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Last summer issue

An editorial

One year later

It was about one year ago that a bomb ripped through Sterling Hall, directed to destroy the Army Mathematics Research Center. Much has been said about the bombing, both for and against it, and about the effect that action had upon the Madison movement in general. The anniversary of the blast is only important insofar as it affords us an opportunity to reflect upon it once more... to gauge, for the first time benefitting from one full cycle of hindsight, the context in which that action did rest, and the impact that action left in its wake.

More now than ever, people are thinking of the bombing of the Army Math Center as an isolated act of political terrorism, to which the death of a man has given significance far transcending the act itself. The death of Robert Fassnacht is the tragedy that we all must face—the tragedy of four years of intensive political activity in a tight midwestern community, a community that was witness to march upon march, research paper upon research paper, demand upon demand, and finally, the failure of the University to react to those marches, that research, the serious and forthright demands. In the case of AMRC, these demands had been scrutinized and accepted by a sizeable majority of the student body during the many months of political education and the complementary mass protests.

A year has not lessened the very real grief all members of the University community feel today. A year has not seen the University recognize that such demands as the removal of AMRC are absolute imperatives if this school is to exist in any aura of calm and security.

AMRC director Rosser and Chancellor Young and even President Nixon understand that the twelve month period of quiescence they have enjoyed on this campus will always be negotiable, up to that time when the spectre of such institutions as AMRC are no longer a factor in the lives of students and, in fact, the third world the power structure seeks to control.

Above all, the past year has proven what the bombing itself implied. No matter what form or intensity the protests of the populace of this institution take, the administration will remain unmoved, unfeeling to the fact that Army Math has long since been unmasked as a military tool—totally antipathetic to whatever goals University students will individually or collectively pursue.

The bombing of Army Math was the inevitable conclusion to four years of presenting meticulous research on the nature of AMRC and like-minded installations, to four years of presenting well documented and well supported grievances through the maze of "proper channels" toward their removal from campus, to four years of agonizing groping, of attempt after attempt to find that strategy, militant or bureaucratic, to which the administration might respond.

Radical politics as a mass movement dates

back to May 1966 in Madison, when hundreds of students staged a draft protest on the campus. Dow Chemical came to town in October 1967, sparking the first violent police-student confrontations.

Since that action, the University has been the unresponsive host to one demonstration after another. The refusal of the University and city officials to come to realistic terms with a conscientious youth and student population has left it a teetering bastion of reaction.

Youths have come to city and University officials with demands and with parties, with outrage and with deliberative address of grievances. They have been met with billy club and with tear gas.

Dow recruiters, ROTC, a commitment to blacks, Miffland block parties, welfare rights, General Electric recruiters, TAA bargaining, Cambodia, Laird in the fieldhouse (Gen. James), New Nation Conference, and those innumerable SDS marches in support of their three demands to eliminate ROTC, remove AMRC and Land Tenure from campus—the University and the city have been approached with every form of negotiation and every process of protest in the above mentioned conflicts, and have time and again displayed an obnoxious refusal to recognize the legitimacy of student demands.

In the face of the wall of University resistance to all student demands, it was both logical and perhaps inevitable that militancy might further escalate, to the one natural step that earlier firebombings might have foretold. Rather than an instance of isolated political terrorism, Army Math fell the victim to a positive thrust four years in the making—local generation, concrete in physical damage.

The bombing has had the effect to alter the course of radical politics on the University campus. The very revolutionary nature of the act has served to deflect energy from the continuing process of ridding the community of such institutions as ROTC and AMRC, to an introspection that in effect have given city and University officials, as well as AMRC administrators, a period of respite, while the Madison movement has languished about asking, "Where do we go from here?"

To some, the intensity of the tactic has led its implementation to be viewed as an end in and of itself. It was not. Army Math survived that blast. It must be clear that the bombing was not an end, neither in intent nor in achievement, but that it was part of a process that must be continued in future and further attempts to drive AMRC from its tower on the western edge of campus.

While the strategy to enforce the removal of AMRC remains obscure perhaps, the necessity to do so has never been so great, as the United States continues to force its global policies upon the South Asian continent in particular and the third world in general. And upon us.

News opinion

Nixon economics support affluent

By DAVID WEISBROD
of the Cardinal Staff

Richard Nixon made a hastily arranged television appearance Sunday night to announce what he called, "the boldest economic plan of the past four decades." The plan, which was labelled the "new economic program," coincidentally contained the same three initials in its title as Lenin's bold NEP of the years following the Russian Revolution.

But Nixon's plan, as all would expect, certainly bears not the slightest resemblance to the Soviet Communist model of 1923.

Roughly speaking, the Republican 1971 NEP can be examined on two levels: the international and the domestic.

ON THE international level it has been almost universally acclaimed as a brilliant and cleverly executed tour de force. By floating the dollar on the international gold exchange, Nixon allowed it to achieve a more realistic parity with other currencies—most notably the German mark and the Japanese yen. Since those nations' economies have been growing at faster rates than the U.S. economy, the move is seen by most economic experts as a sensible recognition of America's new position as a less advantaged competitor in the international market.

On the domestic scene, however, the Nixon program is much less

enlightened. By giving a 10 per cent hand out in tax advantages to the large corporations, by reducing the government work force by 5 per cent, by dropping the excise tax on automobiles and by charging 10 per cent import tax on foreign goods, Nixon shows his true colors by reinforcing the structural status quo to the disadvantage of the propertyless class.

More seriously, the projected 4.7 billion dollar cut in the federal budget will directly hurt those who were to receive benefits from the family assistance plan and the revenue sharing program—both of which have been curtailed for at least another year. The 5 per cent reduction in government personnel portends a concentration of efforts in the production goods industries and a corresponding de-emphasis on services. We can perhaps expect a decline in the amount of funds used for education, urban renewal, and the like.

Assuming that the 90 day wage price freeze operates smoothly and with the voluntary cooperation of business and labor leaders, significant inroads could be made toward solving the growing problems of inflation. But the wage price freeze has been criticized by many labor leaders as a biased measure in as much as no restrictions or ceilings have been placed on the level of profits.

THIS IS ALL reflected in the

response of the stock market, which closed Monday afternoon after an active day of trading, 30 points higher than it had been prior to Nixon's announcement. The big business tycoons were exuberant.

Nixon's new economic game plan which is intending to solve that nagging two pronged problem of inflation and unemployment may indeed prove to be at least temporarily successful on the anti-inflation front.

But as a technique to expand the economy and to bring about increased employment it will most likely fail because as John Kenneth Galbraith explained, "Money is being put in the hands of people who don't need it."

What is needed is a restructuring of the entire economy including a sweeping redistribution of income. And such a program, can hardly be foreseen on the immediate horizon—certainly not as long as Richard Nixon maintains the presidential power of the national purse.

HUMANITY TECH

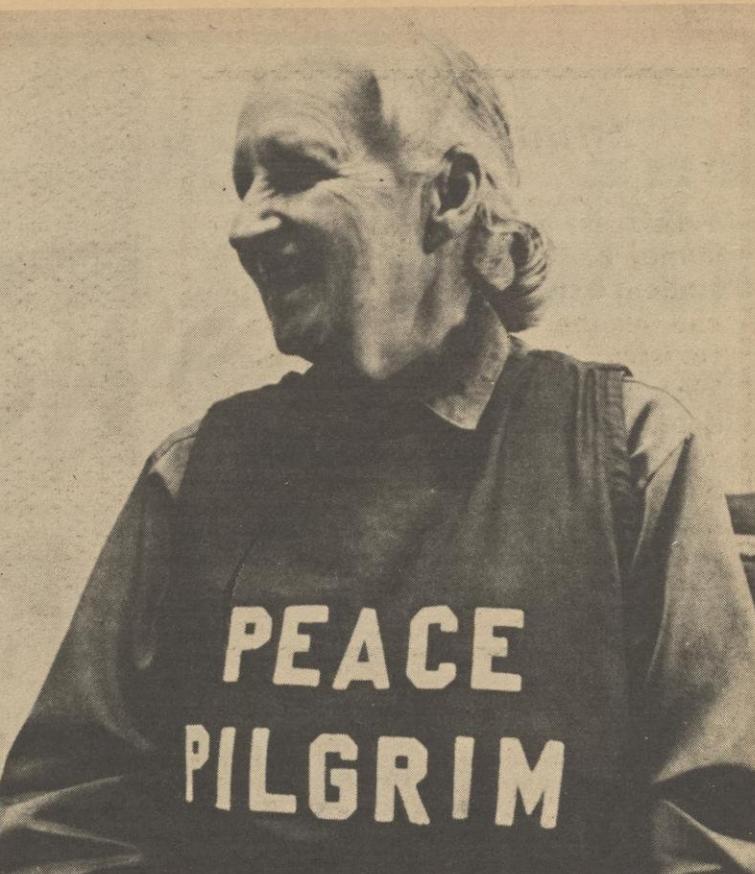
Humanity Tech Free High School will hold a picnic and meeting at 1 p.m. Aug. 19 in the Vilas Park Pavilion. Anyone interested in the school is welcome.

NOTE: NEW HOURS

Commencing Aug. 22 and continuing until Sept. 13, the Nielsen Tennis Stadium will operate on a modified schedule. Monday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Sunday, 2:30 p.m.-10 p.m.

MASTERS EXHIBITS

Two master's candidates in the University art department will display their works Aug. 14-21 in Union South. Frieda High, will exhibit paintings and prints, and Kitty Lam, will show paintings.



Cardinal photo by Jeff Jayson

25,000 miles for peace

By DAN SCHWARTZ
of the Cardinal Staff

She calls herself the peace pilgrim and she will ask for no food unless given. She has fasted for 45 days and lost 35 pounds in the process. And oh yes, she has walked 25,000 miles in her pursuit of peace.

The peace pilgrim, who is readily identifiable by the white letters hung across her chest, recently spent a few days in Madison. She talked on radio, before psychology classes, and in small groups. She explained why she has walked through 48 states and all ten Canadian provinces in her pursuit of peace.

"When I started 15 years ago the job of the pilgrim was to rouse people from apathy, but things have changed, of course, since 1955. When I talked about an inner peace then people weren't so responsive but the young have changed all that. Now people understand why I'm concerned with both an inner peace and an outer peace in the world."

THE PEACE PILGRIM who will not give her age, appears upon casual observation to be about 70. It is impossible to not stare at her legs and wonder what it's like to walk 25,000 miles.

"I have so many speaking engagements now that I don't walk as much as I used to," she said. "Usually I walked 50 miles a day figuring out my distance on maps. I didn't accept rides then although I occasionally will now. People often offered me shelter. If not, I would sleep on the road or under bridges if it rained. I even slept on the floor of all night stops. Sometimes the police would arrest me as a vagrant because they were worried about me. But now I'm no longer considered a vagrant just a pilgrim."

How does one become a pilgrim? "For me," the graying head answered, "It involved a process of trial and error. I began long before I started my pilgrimage. I had material possessions then but I wasn't happy. I didn't have inner peace. I realized that being really good involved giving to others. Eventually I began my pilgrimages but you see I didn't have a family. Most people don't

have the freedom I've had in my life to make that kind of decision. Consequently I've been blessed with good health since I began. (Most colds and headaches are psychosomatic anyway.)"

Continuously during the interview the peace pilgrim hands out her message to everyone she meets. On a small piece of blue paper the message partially reads "This is the way of peace. Overcome evil with good, and falsehood with truth, and hatred with love. The Golden rule would do as well."

HOW DO THESE abstractions apply to the seemingly political nature of the world? What does the peace pilgrim's message mean to the North Vietnamese?

"Look, 1/3 of the Vietnamese aren't fighting in the war, did you know that? Have you read the Buddhist statements. They pledge 1) never to fight, 2) never to use violence, 3) to seek to enlighten those who suffer and 4) to seek to inform those who inflict suffering. The Buddhists have been responsible for informing much of the American public on the horrors of the war and they are helping to end it."

The pilgrim feels inner peace can be achieved through study. "Inner peace can be achieved through study that awakens the internal perception. I stay away from University study. I want to reach people on a grass roots level. Too often college education works as a barrier to communicating with the people. I want to be able to mix freely with the farmworker and factory worker."

The peace pilgrim collects all her material possessions. A map, a comb, a folding toothbrush, lists of address and some unanswered mail are placed in order inside a circular pocket around her waist. A firm handshake and the pilgrim is walking on her way.

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Summer's over

This is our last issue of the summer. We will mail a new student issue to the freshmen at the end of the week, and publish a registration issue in September. We will resume daily publishing on Sept. 13, this year six days a week (a Monday magazine AND a Saturday issue). A subscription blank is on page 6. As Newsweek would say, you save about \$8.50 over the newsstand price.



WHEN BANKERS RETURN to college for some post graduate education it's not all work and no play. Reliving their college days, they find time from their studies for some sports. Not to mention their nightly forays on State St.

GRAND JURY

Armstrong immune, testifies

By the Cardinal Staff

Donald Armstrong, father of two brothers sought in connection with the bombing of the Sterling Hall Army Math Research Center late last August, testified Tuesday in front of the Dane County Grand Jury investigating the incident.

Armstrong's sons, Carl and Dwight, along with two former University students, Leo F. Burt and David Fine, are already under federal indictments stemming from a fall, 1970 federal grand jury.

THE ELDER ARMSTRONG'S testimony followed an earlier decision to withdraw his motion to suppress his subpoena to testify on the grounds that it was based on illegal electronic surveillance. In a circuit court hearing on Armstrong's motion Asst. State Atty. Gen. David Mebane asked Armstrong if he was willing to appear before the grand jury. Armstrong said he was—"with a couple of stipulations."

The first stipulation was that he be granted immunity, and the second was "that all questions be related to the bombing incident." Earlier questioning revealed Armstrong's disappointment that previous interrogation by FBI agents had taken a personal turn, including the question: "What do you think of President Nixon?"

Soon after Armstrong had expressed willingness to testify under these two stipulations, the hearing was recessed while Armstrong and his attorneys, Marc Dorfman, Melvin Greenberg, and Phil Lazara, met with Mebane and Dist. Atty. Gerald Nichol. When the hearing resumed a motion for dismissal was made on behalf of Armstrong, accepted by presiding Judge W.L. Jackman, and the hearing adjourned.

JACKMAN IMMEDIATELY opened the grand jury proceedings, whereby the grand jury through the state attorneys requested immunity from prosecution for Armstrong. Jackman granted the request and Armstrong later testified in front of the jury for about 30 minutes.

In Armstrong's affidavit, alleging illegal electronic surveillance by government agencies, and in oral testimony, he presented several incidents which indicated to him that his phone had been tapped. One involved a test he ran, in which he spoke to a friend on the phone, pretending he had made arrangements to meet with his sons, specifying time and location.

Armstrong then told the judge that when he arrived at the location he was soon joined by three unmarked police cars. Armstrong stressed that the time and location were spoken only once—over the phone.

IN A STATEMENT TO the judge and state investigators Armstrong complained that the grand jury was "not a cross-section" of his peers. Instead, he noted it was "screened by the interrogators." He also expressed his fear that the jury would, like the FBI, try to "pry into things that have no bearing on this case, heaven forbid."

Presumably the state attorneys alleviated this fear, thus paving the way for Armstrong's dismissing his motion to quash his subpoena and to his eventual testimony to the grand jury.

Although Police Detective Daryl Lulling had earlier indicated to Armstrong that his wife would also be called, Mrs. Armstrong, presently recovering from a recent auto accident, has never been served a subpoena.



Migrants

March starts, hearing held

By PHIL HASLANDER
of the Cardinal Staff

BEAVER DAM—An open hearing held Monday night by the Governor's Committee on Migratory Labor was flooded with a crowd of over two hundred, including many of the 125 persons who began a march to Madison from Milwaukee Monday morning to demand recognition of migrant farmworkers' problems.

Salvador Sanchez, chairman of the committee and leader of the march, began the hearing by stating that Chicanos can no longer "sit back and tolerate the injustices being committed to our people."

Present at the hearing were several administrators and representatives of state agencies that deal with migrant farmworkers in Wisconsin.

THEY AND THE MEMBERS of the Governor's Committee heard several migrants plead their case in the not, crowded American Legion Hall.

Many of the speakers spoke in general terms of the injustices of migrant life. Others told of living in cabins with leaking roofs and holes in the floor, of overtime wages not being paid, and of reprisals against workers who stood up for their rights.

A recurring theme at the hearing was the lack of enforcement of the laws which are supposed to protect the migrant. Agencies which are responsible for the enforcement complained of being understaffed.

THE GOVERNOR'S COMMITTEE in addition to hearing testimony, passed a resolution supporting the motives of the march on Madison.

Sanchez predicted that 10,000 persons would join the march by the time it reached Madison next Tuesday or Wednesday. "We will remain in Madison as long as it is necessary for the governor, the legislature and the uninformed public to become aware of our plight," he promised.

As of Monday evening, there were no arrangements for housing people when they arrived in Madison. A man on the march asked for donations of first aid supplies.

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THE DAILY CARDINAL

a page of opinion

open forum

reflections in black and white

byron j. oler

Byron J. Oler, former managing editor of the Texas Southern University Herald, is visiting Madison this summer to gain varied experience by working on the Cardinal.

I had come chugging into Wisconsin almost hesitantly; my tired Volkswagen having developed a misfire somewhere along R.66. Even more remarkable than traveling over 1,200 miles in my battered, un-airconditioned "bug," was the tan I had managed in the upper areas not covered by my sweat-soaked tanktop. The thought of "a browner shade of black" forced a near smile as I exited R.12 into Madison.

I was already familiar with hot sunshine. Having spent the majority of my life beneath Texas' fiery heat, I was accustomed to crisping sun and, bewildering damp hotness, but more; the stinging brand of racism had left a tender scab on my personality.

SHRUGGING AWAY A sudden anxiety with sarcastic thoughts of "promised land found," I discovered myself avoiding confrontation with the question of escape. I wiped trickling sweat from my forehead, realizing an indifference to it, and gazed at the reddened and heat-pouted, or air-conditioned faces surrounding me in traffic. I was in town now and things slowed. At a stoplight, I squirmed in my wet clothes, while memories of incidents preceding my departure filtered into my thoughts.

I had grown up with Bobby Joe Conner, who played basketball with the fluidity and artistry of a Lew Alcindor though only five and a half feet tall. Two police officers testified that he had been forced to strip naked, handcuffed from behind, then kicked and stomped until his liver burst. A medical examiner had even supported their testimony along with another victim of the torture, yet both accused policemen had been acquitted.

The light changed and while I eased my troubled VW into first gear, biting my lip, I knew that there were many others: Carl Hampton assassinated, Hunt and McKinney imprisoned . . . but mostly, I realized the insane killers labelled policemen were only symptomatic and not unique . . . but typical.

I TURNED ONTO University Ave., watching carefree, long-haired students, whirling bicycles, and the expansive institution spreading its way along the street. Settling back in my seat with a sigh, I thought I'd made it.

Retrospectively, those were my thoughts as I began my summer in Madison. A four day encounter with the city in late April had left me dreaming about a Utopian-community, capable of lending America some credibility.

But, of course, like most naivete, the ideal collides headlong with reality, and the mess that's left is in perfect satiric harmony with the sweetish stench of bullshit.

On the surface: the sprawling university on the lake, laughing or intent students, a small town stuffed with student oriented shops and co-ops—and ahhh—the bicycles make one believe (just possibly)—a counterculture.

madison, wisconsin

politics and the ymca

keith davis

The future of the University (community) YMCA is on the line Sept. 3, when a special membership meeting will determine whether the community organizations and individuals in the Y or a smaller group of individuals with powerful outside backing will control it.

As a result of last fall's struggles, the Y has been locked in dead center and has been relatively directionless. In one sense, the putsch from the right is welcome, in that it offers the chance to break the deadlock. In another sense it is not, however, because the plan has been cleverly manipulated so that the meeting will take place when the community that the Y serves is largely on vacation.

THE PLAN HAS THREE proposals, hatched by a member of the board of directors, Avram Friedman, which would eliminate leftist influence in the Y, and leave the community organizations space there (Tenant Union, TAA, Defense League) at the suffrage of the new ruling powers.

The first part of the plan calls for hiring an "executive director" off the list of qualified people from the National organization. This would cost between 10 and 14 thousand dollars a year. The community proposal is for two people at \$5000 a year to be program and building directors. There are several eminently qualified candidates for the job from the community. The national Y, on the other hand, has not sent any names for consideration.

This situation is what may have been the spark for the confrontation. Some time ago, Friedman approached Max Clowers, midwest regional director of the Y, about securing a director for the Y. Clowers, of Milwaukee, attended a board of directors meeting (which is about 50-50 for each side) and after seeing it said he would not submit any names for consideration into such a situation. Whether

Actually there is no evolving counterculture (from a revolutionary perspective) only modifications in the continuous status quo. Viewing the sophisticated racism found in Madison as it is opposed to the bluntness of the South, there is only one conscious—or unconscious racist America. In fact, unless blacks are allowed to, and of course start to, develop a genuine and uncompromised identity, America will burst from the pressure of ambiguities establishing its credo.

I CAN ONLY view Madison generally, as an outsider. Yet my perspective, of a student from a small Southern black college, lends me insight into what is stagnating us as a people. With an aside to what traps us economically, that is its transcending umbilical cord, we are denied individually the assertion that is rightfully ours. The result is some dichotomy of the self; a schizoid personality screaming "black power" as he heads for his luxury apartment far removed from the insistent ghetto.

Black folk in Madison seem extremely fragmented—culturally, spiritually, and even physically. Attempts at assimilation in contradiction to natural alienation are clearly common. Black men to some extent become a sort of off-white parody. Most are dedicated "Gashmen" who function with the similar intensity of James Brown's "Sex Machine." Some are merely panting, indefatigable, wind-up erections busily lubricating as many "liberal" wombs as possible.

Here, blacks are not only disenfranchised from any specific political or other asserted power as a group, but the individual actually smirks with the affected image of that bourgeois personality, making the black superstructure so top heavy—or creating the confused composite such as that of the late Jimmy Hendrix.

The black woman suffers especially from the black males' appetite. Moving about (unnoticed) in some sort of traumatic acceptance at her disregard by her counterpart, she crosses with an aura of aloofness.

AFROS ACCENTUATED BY irrelevant counterculture sideburns, clearly indicate a distorted sense of self. A kind of neoslave pimp evolves, distinctly without character.

The result is a chaotic gathering of indistinct personages incapable of becoming a functioning productive organism.

Of course, there are the mechanical and ritualistic power salutes, but, like dashikis and "right on" they are worn out by quasi-radicals, soon to become full fledged members of the fascist status quo. Brother punctuates every statement in a monotone that is neither sincere or convincing.

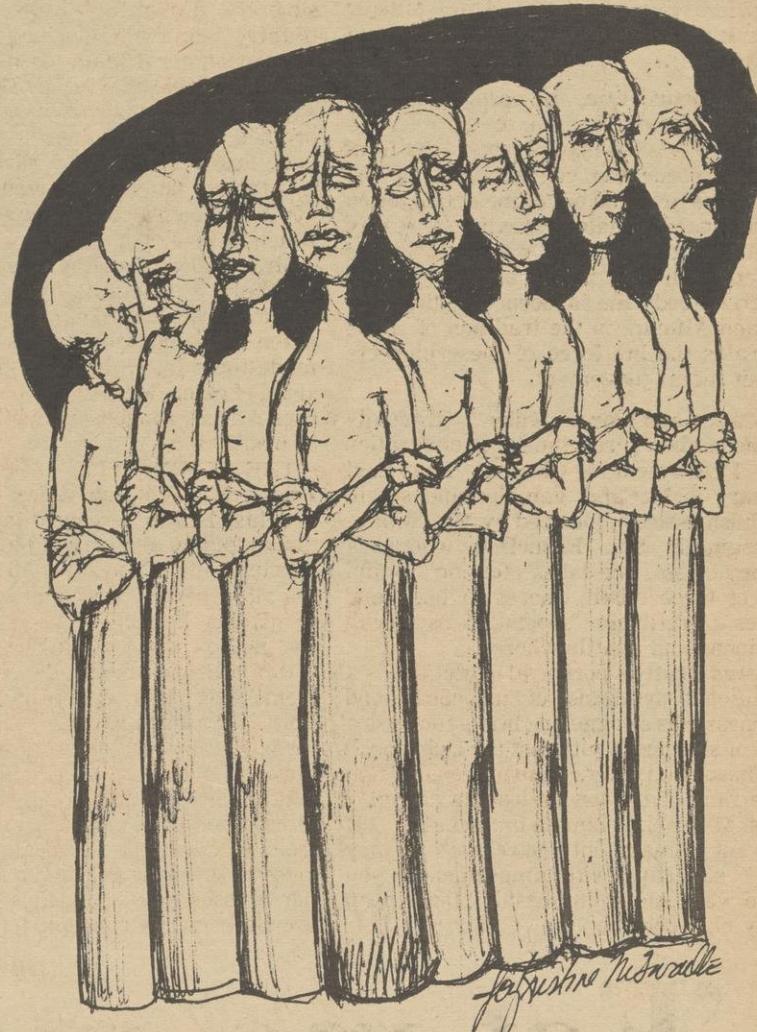
Yet there are sincere and functioning black and white people, as I'm sure there are sincere interracial relationships. Mostly there are not, and that is what is wrong with Madison. A similar apathy permeates the small school I attend, but the effective yield is much larger. The illusion of empathy, interest, and action reflected by the Madison area will not harden into a reality until blacks, and of course, whites, become real.

intended or not, this had the effect of saying to the Y, "if you want national help, get rid of the left," since it is clear that a solution to the left, while solving much of the turbulence, would not exactly please the national Y either. This may have given Friedman his cue.

Point two is to purge six of the leftists from the board (excluding Harvey Goldberg and Peter Weiss, who are probably untouchable), Friedman, the author of the plan and two others. The rationale behind getting the leftists off the board is fairly clear. The reason as to why Friedman would want to purge himself are not so evident until one examines the third point: Friedman would be appointed interim director until an executive director could be found, which would probably mean that he would be in the saddle through the annual membership meeting in early October.

THE MOVEMENT HAS BEEN quick and well planned. 200 memberships have been sent to Milwaukee to be sold there for proxies, and if that doesn't cinch it, rumors are adrift of plans to enlist Young Americans for Freedom (YAF) and the Republicans in the drive. Notice of the meeting has to be published two weeks in a row in any Madison paper, and Friedman, when asked where he was going to publish it allegedly said he hadn't found an obscure paper yet. Finally, the date has been set at Sept. 3, when most of the community the Y serves will be out of town for a couple of weeks.

The Y has had a lot of problems in the past year, and so the fighting going on is not exactly surprising, nor is it without a basis. The question is, will this particular movement result in anything for the community? The answer is no.



Letter to the Cardinal

DEFACEMENT OF MALL SIGNS

I'm writing on behalf of the area group that spent some two and a half weeks building the large three dimensional signs in the blocked off area of State St. These signs are meant to add life and color to an otherwise barren road, to give pedestrians the idea of what a mall can be all about. They're also there to influence the thinking of businessmen further up the street, most of whom completely oppose any change from the traffic congestion and fumes which have characterized State St. to date.

You can imagine we're upset at the first signs of defacement. It isn't hard to draw the conclusion that when our signs become junk, the mall will also be seen as junk. We ask people to refrain from plastering the exteriors with posters, stickers, and writings. Please put notices and comments in places which previously served this purpose.

We hope the community sees the benefit of this type of action.

Sincerely,

Jane Arnold

P.S. On one of the signs is written "The Sight of a Future Mall." Sight here refers to the eyes that open, close, and wink—"correcting" the spelling is missing the point.

At issue is community control of the Y, which in immediate terms means office space. No one is saying that if Friedman takes over he intends to kick out the groups now there. But Friedman is not so much a consideration as the groups and people who support him, which would be his new power base. Finally, they have no program beyond taking power, so what happens past that is anyone's guess.

Also at issue is survival of the Y itself. Unlike the leftists, Friedman is relying extensively on non-community elements: the rich, non-community elements for whom the Y used to be a favorite little charity. One ally may be the powerful board of trustees, who hold the legal title. One rumor is that if Friedman is foiled the board may be catalyzed into selling the Y building.

THE SPECTER PRESENTED is that the Y needs a return to "normalcy" to get financial support. Certainly it will not get it now. On the other hand, unless it is prepared to turn back the clock 15 years and once again become a rooming house for Christian gentlemen, it may not get the money anyway. Even with those compromises there is no guarantee. The United Fund has, over the past few years, been funneling most of its bread into the west side Y. Nearly every community organization on the near east and near west side has been screwed by the fund. There is talk of a counter Community Chest, for which the Y could be an excellent catalyst.

If you are interested in defending the Y against outside agitators, you might consider taking out a membership for \$2, good for a year. If you think you are a member make sure you have your card (no one is sure where the master lists are).

'McCabe' dreams forth frontier reality

By NANCY SCHWARTZ
of the Fine Arts Staff

Presbyterian Church, the mining frontier town in which Robert Altman has set his magnificent film "McCabe and Mrs. Miller" captures the enchantment of the adolescent frontier.

The perpetual rain, the oozing mud, the bare buildings rising above the town have a dream-like quality that pervades the film. The inconsequential conversations of the miners weave in and out of the action, often overlapping, ultimately creating a reality heightened to the point at which it becomes romanticized. The miners of Presbyterian Church embody the innocence of the frontier, and Altman, in the tradition of Agee, celebrates the life force of these pioneers without moral judgement.

"McCabe and Mrs. Miller" gradually chronicles the encroachment of civilization upon Presbyterian Church. The first emissary is McCabe, gambler and small-time businessman, followed by Mrs. Miller, a pragmatic San Francisco whore of cockney origin. She takes McCabe's pitiful band of three misfit whores in tents and creates a profitable "sporting house" with fine linens and Seattle whores.

Warren Beatty's portrayal of McCabe is a magnificent synthesis of innocence and crudeness. His swaggering braggadocio is a blend of sharpness with just the right touch of silliness, and his dynamism elevates him to the rank of the town's leading citizen.

Mrs. Miller sizes him up immediately. "If you want to make out you're such a fancy dude," she says with amusement, "you should wear something besides that cheap jockey club cologne."

McCabe falls in love with Mrs. Miller—but to characterize their relationship as love would be to gloss over the intricate complexities of Mrs. Miller's character, superbly drawn by Julie Christie. She bluntly acknowledges her prostitution, expressing her disdain for the euphemistic moralistic role playing of society. As she explains to a young widow who comes to the brothel, "You were doin' it (sleeping with your husband) for your room and board. And that's what you'll be doing here, except you get to keep a bit for yourself on the side, which is more honest to my mind."

Mrs. Miller's healthy attitude gives the brothel its feeling of warmth, of camaraderie, devoid of tawdriness. She has taken the subjugating values of society and made them into a business for herself; instead of being degraded by her position, she uses it as a springboard into the male realm of business.

THE SIMPLICITY of the people of Presbyterian Church allows her to use the insights she has perceived in "civilization" to manipulate and cater to their tastes in a purely positive way. But Mrs. Miller does not allow herself the administrative vanity of placing herself above prostitution—for five dollars, she can still be had.

Her efficient independence protects her from being reduced to a life of gilded servility, yet society has forced her into another form of imprisonment, a desperate need to always be on her guard. She has a soft youthfulness infrequently glimpsed because of her need to maintain her distance, even from McCabe, the person to whom she is closest. He must still leave five dollars on her dresser when he sleeps with her. Her escape from the constant tension in which

she lives comes through the euphoric haze of opium.

The tragedy of McCabe and Mrs. Miller is the impossibility of their relationship reaching fruition. McCabe's slightly inebriated imperiousness offends two delegates from a mining company that wants to buy him out—he thinks he has the power to make them keep raising their offer.

The presence of these representatives initiates an influx of civilized ugliness like the terrors loosed from Pandora's box. Impatient with this "uppity" frontiersman, the mining company sends in a band of hired assassins to eliminate McCabe. Mrs. Miller's warnings are disregarded, and McCabe's realization of his position comes when the situation is beyond his control. The townspeople are frightened by this new element in their society—fear of the unknown in other human beings—and stand by helplessly as a porcine assassin senselessly shoots a gentle young cowboy.

The night before the showdown, McCabe tries to express his love to Mrs. Miller, but he is overwhelmed by the idea of what he's up against. He is ashamed of his selfishness in not having considered that he was recklessly playing with Mrs. Miller's future as well as his own. She has been trapped because she is a woman in a society of men, forced into the impotence of watching her creation needlessly sacrificed. She is confused by her feelings for McCabe, because she is afraid that "They'll get you, and they'll do something awful." McCabe weeps, repeating, "I'm sorry," and she comforts him. But her tenderness is confused with pragmatic prescience in the morning, and she slips away before McCabe

awakes.

THE SHOWDOWN between McCabe and the assassins is brilliantly juxtaposed against the struggle of the community to extinguish a fire in the church they never attend. As the fire is put out, McCabe with a triumphant snort kills the last of his pursuers, but he is himself badly wounded, and falls in the snow just outside the brothel.

Mrs. Miller is glimpsed through the door of an opium den in the Chinese quarter of the town, which has been relatively ignored throughout the film. The final series of shots alternates between McCabe, dead, alone in the snow, and Mrs. Miller, alone in her drugged haze. There is an overwhelming sadness to their inability to have finally reached each other. They have been doomed by the forces of civilization they tried to circumvent.

The salvation of the church, in light of McCabe's death, implies with subtle nostalgia the loss of innocence of the townspeople. With their choice of defending a structure and ignoring the struggle of the man that brought life to their town, the people of Presbyterian Church have made the moral judgement on the life force which Altman avoided throughout the film. They are open to the moralistic corruption of approaching civilization, but they don't know that they've lost their innocence.

"McCabe and Mrs. Miller" is a rare film, a personal film of Robert Altman's that is so filled with love that it becomes personal to those who see it. The most minor players are intimately known, the losses are personally mourned. "McCabe and Mrs. Miller" will haunt you, reappearing in bits and pieces, a past loved and known which appeared in a reverie.

'Eat me' masquerades love

By KEITH DAVIS

of the Fine Arts Staff

It's simple really—Broom Street's Eat Me Tonight is two plays about "parental love"—violence masquerading as love. They are good plays, well directed, well acted and worth seeing. I am supposed to say that you can't miss them—although if you do the sun is still likely to come up. That's the review. Personal reactions follow.

We sinned too early... is about a pregnant 15 year old girl and her boyfriend. Actually it isn't though, since it has little in the way of a plot. Coming out of the True Confessions subculture, the play does not have the same intent as the story, and the plot dissolves under the examination it receives. As art, it is trash, and hard to talk about; its significance lies in its contribution to the continuing saga of Broom St. Theater, and in what it demonstrates in the acting out.

It is not a parody or a pimp like Normal Love. That, and Junk Show, are direct, verbatim assaults on the ideology and idiocy of mass culture. They intensify what is already present until it is absurd: drama to melodrama, pathos to crocodile tears. But it laughs at what we have already rejected, and it can have little deeper intent or effect because it is too absurd to be real.

Plays like Peer Gynt serve a far different function. They do challenge because the situation of the characters are in more or less real dilemmas, with human consequences we can relate to. When absurdity occurs, it is tragic. The situation in the parody deals with characters caught in dilemmas that are false, although not intentionally so. Simply, in the classical play, the author had an

intent other than sensationalism.

But there are limits. If, as Sartre proposes, truly great literature is that which undertakes some exploration or restatement of human experience at the frontier of existence, it is also true that we are not present at the creation or revelation. The experience, or its explanation, has become common currency. The play is, to an extent, dead, and our appreciation is intellectual, or directed at the acting and staging. So the parody, with lesser aims, often seems much closer.

We sinned too early... begins to solve the problem. It does not stop at parody of the cultural values, it transforms them. The

delivery of every dead word reveals the utter deadness and moral and spiritual bankruptcy of the culture itself. The surface absurdity is not accepted, but is shown to be the basis of all too real sentiments—because there are people who are limited to True Confessions type thinking. The intent of the play rests in the utter boredom it creates—arising from the utter lack of values or authenticity in the dialogue.

It is a very negative play, and is more or less trapped into this negativity. The cocktail scene for instance, underlines the profound irrelevancy of the parents' moral values to their children, but by the end of the play we can see them

heading in the same direction.

Amy Brant is much like Fairy's Food Party in its acting and message. The use of silent acting by Marc Anderson is like David Kline's in that previous play and is quite effective by contrast with the Greek Chorus wailing and general emotive noise that accompanies any Gersmann play. It also underlines a new note of subtlety in these lampoons.

While We sinned... was microcosmic in approach, Amy Brant takes up the myths of pragmatic America: "We may live without poetry, music, and art/ We may live without conscience and live without heart/ We may live without friends, we may live

without books/ But civilized man (!) can't live without cooks."

When the prologue states, "had I these privileges when I was your age, the plugging might not have been so difficult and I would not have had to study evenings to get where I am now," it is followed by a cut on Anderson's face that epitomizes the paranoid aimlessness of "getting somewhere."

The characters are endlessly and bottomlessly anguished over trivialities such as getting up on time, what to eat, and getting good grades (or, since in this universe there are no really positive

(continued on page 6)

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Beyond Trash

(continued from page 5)
whip). The dream scene is clearly the accumulated guilt of disobedience to moral exemplars—teachers, parents, friends. And in the end "Amy Brant" awakens, by dying from the neck up, by

Screen Gems

By THE HANS LUCAS COLLECTIVE

August 18—Straight Shooting (1917) and Stage coach (1939)—Both directed by John Ford. A Western double bill: Straight Shooting, Ford's first feature (starring Harry Carey), was believed to be lost until it turned up recently in an archive in Europe. An event for enthusiasts of the silent cinema. Stagecoach was the first film in which Ford used Monument Valley, and contains fine performances from an ensemble of players: John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Andy Devine, Thomas Mitchell, John Carradine, Tim Holt, and George Bancroft. B-102 Van Vleck at 8 p.m.

August 18-19—Triumph of the Will (1936)—Leni Riefenstahl's film of the 1934 Nuremberg Party Convention. Siegfried Kracauer writes in *From Caligari to Hitler*: "Through a very impressive composition of mere newsreel shots, this film represents the complete transformation of reality... It was Hitler himself who commissioned Leni Riefenstahl to produce an artistically shaped film of the party convention. In her book on this film, she incidentally remarks: 'The preparations for the Party Convention were made in concert with the preparations for the camera work.' This illuminating statement reveals that the convention was planned not only as a spectacular mass meeting, but also as a spectacular film propaganda." Green Lantern, evening.

August 19—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1931) and The Student of Prague (1913)—Rouben Mamoulian's version of the oft-filmed horror classic is considered the best, despite the lugubrious presence of Frederick March as Jekyll. As Hyde, however, he excels, adding a really effective element of sexual depravity to the standard characterization. One of the best Thirties horror films and a very rare one.

The Student of Prague (directed by Stellan Rye, produced by Paul Wegener) is the earliest extant

German horror film and one that would influence the entire genre (Nosferatu, Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, etc.) 105 Psychology, evening.

August 20—The Lady of the Lake (1945)—Robert Montgomery directed and also stars in this film based on Raymond Chandler's novel, a task less arduous than it might seem, since the picture is shot with an entirely subjective camera—the only times we glimpse Montgomery are in mirrors. B-102 Van Vleck, 8 and 10 p.m.

August 20-21—Ride the High Country (1962)—Sam Peckinpah's first major film features Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea as a pair of aging westerners attempting to hold out against the encroachments of civilization, McCrea by safely delivering a gold shipment, Scott by stealing it. This is the purest example of the director's style and theme, as further delineated in *The Wild Bunch* and *Cable Hogue*, its beauty enhanced by Lucien Ballard's color photography. Also featured are the Peckinpah repertory company of goons, thugs, and child molesters (L.Q. Jones, R.G. Armstrong, et. al.) Green Lantern, evening.

August 20-21—Marnie (1964)—Like *Topaz* (Hitchcock's contribution to Cold War mythology), *Marnie* is a hopelessly underrated film by Francois Truffaut's favorite director, the Catholic who respects Bunuel more than any other filmmaker, the man who Stanley Kaufman once contemptuously referred to as 'the fat boy.' In its faithfulness to Freudian psychology, *Marnie* strongly resembles Hitchcock's earlier effort, *Spellbound*. Tippi Hedren, who starred in *The Birds* and *Marnie* and now seems to have disappeared, plays a normal young woman who, as Hitchcock says in the preview for *Marnie*, seems, on the surface, to be 'happy, happy, happy.' Union Play Circle, times to be announced.

U minority figures lower than city's

By BRIAN POSTER
of the Cardinal Staff

Minority enrollment in the University of Wisconsin is generally near the percentage of Wisconsin's minority population, but the Madison campus fails to have a minority enrollment that reflects its local minority population analysis shows.

This study is based on statistics of full-time students and general population data supplied by the University central administration and the State Census Bureau. The three minorities examined were blacks, Indians, and Latins.

The statistics show that only in the area of black student enrollment does the Madison campus exceed its ratio of local black population. The ratio of black students is 156% of the proportion of the local black population. Indian students are only 66% of the percentage of local Indian residents. Latin students are 88% of the local Latin population ratio.

BUT THESE FIGURES particularly the black ratio, can be looked at from another perspective. University officials proudly maintain that the Madison campus is a nationally-oriented University center. Thus, even though blacks are 1.5 times more numerous on campus as they are in the city, black enrollment falls far short of matching the 11% national black population. The same can be said for Indian and Latin enrollment.

The University has a total black enrollment of 2.66% of its 56,680 full-time students located on four campuses and the center system. The black population in Wisconsin is 2.90% of the state's total 1970 population of 4,417,933.

There are 885 blacks on the Madison campus which is 2.94% of the campus population. Blacks compose 1.88% of the population of Madison.

The University has a total of 69 Indians which amounts to .122% of the student population. Indians compose .428% of the state's population. On the Madison campus, there are 34 Indians who make up .133% of the campus population compared to the city's Indian population of .172%.

LATIN STUDENTS number 192 in the University or .339% of the student enrollment. There are 78 Latins on the Madison campus which is .258% of the student population. This compares to a

Latin population of .024% in Wisconsin and .292% in Madison. The latter two population percentages are approximations as the final figures will not be determined until next February.

Minority enrollment on the Milwaukee campus similarly fails to reflect that city's minority population, but to a much larger extent. The ratios of minority student enrollment compared to the Milwaukee minority population proportion of blacks, Indians, and Latins are 25%, 29% and 58% respectively.

The issue of minority enrollment was recently discussed by the University of Wisconsin Board of Regents. The Regents August 6 approved a plan calling for an overall minority enrollment of 3% resident students and 15% non-residents, which reflects the state and national minority population.

But one person employed in the university central administration dismissed the Regent action by bluntly saying, "They (Regents) give you a number, but they know they'll never reach it."

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OTHER DAYS 9 TO 5:30.**