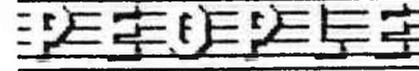
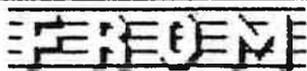


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## WARR

It really seems imminent, doesn't it? Before you write off this little shindig in the Persian Gulf as a necessary step in protecting the interests of this great nation, think about a few things. Who or what are we really protecting? If you think about it, we're only protecting the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. Let's talk a bit about this spectacular piece of desert land we're occupying at the moment. Saudi Arabia has no constitution. There is no freedom of speech or of the press. Theater and movies are forbidden, as is the study of Freud, Western philosophy and music. There are no free elections or political parties. In the courts, *habes corpus* and bail do not exist, defendants are not permitted legal counsel in court, and the testimony of one man is legally equivalent to that of two women. Speaking of women, they cannot travel alone, drive cars or ride bicycles, nor can they leave the country or travel between cities without the written permission of their closest male relative. You holy rollers (you know who you are) will be overjoyed to learn that Islam is the official state religion, that converting to another religion - including Christianity - is punishable by death, and that foreigners who wear or display crucifixes or Stars of David are whipped with sticks by the Saudi religious police. Oh yeah, Jews are not allowed to enter Saudi Arabia at all. Should you be convicted of a crime, beheading is the usual method of execution and is often followed by crucifixion. Adulterers are stoned to death, thieves have their hands cut off, and flogging is the usual punishment for lesser crimes such as public intoxication (alcohol, by the way, is illegal.)

Can you believe that your tax dollars are paying to defend this bullshit? As soon as someone wins our Congress and Senate races (and frankly, we don't care who wins, they all suck shit), we urge you to write your Congressmen and your President and demand an explanation as to why we are fighting to uphold this crap.

## "SPREAD YOUR HEAD"

"Hear the news of the Eskimo Blues"

Being in the sound state of mind that I am, I would like to say that this weather, in the past week, was great. But, I can't. There are no words that could've described the weather. All I could say was that it was very blue. I cannot recall a day when there was a cloud in the sky; I wonder why? Actually, my tribe and I, the Blue Eskimos, do know why the sky was so blue. If only I could remember as far back as last Thursday, yeah, I think that's when it was. Well, anyway that's when it started. You know, Blue Eskimo season. The season has come and gone just like a winter storm. And believe me, my mind was thundering and lightning. New ideas, new thoughts, new sights just slipped into the driver's seat and hauled ass. However, I did happen to catch one particular day, when the full moon was fiery orange, and then exploded, like my mind, into a thousand pieces. Yep, the day when wierdos came out and "trip or treat." Wow, Halloween was definitely wierd. For the spreadheads that did go to the show, "and saw the good trip" stated in the issue of Flagpole, I know you had a blast. The show was an excellent get up for the individuals that did explore their minds and invent an overwhelming costume. I didn't see a single soul there that did not have a costume on and did not have black eyeballs. To get to the show itself, Panic opened with a song that no one knew. It blew my mind along with everyone else. If I'm not mistaken, I do believe they played 13 songs not including the encore, which was a Black Sabbath tune, I think, maybe "Sweet Leaf." The power of the band lasted through the show, into the night, and on to Widespread Panic. Well, there you have it, people. The Blue Eskimos brought good weather, good tidings, good groovy nights, and good Eskimo. I think it might rain tomorrow.

— Fellow Spreadhead —

**Public  
Service  
Announcement**

wake up!

## "LEGION"

He is a man... yet a child. He is coldly logical, while an utter fool — pathetic in his ways... a horror, inhuman in his deeds, a trinity of voices, unholy cries from the blackest recesses of a soul, twisted and racked by the plagues of despair, fear, and pain...

— Call Him Legion, For He Is Many —

They dwell within one... they, the three... existing, each, as a distortion of persona, an uneasy union of forced cohesion and sanity strained:

LOGIC - cold... unforgiving, the accuser - howls into the endless night, railing against its brothers - a twisted vigil of cold hate... tempered steel.

INNOCENCE - a frightened child, on the verge of brutal defilement... who whimpers... unheard by all save his corrupted sibling, who leers above the weaker and taunts... unseen...

And GUILT - who rules the mind... a feeble, sickly, drunken fool, accepting LOGIC's curses for faults he does not possess while stumbling over INNOCENCE in the dark... only to stagger away... closer to the abyss, the chaos of madness...

This, then, is the final dialog: the three as they conclude their wanton and heady dance, their downward spiral toward the pinnacle of horror... and beyond, to a

continued on page two

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