



The daily cardinal. Vol. LXXXII, No. 32

October 18, 1971

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, [s.d.]

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cardinal MONDAY magazine

What is poetry?

Poetry is an important strategy for confronting oneself and the world. It is a necessary means of survival for the private individual, who resides in the public man.

Governor Patrick Lucey

I can't answer a question like that.
Roger Eischen

Midnight Give Away

this must be some new record
here i sit nude at night
wanting to give myself away
to any of the thousand
cosmic listeners who know
my loneliness in their own lives,
but who will answer my call
our phone isn't exactly ringing
with requests
are they all truly waiting
for me to call them
what kind of game is that to
play where the d.j.
calls the listeners
i am not that desperate
yet.

David Gramling

Twenty Past Two

The following is a paid political announcement paid for by the committee for the awareness and practice of Abraxis. And I mean paid for.

I understand you but
I can't hear you
(I won't listen)

I perceive you but
I can't see you
(I won't look)

I can grab you but
I can't feel you
(I won't touch)

So get the hell out of my world, baby!
Jean McIntyre

"As Poets Go"

Recently a taping was done at WHA radio for a future show called, "As Poets Go"; the conversation centered around small press poetry, the Madison poetry scene, and what, if anything, it means to be a poet... The participants were: Hannibal, Tusch, Rod Clark, David Van Vort, and Jim Zwadlo (all local poets), John Riley (manager of the book co-op and publisher of Druid Books), Don Hilgenberg (poet and publisher of Broom Street Theater Magazine), and Chris Morris poet and local critic.

The realities of space force us to present only fragments from the various topics that were raised.

VAN VORT: In a sense there's a renaissance of interest in writing and theater. Wouldn't you say that just the existence of Broom Street Theater is a sign of that fact? And also all the small press publications that are available now, doesn't that point to something...

HILGENBERG: There's another thing other than just a renaissance. I don't really like to use the word revolution because it is used so often now that it is kind of hard to relate to it...the result of well I don't know, when I came to college six years ago, and started taking

literature courses, I was going to be a professor or something, stay around a university community because I thought that's where it's happening and what a great free place to be...but you find out from talking to lots of people on the hill, who maybe were once interested in writing that that gets stifled...you end dusting shelves, eventually. You never hear anything in literature courses except something that's been accepted by somebody who's accepted what's accepted. There's a certain lack of confidence in anything that is alive and happening. The direction that many people take is to go into an establishment job and work for certain things that are being done. You know most people don't want to go thru the kind of channels that are set up. I mean book publishing is a business. There are shops and binderies, and they put out a product that sells at a certain mark up, and once a company becomes a profit making business, well then they lose sight of any other editorial standard besides 'will it sell?' I've taken books into stores and people thought they were too cheap. They wouldn't carry them...too much space for the amount of profit they could make off of them. That's the normal bookstore and that's the normal publisher.

The Analysis of Several Poets Who Can't Make a Living Writing Poems For a Penny

I know some poets who could never
get organized enough
to put people in cages
or ovens
and places
where they cease being people or
cease having faces.

Poets with quaint ideas on sex
whose ominous nature they miss.
No jumping up after
to wash it away.
No fast draping covers
to hide after play
Those things on each person,
animal,
insect,
flower,
except an amoeba.

Knowing nothing of money
and its value
and the wonderful things
that money can buy
they write poems for a penny
"a penny a poem"
but there aren't many takers to try.

Can you imagine
at Manchester's
or the mayors office
or places where people set out-of-state
tuition

anyone graced with a whit of tradition
wasting a penny
on some four letter words?

And the questions they ask to a word—
are absurd.
"Who says I have to?"
or "Where is that written?",
"Why this approved of?",
"Why that forbidden?"
And the ought tos and shouldn'ts,
the social command,
To them seem quite silly,
They don't understand
the long faded values that someone
passed down;
to think like the others
no claiming were brothers
just raising the price.
To see it the same way
to do it in concert
pretend to be nice.
I worry about people
Who have it all backwards
Whose values are stunted
and turned inside out
And if I keep busy
and piously worry
I may discover
Its me that's in doubt.

Dr. Milt Miller, Chm. Dept. of Psychiatry

Many thanks to a number of local "underground notables" whose "co-operation and criticism" helped this issue along. Published and established local poets will not appear in this issue as they have decided to allocate their space to poets who have not been published before.

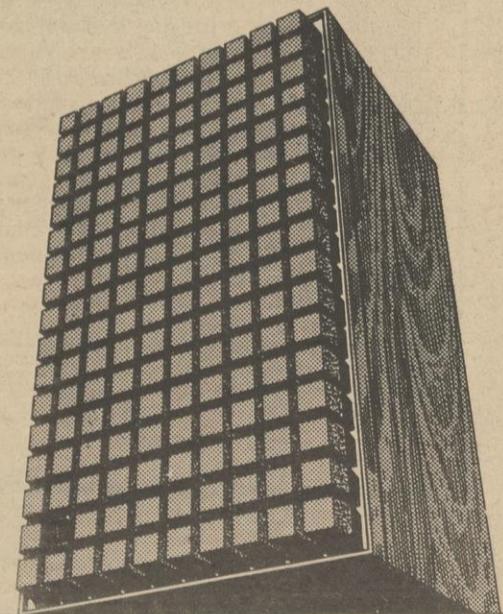
The response was incredible and we had upward of four hundred poems sent in. The four editors, after reading the two hundred poems, decided that they didn't have the slightest idea of what they were doing. Many of the ones we didn't use here will be used in future issues. Thanks for your submissions.

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Screen Gems

By GERALD PEARY

October 18—Comanche Station (1960)—One would have to look far to find a more underground film than this Randolph Scott "B" western, brought suddenly to the surface as part of the Union Film Committee's Stiftskeller series of Obscure Western Classics, all shown free for your colossal enjoyment.

The Daily Cardinal

"A Free Student Newspaper"
FOUNDED APRIL 4, 1892

Student newspaper at the University of Wisconsin, owned and controlled by the student body. Published Monday through Saturday mornings during the regular school session; Wed. & Fri. during summer session & Friday-end of summer session by the New Daily Cardinal corporation, 425 Henry Mall, Madison, Wisconsin 53706. Printed at the Journalism School typography laboratory.

Second-class postage paid at Madison, Wis. Please re-cycle.
Member Associated Press.

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

after a novel by
James Joyce

TONIGHT

6210 Social Science 8:00 & 10:00
75¢ Admission

Comanche Station, which chronicles a trek through Indian country by Scott and three desperadoes, is directed by cultist favorite Budd Boetticher, who made seven westerns with Randolph Scott between 1955-1960, including such little-known expert pictures as *The Tall T* and *Buchanan Rides Alone*.

Ex-bullfighter Boetticher has been called by critic Andrew Sarris, "...one of the most fascinating, unrecognized talents in the American cinema. His unyielding taste and dedication are what make the American cinema so exciting and, at times, so miraculous." Stiftskeller—8 p.m.

October 18—*Cul de Sac* (1966)—Polanski's masterpiece is simply one of the great works of the modern cinema loved by college audiences as passionately as it was hated by the moronic New York critics, whose reviews killed the movie forever for general distribution. They did not comprehend that this strange drama of four people who come to the end of the road together in a chicken-filled island castle is not a normal movie, but a genuine "film of the absurd," deserving to be ranked with, and understood against, the theater works of Pinter and Beckett.

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For want of a better definition,

Seatrain

is Rock
and
Country
and
Roll
and
Bluegrass
and
Jazz
and
Electronic
and...



new on Capitol.
Produced by George Martin

TO: David Vanvort, Poetry Editor
The Daily Cardinal
FROM: William D. Dyke Mayor
SUBJECT: Definition of Poetry

An excursion into an unknown. To me poetry is Longfellow and Mead and Cummings and Markham and Nash and Guest and Abraham Lincoln. It is an attempt to uplift human expression—a measured, metered expression that is both a joy and a horror. It is Byron and Shelley and Keats and Shakespeare. But there is poetry in motion too. There is poetry in Frank Lloyd Wright's buildings, there is poetry in flight and nature and the Horicon Marsh. Poetry is a cloister, a secluded place, a retreat. I guess most of all it is a man trying somehow to be better than he is.

Poetry is the use of words to express creative thought.
University President, John "Cocoanuts" Weaver

Poetry is the careful use of words to create imagery and convey ideas that go beyond the words themselves. I prefer it to include also some rhythmic pattern.

Chancellor H. Edwin Young

Dear Mr. Van Vort:
Following is Mr. Bernard C. Ziegler's definition of poetry which you requested on August 13, 1971, per telephone call:

Poetry is lofty thought or impassioned feeling expressed in imaginative words which are written using the art of rhythmic composition.

Sincerely, Penney Rowley, Administrative Secretary, University Board of Regents.

Dear Dave:

You have asked me to define poetry and as I see it, good poetry has to evoke images and the appeal is much more to the emotions and the senses than to the intellect. What isn't said is often more important than what is said and the reader then has the option of drawing different conclusions from the words and the thoughts expressed so that good poetry can mean different things to different people.

Sincerely, Web Smith, President First Wisconsin Nat'l Bank.

autumn lake

The ground first looked and felt as if it would descend below my feet, it held its' shape.

Ice caps were worn by the large pebbles, sterile, tingling air radiating from them. Contorted circles of foam looking like clouds to the rocks and mud beneath.

To the left were tears sliding and dripping from the ice-heavy branch.

Hi Doll! voice broke the silence.

Nancy Braithwaite

.. notions of onions redundant
in various garb
(such a mean old man)
tearful tales twice told of
vagabonds and vegetables
(such a dirty old man)

reef twined
(and in the end)
hemp dead
not
red
or
full of wine
(that's right)
nod.
sigh . . .

.. watercress
what a mess

Kim Werner

if the poem is a city

the poet is sewer
collecting the waste
of a million people
lest they forget
just what they are

David Gramling

a small poem

i awake
run down the street
open the door
on a house
hurling a scream at the void
"Not Another Day In Hell"
and fell
through

Gahagan

Condom I

The whole world is experiencing a mammoth erection.

Man is building colossal phallic symbols to the heavens, little knowing that God himself lies waiting to cap his climax with a Christ-like contraceptive which will forever quell this dread disease and stifle once again the intercourse of God and man.

Jack Rayman, Penang, Malaysia

"As Poets Go"

TUSCHEN: That's what we're trying to do with the free poetry sheet...we have a basic group of people who are going to work on it everyday, so as to make sure that it comes out...so snap...someone will think elitist, elitist! Well that's not it at all...you know anyone else who wants to come in and help and do it...I mean it's a totally open thing...

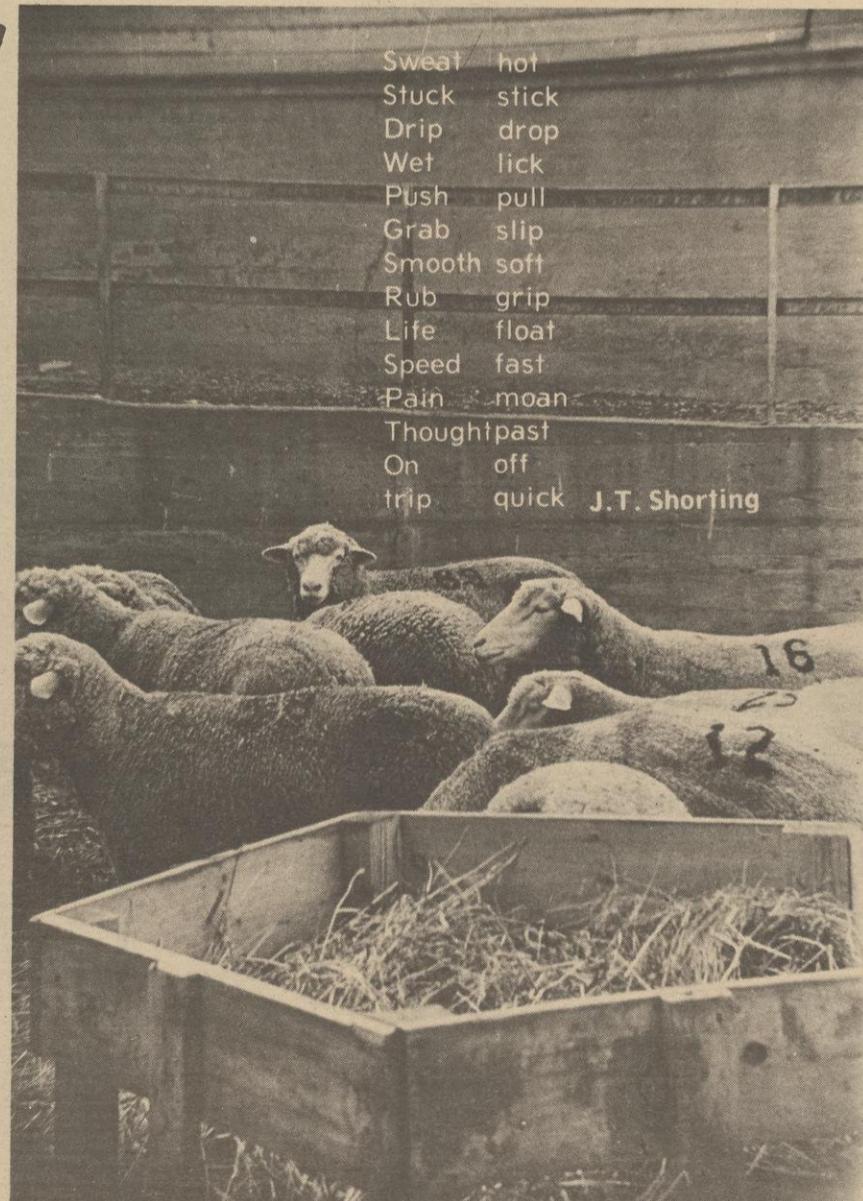
RILEY: Anyone can do their own too, everyone wants to pretend...you see that's part of the whole myth of selling art, people have been told that the people who have made it are the ones who can sell themselves...well it really doesn't happen that way...it's just a myth of the commercial world...so then part of that mentality is to think of success for yourself being a part of getting published in a certain place, so then that becomes of some importance, I mean anyone can make their words published. Poets and printers have always been friends and they have often been the same people, anybody who's made themselves public during the last six centuries has been pretty close to a printing press. You can't leave it up to anyone else, they'll give us Lawrence Welk.

CLARK: I think something interesting is that a couple of years ago when I was involved with Albatross Press, someone came up to me and accused me of being part of a money making venture...and you know nobody but nobody publishes small press to make money...very few people last for any length of time.

HILGENBERG: The Book Co-op is an example of the same kind of thing that is happening with publishing, if that store wasn't there I don't think a lot of things would be happening right now...you know when Quixote was coming out the only

Sweat	hot
Stuck	stick
Drip	drop
Wet	lick
Push	pull
Grab	slip
Smooth	soft
Rub	grip
Life	float
Speed	fast
Pain	moan
Thought	past
On	off
trip	quick

J.T. Shorting



place they could sell it was on a table in the mall, and you can't keep a table out there all winter...I guess that is an example of how things are changing.... If you're going to talk about elitism, the real elitism is in the English department, I mean last fall I was working in this small town in a restaurant where a lot of high school dropouts hung around and Bob Watt was passing thru and laid one of his book of poems on a kid and the kid didn't even look at it for four days, he just kept showing it around to his friends, I mean he couldn't get over the fact that there was any such thing as a living poet...that there were any poets other than the ones they tried to shove down his throat in schools....

CLARK: The thing with the University is that although they have an art department they don't teach art per se, they teach the history of art and the history of theater...they really only deal with what has already gone on...

RILEY: The English department attitude toward literature is that it is a world asset and so in a way they are cultural stockbrokers...but the thing is that they don't really believe that any of it happened...they must not because you could give a hundred poetry readings and never find a professor there, because they really don't think that it is going to happen...Robert Bly at a reading last year said that English Departments exist to protect the public against poetry....

MORRIS: I think that part of the thing people at this table have going is that they want to bring to the attention of people good writers before they die.

CLARK: Saint Geraud had the solution by writing posthumous poetry, you know he wrote under the name of Bill Knott and of course no one reviewed him, so he sent out a notice to all the big reviewers saying that Bill Knott had died and suddenly all his books were reviewed...what's funny is that his latest book is called Autonecrophilia.

Dear David:
 In response to your phone call—
 Poetry, like Science, is a search for Truths.
 Poetry, unlike Science, requires no proofs
 along the way.
 When humans, like birds, flit from crag to
 crag without
 traversing the valleys, chances are they
 are poets.
 When humans, like burros, traverse the
 valleys in order to
 reach those same crags, chances are they
 are scientists.
 And when humans are compelled to be both
 bird and burro then they are in the
 company of Leonardo, Shakespeare and
 Einstein.
 Sincerely, George Vukelich (Papa
 Hambone)

Poetry is soul's insight expressed spontaneously through the mind's eye.
 Blair Mathews, Dean of Students

The Accounting

I want to know the books you read.
 How many hungry do you feed?
 How many men have you forced to
 bleed?
 How many sent down to the grave?

I care not for your battalion flags.
 How many children are left in
 rags?
 How many soldiers in body bags?
 Why are you called Home of the
 Brave?

Do you speak peace and yet wage
 war?
 Do you lock the poor outside your
 door?
 You are not to mock them
 anymore.
 Now, show me the things you ex-
 pect to save.

Papa Hambone

cardinal
MONDAY
 magazine

The miss

The mission of the poet is to act as a probe
 lash to society, pointing out the ills of so-
 mores, the evils of contemporary civilization.
 acts as a "sort of living whistle through which
 something blows", as E.A. Robinson once said.
 Art is lost if there is no audience, none to listen
 look, none to care what is being said. How-
 ever poetry with a "message" speaks to
 generation for which it was written and is of
 irrelevant for the one that follows. As Sid
 Harris pointed out, recently, each age and e-
 stage of life has its own angle of vision.
 To endure, art must have a universal them-

a
 poem is not a virgin
 unless it's as dry as a girl who is and then
 it's not a poem, nonsense?
 why not, for the marvelous public which
 appreciates
 poetry.

so it can feel what it can't. why are psychiatrists
 the only ones who hear
 or is it the slick magazine
 hippies
 seeking the real them
 appreciating
 them.

between you and your body
 between you and the sidewalk
 between you and the paper
 the marvelous synapses called
 words.

if you are a virgin
 paint a picture and never let anyone see it.

Diang

the raggedy anns

lying still on my bed
 softly dreaming they were
 raggedy anns
 all red patches over faded blue
 big-toed socks with windows
 red hearts that said
 "we love you"
 both of them simply
 raggedy anns
 small angels
 come to wake me
 for the night

sitting still in my chair
 gently breathing I was
 still awake somehow
 dreaming with them softly they were
 raggedy anns
 small angels
 come to wake me
 to the sunrise
 come to wake me

Ellis Felker

Pome,

All summer men have come
 machines
 To bite me
 O earth-mother of light
 consistency,

For I have become compli-
 incopetent
 At fixing anything
 and I sit and watch
 as small machines replace
 problems
 and then rust away
 or broken down dis-



Sunday

It is very quiet here on Sunday.
 We amuse ourselves with hypotheses:
 Will the paranoid-schizophrenic's husband come to visit her?

Oh,
 We can watch the Packers lose again,
 Play seven-card stud for match-heads,
 Reread that April 1969 issue of Look
 Or leaf through the copy of By Love Possessed
 Left by a former patient.

And, of course, there are some visitors.
 They sit like chipmunks in the corner of the dayroom
 Chattering in Morse code to their mates and offspring,
 Interrupted by
 "Sorry, Ma, gotta take my thorazine now."

On Sunday I play ping-pong with Eric;
 We discuss John Wayne over a noncompetitive volley.
 Shirley laughs,
 Tom dozes,
 Mike's kid plays with a car on the dayroom floor,
 The suicide studies zen.

At midnight I play Robert Johnson on the dayroom hi-fi
 And wait for Tuesday's volleyball game
 To reassure me that I am alive.

Chris Morris

A bibliograp

Local Small Press Publications:
 Available at such stores as the Book Co-op,
 University, Paul's, Browns, Shakespeare
 and Union Book Stores, Mifflin Street Co-op,
 Discount Records and WRC records.

BROOM STREET THEATER PRESS:
 The Camel, The Lion and The Chile, Issues
 no. 1 and 2
 Deep Shit, Poems By Joel Gerseman
 Junk Mail, Poems By Tuschen
 Barde Bound, Haiku Poetry by Gargoyle

DRUID BOOKS:
 Ten Bulls of Zen, 1
 Selling of Wild Wo
 Woman Poems, Bo
 A BUKOWSKI S
 Songs For Dead C
 North American B
 Levy
 Tombstone As a L
 GAZEBO BOOKS
 My Mouth Has L
 Poems, D.V.V.
 Sign Of The Time

Muscletown Special

the mission of the poet

to act as a prod, a
at the ills of social
ary civilization. He
istle through which
Robinson once said.
ence, no—listen or
ing said. However,
" speaks to the
written and is often
follows. As Sidney
each age and each
of vision.
a universal theme, a

human appeal. The artist adds that particle of light, that quality of imagination to the visual and the audible which the average mortal lacks.

Humanity can tolerate only so much mundane reality. We need a place to turn for laughter, inspiration, reverence, perspective, for pleasure, for the unforgettable phrases and images that art gives, for the stimulation it affords. There is trouble, pain and sorrow, but there is also beauty in the world and the miracles of life, love and hope. The artist is there to remind us, to renew and sharpen our vision.

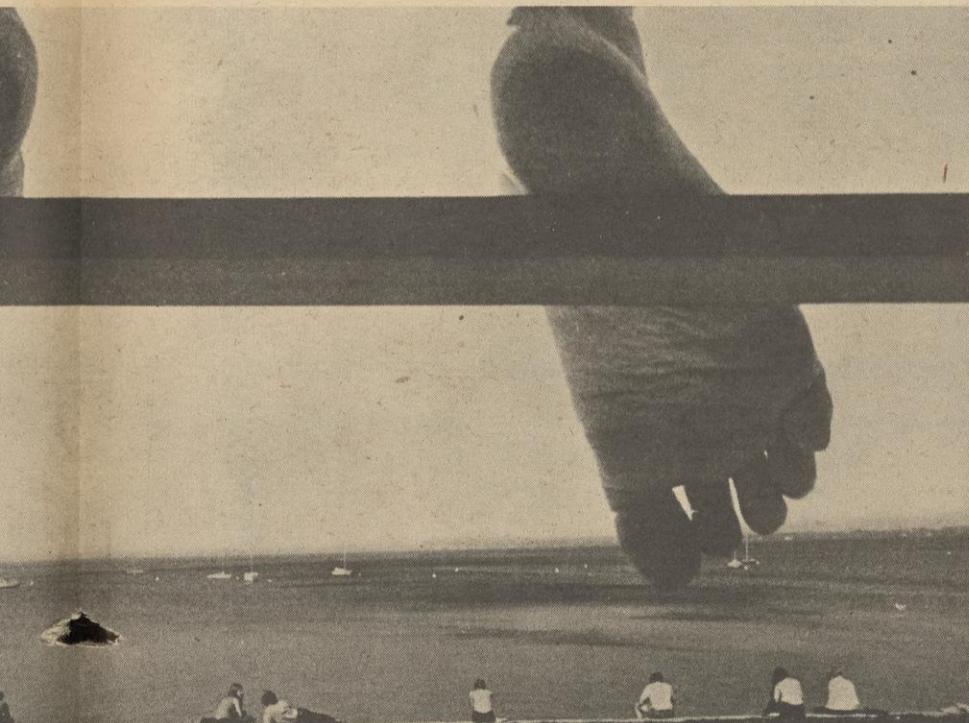
contributed by Mrs. Walter Renk

Pome, Pome, Pome

have come out of
r of light con-
come completely
ng
tch
ines replace my
way
disap while

People emerge from these dead
machines
and have nowhere to go
looking for new transportation
making secret adjustment—
O harmony with pup-
py—freedom!
It is alright with me if your life is
meaningless
It is alright with me if you can't get
laid
It is alright with me if you don't
understand
Is it alright with you if I don't know
What I'm talking about?

Jim Zwadlo



raphy—

RUID BOOKS:

Bulls of Zen, Bob Watt

ing of Wild Worms, Bob Watt

man Poems, Bob Watt

BUKOWSKI SAMPLER

For Dead Children, D.A. Levy

th American Book For the Dead, D.A.

Levy

abstone As a Lonely Charm, D.A. Levy

AZEBO BOOKS:

Mouth Has Disappeared and Other

Poems, D.V.V.

an Of The Times (a one act play), D.V.V.

MODINE GUNCH PRESS

Modine Gunche No. 1 thru 6

Some Ground By Carl Thayler

Not Me and Other Poems, Tim Hildebrand

Inroads, Warren Woessner

QUEST BOOKS:

Sights, Thighs and Other Things, Tuschen

Belly Lint, Hannibal

Under Plywood, Rod Clark

ZEROX PRESS

Having a vision is Like Having a Body, Jim

Zwadlo

The End Game

I've been an end game watcher
All my life.
It started early
The waves of the 20's, emotion-charged
Muddled with money and death.
Mores of madness.
An uncle who tidied up his affairs, then
Jumped from the roof of a Chicago hotel
And left my bored, safe and very rich
aunt
To shuttle around in her circular end
game.
And slowly, slowly,
I built my igloo—freedom inside, no
crowds,
And most of all, control.
I've already signed plenty of peace
treaties,
Funneled my focus, narrowed the range,
Until now—
I know the rules of my own end game.

Philip Lambert

TO: The Daily Cardinal

In the past, poetry has been defined and dealt with in aesthetic terms—where it comes from (a divine madness); what it does (speaks timeless truth in metaphoric terms). In the twentieth century, poets have fond of writing poems about writing poems. Dylan Thomas called it his "craft and sullen art"; Wallace Stevens struggled with "flawed words and stubborn sounds." It is not only natural impulse that spills over into words; it is discipline, form, the love of music in words. This is what Thomas meant when he called poem-making a combination of craft and magic—the best poem being that in which the seam between craft and magic showed the least. Most of all, poets write out of the fabric of their own experience, their work, their native country, their city, the people and things they love. Perhaps that is why, as an educator who realizes how limited our understandings of the human mind are, Richard Brautigan's poetry has something important to say to me.

Philip Lambert, Chairman Educational Psychology Department

A Time to ReJoyce

Once upon a time it will be a not so very
good one at all,
When fresh-toothed toddlers will see
A moocow coming down the road,
It's me!
My breasts hanging down to my weekly
swaying knee,
My bra size, 40-D.
Long line, to prevent my belly-rolls
from sticking.
My husband will say,
"Why don't you lose weight?
"Your hips are as wide as that over-
stuffed chair.
"You used to sit in it crosslegged when
you were young."
I will have a hairy face,
And sing my babies nursery songs while
they are on the John.
My relatives will say, "You've had your
share of happiness in life."
My thighs and calves will be showered in
thick blue veins.
When your house-slippers are new, they
are fluffy, white and warm.

After you have worn them, they get slimy
with sweat, and grey.
My hair will break and drop out in the
back,
And a pale swirl showing through the
thickened dirty strands will say,
"You haven't had time to wash it, have
you?
"You ought to have worn it another
way."
Rows of cattle, shaped out of sheet-metal,
Stand in stalls constructed of conduit.
Milk of oil, crusty with rust flakes,
Drains from their curve-sheet udders,
dented from pokes.
The milk robot pats them on their trac-
table rears.
Hi, Tessie
Hey, Beauty Spot
Hi, Black Mark
They were hammered out in a sullen
winter from boredom;
We were hoping the rhythms of our labor
would bring sun and rain.

Ronnie Schenkein

Lesbians

Lesbians
lesbians
say it slow
softly
so no one
can hear
four years ago
I couldn't say that word
my lips cracked
refusing to form
the sound, shape
of lesbian
I was gay
four, five, six
twelve years ago
hiding in the bushes
burying myself
in dreams, books
guilt-ridden fantasies
I was a lesbian
when I was born
breaking in two
the dolls
my parents
gave me to play with
a lesbian
going to school
bearing my pain
inside

. . . what if my friends
find out
. . . she's a woman
how can I love her
my secret, an acid
ripping holes
into my stomach
crying myself to sleep
each night
living, breathing alone
alone
a lesbian
a queer
dyke, faggot
woman lover
being blasted to pieces
by straight women
I loved
feelings crushed
splintered dying
and slowly, painfully
pulling myself together
reaching out
for a sister's hand
finally freely
loving women, loving
myself
living with women, living
with myself

waking up
self-hate, scorn
falling away
leaving me
and a new sense of self
a loving self
born inside
the women I kept
my secret from are
changing
the women I loved
are now loving me
are now reaching out
touching, crying
screaming, dancing
a lesbian
a woman-identified-woman
my head is gay
my life is gay
24 hours
I don't have to say
the word . . .
lesbian
I can
I've screamed it
but now my eyes, smile
laughter, love
say it for me

The Daily Cardinal Action Ads

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NEED GIRL to share room, apt., 150 W.
Gorham Apt. 2. 255-4791. — 6x20

HAVE A "WAY OUT" furnished 3
bedroom pad that retails for \$250
month and will consider your services
or what have you in trade. To make a
deal or eyeball the merchandise call
257-5474 or 271-3076 after 6:00 p.m.
Must be seen to be appreciated. —
9x18

ROOMMATE NEEDED own bedroom
in large two bedroom flat. 419 West
Doyt. 251-0368. — 6x18

FRIENDLY SOC. grad to share lg apt.
Tenny Pk. \$75 241-3169 own bedroom,
communal spirit. 262-4375. — 2x16

FOR RENT 1/2 room 111 N. Orchard.
Fall semester \$60/mo. 251-6747 ask for
Gary. — 6x19

APT. EFFICIENCY for rent available
Nov. 1. Kitchen, bath, 622 Howard 257-
6685. — 3x16

OWN BEDROOM in coed house near
Vilas. Male or female \$75 & deposit
424 S. Brooks. — 6x20

FEARLESS DESIRES roommate with
apartment. Own room preferred call
257-1019. — 6x20

NEED ONE woman to share large East
side apt. own room \$60/mo. Bonnie
255-4327. — 3x16

HELP 4 need house to rent prefer
outside city. 257-7793. — 6x20

2 GUYS want to share West side apt. for
sem. or year 238-8517. — 3x16

SUNNY APT near Square. Grad school
girl wants compat. roommate Nov. 1.
Male/female. Own room \$70, 205 N.
Pinckney. Madeline 257-1570. — 3x16

SINGLE, 305 N. Frances, kitchen bath.
Call 257-5984 after 6 p.m. — 3x16

SINGLE APT. private bath refrigerator,
\$78.00 per month. Nine month lease
till June. Off Langdon near lake call
257-7277. — 3x18

SINGLE ROOM at 515 Lake call 251-9236
or 251-7619. — 6x21

SINGLE ROOM with kitchen privileges
one month beginning Nov. 1. \$100. 231-
2929. — XXX

FOR SALE

STEREO ZENITH excellent sound, 221
0172. — 8x16

WATERBEDS \$25 all sizes \$300.000.00
Liability coverage, 10 yr. Guarantee,
251-8789. — 10x22

SHEEPSKIN COATS embroidered, top
quality from Iran from \$70.00. 257-
5283. — 8x21

WATERBED SALE \$22, 5 year
guarantee call 251-6587 or 255-6653.
— 3x19

STEREO Dynaco amplifier, dual turn-
table, Jensen speakers. 1 year old 256-
0913 or 257-9916. ED. — 6x21

ANNUAL HADASSAH garage sale.
Everything for your apt. recycled:
Furniture, dishes, pots, clothes, furs,
shelving, appliances, books, records,
antiques, misc. Sun. Mon. Oct. 17-18 10
a.m.-6 p.m. Shorewood 3248 Sunset
Dr. near University Houses — 2x16

SOFA \$69.50 typewriter \$35.00 call 241-
3183 evenings. — 6x22

FOR SALE

FOR SALE: Matching couch and chair
good condition call Judy before 5:30
p.m. phone 257-0654. — 2x18

LOST & FOUND

LOST: Prescription sunglasses, after
Indiana game, stadium area, reward
262-6049. — 3x18

FOUND: Slide Rule in Chem. Building.
Call 262-4645 7-9 a.m. — 3x18

KRUZER BEAR: Probably hiber-
nating, caution vicious if awakened
abruptly. 255-8403. — 3x16

LOST BIKE: lock-chain, Campus
Drive/Univ. Ave. reward 2215 Ken-
dall. — 3x16

BROWN SQUARE glasses, brown case,
Social Science & Memorial Library
256-5757. — 3x16

LOST: gold lighter in Union cafeteria,
great sentimental value, generous
reward. Call Babs 255-9776. — 3x16

FOUND: Black & grey cat. Jefferson
Street call 255-9903. — 3x16

ETC. & ETC.

COVERED PARKING close to campus.
2302 Univ. Ave., 238-8966. — XXX

THE COMMUNITY RAP CENTER,
INC. If you have a problem and want
to talk about it you can call 257-3522 or
come to 923 Spring St. 8 p.m. to
midnite. — XXX

OFF STREET parking \$6.00 mo.
blocks East: 257-3400 or 231-2929.
— XXX

FOR SPECIAL PUBLICATION in
Spring need personal, original prose
or poetry that captures feelings,
personality of individual: 203 North
Pinckney. — 12x21

Caress

the

VILLAGER

514 State St.
1x16

DROP-IN CENTER: Damascus Road
House. A cup of coffee, some good
rap, whatever . . . it's happening 319
N. Butler St. 9 p.m.-2 a.m. — 12x25

DISCOUNT TRAVEL, EUROPE,
Mexico, Hawaii 255-5196, Box 2215
Madison 53701. — 12x27

HELP WANTED

24 HR. CAFE in Middleton needs cooks,
cook helpers and waitresses some
immediate openings. Call 836-9938. —
3x19

CUSTODIAN—apartment, (1 bedroom)
furnished in return for nightly office
cleaning and general caretakers
work. Couple preferred. 231-2929.
— XXX

ACCOUNTING 201 tutor needed Terry
251-7437. — 2x18

DEPENDABLE person needed to
prepare lunches Monday-Friday,
11:15 a.m.-1:15 p.m. \$1.80/day &
lunch. Call Nancy 262-7891 or Dean,
262-7970. — 3x19

PROFESSIONAL LEAD GUITARIST—
Vocalist for traveling Jazz-Rock
group. Need immediately call Dave
257-3067. — 7x15

NEED MONEY for Christmas
Vacation? Flexible hours good salary
apply 2611 Monroe Street 2-5 p.m.
Mon. thru Fri. — 10x22

DANCERS ATTRACTIVE figure no
experience necessary. Pussycat. 222-
7840. — 6x18

MEN work evenings (5 to 9 — M-thurs.)
and Saturday. Car needed. Call 257-
5050, and leave information, manager
will call you back. — 10x25

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THESIS typing and papers done 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

DRIVING INSTRUCTIONS 244-5455.
85xFeb. 16

ALTERATIONS women, men, 251-0972
after 6 p.m. — 21x30

SPANISH TUTORING offered for 1st
and 2nd year students. Experienced
recommendations offered. call 257-
8751. — 6x20

RIDE NEEDED

BERKLEY before the twentieth contact
Pippy 255-7475. — 3x18

RIDE DESPERATELY NEEDED Iowa
City for game Rick 255-2922. — 3x16

ANN ARBOR weekend Oct. 22 will
share expenses 233-6951. — 3x16

RIDE NEEDED to Ohio State Game
and back call 255-6352. — 3x16

RIDE to South-Eastern Michigan
Thanksgiving share. Bob 262-8656.
3x20

NEED RIDE to Florida leave any time
call Marc anytime. 256-3001. — 3x20

NEED RIDE to Lake Geneva, Saturday
morning Oct. 16. 262-5530. — 3x20

PARAPHERNALIA

GRATEFUL DEAD BOOTLET, superb
live quality, only \$2.50 call 255-5727. —
XXX

DYLAN BOOTLEG includes
"Cocaine." Must hear 251-6419. \$3.50
copies lmted. — 3x16

HANDBOOK of Textile fibres: National
Fibres, Cook, Call Peggy 241-3116. —
3x16

WHEELS FOR SALE

'68 VOLKSWAGEN BUS 46,000 miles A-
1. Best offer. 233-6946. — 3x16

'65 CHEVY new engine 4 new tires stick
shift \$390 call Alex 262-8778 (After 5
251-5477). — 5x19

'71 KOWASAKI 350, 2400 miles. Like
new. Sissy, roll bars, rack. Fast and
Clean. Best offer over \$650. Call 251-
2054 mornings or late p.m. Good deal!
— 6x20

'60 CHEVY, 6 cyl. rebuilt engine. No rust,
new muffler, new u-joint, good tires.
Call anytime 256-4031. — 7x21

'51 CHEVY good runner \$50.00 or best
offer. 257-0243. Gary. — 6x18

FOR SALE 61 **FORD** wagon good
condition. See at 506 So. Brooks. —
6x19

'63 VW. \$325. 251-2822 Bob. — 6x19

'67 MG 4 dr. low mileage, new tires, 233-
6107. After 6:00 p.m. \$625. — 3x18

'67 LINCOLN, full power, air, new tires,
233-6107 after 6 p.m. \$1995. — 3x18

1970 FIAT 4 door excellent condition.
Call Don 257-5953 or 262-3277. — 6x21

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FOLLOWING CATEGORIES:
"Lost & Found"
"Ride Needed"
"Paraphernalia" (any item for
sale \$4 or less)

Here's all you do:

1. write your ad (limit 10 words)
which includes your name,
address or phone number. (only
phone number or street address
should appear in the ad)

2. mail or bring the ad to:

The Daily Cardinal
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Madison, Wis. 53706

3. we'll run it for three consecutive
days upon receipt.

4. you may rerun the ad by
repeating steps one and two.

5. "Paraphernalia" ads must
include the price.

6. no phone orders accepted.

Sweet

Unsatisfied bitterness begins to
scar
the recollection.
Suddenly it is calmed.
Loneliness follows love.
It cannot be without a fulfilling
love.
Bittersweet.

</div

Dear Mr. Van Vort:
You have asked for my definition of poetry. I agree with Shelley who said that poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds, and also with Browning who said that all poetry is difficult to read. I hope this is the information you desired.
Sincerely, Ralphie
Ralph E. Hanson, Director, Protection and Security

Dear Mr. Van Vort:
This is in response to your request for a short paragraph of my definition of poetry. As a college administrator, I find an inquiry about poetry, rather than one about some issue oriented matter, to be at once surprising, refreshing, challenging, and troublesome.
In my view, poetry is a literary art form for conveying ideas vividly and imaginatively with the effective power of innovative uses of word meanings, word sounds and word spacing. I find

that my reading of a poem is quite similar to my listening to music, to my reflecting upon a painting or to my contemplating a piece of sculpture. I find these to be personal, humanistic experiences with an abundance of feeling and just enough intellect to grasp the message.

Sincerely yours, F. Chandler Young, Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs.

In response to your call concerning my thoughts on "What Is Poetry?", as a designer I find poetry and the visual closely akin.

The poet expresses creative or imaginative thought through the medium of words while the artist-designer communicates through the visual and plastic elements—the color, line, space, texture and form of his media. Each contrives to share the creation of his mind. For each the rhythm of his message seeks response that communication may be complete.

Prof. Agatha Norton, Dep't of Related Art

"As Poets Go"

TUSCHEN: I prefer if people won't listen to you to take a half of a half of a pint of tequila and pour it over their head

DAVID VAN VORT: Has anyone here given a reading where nobody reacted?

TUSCHEN: Yeah, I was once at Whitewater State College in room 202 which had a sign on it saying morgue....and I was doing my most comical poetry and all these English professors would smile and then quick wipe it off...but you know it's all part of something you have to do...

HILGENBERG: A woman spoke to me to today and said that she came to our bachelors which featured about twenty poets...and she came on a night when they weren't any women poets...and the poets that night were kind of chauvinistic and she got upset and left and it's just occurred to me that there are not any women here now....

CLARK: You know it might be that we aren't really the underground but that women writers are the real underground...

RILEY: You know you could publish a poem in a mass magazine and it might not be read by ten people, I mean the best selling poets are all underground...people who win the pulitzers only end up in libraries....

TUSCHEN: The quickest way to sell yourself...and you know I won't say poetry, is to sell yourself to a big publisher—they publish a thousand copies and that's it...

RILEY: If you take the average poetry book or the average ragged publication which anyone might be anxious to say is not as good as William Butler Yeats, but it will probably be as good or better than the New York Times...you won't read anything as stupid in the average poetry book as you will in the average newspaper...it's better than almost anything you can buy at the newsstand...

HILGENBERG: The way I feel about poetry is that it takes less time to write...although there's more to it than that...

HANNIBAL: Writing helps to get me thru...and you need things like that...



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Conversation Down at the Gym (An American Poem)

Tell me that it ain't true, kid,
tell me that it ain't true.
Say ya never took a dive
or greased yer palm wit a five.

I been watchin' ya, kid,
and y'got good moves, for a kid—
good in tight, eh Barney-boy?

Thass right, boss. Good moves, boy.
Ya know I was just tellin' Frankie
just the other day we need young blood
t'rule the ring—sure sounds nice,
don't it, kid, t'rule the ring
and leave 'em all hangin' by their jocks
when ya knock the champ outa his socks.

That'd be funny, boss, that'd be funny
wit headlines Champ Loses Socks.
Shaddup Barney-boy, shaddup.

Tell me that it ain't true, kid,
tell me that it ain't true.
Say ya never took a dive
or greased yer palm wit a five.

Aw kid, sure yer big enough.
A little more grub, potatoes and bread
an' a few fights (I'll arrange m'self)—
naw, kid, it don't matter y'got flat feet—
Smith can't see so good no more
and Rock Bailey never could take a punch
(an' ya look like a champ, kid.)
So, pretty soon you'll be on the front page
only wit a name that reads a little better,
an' a couple o' glossies wit the teeth.
(Hell, Barney-boy, folks'll pay
t'see a blondie bring it home.)
So, whadya say, kid, whadya say?
Here's a fin t'blow on yer girl.
Oh. Well, get a shoe shine
or a new shirt.
Or a bath.
Shaddup Barney-boy, shaddup.

Why didn't ya hit 'im, kid?
Y'hardly seemed t'move at all;
y'looked like y'vever punched b'fore
an' y'left yer blood all over the floor.

Warren D. Feldberg

windowdoor

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304 E. MAIN ST.

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- Photo Equipment
- Colored Glass
- Railroad Salvage
- Merchandise
- 2nd Hand Furniture
- Desks
- Files
- Chairs
- Tools - Hand & Power
- And much, much more

COME IN
AND BROWSE

in the isolation ward
choking on my own near-
ness.

is IN the only way OUT?
there's no doorknob on this
side;

i think there might be
one
on the outside,
but i can't see it from
here.

the people outside do not
seem

(only pretending?)
to notice the doorknob
(maybe i imagined it)
or the dense panel of
glass

between their faces
and mine.

perhaps each like me is
walled in glass

—ambulatory telephone
booths, with no
telephone lines to connect
them
with other telephone
booths—

hoping for an earth-
quake
or a small bomb?

(shockwave spiderweb
crack and free!)
glass.

i'd like to SMASH it, but
i might get cut.

Suzanne Mitten

Jeff Beck is back.



including
Got The Feeling Situation Short Business Jody
I've Been Used New Ways Train Train

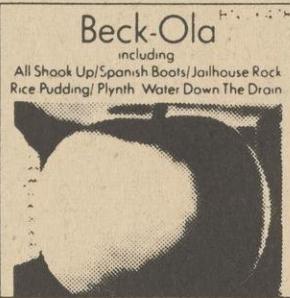
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Jeff Beck was the
lead guitarist for
the Yardbirds. And
on his first two

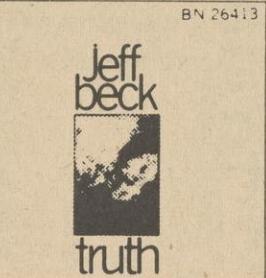
solo albums, Rod Stewart was his lead singer.

"Rough and Ready" is the new album from one of the
leaders of the English blues
movement. And some of the
best rock'n roll ever recorded.

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All Shook Up/Spanish Boots/Jailhouse Rock
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t's true
is a curious being,
sensitive!
kind and blind
(by choice)
to the
realities
of making a living,

and verily
the poet's ego
t's a wondrous thing,
it doth make a mockery
of the highest skyscraper,
but prey dear reader
is justified,
for how else
could the poet survive,
in a world on non-response.