

THE WORD

Wounded Knee rally goes in the red



Sacheen: decorating the room

Yoko Ono didn't show. The band came late. **Troy Donahue**, still pigeon-toed and now greying, got booted. Only 200 of 17,000 seats had been filled. And the event, held in Atlanta, lost about \$12,000.

It had been billed as a concert to raise money for the American Indian Movement and its Wounded Knee Offense-Defense Com-

mittee. Most disgusted about the outcome were **Dennis Banks**, a Chippewa father of 13 children, and co-rebel **Russell Means**. The two face 11 counts of conspiracy for the Indian takeover last year in Wounded Knee.

William Kunstler, chief counsel for the defendants, and his Sioux associate in the case,

Ramone Ribochoux made speeches anyway. And **Mark Lane** (*Rush to Judgment*) railed against the CIA and FBI involvement in last year's cops-and-Indians showdown.

One notable who did show up was **Sacheen Littlefeather**, the young woman who refused the Oscar for Marlon Brando and dropped her drawers for *Playboy*. Popping in at the Ramada Inn headquarters, she mussed Means' hair and asked, "Is there an Indian around here who can carry my bags?" Asked why she was there, Ms. Littlefeather giggled, "I thought I'd stand in a corner and decorate the room."

"I'm studying Buddhism at the Big Tits," **Allen Ginsberg** replied recently, when asked what he was doing in the Grand Tetons National Park. Ginsberg was taking part in a 30-member study group on top of Rendezvous Mountain under the guidance of Rinpoche, a Tibetan Guru. "Basically, what we are doing here," Ginsberg said, "is sitting quietly paying attention to the breath leaving our nostrils dissolving into space. Mixing breath with space, mind with breath, and so mixing mind with open space."



Allen Ginsberg: spaced out



Joe Namath: tour jeté

Sling aside, **Joe Namath** continues to dazzle fans with his versatility. He was just named Honorary Chairman of the Birmingham, Ala., Civic Ballet League.

Marlon Brando recently spent two weeks in Sun Valley, schussing the slopes and shunning publicity. Darkly swathed in a black knit cap, face mask, black parka and brown ski pants, he kept to himself on Dollar Mountain, the beginners' terrain. At one point, maneuvering precariously down Elk Horn Run, he spotted an ambushing photographer and yelled, "You wouldn't dare!" Not, with boards bound to his feet, that he was in any position to do anything about it.