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An editorial

Part of a struggle

Karl Armstrong pleaded guilty on Friday to a series of "unauthorized" anti-military firebombings which occurred in 1970 during the height of Vietnam war protests. Karl faces a probable sentence of 25 years for his actions in trying to stop what he regarded as a war of genocide.

Last year Air Force Gen. James Lavelle publicly admitted ordering a series of unauthorized "carpet bombings" which helped devastate North Vietnam at a time when peace overtures were strongly in the air. Lavelle was retired with a full pension and many accolades for his actions in trying to prolong what he considered a just and necessary war.

THE CRIMINAL law is not, indeed never has been, sacrosanct. If there was ever any doubt about that, John Ehrlichman put it to rest with his statement that any act could be justified on the ground of national security. Erich Fromm put it another way: the only difference between a criminal and a statesman, is power.

The government, which writes and enforces the law, does not believe that every transgressor should be punished. The law, in short, is selectively enforced.

In periods where the law and those in power are shown to be wrong, people of conscience must respond to their own imperatives of freedom and justice. This, Harriet Tubman broke existing laws to set up an underground railroad to free her enslaved sisters and brothers. Tubman was a criminal in the eyes of her government, but she has been vindicated by history and no one would now say that her acts were wrong. Clearly, the fact that one takes the law into his/her own hands does not

pese amount to a judgment of guilt. We must look to what that person did, why (s)he did it and the circumstances under which it occurred.

The response to violence sometimes has to be violent. In 1965, participants in the first organized demonstrations and teach-ins against the war were considered traitors. These people were not in any sense violent but were idealistic enough to think they could change governmental policies by outspoken protest. The government's response was to escalate to war.

AS KARL and the rest of us witnessed in 1968 in the streets of Chicago, the government was not going to respond to peace demands peacefully. Instead the government was going to shoot demonstrators in Orangeburg, Jackson, Baton Rouge, Berkeley, Albuquerque, Kent. The war's unceasing escalation abroad was paralleled by intensified struggle at home.

It was massive demonstrations that forced the US to the peace table; it was massive demonstrations that halted the extension of the ground war into Cambodia; it was demonstrations that first forced an end to the bombing of North Vietnam; it was the threat of massive disruptions that forced the government into acts of deceit, subterfuge and petty criminality.

These disruptions were violent because that was the only language the government understood. Draft cards were burned; selective service offices were fire-bombed, ROTC buildings were attacked, officers were fraged; power stations were destroyed. True, these were desperate acts, following long years

of unheeded protest. People did not turn to violence without good cause.

THE VIOLENCE was in the context of massive unrest and was directed against selective property which housed military activities. And for those who argue that violence at home did not lessen or hasten the end of, violence abroad, we can only say that their reading of history is wrong.

Whatever else can be said about Karl Armstrong, his motivations spring from the deepest concerns for humanity and life. Karl's sole aim was to interrupt the countless deaths that were occurring every day in Indochina.

The violence of his methods were determined by the necessity of the times, by the ever-increasing body counts, by the ever-increasing arrogance of government officials; by the removal of the American people from the decision-making process.

We refuse to view Karl's plea as an admission of wrong-doing. Rather, we see him as a person stirred by the times, a person compelled by reasons of conscience to take actions which many other people only talked about. That someone would commit the acts to which Karl admitted was inevitable

under the circumstances.

BUT WE ARE not done with Karl. He acted three years ago from personal commitment and now he must speak to the collective conscience of the community.

Karl pleaded guilty so that he will be able to present his case, unfettered by technical rules of evidence, at a sentence hearing starting Oct. 15. The hearing offers a unique chance for this community to judge a government which has sent its sons thousands of miles away to commit violent acts which in comparison dwarf Karl's so-called "crimes."

Karl's hearing can be an historical moment for Madison. All segments of anti-war sentiment here should support Karl's position even if they cannot support his actions.

We agree with mayoral aide Jim Rowen, who termed Karl's guilty plea "an act of unprecedented political courage," Rowen's speech was itself courageous and shows the deep level of his commitment. We hope that others, with less to lose than Rowen, will find the courage to also speak out in support of Karl and against the government's policies which they actively opposed for so many years.

Rally draws 125

By CHRISTY BROOKS



graphic by Bob Ocegueda

Rallying for Karl Armstrong and chanting "Free Karl, jail Nixon," a meagre group of 125 worked its way to the City-County building last Friday in hopes that Armstrong might catch a glimpse of his supporters on the way from Circuit to Federal Court.

Jim Rowen, mayoral aide, spoke to the crowd while Armstrong prepared to plead guilty to six state charges in Dane County Circuit Judge William Sachtjen's court.

Rowen was "a little bit upset at the fact that even though it's

share of the blame for violence, as Karl is doing," Rowen said.

Concerning the impropriety of a mayor's assistant appearing at the political rally, Rowen said there was a valid reason for his taking a position on "an issue effecting the city more than anything else."

"THIS CONCERNS a hometown boy whose family was an integral part of this city. The city will have to deal with the question of why it happened here. And the

Karl explains motives for plea

By GAY EDER

"Nothing but the jail blues," was Karl Armstrong's reply to Judge James Doyle's question if the defendant was suffering from an ailment or fatigue that would make him unable to understand the terms of the charges levelled against him, certain of which he entered a plea of guilty to in state and federal court Friday.

In state court Armstrong rose and dramatically read a statement explaining his motives for his choice of pleading guilty. Armstrong declared, shakily at first but increasingly adamantly, "The acts with which I have been credited were undertaken with the purpose of crippling the efforts of the American government to wage an illegal and aggressive war against the IndoChinese people, to prevent further loss of life, devastation and suffering."

MOST OF THE spectators responded to this statement with supportive applause.

In state district court, Armstrong pleaded guilty to a reduced count of second degree murder, four counts of arson, and a charge of transporting an explosive to bomb a sub-station which provided power to the Badger Army Ammunition Plant in Sauk County. Judge William Sachtjen heard the plea terms, and the state's presentation of evidence that would have been heard if Armstrong had chosen to proceed with the trial, in security tight state court in the City-County building.

Assistant State Attorney General Michael Zaleski presented what would have been the state's evidence to convict Armstrong, detailing the alleged deeds and how they were carried out, without specifically naming who the witnesses would have been. Assistant Attorney General Douglas Haag then detailed the four arson charges and the aborted attempt to bomb the substation which provided power to the Badger Ammunition Plant.

Later that afternoon, guards moved Armstrong over to federal court in which he entered pleas of guilty to similar charges. A charge of conspiring to deprive an individual of his civil liberties is an incident in which death occurred (referring to researcher Robert Fassnacht who was killed at the time of the AMRC blast), carrying a maximum sentence of life imprisonment, was dropped.

Also included in the plea bargain is Armstrong's waiver of his right to return to Canada, from which he was technically extradited only to be tried on certain state charges. In proceedings in federal court, Armstrong and his lawyers made their feelings about the

legality and the politics surrounding this matter quite explicit.

ARMSTRONG STATED, "Those extradition rights exist only on paper and for me the Canadian government does not exist as a sovereign government. The Canadian and American governments conspired to extradite me. I feel my rights are meaningless."

Defense Attorney Melvin Greenberg accepted the waiver for the sake of the court's acceptance of his client's guilty plea on the condition that Judge Doyle impose the 25 year maximum sentence concurrently with state Judge Sachtjen's proposed 25 year sentence. Defense lawyers have arranged with state and federal prosecutors for Armstrong to be eligible for parole in five years.

Karl's statement

AS TO THE FACT regarding these charges against me they are substantially correct in a technical sense. However, this cannot be construed that the other brothers indicted have anything to do with these acts. However I am pleading guilty to these charges so that I will be able to fully deal with the real issues and not be inhibited by the restrictions of a trial where legal obstructions, high emotions, personalities and inevitable confrontations and sensation would serve no constructive purpose. I wish that a full defense of my actions presented after these pleadings will reach everyone's hearts and minds and reveal the impelling reasons which made my acts necessary. I in no way regard these acts as crimes and that by entering a plea of guilty I am merely recognizing the bare facts. That I feel that this prosecution demonstrates the

utmost hypocrisy of a government which I and the greater part of humanity deem criminal. The acts with which I have been credited were undertaken with the purpose of crippling the efforts of the American government to wage an illegal criminal and aggressive war against the Indo Chinese peoples, to prevent the further loss of life, devastation and suffering. I have acted out of a feeling of moral responsibility and felt for me, not to have taken concrete action against this war would have been criminally irresponsible. I am not happy about the death of a human being and the injuries suffered by others as a result of these actions but I do not apologize for having taken these actions. These actions were intended as an affirmation of life and great precautions were taken to prevent injury to human life.

The four arsons, to which Armstrong pleaded guilty, included the firebombing on December 28, 1969 of Temporary Building 16 which housed ROTC classrooms, the University Primate Research Lab on Jan. 4, 1970 (Armstrong's intended target was the Selective Service office next door), and the old Red Gym in the Langdon Street Armory (again, the attempted target was an area which housed ROTC classrooms) on Jan. 3, 1970, and the Army Mathematics Research Center in Sterling Hall, on Aug. 24, 1970.

Attorney Melvin Greenberg detailed his intentions of presenting mitigating evidence, and his right to subpoena witnesses to this end, in order to show the

raining, we could only muster this small number when I'm sure Karl needs this support more than ever before."

REFERRING TO Armstrong's "unprecedented political courage," Rowen said he could not remember any one offering to accept 25 years in prison as a representative of an entire movement.

"This crowd will have to say they, too, will take their share of the violence we have lived with. And I don't believe justice will ever be done until policy makers come forth and say they will their

city will also have to deal with the question of why AMRC is here," Rowen said.

"There is a needed attempt to make sure Karl Armstrong has a future and is once again free like all of us are. We need every ounce of energy we can bring to that effort," the Mayor's assistant added.

Don Kao, representing the Open Centers Committee, told the crowd, "Karl Armstrong was never slow to deny bombing AMRC, but the people were quick to deny him. It's up to us to prove the movement was legitimate."

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**When this 25-year-old researcher
wanted to investigate a possible cancer treatment,
we gave him the go-ahead.**

We also gave him the right to fail.

At Kodak, it's not unusual for a 25-year-old like Jim Carroll to win the title of senior research physicist. Like any company involved in a lot of basic research, Kodak has felt the pressure of modern technology and the need for young, fresh thinking. So we hire the best talent we possibly can, and then give them as much responsibility as they can handle. Whatever their age.

We have departments and divisions, like any company. What we don't have are preconceived ideas about how an expert scientist's time should be spent. So when we received a request from the medical community for assistance in experimenting with lasers as a possible cancer treatment, we turned to 25-year-old Jim Carroll, who is deep in laser tech-

nology, and gave him the go-ahead. He built two half-billion watt laser systems, one of which Kodak has donated to the National Institute of Health.

The lasers proved unsuccessful in treating cancer, but we'd make the same decision all over again. We entered laser technology because we have a stake in business. We let a young researcher help the medical community look for a means of cancer treatment because we have a stake in the future of mankind.

To put it another way, we're in business to make a profit. But in furthering our own needs, we have often furthered society's. After all, our business depends on our society. So we care what happens to it.



Kodak
More than a business.

The Pennsylvania Kid '... just ain't no hobos no more'

By DAVE ZURAWIK

Madison had a pretty famous visitor this past weekend.

No one noticed him, but that's all right. That's the way he likes it.

The visitor was Richard "Pennsylvania Kid" Wilson, twice elected "King of the Hobos" by his colleagues at the National Hobo Convention held each August in Britt, Iowa.

The reason he likes to go unnoticed? "Gettin' noticed means people, people means cops, and cops kin mean jail," as he puts it.

So Wilson just slipped into town Thursday night on a "switch run" from the Portage railroad yards, and then eased back out again Monday morning while most of Madison was strapping on its double knits, gulping coffee, and rushing for the office.

He would be heading West for a while, he expected, and then South for the winter — just as he's done for the more than fifty years he's been on the road, since he jumped his first train at the age of 13.



RICHARD WILSON — OCCUPATION. HOBO

The autumn stop in Wisconsin is an annual for Pennsylvania, and it was during one of them when we first met. One drizzly, fall, back-to-school night in dying Milwaukee when we first met and he showed me how to jump a train. It wasn't just a train, either.

HE SAID we were going to the top and jumping a train as famous as Kerouac's "Midnight Ghost" a train called the "Speedball". Starting in the brutal neon night of Chicago, it charged up through Milwaukee to Minneapolis, and then flew straight west for the Wobbly-haunted, wet railroad yards of Seattle.

I got as far as the St. Paul yards and rode a Greyhound back.

Pennsylvania stayed on.

It would be nice to remember him only as he looked then: baggy pants hoboking waving goodbye from the doorway of a western-bound "Great Northern" boxcar.

THE PENNSYLVANIA KID has a picture of himself from those days, and Sunday night he brought it out. A five-by-six head shot from the August 29, 1965 Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gazette, it leads out a feature on him

(continued on page 7)

King honored: Dr. blues

FAYETTE, MISS.

B.B. King received an honorary doctorate of humanities degree from Mississippi's Tougaloo College on Sunday night, during the 104 year old Black college's annual Founder's Day observance, making him the first blues musician ever to receive an honorary doctorate for his contribution to the world of music.

The degree was conferred upon the recording artist by Tougaloo College's president, Dr. George A. Owens, a native Mississippian and the first alumnus to head the college.

IN OBSERVING that one of B.B. King's top selling recordings, "Indianola Mississippi Seeds," which pays tribute to his birthplace, won a 1971 Grammy Award for best album cover, Dr. Owens pointed out that B.B. King join other well know Mississippians that Tougaloo has honored with doctorates, including Fannie Lou Hamer, noted civil rights activist, and Charles Evers, mayor of Fayette, Miss.

King's music is part of a unique course taught at Tougaloo, entitled "Nina Simone, Isaac Hayes, Ray Charles and B.B. King", in which students were "to dissect the lyrics of these great artists, analyze them as they would any other historical document, and thus pull forth revealing messages relating to the Black experience," according to course instructor Ms. Lon Holloway.

A year ago (June, 1972) Governor Bill Waller declared "B.B. King Day" in Mississippi when the "King of the Blues" gave a free concert at the state penitentiary at Parchman, one of the more than 25 that he has given in prisons across the country.

Center closings casualty list: new magazine could be first

By PEGEEN BROSNAN

"Jana, Kesho, Leo." In Swahili it means "Yesterday, today and tomorrow."

Today, in Madison, it means a new magazine which, according to its editor, Jean Collins, "would show where third world people have been, where they are now, and where they're going — as told by the people themselves."

The idea of the magazine started when Collins came to Madison from Houston last year where she edited an anthology of writings for a similar group. The success of her Houston endeavor encouraged her to try the same here.

JANA, KESHO, LEO became a reality last February when a workshop of students and community people developed a format, and the Afro-American Center agreed to allot the magazine \$2,000 for its publication and publicity expenses.

Collins already had a core of writers, photographers and artists; but she went out and gathered contributions from school children in a Milwaukee ghetto, Waupun State prisoners, a Nigerian journalist, women reporters from California and Houston, Madison housewives, and "streetpeople." In addition to these reports, the upcoming issue promised to carry photoessays,

But, now, the official closing of the Afro-American Center threatens to shut down the production of Jana, Kesho, Leo as well.

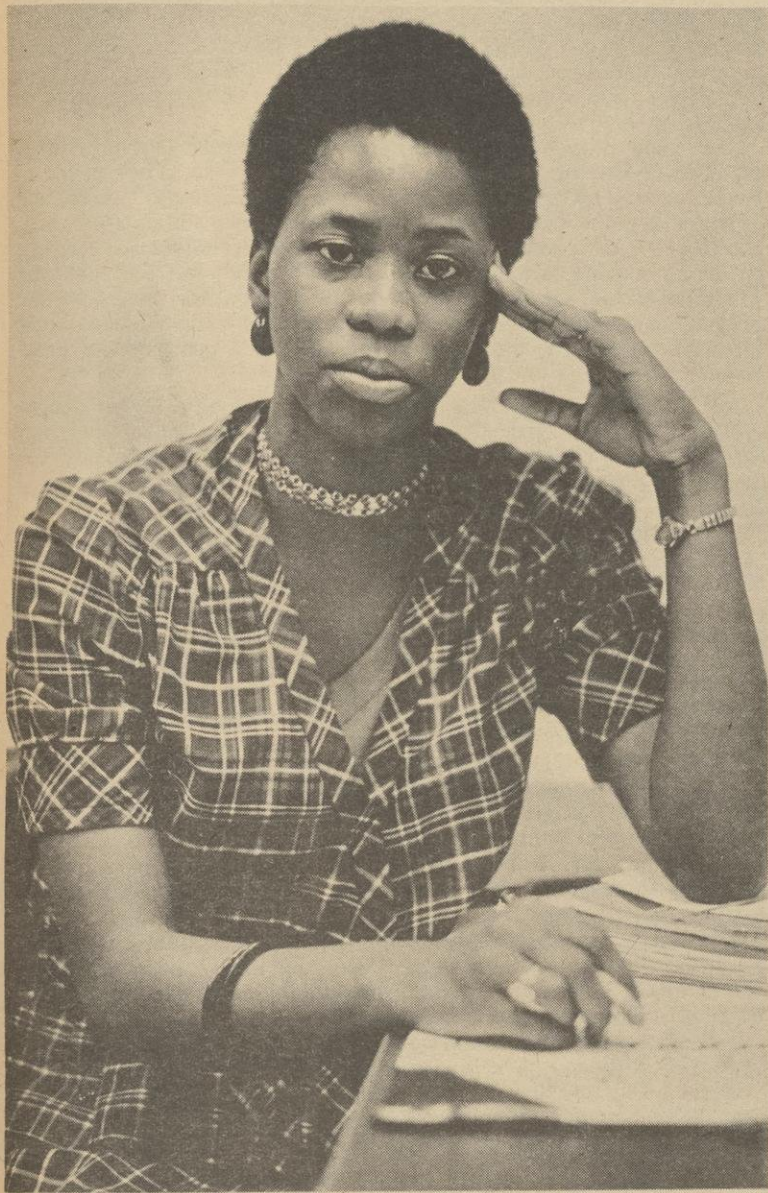
Now, only a couple weeks from publication, the magazine has been left without substantial funds. Donations are being asked for from the community.

JEAN COLLINS sent out letters to the Renneboh Foundation and the Oscar Mayer Fund, among others, to ask for donations for the magazine. She received only negative replies.

"Everyone is afraid to touch us because of the Center situation," Collins said. "I've been paying for the magazine operating costs out of my own paycheck. But I can't keep that up."

Dean Ginsberg's office provided \$400 from a private donation for the publication of the magazine, but that is nowhere near enough to

(continued on page 4)



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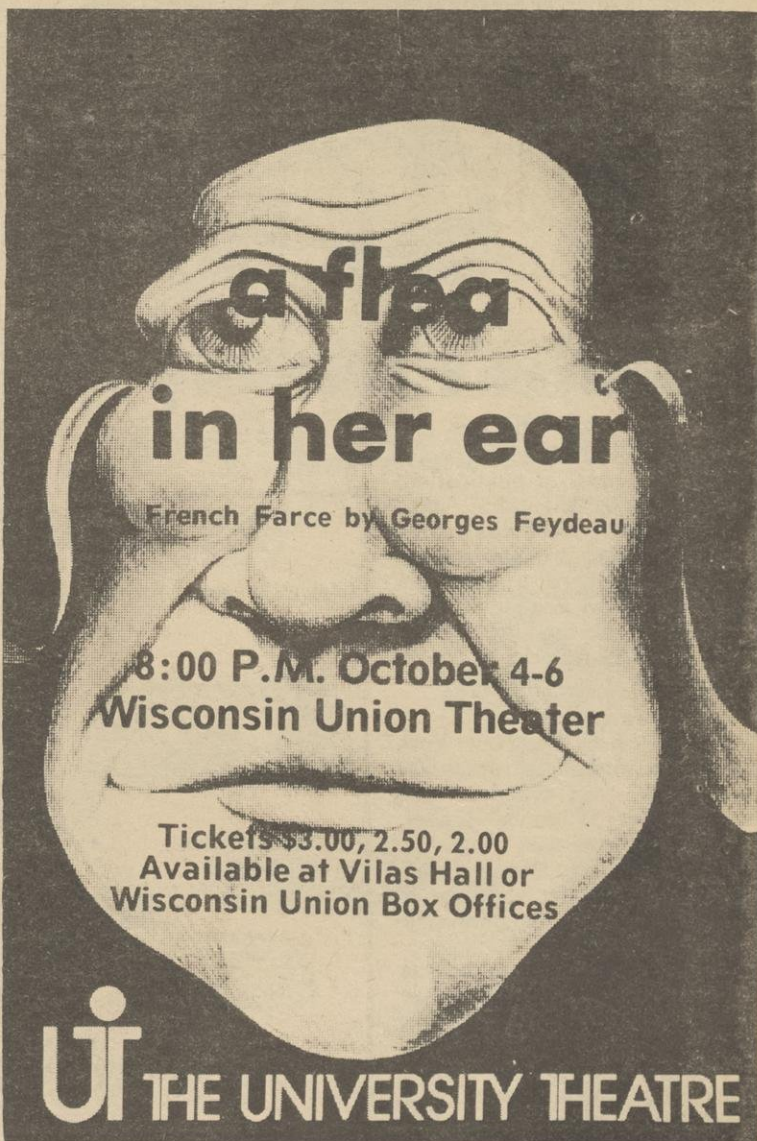
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Hard hat area American Lunch

By DUKE WELTER

Workingman's lunch. Served to you on a plate with the "vegetable shortening" dripping along the edges, an American Lunch is not just a lunch. It's an experience.

The little restaurant itself is inconspicuous, nestled between two small homes at 1033 S. Park St. It looks like a house, but one that somebody added a flickering sign to for advertising — their only advertising. You almost have to know it's there to stop by, and you have to time it right to get one of the ten stools at the counter.

AMERICAN LUNCH is more than just a "spoon"; it's an integral part of the lives of many Madison workingmen. It's primarily a hard-hat joint with a select clientele, and the operators, a waitress named Retha and a cook named Pat, know most of them by name and preference for lunch. Retha will ask most of them, "the usual today?" and take care of it. The hard-hats come in off the construction projects (this day the Park St. widening project) and factory jobs for a brief respite from their toils.

(I remember a few summers ago when I worked with an electrical crew at a small southern college. We walked into the student union with all the well-dressed med students daily and felt like crackers from the backwoods with our sweaty work clothes. At American Lunch, you don't feel uneasy.)

The place is a cultural indicator. Taco Grande and Suburpia and the other food places on State St. may cater to the exotic appetites of students and other collegiate hangers-on, but American Lunch is completely different. It's strictly working-class, from the caricature of Nixon as a hyena on the wall titled "On the prowl" to the type of food served — American fries, of course, and the usual — you know that you're encountering a minor variation of cultural shock from the moment you walk in through the louvered-and-belled aluminum door.

THERE'S NOTHING of the fly-by-night feeling you get at a State Street restaurant; none of the impersonality. Retha and Pat know you, and if they don't, they act like it. Retha, for example, will guide you away from potentially dangerous choices



Photo by Geoff Simon

("Don't drink the orange pop from that machine — it's terrible.") Pat has been there fifteen years now ("He sold it once but bought it back when the woman who had it couldn't make a go of it.") and he lives on the next corner. Retha lives next door. They are both tied to it, but neither minds, it appears. When you can establish that kind of rapport with your customers, it's like seeing old friends every day.

And those old friends are a "whole 'nother story," as my boss, Bill Klutz, used to say. Hard-hat, bowling shirts with their names over the right-hand pocket, work shirts (and not the kind you students wear, either. We work in them.), overalls and often work

gloves are the uniform. American Lunch is a place where those old friends can go and get that substantial meal to get them through the second half of the day.

American Lunch isn't really an example of that great American landmark, the greasy spoon. Sure, Pat is liberal with the vegetable shortening on the American fries, but you can't think of it as a good place to go for a lube job on your car. Think of it as improving the taste of the food. We'll hit the greasy spoons in another article someday, maybe.

AMERICAN LUNCH is a cultural institution. An experience. It's personal. And Pat and Retha don't cater, so don't ask.

Center's casualty list

(continued from page 3)

pay the expenses of publication. Collins said that taking that money from Ginsberg was a hard decision but that "we had worked too long and hard to give up. Besides when we are published it will show people the kind of thing that the Afro-American center supported."

The forward was written by Tom Johnson of the New York Times, and the photography was the work of noted black photographer D'Junius Hughes.

The magazine was originally planned to be about 80 pages long, but because of the shortage of funds, publication of mini-issue has been necessary.

"We hope to use this mini-issue to prove to the foundations that we have something good to offer. We are going to send them all a copy and ask for the money to support the larger original issue," said Collins.

Donations for the magazine can be sent to Jean Collins, managing editor, Jano, Kesho, Leo, 431 W. Main, #107B. People interested in participating in the workshop, can contact Jean Collins or Leslie Hewlett, publications coordinator, St. Francis House, 1001 Univer-

sity, or Faye Oliver, business manager, Rm. 16 Bascom Hall.

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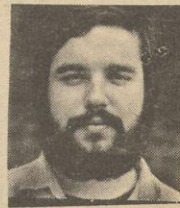


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The hill beat Jim Rodgers Fonda Memories



Jane Fonda came to town last weekend, along with husband Tom Hayden and the rest of their IndoChina Peace Campaign troupe, but the whole thing was a disappointment, at least in terms of being an Event.

This is not necessarily a political criticism, but after all, the whole point of it for many was Jane Fonda herself and what she had to say — everyone else involved has been heard from before in Madison. Fonda is a star, regardless of how you want to define that term. The academy award-winning actress and more recently leading light of the anti-war movment, is, for better or worse, expected to live up to the images of her.

This time around, as an Event, she just didn't deliver.

WHAT IS AN EVENT? An Event is a conspiracy of participants, media, and audience to magnify an incident beyond all reasonable perspective of its true importance — a super hype. But also, an Event produces an energy that can fill huge voids.

Case in point: the Riggs-King tennis battle. It boggles the mind that a clever hustle wrapped in effective p.r. packaging should stir more slumbering emotions than almost any other event in the past few years. And what has that done? It's probably brought the Women's Rights Movement into the consciousness of more people than any equal rights amendment. The result is referred to as proof of the righteousness of the Women's Movement. Last week the Madison City Council actually considered adopting a resolution commending Billie Jean King for her triumph.

That's the kind of energy an Event can harness. A political convention is an Event; the Super Bowl, the Nuremburg Rallies, space shots, and the Olympics as well. So were the Chicago Seven Trial, the marches on Washington, 15,000 people carrying candles in the rain during peace marches in Madison, and riots. Incidents that weren't always vital in themselves, but when blown out of proportion, became signposts to action and change.

The Fonda troupe's appearance here could have been an Event, too. It certainly had all the ingredients. For one, Madison should be ripe for an Event fostered by the radical Left — Paul Soglin is finally mayor, and as Hizzoner pointed out Monday, the city has a fine tradition as an early hotbed of the Movement in the early 60s. Moreover, the Karl Armstrong trial, now nearing, is just around the corner. Five years ago that trial would have been something very big; now, except for those who feel intimate to it, namely the remnants of the local Movement and no doubt the government, the trial may go by as only a postscript to great Events.

THE MEDIA CERTAINLY would have welcomed a bigger hoopla over Fonda. The Cardinal, of course, played the incident up big, and the Capital Times, in a conspicuous article, tried to make hay of a portrayal of Jane Fonda, movie star and mother. And naturally, there were press conferences, meetings, and pictures.

Most of all, though, there was Jane herself, the real draw of this show. Ever since her sudden, headlong rush into radical causes a few years back, Jane Fonda has evoked intense emotional responses that are either vicious attacks or loving admiration. Conservatives have blasted her as everything from a dizzy broad to this country's greatest enemy since Aaron Burr and socialized medicine. From the other side, Fonda is proof that when the truth is realized, there are those willing to sacrifice their livelihoods to support it — even people from the American dreamland called Hollywood.

There are several reasons for this. It should be understandable to be offended when one seeds the offspring of an American movie institution, Henry Fonda (who has played the President of the United States more times than Hubert Humphrey has run), seemingly turn on evrything her daddy stands for. It must grate even more that someone should castigate those things that enabled her to gain fame, fortune, and audience.

Eventually, though, it comes down to the fact that Jane Fonda, like any other star, is a potential living Event, and there that energy starts to flow again. When Jane Fonda began making noise, she just couldn't be ignored. People listen when she speaks.

BUT THE RALLY came and went Monday night, and the Event didn't materialize. Stuffed in a corner of the cavernous Shell, beneath the American flag and the determined glare of Bucky Badger peeking out from behind banners depicting the figures of Karl, Ho, Che, Castro, and more recent martyr Salva dor Allende, were only about 800 persons. The

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Karl pleads guilty

continued from page 1

political context of the bombings for which Armstrong is shouldering responsibility. Judge Sachtjen recessed the court until 9:00 a.m. on Oct. 15, when, at the sentence hearing, the defense will present its mitigation case in order to put the IndoChinese war and university complicity in the form of AMRC, on trial — the real issue Karl Armstrong feels is at the heart of his actions.

MOVING TO federal court, Armstrong had an extremely emotional encounter with his mother, Ms. Ruth Armstrong, before proceedings began, in which the two embraced over and over again. At one point Armstrong told his mother, "Smile, it's not the end of the world."

In the somewhat more relaxed, yet more remote distance between judge and court atmosphere of the federal court, procedures unfolded and Armstrong entered his guilty pleas. But before federal prosecutor John Olson detailed evidence collected in the government's intensive investigation, defense Attorney Greenberg raised some objections in naming alleged conspirators with Karl Armstrong,

still being sought in connection with the AMRC bombing.

Greenberg cited case precedence of an attorney's and defendant's right not to incriminate alleged conspirators by mentioning names. Doyle ruled that prosecutor Olson could identify the conspirators specifically, but that the defense could refuse to identify or accept identification of co-conspirators by name.

During the reading of evidence pertaining to the attempted bombing of the Badger Munitions Plant by air on Jan. 1, 1970, Armstrong objected to some of the wording used by the government.

He continued, "The Badger Ammunition Plant was not producing materials for defense, but instead producing materials for aggressive war activity in IndoChina," a connection of motive of the type the defense will attempt to present during the mitigation hearing.

the defense will attempt to present during the mitigation hearing.

The sentence hearing is scheduled to begin Oct. 15, the date of Karl Armstrong's 27th birthday, and is expected to run two weeks or more.

Hopper : Stunning indifference

By DAVID NEVENS

The unexpected is what occurs presently at the Elvehjem Art Center where a major exhibition of the "American Scene" artist, Edward Hopper, is being displayed. New aspects of this famous painter can be seen, adding to the appreciation of his many works.

The Elvehjem exhibition traces the development of Hopper's style and displays something in his work not often considered: his lack of human emotion.

EDWARD HOPPER was a leader in the honest and realistic portrayal of the "American Scene." Early in his life, Hopper studied at the New York School of Art under Robert Henri, leader of the "Eight," a group of artists dedicated to the belief that art should express the life of the people, resulting in drab, brown-tone, urban scenes.

Henri's influence is seen in Hopper's "Painting Class" (c. 1905) where the palette is dominated by a dark brown and the brush strokes are vivid and bold, as were Henri's.

His style is further carried by a fling with Impressionism in the years, 1906-1910 when he went to Europe. Hopper's cityscapes of Paris were related to Impressionism, then the dominant style in Europe, with their concern with outdoor light and color, but dissimilar in their concern for massive, architectural forms.

His work, "River Boat" is typical, with facile, quick brush strokes forming a bright, colorful riverboat. This is dominated by a gray, retaining wall and massive buildings behind it, which is akin to Impressionism but with a different concern.

HOPPER FINALLY achieved notoriety by 1920 for his etchings and watercolors. Excellent examples of both are in the exhibition.

His etchings are masterpieces of economy of design infused with subtle emotion. His watercolors likewise contain economy in style while stressing the concern for light and architectural forms for which he would become known.

The unexpected aspect of Hopper's "American Scene"

painting is that he is totally realistic and objective. He never resorts to the intense, emotional or sentimental values so common to the American people.

He never hesitates to paint the highway bisecting the landscape, the railroad tracks behind the home or the farmhouse, now old and deserted.

HE NEVER romanticizes America, for he liked the honesty of these elements on the land. He thrived on the huge architectural forms changing the land, the highway and the stark angles of farm buildings upon the hills.

Just as he was honest in his stark portrayal of man's intrusion upon the land, so he continued this honesty with a total lack of concern with mankind in America. They were merely another part of the scene, frozen in the city or country, lacking any movement or emotion.

In a 1923 etching, "Lonely House," a large, storied rowhouse rises stark and alone until the viewer notices three small figures against the side of the building,

alone in the shadows, as stiff as the building itself.

"Railroad Crossing" (1922-23), an oil, is an excellent summary of his style. A yellow home stands in direct sunlight dominating the scene. Railroad tracks cross right behind the house, destroying the scenery.

THREE FIGURES stand frozen by the tracks and the home likewise appears empty and lifeless. Hopper's concern was total honesty of the scene, and he dedicated himself to it, whether it was good or bad, beautiful or ugly.

The exhibition continues at the Elvehjem through October 10. It is a truthful showing, as the works are from Hopper's personal collection, representing the works he valued most as well as those most typical and representative.

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To a native of Wisconsin, three things remain sacred from cradle to grave: the local tavern, beer, and the Green Bay Packers. The first two seem acceptable enough, as out-of-staters have experienced the same phenomenon, only to a lesser degree.

But for outsiders, the Wisconsinites' unshakeable devotion to the Packers seems to border on the maniacal. No other state carries on such a tender affair with its pro football team.

In most places Sunday is a day for religion and rest. In Wisconsin, the Packers are the religion. Ever since St. Vincent Lombardi, proud residents have saved the bulk of their prayer for Sunday afternoon, in front of the television set.

IN WHAT OTHER STATE could there be a waiting list for tickets that dates back to the coming of a Saint? In what other state do they have a coach named Devine? In what other state could there be strong talk of a former quarterback running for governor, rather than from a blitz?

And the Pack's following is diverse as any. Executives, political militants, lumberjacks, civil service workers, petty criminals; they all love the Packers.

What is responsible for this addiction? It is true this state hasn't had its share of winners, but that is little excuse for such nonsense. What else would lead one fan to ask, "Do you really think Ray Nitschke puts his pants on one let at a time?"

SINCE ATTENDING THE UNIVERSITY, I have found it increasingly difficult to deal with this sickness. And what makes it hardest is that it is so prevalent.

Its gotten harder too, as the Packers have rebounded in the last few years. The first year wasn't bad, with the Packers finishing below .500. Packer fans were still true, but not arrogant. Last year was hard for me though, as the Packers finished first and with the promise for this year greater, I really started to crumble. At first I did small things—deface Packer posters, buy and break Packer mugs and throw darts at an autographed picture of Paul Hornung.

That wasn't so bad though, because nobody knew about my fetish against the fetichers. But for the first time last Sunday, the venom of my

(continued on page 7)

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(continued from page 4) Focus on Fonda

speeches rang through the chamber like loud talk in an empty cathedral instead of sweeping over waves of humanity.

And Jane wasn't what some expected, either. Instead of leading a coterie of admirers and advisers, she sat behind the stage reading a book, ignoring others and being ignored, even by wandering reporters.

Also absent were the strident, violent rhetoric, the anger, the thrusting, fist-extended arms, the theater. Instead, she simply spoke briefly, thanking the audience for introducing her to the cause ("I was starring in Barbarella when you were in the streets"), and then narrated a slide show on Vietnamese women.

That was it. I had hoped for a better show, but they were probably all just tired from too many nights of the same routine. Maybe there were other reasons why she didn't exploit her potential as an Event.

A move like that could be good for the radical Movement, too. An Event is what the Movement needs right now to prove its livelihood. The current argument is that the energy is still there, but is flowing in quieter, more subtle ways. Maybe so, but to a media-transfixed society, such a case needs the supportive proof of media recognition. Lately, about all one hears from the press is that the Movement has disappeared.

Jane Fonda is possibly one of the last sources of that needed spark. There are precious few other possibilities.

Many of the Movement leaders of the 60s are in exile or obscurity. Most recently, the Karl Armstrong trial, potentially a new focus, will now apparently be settled as a hearing, stripped of its national attention.

However, maybe Jane isn't cynical enough for such a plan, or maybe not even sharp enough. Perhaps the immediacy of the 60s, the feeling of life and death just doesn't exist anymore.

IT COULD BE that Jane cares too much to realize the potential of the situation. Her air of conviction Monday was impressive. The crowd, too, exuded a mood of concern that was as tangible as the earth floor.

Then again, maybe the rest is just around the corner, maybe a pack of slick press agents are working on the big move right now. Maybe as the troupe continues on its current tour of 25 cities, the headlines will start to appear and the crowds will start to sell. It's happened before.

And it certainly would be an Event.



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(continued from page 3)

entitled "The Hobo King."

In that picture, the eyes sparkle mysteriously skyward the way the eyes of all travelers seem to. The leathery tanned face rises up from a lush spectacular growth of a beard, and it radiates all the strength of adventure. The portrait's crowned by a large-brimmed western hat, battered to the point of dignity, festooned with buttons, trinkets, beads and feathers. "I'm one of the good guys," one button insists. Others read like a travelogue — Dan Patch Days in Savage, Minn.; The Firemen's Rodeo, San Jose, Calif. Thick clumps of curly brown hair poke out from under the hat.

The hat is still there, but most of the hair is missing. The face is still deeply lined and hints of strength; or maybe it's just weatherbeaten from one too many walks down the tracks into the teeth of a hostile west wind. The eyes are different now, too. They have that flat, rhuemy look — the look of tired old men, winos, and junkies.

"I'm only showing it to ya," he motions toward the picture with a trembly hand, "so you'll know who the real king of the hobos is. Been everywhere and seen everything there is to see in this country. What the hell's Lee Marvin?"

HE WAS insulted by my mentioning "Emperor of the North," a movie starring Lee Marvin as king of the hobos.

It used to be that remarks like that set Pennsylvania off on a tirade about how he read "all them intellectuals: Plat, Socrates, Lincoln, Franklin;" and especially Dale Carnegie. "And I'll tell ya something," he'd conclude, "if everybody read 'em, traveled, and slept out under trees, society wouldn't be so troubled."

Sleeping under trees, he'd explain, made ya wake up feeling stronger. In his words, "a big, bushy one was best."

... there isn't a train

no matter where

I wouldn't take,

it's going

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

But he doesn't seem to have that kind of energy anymore — or maybe the last few years of traveling have just made it harder to get at.

"WHAT'S WRONG with the movie that you didn't go see it? I think it's great."

"They have anybody real advisin' 'em? They could've had me or ...," he reels off a long list of former hobo kings. It includes names like Slow Motion Shorty, The Hardrock Kid, and Jim "Big Town" Gorman — all men he's rode with who are still alive and apply their trade.

"They ever got anybody real advisin' 'em on anything in Hollywood?"

The question goes without answer. But his mood is starting to pick up.

"LISTEN, I wouldn't trade anything for what I learned on the road. Human nature, that's what I learned. And I could've made that movie real with it; like 'The Grapes of Wrath' and the depression."

With the word "depression," he's up and pacing around the room. He pushes up the sleeves of his worn union undershirt and starts sounding like he used to.

"Boy, that was the time for hoboin'. I can remember when the jungles were full of hobos. I've seen over 30 men in one jungle; as many as 60 men jammed into a single boxcar. That was the 30's."

"Women ridin' too, at that time. Everyone

admittin' just how poor they was. Nothin' phony then."

"AND THE politicians couldn't duck it — too many of us everywhere they turned. Not like now, where people build all kinds of big highways so they won't have to drive past all the poor people on their way to work."

He's talking about "the invisible poor" in America. He doesn't use the economist's or the journalist's or the sociologist's terms, but you know he's been there — down in the boondocks, across the tracks, out in the jungles, "in neggertown and Mextown," over the hill, on skid row — however it is labeled, in the ghetto of "internal aliens," those people immersed in a depth of frustration which they can move through horizontally but never out of vertically. You know he's been there by the change in his voice and the way he slumps back into the chair.

"No, most of the fellas I knew are gone or quite ridin'. Trains are faster and tougher to catch. The women quite ridin' a long time ago, too, for some reason."

"It started tailin' off from the 40's on, in fact. A real hobo rides pretty much along now; especially a guy like me. Don't smoke or drink so I pick my company pretty carefully."

NOT THAT there's much company to pick from today — "Hell," he emphasizes, "there's less than a hundred real hobos

left."

As he puts it, "A real hobo's someone rides the trains tryin' to find the secret of life."

His statement about picking his company carefully was even more interesting when he first mentioned it, Friday afternoon over at Memorial Union, after reading a Watergate headline in the afternoon paper. He said he'd been watching the subcommittee proceedings all summer, whenever he got a chance, and there wasn't one witness he'd seen "that I'd share a boxcar with from Minneapolis to St. Paul."

As for the "secret of life"...

"BOY," he points his crooked fingers, "you get up tomorrow and instead of goin' to work, you git on that speedball. And stay on it this time. You won't find it sittin'."

"You goin' to do it?"

I think he already knew the answer. And so, the sounds of the Sunday, city night probably didn't seem so loud to him — cars passing by three stories below, the erratic rattlings of a tired space heater, the FM voice of someone very young singing about freedom.

"Listen," he broke the silence, "I'm gonna turn in. ...I'll probably be gone by the time you git up tomorrow, but I'll be back. I like this town. If nothin' else, I'll be back next fall. Ya know how ta git hold of me."

I MADE THE mistake of pressing him about why he was leaving so early.

"Because I don't wanta watch you shaving, and puttin' on a tie, and dedicating yourself to some donkey job."

He was gone before I got up; before most of Madison and I started shaving, putting on our ties, and heading toward our donkey jobs.

He left the Aug. 29 Cedar Rapids paper behind with that picture of "The Hobo King."

professor in the psychology department, and is practicing without a license. But I don't understand why he didn't have a license, because he quickly diagnosed the reason for my outburst and suggested a cure that sounds quite plausible.

"WELL THAT IT THEN. When you were young, the Packers beat the Giants twice in the Championship game. That must have left deep scars on your young psyche."

"Yes a very traumatic period in my life, but what's the cure?"

"When you are in this state, make sure you watch pro football by yourself. That way, nobody will outvote you to watch the Packers. Don't read the sports page in any Wisconsin newspaper between July and December. And don't listen to any area sports shows. This cure is revolutionary in the field of sports psychology."

"What's it called?"

"Shutout."

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Parting shots

hatred spilled over in company.

Sitting in the den of a friend's house, I was forced to watch he Packers. Neither was I allowed to leave the room, or much less turn the channel. Maddening frustrating. Ray Scott's smooth manner crept up my spine, and formed cold beads of sweat on my brow. Finally MacLane scored a touchdown, and I cracked.

JUMPING UP AND SHOUTING, "Long live Allie Sherman!" I smashed the television screen into a thousand little pieces. I had broken.

After settling me down, my friend, a psychology major, suggested I see a psychiatrist about my problem. I didn't see the problem, but decided to go anyway.

My friend suggested a specialist in the field of sports psychology, Dr. Gustav Bumberberger. His real name can't be revealed because he is a

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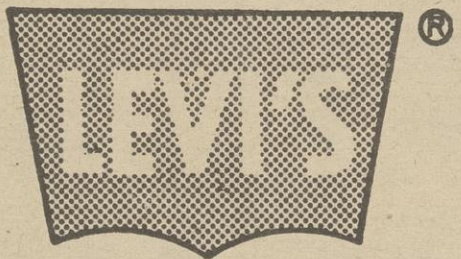
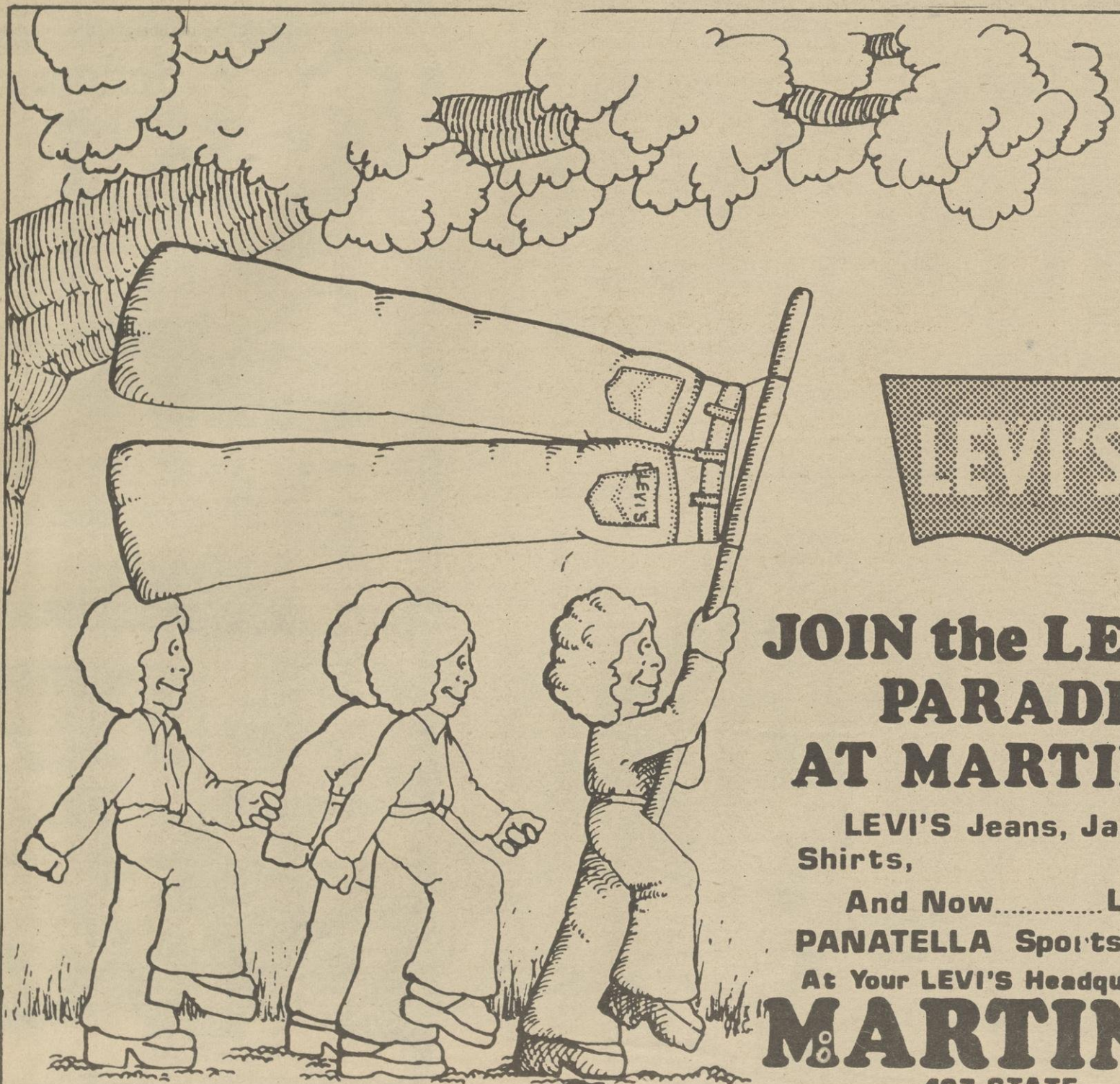
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