



# **The daily cardinal. Vol. LXXXIII, No. 92**

## **February 5, 1973**

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# Barbara Loden's 'Wanda': unexplored territory on film

By KARYN KAY  
of the Cardinal Staff

Late last October Barbara Loden appeared in Milwaukee in conjunction with the screening of her feature film, *Wanda*, as guest of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. We of the Madison Women's Media Collective traveled there to meet with one of America's few woman directors, who has moved far along in her independent career since acting in a series of movies *Splendor in the Grass*, *Wild River* for her husband, Elia Kazan. She appeared to wide acclaim in the Marilyn Monroe role in Lincoln Center's production of *After the Fall*, staged again by Kazan from the Arthur Miller play.

Though a little shy and nervous, Loden answered our questions for hours in the afternoon prior to the screening and continued the interview late in the night. From these conversations, Loden became inexorably linked in this reviewer's mind with the character of *Wanda*, for she indicated that, although she got the idea from a true-life incident of a woman involved in an aborted bank robbery, the character *Wanda* came, "from myself," and bears strong resemblance to Loden's own life experiences.

It is therefore understandable that Ms. Loden seemed keenly sensitive to feminist critics who find fault with the film, though their criticism had been largely aimed only toward its pessimistic ending (We don't want women like this shown on the screen.) She said that this type of criticism denied the validity of the character of *Wanda* and therefore denied her own existence.

To this reviewer that pessimistic ending was the most vital and moving part of the picture. It matters little that *Wanda* comply with the bourgeois values of success and accomplishment. What seems more relevant as a feminist by America's sexist-capitalism. *Wanda* is neither glamorized nor mythologized, and women in her position are rarely seen on the screen. Loden draws an interesting distinction, saying *Wanda* is not about women's liberation, rather it is about "the oppression of women."

Asked why she chose not to put her character in jail, like the real-life *Wanda*, Loden replied that she didn't have to physically place her behind bars for the audience to be aware that she's in prison.

The women from our media group wanted very much to like the film, but we agreed that there was something wrong. Loden said that because she was new at directing and had little technical experience, she relied heavily upon her cameraman for help. It is possible that some of the film's problems result from Loden relying too much upon the cameraman, both conceptually and technically.

An additional problem was that Loden used amateur actors whom she said would get too nervous if they knew too much about a scene before the shooting. Therefore much of the film was improvised during the shooting, sometimes effectively, sometimes not.

*Wanda* will be shown by the Wisconsin Film Society Monday, February 13 at 8:15 and 10:15 in B-10 Commerce.

**Cardinal:** Could you talk about the New York Women's film festival?

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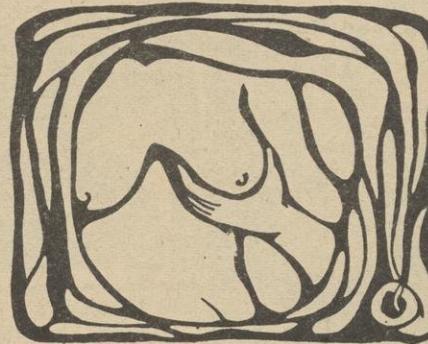
**Loden:** I didn't stay at the New York Women's Film Festival. I was invited to be on one panel on women in film, but the moderator of the panel was a very vicious woman. She directed the *Kate Millet* film. A woman got up from the audience to ask a question, and she attacked her for absolutely no reason. She intimidated everyone. Everybody got scared when she yelled at this other woman, so nobody would say anything. After that, I decided not to have anything to do with the festival. I didn't go back there anymore. I felt there were very bad vibrations; people tripping their egos. It was not really a collective, sisterhood type feeling. I didn't really know how to combat that type of atmosphere, so I withdrew from it.

My film *Wanda* was shown there, but I wasn't present at the screening. It had quite a good attendance, but I don't know what the result was. They didn't have discussions after the films.

I know a lot of women are insulted by *Wanda* because they think it shows women in a bad way. To me it's valid; it's like showing myself and a way that I was. People say, "We don't want to see anybody like that." Those are the people who wouldn't want me to exist, and they would say that I was not valid or that I shouldn't be heard.

I did read in MS magazine a woman's review of the New York Women's Film Festival. She had some reservations about *Wanda*. She didn't think that women like this should be shown on the screen. The reviewer said films should be shown about women who are achieving things and doing things and setting an example. Naturally we don't agree.

She criticized women from that standpoint, that it was bad to show women like this, but that's the whole point of why I wanted to make the film. These women never get a chance nobody knows about their existence. VERY few people understand that kind of life, including the woman who wrote this article. She really doesn't respect a human being like that; who is unfortunate enough to be born into that kind of life. She can't be bothered with it; it's too boring.



Do you think there is a particular point of view that would come out of a female director which would not come out of a male director?

I was at a seminar at a college where they had a festival of women in the arts. One of the discussions they had was, "What is the Feminine Sensibility?" And the conclusion was that nobody knew.

We don't know what we feel or think at this point. Ways that we always thought we felt we're beginning to understand weren't really us. We were trying to be something impossible, trying to be a way we were told to be. We were told, in very subtle ways, of course, to think that way or feel that way, or "Oh, you're a little girl and little girls don't do this and little girls don't do that." Being a woman is unexplored territory, and we're pioneers of a sort, discovering what it means to be a woman.

What role do you see for film in helping to discover this consciousness?

If a film is made and says this is about women and how they feel, I don't think anybody will go to it, including women. Everybody's getting very put off by anything that smacks women's liberation because they've just been inundated by all the media. Every time I hear anything about women's liberation I just say, "Oh, God, I don't want to hear about that anymore." But the truth is, I really do. But it's become a really glib topic, and it puts people off.

Do you feel it is incumbent upon a film director to begin to suggest alternatives and to see that in some cases there are alternatives?

I really don't have a ready answer for this question. This is something I've been trying to figure out myself a long time.

It should be enough for an artist to present something as he sees it and not have to offer any solutions. If you examine works of art that you have liked, that have meant something to you somehow, say in literature or even in film, they didn't necessarily offer a solution. They just presented something; they were so human, and it moved you or touched you. Yet there was not necessarily a solution offered to some kind of human dilemma or some kind of human struggle.

I know that films can show what's wrong, but I don't know if they can demonstrate an alternative. Maybe, but I just don't know. I've seen films that have had effects, but I don't know if they are necessarily good. *Battle of Algiers*, I know has told a lot of people how to revolt or how to have revolution or how to go about guerrilla warfare. But I don't know if that's necessarily a good thing. People can learn to be criminals from watching movies or from television.

A good place to start is with our everyday culture. I was at a university recently where they wanted to start a course in women's studies. This again is unexplored territory.

The teachers didn't know how they would teach it or what they should teach. They said "Our students are not interested. We give them things to read, and they won't even read them. We don't even ask them to find the reading material; we print it out and hand it to them. They still won't read it." The students only wanted to watch TV. And I said, "Why don't you start with TV? Have the assignment that everybody watch TV one evening, wherever they happen to be. They're going to be watching it anyhow. And the next day discuss it in a form of questioning what they saw." This is an area which I knew very well. I made that film at a certain time from something in myself, and people can be made aware of how they've been seeing things, and how they haven't really thought out what's happening to the roles of women and men as portrayed in that everyday life. Even in the newspaper. You take a different page of the paper, and how much of it has to do with a woman or women? It's really a man's world, even though we have more people, more women people than men. When this fact is pointed out to people, then they can relate to it better than to abstract discussions of what it is to be a woman.

Did you think about making *Wanda* a vehicle for raising consciousness, both among working class people and among women? And was there any attempt to control the distribution of the film so that it went into theatres that weren't just art houses and campus theatres?

I really didn't consciously plan anything. When I made *Wanda* I didn't know anything about, nor had I heard anything about consciousness raising or women's liberation. That just started when the film was finished. The picture was not about women's liberation. It was really about oppression of women or people. I was making it from my own understanding of certain types of lives in certain areas. I don't think it would help the people it's made about to see it. In fact the people who were in the movie from the anthracite region were rather disappointed that it was not a glamorous picture. It was not as exciting as they thought it might be.

As far as distribution is concerned, it was played more or less as an art film. It's not a commercial film, and it's not a film that everyone is going to like. I wouldn't expect it.

What was the origin of the idea for this film?

I got the idea for this film out of a newspaper item. In the Sunday News they usu-

ed to have a feature called, "Did Justice Triumph?" They had stories about murders or things criminals have done. And this was the story of a girl who was an accomplice to a bank robbery. Even though the robbery didn't come off and she botched it up, she was sentenced to 20 years in prison with no appeal. And when the judge sentenced her, she thanked him. It seemed that she was very glad to get the sentence. What struck me in reading this account was why would this girl feel that way? What kind of could she have had that she was really glad to be put away?

I always kept this article, although I didn't really know why. This was quite some years ago. Then the New Wave came from Europe, and I saw a film called *Breathless*. After I saw that I said, "I think this story could make a film like that, like *Breathless*. It should be made that way." Then I wrote it into a screenplay form, using a criminal and a bank robbing incident. But I made up the girl's character, from myself really, based on this statement that she made, and ways that I had felt in my life. It was all from my imagination or my feelings. But the plot more or less is from this item in the newspapers.

Have you met the girl?

No, although I wanted to talk to her or have some sort of exchange before I made the movie. It took me a long time to find out what prison she was actually in. I called up the prison, where she still is, even to this day. I asked the head warden, who was a woman, if I could have any contact with her, and they wouldn't allow it. They said she wasn't allowed contact with anyone. They wanted to know why I wanted to get in touch with her. At the time I said I wanted to write something about her. I said, "I think her story is very interesting, and I would like to write something about it." And she said, "Well, I don't think her story is very interesting, and I have to pass approval on everything that comes through here. I won't allow it." It was very mysterious, but they were very emphatic about it. So that was that. I didn't try anymore after that because I thought it would become too involved, and after all, this isn't really about that girl, although I'm sure she has a very interesting story. I was just using the incident she was

involved in. It was after I'd written my screenplay when I contacted them. Afterword I was just curious.

Do you feel that you changed very much for having gone through her character, and would you at all change the rather pessimistic ending of the film if you were making it now?

By the time I finally made the movie, I had changed very much. Still I was making it about a former state that I had been in they're familiar with. This is a way that people can be made aware of how they've been seeing things, and how they haven't really thought out what's happening to the roles of women and men as portrayed in that everyday life. Even in the newspaper. You take a different page of the paper, and how much of it has to do with a woman or women? It's really a man's world, even though we have more people, more women people than men. When this fact is pointed out to people, then they can relate to it better than to abstract discussions of what it is to be a woman.

Did you enjoy making *Wanda*?

Yes, I liked the everyday working on it. I found I had some fantastic amount of energy. I never slept, and I was very high all the time when I was working because I had to be. I couldn't let down because I was responsible to all these people I was working with. To me it was really a very pleasurable experience, I guess because it was my first time; I was really naive in this area. I was very gungho and I didn't think of the consequences when I was making the movie. I didn't allow myself to think, "Well, what if it's bad."

Also I never really aimed at making a commercial movie. I felt, at best, *Wanda* would be shown in YWCAs or something like that. I didn't really set my goals too high, so that way couldn't fail too much.

How long did it take to shoot the film?

We had a seven day a week shooting schedule. But we didn't shoot everyday. Sometimes we didn't shoot every other day. The time was spent finding locations, securing locations, finding people, dressing places. For example, one of the incidents in the film is a bank robbery. It was very hard for us to find a bank, nobody would let us use their bank. We were half way through with the picture before we found one. This was empty, so we had to dress it. We had to go in and clean it up, make it look like a working bank, put in some machines and paper money.

We never used any special lighting. We would just put in stronger bulbs where ever lights already existed. We had to put in quite a few bulbs in the bank, in those big lighting fixtures. We had to spend a lot of time doing things like that.

We had a limited personnel working on *Wanda*. There was just myself, a cameraman, a sound man, and a fellow who ran errands and would pick up things and deliver things. But I like working this way instead of having other people do these things for me.

Of course after we used a place we would have to clean it up and leave it just the way we found it, which I think was a good practice. We had a very leisurely shooting schedule in that sense.

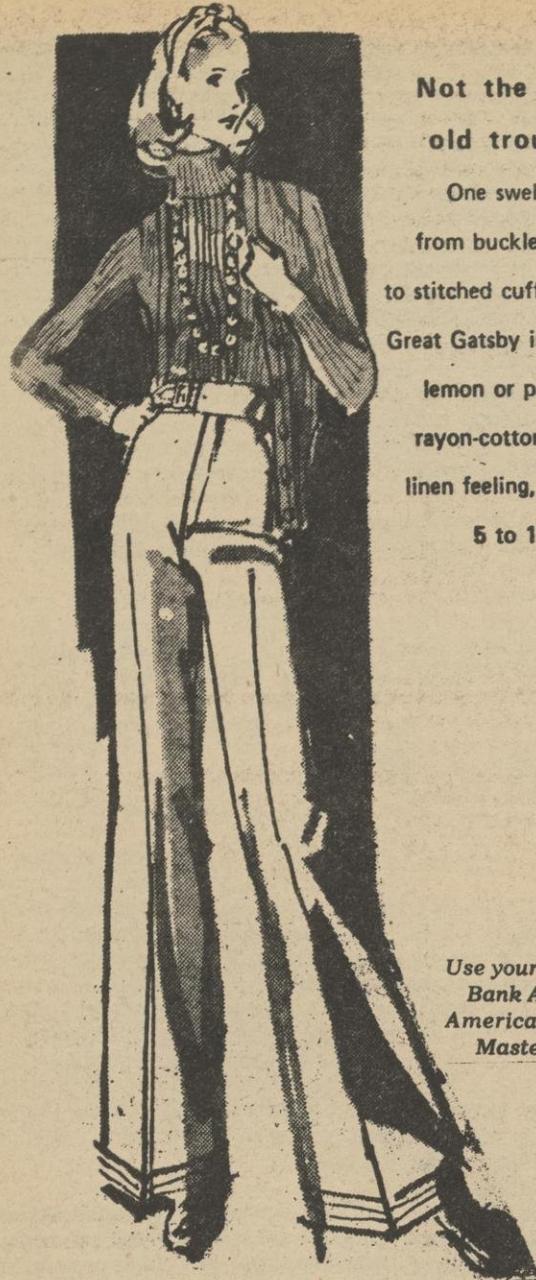
*Wanda* was the first film you directed. Were you influenced by your husband, Elia Kazan's method of direction?

I've worked with him as an actress, and he's one of the best directors any actor could work for. So, in that sense I learned a lot from him, by seeing how he went about doing things, seeing how he dealt with problems. Most of it was just work, continually working and not giving up on something. If you didn't know what to do, to try and find another way to do it. In that sense I think he influenced me.

People are very surprised when they see *Wanda* because they figure that it would be influenced by what he had done. But when they see it, they realize it is so different from anything he would ever do. Although I think he's done some really good work, they're not the type of things I would be interested in doing, just as he wouldn't be interested in what I'm doing.

I tried to get him to direct *Wanda*, but he wasn't interested. He said he didn't know anything about it, and I should do it myself.

(continued on page 6)



Not the same

old trousers.

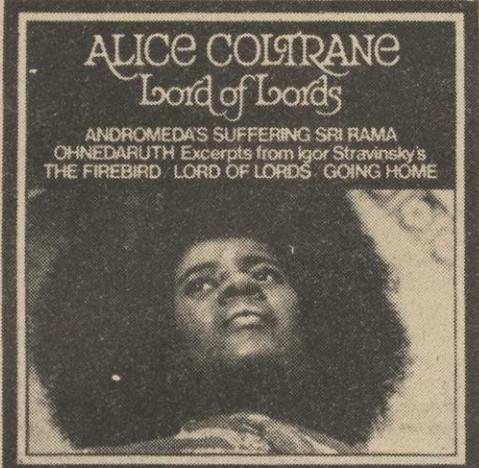
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## 'Modine Gunch' grab bag

By DIX BRUCE

of the Fine Arts Staff

Modine Gunch #8, the Wisconsin Union Literary Committee's latest publication of student fiction and poetry, is a strange collection of very good and very mediocre work.

There are two good short stories included, Leslie Anderson & the Chinese Over the Wall by Bruce Gans and Farewell by George Poster.

Leslie Anderson is a very funny flashback to the plays of the adolescence of one Merv Pulsky, a Summer of '42-esque tale. It's well written and enjoyable.

Farewell treats very thoroughly

and sympathetically in the space of two and a half pages the case of an old woman who eavesdrops on her party line because she's lonely. The strength of the story lies in the writer's ability to be articulate while avoiding wordiness.

Some the poetry approaches my "interesting" criterion, but generally fails to arouse even that. There are some poems that provoke limited thought, but unfortunately most of them deal either with stock topics: love, sex, playing the piano, or have so much of the standard metaphors, alliteration, and adjectives; "a hurt finger healed like a crushed

bloom" "tepid tea," "silverfish legs," that they are worthy of being ignored.

Nowhere is there anything, fiction or poetry, politically articulate. Maybe I'm naive to expect it, most of the old guard politicos have dropped out and started film societies now that the war's over, but where is everybody?

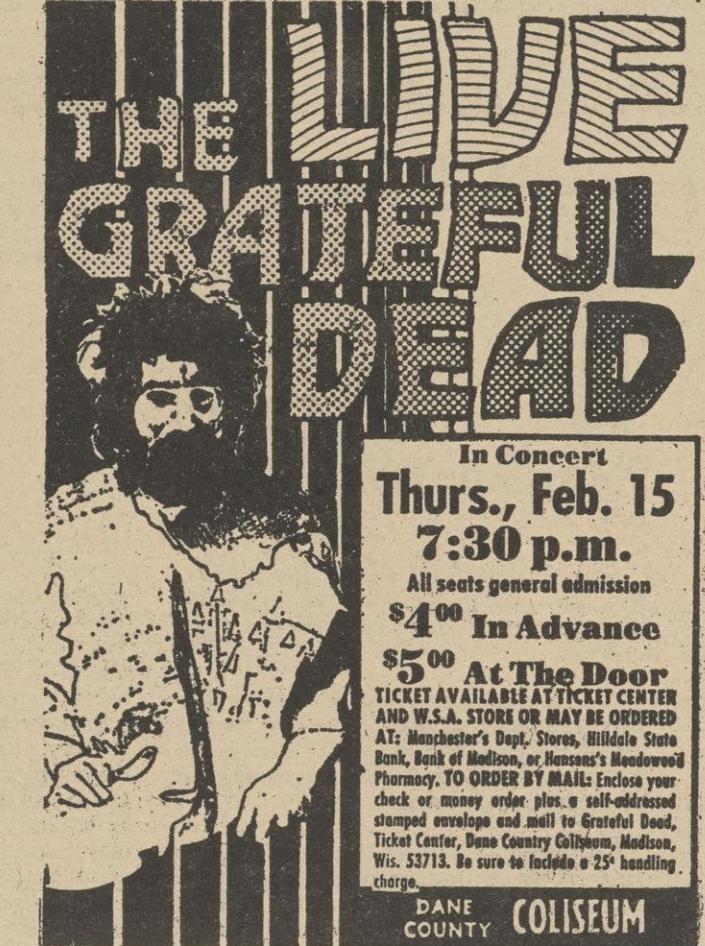
But, at any rate, Modine Gunch #8 is student work and, whether you decide it's art or not, the institution of student literary publication deserves the support of the student community, without which it will fold.

## THE DAILY CARDINAL

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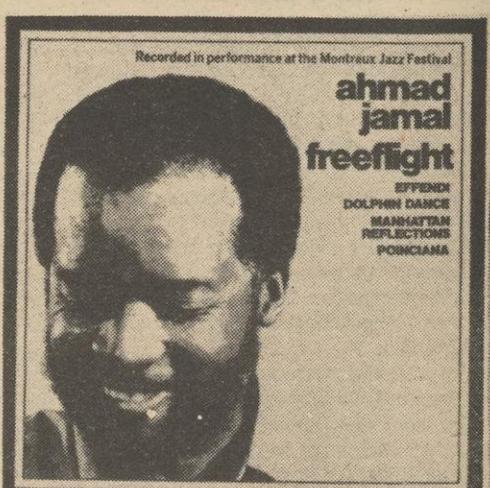
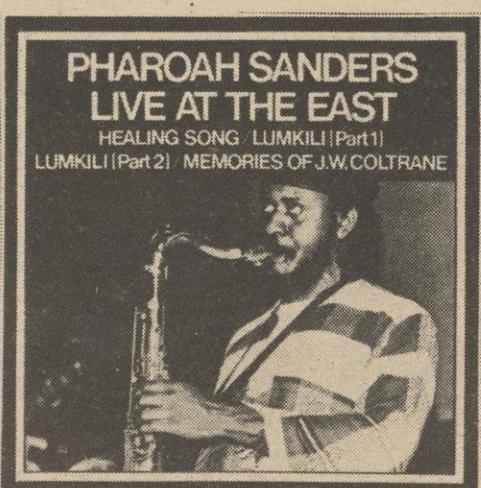
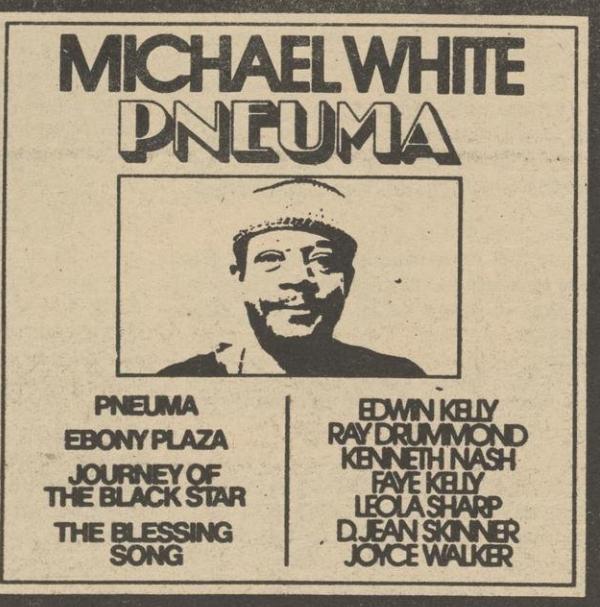
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## Joan Darling: a star offstage

By DARICE GOLDSTEIN

Joan Darling wraps her "wolf" around her, leans back in the swiveling chair and faces lights, photographer and two reporters.

"Oh I wanted to be an actress before I even knew what the word was. I saw a movie and said 'hey, that's terrific!'"

Currently Darling plays Owen Marshall's secretary on the TV series *Owen Marshall: Counselor at Law*, which Jerry McNeely created and has written for. McNeely, a professor on television here, brought her here to play in Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke*.

"If women's lib was around then I think I would have joined that. Being an actress was about the only thing a girl could do if she didn't want to become a housewife and receive equal pay, and so forth."

Joan Darling is beautiful. She is slender and smartly polished in green flared pants, striped turtleneck, heels, string of pearls and gorgeous fur (her wolf) wrapped around her.

Her hair is layered short, and her make-up is flawless. Joan Darling looks like an actress, she is an actress!, but in talking with her you realize that she is much more off stage than on. Her concerns range far beyond the stage.

"I really believe the entire world is insane," she continues. "I do not believe that Nixon was an accident. Rather, I believe that he was the president that most of the people wanted."

"Any one interested in politics is a maniac. They're interested in the type of power which is total air. It has to do with false sensations—what you'll feel when you walk in a room and they play 'Hail to the Chief'."

Joan admits that she's changed during her career. "I've now become contemptuous and devious," she says. "I've come to the point in my life where doing the work is the only thing that interests me, not what people will think of it."

"I used to cry when I got bad reviews, now I never read them. I realized that I didn't know these people—they could be total idiots!"

Joan Darling's accomplishments are diversified. At twelve she was a diver and ran fourth in the New England AAU diving championship. She has appeared on Broadway, in an improvisational satire called *The Premise*, with Buck Henry and George Segal, the work she is the proudest of.

In addition, she has appeared in Shakespeare festivals at Stratford; in film (in *The Psychiatrist*

chasing fake things such as fame and fortune."

She pauses, thoughtfully. "And I'm beginning to be able to do it."

We walk to the elevator and I pop one last question. "Miss Darling, who has been the most interesting person you've met in your career?"

"My best question and her excitement grows. "Oh there's been so many! I can't think of just one!"

The elevator doors open and close. An idea pops into my head. "Let me put it in this way. If you could have five people in this elevator, any five, who would you have?"



she feels she has on film wh. she is "capable of"); and has starred in several roles on television (her present being secretary to Owen Marshall), in television commercials, and written for both 90 Bristol Court and The Dick Van Dyke Show.

Although there is nothing left artistically that she still hopes to do, the thing she'd eventually like to accomplish is to "live each moment of my life being alive. I don't want to waste any time

"Oh that's such a good question! Gore Vidal, George S. Kaufmann, Buck Henry... how many do I have? Dick Cavett... I find him just delicious! Genet, Ayn Rand, and some terrific football player, just to look at."

"Some terrific football player... not Joe Namath (he's too silly)..." We reach McNeely's office. "Don Shula!"

Joan Darling. Once, perhaps, she has reached for fame and

Cardinal photo by James Korger

## Review:

### No flannel shirts but applause

By DAN SCHWARTZ

There were few flannel shirts in the crowd which sat politely in Music Hall, Thursday night to watch Joan Darling of Jerry McNeely's *Owen Marshall* show (you know Jerry McNeely the TV writer and Communication Arts professor) read the part which made Geraldine Paige famous in Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke*.

It was, to be frank, a paunchy crowd; one which lacked the dynamism which accompanied Dennis Hopper's visit during the WSA symposium two years ago when his pride and joy *The Last Movie* was jeered as sexist and dull. The dress was formal, the manners polite and the cause Phi Beta's scholarship program.

It was the twenty-second season of Phi Beta presents and even the tuxedos (loaned for the 22nd year by Nedrebo's Formal Wear) boasted of traditions. The dimly lit Music Hall just might be the most interesting building on campus. It reeks of tradition. The odd spring rain which soaked the winter-hard flesh on Thursday and Friday was right out of Tennessee himself, it thrived in his mouldy sensuality.

And the star of the night was Joan Darling, an intelligent looking actress, who had been on Broadway, who spent the week here speaking in classes, entertaining and who, one hoped, had enjoyed the special strains of sophistication which maintain Madison from the commercial provincialism which John Weaver and William Dyke so boldly strive towards.

JOAN COULDN'T HAVE been impressed by the theatrical undercurrents on campus. There are new theatrical facilities to boast of and she was probably taken on a complete tour of Vilas and shown

the WHA cameras. "Well, film is very big here you know," she might have been told in an insightful aside. It was nice to have a star, of sorts, walking around campus. Joan Darling plays a secretary on the show, but she sees her acting talents emerging off the stage. "You know you just can't confuse acting with the money and success that go along with commercial TV," she said on Tuesday in one of McNeely's scriptwriting seminars.

*Summer and Smoke* is not a William's masterpiece even through it transmits effectively the characteristically tormented squalor of Tennessee's very special southern decadence. It is a play that needs a Southern drawl to work; there is rhythm to Tennessee's anguish which must be harnessed and paced diligently through the methodology of a characteristic laugh, or gesture, or silence.

McNeely, who directed the production, purposefully cued the audience to the production's dramatic limitations. It was clearly to be a theatrical experience but not really a dramatic rendition. The actors, like musicians with music stands in front of them, read their lines, interacted a bit, but treated the play with a necessary dramatic distance—acknowledging Joan Darling's spotlight and artistic supremacy.

She was the unquestionable spotlight and the unquestionable professional. Pacing herself marvelously, exploring the character even as she portrayed it, Joan Darling quickly established the tone of her character on the stage. The action swirled around her. The other actors, particularly Michael Miner, (who became stronger and

stronger with each passing scene) drew from her talent and presence.

THERE WERE GLARING rough edges to her performance. She giggled superficially where her laugh was intended to be a reflex like a hiccup. She fell in and out of a Southern accent, abandoning it completely for her longest and most dramatic monologues.

But no one really cared. Her choice of dress communicated the central concern of the evening, the soft pink stated the obvious: this was Joan Darling on stage just as much as it was the prudish Alma Winemiller of Glorious Hills, Mississippi, she was portraying.

The cast played its supporting well adequately. Agatha Church did well as the mad mother and Ordean Ness held his own. Jo Fischer and Jerry McNeely's minor roles paled somewhat in comparison with the rest of the cast.

It wasn't Broadway but for significant moments Thursday, theatre gleamed in the winter rain.

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fortune. As Alma Winemiller says in *Summer and Smoke*. "All of us are in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars!"

But it appears that at some moment in her life she experienced an emotional low, one in

which values were rearranged. It appears that at this moment she realized the falsity of her dream, the American dream, and the wastefulness of her life.

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By ERIC PARFREY  
of the Cardinal Staff

On Aug. 4, 1972 author Paul Goodman died at the age of 60 on his farm in New Hampshire. On Jan. 20, 1973 Wisconsin Alliance member Toby Emmer told a crowd of 1,000 anti-war demonstrators gathered in front of the State Capitol, "They've even denied us our history." Then she called upon the group to join her and a friend in an anti-war ballad that was first sung in World War I. What do two seemingly unrelated events have in common? The answer is Goodman's last book, *New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative*.

Goodman's purpose in the book, by his own definition, is to play Erasmus to the "crazy, young allies" with whom he found himself aligned during the turbulent decade of the 60's. For purpose of discussion he likens the new culture of political and social radicals in their "impetuous, moral outrage" to the sixteenth century, when western European Protestant intellectuals were confronted by a crisis in some ways similar to our present upheaval of traditional economic and political values. Three hundred years ago the dilemma was manifested in an overtly corrupted Catholic Church, and in the eventual Reformation Luther cast out the Church's moral theology of works. Today the monster is Charles Reich's Corporate State, the politico's "military, industrial complex," or Theodore Roszak's concept of the careerist, militarized Leviathan that our modern industrial state has become.

The comparison obviously has its limitations, but Goodman develops the parallel in a very analogous and relevant way. He discovers that the attack upon our technocratic establishment, the new whore of Babylon, is essentially a conflict of religious ideals. "In the end," Goodman says, "it is religion that constitutes the strength of the new generation." In his important, complementary reaction to the argument Theodore Roszak, author of *The Making of the Counter Culture* and more recently *Where the Wasteland Ends*, Goodman correctly points out that the new religion can never be fulfilled by science "even at its pristine best."

SO WHERE DO the young religious revolutionaries turn in their quest for a more humane existence? In the intolerance born of becoming aware of the grotesque real evils in our society, they have systematically rejected not only science and techniques, but also much of the intellect and culture that has generally accompanied it. Goodman modestly admits in his opening preface that "compared with the tempered enthusiasm of my previous books, this one is rather sour on the American young." This basic premise might put off many of the more naive young radicals ("Oh shit, a pessimistic Greening of America"); but hopefully this will not be the case. It is surprisingly refreshing to hear the voice of "neolithic conservative" whose instincts are unabashedly anarchist and whose politics aspire to be "decentralist, anti-police, anti-party, anti-bureaucratic, organized by voluntary association, and putting a premium on grass-roots spontaneity."

This is a remarkable work, not because of its single value as "the most discriminate discussion of our youth culture yet to appear" as Roszak has suggested, but because in the context of Goodman's own life as a social critic it is a final statement that must be heard. This man has devoted too much of his life to a rational, penetrating, if decidedly unorthodox, analysis and critique of the fundamental concepts that are the root of our society's present meleé of conflicting values. Whereas other social philosophers can do no more than "look the horror of the times full in the face and (never) rise above facile vituperation and angry panic" in Roszak's view, Goodman is that rare breed of intellectual whom can, and did for 40 years, find so much of his environment at odds with his personal beliefs, yet never faltered in wasteful cynicism or useless diatribes.

Paul Goodman was a genius and a man to be admired by all who were even remotely aware of what hardships he was subjected to as a scholar. A true "man of letters" in a contemporary world which swiftly came to reward only those specialists who conformed to hidden standards, Goodman wrote articles, essays, and books covering such encompassing topics as poetry, fiction, sociology, psychology, philosophy, classical literature, and urban planning. "I am a humanist," he declared, "and everything I do has exactly the same subject—the organism and the environment. Anything I write is pragmatic—it aims to accomplish something." On the eve of his death last August, Goodman deserved more than three lines in *Newsweek*, or a condescending portrait in *Time* that described him as a token iconoclast who had "a right to be crazy;" his epitaph should have read "My trouble is that I have to be that kind of peon who is in the clear because he has done his public duty."

Born in New York's Greenwich Village Goodman's father deserted the family shortly after his birth. The mother and sister were forced to work in order to support the family, and much of young Goodman's time was spent in a lonely apartment after school. Following his secondary education of heavily Jewish instruction he enrolled at City College, where he developed a keen interest in the life and writings of Russian anarchist Peter Kropotkin. Upon his graduation in 1931, he was too poor to enroll in Columbia so he bicycled there and sneaked into lectures given by philosopher Richard McKeon. Later, he hitchhiked to free courses at Harvard.

SEVERAL YEARS LATER McKeon, by then a dean at the University of Chicago, invited Goodman to lecture there on English literature while working towards a Ph.D. With the degree almost completed he was fired in 1940 for his "nonconformist sexual behavior." Goodman's freely admitted homosexuality later cost him teaching jobs at the famous experimental college Black Mountain, and at Manumit School of Progressive Education in Rawling, New York. "I don't think that people's sexual lives are any business of the state," he said later. "To license sex is absurd," and following this belief he and his wife Sally lived together for 30 years and had two children, yet were never formally married.

In the late 1930's Goodman became a contributor, at first of cinema criticism and later of poetry and fiction, to the *Partisan Review*. Gradually his work appeared in *Poetry*, the *Nation*, *Black Mountain Review* and other periodicals. The construction of his sprawling novel *The Empire City* began with *The Grand Piano* published in 1942, but most of the critics who enjoyed this first book were bored in 1946 with *The State of Nature* in which Goodman moved the hero of his previous story into adolescence and conflict with World War II. The subject was too personal for him to accurately write about, for at the time his pacifism was being tested by the Selective Service and he was set to go to jail. "My philosophical and political position was Dodging," he recalled later, "but fortunately the United States and I came to an accommodation."

resulting journal that he kept during this desperate, empty portion of his life is an incredibly honest and painful work of introspection. The journal was eventually published in 1966 as *Five Years: Thoughts During a Useless Time*, and the preface to the volume gave Goodman a chance to look back on those bleak years.

"I wrote in these notebooks when I had no one else to write for or talk to," he began. The first draft of *The Empire City* had just been complete, but there was no chance to get it published. "Whatever bright schemes I had to improve my city or the schools," the preface continued, "were also evidently not wanted by anybody. There were no signs of political revolt, certainly among the young, to give me courage." There were "desperate efforts for sexual happiness," but "worst of all I suffered from bleak hours of nothing to do or plan during lonely walks along the river or nursing a beer in a bar... I was 45 years old."

Perhaps the most accurate description of the man in *Five Years* came from critic Theodore Solotoff: "The neglect he (Goodman) suffered was sadly at odds with his grand, and grandiose dream of working in a 'rational community', of being 'aggressive for the general welfare.' Except for an occasional university conference and his practice as a lay analyst, he talked mainly to himself, carrying on his incredibly diverse intellectual life—philosophy, religion, semantics, psychiatry, education, social and political theory, music, letters—in the little notebooks that make up this volume. The rest of the time he prowled for sex: an earnest, pipe-smoking Socrates of the bars and docks and playgrounds of Manhattan, the streets and cafes of Europe. Because he was faded and unattractive, because he was attracted to rough trade, because he refused to pay, he endured a good deal of fear and frustration...He suffered cruelly from...the anxiety that his proud intelligence, his sword and his shield, had become unreliable and perverse."

THE FEAR AND DOUBT that was dormant in Goodman's evaluation of his already vast achievements came to the surface in his writing. "I am resigned to not

first."

The subject that was to be the opening salvo for Podhoretz' overhauled publication was the currently hot topic of juvenile delinquency. All written material up to the point (1960) had espoused the theory that delinquency, even among middle-class kids, was nothing more than a collection of unrelated incidents of individual pathology. Podhoretz wanted to bring up another possibility—that delinquency could be symptomatic of "certain radical failings in American life which could only be dealt with politically." Norman Mailer was writing along this line, but he was not a scholarly type.

EVENTUALLY SOMEONE suggested Goodman's recently completed *Growing Up Absurd*, which had been partially printed in *Dissent* magazine. "I contacted Goodman," Podhoretz wrote, "and got a copy of the entire manuscript of his book to read. It had been rejected, he told me with no apparent bitterness, by nineteen different publishers."

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I started reading the book. It was everything I wanted for the new *Commentary*, and more; it was the very incarnation of the new spirit I had been hoping would be at work in the world, as it had been at work in me...Goodman and I, working feverishly, carved out three articles... The articles were so great a sensation that they put the new *Commentary* on the map from the very first minute, and the book of course went on to become one of the campus bibles of the sixties and to sell over a hundred thousand copies."

*Growing Up Absurd* made Goodman a cult hero over night. His book provided the growing young community with an indictment—"Our abundant society is at present simply deficient in many of the most elementary objective opportunities and worthwhile goals that could make growing up possible. It is lacking in enough man's work...in honest public speech...in the opportunity to be useful. It corrupts the fine arts. It dims the sense that there is a Creation."

Two years later in *The Community of Scholars* Goodman attacked colleges as bureaucratic machines that had proved unable to provide youth with genuine learning. "The ultimate rationale of administration," he wrote, "is that a school is a teaching machine, to train the young by predigested programs in order to get preordained marketable skills." *Compulsory Mis-Education* was published in 1964, and continued the critical discussion of institutionalized education in which he now found himself at the center. By this time Goodman had become, in his words, "the Joan of Arc of the free-student movement." But his sudden overnight recognition as a progressive educator made him wary of the apparent success. "I am uneasy," he wrote, "about the reputation I am getting for *Growing Up Absurd* and my recent essays. I feel I am going under false pretenses, for these things do not represent 'me' in the sense that my stories and plays do."

MUCH MORE LITERATURE was published in the years following his reputation as a social critic encouraged publishers. *Our Visit to Niagara*, a collection of short stories heavily political and sociological in tone, appeared in 1960. His plays were published and produced at several off-Broadway theater houses in the 1960's and his poetry was collected in *The Lordly Hudson* (1962) and *Hawkweed* (1967). During the period he contributed to major periodicals and was editor of *Complex* and *Liberation* magazines.

At the same time he was writing fiction Goodman was continuing work in his role as a foremost intellectual critic. A number of his non-fiction works were published, including *The Society I Live in Is Mine* (1963) and *People and Personnel* (1963). He was in constant demand as a lecturer and taught at many universities, including one year as Knapp Professor here at the University of Wisconsin in 1964.

"Despite the alleged temptations," Goodman has said, "I do not find that being a well-known author and being called on for public speeches has reconciled me to the American way of life. Our Establishment does not improve on closer acquaintance. One advantage of being a 'success' is that I can now say my say without being accused of sour grapes."

Paul Goodman sought to do the improbable with his work—to combine his artistic powers in a viable, social scientific analysis of our institutions and culture. He attempted to put social problems into such logical mode that the argument would precipitate its own possible alternatives or solutions. The combination of art and science that he was suggesting was obviously unacceptable to those who dismissed him as a gadfly. As sociologist Robert Nesbit points out, since the era in the nineteenth century of social movements generated by the French Revolution, and

(continued on page 7)

## 'Paul Goodman was a genius': Notes on a neolithic conservative with anarchist instincts

A book of Goodman's short stories was published in 1945, and a collection of essays followed in 1946. He analyzed the work of Franz Kafka in *Kafka's Prayer* (1947), and with the help of his brother Percival, Associate Professor of Architecture at Columbia, finished *Communitas* the same year. *Communitas* is a practical, and in some ways, utopian guide to planning cities beginning with basic principles and theory. Famous author and social scientist Lewis Mumford said in his reaction to the Goodman's work that "such a book does not appear often; and when it doesn't, it is entitled to no restrained and grudging praise."

The books that Goodman published in the 1930's, 1940's, and 1950's constituted only a portion of the manuscripts he had on hand. One of the works for which he could not find a publisher was the book that he still considers his best single accomplishment, *The Dead of Spring*. The story is the third section of *The Empire City*, and with the help of friends was published privately in 1950.

GOODMAN UNDERWENT psychotherapy in the late 1940's and early 1950's. The experience typically overflowed into all aspects of his life. In 1951, with Dr. Frederick S. Perls and Professor Ralph Hefferline, he wrote *Gestalt Therapy*, a classic in the budding science of Gestalt psychology. His friends began to seek him out for help with their psychic problems so he became a lay psychotherapist at the New York Institute of Gestalt Therapy. The resulting pay from his clients more than doubled his previous weekly income to \$100. Another novel was published in 1952 and two years later Goodman finally received his doctorate from the University of Chicago.

The second half of the 1950's were the blackest years of Goodman's career, filled with despair and intense anguish for the author. His marriage seemed to be disintegrating, his daughter Susan was severely ill with polio, and publishers were rejecting his work as if he had been blacklisted. The

knowing what I want," he lamented, "nor how to go about getting it; but I am not resigned to misery, but choked, sighing, finding a difficult music in the sighs, short of breath to sing much of it. 'Murky, confused,' says Lao-tse, and so am I. I salute my little motor scooter poised in flight."

But *Five Years* describes more than just an interim of withdrawal and judgement. Goodman writes in the preface, "as I copy out the thoughts, I see that it was no interim at all, but myself as I have always been and still am—only less distracted by other business and excitement. Or bluntly, the unlucky truth is that all my life I have existed in an interim, but only for those five years did I write in pocket notebooks. The truth is that I feel like an Exile—from paradise." All his life Goodman had to contend with the bitter deep frustration that is the curse of any brilliant social critic. His paradise was never a remotely utopian goal, but rather the striving for simple dignity accorded to every member of a just social order: "a very bread-and-butter kind of paradise."

Paul Goodman was a victim of the times, as I suppose any artist must be. The turning point of his career came when other intellectuals were ready to accept his critical work during the years of a reawakening America. Norman Podhoretz, in his own biography *Making It*, explained his position as editor of *Commentary* magazine. "My ideological strategy for the 'new *Commentary*'," he wrote, "was to say goodbye to...hard anti-Communism and to celebrations, however quiet, of American virtue. Since the international situation was reasonably calm at the moment and since the discredibility and death of McCarthy had pushed the whole question of domestic security into the background, the latter half of the strategy, involving in its positive aspect an attempted transformation of *Commentary* into a center for the revival of the long-formant tradition of American social criticism, would have to get tested out

# The Making of a Guerrilla

By DIANE REMEYKA  
of the Fine Arts Staff

As part of his effort to create a life worth living, Ted Odell makes Guerrilla Cookies. Odell sees his industry, which involves wholemeal nutritional cookies and granola, as one of many desirable "independent economic bases for fundamental social changes".

The cookies and granola are made and packaged by hand at the Quercus Alba Bakery in Oregon, Wis., where the only modern appliance is the stove. Quercus Alba, the Latin name for white oak, is used because the first cookies were baked in a tiny wood stove burning white oak. The name "guerrilla" was contributed by someone in the Mifflin Street Coop.

ODELL, A TALL quiet man with shaggy, red hair, mixes and bakes his goods in a converted grocery store amidst bags and barrels of raw materials. He finds it necessary to create most of his tools according to his own specifications, such as the large stainless steel trough and shovel used for mixing.

About 85 per cent of the production (around ten thousand units per month) is sold through coops. Sales are made in about thirty stores, some as far away as Nebraska. Up to seven people are employed according to need at the bakery.



## Guerrilla

Finding himself excluded from the job market, Odell resorted to the cookies he had first made six years ago when "living as a hermit in a simple cabin, like Thoreau, and wanting some kind of nutritious sweet in my diet, I put the cookies together with ingredients I had on the shelves."

Five years ago Odell decided "I want to dismantle myself of any artificial ad-

vantages I might have and try to put myself in the position of anyone anywhere". Before making cookies, he tried building canoes and raising organic vegetables. Now he is exploring ways to fulfill his initial hopes such as an art colony, cooperative industry, and an organic farm, and welcomes communication from people who share these interests.



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# Barbara Loden

(continued from page 1)

What type of films do you like?

I like all Satajil Ray's films. My favorite film is Bunuel's *Los Olvidados*, that and films like *Two Sisters* and *Pather Panchali* I could see over and over.

I like slow paced films. You'll notice Wanda is a very slow paced picture. It was played more or less as an art film. It's not a commercial film, and it's not a film everyone is going to like.

Have you seen the works of Mizoguchi?

Antonioni's films deal with women who are very conscious of their own problems and very much oppressed. Do you like his works?

I thought Antonioni's films were very beautiful, and I love to watch them, but I could never understand the women in them. I never felt any sort of kinship with them, although I'm not saying that there aren't women like that.

I'm not really a student of films; I've never really studied them

What was your response to working with a male director. Elia Kazan, in his production of *After the Fall*, a play based on the life of Marilyn Monroe?

After the Fall was years ago when there were only male directors, even now I don't know of any female directors in the

theatre. I do know some, but they're working more in experimental type theatre, you know, guerilla theatre and types like that. Back then, I never questioned working with men; that was the way it was done.

How did you respond to portraying Marilyn Monroe?

I never knew anything about Marilyn Monroe, and I still really don't, except what I read in *Life* magazine once in a while. She hadn't been dead very long before that, so it would have been silly to try to imitate her, so I just worked on the role from myself. Maybe if someone's been dead for a long time, 50 years or something, then you would research to find out about them, what kind of life they had. But Monroe's death was too close; it would have been really intimidating. Instead of helping me, it would have inhibited me. Someone just died two months ago, and then you're going to play them, that would really be silly.

But when I read that script, I thought it was about me. When I read the part, I said, "Oh, how did he know? How did he know about me?" It's interesting because the way Maggie is in the beginning of *After the Fall* is very much like Wanda in this film, sort of drifting around and not knowing what they're doing, and then they become attached to a man.

## Record Review

**Freakin' at the Freakers Ball**—Shel Silverstein, Columbia Records.

If you want to buy a diabolically funny album, overflowing with funk and perversions, then go and buy Shel Silverstein's *Freakin' at the Freakers Ball*. Shel is one of America's best satirical lyricists. The

# Goodman: Notes on neolithic conservative

(continued from page 4)

the accompanying processes of division of labor introduced by the industrial revolution, it has generally been assumed that the artist and the scientist work in opposite, antagonistic ways. The view of the Romantic artist's role was to never admit any continuity or dependence on society, but instead to emphasize the gulf between him and society. Goodman saw the gulf and tried to explain it with his functional, humanitarian concept of science.

SCIENCE FROM THE nineteenth century, however, became engrained in the myth of methodological inquiry. Whereas art was repelled by the new industrial society, science was absorbed and dominated by it. The separation of art and science carried the general belief that the respective objectives were as different as

the thought processes involved. "Nothing could be further from the truth," Nesbit says. "Any art form that is serious...is interested in throwing light upon reality, and in somehow communicating this light to others. And this, basically, is what science—as contrasted with technology—is concerned with."

In "Notes of a Neolithic Conservative", the last part of New Reformation, Goodman speaks of the role he has tried to fill with his writing: "I am not a 'romantic'; what puts my liberal and radical critics off is that I am a conservative; a conservationist. I do use the past; the question is how...Unless it is high poetry, utopian thinking is boring. 'Neutral' sociology is morally repugnant and bad science. An essential part of any sociological inquiry is having a practical

effect, otherwise the problem is badly defined: people are being taken as objects rather than human beings, and the inquirer himself is not there. For the humanistic problems that I mostly work at, however, the sense of powerlessness, the loss of history, vulgarity, the lack of magnanimity, alienation, the maladaptation of organism and environment—and these are political problems—maybe there are no other "strategies" than literature, dialogue, and trying to be a useful citizen oneself."

Goodman was an anarchist, however "conservative," prepared at almost every point to replace the large and bureaucratic with the small and human. Some of the devices for doing this are the mark of his creativity as an artist and some have the

simplicity and consistence of his social science. Yet, towards the end of his life it appeared that the long patience he had sustained throughout his career had begun to retreat from an unlistening world. One week after his death in August his last article, "Politics Within Limits," appeared in the New York Review of Books and conveyed a new, more pessimistic politics than before.

"People have a right to be crazy, stupid or arrogant," he wrote. "It is our specialty as human beings. Our mistake is to arm anybody with collective power. Anarchy is the only safe polity." But the old ideals were still there. In his closing words he asked only "that the children have bright eyes, food and sex be available, and nobody be pushed around" and for himself, "that I can live on a little."

## Requiem for local rock?

By GARY KEMP  
of the Fine Arts Staff

A short but mostly true fairy tale

Once upon a time, in fact only three or four years ago, there was a magical music scene in Madison. There were lots of good rock and roll bands, like Oz and Mendlebaum, and lots of good places to play. There were frequent concerts in places like Great Hall, Mifflin Street, and even the Lorraine Hotel. Most of the music was made up by the musicians, and the audiences that faithfully showed up at the concerts knew the songs and identified with them because the songs helped draw them together as a community. So, when the bands played, people would get up and dance in big circles until everyone was exhausted. A good time was had by all.

Then, times changed. Great Hall closed down and so did most of the clubs. Bands broke up. Those clubs that were left started to demand that the bands play Top 40 or 50's revival rock. And the audiences who were once joyful, turned sullen. The Squeeze was on, and it's still here today.

The Squeeze is not just a conspiracy by greedy clubowners, but instead is a combination of some very subtle chemistry involving

musicians, the owners of the places they play at, and the people who come (or don't come) to see them play. An awareness of some of these factors could lead to a better understanding of the musician's precarious position, and possibly make it a little easier to get some of the really good stuff that's been hiding away so long out where folks could hear it.

For example, chew on this—the popular notion of the evolution of your local-type musician into a "star" goes in two stages. First, you labor in the clubs, breaking your back for minuscule wages until a record company or booking agent comes along and notices you. This is called "paying your dues", generally a good thing to do. Second, with a little judicious hype, and a bit of charm, even the least talented musician can become a "star", which means riches, fame and instant charisma in return for selling your soul down the river. This part is called "selling out to the capitalist pig rock star syndrom" and is obviously counter-revolutionary.

Reality is a little more complicated but there is a large grain of truth in the whole idea. So, Parthenogenesis is around to suggest alternatives to the whole sticky mess. What if all the bands

got together and refused to play Top 40 in the clubs? Or, even worse, what if they pooled their meager resources and started their own club? It sounds impossible but the folk musicians in Parth are trying to open a coffeehouse in town that would be run by the musicians themselves for the community, at very low prices. It ain't easy but you have to start somewhere. A more realistic possibility is if some of those bands got together with the right student groups and pressured the University into reopening Great Hall to rock bands. This could happen soon.

### HOUSEFELLOW APPLICATIONS

Applications for Housefellow positions in Residence Halls are now being accepted until Feb. 15. Applicants will be screened by Res Halls staff and current residents. For applications or further information, contact the Office of Student Housing, 433 N. Murray St., at 256-5932.

### CORRECTION

Brat 'n' Brau on Regent St. has a free cheese platter with wine ordered on Mondays and Tuesdays after 9 p.m. The Daily Cardinal incorrectly listed free ski movies, which were featured last week during their Winterfest.

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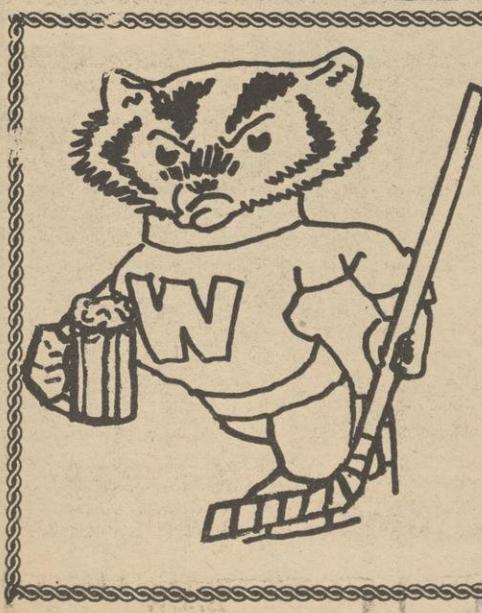
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