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Daily Cardinal

LXXXIV, No. 158

University of Wisconsin-Madison

Tuesday, July 23, 1974

INSIDER

Earl Scruggs



Inside China:

The coming of Cultural Revolution II

An intense war—fought with posters, directives, words—has been raging inside China for six months. Western observers have variously interpreted this movement as

a struggle between "moderates" and radicals" over relations with the United States, a battle over succession to the 80-year-old Chairman Mao, an officially

approved expression of mass unrest, or simply as a bit of inscrutable Oriental Marxism—but no one has examined the movement as it affect the daily lives of the

people in China.

The following article records the impressions of an American woman who has recently returned from China. She speaks of the struggle in China in terms of its impact on ordinary people as individuals.

By BARBARA EHRENREICH
Pacific News Service

All China is criticizing Lin Piao and Confucius.

Workers spend at least six hours a week meeting with fellow-workers to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius. Families—children through grandparents—hold family meetings to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius. Posters criticizing Lin Piao and Confucius decorate factories, restaurants, schools and shops.

WHAT DID LIN PAIO and Confucius do to bring down the indignant criticism of more than 700 million Chinese?

There is no easy-to-make connection: Lin, a hero of the revolution once hailed as the successor to Chairman Mao, was China's defense minister until he died in a plane crash, supposedly in flight to the Soviet Union, in 1971. Confucius, an itinerant philosopher and odd-job man, lived and died 2500 years ago; he was an official in the state of Lu and his writings became the official philosophy of the Chinese Empire.

To summarize the criticism in the Chinese press: Confucius taught that the rule of the elite was justified by their "innate superiority" and intelligence; the poor were "stupid" and deserved to be oppressed. In short, Confucianism is the essence of conservatism.

Lin Piao, it is charged, believed in his own "genius"; he felt that protracted struggles against elitism in Chinese society were counter-productive; and he ultimately showed his contempt for the masses by attempting to seize state power and "restore capitalism."

THOSE ARE THE charges—how could any Chinese fail to be indignant? The problem,

for the average person, is figuring out how to interpret the directive "carry the criticism of Lin Piao and Confucius through to the end." On this point there are no specific instructions.

For at least half the Chinese, there is an immediate and obvious way to "use" the movement. Confucius was, among other things, a raving sexist, and there wasn't a woman we met who didn't take the opportunity to tell us this. A woman dock-worker in Shanghai gave perhaps the best summary we heard of the "fallacies" of Confucius and their impact on today's China:

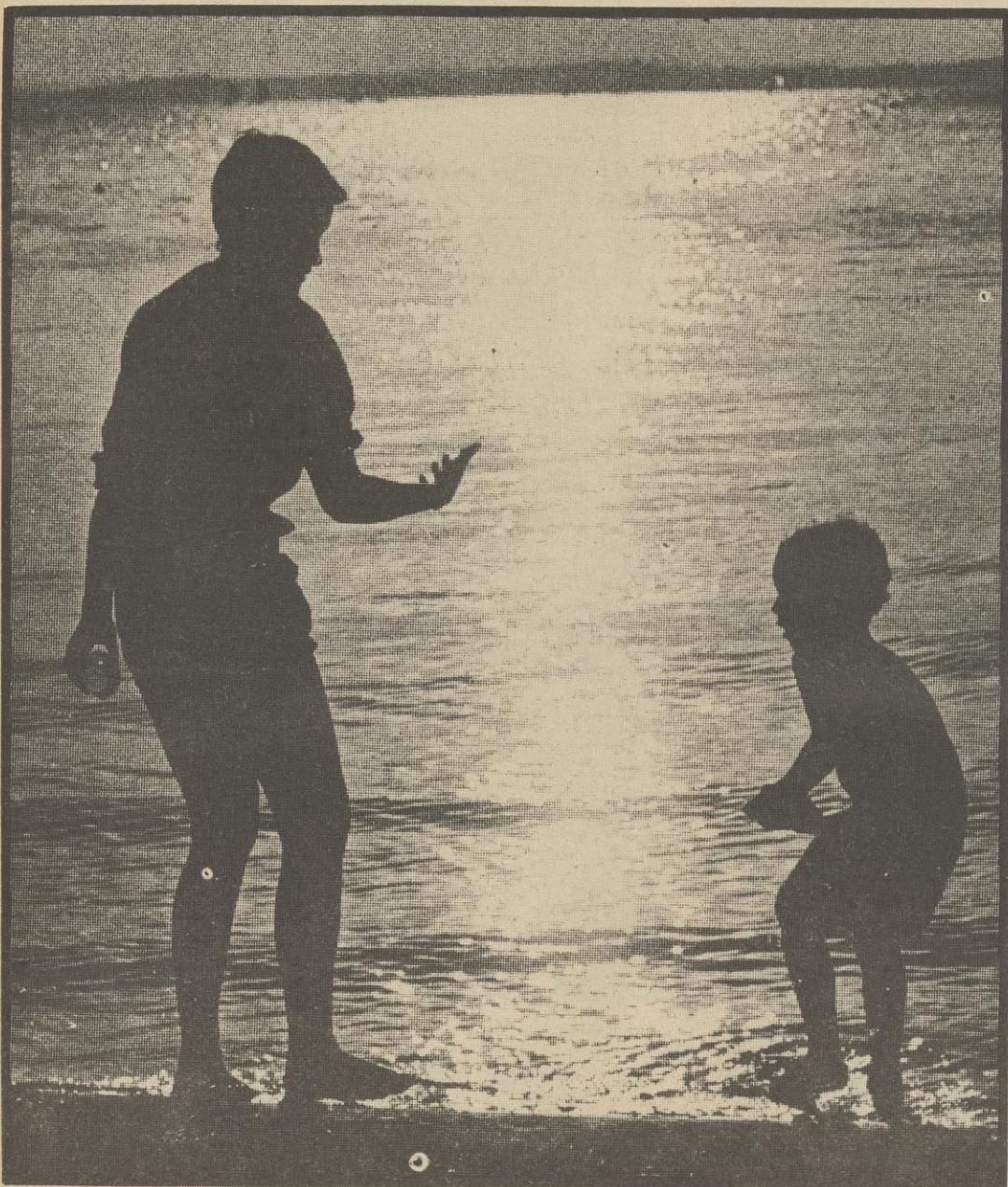
In addition to saying that women are hard to get along with, she said, Confucius spread the fallacy of the Three Obediences: to father, then to husband, finally to eldest son. "Then there were the Four Virtues: a woman should know her place; a woman must not talk too much and bore people; a woman must adorn herself with a view to pleasing men; a woman must do all the household chores. In a nutshell, men must sit on the backs of women," she said.

"Many male comrades maintained the idea of male superiority, and even some leaders believed this, although Chairman Mao says that women hold up half the sky."

"BUT CONFUCIUS and Lin Piao looked down on us," with the result, she said, that "leaders at the docks did not pay enough attention to training more women managers and technicians."

Women in China have already made great strides towards liberation—day care is now universally available and practically free; women are encouraged to enter all but the most strenuous occupations; women no longer "adorn themselves" as sexual objects. Even so, women we talked to felt the movement had brought new breakthroughs: husbands are doing more housework, grandparents no longer press for male offspring, higher-ups are more sensitive about hiring women for positions

(continued on page 2)



As Lake Mendota slowly succumbs to bacteria and fecal growth, Warner Beach remains closed due to high level pollution, causing scenes like the

one above to become more and more of a rarity in this city of putrid lakes. Hurrumph!

photo by Dick Safran

Local exercists purge evil pounds

By SUE STEINBERG
of the Cardinal Staff

The plot is simple, and quite familiar. It's about the millions of Americans possessed by a few extra pounds, or flabby muscles, and for many Madisonians the spirit is being driven away with help from Elaine Powers and The Continental Spa figure salons.

From 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. at Elaine Powers one finds at least a dozen leotard clad women, looking like mythological nymphs prancing about the studio that resembles a Medieval torture chamber. These overpowering machines are scientifically designed to help eliminate unwanted inches. The members methodically humble themselves to these chrome idols, in hopes that a degree of perseverance,

and a lot of bending and kicking will free them from the bondage of fat.

The reasons women subject themselves to these distorting exercises vary, but mostly it is in search of eternal youth and beautification. Most claim that personal pride inspired them to join. Said one member, "My husband wouldn't even notice if I lost 40 pounds, so I'm not doing this to please anyone but myself." Others are more pragmatic about the results they expect. Said Sandy, another member, "My brother's getting married in August. I want to be slim for the wedding. Also my job doesn't allow me to get much exercise, so I get it here."

But most of the members are not getting in shape in preparation

for any Outward Bound camp, or mountain climbing expedition. They all seem more interested in sacrificing their fat for the ability to wear more stylish clothes, which they all seem to feel are designed for small people.

So they weigh in at Elaine Powers, and proceed to run the gamut of diet consultations, leg kicks, waist bends and the like, all to the tune of \$9.75 per month for the most expensive program. According to Ginny, the manager, "No one totally fails in attaining their desired goals. Most jobs don't allow for much physical exercise, so the exercise women get here is a measure of success. Women are also getting out of their homes more now than ever before. Their jobs are providing

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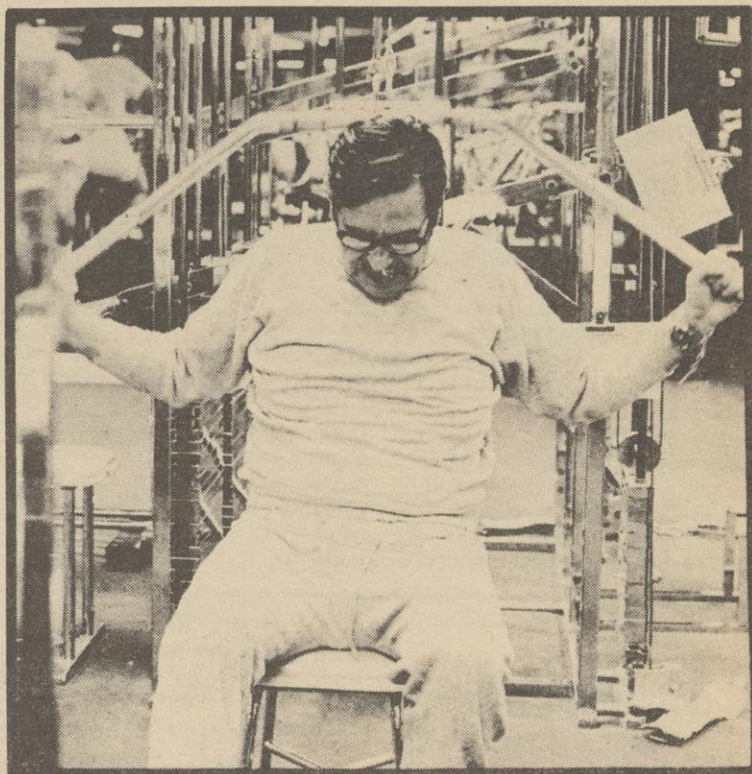


photo by Sue Steinberg



Young poet gets down to music of Cameron Hill, Saturday afternoon at Anti-Korb block party on Lake St. Many observers felt the event failed to generate the enormous energy past block parties have been noted for.

PHOTO BY CHARLEY PREUSSER

Korb protest blocked

By CHARLEY PREUSSER
of the Cardinal Staff

"I just came here to talk to the junkies and check out the chicks, you know," explained a Milwaukee jazz musician visiting Capital City this weekend.

His comment characterized the typical so-what attitude of the 1,000 plus crowd which gathered for the anti-Korb block party on Lake St. between Langdon and the lake, Saturday afternoon.

MOST OF THE six-hour affair was organized by members of Le Chateau Co-op and others who are planning a boycott of Korb Realty this fall.

For those unenlightened few, landlord James Korb is notorious for gutting fine old buildings and subsequently rebuilding the interiors to accommodate an overabundance of mini-apartments.

Recently, Korb purchased the building Le Chateau has been renting for the last few years. In the fall, he plans to replace the near-historic co-op with his version of central city rip-off housing.

The party, held in his dishonor, appeared as little more than a

fund-raising attempt to many observers. Organizers claimed the group's quarter-a-hit concession made about \$200 to \$300 after expenses.

BUT THE USUAL block party vitality was notably absent. According to sources close to the organizers, earlier rumored activities, including marches to and inspections of Korb-owned apartments were scrapped when the group felt they would be unable to control potential trashing by the crowd.

Mark Rexroad, Le Chateau spokesperson, disputed the charge, claiming the tours were cancelled for a variety of other reasons including a lack of people to run them, the cost of a bullhorn and the need to get a parade permit.

A local YIP organizer was disgruntled with the group's decision not to demonstrate. "I told them there wouldn't be any rocks thrown," he said.

Needless to say, the music provided by Tim Davis, Adrian Bach, Sunstorm, Yancy Derringer and Cameron Hill, was the high point of the day.

Evil pounds purged

(continued from page 1)

more self-respectability and self-sufficiency, so they want to look better."

In contrast to Elaine Powers, the mens' Continental Spa looks like a heavyweight training camp. Most of the members here are executive types. Jerry, a mirror salesman, managed, between gasps, to tell me that he uses the facilities "just to keep the weight down. Last August I weighed 280 pounds. Now I'm down to 200, but it's hard to stay at 200, so I come here every day."

Trained supervisors, mostly physical education graduates, are always present to assist and give consultations. Both Randy, an instructor, and Tom, the Spa's manager, agreed that most men are inspired to join in search of good health, and then there are

those who come to build up their egos.

So they enter the red carpeted and mirrored Continental Spa, exchange their sta-press for sweat suits, and proceed to sweat, moan, and discuss the stock market; all for the price of \$300 per year for a beginning membership, which enables a member to use the exercise machines, inhalation room, and sauna.

In an over-indulgent society where everyone seems to want to eat more but gain less, the Madison figure salons are a sanctuary for those who want to repent for their sins. But at these retreats one does not find bowed heads and solemn prayers. Instead one finds men lifting weights and women on the floor kicking, rolling and moaning to the chant of "cookies, cake, candy, gin...that is why we're fat not thin."



PHOTO BY SUE STEINBERG
"Cookies, cake, candy, gin...that is why we're fat not thin."

Thumbs down for Confucius and Lin

(continued from page 1)

of responsibility, and women speak up louder and more often at meetings.

Women are still under-represented in leadership positions. In one ceramics factory we visited, 60 per cent of the workers are women, but only one woman is on the seven member "revolutionary committee" which runs the plant. And women are over-represented—at times make up 100 per cent—in such traditionally feminine occupations as nursing and child care. One group of women from the Tientsin Women's Federation explained that women enter these fields because they are "more patient" than men. When we suggested that this interpretation smacked of "innate abilities" we set off a lively discussion. The conclusion, expressed by the Federation's Vice Chairwoman, was "Chinese men could learn patience."

Women speaking as women gave us our first glimpse into the impact of the movement on daily life in China, but its effects have been much broader. As we traveled, we found that wherever

there have been authoritarian relationships there is ample fodder for the movement. Students are criticizing teachers for authoritarianism; workers are criticizing managers who are out of touch with the rank and file. Within the medical profession, a mild revolution is underway, focused on the authority of the doctors. One doctor at the Sui Chin teaching hospital in Shanghai told us how before the movement "a group of doctors...wanted to examine a patient suffering from a heart disease. The patient wanted to eat a meal and not be examined then. But the doctors were only thinking of improving their own technical level...This reflects Confucius' belief that knowledge is private property."

In fact, they were not criticizing themselves—nor is this a movement to criticize doctors, teachers, managers, or males. It is a movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius. A person accused of arrogance is not put in a position of having to admit he's an overbearing ass; he can simply say he was "under the pernicious influence of Confucian thought."

Externalizing bad attitudes through Lin Piao and Confucius allows the Chinese (in Mao's metaphor) to cure the disease and save the patient.

In many ways, the current movement closely parallels the Cultural Revolution, and it would be easy enough to explain the one as simply an outgrowth of the other. Today's movement carries through the strong anti-authoritarian thrust of the Cultural Revolution. The current emphasis on "daring to go against the tide" and "refusing to restrain yourself" echo the Cultural Revolution's slogan "to rebel is justified." Both movements used a contemporary figure from top Party leadership to personify revisionism and evil in general, both were initially announced by top leadership, and both got off to a zig-zag start as people tried to figure out exactly what to rebel against, or, in this case, what to criticize.

But there are also several striking differences. The current movement has a personal, almost introspective quality which would have been lost in the thunder and lightning of the Cultural

Revolution. Eight years ago, the Chinese were busy looking for the enemy within their ranks—the "capitalist roaders." Today, they seem to be looking much more into themselves and their closest relationships—to their husbands or wives, parents, children, co-workers.

THERE IS ANOTHER kind of difference, suggesting that the current movement may not just be a deepening of the Cultural Revolution but in some ways a corrective to it.

By all accounts, the Cultural Revolution was characterized by a certain measure of dogmatism, intolerance, and what the Chinese call "waving the red flag against the red flag." It was during the Cultural Revolution that the deep popular respect for Chairman Mao hardened into the "cult of Mao." The Little Red Book of his quotations became a kind of dogma—easy to memorize, easy to pull out in meetings to justify any side of an argument.

Today the paraphernalia of the cult—the Little Red Books and the Mao buttons—are still available in the tourist stores, but the Chinese don't carry the book or wear the

buttons. The Red Book was a shortcut to Mao Tse Tung thought; today there are no shortcuts. As part of the current movement, everyone studies the original works of Marx, Lenin and Mao.

An ordinary traveller has no way of knowing what high-level debates are "really behind" the movement. But at the grassroots level, the Movement to Criticize Lin Piao and Confucius appears to be exactly what the Chinese say it is: part of a long-term effort to encourage critical thinking, to create "people of wisdom."

President Nixon will be paying tribute to Herbert Hoover on Hoover's 100th birthday outside of Iowa City, Iowa, August 10th. To give him the welcome he deserves Throw the Bum Out!, Organize to Fight!, people from around the Midwest are planning to be there and demonstrate their anger.

In Madison, a meeting will be held Wednesday, July 24th at 7:30 p.m. in the Memorial Union to plan participation in the demonstration in Iowa, and other work in Madison. All people interested in throwing Nixon out are welcome.

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Founded April 4, 1892

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Red-blooded Americans cash in

By ART CAMOSY
of the Cardinal Staff

If you're at the point where you're willing to bleed for a buck, Bio-Resources, Inc., 212 N. Bassett, is ready to pay you \$52 a month for your plasma. Every day around 55 people, mostly students, take them up on their offer.

Bio-Resources, a private profit corporation, is a plasmapheresis center; so you'll encounter quite a different procedure there than you may have experienced if you've donated whole blood previously.

THE PROCEDURE of plasmapheresis begins with the insertion of a hypodermic needle and the withdrawal of one unit of whole blood (about a pint). The blood pack is then removed and taken to another area of the lab for processing while the donor waits in a lazy-boy type chair with a saline solution trickling back into his vein through the same hypodermic.

About 20 minutes later the blood pack is returned. It's been on a short ride in a centrifuge, revving around at 5000 rpm to separate the whole blood into two parts — a thin, almost clear watery-looking portion which is the plasma, and a thick red portion which is the red blood cells. The plasma is removed from the pack and is sold by Bio-Resources to a pharmaceutical house. The pack containing the red blood cells is returned to the donor for reinfusion back through the same vein

that has been kept open by the saline solution.

The process is now half over. Another unit of whole blood is then withdrawn, centrifuged, separated, and the red blood cell portion is again reinjected intravenously. With this procedure, one hypodermic needle is inserted at the outset and remains in place during the entire process which takes about an hour and a half.

The principal risk is the possibility of a serious reaction that could result from the infusion of another individual's red blood cells into the donor by accident. This could produce back ache, heart palpitations, fever, and in some cases kidney damage, or even a possible fatal hemolytic transfusion reaction.

SUCH A MIXUP has never occurred at Bio-Resources. Each donor participates fully in a thorough identification procedure that includes a polaroid picture, matching names and signatures, lengthy I.D. numbers, and chair location.

Not all persons are eligible to become plasma donors. Before being accepted into the program, an applicant must undergo a short physical exam and some routine blood and urine tests. All testing done in connection with this program is done on the premises by physicians, nurses, and technicians and is free.

Regular donors sell plasma a maximum of two times in a seven

day period and must wait a minimum of 48 hours between each visit. Selling plasma over a prolonged period may produce changes in the donor's hemoglobin, serum protein, or gammaglobulin levels. These blood components are monitored at the center regularly and reviewed by a physician.

Bio-Resources is operated under FDA and State of Wisconsin regulations.

FORUM

THE SLA: TERRORISM AND REPRESSION

Sponsored by Madison Action Coalition

Wednesday, July 24 8 p.m.
Memorial Union (See "Today in the Union")

Speakers:
David Newman—Karl Armstrong
Defense Committee
Takeover representative
MAC representative

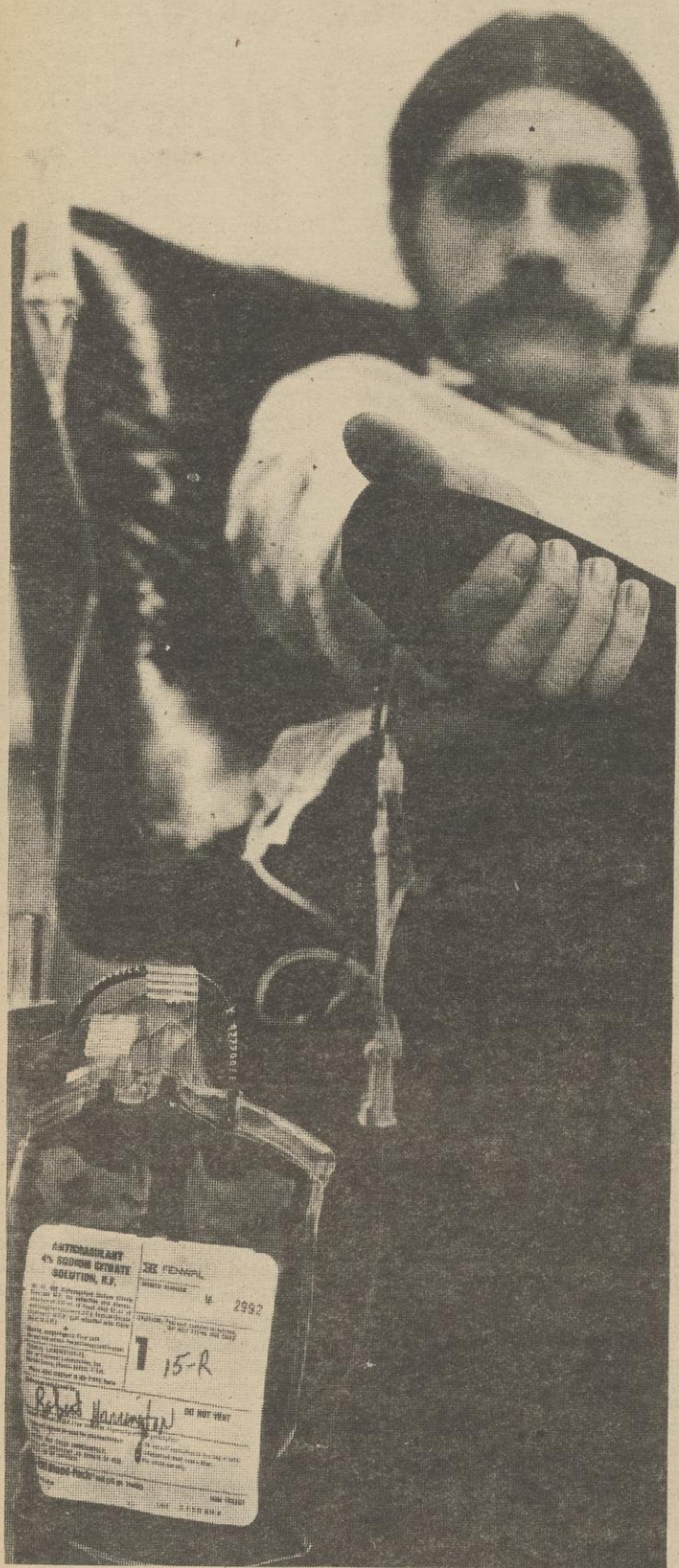
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Open Forum

SLA: What price glory?

Madison Action Coalition

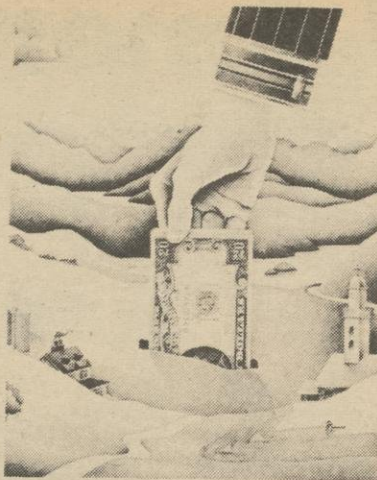
For many weeks the spectacular activities of the Symbionese Liberation Army dominated the American news media, providing it with some of the most sensational headlines in recent years. The fate of the SLA poses the crucial question of the relationship between terrorism, revolution, and repression of the American left. Serious leftists must learn important lessons from the reaction of the government to the methods of the SLA. Specifically, they must realistically examine the most effective channels available for revolutionary agitation in the United States.

The media and the government want the public to believe that the overkill of SLA members by barbaric cremation was a significant victory over the revolutionary left. In fact, the SLA, despite its revolutionary rhetoric, is an unrealistic group of romantics whose program of terrorism is irrelevant to a serious struggle against capitalism. Reckless acts of individual terrorism are politically futile and reflect the failure of isolated leftists to develop a strategy for raising the class consciousness of the working class. Stemming from pessimism about the possibility for collective struggle, terrorism can never replace the necessity of mass action.

By engaging in terrorist acts which the state deemed criminal, the SLA set itself up to be killed and immediately alienated itself from the exploited elements in society. Arrogantly ignoring earlier struggles against McCarthyism and all reaction in the United States, the SLA foolishly relinquished the opportunities for relatively open speech and relatively open assembly that had been won by the working class. The SLA sought quick answers and refused to engage in the day-to-day struggle that is necessary to build a mass revolutionary party. Perhaps the gravest shortcoming of the SLA was its insensitivity to the need of galvanizing the insecurity felt by all workers in a period of rapidly declining living standards.

ALTHOUGH IT IS A MISTAKE to identify the SLA with the left, the recent ambush of the SLA is nevertheless a threat to all leftists. Whether inspired by misguided adventurism or provoked by police infiltration, as some have charged, the actions of the SLA provide the government with an excuse for military repression. This response by the state clearly indicates that it will not hesitate to use terrorist acts to discredit all revolutionaries and that terrorists can expect no mercy from the government. There is real danger that the FBI and local police will develop a long-term policy of overwhelmingly violent tactics against revolutionary and anti-capitalist groups. The logic of the government may become: since the SLA is leftist and since the SLA consists of dangerous outlaws, therefore all leftists are dangerous outlaws and should be eliminated by any means.

Serious leftists must condemn the savage repression of the SLA. The spectacle of the shootout on live TV only serves to desensitize the public to brutal attacks on any political group that is vaguely made to appear as "anti-social." Thus the precedent is frightening not only for isolated adventurers but also for those attempting to build a collective political struggle against economic exploitation and oppression. While the Madison Action Coalition totally repudiates the narrow-minded outlook of the SLA, we cannot, in our anxiety to criticize their tactics, overlook the escalated threat that the power of the state now poses to all left groups as a result of the recent overkill in Los Angeles. Forum on Terrorism and Repression, Wednesday, July 24, 8 p.m. in Memorial Union. (See "Today in the Union".)



By LAWRENCE LIFSCHULTZ
Pacific News Service

Contracts to be awarded this month for oil exploration off the coast of Bangladesh promise to be a much-needed shot in the arm for a frail economy that two and a half years of independence have not cured.

While the short-term economic picture will probably be unaffected, officials in Bangladesh's Ministry of Natural Resources are quietly guarding hopes that the leases could bring in as much as \$1.5 billion in investment over a six-year period.

BANGLADESH STILL depends on jute exports for 80 per cent of its foreign revenue. Industrial production sputters along 20 per cent below the "benchmark" of 1969-1970, while the nation's money supply has doubled, fueling already serious inflation. Prices are generally four to five times what they were at independence,

Offshore oil discovered

US bucks come to Bangladesh

and per capita income hovers at \$60 a year.

Atlantic Richfield, Ashland, and Union Oil of California are reported ready to make large commitments to the offshore fields. Dacca is modelling terms on Indonesian and Malaysian production-sharing, with the companies getting 30 per cent of all production for five years, and up to 24 per cent of the remainder. Under the agreement, the oil firms' share, on which Bangladesh will levy no taxes, would be approximately 47 per cent of the crude oil output for five years.

The rest would go to fulfill Bangladesh's own requirements, now met by imports from the Middle East. The most cautious "official" speculation in Dacca insists that even if only two or three fields yield a total of 100,000 barrels a day, Bangladesh could not only meet its own needs, but also could export crude.

In addition to offshore rights, the Natural Resources Ministry is planning negotiations in the near future for on-shore concessions in Mymensingh, Sylhet, and the Chittagong Hills Tract, which

officials claim are of "comparable" value to the coastal plots. Oil could displace jute as the mainstay of Bangladesh's economy, virtually doubling its export revenue. According to a Ministry of Natural Resources spokesman, "This is likely to change the whole economic picture in the country."

WHAT THE INFLUX of such enormous sums of capital will do to Bangladesh — whose total government budget for 1972-1973 barely exceeded \$1 billion — is difficult to say. Not all of the people who fought for Bangladesh's independence from Pakistan have been satisfied with the Awami League government, and Prime Minister Shiek Mujibur Rahman has employed strict measures, some resembling martial law, to control widespread discontent. Groups of armed guerrillas are still active, particularly in the west near India.

Despite Dacca's claims that investment will be guided by "socialist policies," leftists are likely to oppose \$3 billion worth of foreign influence in Bangladesh.

Fort Knox robbed by Rockefeller

(ZNS) All the gold in Fort Knox missing?

This is an allegation being voiced by Doctor Peter Beter, a former staff attorney for the Export-Import Bank. Doctor Beter, who retired from the bank recently, has been touring the United States, warning Americans that all the gold in Fort Knox has been secretly spirited away to Switzerland by the U.S. military.

Beter, whose charges sound like something out of James Bond, insists he has learned from absolutely reliable sources that the

Fort Knox gold has been removed from the United States to Mexico, forwarded to Switzerland, and has been deposited in vaults controlled by banker-millionaire David Rockefeller.

The U.S. Treasury Department, to counter Beter's charges, has now invited U.S. Congress people to visit Fort Knox and see the gold for themselves. Numerous representatives who have been approached by Beter, say they will take the Treasury Department up on its offer.

In the meantime, Doctor Beter is warning Congressional in-

vestigators to be wary of possible Treasury Department shenanigans: he predicts that Treasury officials just might get a pile of lead bars, paint them gold, and pull the wool over the eyes of unsuspecting members of Congress.—ZODIAC



HILLEL FOUNDATION

Wednesday, July 24 8:00 p.m.

Prof. Mil Lieberthal, professor of Labor Education at the School for Workers, will discuss
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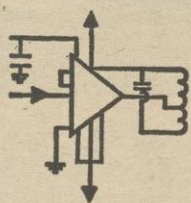
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Scruggs Revue: Earl to bed, Randy to rise

and they are salvaged solely by Randy's flashy guitar work. The acoustic riffs on "Paul and Silas" were some of the finest you're likely to hear this side of Doc Watson. Randy also demonstrated some of the Watson-styled wizardry on the old fiddle tune, "Black Mountain Blues."

Much to my relief, Earl has not lost his machine gun fingers which can rattle a banjo at an eye-defying pace. His renditions of the familiar standards "Pike County Breakdown" and "Flint Hill Special" may have seemed like history to some of the younger fans in attendance, but they still sounded crisp and exciting to me. (I found it curious that Gary introduced the latter song as having been written for the soundtrack of *Where the Lillies Bloom*, a vision of mountain life vastly superior to that portrayed on *The Waltons*. "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," a veritable bluegrass anthem, was also credited to a film score, (*Bonnie and Clyde*), which is more than slightly ridiculous for a melody written close to 20 years before Arthur Penn discovered Warren Beatty.

THE REVUE WAS STRONGEST HOWEVER in its interpretations of blues material and it was here that its musical progress was most evident. With the vocals largely subservient to the instrumentals, Randy showed his bloodlines, that fall somewhere between downtown Shelby, North Carolina and southside Chicago. His solos on "Can't Seem to Care," and "Travellin' Prayer" were precise and exhilarating, sending rushes through the scant but spirited crowd. With dobroist Buck Graves gone from the group, Randy has filled in a big space impressively. Meanwhile his father was groping admirably for new notes and a new sound from a banjo that begrudgingly yeilds a provocative blues inflection. Despite some mighty fancy high-necked picking, I suspect the instrument is severely limited in this area. The bluesy banjo seemed to work best on the faster, more syncopated tunes like "Step It Up and Go," and "Carolina Boogie,"

where Earl successfully tested the limits of the instrument. On the latter, Earl and Randy traded off licks in a manner reminiscent of Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce on "Crossroads."

For much of the remainder of the show Earl and the Revue played traditional Flatt and Scruggs fare like "Salty Dog Blues," "The Ballad of Jed Clampett," and "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," where Randy again supplied the most refreshing new twists. On "Earl's Breakdown," younger brother Steve demonstrated some of the Scruggs mastery that apparently must be inbred.

The audience obviously enjoyed the old-time numbers and the

Revue, as it did throughout its 25 song, two encore performance, responded well.

1974 HAS BEEN A YEAR OF CHANGE for the Earl Scruggs Revue. They lost a dobroist and picked up a pianist, Jack Lee, whose barrelhouse playing is engaging, though somewhat out of place. Jody Maphis has learned to tone down his drums a bit. And overall the group has refined its simplistic country rock sound into an original product that transcends classification.

This year has also seen the arrival of two exceptional filial guitarists. Merle Watson now deservedly shares the spotlight

(continued on page 6)

Earl Scruggs, (center), father of bluegrass banjo, with sons Gary, (left), Dylan disciple, and Randy, (right), guitar wizard.

By ELLIOT PINSLEY
of the Cardinal Staff

When Earl Scruggs wrote "Randy Lynn Rag," some twenty-odd years ago in honor of his new son, he couldn't have visualized the future artistry being born. The streamlined banjo piece must seem like prophecy today, as Randy Scruggs has emerged out of the shadows of his famous father and established himself as a startlingly innovative guitarist.

Despite the name up front on the album covers, it is Randy that consistently supplies the jump and drive behind the Earl Scruggs Revue, which made an impressive showing at the Dane County Coliseum, Friday night.

WHEREAS LAST YEAR THE BAND seemed little more than an eclectic cacophony, it has evolved convincingly into a quite sophisticated fusion of bluegrass, blues, country and rock. I must admit to a persistent discomfort at the sight of Earl Scruggs mounting the stage and then plugging in the old five string. But this was soothed somewhat by a joyfully off-beat arrangement of Dylan's "Nashville Skyline Rag."

There is an ironic symbolism inherent in the tune, as it appeared on Flatt and Scruggs' last album together, *Final Fling*. Their break-up came at a time when Earl was moving toward a more progressive sound, and the

rock-oriented arrangement of "Nashville Skyline Rag" was symptomatic of that transition. As Earl drifted farther from the mainline, Lester Flatt subsequently retreated into the safer confines of traditional bluegrass.

The group's second number, and several of those that followed it however, revealed a lingering weakness that caused me to doubt just how much they had grown collectively in the past 12 months. If there is a constant strain to be found in the Revue's performance of "I Shall be Released," "Paul and Silas," and "T For Texas," it is big brother Gary Scruggs' obsession with Bob Dylan. His ever-present vocal imitateness is both disconcerting and an obstacle in the way of true creativity. Earl's banjo is inconsequential on these numbers

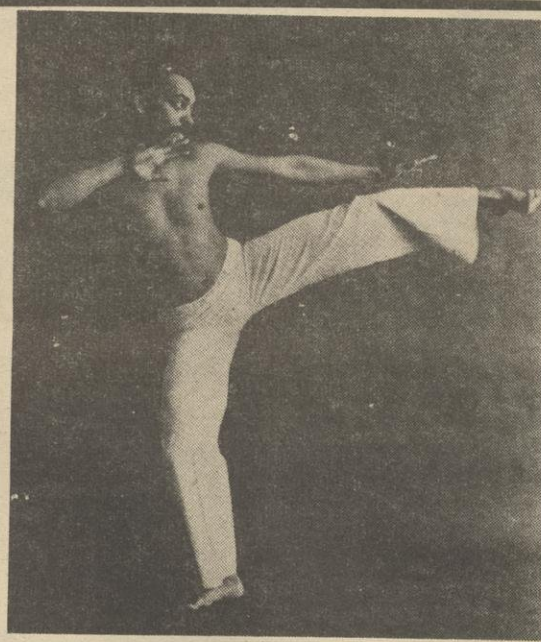
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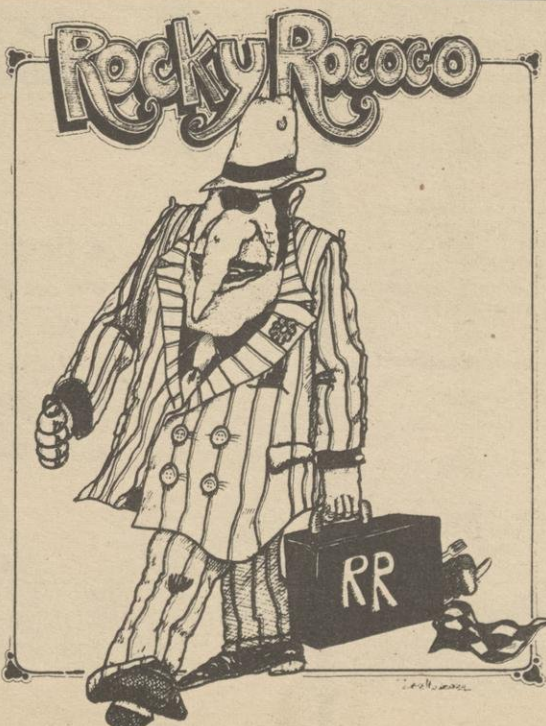
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Earl Scruggs

(continued from page 5)

with his dad, no longer relegated to the status of "and Merle." And judging from his virtuoso display Friday, it shouldn't be too long before Randy Scruggs gets the top billing alongside his justifiably proud father.

The second half of the Coliseum show was reserved for the ostensible head-liner, Tom T. Hall, an apparently washed-up balladeer of some note. Hall's performance, (or lack thereof), was unquestionably the most disgusting and disgraceful I've witnessed. After an incredibly over-long warmup by his band, the Storytellers, Hall took the stage, rambled through 15 minutes of introductions and then sang a total of six songs, before leaving for a more productive evening at the Holiday Inn.

There was a time when Tom T. was an artist of the first dimension. His journalistic eye for meaningful details coupled with a skillful verbal dexterity produced a long line of great songs — "The Ballad of 40 Dollars," "Clayton Delaney," "Trip to Hyden" "Tulsa Telephone Book." —



BUT HALL TOOK A TURN FOR THE WORSE with a heart-tugging piece of syrup called "Old Dogs, Children, and Watermelon Wine." It made him millions, but tragically signalled the start of a McKuen-esque phase in his career, culminated by his recent nausea-evoking hit, "I Love."

Still, he owed the fans who turned out, a much better effort than he seemed willing or inclined to give. Such travesties, at \$4, \$5, and \$6 a ticket are terribly damaging to the truly dedicated people of an always-image-conscious country music.

PS—The Coliseum's sound system, which admittedly has a lot to overcome, was inordinately horrendous, Friday night. Although hardly an excuse for Hall's poor showing, it does bear looking into by Dane County's Exposition Center Commission.

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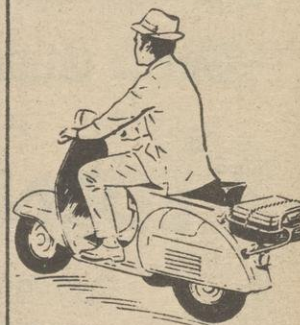
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Bad band nixes Dixon



By DAVID W. CHANDLER
of the Fine Arts Staff

Somehow Willie Dixon and his band, who appeared this weekend at Good Karma, never quite made any really good music.

Part of the problem has to be the band, with the main offender being guitarist Buster Benton. Benton's work was derivative in the extreme, consisting mostly of a few half-speed B.B. King licks which he used indiscriminately in every song, no matter how appropriate. Without either imagination or technique, Benton was simply unable to hold any of the weight a guitar must bear in a blues band.

ANOTHER CIPHER IN THE INSTRUMENTATION was electric bassist Freddy Dixon. Freddy may or may not have been doing a good job on the bass—I never heard a note of his work. Combined with the loss of the guitar, the loss of the bass pulse was crippling to the rhythm of the band. Blues simply can't exist without a beat. Drummer Clifford James tried manfully to keep things going, and having worked with Bo Diddley he certainly knows what is required, but even his good technique somehow

never really came across.

Pianist Lafayette Leake was more of an enigma. Leake is justly famous for his inventive work on the ivories, but his style is very delicate and had a lot of trouble asserting itself. Leake uses block chords and shows a strong flavor of the gospel circuit where he frequently performs (he is a sanctified minister). His sound is rather like Little Brother Montgomery at his most reflective, and was very enjoyable to listen to, but the rest of the band kept drowning him out.

The only member of the Dixon band who did an outstanding job was harp player Carey Bell, who now goes by his full name: Carey Bell Harrington. Bell is simply a brilliant harp man, perhaps the best now working, with the range, power, and technique to dominate any stage. On a Little Walter tune, "I Got To Go," he displayed the rocking blues harp of his predecessor, and a shouting vocal style. On another tune, an instrumental, he blew the chromatic harp with a casual ease that approached the mastery of Walter, the only bluesman who has ever been truly at home with this very difficult instrument. On "So Easy

To Love You", Carey sang a gentle ballad in a soft voice I have never heard him use before, behind the numbers led by the rest of the band he pumped his arms and hunched up and down to blow long baroque figures on the harp—he was outstanding.

Unfortunately, Carey was unable to wind out completely, both because of the inability of the band to stay with him, and probably also because of his unwillingness to risk stealing the stage from his leader. Which brings us to Willie Dixon.

DIXON IS A SOLID COMPOSER AND WRITER of many of the all time classics of modern blues, a man with a striking sense of the possibilities in simple words and phrases and the ability to sense the half-chanting melodies that are perfectly tailored to the unique talents of Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf. If half the stories told in Chicago are true, Willie has also augmented his own gifts by lifting the work of other bluesmen. It's difficult to be the arbiter of this kind of quarrel—Willie certainly suffers from the stigma attaching to a competent and shrewd businessman in a world dominated by men and women with a lamentable but definite inability to cope with the 20th century. However, the animosity is simply too strong and widespread to be entirely laid to envy.

In any event, what really counts is that Willie Dixon is a composer and was at one time a good bassman in other people's bands—he does not have the gifts to lead a band of his own. For one thing, his bass playing is indifferent to awful, consisting mostly of one solo with various interchangeable licks thrust into songs whenever necessary—which frequently occurs when Carey gets too assertive. There certainly is nothing inherently wrong with carrying the bass as a prop—many country singers for instance, still carry guitars on stage and never play a lick, and Willie Dixon would not be Willie Dixon without his trusty stand up bass. But somebody has to provide the

bass lines, and if Willie isn't going to do it he has to let Freddy, or get somebody else who can.

More important, Willie does not have any great vocal gifts. His voice is limited both in range and tone color, and his timing and phrasing is nothing to write home about either. Never does this become more obvious than when he does his songs that have become well-remembered masterpieces sung by other artists. Sunday night he made an attempt at "I Just Want To Make Love To You," one of Muddy Waters' biggest hits and most artistically successful songs. When Muddy sings it, the song takes on a raw power and urgency implicit in the lyrics, but it also catches the dignity Muddy wears like a crown and imparts to everything he touches. Willie's own version is coarse and harsh by comparison. As if to make sure the point was made, Willie followed with "Little Red Rooster", one of the greatest

songs Howlin' Wolf has given us. Willie did an awful upbeat shuffle version that had no place next to Wolf's shouting and low-voiced growl hitting dead on the solid beat.

OF COURSE, IT'S SOMEWHAT UNFAIR to expect anybody to come up to the standards set by geniuses like Mud and the Wolf. But Willie brings it on himself nonetheless—he tries to compete by conducting his show and songs the same way they do. What the audience enjoyed I think, was mostly the fine songs and the harp work by Carey Bell, with lesser contributions being made by Leake's piano, James' drums, and the smooth singing of Benton. I wish Buster would work on his own style though; his imitations of B.B. King and Bobby Blue Bland are letter perfect, but covering other artists is not where it's at, especially for a man with Benton's ability.

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Broom Street's 'Song of Bernadette'

Delirious visions of the Virgin Mary

By PAM BLACK
of the Fine Arts Staff

Joel Gersmann arrived late, on the crest of a tidal wave, so his actors were forced to begin *The Song of Bernadette* without him. The play is adapted from Franz Werfel's novel *Das Lied Von Bernadette*, about the canonization of nineteenth century visionary, Bernadette Soubirous. The Saint of Lourdes claimed to have seen the Virgin Mary ("a real neat lady") 18 times. Bernadette saw her first vision in the Grotto at Lourdes in 1858, at the age of fourteen. On the third visit of the virgin to the Grotto, a curative spring miraculously appeared. Bernadette's body was dug up twice after her death in the course of ecumenical investigations into the truth of her visions, and her body hasn't decomposed to this day (where it lies in state at the convent of Nevers).

Broom Street Theatre's rendition of sorry Saint Soubirous is a dynamic ballet of perpetual movement and sound. With no costumes or sets to speak of, the actors create the environment exclusively with their body movements. They metamorphose into an oven and a loaf of bread, a cart and horse toting garbage, the rocks in the grotto and a nun's cell.

POOR STUPID BERNADETTE, (Jill Holden) no one understands that she has found a friend in the grotto (Cara McManis) who appears out of the rocks doing a soft shoe routine with a frisbee for a halo. They insist on dedicating a statue to the Virgin and interrogating the humble Bernadette again and again. "That's a beautiful statue Mme. Fibich, and I really like it, but it's not her," Bernadette exclaims. She is sent away to a convent where she is perpetually abused by the evil Mother Wazoo (Dixon Powell). Wazoo screeches "you didn't really see a

vision, you turd, you twat. All my life I've wanted to see a vision and I've never even seen a minor saint, shit, fuck, fuck, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!"

In the second act when the nun is about to devour the persecuted Bernadette, a ruckus broke out in the second balcony. My date and I casually turned around only to find that the crowd was in an ugly mood and rushing toward the stage.

A group of rowdies in the corner were attacking the soda machine and one young thug was trying to eat the can opener. The actors, in the true tradition of old troupers, gamely tried to continue the production, but Mr. Gersmann, sensing the seriousness of the situation, was attempting a rear exit disguised as a palm tree or university professor; authorities are still ambiguous on this point. Anyway, the late Mr. Gersmann was detected and strung up by the crowd which at this point was undressed and spontaneously staging various adaptations of the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*.

JOEL'S FINAL WORDS as he lay sprawled on the sepulchre of Bernadette formed from the kneeling bodies of Fred Sommer, Charles Hill and Susan Young, drifted faintly to my ears. "It's really a very political play," he gasped while a chorus of singing nuns were trying to resurrect the cross-eyed Bernadette from a nearby ashcan formed out of the linked bodies of Gary Aylesworth as Pope Pius XI and Frank Chudnow as Bernadette's money-nungry father. The crowd was hungrily gnawing at Gersmann's Indian sarapi, so I had to fight off a few maniacs to hear the last gasp, "It's about the complete objectification of a woman."

The Song of Bernadette will be shown July 26-28, Aug 2-4 at 8:00 p.m. at St. Francis House.

Theater in the Park

'Mockinpott: Pot shots and bon mots

By JOE LANGOSTA
of the Fine Arts Staff

It's summer in the city of the poisoned lakes, in the year of the beer bash, and as a play called *Mr. Mockinpott* begins its evening show with a fanfare of kazoes, the entertainment-besotted crowd at the Union terrace country club is happily engaged in watching kayaks.

They are soon gripped by *Mockinpott's* playful, vituperative tale of lust, moral rot, and energy-freeze quackery, with lots of Watergate in it to make it snap to with relevance. It's *The Theater In The Park* ensemble's production of a play originally written by Peter Weiss, the creator of *Marat/Sade*, Americanized by Madisonian Daniel Friedman, and performed against a magnificent painted backdrop of a grey and wilted State Street.

WATCHING MOCKINPOTT IS AS EASY as listening to a song, because all the dialogue rhymes with sassy banality, as if invented by Dr. Seuss on LSD, inspired by Voltaire:

"What a sad world it is, and so confused
in which the common man is so abused,
I can see you're innocent by the look on your face,
for fifty dollars I'll take your case,"

says the lawyer to the existential sad sack Mockinpott (J. Michael Freeman), tossed in the clink for no reason. He is beaten and fleeced by turnkey and attorney alike. Buying his way out, his wife rejects him with a "yuk!" and his boss throws him out on his ear.

Mockinpott meets a drunken finagler named Pudding (James Anderson) who's full of insincere advice and offhand insults, a Groucho Marx disguised as *The Cat In The Hat*:

"Yes, yes, I see that's just your sort,
roaming around the street for sport,
not content to sit at home with your wife
or lead an orderly working life"

Pudding leads Mockinpott through a circus of slapstick, in and out of beds and operating tables, into the White House, up to heaven, searching, ultimately, for a formula to keep the stumblebum from stumbling. He learns to laugh, then to "fight back" (playwright Friedman is somewhat associated with RYB, who use that slogan).

The apex of the affair is the Presidential Press Conference, a truly spectacular song-and-dance by governors dressed in other-galaxy regalia, singing garbled messages in Nixonian forensic style:

"you must understand
that the law of the land
is supply and demand
you see, sir, that's why you were canned,
if labor and management pull together and come across
then management's gain is labor's loss."

EVERYBODY LAUGHS AND CHEERS at *Mr. Mockinpott*, which is so good that you hope it will make the system crumble by force of wit. Directed by Bruce McConachie, performed for free everywhere this summer, it can still be seen at:

Brittingham Park, Saturday July 27 at 2 and 7 p.m.
Monona/Winnequah Park Sunday July 28 at 2 and 7
Warner Park, Sunday August 4 at 2 and 7
Vilas Park Saturday August 3 at 4 and 7.

