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# Critical Adventures Of Robin Wood

By MIKE WILMINGTON and GERALD PEARY

A tall Englishman with delicate features, longish hair, and a neat, raven-black beard, Robin Wood seems a far cry from the prototype of big-time film critic—the caustic debunker, the viper-tongued sniper—and closer in demeanor to his second vocation: visiting professor at a small Canadian university. His manner is quiet and deferential, his voice gentle and full of subtle inflections; he laughs seldom, but when he does, it flies out in a chain of delirious hiccoughs.

We interviewed Wood in his Memorial Union hotel room; he was preparing for a three day series of lectures sponsored by the Union Film Committee, Professor Russell Merritt, and the Wisconsin Film Society.

On his table was a copy of E.M. Forster's *Maurice* (a gift), in his open suitcase, a dressing gown of Mandarin intricacy and plushness; if these seemed the touchstones of one side of Wood's critical persona—literate and aesthete—a much truer Robin Wood—moralist and humanist—emerged in the kindness and forebearance with which he treated us, a generosity which he extended to everyone he met during his stay.

Originally a high school English teacher and also self-confessed "failed novelist," Wood turned to film criticism as a regular writer for the "auteurist" British magazine, *Movie*; since 1965 he has produced a steady stream of highly regarded film monographs—book length studies of Hitchcock, Bergman, Hawks, Penn, Chabrol, and Antonioni. F.W. Murnau and Satyajit Ray are his most recent subjects.

Besides his sheer prolificacy (he confesses that he writes rapidly and rarely takes a book beyond a second draft), Wood is admired by his colleagues for the conscientious rigor of his method and the passionate idealism of his approach to live, and the life he sees in art.

During his brief visit here, Wood immeasurably enriched the sometimes frail and strident Madison intellectual scene; in addition, he threw two of the finest beer parties ever, late evening soirees which succeeded in mellowing even the normally rancorous Madison film-watching community: no mean feat.

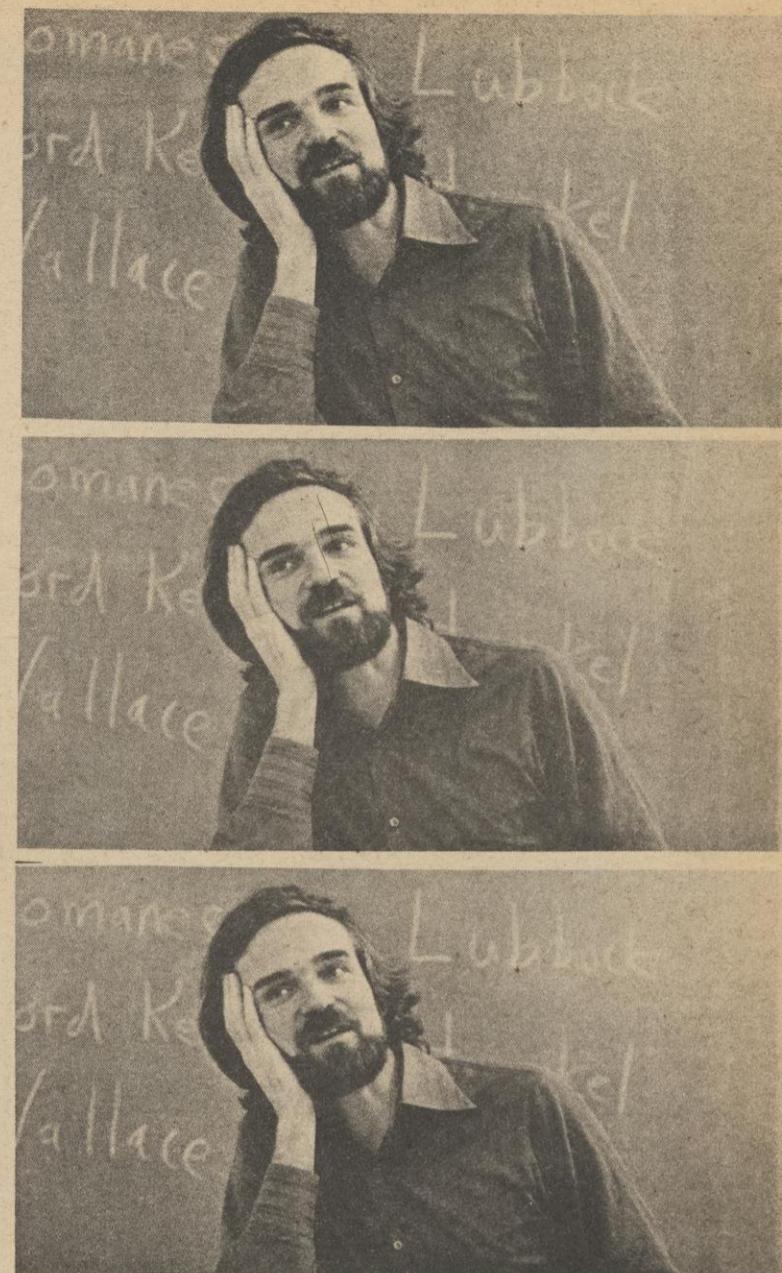
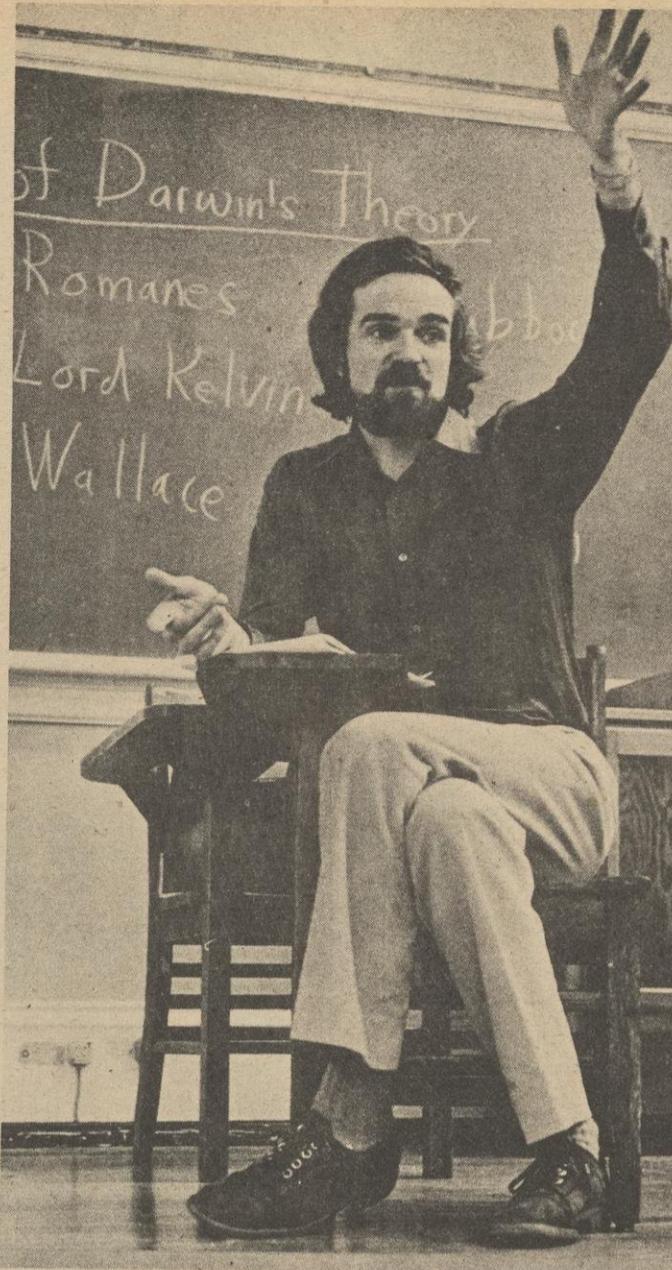
The beat of the critic is in an often darkling, parasitic world, where Dorothy Parker could earn a savage round of applause for saying of the neophyte Katherine Hepburn, "She ran the gamut of emotions from A to B." It could use a little more the gentleness, civility and grace of a Robin Wood.

You mention that this is the first time you've been interviewed. Perhaps you can begin by telling us some impressions of several of those you have interviewed?

The person I talked with at greatest length is certainly Arthur Penn—in the back seat of a car driving to the Little Big Man location at Calvary. I spent four mornings taping and Penn was marvelous, inexhaustible, extremely articulate.

The first morning I had questions carefully prepared which I read out from a sheet. We just completed the questions when the car arrived at the end of the forty to fifty mile drive. I thought that was it; I had the interview I asked for. But the next morning Penn got in the car, sat back and said, "Aren't you going to continue?" So we put on the tape recorder again and just talked. The interview went much more smoothly that way. There was a real sense of dialogue rather than someone asking questions and somebody else answering them.

In your short notice in *Movie*, on Days and Nights in the Forest, a film by Satyajit



Cardinal photos by James Körner

Ray which you admire extraordinarily, you said that Ray had entered the company of directors (such as Renoir, Rossellini and Mizoguchi) who are almost beyond criticism.

I didn't quite mean that. I think there are very few directors whose work seems so universal in appeal and so unmistakably rooted in recognizable human experience that they are accepted by all critical schools. That isn't the same as saying that they are beyond criticism. There are Renoir films which are greatly inferior to other Renoir films. But Renoir seems to be the director who unites all film critics. I haven't met anyone who is against him.

How did you personally become involved in *Movie* magazine?

Ian Cameron and his colleagues went down from Oxford and ceased to write for *Oxford Opinion*, this before founding *Movie*. I, meanwhile, started writing articles out of interest. I sent a lot into *Sight and Sound* and Penelope Houston sent them straight back with a very courteous and considerate letter saying how little she liked them—but saying it nicely.

One of these, an article on *Psycho*, I sent to *Cahiers du Cinema*, just for fun—and, to my amazement, they accepted and published it. I knew that *Oxford Opinion* needed writers, so I wrote and said, "Look, I've written for *Cahiers du Cinema*. Would you like me to work for you?" I'd never been to Oxford University—hardly had been to the town. But they wrote back, "Yes," so I sort of took over.

I wrote articles in two or three issues of *Oxford Opinion* and got to meet the *Movie* critics through that—became known to them. They sort of invited me to meet them in London. When *Movie* was started, I began naturally to write for it.

But I always felt very different from them in lots of ways, even from the outset, because of their rather evasive insistence that criticism should be purely interpretive and descriptive and not at all evaluative. I was always wanting to evaluate, and feeling that I mustn't in *Movie*, or I would get shamed quickly.

Did you always wish to be a film critic, or have you harbored desires to be a director?

I have never made movies and have no desire to do so. It is said that behind every critic there is a failed artist. In my case, I write film criticism because I am a failed novelist. I have thought of writing literary criticism—possibly on Lawrence's *The Rainbow*.

Could you tell us something about your critical method? How do you try to approach a film or director when you write about them?

I find this awfully difficult to talk about. I'm always being accused by critics very conscious of critical theory, like the English "structuralists" Peter Wollen and Alan Lovell, of lacking any kind of theoretical basis and of approaching the cinema in a much too personal way.

In a sense, I haven't any method. If I have, it's simply to attempt to open myself to a film as much as possible.

Let's become specific. How do you deal critically with a substantially intuitive director such as Howard Hawks, whose personal themes seem at times to evolve subconsciously rather than consciously in his films? Do you wonder, as in your book on Hawks, if you are inventing meanings?

There is always the problem in interpretive criticism of being aware of that shadowy, shadowy borderline between taking things from the film and reading things into the film. Yet the question of what was intentional and what wasn't, finally is meaningless, I think. There is no way of knowing, and it doesn't really matter anyway. One must be concerned to demonstrate that things are there, not whether or not they were intentional.

I think there obviously are important differences in discussing what I would call "mainstream Hollywood movies" (and Hawks' films are very good examples) as against, for example, Bergman films, in that Hawks is building on a rich tradition of conventions which are as much Hollywood as Hawks, yet which are usable in personal ways.

Do you feel there is a need for more archetypal criticism of film?

I think there is a lot of work to be done on the whole question of genre in the American cinema. It is such a terribly complicated problem. Sometimes I think I would like to build a film course on the question of the relationship between the genre and the individual artist. It's difficult to know how without showing several hundred films.

What one could do, possibly, is to take one film as a kind of pivot—for example, the Hawks' film, *The Thing*. Then show six other science-fiction films with similar subjects and six other Hawks films that aren't science-fiction films. Finally, concentrating on *The Thing*, try to sort out what elements are present in the genre; what elements in it are personal, and how these things interrelate.

What do you think about "criticism of commitment," of evaluating a film according to the way it affects society?

I think it can only be harmful in that narrow sense—if that becomes the chief guideline of criticism. But I think one wants to be aware of the way a film affects society. There is value in discussing whether which of two films, like *Straw Dogs* or *Dirty Harry* has the more detrimental effect on its audience.

I don't know whether that, ultimately, affects the artistic value of the film. It's an important question which concerns the sociologist primarily and the film critic second.

The name of Godard always arises when one discusses socially committed cinema. We know from your writings that Godard's later political works have troubled you because they have gone in an "anti-

humanistic" direction. Don't you think Godard has a right to move that way? Aren't you making a moral objection to Godard at the expense of his personality?

I don't think so. I have never questioned a filmmaker's right to move in any direction right, surely. But I also claim for the critic the right to comment on the results in terms of the richness or impoverishment of the emerging works. If one puts a film like *Le Gai Sagot* next to an earlier film like *Pierrot le Fou*, one can only see it in terms of impoverishment.

There is something very unsatisfactory about the way Godard deals with human films. He can only have relationships in which characters are unable to relate to each other—*Pierrot le Fou* being the extreme example.

His recent works need to be approached as a different art form...no, not an art form. Godard renounced Art along with the rest of his inheritance. One could perhaps to *Pierrot le Fou* and just afterward to his recent films, comparing the distinction that between the novel and the essay.

Do you feel that you are more biased toward a director who examines character relationships than toward Godard, who is totally interested in ideas, in theorizing in the cinema?

Yes—I think so, though one has no right to demand of an essay that it be *War and Peace* or *Women in Love* (the novel not the movie). It really becomes impossible for Godard to make a film in any way equivalent to a novel because his commitment forces him to channel everything he is saying into one ideological path.

But if forced to any kind of value would maintain that the novel is potentially the richer form, for the reason that it can explore not just ideas and thoughts, but feelings, emotions, instincts, impulses in a much more complex and less conscious, deliberate, rational way. A novel can have all sorts of strata that an essay can't have.

Many critics feel that the valuable artist is he who innovates, "blazes a new trail". How would you reply to someone who would say that Godard is the superior artist because he creates something new?

I don't think anything of much value is created "new." Godard's work is, in fact, traditional in lost of important ways. I think it is the traditional elements in *Pierre le Feu* which give the film its richness—the tension between the traditional and revolutionary elements.

There really is no such thing as a completely new work of art. If a person says, "I'm going to do something new today, completely different from what else has been done," what is likely to result? The only things you could do would be so silly, so thin and meager that they hardly deserve anyone's attention.

Here is one critical question brought up in some form time and again. When discussing *The Man Who Shot Liberty* (continued on page 11)

## Marathon Music Festivals As Cultural Aggression

By ELLIOT PINSLEY

Americans have developed a curious capacity for perverting the essence of their culture. Commercialism, which subverts the integrity of art, has destroyed the notion of things existing in a perspective, and substituted instead, pre-packaged reality. It was with the conception of mass-oriented music festivals that the uprooting of American culture took on a new dimension.

Traditional locales have been abandoned for virtually anyplace that a stage and a few portable toilets can be dumped. Respect for music as an integral part of peoples' lives has been lost; and festivals have assimilated almost all of our folk art tradition to the level of the Jerry Lewis Telethon mentality.

In the wake of the recent Wisconsin Music Festival fiasco, it seems only fitting to examine two other examples of such cultural malevolence: Burt Hurlburt, a Texas cattle rancher, loaned the promoters of the Dripping Springs Reunion, 7400

acres of his land for what was billed to be "the largest gathering of country/western (and bluegrass) stars and fans in American history—180,000 people in 3 days—March 17, 18, 19."

AS IT TURNED out, only 12,000 showed up, (168,000 short of expectations); the grass which had been planted several weeks earlier, never came up, prompting one MC to comment on the barrenness of the site, "Looks like the damn set for *Grapes of Wrath*." and ol' Burt cleared a \$40,000 profit for a festival which lost close to a quarter of a million dollars for its backers.

Two weeks later, on Easter Sunday, 30,000 gringo freaks descended on the white, sandy beaches of Vega Baja, Puerto Rico, for what Richard Nusser of *The Village Voice* described as "a few days of sun, music, and revolution." \$152 round trip from New York paid for a weekend of first-rate cultural imperialism set against a backdrop of bad dope, polluted water, three drownings, and one machete murder.

And so, from a perspective of

rational hindsight we can ask ourselves what was wrong with these two anomalies, positioned at opposite ends of the cultural spectrum. Dripping Springs was aimed at that formerly untapped reservoir of patriotic zeal—the American redneck. Yet the best of country/western and bluegrass talent attracted only a handful of rednecks. Why? And why, despite the seeming "aesthetic" and financial, (if not artistic) success of the Mar y Sol Puerto Rican jazz/rock/pop festival, was that, too, a disaster of similar proportion? The key to both lies in the grossly perverted sense of perspective that spawned the two events, rendering them ridiculous and reprehensible.

NAMES OF performing artists are relatively unimportant here. It suffices to say that the "pantheon" of country/western and bluegrass, and likewise (if there is such a thing), for rock and pop appeared, and apparently put on two very creditable, if not inspired shows, for their respectively disparate audiences. But the quality of the performances is not at issue, or even relevant. More importantly, neither are the festivals. And it is their irreverent irrelevance that makes them worthy of any discussion at all.

The Dripping Springs country festival was clearly a mistake. Many have attributed its failure to a poor advertising campaign, but the largest part of the blame goes to the fact that the festival was a blatant violation of the working class ethos—which just doesn't click with the spirit of country music. A workingman would have had to take off Friday, and the better part of Thursday afternoon to make the long haul down to Texas for the three day affair. And a 25 bucks a head, Dripping Springs amounts to a pretty expensive weekend proposition if you're an average sized family with an average sized Phase II income.

Moreover, the whole idea of sitting out in some cattle baron's private prairie from noon to midnight hardly seems compatible to the way working people fit music into their lives. Let's face it—marathon festivals are an adolescent bourgeois phenomenon. A working slob can get mighty restless sitting on his ass for twelve hours.

IF DRIPPING Springs was a failure (or miscalculation) of capitalism, then Mar y Sol must be seen as a massacre for "youth culcha." There are those who might think that \$152 for a weekend in Puerto Rico is outrageous for a 19 year old Bloodrock groupie. Evidently they would take issue with Richard



A rockfest gone by—"Let's face it: Marathon festivals are an adolescent bourgeois phenomenon."

Nusser, (*Village Voice* 4/13/72) who contends that, "this cosmic Easter... could turn out to be one of the most important socio-political cultural events in Puerto Rico's history." Somehow the whole scene conjures up an image of the Allied occupation of Rome, where American GI's were handing out Hershey bars to the little paisans, and raping their mothers the same night.

Mar y Sol was nothing less than a culpable affront to the cultural sensibilities of the Puerto Rican people. American recording companies paraded the cream of their schlock, (with the notable exception of John McLaughlin and his Mahavishnu Orchestra), before the children of Scarsdale and Skokie, once again proving that Consciousness III comes pretty cheap after all.

Rumor has it, however, that the promoters of the two festivals, in

an attempt to salvage some sense of integrity and good faith, have merged their efforts and come up with "Puerto Rico On Parade," a cultural cavalcade of Latin American folk art to be presented in the Spring of '73. Although a site has not yet been agreed upon, Burt Hurlburt informs us that he has spotted little shoots of green sprouting all over his field, (where a sequel for *The Last Picture Show* is being shot), "and that there crab grass oughta be high enough to mow come next March."

### The Daily Cardinal

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## God The Father: 'It's As American As Boy Scouts'

By TONY CHASE

"This is an indictment against gang rule in America and the careless indifference of the government...what are you going to do about it?" Moments later, there is the sound of gunfire and we are into the first reel of *Scarface*, *The Shame of a Nation*, the toughest gangster film of 1932. Forty years later a Mafia kingpin is suddenly shot dead during his birthday party in a New York City restaurant and bundled newspapers, thrown off the back of a truck in Chicago hours later, are headlined: "Gang War Explodes In New York!" A few weeks earlier in that city, *The Godfather* opens to packed houses, grossing half a million dollars the first week at only five theatres. The *Godfather* will unquestionably knock out *Gone With The Wind* as the world box office champion.

**DESCRIBING FRANCIS** For Coppola's new gangster film, *Time* magazine reports: "During the wedding that opens the film, the Don metes out favors and punishments; during the christening that ends it, his son and successor Michael pledges faith in God and renounces the devil while gunmen, acting on his instructions, murder rivals all over the city. 'Today,' says Michael, 'I took care of all family business.' Coppola extends this moral masquerade even further, using the Mafia as a metaphor not only for corruption in business, but for corruption in all centers of power, emphatically including government." Thus *The Godfather*, like *Scarface*, mercilessly exposes the brutality of gangsterism and ruthlessly indicts big crime, big government, big business. You sure hate them lousy mugs, don't ya?

No, you don't. You love them. Writing about *Scarface*, Richard Whitehall says, "There is no doubt that the youth of America—and not only America—had made heroes of the gangsters, had surrounded them with all the glamour and adventurousness of the western gunslinger, saw them indeed in very much the same terms." I saw *The Godfather* on a big night with just under a thousand people who responded openly to the film only twice. First, when Michael finally marshals the courage to become his father's son and in a small cafe shoots down a gangster and cop who have tried to eliminate his father: massive applause. Second, when the toughest of the remaining bosses is gunned down during the christening of Michael's godson: applause with approval. Yes, you love *The Godfather*'s daring bandits, relish young Mike's audacity and determination, do not hold it against him that he is an outlaw but rather respect him for it. If the law itself is corrupt, why not make a living outside of it? We hear a smattering of "right ons" in the audience.

Ridiculous—considering that the Mafia is about as radical as Metternicht. Eric Hobsbawm writes that "the crucial fact about the bandit's social situation is its ambiguity. He is an outsider and a rebel, a poor man who refuses to accept the normal roles of poverty, and establishes his freedom by means of the only resources within reach of the poor: strength, bravery, cunning and determination...At the same time the bandit is, inevitably, drawn into the web of wealth and power, is 'one of us' who is constantly in the process of becoming associated with 'them'. The more successful he is as a bandit, the more he is both a representative and champion of the poor and a part of the system of the rich." Which perhaps describes the origins of the Mafia or America's social bandits during Prohibition and the Depression.

BUT NOT THE modern corporate Mafia or the Cosa Nostra of the forties portrayed in The



Brando as 'The Godfather.'

**Godfather.** Hobsbawm further explains that the rural bandit's "equivalent in the tightly-packed immigrant city slums, the local gangster or political boss (who are, in a sense, stands for the poor against the rich, and sometimes gives to the poor some of his loot from the rich), is much less the rebel and outlaw, much more the boss. His connection with the centers of official wealth and power (e.g. 'City Hall') are much more evident—they may indeed be the most evident thing about him."

Consequently we can conclude that (1) *The Godfather* is hardly an anti-organized crime film. If you really dislike thugs, how can you attack them simply by showing them reducing their own numbers? Real anti-Mafia films (or those which but for a cop-out ending might be) like *The Garment Jungle*, *On The Waterfront*, or *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* try to show how organized crime removes from average citizens the right to control their own lives. Has anyone ever made a film showing what the numbers racket does for the social organization of Harlem? (2) *The Godfather* is hardly a social bandit film. The first families of organized crime are neither poor nor unemployed and they are not thus portrayed in *The Godfather*. They do not aspire to become revolutionary outlaws and surely only a fraction of *The Godfather*'s audience chooses to

see them that way.

Then why is the film so popular, why will it win so many Academy Awards next spring? More to the point, why is the rise to power of Michael Corleone so exciting, so much fun, ultimately so satisfying? In short, I think, because the film's extraordinarily simple and elegant presentation of a familiar story—the return of the prodigal son and his eventual reintegration into the patriarchal family structure—punctuated by near, slightly exotic acts of murder and revenge by which young Michael earns his manhood, his father's respect, and finally the right to rule not only his large family but the City's invisible government as well, is precisely the kind of nostalgic, comfortable and rather reactionary fantasy that most ideologically conditioned American moviegoers wish to indulge in during this grim and somewhat threatening historical conjuncture.

**THINK ABOUT IT.** When far too many sons have forgotten their father's favorite story of Casino or Guadalcanal, have allowed their generation's great test of manhood to become a kind of Little Big Horn (read Dien Bien Phu), what could be more reassuring than to spend an evening out with a picture the papers said not to miss, intimately sharing (Brando does that) a father's pride in a son who came through for the old man even if the real one perhaps did not, perhaps went AWOL or came back with a suitcase full of heroin. *The Godfather* opened in 34 American cities in March. A movie does not become the biggest box office smash of all time unless families in Akron cook hamburgers on the grill and then go to see it. Think about it.

Michael returns from overseas a bit confused, uninterested in family business, with (this is hard to swallow) a woman the most important thing in his life. Drama centers around the Godfather at his daughter's wedding; each son relishes his duty on this day but where is Mike? Don Corleone is disappointed; so are we. Michael's contribution is to drag this girl into the family photo. The action continues without him and a rival gang tries to assassinate the Don. Mike reads the news on the street; his girlfriend stands outside the phonebooth while a call is put through to home. At a hospital where his father is near death and vulnerable to the old

get-well-soon machine-gun greeting, Mike finally accepts his responsibility for family business and masquerades as he gunman he will become. "I'm here pop, I'll stay with you," and for the rest of the film he does.

Back out front he is punched in the eye and receives a shiner which gets him back into the boys club. Shortly thereafter he shoots and kills two guys at point blank range and that gets him into the mens club. While his gun is being prepared for the deed he is reminded, "We were proud of what you did in the War, kid. We all were." If you think this sounds so obviously insipid that the audience is supposed to get just that idea, you're asking the wrong question. Isn't this so obviously what the audience wants to see that we love it, regardless of how we are meant to respond? After all, it's as American as Boy Scouts and Father's Day.

**THE AUTHORITARIAN** position of the father," writes Wilhelm Reich, "reflects his political role and discloses the relation of the family to the authoritarian state. Within the family the father holds the same position that his boss holds toward him in the production process. And he reproduces his subservient attitude toward authority in his children, particularly in his sons...the sons, apart from a subservient attitude toward authority, develop a strong identification with the father,

which forms the basis of the emotional identification with every kind of authority." Certainly nothing new for Hollywood, a mainstay of authoritarian ideology. Someone will suggest that most people don't think about all this theoretical nonsense but just go to a movie to enjoy the action. Half the problem is that we can't think about it (we just absorb the ideological posture uncritically) and the other half is that we do enjoy the action. We are seduced by an attractive imagery of murder which seems preferable to any other mode of behavior yet which always allows us to leave the theatre unscathed.

But the violence of *The Godfather* is so disgusting, right? The intercutting between Michael pledging his faith in God and his hired gunmen executing the family's enemies is what *Time* calls "savage irony". As if most audiences associated God with the Church more with an adamant abstention from violence than with a son's obedience to his father and the primacy of family discipline and order. As if most audiences don't enjoy Michael's revenge for Sonny's death and his final ascension to power. Maurice Merleau-Ponty writes that "violence—anguish, pain, and death—is only appealing in imagination, in art and written history." Perhaps we should extend this statement: violence is usually appealing in imagination, art and the movies.

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## Zipper Songs And 'Good Times' On Regent Street

By LEONARD EPAND

From out of a cool and starry evening, I entered into an atmosphere thick with blueness, the din of a tense crowd, their smoke, and an amplified guitar player who was thumping and crooning out "Mack the Knife" into the compressed area. The people on my left stood, drinks in hand, with their dead-pan faces disinterestedly turned at the singer while, to my right, clusters of involved people bounced rubber-like, sipping on the upbeats.

No—this was not Bobby Darin, 1961. This was a weekend night in 1972. The preceding week had seen re-ignited student anti-war demonstrations smoulder out with April's showers and a remouthing by President Nixon of the old defenses for genocide colorfully wrapped in divine mission. But, from all appearances down here, who would have guessed it?

I was down on Regent Street gaining insight into a phenomenon which I had not seen for years but which has been there all along: I am speaking of the sing-along drinking establishments.

WHEN ONE patronizes such a place it should not take him long to sense what is happening. A liquor-licensed club owner in Madison potentially can do a highly lucrative business. An enterprising club owner need only offer what it takes to bring young people in to "sop it up." Maximum profits lie in the maximum consumption of alcoholic beverages.

Some clubs provide free peanuts to create first an attraction and then thirst, but, on Regent Street, the magical formula is a gregarious and garrulous conviviality which is triggered by an entertainer who plays, sings and jives the nightlifers into the drinking spirit.

Chris Doughty, a local folk-blues musician who has played this gig, explained that the bar performer must summon up in the ever-changing crowd what is common in them all—a spirit common to everyone's background: The camp songs, for example, the songs sung riding the bus on school field trips, and the high school and college drinking songs. Today this adds up to 50's rock and roll and such audience provokers as "the Soused Family" in which those



Cardinal photo by James Korger

"...on Regent Street, the magical formula is a gregarious and garrulous conviviality which is triggered by an entertainer who plays, sings and jives the nightlifers into the drinking spirit."

who are indeed souses wail out the choruses, their glasses exuberantly swinging to and fro.

"People want songs to raise their hedonic level," Doughty hypothesized.

IT IS characteristic and indicative that the majority of a weekend night's material is comprised of the lewd and the bawdy. The sexual motif seems to act like the grease on the drinking machine—the more, the merry merrier. These outlets for both male and female sexual fantasies are referred to by Doughty as "zipper songs." One such song: "My father's a priest so it's all right to take your clothes off in

front of me." Often, between numbers, vulgar jokes will be relayed.

"People are there, to a large extent, to get up to a sexual plane and to lose their inhibitions," Doughty contends.

Why do these people choose not to work it out or get it on where a top forty rock group is providing footstomping boogie? Two fellows at the "Brat and Brau" said frankly that they feel intimidated by the cliquish long-hairs and their "heavy" attitudes, and that they disliked "far-out music." I am sure that politics enters into it too, for everyone I talked to found more wrong with campus

demonstrations than with the American bombings in Vietnam. These are not the "Gritty" radicals.

One could say, perhaps, that the entertainment formula found in the Regent Street bars achieves its desired and calculated effect. The club-like, party atmosphere is conducive to drinking—it succeeds in creating an easy feeling of closeness with others. This, at bottom, is what draws the hoards.

BUT DOUGHTY, although he lauds this intimate club feeling, seriously and justifiably disdains the narrow and uncreative role a performer must assume in maintaining his commercial function.

Scott Williams, a singer and guitarist currently playing at Johnny Laugen's, explained that the bar's clientele simply "won't listen to original or creative music unless they are given a reason to listen to it." A performer here, he continued, "must stick to what they (the people) know and want to hear."

Williams went further to reveal how touchy the performer-audience relationship is. He said that, "among 200 minds out there, there are always some who are looking to fight with whoever is up there (on stage)."

Thus, serious defects in the Regent Street clubs become apparent and helps to delineate what is needed to provide Madison with ideal entertainment spots. The blatant, blaring commercialism which forces a performer to be artistically uncreative and encourages him to abandon meaningful message for

banalities is a prime characteristic. Insincerity pervades the entire scene—one bar's cocktail waitress confided that she found the place and her job "sick;" she said she was doing it not because she liked it, but because she needed the money. And Scott Williams admits he gets bored with the routines if he has to play more than twice a week.

THE BARS CAN be criticized for their hard-sell environment which compels many people to devastate themselves with alcohol—as though getting roaring drunk is all that is worthwhile in one's free time.

And (with the notable exception of Tom and Dan Saturday night at the "Brat and Brau") the ethos is utterly void of anything morally uplifting. I do not care how drunk one may get, he cannot help walking away from these clubs feeling dissatisfied and cheated.

Chris Doughty outlined the preferred Parthenogenesis (the music co-op) alternative. The bars would remain structurally the same, Doughty said, but the entire atmosphere would be deflated of its commercial exigencies because the low-cost establishment would be supported by community donations. People would not be impelled to consume. The place should allow people to listen to a performer and actually relate with what he has to say. Doughty's hope is that meaningful and expressive music, combined with a political direction of liberation, would be able to reach people "through the sincere driving force that grows out of people working together in the community."

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Singer Surmounts Irritated  
Crowd and a Bomb Scare  
By DON HECKMAN  
New York Times

A performer who can survive a bomb scare and an antagonistic audience must be something special. Singer-songwriter Don McLean came on stage at Columbia University's

#### Don McLean in Concert

Letter to the Editor  
Buffalo Evening News

"...I am not a fan of Don McLean, or wasn't before Sunday. I liked "American Pie," but knew little of McLean or his work before then.

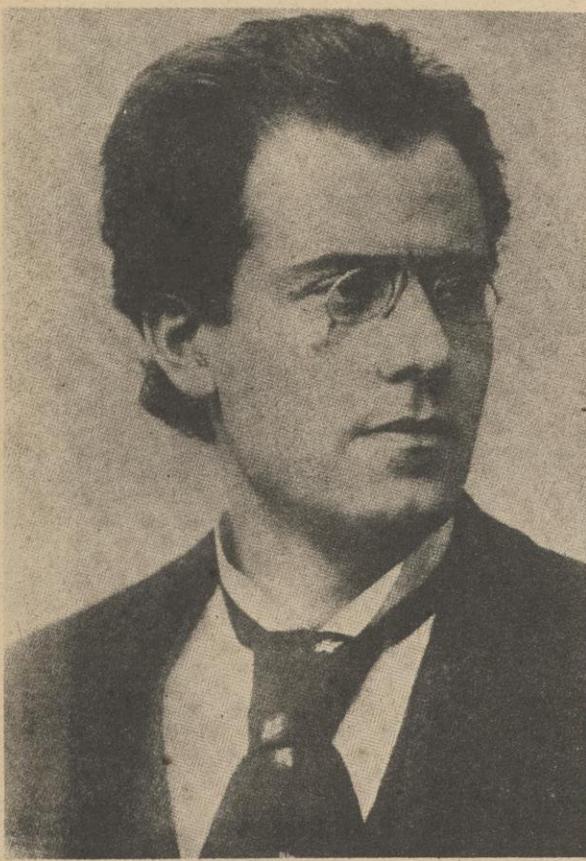
I sat in the balcony, quite physically alienated from the lone man on stage, with no particular expectations but curiosity.

until step by step his words, melodious voice, his attitude, sensitivity, candor, and sincerity brought my weary mind to a warm reception of McLean's works. Just as we discovered and respected the music of Bob Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel, Gordon Lightfoot, or Carole King, so has everything I saw of Don McLean seeped into and warmed my musical sense."



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## ‘Gustav Mahler Was A Musician



By STEVEN LOWE

Unlike Beethoven, whose acquaintance with letters was remarkably shallow, Gustave Mahler steeped himself in the world of literature and philosophy. In a sense, his gateway to mankind centered on the writings of Plato, Goethe, Tolstoy and the rich legacy of German literature, complemented by eastern thought and Christian mysticism. With each writer he entered into serious dialogue, always questioning, always searching for the answer: For What Purpose?

But Mahler was a musician, and his language was music: His symphonies and songs do not merely reflect his search for meaning; they are a permanent record of his crisis of faith manque.

However much he might be moved by the scenic splendor of Austria's mountains it was not their visual beauty per se that affected him, but their cosmic significance. He saw, not mountains, but manifestations of the divine spirit in which he so fervently craved to believe.

BECAUSE MAHLER HIMSELF gave verbal expression to the ideas that lay behind his musical utterance, critics have accused him of writing "program" music. Even among those who responded favorably to Mahler many a zealot has burdened the listening experience with detailed pictorial images which violate the music.

Mahler regretted "explaining" his symphonies: "I only drew up the program as a crutch for a cripple... It only gives a superficial indication, all that any program can do for a musical work... I'm quite sure that if God were asked to draw up a program of the world he had created he could never do it. At best it would say as little about the nature of God and life as my analysis says about my C Minor Symphony."

The confusion over the program derives from a failure to distinguish between the willful translation of visual imagery into sound pictures and the manifestation in musical terms of a composer's ingrained feelings, moods, and aspirations.

For Mahler melody, harmony and tonal quality were fused in pursuit of heightened emotional expression. Mahler's intensity of introspection, his concern with the workings of the subconscious, paralleled the growth of the Psychology movement in Vienna in the closing years of the nineteenth century. (In fact, Mahler was a patient of Freud toward the end of his life.)

IN PURELY MUSICAL terms Mahler was beholden to several antecedents. Beethoven, of course, looms large—and Bruckner too—as the providers of the massive symphonic format by which Mahler worked out his musical ideas.

Unlike Wagner and his apologists, Mahler refused to believe that the symphony was a dead schema; he thought in symphonic terms, developing ideas out of pregnant motifs as a true disciple of the Beethoven of the Ninth Symphony.

Even at specific moments, the influence of Beethoven is strongly perceived. The opening bars of Mahler's Second Symphony, surely one of the most striking beginning passages in the symphonic literature, will call to mind the same point in Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony.

Then, too, there is the unmistakable stamp of Schubertian lyricism and the use of sudden shifts between major to minor keys. From Berlioz Mahler drew upon the marvelous flair for using (in Bruno Walter's terms) "bizarre and grotesque means for reaching utmost keeneness of expression."

IN HIS STUDENT days at the Vienna Conservatory Mahler was a true believer at the Wagnerian shrine, endorsing Wagner's use of orchestral color and rich harmony to express symbols and ideas. On a more prosaic level Wagner's deployment of massed brass instruments influenced Mahler just as it did Bruckner.

One additional source of inspiration must be mentioned. As a young boy Mahler was in constant earshot of military barracks and the attendant martial music which filled the air. He never forgot these sounds and incorporated march themes throughout his works. They are especially to the fore in the opening movements of the Third and Sixth Symphonies.

However formative these varied influences may have been on Mahler, his own music speaks its own language and can never be mistaken for anyone else's. There are moments in his early works, such as *Das klagende Lied* and the First Symphony, where occasional passages all too clearly resemble Wagner but Mahler quickly mastered his own style.

Mahler's First Symphony is a youthful work, essentially optimistic in outlook, though tinged with some of the bitter sarcasm that would reach fullest expression in some of the later scherzos. Originally possessed of five movements, Mahler revised it in 1899 and deleted the so-called Blumine movement. Until recently the amended version was almost exclusively performed. Of the four movements in the "standard" version, the first three are first rate Mahler. The triumphant finale, however, rings hollow. It seems more of a willful effect than to have grown organically from the music which precedes it.

THE SECOND SYMPHONY is not only far superior to the First Symphony, it marks a definite advancement in the direction of epic statement. Its first movement is a massive, yet perfectly economical, funeral rite in which Mahler showed a remarkable command of expanded symphonic language. The surging power of this movement is highlighted by the succeeding andante, a nostalgic and gently humorous evocation of the Austrian Landler and waltz. A brusque scherzo gives way to the beautiful fourth movement song *Urlicht* (which also appears in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*). The last movement begins with a long orchestral interlude fraught with conflicting imagery. Trumpet calls, echoes of the *Dies Irae*, and the frightful pandemonium of the Last Judgment prepare the way for the choral ending which serves to close the work on a note of salvation and hope for mankind.

In the Third Symphony Mahler addressed himself to the power of nature, and of love's inevitable triumph over nature's realm. Despite an obvious structural imbalance in the long first movement one is easily won over by the work's abundant melodic riches

and stunning world of sound. Especially affecting are the posthorn interlude and the ravishing adagio which concludes the movement.

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The Fourth Symphony has long enjoyed popularity, even when Mahler's other works were held up to ridicule. It is his most amiable symphony, though the childlike atmosphere of the first movement is never quite free of darkness. No doubt part of its geniality is owed to the way conductors have invariably performed this work.

WITH THE FIFTH SYMPHONY Mahler embarked upon a new phase in his orchestral writing. As with the subsequent two symphonies Mahler leaves behind the world of poetic imagery and specific recourse to the *Wunderhorn* collection. Beginning with the Fifth Symphony Mahler's polyphony becomes increasingly elaborate and the resultant "sound" is distinctly twentieth century in implication.

For Mahler it meant concerted effort in the area of orchestration. He completely rewrote the instrumentation for the Fifth Symphony after he became aware of how insufficient the original version was. The most famous part of this symphony is the heavenly adagietto which functions as a buffer between the ferocious anguish of the first three movements and redemptive finale.

The Sixth Symphony, the so-called Tragic Symphony, is perhaps Mahler's finest orchestral work. Unlike anything that preceded it, it does not for a moment pretend to have arrived at any hopeful answers. Mahler himself was frightened by its unrelenting refusal to be affirmative. It was an act of courage for him to write so compelling a testament. The Sixth Symphony is searingly beautiful from start to finish. Its first movement combines elements of the march with moments of splendid introspection. A wicked scherzo follows, echoing and ridiculing what has gone before it.

Next comes the andante, which flows out of a broad melody of haunting beauty. The long finale conjures up themes and images from the first three movements in an increasingly tumultuous fashion. The music is punctuated—lacerated—by two shattering hammerblows that Mahler conceived of as cruel fate. When he conducted the Sixth Symphony he played down these devastating blows out of genuine fear for their prophetic significance.

THE SEVENTH SYMPHONY has not had a very easy time gaining access into the public heart. It is by far the most plainly expressionistic of Mahler's symphonies, a vast ritualistic exorcism in clashing sonorities and distorted melodies. The two fiercely aggressive outer

movements clash with an inner corpus of three movements from another world. Within this threesome two essentially lyrical nocturnes flank Mahler's grizzliest scherzo, a virtual encounter with the bogeyman. Mahler specialist Deryck Cooke describes this movement as a conjuring of "things that go bump in the night," and that is a fitting characterization.

Mahler thought his Eighth Symphony to be his greatest effort; it was the last work he ever conducted. It marks his return to the use of vocal forces after the purely instrumental medium of the previous three symphonies. The shorter first part is a setting of the medieval hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* by Hrabanus Maurus. The final scene from Part II of Goethe's *Faust*, a highly symbolic treatment of the eternal Feminine as a redemptive aspect of God, forms the second and larger part of the symphony. This work, more than any other, was clearly an act of complete faith for Mahler. Its title—*Symphony of a Thousand*—only slightly exaggerates the massive instrumental and choral forces required for its performance.

Had Mahler died after the Eighth Symphony (1906) his life would have ended on a note of triumphant fulfillment, for in that symphony his highest aspirations seemed to have been realized. Yet, as discussed in conjunction with *Dad Lied von der Erde*, no such blessing was granted

In 1909, Mahler composed his Ninth Symphony, a continuation of the spirit of resignation born in *Das Lied*. The lengthy first movement portrays Mahler's conflict with death in a struggle between somber reflection and fearful agitation. A Landler follows which hearkens back to the second movement of the Second Symphony. This in turn gives way to bitter rondo-burleske. All the conflict of the first three movements prepares us for the concluding adagio, where all agitation dissolves in a sustained mood of distant resignation. At times the music appears to be suspended in time and requires a really sympathetic conductor to hold it together.

MAHLER BEGAN A Tenth Symphony. Only the beautiful andante-adagio reached completion, and this splendid torso has enjoyed not infrequent performances. Deryck Cooke recently completed the work from sketches Mahler left for the remaining four movements. It remains to be seen whether conductors will follow Eugene Ormandy's lead in recording Cooke's version.

Mahler's music is at once a summing up of the impulses of nineteenth century German Romanticism and a farsighted view into the windows of the twentieth century. His detractors have often emphasized his rearward connection, his advocates his modernity. Both viewpoints touch upon the truth, though only tangentially and irrelevantly. What is significant about Mahler's music is simply that in its great beauty, inventiveness, and high purpose—above all high purpose—it transcends its historical base and speaks directly to mankind stripped of the external trappings of time and place. This is the test of all great art.



## Russ Merritt On Film And Filmdom

### Or 'I Have This Theory,' He Said With A Knowing Smile

By SANDRA OZOLS

"I have this theory," explained Russell Merritt, looking out through a pair of light-rimmed plastic glasses, "that it's going to be very hard to make a good film in Madison and very easy to make a great film in Madison; because the conditions, as I see them, are just ripe for somebody making a block-buster, a really dynamite student film."

"As I see it," Merritt continued, "everything is in chaos—the equipment is around, the opportunity, the interest is up. So the stuff is here, and the people will let you alone—you have none of the advantages of guidance and none of the crippling disadvantages of guidance."

Merritt's filmmaking theories advertise a hard-earned personal perspective—indeed, the popular 30-year old Communications Arts Assistant professor once tread the budding talent path himself.

TEN YEARS AGO, the sandy-haired instructor turned down an offer as a Hollywood script writer. Today he turns down unlucky students who cannot get into the classes he teaches—his primer course, "Introduction to Film," is perennially the first lecture course to fill up on campus.

Merritt's current vogue can be partially attributed to the recent resurgence of interest in "the cinema" locally—countless film societies lure hundreds of students nightly. But, Merritt contends, many students are going to see the wrong kind of films.

"From a student body that gives so much evidence of being so politicized and so quick to radicalize, it is really surprising—totally discouraging—to see how little support authentic, revolutionary gets on the campus," Merritt complained.

"The film societies here are still showing what are essentially entertainment films—although some people are viewing them as works of art. But there is still no interest in showing films that were originally intended with a serious purpose."

MERRITT'S ATTITUDE towards film and teaching emerges as he sits and talks at his old-fashioned office in Bascom Hall, behind a cluttered, wooden desk. In this room, he looks at ease. The room is barren,

with the exception of such items as a poster of an eyeball protruding from a woman's mouth, four or five bottles of dry sherry; and a bookcase with assorted works, including a collection of Shakespearian plays, and the latest editions of *Rolling Stone*.

"The most discouraging phenomena about the film scene in Madison," Merritt begins with an irritated tone, "is the idea that Don Siegel, the fellow that made *Dirty Harry*, is really avant garde; or that avant garde and what's new is simply the unappreciated craftsmen of the forties and fifties."

"You know for every *Red River* and *Butch Cassidy* shown in the film societies, how many art films, the short non-narrative films, by artists like Vanderbeck, are being shown?"

Films such as *Z*, which Merritt describes as a "nice, accessible, arm-chair revolutionary film," receive mass support on campus, while experimental movies such as the recent series of Brazilian films do not have appeal, Merritt laments.

"THE BRAZILIAN films, which are actually the authentic thing—made on shoestrings—brilliant, gutty—do very poorly in Madison and appeal to a very small potpourri," he said, "But for every one person who saw *Black God, White Devil* or *Terra Seca*, there must have been a hundred who saw *Z*."

In conversation, as in lecture, Merritt is animated. He walks in strides, and his eyes are fixed constantly on the floor as he talks—his fat, little hands move in continual, meaningless, circular or linear motion. Perhaps it is his familiar bright blue shirt, or black-and-red suspenders or baggy grey pants, that captivates the audience. Or maybe it is the shiny top of his half-bald head, or the slight amount of loose fat which hangs on his body. Whatever the device, the class is attentive—right until that frequent moment when chuckles greet one of his curious high-toned expressions.

"So far we've been treating what happens to a film as if the industry were clean," he smirks, and the class understands the implication. Merritt, after

all, has a firsthand insight into just how "clean" Hollywood is. During his junior year at Northwestern, he was chosen by MGM to participate in an "unsuccessful apprentice program," after his movie *Goodnight Socrates* scored highly in national film festivals. Merritt spent the summer of 1962 in Hollywood—there he made another film and joined a script-writing unit.

"I saw enough while I was there," he recalls, "to dissuade me from Hollywood. First of all, the apprentice system had real limitations. Secondly, I was there during one of MGM's frequent last gasp efforts, and the studio was in bad economic shape."

"IN FACT, WHAT I saw was an extremely frustrating picture—like directors being canned three fourths of the way through with their film." Merritt left after six months. "I was offered a chance to do a couple of television series, but it did not seem to be nearly as exciting as writing and teaching on my own."

After Merritt left Hollywood, he finished his undergraduate studies at Northwestern, and then went on to do graduate work at Harvard. There he made another film *The Drums Must Die*, which turned out to be an unintentional foreshadowing of the late 60's campus riots.

"The film's claim to fame is that it anticipated the Columbia riot by about six months. It is about what happens at a kind of grotesque college, where a student tries to protest a grade—an absurd grade—and consequently decides to declare war on the university. He marshalls, literally marshalls, an army of about 600 students for this epic—mock epic—fight between the faculty members and students."

"It was done in this great comic sense," said Merritt as he leaned further back in his swivel-chair, "and, my God, six months later, the campuses really started to riot. So now the whole movie takes on this kind of strange surrealistic tone; and the film gives you a natural impression of Olympic detachment, because there seems to be no real moral judgement on the riot itself."

*The Drums Must Die* is still distributed around the country by a 16mm film distributor, Contemporary.

NOW, AT TIMES, Merritt the Hollywood veteran evinces an almost arrogant attitude towards Hollywood movies. He almost starts to laugh himself, when during lectures he talks about "some of those mental midgets who are brought in to make nice, safe Hollywood movies."

The once-daring avant garde film, for example, is today co-opted by Hollywood, Merritt contends.

"By co-optation, I mean, taking the film or the style which in original form has radical implications, and making use of it in such a way that an audience who sees it thinks that they are witnessing a radical event when in fact they are just witnessing a dingy status quo."

"When undergraduates think that *A Clockwork Orange* is a radical film because it uses foul language and shows violent scenes—that's cooptation. When Ryan O'Neal thinks he is a radical film actor because he's the hero of *Love Story*, a film which uses foul language and a man not wanting to go into big business—that's cooptation."

"I CAN POSSIBLY foresee a film society strictly for avant garde film in the future," Merritt said, punctuating his enthusiasm for experimental filmmaking, "But, again, it requires the education of the audience."

"I have yet to see that," he mused, "we are living in a heroic age, or in the midst of the 'greening of America' with 'consciousness three.' I think that is a far way off and I'd be surprised if film were the agency by which the 'greening' were to take place."

Merritt shifted his weight, paused to consider, and delivered a final comment. "Again," he noted with the trace of a knowing smile, "I keep on quoting that Walt Whitman saying—that to have great works you must have greater audiences—and to have great poets you must have greater audiences."



Cardinal photo by Arthur Pollock

## Now It's Time To Say Goodbye...

Oh, not since the invention of sliced bread has there been such a unique phenomenon as the zany and perverse group of satirists known as the Kentucky Fried Theatre (KFT). They have been taken for granted—but they will be sorely missed when they are gone.

Yes, all too soon, the Kentucky Fried troupe is fleeing the backstages of Madison, hopefully headed for bigger, better and smoggier things in Los Angeles, California.

Kentucky Fried Theater's "The Entire History of the Whole World" will continue performances

every Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. through final exam period—you are invited to attend if you would like to be able to say "I knew them when." But come early—the shows have been sold out steadily.

The motley crew pictured above are too numerous and disgusting to mention individually but it suffices to say that Chris was not present when this cast photo was taken. Unfortunately, the rest of the cast were. No matter. Our appreciation and good wishes extend to them all—good-bye and good luck KFT.

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## Quixote Hosts Small Magazine Meeting

QUIXOTE MAGAZINE will host the 1972 Conference of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers in Madison from June 6th to June 10th at the University YMCA. Local writers and poets should be advised that over one hundred editors and publishers of independent and university connected literary magazines will be available for conversations and perhaps manuscript evaluations. COSMEP is a national organization promoting small press publications, supported by the membership dues of the little magazines and occasional government grants.

The difficulties of organizing a number of very individualistic small magazine editors are reflected in the many factions found in the organization itself. There are those who think it should concern itself with trying to make little magazines into big magazines, and those who think COSMEP should be a mutually supportive organization with agreement on a basic set of principles such as what makes an underground press or what is the relation of the little magazine to the society.

THERE ARE SOME who think COSMEP should take a more socially active role. Quixote, Robert Bly, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Allen Ginsberg have pushed this position while the original founders of COSMEP, Len Fulton and Richard Morris, have tried to keep the organization as eclectic as possible.

The COSMEP conventions are usually colorful and controversial with editors discussing their magazines, ideas, and policies. One can see the shape and direction of our literature of the future at these conventions. Speakers will include local and nationally known figures.

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## Jethro Tull

The audience got their money's worth (for a change) at the Jethro Tull concert last Wednesday night at the Coliseum. Ian Anderson (above) bedazzled the crowd with his demonic gesticulations and incredibly expressive facial contortions. Ian displayed some fine acoustic guitar playing in addition to his usual flawless flutemanship. A good show in a season of bummers.



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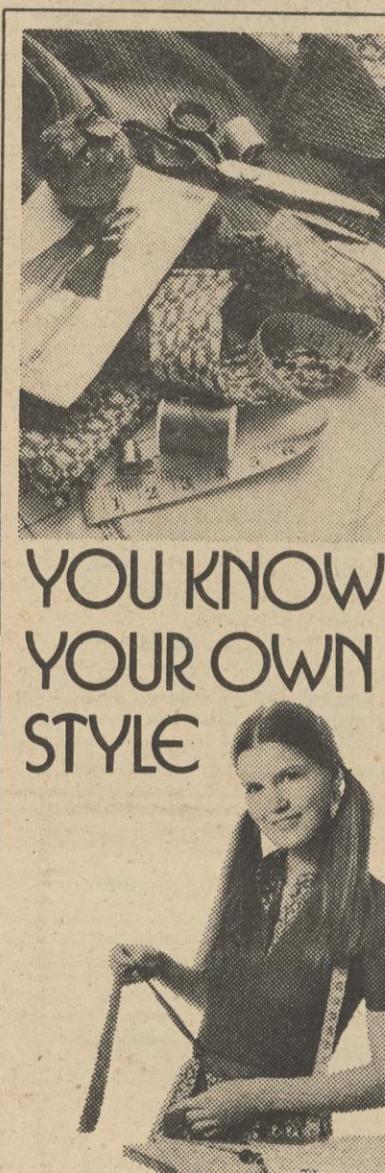
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**SUMMER SUBLET** one bedroom in large furnished, ritzy joint 257-6583. —3x9

**SUMMER SUBLET** efficiency near James Madison rent negotiable call Mark 257-0664. —5x11

**SUMMER SUBLET** 1-5 people \$45 per month each 319 N. Pinckney apt. 1 255-2371. —5x11

**AVAILABLE FOR FALL** two bedroom apt. June 1st occupancy 251-7715. —5x11

**SUMMER SUBLET** 1308 Spring, one bedroom air-cond. rent negotiable 251-6876. —5x11

**SUMMER SUBLET**: need one girl to share with one more great location rent neg. 257-1391. —6x12

**THE TOWERS APARTMENTS** 502 N. Frances. Singles for men or women from \$900. Air conditioned meal plans optional. Free seconds, all you can eat. One block from campus call 257-0701. —10x19

**SUMMER SUBLET** furnished house three bedrooms 1005 Williamson 256-6276. —5x12

**RENT** lg. eff. on lake excel location all utilities 257-0150. —5x12

**SUMMER**—3-bedroom for 3 free parking, bath, disposal. Rent negotiable 257-6594. —2x9

**SPACIOUS** 2 bedroom apt., porch, utilities furnished, 435 W. Dayton 256-3848. —5x12

**LARGE COMFORTABLE** single men 21 238-2434, 255-4938 after 4 274-0114 campus no cooking. —xxx

**FALL**, need 2 girls to share 3 bedroom apt. with 2 others, 121 W. Gilman call Sue or Linda 256-5286. —2x9

**SUMMER SUBLET** fall option St. Mary's Hospital area own room nice house, people, garden, porch, 251-2829. —2x9

**GREAT SUMMER** sublet 1 bedroom apt. West Gorham call 255-2087. —5x12

**ONE LARGE** sunny bedroom sublet entire summer \$165/nego. Marv 521 West Main 251-5696. —4x11

**SUMMER SUBLET** huge apartment 117 East Gorham rent negotiable 262-8092. —5x12

**THREE** girls need 2 others for house near stadium 256-0869. —5x12

**SUMMER SUBLET** share whole house 105 South Mills rent negotiable 262-5598. —5x12

**SUMMER AND FALL** house for five. Parking 315 S. Orchard 257-5787. —5x12

**FALL SEM.** only male 1 or 2 \$110.00 female \$33.50 male or female 1 to 4 \$200.00 all utilities, furnished call 251-5844 after 6:00 p.m. —2x9

**111 N. ORCHARD** single rooms \$90-125 for summer, fall doubles \$500-525 for 9 mos. 251-6747 after 5. —10x19

**DIRT CHEAP** summer room in Miffland apt. call Joan or June 256-3735. —6x15

**IMMEDIATE SUBLET** big double two girls call 251-7090 til Sept. —5x12

**SUMMER SUBLET** two girls needed share apartment w/1 near campus air-conditioned furnished private bath \$40/mo/person 257-7387. —6x15

**SUMMER SUBLET** female roommate needed to share nice apt. air cond. convenient 215 N. Frances St. call 255-7869 after 5. —5x12

**SUMMER SUBLET**: large bedroom for 2 in 5 bedroom co-op type house \$45 per person a month Near Vilas Park. Call 255-4314. —6x15

**SUNNY SUMMER** sublet near lake 1 bedroom, \$140/month 256-0395. —4x11

**SUMMER SUBLET**: need girl, own room, near campus, cheap 251-7259. —5x12

**SUMMER**: fall option, large 3-bedroom apt. near lake, square 251-4236. —7x16

**CAMPUS CAPITOL** summer, fall, 3 bedroom, 2 bath, kitchen, livingroom, 11 E. Gorham 251-4945. —5x12

**SPACIOUS** 1 bed. furnished, lower flat, yard, basement, washer, parking. June 1 fall option 2107 University. Cindi, 262-5866 days, 233-2369 eves. —3x10

**EFFICIENCY SUBLET**: 1 girl utilities incl. Gilman & Pinckney. 257-3144. —5x12

**SUMMER**—Spacious 3 bedrm for 4. 840 Jennifer 251-4597. —10x8

## PAD ADS

**SUMMER SUBLET** Henry Gilman, efficiency air cond. pool balcony disposal 251-1569. —10x9

**SUBLET HENRY GILMAN** apts. large efficiency for 1-2 furnished, air-cond. pool, utilities included 255-9384 \$127.50. —6x15

**SUMMER SUBLET** 2 bedrooms sleeping 2 to 5. 2 levels furnished, balcony, air conditioned. James Madison Park area \$160/month 262-8141 or 262-8142. —1x8

**FEMALE** to share fantastic East Gorham apt. on Lake. Dishwasher, study, fully carpeted, fireplace, cheap call Riz 256-4102 after 5:30. —3x10

**3-BEDROOM FURNISHED** apartment summer, fall, or year. Campus W. Mifflin 836-1147. —2x9

**COOPERATIVE LIVING?** Try International Co-op House 257-3023 140 W. Gilman \$100 for summer \$55 mon. fall. —11x22

**SUMMER SUBLET** apt. for one ideally located Fitch Court, furnished clean call 255-9131. —4x10

**SUMMER SUBLET** need 2 to share large bedroom \$45/person 257-7383. —5x11

**FURN. APTS. FOR RENT**—South 1 and 2 bedrooms; mile to campus; parking; bus line, low summer session rents; no pets, available June 1. Families allowed in most units; 271-5916. —10x18

**SUMMER SUBLET** efficiency air-cond. fall option campus—James Madison Park \$120 June 15th 257-4029. —8x16

**CHEAP SUMMER SUBLET** for 2 or 3, fireplace, living and dining room, excellent location at 1224 Spring call Nancy at 256-0374. —3x9

**SUMMER SUBLET** large furn. 1 bedr. apt. air cond. \$107/mo. #1004 215 North Frances call 257-2127, 256-7821. —5x11

**SUMMER EFFICIENCY** furnished, kitchen private bath. Good condition, great location 415 Fitch Ct. 255-1858. —10x18

**SUMMER SUBLET** 3(three) girls to share with two newly furnished price negotiable 12 S. Orchard #3 251-7239. —10x18

**TWO PEOPLE** needed to share room. Large apt. utilities paid near campus free parking 251-7217. —9x17

**SUMMER SUBLET** large 1 bedroom apt. for 2 or 3 air cond. laundry loads of closet space parking 233-6637. —5x11

**SUMMER SUBLET** 4 room apartment Langdon St. Call 255-1174. —5x11

**SUMMER SUBLET** 21 E. Johnson 257-7334, apt. flat lvng. rm. drg. rm. kit. bath laundry "cool" Landlord 3-4 negot. —9x17

**SUMMER SUBLET** 1 or 2 bedrooms \$90 \$135 319 N. Pinckney apt. 1 255-2371. —2x8

**SUMMER SUBLET** great State Street apt. for four rent negotiable 509 State apt. 5 251-3250. —5x11

**NEED ONE** girl to share w/two others in fall. Own bedroom. Good location \$70/mo. call: 238-5956 or 262-7718. —5x11

**SAXONY APARTMENTS** 305 N. Frances 257-4283

**Singles & Bachelorettes** 1, 2, 3 Bedroom apartments Carpeted & Beautifully furnished Air Conditioned Indoor swimming pool & sundeck Available Summer & Fall

**Reduced Summer Rates** For men & women students, Nurses, Technicians and Faculty

**MODELS ARE NOW OPEN FOR YOUR INSPECTION NO APPOINTMENTS NECESSARY**

Act now for choice floor locations and breath taking views. Conveniently located across from Witte & Ogg dorms at corner of Frances and Johnson Streets.

**CALL 257-4283** 2.5-xxx

**ANY FIVE** record albums free with sublet of my two bedroom Miffland pad for summer. 256-7441. —6x9

**SUMMER SUBLET** girl needed, near Towers. Share bedroom \$60/mo. 251-8409. Homey surroundings. —5x8

**ROOMMATE WANTED** female grad student in Math seeks roommate and place to live for Fall. Quiet considerate girl desired. Gladys 262-7571

**THE CARROLLON**, 620 N. Carroll Street. 1 bedroom furnished apartments on Lake Mendota for 2 or 3 persons. Now renting for summer and fall. Reduced summer rates. Office hours 1-8 Monday through Friday, 1-5 Saturday and Sunday. 257-3736; 257-5174. —xxx

**EFFICIENCY SUBLET**: 1 girl utilities incl. Gilman & Pinckney. 257-3144. —5x12

**SUMMER**—Spacious 3 bedrm for 4. 840 Jennifer 251-4597. —10x8

## PAD ADS

**KENT HALL**, 616 N. Carroll Street. Single and double rooms with private bath and refrigerator on Lake Mendota. Now renting for summer and fall. Reduced summer rates. Office hours 1-8 Monday through Friday, 1-5 Saturday and Sunday. 255-6344; 257-5174. —xxx

**UNIVERSITY COURTS**, 2302 University Ave. Efficiency, 1 and 2 bedroom furnished apartments. All utilities furnished, indoor pool. Now accepting applications for fall. Short term summer lease available. Office hours 1-8 Monday through Friday, 9-5 Saturday, 1-5 Sunday. 238-8966; 257-5174. —xxx

**HAPPY APT.** 3 spacious bedrooms many extras. 128 E. Johnson. 257-9311. —10x15

**SUMMER SUBLET** for one or two. rent negotiable. Langdon 256-6174. —6x9

**REASONABLE** fall rental apt. Located Gilman between University and State. One large room for one or two males. 4:30-6:30 262-2025 or 231-2934 Mike. —10x15

**CHEAPO SUBLET**—pretty, 2 bedroom apartment. Rent very negotiable. Furnished, near campus. 257-3369. —10x15

**3 BEDROOM UNITS** for groups of 5. Large flats 1 blk. from Union South air cond. June to June. Phone 233-2588. —xxx

**FURNISHED** 1 block from Union South 1 bdrm apts. & single rooms for 1 or 2 people, air cond. Summer or fall 233-2588. —xxx

**SUMMER SUBLET**: 3 bedroom apt. near park. Rent negotiable 416 Butler, third floor. 256-4586. —6x8

**FURNISHED EFFICIENCIES** 2 blocks from campus reduced summer rates also renting for fall. Carpeted air conditioned & parking for appointment 222-2621 days or 221-0758 eves. 10x12

**HAASE TOWERS**, 116 East Gilman Street. 1 bedroom furnished apartments on Lake Mendota with private pier. Now renting for fall. Limited number of apartments available for summer. Office hours 4-8 Monday through Friday, 1-5 Saturday and Sunday. 255-1144; 257-5174. —xxx

**SUMMER SUBLET**: 3 (three) girls to share with two newly furnished price negotiable 12 S. Orchard #3 251-7239. —10x18

**FURNISHED** 1 block from Union South 1 bdrm apts. efficiencies, & single rooms for 1 or 2 people, air cond. Summer or fall 233-2588. —xxx

**FRANCES APARTMENTS** 215 North Frances Across from Witte Hall

—Singles, 1 and 2 bedrooms

—Excellently furnished

—Completely carpeted

—Air Conditioned

—Summer Specials

—Renting for June and September 256-7821, 257-2127 —1xxx

**SUMMER SUBLET** large two bedroom apartment. Huge living room, kitchen. Block from James Madison Park. Call in evening. 251-4796 —6x8

**LOVEABLE** house near Vilas Park needs 2 chick & a dude for summer, fall. 263-3131 afternoons. —xxx

**ROBIN APTS.**—1309 and 1315 Spring St. 3 blocks S. of Univ. off Randall—kitchen, living rm., fullbath, air cond., off street parking. Apts. for 1 or 2—\$180. Apts. for 3—\$210. Apts. for 4—\$290. Mgr. in Apt. 106, 1309 Spring. 256-2222. Owner: 271-9516 See present tenants for summer sublets. —xxx

**APARTMENTS** for 1 to 5 persons. 135 and 137 Langdon; also 7 and 11 E. Gilman. Summer or fall. 274-1860. —25xM22

**ROOMS**, men, singles, kitchen priv. fall, summer rates. 231-2929, 251-4685. —xxx

**THE**

**REGENT**

**APARTMENTS**

1402 Regent Street

Private Bedroom

\$900

## SERVICES

EXPERIENCED KEYPUNCHING, typing. Cheryl 255-4655. — 6x8

WOMEN'S COUNSELING Services. Counseling & referral for birth control, abortion & voluntary sterilization. 255-9149. 10 a.m.-10 p.m. — xxx

TYP-O-MAT typing, IBM copies, cassette dictaphone service, typewriter rental 525 N. Lake St. 251-7711. — xxx

DO YOU PLAY LOUSY POOL? Free instruction from 10-1 Mon., Thurs., nine guar. results. Action Billiards. — xxx

THESES typing and papers typed in my home. Experienced. 244-1049. — xxx

RUSH PASSPORT Photos. Taken by noon, ready at 3 p.m. four for \$5.00. Studio quality not a mug shot. Great for publicity. I.D. application, swaps. 9 to 5 Monday through Saturday. No appointment needed. 1517 Monroe St. (opposite Fieldhouse) Free Parking. — xxx

## JOB NEEDED

TYPING—My home, Reasonable, Experienced, carbon ribbon. Call 256-1706 after 6. — 12x5

## TRAVEL

MIAMI—\$100 Round Trip—Fly EASTERN any weekend—Also San Juan, Disney World, etc.—Incredible Weekends from Travel Center, 302 Union South. 263-3131 afternoons. —15x15

MAY 31 FLIGHT to California—SF or LA—\$65 on TWA Travel Center, 302 Union South, 263-3131 afternoons. —20x22

EUROPE Low Low prices. American Student Travel Assn. Chi/Lon/Chi \$220. Chi/Par/Lon Chi \$223. Many flights and services. 257-3671 4-7 p.m.; 251-1992 after 7 p.m. —10x15

EUROPE. Leave any day, return any day on 747, \$200 roundtrip from New York. \$265 from Chicago. Also flights within Europe. Sign up now. 302 Union South, 263-3131 afternoons. —7x15 May 26

YUCATAN CULTURAL EXPEDITION May 18 to 30, 2 seats available. Call 414-255-1716 after 5 p.m. —1x8

OVERLAND EXPEDITION INDIA. Leaving London early summer. \$635. Brochure: Encounter Overland, 23 Manor House Drive London NW 6. Also September expedition Africa. —8x16

## ACCOUNTING MAJORS

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Air-Conditioned Swimming Pool, Sun Deck, One Block From Campus Now Renting Summer & Fall

## SAXONY APARTMENTS

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SO YOU'RE STAYING  
IN MADISON THIS  
SUMMER AND  
LOOKING FOR AN  
APARTMENT?



You want one that's economical but comfortable, completely furnished, close to campus, maybe even air-conditioned. It is possible, you know. Call the Regent at 257-7115.

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at 1402 Regent St.

## TRAVEL

INDIA OVERLAND & Trans Africa C, 7 Southside, London SW4-UK. — 60xAug. 4

SUMMER IN EUROPE, EURAIL Passes, international student ID cards, car purchase and lease, hostel information, 302 Union South 263-3131 afternoons. —xxx

YOUTH FARE CARDS for reduced rate transportation Travel Center 302 Union South 263-3131 afternoons. —xxx

FLIGHTS to New York leaving May 31 and June 1 from Madison to LaGuardia \$95 round trip. Returning any day any flight 302 Union South 263-3131 afternoons. —xxx

ESCAPE! N.Y.-London \$99 til June 1. After June 1 \$125 roundtrip \$225 call 836-4438 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Wed.-Sat. —5x9

ANY DAY N.Y. Brussels-N.Y. \$200, Chi-Brussels-Chi \$265 N.Y. Nairobi-N.Y. \$524: 251-0838 11 p.m.-12 p.m. —10x17

## RIDE NEEDED

RIDE WANTED, N.Y.C. for two leave May 26-June 3; will share driving, \$ call Carmen, Diane. 256-6914. —xxx

SAN FRAN. June 1, call 262-5623. —3x10

N.Y.C. or any point east of Madison. Around May 14. Will share driving, \$ Malcolm 2-1242 or 238-2053. —2x9

BOSTON OR N.Y. ride needed soon Linda 255-9806. —3x8

OREGON WASHINGTON ride needed help on driving and gas May 26-30 call 262-5047 ask for Julie. —5x11

ONE OR TWO need rides to NYC or Boston early June will share driving and expenses Kathy 262-8166. —255-3573. —2x6

WHEELS FOR SALE

VAN, '65 GMC 6-stick panelled, carpeted, good paint and tires call 233-3881. —xxx

1969 FIAT "850" Spyder convertible first \$1000, takes it. 838-8570. —5x11

'66 HONDA 150 271-8505. —6x10

VW-BUS, 1964, 43,000 mi, radio very nice general condition, good engine, leaving country, call 221-2881. —4x8

SC 360 HORNET. New 1971, polyglas, power brakes and steering. Only 1200 miles. Excellent take over payments 244-9064. —5x9

1968 CORTINA GT new clutch AM-FM, best offer over \$500 must sell Marc 255-2531. —6x15

HONDA CL175 cc '71 excellent condition very low mileage Paul 262-9376. —6x10

CHEVROLET IMPALA 1966 2 door automatic good shape \$750 257-2427. —5x10

'62 CORVETTE call 238-7779. —5x10

FOR SALE 1961 V.W. window van excellent condition rebuilt motor. 1966 transaxle sacrifice 656 E. Mifflin. —6x11

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Blanchardville, Wis. 53516

## Robin Wood Adventures

(continued from page 1)

Valance with someone, we explained that the film could mean more if the person knew John Ford and could identify Ford in the work. The person called this line of argument fallacious and said that the film should stand as an artifact without the audience's prior knowledge of the director. How would you respond?

I would respond with some degree of sympathy (laughs). I think, ideally, the critic should see the film in two mutually exclusive and incompatible ways simultaneously. He should see it as the only film he has ever seen

## WANTED

RELAX try Action Billiards. —xxx

GOLDEN RETRIEVER needs country type home for the summer. 263-3131 afternoons. —xxx

WANTED: 10 speed bike 255-1858. —5x11

TRAVELING PARTNER(s) wanted for camping in Canada Alaska Jon 251-6587. —7x15

2 WOMEN looking for farm, near Madison, 251-1710 leave message for Mary or Marcia. —xxx

I NEED a paper on Piaget, Binet, or some other Ed. Psych Figure. Will pay \$ call Deb. 262-2260. —1x8

## HELP WANTED

SINGER/GUITARIST needed 257-8980. wedding. —3x9

TEACHER OPENINGS: current listings of hundreds of California schools still seeking teachers, faculty, staff in all fields. Elementary schools through colleges. \$3.00 California School Placement Bureau 1974 Thousand Oaks, Berkeley, Calif. 94707. —10x18

COCKTAIL/DINNER waitresses wanted for summer resort work. Devil's Lake - Lake Wisconsin area. Call 493-2456 after 6 p.m. —6x8

NATL CO. needs 10 men to supplement summer work force \$125/wk other benefits call employment office for further information 257-1118. —2x9

FREE MALE kittens 241-0561. —5x12

## FOUND

FOUND GOLD ring by Fieldhouse (AK to LS 1922) pick up at Cardinal office. —xxx

FOUND glasses on Univ. Ave. Fri. 4/28/72 call 262-5854. —xxx

FOUND—Sunglasses—white pearl—Contact Tanis 262-3642 9-4 —xxx

FOUND—4x6 notecards, corner of Univ. and Francis for Hist. or Journ. paper. 256-5105. —xxx

MAN'S WATCH found last week on Northwest campus—call 231-1050. —3x8

by that director, with no outside knowledge whatsoever, simply as a separate unity, and knowing everything about the director and seeing the film as part of his work. Perhaps the most fruitful criticism is likely to arise from some kind of interaction of these two mutually exclusive opposites. One should try to keep some kind of balance between these two ways of seeing a film.

But I was urged to go by so many people that I thought I ought to go, just to disagree with them. I loved every minute of the film, and have been back to see it several times.

Joe Hill should lead me to reassess my whole attitude toward B. Wilderberg. I think he seems to be improving steadily since the disaster of *Elvira Madigan*. Joe Hill is more disciplined, less self-indulgent than *Adalen 31*. It is a very fine film.

And among established talents?

A recent discovery for me among older directors—of just how good he could be—is Jacques Tourneur. *I Walked with a Zombie*, *Build My Gallows High* and *Out of the Past* have recently become among my favorite American films. *The Cat People* is also very good.

## Screen Gems

By ANN DEAN

Cartouche—Rolling Entertainment! Swashbuckling Action! Bittersweet Romance?! Jean-Paul Belmondo! More of the gospel according to Phillippe De Broca (*King of Hearts*)—all of which should prove to be money in the bank. A parody of old Hollywood staples, *Cartouche* is fun when it doesn't take itself too seriously. B102 Van Vleck, 8 & 10 p.m.

High School Confidential—The Wisconsin Film Society continues to be the most eclectic and the most responsible of all campus film-showing groups. *High School Confidential* is a tour de force, an exhilarating and giddy return to the only real 50's filmmaking. Russ Tamblyn plays a high school narcotics officer, Jerry Lee Lewis bounces in to play a few numbers and the straight kids of every average high school are exposed to the evils of "marijuana addiction." Yes, even the bad scenes are good. 19 Commerce—8 and 10 p.m.

## TWA ANNOUNCES

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Anyone under 26 is eligible. For further information & reservations, call TWA (257-5707) or a local travel agent. Peak season prices are as low as \$248

Fine Arts  
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GEORGE HARRISON, AND A RECENT  
PERFORMANCE AT THE CONCERT FOR  
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WRITE, SING, PLAY, RECORD, AND  
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"I WROTE A SIMPLE SONG"\***

\* Hear George Harrison play lead on  
Billy's album and see Billy perform in the  
movie "Bangladesh," now playing at the  
Orpheum Theatre.



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