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Sex therapy cheaper here

By Laurie Moeckler

"Meet Richard and Marilyn." Two dolls of the Raggedy Ann/Raggedy Andy variety were brought out to me. At first glance, they looked like ordinary playthings. But when Marilyn's dress was removed, there were two breasts and (yes!) a velvet-lined vagina. Richard was equipped with a very realistic-looking penis. These dolls, along with wooden anatomical models, help people to achieve sexual satisfaction. The dolls are the tools of Richard Timmers of the social work grad school.

Timmers, 41, has been conducting a private sex counseling clinic for married and single couples. He teaches a graduate seminar on human sexuality in the School of Social Work. He also guides various grad students in a sexual counseling field unit.

"I'M INTO freedom of sexuality...I want people to get rid of their guilt...Man was meant to express his sexuality from birth to death..." These are the philosophies behind the private sex counseling and therapy practice of Richard Timmers. He believes that sex could be a strong factor in breaking up an otherwise intact marriage, and this is why concerned couples come to him for help.

Timmers operates his practice with Mona Wasow of the social work department, and Anne Bashore of the Midwest Medical Clinic. They use several clinical facilities as well as peoples' homes. The therapy program has never been advertised for fear of a swamping of clientele; the team can only take three couples at once because of the time involved.

Theirs is a short-term treatment program—two hours a session for six to eight weeks. It's similar to that of Masters and Johnsons in that it operates on a social work and not a medical model. However, while Masters and Johnsons charges \$2500 per couple for a two-week retreat in St. Louis, Timmers' fee runs from \$25 to \$35 per hour, and therapy is given while the couple continues their daily life routine.

The initial session is one of orientation. The first 15 minutes are spent in establishing a contact and settling on a fee. Timmers stresses that he expects the couple to strictly follow his directions—they are not to engage in any sex relations until they are instructed.

FOR THE remaining hour and a half of the session, the couple splits up—the husband going off to a different room with Timmers, while the wife remains with Wasow. The social workers then gather the necessary sexual-social history of each member of the pair. (The couple must not discuss these interviews with each other.) At the next session, Timmers meets with the wife and Wasow with the husband.

The third session is what Timmers calls the "round table" discussion, with the couple and the two therapists together in a circle. Up to this point, communication about the sex problem has only been from patient to therapist. Now, intra-couple communication will be encouraged. "After all, the couple must realize that it's THEIR problem, not his or hers. They have to want to change...we (the therapists) only mirror back information," emphasized Timmers.

During the last few minutes of this third meeting, a "pleasuring session" is given as a homework assignment for the couple. One of the pair is instructed to massage his/her partner—they are to rediscover the mate's body in a nonsexual way, without touching the genitals. The person being massaged should be "unashamed and even glutinous" about receiving pleasure—he/she must give feedback to the partner as to what is pleasurable. After this, partners change positions. Part of the assignment is the use of gooev fluid during the massage: "Sex is wet—many people are afraid of that," according to Timmers.

Five days later, the couple reports their feelings to the therapists. If the social workers feel the pair is ready, they assign a "sensual pleasuring" session—the same massage exercise as before, but the genitals

and breasts may also be touched. It is still taboo to have intercourse. This technique is practiced for about a week.



Cardinal photo by Leo Theinert

DR. RICHARD TIMMERS & FRIENDS

BY THE sixth week, the specific sexual problem has been located by the therapists. Some of the sexual troubles, according to Timmers, are: premature ejaculation, secondary impotence (a man or woman can experience orgasm, but not with his or her marital partner), and painful intercourse. The most common problem is that of nonorgasmic women. Timmers and Wasow work with gynecologists and other doctors when necessary, but the therapists claim that "98 per cent of most sexual dysfunctioning is psychological."

When asked about his success rate, Timmers replied, "I've never had a failure in the fact that communication has been enhanced."

Review: Open Marriage

Open Marriage, the product of the collaboration of the husband and wife anthropology team of Dr.'s George and Nena O'Neil, is an in-depth study of modern marriage. Its simple style and straightforward approach makes it fast and easy reading. It is an invaluable addition to one's collection of vital reference books, especially if contemplating or experiencing some permanent or semi-permanent relationship.

The O'Neils define an open marriage as an honest and open relationship between two people, based on the equal freedom and identity of both partners. The importance of self is the concept most basic to this philosophy and the essence of open marriage is trust; that is, trust between two mature adults. Adults with realistic pictures of themselves and of others. Adults who have strong personal identities with positive images of themselves. People that love and respect themselves enabling them to feel love and respect for their mates.

WITHOUT looking past the title, the expected response to the philosophy of this book conjures up the idea of partners in a marriage forming sexual alliances with parties outside the marriage. The title is therefore unfortunate in the sense that the portion of the book describing sexual attitudes of an open marriage is quite secondary and insignificant to the idea of an open marriage. (At least, this is the average response according to a quite private poll conducted by this reviewer.)

Open marriage is a new way of looking at an old situation. It doesn't promise to make marriage fulfill all your needs, keep you sexually satisfied or keep you from ever feeling dissatisfied about yourself or your mate. It merely allows husbands and wives to use their special qualities as separate and unique individuals to establish a relationship precisely unique and right for them.

According to the O'Neils, a closed marriage is the traditional view of marriage, one in which possessiveness is of major importance. Trust is just a very superficial thing and only way to protect the marriage is by shutting others out. Honest communication rarely exists between the parties themselves and between the parties and the rest of the world.

In an open marriage there is no need for dominance or submission. Each partner can bring 100% to the relationship. Each is to be independent and act separately so as to have an opportunity to bring new experiences and growth to the marriage. In an open marriage we start with self. Then we go to recognizing the need to live for the present, after which comes having realistic expectation, privacy and honest and open communication. At some point in the book the O'Neils mention the possibility of extramarital sex, but only if both parties are mature and secure enough to accept it as no threat to their relationship and if it is approached honestly.

Little International Horse Show Horsing around on campus

By PAT MICHAUD

The Little International Horse Show, "biggest winter show in the Midwest", came to town last weekend, and to the delight of capacity crowds brought superior four-footed competition and lots of old-fashioned thrills and chills in this annual winter spectacular.

In the Stock Pavilion, the variety of classes and livestock entries kept the spectators on their toes (or, actually, their backsides). Western-style riding and English mount classes were featured, and, as the two-day show opened Friday evening, tension ran high among about two hundred competitors, hailing from all over Wisconsin and the Midwest.

THE INTERNATIONAL has been sponsored by the Saddle and Sirlon Club for over a half century. The show proceeds are used by the short- and long-course agriculture students interested in animals of all kinds. In the process of making money and gaining valuable experience, the Show also is great fun on a slow March weekend.

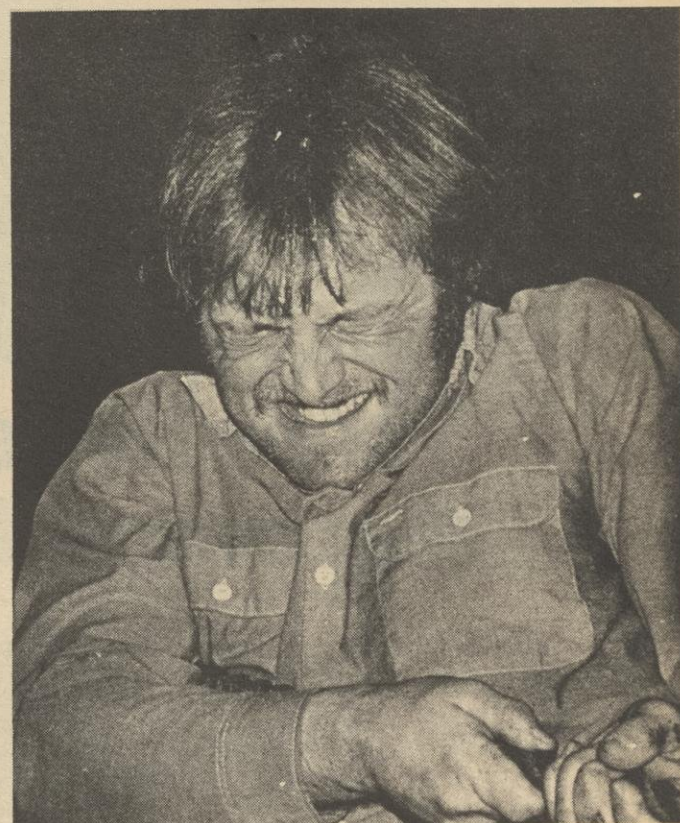
As one of the advisors of the S and S club, Dr. Neal First explains, "The show's been an annual project of the club and planning for it exceeds six to seven months in preparation. Our approximately 100 members completely handle "Little I." and the moneys raised are used for many of the activities S and S has: especially for scholarships but also for expenses entailed with demonstrations of livestock judging to 4-H and other groups through the Agriculture Extension—our own judging teams and our field trips to Colorado, St. Louis, and Chicago."

The Little I. queen, Julie Poh of Green Bay, and her court (Donna Erste, West Allis; Janet Sennehen, Columbus; Nancy Nordstrom, Melrose; Lois Setter, Deer Park; and Carol Skic, Wausau) were presented. Events were Western and English horsemanship, Western Mens' and Ladies' pleasure, jumping, equitation classes, and the other "speed n' action" sports—barrel racing and pole bending, the Tug-of-War, bareback riding and the "pig-steering" contest.

In the annual tug-of-war between the Long Course and Short Course students, (the event that Dr. First says "gets wilder and more enthusiastic each year"), both teams pulled like they hated each other's guts. There's a natural rivalry there, and it all comes out in the pulling.

AT FIRST the Long Course students tugged the rope easily in, and it seemed a repeat of last year's win, but the Short Course students rallied and surged powerfully to a one and one score in the best-of-three series, this time winning while dug into the turf.

The final test was harrowing till the final seconds, when the



Cardinal photo by Mike Wirtz

LITTLE INTERNATIONAL TUG OF WAR

long course team pulled through for a second consecutive championship.

Phil Shuer, who has won seven events in the past four shows, summed up his participant's view of the Little I.: "It's a lot of real good fun for everyone, and I sure like coming up from Illinois to be in it. I did alright—took a first, second, third, and fourth. Been coming up here for the past four years, and I like the way they're getting more speed events in. We like the size of the crowd—it's not often you get to perform before such a good-sized audience like this."

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cardinal
MONDAY
magazine

Edited by Chris Stoehr



These three young men just made the discovery of a lifetime. The oldest is 34.

Remember when young people could get ahead in business simply by growing old? It was a good system for those with a little talent and a lot of patience, but today's technology moves too fast to wait for seniority.

At Kodak, our extensive involvement in basic research has made the need for fresh, young thinking more pressing than ever. So we hire the best new talent we possibly can. Then we do both of us a favor by turning them loose on real problems, and giving them the freedom and responsibility they need to solve them.

That's how three Kodak scientists in their early thirties just made a breakthrough in liquid lasers, developing an organic dye laser with a continuous beam. Their

discovery means more than just a new kind of laser. It means a whole range of new laser applications, in fields from medicine to communications.

It was the kind of discovery most men and women work a lifetime for. Yet these young men still have most of their lifetimes ahead of them.

Why do we give young men and women so much freedom and responsibility? Because it's good business, and we're in business to make a profit. But in furthering our own business interests, we also further society's interests. And that's good.

After all, our business depends on society. So we care what happens to it.



Kodak
More than a business.

Stalking the wild voter in the crewhouse circle

By Keith Davis

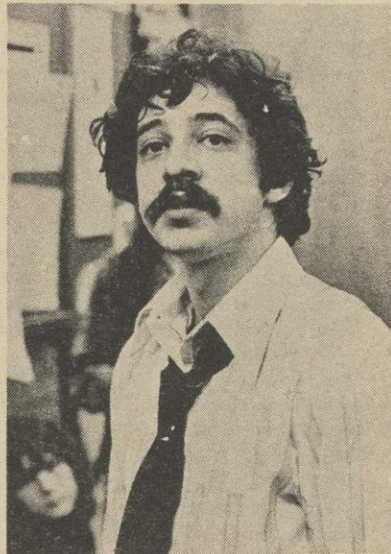
It is maybe a degree or so above freezing, you understand, and raining. I am standing in the Crew House circle out at LHA trying to get these people with dinner on their minds to go vote instead...to exercise their god-damn democratic rights, and there are few, very few, takers. I'm standing out here like a carnival barker with this sandwich board that its been too dark for an hour to see and its raining—it rains, it stops raining, it rains some more.

It seems to me that I've been here before. In 1960, when I was twelve and didn't know any better, I did this for a losing slate of Republicans in Chicago; it was raining then. On election day in 1970 I was standing in the rain outside a school for someone else—only it was colder then, but not raining as hard. It all balances out. This is the heart of the "glamorous ego trip" of electoral politics, as one of our

forces at least half of the energy towards organizing the organizing...a mimeo, some cardboard for lawn signs, a few more dollars to stop the phone from being turned off, you name it. In moments of utter crisis nearly all of the energy goes to these ends, tremendous amounts of human effort expended with utter irrationality. Object: victory.

YOU CAN'T program things like that because no one knows where the line is for the Critical Minimum Effort that separates defeat from victory. Politics is not a science, no more than war—that idea is a schuck to get foundation money so professors can live on the west side. But the inherent absurdity gets to you after a while.

See, I've lost jobs to get people elected, stayed up all night hand lettering signs needed for the morning when, if we could have waited till morning, could have



with my own little vigil going. The effect is heightened by the fact that the sign is really too dark to see anyway. But see, us extremists don't really care anyway...

I stand there and try and convince any stray souls who wander up to wait until the car comes back if Diane happens to be down at the polls with some of the faithful. In three hours we take seven people or so down to the polls, three of whom Diane says voted for Stewart.

"Paul is going to lose," she says.

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Cardinal photos by Geoff Simon

distinguished commentators said a week ago.

I CLAIM to be retired from things like standing in the rain. I burned my guts on too many campaigns and in my rational moments I turn and walk the other way. I've gotten to the point where I can walk away from almost any sacred commitment these days.

But I'm still a sucker for a



crisis...an old junkie, you know, who can't quite kick. And although I'm innocent at the time, it occurs to me later that really I knew better than to walk into Soglin's headquarters three hours before the polls close because in an election, anything that can go wrong will go wrong, and when it goes wrong on election day it's a real clown show.

You understand—at the locus of all campaigns, except Republican ones, is this holy poverty which

been done for three bucks at Insty Prints. And so on...all done on vast amounts of speed, coffee, and nicotine—all the real edgy drugs—and sleeping in your clothes too many nights in a row.

Okay, so here I am at ground zero and there is this, um, panic ceremony going on. I mean, people are losing their fucking minds. Everyone is running around shouting things like "the students didn't vote, we've lost! we've lost!"

SO PAUL is...um, uptight. Yes. We are at that "all is lost" point. I mean, he is sure we've lost it, or at least he says he is sure. It didn't occur to me until later that if he was so sure there was no point in any of us doing anything at all. The next day a parallel experience with that master of planned panic comes to mind: Joel Gersmann.

Peoples' lives pass before their eyes at times like this. I remember the rumor about Chafee's simulation—that Paul would win second place by less than 800 votes. So for three hours I will go out and act as if my presence in the crew house circle will make a difference...I can relate to that—for 3 hours.

Soglin hasn't looked like this since Pat Korten dropped in uninvited on the last two weeks of Paul's until then unopposed race for the Council in 1970. People are spinning their wheels like they are trying to get out of the way of advancing panzers at the Kasserine Pass...there is no Plan.

THIS IS not surprising, by the way. When you are in a campaign, I mean when you really get into it, your worst enemy is this tunnel vision that begins to set in. People

get their noses down to the wheel so close they forget...so close to the election they forget about election day. And now, it seems, nobody is voting.

Diane Soglin and I get into the car and drive off with instructions that amount to "get out the vote in LHA". Okay. Get out the vote in LHA; throw pebbles at the windows? Lead a marching band down the halls. I've never been in LHA except for one long, abortive night in Cole Hall that ended with my joining the Cole after-hours paratroop squad.

After running around for a while like I'm doing something I find a food service worker who clues me in on a magic public address system, so I run from Holt to Kronshage and get an announcement. When I come back, he has also organized a magic marker and some discarded box tops to make signs from—and that is what I do. If you read one of those signs Tuesday night, you know where they came from:

Vote Today!

-mayor

-county executive

-alderman

A car will be in the crew house circle until 7:30 to take you to the polls at Union South and bring you back.

I DON'T think I'll ever forget those signs. It is not easy to sit in the middle of Holt Commons looking like a Christian Science used Bible Salesman.

Eventually I go out and stand in the rain and do the carny barker bit, looking not unlike a 1950 vegetarian and ban-the-bomber



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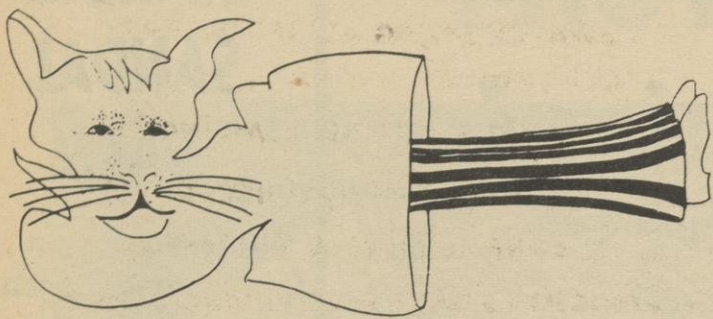
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Shades of Gray Shield law

Doug Johnson



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There are probably quite a few people who are already weary of hearing the reasons why newsmen need the protection of a shield law. The catch phrases are fast becoming quotable clichés: "chilling effect on the news," "the free flow of information," "the public's right to know." If a few more reporters are sent to jail, even that may become commonplace. . . a news item relegated to page 32 in eighty per cent of the nation's daily newspapers. Newsman's privilege does not seem to an issue hotly debated in the work shops, or the beauty shops, or the college classrooms of the country.

Unfortunately, both for journalists and those who would rather not hear about it, it is an issue that's going to be around for awhile. Nor is the press crying "wolf"—the danger is real, as indicated by the latest flood of federal subpoenas issued last week.

Twelve subpoenas were approved by a Washington, D.C. federal judge in connection with a libel suit against Democratic Party leaders. Nixon's re-election committee is suing the Democrats for some things they said in connection with the Watergate Affair.

THE REPORTERS NAMED were from The Washington Star-News, Time, The New York Times, and The Washington Post. Three Post reporters were called, as were the paper's managing editor and publisher. The Post, of course, was the paper most responsible for transforming the Watergate case from a "caper" to a full-blown political scandal. The investigative reporting of Carl Bernstein, Bob Woodward, and the other Post writers will probably win them a Pulitzer Prize. But the committee might have to mail the prize care of the D.C. jail turnkey. All twelve journalists have been ordered to produce

all documents, papers, letters, photos, notes, story drafts, and tapes "which in any way relate to" the Watergate break-in or political espionage. The papers are fighting the subpoenas. If they lose, a number of good reporters may go to jail.

It is not clear whether this case is covered by last June's 5-4 Supreme Court decision which declared that newsmen have no inherent constitutional right to privileged information. (That decision was based on several criminal cases, this case is a civil libel suit.) What is clear is that the gates have been opened, and every high-powered defense attorney and two-bit district attorney in the country knows it.

The Post's Watergate coverage is a too-rare example of the American press—or at least a segment of it—at its best. If such men are jailed for doing their jobs well, the effect on news sources and on other newsmen will be very real indeed.

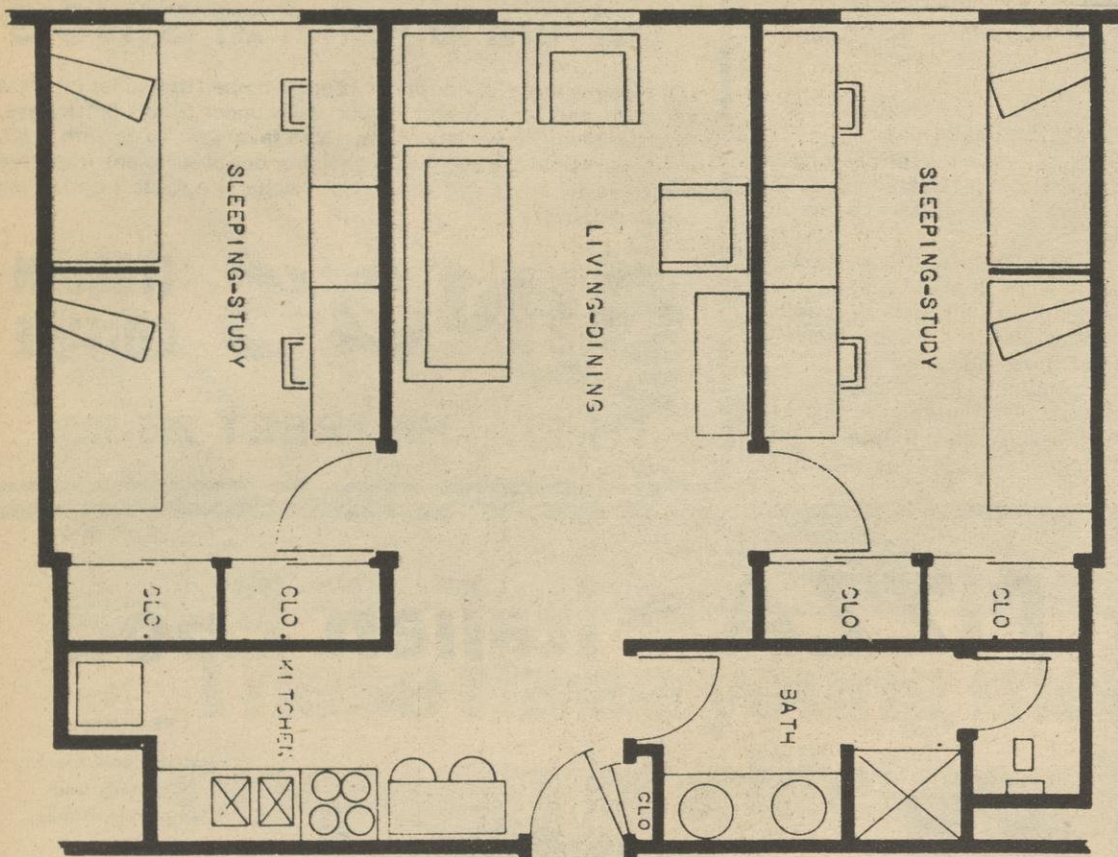
How many confidential sources will fully trust a reporter's promise of secrecy, when that reporter may face an indefinite jail sentence a month later? Newsmen and (more importantly) news executives will engage in self-censorship. Rather than risk long legal battles and/or jail sentences, questions will go unasked, stories will be spiked. This is the "chilling effect" you've heard about, and professional newsmen say that it is happening, happening right now.

OF COURSE, many newspapers will remain unaffected. Never making waves in the first place, they will not need a shield. Some reporters oppose shield laws because they think such laws would be a step towards government licensing of newsmen. If such a move comes, it must be met on its own ground.

(continued on page 6)

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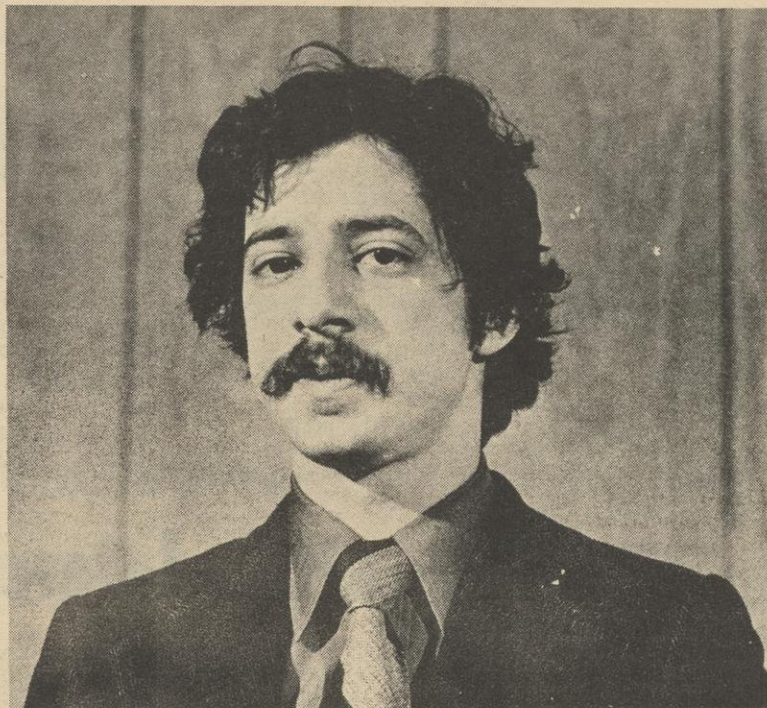
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"THE VOTES aren't counted yet, I say. Not that I believe he will win, or lose. I've been through this too often, and there is a part of my mind that is innured, wired shut, to counting the votes before they are, indeed, all in. I get in the back of the car; it is getting colder and my feet are wet. It's raining again.

"These people don't deserve Paul," she says. "What can I say. If they don't vote for him, they don't; there is nothing elitist about this—it is the talk of the Convinced.

"Well, they still might get him. They might get what they need, not what they want," I say.

WHEN WE got back to the office it was necessary that the Stones be playing, and playing "You Can't Always Get What You Want." Oh, why not.



Cardinal photo by Geoff Simon

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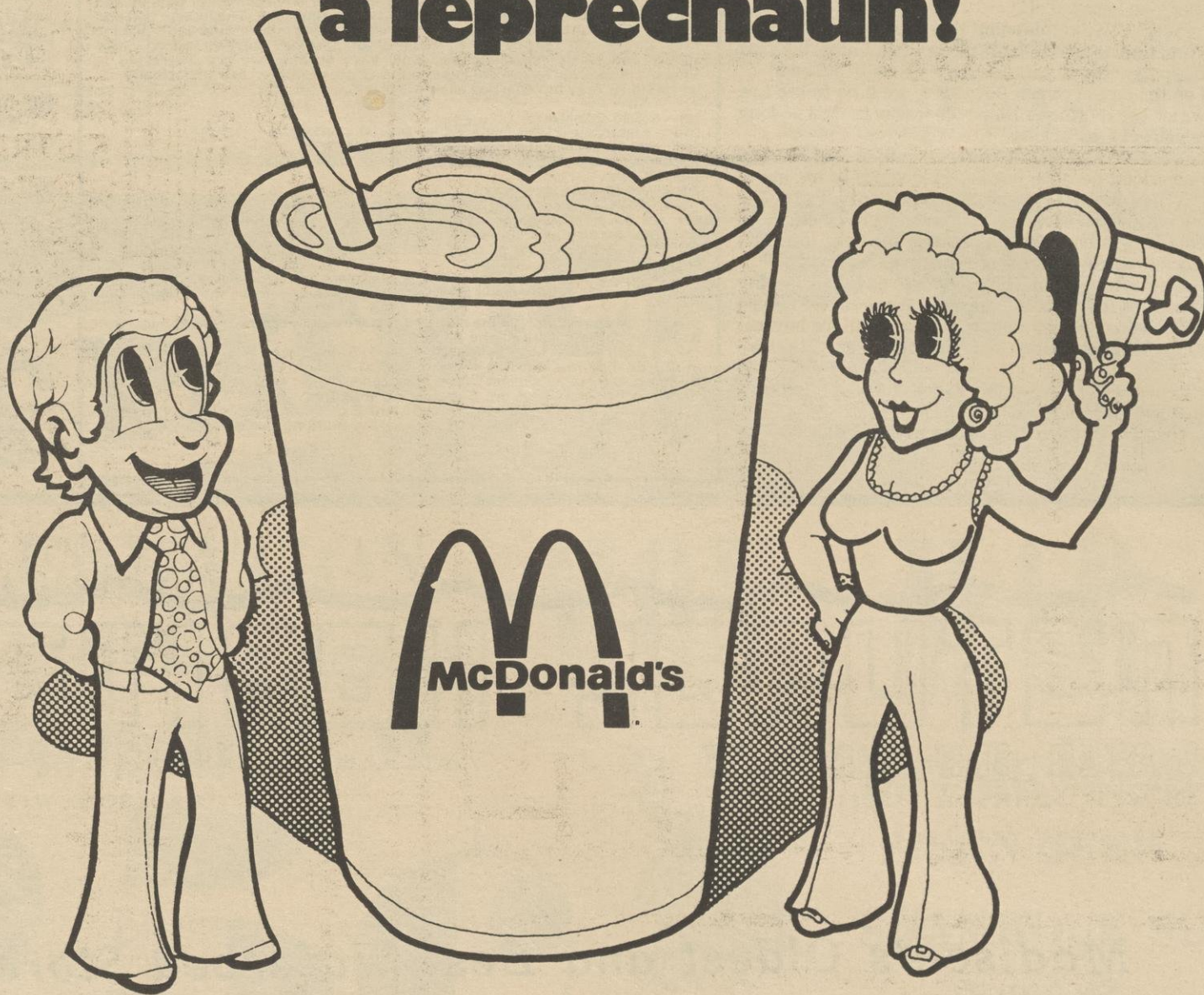
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Five o'clock Follies —



Procrastination

--now!

Duke Welter

You've all heard of National Boy Scout Week or Wisconsin potato growers week, or International Women's Week, but last week was another that merits specific national attention. Rep. Bertram L. Podell (D-N.Y.) rose on the floor of the House of Representatives Wednesday to proclaim to the watching world that we were in the midst of "National Procrastination Week".

However, Podell declined any further comment after the statement, saying, "I will put off my remarks on the subject until a later time."

IN HONOR OF the momentous occasion, I decided to make putting-things-off-until-later the subject of this column.

The perfect interviewee was tough to find, but after umpteen phone calls I got through to Les Waas, a public relations executive in Philadelphia who is presently President of the Procrastinator's Club of America.

Acting President, that is—Waas was elected in 1956 for a one-year term, but they haven't got around to holding their 1957 elections.

"A BUNCH OF US were just sitting around in a restaurant and we decided it would be a good thing to form a group to schedule a meeting for Monday, solely so it could be rescheduled to Tuesday."

Momentous mementos in the history include a trip to Spain several years ago "to get money for three ships to discover America with." Originally enough, the procrastinators planned to call them the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria. But the search was fruitless, Waas explained, "until Ford gave us a Pinto. Then we were able to get North American Life Insurance to cover us against falling off the edge of the world, and we promised to name any land we discovered after their company—North America."

In 1970 the Club picketted the White Chapel Foundry in England to protest the crack in the Liberty Bell. The 550-year-old company allegedly had a two-hundred-year guarantee for parts or workmanship on the dingy, "but it broke long before that, so they should make us another one."

OTHER PROJECTS by the group have included a trip to the 1964 New York World's Fair ("We sure missed the crowds on that one") and a brief picketting of the White House in 1967 to protest the war of 1812 (with signs reading "bring our boys home from the War of 1812" and "President Madison, this is YOUR war" —Waas says, "That was one of our successful efforts. The war is now over.")

But isn't the Procrastinator's Club of America running out of those projects that are just begging to be put off?

Hardly, says their leader. "We're planning three projects right now, but just can't seem to find time to get them off the ground. Later this year we'll be in Chicago to help fight the Great Chicago Fire—with our own bucket brigade. And on the day of Super Bowl 1974, we'll be in the Los Angeles Coliseum to watch the 1973 Super Bowl. That way there's no long lines to stand in before you get your tickets."

THE PROCRASTINATORS' Club of America presently has about 1200 members, but that's unofficial because nobody ever sends in his membership form on time. They just got around to sending out bills for the 1972 membership fees, but the mail, as we all know, is pretty slow. In fact, the Club is also planning a banquet sometime in the near future in honor of the U.S. Postal Service for its great procrastinative efforts.

In the past years, the group has urged its members to pay their income tax after the April 15 deadline for practical reasons. Waas says, "it used to be that the rate of penalty for late payment was lower than the interest rates if you invested in somewhere else—but they've changed that all now." Curses.

Intrigued by the existence of this fascinating group, I asked him how I could be the first on my block to be a member.

"ALL IT TAKES", I was told, "is a five-dollar membership fee, for

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Shield law

(continued from page 4)

Opposing a shield law on this basis is like deciding not to resist the drunken thug who is stomping you into the sidewalk, because you don't want him to become angry and hurt you.

There is at least one local reporter, John Wyngaard, who opposes a shield law in part because "phony" newsmen might hide behind it. We assume that Wyngaard was referring to Mark Knops and his ilk. Knops, former editor of *Kaleidoscope*, spent four months in jail in 1969 for refusing to divulge the source of a story he wrote on the AMRC bombing. The judge in the case ruled that there was a First Amendment reporters' privilege, but said it had to yield "in the interests of justice."

If newsmen ever are licensed, perhaps the government can find men of perception like Wyngaard to sit on the accreditation board, where

they can help separate the phonies from the sanctified press.

Shield laws, even unqualified ones, will not end attempts at news repression. They would not have prevented the 1971 prior-restraint injunction in the Pentagon Papers case. They would not have prevented the recent arrest of Jack Anderson's associate, Les Whitten, which was followed by an FBI search of Anderson's telephone records. They would not prevent the imminent termination of political affairs programming on public television, nor would they protect network television from Nixon's attempts to muzzle them.

At the most, a shield law will restore to newsmen who cover stories like the Watergate case one of the few real tools they have for getting behind the press releases. And that will make it a little harder for the bastards.

CORRECTION

In Friday's Cardinal we reported that RHTU member David Balter, who was arrested for posterizing the dorms, Cardinal we reported that RHTU member David Balter, lived in 1002 Sellery Hall.

Unfortunately, Balter's address is 1006 Sellery. We apologize for this grievous error.

Little International Show

(continued from page 1)

Co-Horse Administrator Kim Annacker also mentioned how popular the show was becoming, "especially around Illinois—40% of our entries were from there this year." (Another side-light to this year's show is the presence of girls on the Little I. staff—for

many years a male strong-hold).

Also, for a horse show, we have a great variety of different interest events, and that really contributes to our popularity," Kim added.

PERHAPS THE climax to the show for many of the viewers, was the pig race. Approximately thirty girls, from all over the Madison campus, chased the piglets—as loud as they were wiggly, around the arena. When the winner had finally penned her piglet in, and exhaustedly fell to the ground, the majority of pigs and girls had yet to be united.

"Jane Meyer, (sponsored by Babcock House) how does it feel to win the pig event?" we ask in an up-to-the-minute-report.

"Great!" she answered.

"Does it take a lot to catch a piggy?" we inquired.

"IT'S REALLY difficult!" she exclaimed, still gasping from the ordeal. "It's more tiring than you'd think; but then I had practice back home on our farm," she grins, "advice to those interested in trying to get a pig—practice."

Another knowledgeable spectator and show official commented, "What's your best kind of pig? Oh, ya really can't say. You have your good ones and your bad ones."

MAHAVISHNU CONCERT SET

The John McLaughlin Mahavishnu Orchestra have set the venue for their concert on March 19 at the Stock Pavilion. Tickets will be \$3 in advance and \$3.50 on the day of the show.

CHI EPSILON
HONORARY CIVIL ENGINEERING FRATERNITY
ANNOUNCES:

PHOTO CONTEST

ILLUSTRATING CIVIL ENGINEERING WORKS

IN THE CONTEXT OF HARMONY WITH MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT

TO BE DISPLAYED AT THE ENGINEERING EXPOSITION '73,
APRIL 6, 7 & 8

The technology used in engineering the environment for man's peaceful existence and well being such as his buildings, bridges, monuments, dams, canals, roadways, railways and other structures; his supply of clean water and recycling of used water; the measurement of environmental quality and the earth, are all among the province of Civil Engineering. The interaction and impact of man, his works, and nature, are of interest to everyone and since the Civil Engineers' solutions, i.e., designs for housing, transportation, water supply and waste recycling problems, vary greatly, we are interested in showing those works which have set a good example, are historically interesting, or may be regarded as works of art.

PRIZES

1st - \$25.00 CASH
2nd - Electronic Flash Donated by MEUR PHOTOART HOUSE
3rd - \$10.00 Certificate from CAMPUS CAMERA
\$10.00 Certificate from HILLDALE CARD & CAMERA
\$10.00 Cash
4th - 3-\$5.00 Cash Prizes

RULES AND REGULATIONS

(1) All amateur photographers in the University Community, including students, faculty and staff, are eligible.
(2) Photos may be B&W or color prints of any size, framed or unframed, and old or recent.
(3) Judging will be done by two faculty members and two students of Civil and Environmental Engineering and two judges from outside the Engineering College.
(4) Entries should include the name and address of the entrant and the location and approximate date of the photo.
(5) All photos must be in by March 15, 1973. Entries may be made by: placing in Chi Epsilon mailbox; or mailing to: Chi Epsilon Fraternity, Engineering Building, UW, 1415 Johnson Drive, Madison 53706; or submitting photo to Paul Nehm in Room 1218 of the Engineering Building.
(6) Winning photos will be announced at the Exposition. Prizes and photos may be claimed in Room 1218 of the Engineering Building during the week beginning April 16, 1973.

NATURAL HABITAT

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to the Cardinal

On Thursday, March 1, the Daily Cardinal carried an endorsement of my opponent in the eighth aldermanic primary. On Thursday afternoon, I hand delivered a response to that endorsement to Duke Welter, City Editor of the Cardinal. I was assured that it would be run on Friday. Instead, however, the Cardinal ran two sizable ads on the editorial page on Friday, March 2, violating a Cardinal rule of journalism.

After complaining about this

lack of objectivity. I was assured that the letter would be run on the following Tuesday, the day of the election, since the Monday magazine was an independent entity. Well, not only was the letter not run on Tuesday, but the Cardinal had the audacity to run, in its stead, a letter from a fictitious person, Harvey O. Glortz, at a fictitious address, 135 Langdon (Ray Davis claims to live at 131 Langdon).

And what, you might ask, was the topic of this most important

message? It was, essentially, a complaint about the insufficient numbers of public toilets in the city of Madison.

Now, I take that as an insult to me personally, an affront to what journalism is supposed to be about, and most importantly, a demonstration of disrespect for the intelligence of those readers of the Daily Cardinal who relied on that newspaper for guidance and information about last Tuesday's election.

I can only deduce that the Cardinal is afraid to compare my background, experience, position on the issues and potential ability to perform the task of being an alderperson with that of Raymond L. Davis.

Instead, the Cardinal has chosen to print innuendos about the fact of my membership in the Democratic party while not mentioning Ray's membership in that party. And yet they ignored known facts about Davis which tend to support the allegation that he does not live in the 8th district.

I welcome the opportunity to wage an objective issue-oriented campaign. I will respond to invitations to address a debate before voters and potential voters of the 8th district. I invite open, objective comparison.

Horace Harris
8th Dist. Candidate
for the City Council

MUSIC AT THE UNION

Programs of folk, rock and roll, bluegrass and jazz for the UW-Madison community are held each week Monday through Saturday at the Memorial Union, 800 Langdon Street.

Mondays will feature "Madison's Finest Folk Music" each Monday from 9-10:45 p.m. in the Rathskeller. Bill Campin and Kent St. Christopher will play on alternating weeks.

Watch for announcements of upcoming events.

Procrastination

(continued from page 6)

which you get (and get this, folks) a license to procrastinate (suitable for framing), a membership card for your wallet, and a year's subscription to last year's newsletter.

How can you pass up such a deal? How can you amateurs out there pass up the chance to become registered members of this top-flight group?

There have been some problems with forming new chapters of the Procrastinators' Club. One correspondent wrote six years ago asking for information of the first step in organizing a chapter in Ohio. The information was sent a few months later (after all due process of procrastination) and nothing was heard for three years, when another letter asked for information on the second step.

"WE'RE NOT AGAINST getting things done", Waas says, "we're just against doing them now".

The Club now has chapters from California (the Escargot Chapter in Sacramento) to England, where one member is a baby who was born eight weeks late. "Think of the poor little fellow—all the other babies whose age he's supposed to be are eight weeks ahead of him. He could spend the rest of his life trying to catch up." The unfortunate tyke was awarded an honorary life membership. Procrastinators protect their own.

It's a unique passel of passable put-offs doing a great put-on, and it's great that someone has formed an interest group to speak up for one of man's great failings. It had to happen sometime since groups exist for just about every other purpose in America.

But for the time being, there's one thing you might keep in mind in observance of National Procrastination Week last week, and that's the Club's motto.

"IT'S 'PROCRASTINATE—NOW!'", Waas says, "and that's the only thing we urge people to do now". Sound advice for the mind and body, I'd say.

And if you're wondering why this is written this week, when National Procrastination Week was last week, just let me say...well...I just kept putting it off.

Cardinal regurgitations

March 12, 1913

FROSH GIRLS WILL WEAR GREEN BUTTONS

The cold waters of Mendota are now ready to receive recalcitrant freshman co-eds as well as the men. Any freshman girl caught without the regulation green button prescribed by the sophs will be liable to a cold bath if the sophs catch them.

The buttons have arrived and are now for sale at the college bookstore. The price is five centimes. Faith Wilcox will have charge of the sale at Chadbourne and Barnard Halls.

The freshman girls are required to wear the official signia on their dresses throughout the year.

March 12, 1957

NO CHANGES MADE IN PARKING RULES

There will be no changes this year in the rules for automobiles driving and parking on the campus, according to A.F. Gallistel, superintendent of buildings and grounds.

As was the custom last year and throughout the summer session, no student will be allowed to park his car on the campus, and cars owned by members of the faculty and university employees must be parked in spaces assigned to them.

The use of cutouts, riding on running boards and driving over ten miles an hour will be barred as before. Exceptions to these rules will be granted by Superintendent Gallistel only.

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The Loft
Rustic Atmosphere

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OUR FANTASTIC RESTAURANT IS NOW OPEN!

Happy Hour 5-7
Dancing

Happy Hour 5-7

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Smorgasbord Fridays Choose from 10 different seafoods plus the delightful salad bar—See you Soon!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

CELEBRATION

A Couple O'Days Early

8:30 to 9:30 P.M.

25¢

LIQUOR DRINKS

Our Exclusive Liquor Giants



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GREEN BEER

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One Block East of Camp Randall at 1421 Regent

Open 11:00 A.M. Sundays at 12:00
FREE PARKING

FOUR DAY ENTERTAINMENT

WED. NIGHTS—Free Drink to Medical Girls

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY NIGHTS

No Cover or Minimum—Free Peanuts at 9:00 Fri. & Sat.

The white negro

Been down so long looks like up to me

By DAVID ZURAWIK

Hanging from one of the four walls of Joe Kelly's single room, forty dollars a month room on Chicago's tired Southside is a gold record. The plaque its embossed on says:

"To Joe Kelly and
The Shadows of Knight
for
their 1966
million
selling
'Gloria'"

It doesn't really look too much like a gold record, anymore, though. Its tarnished, scratched, and dulled to a sort of crummy yellow; about the same color as the few surviving patches of linoleum ground into the floor.

Forcing himself out of bed, Kelly makes sure his bare feet land on one of those linoleum islands. They do, but his body still clenches at the chill.

"Sweet home Chicago," he laughs, humming the opening line of that tune by the late Magic Sam which celebrates the joys of winter in one of "sweet home Chicago's" ghettos.

His humming is interrupted by the crackling and spluttering of the hot plate he plugs in to heat up some water for instant coffee. It's a toss-up between Kelly and the hot plate's cord for the most ragged looking thing in the room.

"AS MUDDY WATERS once said," he begins spooning out the coffee, "I ain't exactly dead; but then, I ain't exactly doin' 'too well either.'"

It's not surprising, either, that Kelly should be quoting Muddy Waters. Six years ago, the 19-year-old Kelly, was recorded in the liner notes of "The Shadows" album as saying: "The music of Muddy Waters and the other Negro blues artists is the music

we hope someday to play. That's the real music."

That album sold more copies that year than any three Muddy Waters' albums ever sold. "The Shadows" also, that year, played \$1500 a night concerts all over the

us, and started playing all that blues. Well, it really wasn't even that. I mean we could sugar-coat the tunes, but he started insisting we do it pure and get some real Chicago blues musicians on the albums. Hell, who knew a young

pill, a vitamin E pill, four vitamin C's, and a 25 milligram benzadrine tab; and washes it all down with a gulp of coffee.

"No...." he waits for the pills to settle. "No, like I was saying, what went wrong was that I came

hair and scraggly FuManchu. The comb works on neither.

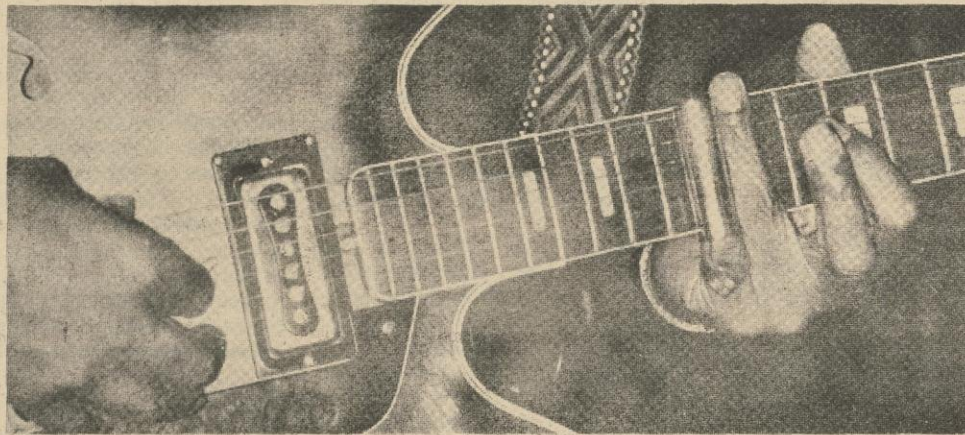
"So, we got discovered, made the record, and had a few big months. We made pretty good just, too. I gave some to my parents, man, to pay some of their mortgage; and the rest I 'Sunk in blues groups I've tried to form since."

"I had one in '70 that was outta sight—'The Joe Kelly Blues Band.' Had Sam Lay from the Muddy Waters and Paul Butterfield Bands on drums. Had Jerome Arnold on bass. I was on guitar. It was really a bitch. But we couldn't get enough work to stay together."

"WAS WITH A dynamite group last summer, too. But it just didn't work out. Bill Trout, though, from RCA was really interested. Almost cut us."

The group last summer was "a dynamite group," too. What "just didn't work out, though," was that the agent promised the group that he would get them a tour with Alice Cooper, if they worked for him for a while at seventy-five dollars a week, per man. That was all right with the group, despite the fact that they were working about five nights a week, earning about five hundred dollars a night. It was even all right when the agent insisted that Kelly try for Cooper's bisexual or transvestite look. Kelly obliged by: getting his hair styled into a woman's hair-do, getting his ears pierced for earrings, wearing hip-hugger slacks and bare midriff halter style bouses. He carried a purse and wore eye makeup, too. It was even all right when the music started changing from blues to high energy rock; after all, Kelly was a little older, and had once already made the

(continued on page 10)



county, while Muddy Waters got almost nothing but \$150 nights in "sweet home Chicago."

AND THE PEOPLE paying those \$1500 dollars were happy as long as Joe Kelly and "The Shadows" did rock and roll, gyrated, shook, and screamed: "G-L-O-R-I-A, Gloria. All right, all right, all right. Gloria." They were happy because the 6'3", slender, but healthy-looking drove high school girls crazy when he shook his long, black, curly locks of hair in their front-row faces, while playing a bass guitar behind his back. They even went crazier when he flopped on his back, bridged himself, and thrust his hips skyward with each throb of the rhythm.

And the jobs kept coming in, until... Well, until, as Marty Feldmann, the man who produced "The Shadows" album, put it: "...until Kelly stopped listening to

white audience would accept pure black music, bake then."

Feldmann tosses the album jacket toward his desk. It falls to the floor.

"Shit. I don't know. Maybe Kelly and The Shadows just burned themselves out—a one-record, flash-in-the pan group. Who cares, anyhow? Kelly's sure enough burned out, at any rate. Ya, Kelly's a true bluesman, now—drugs, booze, the whole scene. Only one thing wrong: he's white, and no one wants to hear whites play the blues."

"YA, MARTY'S right in a lotta ways," Kelly resumes, pouring the boiling water into a pair of mugs with the "University of Chicago" lettered across their what he's talking about, and he did all right by us. Man, we had the whole scene—limousines and the works. But, ah..."

He stops. Takes a multi-vitamin

up listening to all those damn, nasty blues records; and fell in love with the shit. I don't know how it happened. I lived in a fairly nice, sort of lower middle class Chicago suburb, and all that. But, for some reason, I kept going into the city and buying black blues records. I'd take 'em home, man, and just sit in the basement for days listening and playing along. I guess it turned my head around, and I just started thinking like those cats.

"I FORMED The Shadows my sophomore year in high school as a blues band, and dreamed of getting really good; then graduating and moving down to the South or Westside to play with the real cats. I guess we were so bad, though, that we sounded like a good rock band."

Joe pulls on a pair of jeans, looks in the mirror, and tries to do something with his greasy head of

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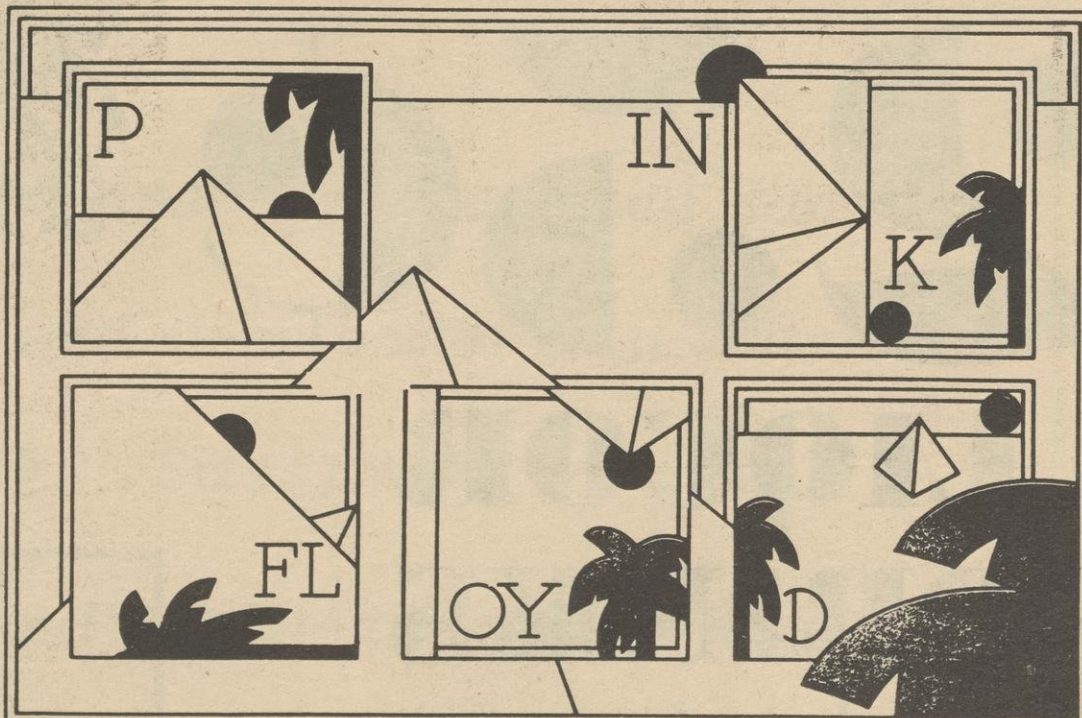
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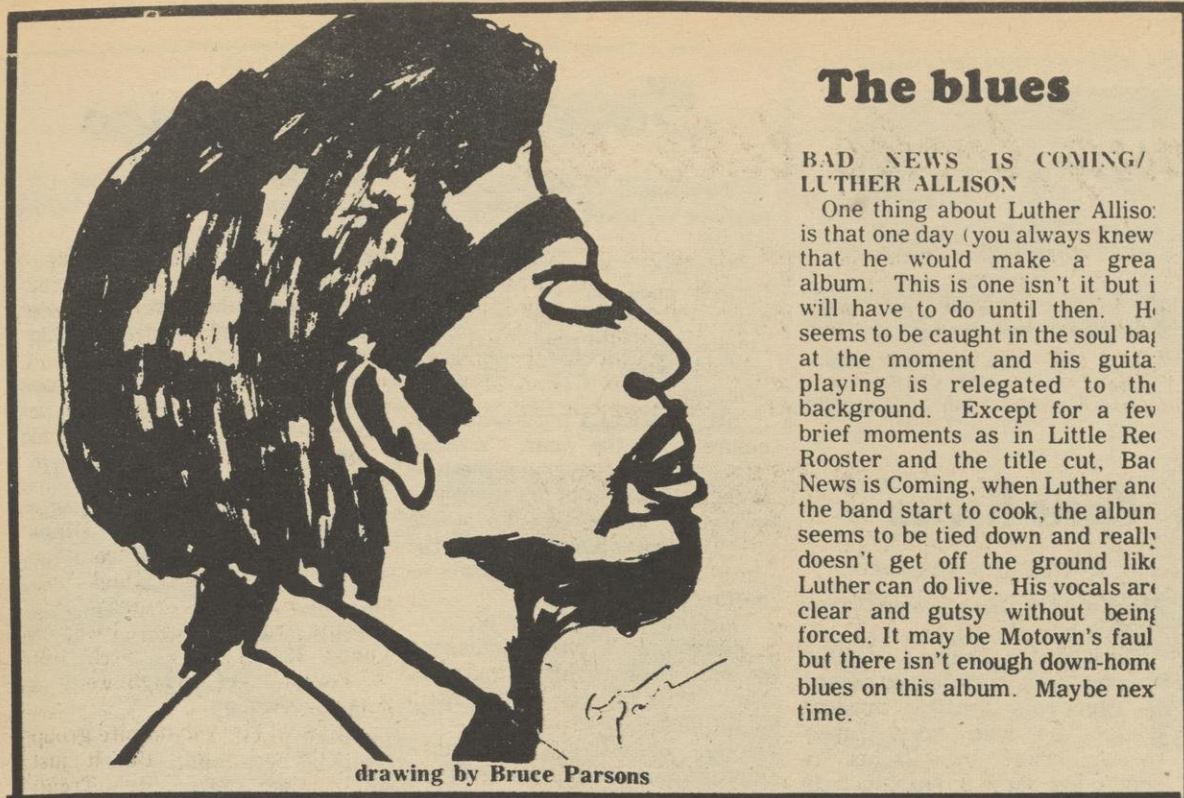


DARK SIDE OF MOON 3.49



MEDDLE 3.49





drawing by Bruce Parsons

The blues

**BAD NEWS IS COMING/
LUTHER ALLISON**

One thing about Luther Allison is that one day (you always knew that he would make a great album. This is one isn't it but I will have to do until then. He seems to be caught in the soul bag at the moment and his guitar playing is relegated to the background. Except for a few brief moments as in Little Red Rooster and the title cut, Bad News is Coming, when Luther and the band start to cook, the album seems to be tied down and really doesn't get off the ground like Luther can do live. His vocals are clear and gutsy without being forced. It may be Motown's fault but there isn't enough down-home blues on this album. Maybe next time.

Great Uncle from Kaukauna

By Sven Lars Holbaarg
episode three

It was also in the time of the holocaust, after the parking meters, that bands of canvassieri appeared in the land. Masterless ward heelers, the canvassieri were loosed by the general collapse of political life occasioned by the holocaust, after the parking meters. It is believed they were called after the once prevalent ante-deluvian practice of canvassing.

In these expansive times of trouble and dark terror these ronin, as they might be called, would roam the countryside canvassing mindlessly for anyone who would hire them. But the intervals between elections were long in those days—as long as the venerable parking meter was short. And the canvassieri would, in bands, fall into brigandry. It was reported in the northern reaches that they even took to leafletting and buttonholing, now capital crimes, but so far gone were these times, and so powerless the decent to halt them.

A sturdy brigand by the name of Lars Porcina established a notable sway over the canvassieri in the region of Kaukauna and even managed once to sack this gem of light and learning in a sea of dark foreboding; although to the credit of the burghers of this cheese capital, not without heavy losses. But the price of integrity ran high in these neo-gothic times, and having forced the town square, the mayor was thereupon forced in consecutive sittings to inject very quantities of ancient illuminated mimeograph masters monks of the town had been saving for a return of general literacy. It was rumored that among the relics thus destroyed were a complete set of ditto masters from the campaign of Eddie Handel, a semi-legendary figure in political life of before the holocaust and parking meters. So far had the canvassieri departed from their calling!

And Lars Sven Holbaarg, from his outpost at a great metropolitan daily on the edge of the Secure Regions, brooded on these things greatly.

—to be continued—

translated by Keith Davis

SOGLIN FOR MAYOR

The Soglin for Mayor campaign needs volunteers for a campus canvassing Monday and Tues. this week. All interested persons please meet at the Soglin office at 458 W. Gilman St. at 6:30 p.m. both nights. For further information call the office at 255-4871 or Harry T. Judd, Central Madison Political Caucus at 251-4361.

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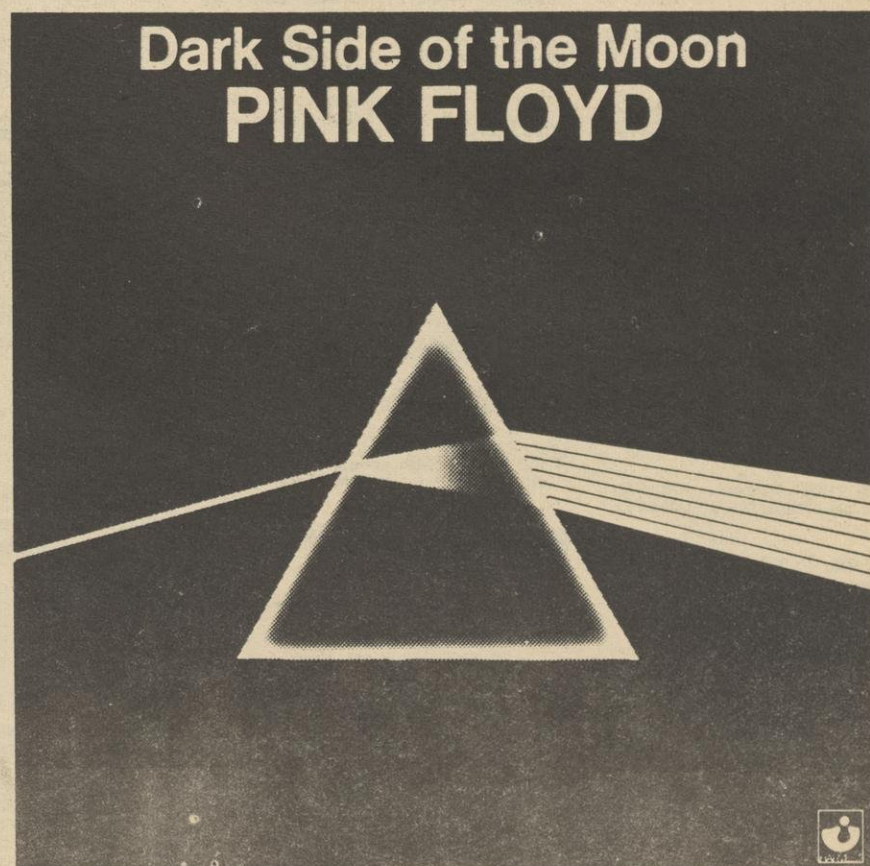
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IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD PINK FLOYD, YOU HAVEN'T HEARD.

Pink Floyd are one of the world's most inventive and enjoyable bands. They may very honestly be labeled the leaders in genuine 'progressive' music. Their new album has been a year in preparation, and it's superb. See you on...

THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

Dark Side of the Moon
PINK FLOYD



SERGEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE

by John Arden

**FINAL PERFORMANCE THIS WEEK
THURSDAY-SATURDAY—8 PM**

Thrust Stage Theatre — Vilas Hall

Tickets Only \$2.50

On Sale Now at the Vilas Hall Box Office

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3 BDRM. APT. 500 blk. of W. Dayton 2 bdrm. apt. 1010 E. Gorham. 255-6595. — xxx

LOW-COST UNFURNISHED housing, northeast side. Near to shopping center, branch library, and two bus lines. Families only; sorry no singles. Application required. 1 bdrm. \$86.97; 2 bdrms. \$101-\$115. (no utilities incl.) 1 yr. lease, no pets. 1925 Northport Dr. #5B. 249-9281. — xxx

CAMPUS—SPACIOUS singles (men 21 & over) 238-2434, 274-0114, 251-4191 anytime. — xxx

COED HOUSE. Kitchen, laundry, lounge, convenient. Reasonable. 255-8216, 222-2724. — 20x26

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CAMPUS near Union South. Large 3 bdrm. apts. for 5. 2 bdrm. apts. for 4. 233-2588. — xxx

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HOUSE— 5 to 8 students. Regent-Randall area. Available June or August for 1 yr. lease. 238-7957, 238-7784. — 12x20

ROOM for rent immediately. 550 W. Mifflin, Dede or Martha 251-9800. — 5x13

SINGLE room: \$40/mo. thru May 20. 5 minutes from Bascom Hall. Scott Stoddard 256-9351 — 5x13

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'68 FORD FALCON. Automatic, 4 dr. excellent condition. \$700 or best offer. 274-1973. — xxx

'68 VW \$875. 255-1402. — 5x13

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1969 VW BUG, 33,000 mi., good condition, new tires, radio, gas heater, rear window defrost. \$1100. 836-9627 after 5:30 p.m. All day weekends. — 5x15

TRUCK, '57 Ford F-100 with utility boxes 257-9088 after 6 p.m. — 5x15

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PERSONALS

WAR TAX refusal information. Wisconsin Peace Fund, P.O. Box 2683, Madison. — 30xM6

PARKING

PARKING 251-5877 (Langdon & Henry Sts.) — 4x14

SERVICES

ABORTION, Contraception. Sterilization, VD treatment referral. ZPG. 233-4562, 798-2328, 238-3338, 233-4562. — 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

DRIVING instruction. 244-5455. — 136xMay 7th

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

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RUSH PASSPORTS Photos. Taken by noon ready by 3 p.m. 2 @ \$4.00. 1517 Monroe St. Near Fieldhouse. free parking. 238-1381. — xxx

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

PHOTOGRAPHY CLASS: 4 weeks. Learn to shoot, develop, print, mount. Free session. 241-2838. — 9x16

LSD? COCAINE? MDA? Questions on drugs or just want to rap? DRUG INFO CENTER. Librarian and drug specialists available. hours: 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. weekdays. 420 N. Lake Street 263-1737. — 30

LOVE FOR \$3.50? Campus wide computer Dating Service makes life a little easier. Call 256-5164. — 10x12

TYPING, SPEEDY: 244-8464 after 5. (M3)

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EUROPE: Leave any day, return any day via 747. International Student ID Cards. Hotel info. Youthfare cards & Eurail passes. TRAVEL CENTER, 544 State St. 256-6000 afternoons. — xxx

EUROPEAN JOBS, Study programs, guaranteed. Young World, Mitchell Bldg. Milw. 53202, 414/271-3355. — xxx

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Music Review

By BRUCE PARSONS

The Grand Wazoo — Frank Zappa — (Bizarre)

The legend of Cleetus Awrightus brought to you complete on record by America's greatest musical thief. As with most Zappa records, there are flashes of genius but most of the music is worn-out parodies on American music of the last 50 years: jazz, and Twentieth Century classical. The most enjoyable moment on the record is Don Preston's very impressive moog solo. Preston is a grand master of all keyboards who has had to live beneath the overpowering media image of Zappa. At least it's a step away from that comedy music. For Zappa lovers. Go get 'em, Frank.

Poetry Review

EXTORTION by Dan Desnoyers
Clandestine/Maniac Press
265 Langdon St. Apt. 510
available at
the Madison Book Co-op

"Wherever men hunt wolves, christian men go to church."

This book is not about hunting; non-hunting might be the word. Hunting could be anything like questing, searching, etc., such as "Fear searches for religion," or "Fear haunts religion."

Non-hunting leaves the mind clearer to watch and wait, keeping the wolves alive and people out of church—beauty leaves off where religion begins.

This is Mr. Desnoyers second book of poems, he has a strong wind under both wings — this might be threatening — just like freedom.

JIM ZWALDO

To The Editor:

We would appreciate it very much if you would put our names in your campus newspaper. We are two lonely inmates with no one to write to. We would answer any and all letters. Any help would be highly appreciated.

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Sweet home Chicago

(continued from page 8)
mistake of resisting his agent's advice.

"Besides," says Kelly, "we figured once we got the RCA contract and some advance money, we could record what we wanted—which would be some nice blues."

"BUT," KELLY butts his eighth cigarette of the hour, "nothing happened. We never got the tour or the contract; and the agent just let us burn ourselves out at a five hundred dollar a night level in the same clubs, 'til they didn't want us no more."

And that wasn't all right. Kelly pulls a black turtleneck sweater over his head, and goes back to the mirror to try again with the hair.

"Hey, but listen. Don't make this into one of those 'the agent is a big black wolf trips'; 'cause it's my own life, baby, and most agents are too fuckin' dumb to rip you off anyway. You know that. I'm where I am 'cause I wanta be here. I'm doing' my own thing, now, and looking' straight ahead, baby. I got a little three piece blues band that'll blow you away. Tore up Alice's the other night. May get the house gig."

JOE'S REFERRING to a job his group had at "Alice's Restaurant", a nationally known club on Chicago's Northside, which usually has large crowds. By "tore up" Kelly means that his band did really well.

According to the club's manager, though, Kelly's band "bombed."

"We only hired 'em," said Jack Wesson, the manager, "because Kelly used to be pretty big. But, Kelly really is burned out, crazy, and everything else they say. Thinks he's John Lee Hooker or

somebody. He drew about fifty people, and half of 'em left before the night was over."

Wesson produced a contract which showed that Kelly's group played "for the door," and took home a total of forty-eight dollars for the evening.

"COME ON," Kelly urges, throwing on his leather jacket, "we're gonna jam this afternoon, and you can hear for yourself. After the session we can shoot some pool, and go catch some tunes on the West side, tonight. Ya, we'll bring our shit along and sit-in, too. Show those mother-fuckin' people that mother-fuckin' white cats kin play da blues, too."

And Joe Kelly's off. Off with his turtleneck, off with his leather coat, off with his sunglasses—off with his best imitation of that style of English spoken by the black musicians of Chicago's West and South side areas.

"Imitation's" too harsh. Its not really an imitation; its a dialect nearly white blues musician falls into unconsciously when he's speeding, drinking, excited, or talking to black musicians. Some speak that way all the time.

Anyway, that's the way Joe Kelly's talking, as he pulls his collar up around his throat and pushes out into the heavy, gray gloom of a February afternoon in Chicago.

HE STOPS at the curb to watch a Lincoln Continental ease into a parking space.

"Gonna get me one of them someday, brother. Just like B.B. King says on the record. Uhm, huuhmm."

And, you wonder what would have happened to Joe Kelly if he'd never have heard those records. You wonder why he never stopped to look back at his.

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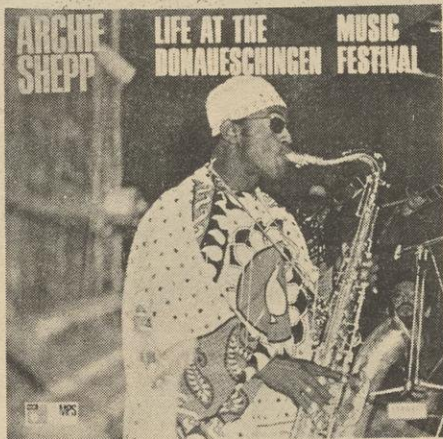
664 State

NEW MUSIC



After John Coltrane died there was a lot of verbage about who was going to become the 'main man' on tenor saxophone. The picture is still clouded and no one seems to care about it much anymore. Pharoah Sanders, once an angry young man, is now producing a much more sedated music than what he had done in the past. His music is still very cosmic although now he plays as if he were safely in orbit rather than in the vanguard of new musical discovery. Albert Ayler was forced by an unsympathetic record company into making records that were oriented in rock and devoid of redeemable value. And now he's dead, too. Thankfully the French **Shandar** label recorded two albums of Ayler's material in Paris shortly before his death that are both excellent musically and recordingwise.

ARCHIE SHEPP has also run into the same type of problems, that of making a commercially successful album by sacrificing substance. His attempt at writing music for an off-Broadway production and a recent album *Attica Blues* (Impulse) have both been sub-standard efforts, definitely from a pure musical standpoint, although they have brought Shepp to a wider audience. But Shepp can do better than that.



Last year MPS Records released an album Shepp made in Germany at the 1967 Donaueschingen Music Festival. What happens on this album is a dedicated performance with drive and intensity. An incredible display of musicianship on Shepp's part. The rest of the band which includes trombonists Roswell Rudd and Grachan Moncur, Bassist Jimmy Garrison (and Beaver Harris on drums, give Shepp all the impetus he needs to be able to soar the way he does in this performance). Dedicated to Coltrane, both sides are titled "One for the Trane" and from the opening solo bass lines by Garrison right on through to the end of side two where Shepp melodically transforms "The Shadow of Your Smile" you will not be able to do anything but just listen. Rudd and Moncur weave in and out of Shepp's tenor lines and comp as a piano would. A very unusual use of trombones and most successful. Also listen very carefully to the beginning of side two where Shepp's unaccompanied solo brings the album to an intense peak. This album is so good I can't understand why it has taken five years to be released.

MOUNTAIN IN THE CLOUDS/MIROSLAVE VITOUS Atlantic SD 1622

Since resurfacing in the extremely successful Weather Report group with Joe Zawinal, and Wayne Shorter, there has been an upsurge of interest in an album Vitous did several years ago for Atlantic. Now retitled *Mountains in the Clouds* it was originally released as *Infinite Search*, which I still feel is the more appropriate title. Vitous is among the better of the myriad of virtuoso string bassists that have emerged of late. An album that features the acoustic bass as a solo instrument and leading without sounding like a Mingus or a Richard Davis is a difficult order, but Vitous manages to develop the music on this album into his own personal style without burdening it with excess.



With the exception of the first song "Freedom Jazz Dance" which was written by Eddie Harris, all the material was written by Vitous. The compositions range from the serenely beautiful to intensely brilliant. Herbie Hancock turns in one of his better performances. His rhythmic third sense keynotes much of the album. John McLaughlin turns in some biting figures and is much more spacy in nature than he is now. His attack is very sharp. Drumming is shared by Jack DeJohnette and occasionally Joe Chambers. And Miroslav Vitous' immaculate bass playing is a sheer joy. He can play with such incredible speed and agility that it makes for a totally satisfying listening experience. If you overlooked this during its first release be certain not to miss it this time around.

The master of the rich, deep tones of the baritone saxophone has returned. After a lengthy absence from recording under his own name, Gerry Mulligan done himself justice with a new recording on A&M entitled *The Age of Steam*. Gerry's playing throughout the album is bouncy and straight ahead. He isn't reaching into the past, but reading on new ground. Even compared to some of the more futuristic sounds going down today, Mulligan's music holds up very favorably.

Behind Mulligan are pianist Roger Kellaway, who also has a new album out called *Center of the Circle*. (A & M Records) reedmen Bud Shank and Bob Brookmeyer among others. Much of the album revolves around a small central chamber group except for subtly arranged climax points where a larger fullforce band comes in. This Gerry calls an extension of his concert band of the Fifties'. It's a lot more than that and they play with a lot more impetus and punch than any Mulligan band that I have heard before.

There is a discrepancy between the liner notes and the album because the notes lists "Dancin' All Day Sunday" as a Monkish tune with Mulligan on Piano, but on the album in this position is Country Beaver, which should be on Side one instead of Side two, etc...Advice: don't read liner notes, just truck down and buy this already and then sit back and enjoy.



MARCH 12 — 8:00 P.M.
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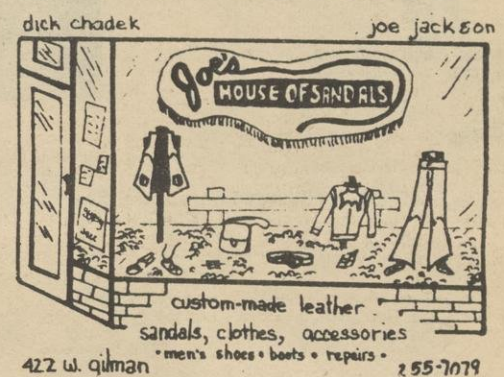
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- 5) Willing to have funds audited by the Office of Financial Advisor to Student Organizations.

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- b) Present sources of income and method of allocation.
- c) Proposal for allocation of any money received through the Checkoff.

All proposals must be to the WSA Office, 511 Memorial Union by Friday, March 16 at 3:30 p.m.

Questions and more information available at
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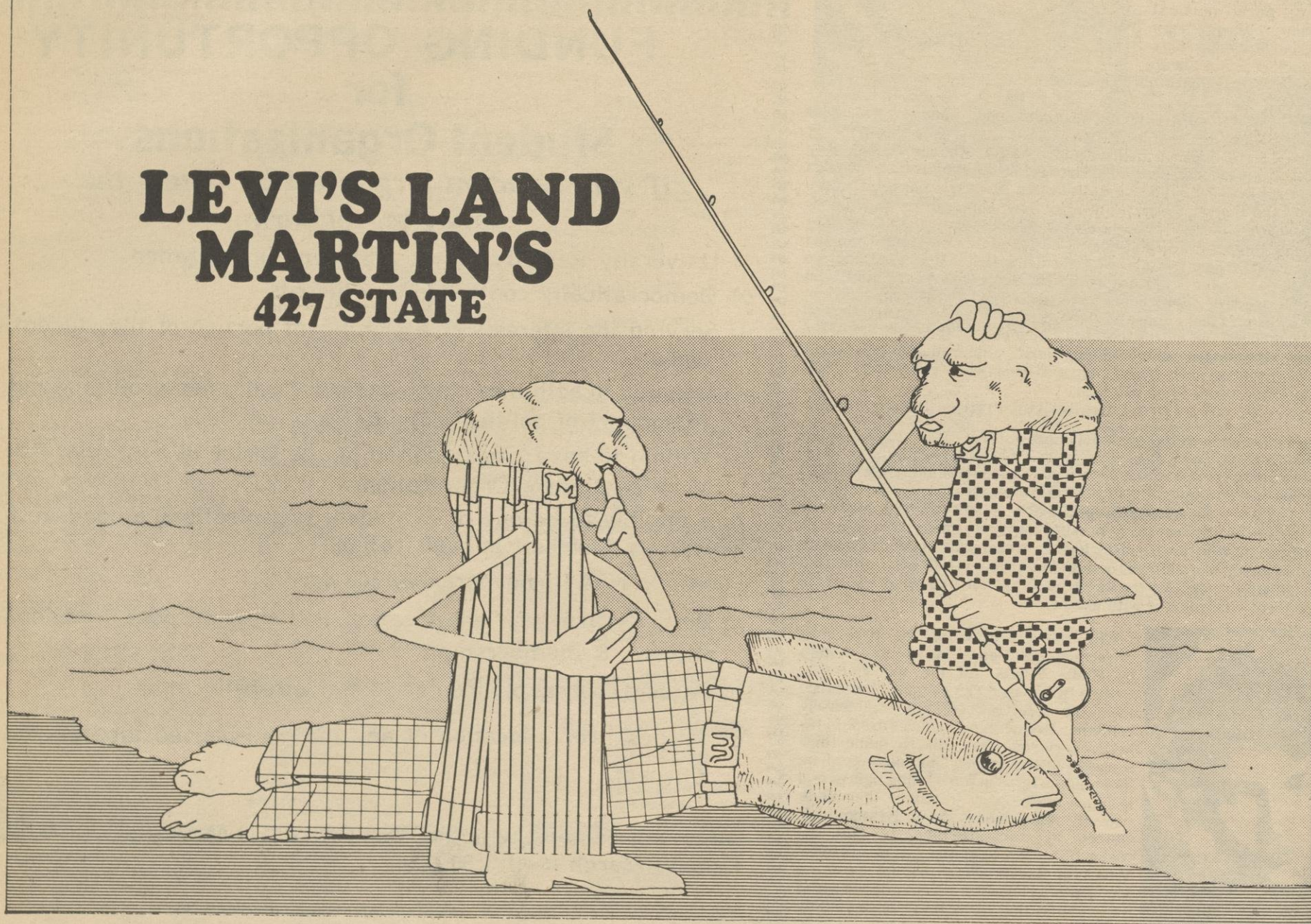


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