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Workers may lick '28 flavors'

By BARB OLSON
of the Cardinal Staff

Howard Johnson's orange and blue trademark appeared on picket signs in Miffland yesterday as HoJo workers protested unfair labor practices including the firing of 14 workers in the last three weeks.

The picketing occurred after the lodging of a formal complaint with the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) against

Howard Johnson's for harassment of MADISON Independent Worker's Union (MIWU) organizers and sympathizers. A community boycott has not yet been called, but U.S. Mail, United Parcel and General Beverage trucks have been turned away. Workers hope that the Teamsters Union will also honor the informational picket line.

THE LABOR-management dispute has been simmering ever since HoJo's began hiring in mid-April. Complaints centered

around lack of job security, vague job classifications, low wages and the general attitude of management that workers are cogs in the profit-making machine rather than human beings.

The workers charged that women are subjected to sexist insults and harassment and that contrary to management claims, male employees are forced to get haircuts. During the employee training sessions, workers were warned that a union would not

be in their self-interest, and that any attempt to organize one would be met with a lock-out of all the workers.

Because of these and other complaints a leaflet was circulated among workers calling for a meeting to discuss grievances and the possible formation of a union. Management hurriedly flew in four high-level Howard Johnson officials who again warned workers about the dangers of forming a union. Written job classifications were termed "impossible," and workers were told that "we as individuals make our own job security here."

One of the officials commented "not one of them is worth a sexist remark" in response to the workers' charges of sexism. Management also referred to the workers' leaflet as a "doctoral dissertation written by a student of psychology" or some other "outsider" who was stirring up the workers.

UNSATISFIED with these glib pronouncements, several workers formed a union-organizing committee and began to enlist fellow workers. Within a week 41 per cent had signed. Fifty-one per cent is needed for an NLRB-supervised union election.

Sine that time, 14 persons have been "permanently terminated" by HoJo's, most of whom are union organizers or sympathizers. They received neither advance notice of their firings, nor were allowed to finish with their shifts. At least two of them were fired for wearing union buttons. Union membership has been reduced by these "terminations" to less than 8 per cent.

Management cites payroll cuts and lack of business as reasons for firings. If this is true, there is no reason why workers will not be promised a recall if business picks up. However, HoJo's has specifically refused to do this. Nevertheless, the crew is now so short-handed that the remaining workers are being called in to work on days off with work loads being doubled.

A common practice among new businesses is to hire more workers than needed in order to weed out the "sheep" from the "goats," according to one union sympathizer. The practice also assures a docile labor force that will put up with low wages and lousy working conditions. "The

(continued on page 3)



Playgirl: "the whole idea seems so cruel"

By MAUREEN TURIM
of the Fine Arts Staff

"Are we supposed to get off on looking at this posed body?"
"They don't show nothing. You can't even see his prick."
"Talk about tasteful!"

Such are the comments evoked by an initial glance at Playgirl, The Magazine for Women from a woman friend who happened to pick up my review copy and turn to the glossy center fold of what the magazine claims is the "bold and beautiful George Maharis." Male friends who happened upon this magazine conspicuously displayed on my living room table were more accusing—doubting my purely professional interest, they admonished me, "don't you think this is female sexism?"

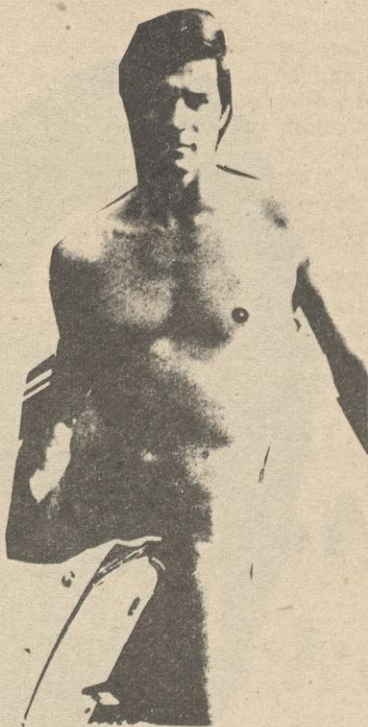
Playgirl is many many things abhorrent, and female sexism is only one part. As Playboy's counterpart, the magazine's stance is that women have an equal right to erotica and to articles openly proclaiming a woman's right to enjoy heterosexual freedom. But like Hugh Hefner's notorious money maker, this magazine delves into the plastic consumerism of posed and polished images which are about as sexy as Charmin bathroom tissue or a loaf of Wonderbread. And like Playboy, Playgirl's bachelor-girl

philosophy leads to a role-defined existence about as inviting as a sink full of dirty dishes or a tubful of dirty diapers.

SINCE EVERYONE looks at the pics before they read the articles, let's talk first about them and what isn't there. No frontal male nudity. Coy legs crossed over his no-no. Oops, is that its little tip sticking out?

And beyond that sort of damper on sexual stimulation, the pictures of Maharis pose him holding on to a horse, like he was shooting a Marlboro commercial in the emperor's new clothes, or in his gallery (George paints, too) holding on to his paintbrush. Now I wonder why the men in Playgirl get posed with horses and paintbrushes and the women in Playboy get posed sprawled across beds?

Are we going to be treated to Jack Nicholas playing golf nude, Hank Aaron beating out Babe Ruth nude? How about Henry Kissinger signing a peace agreement in his altogether. But no, what I really want to see is all the Watergate defendants, and yes, I want Dickie-boy to be there too, shredding papers stark naked. Oh, the thought of such eroticism sitting behind this typewriter is just too too much, I think I better move on to a discussion of the rest of the magazine....



And here's where the real fun starts. First, the editor's column where Marin Scott Milam (how's that for a professional, i.e. male sounding name?) tells us that she is a "woman, like you and I, who appreciates men, who loves life, enjoys sex. I laugh, cry, feel, care." Doesn't that sound wholesome? I wonder what it

means to "appreciate" men? Well, in other places the magazine offers those of us who are unsure of our gourmet status some guidelines.

MARVENE JONES in her column "On the Prowl" says that all us big game hunters have our sights set on the fabulous four-some, who are, I kid you not, Cary Grant, Henry Kissinger, Aristotle Onassis and Frank Sinatra. The reason? Well, as one "playgirl about town" is quoted, "They all enjoy life. They all have power.. and it's very hard to resist a man with power. Every time I see them they always look as though they were thinking about sex. They each have special sexy wavelength vibrations that they send out subconsciously. They all have a perpetual erection."

Mick Jagger, Joe D'Alles and Che Guevara didn't even make the top-twenty. Neither, more surprisingly, did Marlon Brando, although George C. Scott is there and Playgirl says of him, "It's his rugged individualism that puts him on the list. He marches to the beat of a different drummer." According to Filmmakers Newsletter, Claudia Weil discovered on her recent trip to China that Chou En Lai was "the sexiest man in the world." But I guess Commie power is off limits as sexual enticement for true playgirls. Maybe good old

Chou is not enough of an individualist for real playgirls.

But that's where it's at. If a way to a man's cock is through his stomach (yes, Playgirl features sensual recipes), the way to a woman's cunt is supposedly through her quest for money and grandeur. Playgirl invests in capitalist sex, and in these times of economic disaster, a girl can't afford to set her sights too low.

What about the woman who does not get off on powerful men? She is a man-hater, a dyke. The Lesbian movement should be grateful to Playgirl for laying the contradictions out so clearly. Playgirl may be the best gay women's manifesto ever compiled. Nor like Ms. is it oblivious to the subject. It features the best article on Lesbian motherhood that I have ever read in a national publication. Anne Taylor Fleming's "Should Lesbians be Mothers" along with Barry Classer's review of The Changing Room, (a Broadway play comprised of one long nude scene in a men's locker room,) make up the only readable copy in the dollar magazine. Both articles discuss male fears of their own homosexuality in a very good way.

OF COURSE, Playgirls seek

(continued on page 3)

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Condominium for Pinckney St.

High-rise or low cost?

The continuing debate over whether the city should construct high-cost housing for families or quality low-cost housing for students is now focused on the end of North Pinckney Street. For the past two months, architect Kenton Peters' plans for a high-rise condominium in that area have been rejected by the zoning board of appeals and by the Fourth Ward Committee, lead by Ald. Dennis McGilligan.

"I don't find it personally undesirable to mix people from different viewpoints and income groups," explained McGilligan, "but I think that there is a bigger need for quality housing for students."

In contrast, Peters believes that

building high-cost housing is the only way to save a dying downtown area. "I think to start the downtown area on the road back," says Peters, "we've got to get people of diversified incomes downtown. Low-income housing for students is fine, but we can't ignore the other financial segment that can put money into the area."

"There is no place downtown for a professor whose kids are grown and who has a substantial income to live."

The zoning board of appeals (made up of Soglin appointees,) and the Fourth Ward Committee, objected to Peters' revised plans for a thirteen story building with seven stories visible above ground. Their objections were based on height, the allowance for two cars per condominium, and the necessity for additional driveway space which would interfere with McGilligan's plans for a mini-park in the area.

Although McGilligan considers it doubtful whether Peters can build anything without requesting some type of variance to the code, Peters claims that his original plan is within the code. This design is for a seventeen story building, as opposed to the revised thirteen story plan.

To build the thirteen floor condominium, Peters would have to place six floors behind a bluff next to Lake Monona. This requires a variance to the code, which requires that a building be twenty-five feet from the lake. The seventeen story building, however, would be completely above ground, and would not require a variance.

Peters explains that he would need to make the building higher for the venture to be financially worthwhile, because it would cost more than the partially hidden building. He adds that he will resort to this plan if he can not work out a design that the zoning board and the ward committee would approve.

In a Fourth Ward Committee meeting, described as "volatile" by McGilligan, about 50 per cent of the group objected to having any building in that area at all. The other half felt that if Peters would eliminate the objections, he should be allowed to build.

McGilligan and the ward committee strongly object to

Peters' emphasis on the building residents having automobiles downtown. They consider two stalls per condominium family excessive.

Peters claims that he is actually proposing "auto-storage," by getting the cars off of the streets. "People are not going to give up their cars," he says, "and if I don't provide parking, then they will be in the streets."

He suggests that with this "storage-parking," the residents can walk to work downtown and use their cars only to leave the downtown area.

McGilligan and his group, however, feel that by making it easy for families to have cars, support for mass transit plans will be hurt.

According to Peters, there is a great need for high-cost housing in the downtown area. In the past, however, National Park and Life Insurance Company dropped plans for a larger but similar condominium when their market research concluded that they did not have enough support from perspective customers.

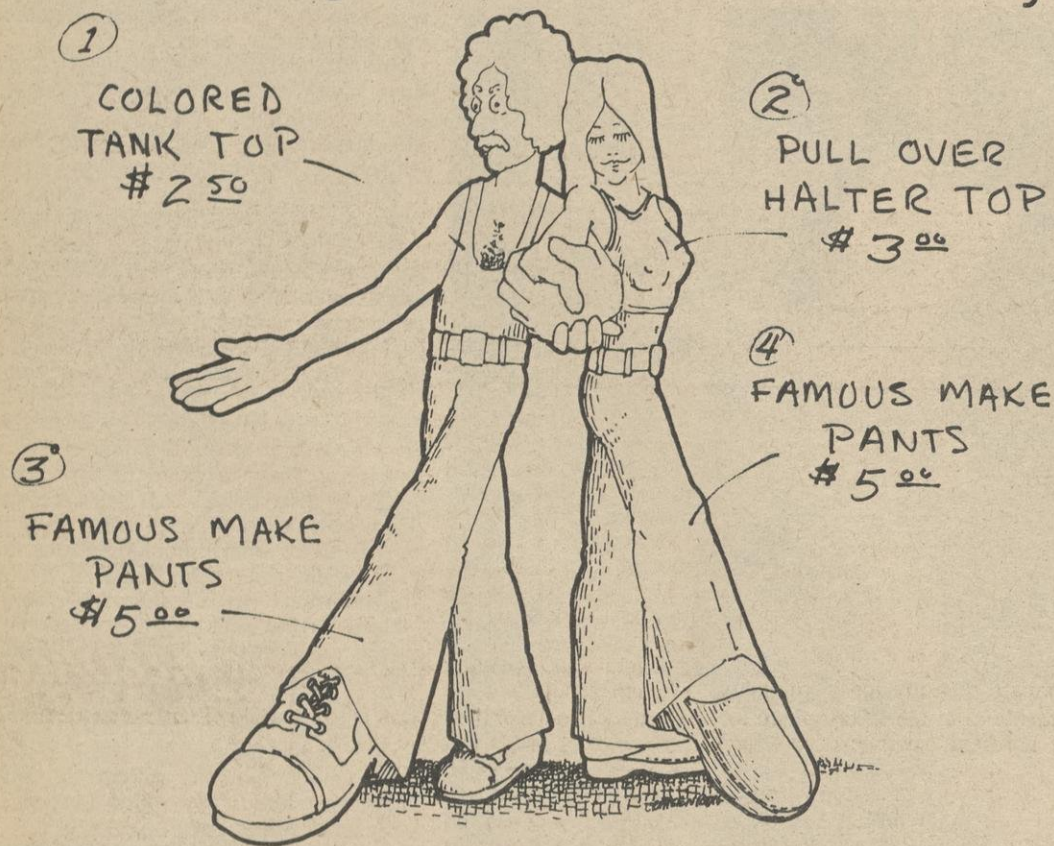
But Peters explains, "that's my gamble. I am venturing my money and my time in the hope that twenty-five families would move in." He adds that some professors, lawyers and a dentist have already contacted him concerning purchase of the condominium.

Peters feels that his plan for a lower building, which requires the variances rejected by the zoning board of appeals, is actually a much better building for the city and neighborhood than the design that is within the code. Not only does the lower building eliminate additional above-ground construction, but it allows him to lower the price for each condominium.

Peters hopes that his fifth design, which attempts to meet the objections of the committees as well as keep the building height and cost down, will not encounter additional opposition. "After I redesigned it and the committees shot it down again," Peters said, "I was getting rather frustrated with the democratic process."

On that point, Peters and his youthful opposition may have something in common.

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DAYS, EVENINGS, WEEKENDS

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Afro Center whitewashed by U "multiculturalism"

By BILL SILVER
of the Cardinal Staff

Due to recent changes in educational priorities, the University is seeking to close down the individual cultural centers on campus under a program called "multiculturalism."

The object of this program would be to combine the Afro-American Center, the Native American Center and the proposed Chicano Center into a single multi-cultural center that would provide for all minority students on campus.

IN 1969, a militant strike by black students on the Madison campus forced the University to grant an Afro-American Center to fulfill the special cultural and educational needs of black students.

Current critics now charge that the center is "segregated" and educationally unnecessary. We should not have a separate University center for blacks, for Latinos and for Native Americans. We have to create one that serves all, said Edward Spicer, program director of academic affairs. "Insufficient preparation for college doesn't come in colors."

Edward Hales, the only black person on the Board of Regents and author of the multicultural center resolution, questioned the Afro's Center's program choices. "What program on this brochure has anything to do with retention or keeping a kid in school?" he asked.

Supporters of the center answered these charges, stating that "the center's programs have always been open to everybody," and that to merge the centers would be to "eliminate the necessary cultural and educational support that the Center provides for black students."

THE AFRO-AMERICAN Center is open to anyone who wants to use it, said Joseph Hill, administrator of the Center. "Our programs and our resources are utilized by

people of all colors here on campus. We've been multicultural long before anyone talked about it."

Under the new cultural center proposal, the Afro-American Center budget will cover all cultural groups. Although funds are needed by other minority groups, the University, according to Hill, is handling the allocations in an "arbitrary and deceitful" way.

"The real issue here is not segregation or education," says Hill, "but rather a question of the University making a political

that educational opportunities for minority students are of real service only when they provide for professional or "productive" training. The Center argues that it is impossible to isolate the students' social and cultural well-being from their academic needs.

"THIRD WORLD students who come to the unfamiliar and remote campus life at Madison," says a supporter of the Center, "are isolated and neglected by the predominantly white university. A

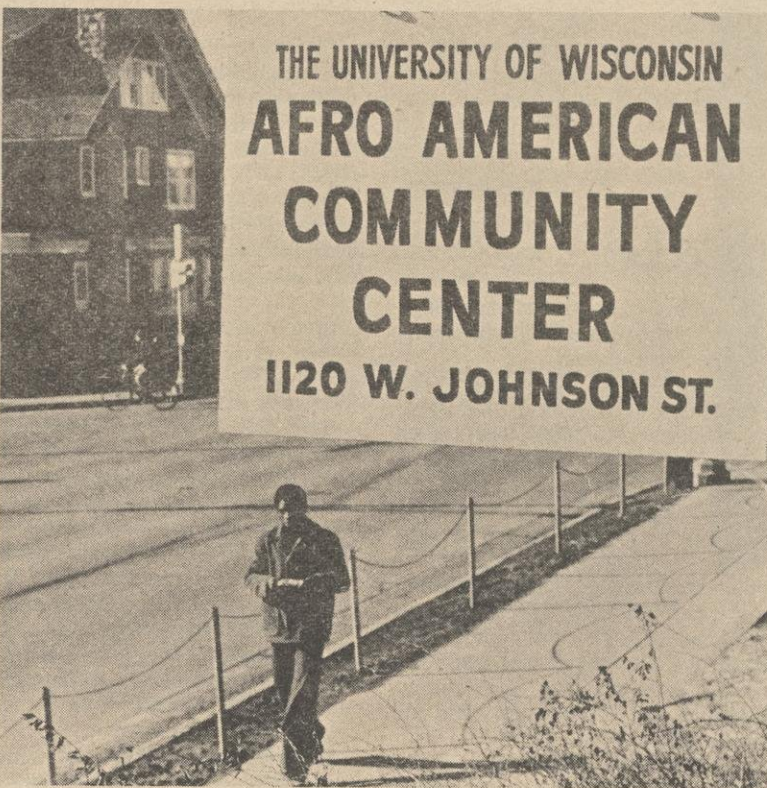


Photo by Geoff Simon

decision to try and eliminate the various centers." The Afro-American Center and its director, Kwame Salter, have often been quite outspoken in their views and the Center's programs have been at times too controversial for the administration.

Students and administrators view the Center's educational role differently. Administrators state

separate center for minority students is a necessary place for the political, social and cultural life of students," she added.

The Afro-American Center wrote and distributed the Black Student Handbook and the High School Transitional Manual, both of which have been well-received. In addition, the Center's library has excellent resources that are

used by many students and teachers, and they also sponsor counseling services, tutorial services, student symposiums, guest speakers and movies.

Critics of the minority centers believe these policies only serve to further isolate the various groups from the general campus body and society by creating "separate enclaves" for each cultural group.

IN ORDER to deal with the University and to bring the issue to the general student body, the Afro-American Center, along with the Native American Center, and the Chicano students in La Raza Unida, have formed the Executive Council for Cultural Interaction and Awareness (ECCIA). Representatives from these groups, as well as supportive groups, held an informational meeting two weeks ago to pass out position papers and to plan future strategy.

The ECCIA has responded to the issue of multi-culturalism, and the charges against the centers: the real issues, they felt, "were not the services and practices of the groups, but rather, an attempt by the university to arbitrarily eliminate cultural programs for so-called minority students under the guise of encouraging integration."

The ECCIA stated that multi-culturalism is in itself not bad, and in most instances the different cultural groups have practiced multi-cultural relations. Their major objection is that "the University has no authority to interfere with the Administration of Cultural Centers, and that by pushing multi-culturalism, the university is trying to destroy the political autonomy and influence of each group."

A major focus of the ECCIA is to point out that each cultural group is in a different situation. "Multi-cultural anything," says the ECCIA, "should acknowledge the undeniable fact that different cultural groups are at different stages of development, and thus possess different need objectives."

A look at female erotica

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adventure on their way to seeking men, and in its travel guide section, Playgirl suggests the Greek islands. Playgirls don't bother their heads over aborted coups and fascist governments. Onassis posed next to the falcon and a picture of the dictator is just the thing to bring on multiple orgasms. I mean, now that Hitler is out of sight and those cute little Gasthaus in Berlin have all but taken beer off their menus, where else is there to go but the "sunny playing spots" of Mykonos, Dilos, Corfu and Hydra? Calling Greece's past "mystical" (did they mean mythic or did they mean India?), Delores Baner points the way to

the "chi-chi playgrounds for the rich", telling its readers to "by all means travel alone. Lovers, especially, should be left at home. Greek men are earthy, enthusiastic, readily approachable, easily-seducable. Frankly, I've never had a Greek lover-I didn't like. Besides, it's not only Greeks you'll meet." Rhodes is said to offer "Posh seaside restaurants and hotels" which "abound with all the playthings a girl like you—or me—could want. The casino is always a hub of activity. Try your luck, but do take time for a little flaunting, a lot of man-hunting."

The sad thing is that Playgirl is going to be read by less than

beautiful women whose "sunny playing spots" are limited to a Saturday afternoon away from the steno-pool on Milwaukee's alewife strewn Bradford Beach, whose "easily-approachable" man is a tattooed rapist with a few too many beers in his protruding belly. Playgirl's announced motive of creating erotica for women not only fails miserably to be erotic, but the whole idea seems so cruel.

There is a qualitative difference between erotica and sensuality which just can't be bought in a dollar's worth of glossy pictures and a few mindless naughty articles. No one wants women to enjoy sex more than I do,

but I can't begin to fathom how to make that possible for a nation of potion-dabbling eunuchs, to borrow from Germaine Greer, (a former contributor to Screw, another magazine that attempted to be erotic and failed by falling into different male traps than Playgirl, but male traps none the less. At least Screw was perverse enough to be seen in disfavor in the USA.)

Playgirl is not only not a breakthrough for womanhood, it is a giant set-back. The quest for good pornography for women and men, for straights and homosexuals goes on. Until it materializes, maybe we can work at learning to touch one another.

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Hojo's minus 14 workers

continued from page 1.

nicer and more innocent the workers are," said one worker, "the more they try to use them."

IN AN UNUSUAL practice for new businesses, HoJo has refrained from massive downtown advertisement.

Some workers believe that this "lack of business" movement may be part of a conscious policy to get rid of the union. A national chain could afford to lose money now, in order to prevent unionization

that might spread in the future.

HoJo's continuous dispute with its workers casts doubt upon management's claims of service to the community. The low-wage policy is a good example. According to union members, several low-income workers originally hired by HoJo's were forced to quit because at a base rate of \$1.40 to \$1.60 an hour, they could not meet daycare expenses and were actually losing money.

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Cardinal

opinion & comment

When you understand some of the motive behind the world revolution, the drive behind the African and the drive behind the Asian, then you get some of that drive yourself. You'll be driving for real.

Malcolm X—

Feiffer



Oil floats on Watergate

It was exactly one year ago last Sunday that several well-dressed gentlemen were caught bugging the Democratic National Headquarters at Watergate. Since that time, the name of the posh Washington apartment complex has become synonymous with American degradation and decay. The events of Watergate don't even have to be explained anymore—the very mention of the name evokes a knowing and tired response, as though all the facts have been heard, the judgements have been made, and we don't need to hear about Watergate anymore. But there are indeed several more things to be said about Watergate, as the important lessons have been all but obscured by the mountains of newsprint spent wondering just how far Nixon was involved in the whole affair. We know he was, but that's not the point.

The real implications of Watergate are clear. There is an unofficial but very important nexus of power which exists behind and in spite of the acknowledged civics textbook institutions. Its name is money, its power is nearly total, and the only difference between the way it operates every day and the way it operated in the super-sordid Watergate affair is that this time it got caught.

This "other government" has a power structure all its own. It is a combination of interlocking forces, pulling in the CIA here and organized crime there, fueled by money and staffed by hired hacks and rich right-wingers. But the power that ran Watergate should not be isolated from the power that runs the country on a day-to-day basis, and the similarities can be seen by glancing at Nixon's supporters and contributors. He is still guarding the economic interests of certain people, who can best be described as new-money, oil-connected Southerners. These people are still in power even after the Watergate blowup.

Nixon's campaign received money from oil people, right-wing unions, and from rich conservative businessmen, and that coalition is still with us. Most of the people who head the nation's oil companies contributed heavily to Nixon's campaign: Richard Mellon Scaife (Gulf) gave 1 million; the Phipps family (Texaco) also chipped in for a million; and J. Paul Getty, whose name is synonymous with over-

bearing wealth, gave \$97,000. John Connally is a veritable oil well. With friends like this, who needs emigre thugs to bug the Democrats?

And a year after Watergate, it is the people at the heads of these corporations who still run our lives. Inflation, the energy crisis, none of these were voted on. At the behest of the oil companies, Nixon granted them a hefty rise in heating-oil costs in mid-January. He guards these people, who have power because they have money. And they made their money largely because of favors from Washington.

It is not that Nixon and his crew-cut henchmen have been caught playing a new and evil game. Nixon's people just don't play it as well. The evil which takes place in upper echelons doesn't always manifest itself in "third-rate burglary attempts" as Presidential press-flunkey Ron Zeigler stated it a week after the Watergate arrests took place.

The evils are usually of a much subtler kind. A plot to manage the 1972 election pales beside the study done by the Rand corporation on the feasibility of calling the election off entirely.

And why the hell are we so surprised when the administration that is still bombing Cambodia and planning electronic battlefields at places like AMRC gets caught doing something relatively harmless like rigging an election and then lying about it? We should be grateful that such child's play can keep the CIA (even momentarily) from its more serious business of subverting the revolution in Chile or expediting fascism in Greece.

The point is not to isolate Watergate, but to see it in the total American picture, which is equally as grim. The same people who brought us Watergate are bringing us higher meat prices and no decent places to live. The military arm of that structure is spying on radicals and placing agents-provocateurs (like Larry Grantwohl) in organizations like Weatherpeople.

And although the morality of the whole thing is stunning (Jeb Stuart Magruder's explanation that he and his cohorts violated the law deliberately because of years of association with the tactics of anti-war protesters) we should not be so dazzled by it that we forget that it exists everywhere.

Up against the bench



Small claims

Members of the National Lawyers' Guild will be contributing a regular column of advice on oft-asked legal questions.

On top of this sea of frustration, powerlessness, impersonality and inaccessibility there is a small cork floating, the cork from the flagon of judicial fairness and wisdom. What's it doing off the bottle and on the wagon? Don't expect an answer from me; I'm just looking for a way to begin talking about Small Claims Court, how you use it and what you use it for.

Small claims courts in Wisconsin were created in 1961 to handle evictions, forfeiture, replevin (withholding) of property worth up to \$500 and civil actions for damages up to \$500. Most of us are on the other side of eviction and forfeiture actions (we're not landlords and we don't sue each other for violations of city ordinances), but we all might want to retrieve property which somebody is withholding from us or to recover money which we are owed (other civil actions). For many the small claims procedure is commonly used to recover security deposits which some landlords are often reluctant to return.

THE MECHANICS are simple: a visit to room 203 of the Dane County Courthouse, the completion of a short form including a statement of why the action is being commenced, and payment of a \$5.00 fee which is ultimately paid by the loser in the lawsuit.

The office of the clerk of the Small Claims Court issues a summons to the defendant in the action ordering him or her to appear within two weeks. On the "return date" the person bringing the action and the person being sued appear before a deputy clerk of the court and tell their stories. The appearance is free from the rigorous formal requirements of civil procedure, so nobody needs a lawyer to translate the facts into legal theories. However, a well thought out, logical presentation of the facts is an added plus. And, don't be surprised or put off if the other side is represented by a lawyer.

If the defendant does not appear at all, the plaintiff wins by default. The defendant may reopen the default judgment within 90 days, but must show good cause for the reopening. Good cause is usually more than oversleeping.

A settlement of the dispute is not always reached in the initial appearance with the deputy clerk of court; in that case a trial in front of a circuit or county court judge is scheduled. Again, a lawyer's representation is not required but be prepared with a legal defense. A good buddy with a pushy style cannot represent you.

Chapter 299 of the Wisconsin Statutes contains the details of the law on small claims procedure, unfortunately in typical statutory language. But assistance with your specific case will be gladly given by the people at the Community Law Office in the basement of the Pres House.

On Tuesday night, the Madison Chapter of the National Committee for the Restoration of Civil Liberties in the Philippines will present skits and songs by a Filipino Cultural group from Chicago. A slide show of the Philippines will also be presented and there will be a meeting to plan future activities of the NCRCLP here in Madison. The meeting will be held at the Round Table Room of the U.W. Memorial Union at 7:30 Tuesday, June 19.

Staff forum

Armstrong's Bail: Where have all the liberals gone?

David Newman

In Madison, Wisconsin, a man sits and waits in jail, passing time between phone calls and playing Michigan Rummy. It has been 18 months since his imprisonment. He has been judged guilty of no crime, has heard no evidence as to his guilt or innocence but still he sits, with two half hour visits every other Saturday. Only then is he able to see friends from the outside but they are not allowed to touch and must shout through a voice box to be heard. Everything is mechanical, everything contrived.

It is three years after the dawning of the age of aquarius. Madison is a liberal town in a liberal state. Everyone is progressive except for the few Republicans that manage to be elected, and even then try to appear liberal. Madison is a town where the governor is against the war, the mayor can be accurately described as anti-imperialist and the police chief had a childhood dream of being a doctor.

Why in this town is Karl Armstrong, a man with no money to his name and whose parents have no real wealth, being held under a \$450,000 bail? Is it because he is too

dangerous to be let out? If so, then let us see psychiatric tests which support that supposition. Is it because he is charged with first degree murder? Others charged with the same crime seldom have bail over \$50,000, a sum certainly high enough to ensure a poor man's appearance. Or is it because Armstrong chose not to turn himself in after indictments were handed down against him and three others?

The recent Watergate revelations about Domestic espionage make it easy to understand a radical's paranoia. After all George Jackson never made it to trial. And does not the Angela Davis case discredit the idea that only guilty people flee?

Perhaps it is because Karl Armstrong is a symbol to both the state and those who would radically alter the order of this society. This is a political trial. Radicals paint FREE KARL, reactionaries paint FRY KARL and liberals would rather have a change of venue and forget the bombing, the years of protest and the war itself. It is so much easier to dismiss it all as a bad dream. But what happened was not a bad

dream. It is a part of a process which will either rebuild or destroy America.

The state will use every means available to maintain its power including the denial of innocence before guilt in political cases. It will use high bail as punishment and not as a guarantee of a court appearance by a defendant. It is becoming increasingly clear in the Ellsberg and Camden cases how far some people will go to keep power from the hands of the American people.

To desert the principal of innocence before guilt, which is what a reasonable bail assumes, is to desert oneself. It is to sit in the early sixties watching southern red-necked sheriffs sic police dogs on civil rights demonstrators and believe that it can't happen here. Billy clubs are only "niggersticks" and won't be used on whites.

High and unreasonable bail is essentially the same as preventive detention. Where are the liberals when we need them?

The Cap Times can see as far away as Washington to comment almost daily on

Watergate. Why can't they see half a block away and realize that the rights guaranteed to the American public are disappearing one by one in our own hometown. Perhaps we would all do well to remember the following poem by Martin Niemöller when thinking of Karl Armstrong:

In Germany they first came for the communists
and I did not speak up because I wasn't a communist

Then they came for the Jews
and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew

Then they came for the trade unionists
and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist

Then they came for the Catholics
and I didn't speak up because I was a protestant

Then they came for me—and by that time
no one was left to speak up.

Open Forum

History: Bottoms up

Wisconsin Alliance

The People's History of Wisconsin project is a group of people who have come together with a desire to learn about and share the forgotten history of this state and its people. The project was begun by members of the Wisconsin Alliance last fall and has steadily been growing in numbers and ideas since then. We feel it is now time to publicly invite as many people as we can to join our work.

The need for a people's history can easily be seen if you take a look at what is taught to us (and televised to us) as American History i.e. it is a list of names, starting with Queen Isabella and ending somewhere past Harry Truman, made up primarily of generals, politicians or/and the rich. The millions of the rest of us, the working people of America and Wisconsin, are not only not mentioned but somehow not even included. Moreover, this 'history' is blatantly racist, male chauvinist, and imperialist. The story of the lives and struggles of huge numbers of people is ignored while their exploiters are presented as glorious adventurers and self-made men.

Our purpose is to fight all this distortion and to uncover our true history (and herstory). In the process we want to destroy the idea that as 'ordinary people' we are supposed to be spectators to rather than participants in history. History is not something that is a 'thing of the past' but a process that we are living through and creating. And we are discovering that there have been groups of people in Wisconsin who showed time and again that they had this

awareness of their ability to act and make history by fighting for their own rights and beliefs.

Our work right now is to begin the research of our real heritage. We are starting to collect data, stories, and ideas. Our eventual goal is to recreate our history and present it to as many people as possible. There are an unlimited variety of media we can use: film, video tape, posters, comic books, text book supplements—just to name a few. Our first concrete project is a Wisconsin People's History Calendar which will come out for 1974.

Last fall, Minnesota's Alive and Trucking Theatre came to Madison to perform "The People are a River" a musical play about the Minnesota people's history. We have several people who would like to create a similar production for Wisconsin, but, as with all our ideas, we need to do more research before we can let our creativity take over.

There will be a People's History study and work group beginning in June. We are planning a meeting at the State Historical Society, Sallery Room, 1st floor tonight, Tues. 7:30, June 19, to kick it off. We have room for all sorts of people with all sorts of ideas and abilities. All we ask is a willingness to share and work together to uncover the history which is ours and which has for so long been stolen from us along with all the other fruits of our lives and work. Anyone who is interested should call 255-8554 or/and come to the meeting.

Letters

To the Daily Cardinal:

I thought you might be interested in how some of the University graduates fared before women's lib. Even if I get the job I'm applying for I will be nine years behind my male classmates in terms of salary, benefits, and prestige. It's all very useless, but I just want some of the University administrators and faculty to be reminded of what was accepted policy nine years ago. The following letter to Prof. Littleton describes some of the difficulties which I've had due to policies which have discriminated against women:

Prof. Harvey Littleton
Department of Art and Art
Education
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin 53706

Dear Mr. Littleton:

It has been nine years since I received my M.F.A. degree with you as my major professor.

There were certain things that happened at that time that remain as fresh in my memory as if they happened yesterday. For example, I remember going to the placement office and filling out papers. When I had finished, I was told to take them to you for your signature, indicating your recommendation of me. You refused to sign. I couldn't understand this. My grades were as good as those of the boys who were to graduate with me. My M.F.A.

would surely be as valid as theirs. Yet my friends were receiving not only recommendations from you, but actual personal help in locating jobs. I didn't expect you to put yourself out in this manner for me, but I certainly felt that you could have allowed me to use the services of the University Placement Bureau.

At the time you explained yourself by saying that "girls don't get college jobs," and then you advised me to go to New York to "seek my fortune." You repeated these statements to my husband and myself when you called on us to tell me that I had passed my orals and my show for my M.F.A.

After five years of trying unsuccessfully to make a living with my craft in my native Wisconsin, I finally went to New York to "seek my fortune." As my enclosed resume will show, I have added some interesting and worthwhile credits to my record here in New York. However, as the job situation in this country is even worse now than it was nine years ago, you will note again the lack of full-time employment anywhere on my record. Having no full-time employment has meant nine years of no health insurance through an employer, no sick pay, no job security, no pension plans, no unemployment insurance, no maximum Social Security benefits, no vacations, and so on. It has also meant that no bank would give me a loan, no company would issue me a credit card. In your present affluent situation (I've read about your yacht), I am sure you haven't the slightest idea of what this means in today's economy.

On the basis of the experience of

these nine years, perhaps now you will reconsider your advice to me and will recommend me for an opening at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater for which I am applying—the same job you helped my classmate, Clayton Bailey, obtain nine years ago.

Sincerely yours,
Monona Rossol



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State Street Gourmet

In search of Amelia Earhart

Your earliest secondary response to an excellent work of art (i.e., the emotion that flows once the joy has had time to bubble in your breast) ought to be gratitude. But gratitude lays on you a debt, an obligation to reciprocate. The burden of this obligation is an important goal in driving your right-thinking critic to write.

There are very few burdens I've felt more intensely lately in my guise as a local right-thinking critic than the one imposed by *In Search of Amelia Earhart*, the first album by Ian Mathew's new group, Plainsong.

IN FACT, it's driving me up the fucking wall. I can bear the burden of the obligation beauty, genius, truth and all the rest of the things powerful songs bring. But I can't stand to see the best rock groups along with their best work virtually ignored. I'm not so naive that I expect perfect justice in this world. I'm even something of a realist. I no more object to Grand Funk's success than I do to John "Coconut" Weaver's salary. An imperfect justice good enough to ensure at least a moderate success for the likes of groups like Detroit, Little Feat, and Plainsong is enough of a birthright for me. My God, if Little Feat's lack of success destroys them I may never be able to listen to rock and roll again. I don't think I could bear to be identified with an audience that let so much genius down.

I know Little Feat's not the subject of this review but their new album *Dixie Chicken* is relevant to the issue at hand. Plainsong's *Amelia Earhart* is the only thing for the last few months strong enough to knock *Dixie Chicken* off our turntable with any regularity.

And that's a hell of a feat for a group that doesn't really play the kind of music I customarily delight in. Plainsong's music is an amalgam of folk, rock, country, and pop whose primary allegiances are to melody and words. I suppose they're roughly in the same ballpark with Cat Stevens, James Taylor, Seals and Croft, John Denver and the rest of the sweet and soft pop stars many of you and I reflexively sneer at.

Plainsong works their magic on Beverly and me and everyone else we've introduced to them including a number of ones who pretend to barf and worse at the first chord progression of a James Taylor or Cat Stevens song.

THEY MAKE lovely music but with such tact and efficiency that it's never tainted by a whiff of the sentimentality excess brings. When the music is fullest its richness is typically directed by (believe it or not) an electric guitar (and more extraordinary still) an electric guitar played through a wah-wah pedal or leslie. I never ate a sneer with greater alacrity than when the first time the apparently preciously pretty music parted to make room for a hard brilliant guitar break pouring brittily through a wah-wah pedal.

However brilliant the group is, one must nevertheless grant the ultimate accolades to its star and apparent leader, Ian Mathews. Mathew's voice is one of the most striking instruments this side of the opera house. It's lyrical and flexible enough to create the subtlest nuance with ease. The realization of Neal Young's inadequacy can never strike you with greater force than when you listen to Ian Mathews. (If you need a good reason to avoid listening to Young, then listen to Mathew's version on the last Southern Comfort (Mathew's previous group) album of Neil's "Tell Me Why").

Mathews is not only to the pop music world what I imagine the nightingale is the bird world in vocal dexterity and clarity, he also creates like Philomela some of the liveliest melodies in his realm. Plainsong does cover versions of other tunes (Paul Siebel's "Louise" is an example), but at no time do Mathews' compositions fall below the ones he covers.

THE ALBUM IS partially organized around the story of Amelia Earhart, a seemingly unrewarding subject, but Mathews brings it off with the album's title song, "True Story." In that cut he joins a lovely melody and a tumbling rhythm in 3/4 time (shades of Stanley Kubrick) to lyrics that have been so completely shorn of poetic ornament that they recall a news story. The immediate consequence of such lyrics is a sense of intense earnestness. Its as if the speaker is too committed to truth to take time for metaphors and other figures of speech. But underneath this prosaic surface is an artfulness that puts to shame most flashier songs. Essentially this artfulness is the result of compression. What the poet doesn't say forces you to fill in the gaps, forces you, in other words to a series of discoveries. The suspensions of meaning that is a consequence of the lags in the listener's understanding gives each discovery enough impact that their cumulative effect makes the song so powerful that you're forced to care intensely and probably for the first time for the lost heroine of the Thirties and agree that:

Amelia it's true you're the lady of the air
This I'm not disputing anyhow
But if what Mr. Goerner said
Is only half the truth.
Oh Amelia.
Mathews' art isn't always so hidden. The following lines from the classically structured rocker, "Call the Tune," contain some of the best advice I've heard poetic or otherwise since, oh, say, "Know thyself."
If you're gonna try you got to face the music
If you wanna dance you got to call the tune
If you're throwing high I want to see you use it
If you're gonna make it, make it soon
I doubt whether you'll be able to find this record in Madison, but then that's no more surprising than that Plainsong broke up

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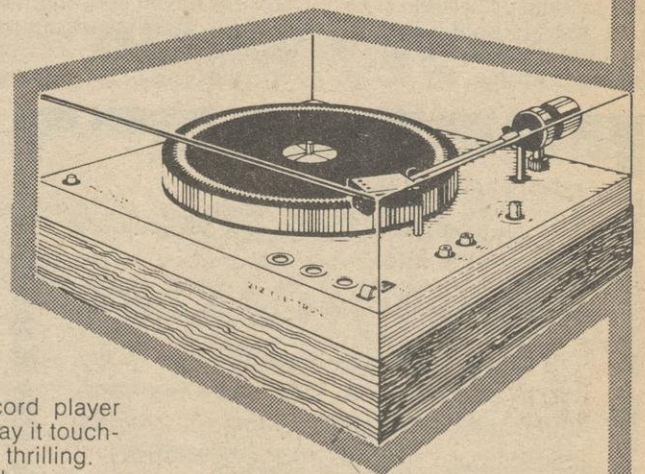
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Women's Film Conference Mai, Maya and Marguerite in Midwest

By MAUREEN TURIM
of the Fine Arts Staff

This weekend, beginning Friday, June 22, the Madison Women's Media Collective is hosting the first Midwest Women's film conference. Nearly 100 women involved in film-making and criticism are bringing films, video tapes and multimedia works to the conference which will feature showings and discussions of the films, as well as workshops on topics of concern to women filmmakers and critics.

The conference itself is open to women actively involved in film, and a \$4.00 registration fee will be asked to cover expenses. However, the general public is invited to film showings both Friday and Saturday night. The Friday night showings in B-10 Commerce, co-sponsored by Tar and Feathers Film Society will include Mai Zetterling's *Loving Couples*, which concerns male-female inter-relationships in Sweden during WWI, a time of changing social structures, and includes the story of three women awaiting childbirth in a maternity hospital. Zetterling's feminist film, *The Girls* was shown earlier in the year in the Play Circle. Also showing Friday is *Destroy, She Said*, by French novelist and playwright Marguerite Duras, who is best known in the film world for her script for *Hiroshima Mon Amour*. *Destroy, She Said* concerns the interaction of five alienated people isolated in a bizarre hotel.

CAPPING OFF what promises to be an interesting evening of film viewing are two of Maya Deren's experimental shorts, *Meshe of the Afternoon* and *The Very Eye of Night*. Deren is one of the pioneering influences in the American avant-garde whose abstract shorts remain unparalleled 40 years after she first broke all the conventions to create her unique forms of expression. A total of 3-1/2 hours of film beginning at 8 p.m. Friday night will thus open the conference in an international and historical perspective on women's film.

In contrast, Saturday's showings will include the best of the 16 mm films brought by Midwest women to the conference. The films will include experimental shorts, documentaries and short narrative efforts, several of which have been shown at other film festivals. The showing will be held in 19 Commerce beginning at 8 p.m.

Conference participants will be admitted free of charge to both evening showings. The public will be asked a \$1.00 admission charge for each.

Workshop topics for the conference include both technical and practical considerations such as distribution and funding of independent filmmaking, organizing a women's film collective, and technical workshops in video, super 8 and 16mm film production. More theoretical workshop topics include political community involvement in film, Women in Hollywood. All conference par-

ticipants will meet Sunday morning to discuss the continuing organization of the region including the founding of a regional women's film newsletter.

Registration for the conference will be held beginning Friday afternoon at 4:00 in the Board Room of the Memorial Union. Housing for out-of-town participants is badly needed. Any women with floor space to offer should contact Gay Eder, 256-4022.



Numismatics Review

By MICHAELIS FILMINGTON
and MAUREEN TUREEN
of the Fine Arts Staff
THE INNOCENT SHOCKER
EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT

Like everyone else, the editors of the *Velveteen Light Tripe* flew to Milwaukee last weekend to see the film that makes Andy Warhol look like an adult at the Good Karma coffee house. I am referring of course to Masturbani's new masterpiece, *Last Tingle in Paris*.

Let's not mince, as we usually do, words. *Tingle*, is more brutally realistic and down-to-earth in its treatment of the relationship between men and women than anything that has ever hit our screens before. There are scenes which are so shocking and horror-ific in their frank portrayal of what two people can do that even now as I think of it I am sent retching into the Library Mall fountain.

THE STORY CAN BE TOLD simply enough. Hollywood veteran Randy Moron plays an aging adolescent who picks up a young beautiful Jesus freak (beautifully played in the nude throughout by young unknown Dulcie Vita). They spend the night together. Then she shoots him and a few dozen others.

Put like that, *Tingle* may sound uneventful, pornographic, and even intensely boring. So on one level it is. But in the hands of a master like Masturbani, this unpromising material becomes the stuff of which sheer genius is made.

Masturbani peels away, layer by layer, the mass of inhibitions and repressions which are all that separates modern man from the animals. He lays bare the deepest springs of the human predicament—not to mention the springs of the bed which plays such a prominent part in the film.

WHAT RANDY MORON DOES with an ordinary bag of potato chips makes one unable to ever buy a bag again without feeling profoundly queasy at the stomach. The scene in which Miss Vita uses a rolled-up copy of the *The Chicago Tribune* in a way which it has never been used before, is deeply disquieting in its implications for the future of mankind.

And yet, for all its apparent crudity and mindless violence, there is at the heart of *Tingle* a strange innocence. It would be nothing short of a national disaster if every woman, man, and child was not forced to see it, if necessary at the point of a gun.

FLASH: The Greedy Hand Film Society, owned and milked by your reviewers, has just signed *Last Tingle* to be shown 5 times a day in the Rated-X bookstore.

FOR BLAKE

by now it is too late to wonder
why we are wherever we are
(tho some peace is possible): singing on the breath
and we have had bodies of Fire and lived on the Sun
and we have had bodies of Water and lived on Venus
and bodies of Air that screeched as they tore around Jupiter
all our eyes remembering Love

Diane Di Prima

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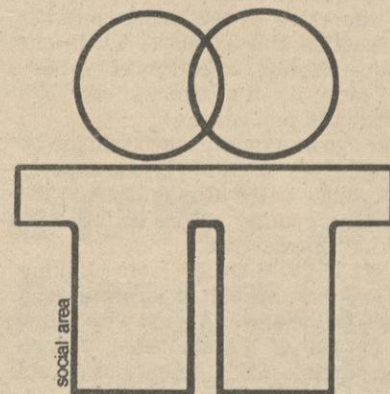
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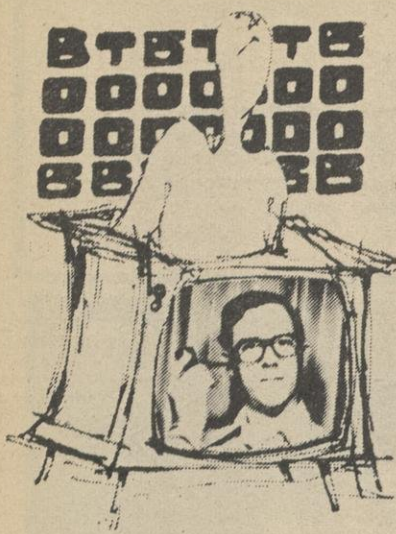
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By ALLEN B. URY
of the Fine Arts Staff

Since television's beginnings the only national magazine specializing in responsible reviews and features about this everexpanding medium has been *TV Guide*. The major drawback to this magazine has always been that its true reason for being has been to simply provide weekly TV listings, the articles being secondary. Yes, there have always been the fan magazines like *TV Mirror* and the like, but these have always focused on the sensational aspects of the current shows and stars, featuring such articles as "The Secret Marriage of Richard Widmark and Billy DeWolfe" or "How Television Ruined My Life" by Gentle Ben (as told to Dennis Weaver).

A viable alternative to *TV Guide* has just hit the newsstands, and it will help to satisfy the appetites of not only network video freaks, but those fascinated by the new trends in cable and cassette television. The magazine's name is *Tvbe*, pronounced "tube" in normal conversation and "tvbe" in abnormal conversation. Published bi-monthly, co-edited by Patrick Prentice, Ira Zarov, Dinah Prentice, and Dorothy Feeley,

this Madison-based newspaper-magazine features a multitude of fascinating articles on all aspects of video, from NET to *Star Trek* reruns, from cable to video-disk.

THE "PILOT" ISSUE of *Tvbe*, now available in many bookstores, features over twenty far-ranging stories. The cover-story by Susan Toepfer is a personal account of the latest *Star Trek* convention in L.A., which is unfortunately the low-point of the issue. Entitled, "The Trouble with Trekkies," it centers on the Convention's originator, Al Schuster, who apparently never really liked *Star Trek* but saw in its continuing fandom a chance to make a fast buck. Rather than staying with this point, however,

the article begins to ramble in a series of unconnected anecdotes which seems to paint the convention as nothing more than a meeting place for sexually-maladjusted teeny-boppers, shyster souvenir peddlers, and slightly deranged adults who enjoy dressing up in strange costumes and playing spaceman. Here the article loses all sense of purpose, and I could not help but take offense at the author's implication that all Trekkies, like myself, are at best immature, and at worst sexually deranged. I was so angered, in fact, that I kicked my teddy bear for an hour and then had intimate relations with my Sony Trinitron TV. Fortunately, the good parts of

the paper far outweigh the bad. An article by Editor Dorothy Feeley entitled "Cable Talkback" helps clarify many of the questions surrounding the "public access" provisions of local cable television services as well as explaining the true capabilities of cable's built-in "two way" transmissions. The "public access" channel, she explains, gives free time to any one who desires it in five-minute shots. The only drawback to this practice is not, as one might assume, the complications of equal time and so forth, but the fact that hardly anyone but the personal friends of the speaker will ever watch the transmission. With any Tom, Dick, or Harry being allowed to shoot off for five minutes serious politicians will probably stay away from the service altogether.

She also explains that "two-way capabilities" do not mean, as some think, that while you're watching the tube, the tube is watching you. All this means is that it would be possible to, let's say, punch a series of buttons on the top of your set and get emergency information or express a "yes" or "no" opinion after a certain broadcast which would immediately be picked up back in the studio. The coaxial cable simply would not be able to carry television pictures back and forth, and, contrary to what is shown on *Search*, TV cameras would be impossible to hide since even the smallest is still the size of a large dictionary. Big Brother isn't here...yet.

For the more conventionally minded, there are many well-done interviews with such personalities as Steve Allen and Jaques Cousteau.

THE COUSTEAU ARTICLE by Jack Shaheen is most

enlightening, exploring not only the man but the way his outstanding documentary series is produced and arranged. The interviewer is able to catch some keen insights into the aquanaut's personality and views of the world. When asked to comment on the future of man's ability to co-exist with his nature environment, Cousteau explains, "I am optimistic as far as man is concerned, pessimistic as far as the species is concerned. Many men have proven they possessed a lot of wisdom, but as a species, we have never done so—yet."

Robert Sherman's Allen interview, I am afraid to say, does not reach its potential. Steve Allen is probably one of the most underrated entertainers around. He is a talented composer, musician, satirist, comedian, and inventor of the late-night talk-show format. The questions, however, centered on some of his early work in radio and television, mostly in the form of humorous anecdotes. All one is left with at the end of the article is the impression that "Steve Allen had a lot of funny things happen to him a thousand years ago."

One of the better aspects of *Tvbe* is its ability to balance its coverage between conventional network programming and some of the more experimental aspects of the medium. Articles on cassette television, *Kung Fu*, cable, and ABC's *Wide World of Entertainment* are all able to co-exist comfortably. Yes, there are still bugs to be worked out, but *Tvbe* certainly has the potential for being the ultimate TV magazine for non-industry consumption.

Sexually maladjusted, indeed.....!



Cable TV: The mind boggles

By LINDA WEIL
of the Fine Arts Staff

"I am basically interested in how people interact with TV, and the function and impact of TV in our lives," said Dorothy Feeley, co-editor of *Tvbe*, magazine. "Let's face it, it's everywhere, it's inescapable. Television is pop culture!"

What began a year ago as a harebrained scheme by several Madison people interested in various aspects of television is now a new national magazine on the newsstands around the country. *Tvbe* is the only magazine of this kind in existence.

ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE from *Rolling Stone* in format, *Tvbe* was difficult to locate among the other magazines in the store. Armed with much curiosity, a scant perusal of the magazine, and an abysmal ignorance of cable TV, I embarked on my interview.

Feeley's particular interest is cable TV. Cable television, she explained, is creeping across the country. Impressed by the immense potential of such a decentralized medium, she feels cable can serve innumerable public services.

"The technology already exists to have world-wide use of cable TV," Feeley remarked. She lamented that there is no outlet for video—a new art form and social organization. I asked her what were some examples of the community services that cable could handle.

"With a two-way cable, people could make a doctor's appointment, or go shopping, or people could have meetings in their home. Cable could be used in store fronts or in public places. Let your imagination run wild!" she invited.

My imagination was running wild, although on a different track. Intimations of 1984 flashed upon my mind. Images of great systems—instant audio and visual access to one's next-door neighbor or one's neighbor across the continent, to various public places and all kinds of information—they all trooped across my mind.

I IMAGINED US all sitting inside our little boxes, eyes and ears trained to images of our friends in even smaller boxes. Our legs would grow weak and stubby, our toes would become a genetically recessive trait. Only our fingers, nimble from so much knob turning and button pushing, would be in use.

"But," I ventured, "has anyone objected to all this new technology? What about the dangers?"

"Dangers!" Feeley bristled.

"I mean, what about invasion of privacy and all that? Some people might object," I appealed.

"Personally, I'd just as soon feel safe walking down the street at night," she countered. I nodded, my visions weakening.

"OUR LIVES," she explained, "do not have to be run by big technocrats or the government. Cable could be a technology shaped by the imaginations of the people. The problem," she eyed me significantly, "is to educate and organize people to deal with the new technology—half-inch video cameras and cable systems. Pretty soon we're going to have to teach the new equipment in the schools," she prophesied.

The more she talked, the more I realized the change was inevitable, yet I was still cautious about the flexibility of technology and government to adapt to the needs of the people. As Dorothy writes in her article in *Tvbe*: "Not only could it (cable) be a direct communications link between people, but it could provide almost instant access to all kinds of information. It could. Or it might turn out to be just an efficient funnel for the Hughes Sports Network to its passive fans with breaks to encourage them to munch Fritos at half-time. It's basically a question of who is building and designing the system, and for what. And right down the street, or around the block, is the person who decides that. Your city council representatives set the terms of the franchise and choose the company that will build your cable system. Unfortunately, your average city council representative doesn't know a head end from his vertical hold knob. And the cable companies which are bidding for the franchise are not going to straighten it out for him. At this point, a few informed people could make a big difference." Yet even if the people are educated, I thought, what chances does cable have of developing into a people-oriented, decentralized medium in such a profit-oriented, centralized society and economy?

But we are belittled into immobility and inaction by a fear of the big corporations and the powerful and pervasive vested interests. Our suspicion and pessimism only work to keep us isolated, ignorant, and resigned to the evolving technology. People like Dorothy are helpful in coaxing others out of their passivity. She insists that since cable is relatively new, we have the opportunity to take this new toy in our hands, learn about it, and see what we can do with it. For it we don't, someone else most certainly will.

Screen Gems

TUESDAY, JUNE 19:

Ninotchka, directed by Ernst Lubitsch with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas and Peter Lorre. 8:15 and 10 in B-10 Commerce.

W.C. Fields Shorts, 8:15 and 10 in 6210 Social Science.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20:

Heaven Can Wait, directed by Ernst Lubitsch with Gene Tierney, Don Ameche, Marjorie Main and Spring Byington. 8:15 and 10 in B-10 Commerce.

Women in Love, directed by Ken Russell with Glenda Jackson, Oliver Reed and Alan Bates, based on D.H. Lawrence novel. 7:30 and 10 in 6210 Social Science.

Time Machine, directed by George Pal, with Rod Taylor and Yvette Mimieux, based on H.G. Wells novel. 8:15 and 10 in B-102 Van Vleck.

The Devil's Disciple, directed by Guy Hamilton, with Kirk Douglas, and Burt Lancaster. 8:15 and 10 in B-130 Van Vleck.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21:

Young and Innocent, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Hitchcock's favorite of his early British films. 8:15 and 10 in 19 Commerce.

Goodbye Columbus, with Ali Mac Graw, Richard Benjamin and Jack Klugman, based on Phillip Roth novel. 8:15 and 10 in B-102 Van Vleck.

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, directed by George Roy Hill with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katherine Ross. 8:15 and 10, 6210 Social Science.

Room Service, Marx Brothers. 8:15 and 10 in B-10 Commerce.

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