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cardinal MONDAY magazine

Rapping with Snowball

By GOLDIE KADUSHIN
of the Cardinal Staff

For as long as he's been washing windows on State Street, people have called him Snowball. That's it. No first name. No last name. Just Snowball. There was probably a mother somewhere down in Memphis, Tennessee who gave her son a different name, but that was a long time ago. How long ago Snowball isn't telling. When you ask him, his eyes gaze past your shoulder to a point in time on the Mississippi Delta when steamboats still nuzzled the shore and he says, "I don't keep track."

The answer is a surly one for Snowball. Most of the time you can find him resting his heavy body in the nine o'clock fluorescent twilight of Rennebohm's backmost booth, laying a rap as wide and long as the space between his two front teeth. He talks like he looks—scraps and memories numerous as the stray bits of newspaper which bulge the pockets of his coveralls. But the man knows everything. After a recent three hour rap which composes the body of this interview, he advised me, "You're young yet. You've got lots to learn." I guess so.

Forewith are some of his comments:

On Haute Couture: You go down to your Fifth Avenue. They've got some nice clothes down there. They've got your Saks Fifth Avenue and your Bonwit Tellers. Bergdorf Goodman's even better than Bonwit Teller. Got dresses there you pay two, three hundred dollars and it ain't nothin'. Now your Fifth Avenue is where you got most of your women's shops. Madison avenue where you go for the men. Ever hear a Abacombie and Fitch? Same

thing in London. You've got your Picadilly Circus. Now I ain't sayin' New York ain't a nice town. Used to live in New York, right off Seventh Avenue. But your London's got more class. Got more class because that where you're gonna find your haberdasheries. Know what a haberdashery is? That's where you get your gentlemen's hats. London don't only sell hats. Go into shops in London and they gonna try to sell you two kinds shirts! Now your custom made shirts gonna cost 'bout \$30 while your tailor made shirt'll run \$40-\$45. Most of the people go in those shops big executives. Spend all their time socializing and traveling. They don't make those clothes for the common working man.

On Locomotion: Well, I was brought up in Memphis. That's down south, you know. When I was a boy used to watch the steamboats. But they weren't nothin' compared to the trains they used to have around in those days. Ever hear a the Silver Streak? That was a train, wheels black and silver and tall as I am. Or you can talk 'bout your Panama Limited. Now your Panama Limited used to run a line from New Orleans to Chicago to New York. Know how fast a bird can fly? Well, that train could travel faster than a bird can fly. One time I was sittin' right up there on the tinderbox with the engineer and this bird, a quail, was flyin' right in front of us. Well, we just took her in. Kept the engines stoked all the way to Chicago. We streaked thru that town faster'n lightnin' thru clouds. Made 1,000 miles in 16 hours. Trains they make nowadays just plow along.

On Vietnam: What they got goin' on over there in Vietnam is a money war. They're afraid those Viet Cong gonna get the rubber plantations. We need

those rubber plantations. Trouble with what's goin' on in Vietnam is the wrong kind a fightin'. I seen it on television and they just stand back off from one another and shoot. They're just messin' around over there. That ain't no real fightin'. Now you take your World War I. That was a real war. You'd see these two guys at each other with bayonets. Hand to hand combat. It's a different kind 'o fightin' they got goin' on over there in Vietnam now.

On Black People: Used to know a young woman from South Africa. Now, this young woman she says to me, "I ain't no Negro. I am black." Difference between Negroes and Black People is Negroes is ignorant. Your Black People they know what they're doin'. They got common sense. You take your Negroes. Most 'o them been brought up in the South and they been brought up wrong. They don't know their Bible. The Bible says: Bring them up in the way they should go and they will not depart from it. Trouble with most 'o these Negroes is they been brought up in the Southern way and they don't know any other. You take your problem 'o politics. Negroes can't go into politics cause they don't know the difference 'tween the toy, the imitation you understand, and the real thing. Now, let's just say you get yourself two pairs 'o shoes—both 'o them looks alike, but ones gonna cost you \$30 and the other bout \$15, cause it's only a copy. You could get right up here on a ladder and sell them Negroes that \$15 pair 'o shoes for \$30 cause most 'o the politics in this country is white, and most 'o them Negroes don't understand white politics. Only your Black People gonna understand any kinda white politics.

On Travel: Did a little bit a traveling when I was younger. Mostly on the

trains. Took a trip out there to San Diego once. They've got some zoo out there in San Diego. This was probably before your time, but you ever hear 'o a guy named Edmund Burke? Well, Edmund Burke worked out there for the people, runnin' the San Diego Zoo. The thing 'bout Edmund Burke, he used to bring 'em back alive. He caught an orangutan down in Borneo—him and the natives. Fifteen natives just run right in there and threw a net over this orangutan. I've seen that orangutan. They got him right now in the San Diego Zoo. Never been outta the States though. Tell ya where I'd like to go. Like to go to Copenhagen. That's in Denmark, you know. Guy I used to work with in this restaurant, he used to say "second to my hometown, second to my hometown, you understand, Copenhagen's the most beautiful city in the world." After Copenhagen I'd like to see Ireland. Saw this movie once. Made it in Shannon Ireland. Well everyone in that movie had to kiss the Blarney stone or they wasn't Irish. They was linin' up for miles, women and children, to kiss the Blarney Stone. Other place I'd like to see is South America. I was talkin' to this Italian soldier and he told me they don't have none of these bars and differences down there. They just consider everyone equal. Only trouble is it costs money to travel.

On Gambling: You ever hear 'o Plato? Yea, well Plato he dreamed about things and they became real. Ya gotta believe in somethin' till you find out it ain't true. That's what Plato did. It's called gamblin'. Gamblin' is believin' in things—till you find out they ain't true. Dreamin' and gamblin'—they're the same things.

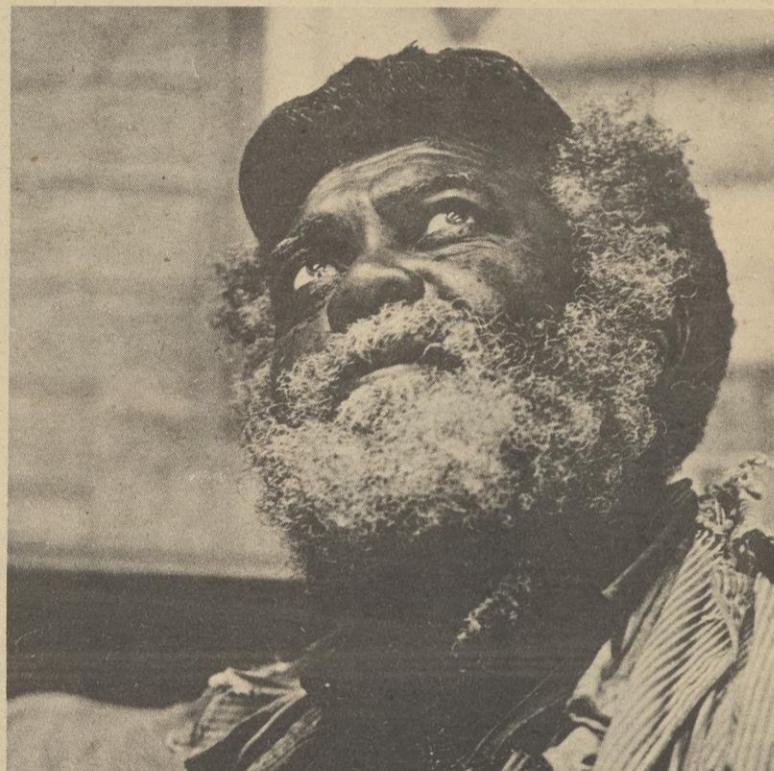
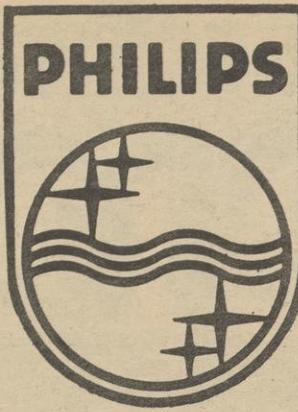


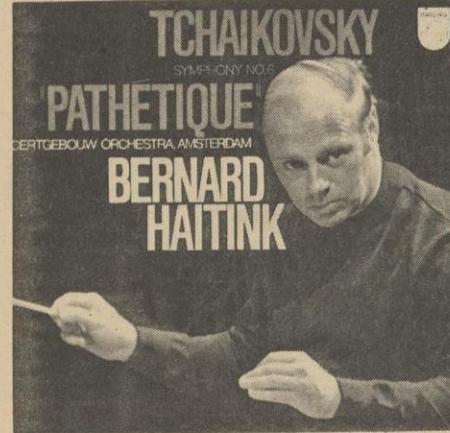
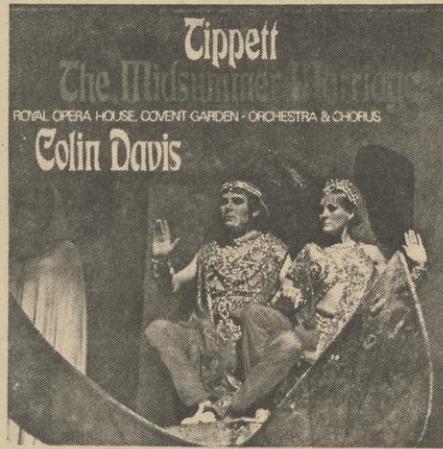
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Disneyland: for eight bucks, a nice escape from reality

By DIX BRUCE
of the Cardinal Staff

ANAHEIM—Disneyland, the magic kingdom of mid west two-week vacationers, campers, trailers, and Ford stations wagons stuffed with 2.5 kids and a symbol for some of "American capitalist decadence," was what Khruschev most wanted to see but couldn't. Poor Khruschev.

Uncle Walt, as Disney liked to be called, had a brainstorm about twenty years ago for a new kind of amusement park for an American society badly in need of an ultimate escape.

Forging ahead with a sense of civic pride, he bought a 72.6 acre parcel of land in the Milwaukee of California: Anaheim. He gathered around him the experts of every field to plan "Disneyland."

"Walt thought the amusement parks of the day really weren't much fun at all," said Bob Jackson, Disney's former personal publicity man and current Disneyland publicity department. "The kids were more scared than amused on the rides and things," he further commented. And so, Disney set out to create a new type of park, one he conceived to be fun.

Disneyland was going to be completely pleasant, built around one central idea, that of complete escape from reality, it became the first and most successful of the "theme parks," having planning without rival. Noted social psychologists have called Disneyland, "the model for urban planning of the future."

Over the years, up until his death, Disney personally supervised his "baby," making sure that every nickel spent reinforced the "Disneyland look." He watched the project like a hawk so that it did not deteriorate into a Coney Island or a Riverview. Disneyland today still has that almost flawless atmosphere; everything is nice, rosy, controlled.

The fairy dust is blown into one's eyes almost as soon as he enters the parking lot. A tram carries "guests" from the lot to the front gate. A beautiful, blonde young lady is aboard the tram to welcome everyone to the park.

"Hello, (sigh, smile), I'm Emily!, (grin), and I'd like to welcome everybody, (sweeping gesture toward guests), to the 'MAGIC KINGDOM,'" (smile, sigh, smile).

All the park attractions take only tickets, so money is exchanged only once, at the ticket windows outside the park itself. This is said to have a good psychological effect on the "guest," and the average expenditure for the 10 million people who visit Disneyland annually is somewhere around \$8.00 per person.

Just inside the turnstyle there's a memorial to the one who got the whole ball rolling. There's a huge likeness in flowers of Mickey Mouse, that little anthropomorphic rodent who's talent made Walt Disney.

On to the town square where one is for the first time completely surrounded by Disneyland. Down Mainstreet U.S.A. where all the shops are circa late '90's, scaled down to give a nostalgic effect. Each brick and window frame was made specially a little bit smaller to give a cute, doll house appearance.

Aside from being great to look at, it is also a functional shopping center featuring many of America's largest companies in their old-time regalia. Bank of America, Pepsi and Coca-cola, Hallmark, Hills Bros. Coffee, Aunt Jemima and a host of others are on display with their products. Early products form a kind of museum in each store beside the products of today which are for sale.

At the end of Main Street U.S.A. is a pleasant little plaza from which the "Disneyland look" is at its best. Men in tan safari shorts, Hawaiian shirts, baseball caps, a couple of cameras, sunglasses, and a golf hat with fake grass on the top. They make the Disneyland scene.

Women with blue saggy stretch pants, blue tennis shoes, blouses that don't tuck in struggle with assorted AAA tourguides and 2.5 kids.

The hip NOW GENERATION is also represented en masse, (despite those rumors about freaks being turned away). There are no shoes, bleached bellies, tie-dyed tee shirts, peace sign necklaces, wire-rimmed glasses, and Indian style head bands on the males of the species who say "Right on!" a lot.

The male's "ole Lady" looks about the same except she's got long straight blonde hair, Fearless Fly shades, and she's struggling with several AAA tourguides and one squirming love child. She says, "Right, can you dig it?" with frequency equal to the "Right on!" They come from Rhode Island in a VW bus with a bumper sticker that says, "The Population bomb—Everybody's baby."

Next, the Disneyland employees eek out of the woodwork and on to the scene. They always seem to be rushing somewhere, but have to stop, smile and say hello.

"I just love the people here!" an ice cream man with a crew cut observed, "I've been working here three years and I just love it." A

(continued on page 3)

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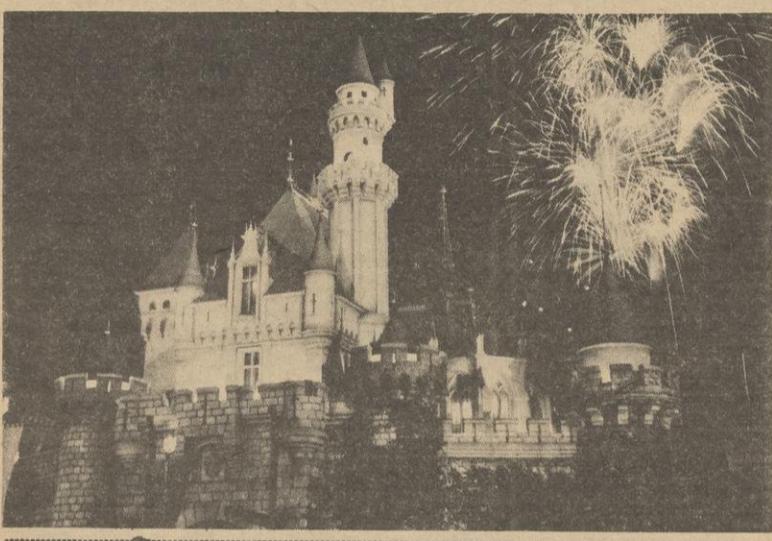
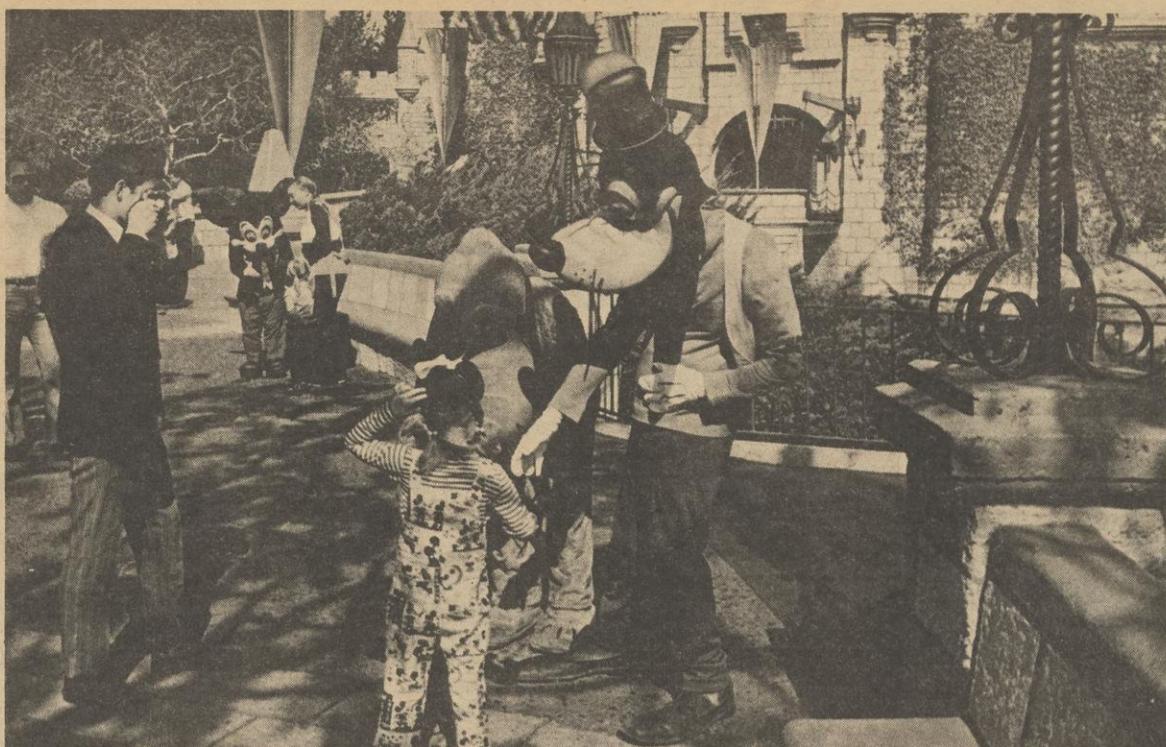
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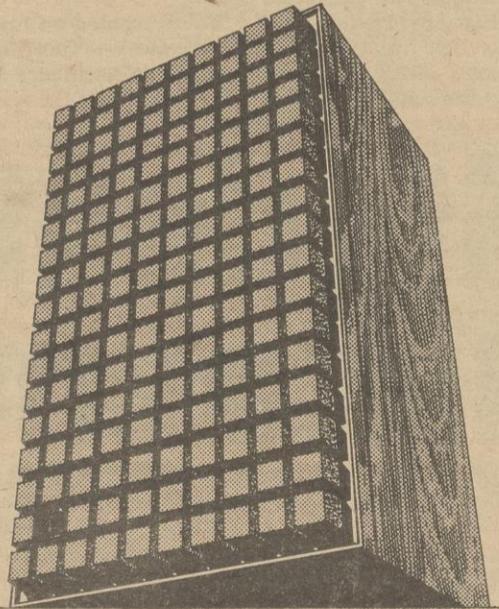
The Daily Cardinal

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(continued from page 2)

cafeteria waitress said, "I love working here, everything and everybody is so alive. I used to work in a nursing home and just when you'd get to know someone, they'd die on you. It's so much better here."

A popcorn boy said of the work, "You can't beat it with a stick." If there is an unhappy employee in Disneyland, he's well hidden.

Workers dressed completely in white scurry all over the park with broom and dustpan cleaning up. It has been estimated that the average cigarette butt stays on the ground no longer than 25 seconds before the man in white blurs up, sweeps, and is gone.

In short, all the employees are pure, beautiful and good. Their nametags carry only first names and all are friendlier than hookers on a busy Chicago street corner.

While one enjoys the wholesale happiness, a parade passes by. Led by THE MOUSE, it features a couple of marching bands and all the famous Disney cartoon characters. Such a wonderland.

Following the characters as they break off into segments of the park, one comes upon the attractions.

The images all fit in with the Disneyland effect. The illusioners do their jobs so perfectly sometimes it is almost necessary to get a wake-up nudge.

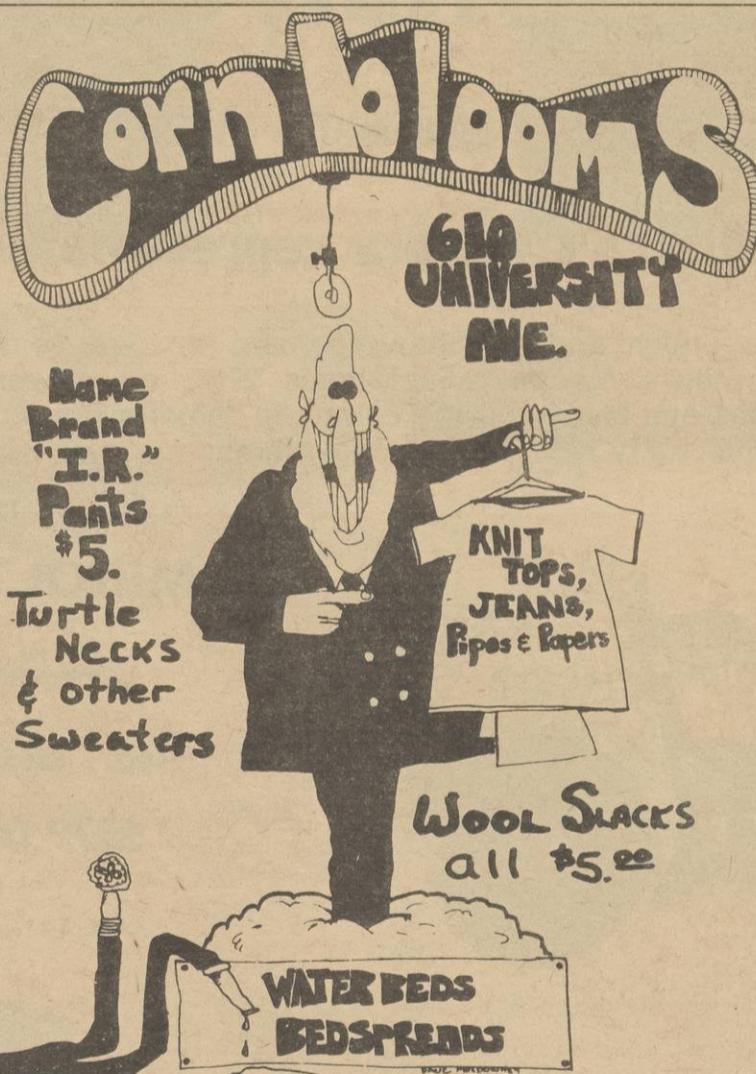
If one can appreciate Adolph Hitler for setting a goal and then reaching it, one can easily admit to Disney's genius.

Disney critics would no doubt be fond of the comparison. They generally complain that the park caters to a society that constantly wants escape but refuses to use its imagination to do so. Disneyland then preys upon their "sickness" and presents them with their dreams for a price.

Disneyland executives admit that their bread and butter is quite simply that; or at least the part about dreams for a price.

"People pay us good money," stated Bob Jackson of the publicity department. "We give them what they want and they are pleased with the product."

There is little doubt that the vast majority of the 100 million "guests" who have visited the park since its 1955 opening heartily would agree.



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Audio as art- Radio in Madison

By ROGER DOBRICLE
of the Cardinal Staff

"An article devoted entirely to RADIO?"
"Why radio?"

Although many people may describe it as a pictureless television or as that little box on the end table that wakes you up in the morning, or as a poor man's Muzak system, there are still a few who enjoy listening to radio as a medium (and art form?) in and of itself.

Unfortunately, radio in the United States has, since the rise of television, become an audio collage of loudmouth disc jockeys, "rip and read" newscasts, jukebox programming, and overcommercialization. Automation is taking over many stations, allowing station managers to put entire program blocks, including news and time reports, on tape. FM, once a cultural oasis with some degree of snob appeal, has become increasingly popular in the past five years, and consequently mediocre in its creative output. Meanwhile, the number of stations serving minority tastes with ethnic music and classical programming diminishes annually.

If you are in Madison for the first time and are accustomed to a large choice of stations, local radio may come as a cultural shock to you, particularly if your tastes are specialized. Generally speaking, Madison radio is adequate at best, and sometimes downright frustrating to the critical listener. Careful tuning, however, can at least lead to interesting material on some of the stations some of the time.

The following is a list and description of what each local station has to offer:

WHA (AM 970, FM 88.7). A special blue ribbon goes to the University's own award-winning facility, the Grandpappy of Wisconsin broadcasting. WHA has provided stimulating programming to the state ever since a few enterprising physics department students and faculty members stayed up all night making glass tubes by hand as early as 1916. Today, WHA feeds a ten-station statewide network with lectures, drama, music, documentaries, and classroom programs (three generations of Wisconsin have grown up listening to the "School of the Air.") The station houses the National Center for Audio Experimentation, which is working on projects involving binaural sound (similar to stereo, yet not quite the same), and other technical innovations.

Noteworthy programs include Madison's only daily schedule of classical music, with "concerts" at 8:00 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 6:30 p.m., and 8:30 p.m. on weekdays, 1:00 and 6:00 p.m. on Saturdays, and at 11 a.m., noon, 2:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., and 8:00 p.m. on Sundays. Beginning in December, the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts will be heard Saturdays at 1:00.

Other music shows include Ken Ohst's popular "Jazz Impressions," a half-hour of historical jazz and blues recordings at 5:30 on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. A stereo program of modern jazz alternated in the same time slot on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and is also heard Saturdays at 4:30.

"Etcetera" is an amusing fifteen minutes of humorous essays and comedy monologues heard Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 6:15 p.m. Those who are avid readers should enjoy "Book Beat" Wednesdays at 7 p.m., and "Chapter a Day," weekday afternoons at 1:00.

Finally, WHA carries (and often originates) a new ninety-minute news series, "All Things Considered". National Public Radio's commendable weekday project does not limit itself to only a few minutes on each important issue. Rather, it explores the topic in depth, interviewing experts from Universities, The Christian Science Monitor, and the BBC.

This is only a brief list of what this station has to offer. I suggest you write to Radio Hall for a copy of their monthly program guide, or check the television page of The Capital Times for a daily run-down.

WIBA (1310 AM, 101.5 FM). The two stations are, for the most part, separated in content, although certain programs such as NBC News, Badger Football, and the Green Bay Packer games are "simulcast." In the daytime, the AM station plays middle-of-the-road music, while the FM outlet programs soft, easy listening tunes with an automated format suitable for dentists' waiting rooms.

At night, WIBA-AM presents the World of Papa Hambone, a rare bright spot in Madison AM radio. Once a showcase for local jazz musicians and poets, "Hambone" now plays jazz and even some rock recordings. There are also interviews and call-in features.

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HILTON HOTELS

7:00. The meek, mild-mannered little radio station switches to a progressive rock alter ego until sign-off at midnight. "Radio Free Madison" plays long cuts from albums and sometimes even entire sides on the "Entire Journey." Other features include "Electric Classified" and "People's Calendar" at 9:00. One of Madison's best record shows, "Radio Free Madison" is a must for rock fans.

WISM (1480 AM, 98.1 FM). WTSO and WISM AM are constantly fighting for the number one position in the ratings here. WISM is a 24 hour top forty station, which is okay if you happen to like top forty music. WISM-FM is a middle-of-the-road stereo station with music a little bouncier than WIBA-FM's daytime schedule. One interesting feature is a double fill of old radio shows beginning every Sunday night at 10:05. Basketball fans should note that WISM-FM carries all Milwaukee Bucks games.

WLVE (94.5), or "Love Stereo" as it bills itself, is a twenty-four hour rock station. Most of its programming is automated, or recorded on tape in advance. The automation may be economical, but it seems too artificial and impersonal to this listener, and one soon begins to feel like part of the machinery.

The constantly repeated messages for "Love" that crop up seemingly every few minutes become very irritating, phony, and pointless in their repetition. But, that's where it's at, isn't it? Still, despite my criticism, WLVE provides a very listenable output of music, mixing tempos and styles in good ratios, and commendable serving up a goodly portion of releases by new talent.

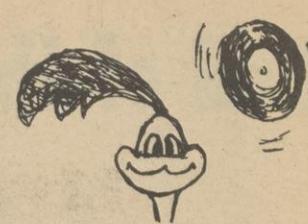
Although I sometimes wish that the station would play entire sides and longer album cuts, "Love Stereo" is a welcome repose from the commercial harangues of other pop music stations, particularly during the daytime. Well-suited for those with contemporary tastes but who cannot stand the acne-cream mentality of top forty AM radio. Also carries Badger football.

WMAD (AM 1550, FM 106.3). Both stations simulcast Country Western Music in the daylight hours, and the FM outlet continues until midnight after the AM signs off at dusk. ABC Network news on the half-hour.

WMFM (104.1 FM) has the most varied schedule of any local station. Middle of the road and light music are played during the day along with ABC FM news on the quarter-hour. Other programs include "Classics for

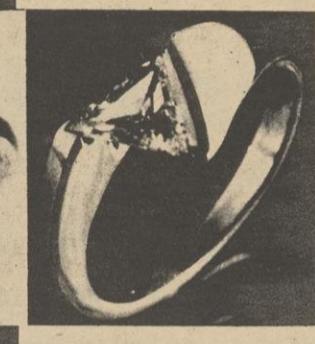
cultural University community should be able to support more classical music on commercial radio, as well as jazz. And where is the "soul" music and news programming aimed at Madison's growing Black community? Why not improve news coverage above and beyond the five minute "rip and read" or originate more public affairs programs? All Madison commercial stations are guilty of contributing to the sameness that permeates the airwaves.

Last spring, two pirate FM stations cropped up, operated by UW students. One featured continuous rock music, the other alternated classics with jazz. Given the technical limitations, the stations did surprisingly well, both in quality and popularity. The FCC eventually put a stop to them, but not before they had underscored the need for better broadcasting in Madison.





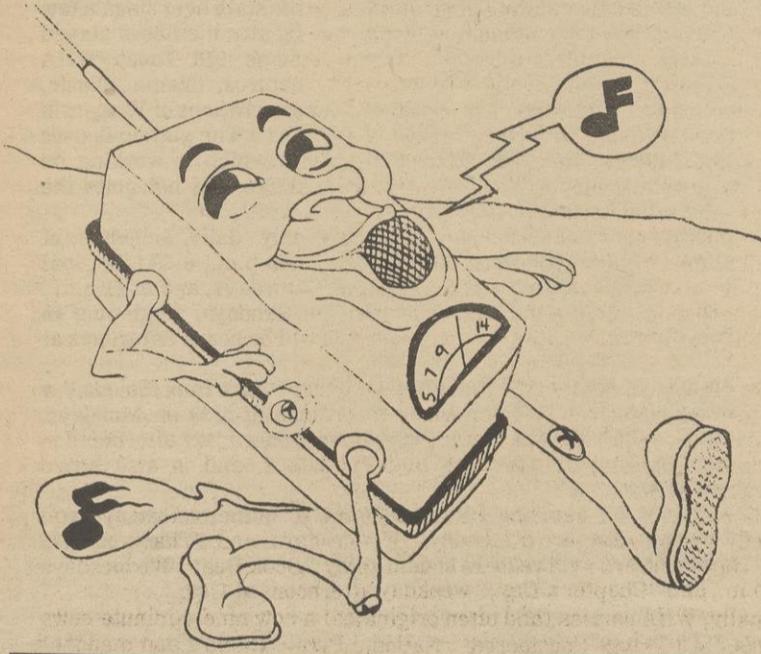
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the Conneseur" (sic) from 7:00 until 11:00 p.m. on Wednesday, and regular coverage of Milwaukee Brewers baseball.

WMFM also programs old radio shows at various times during the week. Call or write the station for a copy of their schedule, or watch the newspapers.

Most important on this station is "Up Against the Wall", a student-oriented program of classics and jazz heard six nights a week from 10:00 p.m. until 3:00 a.m. Jazz takes the spotlight on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, emphasizing avant-garde and local groups in the studio. An excellent program of classics is heard every Monday and Wednesday, featuring new releases. No loud-mouthed jocks or drag-strip commercials here; just five solid hours of good music played by people who obviously have respect for the artists and composers.

One final note: Students of local government will be interested in the "live" coverage of County Board and Common Council meetings, every Tuesday and Thursday night on WMFM.

WRVB (102.1) Gospel music and religious programming are the main staples of this FM station.

WTSO (1070 AM) features middle-of-the-road contemporary music from 5:00 a.m. until 10:00 p.m. At that time, Ken Artis hosts "Nightline" a popular phone-in talk show. I enjoyed the program under its previous host, Ira Fistell, who is now working in Milwaukee. Fistell is an amiable, well-informed, personality, and he was able to intelligently converse on any subject from opera to football to the history of American railroads.

Artis, however, is another story, frustrating the listener with his arrogance and constant interruptions of his callers. This wouldn't be all that bad if he at least had something important to say. But, then again, Joe Pyne was a success, for quite a few years following the same formula.

WTSO relies upon UPI and a team of local reporters for its news reports, carried at 25 and 55 minutes past the hour. Sports programming includes Badger football and basketball.

A listener with specialized tastes has to do a lot of dial turning in this city in order to find something worthwhile. Too many of the stations duplicate each other, particularly in news coverage and music (more than half the stations offer some kind of middle of the road format).

What is needed is greater diversity. A city with a large supposedly

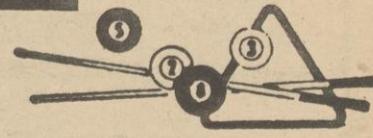


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End of the Earth



The Last Whole Earth Catalog, Access to Tools
Edited by Stewart Brand
Portola Institute-Random House: \$5.00

By ORA KASTEN

"1971 is not the year for you to fold up;..."
"So, goddamnit, GROW UP. (or at least justify your suicide.)"

This comment from Gregory Groth Jacobs of London, England reflects the feeling of many who have come to admire and even rely on the Whole Earth Catalogue, discontinued after the present issue, three years after its beginnings.

The Whole Earth Catalog (WEC) got its start in Stewart Brand's imagination in March of 1968, inspired by the rural L. L. Bean Catalog.

The new catalog, planned by Brand, would owe "nothing to the suppliers and everything to the users. It would be inexpensive and with widely diverse material, intended for use by self motivated people.

By July 1968, Brand had compiled 6 mimeographed pages, a "partial preliminary booklist," including works on "Tantra Art, Cybernetics, the Indian Tipi, Recreational Equipment, about 120 items."

Brand loaded samples of his stock into a truck and set out to visit his prospective market—communes in New Mexico and Colorado. The month-long trip yielded some business education and \$200 worth of sales.

Back in California again, Brand hired his first and second employees, "to buoy my conviction that something was going on." With this staff, working in a garage, production on the Whole Earth Catalog was begun. The first issue contained "64 white-spacey pages." In addition, a Whole Earth truck store was started.

Getting the WEC on bookstore shelves proved to be difficult. Storeowners glanced and queried, "Too big. Too expensive. What is it?" Later, Book People accepted distributorship of WEC and in 1971, Realist distributorship was added.

Income began to catch up with expenses. Subscriptions poured in. Success and fame for the Whole Earth Catalogue.

In the beginning, Brand imagined "it would be a month of work, then an easy month..." but it didn't work out that way.

The constant work-demand of publication became a "grim chore" to Brand and he decided to "stop a success and see what happens."

"There's a difference between intention driving us on, and mystery pulling us on. Mystery will always educate and correct. Intention goes off the end of its own limb."

"If it's all right with you, I'm going back to the tree..."

This last issue of WEC is divided into several sections for reasonably coherent presentation of information. Each item is named, reviewed and illustrated. About the reviews Brand says they are, "only partially informed, often biased, very often wishful..."

Land Use section gives information on the care and

use of plants and animals which, taken together, supplies a viable land ethic and teaches conservation practices that encourage harmony between man and the land.

There are tools listed for using the wind, water and minerals of the land. Also listed is the design for a natural habitat for man done by Paolo Soleri, who does "cloudbursts of passionate structure."

Shelter section considers a house of living vegetable tissue; "Evolution and Design in the Plant Kingdom." There is information on building houses of wood, stone, plastic, metal and even molasses. Companies are listed that still manufacture and sell wood burning stoves and kerosene lamps.

The Crafts section has information for working with almost any material for those clever with their hands; the art of bonsai, macrame, woodcarving and how to build a Conestoga Wagon.

There is an "Illustrated Hassle-Free Make Your Own Clothes Book" by Sharon Rosenberg and Joan Wiener. "Revolution takes all sorts of forms these days, and making your own clothes is one way to play fiddle-fuck-around with fashion-sexism, consumption-pushing, and related evils... Outta style! Right size! and so forth."

The community section deals with intentional communities, under different titles such as kibbutz and communitas. How to form and live in an intentional community, how to purchase and cook food, how to build a communal bath.

Folk medicine is covered and a testimonial that states the values of voodoo and the Swiss Army Knife in curing warts. "They (the warts) have now more or less DISAPPEARED leaving only gaping holes and volcano-like craters on my callouses."

There is information on how to build your musical instrument and how to play it: stringed, drums, gongs and wood wind. A letter from Walter Carlos explains Synthesizers, which term he wishes could vanish. "Who wants synthetic anything, especially music?"

"Up Against the Law" explains the legal rights for persons under 21. "To be a teenager in the U.S. is approximately illegal. Nevertheless many survive. This revealing remarkable hardworking book can really help."

Drug use and abuse books include a "Conscientious Guide to Drug Abuse" and "Psychedelic Review." WEC has published an excerpt from a publication by Naturalism, Inc. on how to "Chemically Abort Unwelcome Trips."

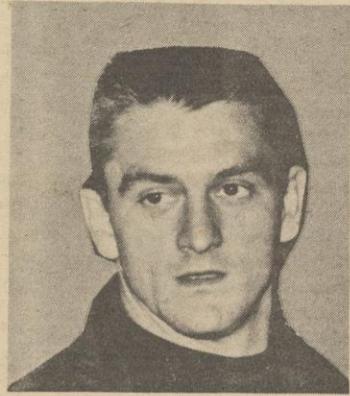
A trip taken by "Divine Right" in his '63 microbus "Urge" appears on the lower right hand corner of all odd-numbered pages. This original folk tale adds a dramatic element to the Catalog.

Rather than be shot with their own silver bullet, the WEC has chosen to diagram a how-to-do-it on catalog publication. Brand has said that he wants others to use his educational prototype to start their own service. So the diagram is there, but the WEC name or copy is not available "for love or money." Ideas and evaluations are "free for recycling."

Buy it. Use it. Then start your own catalog.

Ora Kasten works in the Typographical Lab of the Journalism School.

Whitey: Ignored



By KEITH DAVIS

WHITETOWN USA
By Peter Binzen
Vintage: \$1.95

In the outpouring of books over the last decade on the disinheritance of America, one group has been almost totally ignored: The Ethnics. There have been a number of reasons for passing them by, not the least of which is that pointed out by George Orwell about thirty years ago: patricians, intellectuals, and reformers (not to mention many radicals) abhor this group in almost the same measure they idealize almost any other category of society, from blacks to bohemians.

This book is about the grey lower middle of America. Whitetown is everywhere. For most people it is a drab, unsightly area to be passed through quickly, not the picturesquely seamy area a chic liberal might go slumming in, as in the black ghetto.

The lives of Whitetowners are as drab as their neighborhoods. They are a shade too well off to get any federal aid under existing guidelines, yet lacking the aid, they are no better off than the ghetto economically: they hold the not-quite-lowest paying jobs with the weakest unions or the jobs most subject to automation. Some are low paid white collar workers and lower civil servants, such as police or beauticians.

Most significantly, the Whitetowners' outlook is from a backwater in which decline and stagnancy rather than upward mobility and growth are the dominant forces. The Whitetowner is largely located in the old ethnic neighborhoods, caught between mushrooming ghettos, freeways, and the politicians downtown. With so little resiliency and resources, any wound can prove fatal to "the block." This then, is the locus of the angry intransigency that is

ripping apart FDR's improbable coalition of labor, blacks, intellectuals, and patrician reformers.

The developing anger often is a case of liberal manipulation coming home to roost. White workers have become aware that it is the intellectuals and well-to-do who largely run the Democratic show. The Whitetowner has only profited coincidentally, if at all, from the coalition. Organized labor, not the worker as such, is the Party's concern. The labor bureaucracies have swollen and profited immensely while real wages have slid downward for the Whitetown laborer. HIS WORK remains the most tightly supervised in the U.S., and he has no more access to power in his neighborhood than he ever did, perhaps rather less. Reform has tended to remove the feedback mechanisms that the machine provided, as well as depersonalizing the government.

Whitetowners sometimes have learned to overcome this powerlessness with collective action. Whites, caught in a self defeating syndrome, would rather be dead than seem to act like blacks at any level. The Whitetowners remain silent, individualistic, dissatisfied with their situation, but unable and unwilling to look for or generate indigenous leadership except in a very few cases (Anthony Imperiale in Newark is such an exception). As the principal of a Whitetown school in Los Angeles said, they ask for nothing and they get nothing.

BUT DISCONTENTS build without viable solutions, without any actual political movement, and they are sublimated by Whitetowners into race hatred and overzealous patriotism.

Peter Binzen, who does not pretend to present a Marxist analysis (he relies in the end on some kind of liberal regeneration), nevertheless points strongly to class, rather than race or ethnicity, as the root of the

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Gersmann's Release

By ROD CLARK

Picture the following: the wind rippling the lilacs, swishing the leaves in the gothic elms . . . down the hill gallops your favorite poet and mine—the incredible Jonathan Moon! His velour shirt glows softly in the October light, he approaches like a man with some incredible secret that constipates him—when he draws near enough he can restrain himself no longer, and thrusts toward one moist lavender-hued pamphlet . . .

"Your latest book?" He trembles and nods profoundly. I read the delicately printed title *Songs of Demented Roses*.

After leafing through a few incredible quatrains, I look up in a stupor and mumble reassuringly: "Man, that's deep shit!" Mr. Moon beams brightly, knowing that he has created precisely the impression he wanted to.

However, the really significant thing is that this is not a review of Jonathan Moon's *Songs of Demented Roses*, but rather a review of Joel Gersmann's *DEEP SHIT*, and unlike Mr. Moon, Joel Gersmann does not have to sing songs of demented roses in order to get into really deep shit. He starts out with deep shit and saves us all a great deal of trouble!

Although it must be confessed that the Mr. Moons of the world



have their own inalienable charm, I hasten to point out that his species is always in abundance, whereas Joel himself points out: "Everybody is afraid to write about what they know . . ."

What Joel knows is junk, Joel is a junk prophet in the tradition of Andy Warhol and Bob Watt, it is this energy, this willingness to consciously accept the culture (which modern day America rams daily down our, uh, throats . . .) as the legitimate source from which our art should evolve. Too long have we borrowed our traditions from the junk of other nations.

Wasn't it Shakespeare? "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." The scent of junk will follow us no matter what we do. Joel's poems possess the blunt brilliance of this new genre, they pull every punch, leaving no toad unturned.

The poems? They reveal their own beauty—I cannot amplify or dim them.

The book is brilliant, and a highly suitable ornament for one's coffee table or bouillion bar. Get all forty-six poems for the unbelievable price of one dollar at the Book Coop in the basement of the WSA store.

Rod Clark, former Mime and Man actor, Broom Street playwright, film entrepreneur, and Bugle American literary editor, is now a local Madison poet.

problem. While groups fight each other over race and nationality, he says, the rewards are coming down on the basis of class.

For instance, Philadelphia's school board, as with most, is now 'balanced' by race and nationality, but class-wise it is solidly upper and upper-middle class. On none of the boards is there a grass roots representative from Whitetown or Blacktown. Overt WASP rule has broken down in favor of a rationalized class rule.

The result is an intense "division of powerlessness" along racial-ethnic lines, with people fighting over crumbs. Binzen sums it up succinctly: "In housing and jobs, as well as in education, black gains are made not in competition with WASP liberals but with lower class and lower-middle-class ethnics."

"THE WASPs, being on the sidelines, can afford to cheer for the blacks because they have nothing to lose. It is the no-WASP whites whose fears are scoffed at and whose complaints are dismissed as racism."

U.S. Education Commissioner Howe said in 1968 that it would be necessary to give more than equal aid to ghetto schools. While correct, what he didn't say is that the distribution wouldn't be any more equitable. The money was taken from Whitetown schools, whose achievement scores are as bad as those of the worst black schools. The suburbs just sailed along with nary a pause. Within the current system, blacks winning means whites losing, and vice versa.

Binzen's book is a considerable advance over much of the alleged sociology and popular claptrap that has passed to describe this group. It is not motivated by the sudden panic characteristic of the genre (Wallace did get 9 million votes in 1968).

Though it does not succeed to the extent that Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy* did for the British working class some 20 years ago, which provided the essential "look from the inside," Whitetown USA still is an excellent and humane book that does not condescend, and which depicts with substantial accuracy the reality of being a not-quite-poor white.

Keith Davis, Wisconsin senior in history, writes regular columns of political analysis for The Daily Cardinal.

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Spirology

By PETER GREENBERG

Anywhere one goes these days, one can see them displayed almost embarrassingly in the discount bookstores—the once "contemporary" political biographies of once "contemporary" political men. There they are, hardcover profiles of the Kennedys, the Reagans, the Humphreys, the Johnsons, and even a Romney or two, selling for 99¢ each.

These are the books that seem to be the magnesium scraps of the publishing industry: once written, they burn almost too fast, allowing their readers to forget, usually in time for the next November election. Interestingly, many actually are no more than magazine articles with cardboard covers, ghost-written praises for men who themselves often commissioned the biographies.

This, however, is not the case with Robert Marsh's *Agnew: The Unexamined Man*. Marsh is a real person and he convinces us that Spiro T. Agnew also exists. Marsh's book, however, like other selected tomes devoted to the intrigues and intricacies of American politics, will suffer by association with the dozens of glossy almanacs that normally read like awkward mixtures of the *World Book* and *Classics* editions.

IN ALL PROBABILITY, this fine biography will have been in vain unless Robert Marsh is staking his efforts on how history will look upon our Vice-President. In the short run, however, Marsh staked more than just a literary reputation. In 1966, Marsh, as Agnew's administrative assistant, ran his successful Maryland gubernatorial campaign. Two years later, Marsh left the Agnew staff to become a public affairs consultant.

Since he began writing this book, his previously friendly relations with "Ted" vanished. Anyone who portrays Agnew as a distracted hero of a slapstick comedy "who made all the wrong moves . . . but escaping assault through his own ineptitude as the heavy" is not likely to be on the Vice-President's most popular list.

Marsh's profile plots the Agnew career from 1956 when, a struggling and unsuccessful lawyer (Richard Nixon, anyone?), he converted to the G.O.P., walking into the local party headquarters just in time to start licking envelopes.

Patronage landed him a job on the Baltimore zoning board, and then a move up to the board of appeals. And here is where Marsh describes in detail how Agnew "appears to have invented a new mode of politics—upward mobility through failure;" "indeed," adds Marsh, "he has proved the Peter

Principle in reverse."

AGNEW PROPELLED himself forward, but not by choice it seems. At each job level, Marsh asserts, those in control didn't want him, refused to reappoint him, so Agnew did the next best thing. He ran for a higher position and won, often by default. In fact, a three-way split in Democratic ranks in 1966 is generally thought to be responsible for giving Agnew the governorship.

Even the Vice-President's searing speech in Des Moines, Iowa, in November of 1969, was an example of Agnew's curious reverse luck. His attack on the media for distortion, when an essentially valid one, yet he blamed it for all the wrong, McCarthy-type reasons. But, those upset with the peace movement because the doves were getting air time, or those who were angered at Walter Cronkite for "giving in," could easily identify with Agnew's attack, and consigned by his ridiculous alliterated reasons, they propelled him further into the hard-hat hall of fame.

Agnew was able to maintain virtual anonymity in his years as governor of Maryland. Life wasn't running photo spreads of his wife Judy, *Playboy* wasn't interviewing him, but he kept busy doing what made him so "successful" previously: antagonism and division.

BY 1968 HE HAD "succeeded," Marsh explains, in antagonizing the blacks and liberals who had elected him in the first place. And yet, Agnew continued to be advanced by these setbacks, finally to the Nixon tickets, after an almost final setback: his strong support of perennial presidential candidate Nelson Rockefeller.

Agnew had invited reporters to watch him watch "his man" Rockefeller announce for President, only to hear the New York governor bow out. It was that boo-boo which apparently introduced Agnew to the Nixon man busily plotting the then embryonic campaign.

Agnew today is surely just as anonymous. His children live quiet lives, his wife stays behind the scenes, and Agnew wins the hearts of middle Americans everywhere by bungling his way to success by going "down the up staircase," and winning.

This book makes a final sequel to Joe McGinniss' *Selling of the President*; it adds to our realization and awareness of the homogenized "law and order" man; and, if anything, it doubtlessly cements our fears over what sort of President Spiro Agnew might be.

Peter Greenberg, a free-lance writer and Daily Cardinal columnist, is the Madison correspondent for *Newsweek Magazine*.

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By DANNIS PEARY
of the Cardinal Staff

According to the latest survey, Madison students are going to the bathroom at a pace that puts them 12 days ahead of last year's record-breaking class. Certain individuals (with enthusiasm reminiscent of the Eisenhower era) have gone so far as to proclaim that, "the lavatory is (their) home away from home."

In as much as so much interest is being paid this year to the subject of bathroom-using, I will attempt to familiarize everyone with bathrooms around the campus area.

Women, if you are between home and school and realize that you must go to the bathroom, I suggest that you run to the fourth floor of the Memorial Union. There you will find the best bathroom in Madison, complete with a luxurious and well-furnished lounge. This set-up is coveted by every male on campus.

The union does not provide the male with any such paradise. The best it has to offer is a long john near the barbershop on the first floor. The graffiti that gave this men's room so much character in the past is gone however, covered by a topping that also blocks out any possible reading light.

ON THE SECOND floor, the male can find what may be termed, "the most disappointing

bathroom in Madison." You walk inside and find two urinals but (God help you) no stalls. Many fiendish upperclassmen get their kicks watching groaning freshmen running inside.

If convenient, study in the Historical Society instead of the Memorial Library. Its fourth floor bathroom (I have not seen the others) is far more private and cleaner than anything the Memorial Library has to offer. I think people are hired in the Memorial Library to spend entire days using the stalls on the first floor; they are never vacant.

The Men's Room of the second floor has lost much appeal since someone drilled eye-level holes between the stalls. (Incidentally, there are bathrooms in the stacks but don't try to find them if you're in a hurry.)

You don't expect much in the way of bathrooms from the University whose center for ecology, the Arboretum, has restrooms "more appropriate for a swamp" than a preservative, and you don't get it. Outside of the highly acclaimed new bathrooms of White Hall (which have been compared favorably to the women's lounge in the Union), few are very noteworthy.

THE RESTROOMS in Van Vleck are without doubt the best on the hill, but who wants to go into Van Vleck? Those in Van Hise would be much better if toilet paper were added.

OTHER LAVATORIES on the hill are mediocre or impossible to find. Most bathrooms in the Education building are horren-

dous. The ones in Science Hall are the most embarrassing because you always find your professors at the neighboring urinal. When you come upon the ever-present "out of order" sign in Bascom Hall, good luck.

A valiant attempt to have a nice bathroom was made in the Psychology building. However failure was assured once towels were eliminated in favor of those tedious heater-dryers.

Near camps one will find little comfort in bathrooms. Only in

Where to go in Madison?



products, he should try Burger Chef, MacDonalds, Lum's or the Women's Room at the Brathaus.

Little more can be said about Madison bathrooms near and on campus except that Gino's has the most humorous. Has anyone ever walked out of them without stubbing a toe?

Also on the funny side of bathrooms, it might be noted that in the Whole Earth Co-op's restroom there are visual instructions on how to organically relieved by stooping on the stool.

It is likely that you will go to the bathroom this year. Until you, the typical Madison toilet user, find a lavatory in which you feel perfectly comfortable, I recommend you sit at home.

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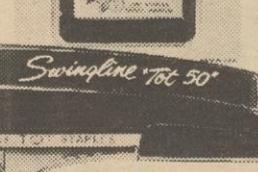
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Cruzin '71

By DIX BRUCE
of the Cardinal Staff



photos
by
Jeff Jayson



Tom Canyon is pushing eighteen and a junior at West High. He takes woodworking and business education classes in the mornings and gets work credit in the afternoons to work at the Park St. Gulf station. His mother is a secretary and his sister lives at home. Tom's parents are divorced.

Nobody in Tom's family ever went to college and no one expects Tom to go.

Dick is Tom's best friend. They work at the Gulf station together and on Friday nights when they don't have to work, they cruise together in Dick's '58 Chevy.

Dick dropped out of High School last year when being a junior got to be too much. He always wanted to go out for football, but never could give up smoking long enough to fool the coach.

Dick's car is practically home-made. He bought it three years ago when he was sixteen and has spent every free hour since customizing it. He rebuilt the engine and took off the regular mufflers to make it sound good. He found an old tachometer in the junk pile at the station and mounted it on the hood outside the car. To finish it off he jacked the back end up about a foot, took off the bumpers, and painted it primer grey, (in lieu of pink metal-flake).

Last Friday night, both Dick and Tom got off work early and had a pretty routine night on the square. Some of the guys got drunk, some got laid, and some got a ticket for speeding or a too loud muffler.

There were a lot of cars on the square at 7:30 and Tom and Dick saw most of the usual gang. Tom rolled down the pickup window and yelled at Al in the red Mustang.

"How they hangin' Al?"

"Three in a bunch, what you wanna know for?" Al grinned back.

"You just wish I wanted to know. You goin' over to Kings?" Tom asked.

"I might after a while, goin' to look around a little first," and Al squealed off.

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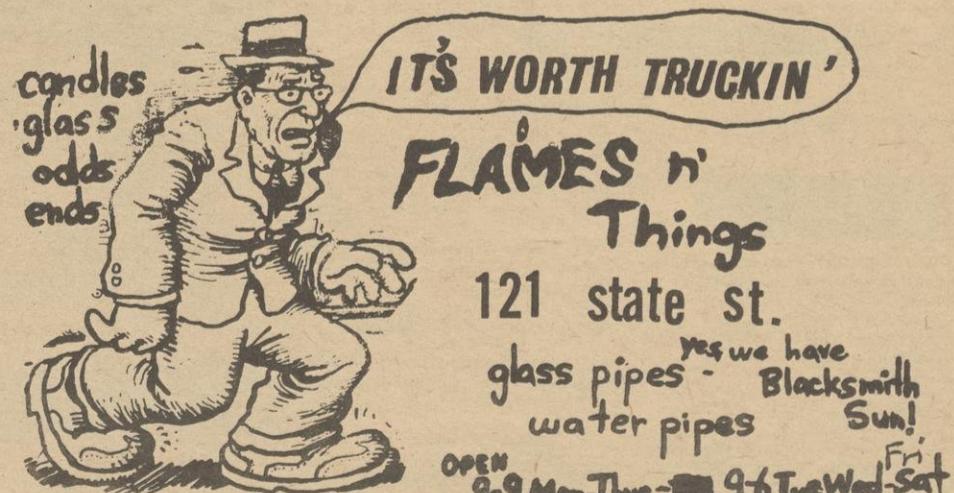
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1966

At the zoo...

By ELLEN GONIS
of the Cardinal Staff

Maybe you've dreamed of traveling around the world, but for lack of money and time the trip seemed impossible. Yet only 75 miles east of Madison the whole world is waiting for you.

Sometime when you feel like leaving the University and homework behind, drive to the Milwaukee County Zoo where in one day you can tour North and South America, Australia, Asia, and Africa—for free.

The tour begins at the aviary exhibit where more than 800 birds from all over the world can be seen. Swans and pink flamingoes make their homes in the lagoons outside the building.

INSIDE, ANTARCTIC conditions are simulated for the glass-enclosed penguin exhibit. These fascinating birds swim, play, and nest in their special quarters. Visitors can see a feeding time show everyday at 2 p.m.

The Aquatic Hall is an open society, no birds are behind bars or screens or glass so ducks, geese, herons, and egrets may fly by as you are strolling through. Rainforest Hall with its perching birds and Shorebird Hall with its shore and marsh birds and vibrantly colored macaws conclude the walk through the aviary—a refreshing innovation to the parakeet cage in your living room.

After leaving the bird house, walk down the path to Monkey Island where over 100 rhesus monkeys frolic among the rocks and trees, climb ropes and ring a big locomotive bell. Children and adults alike can watch the monkeys' antics for hours.

"Welcome to the monkey house," Samson, the "king" of the Milwaukee Zoo, seems to say. The giant 595 pound Lowland gorilla is perhaps the most popular animal in the zoo. Viewed through a large glass window, Samson fascinates visitors with his amazing human-like actions. He may peel an orange with his front teeth, let the rind fall to the floor, and delicately place the slices in his mouth. Anthropoid apes, old and new world monkeys are also exhibited in the primate house.

THE REPTILE HOUSE and aquarium maybe the next stop on your trip. The Amazon River with its fish and fowl is recreated in one corner of the building. Fresh water dolphins swim, glide, and roll in a continuing tank show. They are fed at 10, 12, 1, 2, and 4. Alligators, snakes, lizards, and turtles are all seen here in their natural habitat.

In the small mammal house the exhibits are divided into diurnal mammals (active in daytime) like harbor seals, squirrel monkeys, foxes, and tree shrews, and nocturnal mammals (active at night)—like bats. The lights in the nocturnal exhibits are electronically controlled so during zoo visiting hours, the lights are dimmed and the mammals remain active and after the zoo closes, the lights are brightened and the animals rest and sleep. The best of all possible worlds—man controls the environment—his own!

Behind the small mammal house is deer park where the brave can mingle with the tame deer and feed them.

The North American exhibit is next on the tour. You can see bison, grizzly bears, polar bears, American elk, Alaskan moose and other native American animals. The visitors can even feed the sea lions, if the food supply hasn't gone the way of the deer.

KANGAROOS AND OTHER marsupials travel in giant hops in their Australian yard. Viewing these animals can be exhilarating in itself as they spring across the grass using their large tails to balance themselves between jumps. Australia's flightless emu bird also lives here. During the cold seasons these animals can be seen inside their winter quarters.

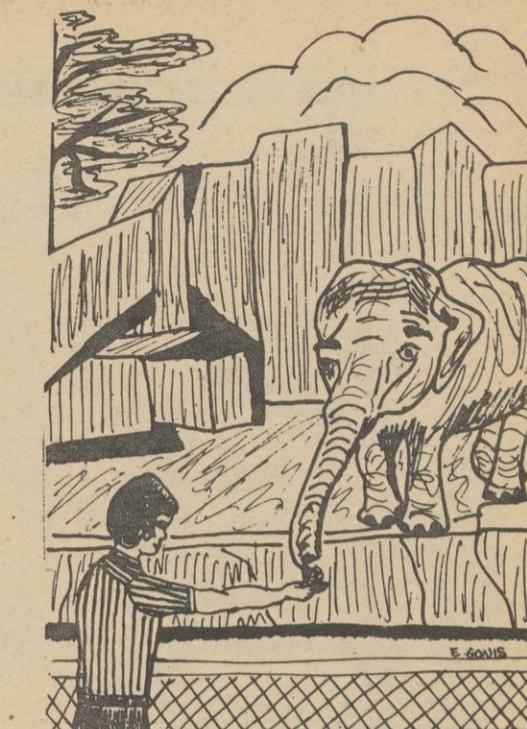
Skipping continents, one next encounters Africa, where one can see the predator lions and their natural prey: zebras, ostriches, and antelope separated into two groups by an invisible moat which provides a safe barrier between the



animals. Other animals featured in the African area include the African elephants who can be seen bathing themselves, the white rhinoceroses, the hippopotamuses, and the long-necked reticulated giraffes. During the winter, the felines, the elephants, and the giraffes can be viewed from picture windows inside their buildings.

The exotic llamas, anteaters, tapirs, and the jaguar inhabit the South American exhibit. These unusual animals are seldom together in the native latin continent, but again an invisible moat protects prey from predator. The moat is the zoo's equivalent to an animal gun control law.

BENGAL TIGERS, Himalayan black bears, Malayan tapirs, and Indian rhinoceroses are



included in the Asiatic continental grouping. But the animals the American urbanite seems to enjoy most in Asia are the Indian elephants. These elephants will precariously lean over the moat and eagerly accept any food—popcorn, peanuts, marshmallows—from generous or teasing visitors. The animals suck up the food with their trunks and place the goodies in their mouths.

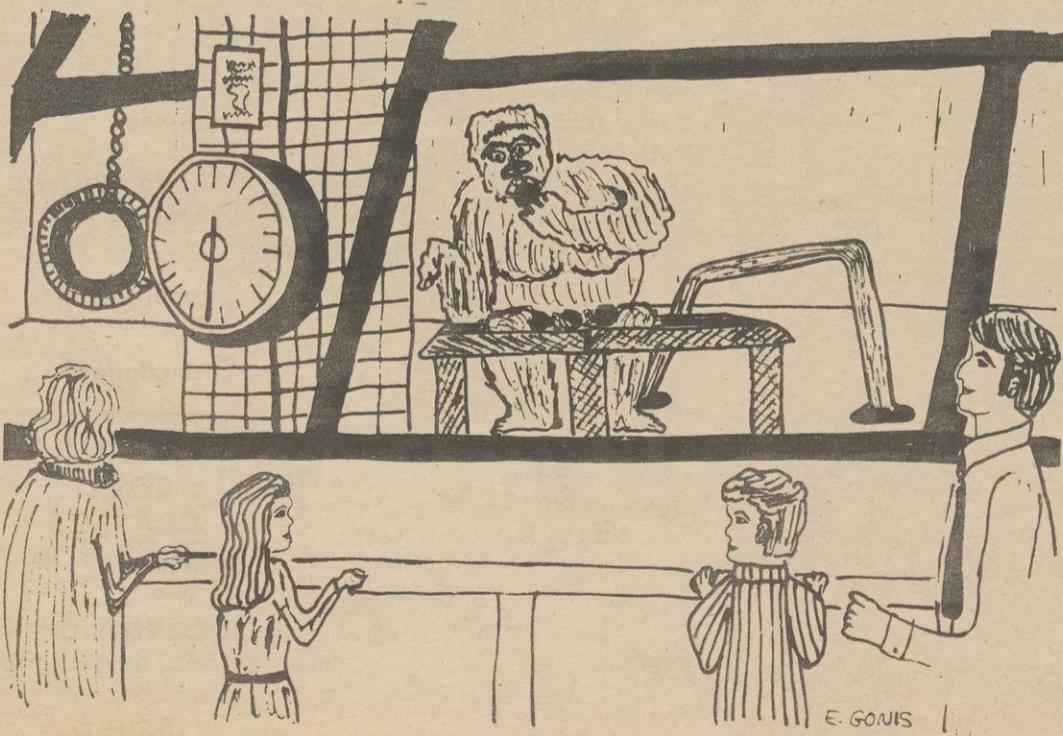
As in the Henry Vilas Zoo in Madison the Milwaukee County Zoo's newest attraction is the children's zoo where youngsters can touch, pet, and feed baby animals such as llamas, deer, and lion cubs. Domestic babies—heifers, ponies, goat kids, lambs, and chicks—live on a miniature farm. There is an additional entrance fee to the children's zoo which is open only during the warmer months (and closed after Labor Day).

For those zoo visitors who can't hack the walking tour, there are (1) the zooland train, a six minute ride—25 cents for adults, 15 cents for children; (2) the zoomobile with a guide who delivers a canned talk about the animals during the ride—adults, 50 cents, children 30; (3) wheelchairs, \$1.50 a day; (4) and baby strollers, 50 cents a day.

Other features of the zoo are of a more established variety, they include an information booth, refreshment stands, a restaurant, picnic tables, and of course a souvenir stand.

SOME VISITORS feel the Milwaukee Zoo is money oriented, but then, again, most zoos are. Every "extra" costs something at the zoo—the rides, the parking, the strollers and the new children's zoo. If visitors do a little planning in advance of their trip, they can cut down on expenditures and insure themselves of a good time.

Arrive before 11 a.m. Opening time is 9:30 a.m. all year around. There is an entrance fee of 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children under 16 after 11, but before that it's free. Park your car outside the zoo grounds and there is no parking fee. Parking inside is 50 cents per car. Make a bag or picnic lunch to bring along and eat at tables inside the restaurant building or at one of the many picnic areas inside the zoo. Don't forget the zoo is also open during the winter when there are no crowds and there is more to see than you might expect.



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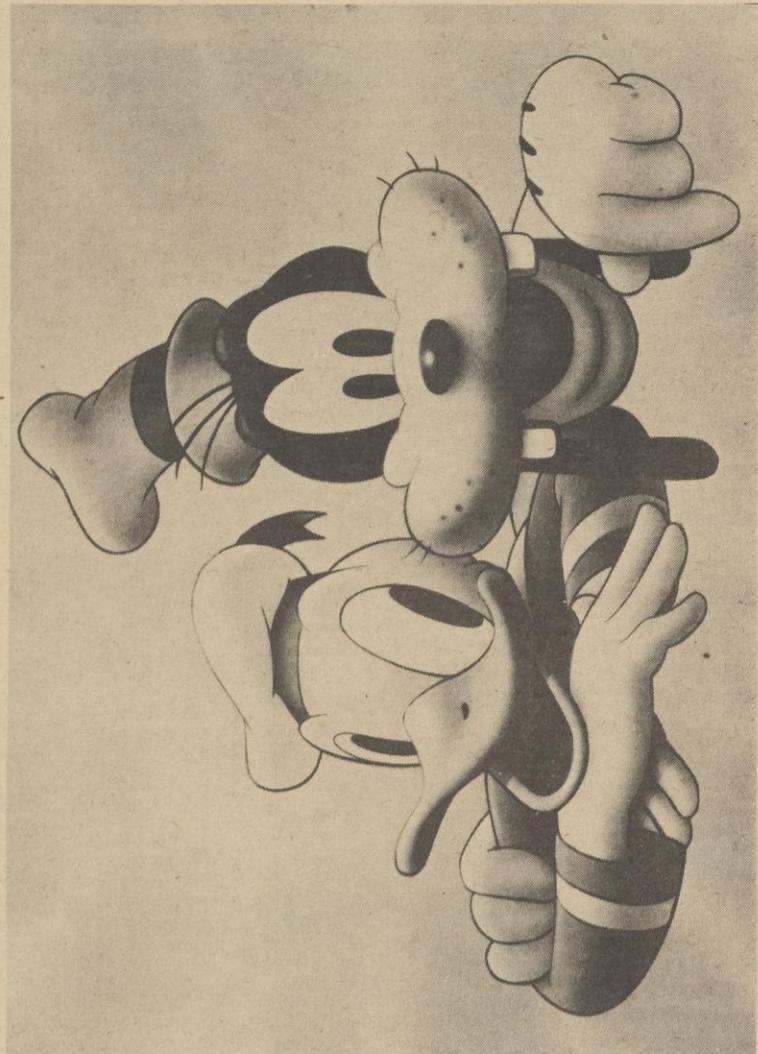
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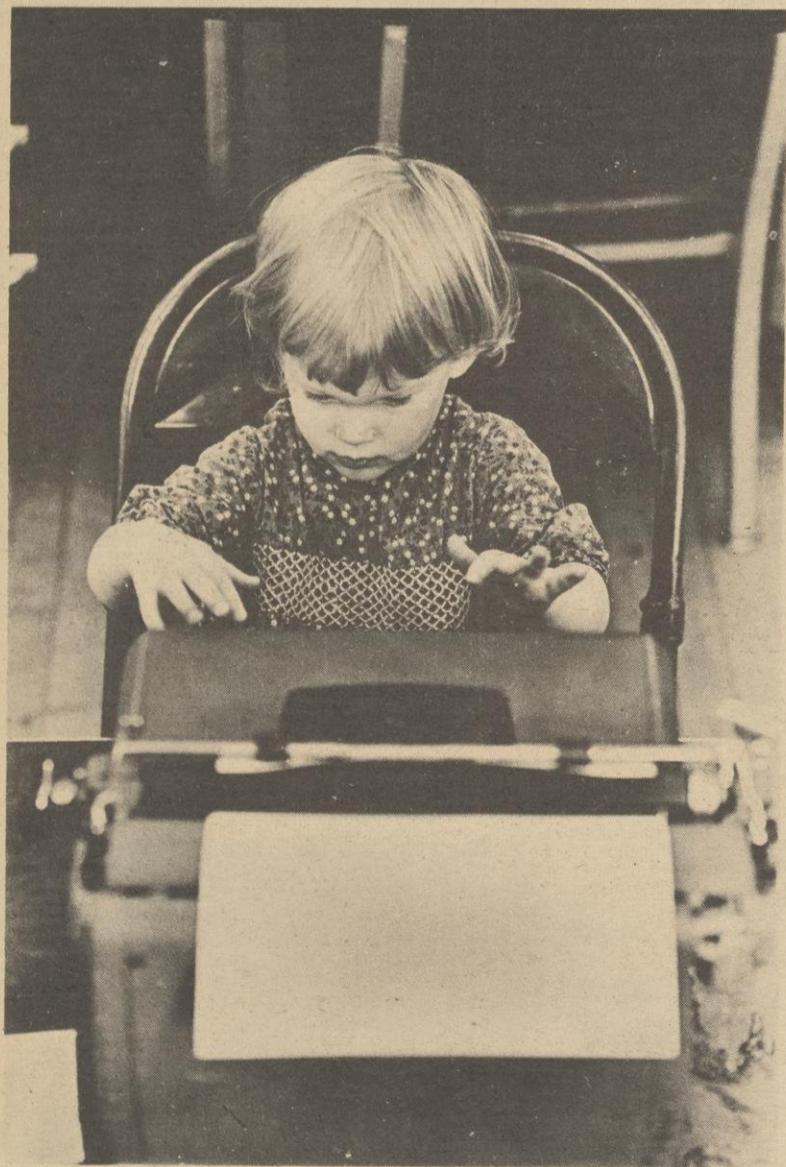
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