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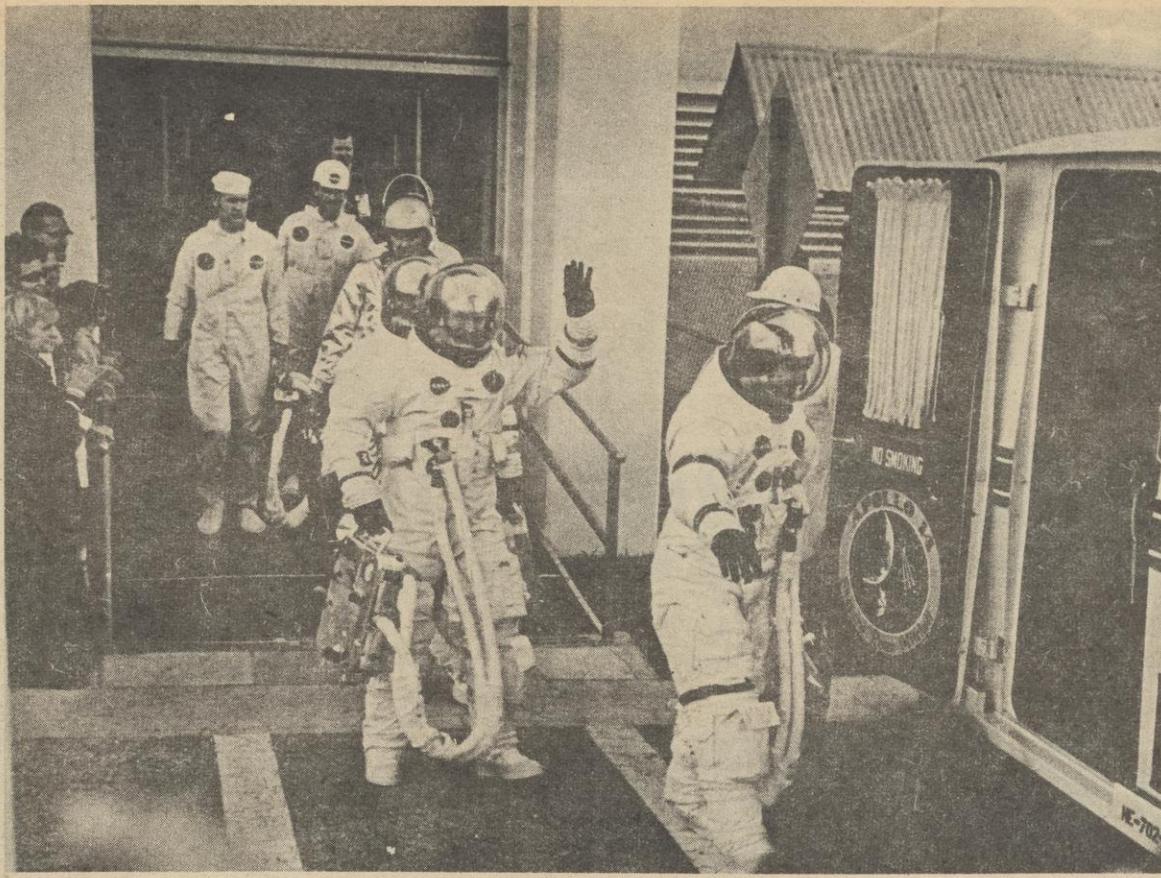
February 8, 1971

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Robert Pensinger

THE DAILY CARDINAL

MONDAY

an introduction

"let's start a magazine

to hell with literature
we want something redblooded

lousy with pure
reeking with stark
and fearlessly obscene

but really clean
get what I mean
let's not spoil it
let's make it serious

something authentic and delirious
you know something genuine like a mark
in a toilet

graced with guts and gutted
with grace"

squeeze your nuts and open your face

—e. e. cummings

Down at the Cape

Diary of a spectacle:

The launch of Apollo 14

The Daily Cardinal was one of ten college newspapers invited by N.A.S.A. to cover the Apollo 14 launching. Cardinal Associate Editor Peter Greenberg, along with photographers Robert Pensinger and Arthur Pollock spent three days at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida on the story. Here is his report.

By PETER GREENBERG

Twenty-eight straight hours by car. Past boring, snow-covered Indiana flatlands, through Kentucky's snowless bluegrass and smoked confederate hams, and by motels beckoning visitors with 40 foot high flashing red neon signs inviting couples to spend the night for only 12 dollars.

Into the Tennessee Bible belt and its abundance of fireworks stores, around Georgia, with its overabundance of pecans, radar speed traps and rich county sheriffs. And finally the last push South to the Florida coast where we were to witness one of last and biggest continuing man-made spectacles: the launching of Apollo 14 at the Cape.

We pulled into Cocoa Beach shortly after 5 a.m. on the morning before the launch on a highway appropriately called the "astronaut trail." The road was seeded at each intersection it seemed with small green reflecting signs: "Welcome to Brevard County . . . We think sky high!"

Even in the pre-dawn darkness, the city of Cocoa Beach presented a semi-vulgar image of endless palm trees and glare coming from the colored stretch of fluorescent lights: "Go Apollo 14, 2 prs. Nylons 69¢," or "Shepard, Roosa, and Mitchell, a Great Team. We Give S&H Green Stamps."

The Sea Missile, The Polaris and the Satellite Hotels all proudly posted their "no vacancy" signs along with promises of 48 cent drinks when the bars opened later in the morning.

"Come down for the launch?" the gossipy waitress asked cagily as we ordered breakfast. Next to her sat a small pile of "Cocoa Beach Police I.D." cards. "We have so many transients," she explained as she gave us a visual indictment, "that the police require each of us to register so they know who we are."

Then, as if on cue, she gave us her poorly guarded secret. "Know who used to own this place?" she asked loudly. Without waiting for us to answer, she continued, "Alan Shepard did. But they made him sell it."

The Apollo 14 press center turned on its own fluorescence at 7 a.m. and was soon flooded with arriving newsmen seeking accreditation, telephones and some paper.

Some pool reporters had been there during the entire week preceding the launch, but many veterans chose to delay their arrival until a day or two before the launch. After all, it was "just another moon shot."

"Just another moon shot," while I was still waiting to be convinced that the Apollo program was not the brain child of a phantom television studio technician.

It wasn't just the press corps that treated the launch with an overpowering air of casualness I found so unusual. It was N.A.S.A. itself. Tours, postcards, and souvenirs. It was as if the launching was supposed to be a vacation and not an assignment. Maybe it was: ABC's Jules Bergman and Frank Borman driving around in a rented Pontiac sipping Coca Cola; hospitality suites and cocktail parties courtesy of the Apollo contractors, and converted schoolbuses to provide the tours for the press.

Our first visit was around the Merritt Island wildlife preserve towards the original launch pad that held the small Redstone rocket that hurled Alan Shepard into space for his brief fifteen minutes in May of 1961. A prototype Redstone was on the fire-scarred pad, stabilized by four steel cables. On top of the rusting red striped rocket was an equally oxidized Mercury capsule. Thirty feet away on one side, an antique fire truck. On the other side, the blockhouse, only forty feet from the "bird," hollow and empty.

At first sight the Redstone brought back memories of Huntley and Brinkley describing the "enormous" size of the gantry with live coverage inside the "white room" as they slipped Shepard into his fetal position inside the "Freedom Seven" capsule. The wide angle television shots, and the emotion of the "space race" ten years ago contributed to a distortion that was finally broken when our NASA liaison host told us the Redstone was only 83 feet tall.

On the next pad stood a Thor, a monument to the series of communications satellites it launched in the mid-sixties. And in the background, a brilliant aluminum Atlas rocket which helped make John Glenn America's third space God in 1963 rested peacefully. A graveyard museum of obsolete rocketry. The mothball liquid oxygen fleet of fond remembrance.

But one historic rocket was missing, and the picture seemed somewhat incomplete. "Where is the Vanguard?" someone asked about the rocket that never could take off. "Sorry," said our guide sardonically, "but they never seemed to work, so they never were given the chance to become obsolete."

Our press tour continued, passing much beautiful wildlife and an unbelievable array of steel structures—gantries, shells of missiles, rockets, service modules and towers—that punctuated the landscape at every turn. Some were obsolete, others operational, but we didn't see any people. It was hardly the thing one might expect to see on a Florida beach. No chicken bones. No squeezed out tubes of Ban de Soleil. Just birds, wild pigs and Arthur C. Clark's 1940 dreams.

In the hazy distance we began to focus on the "big bird" that seemed to be restlessly but triumphantly waiting nine miles away on Launch complex 39A.

It is hard to identify with a rocket, or, for that matter, with a planet. We felt like outsiders in another world when we were at the center. It was easy to rationalize that the Space Center was another place belonging perhaps in another time. But the truth was that we were the ones who had been in another place and in another time too long to be able to fully understand what was taking place. It was not a dream. It was and it had been taking place.

It wasn't a visit by any means—it was a tour in the true sense of the word: a tour in that we realized that we wouldn't be given the choice, academic or not, of deciding whether to live there or not when the ride ended.

Our bus passed by the NASA Visitors Center, which was still processing the huge instamatic shirt-sleeved crowds in the 80 degree heat. Chartered buses, loaded with uniformed Boy Scouts, the East Lansing Civil Air

(continued on page 3)



Arthur Pollock

HUEY IS COMING

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February 20, 1971

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WSA Store
and other places

(continued from page 1)

Patrol, and Lions Club members were lined up, discharging their excited passengers into the building. At another exit, a mockup of the Lunar Module was being examined by some five and six year olds as their parents signed up for the \$2.50 TWA operated NASA tour. At another corner, the camper trucks and young kids with their sleeping bags and surfboards inquired as to where the best launch viewing sites were.

The road towards Launch Complex 39A is long, straight and narrow. The flatland, government-leased orange groves and the small swamps contrast sharply with what is commonly abbreviated the VAB, located on the road 3 1/2 miles from the pad. The Vehicle Assembly Building provides the first impressive clue as to how large the Saturn V rocket really is. 563 feet tall, it is one solid, mammoth cube where the Saturn's three stages, each built by a different contractor, are attached to each other. It is the warehouse for the monster. Inside, hundreds of xenon and mercury vapor arc lights illuminate the area as work continues on the Saturn that will lift Apollo 15. The structure is a sterile hanger—an antiseptic erector set from which the giant 6 million pound moon crawler speeds the 10 1/2 million pound Mobile Launcher and the 36 story Saturn/Apollo to the launch site at one mile per hour. NASA even installed a seat belt in the driver's cab of the diesel powered crawler. I suppose it's those sudden stops and the possibility of whiplash.

We proceeded towards 39A from behind it. Our first stop was at complex 39B, now deserted and lifeless. This pad had last hosted Apollo 10, but had not been operational since. "When we were shooting every 90 days," explained our guide, "and especially before (Apollo) 11, both pads were going full blast. But the program has been cut back, and so we had to forget 39B."

There was a stiff breeze coming in off the ocean as we stood a few hundred feet atop the flame-blackened pad. It was arid, and awesomely quiet, although in the distance we could hear the humming of diesel generators and faint reverberations and echoes coming from 39A where final preparations were taking place for the launch.

The closer we came to 39A, the more we saw of NASA's little white security cars frantically patrolling the site trying to police other press people who tended to wander out of habit.

The press pool photographers were there, setting up radio remote control motor-drive cameras that would record the launch the following afternoon at a distance much closer than man could survive: one mile.

Four hours later the press tour ended where it began, at the News Center in Cocoa and just in time for the "pre-launch briefing."

All the big NASA men were there in the second floor auditorium packed with newsmen and linked to Houston via phone. Rocco Petrone, Chet Lee, Walt Kapryan, Deke Slayton, Dr. Charles Berry and Jim McDivitt. The usual non-penetrating questions were asked—some were even rehearsed. I felt terribly out of place at the conference. I felt qualified only to ask Dr. Berry if they really did drink Tang, but I felt I'd get a technical, and of course, an abbreviated answer.

The only things missing from the briefing were the A-OK vocabulary and the thumbs-up attitude that prevailed in the Mercury era. It seemed that the Apollo briefing was just the same men going through another launching, feigning interest while trying to create suspense from a story that was by now accepted as routine.

The feeling that did penetrate, however, was the fear displayed time and time again in questions and answers that the space program was rocketing to a financial halt and that Apollo 14 and 15 may very well be the last in a long time to come.

As our bus had sped past the hard core launch watchers already setting up their camps on the way back to the briefing, our guide, who himself will be laid off in March, discussed that eventually.

In July 1969, when Apollo 11 was launched, Kennedy Space Center employed over 25,000 workers and technicians. Now, "as Nixon winds down both the war and the space program," he said, "we have only 15,000 at KSC."

And Brevard County, which apparently was only able to think "sky high," has suffered. Real estate is down to an all time low, with beach-front, two bedroom apartments going for as little as \$127 a month. I asked the guide about the Shepard story the waitress had told us. "Nobody made Al sell it. He's a good businessman and knows a loser when he sees one. He got out when the time was right."

Another NASA employee sat down later in the afternoon and discussed the layoffs. "You can't just get rid of all these people and expect nothing to happen. They came here for the money, and now they'll go where the money is, and that's not here." Well, then where is it? "Japan, and maybe even behind the Iron Curtain. I wouldn't be a

bit surprised."

As the work force declined, Cocoa Beach began deteriorating along with it. Prices began to rise as the cost of living rose, restaurants began closing early every day, and some closed seasonally, opening only two weeks before a launch date and closing shortly thereafter.

I was directed to one restaurant which had opened for the launch and was famous for its pastrami sandwiches. When I sat down I noticed that there were no waitresses—just the manager and he was literally cook, waiter, and bottlewasher—and the pastrami tasted like Apollo 13 pastrami.

Things are so bad in some places that they have resorted to handing out free tin medallion souvenirs circa 1967 to the customers.

"That's why a launch fools the press," one local merchant said. "They come down and the rooms are booked, the nightclubs are crowded, and the planes are full. But they should see us the other 40 weeks a year. We've gotta make it all during the launches or we bomb," he shrugged.

At least five places have gone out of business altogether, and many more bankruptcies are waiting in the wings. Franchises for businesses ranging from rent-all agencies to the Cocoa Beach "Astro-Eat" drive in are readily negotiable.

The economic boom in Cocoa Beach that was ushered in with the Mercury program in 1961 is, ten years later, non-existent, and the city has taken on the image of present-day Coney Island as the rides and attractions threaten to close down for the last time,

Monday, Feb. 8, 1971

THE DAILY CARDINAL—3

resting place almost a mile from the pad, and the neon lights on the mobile launcher were suddenly joined by seventy three spotlights that flashed upon the 363 foot rocket from three different angles, projecting a starlike frame around the Saturn. The half moon played hide and seek in the low smoke clouds coming from forest brush fires a few miles away as the heavily equipped photographers rushed to get both the vehicle and the amber target in the sky on the same 35 millimeter acetate frame.

The evening air was cool, and camp fires and group cookouts dotted the sides of the causeway leading to the center. At midnight we joined the outdoor spectators, spending the night almost convinced that a wild pig or rattlesnake would finish us before dawn.

Our fears were unfounded as Apollo 14's morning dawned and we awoke to a promising sun and foreboding rising humidity. A quick glance around our campsite was most surprising. Overnight it had grown considerably, and even though the sky was filled with cumulous clouds and scattered showers, the crowd continued to grow.

"This is my second Shepard shot," boasted one elderly man in an aluminum trailer flying a 48 star American flag from a makeshift broom stick pole.

Overnight the security had tightened also. The day of the launch saw no tours and no visitors other than press personnel and v.i.p.'s. At the press center, the number of accredited newsmen had soared also from the evening before to over 2100 people who



AT THE VIP SITE. Vice President Agnew, flanked by Henry Kissinger and

Kirk Douglas, awaits the big moment.

leaving only vague memories and a few drunks.

Cocoa Beach is not yet a ghost town. As a retirement mecca it will surely survive. But gone are the days of "endless" prosperity, probably never to return in this decade.

At 4:30, as the sun was setting over the Saturn, service modules and the dune grass, photographers were bussed out to the site for some color shots, and to await the "roll-away" of the main service module.

While most at the Cape settled down to a relaxed, pre-launch dinner, the gypsies were arriving. In campers, converted trucks, station wagons, dune buggies, some even on boats—to jockey for the best viewing position the next afternoon.

Sleeping bags, transistor radios, martinis or marijuana to help pass the hours before the big event. One shirtless man roamed through the crowd, asking sympathetic faces "anyone got any crystals, any meth?" The older folks, sitting on their folding chairs or on their tailgates, seemed to curiously understand the boredom and the lack of tension. After all, this was just another moon shot, and most of them came not as much to see it as to be able to say they were there.

By 8:40 the service tower was well on its way (at one mile an hour) towards its

resting place almost a mile from the pad, and the neon lights on the mobile launcher were suddenly joined by seventy three spotlights that flashed upon the 363 foot rocket from three different angles, projecting a starlike frame around the Saturn. The half moon played hide and seek in the low smoke clouds coming from forest brush fires a few miles away as the heavily equipped photographers rushed to get both the vehicle and the amber target in the sky on the same 35 millimeter acetate frame.

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Back on the causeway, the grass and the swamps had turned into a giant parking lot, and the surrounding beaches were full of binoculars, hot dogs and frisbees. Traffic was backed all the way to Titusville, and some people abandoned their cars in the rush to find a place in the masses.

"Over 600,000 people out there today awaiting this most momentous occasion," the radio announcer boomed, and the campers, feeling recognized, applauded themselves.

By one o'clock, or two hours before "T," most of the newsmen were at the press site. Nikon had loaned special zoom canon lenses to any newsmen who wanted one, and a wall of tripods were facing Apollo three miles away.

The networks were there, including twenty foreign newsmen linked by satellite. CBS flew down about 50 people to fill their trailer, and UPI had a mobile photo transmitting unit on hand. Behind the huge prefabricated studios, the networks lent a sort of Woodstock image to the event by having free kitchens for their workers who seemingly treated the launch as a sort of regular get-together.

Meanwhile, back at Cocoa Beach, some disgruntled NASA workers, who had been laid off, picketed opposite the VIP guest center. "Does NASA want second-class help for a first class space program?" their signs asked. "Wage Busting! Wage Busting!" read the hastily installed protest roadsigns.

As people left their church services and headed for their color television sets, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy and Hosea Williams were preparing to march the "poor people" from Orlando to Titusville to protest the space program. While admitting that security had been tightened for their arrival, one space agency administrator was able to smile: "We welcome them. After all, they're taxpayers."

At "T-1:10 and counting" the VIP's had already begun filling the wooden bleachers two miles from 39A. To continue the picnic attitude that seemed to surround this mission, NASA hostesses presented each incoming VIP with five souvenir postcards of the flight, and a stamp vendor was located nearby next to the refreshment stand and the port-o-potties.

It wasn't just Woodstock. It was also the Super Bowl. I half expected to see Anita Bryant wheeled out on a fifty-foot orange to sing the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

As they left the buses towards the bleachers, the VIP's were seated in three different bleacher areas by the "Hosts." It seemed as if there was a section for those who wanted to be VIP's, one for those that thought they were, and finally a bleacher section for the real ones.

Secret Service men stood by two white phones protected by a temporary white picket fence awaiting the arrival of Spiro Agnew and the Prince of Spain.

The military brass was seated in a special section, and the men, mostly air force people, also seemed to treat the launch like a summer training program. One general, however, seemed to feel the space program was doomed if Apollo 14 wasn't successful. "It can and must be a perfect mission," he said, "to restore confidence in the program and prove that the flexibility and judgement inherent in the Apollo series is far greater than the Russians have. There still is a space race going on, and we should never forget that," he concluded.

The real VIP's, besides Agnew and the prince, read like a cast list from an improbable Fellini dream movie. Al Capp, Baroness Maria von Trapp, Hugh O'Brien, Bob Hope, William Walton, President of Holiday Inns, Robert Goulet, Jacques Costeau and Cary Grant.

The sky began to darken as the last few notables took their seats. One reporter walked over to Capp and asked: "Mr. Capp, there are a lot of people today who say that the space program is not important, that we have other more pressing problems. How do you feel about this?" Capp paused, and in his own male-Phyllis Diller style responded: "Waaaal, (pause, laugh), I wouldn't be too upset (pause, laugh) if we took a few dollars away from some chronically unwed mothers."

Back at the press site, the clouds were moving fast, and so was speculation. Agnew finally arrived at the VIP site and sat down impatiently. Suddenly a "Hold" was called as the storm passed over, hampering visibility. Thirty minutes later, as the count was resumed, the press site was a deafening sound of typewriters and phones ringing—a continuous hum of similar noise.

At "T minus two minutes and counting" the press site picked up momentum. It also started to rain. At the VIP site, pink plastic rain coats were handed out. But Agnew, under the umbrella of the Secret Service lost no time getting to his limousine.

Despite the rain, cameramen took the plastic off the lenses for the last final seconds of the countdown. The echo of "fivie, fourie, threeie, twooo, onenun" was heard in the distance. Suddenly the gray sky three miles away saw a blast of

(continued on page 10)

Toking up the facts



Erich Goode, **THE MARIJUANA SMOKERS**

Basic Books Inc., \$10.00

By MICHAEL SPIERER

In 1937 Congress passed the Harrison Act placing a prohibitive tax of \$100 per ounce on the transfer of marijuana. Anyone attempting to comply with the law by filling

the necessary forms and declaring his intention to purchase a quantity of the drug would thereby incriminate himself under state law. In 1969 the United States Supreme Court, in *Leary v. United States*, would nullify the Harrison Act because of this double jeopardy effect, but in 1937 the "Marijuana Tax Act," passed largely at the insistence of Harry J. Anslinger, then Commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, gave a new life to Anslinger and his men, whose jobs had been threatened by the repeal of Prohibition.

The hearings at which testimony was taken to consider the form of the bill were remarkable for their lack of expert documentation. Rife with scandalous stories of murder, rape, and degradation, anecdotes and newspaper accounts were nearly all the evidence available to convict Anslinger's "killer weed." With scarcely a thread of data about the effects of the drug on the individuals who used it, the act was passed. The only scientific evidence was presented by a lone physician who felt that not enough was known about marijuana's effects to justify such sweeping legislation.

Between 1937 and 1968 remarkably little new information became available on marijuana and the people who used it. In 1968, Dr. Andrew Weil and his associates at Harvard conducted the first series of controlled experiments on the drug's effects. They found that inherent in marijuana itself were few spectacular physical or psychological effects: no indication of the drug's oft attributed ability to inspire depravity and lust or to bring about functional psychosis or death. Their work, however, compared experienced users with neophytes and made no attempt to characterize patterns of use among "typical users."

In *The Marijuana Smokers*, Erich Goode has attempted a dispassionate presentation of the characteristics of the more than six million Americans thought to be regular users of marijuana. A sociologist, Goode has based his findings on a survey of more than

200 regular users of the drug who shared—through survey, personal interview, and friendly conversation—their moods, ideas, and ideologies. The author never quite achieves complete objectivity. "The central point of the book," he explains, ". . . is that we all view reality subjectively. We notice that which verifies our point of view, and ignore that which does not. We accept a 'world taken for granted,' and an exposure to contrary worlds does little to shake our faith in our own."

hold what are considered to be liberal or radical views in terms of both politics and sexuality, and it is this generally liberal attitude, rather than political ideology, that contributes to his experimentation with marijuana.

The greatest contribution of Goode's book lies not in the presentation of his findings, but rather in the new models for the consideration of the use of marijuana. Decrying Jekyll-Hyde pathology and escape-from-reality concepts, he proposes considering marijuana use on a linear continuum from the non-user, through the potential convert, the experimenter, and the occasional user up to the daily committed smoker who is "high" all the time. Only with such an approach can one begin to explore styles and degrees of involvement. This notion suggests that marijuana use could not only not detract from but also actually be associated with an improved volume and quality of behavior generally considered desirable: social activity, aesthetic appreciation and creation, political activism altruistic gestures.

Goode also proposes a "recreational model" which he feels best explains available findings and also lacks the moral judgements in which other models are steeped. This model assumes that non-compulsive, episodic use of marijuana experienced as pleasurable by participants, when used socially as a relatively superficial part of one's life experience, results in little harm to the individual and is the "typical" user pattern. Goode's model does not disregard users whose patterns of participation lead to clearly discernible functional impairment, but it does provide more insight into an understanding of available information than any other conception to date.

BOOKS

Goode himself clearly evidences this foible. His writing is saturated with his belief in the innocuousness of the drug and the depravity of a cultural environment which criminalizes its users. One cannot, perhaps, help but be sympathetic to such a position; at the same time one feels cheated, for though Goode is obviously a very sensitive, emotive writer and listener, whose gentle anger must have greatly enhanced his ability to elicit honest responses from the people he interviewed, one is nevertheless left with an uncertain feeling about what testimony came from the interviewees and what came from Goode himself.

The validity of the author's findings are subject to the usual criticisms of survey research in general, but by and large the study stands in overall quality among the better works on the subject. The principle problem, as Goode carefully notes, is in the applicability of his findings to other groups of people. According to the survey, the "typical smoker" is in his late teens or early twenties, male, living in or near an urban environment. He is generally of higher social class than the typical non-smoker and is highly unlikely to be religious in the traditional sense. He is more likely to

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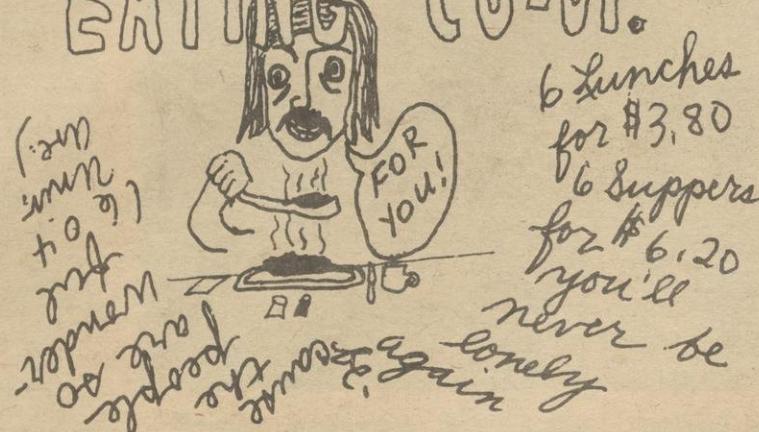
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CALLS YOUNG REPLY
'OBSCURE'

I am astonished by the Chancellor's response to the TAA letter, requesting assurance that all undergraduates be allowed entry into classes of their choice. The TAA asked for and won a clause limiting class size in an attempt to improve education, since most TAs feel they cannot do a decent job of helping individual students if classes are too large. Rather than create more quiz sections to provide students with individual attention, the Chancellor has chosen to keep students out of class and blame it on the TAs. He is making undergraduates pay the price of his vendetta against the TAA contract.

The Chancellor's focus on the need for "flexibility" on class size obscures two key issues: the educational value of small classes and the unwillingness of UW faculty to work.

First, the class size limit of 19 was included in the TAA contract proposals as part of a set of demands designed to produce better education; it went along with the proposals on educational planning and student evaluation of their teachers. The TAA, during the negotiation last Spring, produced evidence that a class size of 15-18 is ideal for guaranteeing discussion, but 19 was the smallest limit the University would agree to. The class size limit should not be treated, as it was by Young, as a mere economic issue. To be flexible on this issue is to worsen the already unacceptable quality of undergraduate education at UW.

Second, the Chancellor's reply obscures the major reason that students can't get into the courses they want—the failure of faculty members' to work as hard for their pay as TAs and other education workers at UW work for theirs. If faculty members actually taught 12 contact hours (the standard for a full-time-equivalent TA) there would be enough courses for everyone. That is the real issue—not the alleged budget crises, or the inefficiency of the registration procedure.

Roger Hering
TA, Math

Letters to the Cardinal

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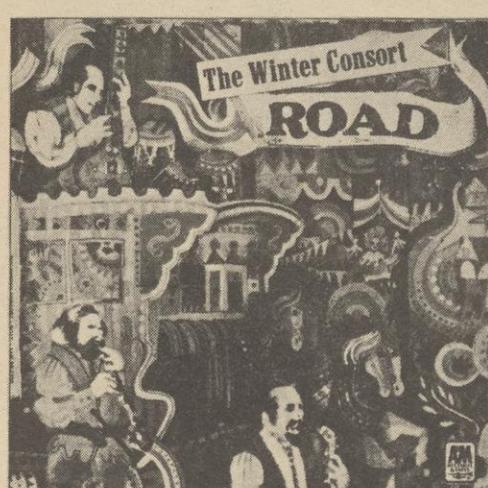
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Yea, though it soundeth like Muzak as it wandereth
through the valley of criticism,
It shall not be so compared, It can be no evil,*

*For Art, thou be with it;
The Consort's classical guitar and sax, they comfort me.
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Grand Funk, mine enemies;
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runneth over
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*Bob Chorush
Coast Magazine*



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'Music of the streets' is professor's labor

By RON LEGRO

You might call John Harvey privileged; after all, he IS the only professor on campus with his very own building. A building full of bells, at that.

Harvey is an associate professor of music, but he is also the University's lone carillonneur. Which simply means that he plays the carillon, a musical instrument which, by virtue of its size and volume, is never played in private.

So it's not as though John Harvey has the carillon to HIMSELF, understand. Every time he performs on it, in fact, someone, it seems, always manages to become upset, and someone else enthralled.

"WE TAKE IT out on the noon hour crowds," Harvey explains. "We practice between periods so as not to disturb classes, although I kind of feel like the carillon was there first."

Which it was. When dedicated in 1936, the University's carillon resided alone in the centered remains of Bascom Woods, surrounded by grass and trees. Progress has encroached however, and now the tower is bounded by the Social Sciences and Commerce Buildings. Harvey doesn't entirely mind. "The buildings are acoustically better than the woods," he says.

Buildings, however, have their drawbacks, too. They contain classes, which is why Harvey generally performs between or after periods. Most instructors and students don't seem to mind. But there are exceptions.

"I have gotten a crank letter or two," Harvey says. "One was from somebody in Social Science who claimed the carillon was a 'great annoyance,' and 'you must cease or desist' playing it before five."

BUT THE carillon has its followers, too, some of them quite devoted. In one recent year, over 3,000 persons visited the tower during performances and signed Harvey's guest book.

A first visit to the tower can be temporarily depressing. The door of the tall edifice is imposing, crypt-like. Inside there is little more to see than the metal stairs which lead to the carillon keyboard and the bell tower.

But bells are made to be heard more than seen, and if one REALLY wants to hear them, one can climb the final stairway to the tower where the bells are hung. There are 51 of them, ranging from 15 pounds to over a ton and a half in weight—better than four octaves worth.

Harvey is hoping to raise enough funds through private supporters to purchase four final bells. The biggest will weigh 7,200 pounds, and will extend the musical range downward, putting the carillon into the key of C, where most of the scanty music for it has been written.

HARVEY DOES a lot of arranging for the carillon, and some of his students have composed music for it. He gives some instruction on the carillon, but spends about two-thirds of his time teaching organ.

"Before I was brought here to become carillonneur, there was no designated person to perform on the carillon," Harvey says. "Individuals came and went. When I arrived at Wisconsin, the carillon hadn't been played in two years, and then last by a graduate student in physics who had had an interest in it."

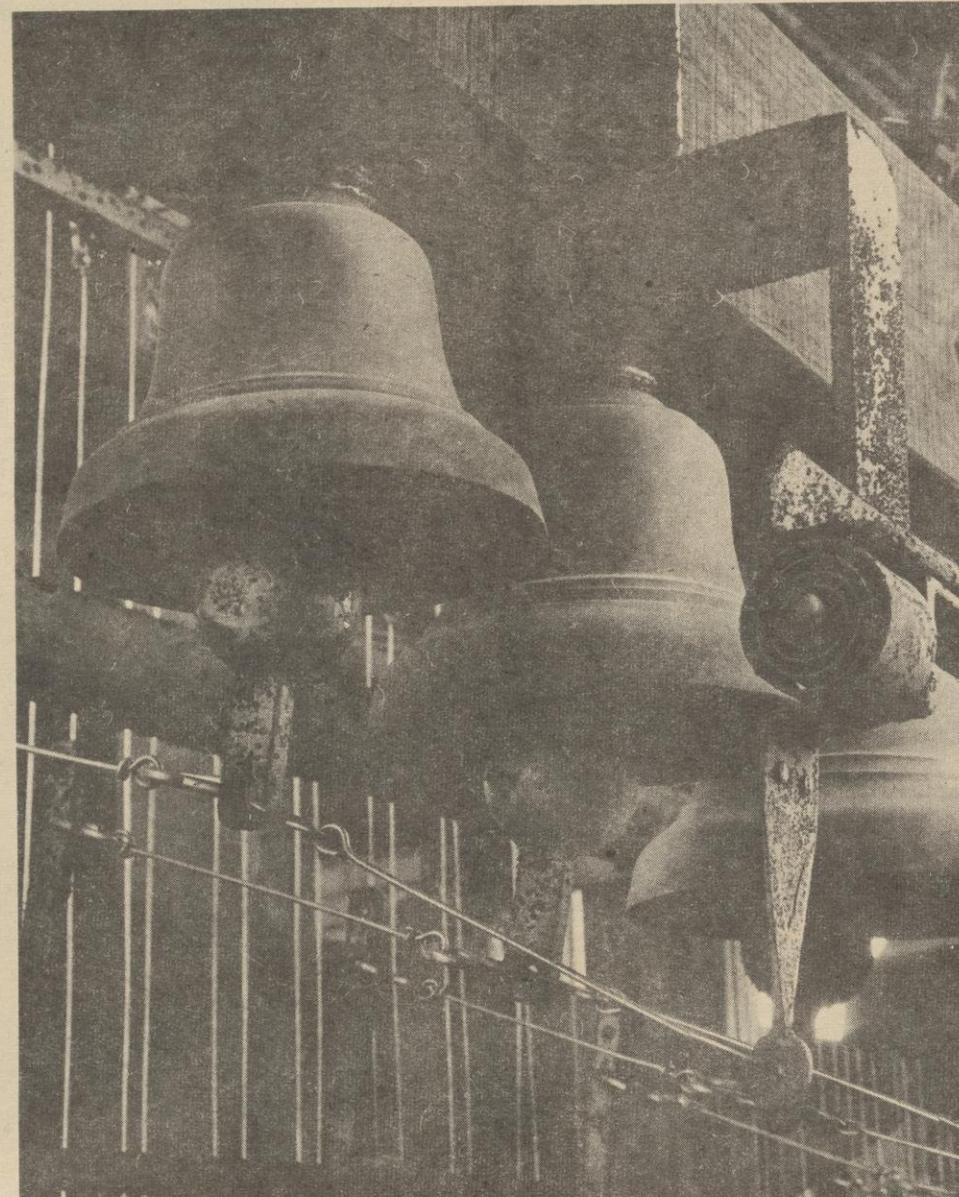
Harvey usually performs every Sunday and holidays from May through December at 5:00 p.m. His concerts last about 45 minutes. "It's demanding," he says. "After an hour you really begin to feel it." The carillonneur uses the edge of his hand, karate-fashion, to strike on the keyboard. He usually wears a glove or tapes part of his fingers.

Harvey says the most requested piece he performs is Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." He claims to have no favorites himself.

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"The carillon is really an instrument of

THE CARILLON



the street, not of the concert hall. In Europe, the town was built around the carillon."

Harvey likes to tell about one of the carillon's secret admirers. He talked about it in a speech he gave to the class of 1919, one of the classes which donated the carillon as a gift to the University:

"Several weeks ago a student and I approached the carillon tower. There was a note attached to the front door, 'To the Bell-ringer of 8:50 Wednesday morning . . .' My blood began to boil—a complaint. A sense of guilt came over me because I had run the bells a bit overtime and into the class period that day. I ripped the note off the door, jammed it in my pocket.

" . . . Finally, I opened the envelope. The message: 'With thanks for a good person who sends music out across the snow—it makes a cold walk warmer and me happy . . .' And there was a smiling face drawn under it . . ."

THERE IS another story, one about a boy and a girl, presumably students, who visited the tower during recitals every Sunday. "They came for two or three years," Harvey says. "They would listen to the music and stayed right up in the bell chamber. I don't know what they did up there, maybe make love or something."

And there is yet another story, one about a little boy who visited the carillon with his parents, and whom Harvey allowed to sit on the bench beside him and ring a bell. The boy's mother later wrote to tell Harvey how her son, whose body had just been buried, had never forgotten the carillon.

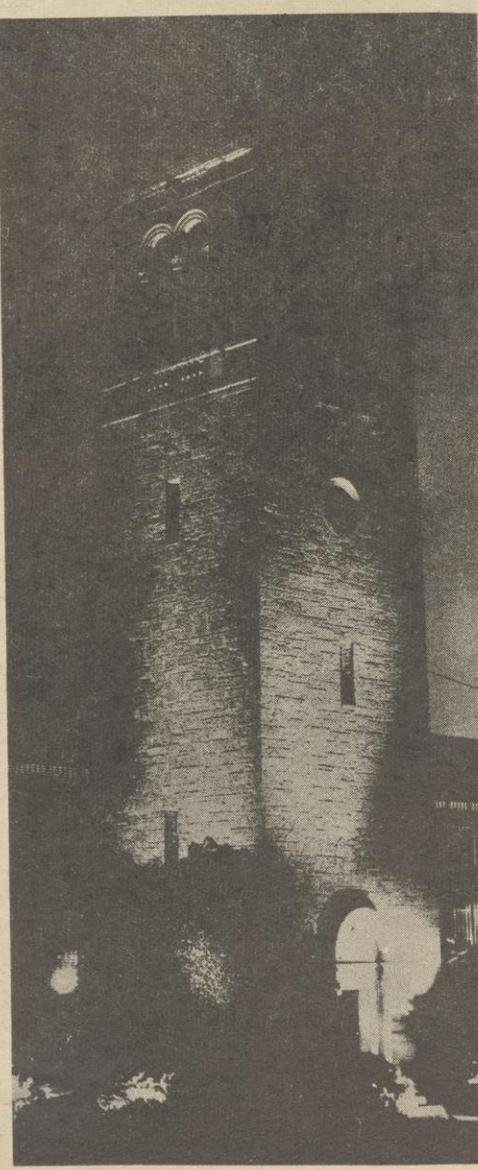
"Bells have always fascinated man," Harvey explains. "From the use of simple ankle bells on up to these giants. Bells soothe the mind."

Maybe that's how one can begin to understand why the carillon is and has historically been the musical instrument of the street, and of the people.

Cardinal photography: upper left, Jim Haberman; lower left, Mickey Pfleger; below, Robert Pensinger.



John Harvey



Why Mr. Kazik closed his store

There was more than one reason ...

By TINA DANIELL
of the Cardinal Staff

R. H. Kazik-Jeweler, closed. A little store with big windows on State St. A family business, run by Mr. and Mrs. Kazik, the store had always tried to maintain a friendly, open atmosphere towards its predominantly student clientele; according to Mrs. Kazik—"just like a family." Now during the closing sale, students came in to talk with Mrs. Kazik. Some bought and some just came by to wish her good luck.

Why?

"I kept on crying and cleaning out the window when that happened because the glass was all over, and I kept asking why."

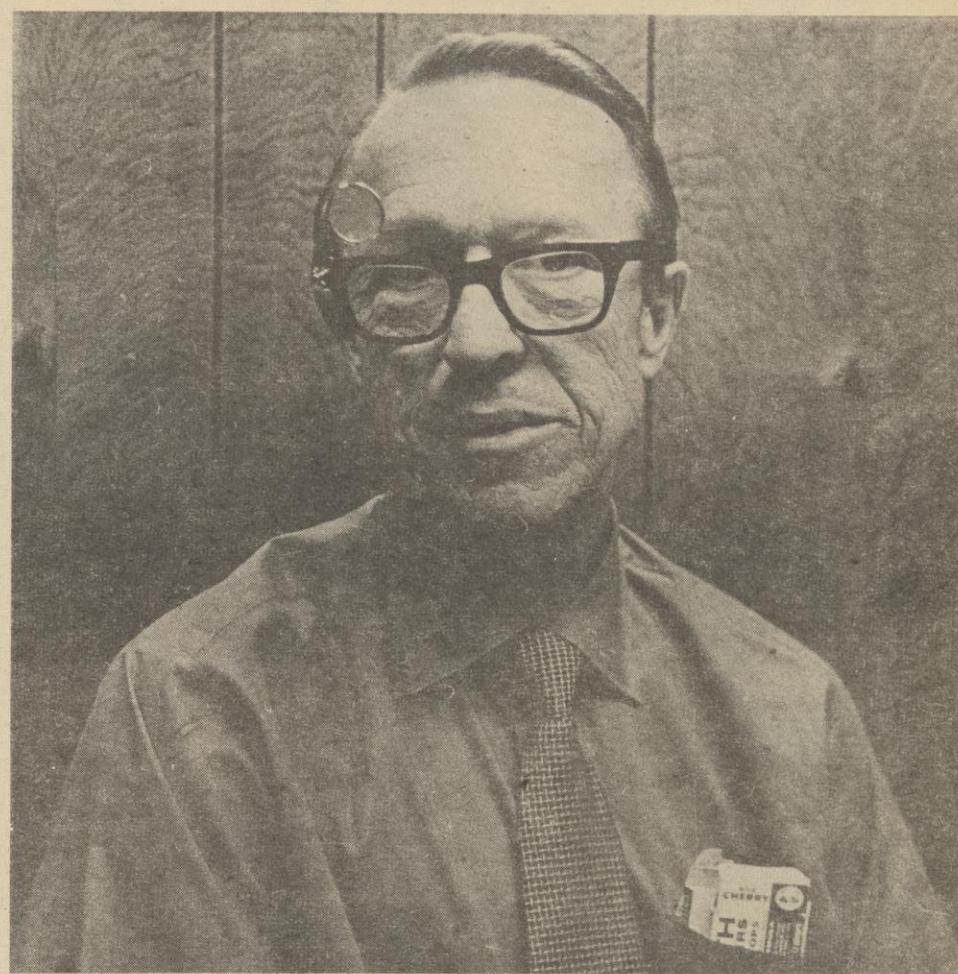
The Kaziks aren't closing because their windows were broken twice last spring. Mrs. Kazik is quick to point out that one time it was an accident; the window was broken with a beer bottle aimed at a policeman. But, she said, the second time was intentional.

"They said that we sell diamonds. At least everybody knows what I sell; I don't sell anything under the counter. That was really unfair because everybody has to make a living," she commented.

After nine years, the store is closing because of, in Mrs. Kazik's words, "a combination of thing." Mr. Kazik is ill, business is bad because Madisonians no longer like to shop on State St., students today, in Mrs. Kazik's view, are not that interested in jewelry, and perhaps the most important reason is because their insurance was taken away.

"Insurance is very important in a jewelry store; if you can't have that, you're gone. Even if they gave it to us, they'd make it so high we couldn't afford it. But when Sterling Hall was blown up, we got a notice saying that all the windows would no longer have insurance, as of right then. I think

(continued on page 9)



R. H. KAZIK

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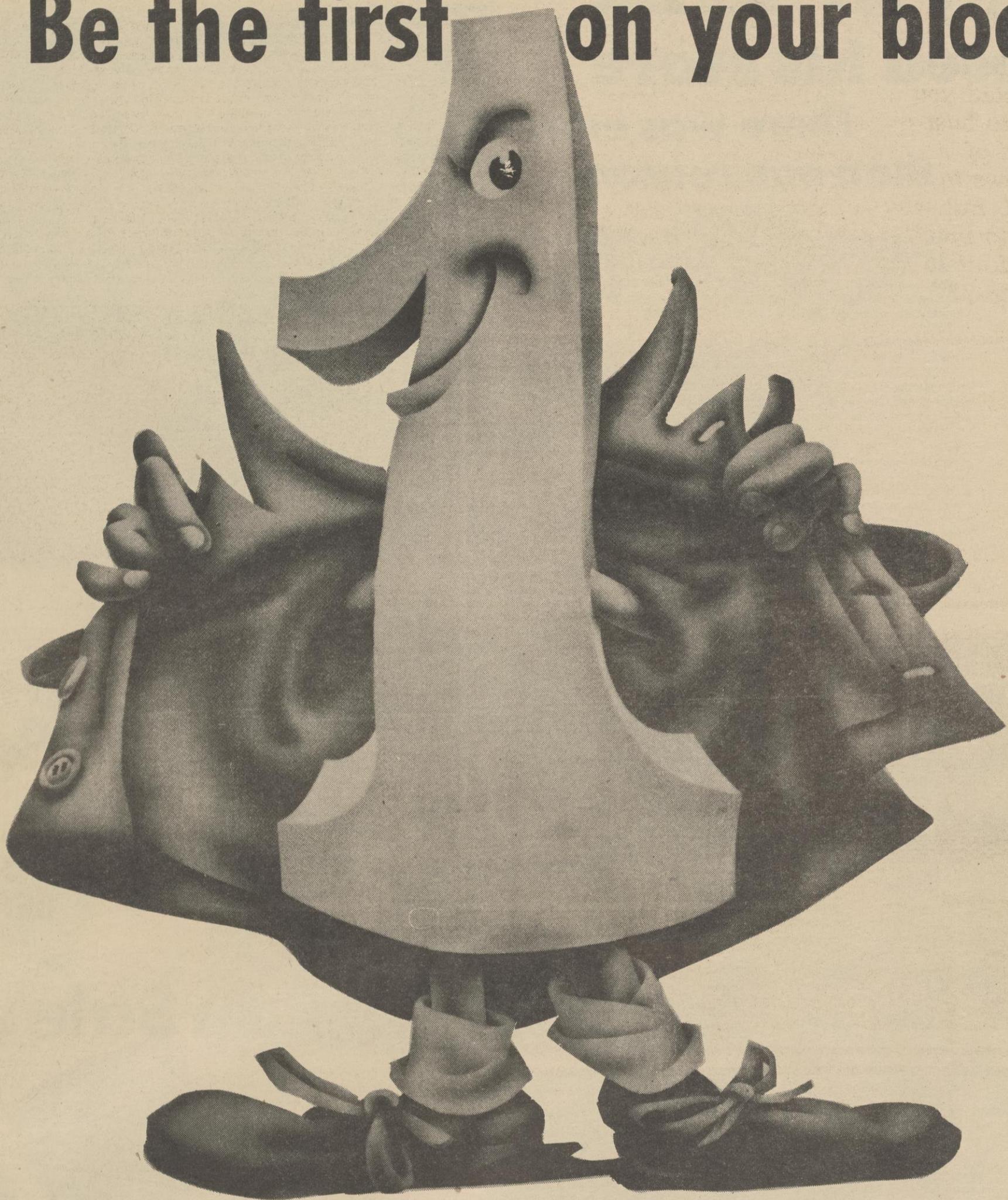
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Kazik's

(continued from page 7)

"Maybe like they said you have to bust a couple of windows to be heard. But why do it to me; why do it to the little guy?"

what our government should do is inquire about these insurance companies—the way they take the people's money and we get nothing for it. When there's a crisis like that (Sterling Hall), they don't come through," Mrs. Kazik said.

Living in a college town, the Kaziks have seen a lot of students and a lot of changes over the years. Agreeing that Madison students have always been very active, Mrs. Kazik said, "It was different before, and the kids would smile. They're not smiling now. They're not happy; they're not a happy bunch at all."

Not anti-student—"The kids today are great. I've learned a lot from them, how to understand my own better."—Mrs. Kazik is not anti-protest either, but she does have some reservations.

"A lot of good came out of the demonstrations; people are very aware now, if they're not they're asleep. The kids brought out a lot of good points, but the way they delivered it was wrong because they hurt a lot of innocent people. Too, I think, a lot of the kids protested for kicks. Half of them were marching not because they believed, but because it was fun. It was excitement."

"Maybe like they said you have to bust a couple windows to be heard. But why do it to me; why do it to the little guy? What they should have done is gone to Washington. As long as we're suffering, Washington won't hear about it. They're still going on like they always have."

"Last spring it was silly. Just like cat and mouse. The students would run up the hill and come down again, watch the police coming, run back up again. The whole town was upset about it because it cost the taxpayers money. There are so many poor people who need so many things; so many could have been fed with that money that went for police protection."

The Kaziks have a lot of faith in the American system; "The little businessman is nothing but an overworked laborer. I've never worked so hard in my life. We started off with \$3,000 and we built it up to this. It wasn't easy. There's a lot of sweat in here, but it can be done. It can be done only here in America . . . it may not be the best country, but it's the best I know."

They're middle Americans. But they can't be classified as part of the Silent Majority; they too feel there have to be some changes made in the government. Mrs. Kazik indicated that this feeling is shared by many: "People are very conscious today of who they're electing for office, but there's not very many to choose from today. Before it was just the opposite—there were a lot of good people out there, but nobody was voting."

"Now the people have caught on, but it's almost too late; the damage is done. I don't think I've ever seen as many people voting as I did in this last election, but they said who're you going to vote for. They were voting for men they didn't even want. But that's the choice they had; they felt

Monday, Feb. 8, 1971

THE DAILY CARDINAL—9

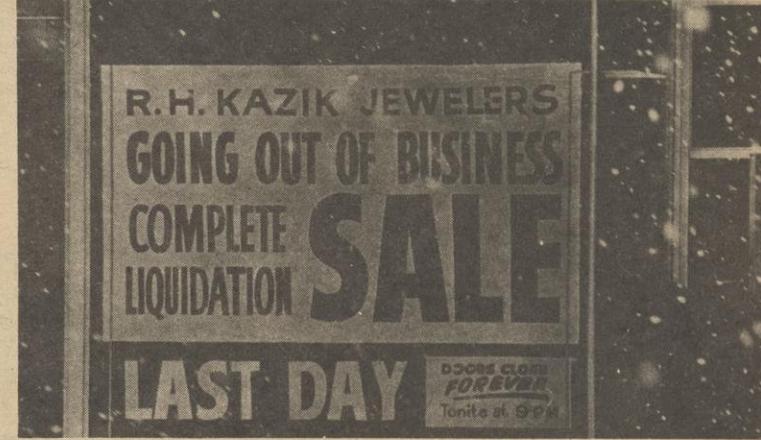
they had to do something. It wasn't much, but the little they could do, they did."

If the Kaziks views are representative, then a lot of potential support for change is being destroyed by fear, fear and perplexity at students and their actions.

"These kids came in and said you're part of a system. I don't know what they're talking about. I hate to appear ignorant. But if the system means hard work, then I'm part of it because that's the only way I think we can exist, if we work hard together. The students can't be on one side and we on the other side. We've got to be together . . . Now we're constantly in this fear—what are the kids going to do now? Right now let them educate themselves, then when they get out they can change."

"We need new blood in the government and let the students get ready for it because they'll have to be up there, they've got to be up there. We've got to have good men there . . . we've got to clean up. There's a handful of men running this country and we've got to reach them; we've got to get them out. There's a lot of good kids who will make good statesmen. But let them get ready for it. They've got so much to learn, and here they think they can change the world right now. They can make us aware of what's happening, but they're not going to change the world with bricks."

"They're hurting their own people. American against American—I don't understand that. You can reach out and take their hand—why hurt them? They talk about so much love and I don't know, I've never seen so much hate," Mrs. Kazik concluded.



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MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

6:10 A.M. - 7:00 A.M.	Area 60 to Memorial Union via Area 62 Area 60 to Eagle Heights	20 minute service 15 minute service*
7:00 A.M. - 10:00 A.M.	Area 60 to Memorial Union via Area 62 Area 60 to Social Science Building Area 60 to Eagle Heights	5 minute service* 3 minute service 7 minute service
10:00 A.M. - 3:00 P.M.	Area 60 to Memorial Union Area 60 to Eagle Heights	5 minute service* 15 minute service*
3:00 P.M. - 6:00 P.M.	Area 60 to Memorial Union via Area 62 Area 60 to Social Science Building Area 60 to Eagle Heights	5 minute service* 3 minute service 7 minute service
6:00 P.M. - 7:00 P.M.	Eagle Heights to Memorial Union via Area 60	15 minute service*
7:00 P.M. - 11:30 P.M.	Eagle Heights to Memorial Union via Area 60 Beginning Eagle Heights Loop 7:00, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15 Leaving Memorial Union 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00	
SATURDAY	Eagle Heights to Memorial Union via Area 60	
	Eagle Heights Loop Beginning 6:00 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 6:00 P.M. Memorial Union Leaving 11:45 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 5:45 P.M.	
SUNDAY	Eagle Heights to Memorial Union via Area 60	
	Eagle Heights Loop Beginning 6:00 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 6:00 P.M. Memorial Union Leaving 5:45 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 5:45 P.M.	
CLASS RECESS PERIODS (including JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 7, 1971)		
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY		
6:10 A.M. - 7:00 A.M.	Area 60 to Memorial Union via Area 62 Area 60 to Eagle Heights	20 minute service 15 minute service*
7:00 A.M. - 10:00 A.M.	Area 60 to Memorial Union via Area 62 Area 60 to Social Science Building Area 60 to Eagle Heights	7 minute service 7 minute service 15 minute service*
10:00 A.M. - 3:00 P.M.	Area 60 to Memorial Union Area 60 to Eagle Heights	10 minute service* 15 minute service*
3:00 P.M. - 6:00 P.M.	Area 60 to Memorial Union via Area 62 Area 60 to Social Science Building Area 60 to Eagle Heights	7 minute service 7 minute service 15 minute service*
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Black Arts Festival begins

Apollo 14

(continued from page 3)

orange as the engines were turned on, with the flames licking the bottom of the outside of the first stage. Then, just as suddenly, 7.6 million pounds of thrust violently escaped and the Saturn began to rise. Initially we heard no sound. But two seconds later the initial shock wave hit us. We began rocking gently back and forth as if in a heavy surf, and our pants legs were flapping. The noise, because of the low cloud cover, was compressed, and unbelievably deafening. Only after I lost sight of the rocket did I begin to hear the whir of the dozens of motor-driven

The Madison city and campus community will be given the opportunity to partake and participate in the black cultural experience during the "Black Arts Festival" Feb. 8-13, sponsored by the Afro-American Center.

The purpose of the festival, which will feature many outstanding national and locally known entertainers, according to Kwame Salter, director of the center is "to establish black traditions in Madison . . . this festival will be drenched with the black experience. It will be an attempt to sensitize black people at the most basic level of awareness. It's not just entertainment. All people in the Black Arts Festival will come to inform, not just to perform."

Perhaps the best known of the artists that will appear is Roberta Flack, a singer and piano player, who with the release of her latest album *Chapter Two* has finally gotten some of the recognition she deserves. Familiar ballads by writers like Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen and Buffey St. Marie are juxtaposed in her concerts next to moving social statements in songs like "Los Angelitos Negros" and Eddie Harris-Les McCann's "Compared to What?"

In addition to Miss Flack on the Monday night program will be a local "rock" group known as Black Haze.

Tuesday night at the Catholic Center (723 State St.) a jazz trio made up of George Brown (drums), Melvin Rhyne (organ), and Louis Seales (sax and flute) will hold a jam session. No admission will be charged. Mel and George played a fine set last April at Cecil Taylor's concert at the Stock Pavilion and have been gigging recently at a local jazz spot.

A play written by Jimmie Garrett, "And We Own the Night . . . A Play of Blackness," dealing with the black people's struggle in dealing with tradition and future direction will be performed Wednesday night at the Catholic Center. On that same program will be a University interpretive dance group whose main theme will concern African tradition.

Three black poets, Rockie Taylor, Carolyn Rogers and Ruwra Chiri will give a reading Thursday night at the Catholic Center. Rockie Taylor, a UW graduate is now teaching black literature at University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee and like Carolyn Rogers has had work published in books and anthologies. Carolyn Rogers is also a member of the writers workshop of the Organization of Black American Culture and 1968 winner of the Conrad Kent Rivers Memorial Award for Black poetry.

—gary dretzka

cameras around me.

Almost immediately there was a mad rush for the press buses as reporters hurried to catch waiting planes for Houston and Mission Control. But their attempt was

Cape, young children could be seen patrolling the camp areas, cleaning up the cans, the bottles, and the plastic.

The hotels were once again emptying, and workers were thanked, and paid with

"I wouldn't be too upset if we took a few dollars away from some chronically unwed mothers."

—Al Capp
at the Cape

futile. Traffic was jammed for three miles, and the press buses were delayed over two hours as the tribes left the camp and the spectators left the bleachers.

As dusk once again descended on the

promises of future work sometime soon. A few contractors still had a few parties for a few people in a few places. But it was over. Less than a minute of flashing light and shattering sound brought all these people

together for a week of partying culminating in an open mouth, a "wow" or a little emotion.

At the Cape Kennedy Hilton, things continued to move quickly while a rock band was amplified throughout the first floor. The guests were asked to sign a petition in the lobby sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce asking Nixon not to "dump" the space program. Ironically, the Hilton had just been sold to right-wing preacher Rev. Carl McIntire for \$25 million and he was to take over control at 3 a.m.

A slightly inebriated patron walked up, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Well, kid, we made it didn't we?" In a way, I was glad that we had, but I was even more relieved that it was all over. At least it was over, down at the Cape.

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Sly: just 'everyday people'

By VANCE DU RIVAGE

Generally, pop artists' greatest hits albums tend to be anticlimactic to a band's success. Usually they will appear when a band has been without a release for an extended time. The producer collects the old material, wraps it in a flashy cover, then offers it to us for immediate consumption. The trouble, of course, is obvious. Often the group has gone beyond whatever their early records sounded like and now are developing a more distinctly personal music which reflects their growth and musical ideas.

Sly and the Family Stones Greatest Hits is a product of this marketing psyche, yet the results are rewardingly different. As they say, we get a dozen favorites, including "Everybody Is a Star," "Thank You," and "Hot Fun in the Summertime" (none released on albums prior to this), and the remainder of the material mostly comes from the album **STAND**.

If you are unfamiliar with Sly and his Family, this is a perfect introduction to their musical form, technique, philosophy, and emotion. There is a special, electric sensation you get listening to them. The sound is extremely rhythmic, seductive, and conducive to dance. Through the power of their horns, and the hypnotic chanting of the Family Stone, one is physically elevated, and becomes one of their tribe.

The first song here gets right to it—"I Want To Take You Higher." Everything happening in the music is directed at your body. The rhythms pulsate, in waves, growing louder, and more frenzied as the drummer pounds out the message. It beseeches you to stand up and dance. If you saw Woodstock, you will certainly remember this feeling I am talking about—it's dynamite. You get high just listening to all of them, and when it is finally over you have been physically drained, and yet emotionally elated. After this you just keep getting higher.

More poetic are "Everybody Is a Star," "Everyday People," and "Stand," representing another side of Sly's idealism. It is sort of "black magic" which is understanding, self-assertive, proud, and compassionate. Always simply stated, his lyrics sound a refreshing personal optimism—which you may criticize as naive, but which undeniably are honest and true.

Stand

In the end you'll still be you
One that's done all the things you set out to do

Stand

There's a cross for you to bear
Things to go through if you're going anywhere

California is very much a part of them, in style, in idea, and in attitude. There is a physical sense, a freedom of movement they extend to us. It is a human reflection of themselves it is like the heart-beat—alive and energetic, generating and galvanizing a something within all of us. The overt result must inevitably be dance. Inside, our response is a loss of inhibitions and a rewarding reawakening of the spirit.

Sly is no prophet, don't mistake me. He is human and fallible as any of us (witness his abortive concert here last spring). But this is where his beauty and his strength come from, his lack of pretense puts him above the current pop mediocrity.

I am no better and neither are you
We are the same whatever we do
You love me—you hate me you know me and then
You can't figure out the bag I'm in
I am everyday people, yeah, yeah

Stand up, don't you know the answer is within you, in your mind and body. Listen to the music, feel it, then dance to it. After all, that's really what it's about—that's really all it's ever been about.

RECORDS

stock, you will certainly remember this feeling I am talking about—it's dynamite. You get high just listening to all of them, and when it is finally over you have been physically drained, and yet emotionally elated. After this you just keep getting higher.

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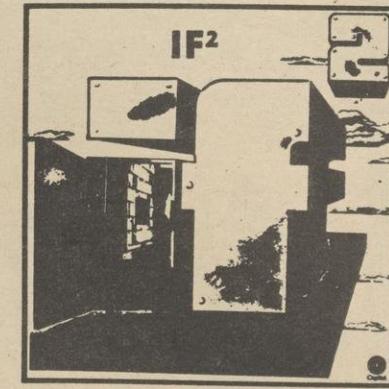


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SMAS-659 — Also Available on Tape

And Unity

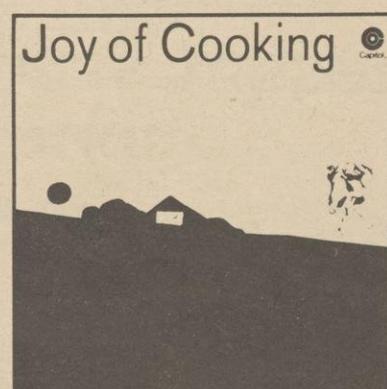


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And Depth



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ST-661—Also Available on Tape



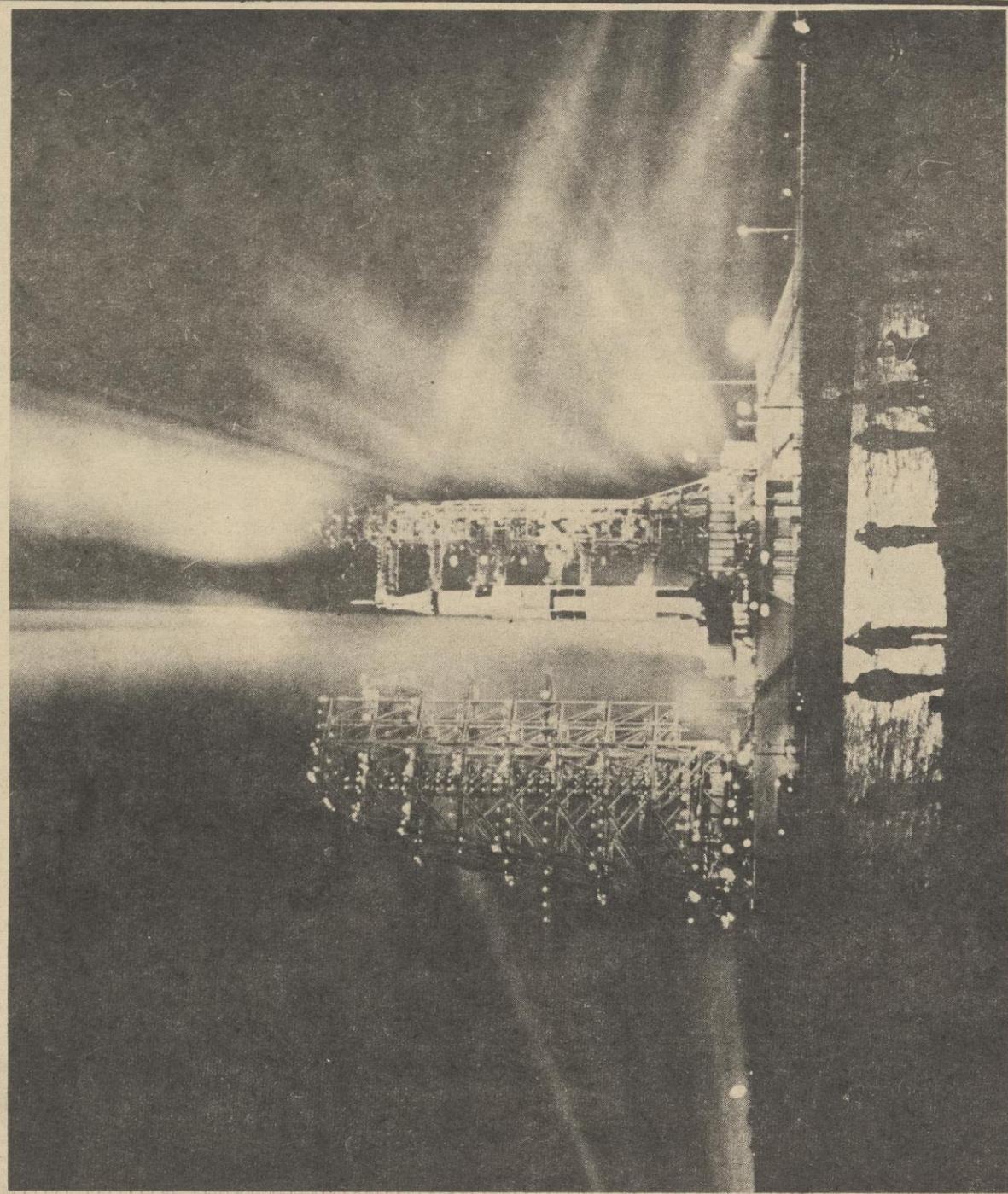
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MONDAY



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Down at the Cape

Diary of a spectacle: The launch of Apollo

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