

Me Sancho, You Panza

QUIXOTE is the best magazine published on any campus in the country. Some people will disagree with that evaluation & just about all of those people will be students on this campus. That's not odd, necessarily--it's just that anyone who takes poetry seriously in this university has come to believe in the powers of his own "professionalism" (as the grads call it) if he is to survive the various lit departments' basic training with even a bare nub of that seriousness left intact. And QUIXOTE, God knows, is not professional. It takes delight in & presents the present; it covers its tracks & keeps going; it celebrates, changes & records what is being



written & acted out for its own sake; it burns the objective eye out of the critic who is able to observe quite clearly of poetry whatever he, at least, does see: which is about as much of the whole animal as a microscope can make visible at one time.

"You can, perhaps, appreciate the dilemma of teachers of 'modern poetry' who often have their interpretations of living poets challenged by the poets themselves and so want little to do with reality. Or since many poets are not thoroughly middle-class, they can embarrass groups of poetry teachers if they come face to face with them"--Edelson, p. 30.

There have been criticisms in the past, however, which were more or less justified about two--and perhaps even one--years ago, depending on which issue of the magazine you were talking about. It used to be easy to say that QUIXOTE was too broad and generalized, and that the content suffered from a corresponding lack of depth; Edelson would publish "anything!" That's the way it looked, quite often, and all of us righteous uptight folks kept the bad word riding. And now, unfortunately, it's become an easy opinion that has to be roped & thrown: the news for the left (if anyone else that's interested) is that the "coterie culture" which plagued the old mags like NEW IDEA and CARROTS & PEAS, and which whole tribes of otherwise educated activists still accuse our writers of, has been overcome. And it's been because QUIXOTE, slowly & with

obvious labor, has included not only new & unfamiliar writers from around the country (by which a gradual education of sorts has been made available... & remember, officially-sponsored mags are forbidden to include off-campus poets!), but has also accepted the work of as many Madison poets whose seriousness & effort has clearly merited it. Many of these writers, I should point out, would not hesitate to exclude the work of some others of their number if they were in charge of the editing process; and even though these exclusions might often be justified (being the basis, after all, of strong & personalized editing), they are nonetheless the same basis from which the coterie effect evolves. So what at one time appeared to be a weakness has become a strength (tune: O, dem di-alektiks / O, dem...&c).

But the most important thing to say at this point is that the new issue has lots of meat on its broad bones. Some of the work is outstanding, like the short story by Curt Johnson, Helen Lipton's play, and a long article on the *I Ching* by Willard Johnson. There are reviews of some of the best current lit mags & samples of the sort of thing they publish (also a review of Abe Fortas' *Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience* done by Victor Contoski, who should do more writing on social criticism, judging by the quality of thought & expression in this example); the entire set of Diane DiPrima's "Revolutionary Letters" is reprinted; a sermon by John Fry, the public defender of the Blackstone Rangers, & the guy can write; interviews with Robin David, Jody Chandler & Dan Swinney of WDRU, and Sidney Glass of CBP, all of which were conducted last February while the left was still in the post-Dow drearies (remarkably optimistic & accurate assessments, though); "Toward a Radical Understanding of the University,"

by Stuart Dowty, which is interesting mainly for its clear analysis of the economic position of the faculty, along with other points to be kept in mind by people who are into departmental organizing right now; a long excerpt from a diary written under fire in Saigon....

I'm tempted to go on with a list & commentary on the table of contents, but let it be enough for once to say that the articles are informative & pertinent to anyone with half a social consciousness, the best QUIXOTE has come up with yet. And the poetry, thank God, is consistently good--also the best collection under one cover for any issue of the last six months (& that's a lot of poetry).

The best work is by DiPrima, Roger Mitchell (a poem Connections readers should recognize), Robert DiAntonio, Thaddeus Torgoff, Jackie DiSalvo, Paul Blackburn, Doug Blazek--poets you expect solid stuff from. There are also some surprises, like Bob Watt using more craft & skill than I'd seen before; new poets like Harry Lewis, Murray Mednick & James S. Tipton (new to me at least); Jim Sorcic turning out airtight work; and Jeremy Robinson (who disappointed me in the last MANDALA, making turns & changes better than ever before. Some of the poets are capable of a lot more. Victor Contoski sort of marks time in his poetry this time (except for "Prophecy," which is well-lathed). Peter Wild ditto, but with a whole handful of good promises. And Margaret Savides' poems, which sometimes seem to me to have gone about as far into one direction as they can go; they are artfully done, totally incomplete poems, no doubt about it, but where's the next risky step? Zap our eyes, Margaret! Mary Dunlap still has me waiting for something long, something that will get all her excellent short fragments together in one ball so she can roll it downhill to us. We'll catch it, Mary, throw it!

All this for a mere 75 cents, Morris? Are you kidding?
--Dave Wagner

MARIPOSA FOLK FESTIVAL



It is a great feeling to find a place where folk musicians are respected and accepted. The Mariposa Folk Festival located on Centre Island (a short ferry trip from Toronto) was packed with good musicians and a receptive audience. Since little is done to promote folk music or even give people a chance to hear it on the radio, folk festivals such as this one have been created to carry on the folk tradition. Mariposa generally did not have commercial groups and was designed to give everyone an opportunity to hear performers and discuss with different ones all fields of folk music. It was well planned and included traditional music, bluegrass, blues (rural, urban, and contemporary), poetry, ethnology, contemporary folk music, dixieland, dancers, and crafts. There were police, one mountie, and rent-a-cops all over the grounds, but there were no incidents. In fact, all of Canada had a lack of restrictive signs. However, the park commissioner, Tommy Thompson, did have signs scattered at Mariposa which read, "Please Walk on the Grass." Mr. Thompson opened the festival with a slightly bawdy song, stated his grass motto, and strolled away. The festival ran from August 9 to 11, with workshops until 5:00 each day and concerts at night.

Bukka White's concert performances were almost as casual as his workshops. He is a man who seems to love his music first and every thing else second. Bukka plays a style of "Mississippi Delta Blues," with guitar work accompanying the singing rather than a distinct melody line, and he goes out of his way to explain this. His favorite song is "Aberdeen Mississippi Blues," which he plays every time he gathers a group around him. On this piece he is quite a showman and the audience can't sit still. The louder they cheer him, the more he beams.

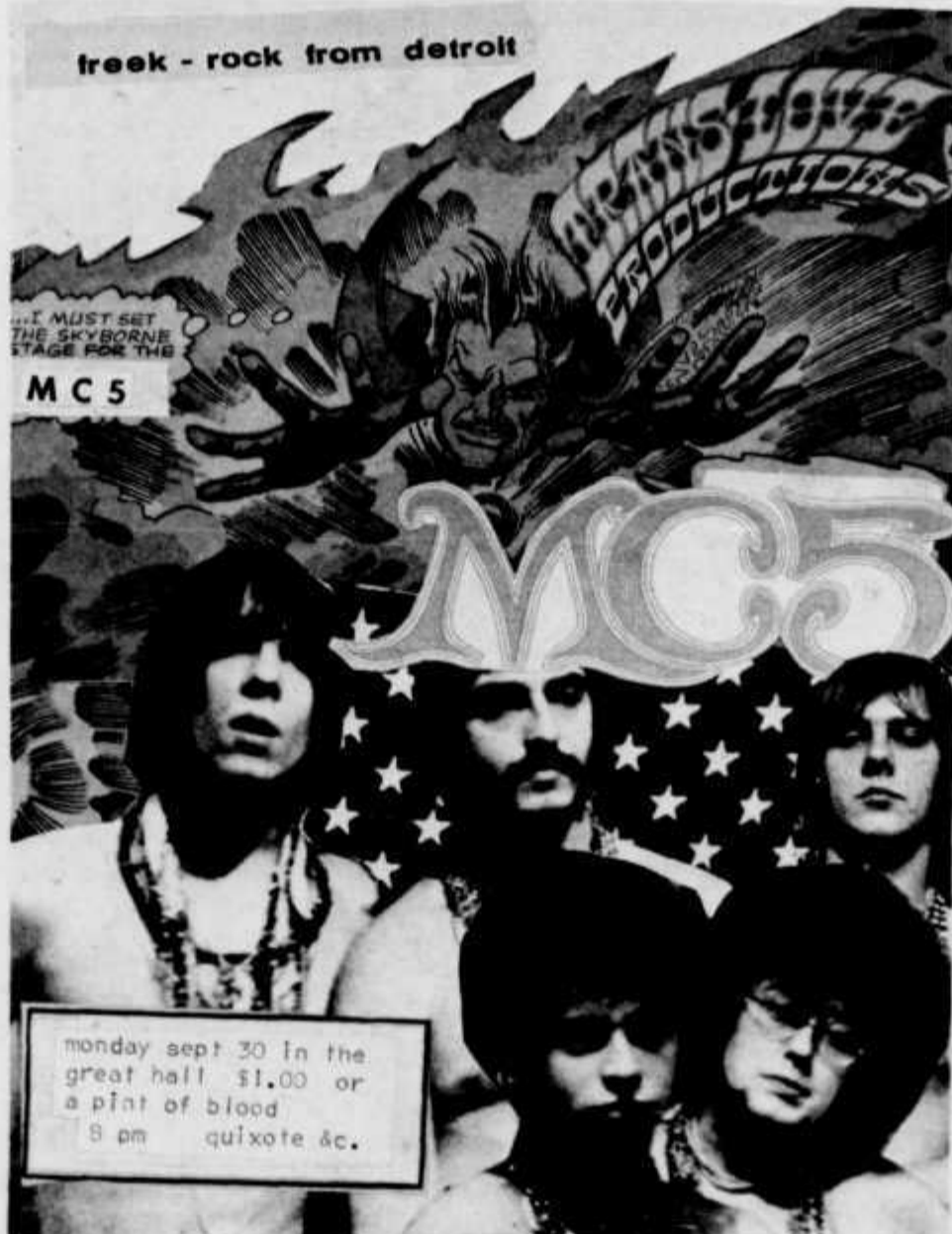
Canadian bred Joni Mitchell added a great deal to the concerts by her completely original material and use of different tunings for each of her songs. Her best song, "Urge For Goin'," was filled with beautifully written poetic images:

"I woke up today and found frost perched on the town;
It hovered in a frozen sky and gobbled summer down...."

"When the leaves fell tremblin' down
Bully winds did rub their faces in the snow...."

(Continued p. 14)

trek - rock from detroit



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TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1968:

Films: Wisconsin Film Society-Fellini's Juliet of the Spirits (1965) & William Burroughs' Towers Open Fire.
Art: Student Art Loan Collection Rental, Main Gallery of Union, 3 to 7 p.m.,
Hoofers Outing Club, 7 p.m., Union.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25:

Films: Studio Film - Make Mine Mink, Play Circle, 12:30, 3:30, 7 & 9.
Art: Union Loan Collection Rental, 4-5 & 7-8 p.m.,
Hoofers Riding Club, 7 p.m., Union.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 26:

Films: Movie Time - Dutchman, (also Fri, Sat, & Sun)
WSA Student Senate Meeting, 7 p.m., Union.
Hoofers Mountaineers Club, 7 p.m., Union.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 27:

Films: WDRU Presents Marion Brando in The Wild One. See DRU posters for time and place.
Music: Harry Belafonte, U.W. Fieldhouse, 8:15 p.m.
The Tomb, Union, 9 p.m.
FOLK ARTS SOCIETY Hoot, 8 p.m., Great Hall, Union.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:

Football: Wisconsin vs. Washington, Camp Randall, 1:30 p.m.
International Club Dancetime, Union, 9 p.m.
Union Mixer Dance, Great Hall, Union, 9 p.m.

CALENDAR**SUNDAY, SEPT. 29:**

Music: Union Sunday Music Hour: Michael Lorimer, guitarist, Union Theatre, 4 p.m.
CONNECTIONS MEETING: 217 S. Hamilton, 7:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCT. 1:

Films: Wis. Film Society-Buster Keaton, The Navigator (1924) and The Boat.
Hoofers Outing Club, 7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2:

Films: Studio Film-The Man in the White Suit, 12:30, 3:30, 7 & 9 p.m.
Yom Kippur
Hoofers Riding Club, 7 p.m., Union.
WDRU - SDS Monster Mass Meeting 7:30 (place to be announced)

THURSDAY, OCT. 3:

Films: Movie Time-Bergman's Persona (also Fri, Sat & Sun)
Hoofers Mountaineers Club, 7 p.m., Union.
WSA Student Senate Meeting, 7 p.m., Union
Union Bridge Lessons, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, OCT. 4:

Films: WDRU Presents Salt of the Earth. See DRU posters for time and place.

SATURDAY, OCT. 5:

Drama: QUIXOTE presents LeRoi Jones' Slave Ship and Edward Albee's Zoo Story. See Quixote posters for time & place.
Soccer: U.W. Soccer Club vs. Marquette, Madison, 10 a.m.
Football: Wisconsin vs. Michigan State, Camp Randall, 1:30 p.m.
Cross Country: Wisconsin vs. Minnesota
Union Mixer Dance, Union, 9 p.m.
Music: The Electric Circus, Union Theatre, 7 & 9:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, OCT. 6:

Music: Union Theatre, 8 p.m.
Guarneri Quartet

MONDAY, OCT. 7:

Drama: Cactus Flower, Union Theatre, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCT. 8:

Hoofers Outing Club, 7 p.m., Union

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9:

Films: Studio Film - Private's Progress, Play Circle, 12:30, 3:30, 7, & 9

THURSDAY, OCT. 10:

Films: Movie Time - Judex (also Fri., Sat., and Sun.)
Hoofers Mountaineers Club, 7 p.m., Union

FRIDAY, OCT. 11:

Films: WDRU presents Don Quijote. See DRU posters for time and place.
Drama: The San Francisco Mime Troupe (also Oct. 12); see QUIXOTE posters for time and place.
Music: James Starker, Cellist, Union Theatre, 8 p.m. (also Oct. 12)

SATURDAY, OCT. 12:

Parents' Day Craft Sale, Cafeteria Lobby, 9a.m.-1 p.m.
Football: Wisconsin vs. Utah, Camp Randall, 1:30 p.m.
Music: Piano Bar, Stiftskellar, 10-12 p.m.

SUNDAY, OCT. 13:

Music: Folk Arts Society concert, Union Theatre, 8 p.m.
Frans Brueggen, Virtuoso Recorder, Union Theatre, 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCT. 15:

Films: Wisconsin Film Society - Jean Renoir's Picnic on the Grass (1959) & Chaplin's The Pawnbroker & The Immigrant.
Stiftskellar Film: Million Dollar Legs, 7 & 9 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16:

Music: Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia (also Oct. 17);
Union Theatre, 8 p.m.
Hoofers Riding Club, Union, 7 p.m.

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The Travellers who followed Joni Mitchell opened with her "Circle Game," which they plugged as their new single. It is commercial groups like this, composed of poor musicians in it for the money, who have given folk music a name of mediocrity. Fortunately, these Canadians saw through the disguise and either left or politely vegetated until the group finished.

An outstanding young musician, Steve Gillette, was called "a Southern California version of Gordon Lightfoot" by Peter Harris of the Toronto Star. This seems to be an accurate statement with exception that Gillette strikes me as a much more accomplished guitarist than Lightfoot. His new blues-influenced piece was particularly well performed, and he dazzled the audience during the unfortunately brief time allotted him.

Oscar Brand concluded the first concert with a 30-minute tribute to Woody Guthrie. He also helped explain Guthrie's perspective by commenting on the original material for his songs. For example, Brand sang a beautiful old ballad, and discussed the sinking of the Reuben James and Woody's change of attitude about World War II, resulting in Guthrie's song "Reuben James" built on this ballad. Brand said the metamorphosis of this song made him irate and he told Woody so, to no avail. Woody was very much opposed to the establishment. The relevance of this opposition was brought out when Brand later mentioned how Woody would have scoffed at the posthumous honors he was awarded by the State Department.

The biggest and best part of the festival consisted of dozens of workshops ranging from mandolin with Frank Wakefield to Indian dances of several tribes, to

Canadian folklore with Edith Fowke, to blues with Howlin' Wolf. The most outstanding workshops were presented by Mike Cooney, Steve Gillette, and Bukka White. Bukka's workshops were conducted as his concerts were, with the addition of questions by the audience.

Folklorist Mike Cooney, who just lost his last C.O. appeal, presented his Leadbelly workshop by relating Leadbelly's life story and supplementing it with the songs Leadbelly sang. Cooney played an



old Stella (original) 12 string, tuned it down about three frets, and played with "bridge cables" for strings. He closely imitated Leadbelly's style and brought out several interesting points about him, the first being that Leadbelly sang minor songs in a major key because he didn't know how to play minor chords. Leadbelly's jail experiences produced two unusual songs: the first to Governor Pat Neff of Texas, who pardoned him on his last day in office; the other, which was the rewritten

Pat Neff song, was recorded for Louisiana Governor O.K. Allen, who pardoned him into the hands of Folk Song Collector John Lomax. Lomax used Leadbelly as his chauffeur and had him sing for him. Leadbelly ends one song:

If anybody asks you who wrote this song, it was Hudie Ledbetter, been here and gone;
If anybody asks you who copy-write this song, it was John Lomax and his goddam son.

So Leadbelly lived most of his life under the control of others. In fact, he was often prevented from singing new material he had heard and liked, such as "Springtime in the Rockies," made popular by Gene Autry.

In Steve Gillette's question and answer workshop, he broke down his incredible combination of flat picking and finger picking with equally incredible modesty. As a solo performer he's a perfectionist in his guitar work and won't make another record until he's com-

pletely satisfied. Gillette is opposed to electric guitars and orchestration in his music although he is open-minded and recommends that people consider every kind of music they can and use what they want from that.

A workshop-type concert was presented on Sunday afternoon and consisted of new singer-songwriters, most of whom were mediocre to poor. Saskatchewan's Vera Johnson, however, was so outstanding that she was included in the regular evening concert as well. Middle-aged Vera is perceptive and witty, and each song SAYS something. She wrote one of her topical songs when she was in England at the same time as Billy Graham, who told English students to trade their drugs for Christ. The song is hilariously satiric and the chorus says:

Come and get your daily shots from Jesus,
Don't rely on pot or LSD,
Christ can give a thrill like a needle never will,
Come and get your kicks from Calvary....

Another of her songs was written against the persecution of hippies, while other songs praised Muhammed Ali, Che, and Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Vera can be compared to Malvina Reynolds except for her reputation, which just began at Mariposa.

The festival was very successful, mostly because each person's likes were included in the programming. The quality of performers was overall the best I've seen, because they were interested in their music and not just being promoted. Folk music is a concrete form of music and even the good contemporary type will live to have an historic meaning. Folk festivals, such as this one, make it possible.

by Renny Blocker