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Coming of age in America

COMING OF AGE IN AMERICA—a review of *BLACKBERRY WINTER, MY EARLIER YEARS* by Margaret Mead. William Morrow & Co., New York, 1972. \$8.95.

Review by Jean Taylor
Review copy donated by University Bookstore

Autobiographies present an unusual opportunity for the famous to rearrange facts which are already public knowledge. So it is with great interest that one takes up *Blackberry Winter*, the autobiography of an anthropologist whose career has been devoted to arranging and analysing material on other peoples' lives. The result makes fascinating reading, for Margaret Mead is at all times concerned to distill the essence of her experience, to illuminate aspects of American culture through tracing the course of an extraordinarily productive life.

She came from the school of Franz Boas who sent young anthropologists out, inspired with a sense of mission, to record primitive cultures before they should be swept away by war or by contact with an increasingly uniform "world culture." Ruth Benedict was then developing the concept of cultural character, and they were all bound up with the theories of Freud and Jung and only barely perceiving, from their island remotenesses, to what terrible use theories of cultural character were being put in Hitler's Germany.

Through a chronological framework that follows her famous fieldtrips, Mead sums up what she learnt as a scholar and a person. She came to believe that all are born with the same range of human potentialities, but that each culture, because of its history and environment, selectively emphasizes only some of those traits and calls them the norm. (In this view, a society's deviants are those who are not temperamentally comfortable with the set of characteristics emphasized by their culture.)

This theory Mead illustrates with reference to her work in eastern New Guinea. She noted that among the Arapesh both women and men were expected to conform to a single type of behavior: gentle, docile, tender towards children, while a neighbouring ethnic group, the Mundugumor, followed the opposite extreme. Only aggressive personalities in men and women were culturally allowed, and this was coupled with a strong rejection of children. The Tchambuli, however, had

developed different standards of behavior for each sex. Women were thought of as brisk, competent; they went about the business of making a living while their men spend each day in the men's houses, where appearance and status were their most pressing concerns.

For many years Mead has campaigned for an American society rid of its traditional cultural styling of personality that

birth of five children, she went on to complete a doctorate in anthropology. Her subject of study had been American Indians, and Mead's family moved constantly during her childhood, following the demands of her mother's career. Both of Mead's grandmothers had been schoolteachers in small towns in the Midwest, alive to the capacities and social duties of women.

Mead pays tribute to her family in this

time—it was 1920—Greek-letter societies held the life of Midwestern campuses in a tight, destructive grip. Groups were exceedingly rivalrous and those, like Mead, not invited to join were totally ostracized. Of the eleven women excluded from sororities in her year, some were Jews, some Roman Catholics, some brilliant, none pretty. From this, admittedly slight, experience of discrimination, Mead analyses the effects of ostracism on the personality of the excluded. When she withdrew from DePauw Mead was on the point of being invited to join a sorority and says, with characteristic honesty, "I would not have known enough to refuse."

Mead's autobiography records the intellectual climate of America before the second world war, as she moves from New England, to the Midwest, to the life centered round Columbia University in New York. She is a gifted woman from a gifted family, and has made her ideas accessible to a wide audience through popular publications. *Coming of Age in Samoa* was a best-seller when it first appeared in 1927.

She won her many grants in part through her female condition, an inability to carry children safely. Later, and after many miscarriages, she did bear her first and only child at the age of thirty-eight. The chapters on her daughter provide a base for discussing parent-child relations and natural childbirth—"the elaborate and beneficent preparation for child bearing invented and elaborated by men to indoctrinate women (the phrase is a masculine one) with the idea that childbirth is natural."

Because Mead is well versed in organizing material, she draws here selectively from her own experiences up to the war years. Thus, she allows Bateson to slip from sight after the birth of her daughter with no mention of the litigation over their Bali material.

Mead ends her narrative with thoughts on rearing children and on the increasing compartmentalising of American life where age groups are cut off from each other. Her autobiography should make stimulating reading for all who are today concerned with reshaping their lives, as well as for those interested in the life of a remarkable professional woman whose career has spanned fifty years of this century.



demanded different types of behavior and competences from men and women. But it was not only her observations as a professional that led Mead to these conclusions. She had been raised in a household that reversed the roles expected of boys and girls in early twentieth century America. The opening chapters of *Blackberry Winter* trace her childhood and particularly the influence of both her grandmothers on her rearing. Her family was unusual. Her mother was one of the first women to attend the University of Chicago and, despite the

book, and her compassion and warmth of personality often break through when speaking of relatives and friends. Her marriages, on the other hand, she discusses in the detached terms of a social scientist, and she uses two of them, to British anthropologists, as an opportunity for an examination of her theories on temperament and cultural character.

Another example of her ability to take an incident from her own life and endow it with a wider social significance is her account of a year spent at DePauw University. At that

Charlie Parker- Bebop

Bird Lives!
The High Life and Hard Times of Charlie (Yardbird) Parker by Ross Russell. Charterhouse, \$8.95 404 pp. Includes bibliography, discography, index, and 16 pp. of pictures.

Review by Donald M. Clarke
Review copy courtesy of the University Book Store

Bop king dies in heiress flat, screamed the headline in the New York Mirror. "... He died in New York in the depths of drugs and alcohol," says the publisher's ad for this book in the New York Times Book Review, eighteen years later. If you read the book, you find out that Charlie Parker died of stress: the triple stress of being Black, a jazz musician, and a genius, in America. He poured booze and smack on the stress, but it got worse and worse. At the end, he had pneumonia, heart trouble, and a stomach perforated with ulcers. The heiress was the Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter, member of an English branch of the Rothschild family. She was a patroness of the Black music of the time; in the great European salon tradition, her apartment was open to her favorite musicians, who gathered there to visit, listen to records, and jam. She was, of course, libeled by the scandal magazines for nursing Parker during his final illness.

Charlie Parker was born in Kansas City, Kansas in 1920. When he was eight or nine

years old, the family moved across the river to Kansas City, Missouri. The move coincided with the coming to power in Kansas City of the Democratic machine of Tom Pendergast, and Kansas City was becoming a wide-open town. There was plenty of work for musicians, and K.C. became the last of the regional centers where young jazz musicians could serve the toughest kind of apprenticeship. Before a conviction for income tax evasion and the election of a reform movement put Pendergast out of business and shut down the glorious birth of Kansas City jazz, Charlie Parker had become a genius who changed the course of music forever.

A bunch of bands full of fine musicians had already come out of Kansas City. Out of Bennie Moten's band came that of Count Basie. There was Harlan Leonard and his Rockets. In 1939, the year of Pendergast's downfall, the Jay McShann orchestra, the last of the great Kansas City bands, left town to hit the big time, taking with it the precocious, spoiled, nineteen-year-old Yardbird, who had gotten his nickname from his liking for chicken as it was served in the night clubs where he had worshipped his idols.

The emphasis in Kansas City jazz was on the blues, and on a swinging, driving, inexorable beat. The Count Basie band had become the toughest, drivingest band of all while not bothering with written music, because the thing that mattered was swinging a riff behind an improvising soloist rather than playing a fancy arrangement. The swing had a rough, lusty, powerhouse quality to it, only partly reflected in the recordings of the period. The Louis Armstrong influence on jazz was beginning to wane to the extent that the focus was turning to the saxophone. Men like Coleman Hawkins were the new professors. In the Basie band, Lester Young was playing the freshest stuff around, drenched in the blues, with original ideas and some startling changes. Jo Jones, the band's drummer, had invented a way of keeping time on the high-hat cymbal instead of the drum-heads

themselves, giving the drum kit an airy, subtle sound. Charlie Christian, who played with Benny Goodman until his death from T.B. at 23, revolutionized guitar playing with an advanced, bluesy style on an electric instrument. (Christian, too, came out of K.C. by way of Oklahoma.) There was a new jazz sound in the air, and when it formed itself, it would be called be-bop, or bop for short, a word which stuck even though nobody liked it. The young leader of the sax section in McShann's band would blaze the trail.

Charlie Parker idolized Lester Young and memorized all his recorded solos. While mastering his instrument, the teen-aged Bird got laughed off the bandstand while trying to sit in on jam sessions. Unaware that only a few keys were really useful in jazz at the time, and without a competent teacher, he went home and learned all the keys, committing them to memory. He learned how to make the same notes in different ways on his horn, and that each way had a slightly different sound to it. He had a photographic memory, and finally became able to modulate from any key to any other key, providing a tremendous challenge to any musicians playing with him. He was solidly grounded in the blues, and became familiar with the chord structures of all the thirty-two bar pop-tunes of the day; he was able to compose new tunes on these structures off the top of his head. As Fats Waller had created "Honeysuckle Rose" as a variation on "Tea for Two", Charlie Parker composed many tunes on, for example, "I Got Rhythm", rarely bothering to write them down.

But there was more to bop than technical proficiency. The music which led to the Black music of today was composed partly of music and partly of changing social attitudes. The white power structure in the entertainment business had stolen the commercial appeal of jazz during the swing era of the nineteen-thirties. The technically amazing dance-band music invented during



THERE'S STILL TIME TO SUBLET YOUR PAD
in the Summer & Fall Housing Supplement

See page 11
for details

(continued on page 2)

BIRD LIVES

(continued from page 1)

the nineteen-twenties by Duke Ellington, Don Redman and Fletcher Henderson was watered down and made into a fad by white bandleaders in the thirties, who made most of the money. When the Basie band landed its first recording contract, Decca records took advantage of Basie's inexperience by paying the band a flat fee with no royalties; the record company made pots of money on the band's best-selling records. After World War Two, as after every major war, everybody wanted and expected a new deal from the society in which they lived. But post-war booms in America turned out to be for white suburbanites only. Blacks had fought for the country in segregated units; after the war, the armed forces were integrated, but when the Red Norvo trio, in the early fifties, landed a television assignment, they had to replace Charlie Mingus with a white bass player.

The bopsters invented a new style and stole jazz back. Bop was a brilliant music

requiring some musical sophistication and some willingness to listen. It could be danceable and even beautiful in its ballad style; eventually it became 'cool' and affected everything down to Muzak and T.V. commercials. But in its purest form it was angry, fast and loud. As personalities, Lester Young was the first hipster, and Charlie Parker was the first angry young man in jazz. Clowning and put-ons ruled the day, and sometimes the squares didn't even know they were being put on. The most brilliant music of the day was panned in the music magazines. There was controversy between traditionalists and modernists. "Bop has put jazz back twenty years," said Tommy Dorsey, but the bopsters won the popularity polls.

They were not only musical heroes, but cultural ones as well. For Dizzy Gillespie, the clowning was part of the act, and the public loved it. As a result, Dizzy was good copy, while Parker was not. Parker's rejection of everything white society stood for led to prodigious drinking, eating, heroin addiction, and sex. Women threw themselves at him, and he took special descending pleasure with the white ones. All the while, Bird was playing roles with consummate perfection. Life in this country for Blacks has always required con, guile, and play-acting; Bird brought it to a high art, at what must have been a terrible psychological price. Miles Davis, who served a hard apprenticeship with Bird, later perfected the art of turning his back on the audience. John Coltrane, Archie Shepp, and dozens of other jazz greats owe much to

Parker, not only musically but in their demand for respect for their talent.

Charlie Parker didn't die too soon. He knew that he had lived his life to the fullest; he admitted to Lennie Tristano that he had played all the possible variations on the blues. His status as innovator and cultural hero was already beginning to slip. And the stress of the constant put-on was beginning to tell; he had had several ulcer attacks. On New Years day, 1955, he remarked that he hadn't thought he'd live to see that year, and quoted these lines from the Rubaiyat:

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring,

Your Winter garment of Repentence fling;

The Bird of Time has but a little way

To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing. In *Bird Lives*, Ross Russell has written a book which will become a cornerstone of the expanding jazz bibliography. It is vital that books such as this one be researched before all the original sources are gone. Mr. Russell recorded Bird as head of Dial records, and has also written the immensely valuable *Jazz Style in Kansas City and the Southwest* (Univ. of Calif. press). He interviewed dozens of people and exhaustively researched the legendary anecdotes and earlier writings. His book is at once scholarly and very readable. It is revealing of Bird's greatness, yet free from hyperbole and hero-worship. It is a model of its kind and deserves to be read by anyone who cares about music or about the society we live in. I have only one small quibble: Mr. Russell points out that Bird maintained a

heroin appetite without once—in fifteen years—getting busted for possession. We also learn that Parker's cabaret card was revoked at the suggestion of narcotics police, preventing him from working anyplace in New York where liquor was served. The obvious connection is not made that this action was evidently taken without any evidence. Perhaps it's too obvious.

ELVEHJEM ART CENTER APRIL CALENDAR

EXHIBITIONS:

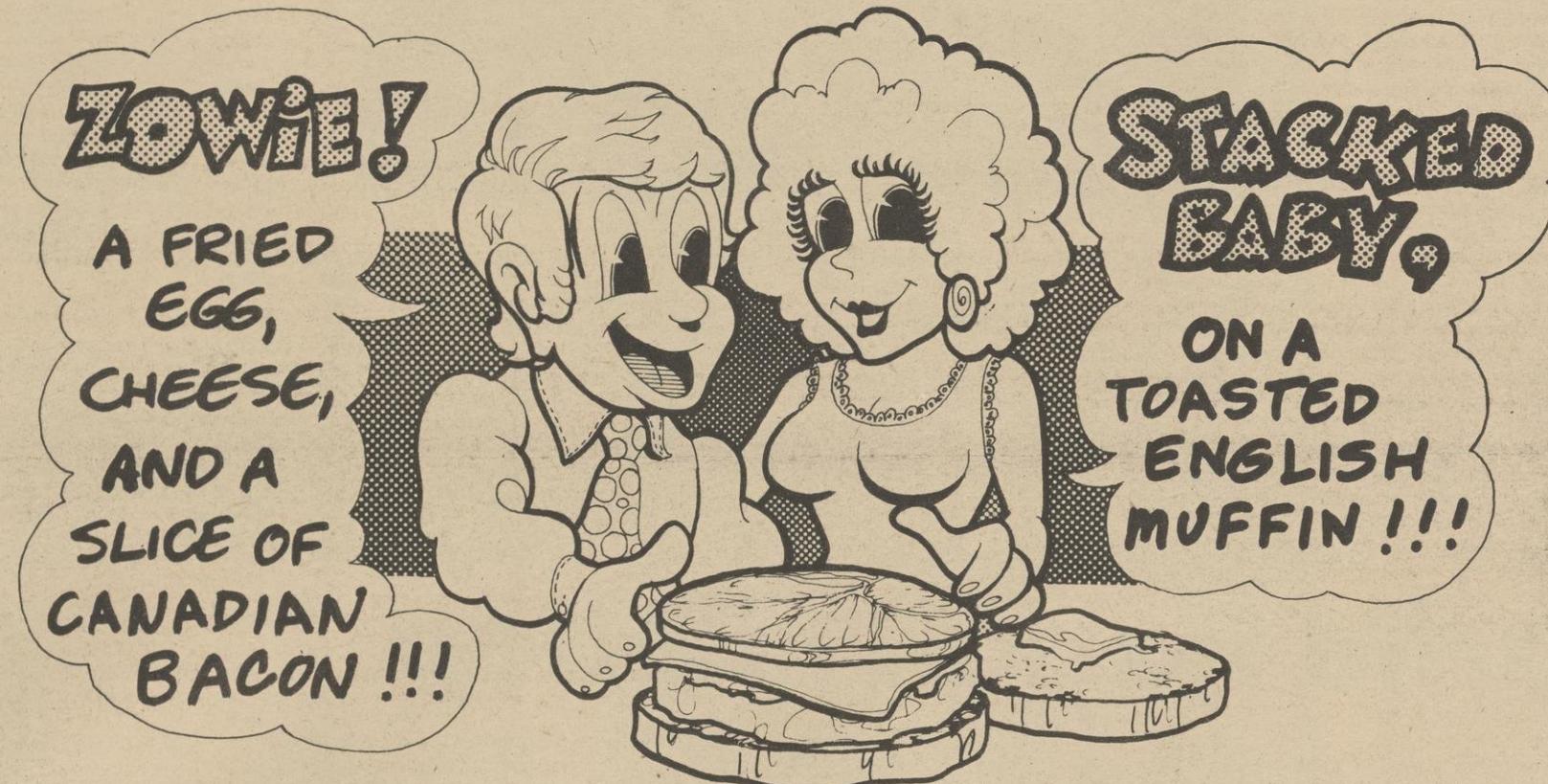
(continuing) *Italian Renaissance Festival Designs*. Through May 6. Mayer Gallery.

(opening) *The Artist and the Land; Canadian Landscape Painting, 1670-1930*. April 11 through May 23. In the Birmingham Galleries.

MINI-LECTURES

Wednesday, April 11-12-13-15. *Canadian Landscape Painting*. A general introduction to the exhibition of 74 paintings spanning the years 1670-1930, including paintings by the earliest missionaries, British army officers, academic painters, and the vigorous landscape paintings by the group of 7.

Wednesday, April 25-26-15. *The Pioneer Painters*. The beginning of a series of special mini-lectures on major groups of Canadian Landscape painters.



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Women and Madness

Women and Madness, by Phyllis Chesler. Doubleday. \$8.95

Review by Karen Stevenson

Traditionally accepted policies of the mental health establishment and the theory and ideology underlying them are being attacked with increasing frequency these days. Phyllis Chesler's *Women and Madness* will surely fan the growing fire, for it re-examines these policies and ideologies as they affect women, by encouraging conformity to the stereotyped female role and punishing deviations from it.

Weaving Greek myth, National Institute of Mental Health statistics, brief pictures of such famous "madwomen" as Zelda Fitzgerald and Sylvia Plath, psychological study results, interviews of female patients and a good deal of pure polemics, the author has probably attempted to integrate too much into 330 pages, but has nevertheless written a book that is engrossing and thoroughly provocative.

THE PAST DECADE has seen a dramatic increase in the number of women receiving psychiatric treatment in and out of hospitals, in comparison with the numbers of such men, along with patterns of frequent recurring hospitalizations and longer stays. Dr. Chesler argues that what is considered madness in women is actually either carrying to extremes the accepted and conditioned female role (traits which are not generally held in high regard, such as dependence,

inactivity, self-doubt and depression), or oppositely, the attempt to reject the role. Thus, the unhappy, nervous, overly emotional, dependent "neurotic" woman, or the aggressive, hostile woman with "unresolved masculine strivings."

This thesis seems to contain more than a core of truth and

number by those who feel that the disease is physiological and not psychological at all) seems misleading and grossly simplistic.

FAR MORE COMPELLING are her discussions of the male-dominated clinical practice of psychiatry and psychology, and the apparent double standard of mental health for women and men

maternity and domesticity. This definition of femaleness demands a great sacrifice of self, a sacrifice which troubles and unbalances increasing numbers of women.

Dr. Chesler is a feminist and thus sees many things from a distinctly untraditional viewpoint. What Freud called the female's

duplication of the same kind of dependent relationship. (I don't think that she adequately explains how the boy child escapes the same kind of "incest model" of sexuality.)

A substantial part of the book is devoted to presenting portions of interviews with 54 women about their "psychiatric careers." Dr. Chesler tries to show numerically as well as through her discussions of the interviews that these women's experiences support her theory of female mental illness as sex-role alienation, and "treatment" as society's punishment for it. One's sympathy and indignation are indeed aroused by these stories of unhappiness, humiliation, involuntary admission to mental hospitals and too-frequent exploitation by the mental health "community." I am not quite as certain as Dr. Chesler that it was primarily their femaleness that caused this misery.

Each reader will no doubt respond with a unique combination of reactions to the many assertions, arguments, and presentations of data in this book, on the basis of his or her own experiences, intuitions and biases; obviously nothing approaching a definite proof or disproof of a theory of mental illness or health is possible. But perhaps there will be many like me, who while wincing and cursing under my breath at specific oversimplifications and overstatements, was profoundly moved and alarmed by *Women and Madness*.

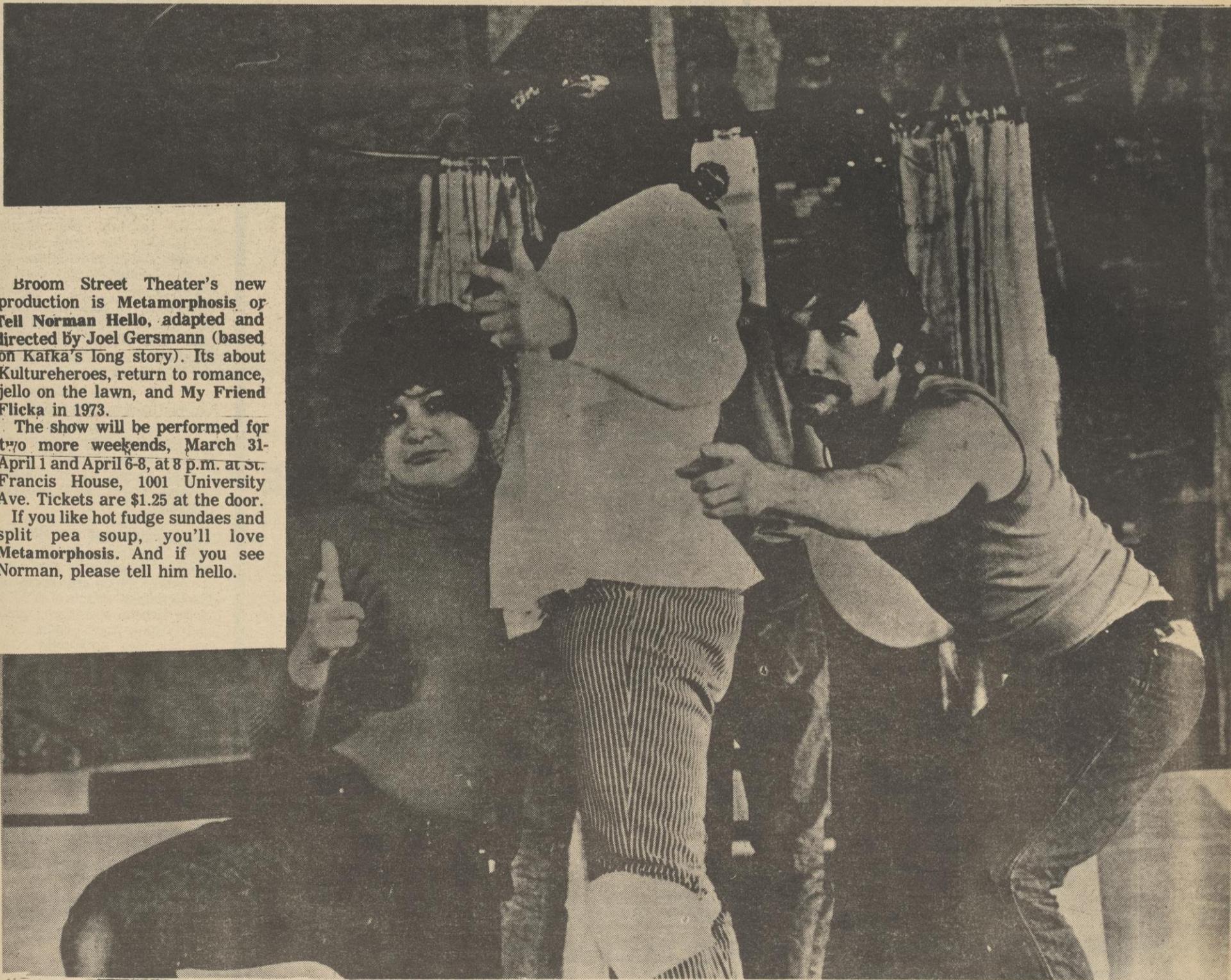


deserves careful consideration and research, but, as with many of the ideas put forth in the book, it is an overstatement. For instance, in citing results from three studies of schizophrenic patients, she concludes that their "alienation from their sex role" is the main component of their disease. To latch onto these three modest studies, and draw stronger conclusions from them than the researchers themselves did, while failing to even mention the volumes of theory and research on the complex subject of schizophrenia (including a vast

which is almost universally held. "Although the limited 'ego resources,' and unlimited 'dependence,' and fearfulness of most women is pitied, disliked, and 'diagnosed' by society and its agent-clinicians, any other kind of behavior is unacceptable in women!"

Quoting from such fathers of psychoanalytic theory as Freud, Jung, Bettelheim and Erikson, Dr. Chesler points to the undeniable fact that the behavior and personality which is defined as healthy for women by these theorists is narrowly centered in

Oedipal complex, she interprets as a deprivation of maternal nurturance suffered by girls (because of the mother's conditioned preference for boys) which forces the girl child into her father's arms, looking for love. Thus the incestuous model of sexuality is indelibly ingrained in the girl and leads her to seek dependent, heterosexual relationships with paternal figures as an adult. She sees the institution of private psychotherapy, with female patient and authoritative therapist-father figure as a



Broom Street Theater's new production is *Metamorphosis or Tell Norman Hello*, adapted and directed by Joel Gersmann (based on Kafka's long story). It's about Kultureheroes, return to romance, jello on the lawn, and *My Friend Flicka* in 1973.

The show will be performed for two more weekends, March 31-April 1 and April 6-8, at 8 p.m. at St. Francis House, 1001 University Ave. Tickets are \$1.25 at the door.

If you like hot fudge sundaes and split pea soup, you'll love *Metamorphosis*. And if you see Norman, please tell him hello.

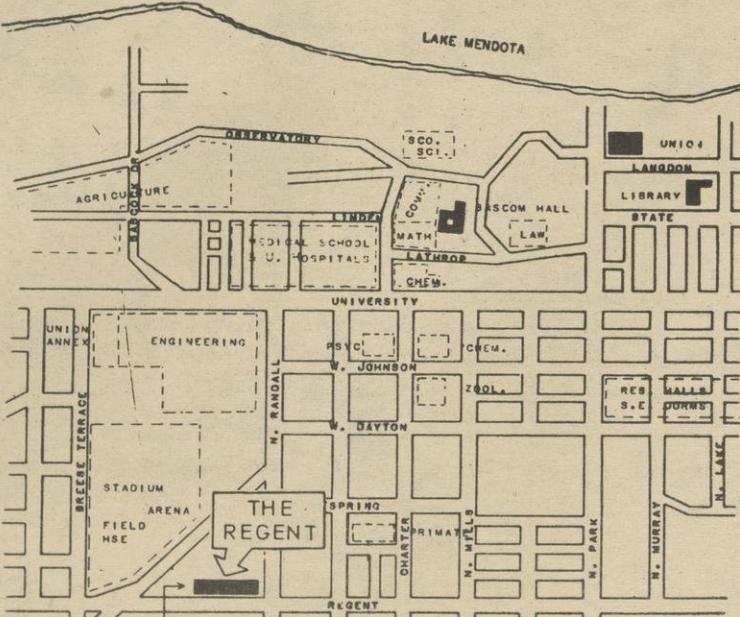
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Under the Covers

By GARY VAN RYZIN

In introducing this column I'd like to say just a few words.

1. This column will pertain to recorded music; its recording, distribution and topics related to the industry in general.

2. I will welcome any inquiries, letters of complaint etc. pertaining to record companies, artists, record quality. Any questions about stereo equipment will be welcomed but remember, I'm no electronic wizard. All questions should be forwarded to the Daily Cardinal.

TODAY'S TOPIC

"THE GRAMMY AWARDS"

Everyone's got awards for excellence, the "Oscar" for movies the "Emmy" for TV and the "Toni" for stage. Well, the recording industry is never far behind anyone and therefore, we have the Grammy and Country Music Awards for outstanding musical achievement.

Whether the awards are a measure of musical achievement is a matter of debate. Rather, they are a measure of industry muscle.

To win the awards you must get the most votes and to get the most votes you must play an old game called "Stuff the Ballot Box."

To be able to vote in this yearly muscle show you must be a vocalist, musician, conductor, A&R man, songwriter, engineer, or mixer, master engineer, art director etc., on any six (a magic number in the industry for some reason) 45 sides or album cuts. Besides this you must have \$20.00 in your pocket and can prove that you're identified with the industry (this rule invalidates for all practical purposes all other qualifications).

Send the whole package off to the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences and . . . you can vote.

So what happens? Well usually the different record companies will register everyone they can lay hands on. Clerks, typists, arrangers even field representatives are pressed into service. And along with the nomination lists the major manufacturer will hand out the "preferred" list of nominees.

By the time the smoke clears and everyone has expressed thanks to "all those little people that made it all possible," there is not that much real talent left to bother with.

Hoofer Sailing Club will be holding a pier-in and administrative work parties Saturday and Sunday from nine-five each day. We need all the help we can get, so why not lend a hand?

PERFORMANCES:

Saturday, April 7—1 p.m.
Machiavelli's Mandragola. Paige Ct.

Sunday, April 8—2 p.m.
Machiavelli's Mandragola. Paige Ct.

RECORDS

Alice Cooper/Billion Dollar Babies BS 2685

Without the central figure-head of Alice Cooper, the other members of the band wouldn't survive, because of Alice's stage antics and strange personality which attract the commercial public to buy his albums.

Musically, the band of Alice Cooper have proved themselves to be quite competent musicians, but unfortunately they haven't followed up on their influences of jazz that were evident on songs like "Blue Turk" and "Grand Finale" from the album School's Out.

Alice Cooper has returned back to his fetishes of the days of Love It to Death to sing such songs as "Sick Things" and "I Love the Dead" which are the weaker songs on the album because they don't progress musically.

The highlights of the album include "Unfinished Sweet," which is about those painful moments at the dentist which are represented through sound effects of drills and distortions of a waa-waa guitar, and "Mary-Ann" which is a dreamy love song with a surprisingly good piano accompaniment.

Andy Stone

Someone who doesn't like a Gritty Burger would never like a Bogart Movie

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YOKO YOKO YOKO YOKO ONO ONO ONO

This interview was done by phone on 2/27/73 by people from WSRM (Wisconsin Student Radio of Madison) and was aired on 3/11/73 at 10:00 p.m. This is a slightly edited version of that interview. The interviewers were Bruce Ravid, Al Ferguson, and Andy Stone.

Bruce: In your latest album, you cover lots of subjects. Is there one general topic you hope to convey to anyone listening to the album?

Yoko: It's mainly an album about women, and I wanted to show how women are rather than just what they demand.

Bruce: Concerning the women's movement, do you think a lot of progress has been made?

Yoko: Yes, I think so. I think the main progress that has been made is the fact that we're now at the stage of convincing men that the feminist movement actually is good for men, as well, in the long run.

Bruce: The women aren't very happy about the swimming situation here. They feel that they don't have enough of an opportunity to swim. There's a men's swimming pool located in the middle of a huge male locker room. The men swim in the pool nude, and the women were hoping to gain access. They've gone in there a couple of times, and taken off their clothes and jumped in the water, and the people in charge there have called the police, and the women have been thrown out. Today, they showed up with newspaper photographers and newspaper reporters and went in the pool again. They're obviously trying to get a lot of publicity for this, and apparently most of the men who swim there would just as soon let the women swim there. Of course, you have the rules of the university. I was wondering if you have any comment on the situation itself or how the women are handling it?

Yoko: How about the men? How do they feel about it?

Bruce: I think that most of the men feel that if the women want to swim there, that's cool.

Yoko: Well, then there's no problem, is there, except the school, right?

Bruce: It's the school who feels that maybe women shouldn't be in there.

Yoko: It's very sad to hear that. I think that women should try to get more publicity about it,

and bring attention to the matter, not just in the school, but outside the school as well. If it gets enough

liberated, such as housewives that are really married to the house?

Yoko: That's exactly what I think, and that's why I made this album. You know "What a Bastard the World Is?"

Al: How would you try and reach them? Through the album?

Yoko: Hopefully through the album as well. I think everything that we do is a communication, in a sense that all statements we made to go the biographical or whatever—projecting ourselves in communicating. It's very important to think about the housewives and the middle American women, because without them the revolution would really not be complete.

Al: How would you suggest to liberate them? Having them leave the home and going on their own lives would be breaking up the home? How would you suggest for a woman who's been married ten or twelve years, and has two or three kids, to liberate herself?

Yoko: Well, if you tried to do it at once, naturally we're going to have to break up a lot of things. If you do it gradually, and gradually is really not gradually at all, because we're being so impatient. Time is accelerating, and therefore it'll be quite rapid anyway. You can't do it overnight, but say if we can do it in terms of like a year or two, that's all right.

attention, people will start to think about it.

Al: Personally, I see the women's revolution is getting to the women who are most available to it, like women in college and women who are in a career already. What about the women who really need to be

I know the problem's there, but unless the social structure changes, it's not going to work.

The dangerous thing now is that both men and women are thinking in terms of solving the problem by taking it out on their own private relationships. That's not where the problem is really, actually the problem is in the society. If men and women get together and fight to change the structure of the society, then it will work out. In other words, a woman would take it out on her husband saying that it was his fault, and men would take it out on their wives saying that they were not liberated enough or maybe too liberated, and they'd wind up taking it out on each other. The enemy is not at home, the enemy is just the structure.

Al: Are you saying, basically that not only women, but the entire relation should also liberate men?

Yoko: Oh sure, and also to realize that men are a victim of society as well, and so just blaming men and demanding something from them is not going

to help the situation at all. That swimming pool scene is very interesting. Every subject that comes up which deals with the subject of liberating women or the unreasonable situations of men and women relationships should focus public attention on it and expose it. In that way, people will start to think about it. I think that the society should come to a point where every person on Earth has their own song. These songs should be sung about something; your life, what you think or whatever. People are worried about saturation and overexposure, but there is no such thing as saturation in communication. The world is large enough to listen to everybody's words, so if we start to communicate with each other in songs, or in shaking hands or hugging, it'll be better.

Bruce: Concerning the liner notes in which you talked about childcare, I think that anybody sympathetic with the women's movement would agree that the man should take more of a role. You mentioned the man per-

(continued on page 11)

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The Madison campus: testground for the future Hollywood release aimed at the hip, educated youthful audience. Two years ago it was Dennis Hopper, sans motorcycle, filling the Union theatre on an hour's notice for a preview of the rushes for his much-awaited cinematic encore to *Easy Rider*. But *The Last Movie* proved as chaotic, inarticulate, and mindlessly indulgent as its drugstore cowboy filmmaker.

A defenseless Hopper was booed and bawled out by the irritated audience. And so he left from Madison in a panic, correctly smelling doom ahead with the official release of his picture. *The Short Happy Life of Dennis Hopper* in the director's chair apparently had ebbed.

A month ago, this sorry incident could have been repeated. Marcel Ophuls, renowned filmmaker of *The Sorrow and the Pity*, a movie of unmatched intellectual ambition, historical scope, and critical acclaim in recent years, this same Ophuls was unveling another film in the Union Theatre. And rather predictably this second work, *America Revisited*, proved at best a tiny triumph up against the insurmountable comparison with *The Sorrow and the Pity*.

In place of Ophul's subservient rewriting of French chauvinist history in his former masterpiece here was found a series of likeable, modest interviews with representative Americans about current problems—the War, racism, etc. As many in the audience noted afterward, *America Revisited* was pleasant and interesting but ultimately inconsequential. It taught nothing new about America.

More was expected of Marcel Ophuls. The general feeling was that *America Revisited* has almost no possibility as a future commercial product, that it could fail at the box office almost as resoundingly as the totally different *Last Movie* of Hopper.

Yet somehow none of this mattered. No one seemed hostile to having spent nearly three hours watching this slightly disappointing movie. The reason for the friendly atmosphere was the person of Marcel Ophuls himself. His pointed articulateness, his absolute honesty of comment, combined with a modesty and generosity in his bearing won the audience over completely, almost hypnotically. He was like the college professor one dreams of having but never finds: a wonderful speaker, a committed intellectual, a person of immense artistic talent, a world citizen, a master story teller, a true gentleman. Ophuls makes manners and civility into virtues once again. Without a doubt this person of a thousand attributes will come back with another masterwork like *Sorrow and the Pity* in the near future.

Anyone who met with Ophuls now understands how he achieves his model interviews, how people can relax before his camera and place their blind faith that he will not stab them unmercifully in the final film product. Ophuls is that charming in the best sense of the word.

The following interview is excerpted from a question-answer session in the afternoon prior to Ophuls' showing of *America Revisited*. Perhaps its most remarkable moment occurs when Ophuls gets angry at an admittedly pushy, overstated question. It is to Marcel Ophuls credit that there is room in his calm, rational temperament for bursts of indignation when he feels genuinely misrepresented. Pretty good for, to use his own self-description, a "shitty liberal."

Sense of Loss, Ophuls' film on Ireland alluded to in the following transcript, will debut in the Union Theatre this Saturday, March 31st, at 8:00. Reserve seats are available at the Union box office.

Cardinal: Could you tell us your background in French television and early filmmaking?

Ophuls: There's lot of background, but there aren't many films. I'm a second generation filmmaker, following after my father, Max Ophuls, the motion picture director who died in 1957. He was a German Jew, and I was born in Germany. We left there when I was 5 in 1933 to settle in France, and so I became a French citizen. I went to school there and saw the downfall of France as a twelve year old.

England and France sold Czechoslovakia down the river. The last survivor of the Munich conference was Eduard Daladier, 83, and he was interviewed for forty minutes of this three-and-a-half hour film. It was shown once on French television to great success. From reliable second hand information I have inferred a reason that the program never was repeated. Charles Bonnet, French Foreign Minister at the time of Munich, supposedly exerted pressure on the television management to make the film.

Recently, however, because of the success of *Sorrow and the Pity*, Harvard and Columbia Universities and also the Museum of Modern Art in New York have been trying to get the film shown in this country.

What was the effect of the May Days on In May-June 1968, French television went on strike for six weeks. I was on one of only two crews which actually shot footage on the barricades before we struck. I was very involved in the strike and wanted to hold out until we won, in order to get independent status for French television, a non-government public television. We lost. So I went to work for German television to pay for the groceries.

I talked the general managers of German television into putting up most of the money for *Sorrow and the Pity*, which was also backed by a German private firm. For a year after it was made, the producers tried to sell it to French television, which wouldn't have it. By that time it had played on Swedish and Danish television.

French journalists kept writing long articles and editorials showing how this incident was proof that the Fifth Republic didn't treat the French public as adults. How was it that a film concerning the very core of contemporary French destinies could not be seen by the French people?

We finally came to France by way of a little Left Bank theater without even a week's distribution guarantee, because nobody thought such a movie could gather

on the *Sorrow and the Pity*." They haven't done so yet, and I don't think they ever will.

Since then I've done work on German television, including some dramatic TV plays. I've made the film called *America Revisited*. I've done the film on Northern Ireland, *A Sense of Loss*.

Let's talk about your films. Why are women in such a subordinate position, so unnoticed in *Sorrow and the Pity*?

This question is asked at every bull session, every time the picture comes up in a group, especially in this country. There must be some justification for it.

I believe the quota system approach is sort of dangerous, seeing films in terms of a head count. Yet if you looked at my film on Ireland, you would find that this problem with the number and role of women doesn't exist. Women are a very important part of the political and social activities of the Irish crisis. The difference between *A Sense of Loss* and *The Sorrow and the Pity* is that France was, and is, an extremely bourgeois country, dominated by traditional Catholic bourgeois values.

Women resistance leaders in France are treated today as sort of Joan of Arc figures at official ceremonies. They transport the flowers and the flag to the sounds of trumpet calls. Maybe it is because of this sexist representation that I intuitively stayed clear of their particular fate. Also because most of these women now are Gaullists, I tried to steer away from official regimentialism, because I was afraid the film would be banned before we could finish it.

Maybe I'm just rationalizing.

What about the particular subordination of Madame Grave during your long conversation with the former Resistance fighters, the Brothers?

My answer has to do with my basic belief about documentary film direction, which is that you must not upset the scene you are filming, and especially not by projecting your own ideas, whether they be sexist,

an interview with Marcel Ophuls by Gerald Peary and Maureen Turim Photographs by R.C. Fulwiler

We came in exile to this country and, because of my father's business, settled on the West Coast. I went to Hollywood High School, later to college, and was a G.I. in Japan. I went back to France in 1950 and got into film as an assistant director. Later, Francois Truffaut, who was one of my friends in Paris, helped me to make my first film as director, a sketch in a film called *Love at Twenty*. It was a very commercial boob tube work. Truffaut did a French sketch, one of the Antoine Boineau series, and I did an autobiographical German sketch. There were three other sequences from other countries—Italy, Japan, and Poland. Afterward I met Jeanne Moreau, who bankrolled me to buy movie right to an American paperback novel. I collaborated on the screenplay, then made the movie, *Banana Peel*, with Moreau, which was a nostalgic comedy attempting to recapture the classic, pre-War Hollywood atmosphere. After that, I made a couple of films I don't like to talk about.

And television? There was a group of us anti-government political people within this very monolithic thing called French television. We worked on a sixty minute newsmagazine program called *Zoom*, and it was here that I learned the techniques of interviewing people, the techniques of journalism. I enjoyed myself greatly for a period of two or three years. I did a lot of traveling and interviewed a lot of interesting people, Konrad Adenauer, Walter Cronkite, among others.

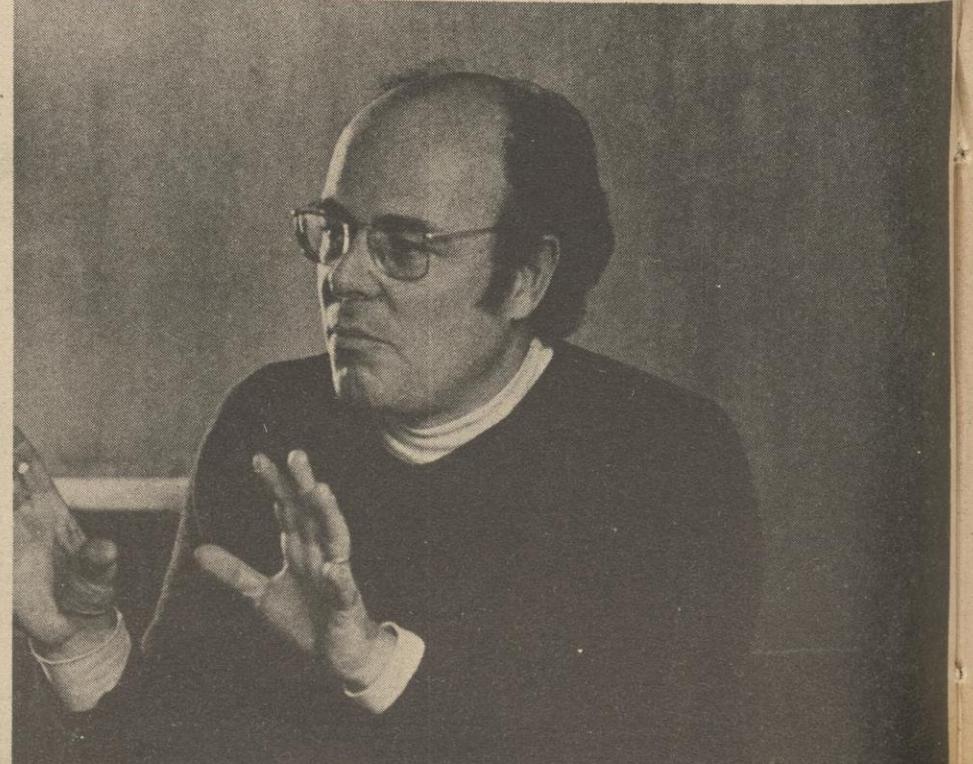
It was in 1967 that this group of producers decided to make documentaries of contemporary history. Our idea was to counterbalance the glorious chauvinism that was the trend of French television documentary. And so I made a film on the Munich agreement of 1938, the moment that

more than a small crowd of freaks. Well, it's been playing in Paris ever since, now on the Champs Elysees in a big commercial theatre. About 350,000 people have seen it.

Ironically, the Director-General of French television who made the decision against showing *The Sorrow and the Pity* has been fired since, because the Gaullists considered him too "liberal!" His replacement said at his first press conference, probably as an alibi for the firing, "Well, we're going to put

democratic, or whatever. A good example of this belief in action is this evening sequence in *Sorrow and the Pity* spent with the Grave Brothers. In the movie you see only men sitting at the table drinking wine. Madame Grave comes in every once in a while and pours a little more wine.

Now I spent several days there and happen to know that Madame Grave is a very important figure in the household. And during the time of the Resistance she was



also a very important figure. Yet for that whole evening of filming she stayed geographically between the kitchen and the living room. For the whole evening she listened to everything that was said. And though every once in a while she interjected remarks, and these were important and to good purpose, she still stayed in between the kitchen and the living room. We didn't set it up that way. It just happened.

Now something very significant occurred, fortunately very late in this evening, which I think holds the answer to your question. One of the producers of the film was there, a political journalist named Andre Arice. He became very uncomfortable because he believes in sexual equality, that every part of the family should contribute to the conversation. So he said at one point, "Madame, why don't you join us? Come sit around the table, participate in the discussion."

Here was the example of what a documentary maker should not do. The men started shifting their feet. And she didn't want to sit down because her daughter-in-law, who was with her, would be left out. Now all of us were yet uncomfortable. I kept shoving my elbow in his ribs, yet Arice still insisted. Finally out of courtesy and politeness, Madame sat down.

We shot two or three more reels and I found in the editing room that I couldn't use a single sentence. Andre Arice, who should have known better, had blown it.

Your work seems obsessed with "objectivity", with the idea of always balancing one side to another, being generous to everybody, the Truffaut school versus Godard. Why shouldn't the documentary maker take sides?

I think there's an awful amount of misunderstanding in your question. I take sides, I always accept the challenge to take sides. You ask me whether I am on the Godard side or Truffaut side. I'm on the Truffaut side, and there you are right. I do believe in individualism. I do believe in pluralism. And if you want to call that "shitty liberalism," it doesn't matter. My politics are in complete accordance with those views.

Yet if you say beyond this assessment, which is fairly accurate, that I don't take sides, then I have to disagree with you, and very violently indeed. And if you say that I have an obsession with objectivity, not only do I not have such an obsession, but I don't even believe in the word "objectivity." I take sides.

You are free to put me in league with the type of TV journalists who get one man representing one side and one the other and thus hide behind both of them, behind presentation of "Both sides of the question." If you want to include me in that camp, you can do so. I don't believe that I am at all in that camp. I think that the films I have been making, seen in their pluralistic, "shitty liberal," empirical totality, do have points of view which annoy a great many people, so much so that I am accused of manipulation.

I do get the facts from both sides. I can accept this attack better because it's closer to the truth. I do use confrontation of different points of view by means of irony, contrast, and methods like that to finally put across my own point of view. This may be a very bourgeois way of expression, but this form of film is the only kind which would ever interest me in the non-fictional field.

What are your philosophic reasons for staying away from any real economic or political analysis of French involvement in the War?

For one thing I don't feel equipped to make analysis. But if there is no Marxist analysis in *Sorrow and the Pity*, there's a lot said in the film about that particular period of French history. And that's enough to satisfy me.

You see, my priorities are not historical, not sociological, they're not even political. They are based on a method of using stories or anecdotes or people's recollections, to imply what the historical struggle is. Perhaps I'm not serious. Perhaps I have my own form of seriousness.

Someone like Godard could conceivably attack *Sorrow and the Pity* by labelling it a "Hollywood film." How would you react to such label?

I don't know what Godard thinks of the film. I don't know if he dislikes it as much as I dislike his films. But if someone called *Sorrow and the Pity* a Hollywood film, would I feel insulted? No, I think there's a great deal of truth to that statement.

I think this movie is a sort of Fifth Column work in the documentary film. It's a work by somebody who trying to tell a story with a beginning, middle, and end by use of sex, music, cutting, and manipulation, all this in



a field where most of these things are considered by puritans as wrong to do.

It is the puritan who pass on the fiction that if you use real people and take a camera into the street, you are getting closer to the truth than if you used Spencer Tracy. I think that's unfortunate, and I don't believe it.

I'm getting very unhappy with the word "documentary," for it seems to have something to do with looking up dusty files in a library, an unattractive concept. I don't go out and see other documentary films. This is one of the embarrassments that comes out in these discussions. When I go see a movie, I usually go see a movie.

I've seen a great many American movies in my life. As the son of a movie maker, perhaps I have a very classical taste. Different from most documentarians, I believe in trying to put across things through motions of entertainment, serious insights through vulgarization. If you're going to regard *The Sorrow and the Pity* in a serious way, you must also take it as a work of vulgarization.

You attempted to interview management at the large provincial Michelin plant which remained open under Nazi occupation. But when your interview requests were rejected, you ignored Michelin completely in your movie. How can you explain such a remittance?

The Michelin family is not monolithic. There were some family members on both sides in the war. It just happens to be a very 19th century, French paternalistic group.

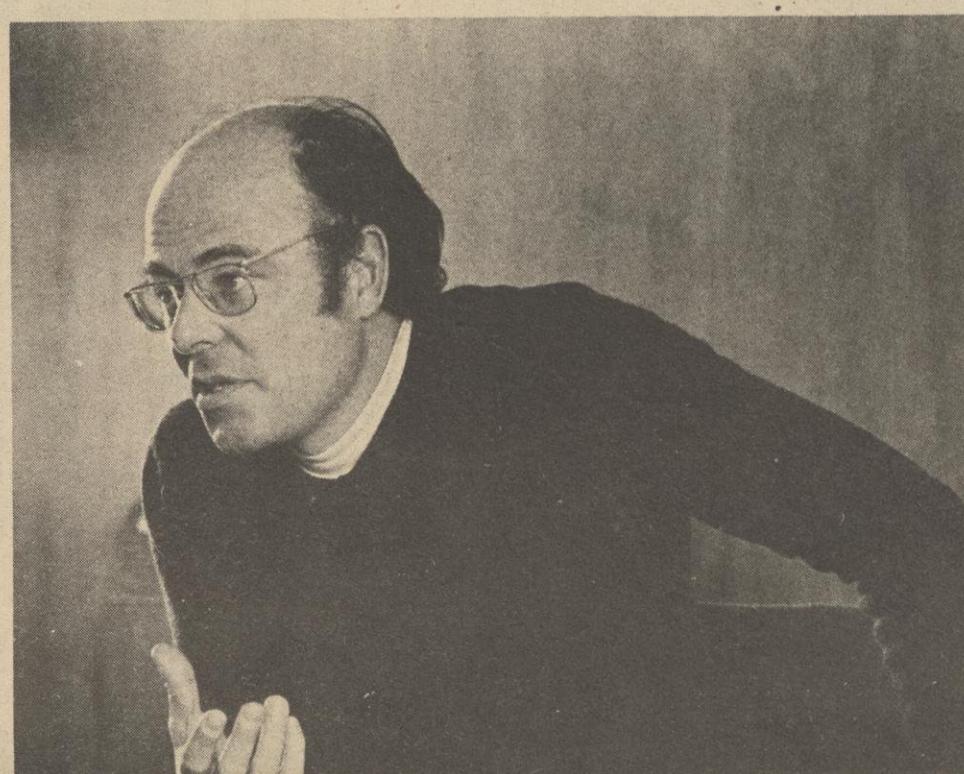
That is a very weak defense in this context. You might argue, "Well, if you don't have the Michelin family, why didn't you just interview some workers who are in the Resistance while employed in the Michelin factory for the Germans?" My answer is in terms of my concern for good storytelling. I'm not after sociological sampling. When I saw that I was not going to get the whole thing, I just lost interest. I began to have other priorities.

Could we talk for a bit about your father? His technical mastery is evidenced in his pleasure . . .

Let me interrupt you, because you are mixing things up. When you say he was such a fantastic technician—agreed. When you're saying that he took such obvious pleasure in shots and aesthetic values—agreed. When you're saying that he took pleasure in creating a never-never world—disagree. I don't think he was a romantic. I don't think he was nostalgic. I think he had an awful lot of pertinent comments, very pessimistic will be made. I even had casting ideas. I wanted Robert Redford for Speer, Orson the condition of women in bourgeois society. And these were not apolitical and he was not Cabaret, Joel Grey, for Goebbels. I think it an aesthete. He was a very tough guy in—would have worked.

I was hesitant about this project for weeks. The momentum was lost. I didn't make the film and I don't know whether it will be made. I even had casting ideas. I wanted Robert Redford for Speer, Orson the condition of women in bourgeois society. And these were not apolitical and he was not Cabaret, Joel Grey, for Goebbels. I think it an aesthete. He was a very tough guy in—would have worked.

"I take sides, I always accept the challenge to take sides. You ask me whether I am on the Godard side or Truffaut side. I'm on the Truffaut side . . . I do believe in individualism. I do believe in pluralism. And if you want to call that "shitty liberalism," it doesn't matter.



deed. Anyone who was met him in private life can confirm this and he had very tough ideas and very definite ideas about the world and about politics. I'll grant you, however, that he did take pleasure in luxury and elegance and in manners. I sort of sympathize with him.

Is your method of filmmaking, structured around sophisticated editing of simple, ordinary composition in some way a rejection or a conscious alternative to your father's virtuoso moving camera shots and elaborate, aesthetic mise en scene?

No, my type of filmmaking renders stylistic resemblances to his films rather impossible. If I were making fictional films instead of documentaries, I'd likely be influenced by other filmmakers I admire, such as Lubitsch, Orson Welles, Hitchcock, or Renoir. But beyond these influences would be an idea from my father which affects me very much. He agreed with Andre Gide that "Style is the man." Style is you.

If ever I were offered the possibility of making a very lush film with costumes of a certain period and mirrors and castles and things like that, it's very possible that a lot of people would discover suddenly that, "Ah, young Ophuls is influenced by the old Ophuls." Their assertion would be illusory, because mirrors and castles and customs of a certain period all resemble each other.

Have you gotten offers from Hollywood to come out and make the big movie?

Well, I did get an offer fairly recently, a very serious and fascinating one, just about the most difficult idea Hollywood has offered anybody. It was to be a naturalistic fictionalization of the Third Reich, using actors, and based on Speer's memoirs.

I met the President of Paramount in a very plush London hotel at 10:00 one evening, and he was surrounded by press agents and Hollywood types—very nice and very square. One of the first things he said was that he had seen *The Sorrow and the Pity* twice, and that he had a pretty good idea that I might be the one to do this picture. After having expressed admiration, etc., etc., he said, "Well, in the old Hollywood days of ten or fifteen years ago, the budget on this film would have been something like fifteen million dollars; but now, with modern techniques and modern fashions, we know we can make it for three million."

And I said, "Well then, maybe I'm more old-fashioned than you are." It would have to be a very expensive film. For instance, when you would show Hitler's train going through occupied territory, you would have to show ruined railroad stations. You would have to blow up a few railroad stations or else build them with artificial rubble. That's just an example. It would cost a bit.

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Restoration of a master

By DARICE GOLDSTEIN

of the Fine Arts Staff

John the Baptist does not have long hair.

When conservators at the Elvehjem Art Center began their mending and restoration of Colijn de Coter's painting "The Pieta," they discovered that the original painting had been retouched and painted by someone else, giving John a more up-to-date hairstyle.

EACH PAINTING or sculpture acquired by the Art Center undergoes a thorough process of cleaning, mending and restoration. With a painting, conservators carefully remove all of the wax, varnish and paint added over the years.

The paint on a five-hundred year old work of art is often blistered and abraded in many areas, and the general condition of the painting deteriorating. The paintings one sees hanging in a

gallery were not often received in their present condition, and it is a painstaking job to retouch and restore a painting to the beauty with which it was first created by its master.

"Adoration of the Shepherds," by Giorgio Vasari, is perhaps the most beautiful painting in Elvehjem. However, two bad 19th Century restorations left parts of the surface heavily overpainted and other parts completely abraded. In addition, the painting hung for nearly two centuries as an altarpiece in a parish church near Florence, and wax dripping onto the painting from the altar candles accumulated on the surface.

TWO CONSERVATORS from Boston went to work. They removed all of the old varnish and wax collected on the picture, and then softened the blistered paint with wax so as to adhere it to the surface. They used a tacking iron to melt beeswax into the original paint, and as the wax penetrated, it softened the pigment making it lie flat.

In abraded areas, the two conservators went over the areas with synthetic paint, taking care so as not to cover any of Vasari's brush strokes. And lastly, the painting is covered with varnish to protect it from later restoration.

Much of the dilapidation of a work of art is attributed to vandalism. The painting also suffers over the centuries from age, changes in humidity, and transportation.

AS ONE walks into the Art Gallery from the University Avenue entrance, he views two captivating brown-hued mosaics, framing the stairway. They are Syrian mosaics from the 5th Century, originally pavement from a church, and two of four acquired by the University. Downstairs, Harry Behrnd works on a third just like them.

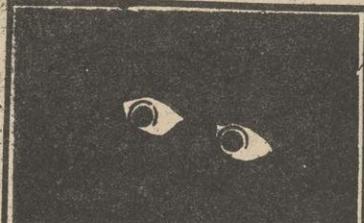
The tiled painting lies across some bricks on the floor. Harry

slides down on his knees and works at the centuries of dirt and dust. He uses a pick to loosen the pitch, tar, and grout (a cement-like material) which grooves between the tiles. It took him five days to clean a mosaic half this size, a tedious job.

The tile is first scrubbed really well to loosen the dirt, after which Harry picks away at the grout and pitch. He then adds dimethylformamide, loosening the grout, then scrubs the mosaic again six to eight times. A long, painstaking process, but the charming pastoral beauty of the mosaic is worth it.

On a table in the center of his workshop is an eighteenth century French chandelier. It is taken apart, allowing Harry to give it a thorough polishing with toothbrush, Q-tips, baking soda and silver polish.

Behrnd stresses that any touching and refinishing done to the artwork is not fraud, but rather a means of making the work "pleasing to look at," restoring its original beauty. Anything added to the surface is always recorded, and no one can claim that they are producing a fraudulent work of art.



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Fellini's Roma: Bourgeois buffoon

FELLINI'S ROMA

By RUSSELL CAMPBELL

There's a convenient crutch for the complacent artist in determinist philosophy. He can pass off laziness as recognition-of-his-own-limitations, an acknowledged bourgeois virtue. So with Fellini. Fattened by fame, he glories in his role as buffoon showman, ringmaster, Mephistophelean lord of the sensual and grotesque. In his last few films he has forsaken the modesty of surrogate figures (like Mastroianni in *8 1/2* to star himself, as himself, placid but nostalgic witness to life's passing parade).

Nothing can faze him. In his *Roma* (at the Strand), he shows himself confronted by a couple of young radicals whose city he is making a movie about. Deal with the problems of industrial workers, they urge him. He couldn't do that, Fellini assures us in his voice-over narration—of course they're real problems, but "we all do what we're able to do." The film slides into a charming but all-too-familiar re-creation of a variety theater at the outbreak of World War II, replete with talentless performers, bawdy heckling, and a child pissing in the aisles.

SOMEHOW, THOUGH, Fellini must avoid the charge of being impossibly old-fashioned. What better way than to show, in his "entry to Rome in a downpour" sequence, the flying red banners of socialist demonstrators, sandwiched in between a scampering

Paul Butterfield/Better Days
Bearsville Records 0598

A week or so ago I was listening to the radio (just barely) when I heard a version of Robert Johnson's "Walkin' Blues" that cut right through my usual fog and demanded my attention. It sounded very much like Paul Butterfield, yet different in a way that a technical explanation would miss by a mile. I broke it with an irrepressible grin, and knew I had to have that album *10 "Walking' Blues"* if nothing else. Later I saw a magazine ad for Better Days. To my surprise Goeff Muldaur (of the Jim Kwestkin Jug Band and Folkways' "Sleepy Man Blues") was a member of the band. Butterfield and Muldaur together? Not likely, said I, but I was dead wrong. This album is nothing but a treat.

Their songs range from slick Percy Mayfield, Nick Gravenites material, to folky and hard blues numbers from Eric Von Schmidt and Big Joe Williams. Everything is done with incredibly good taste. I was truly impressed by the musicianship of Goeff Muldaur, but all of the people on this album are damn good. The addition of Ms. Maria Muldaur (also of Kwestkin Jug Band fame) is an extra bonus. Better Days is one of the best new albums I've heard this year.

Steve Schultz

white horse, a man perched on the back of a truck clutching an umbrella, and a traffic jam beside the Colosseum? Then, too, the film paints a naively idealized picture of the free-loving hippie generation (and when the cops violently beat up these hippies, Fellini's camera views the action unperturbed and moves onto the next entertainment—an outdoor prizefight.).

Observation or hallucination? Fellini inscribes on the face of Rome the hieroglyphs of his own infatuations, discovers in subterranean caverns the frescoes of *Satyricon*, in luxury brothels the guilded whores of *8 1/2*. The film purports to be a documentary, but Romans, so the press reports say, have had difficulty recognizing themselves and their city. Not surprising, perhaps, when a tedious and lengthy sequence portrays an "ecclesiastical fashion show" with the latest in cassocks and robes, incense burners and holy water sprinklers demonstrated by bicycle-riding and roller-skating models, the whole spectacle climaxed with

mobile skeletal relics and a pope emblazoned in neon glory. Fellini's point about the commercialization of the Church was better and more succinctly made many years ago with the helicopter-borne Christ statue of *La Dolce Vita*.

There was much about the film I enjoyed, particularly the early scenes depicting Fellini's childhood and his arrival in Rome in 1939. The snatched conversations, the striking imagery not insisted upon but deftly cut, the genial ribaldry, the light ironic comedy, all suggest the artist Fellini has been, at times, and the one he might still be, were he less smug. It's revealing that in these sequences the characters he creates are very much alive; most of the people in the film are ghostlike phantoms, like Juliet's spirits, mute revellers and parading prostitutes who are simply projections of Fellini's egoistic imagination.

Fellini (and the actor he uses to portray his younger self) wanders passively among these people, simply looking, seldom judging,

never acting. The younger man is strangely like the figure of Truffaut's Antoine Doinel became in the later films of the trilogy, suavely handsome and even more inert, bounced around by fate and friends—a far cry from the immensely active and ambitious men these directors must actually have been in their youth. But a

passive alter ego supports determinism, and determinism supports the artist who retreats from a world in crisis. The difference between the artist who repeats himself and the one who transcends himself is that between Somerset Maugham and James Joyce; between Truffaut and Fellini, and Godard.



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CMR campus representatives, themselves students, are polling undergraduates to determine the characteristics and buying habits of beverage purchasers, as well as their familiarity with company brand identity.

The CMR representatives are also distributing antique wall maps and full color posters identifying with Hiram Walker's world famous Canadian Club.

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YOKO ONO

(continued from page 5)
forming at the office and then having to give another performance at home. Do you really feel that a lot of men feel that it has to be a performance, and that they aren't being themselves if they have to help raise the child?

Yoko: We're all trying to be real, and this society is not a real society, but a very phony society, and so by being real, you are sort of deliberately rebelling against society, which makes it very difficult. The society itself doesn't make it easy for you to become real. It's almost demanding the opposite. It's almost a competition, greed, power-syndrome society. Everybody's trying to act if they are bigger, or louder, or stronger than what they really are. Bigger than life size, that's what people are trying to be, so nobody's real, it's all phony. I'm sure men want to have a straight-real communication with the children, too. By trying to do that, they are confronting great hindrances. Society, the eyes of society, and the demands of society are greatly opposed to that. The more you take care of the children, the less you can do in the competitive society. That is not, or our basic nature, to be competitive. It is something that we have learned through experience of growing up.

Bruce: In your album Approximately Infinite Universe, you mentioned the mixture of Oriental and North American culture which you've experienced, do you have any ideas of what we in America can adopt that works a lot better in the Orient?

Yoko: You can't adopt anything, but when it's necessary, it comes to you anyway. Another thing that is very interesting is

that, as far apart as we are from the Orient, the Asian customs and traditions of the west, there are many things that are very similar. These things happen not because of communication, but because of necessity.

Andy: In the song "Kite Song," what part of your soul are you trying to hang on to?

Yoko: When you're young, you tend to be greedy and try to grab hold of all sorts of things. Then you start to learn that grabbing hold of things gets unheld, and you start to be so who lets go of things. You allow things to be as they are rather than to grab hold of them.

Andy: You give a rap on the back of the album about the Approximately Infinite Universe, and I wonder if you could explain in different terms what you were talking about?

Yoko: I think of this universe as one of the trillions of universes around us. Among these trillions of universes, I suppose there might be one universe that has the

same kind of love like the one we exist on. There might be a Yoko from Tokyo and John from Liverpool that is meeting and having tea or something, but at the same time, in a different time warp and a different dimension.

Andy: In other words, like duplications of everything on Earth somewhere else?

Yoko: Not really duplications because there might be a time warp. In a slightly different dimension, perhaps. Many persons get disturbed when I say that because that means we're not unique, and in our society, not being unique is like a big threat. This body I'm in now is just one of my bodies, and I might have many many bodies. Discovering another body in another globe just means that I've discovered an extra body that I own or that is connected to me. It's sort of nice in a way to know that I'm not limited in this body, but that I have many bodies in other universes.

Al: In the song "What a Bastard the World Is," I saw it as a

dilemma between the man and woman because she was upset that he was out, and when he came back, she more or less threw him out, but he changed her mind because she needed him. I didn't see a solution to the song, and I was wondering if you were putting it in the lap of the listeners as to how they would handle the situation or do you have an answer as how to handle a dilemma like this?

Yoko: I just wanted to show things as they are, so I really don't know the solution. I know that situation is a classic situation and can exist for men, too. In a women's case, the society encourages that situation as well. In other words, the fact that she wasn't outside working or doing something has a lot to do with society itself. It's just showing where we are, which isn't so hot. We want to forget that housewife side, and we want to think that we are a bit more liberated. Most so-called liberated women tend to forget the middle America and the

housewives. That's the crux of the matter, and we have to do something about that.

Andy: Getting back to your music, in general, who or what would you say have been your major influences?

Yoko: I'm influenced by everything: wind, clouds, flowers around me, anything. I can't think of a particular person. I went through a very long trip in terms of various fields of music. I started with classical music, from Bach to Beethoven, and went into Rabin and Schoenberg. Before that, I was into Ravel, Stravinsky, Debussy and all that. I then went into avant garde, jazz, and finally into rock. They all influenced me.

Al: Are there any plans for a tour around the country?

Yoko: No, not at this point.

I would like to thank WSRM for making this interview possible.

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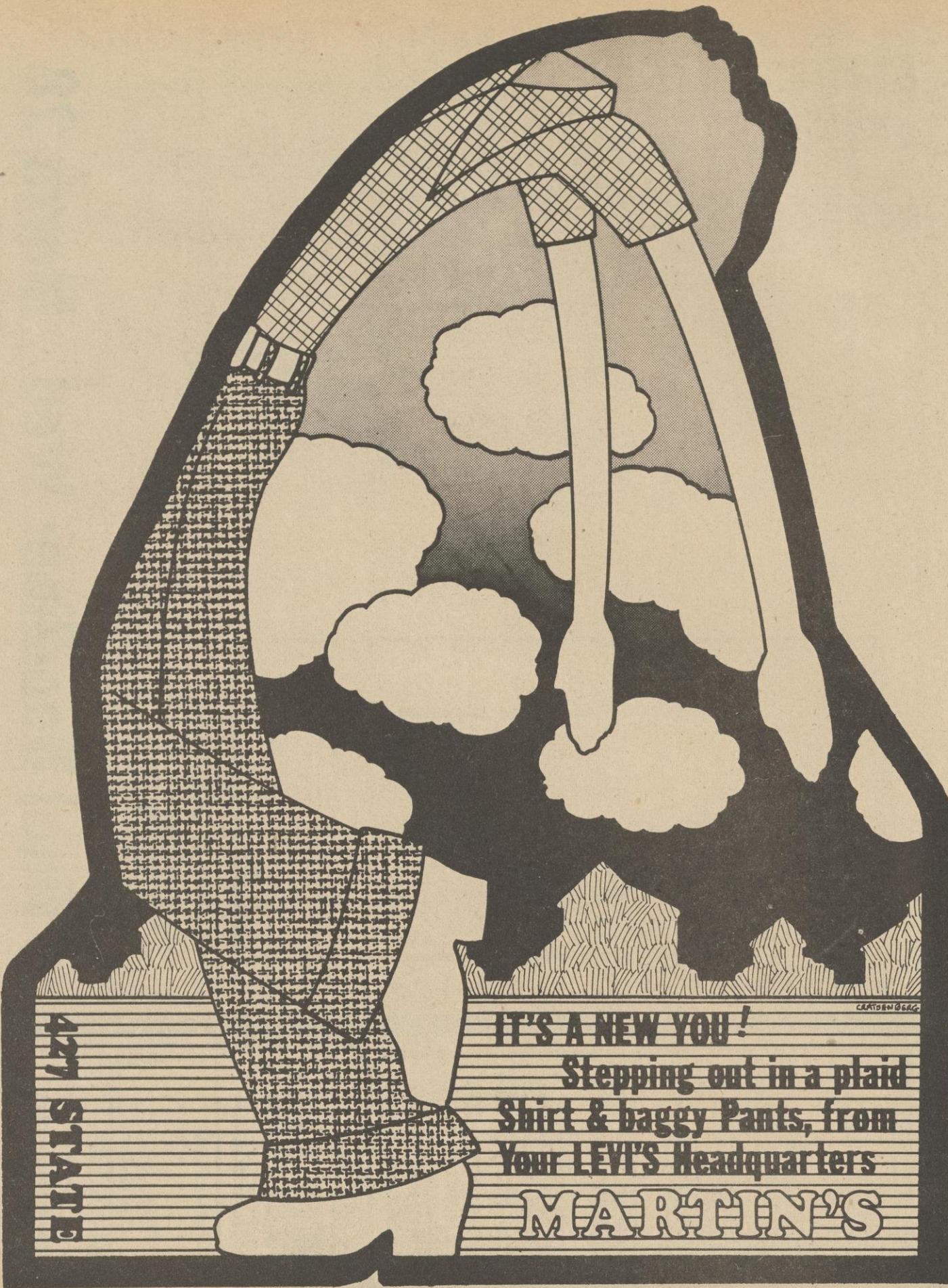
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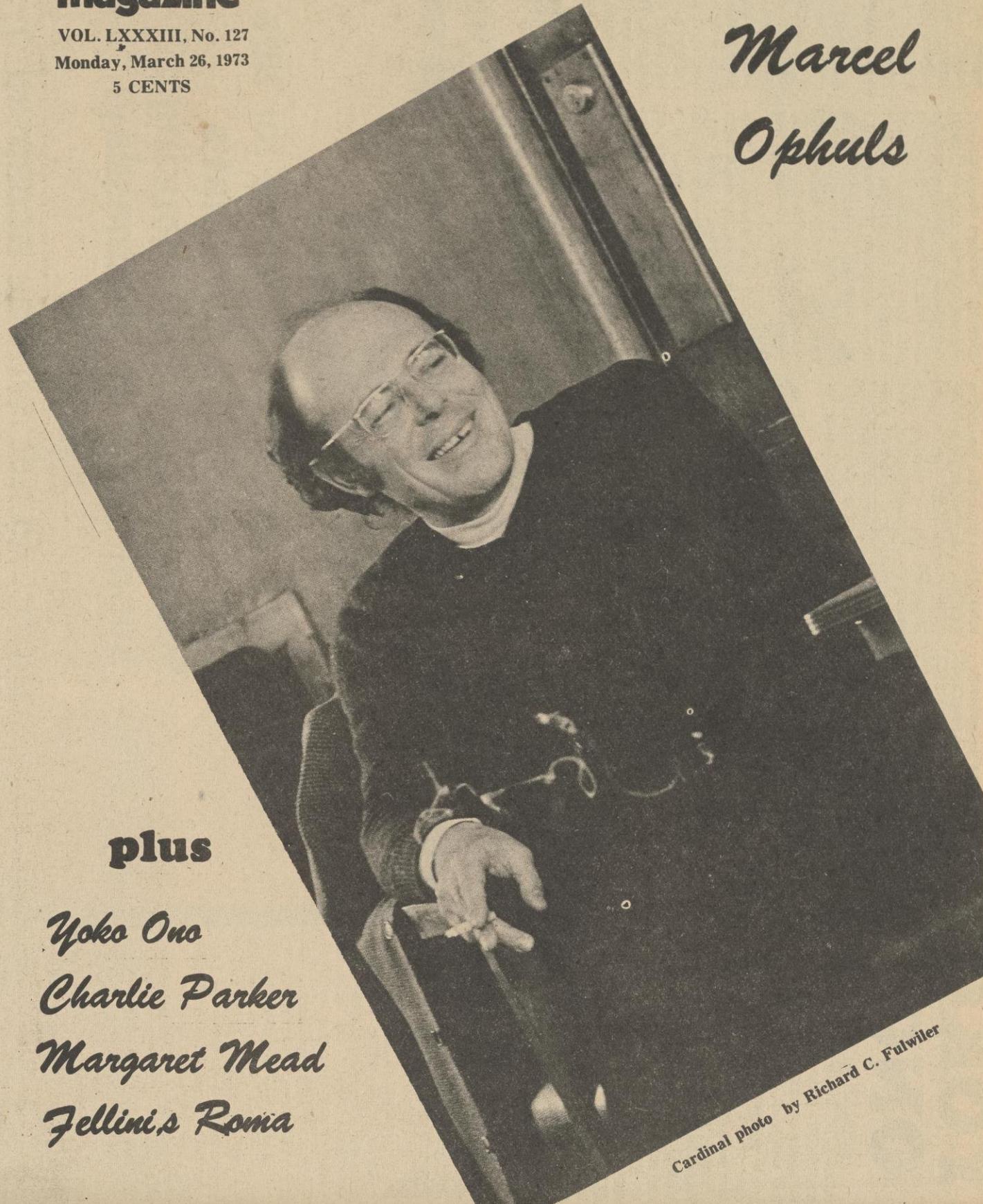
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Monday, March 26, 1973

5 CENTS

*an interview
with
Marcel
Ophuls*



plus

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Charlie Parker

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Fellini's Roma

Cardinal photo by Richard C. Fulwiler