



# **The daily cardinal. Vol. LXXXV, no. 69**

## **November 25, 1974**

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# THE DAILY CARDINAL / FREE

VOL. LXXXV, No. 69

The University of Wisconsin-Madison

Monday, November 25, 1974

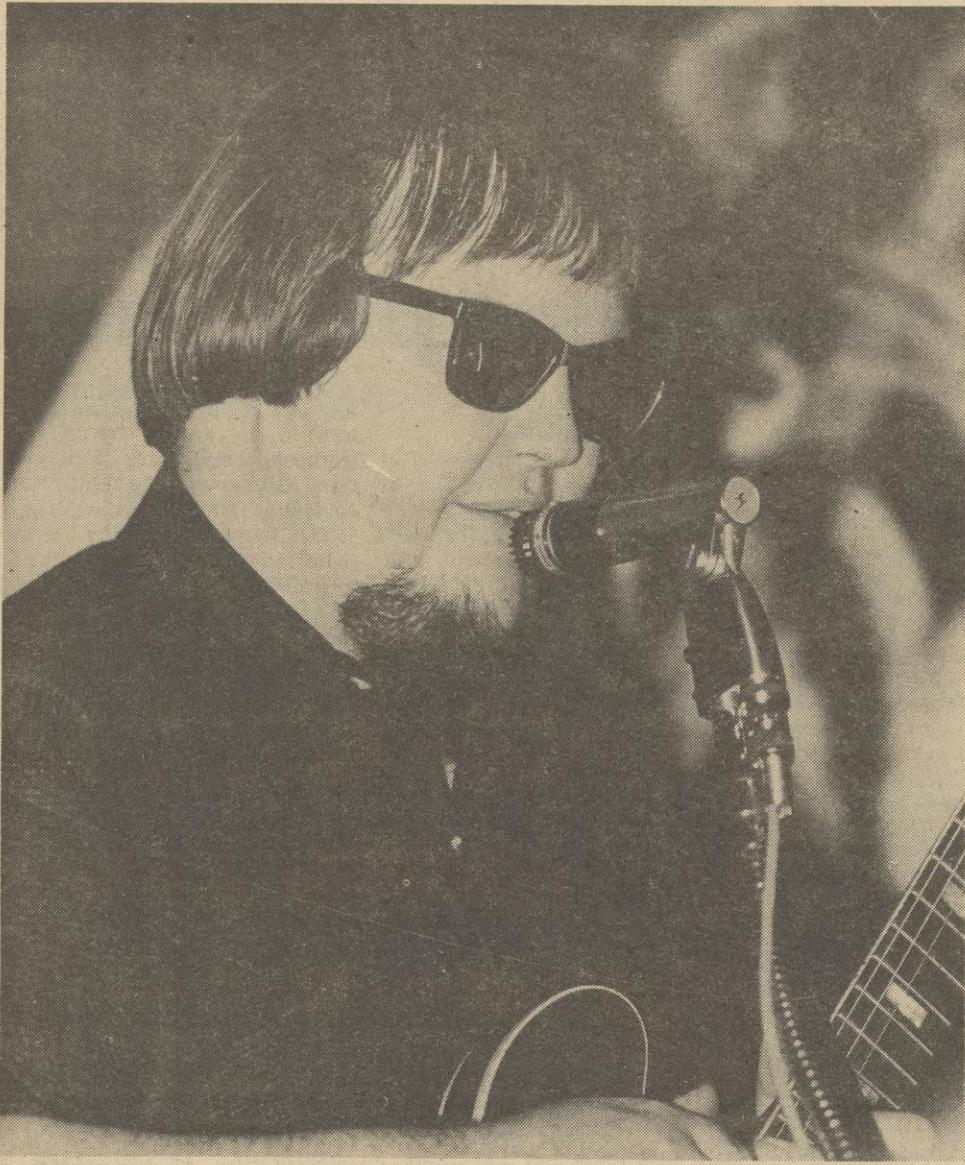


photo by Micheal Kienitz

## Bryan Lee's Nite Owl blues

By TUSCHEN  
of the Fine Arts Staff

Bryan Lee doesn't look like a blues musician. He doesn't look like a banker either, but those white shoes with matching belt and burgundy flares can be a bit confusing at first. Maybe he's got a thing about style that I don't quite understand. But then again, I can't even tune a guitar—something he probably does in his sleep.

A little over two years ago Bryan slid into Madison with a group called the Bryan Lee Blues Band. The timing was perfect—the music scene here was drifting toward menopause, blues addicts were forced to hide behind stacks or records, "boogie people" were gaining weight due to a lack of exercise, and Cat Stevens proved that he really was a bore. So Mr. Lee's humble entrance was a coming of nearly Messianic proportions. Everyone was talking about him and rumors were rampant:

"He's from a little town in northern Wisconsin and been playin' the blues for almost twenty-five years now."

"He's played every club in the Midwest, an' he's not really blind—the shades are part of his act."

Okay, so much for rumors. Bryan Lee has not been playing for twenty-five years, a mere twenty is more like it. He is blind, and was before he even picked up a guitar. His home now is Two Rivers, Wisc., and it's a good bet that he does play most of the clubs in the Midwest. A rough haul for

any man singing the blues.

BUT NOW IT'S two years later and the number (as well as the sophistication) of Madison-based bands is reaching its peak and Bryan Lee is still a front runner.

With his new group, the Nite Owl Blues Band, he's expanding his musical prowess. His blues are seeping into jazz with the helping hands of Harris Lemberg who's keyboard style can be compared to masters such as Ramsey Lewis and Les McCann—a jittered rhythm, yet in perfect unison with the urgency of the message.

Harris was with the original Bryan Lee Blues Band then broke away for awhile and played with Clyde Stubblefield, an ex-drummer for James Brown. His seemingly new feeling for jazz has influenced Bryan's repertoire; "Compared To What" is currently the most requested number whereas, a year ago, the tune favored most was "The Thrill Is Gone".

Yet, the blues are still foremost with Bryan's group. The Nite Owl Blues Band has been stretching the strings for over five years now—Andy "the little Nite Owl himself" Linderman can (on a good night) wail through the harp in a fashion that would make Charlie Musselwhite weep.

THE YOUNG, IN-CONSPICUOUS guy standing in the background is Michael Anthony, talking through his guitar, exchanging licks with Bryan that are unmistakable communications with everyone listening. Tall, silent Michael Duffeck is as solid in the band as

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# Music Special FREE

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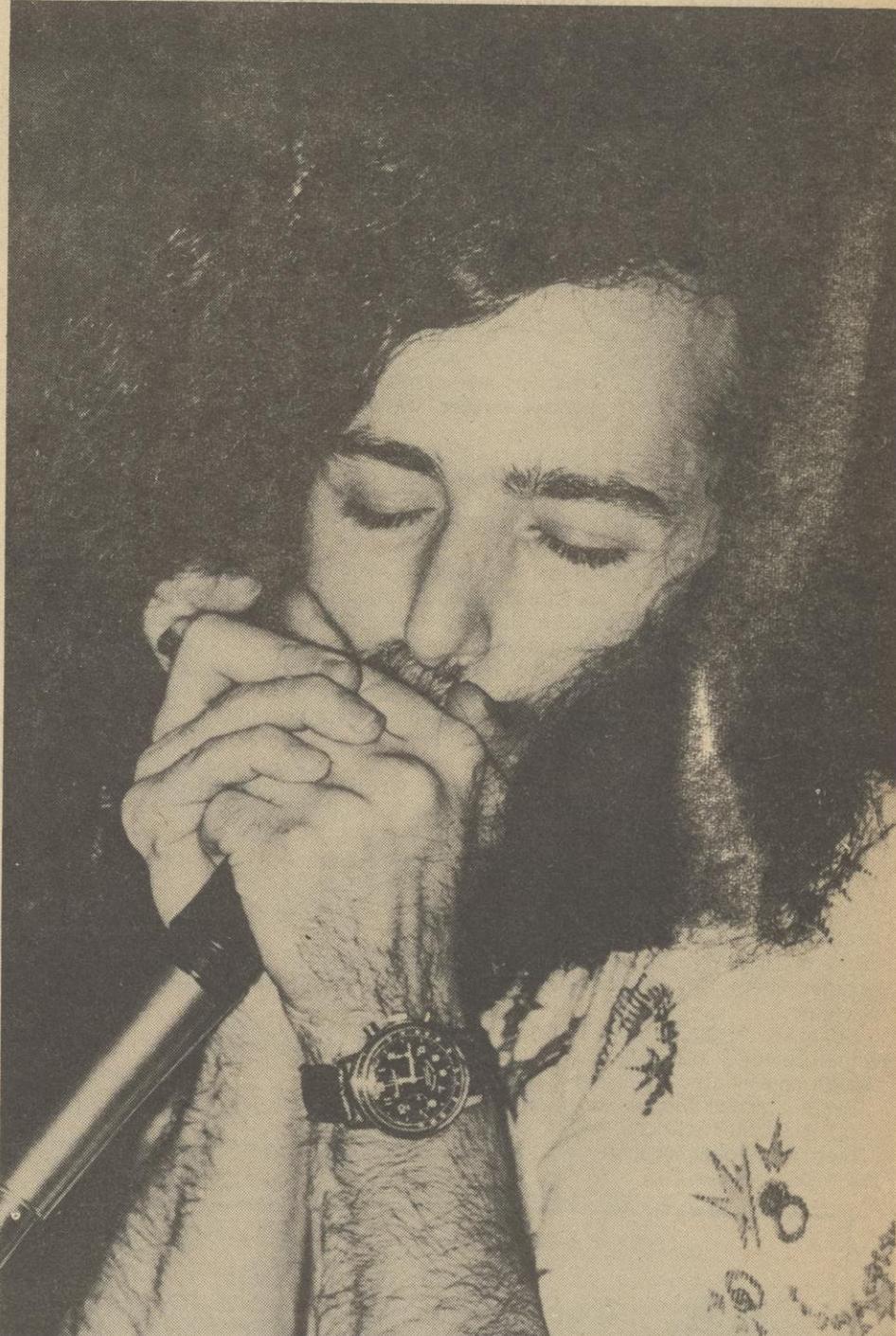


photo by Micheal Kienitz



## GO GREYHOUND ...and leave the driving to us...goes back to work

PHOENIX, Ariz. (AP)—Greyhound Bus Lines said a tentative agreement was reached Sunday in its week-long strike and issued a call for all employees to return to work immediately.

Greyhound president James Carrigan, expressing satisfaction over the accord, said, "We'll have buses rolling later today."

"The issue was mainly inflation. We want our employees to have the money necessary to meet the rising inflation and they know, too, that rising costs have created additional pressures on us," Carrigan said. "We believe this settlement takes both into account."

About 16,000 Greyhound employees have been idled by the strike which

began at noon last Monday.

In Washington, W.J. Usery Jr., director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, commended two federal mediators, Donald H. Doherty of Washington and Guy Parent of Phoenix, who assisted in the negotiations.

"I am happy that the company and union, working with the mediators, were able to reach an agreement permitting the restoration of transportation services," Usery said. Parent said Amalgamated Transit Union negotiators for the striking drivers and terminal workers agreed to a three-year, nationwide contract.

The terms will not be disclosed, he

said, until a ratification vote by union members.

The old contract called for drivers to be paid \$5.75 an hour or 21.8 cents a mile, whichever was greater. When negotiations began, the union was asking for an across-the-board increase of 60 cents an hour and 1 cent a mile.

Parent said the accord was reached about 12:30 p.m. Sunday after nine days of negotiations. A union subcommittee worked until 3 a.m. Sunday to seek suitable terms and the company made its counter proposal at 9 a.m., he said.

### MADISON OPERATING

Locally, Wisconsin area Greyhound personnel of Minneapolis region local 1150 returned to work Sunday afternoon

and evening, and company spokespersons said that all operations were returning to normal, in time for the Thanksgiving rush.

"The fact that I am answering the phone shows that we have returned to work," said Greyhound employee Brad Stein. He added that buses out of Madison began running by 3 p.m. Sunday, and buses from Milwaukee by early evening.

"We're operating and everyone planning on traveling over Thanksgiving weekend can plan to travel with us," said Joseph Bosko, assistant terminal manager, adding that there had been no picketing in Wisconsin during the week-long strike, and no incidents in Madison. "Everyone just stayed away for a week," he said.

## UW faculty get 30%, two-year pay raise

By MICHAEL SHINN  
of the Cardinal Staff

The Board of Regents have approved a two-year, 30 per cent pay increase for University of Wisconsin faculty.

Faculty salaries will increase by 17 per cent in 1975-76 and by 13

per cent in 1976-77. The increase next year will be made up of an 11 per cent cost-of-living adjustment, four per cent merit pay increase, and a two per cent raise to compensate for a decrease in real wages over 1973-74. The 1976-77 raise will be 8 per cent cost-of-

living and 5 per cent merit.

THE TOTAL COST of the two-year program would be \$105.5 million. Of this, \$91.8 million would come from state funds and \$13.6 million would come from student fees and tuition, if the tuition freeze and reduction occur. If they do not, the amount paid by students will rise to \$43.6 million.

The proposal accepted by the Board of Regents is based on, and very similar to, one put forth by the U.W. System Faculty Coordinating Group. However, system president John Weaver emphasized that the plan passed by the Regents, which had been submitted by Central Administration, was "an endorsement of the faculty proposal, not an administration rubber-stamp."

The faculty recommendation asked for an increase of 18 per cent the first year, with 12 per cent as cost-of-living and 6 per cent merit, along with six per cent the second year for merit and a cost-of-living adjustment based on the rate of inflation of the year before.

The difference in the two proposals is minimal, and there was no real argument from the faculty members who spoke at the meeting. The main objection was that even through the committee asked for 18 per cent and the Board granted 17 per cent, neither figure is likely to be adequate.

As W.F. Mueller, professor of agricultural economics at Madison said, "Don't just put faculty compensation at the top of the priority list, but give them a figure high enough to prevent further erosion."

THE DESPERATE POSITION of faculty today was emphasized by Ed Muzik, Executive Secretary of The Association of University of Wisconsin Faculty (TAUWF), who said, "I was the last member of the committee to agree to restraint. There is a great deal of harmful effect due to the pressure of inflation. Faculty are being

### band director quits UW

H. Robert Reynolds, UW Director of Bands, made a surprise announcement of his intention to leave UW for a similar job next fall to members of the UW Symphonic Band after its concert Sunday night.

"I'm leaving this fine group of musicians and people I've come to know at the University of Wisconsin," Reynolds said. He intends to take a job as Director of Bands at the University of Michigan in September, 1975.

literally forced out of the University by inflation."

Ted Finman, Law Professor at UW-Madison, emphasized that

faculty are willing to cooperate to hold down inflation if they are assured that others will also cooperate: "No group should be expected on a voluntary basis to forego reasonable requests when there is no assurance that other groups will forego their requests."

There were several attempts before the final vote to change the

request, but the basics remained intact. An effort by Arthur DeBardeleben (Park Falls) to raise the merit pay to six per cent each year failed by a margin of 8-5. Two paragraphs in the Central Administration request were removed: one of which reaffirmed the Regents' desire to increase faculty salaries without increasing student tuitions, and the other providing for review by Central Administration in case of federal wage and salary controls.

## Board vacancy elections off

By CHUCK RAMSAY  
of the Cardinal Staff

Hopes for a special spring election to fill vacancies on the Dane County Board appear to have been shot down, following a motion by Sup. Richard Pire (Dist. 19) for reconsideration at last Thursday's Board meeting.

A "special elections" ordinance introduced by Board Chairperson Mary Louise Symon (Dist. 24) and Sup. Rod Matthews (Dist. 9), would have created an interim appointment by the Board Chairperson, with public hearings and an election next April to fill the vacancy.

THE PROPOSED ordinance passed Thursday night 35-3, but a motion by Pire to reconsider the matter next Dec. 5th passed later.

Matthews said he was upset with Pire's motion, and said if an election was to be held in the spring, the ordinance would have had to be published in newspapers by Dec. 3, to meet state laws requiring 12 days before notice of an election before the filing deadline.

Candidates in any spring election must file by Dec. 15 to circulate nomination papers.

"It's really unfortunate," said Matthews. "Unless there's some loophole, I don't see any way of getting around this deadline. The assistant corporation counsel (Robert Hesslink) told me Friday that it appeared it couldn't be done if it wasn't acted upon until Dec. 5th."

Matthews said, "It was simply a parliamentary maneuver to delay and cause problems" or Pire's part, and the reconsideration motion came up when "it was late at night, and there was a lot of confusion on the Board floor on what they were voting on."

MATTHEWS EXPLAINED that he had originally introduced the ordinance to bring Dane County closer to the new state statute giving counties "home rule" on their election procedures.

"This also would have avoided the (Joan) Esser case," Matthews said. "I don't think that appointed supervisors are that representative of their districts." Esser was recently appointed to former Sup. Eddie Handell's Eighth District seat by Symon, over the protests of district groups who claimed that Esser was not representative of her constituents. Handell had recommended that Mark Knops be appointed in his place. Knops was the editor of the now defunct *Kaleidoscope*, a radical newspaper in the late 1960's and early 70's.

Pire was unrepentant for having made his reconsideration motion. "There was some question on the legality of the wording on appointments," he said. "I followed the corporation counsel's (Glenn Henry) advice that they be appointments period, and not interim appointments." He added that he was not against special elections to fill vacancies.

There are currently two vacancies on the board; David Clarenbach resigned Thursday from Dist. 4 to take his new seat in the State Assembly for Dist. 78, and Sup. Carl Simonson (Dist. 37, Deerfield) was killed in a car accident Nov. 7.

IN THE CENTRAL city, three persons have filed so far with Symon to be appointed to the 4th Dist. vacancy: Pamela Mansfield, Blair Orr, and another woman whose name could not be determined as of Cardinal press time. Other persons interested in applying have until Nov. 29 to file with Symon.

Outgoing Sup. David Clarenbach said he had no plans to recommend to Symon a successor to his seat.

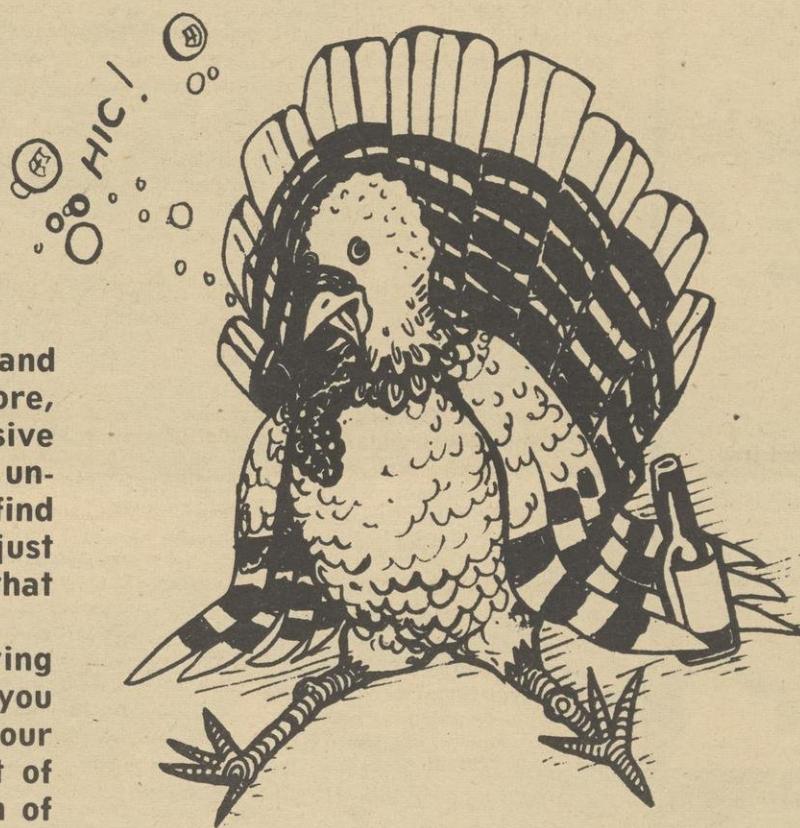
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# New music on the Son-Rizon

By DEBORAH VISHNY  
of the Fine Arts Staff  
"When I write My music  
I feel fine  
I reach down into my soul  
to see what I find."  
—Michael Winfield  
"Notes Plus Rhyme is  
equal to Time"

Son Rize, formerly Black Haze, is a group of black musicians who got together in 1970. Since then their name, the people in the group, and their music have undergone growth and change.

Black Haze first played together when freaky rock dominated the musical scene; at a time when Jimi Hendrix was at the peak of his influence. Since then, the group feels, people have come through the "haze" of the hard

drug scene and slamming music, and prefer something more positive. Hence the new name, Son Rize. Luther Gray (congas and kalimbas) describes this in symbolic terms: that the meaning of Son Rize is for sons (and daughters) to rise up and find this new day.

Black music, the group feels, is one means by which people can free themselves and find out who they are. Music is seen by the group as a means of mass communication, and therefore the lyrics in their songs reflect the values that the members of Son Rize feel are important.

Traditionally, lyrics in rhythm and blues (R&B) music have run heavily to themes of love and hurt; the "my baby left last night" dilemma. The message put



photo by Junius Sehuh

forward in Son Rize's music is eons from this—they attempt to deal with life in a positive way and urge people to purify themselves. "Get that evil out of your heart" sings Doretha Brown in a song entitled "PolEvil" written by Jack Jenkins, the bassist.

Most listeners at clubs however, are more interested in the beat and being able to hum a tune than in seriously listening to the lyrics. Though the majority of an audience listening to one of Son Rize's sets does not hear all the lyrics, the message is also transmitted via the musical structure.

The instruments played by the seven member group are very heavily geared towards rhythm. They have two congas and a kalimba (Luther Gray, Tim Bellin) drums (Claudius Neal), bass (Jack Jenkins), guitar (Billie Averhart), tenor and soprano saxaphones (Michael Winfield), and a singer (Doretha Brown) who also plays small percussion instruments.

The group takes inspiration from a wide variety of sources. Some of the percussion instruments are African pieces, and the improvisational progressions played on sax and guitar are often rooted in Latino music. Some R&B and hard funky rock sounds are also thrown in, and a polyrhythmic mixture has emerged from this blending. The music is geared towards all people. "Black music," as Michael Winfield puts it, "is not just for black people to listen to; it's universal."

At any given show that the group performs, one can see many people getting up and dancing. Members of Son Rize feel that this is a sign that their message is being received by the audience and that by dancing people are helping transmit these feelings.

During the summer Son Rize (then Black Haze) went on a tour of Texas and Oklahoma. Aside from encountering difficulties such as running out of gas at 2 a.m. in the middle of nowhere, the tour was highly successful. The group was often better received in Texas than in Madison where they're more familiar. People in places such as Wichita Falls were enthusiastic about seeing a new group—in Madison, according to Doretha Brown, "people often take us for granted."

The group was confronted with certain hassles while on tour. In Texas, promoters limited the group's name to "Haze," arguing that the connotations of "Black" would alienate people. One promoter went so far as to tell the group that their music was too black and suggested that if they

really want to sell they should incorporate a white person into the group.

Often people called out requests for songs they wanted the group to play. Son Rize, which writes most of the music they play, found this annoying. "People think you're a jukebox and they can just punch you and turn you on," complained Doretha Brown. One time a woman in an audience who was denied her request went so far as to angrily jump on stage and curse out the group.

How can one best sum up what Son Rize is all about? Perhaps one song of theirs, "Mad Stax," puts it best. "Mad Stax" was originally about a group of people who came together to hear a concert in a park in Madison a few years ago. The group now sees the song as representing all people in all cities joining together in a spiritually positive way.

"If love and happiness is what you seek  
then Mad Stax is your cup of tea  
It's getting together  
under any weather  
with Afro-Willie  
and Harry Hippie too  
Join the mad hatters  
who's making things better  
in the land of Mad Stax."

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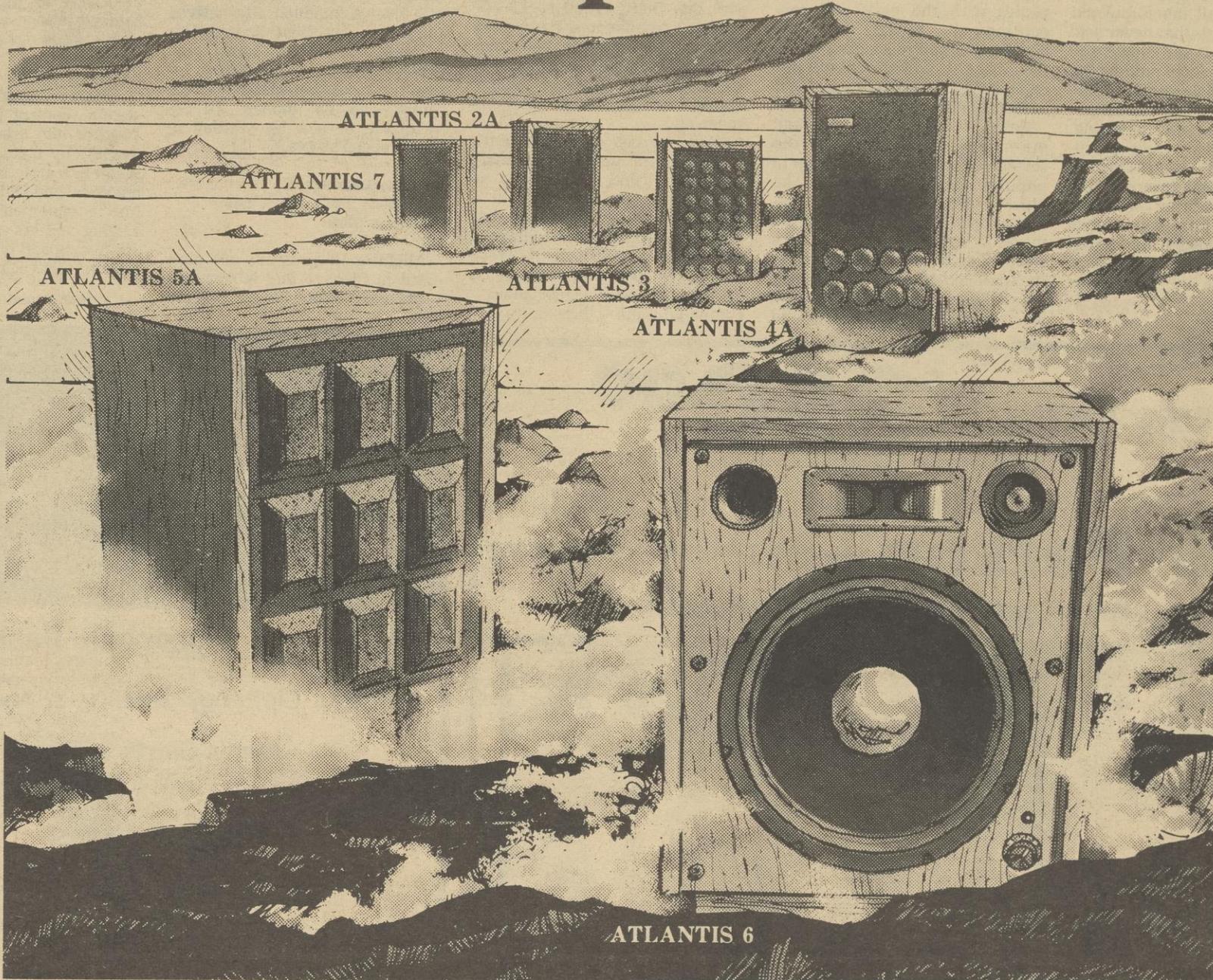
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# The small independents return

By DAVID W. CHANDLER  
of the Fine Arts Staff

Twenty-five years ago, the record industry basically consisted of three giants: Columbia (CBS), RCA Victor, and Decca and a lot of little companies scuffling around the edges picking up the scraps. The biggies of course had all the major artists under contract and most of the smaller acts too, but the specialty labels survived on the jazz, blues, country, folk, and ethnic music the majors wouldn't touch. People who liked distinct styles of music tended to form quickly into cults—they had to hear the music either live or recorded and to resist the then even more blatant leveling of taste that operated even in intellectual circles. The economics of the situation were simple: the small labels put out low budget records that never sold very many copies but would sell almost the exact same number for every release, depending on the artist... the market was a tight and highly predictable grouping.

Since that time we have witnessed two top-to-bottom revolutions in popular music. The first came in the fifties, when the independents stumbled on a style of music that opened up a vast new market. That of course was what came to be called rock and roll, and it simply blew the top off the music market. Not only did a

lot of people start buying records who hadn't bought them before, but customers started buying records in a different pattern, in greater quantity and more frequently than previously.

**THE INDEPENDENTS** of course cashed in, and companies like Atlantic, Chess, Imperial, King, and scores of others that have faded or failed, became major powers. Unfortunately, the established companies struck back with superior financial resources and grabbed the music and the market back into their hands and into the hands of the recording divisions like ABC records and Warner Brothers Records, formed by large corporations specifically to tap the rock and roll music market. In a field dominated by those companies with the cash and connections to swing the best distribution and marketing deals, the largely underfinanced independents increasingly lost out to their better armed competitors.

Besides their financing and management handicaps, the second top to bottom revolution in popular music eliminated the chief draw of the independents—their hold on the more honest and more sophisticated music that attracted the small but steady clientele they relied upon. Starting with the electrified Dylan, the Byrds, and

the Beatles, rock and roll music which had formerly been a non-and in many cases anti-intellectual music, became first a vehicle for some intelligent and artful lyrics in some cases approaching true poetry and in many cases worthy of the attention of educated people. This was a far cry from "oop shooby doop", blue velvet, lonely soldiers, and surfin' safaris.

Later rock lyrics went past attempts at intelligence, adult sophistication and art, and became bluntly political and one of the chief supports and prods of the revolution in the late sixties. As this happened, the serious listeners who once considered themselves above rock and roll were swept up with everybody else into the new preoccupation with this thing called rock. The idea that popular music is worthy of serious critical attention dates only to the founding of Crawdaddy Magazine and the late Avatar during that period less than ten years ago.

Since the big companies gave every sign of going right along with this trend, there was no longer any need to maintain a carefully built loyalty to a tiny but honest specialty label. After all Columbia advertised its own position in 1969 with the famous "the man can't bust our music" campaign, and other big com-

panies followed suit.

**HOW ANYBODY** could seriously believe that a multi-million dollar corporation could join with "the people" to make "our" music seems beyond comprehension now, but if that particular idea came in for some ridicule at the time, the general spirit was that the big companies were now into the art rock music had become.

A few years later we are all wiser. The big record companies are into what they were always into—profits—and the fortunate circumstance that made the profit motive coincide with young people's yearning for change has passed, probably beyond recall.

And now the small record labels are coming back, fueled again by the same messianic fervor that has always impelled alternatives to the big institutions. So herewith a brief survey of some new releases from three nearby independent companies that are into it for love, not money. All are available or can be ordered at local record stores.

Fenton Robinson  
Somebody Loan Me A Dime  
Alligator 5705

Alligator Records is a one man outfit in Chicago that is now two years old. Owner Bruce Iglauer

started with his close association with bluesman Hound Dog Taylor, who became a successful concert artist and then was the subject of Alligator's first album. The reception of Hound Dog Taylor and the Houserockers was so enthusiastic that Iglauer has gone on to issue discs by Big Walther Horton with Carey Bell, Son Seals, a second by Hound Dog, and now this new one by West Sider Fenton Robinson.

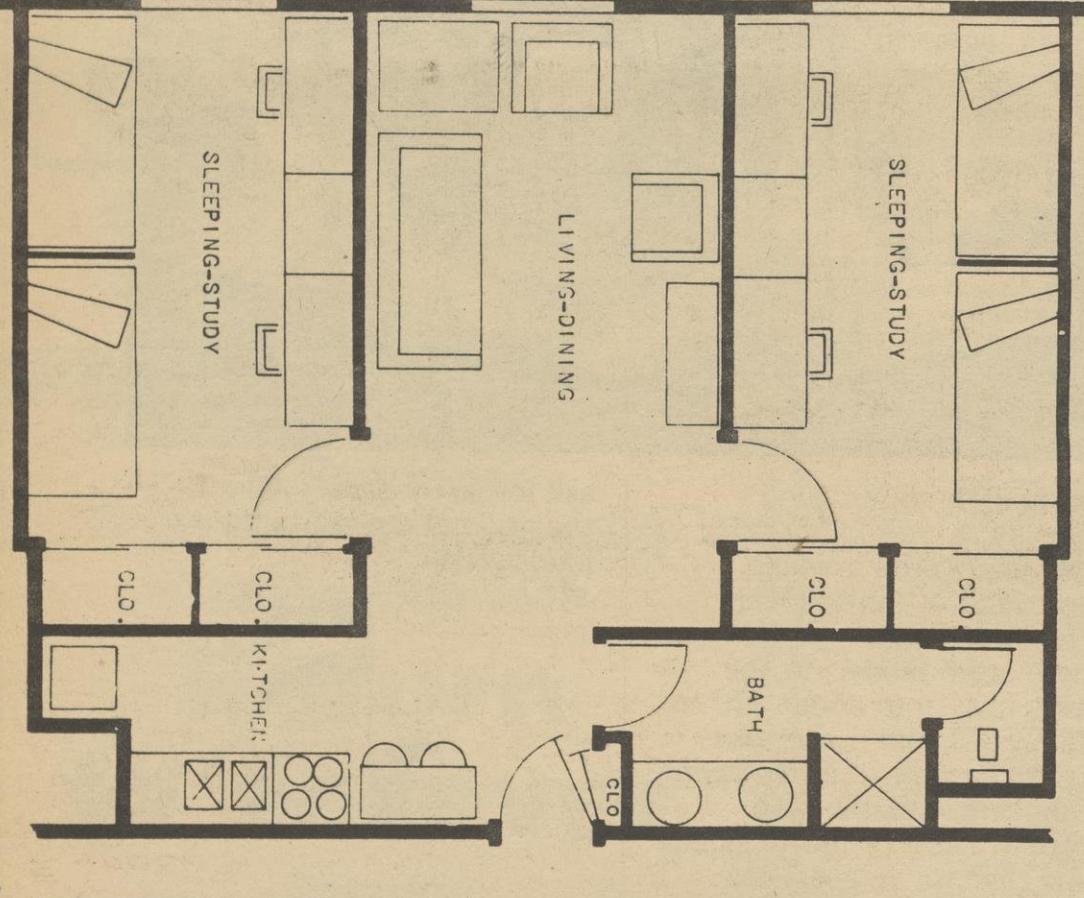
**THOSE WHO** were fortunate enough to catch Charlie Musselwhite on his recent appearance here also got introduced to Fenton, who led Charlie's backup band. Robinson's singing style is light and almost sweet, but like similar Memphis influenced musicians (Bobby Bland and Little Junior Parker come immediately to mind) he can be listened to long after the hoarser shouters begin to get a bit wearing on the nerves.

Fenton's guitar is similar to that of Jimmy Dawkins—a sense of careful control is strongest. He reaches into areas ordinarily not touched by blues artists and the result is a style not fast or flashy but very solid and intelligent and a fine complement to Robinson's singing and his material. Mighty Joe Young and his band also help a lot in this regard.

(continued on page 7)

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(continued from page 6)

This is a fine blues album with good musicians and production to go with an attractive artist. Fenton largely showcases his own material, leading off with his most famous song, "Somebody Loan Me A Dime," but also renders good versions of tunes by Little Richard and Little Willie John. Hopefully this album, the first that Robinson has had any degree of control over, will break this fine musicians to the wider audience it deserves.

Dick Pinney/Greg Brown  
Hucklebarney  
Mountain Railroad 52774

Mountain Railroad is a label run by Steven Powers in association with the Charlotte's Web Performing Arts Center in Rockford, Illinois, which over the past three years has become one of the most active folk clubs in the country, featuring national artists and Midwesterners like Brown, who lives in Iowa City, and Pinney, who has just relocated to Madison.

I THINK THIS particular album is going to be most appealing to those who are already fans of Pinney and Brown, as the first side particularly seems a bit too flat to attract new converts. The sound quality isn't very sharp and the performances aren't as good as these two men are capable of. The material is all original, and although they are listenable, the side suffers from a lack of variety in pacing and treatment which tends to obscure the individual songs.

The second side is altogether better. The sound is crisper, the artists closer to their peaks, and the material, while not stronger than that on the first side, is better balanced and thus sounds fresher. The two songs that stand out to my ears are Brown's "Hucklebarney", a wistful but honest look at childhood which graces the first side, and Pinney's "Walk Me Around Your Garden", which is a brooding treatment of ambition with many implied levels observing (for me at least) the kind

of underlying tensions explicit in the garden scene at the beginning of *Women in Love*, for example.

Jimmy Walker and Erwin Helfer  
Blues and Boogie Woogie Piano  
Flying FISH 001

Zion Harmonizers  
You Don't Have To Get In Trouble  
Flying Fish 002

Martin, Bogan & Armstrong  
Flying Fish 003

Flying Fish is a label newly launched under the direction of Bruce Kaplan, a Chicagoan formerly associated with Boston's Rounder Records, one of the best and best known of the new independents. These are the first three releases on the label and each is a fine examination of a unique area of music.

The Walker and Helfer album is a throwback to the days of Jimmy Yancy, Albert Ammons, Meade

Lux Lewis, Fats Waller, and James P. Johnson, the days in the twenties when the rolling left and bass against the tinkling counterposed right hand melody made the piano the leader of jazz bands and a solo instrument that reigned from recitals to house rent parties.

This album contains some classics like "The Dirty Dozens" and "Pinetop's Boogie", some modern tunes, and a heaping spoonful of songs by the two protagonists. Good sound quality, good material, and good playing make this a must for piano lovers.

The field of gospel music is probably the most obscure musical genre there is, which is simply ridiculous because gospel is the ever-flowing fountainhead of black music, which in turn has primed rock and jazz. Gospel is now dominated by choral groups like that of the Reverend James Cleveland, modish ensembles like Jesse Dixon's, passionate female

soloists like Marion Williams, and newly psychedelicized quartets like the Mighty Clouds of Joy. However, the Zion Harmonizers belong to the old school, the neighborhood male quartets that once were a vital part of every black church. The Harmonizers have begrudgingly added an electric guitar, but everything else about the group—style, material, and delivery, dates back to the twenties and earlier.

Lead singer Sherman Washington isn't the strongest I've ever heard, but his voice is competent and he shares with his fellows a complete commitment to music for the love of God and fellow man that shines out of this album, which was recorded on location in New Orleans.

Martin, Bogan & Armstrong are another anomaly—a black string band. They have recently reformed after a thirty year layoff and are now out touring the country. The flavor of this album

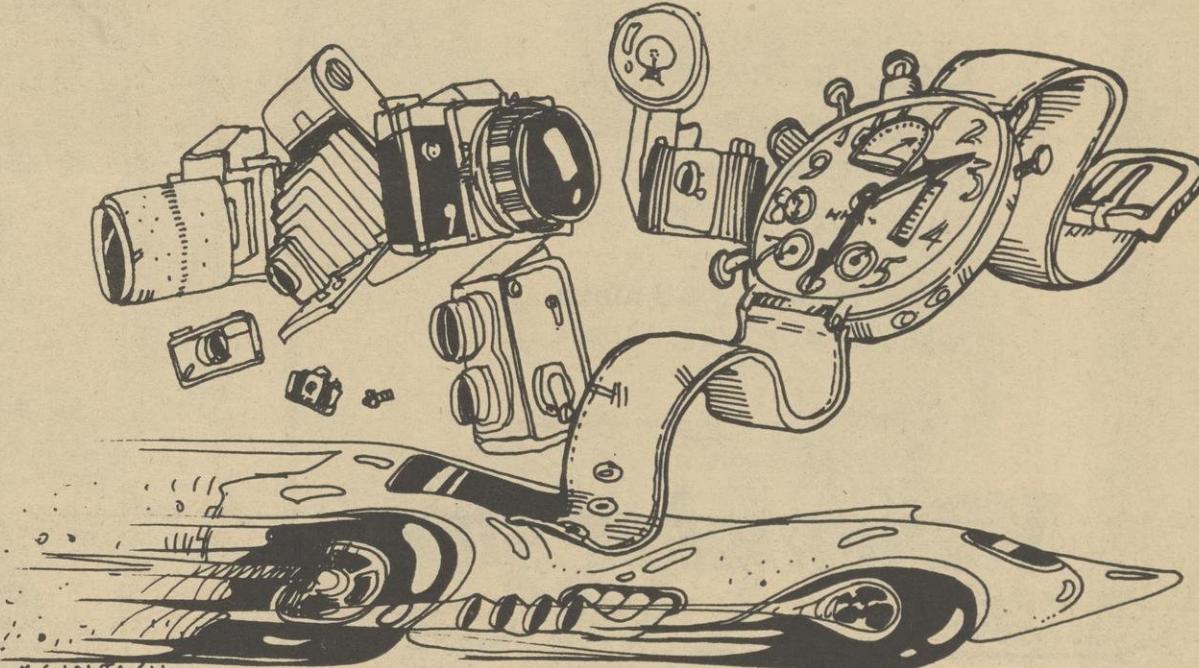
is simply unbelievable. Consider the instrumentation: fiddle, mandolin, guitar, and stand up bass. Consider the material: Blues ("Do You Call That A Buddy"), bluegrass ("Blue Ridge Mountain Blues"), classic blues ("Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out"), and a great version of "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" that includes a wonderful verse detailing the more earthy qualities of the lady, a verse I'm certain is not in the authorized frat version. A fantastic album by a group of very talented and original cats who still swing right along.

#### ATTICA

On Monday, the 25th at 8:00 in The Pres House, there will be a meeting about an Attica brother, "Big Black", coming to Madison on December 8-10. All people interested in helping with the organizing of these three days should attend or contact Billy at 256-6078.

page 7—Monday—November 25, 1974—the daily cardinal

Leslie Adonizio of Coral Gables, Florida, has bought eleven cameras, a watch that tells the time in each and every spiral galaxy, and a sports car that changes color when pursued, but the only thing that's fun anymore is his stereo system bought from us.



Leslie reports that his Advent, Harman Kardon, Garrard, Shure system from our place is sometimes the only thing that keeps him going.

"I listen to the Advent/2 speakers," he writes, "which cost me so little, and I am so embarrassed at their splendor and realism that I sometimes think that it would be nice to send Advent or you more money. But fortunately, music also heals my head so nicely at those times that everything comes out all right. I'm working on it, but money still means a lot to me."

Advent, which is helping us pay for this ad, informs us: "We are

really happy that Leslie wrote in like that. We spent twenty years learning to make a speaker as good as the Advent/2, which (believe us) is really wonderful, for so little money, so we don't want any more scratch for ones we've sold. But we hope Leslie gets the money thing under control; it's been driving him crazy for years. Thank you."

Now. We've put this really terrific system together around the Advent/2's for only \$339.95, and if you don't already own a really good stereo system, you'd be crazy not to get the money together in some legal way and buy it. Besides the Advent/2's, it's got a fine Harman

Kordon 330B receiver to power the Advent/2's. It will receive all the FM and AM stations you desire. We include a Garrard Model 62 automatic turntable with a Shure M44E cartridge and diamond stylus that will do good by your records.

Don't be foolish and buy some mass-market chrome phonograph when for very few dollars more you could have this system. And don't go around buying super-fanatic cameras and things until you have a good sound system like this to help you see better.

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# A fresh breeze at Radio Free

by hannibal plath  
of the Fine Arts Staff

This month, on the eve of November 1, the entire staff of Radio Free Madison was in the studio to celebrate the fifth anniversary of broadcasting at 101.5 on the FM dial. Long distance phone calls with D.J.'s who have since left were broadcast, spooky stories were read, and there was an aura of victory and success at the station. There were plenty of reasons for it.

On Halloween night in 1969, R.F.M. began broadcasting from 7 p.m. to midnight every night of the week. There was a staff of three people who identified themselves as Stryder, Not-Stryder, and Jane Island. It was the late sixties. The codes and conventions of society were bursting at the seams. People were anxious to change who they voted for, what they looked like, the style in which they lived and worked, what they stuffed in their pipes, and the music they listened to.

Radio Free Madison represented that type of change. There were no specific policies or goals at the station other than to provide rock music which the staff knew there was a demand for but which was unavailable on commercial AM stations. At R.F.M. there was no "this is your coffee sippin' donut dunkin' toast crunchin' buddy" jive coming from the D.J. Music was presented in fifteen or thirty minute uninterrupted sets. Ads were broadcast live by the D.J. on duty. The format was simple.

Things are not as simple as they

used to be at Radio Free Madison. In the last five years they have expanded the hours, and are now on the air from 8 a.m. to 3 a.m. every day of the week. With the increased hours came an increased number of ads. A lot of the ads are pre-taped by the companies which purchased the air time. This type of automated commercialism is less personal than the original advertising. However, the ads still come at the end of the fifteen minute sets and are not spliced between songs. More air times means more sponsors but R.F.M. doesn't seem to be in danger of commercial air pollution. The station claims that they are currently at the maximum time for commercial spots.

Radio Free Madison's audience has grown through the years but it is difficult to tell by how much. Radio surveys don't count student areas largely because the population is so transient. Audience feedback, in the form of letters and constantly busy phones, are the station's greatest indication of its popularity. There are other indications by which to gauge success. An increase in record store sales of a featured album is a clue to listener response. A local liquor store which sponsors a program called "Sensuous Sipping" recently sold sixty-five cases of wine featured on the preceding week's program. The general feeling at the station is that it is not important to know exactly who and how large the audience is because the D.J.'s wish to play what they want rather than the songs a

specific audience wants to hear. The audience, quite simply, is whoever happens to be listening.

The program features also have changed since the station's inception. I did my first poetry reading at R.F.M. three years ago. I figured when the station became a financial success their support of local artists would diminish. It didn't. Chris Morris, the high energy music junkie and child prodigy of the station, has late night poetry readings by local poets, sound effect albums, and club acts recorded by people such as Lenny Bruce. Chris seems to be the innovator of the feature programs. The station still has the feature album and feature artist each night. They purchase the "Live From London" concert series, Sherlock Holmes Tapes, and the National Lampoon Comedy Half-Hour. They have a large public affairs service. A five minute program broadcast every day called "Madison Perspectives" interviews people like National Farm Organization members and Stan York, the state's energy czar. They have the "Electric Classified" which provides an opportunity for the community to buy and sell their stereos, cars, apartments or souls at a low price. There is also a calendar of events and an ecological program called "Earth Watch". Whenever possible, R.F.M. broadcasts interviews with nationally known musicians who are playing at local coffeehouses, the Union Theatre, or the Coliseum.

THE MOST EXCITING feature program is "Musical Islands".

This program gives the listener an opportunity to select fifteen minutes of their favorite songs to be played consecutively on the air. The selections are put on a postcard, signed by the sender, and the card is selected at random by the music director. "Musical Islands" is the ultimate in audience participation.

Beginning October first of this year, there has been a top to bottom shake-up in the R.F.M. staff. Val Junker became the new music director. Val, Chris Morris, Jim Abraham, and Pete Sherrick are full-time D.J.'s, with Peter Bolger, Bob Mellang, and Dan MacClintock working on weekends. Jim Packard became the new program director after working as the operations manager at WLUV stereo. Packard is a more professional director than his predecessor, Rick Murphy. He simply has more experience in how a radio station should work. He has had more time to realize what he wants out of an FM radio station. He has made R.F.M. into a smoother station than it used to be without stifling spontaneity and creativity. He places a lot of faith in the D.J.'s ability to handle their own show. His attitude is 'do what you want but make it good'. The D.J.'s have taken Jim's directive to mean that they can play favorite old tunes if they like. They are not obligated to cater to a few new releases which record companies throw in their direction. Jim Packard is more of an over-seer than a director.

Radio Free Madison is not free. Their policy restrictions are dictated by taste, and, of course, the Federal Communications Commission. Taste is what led

Jim to his first act of total censorship. He bluntly told the D.J.'s not to play "Rednecks" by Randy Newman because of the word 'nigger' in the song. At first, I thought it was a case of liberal paranoia that led Jim to censor what I thought to be a masterpiece of a song. When I listened to the lyrics and read a few critical reviews of the album I could understand how Jim felt the lyrics were too subtle and the irony too well concealed for the intent of the song to be appreciated by a general listening audience. I didn't agree with his decision but I respected it.

Just as the station is unusually devoid of specific policies—so it is with goals. R.F.M. will move to a new site in Fitchburg this spring. That is a future move which all of the staff look forward to. The station hopes to go to a twenty-four hour broadcast so they can provide new programs such as live radio concerts from Madison's Full Compass Sound Studios. They hope to be able to include more in-depth news coverage. However, the staff spends little time thinking about what they someday hope to accomplish. The present looks too good for them to revel in concern over the future.

AT THIS MOMENT—I will revel in the future for them. Radio stations traditionally follow the trends of the music they promote. R.F.M. is a progressive rock station. They have one of the best progressive rock libraries in the nation. But when the station first warmed up their transmitter in 1969, all they essentially had to do

(continued on page 10)

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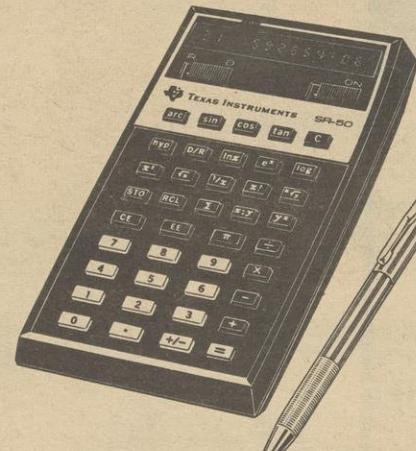
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PROGRAM FEATURES TO WATCH — Music Islands at 11 a.m. & 8 p.m. — Featured Albums at 10:30 a.m., 2:30 p.m. & 9:30 p.m. — Quiet Hour 6-7 p.m. — Featured Artists at 5, 7, 9 & 11 p.m. — Electric Classifieds at 8 p.m. — Madison Perspectives at 9:30 a.m. & 4:30 p.m. — Sensual Sipping, Thurs. at 7:30 p.m. — Sherlock Holmes, Thurs. at 8:30 p.m. & Mon. at 11 a.m. — Live Concerts — Earthwatch — Community Calendar at 8:30 a.m. & 6:30 p.m.

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## WIBA

(continued from page 8)

was to slap on disc after disc of the incredible rock music coming out of the west coast and England. Corporate record companies and groups like the Rolling Stones, Sly & the Family Stone, the Jefferson Airplane, Jimmy Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and, yes, even Creedence Clearwater Revival carried an entire industry of concert promoters, bands, television shows, and radio stations into fame and fortune. However, idols often die young, economies fluctuate, audiences turn cynical and eras end.

Rock music is in a slump. The bands are boring and repetitive. The industry is crumbling down upon what it once swept into success. That leaves all the radio stations in the nation with few alternatives. They can close down, become 'golden oldie' stations and jump on Dick Clark's nostalgia bandwagon, or put all their energy into change and adaption. Purchased programs like Sherlock Holmes and National Lampoon help—but they become tiring.

It would be good at R.F.M. if the music director would take the lead in broadening the musical perspectives of the station members. It has been proven by Good Karma Coffeehouse that Madison has a much larger audience for jazz than anyone previously realized. Chris Morris has taken the lead in playing more jazz, gospel, and soul music on his show. Each D.J. has the choice to get paid for one hour of preparation time before going on the air each day. They should always use this time to broaden their musical horizons. Chris Morris brings in

some of his own albums. I hear things on his show which I didn't see in their library. The music director should push for funds to increase their library. They have more albums by Cactus in their collection than they do by Ray Charles. Money should be allocated so R.F.M. can buy good albums, produced by small companies which can't afford to send free copies to all the stations in the nation. I know progress is already being made in this direction.

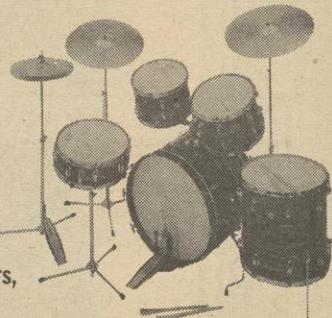
If these changes were initiated, then R.F.M. might become a professional station where the staff would stick around for awhile. Right now there is a rapid turnover in staff. R.F.M. seems to be a training ground for everyone from program director to D.J.'s to stay until a position opens up for them at a more established station on the west coast or at a university. Change is good, but not if it interrupts continuity.

**THE MOST IMPORTANT** thing to remember about R.F.M. is that it is one of the few free-form FM stations still in existence. That fact alone is enough to merit my support. It's a station where you can actually call in a request and get to hear it without being told "I'm sorry, we're a fully automated station and do not honor requests". Jim Packard knows that type of station after working at LUV, and he told me, "I'll never work at a fully automated station again."

They utilize the media's capabilities about as much as Muzak stimulates the imagination. R.F.M. is a station that takes pride in offering free air time to individuals or groups, whether political or artistic, who are involved in something that the staff believes the community deserves to know about.

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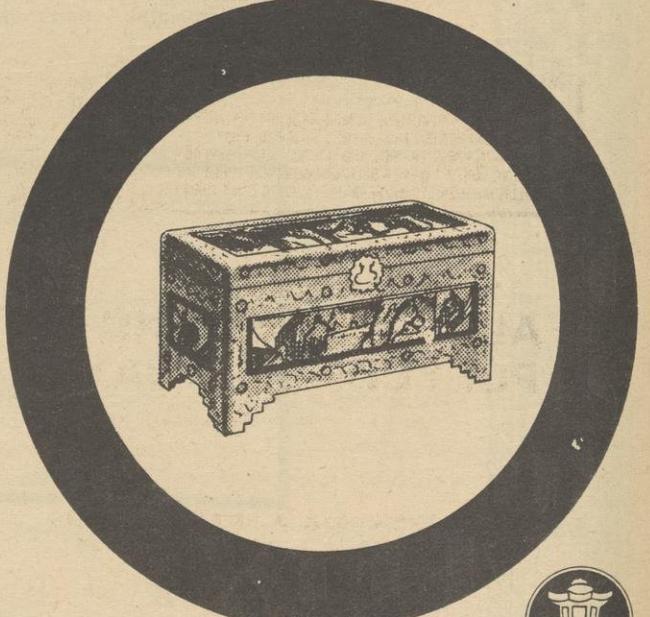


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## Irish music

(continued from page 12)

a pleasant comrade that all musicians feel toward one another.)

Anyway, Ted would ask the kid did he know, say, a jig, 'The Humors of Ballyloughlin.' Of course. And the youngster would launch into the tune, Ted the mentor would follow on his fiddle, all feet in the pub would tap out the tune, all voices would hush, and—for a few minutes—the glasses of Guinness would remain untouched. The jig over, neither musician would change his expression when the bar "regulars" applauded, and would ask, did one or the other fellah know, say, "The Young Girl Milking Her Cow," or "O'Rourke's Reel," or "Roy's Hands," or best of all, "Peter Byrne's Fancy." And the indomitable duo would fall into the threads of that tune. And the "regulars" would smile again. And people would crowd around the two **fiddlers**, eyes and ears taking it all in.

What weapons do the "trad" musicians arm themselves with? Most common is the pennywhistle (about 75¢), often called the tin-whistle, or *feodag* stain in Irish, and which is played much like a recorder. The Clarke whistle in C, and the Generation whistle in D, are the standards.

The drum is the **bodhran**, a greyhound or goat skin stretched

over a four to 6 inch simple wooden frame.

**FIDDLE, GUITAR**, mandolin, and flute are standards.

The most amazing instrument is the Irish version of the bagpipes, called the "Uilleann" pipes (it means elbow). Unlike the Scottish pipes, the Uilleanns have a rich, sweet, mellifluous tone (none of that caterwauling of the Scotch bagpipes which, at best, remind you of some beast in heat). The Uilleanns are so named because of the method of inflation by an under-the-arm bellows: Irish pipes are not mouth-blown.

The most widely known, and played, music in Ireland today is of two sorts. There are the "trad" devotees who stick to dance tunes along the lines of hornpipes, jigs and slip-jigs, laments, reels, and hornpipes, for instance. And there are the folks who concentrate on "rebel" music.

The following discography is selective. The best records only are mentioned; those of either inferior quality or an unrepresentative nature have been omitted.

**Willie Clancy: The Minstrel from Clare.** One of the best masters of the Uilleann pipes and tinwhistle. (Topic.)

**O'Riada.** Recording of a 1969 concert of this expert composer, performer, conductor. The best Irish traditional musicians are heard here. The best record of all. (Gael-Linn.)

**Na Fili Three.** The Fili, The Chieftains, and the Dubliners are

the best known traditional performers. (Outlet.)

**Planxty.** More folk than purely traditional, still this is a unique record. The Planxty are four freaks who are current folk heroes in Ireland. (Polydor.)

**Traditional Music from Sligo.** Flute, accordion, 12-string guitar, and the bodhran, played by four All-Ireland music champions. (Outlet.)

**The Men Behind the Wire.** Best collections of I.R.A. and anti-British songs. Every tune is great, but especially "The 3rd West Cork Brigade" and "The Old Fenian Gun." (Outlet.)

**Freedom Sons: the Wolfhound.** The Wolfhound are one of the best groups from behind the battle-lines in Belfast. Best songs by this well-balanced group: "Free the People," "The Dying Rebel," and "Boys of the Old Brigade." (Derry.)

**The Lonesome Boatman.** Finbar and Eddie Furey do the most hauntingly beautiful record of the whole folk scene. Noteworthy voices, tinwhistle, and guitar work: "Let Me Go to the Mountains," and "The Fox Chase" are *tours de force*. (Transatlantic.)

**Tom McHaile: All-Ireland Tinwhistling Champion.** Astonishing whistle work, precise fingering, lavish ornamentation with "slips," "cuts," and "finger-rolls." "Roisin Dubh" and "Madame Bonaparte" are the highlights here. (Outlet.)

Avoid any record or musician

which touches such gauche stuff as "Danny Boy" or "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." A knee-cap job would best serve those who insist on singing or playing such horse-piddle.

The Dubliners and the Clancy Brothers must be mentioned. Listening to them is probably the best introduction to Irish music, but their limitations are clear. They specialize in ballad-singing rather than more traditional material. Clancy records are numerous in the U.S., put out by Columbia, Tradition, Vanguard records.

The local Irish Club (in the University YMCA building) is glad to assist anyone in ordering Irish records, and maintains an extensive cassette and record collection of traditional and rebel music. The group, in collaboration with station WHA, will present an hour of Irish music in the next few weeks—look for the notice to find when to tune in.

## Owl

(continued from page 1)

he is in appearance. He isn't afraid of his bass, and he's not cramped in tight and traditional forms. He makes music, not low-audial filler. The surprising trade-off of beat and counter rhythms between Duffeck and drummer Mark Paywinkle show off the talents of both musicians while Raywinkle's improvisations

(especially on Bryan Lee's own "Carousel") are exciting not only for their unexpected rhythms but for the unfailing beat he hits in them.

The musical exchange between Bryan Lee and the Nite Owl Blues Band is tight, gutsy, always on key—exciting is perhaps the best word (maybe the only word), and I guess "style" has something to do with it. But still, man, those shoes and that belt...

## Student injured

Martin W. Bader, 21, a UW-Eau Claire student from Green Bay, was listed in serious condition at University Hospital after he fell 15 feet on the upper deck concourse at the UW-Minnesota football game at Camp Randall Stadium Saturday.

According to University police, Bader was running down the ramp from the upper deck in Section J when he fell. A hospital spokesperson said Sunday night that he was in the intensive care unit with head injuries. She said that Bader "is in stable condition, he has regained consciousness, and he is speaking."

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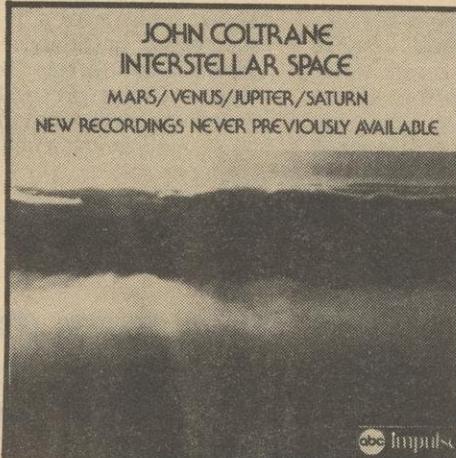
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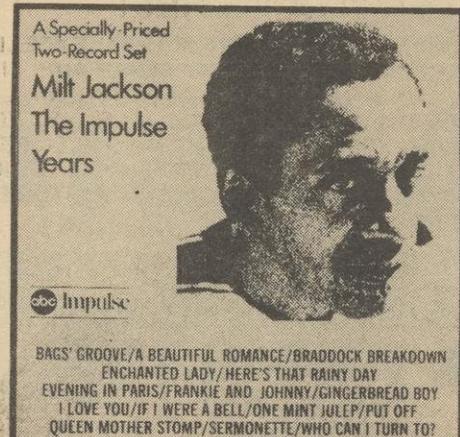
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## Irish music, past and present

By IRENE HEHIR and  
KEVIN DONLEAVY

The Irish folk music which is enjoying great popularity today has a heritage that stretches back, at the very least, 400 years. Under the influence of certain historical events (witness the current popular insurrection in Northern Ireland), the music has undergone changes, and has always—as with folk music everywhere—reflected the aspirations and delusions of the people.

The original Irish, or Gaelic, music was for the most part instrumental. Such instruments as the harp and the flute, still immensely popular today, were the most common. This type of music flourished under the patronage of the clan chiefs before the completion of the English conquest in the sixteenth century. The bards or fili rewarded the chiefs for their hospitality by composing a tune in their honor: such is the origin of the "planxties" which have been successfully revived in the last 20 years or so in Ireland.

THE GREATEST of the masters of the epoch was the blind

O'Carolan, whose music has really come to the forefront of the present Gaelic music revival under the skillful adaptations of Sean O'Riada, and Paddy Moloney of The Chieftains, the best known of the traditional musicians.

The popular enjoyment of this type of music, however, was not always a part of the Irish Folk scene. In fact, it has only been in the past decade that it has been actively brought to the knowledge of the general public—at least, in Ireland itself. Like everything else connected with the Gaelic culture, the music suffered under the English invasion. From the beginning of the 1600's on, the main themes in most of the vocals were concerned with conquest and defeat, patriotism, martyrdom; and later on into the 19th century, famine and emigration. The loss of the Irish language, of course, dealt a death blow to the old tradition, and the dawn of the 20th century saw an all-but-total transformation of the music in terms of melody and lyrics.

That the traditional music of

tunes and playing long into the night, vying with each other, offering encouragement and the odd note of advice, maybe. Those unskilled in the instrumental art would throw in stories, jokes, doggerel: all adding up to a good night's "crack" in the ceili house. (And let us not forget the odd bottle of Guinness stout, that thick Irish broth of a beer which has been responsible for many a moment's enjoyment every night of the year.)

Thirdly, the record industry has (though slow to develop in Ireland) made no small contribution to the preservation of Irish musical arts.

Back to the "country tradition" or way of life. Until the last few decades, "patterns" (religious festivals) and fairs, wakes and weddings were other occasions where the people displayed their talents musically. And today's fleadh cheoil ("fah-kyole") and feis ("fesh") are in that same vein: traditional music festivals during the summer.

A well-known aspect, also, of the 19th century was the lone piper or

fiddler travelling through the country playing his tunes and living off the goodwill of the people who accepted him with that natural grace that prevails in Europe still. Such a figure, for example, was the blind Raftery who walked the West of Ireland, and who has been memorialised in Irish poetry as a folk hero of sorts.

AN INTERESTING anecdote, one of which Irene's mother related to her, was how a lone bagpiper—returning from a wake in the early hours of the morning—would meet the fairies. They, no bad hands at the art of piping themselves, or so it is said, would be so pleased with his playing that they would reward him with an original composition: a "fairy" reel or hornpipe.

At any rate, whether it came from the "little people" or not, the traditional artists of this present century are certainly the richer

Wales, and Scotland.

\*\*\*\*

There was a tremendous fleadh in the tiny town of Listowel, County Kerry, in the west of Ireland, this last August. Some 60,000 music freaks descended upon this tiny town of (usually) only a few hundred inhabitants. The celebration lasted three days. And nights: the music goes on around the clock. This was the seventh annual musical bash, and it seems that the affair is now an established part of the "trad" music scene in Ireland.

The fleadh at first reminds you of the immense rock concerts in this country. Except that there are no drugs. Except there are very few fights. Except that there is no electric amplification.

THE RICHEST sessions in Listowel were in the pubs. I remember old Ted Furey, long grey hair over his shoulder,



photo by P. Michael O'Sullivan

playing fiddle with a 10-year-old fiddle player in O'Connor's pub in Upper William Street. (Ted was a better musician, of course. But in Ireland that's of no import: no one mocks another musician, and it's

(continued on page 11)

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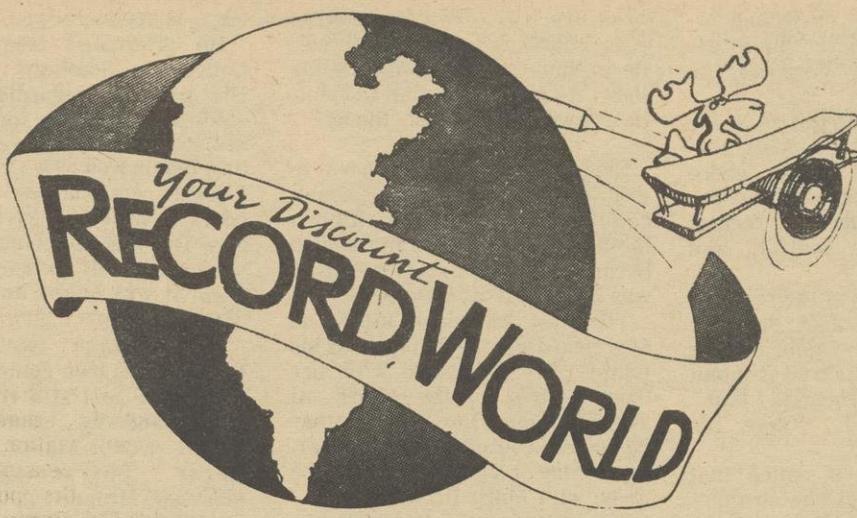
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# Hollerin' with Arhoolie Records

By DOUG PATT

Special To The Cardinal

8:27 Wednesday night at the studios of KPFA in Berkeley, the alternative media/activist radio station in the Bay Area. Chris Strachwitz is hoping to get himself organized enough to go on the air and do his show. Tall, blonde, distracted, he hurries out of sight smoothly like a gentleman, leaving the reporter with the crowd of people who have congregated around the 3rd World political affairs program that is just now wrapping up.

Strachwitz reappears, striding down the corridor trailed by two elderly freaks. They filter through the drifting gypsy-people and funnel into the studio, Strachwitz muttering to himself, "Where is that magic engineer?" Apparently one of the studio turntables is out of order and won't play at 78 rpm, making it about impossible for Strachwitz, most of whose records are 78's, to segue gracefully from one cut to another.

More confusion. The machine cannot be fixed. Strachwitz, gripping his two locked boxes of American records, tries to duck out a firedoor leading onto the station's rooftop. It is tantalizingly quieter out there. The crowd in the studio lounge is now thicker, swelled by the addition of a group of gay activists who have arrived to tape their discussion show.

No luck. Strachwitz is nabbed by another supplicant before he can make it to sanctuary. It's

almost time. The reporter strolls into the studio and settles into a seat facing the control console where Strachwitz will be sitting while on the air. Seconds to go till airtime. Strachwitz steps into the studio and leans on the wall behind the man now working the console, ready to take over as quickly as the guy is finished saying his farewells. During a long rock and roll cut they make the change. Strachwitz quickly cues up one of his own records.

He cuts off the rock and roll in mid-chorus and turns on the mike. "It's a little bit after 8:30. 8:34 exactly. And it's time for a little Music in America with Chris Strachwitz." Little Joe Blue, blues singer, horns, rhythm and moaning, loudly comes over the station PA.

Strachwitz does these programs every other Wednesday and every other Saturday afternoon. Each one is supposed to be an archive presentation of one particular aspect of American music, or of one artist's work. Normally the programs are taped for use as either classroom aids or research material for scholars, but not tonight. Things are too messed up. Tonight Strachwitz is trying to no more than make it through. He flips the mike on again and plugs Little Joe's upcoming appearance at a local club. Then he slides into some blues by Lightning Hopkins. So far he has been dealing with his equipment failure by alternating 45's with his 78's, but he sees he hasn't many 45's with him. The worry wrinkles again move in on

his blue eyes like encircling armes. Soon he will be able to use only one turntable. "Very sad," he mutters.

"You'll have to do this show the way it's done on those small, one-hamster Mexican stations where they can only afford one turntable. Play music, change the record, thumps, squeaks, and all, and play more music."

Strachwitz looks at the reporter out of the corners of his eyes. He seems to like the notion, and he smiles, friendly. Then he is intent again, juggling records, muttering to himself. "Okay...it's going to be nasty."

The reporter will notice that Strachwitz does not like straight-ahead eye contact. He is a self-conscious man. Flashes glances sideways at people and never locks gazes for long. The two men begin talking about the station, KPFA, and the recently ended staff strike which has thrown everything into such chaos. It is a conversation studded with interruptions as Strachwitz tends to the engineering and presenting of the show.

He thinks that KPFA is too provincial. Especially the political programs are too Berkleyish, one-sidedly radical leftist. "I sometimes get tired of the outright propaganda that goes out from this station." Strachwitz wants the station to program more music, diverse musics not available over commercial radio. He wants it to become less political, but he realizes that he's pissing into the wind. In fact it

looks like KPFA will be growing even more radical-left-political. He is thinking about quitting his show. He gets tired of all the shit. He probably won't quit though.

Chris Strachwitz was born in 1933 in Silesia, son of a German count and an American-born mother. "People call me Polish because the part of Germany I was born in is now Polish."

The first American music he ever heard was off two records his mother brought back with her from a trip to the states—Al Jolson's *Sonny Boy*, and another he doesn't completely remember. Something about hating to be alone with Mary Brown.

He shipped to the states when he was 14, his family moving because they were told that when the Germans retreated and the Russians came to Silesia, the communists would shoot everybody. A baker he knew and some other people were shot.

His first home in the new land was a grand-steamboat-gothic building a relative owned in Reno, Nevada. He was lonely, spent a lot of time listening to radio.

In 1954 he was drafted. He was excited by contact with the real diversity of human types that he found in the army, characters his parents' society cut him off from. In the army he grew more self-possessed, stronger, less reclusive, reinforced by having lived with men often as foreign to the American dream as he was, also calling themselves "American." He did not lose his

aura of aristocracy.

He graduated from Pomona College in Southern California. His passion, regardless of his studies, was the new music he was hearing on the airwaves. "My first mania was New Orleans jazz. I would cut classes and drive hours to hear a jazz band from New Orleans. Dixieland was the music then, as authentic as possible. It was happy and outgoing like it just didn't give a damn."

In November 1960, Arhoolie Records, his own company which he birthed and still runs almost single-handedly, issued its first album—F1001, Mance Lipscomb, Texas Sharecropper and Songster. He must get the credit for releasing the initial recorded collections of other blues singers like Memphis Minnie, Ralph Wills, Kokomo Arnold, and Peetie Wheatstraw.

The first Arhoolie warehouse was his own apartment upstairs from the poet Kenneth Rexroth. Now he has bought and paid for his own brown building in sunstruck, smogbound, fogbound El Cerrito, a township northeast of Oakland.

He makes his living out of his company, though for years he taught German at a private school to bring his income up to subsistence level. All the money he made he poured back into Arhoolie. Now he is one of the rare men in this world who does exactly the work they want to be doing. "I've been a nut on recording ever since I came to this country. In high

(continued on page 15)



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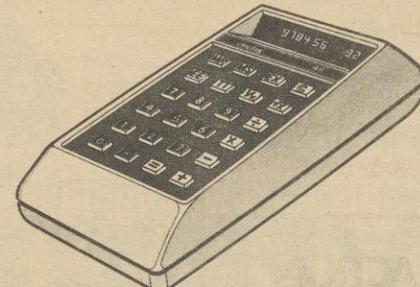


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(continued from page 14)

school I got one of those disc cutters. I think it cost \$10. You could get blanks for those things for 22 cents. I recorded stuff off the radio."

Arhoolie really is a one man operation. Chris has help with the actual pressing of albums, the design and manufacture of the jackets, and sometimes he will hire someone to write liner notes. Mostly he writes them himself, careful to give the necessary information like recording dates and personnel on each cut, information that is so infuriatingly left out of the promo blurbs on pop and even jazz albums. He is very careful about things like that.

Houston White, "A good old Texas boy," is hired during crush periods like Christmas to help Chris pack up and mail out records. Otherwise Strachwitz handles all orders personally, including the boxing and labeling.

One of the special bonuses for Strachwitz in El Cerrito is that the local post office is easy to get along with. He knows and is fond of the men working there. "I like people who like their work," he said.

When he drives his car, stacked tight with brown boxes of records labeled and ready to mail, over to the Post Office, he does not have to wait agonizingly in line for service, carrying the load in bit by bit as best he can. His post office lets him drive around back and offload his consignment onto one of their carts. He is taken care of promptly, leaning on the customer counter passing time amiably with the clerk while everything is weighed, stamped, added up, and

his bill is paid. He wrote to the postmaster general to tell him that the El Cerrito post office is the last human one in the Bay Area. He asks the man helping him with his shipment if he has seen the letter yet. The man laughs easily like a friend and says he has read it.

The El Cerrito warehouse is half Arhoolie's. The other half of this building Strachwitz rents out to an upholsterer. They make almost no noise, except the near silence of scissors cutting materials, and they are good neighbors. Three hundred yards north on San Pablo Avenue is a burger pit where the waitresses know what he wants without his having to ask.

Strachwitz's half of the building has three main working spaces and an upstairs which will eventually house his collections of blues magazines and posters. "I'm a stone collector," he says.

The front door is always locked. One thumbs the white bell button and Strachwitz will come, peer out, an admit anybody who comes calling. Right inside is his small office, with his collection of labels from old, smashed 78's tacked onto the cork wall facing where he sits. There is a rocking chair for guests to sit in. Bookcases, mostly empty, another chair, and a couple of filing cabinets. Some posters on the wall, but essentially it is an undecorated room.

The main work area is where the current catalog albums are stored in shelves especially built for Strachwitz by a friend. They are convenient, planned for easy access to all the records. Strachwitz spends the greatest part of his work time in this room—filling orders, predominantly small ones from private customers, finding

the records, boxing, sealing and addressing them with an ease and tidy expertise that testifies to long, unbothered practice. There is a juke box, and lining the walls are covers from his albums which are still designed by Wayne Pope, who designed the cover for that first Mance Lipscomb record.

Down the hall between the Arhoolie warehouse and the upholstery shop, towards the back of the building another locked door, and inside, the rare 78's archives. There are more than 1000 impossibly valuable records kept in this room. The first time the reporter visited Strachwitz at the warehouse two executives from one of his distributors came to see the archives. They just wanted to walk inside and look. Didn't even need to listen to anything. Strachwitz says he hasn't heard all of the records himself, nor has he had time to go through them logging and ordering and filing. These 78's are the material for what Strachwitz calls his "bootleg" albums, the ones whose music he calls out of his 78's instead of personally recording the artists.

In the archive room is the remix console where he listens, choosing what is worth re-recording for the albums. Strachwitz puts an antique 78 on the turntable. At first the music sounds distant as history, scratchy and weak. Then he boosts treble and bass, flattens out the noisy mid-range, and suddenly the blues come alive across the years, louder and clearer, the guitar ringing.

Strachwitz goes to the warehouse only as much as he needs to. He arrives about noon, stays till his work is complete. Otherwise he is at home, or gone hunting music. He does not have



Strachwitz and his wall of hits

photo by Ted Mack

Strachwitz: It means "cornfield holler". The work appeared on a library of Congress Record recorded in 1940, I think, or '39. These guys went to Mississippi and found a spade blues singer, and they recorded a song. And they asked him, "What do you call that song?" And he said, in my opinion this is what he said, "That's aaa...araraaa...a hoolie!" And academicians, as dumb as they are, they took it all down.

Reporter: What does it mean when it is said that you discovered

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## Arhoolie

(continued from page 15)

Lightning Hopkins and Mance Lipscomb?

Strachwitz: I lay no claim to discovering Lightning Hopkins. He's been around, in so far as making records, since '27. One day I got a letter, a card from Sam Charters in Houston saying, "I've found Lightning Hopkins." That's how Lightning Hopkins was Rediscovered by Sam Charters. But anybody could have gone to Harold Records in New York, or Bobby Shad's, could have asked them, "Where's this guy Hopkins from?" They could have said "Houston." You know.

Nobody had that idea, I guess. Blues fans were romanticists. Some Frenchman had said, "Oh,

he might be from Mississippi. His sound sounds Mississippi." Another said, "No, he must be a Texas guitarist." The arguments went on until Charters found him in '59 it was, or '58. I've forgotten.

Reporter: How did you and Paul Oliver and Sam Charters get together? (Strachwitz, Oliver, the English blues scholar, and Charters were the Blues Mafia—the three men whose devotion to the music let them south to record and preserve it and helped stimulate the blues revival of the '60s.)

Strachwitz: I knew Sam Charters here in Berkeley. He used to live here. He played in a Dixieland band. Played banjo, I think, or cornet. I've forgotten. We used to go to parties together. Yeah, he was a record collector. He used to come over to the place

where I was living. I had a lot of recent blues. He only liked the old stuff at first.

He went down South a lot of times before I ever went down there. So we sort of kept in touch. But he moved away. He started working for Folkways and then Vanguard records.

Paul Oliver? I guess I met him through those English magazines. I did discographies in various magazines. Jazz Report, you know. I did discographies on blues singers, and I traded records.

I guess he heard about me going down South. That was a big thing in those days. There just weren't too many people hopping around looking for ancient, dying blues singers. That was a very novel thing in those days. Anyway, he had planned to come to the United States, and he got a grant in 1960, and he does everything very thoroughly. So he contacted all sorts of people before he came. This was his first trip to the States. He'd already written two books, blues books, without ever having been here.

He wrote to me and asked if we could meet up. He knew exactly what he wanted to do. We met up in Memphis. Did some scrounging around together. And boy, he sure had the information. He knew what ancient blues singer lived in every little town. And all the odd phrases that appeared in blues songs. I'd say, "What's there?" And he'd say, "Uhh, this is where the Yellow Dog crosses the Santa Fe." Which was a line in a blues, in the Yellow Dog Blues.

To a lot of us, me included, we didn't know what those terms meant. I didn't know till I went down south. Paul Oliver was puzzled about the line, "...let me play your Seeber." From Europe, he didn't know what a Seeber was. He found out that it's a juke box.

Reporter: How did you first come across the blues?

Strachwitz: I heard it on the radio, as far as I can remember. This may not be 100% right, but I used to listen to Hunter Hancock's Harlem Matinee. That was a rhythm and blues show out of L.A. I was still in high school. It was

about 1948, '49 I first heard them. At that time he didn't play much blues. It was mostly R&B.

The first blues I can really remember hearing was Lightning Hopkins. That must have been about 1950. Honey, Honey Blues it was called. That was the first blues I ever heard on the radio. I didn't even know where the music was coming from. I heard it in the air, you know.

My first live performance must have been in Los Angeles at the Olympic auditorium. I liked R&B and that sort of stuff, Big Jay McNeely, you know. And they would have a blues artist on the same bill. I think I saw a guy called Smiling Smoky Lynn. He had the longest guitar cord I've ever seen. He hopped around like a praying mantis. And I thought that was sort of neat. I kept listening to Hunter Hancock my first two years of college. I still liked mostly good honking saxophone music with a crashing bass. I didn't get to hear the real, down home people for a long time.

Reporter: You've called the blues "a vanishing American music." What do you mean? You don't record blues much anymore.

Strachwitz: Oh, if I could hear some good blues singers. If I could hear somebody like Sonny Boy (Williamson) or Lightning, I'd sure record them. Sure. But the black people don't care for blues anymore. It was already on the way out when I started recording it in the early '60s. I could sense that. When we drove around the south, the only people that followed it were the older people. Except Lightning had a pretty good following in Houston, but it was obviously on the decline.

I sensed that the heyday of the blues was just past. That was in the 50's when people like Muddy and Wolf and Sonny Boy and Lightning were really selling thousands of records. It was a real going thing. All those rural people would come out here and make pretty good money, and they loved their down home culture, and with it came the music. But they all became 35, and then came that sock-it-to-me-music. I think that's

the end of the blues. It's a fast-turn-over-culture, especially black culture. They have never looked backwards. They have always been the group to dig the latest. They never cared for traditions much. Can't blame them, but I'm sure glad I came around when I did, when the blues was in its heyday.

Reporter: What kind of music do you like now?

Strachwitz: Oh...you know I like that Mexican stuff. I like all kinds of down home music. I like country. I like, uh...

Reporter: What do you mean when you say "down home music"?

Strachwitz: It comes from people who were born and raised in the country. It seems to me like they have more feeling for solidness. I don't know how to put that...They don't mix up so many styles. I think that's it. In pop music or rock and roll you mix up all these styles, and to me that doesn't amount to much. I like to have one style. I'm not sure I can explain it.

If you're going to play polkas, okay; you better do it right. Play real polkas. Put a beat to it, but don't mix it with Indian music or with classical music or with what have-you.

I kinda liked this, this down home rhythm like you had in the sanctified churches. I don't think it matters white or black, you know, I don't think there's that much difference. It's a kind of down-home-feeling. I don't know how to pin it down. That's the best that I can say. It comes from rural people. I don't think city people...unless it's a carryover from the country. But they lose it. In the city and baseball games and all that shit takes over.

People that live in the country and don't have so damn much to spend, music to them is really important, you know. They make it, and they dance a whole lot. They have a good time. They enjoy what they got. Move into the city and you've gotta be entertained all the time. From an outside source. You can't make music yourself.

(Continued on Page 18)

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page 17—Monday—November 25, 1974—the daily cardinal



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## Arhoolie

(continued from page 16)

Reporter: You are now busy trying to get an album of Corridos. What are corridos?

Strachwitz: Corridos are ballad songs, story songs. So many people call "ballads" anything that's sweet. That's bullshit. Ballads are story songs. They tell a story to people of what happened, some event or something. The Mexican ones are a unique tradition. Goes back to the turn of the century, even further back, the last hundred years or so. They cater to basically an illiterate audience. Newspapers were sort of rare, and an event came along that interested a lot of people, then singers would pick up on that story, and they'd make a song about it. The verses that were most important to the people would survive the longest. Like the thing about Gregorio Cortez.

He's a fellow that had to shoot a ranger down there in Texas. There's a long story about how he was hunted down by this posse, and the people prevented him from being lynched, and all that. To people in south Texas county this is a typical story of what happens to a lot of Mexican Americans. To them Cortez was just like John Henry is to Negroes. He's a man who stood up. He sort of became a superman. He had to defend himself because that damn ranger, he called him all sorts of

names, you know, and that sort of typifies, you know. He became a hero. And today that song still lives. A year and a half ago some friends of mine from Scandinavia came here, and I took them to a place that has an oratorio band over there in San Francisco, and not a very good one at that. They only had a few verses, but I'll be darned if they didn't play Gregorio Cortez. Much of the story is lost, but they give you kind of a skeleton.

Reporter: You told me you felt this album of corridos will be the most important, historically speaking, that you have ever done. How so?

Strachwitz: Several reasons, I guess. The material in it, from a historical standpoint, really, it's unbelievable. It's as if I'd found a history book of a culture that nobody ever knew anything about. A lot of people know about the corridos like Pancho Villa and all that, and the corridos in Mexico are well documented. There are all kinds of libraries in Mexico that have oodles of corridos in printed form, by the way.

But nobody has ever paid any attention to what Mexican-Americans are singing about. So these records...I had a hell of a time finding them. I have found very few collectors who like this kind of music, who paid any attention to it. But I found some here and there.

They deal basically with difficulties that Mexican-Americans

face. We all know about, and every day somebody reminds you about what a tough time blacks have had, but nobody ever says much about any other minority groups. Certainly if there's anybody that's

by Juan Rena. Again he was stopped by some sheriff who called him a dirty Mexican in the police car. He grabbed the sheriff's gun while they were sitting in the police car and shot

together the record?

Strachwitz: Primarily by whether I liked the singers. I didn't like these artsy type singers who made some records in the 20's. They didn't sound very typical to

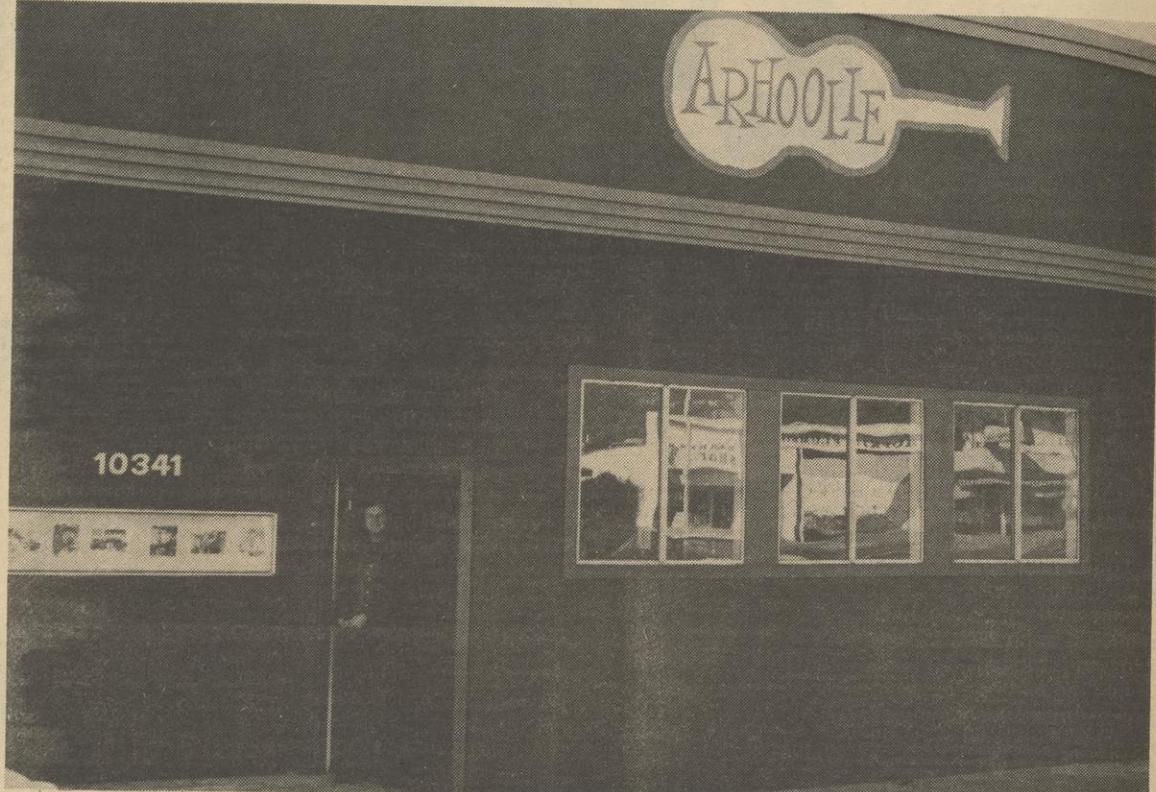


photo by Ted Mock

me of the kind of music I heard down by the border. So I wanted those rural performers. Pedro Rocha and Lupe Martinez, Armanos Chaveria, they're about the most you'll hear on these two records. I think they sound more typical.

Although the Anglo press gave it almost no coverage we found out that "La Opinion", the Spanish language newspaper, they gave it headlines for weeks with huge pictures of Juan Rena. Of course when he committed suicide a year later, again there was just an enormous uproar about it. His mother was in it, and the casket...had an enormous funeral. Unbelievable. We're going to try and document that.

These are just examples. A man like Juan Rena may not mean anything to most Anglos, but he apparently became a real hero image in that he stood up for what he believed in. The Mexicans felt that he was justified in having to defend himself when he was called all these dirty names.

Another one of them takes place here in California. It's a corrida one of them. There was this whole long trial. It lasted for weeks and weeks, and actually there was a deadlock in the jury. There was a new trial. He was finally convicted and sent to San Quentin where he committed suicide. It's very strange.

Reporter: What do you think Arhoolie's place is in the record industry?

Strachwitz: I like to think it's the only sane company around.

No...I like to document things. I'm not a good company for people who want to get ahead in the

Dec. 15, good Lord willing.

Reporter: How did you put

(Continued page 19)

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(continued from page 18)  
music business. They shouldn't come around to Arhoolie. The only artist I have in that category is Clifton Chenier. I wish I could get him on another label, him on another label, because I don't like that sort of thing where try to develop him, which is what most record companies do.

I'm interested more in documenting as many types of music and things that interest me as I can. I've always worked on that principal. I hope that amongst all this glitter and garbage rock, you know, I hope that my little voice of the Truth will shine through. This is what I consider real music. The rest is all bullshit. I mean overdubbing I think is ridiculous. I think they should outlaw that.

**Reporter:** Do you ever plan to have Arhoolie get bigger?

**Strachwitz:** No, no. Well, I may have to hire somebody on a permanent basis some day because...I guess I'm getting old and gray. I don't like to work as hard as I used to. But I enjoy packing records. I hate to sit at a goddamn desk like this all day long. I go berserk. I like to move around. I don't like to sit still, and when I sit still I have to do the things that only I can do. I have to decide what songs I want to put on the records. I listen to the stuff. I don't think I want to trust anybody to do all this. Then it wouldn't be Arhoolie Records anymore.

The surest way to lay hands on your own copy of an Arhoolie album is to order it yourself by mail. For 50 cents plus the disclosure of your own address you can score a catalog listing the full titles of all Arhoolie LP's. As a bonus Strachwitz will include copies of the only two issues of "The Arhoolie Occasional." The "Occasional" is a newspaper that Strachwitz compiles from his clippings of articles written for other newspapers dealing with Arhoolie artists and releases—record reviews, etc. Also they contain a couple of things Strachwitz himself wrote about the nuts and bolts and economics of operating a one-man record company.

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# How fast is the wind blowing?

By SAM FREEDMAN  
of the Cardinal Staff

AM radio's so-called "Boss Jocks" are not unlike their namesakes in athletics.

What's demanded of the men (women are just beginning to make it as jockies in the Top 40 market) is not that they jump higher, run faster, or hit harder than their competition. The attributes upon which they rely are not sinewy limbs or classical physiques.

The battles fought by men in the glass booths are contested with a patented smooth-but-gravely voice, with a knack for the one-liner, with a unique, but not overdone, personality for the air.

There are always a few exceptions, like Wolfman Jack or New York's "(Don) Imus in the Morning", who can succeed although he breaks out of the traditional cast. Most other AM jocks, however, prosper by perfectly adapting their own characteristics to the mold.

\*\*\*\*

Tuesday, November 12, 1974, begins as a day average enough to make Roman Hruska, the senator who once defended mediocrity as desirable, crack half a smile.

At 4:45 a.m., fifteen minutes before Clyde Coffee signs on as the jock in the most important time slot, 5-9 a.m., for WISM, the temperature is a seasonable 37 degrees. The day will not be cold enough to bring out Air Force parkas from summer hibernation or warm enough to liberate cut-offs and halters from the moth balls.

The darkness is like that of night, even though Clyde must begin waking up WISM's listening area in a few moments. With midterms over, no lights burn in University dorms signifying someone "pulling an all-nighter." Park St., which will be jammed with working people in less than two hours, is nearly deserted.

The WISM studio on Syene Rd. is just as empty, except for Jay Jackson who is finishing up his 1-5 a.m. stint. At 4:55 he signs off with "Love, Peace, and most important, Friendship." Actually, he is on again in seconds, dignifying his DJ voice to read a brief newscast.

The headlines:

A UW psychology professor and his wife are dead, as a result

of a murder-suicide, the assistant coroner reports.

Coal miners have begun a nationwide strike.

President Ford has reportedly withdrawn his nomination of Andrew Gibson for Federal Energy Chairman.

The weather forecast calls for a possible snow flurry, the fall's first.

It is not the kind of news day that will provide any Pulitzer Prize-winning coverage.

While Jackson does the news, WISM sports director and mor-

The Morning Wake-Up has begun.

Between songs that are aimed at the 25 to 35 year-old age bracket, he announces time and temperature. He will repeat those statistics virtually every time he speaks, for the benefit of the lolling half-sleeper who may turn off the radio any second.

The man who gets up at 3:45 a.m. to do the same for his listeners goes into his first big wake-up pitch: "Gotta get up and go to work. Take a sip of that coffee (heslurps). uhmmmm

there are mistakes that mar his raps to the audience.

"Haven't Got Time for the Rain," he errs on a song title. "That was Carly Simon. It's 50—no make that 37—degrees."

"That's not the way it is," he jokes after another miscue. Today it is. Admittedly, it's not one of his funnier days. One wisecrack, about a husband who scolded his wife for her persistent suicide attempts "because the gas bill's too high" seems in dubious taste in light of the lead news story.

Yet, the Wake-Up is beginning to gather momentum. At 5:30, a worker at Stop-and-Go who calls in regularly, dials in to chat and make a request for "Backfield in Motion."

Unable to find it, Clyde substitutes "Rock and Roll Baby," and conveniently resumes the wake up banter. "Rock and Roll Baby," he announces. "We haven't had rocks, but we've had rolls, with cinnamon and chocolate on them. Why don't you get up and have breakfast with us?"

He fiestily defies the official weather report, claiming that there will be no snow. Within minutes, a farmer calls up to say that the "Coffee Forecast" has disappointed his son. Soon, calls begin coming in from the towns west of Madison, reporting advancing flurries.

The Coffee Forecast has succeeded. Clyde amiably talks with all the callers. All his on-the-air activities are aimed to this—to the individual waking up, not a mass glop of listeners. Clyde likens the tactic to "a politician kissing babies."

His success in attaining audience response is a sign of his professionalism. But his personal history has no connection to some school of broadcast journalism.

Clyde Downing began engineering at a local station while attending Brookwood High School in western Wisconsin. After high school, he took a correspondence course—yes, the kind that advertises in match books—in electronics. He later attended and graduated from LaCrosse Technical College.

True to the Alger-esque style of his radio career, he first broadcast when the jock on the show Clyde was engineering got sick in mid-tune and Clyde took over. He

landed a job with WBAY in Green Bay. In 1963 he began working at WISM and was christened Clyde Coffee.

WISM's Top 40 format has suited Clyde fine. His personal favorites—Chicago, John Denver, and Carole King—have all met success in AM. The WISM programming system allows him to pick the individual song he plays; the type of song (old or new, soul or rock, etc.) has been assigned.

However, the Number Four song, Elton John's "The Bitch is Back" is to be referred to only as "From Caribou", or "From Elton John" when it is introduced. So controls are not absent.

"I figure you can't please everybody," Clyde responds to critics of AM. "If you're getting a lot of criticism you better take stock of yourself, not the music."

Clyde's only criticism this morning stems from his weather report. By 8:00, it is snowing outside the studio, and Clyde revises his forecast to "No thunderstorms."

The regular staff begins to roll on. Bill Short cavorts past the studio singing "Jingle Bells." Anyone who isn't up yet just forgot to set their clock-radio alarm the night before.

Clyde polishes off a few calls to listeners who can win prizes if they name WISM as the radio station they listen to. A turkey and several sets of concert tickets are given away. The calls are taped to be replayed later.

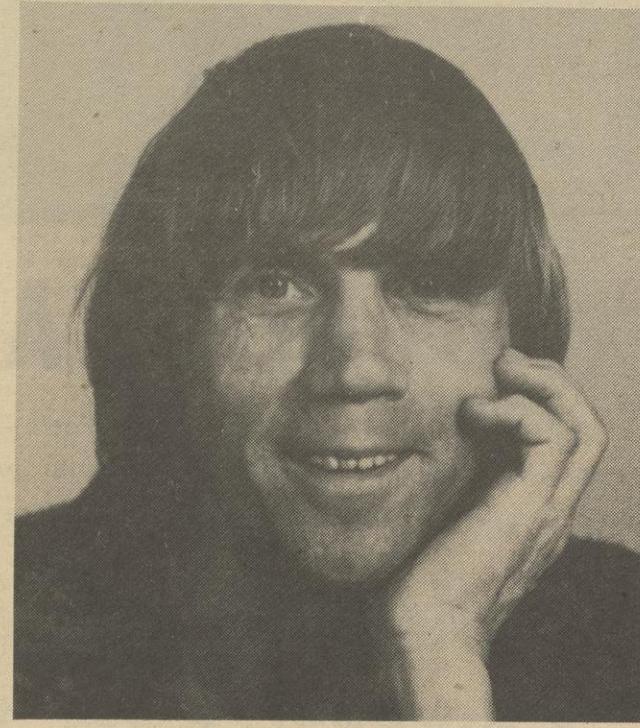
On the air, he gives a final warning about slippery roads and traffic jams.

"This is Clyde Coffee saying 'Hang by your thumbs and see you again tomorrow,'" he signs off.

His four hours are over. Exactly half of WISM's top 30 were played. The sun is up. The rush hour traffic begins to ebb.

A physical fitness enthusiast, Clyde sets off on his daily eight-mile run and walk. After it, he will eat breakfast and sleep for a few hours in the afternoon. That night, the WISM basketball team meets Poynette High School's faculty in a fund-raiser.

And the next day, at 3:45 a.m., Clyde Coffee rises and prepares to pump long-wave caffeine once more.



Clyde Coffee

ning newscaster Bill Short arrives. Jackson tells the listeners to stay tuned for Clyde and starts up Chicago's "Just You and Me" as he greets Short and leaves the studio.

Somewhere between song lines like "You are my inspiration" and "Just you and me, simple and free" Clyde enters after a breakfast stop at American Lunch.

WISM, at 5000 watts of power, is no radio behemoth, but Clyde has been found to be best-known radio personality among UW students. He has worked WISM's morning slot for 11 years.

"Here's your coffee-sippin', donut-dunkin' Clyde Coffee," he opens the show.

that's good."

But things aren't going especially great for Clyde. As always he must rush about for a half hour or so, filling out various logs and collecting tapes of all commercials and commentaries to be played on the show.

He is mite-like, running around the station, hurried, yet controlled. Short, slim, with the kind of long hair once called moptopped, he plays up cuteness on the air and in PR photos. In one, the rest of the WISM basketball team lifts him up toward the hoop, his eyes gleaming like a youngster's.

Just as there are conspicuous wrinkles around those eyes, though, that place him in his 40's,

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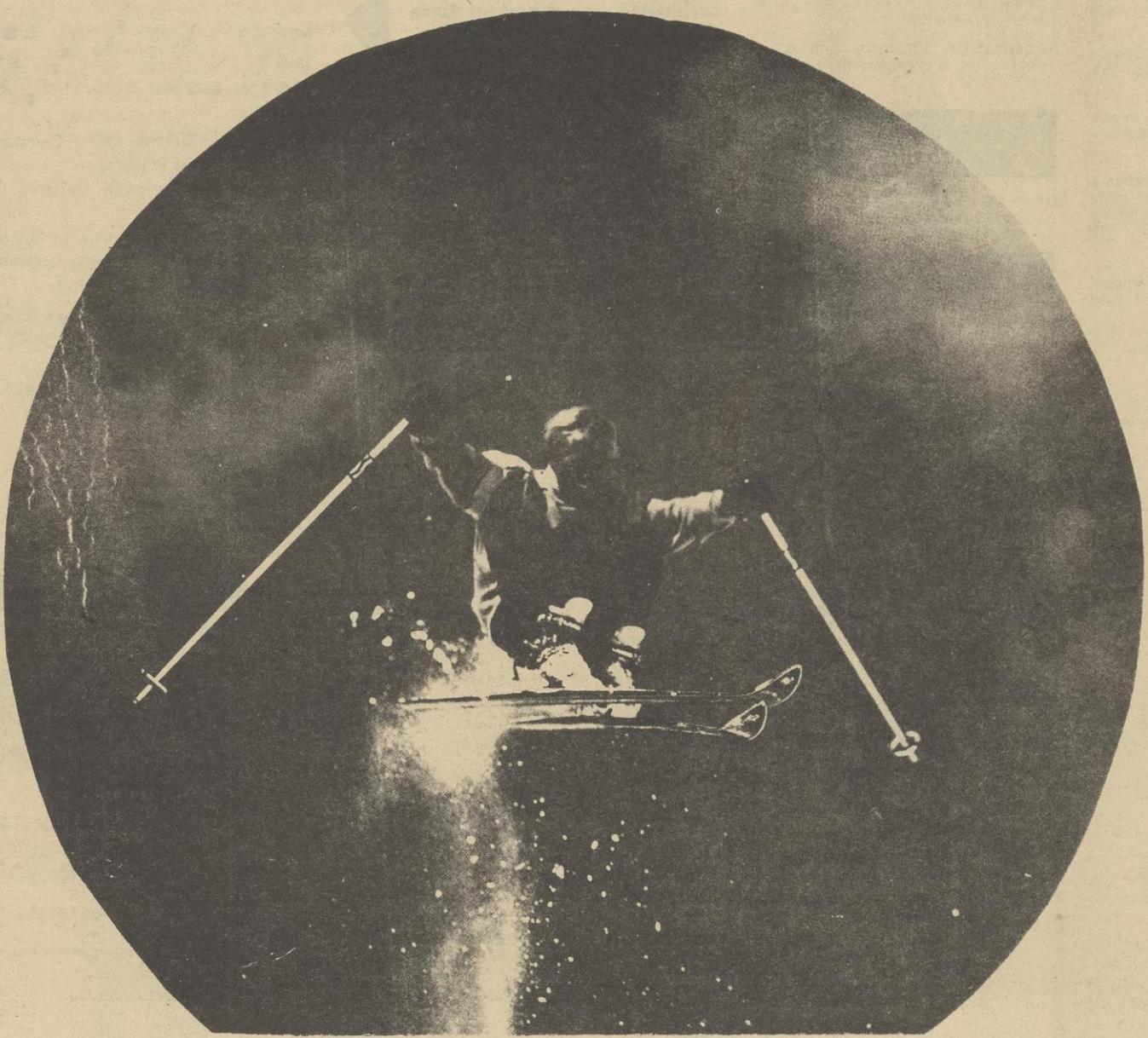
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Wisconsin's wrestlers dominated all but one match Friday night as they routed the Indiana Hoosiers 33-3 at the UW Fieldhouse.

Freshman Lee Kemp was obviously nervous for his first college match, but loosened up, became more aggressive and eventually won 6-0 over Dave Siley at 150 pounds.

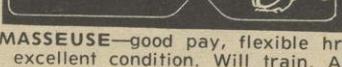
Jim Haines, Brian Hill, Steve Evans and Pat Chistensen all won decisions by 10 points or more.

## Swimmers

Wisconsin's swim team returned from Champaign, Illinois with the Big Ten Relays title and a dual meet victory over Illinois this past weekend.

The Badgers placed first in six

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6	Ouch in Acapulco	32	Look with desire
7	Nahoor sheep	33	Word used with pigeon
8	Another White House plumber	36	1,051 (Roman)
9	Strangle	37	Uttered
10	Caribbean republic	40	Burning
11	Time zone (ab.)	43	Contraction
12	To use (Lat.)	45	Paid announcement
13	Primitive race of Hokkaido	47	Kind of beam
14	Con's counterpart	48	Lounge about
15	A White House plumber	49	Arrow poison
16	17 Article	50	Abominable snowman
17	"Flying down to..."	54	A certain game
18	Humble	56	Attempt
19	Type of weave	57	Golf term
20	Strangle	58	A football player
21	22 garde!	61	Behold
22	Caribbean republic		
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24	To use (Lat.)		
25	Primitive race of Hokkaido		
26	Con's counterpart		
27	A White House plumber		
28	17 Article		
29	"Flying down to..."		
30	Humble		
31	Type of weave		
32	Strangle		
33	22 garde!		
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61	Primitive race of Hokkaido		
62	Con's counterpart		
63	A White House plumber		

# Don't shoot the piano player!

## He's writing his memoirs...

By BEN SIDRAN  
Special to the Cardinal

I came to Madison to play my first jobs in the fall of 1960, a high school senior from Racine riding the Badger Bus on weekends to join J.C. Holly & The Natural Five. We operated out of the Kappa Sigma house, where J.C. was a member, and we played Gerry Mulligan tunes for beer suppers and brawls down on Langdon Street. There was plenty of work, as we were one of only three "jazz" bands on the street. Laird Marshall had one of the others (a fantastic band featuring Dave Piggins on trumpet, George Bornstedt on alto, Ozzie Marshall on bass and his brother Laird on piano.) They played Cannonball Adderley tunes and sounded like the "Live in San Francisco" LP, which was as important in its time as Herbie Hancock's *Headhunters* is today.

The third band was run by Stu Langer, a drummer who played like Stan Levy. Bob Leysen might have been around then too, fronting a band from the musicians union. Being in the union wasn't too important then because all the work was at fraternities and no fraternity wanted to have much to do with most of the old musicians from the union. One exception was Doc Dehaven, who played regularly at The Pirate Ship and who would occasionally come down on Langdon Street to play a Dixiebash. (They were like beer suppers, but with a bunch of kids earnestly trying to do the Charleston while a band played "When The Saints Go Marching In.")

I lived at the Kappa Sigma house every weekend for most of the year. Wisconsin had a winning football team, the house was mostly jocks, and it was outrageous. After one party, they just picked the grand piano up and threw it down the hill into the lake, where it stayed until spring. At the end of the year they asked me to pledge, saying "you're the first Jew we ever asked." I declined for religious reasons.

The bar scene was minimal with the exception of Joe Troia's club on State Street. He would bring in first rate show-type acts from around the country, and local jazz players of stature also played here, when they weren't playing at the Harmony House on Regent. I will always be grateful to Joe Troia for looking the other way every time I showed him the phony ID I had forged to say I was 21 (he'd shine his flashlight right thru it and not say a word). The musicians who played there were only half of the benefit. At the frat houses, people were pouring beer in each other, closing the key over on the piano player's hands, looking into the piano....it was hard to love it. At Troia's, you could look out the windows at the street lights, hear this high class musicianship, and imagine you weren't in Madison. Jimmy Ensor played here (Bird used to sit with him when Jimmy was in Ohio), as did Dick (Fat Richard) Drake, who idolized Jimmy and organized sessions even before he knew how to play his horn. Among the great players who passed through Troia's, Ted Jackson and George Brown are perhaps most famous in Madison today, because they stayed and became legends.

Ken Adamany could tell you the names of all the rock and roll players at the time: he was one of them and booked a lot of the jobs. His band was often called the Knights. There was the Playboys from Milwaukee (with Jim Peterman), and Curley Cooke and Tim Davis had the Chorale around this same period. There were some pretty funky local bands (like Black Jack's) but the greatest were from out of

town, namely Birdlegs and the Chicken Feathers and The Seven Sounds.

Birdlegs was from Rockford, I think, and whenever he came to town he would scare everybody to death. Not just with the music, which was the best anywhere (not just locally), but also with the scene he brought along with him. They were gangsters, they arrived in Cadillacs, ten or fifteen very bad looking cats, some of whom played and some of whom didn't, with very flashy women. Usually, a very rich fraternity house like Pi Lamb would hire them and then everybody in town would try to crash the party. The security would be tighter than it ever was at the Filmore, West or East. Fantastic parties, very segregated with a smoky little Africa roped off in a bandstand area in front and the rest of the house crammed to the gunwales with bombed, horny honkys.

The Seven Sounds also carried a substantial scene with them when they left their home town of Milwaukee; they needed to. Sometimes they had to fight their way up the Henry Street Hill. The fraternity boys thought it was a

night and loved music, of one kind or another. Danny Kalb and Eric Weisberg hung out there, as did many folk-arts members. But so did Eliot Eisenberg, the great jazz drummer from New York, and Bill Hannegsburg, his bass playing partner for several years. Ideologically, Dave Van Ronk met Jackie Maclean at the Pad every night.

In time, strange musical groupings emerged from this small, compressed group of deviants. One band, called the Fabulous Imitations, featured Mel Nusbaum on guitar, Hart McNee on horns, Tracy Nelson on vocals along with three or four other singers; musically, it was somewhere between r&b and jazz. I think it was Tracey's first time singing with a band. She usually performed solo.

Boz Scaggs hung around jazz players a lot, trying to pick up new chords to use, and Steve Miller, who was a fraternity member and not usually found at nasty rooms like The Pad, was also keeping his ears open, especially when Johnny Shacklett played.

Speaking of Steve, I should

be part of a secret brotherhood; if you met another one, you went off to a bar and exchanged code words. Sooner or later, all the musicians crossed paths, shared partners, food, lives; everybody did everything and everybody, at least once. And all of this activity included, at the most, several hundred people.

I first played in Steve Miller's band when he and Boz and I all lived in Hans Jensen's housing units. Hans owned the corner of Henry & Gilman Streets, which included 509, 507, 501 N. Henry, and Dorthea House on Gilman. Great old rooming houses that were joined by mutual fire-escapes. Hans slept in the basement of 501 and encouraged everybody to get into everybody else's business. There was non-stop hanging out. Playing with the Ardells was not a great musical experience for me, because the band had peaked the year before. By the time I joined them, it was out of hand almost all the time.

Not untypical was the job we played at Elm Drive, with Steve lying flat on his back, drunk and singing at the ceiling all night. At

there wasn't all the shit that's on the market today. I remember when the first Bob Dylan LP came out. It sold about ten copies. Classical music made up the majority of record sales at the time, but it wasn't very influential on the musicians.

We would listen to the LPs, then had sessions in houses, basements, schools, churches, the Union, clubs, on the streets, anywhere, and tried to duplicate the feel of the music. We didn't want to copy the music, just the feel of it. This is how some of the first original material got put together. Feeling like the records felt was everything. Nobody had any hopes of becoming a professional musician. A recording contract was unheard of. Nobody knew, for example, that the original Ardells probably were as good as the Beatles, because nobody knew about the Beatles. And to play as good as Red Garland was gonna take some time, so listening to music and feeling that way was all there was.

Because the scene was so small, there was great mutual trust between people. There were no



The present occupant of 501, 507-509 N. Henry

joke to get drunk and beat the niggers up after the gig. I remember one Friday night when the Sounds put three Pi Lambs into the hospital, just trying to get home after work. These were not twist bands and they were very influential to all musicians.

Musically, then, there remained two distinct streams. First, the jazz stream, at its worst represented by "Mack The Knife" four times a night. It was kind of cerebral; the players sometimes smoked dope, but there was very little ass shaking. Second, the rock and roll stream, where they thought you were perverted if you smoked grass, and they played drunk & loud and everybody got laid a lot. This was important, because bombed horny honkys don't really want to spend too much time thinking about who they are or what they're fucking. This attitude is what led Curley Cooke to label Madison as "The 'Louey Louey' Capital of the World." Obviously, this latter stream overwhelmed the former, and rock and roll bands soon got paid most of the money.

There was a hard core hanging out scene of folk/drug/bebop/New York people at the Pad; good healthy out-of-state vibes. This scene also ruled the Rat, and included the legendary Phil Buss, who also played at Glen & Anns (now the Nitty Gritty). The Pad was a clearing house for the few hundred social deviants who lived

mention that his band, The Ardells, which originally featured Ron Boyer on drums, Denny Berg on guitar & vocals (The Buddy Holly stuff), Boz on bass & vocals and Steve on guitar & vocals, was, by today's standards, the most professional band Madison ever had. They sang beautifully together and played the closest on guitar & vocals (The Buddy Holly stuff), Boz on bass & vocals and Steve on guitar & vocals, was, by today's standards, the most professional band Madison ever had. They sang beautifully together and played the closest thing to original material anyone had at the time: obscure r&b tunes. More about that later.

It is difficult to visualize the smallness of the Madison scene during this period. Mifflin Street was considered suburban living; even University Avenue was a long walk; there was a great woods where the Social Science, Commerce, and Van Vleck/Van Hise complexes are now. It was possible to smoke a joint on the corner of State and Lake at high noon; not because it was legal but because absolutely nobody who wasn't cool would have the faintest idea what it was. The folk music scene comprised the largest musical ingroup, but the women who lived at Dorthea house helped disseminate many new idioms to the folkies who passed through. If you were a jazz fan, it was like

the end of the night, we pushed the piano off the stage, just for good luck I guess. However, playing with Steve's band was interesting because Steve was interesting, and so were all those Texas shuffles he had learned from T-Bone Walker. The message of the experience, if there was one, was don't take yourself too seriously. Boz, on the other hand, wanted to take himself seriously, so he left town, went in and out of the army, and wound up having some pretty harrowing experiences in India.

The same time I was playing with Steve's band, I was also working with Mike Moss, Eliot, Dennis Oliver and any other jazz player who could make it down to the Rat on Friday afternoon, where I had gotten the Union to allow us to have sessions. Mike Gabriel, a trombone player from Philadelphia, was a strong force, as was Harvey Goldberg, who loved music and musicians as well as he loves teaching European history. I quit school to devote more time to hanging out with the musicians, and got a job at Discount Records when it first opened.

Soon, the record store became another focal point, much like the book stores must have been during the Paris uprisings. Working at Discount was like doing graduate work; we literally listened to every record that came in—jazz, folk, blues. It was easy:

photo by Harry Diamond  
junky rip-offs, no weird hippy riffs. If you had something to offer, you usually shared it. The police used run around looking for "Mr. Big", thinking that pot was something the Mafia smuggled in from Chicago. We were all the Mafia, serving each other's needs. Doors were never locked, and that's the truth. It wasn't ideal, but it was real. And while this handful of drug crazed people were pumping Eric Von Schmidt or Horace Silver or Muddy Waters into their brains, the other 99 per cent of the world listened to Peter, Paul & Mary and were totally oblivious. I think the musicians who lived through this period in Madison are bound by some strange, permanent bond, for they were truly part of an underground once. It is impossible to even translate this feeling into today's mass produced consciousness. And at the core of the experience was the music. People got seriously turned around by what they heard on records, but there was no precedent to tell them which way to turn. Not even Bob Dylan had gotten beyond "Blowing In The Wind." So they made up their own precedents.

About the only thing that's the same now for a musician in Madison is the pay. In 1964, playing in town could usually make between \$85 and \$250 a nite, depending on the reputation of the band. In 1974, playing in Madison, you could usually make between \$85 and \$250 a nite, depending on the reputation of the band.

# Marek leads rout of Gophers

By JIM LEFEBVRE  
Sports Editor

Doug Beaudoin, veteran safety on Minnesota's football team, sat in front of his locker, slowly shaking his head.

"I swore I had him," Beaudoin said emphatically. "I hit him good and hard. I had him by the helmet and I was just about to throw him down to the ground. Next thing, I looked up and he was scoring a touchdown . . . I couldn't believe it."

BEAUDOIN was not alone. For what he and his Gopher teammates saw at Camp Randall Stadium Saturday afternoon could only be called an unbelievable performance by an unbelievable player.

With 55,869 people looking on through the fog and mist, Wisconsin tailback Bill Marek had his best day yet. Running for a record five touchdowns and 304 yards, the Chicago junior led Wisconsin to a season-ending 49-14 shellacking of rival Minnesota.

The history-making day saw Wisconsin's offense roll up 540 yards enroute to completing the school's best football record since the 1962 Rose Bowl season. The Badgers, among the nation's top ten teams in scoring, finished with a 7-4 overall mark and a 5-3 Big Ten record, good for fourth place.

Wisconsin coach John Jardine, dripping wet from a post-game shower courtesy of his players, greeted reporters by saying, "I'm glad they're that happy."

"THIS HAS been a great team to coach, even when things went bad. The players never hung their heads or started looking at one another in a strange way," Jardine said. "The main thing today was to finish strong and get momentum going for next year. Yes, I'd say we did that."

Marek, who surpassed the 1,000-

yard barrier late in the first half, did even more damage against the Gophers than he did the previous two weeks, when he gained 206 yards against Iowa and 230 versus Northwestern.

In addition to setting school records for most touchdowns, points, rushing yards and rushing attempts (43) in a game, Marek became only the second man in college football history to rush for over 200 yards in three consecutive games. John Capalletti was first to do so in 1973 for Penn State.

It was a typical Marek gem that so stunned Beaudoin. Six plays after his 65-yard TD run was called back because of a clipping penalty, Marek took a pitch on the right side and went about five yards to Minnesota's 27 before he was hit by Beaudoin. Somehow, though, he spun free, cut left and raced to his third TD of the day.

BEAUDOIN stayed kneeling at the point of contact for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, well after Marek had crossed the goal line, he got up and trudged to the sidelines, shaking his head as he went.

"He was bouncing off people all day," said Beaudoin later. "He kept his feet and was always able to run some more. I really have a lot of respect for his ability."

Although Beaudoin's teammates and coaches certainly do too, some of them were apparently upset that Marek stayed in the game as long as he did.

"I'm not very happy with the way they (Minnesota) lost," said Jardine. "I got the impression from some people that they thought we tried to run the score up and I don't think we did."

ASKED HOW he thought Jardine got such an impression, Gopher Coach Cal Stoll said, "I don't have any idea."

The Gophers, perhaps, had

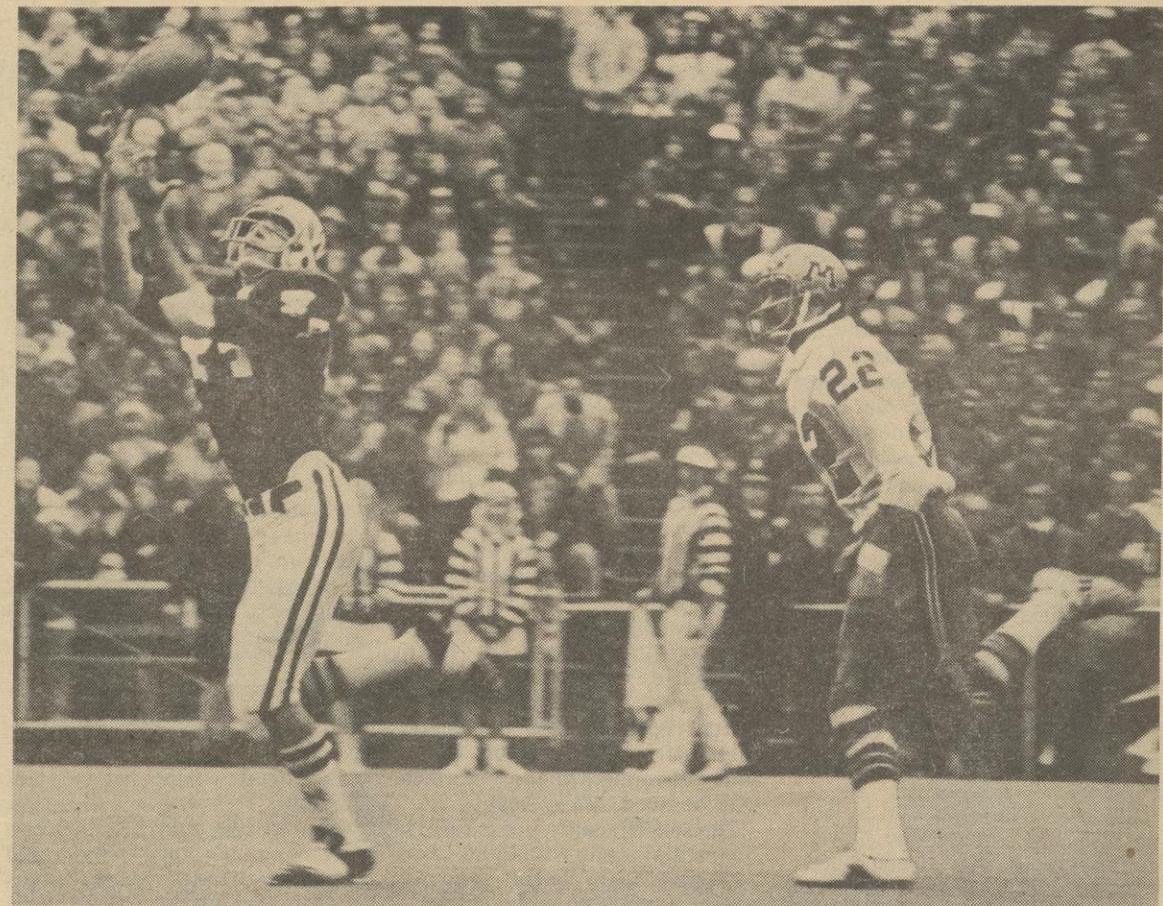


photo by Harry Diamant

WISCONSIN wasn't limited just to the running of Bill Marek in Saturday's 49-14 romp against Minnesota Saturday. Here split end Randy Rose (44) grabs a 48-yard TD pass from Gregg Bohlig after outracing Gopher defender Doug Beaudoin (22).

thought they'd seen the last of Marek after his fifth TD, a two-yard run, gave Wisconsin its final margin with 6:18 remaining in the game. But Jardine put him back in for one more play on the Badger's next possession.

"Someone told me he needed three yards or so to hit 300, so I said, 'hell, yes, let's get it for him,'" said Jardine. "I've been on the other side, too. I've lost some games by a helluva lot of points and no one felt sorry for me."

Wisconsin's defense, again overshadowed by Marek's heroics, had another good day, forcing four Gopher fumbles and one interception. Minnesota's

first TD came on Rick Upchurch's record-setting 100-yard return of the opening kickoff. The Gophers got their second score on a 10-play drive after a short Badger punt gave them the ball at Wisconsin's 37.

"THE DEFENSE made a lot of things happen; and they made them happen when things looked awfully bleak," said Jardine.

But the man who made everyone forget about the defense, the 26 seniors playing their final game and the miserable weather was one Bill Marek.

"It's just a feeling I can't describe," Marek told reporters after the game. "It's so good to know the program's turning around . . . I like being on a team that's on the upswing."

"A lot of schools told me they would 'take a chance' on me," Marek continued. "But who wants to go somewhere where they're just going to 'take a chance'. They never gave me anything like that here. They've always believed in me."

To Minnesota's Doug Beaudoin, though, Marek will always be unbelievable.

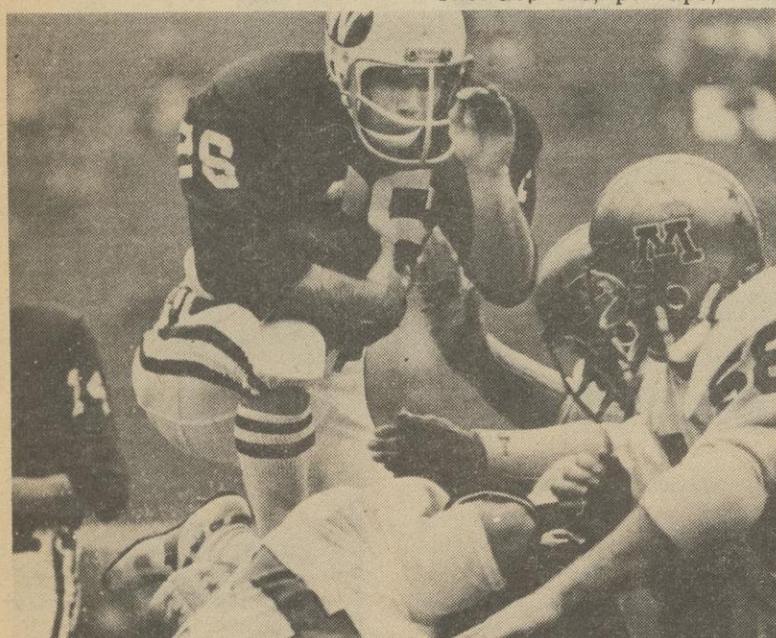


photo by Harry Diamant

BILL MAREK says, "when you can't go around or through them, go over them." The sensational tailback ran for a record-setting 304 yards and five touchdowns Saturday, finishing the season with 1,215 total yards and the Big Ten rushing and scoring titles.

## OSU gets 'Rose' nod

By PETE ETZEL  
Sports Editor

CHICAGO — Just an explanation. That was all anybody wanted here Sunday afternoon. Just an explanation.

The scene was a plush meeting room in the Sheraton-O'Hare hotel. The occasion was the announcement of either Ohio State or Michigan to represent the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl on New Years Day.

THE CHOICE WAS Ohio State.

Big Ten Athletic Directors had gathered earlier in the day to cast their ballots in secret session for either the Buckeyes or Wolverines, who had finished in a first place tie in the conference race.

Wayne Duke, commissioner of the Big Ten, announced to a group of reporters that the Buckeyes, who defeated Michigan Saturday, 12-10, had been selected for the second consecutive year by the athletic directors.

But what Duke refused to release was the numerical tabulation of the vote. Because the ballots were sealed and unsigned, no one, not even

the athletic directors themselves, knew the final outcome of the vote. Only Duke and conference attorney Byron Gregory, who both counted the ballots, knew the official count.

"I AM NOT permitted to divulge the result of the vote," Duke said amidst a barrage of questions. "The athletic directors have decided that the final result of the vote will remain confidential."

Earlier in the day, rumors had circulated that the vote ended in a 5-5 tie and thus, Michigan would get the nod because Ohio State last went to the Rose Bowl.

But the rumors were unfounded. No one in the hotel knew the outcome of the vote until it was released by Duke.

"I don't think the outcome of the vote was unfair and I'm not really disappointed," said Jim Vruggink, an assistant sports information director at Michigan. "The real disappointment was Saturday. Ohio State was the logical choice today like we were last year. If we had been picked today, it would have been unfair and two wrongs don't make a right."

## Badger skaters sweep Spartans

By JIM LEFEBVRE  
Sports Editor

Wisconsin's young hockey team took a vital step toward reaching maturity Friday and Saturday nights at the Dane County Coliseum, knocking Michigan State off its perch as leader in the Western Collegiate Hockey Association.

The Badgers, themselves now only one game off the league lead, edged the No. 1-ranked Spartans 4-3 Friday, then came back with a 5-4 triumph Saturday.

"VERY SELDOM in the nine years I've been here have we worked any harder," said UW coach Bob Johnson. "It appears to me we have a lot of good skaters that are also very aggressive. Last year (George) Gwozdecky was that way. This year, though, it's not just George. The whole team is more aggressive."

The added aggressiveness was quite evident in the way Wisconsin refused to shy away from the always-physical Spartans.

"We don't have a superstar like we've had in the past," said Badger winger Don DePrez. "We've got a lot more balance this year. As a result, everyone's doing their job and not relying on someone else. We're hitting more in order to get the puck and score."

Throughout the series, Amo Bessone's Spartans negated some of their awesome scoring potential by accumulating several costly penalties.

FRIDAY night, DePrez and Steve Alley scored power play goal as the Badgers jumped to 2-0 and 3-1 leads. Kelly Cahill and Daryl Rice scored for MSU, though, setting the stage for Mark Capouch's winning goal at 6:45 of the third period.

Capouch, after taking a pass from the rapidly-improving Murray Johnson, carried the puck in a semi-circle in front of State's net, then whirled and fired a wide-angle shot from the left face-off circle that beat MSU goalie Ron Clark.

"It was a very big goal for us," commented Johnson. "Capouch's getting better every game...all the freshmen are. We came back in the third period with our best hockey of the night. We started beating them to the puck. In the last 10 minutes, we were playing good, smart hockey; they didn't get many shots on us."

A FIGHT early in the third period between Dave Lundeen and MSU's Paul Pavelich resulted in game misconducts for both players. The loss of Lundeen for Saturday's game coupled with the fact that Gwozdecky was slowed by illness meant more shuffling of Wisconsin's lineup.

"We're not going to be a one-line team or a one-man team," said Johnson. "We've made the adjustments. I think this was a very good weekend for us."

Saturday night, the Badgers' four-goal outburst in the second period help salt away the victory, as State rallied for three goals in the third period to cut the final margin to one.

Wisconsin, now 6-2 in the WCHA and 8-2 overall, travels to Denver next weekend to meet the Pioneers.