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“The white radical . . . is sharing in the
total white conspiracy of denial against
black people.”

By DAN SCHWARTZ

“It’s understandably difficult to obtain a jury here,” Superior Court Judge Harold Mulvey has said about the Erica Huggins-Bobby Seale trial in New Haven, Conn.—a Madison-sized city in southern New England—“but we’ll do it.”

It took over six months and 1000 words to fulfill the judge’s prophesy as the longest jury selection in the history of the state ended last week with the necessary twelve “fair and impartial” jurors but two alternates still unaccounted for.

In the span of that selection many of the more blatant flaws in the American judicial system rose to the surface like flotsam challenging the assumption, some observers feel, that Panther chairman Bobby Seale and Panther co-defendant Erica Huggins could receive a fair trial for their charges of alleged kidnapping and murder.

Enveloping the entire case is the aura propagated by the particularly peculiar make-up of the city of New Haven itself, the stigma of the Black Panther party and their recent political embarrassments, the murder of Panther Alex Rackley, and the lives of the two Panther defendants which are at stake under Connecticut statutes.

After the selection of the two alternates the trial will begin to move into full gear later this month. A rally was held this weekend drawing its strength mostly from the black community. Evidently, many white radicals seem to be turning away from the Seale trial and the Panther party as a center point for organization. John Froines, when he spoke in Madison, claimed the March rally would be a major turning point in the struggle to “Free Bobby.” In New Haven, as in most American cities the struggles seemed to have moved from the streets into the courtroom.

“Right now the Bobby Seale trial seems a lot further away than 200 yards from the campus area,” one Yale student explained.

The jury selection from the start was a struggle by the defense to prove that even before the actual voir dire or jury selection had begun the statistical make up of the jury panels and the adverse publicity in the press had prevented a fair trial from taking place.

The defense claimed that of the first 1000 candidates 3 per cent black, 40 per cent were women (as opposed to 51 per cent of the population) and the average age was 47. The young, the black, and the oppressed seemed unable to qualify in large enough proportions for jury selection as they do in the general public.

The process of challenging candidates itself further exasperated the defense. As the length of the jury selection dragged on and on, the judge became increasingly reluctant to excuse jurors, thus causing the lawyers to use up more and more of their allotted 60 challenges.

One individual, for instance, an American Legionnaire who read the Legion magazine regularly and has a neighbor who is a state trooper, claimed he wore an American pin because “it’s the American flag and I’ve always worn it and always will wear it.” He was allowed for consideration by the judge forcing the defense to use a challenge.

By middle February the defense lawyer, Charles Garry, ran out of challenges and asked the Judge for 30 more. He was given two. The defense then introduced three motions, indicative of many they attempted to use to stall the process of jury selection.

These motions included: a motion to dismiss the charges on the grounds of negative pre-trial publicity; a motion to dismiss the jury panel; and a final motion to supplement the panel taken from the voter registration list, with new voters between the ages of 18 and 21. The three motions as well as an additional one to start the trial with 11 jurors were turned down.

The 14 selected jurors represent the strained mass of American opinion. They are selected more for their lack of knowledge, than for their possession of it. Of the first 11 jurors, six were white and five were black. They included:

* A white middle-aged mailman who has four children and whose wife is a factory worker. He stated that he has many black friends and “that as far as I am concerned, I’d be too good a juror.”

* A 67 year old white retired gunsmith who has three children and does not favor capital punishment but would consider it in some

cases.

* A black woman in her early thirties who has two children and works as a machinist.

* A black retired floor-man who has three sons (two of whom are unemployed) and who says that he knows nothing about the Panthers.

The negative publicity surrounding the case starts with statements made by FBI director J. Edgar Hoover on the eve of the Lonnie McLukas trial (tried this summer on

disorganization existing in the Panther super-structure.

Seale, an original founder of the Panther party has been under incessant pressure from the legal arms of society since the inception of the group and came directly to New Haven from the conspiracy trial in Chicago. Huggins, widow of John Huggins, Black Panther shot to death by rival militants in California, was, at one time, the only party member in Conn.

Seale and Huggins: ‘a total white conspiracy of denial’

charges related to the Rackley kidnapping-murder) and during the early part of the Seale-Huggins trial. Hoover called the Panthers, among other things, “the most violence prone group in America.”

Equally important to the trial are the reputations of Seale and Huggins and the circumstances surrounding the Rackley death that were revealed in the McLukas trial testimony. Much of that testimony moreover, exposed much of the

The trial of Seale and Huggins assumed its first embryonic form in May of ’69. At that time, shortly after Seale had spoken at Yale and a few days after the body of Alex Rackley, a Panther member, had been found in nearby Middlefield, police raided the apartment of Panther Warren Kimbro and eventually arrested 14 individuals in connection with the case.

Charges made against the defendants included aiding and abetting murder,

kidnapping, conspiracy to kidnap, conspiracy to murder and some with binding with intent to commit a felony. Two of the charges are punishable by death.

Not all the individuals were from New Haven. Some, like Seale, Landon Williams, and Rory Hithe, now fighting extradition in Denver, were indicted for their role as superiors during the actual torture and murder of Rackley, an accused police informer.

Many of the arrested Panthers spent several months in jail without being brought to trial. Several were held without bail. In constructing the state’s case, many charges were dropped or changed depending on the defendant’s decision to act as state’s witness.

Lonnie McLukas stood trial this summer on four charges with a fifth charge of murder in the first degree in Middlesex County which was dropped. He was found innocent of three counts including the capital charges and convicted of one charge, 15 years for conspiracy to murder, in late August. Theodore Koskoff, who defended McLukas, called the trial “fair one” and handled the case as a criminal defense rather than a political one.

McLukas’ jury was composed of two black men and ten white men. They deliberated for 33 hours. One juror was quoted as saying afterward: “Lonnie McLukas is a very gentle man; he’s no detriment to society. It’s his testimony that freed him, not his defense.”

The juror was referring to McLukas’ calm and smiling demeanor during the course of the trial. An excellent representation of which was picked up nationally in a picture showing McLukas outside the courtroom, handcuffed, dressed up and smiling.

The McLukas trial outlined the frame in which the charges and counter-charges of the Seale and Huggins trial will be painted in. State evidence will rest on the testimony of George Sams, a former bodyguard of Stokely Carmichael and an “alleged mental defective” who, along with Warren Kimbro has pleaded guilty to second degree murder.

The crux of the trial’s debate will center on whether or not the state can prove that Seale ordered Sams to “off” Rackley. Kimbro failed to indict Seale in his testimony to the state. Sams claims Seale gave the order.

During the summer, daily rallies were held for Lonnie’s trial on the small New Haven green across the street from the Court house. The crowd seldom swelled larger than several hundred. Lunch times, shirt-sleeved businessmen on break would sometimes outnumber the small but vociferous group of ralliers who often included John Froines, Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman. Froines has settled permanently in New Haven to do political work.

This fall, political work around the trial has not been as publicized as the activities which surrounded May Day last year. A great deal of suspicion exists between the black community of New Haven and the white radical groups working in the east. The black community generally withdrew from supporting May Day last year fearing police reprisals to black people for violence incited by white youths.

A black coalition release said at that time “The truth in New Haven, as in most of the country, is that the white radical, by frantically and selfishly seeking his personal psychological release, is sharing in the total white conspiracy of denial against black people.”

The New Haven political picture is, of course, dominated by the gothic towers of Yale University. Largest landowner in the city, and supporter of the magic wand which swept the face of downtown clean and placed 40 per cent of the black population uncomfortably under the carpet, Yale and not Bobby Seale and Erica Huggins’ trial catches the eye of the public.

For a cast including Erich Segal, Charles Reich and Kingman Brewster, the Marcus Aurelius of college presidents, is too much for the public imagination to bear. The equally fascinating drama of New Haven’s large urban ghetto tends to be ignored.

Bobby Seale and Erica Huggins are ready to begin their trial on charges of murder and kidnapping. The consequences of that process may once again focus the eye of the nation on the drama in the semi-city in southern Connecticut and in a more profound sense, on itself.

THE
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—William Blake

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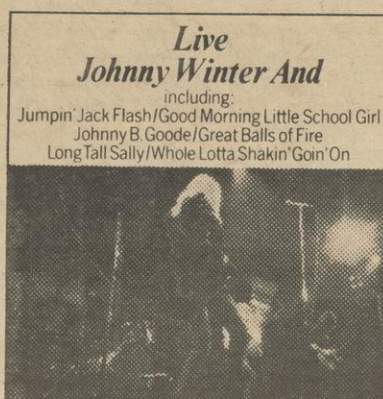
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By MEG BORTIN

From the fortress of Ann Emery Hall to the lakeside Edgewater Hotel, a row of stately structures line the street. The facade, imposingly unchanging for many years, hides the interior changes which are coming hard and fast as co-op living begins to take up residence on Langdon Street.

The fraternity and sorority ideal, which has reigned on Langdon St. since 1873, may be nearing its end as the trend toward co-operative living starts to be picked up even by the "Greeks". However, for most fraternities and sororities, changes toward co-op living are a matter of economic necessity rather than choice.

Sunday afternoon. The sun is shining. Around the bend, once stately elms with sawed-off limbs swing into view. From time to time, girls drift out of their houses in clusters, anxiously scanning the scene for signs of "rushees."

THE FIRST FEW WEEKS of this semester, spring rush, may prove to be the deciding factor in the fate of the remaining Greek houses. Many have already fallen. Three years ago, Langdon St. housed 35 fraternities and 16 sororities; there now remain 23 and 13, respectively. Of those that remain, many are faced with the threat of losing their house if there aren't enough members to fill it next fall.

Thus this spring, an all-out effort is being made to spark new interest in "the system." Fraternities are using an informal approach to rush this year, the emphasis being on the houses individually using a personal contact approach. The sororities have combined this idea with a widespread advertising campaign in a double-barreled attempt to entice new members.

A girl softly strumming a guitar is encircled by a small cluster of others. In a large living room, girls in casual slacks sip hot apple cider while they chat. Every so often, a new face enters the room—this is the way rush looks this year.

FOR BOTH fraternities and sororities, rushing is much less structured now than even three years ago. For example, sorority rush at that time consisted of an elaborate system of parties. There were three rounds to go to—formal teas, informal parties, and formal dinners (to which the "rushee" was expected to wear a formal black dress). After the third round of parties, the "rushee" would state her preferences to a representative of the Pan-Hellenic Council and the sororities would send out bids, with the hope that all would match up happily.

Fraternity rush was similar to this, though never quite as formal. This year, both fraternities and sororities have gotten away from formalities of dress and conduct which were formerly required. Sororities have kept the party system in use more than fraternities, but this spring the format has been toned down to the informal first meeting described above, followed by two parties of any sort the individual house wants. Fraternities have scrapped formal rush almost entirely; recruitment for them takes place throughout the semester on a "come on over and meet the guys" type basis.

In both cases, the new emphasis is on individuality. One sorority woman put it this way: "What bugs me is that everyone complains about Greek houses not taking a stand on something, for example the war, but at the same time they criticize them for their stereotypes. People should realize that sororities and fraternities, like dorms, co-ops and apartments, are made up of individuals," she said. It is by approaching the individual on a personal basis that members hope to put new meaning and new life into their system.

Meanwhile, co-ops in Madison are booming. Though co-operative living has existed in Madison for almost 30 years—the first, Groves Co-op, was founded in 1943—the biggest spurt has come in the past two years. Of the 18 non-University-run co-ops now on campus, six are on or adjacent to Langdon St. All of these occupy former sorority or fraternity houses.

THE CHANGEOVER from one form of living to another having begun on Langdon, the question arises as to whether the co-op dweller of today might have been the frat man or sorority woman of ten years ago. Although the differences between the two forms were clear some years back, the distinction is no longer as sharp.

Co-operative living, at its outset, was seen as a possible alternative mode of living, in the communal sense. Adherents to this mode were working toward a common goal of effecting societal change. Now, however, co-op living seems to be more a fad than a concrete goal, more social than political in its orientation. According to a spokesman from the Madison Association of Student Co-operatives (MASC), the real reason people are joining co-ops en masse these days is not primarily to effect social change, but rather because they offer a lot of freedom and a chance to meet many people.

LANGDON ST.



Arthur Pollock

...Survival of the fittest

J. Jacob Wind, a member of the board of directors and former president of MASC, remarked "Co-ops offer people a chance to get away from structures they had nothing to do with forming." Comparing their means of functioning with the town meeting, he said, "To some extent, the co-op is democracy in action."

THE OTHER MAIN attraction offered by co-op living is its relatively low cost. Rents range in co-ops from \$32 to \$70 a month, depending on which co-op it is and whether the room is a single or a double. Food costs range from \$15 to \$30 a month. This means that the maximum cost of living to a co-op dweller in a nine month school year is \$900, which compares quite favorably to the \$1120 average price of living in the University Residence Halls, and to an estimated \$1200 average price for room and board in a sorority or fraternity house (not to mention the dues and social fees that members pay).

In a sense, however, fraternities and sororities are moving in the direction of co-operatives. Luxuries which were taken for granted just a few years ago, such as waiters and maid service, are being taken over by the members themselves.

Also the idea of social exclusiveness is being put aside to a large extent. Being Jewish will probably no longer keep you

from the sorority or fraternity of your choice, and if you're black, there are 2 black sororities and 3 black fraternities you can join, as well as a few open doors in the other houses. Monetary status and social rank of the family are also relatively unimportant these days; theoretically, anyone who can afford to join is eligible.

Means of discrimination have not been completely discarded, though. Many houses still retain their system of having alumni chapters from the "rushees" home town screen the candidate before he or she is allowed to receive a bid. In this way, even if the members of a house are in favor of bidding a certain "rushee", for example a Jew, they cannot of the alumni chapter from that person's home town is prejudiced against Jews.

THE UNIVERSITY has complicated matters for these houses by making a rule that this sort of screening must be dropped by the fall of 1972 or else the houses will have to move "off campus." The problem here is that even if the Madison chapter would like to drop alumni screening, in some cases the national chapter of the particular sorority or fraternity will not allow it to be dropped, so that the house is threatened on one side with being cut off from the traditions and monetary support of the National Chapter,

and on the other side with being dissociated from the University.

In general, though, considerations of social position are less and less a part of the Greek system, at least in Madison.

But here another factor must be taken into consideration: simple economics. It has become economically unfeasible for the Greek houses to continue as they were. Financial instability has come as a combination of the nation's recession and lagging interest among students, as the former bastions of social success are replaced by new forms.

Sorority and fraternity houses are generally financed from the rent payments of their members. Although in some cases loans from the National Chapter are available, they aren't abundant due to the current tight money situation. For this reason, dwindling membership is the biggest problem. Alumni chapters, which often contribute the down payment on the mortgage, usually have the final word on the fate of the house.

THERE ARE several alternatives. Some houses have taken in non-member boarders, in the hope that this will tide them over for a year or two until they have a better rush. Others have simply turned their houses into boarding houses. In a classic showing of ingenuity in a time of need, Evans Scholars and Alpha Delta Phi, two fraternities, switched houses this year due to a reverse in their sizes.

Houses built since 1960 have had a particularly hard time of it—they are paying 30 per cent higher taxes than the older houses. But with uncommon foresight, the University required that all these new houses be built according to U regulations so that they could be converted into dorms or office buildings if necessary.

The result of all this is that a lot of formerly Greek-filled houses are not opening up. Jay Wind sums it up this way: "In terms of historical trends, this will be a year of leveling off for the fraternity system and a year of deliberate expansion for the co-op movement. Many fraternities and sororities are finding it difficult to get enough people to fill their expensive buildings and are moving into smaller houses or folding. Thus, a lot of former Greek houses are available for co-ops or as boarding houses or office buildings."

The prospect of a Langdon lined with office buildings is uncomfortable at best, but the movement has already started. A couple of years ago, the Dept. of Public Instruction moved into Wisconsin Hall, a former dormitory. This year, the former Pi Beta Phi sorority house began housing the Interservice Christian Fellowship. The possibility exists that Langdon will become entirely non-residential within the next decade if this trend continues.

THE CO-OP movement is doing its best to check the trend, however. Although at present MASC owns only one co-op in the Langdon area, Stone Manor, almost all the other co-ops in the area—10, 22, 146, and 636 Langdon, and Marvin Gardens—have made motions toward buying their houses. At present, these co-ops are financed by the rent payments of their members to a landlord. Last spring, MASC received a \$3000 grant and \$4500 loan fund from St. Francis House; these funds will be used in part for buying the co-op buildings.

The Greek system is also doing its best to stay permanently on Langdon. Jay's assessment of this year as being a leveling off period is being borne out by the results of rush. In fraternities, for example, every year since 1967 has brought a decline both in rushing and in pledging. Only this year have rush participation and pledge class size stopped falling; they have even increased in some cases.

Whether sororities and fraternities will be able to survive at all will probably be seen within the next year. Some have become pessimistic. A former sorority woman, now living in an apartment, said that because the Greek system was devised mainly for social purposes, and these having more or less fallen apart, there's no real reason for existence now.

Denying any similarities between co-ops and sororities, she said, "I don't see it as co-operative living; it's more like tolerant living. There's not anything solid there. They're not working toward anything."

THE CONCRETE goal on which co-ops were founded and toward which they have worked in the past is their reason for existence. The lack of this is a possible explanation for why the Greek system is floundering today, along with why a conversion is presently taking place on Langdon St. The recapturing of this goal is of vital necessity for co-operatives if their future is to be not just another passing student fad, but a long-range alternative living mode through which social change is possible.

Langdon Street: fraternity row, the new hip community, or a collection of boxes filled with office workers? Only time will tell.

'Little Big Man'--incoherent yet important

By RUSSELL CAMPBELL

Political radicals have long despised Hollywood movies, and (within their particular perspective) they've been right to do so. Socio-political subjects are favorite material for Hollywood, but with only a handful of exceptions—in *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Wild River*, one or two others—they have never been treated seriously.

Themes are trivialized and compromised; problems are resolved in facile re-affirmation of the status quo. In *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964), for instance, the brutal dislocation of Indians is seen as the dirty work of a single Washington villain: his removal from office is all that is needed to redress the balance of social justice.

But the times they are 'changin', and movie executives like publishers are learning that radicalism sells well. A new approach to the Indian is evident in *Tell Them Willie Boy is Here* and *Soldier Blue*, an approach in which social criticism is no longer compromised and no longer merely implicit. Arthur Penn's new film, *Little Big Man* (at the Strand) is the latest in this vein: an overt, \$6 million indictment of the genocidal tactics employed by the U.S. military against the Indian—and by extension, against colored races in general.

THIS NEW FREEDOM of socio-political statement is of course welcome, and Penn's to be commended for exercising it; but if *Little Big Man* is ultimately a failure, as I believe it is, it's because he has attempted to impose a vision on material unsuited to it.

Little Big Man had all the makings of a picaresque extravaganza, rough, comic and bawdy. The Thomas Berger novel it is based on is an uproarious tall story in the manner of Baron Munchausen or *The Saragossa Manuscript*, less fantastic and more realistic, but relying strongly for effect on the apolitical stance of its hero, Jack Crabb, who is shuffled by circumstance back and forth between the Cheyenne and white communities, to become, finally, the only survivor of Custer's last stand at the Little Big Horn. Its political comment emerges only indirectly through the ironic handling of its crude, earthy material. Much of this approach remains in Penn's treatment—and there are some very funny scenes—but the result of trying to graft a message on top is a disconcerting shifting of tone that at times verges on the schizophrenic.

Characters, for example, exist on irreconcilably distinct planes. Chief Lodge Skins (played by the real Indian Chief Dan George), a gently idealized figure, lamenting "the white man—they believe everything is dead" and "they do not seem to know where the center of the earth is" belongs in a different movie from the preacher's wife turned frontier whore (played by Faye Dunaway) who laments "this is a house of ill fame and I'm a fallen flower." The uncertainty is evident in the character of the homosexual Indian, Little Horse. Clearly intended by Penn as illustration of the toleration of Cheyenne society—the narrator (Crabb as an old man) remarks that it was okay with the "Human Beings" for those who didn't have the temperament for being a warrior to stay behind with the women—he comes across as a comic, the audience bursting

into laughter on his every appearance.

IN THE HANDLING of incidents, too, the dichotomy is felt: when Indians attack a stage coach, it's a comic delight, a Western burlesque; when bluecoats attack a village it's a brutal massacre. Penn, who is quite at home satirizing whites, is inhibited about satirizing Indians: his respect comes dangerously close to a romantic sentimentality. The conflicting claims of comic stylization and deferential fidelity to an alien culture reach crisis proportions in the triple intercourse scene: of what value is the authenticity of warpaint and tepee when Dustin Hoffman's acting turns his three new wives into exotic variants of Mrs. Robinson.

Penn speaks of the film as the study of an identity crisis of a man who moves easily between two separate cultures. This idea, good on paper, can't and doesn't work because of our familiarity gap: white society has been so frequently depicted, and Indian society so seldom, that there is no way of giving them equivalent weight, even of contrasting them meaningfully.

But Penn's failure is worth just about anyone else's success, and *Little Big Man*, strangled on its own ambitions, remains one of the best movies of the year. There is much to admire and enjoy: the razorsharp editing of battle scenes, the astonishingly beautiful color photography of smoky winter landscapes, the vivid performance of Martin Balsam as Allardyce Meriweather, a shyther apothecary. Though the parts don't add up to a coherent whole, they're mostly good on their own. *Little Big Man* is a film to see.

BOOB TUBE

Ed. note: On the Boob Tube is a weekly television column by Daily Cardinal Associate Editor Peter Greenberg. Readers are invited to suggest, comment, et al.

At a time when the entire television industry is cutting back money and services, it is interesting to note some of the more extravagant advertising escapades which ask the musical question: is it worth it to spend \$154,000 on a one-minute commercial for Chicken Gumbo soup?

Apparently, the H.J. Heinz company thinks it is. Stan Freberg, the creative (and expensive) ad genius sold them on an Ann Miller, Busby Berkeley-type spot which should end up costing the pickle folks upwards of \$200,000. Many of you have already seen the commercial (which Freberg shot on the Samuel Goldwyn lot), with Miss Miller tapping, waving her topper, flashing her teeth, and moving the \$10,000,000 legs that made her famous.

The actual cost of the set for the ad is still secret, but just think that it took an entire carpentry crew,

5,000 square feet of shiny black tile—and, last but not least, they had to jackhammer their way twelve feet into the ground to make room for the hydraulic ram that shoves the soup can upward from a flush position on the floor for Miller's big finale. The movie set is idle now, and no one quite knows what to do with it.

The soup shot now ranks as the most expensive commercial ever made—quite a dubious honor indeed. And Freberg assures us that it was "filmed in Cinemasoup," and further "rated G for Gumbo." Good luck, Heinz. We hope you sell a lot of chicken soup.

Speaking of chicken, I come to the next weird commercial, a one-timer featuring Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier for Vitalis. The "great debate" took place on a phone hookup between Miami and Philadelphia and the conversation was taped live on split-screen. Believe it or not, Frazier claims he didn't even know it was a commercial until Ali screamed "when I'm finished with you, Joe Frazier, even Vitalis won't help." Ali then hung up on the meat cutter, and the commercial ended. The fighters reportedly received no money for the ad because it also carried a promo for fight tickets, but it did cost some money.

And now back to our regular program lists. If you had the opportunity (and stamina) to stay with Channel 15 Saturday afternoon, you were able to see a basketball triple-header, which naturally followed the semi-finals of a golf tournament.

Tonight at 8 p.m., Channel 21 replies (so to speak) with "Take Me Out Of The Ball Game," on its weekly program "Realities." The documentary examines sport as a reflection of American attitudes, values, and prejudices (no matter what you say, Elroy!).

However, if you are entirely fed up with the sports scene, you can catch a poor variation of "Mad Mad World," entitled "Who's Minding the Mint," starring Milton Berle also at 8 tonight on WKOW.

Tomorrow, the Record Industry kisses itself with the "Grammy" awards, saluting the year's best songs. It will be televised live from the Hollywood Palladium, and if you want to catch Aretha Franklin and John Wayne together for the first time, tune in. It's at 7:30 on Channel 27.

When you are finished suffering, switch quickly to 21 where you will see another odd couple, William Buckley and Tom Wolfe discussing Leonard Bernstein's psyche among other Black Panther-associated problems.

Wednesday promises to be unexciting, except on Channel 21, where we are entertained by "The Great American Dream Machine," at 7:30, followed at 10 p.m. by "San Francisco Mix," and finally at 10:30 by "They Went That 'A Way." If you're a fan of Ken Maynard (the first singing cowboy of the Western) you should catch it.

NBC blows it again Thursday by trying to get all the mileage it can from an already boring comedy routine when they air "Verry Interesting." It stars Arte John-

son, of course, and includes practically everyone who still has to fulfill a contract with the network. Miss it.

Oh yes, one final jab. Cliff Grundy (remember him?) gets fatally injured in a buffalo stampede in "Major Adams" Thursday on WMTV. You can miss that one too.

There is, however, part two of the Cardinal Boob Tube Contest coming, and I have been

authorized to reveal the amazing prize. Next week I will show another still from way back—it's from an old movie so study hard). The first person to write me with the correct title and stars will NOT appear on "Let's Make a Deal." Instead he'll have a much more local (and much more exciting) ego trip. The winner will appear as Mephisto's special guest on "Ferdie's Inferno," the local Channel 15 horror-goodies show. More details next week.

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Screen Gems

By GERALD PEARY

March 15—**MacBeth** (1948)—Only Orson Welles would be daring enough to attempt a project such as this, and he even sometimes makes it work. Welles put together the whole film in less than two weeks on old Gene Autry sets with practically no budget and a cast of unknowns. Welles not only directed but was MacBeth. Inept at times as to be expected, yet Welles still manages enough interesting moments to make his production clearly superior to that plodding, commonplace Maurice Evans version of the play which passes for high art every year on television. Welles' interpretation of the action is extraordinarily ingenious, unfortunately better in conception than execution. He creates a half-civilized, pagan MacBeth, with fur coat fresh from the trap, and with ancient Scottish brogue. If the accents occasionally render the Shakespearean language incomprehensible, relax and just watch the movie, for Welles' visual style is as unusual and fascinating as ever. Benefit for the Madison Defense League. Time and place to be announced.

March 15—**Black Orpheus** (1959)—This film sucked in a whole generation of naive filmgoers, who eagerly embraced the music, the carnival, the color, and, above all, the mythological symbolish, but failed to notice how really thin are the film's ideas, how vapid is the love story. Still, the movie today remains a big campus hit for first or second dates, a con man's way of trying to convince a woman that he is not just a bastard but a thinking, feeling bastard. Non-hustlers should see something else. B-10 Commerce—8:15 & 10:15 p.m.

March 15—**Notorious** (1946)—Called by some the quintessential Hitchcock film, *Notorious* contains in abundance all of the great Hitchcock attributes. It is witty, wry, intelligent, cool, and technically masterful. It is also a suspenseful spy romance, with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman teamed to trip a Nazi spy ring, led by tiny, devilish Claude Rains. The two famous

moments of the film are a Grant-Bergman balcony embrace, one of the longest smooches in Hollywood history, and a celebrated virtuoso camera zoom, which Hitchcock begins high up on a ceiling and ends several hundred feet below in a close-up of a key, all in perfect

focus. There are only two of the many thrills that await the viewer who sees this Hitchcock movie with his eyes open. Stiftskeller—8:00 p.m.

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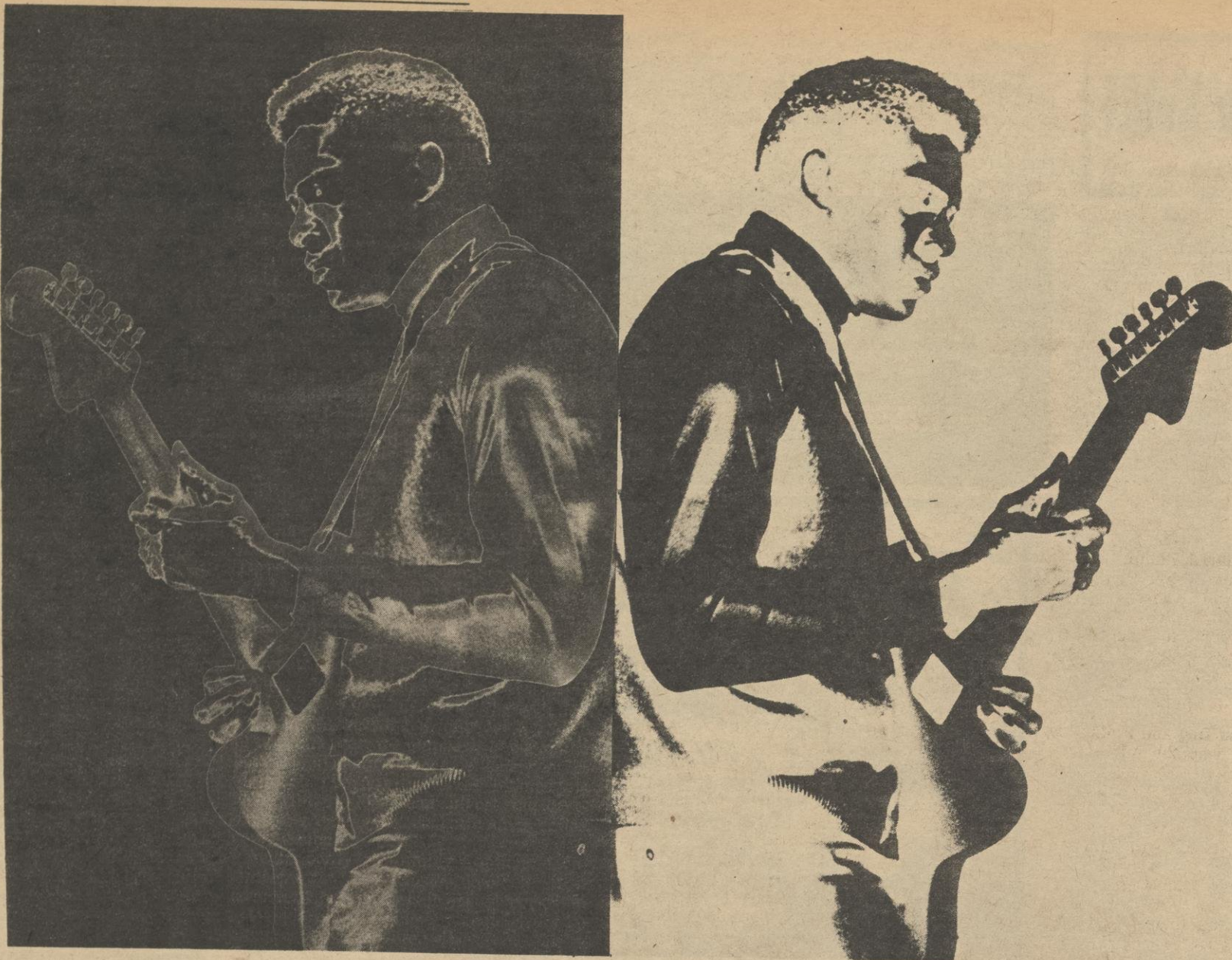
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Cardinal photos by Arthur Pollock



Blues fest rocks Union theater

By BILL RADIN

On March 7, a blues festival was held in the Union Theatre. Sponsored by the Folk Arts Society and Blue Spirit Productions, the festival served not only as an exhibition of fine blues talent but as a benefit for the endangered 1971 Ann Arbor Blues Festival.

Although limited by the formal structure of a theatre and by the mediocrity of a few performers, the promoters Harry Duncan and Craig Munson did an extraordinary job in running the festival smoothly.

It has always been a thrill for me to see Hound Dog Taylor in person—especially when he brings Brewer Philips with him. A phenomenal guitarist, Philips (he is seldom, if ever, known as Brewer Philips) stunned an unsuspecting audience with his brilliance. Seldom have I seen a less suspecting candidate for "superstar" than the lean, grungy-looking, disinterested Philips. Yet, he can play like a genius, and sing with confidence. An amazing cat, for sure.

Joining Hound Dog and Philips near the end of the set was the mini-talented (to borrow from Down Beat) singer-harp player Jimmy Reed Jr. (who is not actually Jimmy Reed's son, as evidenced by the fact that he is also known as Jimmy Reeves Jr.)

Next on the bill was Sam Lay and band, consisting of Mr. Lay himself and an entourage of young, white Detroitians. It was at this point in the festival that I began to fear that the imitators would outnumber the imitated. Lay's set began with two Little Walter tunes copied note for note. A couple of solid, but unexciting vocals by Lay followed.

The set was presently turned over to the one and only Wild Child Butler, filling in for the absentee Johnny Twist. Butler blew some powerful harp and showed great talent in imitating Jr. Wells and Howling Wolf.

At the conclusion of Butler's well received (and well deserved) act, Miss Lucille Spann, widow of the late blues giant Otis Spann, took the stage. Lucille, in a skin-tight, low cut, silver sequin dress, was immediately the darling of the crowd, as she proved to be an energetic, charismatic, powerful, intense, funky blues vocalist. After a strong "Mojo" and "Sweet Home Chicago," Lucille turned on the house with Bobby Bland's "Turn on Your Lovelight." It was truly the climax of the evening, as the wiggling Lucille worked the audience to a shouting, dancing, frenzy.

After a short pause (presumably to give the audience a moment or two to catch their breaths), Johnny Young appeared, backed by members of Sam Lay's Band. Young can play mandolin excellently, but he didn't seem to be particularly inspiring to the audience, as his hip-swinging, jivy personality got the better of him.

Appearing with Young was Alvin Youngblood, one of the best B.B. King imitators around. It took B.B. King freaks little time to notice that Youngblood not only copied the King of the Blues' guitar playing note for note, but dressed, grimaced,

coughed, swayed, and nodded his head to perfection (not to mention a slight physical resemblance).

Overcoming a lack of raw power, the acoustic John Hammond, Jr. nonetheless put together a beautiful show. An incredible guitarist, Hammond drew from the audience spontaneous applause. He played both flattop and National steel guitars, and displayed not only impeccable musicianship, but a shining and communicative personality as well.

Following Hammond was the top-billed Jimmy Dawkins. I must say that Dawkins has always been sort of a mystery to me. Although he has the ability to ignite a crowd with superb musicianship for which he is well known, he rarely does so. On stage he is a looming and solemn figure, always downcast and self-demeaning. His lack of jive and bullshit, though a relief to a knowledgeable audience, has unfortunately been carried to an extreme; it is hard not to become very depressed by Jimmy Dawkins. This night was no exception, as he opened by hinting that his laryngitis might be to the listener's advantage. In all fairness to Dawkins, let me point out that he has lived an extremely tough life with innumerable bad breaks. It must be difficult for him to live with the fact that it was he who first taught Luther Allison to play. Yet, he has been given many chances over the last few years, and there is no excuse in my mind for his consistent mediocrity, especially in light of the fact that when he wants to, he can be one of the best bluesmen on earth. He just never seems to want to be.

Filling in on vocals for the set was none other than Andrew (B.B. Jr.) Odom. Ironically, not more than a few moments before, Youngblood had copied B.B. King's guitar work note for note. Now, the other half of King's ghost appeared, as Odom (known primarily for his excellent work with Earl Hooker) commenced to copy King's vocal style note for note, inflection for inflection.

"I must say that I have always enjoyed the singing of the talented Andy Odom. Yet, I was disappointed by the amount of unnecessary jive that Odom worked into the show. Chants of "Let me hear you say yeah" and jaunts into the audience only served to sever the rapport with the audience. As people gradually got fed up with Odom's ego trip and began leaving, Odom sang a desperate "Turn on Your Lovelight." It too proved to be a failure, and for a moment it looked as though the final act would end in disaster.

Fortunately, Odom brought Lucille Spann back on stage in the nick of time, along with Youngblood, Sam Lay, and (surprise!) John Littlejohn. The thought of hearing Littlejohn, one of the best Chicago blues artists, was tremendously exciting to me. But alas, he had to settle for playing rhythm guitar, as the band broke into yet another version of "Turn on Your Lovelight," which turned out to be the final song of the evening, and a real crowd pleaser.

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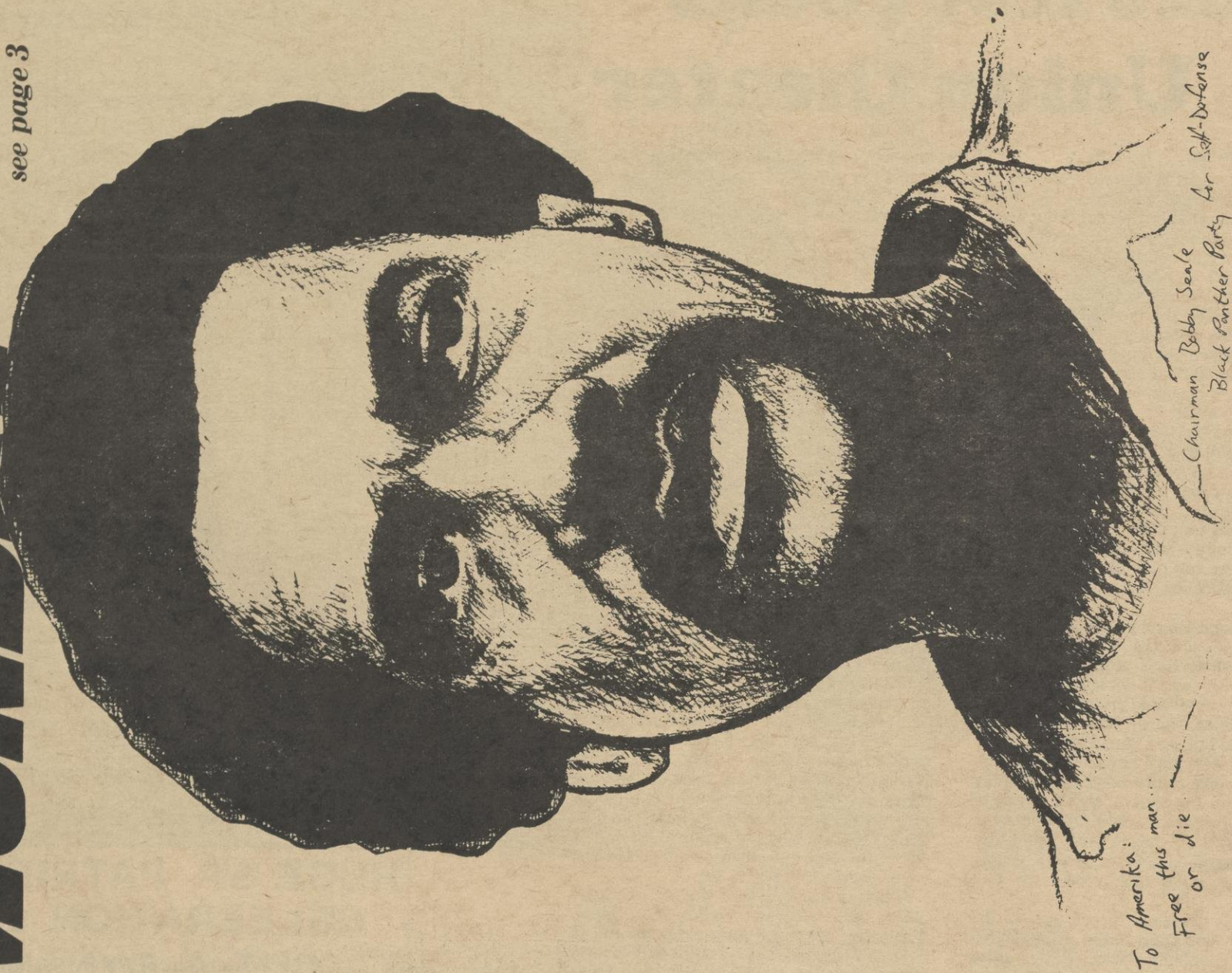
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