

## Call for Contra aid misguided request

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In his weekly radio address on Saturday, President Reagan called on Congress for an increase in military aid for the anti-Sandinista rebels, known as Contras.

Although no formal budget has yet been proposed, the Reagan administration is seeking about \$140 million for the Contras for an 18-month period that would extend the aid two months into the next administration.

Reagan based his request on an increase in public support for the Contras, asserting support is growing "dramatically as the American people learn the facts about Nicaragua."

Recent polls, however, show that American sentiment toward providing military aid to the Contras has changed little even after the testimony of Lt. Col. Oliver North. For example, according to a July 16 New York Times-CBS News nationwide telephone poll, 51 percent of 655 adults opposed aid to the rebels while 35 percent approved it.

Contrasted to an earlier Times-CBS poll in January, 60 percent opposed and 28 percent favored aid to the Contras. Americans still are opposed vehemently to contra aid, and Reagan should take into consideration the public's opinion.

Americans should not be swayed in support of the Contras by the rhetoric of Reagan and North because their assertions about the Contras in most cases are not fact, but fallacy.

In Reagan's radio address, for example, he accused the Sandinista government of attempting to subvert the democracies of Central America. Reagan continually has accused the Sandinistas of exporting revolution to its neighbors. The Nicaragua government, however, has ceased supplying the left-wing guerrillas fighting the El Salvadoran government with military equipment.

A fact not disclosed by the Reagan administration is the Contras consistently attack and murder civilian non-combatants. In the Contra's latest attack July 16, they murdered three children and a pregnant woman.

President Reagan's appeal for more Contra aid is a misguided foreign policy request that should be denied by both the Congress and the public.

## University, concerts: efficient bedfellows

The only thing better than an outdoor Grateful Dead/Bob Dylan concert is an outdoor Grateful Dead/Bob Dylan concert that is run well. The Athletic Department deserves a slap on the back for a job well done.

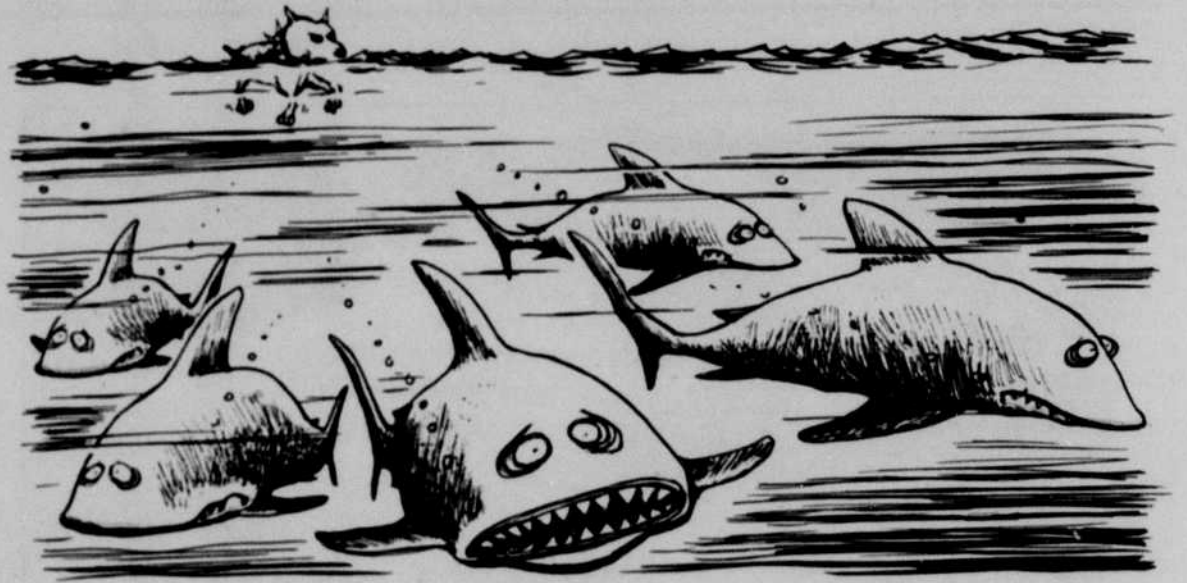
With more than 40,000 concert-goers, the University had its hands full on Sunday afternoon. The logistical problem of herding all the Dead and Dylan faithfuls into Autzen Stadium was a hurdle the University and others involved handled admirably.

By providing a campground, the University remedied what would have been a monumental headache. Traffic to and from the concert was predictably slow; however, the traffic jam would have been worse had there not been camping space available.

Security, while initially thorough, was flexible enough to allow everyone in by the time the show started. And once the concert began, the security staff remained in the background and let Deadheads and neo-Deadheads have a good time.

Moreover, the addition of the White Bird Clinic booth, as well as an outdoor sprinkler system, was a saving grace for those who had too much partying, too much heat or a little too much of both.

Smooth was the theme of the day. So smooth, in fact, we encourage and await additional comparable events.



"AIEEEE... PIT BULL!!!"

## Commentary

### Dead and Dylan revive memories

More than 40,000 people packed Autzen Stadium on Sunday for the "be-in" of the summer, and the Grateful Dead and Bob Dylan did not disappoint, playing a five-plus hour marathon show that left fans screaming for more.

Commentary By  
Aaron Knox

The audience, fully decked out in the mandatory regalia of the Summer of Love, danced and swayed to the electric jug-band beat of the Dead for two extended sets. Dylan then strolled out and uncorked a sizzling hour-long set of his own, reminding everyone present the weary troubador still has some fire in his veins.

Intermingled with the strands of Jerry Garcia's hypnotic guitar were the sounds and smells of another time. The sweet smoke of marijuana, the acrid sweat of thousands of gyrating bodies, the pungency of hard liquor and happy whiffs of hippie-talk wafted up into the clear blue sky and lent that "only with the Dead" ambience to the proceedings.

The weatherman had threatened rain, but Mother Nature and the Dead seem to have a secret pact that ensures sun-drenched skies. The sun broke through for good at about

2:15 and the Dead walked onstage at nearly 2:30.

When the show finished some five-and-a-half hours later, the skies were still smiling and so were the faces of the obviously satisfied crowd as it wandered slowly through the legions of full-time Deadheads hawking their wares, which ranged from tie-dye T-shirts to little wads of yarn that barely prevented the transaction of funds from being an out-and-out handout.

The music took a little longer to find its rhythm than the fans, many of whom had withstood two hours in line while security personnel took painstaking aims to keep glass containers and cameras—but not necessarily drugs—out of the stadium.

The Dead struggled through problems with the equipment on their first set, which was punctuated by long breaks between tunes and a grating harmonic that pierced through the final third of the set like a jet plane preparing for takeoff.

A short break solved the problems and rejuvenated the band, and they performed a seamless second set that played like one continuous medley. Garcia and Co., were at their acid-soaked best, pouring through Cream's "Spoonful," "Playin' in the Band" and "Truckin'" with a precision-like grace that periodically gave way to the spaced-out sounds of a serious intergalactic journey.

When Dylan took the stage at around 6 p.m., the crowd was sun-drunk but expectant. The Bob Dylan who played with Tom Petty last summer in Portland was distant and unintelligible, and looked every bit like a man performing his swan song. This Dylan was different.

The Dylan who took the stage Sunday was razor-sharp and energized. Although the lyrics were still murky, they were vastly superior to his mumblyings of a year ago. And Dylan worked his guitar like an axe, mowing through the steady backbeat provided by the Dead

and snarling where Garcia's sang. Sticking with a repertoire of familiar older tunes, Dylan gave them new punch and energy. He even smiled. Twice. Those accustomed to seeing the moniker of lost hope across his face had to be heartened by this uncommon display of enthusiasm. Ol' Bob even got into a battle of dueling guitars with Garcia that had both musicians grimacing with effort.

From the beginning of "Maggie's Farm" to the climax of "All Along the Watchtower" Dylan attacked the chords and the lyrics with a conviction rarely seen, and which reminded everyone just why Dylan was considered the premier spokesman for an angry generation a couple of generations ago.

Unfortunately, as Garcia intoned near the end of the second set, "that silver locomotive is gone, and nothing's going to bring it back." Skywriters competed for space hawking the Grateful Dead's new album "Dead in the Dark," and calling for the impeachment of President Reagan. Eyes that may have been altered by hallucinogens were masked with Vuarnet sunglasses, and a girl selling acid had exact change for a \$10 bill.

Even the encore, which brought out the musicians for rollicking renditions of the Dead's new single, "Touch of Gray" and Dylan's classic "All Along the Watchtower," was pure business. The band walked back onstage on cue, played a pair of songs, and walked off, never acknowledging the crowd.

Even that perfunctory exit could not, however, dampen the enthusiasm of the gathered masses. That was assured by the time Dylan smoked through "Rainy Day Women—12 and 35," singing "everybody must get stoned." Everybody did, at least in spirit, on this magical day in July when the only requirement for a good time was faith.

## Oregon Daily Emerald

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