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Flash! Cardinal 'personals'

opens in classifieds!

See page 10.

Women review

'Last Tango'

See pages 6 and 12

Daily Cardinal

VOL. LXXXIII, No. 158

University of Wisconsin—Madison

Friday, July 13, 1973

Marlon Brando is still the Ugly American.
Susan McNeely

free



An original adaptation of Cinderella and August Strindberg's "The Stronger" was well-received and rightly so, by an enthusiastic audience at Good Karma "Playhouse" last Wednesday night.

The Grim Taylor Players, an all women's theater, is a long awaited and needed contribution to the Madison drama scene. Don't miss their final production Friday, July 13, 7:00 p.m., 1153 Vilas Hall. And don't miss the review next Tuesday

Metamorphosis of a cop

(This is the first of a series examining recent changes in the Madison Police Department.)

By TOM WOOLF

of the Cardinal Staff

"The times they are a changin'"

Dylan Police officer Ted Balistreri says he has always been interested in community affairs. Originally, he was a narcotics agent, then he moved onward to affinity squad member (an undercover team which donned wigs and hippy clothes to infiltrate leftist political groups and activities). Balistreri is now a member of the Community Relation Division of the Madison Police Department.

The switch in job duties illustrates the effort by the Madison Police Department since Chief David Couper came to power six months ago to improve relations with the entire community, something the past administration never even considered.

ACCORDING TO BALISTRERI of the Community Relations Division, the emphasis in Couper's administration is on

establishing channels of communication with the community.

"We're not trying to sell the department," Balistreri said. "We just want to get together with everyone—blacks, other minorities, students—so they can see how we work and we can see how they work."

Among the projects designed to improve community understanding of police work is a ride-along program (private citizens accompany the officers on their beat) which has so far met with greater response this year than in any other year.

Several Madison policemen work at Dane County Hospital counseling troubled people, in conjunction with the Drug Rehabilitation Program. The officers must identify themselves as police before advising an individual. Their function, said Balistreri, is to help people and not to bust them.

"WE WANT TO get rid of the stereotype that officers are just out to hassle people and show the community that the men are there to serve them."

continued on page 3

By DAVE NEWMAN
of the Cardinal Staff

Eddie Handell told a grim tale of his own unhappy experience with secret police files during a hearing on the subject Wednesday afternoon. More than a year ago, the activist county Supervisor from Madison's 8th District was fired from his teaching job at East High School because of a dossier collected on him by the Madison Police Department. "I was told by my advisor that I should transfer," said Handell, "and that I would never receive another teaching job in Madison."

Handell was one of several people who testified at a hearing on secret police files which was held by Mayor Soglin's Systems and Procedures Task Force. Soglin has asked this key committee to investigate the existence of such files. The hearing was prompted by recent events including former police Inspector Herman Thomas, and his alleged theft of secret files soon after Soglin's election. Thomas resigned after the affair became public, and since that time Police Chief David Couper has refused to let anyone see the files. Soglin asked the Task Force to hold the hearings in an effort to see if the City Council has any power to regulate police policy in this area.

Handell told the Task Force that Thomas admitted the existence of the secret files. "The files consist of more than one little box,"

Handell said, "Where did the rest go?" He read excerpts from the Daily Cardinal and Capital Times to underscore his contention that more than a few such files exist. He said that he did not believe that all the files taken by Thomas had been returned to police Chief Couper.

The Committee also heard testimony from Tom Stephens, former member of the Police and Fire Commission (PFC). Stephens said that he was unaware of any secret files, but that he was aware of "reports compiled by undercover agents

continued on page 3

Commission probes police dossiers



Cardinal photo: by Leo Theinert

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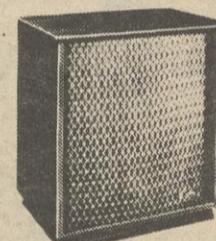
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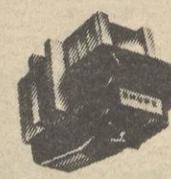
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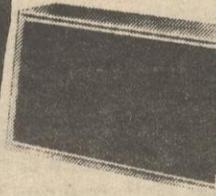
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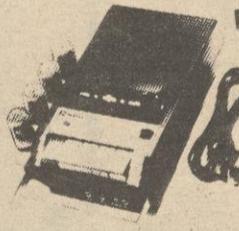
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EAST TOWNE

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MATC eyes suburbia

By LINDA LEVENDUSKY
of the Cardinal Staff

A Madison downtown public institution, Madison Area Technical College (MATC) is embroiled in a growing pains dilemma: which way to go, suburbs or city?

With a projected, full-time enrollment of 8,676 students in 1980, more than double their current attendance, MATC administrators and the Madison Area Vocational Board have no alternative but widespread expansion. Prime factors behind the jumping growth rate according to MATC director Norman Mitby are an increase in numbers of post-high school applicants and college graduates with unworkable degrees.

THE EXPANSION QUESTION hinges on whether to look for a downtown city site with its transportation, housing, shopping and employment advantages, or to opt for peripheral suburban property where land and parking would be more available and the entire campus could be grouped together. The main campus is presently located on Carroll Street in the former Central High School building. The Commercial Avenue Technical Center is on the east side two miles from downtown.

The MATC district comprises five counties: Jefferson, Marquette, Dane, Sauk and Columbia with one Vocational board member from each county

and two from Madison. Despite the strong rural perspective, 70 per cent of the MATC students are from the Madison metropolitan area. Accordingly, satellite schools in outlying rural areas were ruled out.

A city architectural firm, John Flad and Associates, was contracted to study the merits of a city campus versus a suburban site. They favored a suburban campus at a cost of \$28.3 million. Although that report has been neither approved nor rejected by the board, it is the only such compilation of surveys, demographics and costs so far.

The Central Madison Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, is preparing its own analysis. Michael Duffey, a member of the committee and also of Environment Wisconsin, Inc., believes that the Flad report contained a "certain void of external implications. We want to look at the whole impact question," he explained, "its impact on transportation, urban sprawl and land use policies."

"THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE is trying not to see things purely from an economic viewpoint, as more tax dollars per square foot, but from the whole land use question, he said.

"With any institution, public, private or quasi, there is inevitably clustering around that institution and it becomes a traffic generator. This is the real fear



that we have. Access is really the name of the game, an assumption that we are going to document as well as we can. A suburban site would mean more cars, more cross-town traffic."

"It would be a continuation of the insanity of land use in this country, more urban sprawl gobbling up the periphery, that fallacy of bigger means better," he continued. "It would bring in all the fast food outlets and service stations, and again it's the farmer who gets the shaft."

"But the city gets the shaft in the end with the demise of the central area. We think MATC's removal would be another death blow to downtown, leaving just a set of businesses that close up at 5:00. We're trying to turn that

thing around."

THE LACK OF CITIZEN input going into the decision-making—lack of hard facts to deal with at first hand worries Duffey. "People outside the immediate decision-making feel there's much too short a time, not enough time for adequate input to look into the serious external impacts."

Mitby and vocational board

Mitby and vocational board chairman Marvin Brickson however, believe there has not been a void of information is available to those interested they say. Three public hearings have been held each with low turnouts. Copies of the Flad report have been sent to the county board heads, legislators, city hall and the county board favors neither

the suburbs nor the city. But says Mitby, "I'm still open-minded and could make a case for any site. None of us are hung up on anything. I have no emotional involvement whatsoever. I'll operate a school wherever they put it."

In Monday, July 9, a bus tour of 33 possible sites was conducted, though not all the sites are available. The majority of sites were suburban. The board has not taken out options on any of the sites yet, which would be the next step.

Another boost for the central city supporters came this week when the board announced a July 18 meeting, with a city liaison committee appointed by Mayor Soglin.

public relator

continued from page 1

The department has also instituted a policy geared towards increased hiring of women, blacks and minorities. Such an effort, according to Balistreri, is essential if relations with the community are to improve.

Alternatives to arrests for certain crimes are being explored, including detoxification centers for drunks and the use of the Special Operations Section (SOS) which has had special training in areas such as family crisis disturbances.

SOS is designed as a model for the rest of the department, to show that working with people in the community will do more to prevent hassles than arrests. Balistreri cited the Mifflin St. block party and the Warner Park festival as examples of SOS working with the community to prevent possible problems. The 13 full-time members of SOS are presently engaged in prevention of burglary but will concentrate on special concerns such as the aforementioned in the future.

"SOS IS NOT JUST ANOTHER name for affinity," commented Balistreri, one of the twelve part-time members. "This operation is totally different and is not geared toward investigating subversive activities. The men can dress in uniforms or plainclothes, but either way they must have police identification visible on their clothes when they are on duty. They aren't involved in undercover work, there's no need for it."

A majority of the officers are in favor of Couper's progressive attitude and the efforts to improve relations with the community according to Balistreri.

"The process of change will be slow," he noted. "There are some officers who find it difficult to accept Couper's attitudes after working under the last ad-

ministration. A number of men object to our involvement in the drug rehabilitation program because they don't feel that is a police function. There exists among the older officers some resentment to the requirement that men or women joining the force must have two years college education. The feel that if a younger officer gets a promotion over one of them it is due to the younger officer's education and not performance. Of course, that isn't true at all."

"The Chief has been learning a lot since he took over," he continued. "One of the best examples of this is the Broom St. incident last January. He learned that he can't expect to come into a progressive town like this and operate as he may have at his previous job. The point is, he is learning, and I think he deserves a lot of credit for what he's doing."

NO MADISON RESIDENT, student or otherwise, can dispute the fact that Couper's progressive attitudes have been sorely needed for years. Balistreri, contends that "had Chief Couper been here several years ago, things would have been different."

Specific policies, new and revised, must be explored to see how deeply, and in what areas, the police administration is working to improve community relations.



Where are the files?

continued from page 1

and informants during the past few years. The few that I have read were very competent reports."

Stephens said that he was shown the reports by Inspector Thomas and was not sure if every member of the PFC had access to these files. He also cautioned the Committee that "you don't just wave a magic wand and expect an organization of 250 people to change 180 degrees."

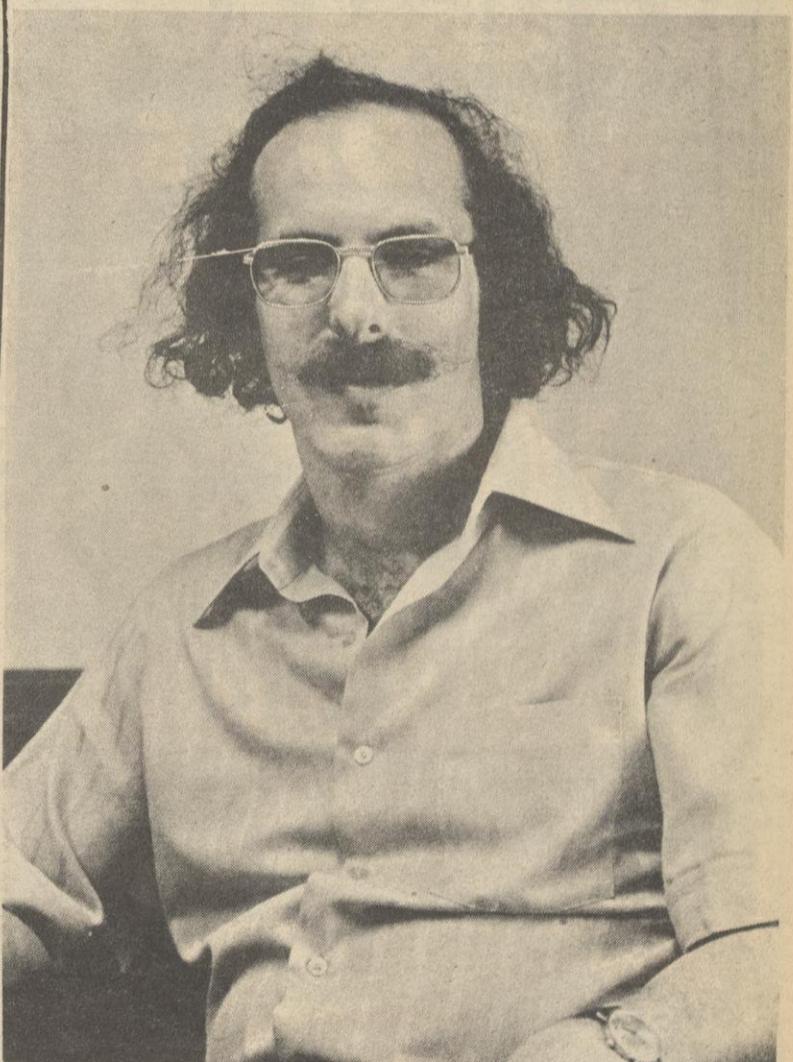
The Committee also heard from former District Attorney Jerry Nichol, and new PFC Commissioner Melvin Greenberg. Greenberg outlined the difference between an investigation of a crime and a political file, and suggested stiff penalties for unauthorized disclosure of such files.

Nichol said that he never came into contact with such files in his capacity as prosecutor. Commenting on the notorious Bedford St. shootout, Nichol said that he felt the undercover squad "had done some good and bad things."

"Their actions did not taint the prosecution," he added. Oliver Steinberg is serving ten years in connection with the May, 1972 shootout with police officers clad in hippie attire.

Police Chief David Couper was unable to appear at the Task Force hearing, and will probably appear at a later date.

Most lawyers at the hearing agreed that the PFC had little authority over the matter, and they were also unsure of the Council's powers in this area.



Cardinal photo by Leo Theinert

Attorney MEL GREENBERG

Cardinal in the black

The Daily Cardinal finished the 1972-73 school year with a profit of over \$4600, according to a financial statement issued by the Office of Student Organization Finances.

Combined with an approximately \$400 loss during the 1972 summer session, the Cardinal ended the fiscal with a gain of \$4213.58.

Cardinal's present net worth, about \$82,000 is only about \$5000 below what it was in 1969. One of the years since then saw a \$16,000 loss, but in the other three there was a profit of about \$11,000, including the \$4000 in the past year.

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Daycare under poverty blanket

By MANE RANSLEY
of the Cardinal Staff

Day care is available here in Madison for those who can afford it. But for many student families the cost is the problem. Existing day care often doesn't meet the needs of a student family.

"Day care is costly," said Aurelia Strupp of Community Coordinated Child Care in Dane County. Students often aren't needy enough to meet the qualifications for government aid such as AFDC and there aren't enough other day care scholarships to go around.

THE AREA DAY CARE CENTERS could fill more slots if individuals had the resources to pay, or an organization had donated money for scholarships, according to Cyrena Pondrom, assistant to the Chancellor and head of Affirmative Action for Women.

The University is prohibited by state law from using its funds for day care, Pondrom explained. The state reasons that the University is not responsible for the care or education of anyone below the college level. That the state would set aside funds specifically for University day care doesn't seem likely in the near future, Pondrom noted.

In the meantime University support for day care is maintained indirectly through a number of channels:

THE SUBCOMMITTEE FOR Day Care on the University Committee on the Status of

Women has established a scholarship fund for children of University students, dependent on donations.

The Memorial Union co-sponsors a day care center with Child Development, Inc., a non-profit organization, which presently accommodates 27 children, and the School of Family Resources and Consumer Sciences operates a nursery to train its own students which takes care of about 40 children.

The School of Social Work is running an instructional and research project on day care centers with three-to-one federal funding. And the department of Home Management and Family Living, with Mary Ellen Carne, has supervised a program of after-school care for older children at Randall and Franklin Schools.

After-school care remains as one area where even more needs to be done, however. A survey showed that the need for such a program was greatest at these two schools, but for children who go to other schools and need after-school care there are no community provisions as yet.

MARY POPPENDEICK, an Eagle Heights mother and member of the Subcommittee on Day Care, mentioned this as a problem in Eagle Heights, since Shorewood School has no after-school program. A recent improvement is to have the community center supervised from 3 to 5 p.m., but Poppendieck

described it as "just supervised so the kids don't tear it apart."

Other day care needs remain unmet in Madison as well as the University community, according to Alderwoman Betty Smith, a leading proponent of day care in Dane County. Among these are a summer center for school-age children, and a drop-in center for families who need day care every now and then.

Day care centers are only a small portion of the total picture, however. In Dane County and across the nation about 92% of children with working mothers are not in licensed day care centers. They receive family day care, which means the child is taken to someone else's home, or in-home care, which means the baby-sitter comes to the home.

There are advantages to such care. One is that the child can stay in the neighborhood if not right at home and the mother avoids what Smith calls "the long transportation haul that takes up so much precious time."

Another advantage is keeping the family together, since institutional day care separates infants from nursery school-age brothers or sisters and mothers may have to take them to two different places.

And, important for the University family, more flexible hours can be arranged. Family day care hours need not conform to the business day.

The community's role here, Smith feels, is to provide supervision and supporting services for home child care. This would include the right kind of food, supplies, insurance, and enrichment. "Children do need stimulation and it happens more often in institutional day care, with the educational and recreational activities going on, in the home."

While home care is plentiful, mothers also have a problem if they don't know a baby-sitter personally. They have no way of knowing who is reliable. For this reason, said Aurelia Strupp, and "since the legislature has indicated it won't pass any kind of licensing of family day care, some centers are identifying what they call satellite homes." In effect the home is approved through the day



care center, comes under its supervision, and gives the parents some assurance.

But, as Strupp said, "The problem of cost still remains."

She said recent cuts in federal aid and the death of federal day care bills means that local governments will have to provide more support for day care with their revenue-sharing money. "What this really says is that local governments will have to develop priorities. The county and city will have to decide between streets, sewers, and people."

For the University community, Cyrena Pondrom feels, "It puts

the issue in the lap of the state."

Strupp explained, "This raises the whole question of the University response to students, especially with the budget cuts. It seems to be moving more and more away from services for those attending."

"A large number of day care centers are subsidized by the community. Should the community pay for University day care or should the state be expected to?"

"At this point it's much easier to raise these questions than to answer them. It's easier to say we'd like to do something than to find the dollars to do it."

Welfare people seize governor's office

By HERB WISEMAN
of the Cardinal Staff

The Wisconsin Welfare Rights Organization (WWRO) ended a two-day protest at the governor's office Wednesday by holding a

news conference. They repeated their request for a meeting with Governor Lucey.

They are protesting the elimination of money in the new state budget for special needs

which they believe are necessary. The welfare rights protestors are asking for renewed financial assistance in such areas as moving expenses, property repair, utility and rent deposits and major appliance repair. The new budget would include money only for fuel and utility supplementation and for emergency needs.

About 15 people sat in the governor's office Tuesday until they were removed by Capitol Security Guards in the evening. They spent the night on the lawn of the Governor's Mansion, though the Maple Bluff police threatened to arrest them. Governor Lucey waved to them from his car as he left Wednesday morning.

"We've been trying to meet with Lucey since January when he promised to meet with representatives from welfare," said Elaine Everson, head of the Dane County Welfare Rights Alliance. "We tried to go through normal channels but the governor will not talk with us. I don't know why."

Everson emphasized the need for financial assistance in paying utility and rent deposits.

"Without these deposits poor people will be caught in the ghettos with no means of getting out," she said.

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Cloud-control causes uncontrolled floods

By DAVID HOWELL
of the Cardinal Staff

Ed. Note: June 9, 1973 marked the first anniversary of the devastating flood in Rapid City, South Dakota. The following article is adapted from the may issue of Environmental Action. It discusses the results of a year-long investigation into the role of cloud seeding in the severe flooding.

An act of God. Or was it?

ON JUNE 9, THE WATERS of Rapid Creek began to swell as rain fell in torrents over the hills. Near midnight, the surging, angry river swept away the flimsy, inadequate Canyon Lake Dam, and lurched madly into the downtown area, sucking up cars, trees, houses, mobile homes and people.

Available information now suggests that God may have gotten a big push from "Project Cloud Catcher," an ongoing weather modification experiment conducted by the Institute of Atmospheric Sciences (IAS) at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology. It is part of a \$675,000 contract awarded by the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation.

The injecting of clouds that were building up over the black hills with salt crystals set them raining at an unusual pace, after which the winds carried them—still raining—over the watersheds that fed the flood. The opposing weather forces halted them, and they sat over the next six hours to pour out four times as much water as could be expected to fall during a six hour period once every 100 years!

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FLOOD, IAS issued a report to South Dakota Governor Richard Kneip. The report declared: "We can assure you that cloud seeding did not contribute to this disaster." Gov. Kneip in turn passed along the two-page report to reporters, saying that it documented Cloud Catcher's vindication.

As a formality, Gov. Kneip appointed a "board of inquiry." The Board was chaired by Dr. Pierre St. Amand, who is employed by the U.S. Navy at China Lake, Calif. to try to develop weather modification as a weapon of war. Another board member was Robert Elliot, president of North American Weather Consultants, a rain-making enterprise which also does research for various federal agencies, including the Bureau of Reclamation which funded the Rapid City experiments.

Elliot was once the target of a major suit over rainmaking. His company was sued for \$13 million back in the mid-50's when it was accused of causing flooding. While Elliot won the suit, the bad publicity had a depressing effect on the rainmaking business. It must have been very difficult for Elliot not to be conscious of the fact that, if the Rapid City flood were somehow linked to cloud seeding, his business might again drop off.

The third member of the board was Ray Davis, an Arizona law professor who has earned his reputation defending weather modifiers in damage suits, including his fellow panel member Robert Elliot.

NOT UNEXPECTEDLY, the board concluded that cloud seeding did not cause the flooding, but they agreed that the cloud seeding activities were marked by blunders and should not have been done under threatening weather conditions. Still, they concluded that the real culprit was the unique weather pattern which held the natural storm firmly in place.

This handwashing ceremony has afforded immense relief to those involved in the seeding activities. But, ironically, the one

thing all meteorologists agree on is that they simply don't know enough about the enormous complexities of the weather system to make such a claim.

Dr. Charles Hosler, dean of the College of Earth and Mineral Sciences at Pennsylvania State University, has said that "small perturbations" in temperature, moisture, raindrop size, etc. could make major differences in what a cloud or a storm system might do. So how can the board of inquiry rule out the possibility that the "perturbations" caused by cloud seeding might have had a significant effect on the outcome of the Rapid City storm?

But this uncertainty is not all. There is a substantial body of evidence that indicates cloud seeding did have a "significant effect" on the severity of flooding.

The board of inquiry concluded that the seeders could not have caused more than one-billionth of the recorded rainfall, based on slide rule calculations of the amount of water vapor in the air.

THIS RELATIVELY MINISCULE amount of water from the seeded clouds should set the matter at rest once and for all. It should, perhaps, until it is pointed out that the IAS observation of a seeded cloud only continues for one hour. As a result, IAS scientists have no idea what the seeded clouds actually did over their entire lifetime.

This is important because a raining cloud is not a thing, but a process; just because the IAS concluded that the seeded clouds were "not the same entity" after one hour of observation does not mean they stopped raining. IAS acknowledged that one of the clouds dropped three inches of rain while they were watching and was still going strong when they left. Besides, it was not the amount of rain so much as where the rain fell that caused the flooding.

A few hours before all this, at 2:30 that afternoon, the IAS' leased plane took off for the first seeding exercise a few miles to the north and northwest of Rapid City. By the time the first exercise ended more than an hour later, the radar station at Huron, S.D. was reporting "nearly stationary" radar echoes indicating thunderstorms to the west and northwest of Rapid City, approximately where the 30 mph winds would have carried the seeded clouds.

WHAT SEEMS TO HAVE HAPPENED, then, is that the seeding was successful, rain was induced and the clouds moved over the Nemo-Sturgis area where they halted to reflect the "nearly stationary" radar pattern. Satellite pictures seem to confirm this. The clouds apparently remained there, until they merged with other clouds about 5 p.m. at which time the rain intensified into a torrential cloudburst which eventually dumped 15 inches on the town of Nemo and 12 inches near Sturgis.

About 4:30 that afternoon, a second seeding exercise took place, this time to the south of Rapid City. Five separate passes were made by 5:30. Pushed by a 30 mph wind to the northwest, these clouds all would have been located over Pactola Reservoir/Sheridan Lake/Keystone area by 6 pm, forming part of a major storm center.

At 6 p.m., IAS personnel noted an intense radar cell over exactly that area. The seeding seems to have turned the clouds into four heavy rain generators that came together over the crucial area where unique wind and weather conditions would keep them sitting for hours, pumping out the torrent that would roar down the mountains with death and horror riding at its crest.

Because of the almost infinite variables that go into the making of weather, there is no way it can be proved that cloud seeding

actually accounted for the Rapid City flood. What has been demonstrated, however, is that it easily could have. The steadfast denials on the part of those connected with the project and their self-serving twisting of facts and conclusions smacks of nothing less than a meteorological Watergate.

It is understandable. For the IAS, the Interior Department and commercial weather modifiers to acknowledge the possibility of this chain of events could perhaps prove fatal to their dogged determination to convert our skies into their own experimental laboratories, come hell or high water—or, as in the case of Rapid Creek, both.



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Feminist Voice

Tango: Sex as excrement

Haunani Trask

FEMINIST VOICE

LAST TANGO: HOMAGE TO NORMAN MAILER

By HAUNANI TRASK

Art, even bad art, is prophetic. Eight years after Mailer's *Rojack*, quintessential sodomist in *An American Dream*, we have Brando-Bertolucci's *Paul*, consummate bugger of *Last Tango in Paris*. Fictional obsessions—sex as violence, virility as brutality, love as defecation—have finally been filmed with money, soft color and skilled actors. Vicious film has expanded vicious literature, and critics and the middle-class (what more acute instruments to finger the consciousness of our time?) tremble with acclaim.

We know that the male vision has been re-affirmed. Proclaimed as "powerful, erotic and thrilling" in a series of overblown reviews, the sex scenes between Brando and Maria Schneider (Paul and Jeanne) fulfill the hottest fantasies of the swaggering male psyche. This is Hemingway's legacy, "fucking as conquest," the revered Hunt into the bowels of the primeval forest. The victim will thrash about and deceive only to fall into the hypnotic pulse of the chase. The opening sequence where Paul meets Jeanne and screws her minutes later up against the wall of a vacant apartment (her legs rapturously lifted, grasping full around him while she moans, Bertolucci would have us believe, as much from the pain of rapid, giant penetration as from the sweetness of surrender!) is hardly believable. And a basic question of attraction (a beautiful, chic young woman and a seedy, grunting old man?) is unanswered. But this is of small importance. The main point is that bullet-phallus has ripped open

bitch-vagina. An age-old ritual, lubricated by the arts of cinema, has triumphed again. Man has preyed upon woman and taken her.

And that is it, the whole movie. We never get to that fictive state, "the bottom of a man and a woman." It is only the bottoms of Bertolucci and Brando that we get flung in our faces; amazingly similar aspects, part of a cultural phenomenon embodied in our own Norman Mailer.

BUT MAILER, as Millett pointed out, is enormously intelligent, ambitious, anxious to put his stamp on this century. *Last Tango* is a salute to the success of his effort and the reality of his male vision: combative, anal, strewn with guilt, cruelty and hints of impotence.

In predictable Mailer fashion, buggery, a high-class movie "first," is seen as an existential leap of faith. When Paul drills into Jeanne, it is pure Male: power, violence, and degradation all consumed in sex. The *Forbidden* is confronted and the *Honored* debased. When he forces her to repeat his adolescent profanities, "fuck the church, fuck the family," neuroses splatter the screen and the audience. At last, the American male can spend himself in the fundamen of God, society and woman. He can meet absurdity and survive. The little boy's dream is fulfilled.

Sadly, this is not the end, but the beginning. More Mailer-type dialogue, more ridiculous posturing follows. The sickness unto death drags on. The ultimate equation of love and degradation, of sex, violence, and excrement, is again played out with existential trappings, this time in a scene that completely fails. Jeanne has just told Paul that she loves him.

Convinced that no one could love him or anybody else until they have found "a womb of fear" in their beloved, he instructs her to "put your fingers up my ass." Then he proceeds through a trough of debasement, spewing out his Portnoy's complaint as she promises all of his fantasies: "to fuck a pig, to eat its vomit, to wallow in its shit." Who would have thought that rectal digitation was the portal to the soul of man?

In *Last Tango* the noble idea of existential commitment has come down to a contract for debasement. What should have been received as a case study has been touted as an insightful masterpiece. The connection is frightening. If freedom is reducing one's self and loved ones, and if love is allowing, even wanting to be reduced, perversity has become our God. But that is not the whole story. The audience, unlike the rabid critics, laughed at most of the serious scenes, particularly the infamous 'womb of fear' sequence. Once the titillation had passed from hearing Marlon Brando swear and from watching him rape, separation from the characters left the audience with a sense of sickness.

Hope rests in that sense. Obviously, the most poisonous elements in the male principle are thriving, as Mailer and now Brando-Bertolucci have shown. But uplift rather than destruction of the human spirit is still the positive value. Power in sexuality resides in expanding rather than reducing the individual; tenderness and love rather than violence and cruelty dignify the person. This is the human vision. Bertolucci's universe with its narrow dilusions makes a bad movie and a poor work of art.

THE DAILY CARDINAL

a page of opinion



State Street Gourmet

Murray's

Along with the opposition between thumb and fingers, man's relative success as a species is a function of his ability to dream. I'm not speaking here of what the mind does during sleep, instead I'm contemplating the mind's capacity to create that which doesn't exist elsewhere.

Now, although everyone dreams, some not only dream more than others they also dream more radically. And it's these last that give dreaming a bad name with the general run of people. You don't have to look far to understand why the dreamers (also known as visionaries) are so often regarded with disfavor by most people. The folk have discovered that dreaming is a two-edged sword. While it's true that some visionary gave us the garden, it's just as true that some dipshit with a visionary hue brought us thalidomide.

AND SO THE GENERAL run fights the dreamers and the weapon they use, especially since lynching has been brought under control, is ridicule. Hardly anyone seems sillier and more vulnerable to the complacent than the dreamer who spends his time being dissatisfied with the way things are. Nothing invites ridicule like the failed overreacher and nowhere is the failure rate higher than among visionaries.

Yet the dreamers among us persevere. Consider the Pad's

Murray: Year in and year out he fussed and sweated over his successful sandwich until his food spattered stomach jutting out pouchlike through his soiled T-Shirt became one of the most familiar sights in and around State Street. But we now know that those years of slice and chop at the Pad were merely a means.

Murray wanted more from life than a tee shirt mired in kitchen droppings. Murray's dream was to join Madison's mainstream by opening a restaurant classy enough for even the most respectable. Well recently he squared his dream with reality, and what a visionary he's proved. His new establishment (as he calls it Murray's) is the only Kosher style restaurant and cocktail lounge I've ever heard of that features an Early American decor. Even more daring, Murray built on the city's fringes (he's one of Westtowne's neighbors) in anticipation of a population explosion.

"This is great Murray," Larry told the proud owner before any of us had time to sample so much as a pickle. "the Ku Klux Klan couldn't find a Jew around here, let alone you." Murray stared and chuckled and then Larry noticed our waitress. "A shiksa," he cried, and then added, "great Murray everything out here fits but the food." With this Murray stared, smiled, and excused himself. Beverly nudged me and

asked how Larry could be so certain about the waitress. "He's not," I replied half-way through my second pickle, "Murray's not the first visionary to be a scuffer's target." Meanwhile Larry was gaping in his nearsighted way at the wall opposite. "What's that figure on the wall," he questioned fiercely. "That's a bugler boy, America once was overrun by them," Beverly softly kidded. "No, no, the one next to him," Larry called out excitedly. "That's an American Indian, probably an Iroquois," Beverly sniggered. "What a relief," Larry replied, "I thought it was an Arab." "Don't be so feisty, Larry, just keep your eyes pinned to that garish, vinyl booth seat long enough and eventually you'll think you're at Ella's," Beverly convinced.

Then the soup came. The chicken broth was at least as rich as any I can remember, but the matzoh ball was properly the soup's feature act. It seemed extraordinary that a matzoh ball could be at once so light and so compact. The cabbage soup was so delicate that it's lucky for Ella's that they're so much closer than Westtowne. Murray is proud to point out that the soups are from his wife's recipe. She calls her "his Beverly" to distinguish her from mine.)

Larry and I ordered sandwiched Larry and I ordered sandwiches (corned beef and pastrami

Up against the bench

History of leftist lawyers

National Lawyers Guild

About the second week of law school, we knew it was going to be bad. We knew we needed something, if only to give us some support so we wouldn't lose our politics in the morass of legal education. A few of us even had ideas we could do something relevant with the law.

Someone said there was a group called the National Lawyers Guild that used to be a Communist front group. It was the only group left of the ACLU, so we wrote them a letter asking them what they did. They sent us pamphlets and membership cards. A national organizer came through, talked to us and thirty of us joined. We weren't quite sure what the Guild was, but we knew we needed it.

LATER WE DISCOVERED other law students across the country had also written letters asking what was happening. The national office in New York couldn't even keep up with the number of people who wanted to join.

People whose politics had been formed in the 60's by civil rights, SDS and the war were beginning to trickle into the law schools. And we weren't too interested in trusts and estates.

We began to learn more about the organization we had joined. The Guild, founded in 1936 as an alternative to the ABA, occupied a position of national respect until the Cold War and McCarthy made the organization subversive. Guild lawyers had been the general counsel for many AFL and CIO unions, to lawyers involved in defending civil liberties and fighting for social welfare. Civil rights have always been a major concern of the Guild.

But there wasn't much left by the Fifties. Like the rest of the movement, anti-communism and the threat of the red menace had killed most anything that smacked of progressivism. Even with the upsurge of the Left in the early Sixties, the Guild did not grow. The taint of subversiveness remained.

WHEN THE YOUNGER PEOPLE STARTED joining the Guild, they were the veterans of the anti-war and civil rights movement. Their politics were "New Left." And the tone of the Guild changed from a political association of left lawyers to the "legal arm of the movement." Legal workers were admitted to full membership in the Guild in 1971.

In many ways the 1973 National Guild convention at Austin, Texas, was the second founding convention. A vital new spirit filled the convention hall. The Guild was involved in military counseling and defense with the Southeast Asia Military Project and in defending individuals from the inquisition of the grand jury—the Grand Jury Defense Project. It was Guild lawyers who were handling the defense of the Attica brothers, and later, of the Native Americans at Wounded Knee.

The eleven of us from Madison returned from Austin filled with a new determination and purpose. We are now doing support work for the lawyers at Wounded Knee. We have projects working with SLAVES (Solidarity with Labor and Victims of the Economic System) and the Amnesty Coalition. A People's Law School will open up in the fall in the Madison Neighborhood Centers.

Again, in Madison, and across the country, we are beginning to fulfill the ideals that were set forth in the first Guild constitution in 1936:

The National LAWYERS Guild shall function as an effective social force in the service of the people to the end that human rights shall be more important than property rights. The organization aims to bring together all lawyers (and law students and legal workers) who regard adjustments to new conditions as more important than the veneration of old precedent, who recognize the importance of safeguarding and extending the rights of workers and farmers upon whom the welfare of the entire nation depends, of maintaining our civil rights and liberties, and who look upon the law as a living and flexible instrument which must be adapted to the needs of the people."

asked how Larry could be so certain about the waitress. "He's not," I replied half-way through my second pickle, "Murray's not the first visionary to be a scuffer's target." Meanwhile Larry was gaping in his nearsighted way at the wall opposite. "What's that figure on the wall," he questioned fiercely. "That's a bugler boy, America once was overrun by them," Beverly softly kidded. "No, no, the one next to him," Larry called out excitedly. "That's an American Indian, probably an Iroquois," Beverly sniggered. "What a relief," Larry replied, "I thought it was an Arab." "Don't be so feisty, Larry, just keep your eyes pinned to that garish, vinyl booth seat long enough and eventually you'll think you're at Ella's," Beverly convinced.

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Larry and I ordered sandwiched Larry and I ordered sandwiches (corned beef and pastrami

respectively). But when they came the corned beef looked so good I managed a switch. The submarine came with lettuce, tomato, and Russian dressing. Larry arranged for the separation of his lettuce, et al. from his submarine and then crowed that he managed to get a deal because for \$2.00 he managed to receive a salad and sandwich while I'd only gotten a sandwich. I figured the combination of decor and pastrami was bringing him an identity crisis so I tactfully ignored him.

The corned beef was too standard for comment and from the way Larry was complaining of the switch I figured the pastrami was, too. What made the sandwich more than a success was the bun. It was a small loaf whose golden and crisp crust gave way to a white body that was just dense enough to remind you that it was French bread you were eating. It was so good that it reminded me of the days when the Pad sandwich was State Street's undisputed king.

Beverly ordered a "Murray's Special salad." It was good and there was a nice amount of meat, but not \$3.00 worth. Beverly didn't think it was as good as Gargano's chef's salad ("Of course I've never eaten a salad out that was," she expined) and that costs half as much. We all, however, loved the light and lemony cheese cake that finished our meal and was

again derived from "his Beverly's" recipe.

Even though Murray provides a

selection of pickles, dilled

tomatoes, and sour kraut with

every meal his prices were too

much for us. "Maybe though we

could just drive out here for the

soup," Beverly pleaded as we left,

and then added, "I hope Murray

makes it, you know I'm a dreamer

too." "Oh yeah, what's your

dream?" Larry asked. "I want to

play guitar the way Detroit does,"

Beverly sighed. "Goyishe

dream," Larry scoffed. "Oh, what

about you," I asked. Larry

thought for awhile his eyes shaded

by his ten gallon cowboy hat while

his cowboy boots clicked evenly on

the parking lot surface. "I'd like

to write the first hit single for

Kinky Friedman and the Texas

Jewboys," he said shyly.

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Soglin: in the breach between old and new

By KEITH DAVIS
of the Cardinal Staff

This is the third of three parts.
"This state could sure stand some changes."

Judd, in All the King's Men

The question of "who is Paul Soglin" is symptomatic of the confusion of Madison politics in general. Except for the Dyke forces, who seem to be out of it for now, there is no group that has a set of hard and fast political beliefs.

The confusion extends to Soglin himself. If people could say he was a radical, or a liberal, they might find it easy to outline a concrete program based on traditional expectations and demands.

BUT PAUL SOGLIN DOES NOT, represent any of the traditional forces in Madison, even traditional radical.

The political forces which elected Soglin, like the activists and elites which represent them, resemble a political layer cake. They are insular, don't seem to understand each other too well, and operate from different social bases and with differing political assumptions. It was not even a coalition, but simply a coming together to off Dyke.

Many different types of people supported Soglin, both electoral and non-electoral radicals. There are also what might be called independent liberals like Jane Ruck and Andy Cohn, who represent a sizeable and emerging sensibility in many of Madison's newer areas. There are also the Democratic Party liberals like Sue Herbst.

By his background and culture, Soglin is in a sense "their" mayor. But Soglin's relations to the left have always lacked a formal definitiveness. There were not many radicals involved in the recent election campaign. Those who made up the organizational backbone were often Democrats, while the troops were usually unaffiliated ex-McGovern workers or else those attracted by Soglin's charisma.

One radical mentioned "post-Vietnam syndrome" and general burnout as being responsible for the ennui surrounding Soglin's campaign. Other factors include organizational disarray, internal conflicts and the fact that not all leftists believe in electoral politics. And some feel they are forced into dependence on one person's will.

THE LIBERALS, FOR their part, probably found Dyke more painful than did the people downtown. The central city people thought they had nothing to lose. As soon as Dyke's attitude became apparent they wrote him off, and sat back to enjoy the next four years as a circus. But to liberals and moderates, Dyke's stupidity challenged the system.

The liberals' early confidence in Soglin is rooted in the absence of conflict, and the desire to re-establish harmonious social relations. This certifies a strategy of change rather than revolution.

The Democratic elite seems to be temporarily disarmed. They do not really understand the forces that elected Soglin, which Soglin was able to summon up, where the

liberals failed. The primary choices on the left had less to do with progressive or less progressive politics than the conflict between the new and the traditional.

Clearly, the political situation is in flux. As one alderman said, "every big shot in town went to Cooper's steering committee and he's 10,000 votes down from two years ago. They weren't responsible for McGovern...that was done by people stuffing envelopes and knocking on doors, not sitting on the phone to Washington. Cooper had a fantastic steering committee, but the McGovern workers went to Stewart and Soglin."

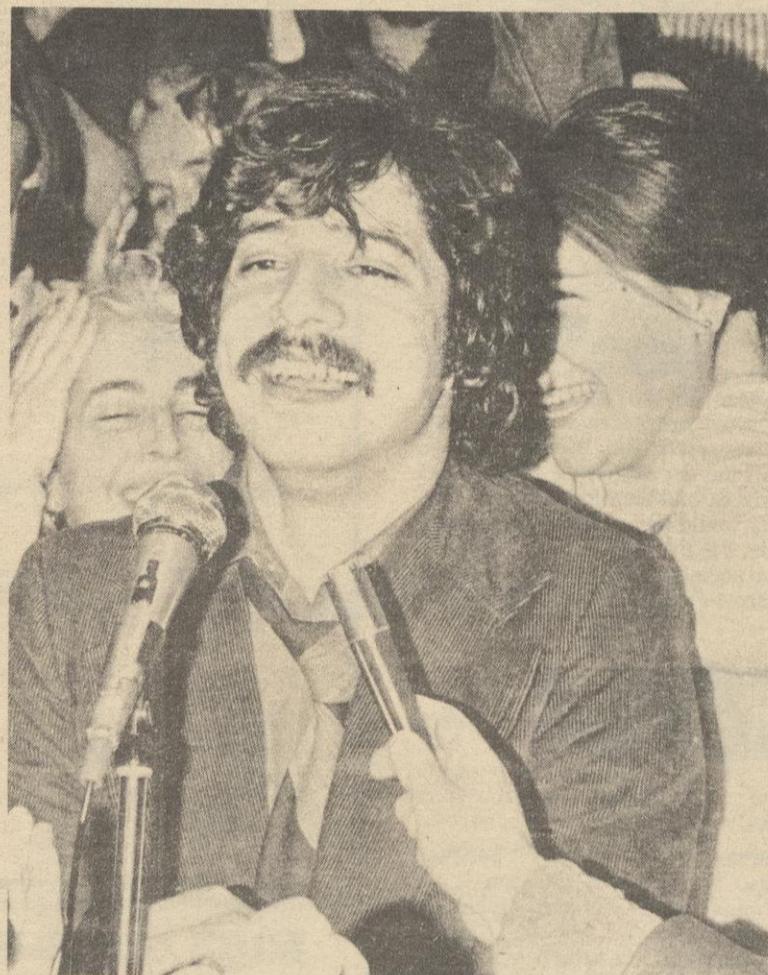
God, as Napoleon said, is on the side of the big battalions. Despite all the stories, volunteer armies aren't miracle brigades, and when they go in and take the game away from the heavies, it's one sign of a breakdown in the accepted political socialization.

WHAT ABOUT THE COUNCIL? Soglin will need to work with

principle, a certain number simply wind up there because they are as grey and unimaginative as a winter landscape in New Jersey. There are also people who cling to the middle because they can't bear to stick their necks out and have the shit come down. They have no idea of how to cope with the antagonism which change causes.

SOGLIN WAS ELECTED MAINLY by apartment dwellers, students, young working people downtown, and young working families in places like Sheboygan Avenue and Allied Drive. He also did well among government employees and prevailed in areas where significant numbers of people have moved in since 1965.

The main contradiction and the historical significance of Soglin's election, was between the old and the new. Dyke was perhaps the most perfect epitomization of the old, that was based in a small town mid-western political polity of accepted political values and symbolism: solid citizens,



Does this man smile now?

them, and the forward momentum which popular movements produce can often be stifled in the stubborn recalcitrance of official elites.

Some people, such as Ray Davis, don't believe that the Council will go for any radical issue. Soglin only has seven hard core votes. The other five votes will have to come somewhere from the Council's moderate group. While some of these people are in the middle because of

property owners, the flag, and a known and accepted hierarchy of elites. Soglin was the perfect symbol of all that was new and represented the emerging values of Madison as a burgeoning liberal city.

The political possibilities open to Soglin are limited by the factors discussed. For the moment, he seems to have opted for a minimal program, "make Madison a better place to live." There are far worse programs than that.

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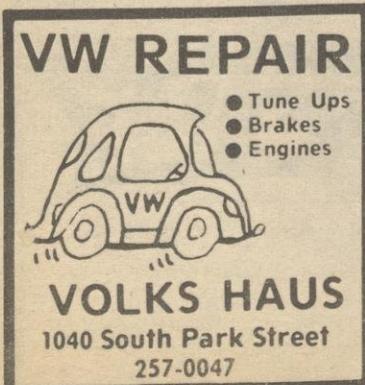
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VLT on toast**New 'Light Trap' in French dressing**By ELLEN SPIEGEL
of the Fine Arts Staff

In the "Correspondence" section of the newest *Velvet Light Trap*, Madison's own review of cinema, movie critic Jim Hillier calls the magazine "something we look forward to in London." Critic Raymond Durgnat describes *TVLT* in another letter as having "that quality of an intelligent and evocative acceptance of movies on their own terms....which is surprisingly useful, very welcome, and lets the movie keep on living in a way that's quite rare." High praise from two who should know.

AND WELL—DESERVED, I might add, for *TVLT* #9, with its wide focus on French Cinema and its snappy clean design under two new editors, John Davis and Susan Dalton, is a community enterprise of which Madison can be proud. It is heartening to discover that some of those red-eyed crazies known as film freaks you see wandering around the Play Circle and B-10 Commerce lead clandestine lives as serious, analytical film historians and critics.

Because of the relative inaccessibility of French films in Madison in any sort of coherent order or entirety, an issue on French cinema is both ambitious and limited from the start. Fully seven of the nine critical articles cover single films, ranging from Peter Schofer's fascinating resurrection of silent director Louis Feuillade's long-neglected *Fantomas*, the master criminal who always got away, to Peter Lehman's useful integration of Jean-Luc Godard's *Pierrot le Fou* with Marshall McLuhan's theories on cliche and archetype (followed by a long interview with Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin conducted in Ann Arbor in late 1972, probably the most provocative piece in the entire issue). Karyn Kay and Diane Waldman, in separate articles on another critically-neglected film, feminist Nelly Kaplan's *A Very Curious Girl* find in this tribute to woman-as-witch striking resemblances to both Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* and the Circe myth from the *Odyssey*, both of which also feature a dangerously sensual woman taking revenge on her oppressors. *TVLT*'s gem this time (and it always has at least one) is a Marxist study of Robert Bresson's *Balthazar* by Russell Campbell and Gretchen Hunter. They see in Bresson's contemporary history of a girl and her donkey the expression of "the disturbing impact of modernization on the rural economy." Bresson finally comes clear as "disintegrating bourgeois society's eloquent and savage poet" whose insistence on individualism eventually leads him to nihilism.

ONLY ONE ARTICLE, Robert M. Willig's "Boudus and Satyrs," attempts to judge the entire oeuvre of a French director. It is an inaccurate but highly entertaining semi-structural analysis of Jean Renoir's movies, highlighting the unaskable question, "Is the great Renoir just a dirty old man in disguise?" (Or is he a refugee from Madame Toussaud's Wax

the velvet light trap

REVIEW OF CINEMA NO. 9 75 cents

**FRENCH CINEMA**

Museum, as *TVLT*'s cover would imply?) To do the magazine justice, I must include the two interviews, that of Godard and Gorin, and that of documentarist Marcel Ophuls (accompanied by a rather simplistic appreciation of his monumental *Sorrow and the Pity*) in the category of more general material.

Even if you've never seen any of these movies or you're not a moviemaker groupie, *TVLT* offers two highly unusual articles which require little viewing experience. Maureen Turim's valuable history of *Cahiers du Cinema*, the influential French cinema review, and Tom Flinn's lyrical memoriam to Frances Marion, the prolific woman screenwriter responsible for *The Wind*, *The Big House* and Garbo's *Camille*, both stand on their own.

The main fault I find with *TVLT*, as usual, is the lack of coherent critical direction necessary to develop these writers as a collective. I miss the contributor's biographies and the captions to several photos, and I must warn prospective readers that pages 9 and 10 are reversed. But there's still the fabulous blue sheet in the center listing all Madison movies, with dates, times and locations, for the rest of the summer. *TVLT* would be worth its 75¢ just for that, but of course there is much more to it. You can buy it through the film societies, or at the Book Co-op, Paul's, University, Brown's bookstores or the Union Play Circle.

screen gemsBy MARIE LeMAJOR
of the Fine Arts Staff

Spider's Stratagem: Bernardo (Last Tango in Paris) Bertolucci questions in this provocative film the myth of Italian resistance to fascism. The story evolves around the son of a resistance martyr who returns to the Italian village where his father is buried. There he discovers that his father was not at all a resistance hero, but a collaborator who betrayed the underground and was subsequently killed by the resistance. The answer to Bertolucci's questions of resistance and collaboration is that everyone is a collaborator; everyone guilty. Weaved throughout the film is a love story (as in all Bertolucci's films) involving the father's mistress. 6210 Social Science, 8 and 10:15.

Death by Hanging and Rite of Love and Death: An extraordinary double feature from Japan; the political left and right meeting in this night of film showing. From the left, Nagisa Oshima's *Death by Hanging* is a bizarre tale (taken from a real life incident) of a Korean boy accused of rape and murder. The story becomes nightmarish as it becomes clear, through letters written from his jail cell, that the accused is innocent. The film is intertwined with questions concerning the colonial treatment of the Koreans by the Japanese. And from the right: the second part of the double feature is Yukio Mishima's *Rite of Love and Death*. Mishima became famous when he committed hara-kiri in 1970 in protest of the post World

War II Japanese constitution forbidding war. *Rite of Love and Death*, the only film he ever made, and a precursor of his own death, is an enactment of the ritual samurai suicide. B-130 Van Vleck, 8 and 10.

Horror Spectacular: Celebrate Friday the Thirteenth by seeing three horror classics starring three old masters: Bela Lugosi in Tod (Freaks) Browning's *White Zombie*, Frederic March in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and Boris Karloff in *The Old Dark House*. 19 Commerce, 8 only.

Once Upon a Time in the West: Spaghetti-grinder Sergio Leone goes for baroque in this mythically stylistic Western fast becoming a fashionable cult film among those who know it for its script by Bertolucci, music by maestro Morricone, and imposing performances by Charles Bronson and Henry Fonda, refreshingly cast as good guy and bad guy, respectively. Shown tonight for the first time anywhere: the complete, uncut 165-minute version. One show only at 8:00 p.m. in B-10 Commerce.

Lost Horizon: director Frank Capra's search for the perfect, blissful society involves the hijacking of Ronald Coleman to a Tibetan monastery inhabited by immortal beings. With its bizarre ending, this picture is one of Capra's greatest. The cast includes Sam Jaffe as the sanctuary's high lama. B-102 Van Vleck, 8 and 10. Saturday, July 14.

A Streetcar Named Desire: Elia Kazan's multi academy award winning adaptation of the Ten-

nessee Williams play. Scripted also by Williams, Marlon (Last Tango) Brando is truly dynamite in the steamy drama. As Stanley Kowalski, Brando proves true Tennessee Williams' contention that, "The apes shall inherit the Earth." Film also includes Vivien (Gone With the Wind) Leigh, Karl (Baby Doll) Malden and Kim (Planet of the Apes) Hunter. B-10 Commerce, 8 and 10:15. Also Sunday, same time, same place.

The Grapes of Wrath: John Ford's magnificent adaptation of the Steinbeck saga of an Okie family's depression time move to California in search of work and home. Lovingly produced, this film inspired Woody Guthrie's "Ballad of Tom Joad." And remains a remarkable tribute to the continuing migrant workers' struggles. The Grapes of Wrath is shown often, but never often enough. B-102 Van Vleck, 8 and 10.

TV Shows: *Star Trek*, *Amos and Andy*, *You Bet Your Life* (with Groucho Marx) and *You'll Never Get Rich* (with Phil Silvers). 19 Commerce, 8 and 10.

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break: W.C. Fields never gives the audience a break to catch its breath during this funny, fast-moving, purely absurdist film-within-a-film. 6210 Social Science, 8 and 10.

Cartoons at the Green Lantern, Friday and Saturday, 8 and 10.

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Hairy yesterday, gone today

By DAVID HARTH
of the Cardinal Staff

Remember your barber? The man in the white smock, the funny smelling shop with the girlie magazines, getting your crew cut trimmed every third week? Pretty soon you were too old to get a lollipop after your visit, and then you were old enough to go without your mother. Not soon after that you were too old to go at all. To refresh my own memory, I talked with some members of the profession that we almost obliterated.

The barbering trade is on an upswing. Two years ago business was down by as much as 40 percent. The reasons for this were pretty obvious. The long hair craze had spread to the community at large, which naturally resulted in a decrease in the number of haircuts. Another factor was the emergence of hair styling parlors for men, a phenomenon unheard of ten years ago.

Barbers were at a loss as to how to fight back. Some simply closed up. Others took courses in hair styling in an attempt to match the competition. Most decided to weather the storm and hope that short hair would come back. According to every barber that I talked to, short hair is starting to make a comeback and within a year will become the status quo once more.

Dan Fine, owner of the College Barber Shop on State Street, elaborated. "Short is back," he stated with convincing finality. "Most people have gone through the real long hair stage...It's not the thing anymore."

Dan continued, "Out East the hair is getting much shorter. The styling magazines that we get say that it'll even be above the ears. But it won't get to Madison for awhile. We're usually about a year behind the styles."

Ken Salzman at the Captains Chair agreed, "Business is up 100

percent. Short hair is definitely coming back. It will never be Ivy League again, it will be short in a different way...highly stylized."

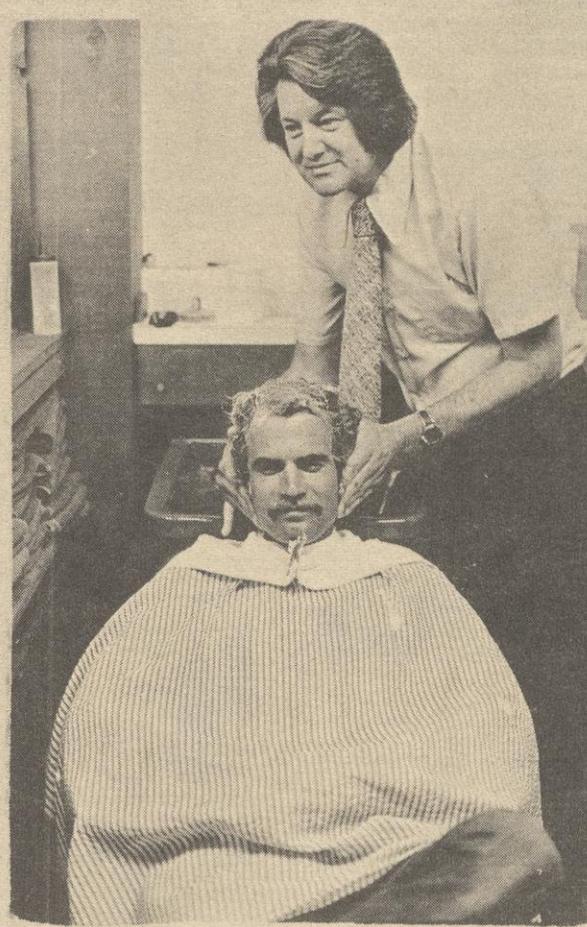
I also talked with Ernie Walder at the other College Barber Shop, (for some reason the two competing barber shops on State Street are both called The College

Barber Shop). Ernie is the dean of the State Street barbers, he opened for business June 21, 1943. Back then, he told me, the popular style was the Princeton cut. He added that you don't see many of those any more. He is certain that long hair has had it and that short hair is just around the corner.

None of the barbers could agree as to when and how the long hair period started. Dan Fine thought

that it came about as a protest against U.S. involvement in Vietnam. Ken at the Captains Chair thought that it was in emulation of the Beatles. Ernie Walder was of the opinion that John Kennedy started the whole nasty business.

Well, you have to believe the barbers when they say that short hair is coming back but it won't hit Madison for awhile.



Crisis center opens

The wraths of rape

By LAURIE MOECKLER
of the Cardinal Staff

Rape: the crime of forcing a female to submit to sexual intercourse—a terrifying experience for many Madison women.

After the act has been committed the victim now has the options of seeking help from Women's Counseling Service (which primarily deals with other matters), University Protection and Security, or the Madison police (who are often concerned with the legal aspects of the crime and not with the woman herself). Clearly, a counseling service is needed to deal with the emotional as well as physical aspects of rape.

AN OUTGROWTH of the Women's Coalition on Rape Prevention, the Rape Crisis Center will begin operation Sunday, July 15th. Its staff will be comprised of volunteers trained in counseling. According to a representative of the Center, "The Women's Movement has moved us from consciousness-raising to doing. Women must help each other face the problem of rape...this is why we established the Center."

The aims of the Rape Crisis Center are to inform, to support, to refer, and to offer more accurate statistics on rape.

Information will be given as to what to do after being raped, how to report the act to the police, and where to go for classes in self-defense. Staff members will be able to refer women to various professionals—understanding and discrete doctors, lawyers, and therapists. And most important, the women on the staff (some rape victims themselves) will emotionally support the caller.

Center volunteers are convinced that the number of reported rapes is small compared to the number

of actual cases. This could be because the victim may have known the man previously and would hesitate to bring him in, or the woman might fear for her reputation. But the biggest reason for not reporting a rape are woman's feelings of guilt and shame—that somehow she is at fault.

"IF A MAN hitchhiking is robbed, society treats him with sympathy. But if a woman hitchhikes and is raped, society declares that she deserved it

because she was asking for it," insists a Center volunteer. "The Rape Crisis Center will try to convince these women that the act of rape is a crime. The victim has done nothing wrong."

Rape Crisis Center phone lines will be open from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. daily, starting Sunday. If you have been raped, have questions about rape, or want to volunteer to work at counseling or publicity, call 251-RAPE. All records will be confidential.

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PAD ADS

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CAMPUS—LAKE. Attractively furnished very large, 1 bdrm. apts. on the lake. Great location convenient to campus, capitol, and shopping. Accepting fall applications. Rents start at \$160. All utilities including air/cond. furnished. Greatly reduced summer prices. Models open daily from 1 pm. Stop in or call 257-3736; if no answer call 257-5174. THE CARROLLON, 620 N. Carroll St.—XXX

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DOTY STREET, 514 West. Now renting furnished efficiency & 1 bdrm. apts. for fall. Central campus area. OPEN DAILY 2-8 p.m. weekends 1-5pm. TEMKIN REALTY days 238-7304; eves 233-2124; or model 255-0152.—A20

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LIQUOR & WINE for sale at Madison's lowest prices. try us you'll like us. Badger Liquor, 402 State St.—XXX

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"NONE DARE CALL IT FAITH" Free booklet. Mailbox Evangelism, Box 54, Mount Horeb, Wis. 53572

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ED, IT'S alright, I'm not pregnant, please come home...love, Tricia.—XXX

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOM...LOVE, Debbie.—A/7

JIM P.... Watch out for flying T.V.—S—XXX

DAVID K., Despair not, WSA still loves you.—2-J21

MTM...WE'RE here, where are you? Love, Rhoda and Phyllis.

TO SUSAN MCNEELY.... where's the key to the phone?...Marie Le Major.—6xJ21

TO CLARK KENT waiting at the phone booth at Point Beach—the Daily Planet is not justified without you.—XXX

So says the VA... THE RYATTS by Jack Elroy



News Briefs

Skolnick

Sherman Skolnick, independent investigator, who has revealed White House connections with the fatal crash of United Airlines Flight #533, which was carrying several key Watergate figures, including Dorothy Hunt, wife of convicted Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt, will speak at the Catholic Center, 723 State St., at 8 P.M. on Wednesday, July 18.

VISTA INTERVIEWS

Action/Vista/Peace Corps will be interviewing in 117 Bascom Hall, the Career Advising and Placement Services office, on July 17. An appointment schedule is now out for sign-ups.

FAHAR PICKETING

There will be a picket line this Saturday, July 14, from noon to 4 p.m., to protest the sale of Farah pants by Prange's of East Towne. The picket line will assemble at the East Towne mall parking entrance closest to downtown. Bus transportation to East Towne will be provided from the front of the Memorial Union at 11:30 a.m., 12:30 and

Book Review

Margaret Truman gives 'em hell

HARRY S. TRUMAN

By Margaret Truman

Reviewed by ROBERT ALDREIGE
of the Fine Arts staff

Harry S. Truman, is not an academic history book, nor is it (in the usual sense of the word) a biography. Had it purported to be either, then its clearest weakness (the highly prejudiced view of a man and a President by his daughter—a forgiveable weakness in this case) would have been fatal. Harry Truman could not have been the unshakable citadel of strength and righteousness which his daughter may appear to feel that he was—and perhaps it is only an appearance, because the weakness is really one not of commission, but of omission: the omission of any serious or questioning treatment of what many have felt to be the unfavorable aspects of President Truman's administration. This omission probably would not be a weakness at all, were it not for the fact that the author does stray unwisely now and then into rather emotional defenses of the President's actions, as witness this example:

The final testimony for the rightness of Dad's decision on the atomic bomb comes from the Japanese themselves. Cabinet Secretary Sakomizu said the atomic bomb 'provided an excuse to surrender.' Hirohito's chief civilian adviser, Marquis Kido, said 'The presence of the atomic bomb made it easier for us, the politicians, to negotiate peace.'

If, then, Harry S. Truman is not academic history or even real biography, what is it? Aside from being, of course, a portrait of an individual, the book is a study in greatness, and as such it was necessary that it adapt itself to what it was that made the man great. Truman's greatness lay not in his speeches, nor in his ability to deliver them (despite Margaret's assertion that he learned the art of speech making), nor did it lie in his shrewdness in playing people and situations off against each other (as FDR did so well, and as Truman could do when necessary); it lay instead in Harry Truman's simplicity of character: his stubborn dedication to what he felt was right, his faith in what he felt America should be, and his self-effacing honesty (he was not, however, honest to the point of being ridiculous). He usually said what he was thinking, and he usually did what he said—a rare quality among Presidents.

THE BOOK HAD TO adapt itself, then, to these basically simple traits in order to capture Truman's character, and through his character his greatness. The portrait is consequently highly anecdotal in nature, stringing together private letters, memos, and incidents (often amusing—as in the case of Truman's first awe-struck visit to FDR at the White House, in which his memo described every article of food on the menu; often personal, as in the case of his family letters, especially those to his mother and those charmingly devoted letters to Margaret from an extremely fond parent; often deeply serious, as in his

letters to his mother and to his many friends and colleagues about the responsibilities of power; often frivolous, as in his memo about eating a casual meal on the White House porch and feeding a rather ungrateful squirrel; often frightening, as in the description of the first days of the Korean War, when Truman secretly feared a third world conflict; often tinged with pathos as in the description of the loss of his best friend, Charlie Ross; often revelatory and ironic, as in the President's memos about General Eisenhower's vasculations over politics and his contradictory rise to power against his own advice).

These, and many others, are the simple things which make up most of the book. Some of them may be a bit hearsay (though most are documented from the Truman Library), some may be tinted a little with the soft glow of inexact and fond memory, but all seem essentially true to the outlines at least of this portrait of a remarkable man who stood in awe of the Presidency instead of himself, and who therefore stood above most Presidents.

For the most part, the book is very well structured. With a stroke of near-genius, Margaret Truman chose to begin her portrait not with a chapter on her father's birth and childhood, but with a chapter describing the exciting and surprising (to those then not so familiar with Harry Truman) 1948 Presidential campaign. It was in that campaign that all the Truman stubbornness of conviction, optimism, and basic honesty showed through most clearly and paid the man his greatest personal reward. Then, after the essence of the portrait had been established, the author moved back through time to describe the beginnings and making of such an extraordinary man; and having done that, she proceeded to the second administration with its disappointments and occasional triumphs.

If there is a part of the book which might be termed structurally weak, it would be the closing chapter on retirement, in which very little of real interest or value to the portrait was related. The story might better have ended with the inauguration of Eisenhower—a bang-up ending indeed, with its final contrast and conflict of characters between the outgoing Truman (with his characteristic dislike for pomp and pretension) and the incoming Eisenhower, with his new sense of pomp and power and somewhat uninformed messianic vision—perhaps best illustrated in the exchange between the two men awaiting the ceremony at the capitol when Ike spied his son John, whom he thought to be in Korea, among the crowd: Ike said, "I wonder who is responsible for my son John being ordered to Washington from Korea? I wonder who is trying to embarrass me?" Truman replied, "The President of the United States ordered your son to attend your inauguration. If you think somebody was trying to embarrass you by this order, then the President assumes full responsibility." It was the Presidency that meant everything to Harry Truman, not the man.

reruns, I would recommend you take this show in.

Jack Burns and Avery Schreiber started out in the mid-sixties in Chicago's Second City, specializing in low-key social and political satire. Their most familiar format involves a running dialogue between a sardonic New York cab driver played by brillo-haired Schreiber and his loud-mouthed dull-witted passenger played by Jack Burns. This one format has been the springboard for literally dozens of pointed sketches covering topics ranging from politics to the weather to Mark Spitz to sex and religion. Much of their material would ordinarily fall under the heading of T.V. taboo if placed in less capable hands, but B&S have a unique knack for concealing their satire under a thin coating of schtick comedy.

TV HAS ALWAYS been wary of satire, especially political and religious, because it has a tendency to quickly alienate and thereby lose a large portion of the viewing audience. That Was the Week That Was in the early 60's, and to a lesser extent The

Smotherers Brothers Comedy Hour several years later, failed to gain total acceptance because of their pretension that "we're now going to joke about topics that aren't supposed to be joked about."

The B&S come-on is a simple "We're now going to do some comedy routines...period." Your resistance is broken down by the lighter jokes, and before you know it you find yourself smack in the midst of those "topics that aren't supposed to be joked about," and you're barely, if ever, aware of the transition.

What is particularly refreshing is that The Burns and Schreiber Comedy Hour offers comedy, and for the most part good comedy, on all levels. Both men are brilliant stand-up comics, but they are also actors capable of performing in dramatic situations.

Although B&S often cover previously traveled ground, their treatment of the subject matter is consistently original.

Chances are this show will make it as a regular series. The B&S team has been just what the TV variety format has been looking for for some time.

And that's no BS.

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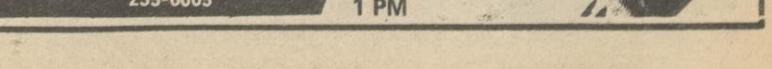
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'Last Tango': Miller and Mailer revisited



By MAUREEN TURIM
of the Fine Arts Staff

Last *Tango in Paris* is an extremely disappointing film. Not only does it fail to fulfill the expectations aroused by the corrupt ad campaign and the irresponsible critical hype it has received, but the film fails internally as well.

The film broaches themes of sexuality and human interrelationships in contemporary society. It is structured in a way which presents the potential of dealing with those themes in an innovative and important manner. Yet despite this promise the film clearly lacks the depth of development to fulfill what one assumes it set out to do.

BERTOLUCCI GIVES US numerous shots screened by opaque glass, or by curtains, or by shadows or by other means of visual obscuration; as these shots, while individually interesting, finally become tedious through repetition, they serve as one image representing the film as a whole. A wax paper vision unable to focus and examine because the mind behind the camera (or the pen, if you go back to the problems of the script) lacks insight into the situations it directs its attention on. The creator has neither the skill with narrative structures nor the sensibility to go further.

The film is set up as a contemporary exploration of the proverbial triangle relationship. However, the only relationship between the two men is through the woman who is the passive constituent relative to which the men are contrasted and compared, since they never interact. The problem is that while Paul, the Brando character, the prisoner of sex and guilt, is treated seriously, Tom, the filmmaker-fiance played by Jean-Pierre Leaud, is relegated to a mixture of slapstick comic and campy filmophile references. Pauline Kael called Tom "an affectionate take-off on Godard, and an alternate view could see him as Bertolucci's surrogate. But then why is he left in a ridiculously embryonic state, a cartoon? The effect is too cute and devastatingly inappropriate.

This central, yet unsatisfactorily handled triangular relationship is echoed in a series of secondary triangles. For example, there is the relationship between Paul, his now dead wife

Rosa and her lover, and these triangles go down to the minor characters who appear only for brief sequences, i.e., the two homosexuals trying to obtain a room in Paul's hotel, and Paul, whose unwillingness to serve them cancels their relationship. But the relationship between Paul and his wife's lover echoes precisely the structure of Paul's relationship to Tom, and when Paul and the lover meet for the first time after Rosa's suicide, wearing identical bathrobes that she gave as presents to both of them, the parallels which are left to implication in the central triangle are more successfully handled.

That this is not a film just about Paul's relationship to Jeanne (Maria Schneider), but about his character, contrasted and compared to other men, is of crucial importance. For Paul is the embodiment of an unrestricted masculine id, and whether the film becomes a statement critical of his behavior or conversely a simple celebration of it is dependent on the success of the contrasts and comparisons. If, as I have indicated, the triangle is not treated with equivalent seriousness, the film becomes weighted in Paul's direction, making him into a noble martyr rather than a pathological misfit. Bertolucci seems to fudge his statement by a conflict in structure and treatment, which is precisely the same uncertainty, non-constructive ambiguity which made *The Conformist* a flashy but very fuzzily conceived film.

THE OPPOSITION set up between Paul's closed world that he establishes with Jeanne in the empty apartment and with the world of outside realities is again structurally well established since the scenes of their erotic adventures are intercut evenly with scenes on the outside. That the erotic sequences are not all that erotic is not that important to the development of this contrast, although, except for the vulgar humor, they provide little stimulus for the pornography buffs the film is drawing. A look at these "erotic" sequences show that they have the potential of delineating Paul's neurosis through the very important fact that during all the sexual behavior, except Jeanne's masturbation sequence, Paul is the figure who dominates

the frame, specifically Paul's back. It is almost as if the audience are set up as a panel of psychiatrists watching this deeply disturbed man act out his fantasies through a one-way mirror in a laboratory. When, after Jeanne shoot him at the film's end, she repeats the story she is preparing for the police, that Paul is a rapist and that she didn't even know him, didn't know his name, she is telling the truth. Why she submitted to his repeated rapes is something Bertolucci never bothers to explore, willing instead to present her as a passive, traitorous bitch, unable to face the responsibility for her involvement with this sick man. This depiction is evidence of the same misogyny on the part of the director-scriptwriter that riddles films made by males which deal with sexuality, i.e. Truffaut's *Jules and Jim* or Godard's *Breathless*. But this is not the sixties, this is 1973, and surely now we have even a greater right to demand more perception and less prejudice on Bertolucci's part.

This same theme of sexuality divorced from the other processes of life, allowed to flourish in a single room closed off to the rest of the world, is explored in Doris Lessing's novel, *The Four-Gated City*. Even the dialogue about the possibility of "coming without touching" was handled in Martha's clandestine meetings with Jack. That Lessing's novel is a much more complete examination of the power of the masculine id over the repressed, uncertain female shows us the limitations of Bertolucci's treatment.

But *Last Tango* is receiving infinitely more exposure than that excellent novel, whose reading has been primarily restricted to feminists. *Last Tango* rather than serving as a collective therapy session, acts as propaganda for the prevailing myths about sexuality in our culture. Rather than delineating them for analysis, it offers us a chance to emote and sympathize with the sick male figure. Does anyone remember the days when Bertolucci was looked to as a promising left-wing director? Isn't it clear that this film is something less than Henry Miller and Norman Mailer revisited.

Milius kills 'Dillinger' but sows Oates

By JANE SLOAN
of the Fine Arts Staff

Once again, we are offered a variation on the theme of big-time killer as human being. At least that is what the publicity for *Dillinger*, this week at the Orpheum, claims—"we wanted to show a rounded character, not a cardboard cutout." In some cases, this would have meant a brutal but interesting film; in this case, it's just brutal and schlocky. Arty techniques and simple-minded direction have managed to turn *Dillinger* into a picture sentimental and embarrassing enough to be unworthy of the label gangster. This is due partly to the contradiction between the graphic violence that sells the film and the social conscience that supposedly drives it. After all, what does one put in the second half hour that will make the blood and gore of the first half hour hang together?

Director and writer John Milius has solved the problem very simply by avoiding it. As a result his film is banal and lacks

movement. Each scene is undeveloped within itself and unrelated stylistically or thematically to the movie as a whole, although the scenes work in their own pace and mood. There's the romantically scored family get-together (with no dialogue), and the "I don't want to be there when they get you" speech from the girlfriend. The G-man who is more a murderer than the criminals he chases, and lots of depression towns and roads, and lots more machine-gunned spasm-ridden bodies. The characters may be well-rounded in terms of what they are seen doing, but they are nevertheless smooth and bland as a ball.

THE PROBLEM seems to be that Milius has little taste and even less judgment. Having been to film school, he is a passable imitator, and having a reputation, he can work with an excellent cast, but he still works on an intellectual level that might have trouble pleasing an audience of 12-year-olds. This

is best illustrated by a scene in which one of the gang is ditched by the nasty Baby-Face Nelson, who pauses for a minute to watch the guns closing in, and says, "things have been going wrong all day today." Feeble enough, but the guy goes on, picks up another car, gets ditched again and repeats the same line just as 10 new guns are being pointed at him. Unfortunately, Milius has a penchant for such devices (to make a point or for a laugh?) and repeating dialogue is one of his basic structuring techniques.

But the cast is good—Ben Johnson cuts a suitably cool figure as the evil FBI man, Melvin Purvis, who is out to get glory for himself, and J. Edgar. And Warren Oates is terrific as John Dillinger. He just sets his face on cocky and slightly neurotic and is automatically convincing. The rest of the cast too is well-chosen; it's just too bad that they didn't have more than cardboard to work with.

