



The daily cardinal. Vol. LXXXII, No. 121 March 20, 1972

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

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/YSX6ORO7MD6K38E>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

By DAVID W. CHANDLER
"Things didn't go the way I wanted,
But I guess they went the way they should . . ."

Most people know Chuck Berry as a rocker, the singer of a half-dozen hits of the "Golden Age" of rock and nothing else until his recent revival. These days he evokes a pleasant nostalgia; he is an anachronism from the good old days and a marvel because he looks so much the same and performs the same songs so well. Those hits are what the public wants; they were the biggest string of singles ever seen, and by now they are an immutable part of the modern age, a shared consciousness for us all. In the tumult, Chuck Berry the human being was lost, trampled on and then abandoned; he slipped from our view just as so many others have, and we forgot him. Most of the others deserved to be forgotten, but Berry deserved better. He should never have been put away but few of the public care and even good rock critics can't see him any more clearly than the greenest teeny-rocker; that heap of golden oldies blocks the views too well.

There are other reasons why the real Chuck Berry is so little known. He has deliberately, and with great determination, hidden his private life; and his ferocity in defense of this barrier stands in glaring contrast to the peck-a-boo games of other rock stars who profess a desire for privacy. Berry even refuses to communicate with the all-powerful moguls of the rock press; he has granted only two interviews in eight years and those were carefully limited to the items of common knowledge which Berry doesn't object to. Ralph Gleason, the czar of the music column, was staved off like a high school reporter, and even Michael Lydon's impressive credentials couldn't prevent his ejection from the grounds of Berry Park by the very man he had come to interview. Similar receptions are accorded others, but Berry's reluctance to talk about his own life can only cloud his motives; it can't alter the facts.

ST. LOUIS ORIGINS

Charles Edward Anderson Berry was born and raised in a neat middle class Negro suburb of St. Louis; his father was a carpenter and both he and Chuck's mother were devout choir members of the Antioch Baptist Church.

Friends and neighbors remember Chuck as a sassy and intelligent boy—forever in trouble but always hustling his way out of it. He badly wanted to amount to something but he wasn't sure just what or how to go about it. The guitar was something taken up in high school for fun; he had the instruction books but not the patience. A faster way out was crime, so Berry tried an armed robbery when he was only eighteen. The attempt was clumsy and amateurish and the would-be highwayman was slapped into reform school for three years.

After he got out of reform school Berry worked harder at his music while holding down a day-job at the local GM-Fisher Body plant. Later he took the night course at Poro School of Beauty Culture and finished successfully—he'd married and fathered two children and it seemed like a good idea to have a trade. The Berrys lived in East St. Louis now; it was and is one of the country's largest black ghettos and there was a lot of music to hear then and a jumpin' scene to be a part of. There was country blues and city blues and all their various offspring, and Chuck Berry learned to play them all well because he loved music and because there was a better chance of getting ahead that way. He remained a hustler—always moving, jiving, trying to get and exploit a break.

In the spring of 1955 Berry formed a trio with Johnny Johnson on piano and Ebby Harding on drums (the two have stayed with him ever since) and began to work regularly at a local club called the Cosmopolitan. He wasn't a star (the powder-blue Caddys were several years in the future) but he was young and aggressive and a perfectionist. His band played set arrangements, wore uniforms, always had the best equipment—Berry even brought his own mikes to performances. He was hungrier than ever.

In late spring that hunger for stardom took him to Chicago and the fabled South Side. Berry had a few songs in his pocket but he was turned away at the door by four record companies. Depressed, he went to see Muddy Waters perform; after the show he tried to corner the big star but all Muddy could get out was: "Chuck—go see Leonard Chess!" before he was whirled away by autograph hunters.

That seemed to be the end of it because Berry had no idea who Leonard Chess was and even less of an idea how to go about finding him among the dozens of small record companies then recording the black artists the big labels, secure in their contracts with Frankie Laine and Jo Stafford, were content to ignore. At that point, luck took a hand. Chuck was walking down the street a few days after talking with Muddy and bumped into the old offices of Chess Records. When he got inside, Leonard Chess told him to go home and put a few of his songs on tape.

A few weeks later the band was back with two songs. Chess took one of them, a song called "Maybellene" after the cosmetics line and designed to be a funny warm-up number, had Berry add a bigger beat, and recorded it. "Wee Wee Hours," the blues song the band loved and was proud of, ended up on the flip side of that first single.

'THE REST IS HISTORY'

The rest is history, as they say. Within two months "Maybellene" was number one and Chuck Berry had taken the country by storm. He began the heady but grueling life on the road that was to fill the next four years of his life, playing show after show to ecstatic audiences, perfecting his famous "duck walk," and all the while turning out hit after hit. Often two Chuck Berry records were on the charts at the same time and sales were unprecedented. Berry burned with a superhuman energy that was continuous but whose source was unknown. He used no drugs or alcohol and was extremely closed about his business affairs. When on the road the band seldom saw him because the minute the nightly performance was over Berry would retire to his room and write songs until the bus was ready to depart for the next gig. Other artists have been shaken and exhausted and sick after a month or two months on the road; what was it like for this man to travel for over four years?

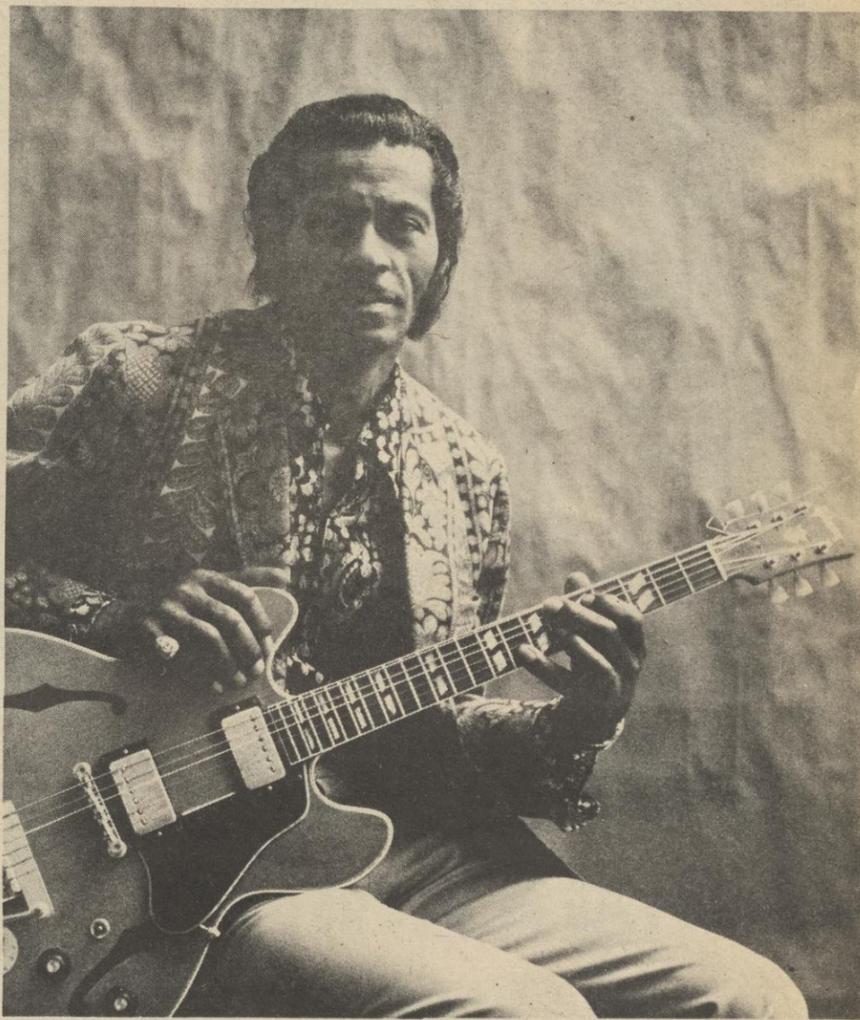
Somehow Berry kept on going. In those days you had to tour or you died and death was one thing he could not abide. His ambition was awesome and maybe that's where all the energy came from. It was that energy which made him number one: even the scratchy, barely audible recordings Chess produced couldn't kill that energy; even the years of fossilized white culture and conditioning of his audience couldn't kill that energy; not all the ravings of frightened parents, P.T.A.'s and Chambers of Commerce's

Berry does not because he has been playing and working and growing all along while our attention was elsewhere. Sadly, the audiences have been swept up in all the "Rock 'n' Roll Revival" bullshit and demand the tunes they remember, which are the singles that never said half of what Berry had to say and are not at all what he wants to do now.

In his heyday, Chuck Berry was given a recording freedom that is rare even now and was astounding then; as a result his albums are a beautiful record of a truly great musician the public never met. Up to the time of his imprisonment Berry had produced five albums for Chess and even on the first three LP's which contain many of the well-known songs, there are lesser known but equally important sides. Probably the most unusual of these is one called "Down Bound Train"; it's a graphic description of a journey to Hell. Berry never hesitates to experiment and he includes Latin numbers like "Hey Pedro," slide guitar like "Blues for Hawaiians" and instrumentals like "Rockin' at the Philharmonic" (later called "Rockin' at the Fillmore") and "Guitar Boogie" which Jeff Beck later stole and called "Jeff's Boogie" when he was with the Yardbirds. All of these albums are predominantly rock but they still give witness to a diversified and solid talent. Berry wasn't afraid to innovate musically and, of course, his poetry is superb.

The fourth and fifth albums are in a class by themselves. It's apparent that Berry was moving into a smoother, more R&B style and away from frantic rocking. Both albums

Chuck Berry: Few Care But The Old Rocker Deserves Better



could kill that energy; Berry triumphed. Like Joshua, Chuck Berry made music and the walls tumbled.

The protectors of the public morals couldn't stop Berry's music but they did stop Chuck Berry. In late 1959 a Spanish-speaking Apache Indian girl he'd brought back from Juarez to be a hat check girl in his club turned herself in to the St. Louis Police Department and revealed she was only 14 years old. Berry was picked up and charged with violating the Mann Act—transporting the girl across state lines to coerce her into debauchery, despite the fact that she had been a working prostitute for a year before Berry even met her. There were two humiliating trials over the next two years and although the first judge was so blatantly prejudiced that his verdict was voided, the end result was foregone—guilty. In February, 1962 Chuck Berry entered the Federal Penitentiary in Terre Haute.

The time in jail must have been a nightmare, especially for this man. One wonders how the tremendous drive was stifled, how the essentially fragile ego survived, how it felt to fall so suddenly and completely from the very top of the world; Chuck Berry has never spoken a word about it. When he came out the energetic good humor had been replaced by coldness and bitterness and restraint. The flashy club, the solid home, and the good marriage were gone, as were the legions of fans and the national adulation. The rock and roll music that had done it all was gone too.

Berry left his wife and children with the house in St. Louis and moved to rural Wentzville where he started Berry Park. He began touring again and released a few more singles but the record and radio industries had forgotten him and without airplay the public had no chance to remember either, so Berry gradually found himself retired to Wentzville where the country club took more and more of his time. He left Chess and signed with Mercury Records in 1966 for a \$150,000 advance which he needed for the park; but he has never had any financial worries so his solitude has been undisturbed.

BACK INTO THE PUBLIC EYE

In the past two or three years Chuck Berry has been emerging from his retirement and getting back into the public eye. Unfortunately this has been billed as a Chuck Berry "Revival" which is absurd because Chuck Berry has never been dead. Bill Haley may need reviving but

have culled over half their songs from other composers (a first for Berry), and the motif is a mellow blues with such favorites as "Worried Life Blues" which Chuck borrowed from Bill Broonzy, "Confessin' the Blues" and a dynamite version of Charles Brown's "Driftin' Blues." All these numbers validate Berry as a bluesman.

The latter album has more blues with "Away From You" (the source of the quote at the beginning of this article), B.B. King's "Sweet Sixteen", and "The Way It Was Before." Also included are songs associated with other artists: Nat "King" Cole's "Route 66", Little Richard's "Rip It Up" as well as B.B.'s song. On all of these numbers Berry and his backup are flawlessly into a new bag and it could have become his home but those were the last sessions before the jailhouse door closed.

While Berry was in prison Chess released some repackaged albums and a few previously unreleased songs, in an attempt to keep his artist's name before the public. When he returned, Berry's records reflected the change in his life; although the recording techniques had improved and the band was modernized, the old Berry spontaneity and innovation was largely gone and most of the songs are repackaged versions of earlier hits. Some of the numbers show Berry at his best though: "No Particular Place to Go" was one of the best songs of that era and there are still instrumentals like "Liverpool Drive" and "Butterscotch" and blues like "Things I Used To Do" and "I Got A Booking" which is a cover of Broonzy's "Keys To The Highway."

A COMPOSER WITHOUT SUPERIOR

On his last early Chess album, Berry begins to confront the white music world—Mike Bloomfield and Paul Butterfield back him on a track. They do a good job too, but that was before they got ambitious. It was also at this time that Brian Wilson covered "Sweet Little Sixteen" and called it "Surfin' USA." On the original 45 Berry is named as co-author, but that didn't last long. Berry also continues his sharp look at America with "It Wasn't Me," a spoof of segregation, but his best song is one called "Right Off Rampart Street." Berry's songs have always been autobiographical ("Johnny B. Goode") and this one is a moving vision of his own future—an unknown old man

(continued on page 6)

YES, THERE IS A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN HEAR
Good Old Fashioned and contemporary
Blue Grass Music
 THE SIN CITY STRING BAND
 THE NITTY GRITTY FRANCES & JOHNSON
 EVERY MONDAY - 9 P.M.

As of Cardinal deadline Friday afternoon, a mass rally has been scheduled for the library mall at 7 pm tonight. The rally will deal with what action should be taken to guarantee the survival of the mall. To the streets — Monday night.

drive safely!

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION

as taught by
MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI

Introductory Lecture by
CHARLES DONAHUE

TODAY

Monday March 20
 8:00
 2650 Humanities



- Spontaneously develops full creative intelligence
- Provides deep rest for increased energy in daily life
- Unfolds life to a natural state of fulfillment.

Students International Meditation Society

P. O. Box 1395 Madison, Wis. 255-6404

Screen Gems

By GRETA GOY

Day of Wrath—Considered by many to be the intensely spiritual director's masterpiece, **Day of Wrath**, made in 1943, marked the return of Carl Dreyer to critical acclaim and public popularity after an occupational lag of five years. Set in Early 17th century Denmark, in an atmosphere of superstition and puritanical repression, the traditional tale of a parson's wife, who gradually comes to believe the accusations of witchery made against her, is unwoven slowly, but powerfully, in Dreyer's complex and artistically revelatory lesson on the power of evil to corrupt even the most innocent. Monday, B102 Van Vleck 8 & 10 p.m.

Patton—Probably the best war film to appear in recent years, **Patton** owes its success to its unrelenting emphasis on characterization, as well as the traditional action-packed battle sequences which seem to keep this dreary genre alive. George C. Scott's brilliant performance in the role of the controversial WWII general is a masterpiece of strength and nuance, revealing definitively the nature of the tyrant and the wanton products of tyranny, though director Franklin Schaffner's ambiguous treatment of theme has inevitably led to varying interpretations in some quarters—Dickie Nixon's favorite film. Monday, B-10 Commerce at 8 & 10 p.m.

DRINKING and DO NOT MIX
DRIVING

SUMMER IN EUROPE

Chicago- London-Chicago
 \$229.00

June 7 to Aug. 23 BOAC

Flights leaving from
 N. Y. and Chicago

First Come, First Served SIGN UP NOW!!!!

Eurail Passes & International ID Cards Etc.

located in
302 union south
263-3131

TRAVEL CENTER
 A Student Organization
 "open afternoons"

The Daily Cardinal

"A Free Student Newspaper"
 FOUNDED APRIL 4, 1892

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

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

Editor-in-Chief Pat McGilligan
Managing Editor Jim Cohen
News Editor Dan Schwartz
Associate Editor Jon Wolman
Associate Editor Marian McCue
Fine Arts Editor Reid Rosefelt
Photo Editor Arthur Pollock
Copy Editor Terrell Boettcher
Editorial Editor Donna Thomas
Poetry Editor Les Edwards
Sports Editor Bob Schwartz

Q. Well you said before you left that you were going to talk about the possibility of new initiatives. The stories from out there indicated that you got a rather negative reaction from the Saigon government.

A. No, that isn't correct and I have a witness (indicating Mr. McCloskey, his chief press officer).

An Environmental Defense

Board is needed to set and enforce clean air and water standards in the County"

Elect Sorenson for County Board - District 5

(authorized and paid for by Comm. to elect Roney Sorenson; M. Crawford, treasurer, 312 N. Brooks, Madison, 53715

NMC'S DISCOUNT RECORDS

544 STATE ST. 251-8700

WHERE THE GALLERY WAS

4.98 Lists are ----- 2.98

5.98 Lists are 3.39
 &
 3.79

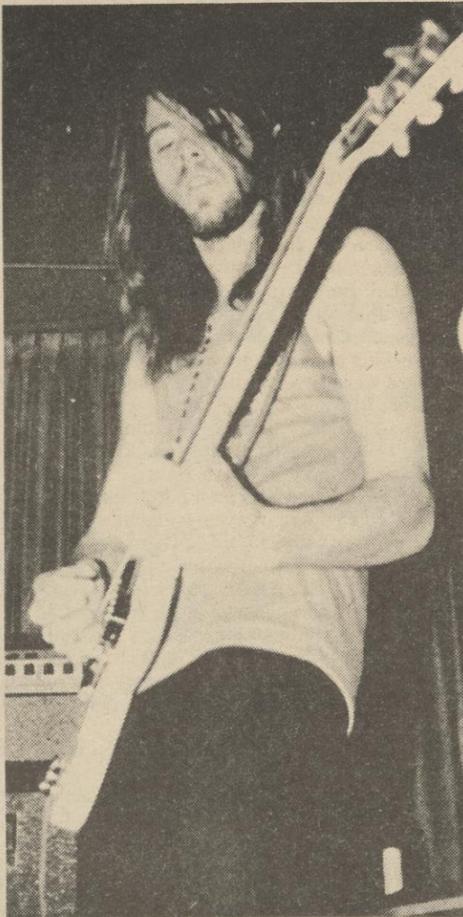
6.98 Lists are ----- 4.29

ALL A & M 5.98 Lists
 ARE ON SALE AT 3.39

NEW ON A & M THIS WEEK
 HOPE AND

Smokin' SP 4342. Humble Pie's Fourth Album. On A&M Records.

HOW'S YOUR
 NUTTY MUTTY?



WE HAVE THE LARGEST SELECTION OF 8 - TRACKS AND CASSETTES IN THE AREA — AT THE BEST PRICES



CHECK OUT OUR
 NEW STORE

TICKETS ON SALE AT NMC FOR THE BILLY PRESTON /HOPE CONCERT APRIL 17th

Cinema: Last Year At Dallas-Fort Worth

By TONY CHASE

By the beginning of the 1970's, the European cinema creates a rigorously historical left-wing tradition. The world's best filmmakers finally are communists. Godard makes *Alphaville*, *La Chinoise*, *Two or Three Things I Know About Her*, and *One Plus One*. Resnais makes *La Guerre Est Finie*, *Costa-Gavras Z* and *The Confession*. Bertolucci *The Conformist*, and Pontecorvo *The Battle of Algiers* and *Quemada!* while Antonioni makes *Zabriskie Point*, Glauber Rocha *Black God, White Devil* and Antonio Das Motes, and Fernando Solanas *The Hour of the Furnaces*. There is a certain correspondence between European cineastes and those of the Third World; much is to be learned from each other.

French students write on the walls of the Sorbonne in May, 1968: "We don't want a world where the guarantee of not dying of hunger is traded against the guarantee of dying of boredom." The most boring argument of all is that a film is good if it is ambiguous—if its characters are morally complex and elusive, if it manages to convey nothing beyond a rather Catholic sense of guilt and predestination, a delicate, melancholy bourgeois despair. Godard loved that argument; by the 70's, he would come to choke on it. He had written that although Sam Fuller is "apparently a nationalist, a reactionary, a Nixonite" he is too endowed "with the gift of ambiguity to belong exclusively to any one party."

Other critics for *Cahiers du Cinema* in the late 50's were more candid. "Fascism is beautiful," wrote Luc Moullet, while Michel Moullet explained, "The work of Walsh is an illustration of Zarathustra's aphorism: 'Man is made for war, woman for the warrior's rest, and the rest if folly.'" By the 70's, *Cahiers du Cinema* is Marxist-Leninist, Sartre admits that if you are not a communist you are not an intellectual, and Godard calls Hollywood the cultural arm of the CIA.

BACK AT the ranch... in America... things are different. Years after the disease has been arrested in Paris, American movies have become a cult, a sacrament in their homeland. In 1968, Andrew Sarris publishes *Directors and Directions* in book form. College film critics stick in their thumb and pull out a plum: the auteur theory. They are giddy with visions of Hawks and Sturges—*Party Girl* and *The Naked Spur*. History is demolished when John Ford is enshrined as the people's historian.

It is written that "the generation of intellectuals who would rather be Europeans than Americans have not come to grips with Ford as an artist because they refuse the ideas he stands for. Consequently they lack the sensibility which must be exercised to comprehend Ford." How petty to criticize an artist because you don't like his ideas. Get thee to Europe! America first! Defending Hollywood's grand old genres is like defending the Church—failure to do so represents a kind of moral weakness.

By 1971-72, America's biggest films are openly fascist. Big-time critic Pauline Kael, quite surprisingly, admits this. Perhaps fed up with the "hot damn, Vietnam" anti-feminism of action pictures, she loses her patience with Don Siegel (*Dirty Harry*) and Sam Peckinpah (*Straw Dogs*). No matter—the films have an army of young student defenders. *Rolling Stone* reviews *Dirty Harry* this way: "In radical 1972, the idea of a cop-as-genre-hero seems subversive to many, and, as a result, both Siegel's primary intentions and the nature of Eastwood's character have been widely misunderstood and badly distorted. Even writers friendly to Siegel in the past—again, Sarris, Kael, and Canby—have willfully seen only simplified political tracts instead of the more complex, ambiguous tracks of an artist's personal vision." Bingo! There it is: "complex, ambiguous tracks of an artist's personal vision." Ten points—back to the cathedral in Paris—good old ambiguity.

Yes, Virginia, fascism can be defined in such a way so that it has never existed anywhere. We are told further that "(1) Siegel is a respected and avowed liberal, Eastwood a conservative; (2) Siegel views the movie as 'strictly

entertainment,' although he does believe the police are unjustly shackled in certain cases; (3) Siegel is somewhat mystified—and quite rightly—that the film is taken to be such a pro-law-and-order statement when all of Harry's superiors—the Mayor, a judge, the Chief of Police, et al.—try to censure his every move and indirectly force his resignation."

IF *DIRTY HARRY* is the kind of film a liberal makes, then we have some idea of the extent to which, in a time of crisis, liberalism may look to fascism for order and moral strength. If a film is entertaining, it is not somehow immediately non-ideological. Who didn't enjoy *Triumph of the Will*? It is, finally, quite appropriate for a fascist film to ridicule the weakness of a "soft" government official (remember "soft on communism?") or the corruption and leniency of a liberal "democratic" judicial system (remember the "anti-democratic revolutions" of the thirties?). It might even be necessary to replace an indecisive Chief of Police who gets in the way of his men with someone tougher, perhaps with a little more backbone, perhaps someone a little more like Harry.

What is most important, if the "film is taken to be such a pro-law-and-order statement" by enough pro-law-and-order audiences, then it becomes a fascist film. The director's intentions may not actually affect the film event; that is the way audiences use certain cinematic data in their own lives. This reflects a process-oriented or Marxist sense of culture.

Rolling Stone tells us that Harry is "a complicated, likable, but depressed and lonely man behind

the stern sense of duty and fierce pride: Harry's wife has died, and at least one of his reasons for being a policeman is that he simply has nothing better to do." How sad. And rather like Marcello Clerici in *The Conformist* who is a likable but depressed and lonely man behind the stern sense of family and country: he has apparently murdered his chauffeur,

and at least one of his reasons for being a fascist agent is that he has nothing better to do. So on a winter afternoon in the forest during October of 1938, Clerici has two friends stabbed and shot in the face. Fascism is profoundly disagreeable but it is better to learn this from the European cinema than not to learn it at all.

Q. I take it . . . that President Thieu does not buy what President Nixon said on April 20 (that he did not insist upon an election but was ready to accept a settlement reached some other way) and that the only formula he (Thieu) agrees to is the election formula.

A. No, I didn't say that. I just said he hadn't said one way or the other and I don't think he should.

Vote

NOW ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS FOR:
BEST PICTURE, BEST DIRECTOR, BEST SCREENPLAY, BEST EDITING



BEST FILM OF THE YEAR.
BEST DIRECTOR OF THE YEAR.
N.Y. FILM CRITICS

STANLEY KUBRICK'S

CLOCKWORK ORANGE

From Warner Bros.

CINEMA
2090 ATWOOD
244-5833

starts WEDNESDAY

SPRING VACATION in the BAHAMAS

Just added: April 1 thru April 8
8 Sunny Days, 7 Warm Nights

includes round-trip jet from Madison to Freeport, Deluxe accommodations, Transfers baggage handling, etc.

Closes soon, sign up immediately.

TRAVEL CENTER located in
263-3131 afternoons 302 union south

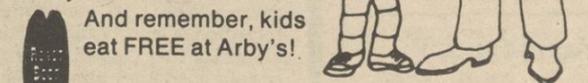
2 FOR \$1.00



Ham & Cheese American Style Country Corned Beef

This week, it's two big Arby's sandwiches for one dollar. If your family has never known the joy of Arby's delicious hot, savory baked ham, topped with tangy melted American Cheese on a toasty-twisty sesame bun . . . or old fashioned Country Corned Beef, piled high on the rye . . . This week's the week! 2 Arby's for \$1.

And remember, kids eat FREE at Arby's!



1609 South Park Street.
Open Friday and Saturday till 2AM, other nights till 1AM.

We're making room for summer school textbooks



Buy your late needs for second semester before we return our overstock to publishers.

University Book Store

kindofapublicservice

Heidel's



Fondue-Steak
Veal Oskar-Lobster
Wine-Cocktails
— plus —

New Noon Menu
European Atmosphere

257-0303

Across from Esquire Theater

10% OFF
One Dinner
with this coupon
valid
(Mon.-Thurs. Nites)

"Thoughts" is a portion of an as-yet unfinished manuscript exploring the development of Black Music by UW artist-in-residence and noted jazz musician Bill Dixon.

NEW YORK CITY,—DEC. 1971

Language and the use of languages is both tricky and elusive. For musicians sometimes, they, much as do some instruments, "speak" too slowly. At times the mind seems to have a tendency to race madly ahead, sometimes ahead of itself, engulfing countless other ideas that are also thoughts (elusive and fumescent in their discernability) even before it can be sufficiently (for the perceiver or listener) articulated or better made known in writing or speech what it is (or was) that we've wanted known, heard or understood. For me, and I wonder whether I'm alone in this, thoughts at times are infinitely more complete in themselves, unuttered an silent, than when the attempt is made either to write them down or verbalize them. Much as in the experience in playing we can sometimes visualize incredibly beautiful solos. Sometimes we can in our heads imagine the most completely realized of lines. Thus for me, at times, thoughts are felt to be much more effective in the silence of the imagination. Much as are the dreams one oftentimes has that exist in color. The exquisitely beautiful, soft color indigenous only to dreams — the color that does not reveal itself in the undream world — and lamentably so, neither do those solos or those lines. So I think a lot, too much sometimes, about things and, because I'm a musician and a composer. I think of music a lot and also, because I'm a person, I think of life a lot — I think of my life and my son's and my daughter's life. And I realize that each day brings me that much closer to the ultimate. And so, you try to do your work good — for yourself — not for anyone else anymore because other people should also have their work. They should also risk. So one improvises and composes as a triumverate in music, painting and in one's life and in time the immediacy and necessity of the moment and all of the moments in themselves begins to reveal itself.

MADISON,—NOV. 1971

On the surface things appear to be quite different at the close of 1971 for black musicians — in past years many have gone to Europe:

some to live, perform, compose or conduct on the levels that they can — others, those blessed with larger reputations, have elected to do those festivals and traveling festival-type situations that are available to them. Still others have started to address themselves to programs of music in the public schools: "this is a bass... this is a 12-bar blues... see how well these men play together who've never played together before," etc., others have started to have various kinds of affiliations with colleges and universities (white) (with rare exceptions the black college has remained immune to contemporary non-popular black music as has the black audience) either as guest artists, artists-in-residence visiting professor-ships or as full-fledged faculty in music or in Black Studies. Black musicians have also done their share of early dying: Trane, Ayler, Booker Ervin, Tina Brooks, Charlie Shavers (all in 1971 and, as I reread this, Lee Morgan in 1972). Technology both as friend and enemy has played a tremendously vital role by way of electronics: overdubbing, multiple tracking and editing allowing a popular music such as rock music, mediocre at most to not only be equated with black music (jazz) on almost equal terms, but also has allowed young white musicians to reap high financial rewards while, as everyone says almost in unison, they are getting "better." There isn't a single magazine in the U.S.A. that dares devote itself to Black Music — all have found it expedient to proclaim that in the end it's really all just music — so why the categories anyway — its really all about music and love. Some black musicians and composers are now writing and playing for television, jingles and the Hollywood films. Benny Golson, Oliver Nelson, Quincy Jones and J.J. Johnson are names that come easily to mind. (Of course, Walter 'Gil' Fuller has been ghost-writing out there for years). It's not even become possible for organizations and societies of Black Music on the lines of the now defunct Jazz Composer's Guild to be formed by such stalwart revolutionaries as Quincy Jones and Cannonball Adderly."

NEW YORK,—MARCH, 1965

"The Guild, though its ends are far from reached and the period of internal conflict is not nearly over, already has succeeded, not in an obvious, overt way...but in a subtle way it has accomplished certain things. It has frightened

some people. It has made them aware of a growing sense of dignity among jazz (black) musicians and attracted attention to the plight of not only the jazz musician (black) but the creative artist at large." And some black musicians have found it necessary to overtly attempt commercialization of their work by embarrassing flirtations with so-called 'synthesis' of jazz and rock music.

THE ABSENCE of representation in the most vital elements of the mainstream of America's contemporary musical culture has made it necessary for the composers and performing musicians most affected to unite for the following purposes: to establish the music to its rightful place in the society; to awaken the

what and how bad the conditions really are and the insanities they have caused. Jazz musicians are becoming increasingly aware of the world outside of the music itself, the business world. The knowledge has been gleaned through painful experience, but it is commonly thought that we are willing and able to fight for our ideals; that is, unfortunately, not always the case, because every man has his Achilles' heel, and is vulnerable to exploitation; the business world takes advantage of this. They try (and succeed) to undermine psychologically. But it must be remembered that white musicians elect to play jazz; their musical horizons are not bound by an enforced social tradition that relegates them to one area of musical expression. The Negro

rest on laurels. Therefore, he must constantly endeavor to search for the almost always unobtainable. He must know that everytime a problem is solved that that is simply another beginning in his artistic life. And that premise constitutes but one of the beauties of art.

Music, that thing that one cannot see and one cannot touch — one can only hear music. But then again, in music does one overthrow tradition or try to understand the mechanization of that tradition? Besides there isn't anything that startlingly new being done. After almost 2000 years there are, for the time being, only new concepts, new ways of reiterating the same old, old things. In the West we only have twelve tones. Some are

Thoughts

By Bill Dixon

musical conscience of the masses of people to that music which is essential to their lives; to protect the musicians and composers from the existing forces of exploitation; to provide an opportunity for the audience to hear the music; to provide facilities for the proper creation, rehearsal, performance and dissemination of the music. By now it is quite obvious that those of us whose work is not acceptable to the Establishment are not going to be financially or artistically acknowledged. As a result, it is very clear that musicians, in order to survive, create their own music and maintain some semblance of sanity, will have to do it themselves in the future. Jazz (black music) represents the epitome of individualism in the musical arts, and the Guild was organized as an alternative to the conditions of apathy and exploitation, but the nature of some of our conflicts over how to go about things has served to clarify

(black musician) plays jazz because that music is close to him — it's his way of life because, qualified or not, the other areas of musical expression are closed to him.

BENNINGTON—MARCH, 1971

It seems a long time ago that I said those words — a long time and from another world and I guess it was another world so much has happened and has changed and on the other hand not that much has happened and not that much has changed. One thing for certain: There was a lot of music fresh and new that was happening in New York. Lots of experimenting and lots of people who were interested in the music. People were working on and out things. The saturation point hadn't been reached. The critics hadn't made their new stars out of the new stars and we thought that all talent deserved further recognition. And few of the future stars knew then anything about Europe except that it was a place somewhere "overseas." But someone tipped Pandora's box over...

NEW YORK—OCT., 1967

The rôle of the artist in society has never been one not unburdened with constant multitudinous uncertainties. True when the artist was more of a "craftsman", his position was not too disagreeable. He could produce the work required of him, thus being able to take care of such sundry items as food, shelter and clothing and had he any additional time, stamina and creative juices left, he could compose, paint, sculpt, choreograph or write those things that he really wanted to do. History, however, has rarely made mention of that group of people who, much as are in existence today, grappled with problems artistic, Siamesed also to their own existence, therefore making them "unworthy" of subsidy for the stated reasons of their personal viewpoint. And I, for one, question the logic and all that we are taught concerning the past if indicative of what actually occurred.

Once, I was asked, by a European writer, what my feelings were relating to the state of state of music, both from a musicological, aesthetical, sociological and political point of view. What is conveniently forgotten is simply that music, or all art for that matter, has existed or remained alive simply because of its constant being in a state of flux. The artist can never become complacent. He can't afford to

striving, more than others, to incorporate microtones — not from a technological standpoint but from the premise that since they do exist in sound they should and can be made use of, based, of course, on one's aesthetic viewpoint. The fact that we have literally been given permission to use noise as an active ingredient in music, is a very positive thing. Music is not major or minor. Music is no whole tone, half tone, thematic, programatic, absolute, expressionistic, impressionistic, beautiful, ugly, emotional, political, social, physiological, etc. Music is more than any of those individual things. Music, or I might say, all good art, recognizes that at its acme there is another apogee. And art of that persuasion recognizes the complete embodiment of all those things and those things are really, when one tried to fully understand oneself, really indefinable. Of course at the same time, they are things that do exist, they are matter, they are molecule of something and sometimes we don't know what that something is. And at other times we do know what it is. But even knowing what it is sometimes doesn't change that something. other times we do know what it is. But even knowing what it is sometimes doesn't change that something.

THE MUSICAL revolution, in contrast to the social revolution is allowing musicians to become, not so much freer, but more liberated, so that they will be able to become more disciplined. I believe, that the freer one become, the more discipline one needs. In my own work I know that everytime that I do something that pleases me I find that it is not because I have become freer but that my mind has become more liberated allowing me to accept as inevitable those othe techniques that do exist. As there are varieties of people there are also all kinds of ways of playing music. Chinese opera is quite different from Gregorian chant. But the common demoninator they all

PEACE

ITS HARD TO COME BY THESE DAYS



WANNA LEND A WING?

Come To Model U.N. April 21-23

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
SEND MORE COUNTRY PREFERENCE 1 _____
INFO _____ 2 _____
ADDRESS TO UWMUN 511 MEMORIAL UNION 3 _____
\$8.00 DELEGATION FEE

share is that it is all music. And if one loves music and if one is a musician, one cannot really negate any music. But at the same time one cannot have so-called Catholic taste and supposedly dig all music. Some music I personally just cannot stand, but it has nothing to do with my accepting that music as music, music that means something to someone.

Man is the only animal that makes rational distinctions. And if I prefer Miles Davis or Don Cherry over Al Hirt it isn't because one is "better" or "lesser" than the other, it's just that, in a finer sense, that selfish artistic sense, one player does those things that please me more. But...is the music black?...I don't know if one can accurately say

dare "inflict" upon their wives. What that Miles Davis does when he plays that Roger Voisin does not—what is it that Cecil Taylor does with and to the piano that Vladimir Horowitz does not—what is it that Duke Ellington does in the act of composing by the application of symbols for actions (notes) on paper that Aaron Copeland does not? And when John Coltrane plays (saxophone, flute, bass clarinet) what is he thinking—is it pre-ordained or preconceived or predetermined or, as it is so conveniently thought, does both he and the music just happen?

But then, too, on the other hand, what is it to compose by notation, to studiously embark upon the creation of a "serious" piece of music—to carefully and with precision assemble, through notation, elements that pre-ordain the utterances and performance of the work. What then are these "notes," those symbols for sound that are written, that convey to the musician trained in the intricacies of its metaphor that signal not only what you should play melodically, harmonically, and rhythmically, but how it should be played. And, after all of this, how is it that we are made to feel that the "music" has really happened? And on a more definitive, aesthetic and vital level than in the case of an improvised piece.

BUT YOU say, sometimes rightfully so, does any music commence to exist from say a single sound—if so where is its form (in the case of improvising)? A man plays utilizing silences and you say but is this music and if so where is the rhythm and where is the time and the melody—oh yes, where is that melody? It should be obvious by now that we are essentially dealing with some aspect of aesthetics. But are we dealing with aesthetics or an aesthetic? And if so whose aesthetic? Who has set up this "standard" that, until quite recently was rarely questioned and symbolically understood as being almost the sole criterion, with regard to the assessment and merit for all of western art. And when I say art I naturally mean such things as music, dance, poetry, literature, sculpture, etc. As a result, with that preceding statement in mind, what do I mean when I say jazz? And when I say black music, what do I mean? And when I say serious music, what do I mean? And when I say folk music am I suggesting that there is also another kind of music that horses sing? And what do I mean by rock music? And do white people really sing the blues? I could ask critic and social commentator Don Heckman just what was so "unappealing" about what "happened" to jazz in the 60's?

And were he to answer would he not be forced to say that most of the "lack of appeal" in reality had to do with the fact that in the 60's all of the important things of an innovational nature that took place in music—things that were later to prove a virtual reservoir for the commercial people (those parasitic hacks who only take and never give) happened because of the contributions of the black musician and composer. And when I say black music (or suggest it by my visual countenance because I am am seen as a musician it is obvious that any music that I do naturally comes out of my experience and it is even more obvious that that experience must have been a black experience), what do I mean and what do you hear because of what you think I mean? For far too many years black musicians have (as have all black people) had white writers not only "document" what they did and do, but also "define" its aesthetic, vainly attempt to dissect its anatomy and in a great many instances, even create, the "reasons" for what was being done. Many black leaders and heroes and both major and minor influential artists have been "created" by whites. True, some of these writers have made strong attempts at being honest and have written of not only what

written of not only what they have felt but also what they have felt they knew. And in certain ways, when they succeeded in reaching an outside audience (as opposed to the oft-incestuous, pussy-footing around relationship with those who dug them) they have done good not only for the musicians but also for themselves and in addition have made a contribution to the society. It must be stated however, that in the majority of cases there has been a selfish use and abuse of certain musicians and the why and how they approached their music, having in many instances much more to do with notation versus improvisation, than was to be immediately gleaned from the writing. The guilty writers have been racist and oblivious of everything in their quest for an audience. What I mean is simply this—since jazz, as defined, created and played by black musicians, has not, to this date, ever been fully accepted as music on an equitable basis as has other musics created by white musicians and composers, the jazz critic as journalist, liner note writer, a & r man, photographer, painter, housewife, investment broker, social commentator, actor or "serious" writer, etc., has served the multi-faceted apprenticeship and has been the sole assessor of the values of the music and the musicians.

DETROIT—OCTOBER, 1967

The main thing wrong with criticism centers around the idea of criticism: the very word "criticism" presupposes that there is automatically going to be something wrong. The fact that jazz music is the only music or the only art form that allows the complete amateur to decide what is good or bad. There are no real credentials for being a jazz critic, aside from being able to read and write the English language. (It now includes the ability to read and write in any language.) Criticism, as a guiding force, is also one of the major catastrophes of jazz and this, I believe, has had much to do with certain negative aspects of the music since most of the writers have to find something that they feel they can champion. It resembles the attitude of the wealthy patron who thrives on the fact that there is a poor starving artist that can halfway be supported, not fully supported, which also gives a sense of power. To a great extent jazz, since writers and critics share this view, (they support a certain group of people, setting those people up as paragons for the entire musical society). As a result we have indeed a complex situation. There are some people who are incessantly written about. That society should accept them on an equitable basis is not questioned but I do question the idea that the writers who set this situation up and who, I'm sure, really don't give a finker's damn about the music or the people they write about (let alone the others), have really much more to gain. It's also true that if they publish enough a publisher may commission them to write about the thing they know or feel something about—possibly that old novel started in college. There are many, many gifted players and composers deserving of the right kind of attention and I think the October Revolution in Jazz proved both that and the fact that there is an audience for the music.

BUT I'M not just being hard on jazz criticism—the other worlds of criticism are all equally guilty. I don't blandly accept the idea that out of all the painters of the past we only have been given a few so-called "old Masters." That we are constantly being bombarded and told of the merits of Beethoven's music and Bach's music, Handel and Hayden, is also quite annoying. How many times do you have to hear that a man's a genius? I'm more interested in the idea that, much as there is today, there must have been, in their time, an underground movement. Today we hear of certain people but it is also known that some of those people are not really the important ones. Im-

portant insofar as really doing what they do for the only reason that is necessary for doing anything—love of it and the compulsion (and the gifts to carry it out) to do it, not simply to get a following: creating a piece of music hoping that a critic will like it; hoping that it will get a vote in a poll, or even that friends will like it or that people will buy your records. All of those things are really outside the domain of the creative person. I think it's a common feeling, shared by all artists to have a work that everyone in the world would really dig or like, but you know that's an impossibility and it is meritless at the outset to even want to do something based on that premise.

There's a great deal of truth to the idea that in order to be a creative person one has to also be quite selfish. One has to please one's self first. But that sometimes also applies to other aspects of life. We're taught about loving people not realizing that it is a virtual impossibility unless you love yourself. By that I simply mean that if you don't have good and positive feelings about yourself you can't possibly transmit similar feelings to someone else. Thus if you don't love your work how can you create a work that has any meaning and lasting validity? In the long run (the life span of one's existence on earth) it really won't make too much difference if everyone is cognizant of your work. We've all, at some time, felt the urge to be popular. I don't know a performer who wouldn't like to get off an airplane and have people literally rip his clothes off because they dug him and what he did that much. That they knew his work, loved and respected him so much that they actually wanted to destroy him would seemingly compensate for any torn clothing, bruised ribs, etc. I don't suppose there is anything really wrong about that, depending of course, upon what one does and wants out of life. But that is not for the real creative person. Besides, that person always creates in spite of the society anyway.

REGARDING the critic, the ideal situation, one that would benefit all, would be that he

recognized his true role: that role naturally being one of a liaison between interested parties in the work of the artist and the artist himself. That kind of critic would certainly have superior knowledge about the artist's work, but he would temper his knowledge with humility and would realize the necessity of meaningful contact with the artist. I don't know how it is possible to comment and review a work without some form of communication with the artist. Not saying that talking to the artist would temper one's viewpoint but it would certainly add dimensions and give keener insight. How many of us haven't given a very good performance and someone has seen fit to say that it wasn't? Contrary to popular opinion the only one who really knows when it is happening is the person who does it. Critics are only people; they don't have a superior functioning, extrasensory perception. A critic should sometimes know something about the subject from a historical standpoint even though too much knowledge of the historical past can, for the inflexible person whose mind is closed, condition his ideas and further confuse him about what is happening in his own time, with what he feels should be happening.

It is relatively a simple task to survey the past largely because it is possible to look back. We've all experienced decisions in our lives where the discovery has been made of having made one move where it would have been desirous and more advantageous to have made another. Time renders things so that they can be seen more objectively. All that we are aware of regarding contemporary issues, especially from the musical standpoint, in fact all that we really need know is that they are being done. Regarding judgment and assessment of values, it should be remembered that Time generally takes care of that.

The black musician is and always has been, capable of speaking for himself and, if he doesn't, then it's because his

(continued on page 7)



music is black, white, green or indifferent. It's quite obvious, (if I'm seen) if I play, since I'm black and if I'm being honest, that I'm playing out of a so-called black experience. But then again, I'd prefer someone to say that I'm playing out of my own experience although by osmosis I've been made aware that many other experiences do exist. It is also true that black people share a common experience—white people go to great pains to guarantee that. We were the only immigrants to this country that weren't that particular about coming. And we are, even at this time, a people who are still trying to find a way to become full citizens.

MIDDLETON—NOV., 1971

I have been teaching for a long time. Roughly since the middle fifties; at first it was teaching the instrument trumpet (privately). I then included composition in conjunction with arranging (funny we don't hear that word too much anymore). For a while now I've been involved in the teaching of improvisation. And at Bennington College dancer/choreographer Judith Dunn and I collectively taught a course in improvisation for m/dkk. I find that when one addresses oneself to the idea that improvisation is composition things about life even become much clearer and begin to make more sense.

BENNINGTON—MAY, 1970

What, then, is this thing called improvisation, this mysterious phenomenon that is virtually so indigenous to one aspect of American music (jazz) and literally so foreign to another aspect of American music (non-jazz music)? What is it to improvise, to as many people erroneously think, "make it up as you go along," or "fool around." What goes into doing it "freely" as though to rid oneself of one's "wild" ideas as in an impromptu moment, much as do some men when seeking the company of prostitutes for the sexual and other favors that they wouldn't

A New Marantz Formula: High Quality, Low Price.

The exciting new \$199 Marantz Model 1060 stereo console amplifier is craftsmanship and engineering excellence at its best. With total reliability, the Marantz 1060 delivers 60 watts continuous RMS into 8 ohm speakers from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz, with less than 0.5% THD and frequency response of ± 0.5 dB. Professional features include: Two Front-Panel Mic Inputs; Stepped, Three-Zone Tone Controls; Separate Preamp Outputs and Power Amp Inputs; Built-In Automatic Protection for Output Circuitry and Associated Speakers to provide years of trouble-free service; Gold-Anodized Front Panel.

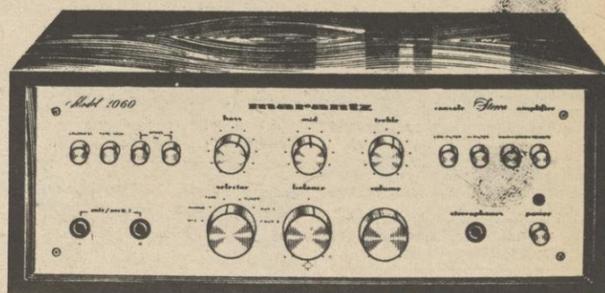
Hear for yourself the Model 1060—and all the Marantz component family, with professional quality in every price range.

SPECIAL MONEY-SAVING MARANTZ SPEAKER BONUS:

Now you can buy any Marantz stereo component and save up to \$60.00 on a pair of superlative Marantz Imperial speaker systems! Ask for complete details.

"Everything in sound"

"We service what we sell"



Prices subject to change without notice.



The Happy Medium, Inc.

STEREO COMPONENTS - TAPE RECORDERS - TV'S - RADIOS

515 N. LAKE
255-2887

The Daily Cardinal Action Ads

PADADS

APARTMENTS and rooms with kitchens 660 State St. 255-7083. —xxx

SUMMER SUBLET. Dayton and Francis area 3 bedrooms 2 baths, kitchen, den, porch, basement, furnished cheap. 257-8751. —xxx

VACANCIES—room/board-male students. Rust-Schreiner Co-op, 115-123 No. Orchard St. phone: Mrs. Norsetter, 262-3060. —xxx

ROOMS available now kitchen privileges, laundry, on the Lake, 12 Langdon St. 251-9083. —10x21

SPAIGHT ROOM female \$50/mo. 251-7413. —6x21

GIRL TO SHARE East Gorham 2 bdrm with 3 \$45/mo. plus utilities furnished 257-5924. —6x21

WOMAN OR COUPLE share house 3 miles West. Woods, garden space. \$40/mo. for one, now, 233-0347. —4x17

ROOM in large house St. Mary's area call 251-2829. —6x21

SUBLET till June 1. Large bedroom in spacious apartment with one human. 251-0630. Billy. —6x21

SAXONY APARTMENTS

305 N. Frances
257-4283
Singles
& Bachelorettes
3 Bedroom apartments
Carpeted & Beautifully furnished
Air Conditioned
Indoor swimming pool & sundeck
Available Summer & Fall
**REDUCED
SUMMER RATES**
For men & women students,
Nurses, Technicians and Faculty
**MODELS ARE NOW
OPEN
FOR YOUR
INSPECTION
NO
APPOINTMENTS
NECESSARY**
Act now for choice floor locations and
breath taking views. Conveniently
located across from Witte & Ogg
dorms at corner of Frances and
Johnson Streets.
CALL 257-4283 2.5-xxx

SEMESTER SUBLET. Private room, share bath with one. Meal plan, good food. On lake, Girl only, reasonable. Call Cecilia, 255-6531. —9x20

FURNISHED room share bath parking lease 435 W. Dayton \$50.00 437-8628. —20x29

TWO GIRLS to share apt. call 231-2133 with one girl. —12x20

ST. JAMES AREA apartments and houses for Fall. 2 bedroom for 4, 3 bed, for 5 231-1466. —20x22

UNIVERSITY COURTS, 2302 University Avenue. Now accepting applications for June and September. Furnished 1 bedroom apartments and 2 bedroom apartments with 2 full baths. All utilities included, indoor pool. 238-8966; 257-5174. —xxx

KENT HALL, 616 North Carroll Street. Now accepting applications for summer and fall. Furnished singles and doubles on Lake Mendota. 255-6344; 257-5174. —xxx

THE CARROLLON, 620 North Carroll Street. Now accepting applications for summer and fall. 1 bedroom furnished apartments. All utilities included, air conditioning, on Lake Mendota. 257-3736; 257-5174. —xxx

McFARLAND 3 bedroom house need 1 roommate own bedroom 838-3392. —6x22

SINGLE double room private bath - kit. priv. emn - near campus 255-9673. —6x27

3 MO. RENT \$150 own rm. 2 bdrm apt. 1

3 MO. RENT \$150 own rm. 2 bdrm. apt. 121 W. Gilman 257-7522. —6x27

NOW THRU August two girls to share rooms immense apt. attractive big yard inexpensive 257-6332. —2x21

ONE FEMALE needed to live with five others. Now through August. House near Vilas. 255-0410. —6x27

HELP WANTED part time experienced cook/waitress needed for small campus sandwich shop call 256-0886. —3x22

SUMMER SUBLET house Highland 4-bdrm. 3-4 people share with one 231-1238. —6x22

NICELY FURN. one bedroom apt. sublet \$125 256-7946. —6x20

APARTMENTS for 1 to 5 persons. 135 and 137 Langdon; also 7 and 11 E. Gilman. Summer or fall. 274-1860. —20x18A

NO LEASE \$60 own bedroom with 3 friendly folks sunny clean carpeted nice now 257-5626. —3x20

WANTED: Fall apt. for 4 girls near campus 262-5730, 262-5734. —5x23

QUIET COED house 3/4 grads own bedroom \$75 424 S. Brooks 256-0788. —6x24

PADADS

ONE MALE to share large one bedroom apartment with one at Ridgewood Terrace. Contact Jerry at 274-0348 after 5:00 weekdays or anytime after-noon Sunday. —3x21

OWN BEDROOM in spacious apartment near square \$57.50/month female call 251-3179 evenings. —6x24

IMMEDIATE SUBLET single w/shared kitchen and dinner plan—The Towers on State and Frances. Must sell make offer. 257-0701 ask for Tom. —2x4

CAMPUS furnished apt. for four girls 1 block to Library, laundry facilities, carpeting \$724 per year, per girl. Graduation day to graduation day. Days 238-7958 Sue, or 274-1280 ask for Ken, Eves 845-6356. —xxx

CAMPUS—Square, two 1 bedroom furnished apt. carpeting, laundry facilities, \$150 and \$160 available July 1st. On year's lease. Days call 238-7958, Sue, or 274-1280 ask for Ken, eves. 845-6356. —xxx

NEEDED one woman for farmhouse. Car preferred, call 222-2383. —3x21

FOR SALE

WEDDING DRESS, used only once, size 12 best offer 233-8394. —xxx

FUR COAT size 10, good condition, best offer 233-8394 after 5. —6x22

FOR SALE 2 new studded Whitewall tires 7.00/13 \$30 255-4974. —6x24

AMPLIFIERS, RECEIVERS, turntables, tape decks, speakers, tape, and cartridges. Most brands available at substantial discounts. Concept Sound, 251-9683. A sensible alternative. —7x17

ELECTRIC GUITAR Gretsch Tension w/case, reasonable, after 5 257-4029. —11x29

GUITAR STEEL six string acoustic like new Max 836-1121. —6x22

GIBSON NYLON string guitar hard case \$100 257-4160 Mike —6x22

MUSICIANS OF MADISON!! The non-profit WSA Store has expanded its music supply outlet now nearing full service. In addition to strings, harps, staff paper, blank tape and more in stock, we now offer special ordering facilities for almost any accessories. Most deliveries within a week. Special Discounts for bands ordering in quantity. Top name instruments coming soon. All at non rip-off prices. We are trying to grow to serve you. Stop by and talk to us. 720 State Street. —10x27

SONY TC-366 tape deck, 1 1/2 yrs. old, good condition, & Sony ECM19B mic. & head demagnetizer. \$220 Classical Guitar, \$45. String 233-1924. —1x20

WOMAN'S ENGLISH 3-speed bike. Like new. Was \$90.00 now \$50.00 call Jane 251-2028 evenings best. —6x27

STEREO: CONCEPT SOUND offers name brand, factory sealed, full warranted audio components and accessories at discount prices. 251-9683. Concept Sound. A sensible alternative. —7x17

LEAR-JET PORTABLE STEREO tape player (8 track) \$35; Sears sun-lamp \$20 or best offer on both. 251-4306. —3x21

WANTED

WANTED: used 3-speed bike. Mary 251-1710. —xxx

LOST

LOST: black men's billfold Sat. night 3/4 in front of Victor Music on State St. reward for return call 257-4917. —xxx

LOST HITCHHIKING a blue notebook containing material on the IRA reward call 257-2924. —6x21

SERVICES

BEECHER'S STEREO & TV SERVICE. Components and tape recorders our specialty. Diamond needles \$3.95 for most phono's 649 Univ. Ave. 251-4771. —xxx

TWO RESPONSIBLE coeds desire position as house/apartment pet sitters during Easter 262-8166. —1x20

EXPERT TYPING, will correct spelling, fast service. 244-3831. —xxx

ABORTION, CONTRACEPTION REFERRAL. ZPG, 262-5500 or 262-5502. —xxx

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

RUNAWAYS can get help Briarpatch is open 3-11 p.m. at 222 North Bassett. Call 251-1126. —53xMay 26

ENCOUNTER GROUP - 6 days, starts 4/2. Leaders trained - experienced in developing trust, support, and openness will help persons explore possibilities of increasing satisfactions in interpersonal relationships. Ed: 256-6852; \$95. Some financial assistance available. —11x28

SERVICES

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

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

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

SPANISH LESSONS—tutoring taught by native of Uruguay 257-3070 11 a.m.-7 p.m. —6x2

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

WRITING, EDITING, RESEARCH. Term papers, theses, etc. exper. free lance writers. Rates negotiable 849-4832 eves. —6x28

ORIGINAL TERMPAPERS in many subjects. Graduate writers, 238-1737, after 8:30. —6x20

VOLKSWAGEN TUNE-UP & repair call 255-8259. —10x11

TRAVEL

OVERLAND EXPEDITION INDIA. Leaving London early summer. \$635. Brochure: Encounter Overland, 23 Manor House Drive, London NW6. Also September expedition Africa. —6x28

WHEELS FOR SALE

'71 BRIDGESTONE 200, 3100 miles \$425 call 251-7426. —6x24

'69 MUSTANG convertible, stereo am-fm, air \$1900 best offer 251-9200. —10x11

ETC. & ETC.

THINK POOL is for men only? Women free, couples 1/2 price Mon. & Thurs. Action Billiards —xxx

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

EXC TYPING 231-2072 —xxx

BLUE BUS Psychiatric Counseling TU/TH. 7-10 Fri. 4-7 Free! 262-5889. —xxx

BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME -Vote for community control on April 4. Elect Ellison, 8th District Supervisor, Dane County Board. —1x20

DISCOUNT TRAVEL: To and within Europe. Leave weekly from NY/Chicago. 263-3131, Room 302 Union South. Open afternoons. —71xMay 26

CHICAGO-LONDON: June 7 to August 23. \$229.00 Roundtrip. Sign up Now! Travel Center, 302 Union South, 263-3131 afternoons. —20x22

DRIVING INSTRUCTION 244-5455. —85xAug. 11

SPRING VACATION IN BAHAMAS. 8 days transportation & hotel just \$199.00, only a few seats left. Travel Center, suite 302 Union South 263-3131 afternoons. —xxx

SUMMER IN EUROPE. Special discount if you reserve a flight before March 31st. Eurail Passes, international ID Cards, etc. Travel Center, Union South, 263-3131 afternoons. —7x22

MALE VOLUNTEERS 21 years or older needed for Common Cold Study. If eligible, \$35 stipend fee. Call 262-2638 between 9-3 Monday through Friday. —6x22

WANTED

MODELS WANTED by professional photographer. Magazine story illustration. Release necessary. No experience required. Call 312-882-3633 or write V.I.P. photography Box 66097 O'Hare Ill. 66606 Composites from assignment. —20x20

WANTED: Representative-salesman for bookbag concern. Must be on campus regularly. Send resume to Mr. J. Levin, Room 101, 1161 Ironwood, Rochester, Michigan 48063. —6x21

PARAPHERNALIA

ADOPT-A-TOM Handsome young male tabby cat needs home. Litter trained. Help 255-9788 or 256-3722. —6x21

ASIA: cheap trip if you lodge, eat, move Asian style. Details from Japan to Iran for \$1 to Merdeka, 11841 Tecumseh Road, Clinton, Michigan 49236. —6x20

RIDE NEEDED

D.C. for spring break will share expenses. John 262-6748. —4x21

Berry

(continued from page 5)

playing guitar in an obscure little club. It's a small bit of the perfection possible in Berry's art.

The Mercury albums are almost a dead loss. Most of them are filled with canned formula songs and even the few blues and experimental songs that do creep in don't have the freshness of the early work. On one LP, *Live at the Fillmore Auditorium*, Berry is backed by the Steve Miller Band and the music isn't too bad, but its Miller's and not Berry's. On another album he devotes an entire side to a "concerto" based on "Johnny B. Goode" but the brave experiment does not come off. All in all, it must have been a very unhappy alliance with Mercury; it shows in the recordings.

In late 1969 the contract with Mercury expired and Chuck Berry went back to Chess Records, the company he'd always considered his home; he has blossomed in the two albums done since his return. They are both quietly brilliant, especially the first, "Home

Again." The production and backup is superb and that helps, but the real driving force is the genius of Chuck Berry himself. His skills have sharpened and his understanding has deepened and the energy is still there; it's not the manic energy of the old days but the compelling power of an artist who's paid his dues and matured in a deep and personal way.

Chuck Berry's music of today is what modern audiences ought to be demanding and listening to, not the old hits. All his albums reveal Berry to be an artist of astonishing depth and measure: a composer without superior, an awe-inspiring performer of diverse talents and tastes, and a musician of fine-tuned craftsmanship. Unfortunately, these albums never sold well even in the good years and the older ones are now almost impossible to find. The two new LP's can readily be found though and anyone who wants to listen to a genius ought to hear them. It's not very likely that Chuck Berry will ever again top the hit-parade—his music is way beyond that—but he doesn't need reviving; he needs to be appreciated and enjoyed for what he is.

A CHUCK BERRY DISCOGRAPHY

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| After School Session | Chess LP 1426 |
| One Dozen Berrys | Chess LP 1432 |
| Chuck Berry Is On Top | Chess LP 1435 |
| Rockin' At The Hops | Chess LP 1448 |
| New Juke Box Hits | Chess LP 1456 |
| Chuck Berry On Stage | Chess LP 1480 |
| Chuck Berry's Greatest Hits | Chess LP 1482 |
| St. Louis To Liverpool | Chess LP 1488 |
| Chuck Berry in London | Chess LP 1495 |
| Fresh Berrys | Chess LP 1498 |
| Chuck Berry's Golden Decade | Chess LPS 1514D |
| Chuck Berry's Golden Hits | Mercury |
| Chuck Berry In Memphis | Mercury |
| At The Fillmore Auditorium | Merc. SR 61138 |
| From St. Louie To Frisco | Merc. SR 61176 |
| Concerto In B. Goode | Merc. SR 61223 |
| Back Home | Chess LPS 1550 |
| San Francisco Dues | Chess/GRT CH 50008 |
- Thanks to Steve Mertz for the above and much help.

Bill Dixon

(continued from page 7)

provisation. The fact that man's basic inhumanity to man is about the only thing that remains constant — is, I guess, the only thing to make one continue pursuing the mechanical rabbit.

NEW YORK — DEC. 1971

As usual I am working — I have no goals save the completeness of the works themselves as much as they can be completed since larger-scaled performances and recordings are almost completely out of my purview — there are several projects — my continued teaching, the book I'm working on, a series of short pieces for solo trumpet — and the urge to paint again has, by the grace of the

RIDE NEEDED

PHILA. & RETURN, for 2 leave 3/28 share dri. & exp. call Diane 251-9470 or 257-7303. —4x20

ANN ARBOR Easter Vacation will share costs 251-2082. —4x20

FROM NEW YORK to Madison ride wanted weekend of March 25. In Madison call 251-4664 in NYC call 744-2482. —5x21

URGENT RIDE to Florida needed share expenses, driving please call Rich 257-3060 Luce 251-1173. —4x23

RIDE to Florida for one person needed around March 28, ph. 256-6419. —7x28

TO MEXICO CITY or vicinity, Easter share expenses, driving 257-6282. —4x20

RIDER NEEDED to Denver. Leaving Mar. 20-22. Share food costs & incidentals. Call 256-1501 after 10 p.m. —3x20

RIDE NEEDED, for 2, spring break to Washington D.C. or area. Call Alan 255-6941. Will share costs & driving. —4x21

ROOM for 3 to Florida Keys or anywhere between. \$50 call 274-0348. —2x20

BOULDER ride badly needed over Easter share expenses. Patty 251-9194. —8x28

gods (who won this time over the Harpies) descended upon me. I do draw a lot although to others they conceivably are but doubtful dribblings, I'm sure. And so "much as in playing in one's head incredibly beautiful solos...at times thoughts can be much more effectively imagined." As you can see I've chosen, in this instance to imagine out loud so obviously and at the risk of being maudlin I can't really expect anyone to understand or even be interested.

EARN EXTRA MONEY

Subjects needed for Social Psych Experiment — Collins. \$1.00 - \$2.00 for 20 - 50 minutes in the month of March.

Tues., 1:20
or
Thurs., 1:20
or
Wed., 3:30
or
Fri., 3:30

5206 Soc. Sci.
5106 Soc. Sci.

For the Best in TERMPAPERS (Undergraduate or Graduate)

and RÉSUMÉS

call

The ACADEMIC MARKETPLACE (608) 256-4059

Box 1494
Madison, Wis. 53701

Thoughts

(continued from page 5)

music, the medium through which he is speaking, is conveniently not being heard by those who insist upon putting their words in his mouth.

BENNINGTON—MAY, 1970

AT THIS point it is understandable that you might ask what has all of this to do with composition and improvisation. And I must say that it has everything to do with it simply because it has been aptly demonstrated that the role of the black musician as innovator of the first magnitude has been played down simply because that most vital aspect of his creativity (which has influenced the creativity of all music) has been centered not so much around the performances of the white musician, performer or composer whose energies were focused heavily on the acquisition of so-called technique (singular) and an excellence that were both naturally prerequisites for the assimilation and emulation of western European serious music with interpretation being the prime goal (and what is really so great about imitating that which is already in existence since at best only a good imitation can be realized) but around the idea of brilliant improvising.

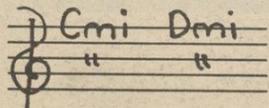
But even today it is felt, (with much obvious error on the part of those who feel that way) that for a work to have real value and thus be a positive contributing factor to the existence and survival of the culture the work must not only exist but must be able to be documented in other than its original state. Enter the odiously offensive institution of criticism.

It is more than a truism to say that every artist of gifts is really the best judge as to the merits, demerits, and values of his work. All other evaluations would naturally have to be based on knowledge, conjecture, analysis. And the collective appraisements and values of three basic levels of existence mortised to the society; profit motive, incentive and the law of supply and demand can not be ruled out as factors that are a part of the fabric of criticism.

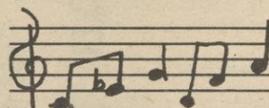
Thus in an age when the symbol that denotes or suggests an action is construed to have much more meaning and significance that its reason for being, the action itself, where are we with regard to so-called jazz, black music, music out of the black experience, improvised music, etc., as opposed to the music that serves as the citadel of the democracy, that music which is composed (the application of symbolic notation on paper), so-called serious music. Music so put together in form, content and utterance as to set the Westernized, computerized mind zooming off into its cherished euphoric intellectual, abyss of so-called abstract thinking. As if everything, once it has happened, doesn't turn out to be an abstract of something. Which focuses, a digression on

Jensen's theory that abstract thinking is not the black man's stick. And I agree if he's talking about abstract, abstract, abstract thinking for the mere sake of indulging in coruscating mental pyrotechnics that induce pseudo adult phantasies which only lead to unfulfillment. As the rhythm section literally echoed in unison, "There just ain't enough time."

SO WHAT then, is improvisation? What the contemporary jazz musician calls improvisation and how he comes to realize it is quite different from what the contemporary non-jazz musician deals with. Much the same as pre-determined notated composition, improvisation can only be learned and sometimes mastered by diligent doing. A good improvising musician learns to hear so that he can identify and play them in his head sounds that occur on his instrument. Sometimes, in the event they are traditional chords he can play them without at first "knowing" (intellectually or technically) what they are called. He can hear a sound and then play it. The hearing of the sound induces and triggers an action. But jazz players also learn to play for a different reason and from a different stance and position in society. While the primary aim of most white musicians has been to be able to "read" better and to sound alike at the subsequent loss of individualism on the instrument — the jazz player gets a horn and almost before he starts to learn about it proceeds on some level to learn it. The basic studies that are used concern themselves with chords and their inversions and substitutes, scales, parent and relative rhythmic situations or dealings in how the time passes. Melodies, time and scales which are essentially horizontal intervals and chords which are vertical situations are learned independently so that the player, when improvising (composing instantaneously on the instrument) can use any or all of the ingredients. So that playing



simply means to the improviser that we will play a C minor triad (C-Eb-G) for two beats to a D minor triad (d-f-a) either in an arpeggiated fashion



root position (as in the example) using the appropriate rhythmic subdivision or play the sound of the chord utilizing scales in a horizontal manner that suggest to his ear the sound of the two triads. Naturally the use of rhythm and the graphing of time, sound, silence, harmony and melody are not thought of separately (as in a vacuum) but more of as parts of a whole. And after a time the range

of the symbols tend to become more extensive. In the past they had to allow more to happen — and, as the music became more complex, included more natural sounds formerly thought of as non-musical) the symbols became less complex as the players became even less interested in literal interpretations of them. When I first spoke with Ornette Coleman in 1958 and asked him how he notated his music he said that most of his written rhythmic subdivisions centered around eighth note sequences — because once he played the music for the musicians on his horn they would naturally hear where the subtiles and nuances of time, timbre and attack occurred and thus emulate them. Coleman then was a composer, was then free to write for the improviser, and the improviser would then know from both the notation and how it sounded when the composer either played it or sang it phonetically what the composer really wanted. And there could be no mistake — the player had heard the way it was supposed to sound. Personally I have found this much more satisfying than dealing with more "accurate" notations of the individually specific pitches realized, which on the other hand would, because of its complexity, for the player, no matter how well he sight-read, tend to tighten him up and thus lose some degree of the spontaneity originating in the idea, were the idea truly (in the areas of tune, space, and idea) a complex one.

I have seen scores some contemporary non-jazz with symbols indicating situations of musical activity such as "play like Maynard Ferguson." Now suppose the player who was to execute the part had never heard Maynard Ferguson. And suppose

the composer could not play like Ferguson — how would this idea and situation be accurately realized?

SO WHERE are we — what has been established? Essentially I hope two things— (1) there is obviously a strong case for a total re-assessment of the merits, values and practicalities of the art of improvisation (2) as long as the artistic situation remains on the level that it is, everything of importance and significance coming out of a white culture situation and everything that is "charming, delightful and humorous" being relegated to the art of the non-white peoples of the worlds, very little obviously if anything at all is going to be done to erase this viciously smug idea. It's not enough that the New York Philharmonic has one black while guilty middle class whites in their haste to assuage guilt parade the splendor of their homes so that money paying guests can see, feel and talk to Black Panthers while at the same time the sons and daughters of the host and hostess are slowly blowing up the place. No — the ideas about the validity of notated composition versus

improvisation won't be altered on any definite scale until, among other things, other ethnic forms of musical expressions can make as much use of mass media and technology as can the most minor talented and banal white rock groups. And when a black conductor such as Henry Lewis of the New Jersey Symphony will find himself as knowledgeable about contemporary music by black musicians to the extent that he is knowledgeable of Brahms, Mendelssohn and the lightweight "jazz" entertainers so that he will also dare to try things and perhaps do something with these people and his orchestra. And when music department people on university and college campuses find out that for their own edification and the fulfillment of their musical aims that in addition to knowledge of their ancestral contributions to music, they will have to know on the level that I know about their music something about Black Music. For the time being, however, we can expect no one to change his mind about either composition or im-

(continued on page 6)

APPLICATIONS NOW BEING ACCEPTED FOR

EDITOR
BUSINESS MANAGER
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

for the 1973 Wisconsin Badger
for more information call:
Anne Murray - 255-2000 or the
Badger Yearbook Office, 502 N. Frances - 262-1595

A
HELLISHLY
GOOD
DEAL FROM THE

PIZZA PIT

608 University Ave.
257-5825

FREE FAST HOT DELIVERY!!

COUPON 50c off on 16" pizza one discount per pizza "Offer expires 3/25/72	COUPON 30c off on 12" pizza one discount per pizza "Offer expires 3/25/72	COUPON 25c off on submarine sandwich one discount per sub "Offer expires 3/25/72
---	---	---

COST PLUS

PHASE II IS
ALIVE & WELL
AT COST PLUS



329 State
257-8121

Bells & Flares
\$4.59 + \$2.99

Shirts
\$3.00, \$2.50

Colored T-Shirts
\$1.00

8 Track Tapes
3 for \$10.50

and
countless other values

THE DAILY CARDINAL
WIBA/FM RADIO FREE MADISON
are proud to present
BILLY PRESTON



AND "HOPE"

IN CONCERT MONDAY, APRIL 17th

U. W. Stock Pavilion 8:00 p.m.

All Tickets \$2.00 at

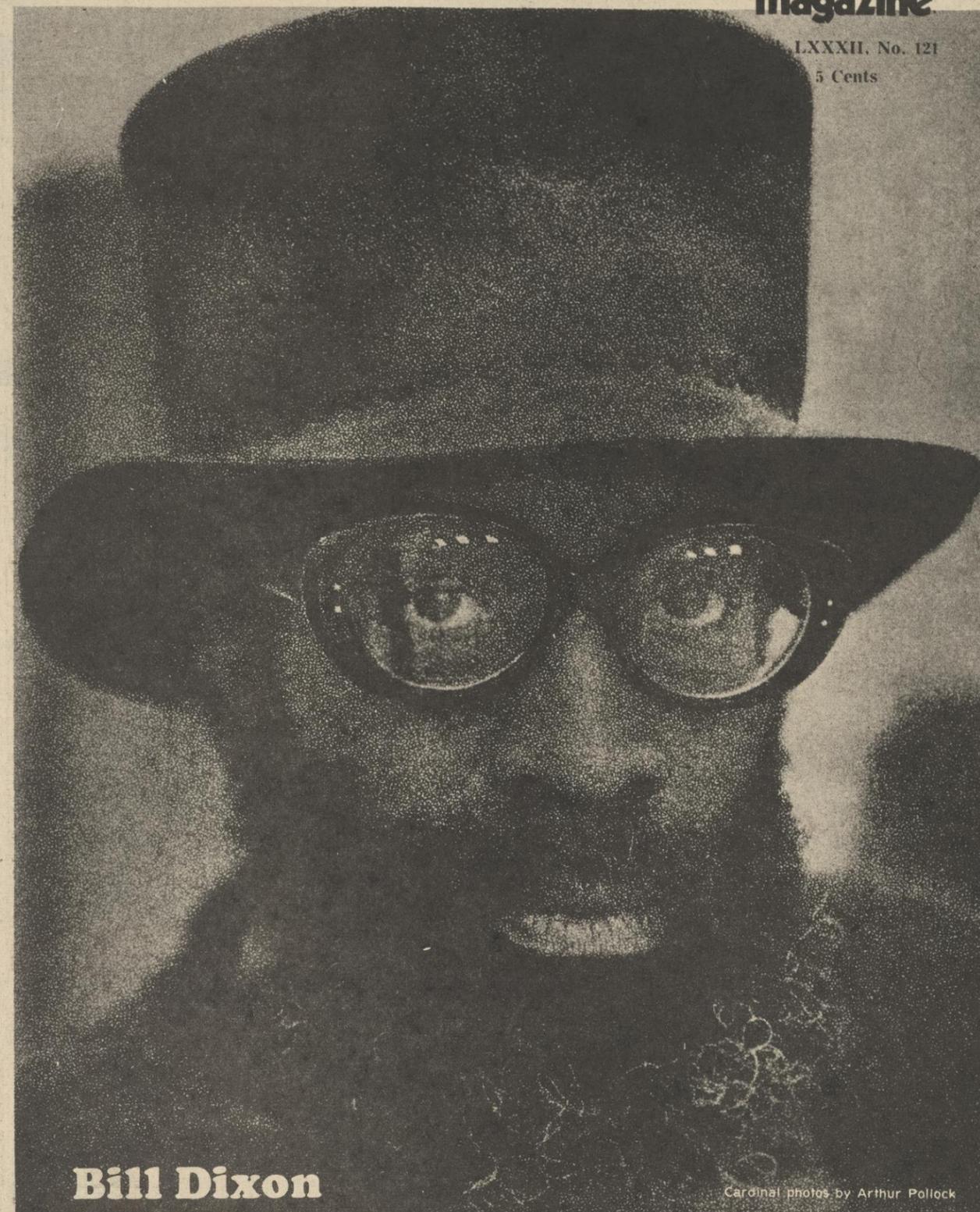
Discount Records
Victor Music
Union Box Office

WSA Store
Lake St. Station
NMC Discount Records

For mail orders send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and \$2.00 to Billy Preston Concert, c/o Union Box Office, Memorial Union, Madison, Wis. 53706

cardinal
MONDAY
magazine

LXXXII, No. 121
5 Cents



Bill Dixon

Cardinal photos by Arthur Pollock