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"Man, Sword and Flower," a splash of the grotesque and the emotional shorthand made famous by Pablo Picasso, is an oil on canvas completed by the late master in 1969. Picasso once said, perhaps in reference to this painting, "The point is, art is something subversive. It's something that should not be free. Art and liberty, like the fire of Prometheus, are things one must steal, to be used against the established order."

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More Picasso in Color, See Pages 6 and 7

Picasso's work expresses admitted fear of finality

By Carolyn Gassan Plochmann

The artist is enmeshed in an exploration of the image of man; computer complex are the forces that move him.

What engages him is not an image of man fixed, because as a person he is not, but of man discovering and re-creating himself in the midst of change.

Few artists have been as visibly and openly autobiographical as Picasso. His is an art consistent and realistic.

Every nerve end of Picasso the man is exposed in the work, the evidence of his search to "understand himself in order to become himself." In this sense he is the quintessential contemporary spirit who is geared to respond to the demands of the present, unhampered by the authority of the past.

It is Picasso with his restlessness; his admitted fear of finality; his love of the incomplete, the force of life, the act of creation, who is attuned by instinct to a contemporary philosophy which favors the dynamic and individual rather than the unchanging, the abstract and the general.

Picasso was explicit about the dating of each painting, which represented a moment-by-moment wholeness, the sense of immediacy found in the vitalist hero.

"I paint the way some people write their autobiography," he once told Françoise Gilot. "The paintings, finished or not, are the pages of my journal, and as such, they are valid. The future will choose the pages it prefers. It's not up to me to make the choice. I have the impression that time is speeding on past me more and more rapidly," he continued. "I am like a river that rolls on, dragging with it the trees that grow too close to its banks or dead calves one might have thrown into it or any kind of microbes that develop in it."

This sense of primitive power, inevitability and inclusiveness is another face of what Abraham J. Heschel called the quality of "radical amazement."

Heschel, referring to Kazantzakis' Zorba, spoke of Zorba's "seeing everything each day in its pristine freshness, as if for the first time."

Picasso, as few artists do, was willing to show the process, as if he wished a tape recording of visual images, so none could be lost. Humility is not a part of the assumption that episode by episode, seams and all, will be valuable. We are to see the failures, the unresolved as well as the refined, the thoroughly human, the whole man.

To Sabartes, Picasso expressed his dread of the completed: "To finish a thing is to kill it, to take away its life and soul."

Gallwitz found that at the age of 87 Picasso produced in a six-month period, 347 drawings and a year later, 150 paintings.

Picasso's work at 90 exhibited an in-

crease in spontaneity, a compulsion to do away with all rules, to paint his every mood as quickly as possible in an emotional shorthand. To exhibit the process of creation itself was one of Picasso's greatest challenges, and to a large extent he used himself to understand the process; the certainties of his youthful work dissolve until only the questions remain at 90.

It is said that Picasso looked upon nature as a kind of struggle between interior life and the exterior world. "I don't try to express nature," he said, "rather as the Chinese put it, to work like nature. And I want that internal surge — my creative dynamism — to propose itself to the viewer in the form of traditional painting violated."

Picasso's late work exhibits an impatience, a feeling of rebellion associated with youth, which bears little of the serenity we have come to expect in the work of the traditionalists.

Maurice Friedman derives the title of his book on contemporary images of man from Andre Malraux: "The greatest mystery is not that we have been flung at random among the profusion of the earth and the galaxy of the stars, but in this prison, we can fashion images of ourselves sufficiently powerful to deny our nothingness."

Among the other implications of this particular view, it is clear that contemporary man no longer believes that he possesses the certainty of the "ought to be." He must create himself among the contradictions of modern existence, aware of the paradoxes, the problems, the absurd.

In Picasso, his life and work, one can sense this evolutionary self-discovery to be what Friedman called it: "Existential trust which enables one to stand one's ground before what confronts one and to meet it if a way faithful to its otherness and one's own uniqueness."

Can man "deny his nothingness" by creating himself? Is the authenticity of his existence in his own hands? Rarely are the questions more fascinating than in the image of Picasso, man and artist.

Creativity has within itself some of the seeds of rebellion, if it is rebellion to wish to re-make, to destroy that which has been accepted, and to insist upon being actor, not acted upon.

The wisdom of Hebrew orthodoxy, which forbids the making of images, understands well at least one thrust of the creative — the ego behind the desire.

Carolyn Gassan Plochmann, a Carbondale artist whose paintings have merited critical acclaim throughout the country, is represented in numerous collections, both public and private, and has won many honors and awards for her work. Her most recent one-woman show was held in the prestigious Kennedy Galleries in New York, which represents her work. The Toledo, Ohio, native has been heralded as "a magician who creates a mysterious reality from the bare bones of blank canvas and pigment."



Bull at Play, 1954

Stone, zinc and genius

Illustrating these two pages are examples of Picasso's lithography. The energy, strength and sensitivity of Picasso in black and white are personified by his animals and humans at play and at rest. In the series running across the bottom of these pages, Picasso himself at work becomes visible.

"Bull at Play," a litho crayon composition on transfer paper transferred to stone, was completed in 1954 at Vallauris, on the Riviera, where Picasso energetically pursued ceramics.

"The Dove" is one of the most beautiful and famous lithos ever produced. The wash drawing on zinc was used as an illustration for a poster advertising the World Peace Congress, which Picasso attended in Sheffield, England, in 1949. The mellowness obtained in the plumage is beyond comprehension.

"Portrait of Gongora," a pen and wash drawing on zinc, was completed in March of 1947. Picasso illustrated the work of this Spanish baroque poet with 20 heads of women engraved in aquatint, and elsewhere published 6 lithographs, 38 engravings and 4 more aquatints.

"Head of a Young Girl" is a sterling example to chronicle the development of Picasso's work in lithography. In the first state, begun in November, 1945, Picasso began with a wash drawing on stone. The composition has been completely changed in the second state. The whole surface of the stone has been ink covered. The place occupied by a small splinter at the top of the stone is still visible in the subsequent states. The third state is a wash drawing and scrapings. The fourth state is a wash drawing in continuous tone. The face is scraped and re-worked in crayon in the fifth state. In the sixth state, shadings are accentuated with lithographic crayon and the background is darkened. The seventh state, begun in December, has been scraped with the flat of a blade and with a scraper. In the eighth state, commenced in January, the drawing has been changed by using a brush and scraper. In the ninth state, brushed and scraped in February, the portrait begins to appear as it will look in the tenth and final state. This last state, completed Feb. 19, 1946, shows only slight alterations made with pen and scrapings.



Artist's work sets pace for century of change

By C. Anne Prescott
Staff Writer

The whole history of art is a history of modes of visual perception, of the various ways in which man has seen the world. A naive person might object that the only way to see the world is the way presented to his own immediate vision. But we see what we learn to see. Vision becomes a habit, a convention, a partial selection of all there is to see, and a distorted summary of the rest. We see what we want to see, and what we want to see is determined, not by the inevitable laws of optics or even, as may be the case in wild animals, by an instinct for survival, but by the desire to discover or construct a credible world. What we see must be made real. **Art in this way becomes the construction of reality.**

If ultimate reality is unchanging, then it is immune from the eroding effects of time. So it is with the art of Picasso. If becoming is a process of actualizing potentialities, then all things become in time actually what they were potentially. So it was with the development of Picasso the man.

From the boy of 13 who astounded his

discussing the master's life is to define—and thereby confine—Picasso in terms of the "periods" or "schools" in which he painted: the Blue, the Rose (or Harlequin), the Classic, the Negro, the analytical and synthetic phases of cubism, the Neo-classical and Surrealism. But in art a school once established normally deteriorates as it goes on. It achieves perfection in its kind with a startling burst of energy, but then follows the melancholy certainty of decline. "The grasped perfection does not educate and purify the taste of prosperity; it debauches it," the great philosopher of art, Robert G. Collingwood, intoned. The history of art—and indeed, the history of Picasso's life—is the history not of progress in the scientific sense, but of reaction. And in Picasso's life this reaction is prompted by an acute perception of day-by-day reality, and followed in his paintings by an acute desire to construct reality as he perceived it, a reality which was never more in a state of flux than it has been in the 20th century.

So what makes Picasso the symbol of that unchanging, ultimate reality, what makes him the singular representation



Portrait of Gongora, 1947

Picasso emerged as a professional artist in 1901, after 10 years as a student in art schools in Corunna, Barcelona and Madrid. By 1901, the start of his Blue Period—so named because of the color most dominating his canvases—the 20-year-old prodigy had received two gold medals for painting, had exhibited in Paris, and was a joint founder of an art review of which he was sole illustrator.

From the influence of Post-impressionists—Van Gogh, Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec—Picasso moved in 1904 to French Neo-classicists, especially Ingres, during what critics label his more enthusiastic Rose Period.

One of the greatest milestones in his artistic experience occurred in 1907, when he met Paul Cezanne and Georges Braque and embarked upon the course of cubism, a style which enthralled him for the next 18 years, and which he used, with further modifications, for the rest of his life. The cubistic rendering of *Demoiselles d'Avignon* shocked the art world no less than his surrealist *Guernica* which appeared in 1937.

A flood of paintings, etchings and lithographs bearing the influence of cubism poured from Picasso's hand for several decades. But he could not be labeled a Cubist, for during the time when he experimented with cubism he fell again under the influence of Neo-classicists such as Ingres. His portrait of Igor Stravinsky, whom he met in Rome while designing scenery and costumes for the Russian Ballet, shows the penetrating, exact and unwavering line of Ingres.

Just as Picasso could not be labeled a Cubist, he could not be—and refused to be—labeled a Surrealist, at least not a Surrealist of the Salvador Dali cult. But after 1925, the year he first encountered

Surrealists, his work reveals more of the depths of the unconscious through line and color.

A sterling example of surrealist influence lies in his epic mockery of war, *Guernica*, inspired by the German bombing of a small Basque town of the same name during the Spanish Civil War of 1937. It stands as a general reminder of the barbaric conditions prevailing in the socio-cultural conditions of the present century. The utter chaos, ruin, destruction, pathos, comedy and tragedy are shown. The outcome of man's illogical behavior is poignantly analyzed.

Picasso further explored man's behavior in a series of double-faced Expressionist heads which he painted as fast as his fame spread throughout the world. In the mid-1940s he again extended his reach by exploring new media—lithography, ceramics, graphic techniques—and mastered them.

Art critics have found much of Picasso's later work to be replete with complexities, intricacies and overlapping techniques. As the world grew more complex, so did its art, and so likewise did Picasso's expression of that complex reality.

He once said that "to search means nothing in painting. To find is the thing." Picasso found, by continuously probing the depths of reality, that central core which Joseph Conrad referred to as "the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity...which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn."

Picasso found the ultimate reality, that which does not change. What more eloquent testimony is needed to ascribe to him the title, the greatest artist of the 20th century?



The Dove, 1949

teachers at the School of Fine Arts in Barcelona, to the man whose death last April at the age of 91 rocked the world of modern art, there can be discerned a pattern of life as logical as the progression of acorn to oak, but at the same time, as disquieting as the entire spectacle of art history.

Pablo Ruiz Picasso, born Oct. 25, 1881, in Malaga, Spain, has been critically acclaimed as the greatest artist of the 20th century, no mean feat for a time in which the history of art saw geometric breakdown of form and space in cubism and later, the fluid meshing of form, space and mind in surrealism.

An obvious temptation when

of 20th-century art? It is that the formation of his actuality—the growth of the oak—was a continuous fluid development springing from the seeds—the acorn—of his potentiality. But more important, the flow stopped nowhere in between on its appointed course. It did not stop at cubism or Neo-classicism or surrealism. Picasso transcended them all, carrying over bits and pieces from one to the next. His development was linear, continuous and unlimited. The past, as a phase of continuous process, carried over into the present and future. The past alone was determined, the future alone was an open possibility, the present was the arena of action.



Head of Young Girl, 1945-1946

Writers find a home in 'The Search'



Gary Phillips

Photo by Dave Stearns

By Dave Stearns Staff Writer

Comedian Bob Newhart once said, "If you take an infinite number of monkeys and an infinite number of typewriters, and just let them type away, they would eventually type all of the great works of literature."

Or as Pulitzer Prize-winning poetess Anne Sexton more eloquently expressed it, "If you put a bunch of different animals together in a cage and let them out a few at a time, you can get some rare and wonderful combinations of animals."

Thus the positive and not-so-positive aspects of computer poetry are summed up in animal images. Computer verse is obtained by programming a basic sentence pattern into the computer and having the words come out in different combinations, says Gary Phillips, who is welcoming computer poetry and many other changes for the 1973 edition of *The Search*.

The Search incidentally, is a home for publisher-hungry writers, and since the death of *Grassroots*, it is the only literary magazine on campus.

"Actually, it's more like a book," co-editor Phillips said. "We want more variety in the styles of poetry this year. In past issues, *The Search* has only been open to students, but now it is open to everybody in the area. Student poets tend to imitate models in their writing, whereas people who write without any academic training are more spontaneous. But their poetry usually isn't as good," Phillips added.

In addition to computer poetry and non-student writers, Phillips is encouraging essays written on poetry after 1960, graphics and concrete poetry, all of which was not formerly found in the magazine.

And 1974's cash prizes for the best three poems (one \$50 and two \$25 prizes), should be an incentive for contributors.

"Concrete poetry imitates the subject of the poems with its typography. For example, if you wrote a poem about a swan, the words of the poem would form the shape of a swan," he explained.

Speaking of infinite monkeys and typewriters, Phillips said bad poets are usually the ones that turn in reams of material, hoping the editor will find something worth printing.

"It gets tiresome," Phillips sighed. "Good poets usually turn in only six to eight poems." Constructive criticism from Phillips and co-editor Judy Little will be offered to those who desire it. Contributors for the 1974 issues should type their poems, giving their name and address, and turn them in to Woody Hall, B-345, by March 15, 1974.

The Search began 12 years ago, and with financial help from the English Department, it has become reputable enough to be carried by overseas libraries, Phillips said. "But it has been a profit-hoping rather than a profit-making publication," he added. "I hope that with these changes the publication will become more like a review, possibly published quarterly."

The current issue of *The Search*, now on the stands, contains poems by prize-winner John Presley and poems by Phillips himself, who also translates Hermann Hesse's poetry from the original German.

This volume contains the creative work of young people being educated. Logically, then, the poems modulate between innocence and wisdom, freedom and formality. Some are very personal, expressing the poignancy of youthful experience; others venture into the idealism of philosophical reflection. But throughout one can see a remarkable poetic maturity — a unit of image and action and an economy of expression.

— Portion of the preface to the 12th series of *The Search*

Artemis: Diane

Purple violets, so small on the forest floor,
Darken the shadows and catch my eye.
Stopping, the silence of the woods explodes!
Somewhere, shaking slowly in unseen winds
An oak tree discovers last year's leaves,
Set off brown and stiff against newer buds;
Peach blossoms pink; rotting damp leaf-smell;
A woodpecker pounds away at some dead tree,
Perfectly undisturbed by my presence.
Dogs howling across a wooded hollow, in pursuit,
Perhaps, of a deer, antlers lowered in panic —
Actaeon splashing through a mossy stream
In vain escape fleeing from his own happy hounds.
Will I, too, gaze on her reflected nakedness
Without innocence or insult, only surprise,
Surprise and pain for my hair is deer hair,
My eyes deer eyes that can see no beauty
In that white, bare, perfect body, breasts to me?
I catch the scent of hounds, quiver and break,
Pursued by dim violet shadows that slip like fish
Through sharp briars and hide-tearing thorns,
Chasing me until each step is leaden, I slip,
Fall into water over my shoulders, fangtorn
Blood reddening the moss and stagnant water —
Somehow, the gentle flow of the stream, Still, softly flowing, reminds me of you,
Always so smooth and calm and clear.
A saw rises out of the pines:
Brilliant, flashing before me,
Your hair tossing like-raven's wings
Against the wind and sun.

Gary James Phillips
Co-Editor
The Search

A Novel for Which There Are No More Words Than These

At—exactly 9 a.m., thousands—thousands! of squawking blackbirds on their way north stop altogether in the five or six giant oak trees in our side yard next to the strawberry field. The trees, still bare from winter, become literally black with bird. You have to cover your ears; the sound is deafening. Me in the side yard weeping: "incredible!" "incredible!" "incredible!" I jump in the air and wave my arms, every bird switches trees.
Again.

Larry Bennett
Cobden, Ill.

Two Narratives

I.

Miles registers for classes. Red-nosed, tweeded, pipe-tamping professor speaks of their common heroes. (Sylvia put her head in the oven, Ernest blew his apart, and Berryman headed iceward, Scarfwaving, bridge receding) "When one realizes the inevitable (tamp, tamp), one must romanticize it."

II.

Miles, ignoring the quizzes, attempting to learn liking Milton, found himself fond of personified God, now researching. PMLA, 1930: "there is no doubt that the body exhumed and torn for souvenirs was indeed that of the poet Milton." A bell rings loud warning to the readers — book closed. Miles walks quickly on sweating thighs from the library, toward a tavern, feels wood pressing the points of both shoulders.

John Presley
Carbondale, Ill.



Thomas Betterton, 17th-century actor, manager and author, is one of many theater people discussed in a two-volume work in English stage biography published by Southern Illinois University Press. Each volume in the two-volume *A Biographical Dictionary of Actors, Actresses, Musicians, Dancers, Managers, and Other Stage Personnel in London, 1660-1800*, sells for \$19.85.

A profound interpretation of Jane Addams

By Madelon Golden Schilpp

American Heroine: The Life and Legend of Jane Addams

by Allen F. Davis

Oxford University Press, 339 pp., \$10.95

In her shining day she was called "America's Joan of Arc," "the uncrowned queen of the States" and "one of the world's most famous women." Then before her death she was reviled as "the most dangerous woman in America" and a "treacherous villain."

History has ranked the late Jane Addams as a humanitarian heroine, one of the legendary figures of the early 20th century, a remarkable woman whose stature has, in fact, heightened with examination. It should not be surprising that, nearly 40 years after her death, Professor Allen F. Davis, an historian at Temple University, offers a new study about "the most loved and most hated" woman in America, despite earlier appearances of her autobiography and varied long and short biographies.

This new work is a profound in-depth interpretation of Jane Addams by a scholar who has obviously made a painstaking study not only of all the standard material that has been written about and by Jane Addams, but who has burrowed into her personal letters and papers, including some recently discovered. He has come forth with some refreshing insights into her life.

Those looking for a colorful portrait of Jane Addams will not find it here, because Professor Davis' work is more like a precise, finely detailed Durer drawing than a Sargent portrait. This book will stand as a reference work now and in future years for any serious student, however, not merely as a reference work on Jane Addams but on movements regarding social justice, peace and women.

The author sets out to view Jane Addams in a setting of American society, especially during her great career years between 1889 and 1935. He wants to "clarify some of the confusion about her significance" and lay to rest some "myths and half-truths."

Like the earlier authorized biography of Ms. Addams by her nephew, Professor James Weber Linn, Davis presents a chronological account, but with a far more critical and interpretative eye.

Illinois' own Jane Addams, who was born in 1860 and died in 1935, is remembered as the founder of Chicago's Hull House, one of the pioneer social settlements in America and the world. Long before she won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931, she was internationally known for her role in the women's movement and social reform, aside from her pacifism.

In Cedarville, near Freeport, Ill., she grew up a proper Victorian young lady. Her widely known father, John Addams, was a prospering miller, a state senator, civic leader and admiring acquaintance of Lincoln. Jane, the youngest of eight children, was only two years old when her mother died. "Tuberculosis of the spine" left her back crooked and her head held to one side as a child.

However, Davis finds her "formative" years essentially satisfying, heavily influenced by her father who had a stern sense of moral commitment to the public good. The author skillfully traces her blossoming at Rockford Female Seminary where she already became recognized not only as a writer and orator but as popular president of the class of 1881. Clearly, he feels that those critics who have dismissed Jane Addams as a youthful, weak ugly duckling motivated to recognition and reform out of a sense of compensation, have not carefully examined her early life or papers. Just as stoutly, he takes issue with the "consensus historians" who have explained her reform impulse in terms of a sense of guilt.

Shortly after her Rockford graduation came her father's sudden death. Her depression at that time may be partly blamed on her failure to continue study at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. Davis feels her search to find the right vocation in life was very complex.

Jane Addams was among the first generation of women to go to college and

to seek public careers outside the home. It was over family objections that she began thinking courageously of refusing marriage and seeking a useful profession, especially during two extensive trips in Europe while she sought to recover her health. During her visit to the London slums, she was impressed by the famous new social settlement, Toynbee Hall, as "a way of helping the poor without... paternalism." This and the "stirring movements of social and religious change in England in the 1880s" doubtlessly helped fix Ms. Addams on her course of founding Hull House in 1889.

Professor Davis disagrees with the importance of two of the most popular legends about her motivations for launching her career. Other authors, he thinks, have overly emphasized what is called her "bullfight conversion" in Spain. Attending the cruel spectacle of a bullfight in Madrid supposedly shocked her from her lethargic drifting as a well-to-do young lady into a sudden search for a useful life.

The other legend is that she said when she grew up she would have a "large house right in the midst of horrid little houses like these" in order to work as a benefactress. Davis feels she encouraged this legend, but that she had greatly over-simplified motivating factors in herself and society.

Her enthusiastic early days in the old dilapidated Hull House mansion on Halsted Street, where she quickly attracted brilliant and helpful men and women around her — many of them followers of the period's Christian Socialism — are well portrayed. (Ms. Addams herself, who as a young woman was a devout Presbyterian and ended life as an agnostic, never was an "all the way" Christian Socialist, says Davis.)

Her remarkable success and world fame grew rapidly, because she was far more than the "benevolent saint" which legend has created. This book emphasizes her qualities as an administrator, businesswoman, politician and "her ability to change and grow." This is why the middle-aged Jane Addams had come to see her task as "eliminating poverty rather than merely comforting the poor," Davis points out.

Soon she was known as an "expert practical reformer, who knew how to lobby for bills in Springfield and Washington, how to marshal evidence and statistics, how to mobilize support to influence elected officials."

Not only did Ms. Addams minister to the poor, she worked for many pioneer welfare laws, such as the first juvenile court law, the first mother's pension law, the eight-hour working day, factory inspection, workmen's compensation and tenement housing regulation. She was the first woman president of the National Conference of Social Work.

Her reputation was enhanced because, in addition to "doing" and speaking, she was a prolific writer of articles, papers and books, praised by such critics as John Dewey and William James. By the eve of the first World War, she was at her peak, "internationally known as the best representative of American womanhood and symbol of the American spirit of equality and justice for all people."

Influenced profoundly by Tolstoy, Jane Addams had been a convinced pacifist long before 1914. Continuing to speak and write of such principles after the war broke out resulted not merely in the loss of her popularity but made her the object of ridicule and attack in the press. In the view of many people, overnight she was a vain, silly old maid meddling in men's affairs, her good works all but forgotten. Yet she never allowed herself to be reduced to self-pity, according to Davis' excellent description of these years of ordeal.

By 1918 she redeemed herself somewhat by stumping the country for Herbert Hoover's Department of Food Administration. She could at least honestly appeal for the life-saving work of conserving and increasing food production. In the 1920s, after the high emotions of the war subsided, Jane Addams was attacked by the super-patriots as a "radical" because of her defense of civil liberties and rights for all people, even Bolsheviks and Germans. Elizabeth Dilling's infamous book of 1934, *The Red Network*, still claimed



Madelon Golden Schilpp

Portrait by Yul Brynner

(even after she had won the Nobel Peace Prize) that she had done "more than any other living woman to popularize pacifism and to introduce radicalism into colleges, settlements and respectable circles." Author Davis does not deny that these repeated attacks on a woman who had gloried in recognition deeply hurt, and partially accounted for her withdrawal from public life as she aged.

A few days before her death, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom honored its founder at a 20th anniversary banquet. More than a thousand VIPs among them Eleanor Roosevelt, celebrated the life of Jane Addams.

Professor Davis has written an impressive and objective biography, based upon awesome research. His findings seem to bear out the summation of Jane Addams by William Allen White: "She, more than any other contemporary American, represented through her leadership what might be called the altruistic element in a civilization that is on the whole too acquisitive."

Madelon Golden Schilpp of Carbonale is a former staff writer for the Chicago Sun-Times and the Chicago Tribune Sunday Magazine. She has contributed reviews to the book section of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and earned a master's degree in journalism at SIU in 1972.

Commendable study of Revolutionary struggle

By Jim A. Hart

Francis Marion: The Swamp Fox by Hugh F. Rankin

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 346 pp., \$10

With our Bicentennial Anniversary only two years away, books about the American Revolution are coming out like crocuses popping up in spring. Books about well-known figures of the Revolutionary era — Benjamin Franklin, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton — have recently appeared. Now comes a book about a lesser-known figure — Brig. Gen. Francis Marion, leader of a band of guerilla Patriot fighters in South Carolina.

Dubbed the Swamp Fox by British regulars stationed in Charleston, Marion spent eight years disrupting British supply lines with hit-and-run tactics. He could hide in the swamps where it was impossible for the British to follow.

The book's value is not so much as a biography of Marion, who the author acknowledged could be ruthless when it seemed necessary, as it is in the picture it gives of the fighting and the struggle between the Patriots and the Tories. Hardly a plantation home was left, whether it belonged to a Patriot or a Tory. Horses and cattle were stolen or confiscated, and slaves fared no better. Houses and barns were burned to the ground.

Marion was not the only guerilla leader in the area, though perhaps he

was the most effective. There was Brig. Gen. Thomas (Gamecock) Sumpter, and neither leader would take orders from the other or coordinate their movements. Jealousy, not only over their military ranks but also over their recruiting methods, kept both from being as effective as they might have been. Orders from the Continental Congress or from the South Carolina militia headquarters sometimes never arrived or were ignored. Rank and file soldiers were enlisted for short periods, but they often disappeared to go home and plant crops. Ammunition was always in short supply. Smallpox took its toll. It was a bloody eight years.

Hugh F. Rankin, author, is a history professor at Tulane University. He has written many articles and several books on the Revolution, and he is to be commended for giving us this picture of the struggle in the South. Since the war was started in the North, much has been written about events in that part of the country, but little has been written about the struggle in South Carolina. Professor Rankin has researched his subject well, and he has been able to place events in perspective against the official records of both the United States and England.

The book has an excellent bibliography, is footnoted and indexed. It is one of the "Leaders of the American Revolutionary Series," edited by North Callahan.

Jim A. Hart is a Professor of Journalism.



The Rape of the Sabine Women. Oil on canvas. 1963.



Painter and Model. Oil on canvas. 1963.

"Head," an oil on plywood painting completed in 1969, was one of 165 paintings—a year's work for the 87-year-old Picasso—exhibited in the Palace of the Popes in Avignon. The body of work, hanging in rows of two- and three-deep, took over the walls of the Gothic chapel. The mathematics of painting 165 works in 13 months show that the tireless Picasso painted a canvas every 52 hours.



In "Painter and Model," an oil completed in 1963, Picasso has extracted all his previous experiences with the painter-model theme but simultaneously has invented the prototype for further variations on it. Critic Klaus Gallwitz observed, "In this economical yet gesturally rich treatment, which entirely eliminates episodic detail, he achieved a classic blending of all the ritual, erotic, dialectical and meditative aspects the theme has to offer."

Picasso managed to add a fresh approach to still another departure on the standard theme of "The Rape of the Sabine Women," an oil on canvas painted in 1963. In the deliberately heightened turbulence, the essential element—the struggle for possession of the women—carries strong dramatic aspects far transcending the aggressive simplicity of the colors.



The emancipation of the individual within the general is particularly striking in Picasso's paintings of women, exemplified here by the faceless "Nude Woman in a Rocking Chair," an oil on canvas completed in 1956. Picasso first worked with portraits around 1917, when his realistic portrait drawings marked his first departure from Cubist techniques.



Head. Oil on plywood. 1969.

Credits, Color Reproduction

Photography

Elliott Mendelson

Color Separations and Presswork

Steve Robinson

Wayne Patrick



Nude Woman in a Rocking Chair. Oil on canvas. 1956.

Pablo Picasso (1881-1973)

Midler: sleazy shtick performed masterfully

By Dave Stearns
Staff Writer

Bette Midler
by Bette Midler

Atlantic Records, 1973

The definitive tacky lady has put out a new album that could conceivably put the world at her platform-shoed feet. Or at least induce fans to lick her free album poster.

That wonderful wench, Bette Midler, has outdone herself on her new album, **Bette Midler**. She now performs her slutty shtick so masterfully that she induces a certain respect, almost goddess-like awe, from her listeners.

Miss M. does everything on **Bette Midler** that she did on her last album, only much better. Her voice is far more flexible and less strained. Her last album didn't fully convey her outrageous comic and mimicking abilities or her sleazy stage image. Miss M. is an orange-haired Orphan Annie with a foul mouth and a heart of rhinestones who has ambitions to become the New York Sanitation Commissioner one day. "New York is a dirty city and I'd have big white sanitation trucks with 'The Divine Miss M.' written across them," she told a St. Louis reporter.

She has a seemingly unlimited repertoire of voices and characters that roll as easily out of her mouth as her

obscenities do. Miss M. is a lovesick exotic Dorothy Lamour in "Surabaya Johnny." Or in another song she is an early Jayne Mansfield panting, "I gotta funny feelin' that all of yew girls had better hold onto your man, because I feel, I said I feel, I FEEEEEE like breakin' up somebody's home!"

But the funniest song on the album is "Twisted," in which Miss M. is a housewife gone bananas. She claims her analyst is the one who is warped, because "instead of one head, now I've got two, and you know two heads are better than one." Her clever interpretation of the song is at least worth an Academy Award nomination.

As for her nostalgia, nobody does it better than Miss M., because she doesn't over-exaggerate or poke fun at the material. She even plays it straight with "Optimistic Voices" from **The Wizard of Oz**. (This song, if you will remember, was heard when Dorothy and her army were bidding the doors of the Emerald City to open.) Miss M. even transcends the nostalgia on the Motown-style hit, "Higher and Higher," by turning it into a majestic piece of music.

But her torchy renditions of "Skylark" and "Drinking Again" are the album's finest moments. Here Miss M. quits clowning around and gets down to serious singing. The depth of emotion and vulnerability rival Judy Garland's finest performances and hold their own when compared to Edith Piaf's.



Bette Midler

'Tubular Bells': delicate saturation of the senses

By Linda Lipman
Staff Writer

Tubular Bells
by Mike Oldfield

Virgin Records, 1973

Tubular Bells proved to be worth a listen.

A new artist, Mike Oldfield, caught me with a pleasant surprise by using distinguished instrumentation that I could listen to again and again without becoming bored.

At the outset of the album you are taken away to a full two sides of tubular bells and related instruments and sound effects. The music is so beautiful, so delicate, like the unfolding of a classical, soothing ballad, and so brilliant in the way the introduction — a riff of background bells — adds organ and then flute, slowly, so the sound saturates the senses.

Mike Oldfield, who plays 15 instruments on side one and 11 on side two, donated nine months to recording and mixing the album and retracking the instrumentation.

Hey, wait a minute, you say, if a musician attempts to play all those in-

struments, only one could be his specialty. Not the case, though I'm not sure which instrument is Oldfield's favorite. It might be the tubular bells, since that's what he chose to call his masterpiece.

Tubular Bells strikes the unforewarned listener in the most peculiar way, because the album is so innovative and the musical concept so outstanding. You can enjoy it for good background music, which is what I did the first time, until I realized the beauty and seriousness of the total composition.

There's only side one and side two, because he doesn't label them by cuts. Side one is better, because it is almost completely instrumental. Side two employs some distracting vocals. I'd call it singing, but that's far from what it is.

Vocal interpretation (what Louis Armstrong did with his voice when he played trumpet), of the "nasal, girly, moribund and bootleg choruses," sounds like the noise of spectators looking at a horrible train wreck, and they repeat more excruciating growls.

To conclude the album, Oldfield plays a country guitar, but you can't really put your finger on the style because it, too, is unique, like the album.

King breaks away from supper club doldrums

By Mike Hawley
Student Writer

New Beginnings
by Morgana King

Paramount Records, 1973

Can an aging supper club singer leave a self-imposed semi-retirement and release an album appealing to young people?

Probably not, but so what! Morgana King began her singing career in the supper club circuits of the 1950s. Her highly improvisational vocal style turned supper club standards such as "Fascinating Rhythm," "Bluesette" and "Lady Is A Tramp" into beautiful jazz compositions. In the 1960s Ms. King became most noted for her sensual interpretation of "A Taste of Honey," which made all previously recorded versions seem benign.

A near-fatal car accident, combined with a general dissatisfaction towards the artistically stifling supper club scene, forced her into a replenishing period for several years. During this time she avoided singing for the most part, though she did appear in **The Godfather** as the wife of Don Vito Corleone.

Now, in an attempt to reach younger audiences, Morgana King has recorded an album titled **New Beginnings**, which includes compositions by Stevie Wonder, Leon Russell and Donny Hathaway. Musical arrangements also have been updated with electric and bass guitar and back-up vocals added to Ms. King's traditional orchestral backing.

Fortunately or unfortunately, however, Morgana King's vocal style remains the same despite this modernization. And hers is one voice that people are either going to enjoy or detest.

Her way of gliding up and down a four octave vocal range is a beautiful art which goes largely unpracticed today, and requires an open ear to appreciate. To those who enjoy her, experiencing Morgana King is similar to feeling cold air rushing into a warm room. It is disturbing, yet refreshing.

Ms. King begins this album with Stevie Wonder's "You Are The Sunshine Of My Life," and her voice becomes the shining sun in this bright bossa nova interpretation. Using the high range glissando and syncopated rhythmic patterns which are a part of her unique style, Ms. King's version is more delicate and mellow than the original.

But Leon Russell's moody "A Song

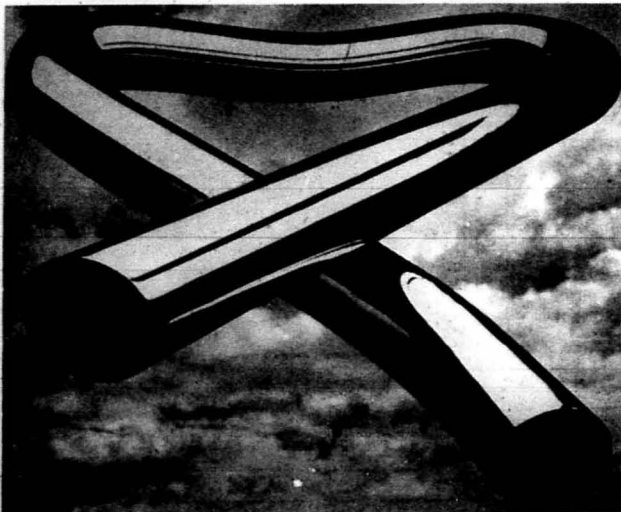
For You" is one of the lesser pieces on this new album. The song speaks of the competition between a musician's love for his music and the love of those close to him: Even though this song's message speaks for Morgana King as much as it does for Leon Russell, her version does not have the emotional depth of the original. Russell's simple piano and french horn accompaniment remains the best, compared to her simple, yet still too decorative, orchestral backing.

"The Sands of Time and Changes," written by Donny Hathaway and Nadine McKinnor, is recited by Ms. King's voice like a beautiful poem. A special note must be made here on the song's stark and mysterious instrumental arrangement performed under the direction of Torrie Zito, who also arranged and conducted her superb **A Taste of Honey** album. The dominating harp and piano create a picturesque backdrop against which she effectively conveys the song's spiritual ingredients.

A strong attempt to attract young listeners is made in two songs written by Paul Williams, "We Could Be Flying" and "All in All." In both these compositions we find rare passages of electric guitar. However, these are so bashful in their delivery that their strangeness becomes obvious to the listener. They seem to mix like a tennis outfit would at a cocktail party. The guitars act embarrassed, so the listener responds likewise. Perhaps if they assumed their position with less timidity, they would blend with the composition.

Morgana King's finest attempt to break away from the supper club doldrums occurs in the cut titled "Jennifer Had," written by Mitch Farber. The song sensitively portrays a young woman who is still unloved at the age of 29. Jennifer holds down a job and takes the pill, making plans each night as to how she will fall in love. Even though the song's lyrics are written in third person narrative, Ms. King's vocals ache of a loneliness and sympathy which is both hers and Jennifer's. The song is one of the best that Morgana King has ever recorded, and has a broad appeal.

New Beginnings, whether judged on its own merit or compared with her other works, is a successful comeback for Morgana King. It probably will not send droves of young people to record stores, but she should pick up a few new listeners. Her audience will, for the most part, be the same one she left behind several years ago — and who are glad to have her back again.





Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee



John Stewart

Local film makers set chance to share work

Local filmmakers and video tapers will have an outlet for their works and a chance to view other films and tapes in "The First Film Illusion and Video Barraza Number Three," Friday.

The filming will begin at 9 p.m. at the Wesley Foundation, 816 S. Ill. Ave. Categories for film or video tape include super-8, silent, double system sound, record or tape recorders. All films will be accepted for showing, from any subject, documentary, experimental or animated.

Applications are available for free at the Department of Cinema and Photography and must be submitted to the office by 5 p.m. Tuesday.

The basis for the film showcase, Deven Rathod, junior in cinema, said, was "a love for film."

"Cinema students have always

been involved in filmmaking, but have never had a chance to see what their classmates are doing," Rathod explained.

Rathod said a film showing on a non-competitive basis has been done at other universities, but never at SIU. "Hopefully, the showcase will begin on some kind of regular basis and eventually will become a competitive film festival," Rathod said.

About two and one-half hours of films will be shown, completely free to the public. The filmmakers will be present for discussion, Rathod said.

"The direction and future of the film illusion and video barraza (coming together of energies), will depend on the enthusiasm of the filmmakers and video tapers in and around the University," Rathod said.

Convo. shows return to roots; classical, folk nights slated

By Dave Stearns
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

University Convocations will be dividing its time between rural folk music and classical quartets this quarter.

Following the initial Convo, the Vermeer String Quartet, will be a flesh and blood link with Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie — Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee at 8 p.m. Jan. 26 in Shryock Auditorium. Their music is "corn field blues, country blues, city blues, rock 'n' roll" according to McGhee. Or as Terry once said, "We played our same thing on the street and we're still playin' it today. That damned old blues look like it going to be here forever."

Both Terry and McGhee performed with such folk immortals as Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly and converged forces in 1950 to become what the New York Times calls "the greatest living exponents of black folk blues."

Both Terry and McGhee had tragedies that have left them handicapped since childhood — and with plenty of spare time to develop their music. Terry was blinded by two childhood accidents in North Carolina, which prompted him to imitate the sounds around him with his harmonica.

"Dogs run like the fox, and I used to listen to that barkin' — ketch a whole lot of ideas from that." And there were trains: "Mockin' the train's about the first piece I learned. . . I used to hear the freight train comin' by, I used to be settin' down sometimes, by myself, real still and I'd say I wish I could play that."

Meanwhile, McGhee in Knoxville, Tenn. had been left lame by polio, which provided him with plenty of time to play guitar. After entertaining at various resorts around the Smokey Mountains, McGhee toured with various minstrel shows, medicine shows and carnivals around Tennessee.

"Each place had a different type of music — but they all seemed to

like blues. There were no amplifiers in those days and people listened to what you were singing," McGhee said.

Terry and McGhee met in 1950 at a Leadbelly Memorial Concert in Town Hall in New York and have been together since. For as McGhee wrote in his song, "Me and Sonny," "Just me and old Sonny, We been friends for a great long time. . . Well, when I didn't have the price of whiskey, Old Sonny had the price of a bottle of wine."

A quartet of guitarists, also from the deep south (Argentina), will perform the music of J. S. Bach, Igor Stravinsky and Antonio Vivaldi (to mention a few) at 8 p.m. Feb. 7 in Shryock Auditorium. They are the Zarate Guitar Quartet, who, according to the New York Times, "Are so technically expert and musically gifted that nothing, not even their own considerable personalities, obtrudes between the music and the listener."

Chamber guitar music, for quartets, is far from being plentiful, and consequently they must do a lot of transcribing. But the results have been concert dates at New York's Carnegie Hall, Vienna's Brahms Hall, Salzburg's Mozarteum and Amsterdam's Concertgebouw.

Their playing enabled each to make a distinct contribution through various solo passages and

then merge again like fine threads running through a tapestry," hailed the Washington D. C. Evening Star.

Returning to the folk music idiom, the last Convo of the quarter will be folk singer John Stewart at 8 p.m. Feb. 16 in Shryock Auditorium.

Since his beginnings in Pasadena, Cal. (where he first learned to play ukulele) Stewart has been performing in folk clubs. By the time he joined the Kingston Trio at the height of their popularity, he had graduated to playing guitar and writing his own songs.

After a seven-year stay, the Kingston Trio disbanded and Stewart wrote "Daydream Believer" for the Monkees and a few hits for We Five.

Stewart's next step was to form a duo with Buffy Ford, which produced his "Signals Through the Glass" album. Of that period, Stewart said, "I studied Andrew Wyeth paintings for a year, locked myself in my room with Wyeth prints and tried to play the colors he painted." The music world evidently wasn't ready for this sort of thing, for "Signals Through the Glass" didn't sell, although it is now regarded as a masterpiece and a collector's item.

Since then, Stewart has recorded five solo albums featuring such backup artists as James Taylor and Carole King.



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Couple find dome living easy

Bill Layne
Student Writer

Ken and Marge Keefer and their 2-year-old daughter, Kendra, are more than satisfied with living in a geodesic dome.

"I realized that it wouldn't be too easy building a dome. But, you'd be surprised how easy it really was. We followed the plans, improvised a little, and before we knew it, we were living in it," Ken said.

"After my friend and I built the triangular forms out of the plywood and two by fours, it took us about a month to put them together to form the actual dome," Ken explained. He added that they worked on the dome part time, since he and his friend were working at other jobs last summer.

The dome, just south of Anna, near Dongola, sits on a small incline bordered with trees and a shallow creek. The dome is supported with a maze of salvaged railroad ties and plywood.

Crossing a small foot bridge that spans the nearby creek, one sees that the half-sphere is comprised of triangles pieced together to form octagons and hexagons. There are two large windows and a skylight which provide inside light during the day. At night, Ken and Marge

use kerosene lamps, although they do have one electrical outlet for the refrigerator, stereo and television.

Fuel for the cooking stove is bottled gas, while wood provides heat for the dome. Ken sees no problem with his heating bill this winter because trees are all that one sees for hundreds of yards around the dome.

"It's really nice here. The trees, fresh air and peacefulness really make living here enjoyable," Marge said. She's originally from Dennison, Oklahoma, a small town on the Oklahoma-Texas border.

Two-year-old Kendra seemed to testify to her mother's words. She was rolling in the freshly fallen leaves with other little friends, laughing and giggling the entire time.

Marge explained that wood and other materials, plastic, bolts, nuts and nails, had cost about \$500. Ken started to cut and nail tar paper and shingles last Saturday to make the dome more weather resistant—and this will add another \$100 or so to the cost.

"Problems building the dome? Not as many as I thought at first," Ken remarked.

"We had a little trouble getting

the triangular forms to fit together properly, but we pushed and pulled until they fit tightly."

We had a little problem with the rain, also," Ken said. He explained that the recent deluge during Thanksgiving break left about three inches of water on the floor, causing the finish on the iron, pot-bellied stove to change from shining black to a drab, rusty texture. Adding to the problem, the rains caused the wood behind the dresser mirror to bow, causing the mirror to shatter. Ken added that the floor warped a little, but still remains fairly level.

The dome stretches some 17 feet high at the apex and the diameter is about 25 feet across. Aluminum triangular vents on the ceiling provide ventilation. The two large windows are triangular shaped also, while two smaller ones are diamond shaped.

As one walks up the three or four steps to go inside Ken's two dogs turn toward the door, curiously surveying any visitors.

Once inside, one notices that there are no rooms or partitions. Every thing is literally under one roof, but there is still plenty of room. There's a large refrigerator, a cooking stove, a heating stove, Kendra's crib, a dresser, a large

double bed, a television, four or five chairs, a couple of tables, a stereo and numerous bookcases and shelves.

In addition there's still plenty of room to walk around. In fact, Kendra and her friends were riding their tricycles and pulling their wagons on one side of the dome while seven persons comfortably watched television on the other side.

Ken, who started at SIU this fall, comes from Peoria. He and his family lived in an old farmhouse outside of Peoria for a few months before moving here in August.

Getting a drink from the garden hose that stretches from John's house to the dome, about 500 yards up the dusty, country road, Ken said they'll probably be hauling water for a few cold weeks since the hose

won't do much good when winter finally reaches Southern Illinois.

The plumbing consists solely of a roll of toilet paper and Mother Nature, although there is a commode type facility inside for Kendra and lazy people who aren't inhibited.

The plans for the Bucky Fuller archetype, "Big-Sur" model, were taken from a "Whole Earth" type catalog and utility manual for prospective dome builders.

"That book told us everything we needed to know—how much wood to buy, what tools would be needed, how to code the panels so they would fit together better. It's a fantastic book," Ken said.

Ken's dome is evidence of that, because it's nothing less than fantastic too.

Daily Activities

14 Monday

SGAC Art Sale, Student Center, Mississippi Room
Placement and Proficiency Testing: 8 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., Washington Square Building C

15 Tuesday

SGAC Art Sale, Student Center, Mississippi Room
Memorial Service for Dr. Martin Luther King, 1 p.m. to 11 p.m., Student Center Auditorium

Pi Sigma Epsilon Rush, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m., Student Center, Kaskaskia Room
Wrestling: SIU vs. Oklahoma State, 7:30 p.m., Arena

16 Wednesday

Film: Famous Comic Festival, Student Center Auditorium

17 Thursday

Careers for Women, noon to 2 p.m., Student Center, Missouri Room

Silva Mind Control, 8 p.m. to 11 p.m., Student Center, Ohio Room

18 Friday

Basketball: SIU vs. Stetson University, 7:35 p.m.
Gymnastics: SIU vs. University of New Mexico, 9:30 p.m., Arena
Placement and Proficiency Testing: 1 p.m. to 3 p.m., Washington Square Building C
SGAC Film: time to be announced, Student Center Auditorium

19 Saturday

Silva Mind Control, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Student Center Ohio Room
Delta Kappa Gamma Luncheon, Student Center Mississippi Room
SGAC Children Movie, "Absent Minded Professor," 2 p.m., Student Center Auditorium
Gymnastics: SIU vs. University of Michigan, 2 p.m., Arena
SGAC Film: "Joe Cocker, Mad Dogs & Englishmen," time to be announced, Student Center Auditorium

20 Sunday

Silva Mind Control, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., Student Center Ohio Room

Retired bank robber relives career in ink

JOPLIN, Mo. (AP) — Harvey Bailey does not look 86 years old. His physique is that of a man perhaps 20 years younger. And with his white hair, sparkling black eyes and square jaw, he looks more like a retired successful farmer than a retired bank robber.

But between 1920 and 1932, John Harvey Bailey was America's most successful bank robber.

Today, after spending nearly 40 years in prison, including 12 years in Alcatraz, he lives a quiet life here with his wife of eight years.

Bailey recently retired as a cabinet maker, a trade he learned as a boy and resumed while in prison. In 1964, he was paroled from prison and moved to this southwestern Missouri city.

Not long after, Bailey met J. Evetts Haley, a Texas writer and historian. Now Haley, fascinated by Bailey's life, has written a book about it. "Robbing Banks Was My Business."

Bailey says he decided to tell his life story to Haley because he "wanted to say that crime doesn't pay. I hope my story may be a warning to young Americans who may be tempted."

Bailey admits that he was tempted as a young man. "I began as a bootlegger," he says. "It was easy money. But then I graduated to banks. There was more money in robbing banks. I robbed about two banks a year during the 12 years I was in that business."

Bailey talks freely of those days when he worked with such desperadoes as Machine Gun Kelly,

Alvin Karpis, Frank Nash, Fred Burke, Pretty Boy Floyd and others.

"I knew them all, and I worked with them," he said, adding, "Al Capone was one of the best boys you ever met. I knew him at Alcatraz. He worked with me for three years. I watched over him because some of the punks wanted to stick a knife in him."

Daily Egyptian

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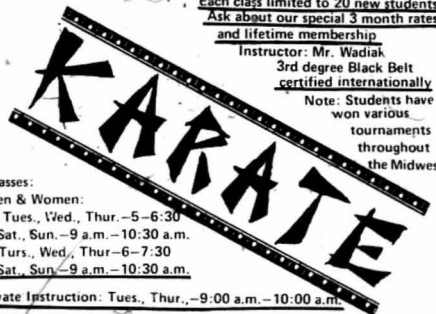
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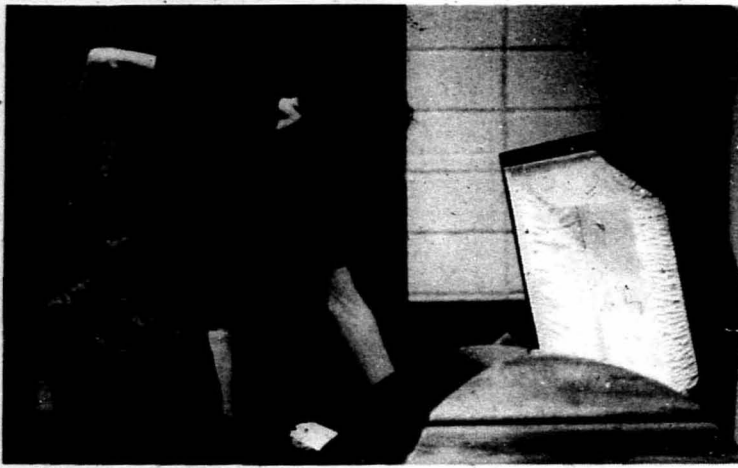
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Coffin watch

Paul Klapper searches for a lost telephone in a coffin in a scene from Lane Bateman's play. The theater showing will be presented three times this week.

'Lying in State' rises; three shows this week

By Dave Stearns
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

"Lying in State" is coming out again.

Scheduled for a minimum of three performances, at 8 p.m. Jan. 18, 19 and 20 at the Lab Theater, the play is now in its final re-written version. "Our eight November performances served as the play's 'out of town' tryout, and now the loose ends are tied—in exclamation points. It is a compliment to this University and this theatre department that the play has received such a careful production and warm reception," Lane Bateman said, who is the play's author and a graduate student in playwrighting.

As an entry into the American College Theatre Festival, the play's November showing was selected as a regional winner in the festival and will compete in Milwaukee on Jan.

24 against regional winners from all over the country.

In Milwaukee, the play will be judged by Arthur Miller, one of the country's leading playwrights, Brooks Atkinson, dean of theatre critics and Vera Roberts, President of the American Theatre Association.

If "Lying in State" is judged to be a national winner, Bateman will receive a production of his play at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., \$2,500 in cash, full membership into the Dramatist Guild and an offer of management from the William Morris Agency.

Since the play is about homosexual problems in a straight society, Bateman said, "If I win, it could be a boom to my career or a disaster."

Since the play's opening, which ran for eight sold out performances, Bateman has received a mixture of reactions. "I've received a lot of letters and comments from gay

people, who say that they'll never be ashamed anymore. I also think the play brought a lot of people out of their closets.

"However, I've been attacked by many gay people who disagree with the play's attitude toward monogamy. I believe that gay people trying to live in a monogamous situation causes massive amounts of unhappiness. This disagreement has been my biggest hassle."

But the Advocate, a national gay newspaper, interviewed Bateman and has asked to reprint various local newspaper articles for their publication.

"My second biggest hassle," Bateman said, "has been from the Jesus people. I seem to really bring out the vehemence in them. I've gotten so many people who say they love me and are concerned for my soul. But they say that I'm going to burn in hell forever, which doesn't make me terribly excited."

Psychologist offers males 'lib' counsel

MONTCLAIR, N.Y. (AP) — Did your wife come home the other day and tell you she wanted a marriage "contract" or a separate bank account or her own job and career?

And you didn't know what to do?

There's a man here who is trying to teach other men how to cope with the liberated woman.

While the woman of the house goes off to her "consciousness-raising" group, so the man can go to his.

"It's almost directly geared to the idea that the man who has a relationship with a woman who is growing gets culturally put off-balance because we haven't been trained to this new growth," he said. "It's to help men who are sensitive to what's happening to women become more knowledgeable of the consequences to them."

Dr. James J. Gallagher, a 42-year-old psychologist who runs a career-counseling firm, is starting to offer group sessions for men who are baffled by the changes of the role of women in modern society.

Gallagher accepts the liberation of women as a sociological change that won't be reversed.

"This is the way the world is going to go," he said. "It's no use trying to stand at the gates and hold things off."



The Kiss

Terrace Thompson kisses Paul Kpapper in a seduction scene from "Lying in State."

Silva Mind Control

Introductory Lecture 8 pm

Thurs. Jan. 17

Classes Start 9am—9pm

Sat. Jan. 19

Sun. Jan. 20

Student Center — Ohio Room

Greek council will sponsor variety show

The 27th annual Theta Xi Variety Show will be held Mar. 1 and 2 in Shryock Auditorium.

The show, sponsored by the Inter-Greek Council, is open to all registered SIU students. Entry forms are available in the Area Office of on-campus residence halls and in the Student Activities Office. Entry deadline for the show is Jan. 15, when auditions will begin at 9 p.m. in Davis Auditorium.

The individual and intermediate talent categories may include such talent acts as song, dance, in-

strumentals, monologues, dramatic readings, skits, impersonations, baton-twirling and floor exercises.

Five large group acts, called mini-Broadway show productions, have already entered the competition. Alpha Gamma Delta and Tau Kappa Epsilon will be competing for their third win in the category with "Guys and Dolls." Last year's second place winner, Sigma Sigma Sigma and Phi Sigma Kappa, will perform "A Tribute to Gershwin." First year entries will include Alpha Gamma Rho with "Paint Your Wagon," Alpha Sigma Alpha and Alpha Epsilon Pi with "Grease," and Delta Zeta and Alpha Tau Omega with their version of "Cabaret."

Proceeds from the show will be donated to the Office of Student Work and Financial Assistance to provide student scholarship aid. Advance ticket sales will begin in early February.

In addition to the talent awards which will be given out at the talent show, the Kaplan Memorial Scholarship Award for biological sciences and the Inter-Greek Council's Service-to-Southern Awards for outstanding service in activities also will be presented.

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A lone student browses among the many exhibits at the recent regional art show at Mitchell Gallery. (Staff photos by Dennis Makes).

Gallery exhibits 'unjudged' art

By Linda Lipman
Staff Writer

The next two weeks at Mitchell Gallery will be the scene of an unprecedented regional art exhibit, unprecedented because the artwork is not judged before its acceptance into the show.

Assistant curator Ernie Graubner said he prefers an unjuried show, so visitors can decide which pieces they personally enjoy without being influenced by prize tags. Close to 90 works have been contributed for exhibition from residents in 17 Southern Illinois counties.

Graubner said not more than 50 per cent of the artists were SIU students. "An effort was made to publicize the show in the news services throughout the area," Graubner said. Most works came from people in the Carbondale-Murphysboro area. SIU contributions came not only from art students and faculty, but from people in other academic departments, traditionally barred from student or faculty art exhibitions.

Graubner said because the show was not prejudged and screened, problems in arranging pieces in the gallery did arise. "Pieces were coming in right through the weekend when we set up. Our viewpoint was to exhibit everything as long as it was original and was the only one of the artist's in the show. That's a lot different than setting up a show that's already been determined. Nothing was turned down for this exhibit," he added.

Graubner said pieces were arranged in his best judgment, but the gallery still appears slightly crowded because of limited space. Graubner tried to pair items together. He pointed to a traditional landscape scene and explained the comparison to a surrealist landscape of the same size.

"There's nothing unusual about the art itself," he added. "It's a mixture of the traditional and the abstract, from old people and young."

Visitors to the show may feel the same way, depending on their frames of reference. "Untitled," by Ed Barry of Carbondale, is a large multi-colored painting, with a three-dimensional, lit,

a blue head and protruding hand. Nothing unusual. Or glance at the nude figure giving the peace sign, "All Art Aspires to the Condition of Music," by Bruce Butters of Carbondale. The piece is displayed on a traditional children's toy — the Etch-a-Sketch. Don't shake it or the nude disappears.

Everything goes, including a bird-shield, which is more of a breastplate. Even titles given to the art are descriptive. "Woman" is a black thing in the shape of a partially deflated tire. That's food for thought. A portrait of an old man clothed in overalls, "Mr. Downing," by Sue Stollar of Benton, seems almost outstanding, but there's a place for the traditional, too. The acrylic is valued at \$500.

Another art form, stained glass windows, go for \$75 a pair. The glass, 18-inch by 12-inch each, was contributed by Jim Economos of Carbondale.

Other objects in ceramics, needlework, weaving, carving, sculpture, glass, jewelry, woodworking and dollmaking have found display racks in the gallery and on the floors. None will be sold, per se, but a list of the artists and their addresses will be available to

visitors who wish to query about values and purchases. Graubner said he expects about 80 per cent of the works will be sold.

"This is an exhibition for and by the people," Graubner said. Visitors will make their own judgments. "This show is not for me," Graubner emphasized.

"It will be difficult for somebody to come in and not like anything," he continued. "It's not a jury show and the variety of pieces has not been limited. The people will make up their own minds and give their own mental awards."

A person interested in a variety of art forms conglomerated into one masterpiece will be interested in "Phil." That's the name D. J. Kennedy of Chester chose for abstract jewelry, coins, feathers, wood, bamboo rods and even one seashell hung together by leather and suede straps surrounding an abstract painting. A visitor could surely find something he likes in at least one of the exhibits.

The gallery is located on the first floor of the Home Economics Building and is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Monday through Friday. The show closes Jan. 25.



"Untitled," a woodcarving-oil by Thomas H. Cassidy of Marion.



Liza Littlefield of the gallery staff attempts to hang "E Longispina", by Connie Enzmann of Murphysboro.