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Daily Cardinal

VOL. LXXXIV, No. 153

University of Wisconsin-Madison

Tuesday, July 2, 1974

Flipside

Nixon

and

McGuinn



The National Farmers Organization:

Nixon's enemy, farmer's friend



The NFO had its origins in the discontent and powerlessness of the small farmer. Strongly rooted in the Populist and Progressive movements, the NFO's primary goal has been to attain higher prices for its members.

This is the first in a three part series dealing with one segment of today's modern agriculture, the National Farmer's Organization—who do they represent; what are their goals; have they succeeded in attaining them, and why are they being investigated by the Securities and Exchange Commission—these are some of the questions we hope to answer in this and subsequent issues.

By RANDALL PORTER
of the Cardinal Staff

The National Farmers Organization (NFO) from its conception was caught up in the angry mood of small farmers tired of being under the thumb of supply and demand.

Since its birth in 1955, the NFA has tried to get better prices for this country's farmers. Its difference from prior and existing farm organizations is that they weren't about to wait for the government to solve their problems. The NFO used new techniques of slaughtering cows, boycotts, and holding actions in an effort to increase demand and therefore the prices paid to farmers. As far as attaining these goals, they have met with partial

success and failure.

The NFO today, according to a study done by the University of Wisconsin, represents mainly large family farms, usually run by younger farmers with some college education. NFO President Oren Lee Staley said, "The NFO has a policy of open membership to anyone who produces any agricultural commodity."

Through NFO's turbulent history there have been assassination attempts against their leadership, and they are presently under investigation for fraud by the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC).

The SEC's fraud charges are based on a claim that the NFO has been loaned approximately \$102,000 and hasn't collected enough unpaid back dues to repay these loans. The SEC also says the NFO loans are securities and the NFO did not register these loans, thus violating SEC regulations.

Staley said, "We informed every member when we made the loans we were under investigation by the SEC for not being able to pay back these loans. We have been paying them back at regular intervals at 8.5 per cent interest. I told the SEC they could talk to anyone they wanted and could look at any of our income records and books. I told them at least they didn't have to hunt us down

like they did Vesco."

Staley said he doesn't know what prompted the SEC investigation, but "I do know we were on Nixon's enemy list...I don't know for sure if that's the reason...I suppose we'll find out as time goes on."

Last week Senator William Proxmire sent a letter to the SEC saying that he had worked with the leadership of the NFO since 1957 and, "They represent many hard working farmers in my state. They are a non-profit organization. No one, to the best of my knowledge, has gotten rich working for NFO."

Tom Vandervort, one of Proxmire's special agriculture assistants says, "Attempting to point to fraud seemed to be a pretty strong charge. NFO members know more about their organization than most corporate shareholders."

Through the suit the SEC could take over the NFO and control its programs. Staley says this would kill NFO's collective bargaining programs and the NFO itself. In his letter to the SEC Proxmire said, "The NFO uses collective bargaining to help secure better farm prices, and if the government is ever to get out of paying price supports it will be through self-help organizations like the

NFO."

In order to fully understand why farmers organized into groups like the NFO, one has to look back to the seeds of its development.

The early farmer felt that he was singly running a personal enterprise in a world of impersonal forces. The Populist Movement of the early 1900's embraced those discontented farmers who felt they were striving to adjust present conditions to old ideals of independence and a pure life in the country. These ideals were amplified when their produce declined in price. Through the Populists, these farmers hoped to gain victory over injustice, the solution for all social ills, and to concentrate their efforts on a small but strong interest—the money powers.

These money powers were the railroads and government. The Populist Party farmers tried to elect Williams Jennings Bryant in 1896 in hopes of gaining a free silver policy. This would have provided them with easy low interest loans. They also hoped to gain government regulation over railroads.

But as it turned out, the Populists were only concerned with promoting the "image" of a man working the land. They were interested in railroad legislation

to regulate transportation rates. But this and the low interest mortgage programs died in the wake of the 1890's depression.

By 1913 the Progressive movement was clearly making an impact on the population. There were several important groups dedicated to the cause of social justice: The American Association for Labor, the Consumers League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and a new farm organization—the National Farmers Union (NFU).

The NFU was strongly in favor of pushing through the Hollis-Bulkeley Bill which would have provided federal farm loans. (The NFU also said it didn't go far enough.) Woodrow Wilson had vetoed it in 1914, and told the sponsors that he would veto it again if the amount wasn't increased from \$250,000 to \$500,000. Although the bill finally passed Congress and was signed by Wilson on May 15, 1916, conservatives chastized it as a dangerous socialistic measure because it was using public resources for only a minority of the populace.

These early farm organizations all had two basic problems. They

continued on page 3



photos by Dick Satran

Soaring for sex fiends and suicidal maniacs

By MACK ANDERSON
of the Cardinal Staff

Several years ago I looked upon some of the older kids in my high school with contempt when, Iron Crosses dangling, they piled into their woodies after school and headed for Lake Michigan to shoot the curl or whatever, of the two foot breakers in their wet suits.

Around the same time, though, I was praying for snow so I could go out to the local ski areas, pay six dollars a day for a two rope to haul me up tiny "mountains" to ski runs that were a hundred yards long.

MIDWESTERNERS, it appears, are a hearty adaptive breed of humans who will go to great lengths to conquer an environment that doesn't provide much challenge. The true challenge in some sports here is finding the environment worth challenging.

So it is with hang gliding. It

began on the East and West coasts where the prevailing ocean winds are steady and predictable and large bluffs face the winds.

Pilots have flown as high as 1000 feet and remained airborne for over three hours playing with the updrafts and swooping and turning like giant condors.

The desire to fly is not linked to geographical area, however, so hang gliding has been imported to the Midwest and is taking root. It faces problems, but enthusiasts insist hang gliding here is not only possible, but rewarding, challenging and fun.

"IT'S JUST A MATTER OF finding the right flying sites," says Mark Langenfeld, perhaps the most experienced flyer in Madison. "When we find them this sport is going to grow."

The ideal site, Mark says, is a long grassy ridge with no trees or power lines and an unobstructed landing area. The wind must blow

directly uphill, into the flyer's face, for a successful flight.

Several sites are being used, but bigger and better ones are sought. Some farmers are understandably quite reluctant to let young crazies dive bomb their alfalfa fields in multi-colored kites. At least one flyer has been escorted off a farm at gunpoint.

Still the search goes on.

ANOTHER PROBLEM IS the danger involved. About 16 people have been killed hang gliding since 1970. Most serious injuries are to the back, and leg and arm twists are common. Yet hang gliders insist there is risk in most sports and hang gliding is no different. In this area only a few minor injuries have been reported.

"Hang gliding isn't absolutely suicidal," says Francis M. Rogallo, 62, the inventor of the flexible wing glider. "You must watch how, when and what you fly. The two biggest causes of accidents are poor judgment and poor conditions."

Local flyers have started an organization to deal with the problems and share the fun of hang gliding. The Madison Sky Sailors have a membership of around 40 who are concerned about the hazards and lack of available flying sites.

The secretary and treasurer, Connie Robinson, said the club is adopting "super safety regulations." The rules include no drugs or alcohol while flying, mandatory helmets, using club approved sites when conditions are right, and required parental approval for young flyers.

"A FEW MORONS getting themselves killed endangers the sport for everyone," she said. "The FAA is threatening to regulate hang gliding in California because of the deaths there. We don't want that situation."

"We're also looking for sites constantly, and found some good ones. After harvest time we can get access to some sites that will solve all our present problems."

Meanwhile, the sites that are available are getting a lot of use. I went to a site near Waunakee with

Mark Langenfeld, Dennis Simmons and Bob Olmsted. The three were flying distances of around 150 yards while a few dozen cows watched and milled about. The day was nearly windless so they had to run faster than usual to take off.

Unfortunately, none of the three men were willing to let an interested Cardinal reporter take a maiden flight with their \$500 gliders.

HOW DOES SOMEONE who wants to fly start without a huge investment? Actually, it isn't very difficult. This story is not a PR job for Petrie's, but as far as I was able to find out either Petrie's or the Madison Sky Sailors is the proper place to begin inquiries.

Mark, at Petrie's (on State), is only too happy to show a promotional film to whet the budding flyer's appetite, and he has plenty of written information available.

The Madison Sky Sailors have a trainer kite and sell shares in it for \$25. Three or four of the 15 shareholders usually take the kite out for an afternoon or two a week to learn the basics. There is also a school that gives gliding instructions.

Jim Bankson, who directs the Devil's Head Ski School, charges about \$30 for a two hour ground class and six hours of instruction in the field.

THE FIRST THING a beginner must learn is how to hold the kite level. Raising the nose will result in stalls which usually end in gentle landings, but may result in somewhat less than gentle crashes. Turning the nose down results in "nose-ins", an apt description of what happens to the front of the kite as well as one's face if the glider hits the ground nose first.

After this primary training, the beginner takes small flights from low hills to practice take-offs and landings. Pilots then progress to bigger and bigger hills until they get the urge to travel east or west to hit the big time.

For the socially inclined junior birdperson, there are club and regional "fly-ins," but there are

even bigger kicks for the self-destructive flyers. One person glided out of a hot air balloon at 9,600 feet and landed safely.

It is impossible to classify the glider pilots I've met. Some have indulged in semi-dangerous sports all their lives, while for others hang gliding is their first experience with participant sport.

ONE WONDER WHY the estimated 7000 people who hang



glide are so obsessed with the sport. The most obvious answer is that people have always wanted to fly—still, Jim Bankson was able to describe the sensation of soaring through the air in different terms.

"It's at least as good as sex," he said. "And you can do it all day."

Mark Langenfeld used to fly glider planes and was an expert parachute jumper before he started hang gliding.

"Hang gliding is much more fun for me. You look into the sky around Torrence Beach (Cal.) and there are two dozen kites cruising around like big gulls," Mark says with a glint in his eyes you'd have to call fanatical. "I had one flight that lasted 16 minutes and could have gone longer. I'm having flights right now that I will never ever forget."



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The NFO: on the farmer's side

(continued from page 1)

couldn't seem to do anything about over-production, and they still expected congress and the government to solve their problems for them.

Throughout history the one most consistent crisis facing farmers has not been insects or climate, but trying to achieve a cost of production plus a reasonable profit. In other words, farmers couldn't go on forever receiving less wealth than they produced. In the 1920's, the Kansas State Board of Agriculture asked a Wall Street economist, Bernard Baruch, to examine this problem and find a solution.

Baruch's probe discovered that farming was uneconomical because farmers couldn't adjust their production to meet market conditions the way industry could. Therefore, farmers were always subservient to supply and demand. Baruch added in his report that the farmers' problems were compounded through lack of

organization.

In 1926, Congress again tried to help the farmer through the McNary-Haugh Bills. These bills were passed through both houses of Congress twice.

In each case Calvin Coolidge vetoed them. Farmers nicknamed Coolidge "The Little Wart" after the first veto, and by the second veto, 1929 and the Depression were harvesting their first victims.

After the Depression, America's farmers became producing marvels. But some farmers were still skeptical. They were making money now, but how long would this supply and demand cycle run in their favor? They weren't long in finding out.

In 1955, hogs were selling at \$26.00 per hundredweight. (This means farmers received \$26.00 for every 100 pounds their hogs weighed). But in just two years the price dropped to \$10.00 per hundredweight. Government price supports at this time were at

\$7.00 (The term for this is parity). Parity simply means that if the price falls below a certain level, the government will make up the difference.

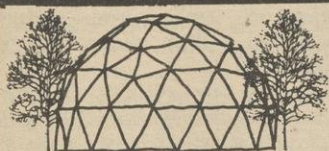
At this time, hog farmers were investing their income and literally gambling that prices would hopefully stay up around \$26.00 per hundredweight. When the price dropped to \$10.00 per

hundredweight many farmers sold out. Although their products sold for 53 per cent less in 1957, their costs were up two per cent over those 2 years.

Spurred on by these critical conditions, one farmer, Wayne Jackson, met with a feed salesman, Jay Loghry, to discuss the possibility of a farmer organization. Both men were

interested in combating the price fluctuation, and saw organization as their only hope. Jackson and Loghry then solicited their neighborhoods, gathering 35 farmers who attended a meeting at Carl, Iowa. These were the first days of a new group that later became the National Farmers Organization.

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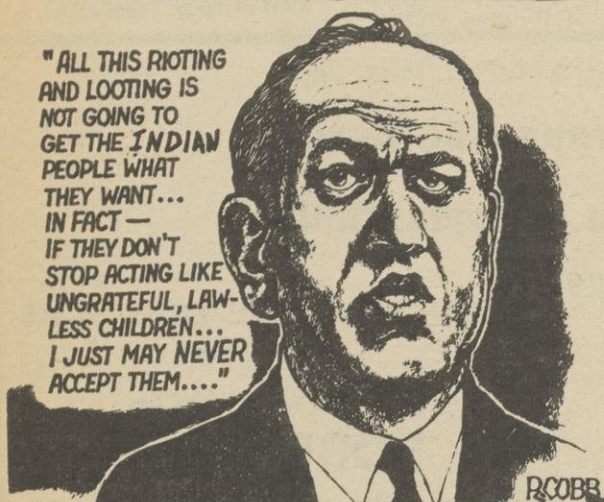
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B.I.A., don't you blame me for your problems,
I'm not your Indian any more
You belong to White Man,
We-ya-hi-ya, We-ya-hi-ya, eh-h-h-h.

B.I.A., we don't want your rules no more,
They belong to White Man
We-ya-hi-ya, We-ya-hi-ya, eh-h-h-h.

— from a 49'er song sung by Floyd Westerman
on his album, 'Custer Died for Your Sins'

"ALL THIS RIOTING
AND LOOTING IS
NOT GOING TO
GET THE INDIAN
PEOPLE WHAT
THEY WANT...
IN FACT —
IF THEY DON'T
STOP ACTING LIKE
UNGRATEFUL, LAW-
LESS CHILDREN...
I JUST MAY NEVER
ACCEPT THEM...."



Wounded Knee: Part III Ghost dance for Indian activists

This is the final part of a three-part series on the siege of Wounded Knee written by Pacific News reporter Stephen Most, who is also a free-lance writer and playwright.

PART III GHOST DANCE RETURNS By STEPHEN MOST Pacific News Service

In May, 1974, a year after the occupation and siege of Wounded Knee ended, Sioux Indians led by medicine man Leonard Crow Dog danced the Ghost Dance for the first time in 84 years.

During the months preceding the 1890 massacre at Wounded Knee, the Ghost Dance spread among Indians like wildfire across the plains. Dancing in a circle, wearing Ghost Shirts supposedly invulnerable to bullets, the celebrants believed their dead ancestors would return to earth and the whites would vanish.

THIS RELIGION, born of desperation, led federal agents to fear an Indian outbreak. Attempting to stop the Ghost Dance, they arrested and killed the Sioux medicine man, Sitting Bull. It was then that a band of Oglala families headed toward Red Cloud's camp at Pine Ridge, hoping that the chief could protect them from the soldiers who ranged Sioux territory in search of "hostiles."

The Seventh Cavalry, which 14 years before had gone down to disaster with Custer at Little Big Horn, intercepted the band at Wounded Knee Creek, persuaded them to turn in their weapons, then shot them. On December 29, 1890, 350 Oglala lay dead in the snow.

The Wounded Knee Massacre marked the end of the 19th century Indian wars. From then on the Indian became the "Vanishing American." Federal policy was designed to make Indians, as a separate cultural entity, disappear. Indians were encouraged to migrate to the cities, though no jobs awaited them and the support of family and clan was lacking. The Indian Reorganization Act of 1934 eliminated traditional tribal forms of government, substituting tribal councils subject to the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). Reservation lands were leased to white interests. And in the 1950's, the government initiated a policy of "terminating" the reservations

entirely.

But the Indian stubbornly refused to disappear. In the 1960's the civil rights movement and the Viet Nam War led white Americans to take a more sympathetic look at the native minority. The War on Poverty poured federal money into hastily improvised reservation programs. Still, whether he was seen as the good guy in Westerns, as a right-on Third World militant, or as a person in a "pocket of poverty," the Indian's reality remained obscured behind irrelevant images.

COMPRISING LESS than one percent of the national population, separated geographically from the other 99 percent, living under distinct political conditions and within a culture which differs profoundly from that of the larger society, the Native American stands across a chasm from the rest of his compatriots. Although Congress "granted" Indians U.S. citizenship in 1924, it is no exaggeration to say that theirs is another country not yet discovered by inhabitants of the mass, industrial nation.

It is, of course, a gross oversimplification to speak of "the Indian," but this is less true today than in the 19th century when hundreds of native languages were spoken. Even among the Navajo, Pueblo, and Sioux—cultures which have remained intact despite federal efforts—people refer to a lost generation of Indians: Indians, now middle-aged, who were made to forget their language and traditions in BIA schools; Indians who, despairing of their culture's viability, identified with the dominant society; Indians whom the BIA employs to enforce its policies.

Today, however, elders, young people, and some members of the middle generation are "Indian" in an unprecedented sense. Participants in a pantribal movement, they assert their cultural heritage, human rights, and national sovereignty. Seen in this context, the confrontation at Wounded Knee is a major political event—hardly a media stunt or an outbreak of irrational militancy.

NEW NATIVE AMERICAN ACTIVISM

The occupation of Wounded Knee was in fact the climax of a decade of activism. This new native movement began with a

struggle over treaty-guaranteed fishing rights in the State of Washington. In the early 1960's, Indian fishermen suffered harassment, arrests and attacks by Fish and Game officers and vigilante groups. Rather than abandon their livelihood, northwest Indians organized and won support from tribes throughout the continent. Fishing in spite of state bans was their form of protest—in retaliation for which two white sportsmen shot and nearly killed Indian leader Hank Adams.

Urban Indians formed the American Indian Movement (AIM) after a 1966 meeting protesting BIA policies in Minnesota. In 1968, AIM set up an Indian Patrol which followed

police who were arresting Indians in Minneapolis bars. After a year of surveillance, arbitrary arrests of Indians ceased. AIM quickly spread to other cities. Since the Wounded Knee confrontation began, the movement has gained member and supporters on many reservations.

PANTRIBAL ACTIVISM caught fire in California in 1969. When the San Francisco Indian Center burned down and BIA officials refused to rebuild it, an organization called Indians of All Tribes occupied Alcatraz. The symbolism was potent: the barren rock was no worse than a reservation, activists declared; and its location suggested that Indians, pushed westward almost into the Pacific, were clinging to this last, useless piece of earth. After 19 months they were forced to abandon even Alcatraz.

In 1970, medicine men from tribes in the United States and Canada met on the Crow Reservation in Montana. Here the strength of traditional Indian values was reaffirmed. Spiritual leaders expressed the faith that nature would destroy the mechanized society, and that native peoples would reclaim the continent: a vision recalling that of the Paiute medicine man Wovoka whose prophecy of native dominion sparked the Ghost Dance of 1890.

During the year preceding Wounded Knee, a pantribal caravan traveled the "Trail of Broken Treaties": a cross-country march on Washington whose purpose was to draw attention, reservation by reservation, to the 371 treaties the federal government made with sovereign Indian nations and later ignored. In December, 1972 the marchers arrived in Washington. Locked out of a promised auditorium and barred from BIA headquarters, they occupied the government building. The media appeared, decrying Indian militancy. Then the government, which had not listened to their requests, agreed to their demands—until the Indians left the building. The pantribal group took with them papers which allegedly document illegal sales of tribal lands, misuse of government funds, and other abuses by BIA officials.

The occupation of BIA headquarters—regarded by many Indians as a symbol and source of federal oppression of native peoples—was a prelude to the

occupation of Wounded Knee. The violation of all the Indian treaties had been demonstrated; now attention turned to the immediate grievances of the Oglala Sioux.

SIOUX MEDICINE MEN, among them Leonard Crow Dog, invited AIM to come to Wounded Knee. According to prophecy, Wounded Knee was the place where spirits of the massacred ancestors—and of the nation which died with them—would return to life. In a sense, the taking of Wounded Knee and the proclamation there of a liberated Oglala Nation was a Ghost Dance: a summoning of powers from the past to guide the living.

White reporters at Wounded Knee were disappointed to find that instead of saying, "We will attack the long rifles," the Indians, many of them veterans of Viet Nam, said things like, "Yeah, man, cool it." It amused newsmen to see that some Indians needed help putting up a teepee and cutting up a carcass. These observers failed to realize that at Wounded Knee Indians were not only rediscovering the culture the U.S. had tried to kill, but showing their readiness to die for it.

At Wounded Knee some warriors, men and women, received Indian names for the first time.

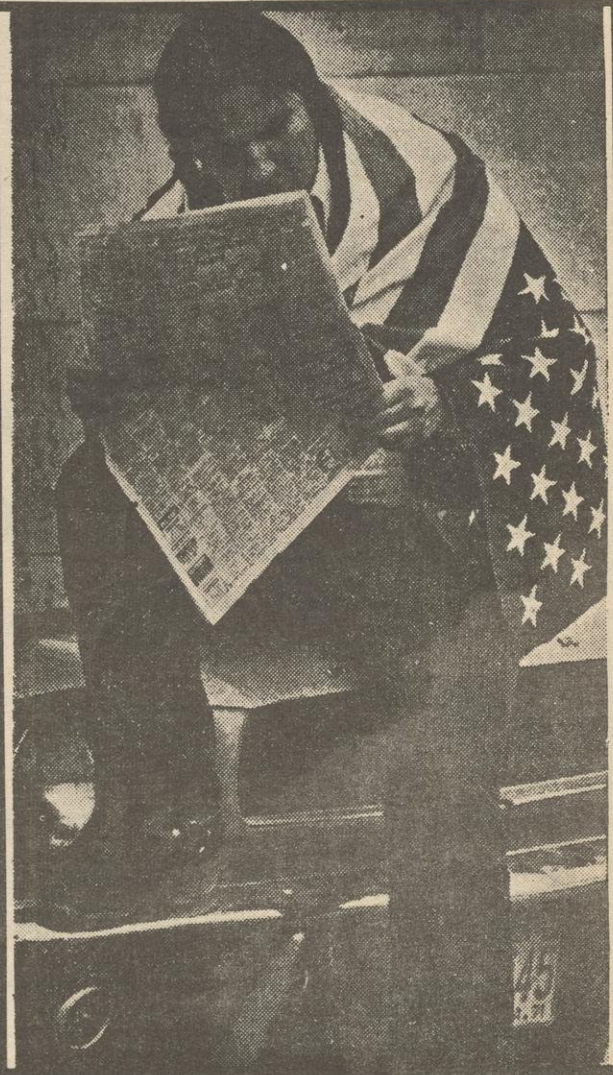
Inside the village, Leonard Crow Dog and Wallace Black Elk conducted sweat lodge, pipe and other ancient Sioux ceremonies. Many stories were told of the power of their medicine. Near misses by bullets were attributed to the spiritual discipline Leonard Crow Dog brought to Wounded Knee.

WHEN ASKED what Crow Dog's role was in the struggle, a member of Chicago AIM answered, "He is the struggle. In the minds of the Indians out there—that's why they ain't been killed yet, through the power of the pipe and the power of their religion out there."

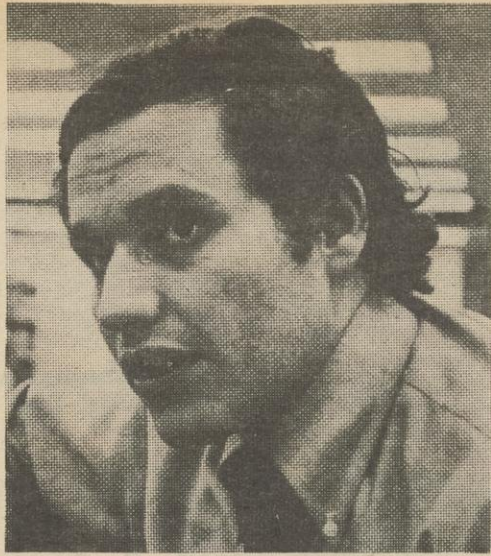
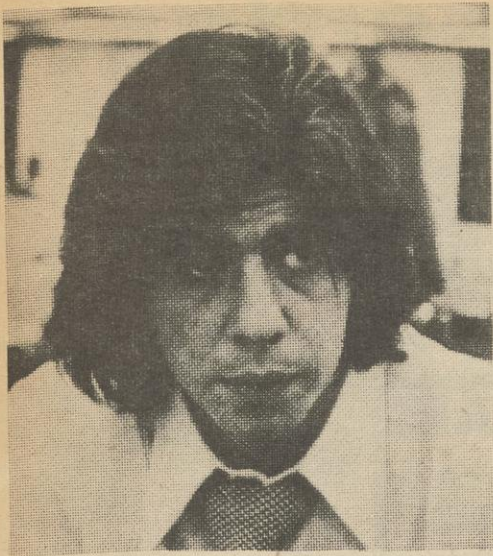
This power—whether regarded in cultural, spiritual or political terms—has surely not run its course. Last May the Ghost Dance and its vision of the future as the past restored returned to Sioux territory. AIM members speak of actions to come in Wisconsin, the northwest, and elsewhere. AIM leaders are developing contacts with the leadership of other "Third World" movements. And Native Americans all over the continent are contemplating ways to dramatize their grievances, gain their rights, and secure a livelihood for their people.



ABOVE: Russell Means, armed with a club, carrying a gas mask and a photo of the Great White Father, awaiting police at the BIA in



Washington. RIGHT: Distress-wrapped member of BIA occupation force catches up on reading how the press viewed the incident.



Bernstein and Woodward

(continued from page 8)

Deep Throat's car? What did a 1972 goon squad do, especially if it worked for the White House?"

Bernstein also developed paranoid fantasies, and at times was "unable to sleep, thinking about the implications of what they had written and what they were about to write. What if they were being unfair to the President of the United States, damaging not just the man but the institution? And, by extension, the country? Suppose the reporters' assumptions were wrong. That somehow they had been horribly misled. What happened to a couple of punk reporters who took the country on a rollercoaster ride? Could it be that the cash in Stans' safe had

been merely discretionary funds that had been misspent by a few overzealous underlings? Or that the reporters and their sources had fed on one another's suspicions and speculations? No less awful, suppose the reporters were being set up. What if the White House had seen its chance to finish off the Washington Post and further undermine the credibility of the press? What if Haldeman had never asked for authority over the money, or had never exercised his authority?"

The current events surrounding Dr. Henry Kissinger's threat to resign if his role with wiretaps isn't cleared up demonstrate discrepancies that would feed Bernwood's insecurity. Just

recently Kissinger stated he had nothing to do with the phone bugging of members of his staff. Yet, earlier in the year, when Woodward asked him about his authorizing the taps, Kissinger said "almost never" (in other words, sometimes).

The book should have ended on page 280, when Senator Sam Ervin's Watergate hearings begin.

The only worthwhile thing Bernwood do here is prod the Senate Watergate Committee into calling Alexander Butterfield, chief of internal security at the White House. Butterfield was the one who revealed the existence of the White House tapes.

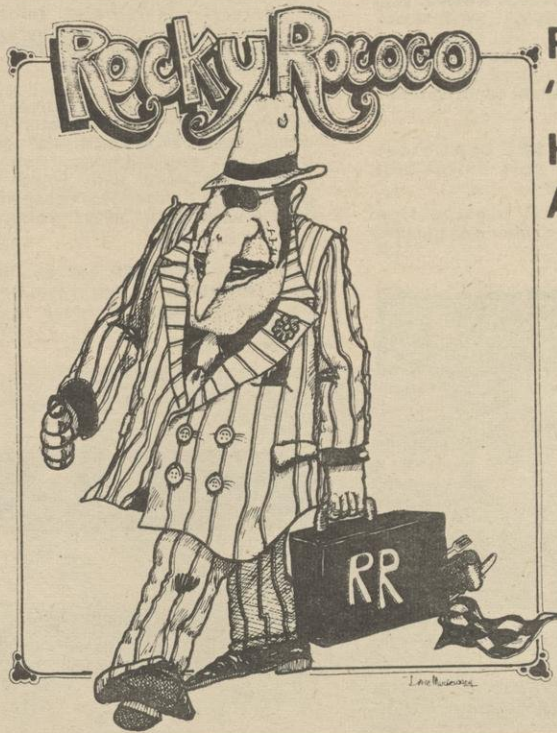
THE BOOK ENDS IN IRONY: the beginning and the end of the Watergate mess still lie in a fog of uncertainty. It is still not known

exactly why five men broke into the Democratic headquarters at the Watergate complex nor is it known to what extent President Richard Milhous Nixon had a hand in it (he was rarely mentioned in the book).

Watergate is out of the hands of Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward now, and in the hands of congress. But *All the President's Men* will stand for ages as a historical testimony to the function of the press in this country, and, on the blacker side, as a testimony to the role of the Nixon administration in this country.

Eddie Harris

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Summerdance

(continued from page 7)

merit, then the best selections on the program were two solo dances by veteran Dan Wagoner. They stamped, cheered, and screamed after his clever "Broken Hearted Rag Dance," performed to Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag." Wagoner's comic dancing was beautifully synchronized to the

euphonious rhythms of Joplin's rag. Wearing a broken red heart on his chest as a badge of dejection, part swan, and part rag-doll. He was as light on his feet as the nimble fingers of a "tickler" sparkling across the keyboard of a battered upright.

With his innocent face and boyish tussle of curly hair, Wagoner has a knack for playing the melancholy clown. In the poignant "A Sad Pavanne for These Distracted a Times," he showed himself to be a sensitive actor as well as a terrific dancer. After dancing to the music of a baroque harpsicord, Wagoner sat down on a chair and thoughtfully tore apart the piece of paper on which he had been writing during intervals in the dance. Destroying his own creation, the dancer looked like the loneliest being in the world.

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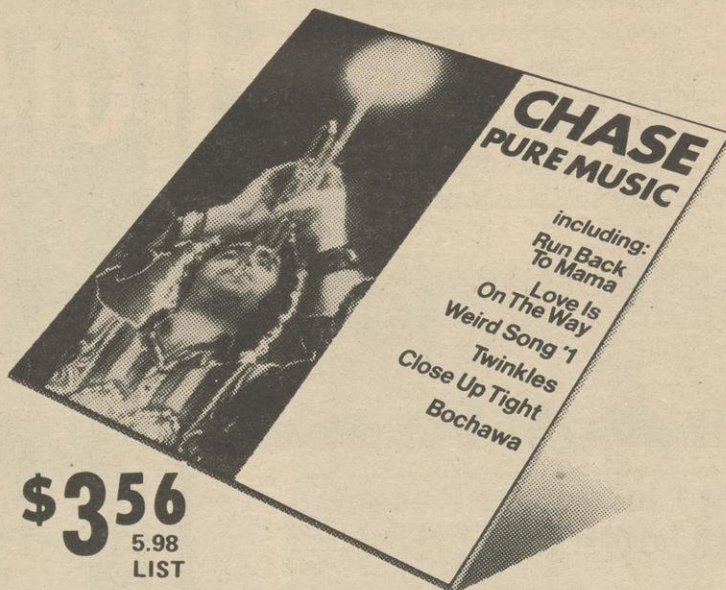
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Ain't no cure for the Summerdance blues

By CHRISTOPHER SWIFT
of the Fine Arts Staff

The U.W. Dance Repertory Theatre presented its Summerdance this past weekend in Old Music Hall. The concert featured an entertaining selection of diverse dance styles. With recorded musical accompaniment by such popular artists as Bob Dylan, Billie Holiday, Wilson Pickett, and Scott Joplin, the Summerdance concert appealed to the widest possible audience. The opening dance on the program, "Peitho," was an ambitious attempt by Gerda Zimmermann to choreograph an archetypal struggle deep within the human psyche. Mythic in its scope, surrealistic in its dramatic imagery, "Peitho" begins with a mysterious tall figure, draped in a pure white panoply, slowly moving downstage to a passage of music from the composer, Gluck. The effect is almost sublime. Looking like a virgin priestess,

this figure is pure spirit, a female Orpheus. Suddenly three raucous maenids appear on the stage blowing paper noise makers, and the spell is broken. Other enigmatic characters cross the stage: a dreamer tied by a cord (possession) to a frightening hobgoblin looking like the Grand Dragon of the KKK, and a plucky trickster who roller skates across the stage on one foot. This demonic trickster holds the other dancers in thrall, finally tempting them away from the creature of light back down into the dark of the unconscious.

ALTHOUGH THE COSTUMING is inventive, this erratic piece is unnecessarily cryptic. If the dance coheres at all, it is only on the most tentative symbolic level. Listed as an "endeavor into the fantasies of obsession," "Peitho" could be more accurately described as doodles from a notebook of Sigmund Freud.

Anna Nassif, UW resident choreographer since 1962, contributed "The Exciting Wilson Pickett"—a lively dance performed to a medley of tunes by the sultan of soul. (Another piece by Ms. Nassif, "The Virtuous Wife," had been originally scheduled for the program but will be performed at the next concert, July 25, 26, and 27). Beginning in silhouette against an orange backdrop, the dancers broke into a series of vigorous rhythms that often parodied the popular dance styles of the last ten years. The entire number oozed moxie and show biz as the "shin-buster" stage lights gave the dancers a garish neon glow. Three of the dancers wore black tights and their silent, disapproving presence added a subtle cutting edge of stylish sadism.

IF THE REACTION of the audience was any indication of

(continued on page 6)

Anti-Mame

By RUTH BRECKINRIDGE
of the Fine Arts Staff

Last Wednesday night three women's service clubs of Madison, Altrusa, Soroptimist, and Zonta sponsored a benefit premiere of the new movie version of Mame starring Lucille Ball. Proceeds go to the Women's Intercollegiate Athletic Program of the University of Wisconsin. The financial straits of the Women's Crew team prompted the enthusiastic support of these clubs of professional women. It is a promising indication of women supporting each other. The benefit lasted only one night, so I don't mind telling you that there's no reason for going now.

Mame is a dim-witted Hollywood musical. It has the slickness and rousing music and brilliant costumes that allow people to indulge in Hollywood sensuality. Disguised in all its frivolity, Mame advertises some standard American mythologies. The biggest myth the film subscribes to is the great liberal tradition. Auntie Mame (Lucille Ball) is kooky, a spit-fire, an off-beat member of the avant-garde. She collects the latest art masterpieces, entertains elegant and outlandish New York society as its most adorable hostess, proclaims Montessori techniques outmoded and "boring." We are supposed to love her for her liberal spirit and her desire for non-conformity. But Mame is filthy rich—she can afford her eccentricities. She has the luxury of claiming that life is what you make of it. In fact, if you do not take life by the horns, you are dull and "Babbit-y." Of this she accuses Patrick, her nephew, when he decides to marry an insipid girl from the rising middle class of the 1950's. The girl's family, the Upsons (on their way up), represents one of Mame's most detested trends in society. She loathes the crassness of the Upsons' material greed as much as the puritanical propriety of Patrick's legal guardian, a stuffy Chicago banker. But her 600 costume changes and sumptuously furnished apartment on Beekman Place belie the hypocrisy in her brand of liberalism. The audience is forced to love Mame, or be condemned to bigotry and righteousness.

For Mame, life is a cabaret. There is no such thing as oppression, poverty, exploitation. Mame will hire Asian-Americans as house-boys, and be kind to occasional Blacks, but if they don't have the time to "dance to a new tune," they can't sit down at her table.

Patrick's nanny, Agnes Gooch, becomes one of Mame's subjects. She is portrayed as wide-eyed, foolish and naive woman, with fluff for brains. Mame and her bosom buddy Vera capture her, ram the New Window theory down her throat (with a sly wink to each other that all it'll take is a good lay), and poor Agnes Gooch returns six months later very pregnant. Mame forgot to tell her that it wasn't like in the movies.

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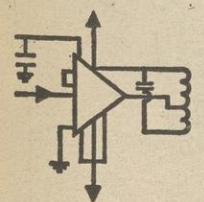
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By ERIC ALTER
of the Fine Arts Staff
All the President's Men by Carl
Bernstein and Bob Woodward
Simon and Schuster (1974) \$8.95
I haven't been this excited about

reading anything since the Green Goblin discovered Spiderman's secret identity. Here it is! The story of how the "long-haired freak" (Bob Woodward's view of Carl Bernstein) and the "establishment ass-kisser" (Bernstein's view of Woodward) broke the Watergate story.

Book review: 'All The President's Men'

Day of the jackals

All the President's Men operates on so many different levels it almost defies an accurate review. It's a journalism text for those budding reporters who want to know how investigative reporting should be done, despite what all the dinosaurs in the Journalism Department say reporting is.

ON ANOTHER LEVEL, the book is simply the history of Watergate. Today, with all the broohaha over the tapes, Bernwood's (Everybody else has been calling them Woodstein, so I'll call them Bernwood) book is a current reminder of exactly why President Richard Milhous Nixon's ass is grass.

While Bernwood are great journalists, their writing style falls way below their reporting. Their style is basic, straightforward and mechanical journalism that you see in the newspapers every day. Any competent reporter with all the facts could have written this book.

However, there is a lot to be said for what finally emerges. It recreates the Watergate story as Bernwood reported it. It recreates the same tensions, paranoias and shocks that Bernwood had as they were breaking the story. You are there, with Bernwood two years ago as they discover fact after shocking fact. They don't jump ahead in the story to tell it from a current perspective; facts that we know now but didn't know then are

not included until they are chronologically discovered by Bernwood.

BERNWOOD REVEAL their initial naivety about the implication of the Watergate break in. The book starts off on the routine message that started their investigation:

Using standard journalistic techniques of investigation, Bernwood stumbled across people who were frightened, paranoid, unwilling to talk to them. From there it was a constant struggle to obtain any information.

One primary confidential source was Hugh Sloan, treasurer for the Committee to Re-elect the President (CREP) and former aide to H.R. Haldeman.

SLOAN REFLECTED the trouble Bernwood had with most of their confidential sources. At first unwilling to talk to them, Sloan finally relented to Bernwood's aggressiveness and harassment. Once the Watergate grand jury elicited testimony from Sloan, he was legally bound not to give Bernwood any information. So he either steered them toward or away from certain information they wanted to check out.

One of their major mistakes was reporting that Sloan told the Watergate grand jury that Haldeman was one of the people to control the infamous CRP secret fund. The day after the story was printed, Sloan denied publicly that

he ever told the grand jury that. Not that Haldeman didn't control the fund. Just that Sloan never told the grand jury that he didn't. In their over-anxiousness to get a major story, Bernwood misconstrued Sloan's words. Sloan told them that he would have named Haldeman if the grand jury asked him, but they never did.

The most famous confidential source Bernwood had was Deep Throat. To this day Bernwood won't say who the person who had information from the White House, CRP, the FBI and the Justice Department really was.

One contact Woodward had with Deep Throat shows how the James Bond syndrome of Watergate did penetrate the minds of Bernwood:

"DEEP THROAT RARELY MISSED an appointment. In the dark, cold garage, Woodward began thinking the unthinkable. It would not have been difficult for Haldeman to learn that the reporters were making inquiries about him. Maybe Deep Throat had been spotted. Woodward followed? People crazy enough to hire Gordon Liddy and Howard Hunt were crazy enough to do other things. Woodward got mad at himself for becoming irrational, tried to put out of his head the vision of some goon squad terrorizing Deep Throat. Would it leave a black glove with a knife struck through the palm in

(continued on page 5)

Music review

McGuinn's back pages

By DAVID W. CHANDLER
of the Fine Arts Staff

After almost ten years of leading the famous and influential, but never ultimately successful Byrds, Roger McGuinn is again a solo act. It isn't often remembered now, but before forming the Byrds in 1964, McGuinn was a moderately successful folk artist. He grew up in Chicago, studied at the Old Town School of Folk Music, and was offered a job with the Limelighters before he'd graduated from high school. Later he accepted that job, as guitarist and banjo player, and toured with the group. That led to work with the Chad Mitchell Trio, and then as the folk segment of Bobby Darin's cabaret act. It was after all this knocking around that he ended up in LA, working at the Troubadour as a solo, presenting an idea which had occurred to him courtesy of the early Beatles: blend folk and rock together. It caught the eye of Gene Clark and David Crosby and the three got together to form the nucleus of the Byrds. I say "nucleus" because the first Byrds' single, "Mr. Tambourine Man," was produced with a large dollop of help from session men, although the persistent rumor that none of the Byrds played on the record is apparently not true.

Anyway, that was the ice-breaker in many, many ways, not the least of which was it enabled the band to be permanent. It also helped poke McGuinn's buddy Bob Dylan into his subsequent electrification, and the birth of rock music—rock and roll with the politics, personal insight, and poetry of folk music grafted on—was the ultimate outcome. Through the intervening decade, while rock waxed all-powerful and then succumbed through the weakness of its own hubris and the assaults of boogie and bubblegum, McGuinn has maintained his affection of his roots. It was those roots he displayed through four nights at Good Karma.

HIS OPENING SET each night had the most power; it was a carefully orchestrated look at the search for alternative roles and ways of doing things that

animated the best of sixties music, each song wearing a different suit of clothes like a life styles' fashion show. McGuinn began with his own "I'm So Restless" (off his most recent album), a satiric poke at the great exodus to the country, trendy therapies, and the black leather and sadist fetishes of some prominent pop stars. The song is an artful work of protest and social comment, and fits well with what follows: McGuinn's version of Dylan's "My Back Pages", with the sardonic comment on Bob's days as a protest singer: "I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now". Like so many, McGuinn is caught between the two emotions, and it's no wonder he's uneasy.

Following the definition of the problem, McGuinn launched into some possibilities and more angles of the dilemma. These included, in order, "Bag Full of Money", a song of praise for successful airplane hijacker D.B. Cooper, than "Ballad of Easy Rider" and "Wasn't Born To Follow". The latter two were certainly the best part of that film, and they maintain their impact even after five years.

Having laid out the sixties angst, McGuinn went directly to his past, performing the old Leadbelly number "Take A Whiff On Me", which he learned at the Chicago School of Folk Music and which is, ironically, about cocaine.

"Of course," explained McGuinn, "It was legal in those days."

THEN IT WAS the long-necked mountain banjo replacing the Martin twelve string guitar, for an Appalachian version of the ancient hill hollar, "Old Blue". McGuinn does a satisfactory version (complete with flora and fauna sound effects), although the humor wore a bit thin as the same jokes were repeated every show. All these songs are acoustic, and sung in the well remembered nasal voice that seems to come from back in the throat, sounding like rocks cracking in the cold of a January night. But now the in-

famous twelve string electric Rickenbacker is unsheathed.

McGuinn does four electric songs with the aid of the Rickenbacker and various electronic helpmates he is quite addicted to. The most notable is a black box called a "phase shifter", which gives the rushing fuzz tone of much Byrds' work, particularly "Turn, Turn, Turn". The first tune is "Lover of the Bayou", about voodoo, then "5-D", one of the Byrds' space and time songs about the fifth dimension, and then the classic "Mr. Spaceman"—with its wistful chorus, "I won't do nothing wrong; won't you please take me along, for a ride?"

McGuinn finishes his set with the most appropriate of the many songs he could have picked, returning to the acoustic guitar for "Chestnut Mare". The story of the pursuit of the mythic horse, the perfect union of thought, desire, and action, is the story of McGuinn's life, as much now as in the past, and his determination to ride remains as steadfast as ever.

Ordinarily, I wouldn't go into such a detailed re-telling of an artist's complete set, but this one was extraordinary in conception, execution, and effect. Unfortunately, the second set was not as good any of the nights. McGuinn did some classics of his own and others, like "Eight Miles High", "Turn, Turn, Turn", and "Chimes of Freedom"; some roots songs like "Pretty Polly", "Good and Greasy", a song about the old Gate of Horn (a famous Chicago folk club), and the seachanty "Heave Away"; and some contemporary songs: "Knocking On Heaven's Door", "Peace On You", and "My New Woman". He also did electric and acoustic versions of "Mr. Tambourine Man" and then finished with "Bells of Rhymney", but overall the second sets were never as tight and well thought out as the first one, and McGuinn's limitations as a solo musician diluted the impact. The phase shifter and overloud electric guitar gave me a splitting headache by the middle of the



second set, and the guitar playing is basically rhythm work without enough leavening with lead lines.

HOWEVER, THE STRENGTHS of the show far outweighed its drawbacks, at least in my mind. McGuinn appearing as a solo could be interpreted as a kind of marking time, a waiting period between inspirations. McGuinn admitted to me he felt an obligation not to go out on the road with just any band, that he has a commitment both to himself and to his audience to put together a great band or none at all. At this time he is unable or unwilling to do that. But beyond the element of

necessity, the show has the stamp of art because a period of affirmation of an artist's past, his influences and inspirations, is a valid part of the cycle of creativity. Hopefully Roger McGuinn is gathering himself for another thrust into the future. In the meantime, he is doing himself and most importantly his audiences, a favor by finding the best of our musical heritage, both the ancient and the recent, and synthesizing it into a powerful statement to rekindle the creative impulses of ten years ago. And in this increasingly arid age, that is a great service.