for other than decorative purposes. His wanderings took him to the Hudson River. There, on the banks of that mighty Estuary, he befriended an old man who would ferry people back and forth from bank to bank. The old man seemed to have a strange infatuation with the 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 Ol’ 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, Tamahora Cru- ger), the old ferryman, realizing that the place was no 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 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, and started walking about, sleeping, and engaging in friendly romps in the woods with the deer and wild sheep. A pleasant life.

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

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

Many years passed, and, in the Year of our Lord, 1890, St. Stephen College for the Good Book, the spiritually handicapped, and the Lord, God, was created. In less than seventy years, St. Stephen’s simply disappeared. No one knows exactly what happened to the school, but a few of the former students did make a name for them- selves. Bishop Pike, for one, and his ramblings through the desert. And Cardinal Dozinsky, better known as the Krazy Cardinal of the Knaves.

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 to view life in a different way, to want to live life in style. The Freshman would come every year, and fall inno- cent victims. Sophs, and Juniors would commit suicide, and Seniors would get drunk.

But, please, please don’t worry, dear reader. If you find yourself getting a bit insane and lose sense, and Bard starts to reveal it’s true self, don’t dis- trust! It’s not your fault.

You just happen to be cursed.

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

There seems to have been one clus- tered group of handsome Tepees, ones that, even today would rival the home- made counter-cultural model, or even the nylon Abracazibbble & Fitch version. There was, approximately at the new Dining Commons site, a sacrificial fire altar where the tribe, after gathering the fruits and nuts of the day, would throw them into a raging fire and see what remained after the fire died.

Some anthropologists postulate that the tribe believed what was left was worth eating, while others propose that this was an early form of “foodstuffs al- chemie” whereby the Indians hoped a better meal, such as roast pork or shrimps jubilee would be the result. None the less, the tribe was quite insane.

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

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

Some would never come out of their respective Tepees.

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

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 hear- ing of the suicide of his son because the tribe, gathered together all his potions and powers, and in one bound- ing leap, cursed the tribe and the land forever. He then proceeded to drop to the ground, very dead.

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

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, its good points lie in the fact that: (usually) a band can get it together better in front of a crowd than in the studio. Its bad points lies in the fact that you just can't get a good sound out of a live recording the way you can out of a studio one. But the Dead are a complex 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 Bill Kreutzmann, the Dead's original drummer and their rhythmic mainspring.

Side two of the album is covered by a song called "The Other One," taken from "Anthem of the Sun," their second album. Written by Bob Weir, rhythm guitarist, and Kreutzmann, it builds about a third of the side, sounding like an on-coming steam engine, when the rest of the band breaks in. Bassist Phil Lesh forgets the way, weaving fantastic spiral 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 "On the Road" by John Coltrane.

The album has its better cuts, such as "The Other One," "Wang Dang Doodle," "Me and My Uncle," and of course "Not Fade Away." A song done around 1964 by the Rolling Stones, in something like a one and a half minute version I believe. It wasn't written by them and didn't have many words anyway.

The Dead's version is somewhere around seven minutes long, and is mostly instrumental. It lends the song to Andromeda and back in a '67 Chevy.

I think "Not Fade Away" is one of the best rock 'n' roll songs in the world, to listen to the neat stuff 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 leaning 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' role. But alot of the time, you really can't define what you're listening to, it's just the Dead, the Dead's music, and I do believe that some of that music isn't like anything anybody's ever played or heard before.

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

THE BAND

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. Prolonged is an understated description of the themes they dealt with in their lyrics.

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

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

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

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

I'm glad to pay those union dues
Just don't judge me by my arse.
In an ostensibly light song, "When You Awake," he expound pure philosophy:

When you believe
You will believe 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 recording. It's a bit too slick for my taste. The horns they use in cuts like "Life Is A Carnival" are, at times, more than annoying contrivance. That is to say, the use of the horns are 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:

"Sallin' round the world in a dirty gondola,
Oh to be back in the land of Coca-Cola.

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

Son, you ain't never eased yourself
Until you 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 funnest, and this is a funny song. It doesn't quite have the zest and flavor of a song like "Jimi Hendrix Surrounded" from their second album but it succeed 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.
make most of the battle scenes in "Judith" look like parity raids. The stern, somber gestures of the actors, most notably those of the high priest who is constantly bagging God for deliverance, make many modem movies seem transparent, and I can hardly blame them. The plot is the I-must-rify my life-for-my-people bit that many of Griffith's films have plots that are just as corny, but I don't remember hearing about one of his mass. The characters are thrown in for the sake of some close-ups who have nothing at all to do with story line.

There are some things in this movie that stand out. First and foremost is the editing, that integral part of film-making that Griffith practically created out of the air, which brilliantly integrates the film's many disparate scenes and events and keeps the whole thing moving at a healthy clip as well. Second is some good photography, especially that great shot, told in the movie's own language of the sun and the moon and the stars and the heavens above. It's a movie that even Griffith himself must have enjoyed and enjoyed. The result of his efforts is a movie that is still relevant today, even in 1927. Indeed, Griffith knew, when enough was enough.

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

In October of this year, I will be reading and discussing First Book, and it is a book that you will want to read. The book is called "First Book," and it is written by Victor Frankl. The book is a biography of Victor Frankl, who was a Viennese neurologist and psychiatrist. The book is a collection of Frankl's writings, including his autobiography and his reflections on the human condition. The book is a powerful and inspiring read, and it will certainly be a book that you will want to read and discuss with others. The book is a book that will change your life, and it will change the lives of others. The book is a book that will make you think, and it will make you act. The book is a book that will make you feel. The book is a book that you will want to read and discuss. The book is "First Book."
FIGHTING COMMUNISM

Ironically, most of the young people busted for pot are internationalists with a much wider view of the world as a planetary unit than that shared by their elders and the Nars. This is doubly true of political activists who have been United for Pot, such as Abbie Hoffman, Eldridge Cleaver, Jerry Rubin, Lee Otis Johnson, and John Sinclair. The Nars, along with the FBI, CIA, and local pugs, are one of the largest groups of America First in the country; they are firm believers in Imperialism, which these days is called “fighting communism.” American imperialism in Asia began because of dope—the opium trade to China and the imperialist intentions in Indochina to this day are significantly concerned with smuggling opium out of Laos to finance the clandestine Mee army of the CIA, as well as to provide invisible income for the nationalist Chinese budget. Yet Harry Anslinger, from the McCarthy era until he was replaced at the Bureau in 1967 by Michael Aldrich, maintained that this opium was smuggled by the “Red Chinese” despite repeated denials from the World Health Organization and United Nations fact-finding teams in Asia. The past and present narcotics policy of the U.S. is inextricably bound up with our imperialist “fighting communism” in Indochina, China, the Middle East, France, and now Cuba. This heavy-handed and persistent harassment must be met out to youth leaders who are considered “Commies” by the Nars.

BAND

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

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

You don’t believe what you hear in the paper.

You don’t believe the stranger at your door.

You don’t believe what you hear from your neighbor.

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

Again, the comparison may be unjust for as I have said, it is well nigh impossible to improve on that album. But even Big Pink has more intact roots and insight than Caribou. Still, there is much substance in this album that is good.

It would seem that Caribou marks a transition period in the Band’s music. Things should improve. I have a feeling that their next album will be their best. At least I hope so. I won’t worry until The Band’s Greatest Hits Live Band are produced.

cont’d from page nine

DEAD

because it was sure I’d heard much of it before. The Dead’s version of the song is comparatively loose—enjoyably, but the subtext of Garcia’s melodic line, the weaving interplay between Weir, Lesh, and him makes the song bounce and fly by. It usually just pounds and bores. I cannot praise Jerry Garcia enough. His subtlety with which he uses the electric guitar is astonishing, and it definitely calls for a redefinition of his instruments capability. You can’t call Garcia a rock or blues musician, which is all too often we hear. He’s got to outdo his jingle picking and unaided acoustic strumming. His guitar playingadjacent text