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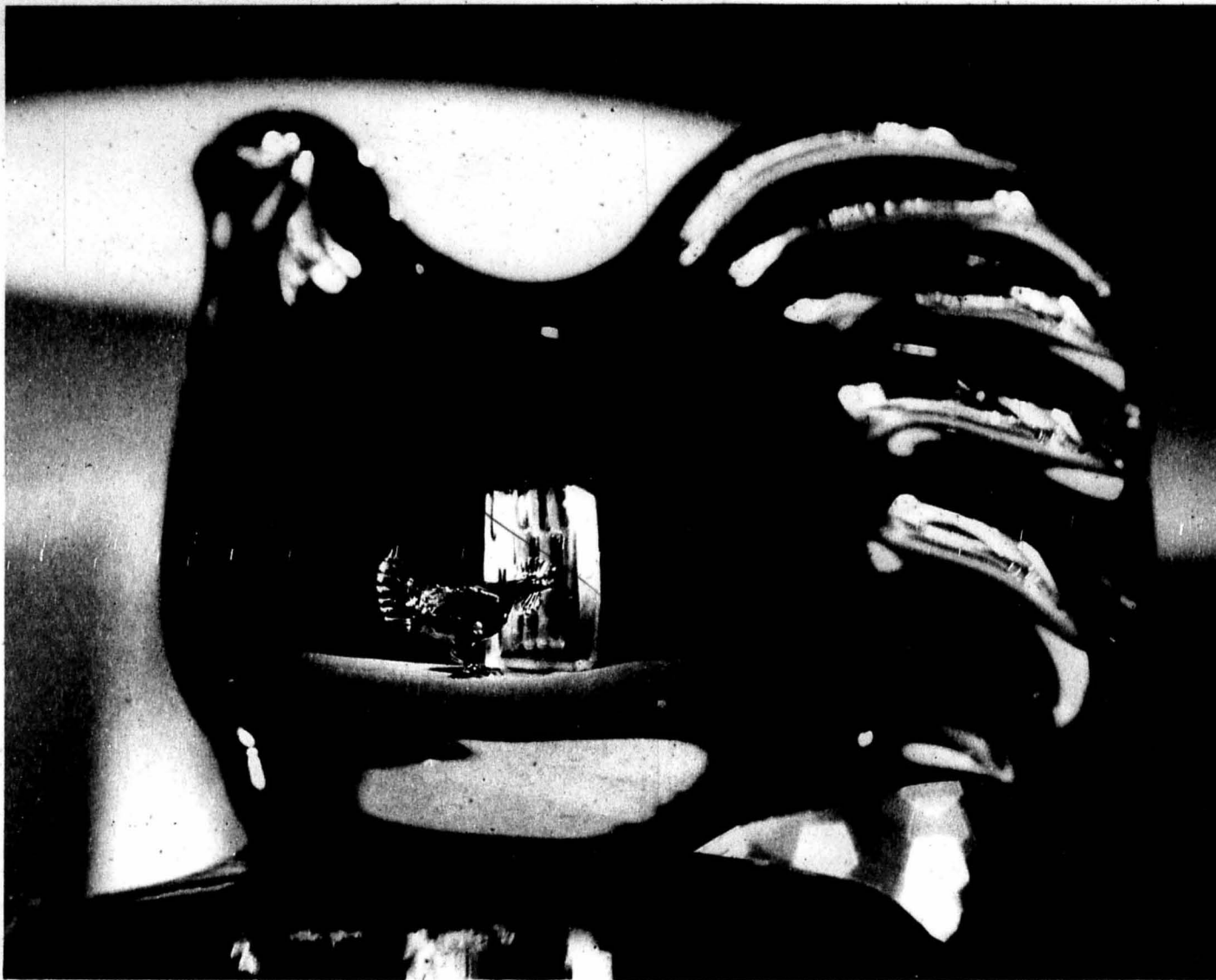
Daily Egyptian Staff

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An American folk art, a decadent art and a disappearing art are mirrored in these three glass forms. The rooster in the extreme foreground is a "whimsy," a capricious flight of a glassblower's fancy. The blue rooster, though lacking the look of fragility most often associated with glass animals, is remarkable because of its fusion of six separate elements. The milky vase in the background is a masterpiece of the great Finnish glassmaker Tapio Wirkkala.

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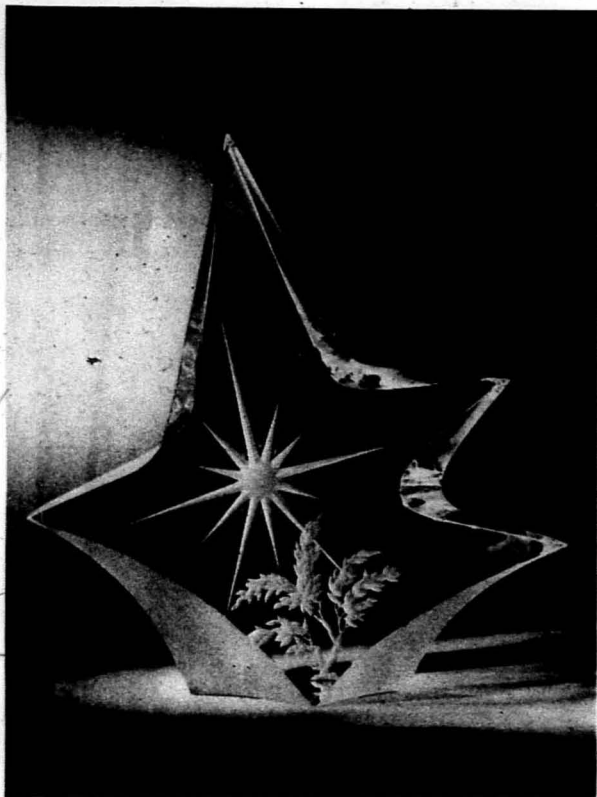
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Photograph by Elliott Mendelson

Things of beauty and utility

By C. Anne Prescott

Staff Writer



"Sun and a bush and a shadow leap toward me as true as an arrow," poet Louise Townsend Nicholl wrote. The Steuben masterpiece, designed by longtime Steuben glass designer George Thompson, was crafted to complement Ms. Nicholl's poem.

Waves rocked the ship with the force of all the gods behind them. Desperate for shelter, the navigator beached his vessel near the mouth of the tidal river Belus along the coast of Palestine. The crew, spying respite from the storm, scrambled onto the sandy shore and began making dinner. Lacking stones to support their cooking pots, the sailors used two blocks of soda salvaged from their cargo. The fire burned hot in the evening wind. The food cooked and as the fire died down, the blocks of soda sank into the sand. Suddenly the sailors saw a shiny green rivulet flowing from the sand. Soon it hardened and the sailors picked it up, "admired it and wondered.

The year was 2500 B.C. and Phoenician sailors had just made glass.

So goes a legend written by Pliny the Elder, a Roman writer of natural history. Picturesque as the tale may be, experts tell us it's scientifically impossible because the heat of a campfire does not reach 2210 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature required to fuse sand and soda into glass. But the story shows that the invention of glass is, indeed, rooted in antiquity.

Despite its ancient roots, however, glass has been bastardized through the ages so that now only glimmers of brilliance can be seen amid its convoluted lines. The Tapio Wirkkalas of the art now stand by the commercialized vendors of the craft. Tiffany lamps and stained glass kits have replaced the slender chandelier vases that Wirkkala infused with his Finnish genius.

What has happened to this ancient art? Where are the artists "working in the heat, smarting with fever, the eyes full of tears, the hands seared and burnt"? Where are the Maurice Marinots willing to suffer the ills of a glassmaker in exchange for the joy of creating real art? Today the output of glass is measured in dollars and cents and acres, miles and tons. A two-inch, two-minute rooster, like the one blown up on the cover, sells for 50 cents. Sheets of flat glass are pressed by the acre, factories process tubing by the mile and turn out building materials by the ton. Where is the artist who, as Samuel Johnson said, "enables the students to contemplate nature and the beauty to behold herself"?

Both the artist and his creation are still there, if you have the patience and knowledge to look for them. It takes a

high degree of aesthetic appreciation, but more important, it takes a knowledge of the fine art — not the craft — of glassmaking.

Odd; isn't it, that a handful of sand sifting through your fingers can be changed into a solid substance like glass — glass so brilliant it sparkles, so dull it's almost opaque, so strong that a two-inch cube will support 300 pounds, so hard that bullets cannot pierce it, so pliable that it will bend and twist but not break. Though the process of turning sand into glass is a complicated one, it involves combining sand with soda or lime or perhaps potash, firing the mixture with tremendous heat, and allowing it to cool slowly. As it cools it can be ladled and poured into molds, blown to form hollow soap bubbles or strung out in long threads.

History shows us that civilization has aesthetically viewed glass as a utilitarian craft which evolved into an art. However, its artistic zenith was shortlived as the dawn of the machine age brought rapidly advancing technology and the scientific skill to return glass to its utilitarian uses. When glass was turned into fiberglass and molded into the body of a Chevrolet Corvette, it was only a short step to itinerant glassblowers forming artless "whimsies" for \$10 a shot.

Man's earliest uses of man-made glass were precisely what you would expect them to be — stone beads covered with a glass glaze, ornamental statues and ceremonial bottles and jars. Egypt took the lead in the production and development of glass, though archaeological evidence indicates that Mesopotamians first utilized glass around 12,000 B.C. For at least 1,500 years before the birth of Christ Egypt reigned supreme in the commercial and artistic production of glass. Her shores offered a limitless supply of fine silica-sand. Her Delta and Fayum natron deposits provided the soda, while fuel could be obtained from any wooded countryside. Phoenician traders carried the new vases, jugs, cosmetic cases and jewelry to all Mediterranean ports, lifting the Egyptian economy to even greater heights.

But the Egyptian glass industry was smashed to smithereens when a Phoenician again entered the picture — this time not with a block of soda but with a blowpipe, a tool which revolutionized the industry and threw glass production into the public domain.

Hindsight shows us that the blowpipe was a thousand years late. For at least that long glassmakers had thrust a long iron rod affixed to an open knob into a cauldron of glass and then, by pulling, pouring and twisting, had shaped the blob at the end. It would seem that much earlier a curious glassblower, using a hollowed rod to lessen the weight, would have taken a breath, blown hard and discovered a ridiculously easy way to shape glass.

The blowpipe also threw glass consumption into the public domain. No longer a luxury item, glass became a major industry in Rome, Greece, Italy and Syria. Glass as a European industry died during the Dark Ages, but was vigorously revived when Byzantines produced magnificent stained glass windows to embellish European cathedrals. Aesthetic use of glass was again on the upswing as Byzantine artisans demonstrated their virtuosity as artists of color, carving and design. But it must be admitted that the glass they made was crude, sprinkled with bubbles, knots and pockmarks.

The potentialities of glass were further explored in 16th-century Venice, where a Venetian glassblower produced *crystallo*, the first essentially colorless and transparent glass ever made. *Cristallo* changed the glassmaker's point of view. He now emphasized skill of workmanship in shaping the fragile material, and displaced the importance of enamel decoration. The transparency of the glass was no longer hidden. Wine glasses, for example, with their thin flower-like cone, were given the exquisite fragility of a phantom lily.



Glass bottles, long a favorite object of collectors, make picturesque window displays.

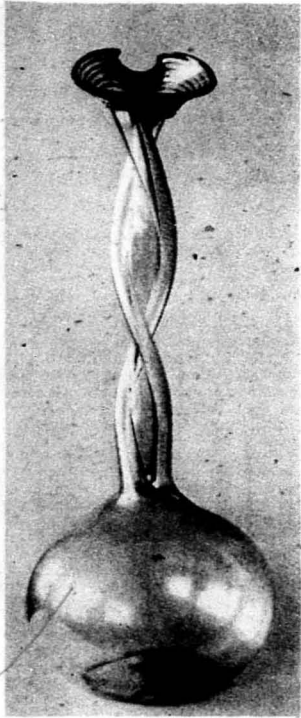
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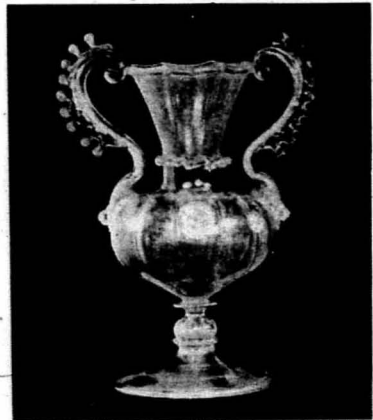
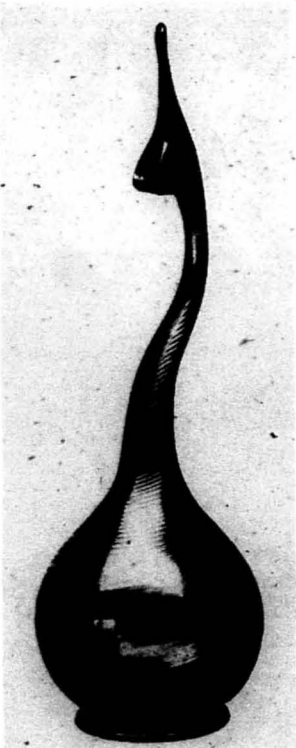
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Steve Robinson

Wayne Patrick



Note the differences in shape but inherent similarities in these two sprinkler-bottles of the 17th century. The one above is Venetian, while the more abstract shape, is Persian.



This two-handed Venetian vase, made in the 16th century, shows traces of Near Eastern influence in its form. Sixteenth century-Venice saw the development of *crystallo*, a colorless and transparent glass which turned the glassmaker from a decorator to a skilled craftsman.



The development of flint glass in 17th-century England made possible this exquisite English decanter of cut-glass made around 1820. Note that the vertical flutes at the base also are cut. Flint glass was a remarkable technological achievement because the oxide of lead for which it is named made glass more durable and therefore more suitable for cutting.

England added to the technological advancement by developing flint glass in the 17th century, so named because oxide of lead added to the molten glass produced a glass remarkably brilliant and luminous and — more important — more suitable for cutting. The dawning of the age of cut-glass occurred.

One of the two most important names in the American glass industry was Henry William Stiegel, better known as "the baron," whose flint glass artware

fetches \$500 and up, usually up. An eccentric megalomaniac, Stiegel established his little barony in Manheim, Pa., in the 18th century. Wherever he traveled in his gilded coach, trumpeters preceded him, and cannons sounded when he returned home. The comic opera lasted nine years before his empire collapsed in 1773 and "the baron" did time in a debtors prison. But in those nine years Stiegel produced some of the finest art glassware this country has ever seen.

Deming Jarves, founder of the Massachusetts Boston and Sandwich Co. in 1825, is another recognized name in American glass. Unlike Stiegel, whose bizarre characteristics make colorful narrative, Jarves made history by inventing a method for pressing glass into iron molds. Labor troubles forced Jarves to close his plant in 1887, but not before it produced the famous varietal cup-plate, a plate used to hold a teacup after the cup had rested in a saucer filled with tea.

The rest of American glass history can be found in science texts dealing with insulation, oven-resistant bowls, pipelines, car windshields, optical glasses, television tubes and refrigerator dishes. Quite a turnaround from the art of Byzantium and Venice, n'est-ce pas? Perhaps the Phoenician's discovery was apocalyptic.



Glass, long a treasure to collectors the world over, can be found anywhere—from dime stores to the most prestigious galleries and museums. The unique arrangement on the cover was designed and photographed by Elliott Mendelson.

Bartok: buried music rediscovered

By Dave Stearns
Staff Writer

Bartok: Violin Concerto No. 1 (1907-8), Rumanian Dance and The Wooden Prince Suite. Denes Kovacs (violin) and Andras Korodi conducting the Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra. Hungaroton Records.

Bartok: Quintet for String Quartet and Piano. Csilla Szabo (piano) and the Tatrai Quartet. Hungaroton Records.

Bartok: Concerto for Two Pianos, Percussion and Orchestra and Suite for Two Pianos. Ditta Pasztory-Bartok, Maria Comensoli, and Erzsébet Tusa (pianists) and the Budapest Symphony Orchestra conducted by Janos Sandor. Hungaroton Records.

At the premiere of Bela Bartok's ballet, "The Wooden Prince," the orchestra threatened to mutiny because it felt the score was too demanding and unmusical.

Instead of offering an engagement ring, Bartok gave his First Violin Concerto to his girlfriend, who was a violinist. She never bothered to perform the work. Neither did anyone else until the mid-1950's.

In a fit of rage, Bartok threw away the score to his "Quintet for String Quartet and Piano" (1904). He was angry because the critics preferred this tame score to his progressive — and more controversial — chamber music.

And once again, those abominable critics didn't care for the sloppy performances of Bartok's free-flowing "Concerto for Two Pianos and Percussion" (1940). It, too, collected obscurity's dust until the late '60s, when Leonard Bernstein waved his sensational baton all over it.

Thus, for various reasons, many early and mature masterpieces by one of the 20th Century's most innovative composers, Bela Bartok, did not see publication until years after his death in 1945. These compositions are not only of interest to musical necromancers and Bartok buffs; they are valid contributions to modern classical music (with the exception of the Quintet). Some of Bartok's other posthumously published works, such as the "Piano Concerto No. 3" and the "Viola Concerto," have been in orchestral repertoires for years, but many are still being rediscovered today with the help of Hungaroton Records, which conducts meticulous research in determining the definitive version of a particular score.

Hungaroton's four posthumous volumes represent Bartok at the extremes of his style. At one end is the youthful, emulative Quintet and at the other is the modernistic "Concerto for Two Pianos and Percussion." Aside from a few vague structural similarities, the only quality these two works have in common is the sentimentality tinged with melancholy which is found in all Bartok's works. Like Stravinsky and Schoenberg, Bartok blazed new trails in the theoretical aspects of music, such as harmonics, melody and orchestration. But it often seems as though Stravinsky and Schoenberg were exercising their objective geniuses for innovation with cool unemotional poise — which is not to downgrade these composers in the least, but merely to differentiate them from Bartok. For no matter how bombastic, dissonant and anti-lyrical Bartok's music is, each passage contains a certain passion and warmth harnessed to a consuming drive for pure expression.

In the Quintet, Bartok speaks in a language that was formulated and developed by Liszt, Brahms and Franck, to mention a few. The Quintet is vertically composed and is like a chamber concerto. An easy tension is obtained by a chordal string backing set against a cascading contrapuntal piano. Like a Rachmaninoff or Tchaikovsky piano concerto, this quartet throbs out syrupy emotion expressed through conventionally-styled ostinatos, cautious key changes and other 19th-century techniques which Bartok so dogmatically mastered. (Flowery music prompts flowery descriptions.)

However, the fourth movement is a gypsy-style dance that reflects Bartok's interest in Slavic folk music — a nationalistic influence which he spent

Some of the Hungarian genius' best works went unpublished



Bartok Bela

years studying at its source: the Hungarian peasants.

But generally speaking, the piece is insincere and academic, and judging from Bartok's preceding development, this quintet represents a musical dead-end for the young composer.

But the critics of Bartok's day felt differently. When the Quintet was performed on the same program as Bartok's "String Quartet No. 1," which in retrospect was the composer's first step in opening up new avenues of string quartet music, the critics called the quintet "so lovely and melodic, so naive and simple" and passed off the quartet as a "cerebral abortion."

"Countless numbers of morphia, hashish and opium addicts have been cured of their fatal weakness. Why cannot Bartok be cured of his adoration of musical ugliness?" wrote one reviewer.

The only recording of this work exists on Hungaroton by pianist Csilla Szabo and the Tatrai Quartet. Their performance is highly polished, and gives the quintet a Beethovenian flavor. Perhaps a more romantic interpretation would have given the score more life. But at any rate, the Quintet is of interest for tracing the development of Bartok's style and probably will never attain the popularity and acceptance of his other compositions.

In face of the public slaughter Bartok's musical innovations received, he turned his back on his performing career and decided to write "only for my desk drawer," as he wrote in a letter. During these following years, he delved deeper into his research of Slavic folk music, which took him into the Hungarian and Rumanian backcountry with a primitive portable phonograph to record peasant folk songs.

One of the more overt products of this study is his orchestrated version of the "Rumanian Dance No. 1," published in 1910. This short piece is earthy, pictorial and contains for more imaginative use of traditional compositional devices in the Hungarian folk idiom. The dance is also an indication of Bartok's evolving style of bright, relatively dissonant timbres with emphasis on percussion.

Sharing the same side of the album is Bartok's suite to his ballet, "The Wooden Prince," which along with his other theater piece, "The Miraculous Mandarin," is one of Bartok's most colorful orchestrations.

In composing the suite from the ballet in 1931, Bartok picked out themes he felt could stand alone, apart from the programmatic context, and arranged them in an order to suit the aesthetic qualities of the themes rather than the progression set by the ballet's libretto. Consequently, the suite offered by Hungaroton — the only one on record — consists of three dances, which is about a fourth of the ballet score. Bartok also supposedly composed a second suite from "The Wooden Prince" which followed the libretto closely.

The performance given to the initial suite by the Budapest Philharmonic, conducted by Andras Korodi, is appropriately energetic and pictorial. Each movement has its compact well-defined thematic development, which Korodi masterfully reveals through a meticulously calculated separation of the orchestral parts.

Although the suite isn't as profound as some of Bartok's other work in this period, "The Wooden Prince's" strutting Slavic dances and sumptuous impressionistic influences make the piece extremely appealing and accessible, which makes one wonder why there is only one recorded performance of the work.

Another attractive work is the first violin concerto. Composed when Bartok was in his early 20s, the work is amazingly mature especially when compared with the Quintet for Piano and String Quartet — written only four years earlier. The four-note leitmotif upon which the piece was based, was written for his young violinist girlfriend, Stefi Geyer. This motive can be found in the "String Quartet No. 1," and the entire first movement can be found in "Two Portraits." But the second movement of the violin concerto was not performed until 1958, when it was found among the deceased Ms. Geyer's belongings. She never performed the work, which is probably an indication

that she never returned Bartok's affections. Bartok never had both movements performed because he was not satisfied with the second movement and could not produce a third movement to round out the concerto. Thus he considered it unfinished and unfinished.

However, this composition is among Bartok's best early works, with a lyrically weaving violin line flanked by expressive Wagnerian sonorities, frequently changing tonalities and subtle shifts in tempo.

Hungaroton's version of the concerto, with violinist Denes Kovacs and the Budapest Philharmonic conducted by Korodi, is a strict near-flawless reading technically, but lacks the gypsy sentiment and subtle tempo changes found in Yehudi Menuhin's version or the Russian drama of David Oistrakh's version.

Probably the most important and innovative composition in the posthumous Bartok repertoire is the "Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra" (1940), which is an orchestrated version of his "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion." In the sonata and the concerto, Bartok created his own totally unique sound shapes, free of the consistency imposed by the barline, key signature and his musical ancestors. Upon initial listenings, the concerto seems to be a chaotic disjointed mess, which is why it found little acceptance in Bartok's lifetime. When the work was first performed in London, one critic wrote, "This may be the music of tomorrow; it is difficult to see how it can ever be the music of any considerable public."

But further study of the concerto shows that Bartok utilized a sophisticated thematic and rhythmic unity, and it is indeed one of his most complex and kinetic works. An old recording of Bartok and his wife, Ditta, performing the unorchestrated sonata version shows that Bartok meant the work to have an extremely wide range of dynamics, mood and tempo. The recording also shows that Bartok's piano performances contained a savage energy as well as an intense sensitivity.

Of the two recorded versions of the concerto, neither seem to come close to Bartok's interpretive intentions. The Hungaroton version, by Janos Sandor conducting the Budapest Symphony with piano soloists Ditta Bartok and Erzsébet Tusa, is somewhat sedate with the tempo slowed so as not to obscure the concerto's complex structure. The concerto is treated as music, a web of notes, whereas the Leonard Bernstein version (with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale on pianos) treats the piece as a succession of timbres which tends to obscure rather than illuminate the means to the end.

Bernstein's version is more dramatic and sensational to listen to. He gives various passages a character that one would never think could be drawn from the score. This suggests that perhaps Bernstein made the concerto something that it is not. Dare I say he commercialized it? At any rate, the two recordings offer two opposite listening experiences, both consistently conceived and masterfully performed.

The same criticism against Bernstein can be applied to John and Richard Contiguglia's performance on Connoisseur Society records of Bartok's "Suite for Two Pianos" (1943) — a keyboard version of the "Suite for Orchestra" that, for reasons unknown, went unpublished. The Contiguglias obscure the suite's sharply contoured melodies and ingenious thematic development for the sake of a highly dramatic and cohesive texture. They are much more thrilling to hear than the coolly objective version by Mrs. Bartok and Maria Comensoli on Hungaroton.

But the Hungaroton version prompts a better understanding of emotionally ingrained music. The added drama of the Bernsteins and Contiguglias is not only unneeded but intrusive. This is the approach taken on most of Hungaroton's recordings. For as Hungarian composer Zoltan Kodaly, who was Bartok's close friend and musical consultant said, shortly after Bartok's death, "It is the task of those left behind to open the way for his works so that they reach their aim: the hearts of the people."

The Greening of Southern Illinois University

An Interview with Charles D. Tenney

By David O. Edcuni

Daily Egyptian Special Writer

(First of two installments with the second to appear on page 5 of Tuesday's Daily Egyptian.)

"I do an average of three courses a year. And you know, am not confined to any one department. For instance, I teach courses in English Literature and Philosophy, and I am teaching one in Journalism this quarter — Criticism and Reviewing."

Thus, Charles D. Tenney, professor of English and Philosophy at SIU for 14 years, administrative officer for seven years, and Vice President for Academic Affairs and Provost for 18 years, briefly sums up his present (exalted) role in the University. Tenney has been SIU's second and since 1970, when he retired from the vice presidency, only University Professor.

A University Professorship is (perhaps) the highest academic rank that any scholar can aspire to. It is conferred as a mark of exceptional academic and scholarly attainment, and the holder is privileged to teach any courses he pleases in any departments.

In a recent interview at his Center Street home, Professor Tenney, 67, reviewed SIU's progress since the early 1930's, when he came here after earning his Ph.D. in English Literature from the University of Oregon, and made some projections into the university's future.

In 1931 when Tenney was hired as associate professor of English Literature, Carbondale had no university, but only a teacher's college. The institution was not far from its next stage of development into a university, and in 1937, Dr. Tenney was assigned the task of organizing a department of Philosophy as part of the general academic planning and re-organization prior to the change-over.

"Roscoe Pulliam, who was then President," Dr. Tenney explained, "knew that my area of principal interest was really philosophy rather than English, and he asked me to organize the Philosophy Department. It was an enjoyable thing for me to do, and I did not find any problem in organizing the program. There were no philosophy courses here at all, and I had to start from scratch. But I found no problem in recruiting for the program, for there were at that time lots of excellent teachers looking for jobs — you may remember that the Great Depression was then on."

The first two recruits for the department were Professors James A. Diefenbeck and George K. Plochmann, who are still there. There were initially two courses taught — "Types of Philosophy" and "Aesthetics" — which Tenney calls "one of my most favorite subjects" — attracting about 40 to 50 students each term from various departments. (There were no philosophy majors until the 1950's.

Dr. Tenney remained department chairman until 1945 when he became administrative assistant to the then SIU President Chester Lay.

I was delighted," Dr. Tenney confides, "to see the department grow in the early 1960's to become one of the largest in the country, and probably one of the best staffed, too."

Described by Dr. Plochmann as having "the widest and . . . deepest intellectual interest of any man on campus," Professor Tenney was, while shuttling back and forth between the English and Philosophy Departments, also a debate and tennis coach, as well as adviser to University and student publications.

"I had then a lot of energy," Dr. Tenney said, "and of course the University was at that time a small institution. There were no professional coaches, and so to carry on programs of student sports and other activities, faculty members were involved in organizing such activities. As my own share of the responsibilities, I was a tennis coach for a considerable length of time — as a matter of fact from 1933 to 1943."

Dr. Tenney became vice president in 1952, and was put in charge of Instructional (academic) Affairs.

"I became responsible for planning, reviewing and implementing curriculum proposals," he said, "and I enjoyed the job because it was a very exciting experience. At that time, the school was very liberally supported by the state, and many new courses could be added without any difficulty."

"That was when the change-over to university status had just been made, and the review procedure involved asking heads of departments to draw up their proposals, getting experts or consultants from outside to take a hard look at the departments to see if they had the necessary facilities to implement the proposals and making sure that there was enough money to provide the needed facilities. Initially, there were no colleges and schools but only departments. The creation of colleges and schools began about the early 1950's. Most of the consultants who helped us came from some of the Ivy League and older schools, such as Harvard, California, and others."

Professor Tenney said the question of academic standards was not very important when the school

was still a teacher's college, but after the change-over, "the issue of standards then became one of the most pressing to be considered. And of course, we took care of that by a number of procedures, including the consultancy which I have already mentioned. Another important procedure was the organization of the Graduate Council to supervise programs, and constant review and improvement maintains standards."

However, Dr. Tenney does not believe that the academic and intellectual stature of a university can be assured by merely setting high standards.

"The intellectual growth of a university really comes from many other sources," he said, "and a lot of people sometimes tend to forget these. The staff and students who make constant demands for change and improvement are an important catalyst to ensuring excellence."

"Research and publications are perhaps the most important measure of the intellectual stature of a university. As the school changed to a university, grants began to flow in to the academic staff to enable them to set up labs and research programs, many of which have been among the best in the country. There were research and publication activities when we were a teacher's college, but such activities were not on a large scale, neither were they so greatly funded."

"Another measure of academic and intellectual stature is the library. There was a great amount of enthusiasm for research from the beginning, and the faculty had a wide range of interests. So, we strove hard to make sure that the library was well equipped. Of course, the ultimate measure of standards is the question as to whether your students are accepted in the outside world. As far as that is concerned, we've had no trouble placing our graduates or transferring our students to other institutions. And one cannot fail to take the matter of recruitment into account. We have from the very beginning been fortunate in attracting and retaining really outstanding teachers, and this trend has continued till today."

Professor Tenney is quoted by Plochmann in his book "The Ordeal of Southern Illinois University," as saying of academic excellence in 1953: "Excellence in a university is difficult to define. To say what it is not is much easier than to say what it is. Certainly it is not a matter of size . . . nor is excellence a matter of chronology. Some people think that a subject-matter or a university function is important because it is old. This kind of reasoning would guarantee a high place to original sin. Other people speak contemptuously of the mossbacks on the faculty, who teach the traditional subjects. Both are wrong, because the old was once new and the new will become old, and excellence is either there or not there regardless of the passage of time . . . But let's not give too much encouragement to the cynic, who has probably thought all along that high stan-

dards are a myth. On the contrary, like the taste of fine foods, or like the green glories of the countryside, genuine excellence, though difficult to describe, is patent to almost everyone who seeks it. It is not an abstraction transcending the daily activities of the university; rather, it inheres in and derives from these activities. It is the sum total of the University's excellences, intellectual, aesthetic, moral, and practical. We know what it is, each of us in his own field; and we do not confuse it with mass and millions, the calendar or the normal curve, social status, or salary . . . Excellence is everywhere and always as unique as it is elusive."

Professor Tenney says that SIU was unique in the 1950's not only because of the peculiar nature of many of its programs and facilities but also because of its buoyant dynamism.

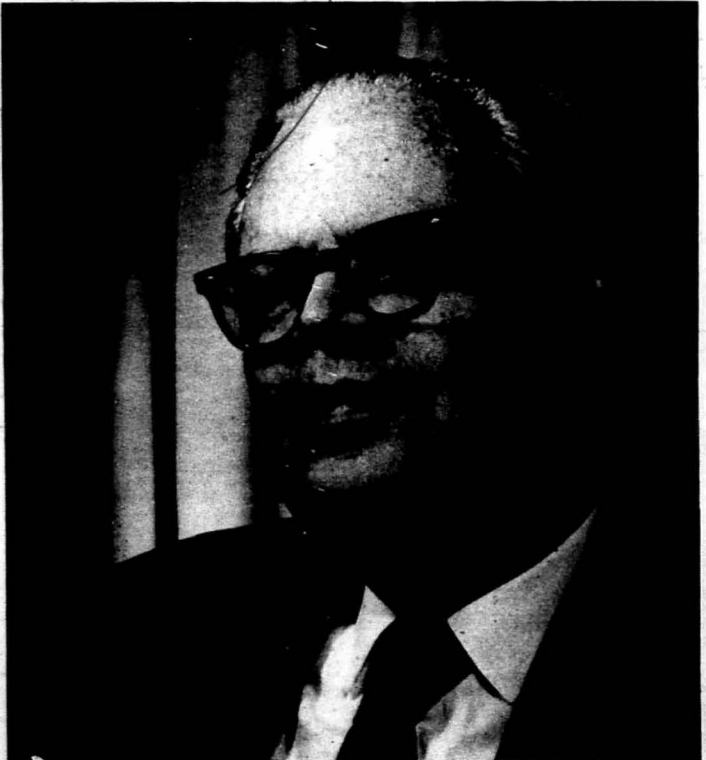
"At that period, we were one of the few institutions in the country that were growing very rapidly. The University became nationally known as a progressive, lively, and interesting place to be. During the '60's when demands for expansion and innovations were being made on almost all institutions, we gradually began to lose our uniqueness, for every other school was expanding as fast as we were doing."

He says that student-faculty and student-administration relationships were "pretty close in the early years of the University up to the late 1940's." Since the school was then much smaller than it is today, "everyone knew everyone else. Occasionally there were quarrels, but such quarrels were like family quarrels. They were resolved much faster. But as the school grew in size, things began to be more bureaucratic and more impersonal. Most of the students were girls in the years 1941 to 1944, since the men were absorbed in various aspects of the war that was then on."

The change-over to university status was, as Professor Tenney explained it, prompted by a number of considerations.

"Most of the universities in the state were concentrated elsewhere and there was none in this area. There is a lot of local pride in a university, and many people here and around wanted one nearby. And of course, many students wanted more than just a teacher's education."

Equally, there was considerable opposition to the transition by people whom Professor Tenney characterizes as "those who saw the school as they had seen it for years and didn't want the picture of it they had in their minds to change, some local interests which saw the change-over as a threat, and interestingly the University of Illinois which campaigned against the proposal. It was opposed because it was afraid of competition, even though it had no reasonable cause to fear anything. However, once the change was accomplished, our relationship with that institution became very cordial."



Recent poetry: good, bad, grotesque

By **Patt McDermid**

An enchanted hemorrhoid, a psychosexual birthmark and a list of useful questions for the next time you meet a Greek dictator ("Are you a bunch of smart guys putting us on or imbeciles who really mean it?"), are only a few of the great gift ideas available in **New Directions' 27th Anthology**.

Edouard Roditi's "From Rags to Riches" (the curse-inflicted hemorrhoid) and Coleman Dowell's "The Birthmark" are each worth the cost (three bucks) of the entire collection. But when Ferlinghetti's verse politics, Tennessee Williams' verse thoughts on King Lear's agony, and the rest of the first-rate work in this consistently fine volume are available at no additional expense, **New Directions 27** has got to be considered the best literary See's Sampler, pound for pound, of the year. Inclusion of the Roditi and Dowell stories will be a sure indication of excellence in future short story anthologies. The books due next year from these two writers (**The Delights of Turkey and Mrs. October**) are, as the lit crowd says, "eagerly awaited."



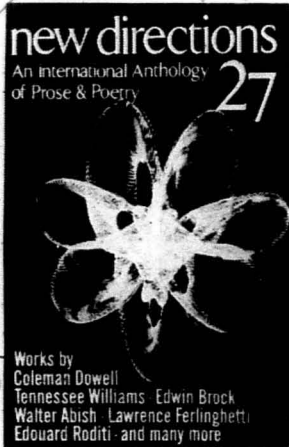
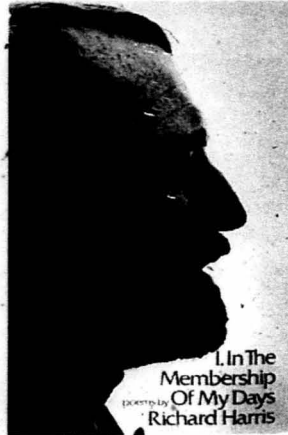
to which the proceeds from sales are to be donated is made "perfectly clear." I suggest either splitting the cost with a dozen friends or writing to the editors, Lt. Col. F. Kiley and T. Dater, c/o USAF Academy, CO. 80840, for further details.

On the general subject of patriotism-honor-dignity, James Wright's **Two Citizens** ought to be made required reading for the whole country. Wright says of this expensive (\$6.95) but beautiful book:

Two Citizens is an expression of my patriotism, of my love and discovery of my native place. I never knew or loved my America so well, and I begin the book with a savage attack upon it. Then I discovered it. It took the shape of a beautiful woman who loved me and who led me through France and Italy. I discovered my America there. That is why this is most of all a book of love poems. The two citizens are Annie and I.

bingers of the future, it's going to be a bit too spaced out for me.

But as good (and, shall we say, "challenging") as the **ND27** fiction is, it doesn't overshadow the poetry. (The editors, J. Laughlin with Peter Glassgold and Fredrick R. Martin, all deserve their choice of a bonus or the publication of their favorite closet works for this collection.) Tennessee Williams' howl at aging ("Old Men Go Mad at Night") and Ferlinghetti's blast at the resplendent thugs who are running Greece ("Forty Odd Questions for the Greek Regime—and One Cry for Freedom") are good but not so-good that a well-disciplined mind is unable to stand their greatness. I miss especially Ferlinghetti's roller coaster, get-the-hell-out-of-my-way style (remember "Assassination Raga" and "All Too Clearly?"), but when you're writing to and about animals, I suppose you should write something they have a shot at understanding ("Why isn't the Constitution printed on a rope?"). But before this review reaches novella length, let me urge one and all to buy **ND27**, generally praise the rest of the poetry in the collection (especially the translations), and move on.



Walter Abish's "More By George" and John Galey's "When You're 3,000 Miles from Home," are solid post-Borges stories, too, and if you like predigested prose, Breon Mitchell's translation of Rudiger Kremer's "The List" ought to reassure you that, like pinball players and other junkies, you share your curious addiction with millions. Imagine Elias Canetti and e. e. cummings collaborating on a short story and you'll come up with something pretty close to "The List." Harriet Zinnes' "Entropisms" is called prose but attempts to short-circuit one's brain like poetry (the USA variety). These last two are delightful hybrids but I can't share **New Directions'** enthusiasm for them. If these are har-

Except for William Carlos Williams' **In the American Grain** and most of Mark Twain, I can think of nothing which so honestly and decently treats the gloriously shallow-rooted experience of being an American. The reader feels, for the first time since a gradeschool flag salute, part of a hope and a promise so splendid that they have endured fools and madmen and betrayals for almost two centuries. Reading the book straight through, as I did the first time, is a Dantesque rush toward a pride which you, too, may have thought dead and buried under the treasons and outrages of Khe Sahn, Selma, Delano, Chicago, Watts and Berkeley. If James Wright is indeed "becoming one — Of the old men," it is a fate to be wished for. Sought. Hunted. This is the only seven buck 59-page book of poems in a long, long time worth more than an equal amount spent on your favorite ingested escape mechanism.

Muriel Rukeyser has a new book out called **Breaking Open** and Random House is going to make a killing on it even at the unbelievably low price (\$1.95), because **Breaking Open** will be selling briskly when our great-grandchildren are cussing the government and reviving the sestina. The longer "Man With a Blue Guitar"-sectioned poems are particularly wonderful constructions ("The President and the Laser Bomb" from "Searching - Not Searching," for example, and the whole "Songs of the Barren Grounds"). Ah, gentle reader, you can count on Muriel Rukeyser: from page to page, you can depend on Muriel Rukeyser. And the title poem will haunt those great-grandchildren's dreams no less vividly than our own, if that sort of consolation is pleasing to you.

Vince Kelly's **Bittersweet** (Exposition Press) is a ringing challenge to science to invent a technique whereby Kaopocate may be administered to a typewriter.

Richard Harris, however, has written an unusual sketchbook of poetry which

might repay study. If Harris is our answer to the Renaissance man, we're in deep trouble, but the book can't be dismissed lightly. There are flashes of deeply shared experiences in **I, In the Membership of My Days**, and if Richard Harris can spare the time to concentrate on poetry, he may yet write something which other decent men will not willingly let die.

"Promising" is a terrible thing to say about a book, but promising this one is. When the funerals, skin, screwing, theology and joy of this book are fermented into consistent poetry, Harris will be well worth reading from cover to cover out of delight rather than duty. This volume has very fine things in it, such as the youthful "Our Green House" and "My Sister Had A Dog," but the longer-work has the frustrating charm of a dead uncle's witty diary ("Why didn't he finish this great stuff?"). **I, In the Membership of My Days** is like a nice soup before a real meal, and if Harris can resist the urges of his dilettantism long enough to do a "second" book of poems (the Great Anglo-American Novel and building your own sailplane can wait, Dick), I tentatively volunteer to lead a grateful reading public.

John Collier has a book which covers both its virtues and defects right in the title: **Milton's Screenplay for Cinema of the Mind**. (I strongly recommend this one for anybody who enjoys either **PL** itself or science fiction. Picture (since we are in that frame of mind throughout) Cecil B. DeMille dictating the original to Stanley Kramer and Arthur C. Clarke and you have as wild an image going as those in the book. Collier could have profited from a quick romp through some Milton scholarship (being careful not to miss **Surprised By Sin**), but even as this book stands now it's a well, valuable look at **PL** through the 20th-century camera lens. God knows the idea isn't new. Eisenstein used Milton to illustrate film techniques and Ivan reeks of Milton's battle scenes.

But this book is different. It's a script based upon Milton's epic rather than informed by it, and since writing is no more or less than a screenplay for the cinema of the mind in the first place, Collier is not only out of his league but doing it into a strong wind on top of that. Still, the book ought to be read. It's not only "terribly witty" but fun and intelligent. Knopf is asking three bucks for it and that's a bargain, even if you're not a Milton-schifi buff.

I'll close this by also recommending a book of poems by Brandon Watt, **Once I Was Asked . . .** It's nothing to shout about but between the dull, dry valleys are a few peaks with some pretty fair views. If Watt ever does write good poems (and some of these seem to indicate he might), this journal of apprenticeship will be well worth knowing.

Patt McDermid, a teaching assistant, is a doctoral student in English.



Listen. The War. is "a collection of poetry about the Vietnam war" and about as bizarre a collection as you might expect would be produced by that strange and savage struggle. Don't let the fact that the book is a sort of lit-mag from the Air Force Academy prejudice you one way or the other. The war is really here: bursts of heroism and painfully clumsy pictures of painfully clumsy ideas, strafing runs and warehouses, ice cubes in Officers' Clubs and poems from pilots' widows, helicopters by the score and apologies by the bushel. It's as depressing and exhilarating, as ugly and tender, as stupid and terribly wonderful as the whole sinful, barbaric, disgraceful war itself. **Listen. The War.** ought to be read the way a vaccination for plague ought to be endured. But until the "charity"

Daily Egyptian

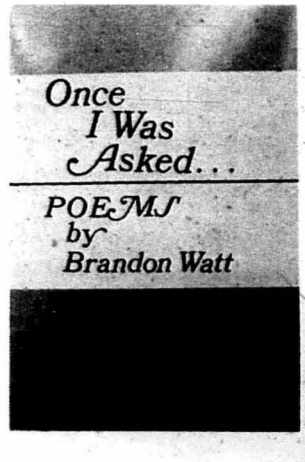
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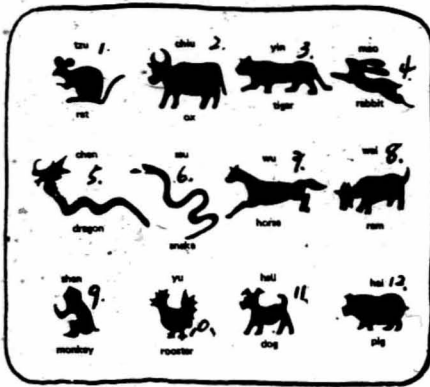
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Favorable zodiac sign starts Asian new year

(Compiled from wire service reports)

To Americans the New Year brings a hangover and a flood of resolutions. To Asians the lunar new year brings tigers and 12 months of spirited activity.

The tiger, the third in the 12-animal Oriental zodiac, heralds in the lunar new year on Jan. 23. Generally regarded as a good omen because it hurried to the bedside of the dying Buddha centuries ago, the tiger will face a mountain of hard work if it is to live up to its reputation.

The Japanese, for example, have been hit with economic chaos — an oil crisis, skyrocketing prices, severe shortages of commodities and environmental

hazards. The tiger is apt to fall into disrepute if it acts like the rat, one of its zodiacal predecessors, which merely hitched a ride on the back of an ox to arrive at the venerable Buddha's bedside. The tiger is expected to carry the load by himself.

Japanese soothsayers and fortune tellers attribute strong character, courage and will to individuals born under the sign of the tiger. But the tiger is not without his faults. Tiger people can be headstrong, selfish, suspicious and narrow-minded. But you can be sure that the Japanese, making every effort to deal with their economic chaos, will try to take advantage of the tiger's strength.

A conservative view of U.S.-China relations

By Loyd E. Grimes

How the Far East Was Lost: American Policy and the Creation of Communist China, 1941-1949
by Anthony Kubek

Twin Circle Publishing Co., 507 pp., \$3.95

This volume is a 10th anniversary edition of an earlier work by Anthony Kubek, research professor of history at the University of Dallas.

The author's epilogue brings the book up to date since President Nixon's visit to Peking in 1972. Kubek rather forcefully presents the rightist point of view in assessing the Sino-American relationship before and since Mao's takeover. This book may interest students of foreign policy, but now it is not the accepted viewpoint of a large section of our intellectual community.

Loyd E. Grimes is a retired foreign service officer living in St. Petersburg, Fla.



Leary wears white hat in his new autobiography

By Julie Titone
Staff Writer

Confessions of a Hope Fiend
by Timothy Leary

Bantam Books, 300 pp., \$1.85

"Timothy Leary's dead" lyricize the Moody Blues. But the man who has been called the high priest of hallucination has not passed away.

At last report Leary was alive and as well as could be expected in a California jail. For all his experimentation with LSD, it was his possession of a bit of marijuana that first caused Leary's freedom to go up in smoke in 1966.

The renowned psychologist has not languished in prison since his arrest at the Mexican border. He fought confinement every inch of the way. When all legal methods of escape failed, Leary made a hazardous acrobatic exit from the California Men's Colony West at San Luis Obispo in September, 1970.

In *Confessions of a Hope Fiend* Leary recalls his prison life, the flight from prison and the United States, and his life as a radical "houseguest" of Algeria. More than just one man's version of his own Great Escape, the book is a well-written look behind the veil of



Timothy Leary

mystery that surrounds a man branded folk hero and outlaw.

Confessions reads like a well-kept diary spiced with a stream-of-consciousness novel. The story begins Feb. 19, 1970, in the Orange County Superior Court, where Leary faces more of the usual drug possession charges. But his entire story began well before that.

Leary first came into the public eye in 1961, when, as a psychologist at Harvard, he began experimenting with hallucinatory drugs. Harvard fired him after accusing him of involving students in the use of hallucinogens. Leary bid adieu to the academic world, gathered some followers and tried to continue his experimentation in Mexico, where he was expelled after two months, and later in the Caribbean, where he was again unsuccessful. He finally established a foundation on a New York estate near Vassar.

Leary became something of a mystic, offering drugs as a means of enlightenment. He took up yoga and Hinduism. He preached a new kind of spirituality, though he never mentioned God.

A peace advocate who associated with militants, a knowledgeable social scientist who preached the gospel of hallucinogens, the "acid high-priest" who was ruining the minds of American youth — such was the man sought by the hands of law and order. And they weren't about to let him go once they had him.

Confessions is, not surprisingly, a lopsided account. Leary wears the white hat in this one. However, if the author's prejudices are kept in mind, it is refreshing reading. Leary's prose is a healthy contrast to the news magazine accounts of "what really happened."

In the opening scene Leary pictures himself as a small brave man at the mercy of a vindictive judge. And so it goes, Leary vs. Pigs from start to finish. By the last chapter, dated July,

1972, it looks like Leary:99 and Pigs:0. Unfortunately for the hero, the game doesn't end with the script.

Leary has some convincing points on his side, not the least of which is the ridiculously stiff punishment he received for what shouldn't be a crime at all. He may well have done wrong by promising undeliverable nirvana to desperate souls, but he wasn't tried for that.

It's not so much what he said, but the way he said it. Leary's writing ranges from woeful to wistful to arrogant. It is, at times, almost lyrical. He is an adept scene-setter, using his rapid style, the sentence fragment more the rule than the sentence:

"Guards open the gate. Enter here the city of desolation. Sorrowtown. The instinct to imprison is genetic. Segregate the mutant seed. Penitentiaries filled with virile Blacks. Lost creation. Spilled sperm on the prison sheets. Wooden barracks. Flower lawns. Blue denim inmates watch us. Justice is the architect. Chuckles on the bus."

He manipulates words as well as he obviously maneuvers people.

Descriptions of his imprisonment are the most complete. The psychologist was at work here, probing prison people from hardened convicts to guards. He paints a saddeningly believable picture of our penal system, its deals, dehumanization and depression. He blends into that society, but never fits entirely — picture the man doing yoga in the jail yard.

When describing emotion, Leary is at his best and worst. His elation over his freedom, his joy at joining his wife, his camaraderie with the Weathermen who helped to free him, are most convincing. But when he features his co-exiles, Eldridge Cleaver and other black militants in Algeria, the words no longer ring true.

Leary looked upon the Panthers as friends and allies who had also been taken under the wing of an Algerian government sympathetic to revolutionaries. But all was not sweetness and light between the militants and Leary and his wife. The couple was bossed by Cleaver, their apartment was supplied with a live-in spy, their money was demanded and at one point they were imprisoned for a few days.

Cleaver had his good moments and often received Leary's glowing praise. But the way Leary was treated was most inconsistent with his supposed friendship with the Panthers, leading one to suspect that Leary may be leery of the consequences of too much criticism heaped upon the militants. Besides, there is no great amount of similarity between Leary and the others. He espoused non-violence; they, the opposite. His main concern was lying low and living free, while theirs was revolution.

Leary has agreed that there is a danger in LSD, but he used it anyway. He knew that escape from jail was dangerous, but he escaped nevertheless. He is that kind of guy and that kind of writer. If a sprinkling of four-letter words and adventure won't bother you, read *Confessions of a Hope Fiend*.

Best-sellers

FICTION

1. *Burr*. Gore Vidal.
2. *The Honorary Consul*. Graham Greene.
3. *The Hollow Hills*. Mary Stewart.
4. *Theophilus North*. Thornton Wilder.
5. *The Salamander*. Morris West.
6. *The First Deadly Sin*. Lawrence Sanders.
7. *Come Ninevah, Come Tyre*. Allen Drury.
8. *World Without End, Amen*. Jimmy Breslin.
9. *The Billion Dollar Sure Thing*. Paul E. Erdman.
10. *Breakfast of Champions*. Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

David Bowie: from innovator to imitator

By Mike Hawley
Student Writer

Pinups
By David Bowie

RCA Records, 1973

David Bowie toured the U.S. for the first time in the fall of 1972, after five years of popularity in Great Britain. The seven-city tour originally planned eventually expanded to include 5 cities because concerts in seven of the largest and most prestigious music halls in the country were sold out. Audiences experienced what they had been told they would experience: David Bowie.

He emerged onstage in a blast of strobe lights portraying the spangle-studded spaceman Ziggy Stardust, one of Bowie's musical fiction characters. His slinky body swept and crept in front of his audiences with feline stealthiness, while his band, Spiders from Mars, thundered from behind. His neuter-gender appearance suggested the lowest depths of asexuality, while emitting sexual impressions of a most determined, and sometimes exhibitionist nature, at the same time.

Audience reaction to "live" Bowie seemed only a step away from what the Beatles had experienced on their early Ed Sullivan Show appearances. Some music critics predicted that David Bowie would do to the music of the '70s what the Beatles had done to the music of the '60s. But with the release of his new album, *Pinups*, it is clear that he has not yet lived up to this expectation.

Bluegrass music: spicy flavor, country tempo

By Linda Lipman
Staff Writer

Red, White and Blue(grass)
by Red, White and Blue(grass)

General Recording Corp., 1973

Bluegrass enthusiasts will appreciate the newgrass album of Red, White and Blue(Grass) for its spicy flavor and country tempo.

Dale Whitcomb and Grant Boatwright, quick pickers on banjo and guitar respectively, add the spices that bring out the flavor of traditional bluegrass. Ginger Boatwright, lead vocalist and guitarist, turns the usual into an unexpectedly tender melody. The fourth member of the group, Dave Sebolt, adds an instrument ordinarily not associated with bluegrass — the electric bass — along with his strong, clear voice.

Generally speaking, side one is superior to side two. It starts with lively

Meadow: creamy style in ballads, folk-rock

By Ed Dunia-Wasowicz

The Friend Ship
by Meadow

Paramount Records, 1973

The *Friend Ship*, with its creamy ballad style, floats into a welcome rock-music harbor, bringing with it a mellowing agent to soothe a turbulent scene.

Their sound falls somewhere between Peter, Paul and Mary and Jefferson Airplane, while remaining a single personality fresh on the rock scene.

The opening number begins softly — ballad-like — and then bursts into a tight rock-jazz form.

According to the promo sheet for this album, the lyrics are loaded with symbolism, and tied together in a hermetically sealed package presentation. (I won't spoil the story by giving away the plot.)

One of the most outstanding cuts on this outstanding album is "Vanity

In the spring of 1973 Bowie toured the U.S. once again. This time he was more concerned with costume changes and stage presence than with the quality of his music. The *Aladdin Sane* album was released and in the summer he announced he would never again give a live stage concert. How and when Bowie conceived the idea for *Pinups* has not yet been explained.

The album is a collection of 12 early British rock singles which were done by various London bands between 1964 and 1967. *Pinups*, when viewed as the latest episode in a progression of events, fits perfectly into the scheme of Bowie's seven years of recording.

An increasingly prevalent attitude in Bowie's music has been that of coldness and detachment. Early albums, such as *The World of David Bowie*, contained musical character sketches showing his ability to understand individual peculiarities of human nature. Each succeeding album has displayed a decreasing amount of these human qualities. These were replaced by something which was not mechanical, but then again not quite human. What emerged after seven albums was the "Jean Genie" of the *Aladdin Sane* album, a creature who "... is so simple minded he can't drive his module. He bites on the neon and sleeps in a capsule."

The significance of the *Pinups* format is this: what would be a better way for Bowie to portray the "ice-man" he has described himself as being in numerous interviews than to do an entire album of other people's music?

bluegrass and the lightning-fast picking of Grant and Whitcomb, and before long you're clapping and tapping to the rhythm in "High Ground." "July, You're a Woman" is the group's new single, and emphasizes Sebolt's fine voice and the combined talent of the rest of the group for back-up vocals.

Ginger sweetly sings "Lovin's Over," where she tells of the last time she'll see her lover. This song isn't the typical bluegrass, but offers a relaxing break and a chance to listen to Ginger's outstanding voice. "Whittin'?" the next and favorite tune, goes so fast you have to play it twice to appreciate each of the instruments — banjo, guitar, bass and mandolin.

Side two offers more of a country sound. Maybe they thought they needed it, in case the bluegrass didn't sell.

Ginger composed several of the best songs on the album, proving her talent in all musical areas. Others are written by Whitcomb and Grant, John Stewart and Norman Blake.

Fair," a strangely beautiful ballad presented in carnival fashion with satirical minstrel lyrics.

One interesting fact about Meadow is that they are harboring a celebrity in their midst — Walker Daniels, the original lead (Claude) in the 1968 off-Broadway production of *Hair*. Along with Chris Van Cleave, he handles all guitar contributions as well as songwriting duties on this particular musical production. They then got together with Laura Branigan, a singer-actress from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

How they got together is unimportant. That they did is monumental. The *Friend Ship* is going to be a nice addition to your collection for those quiet, retrospective evenings you like to have once in a while. To quench your curiosity, the rest of the album is also jazz, folk-rock and even religious revival music, complete with hand clapping.

Ed Dunia-Wasowicz is a journalism graduate of SIU.

It is easier to detach yourself from someone else's previously-recorded music than from your own. Bowie's recent appearance as host on the Mid-night Special television show, on which he icily performed a number of selections from "Pinups, makes this even more evident.

All this is not to say the album isn't good, because it is. Rather, the area of exploration left open to Bowie is questionable if he continues in this direction. But at this particular level represented by *Pinups*, we can see that Bowie has given himself a project and completed it with nice results.

In each of the 12 cuts Bowie has remained surprisingly faithful to the song's original version. Whether this has been accomplished by using the same musical frameworks or by Bowie's own vocal mimicry, it is enough to give the song new appeal.

Bowie's band, which is no longer known as the Spiders from Mars, delivers his interpretations with a power that usually exceeds that of the original. *Pinups* differs musically from Bowie's other albums because of an increased emphasis placed on the drums, played expertly by rock veteran Aynsley Dunbar. Taking the back seat for a change is Mick Ronson's lead guitar. Bowie himself completely gives up the guitar for the first time and plays harmonica, Moog and saxophone.

The interesting, yet most destructive, element of the album is Bowie's vocals. In an attempt to duplicate the originals, Bowie changes and distorts his voice in more ways than are worth counting. This is sometimes effective, but usually ridiculous.

The album begins with "Rosalyn" by The Pretty Things. Just like the original version of this and the album's other songs, Bowie continues to make the lyrics difficult for American ears to understand. In a British dialect which might be described as "obnoxious punk," the vocal is delivered with a rough masculine scream.

Bowie adds insult to injury when he further cheapens the lyrics to Them's classic, "Here Comes the Night." Lead singer Van Morrison's corny words are made soap-opera cheap by Bowie's

exaggerated interpretation. However, the song is improved by replacing original guitar lines with those of a saxophone chorus. Bowie's rendition sounds as if it would if Van Morrison recorded it today in his present style.

"Sorrow" by the Merseys is a case in which Bowie handles bad lyrics with taste. By not exaggerating them he almost makes them sound sincere. When combined with a good saxophone solo by Bowie and a useful string section, this cut becomes one of the album's best two cuts.

In America the most popular of these 12 songs was The Easybeats' "Friday On My Mind." Bowie takes the original and feeds it enough amphetamines to achieve a schizoid speed freak pace. The result sounds itchy, but not over-dosed. The song's only fault lies in the pitiful "zoom, zoom, zoom" chorus at the end.

Probably *Pinups*' most comfortable song for Bowie to sing is "Shapes of Things" by the Yardbirds, in which he once again gets to be the spaceman. The use of hollow yet powerful vocals makes Bowie a better interpreter of the song's futuristic message than the Yardbird's Keith Relf. Bowie has also glazed the song in a 2001 atmosphere by using a sustained string section and a chorus of radio transmitter-like vocals.

The gem of the album is "See Emily Play," originally recorded by Pink Floyd. Verses of this song have a mysterious beauty made of the softer qualities of Bowie's voice mingling with a Moog and harpsicord. The tone is something like that from Bowie's *Hunky Dory* album, which is a welcome sound to hear.

David Bowie is currently starring in a London stage musical version of George Orwell's 1984. If his acting interests continue to increase and he remains faithful to his no-concert vow, it would not be a surprise to anyone. He has always claimed to be more of an actor than a musician. But if he plans to nurture both interests equally, he should beware. One is definitely having a negative effect on the other. David Bowie has the ability, judging by the majority of his original material, to be an innovator, not an interpreter or imitator.

'Mind Games': you'd be better off with Scrabble

By Linda Lipman
Staff Writer

Mind Games
by John Lennon
Apple Records, 1973

Mind Games takes none of the intellect used to play a game of Scrabble — on the part of Lennon or the listeners.

The lead song, "Mind Games," has become a hit single on AM radio. And you know who AM radio disc jockeys appeal to, so by the time the announcers

play it to death, all of us will be tuning off the station at the sound of Lennon's voice.

Of the two principal Beatle composers, Lennon and Paul McCartney, Lennon took credit for the lyrics. And since they've broken up, McCartney took the instrumental ability with him. That left McCartney singing "Monkberry Moon Delight" and the "Back Seat of My Car," and Lennon playing music that drags with repetition.

But you can still find some relevancy in Lennon's words — crying for freedom, emotions of love, "projecting our images in space and time."

And Lennon and his wife, Yoko, do declare on the album the birth of a conceptual country, "Ntopia." "Ntopia has no laws other than cosmic ... and the ambassadors of Ntopia ask for recognition in the United Nations," Lennon writes.

This statement is best backed by the song "Bring on the Lucie (Freda Peeple)." This should have been the lead song with its direct style and pleasing musical tempo and effects. "We don't care what flag you're waving, we don't even want to know your name. We don't care where you're from, all we know is that you came ... Free the people now." This sums up the "no land, no boundaries, no passports, only people," ideology of Ntopia.

Other cuts on the album are typical of Lennon's style in his last solo album, *Imagine*. However, he doesn't seem to imagine his music as a growing entity, but merely as a continuation of the same humdrum sound.



John Lennon

Students to choreograph Reperatory Dance show

By Dave Stearns
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

Student Choreography is Winter Quarter's emphasis in the Southern Repertory Dance Theater.

Director Lonny Gordon is having his "dance composition students (PE-Theater 313) create the March 4 and 5 show, and is encouraging the students to create their own dance problems and solutions without any thematic restrictions.

"The dances can be anything and everything the students want to make. I'm emphasizing the construction and the movement of the dances—costume and lighting is secondary. The important thing is the dances themselves," Gordon said.

The students' works will be shown in progress at 5:30 Feb. 19 in Furr Auditorium, and Gordon, with the help of dance instructors Moira Logan and Holly Catchings, will select which pieces will be performed in the March show.

Student choreographers have

various problems, one is translating their artistic fantasies into realistic forms of movement that the students are able to perform, Gordon said.

"I teach the students composition by presenting problems and creating transitions between movements. We also study structures of dance, such as the Rondo form, symmetry and asymmetry, manipulation of themes and finding new ways of looking at movement. I also try to help the students become aware of what their own bodies can do technically, and encourage them to compose around these strengths and weakness," Gordon said.

Gordon himself is creating dances, while teaching them. Shakespeare's "All Is Well That Ends Well" will contain a Gordon created dance based on the "brantle," pre-classic dance form.

"I'm also working on another new dance, which is roughly titled 'Holy Figures in the Playground.' I got the idea over Thanksgiving when I

was in New Orleans. It was at dawn and I was driving through the Quarter to eat breakfast with a friend when I saw a playground sandwiched in between a bakery and a church.

"The playground was filled with swings, and tunnels and geodesic things, but in the middle of it were two huge plaster figures of the Virgin Mary and Christ. It was the only time I had seen a statue of a plump Virgin Mary, and it reminded me of my mother," he said.

Also, his dance "Black Zinnia" will be performed in a January 27 multi-media show with a new electronic score by Bryce Robbley.

"I also thought about reconstructing my dance 'Paper Women,' but the Canadian lumber workers have been on strike for the past three months and there's a shortage of crafting paper, which paper bags are made out of."

"Newsprint is available, but that's too thin!" he said.



Just for kicks

Members of the Southern Repertory Dance Theater practice for a student-choreographed show planned for March 4 and 5. The theater is under the direction of Lonny Gordon. (Staff photo by Brian Hendershot)

Concert set for Jan. 26

Glee Club goes patriotic

By Dave Stearns
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

Amid the Watergate controversy and general disillusionment, Robert Kingsbury has programmed a concert of patriotic music for the University Male Glee Club, which will perform at 8 p.m. Saturday, Jan. 26 in the Lutheran Church Chapel.

Occupying the first half of the

concert will be Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom" featuring the writings of Thomas Jefferson set to music, Kingsbury said. Specifically, this major choral work has selections from "A Summary View of the Rights of British America" written in 1774, "A Declaration of the Cause and Necessity for Taking up Arms" (1775), and a letter to John Adams (1821).

"Thompson wrote it for a special commemoration of the 200th Anniversary of Jefferson's birth. It was first performed in 1943 and is a major work for male chorus," Kingsbury said. "The piece is somewhat like Aaron Copland's work, but is much less dissonant and more harmonious than Copland's."

The second half of the program will be a series of songs with an early American flavor. Tim Barth will sing "On Top of Old Smokey," and baritone soloist Mark Koehne will be featured in a Kingsbury arrangement of Norman Luboff's "Night Herding Song."

A barbershop quartet will perform "I Had a Dream, Dear" followed by the contemporary Gordon Jenkins song, "This is All I Ask."

Four John Halloran arrangements of traditional folk songs will also be featured, including "Fairest Lord Jesus," "Back to Donegal," "There is a Balm in Gilead" and "A Prayer for Our Country."

"You wouldn't believe how 'A Prayer for Our Country' parallels with the recent Watergate controversy. It's unbelievable," Kingsbury said.

Concluding the program will be what Kingsbury describes as "old eastern Harvard-Yale Glee Club material," "Old Ark's A Moverin'."

Saturday's concert, which is free of charge and open to the public is sort of an 'out of town' try-out or preparation for the upcoming Glee Club tour. With the help of graduate assistant Mike Jones and manager Erich Pavel, the University Male Glee Club will perform in seven Illinois towns the first week of spring vacation.

SGAC bringing rock to Shryock Auditorium

Student Government Activities Council (SGAC) is meeting the rock music entertainment demand of SIU by bringing two recording groups to Shryock Auditorium in February.

Spooky Tooth will appear in concert at 8 p.m. Friday, Feb. 8. All seats are reserved and priced at \$3. Tickets may be purchased at the Central Ticket Office in the Student Center beginning 8:30 a.m. Friday.

Tickets for the Feb. 23 Fleetwood Mack concert were sold out in less than two hours Wednesday morning, according to a SGAC spokesman. Over 1100 tickets were sold for the concert, to be held in Shryock Auditorium.

Slavik added although Fleetwood Mac will appear after Spooky Tooth, the ticket sales will begin two days earlier, "just to get them out of the way."

Slavik said SGAC has also received a "good response" to ticket inquiries about Spooky Tooth and the tickets should be sold out within a week. "We are happy to see students respond to us in bringing rock concerts to SIU this quarter. The committee has worked pretty hard."

Because of the "heavy" athletic schedule at the Arena this quarter, Bill Searcy, assistant programming director, said no open dates for concerts are foreseen.

Daily Activities

21 Monday

Billiards Tournament, 6:30 p.m., Student Center, Olympic Room

Basketball: SIU vs. Florida State, 7:35 p.m.

22 Tuesday

Campus Crusade for Christ, 7 - 10 p.m., Student Center

Trap and Skeeet Club, 8 p.m., Student Center, Iroquois Room

23 Wednesday

Varsity Wrestling: SIU vs. Illinois State, 7:30 p.m., Arena

Film: "Ilicit Interlude," time to be announced, Student Center Auditorium

Piano Recital, 8 p.m., Shryock

24 Thursday

Campus Crusade for Christ, 7-8 a.m., Student Center, Corinth Room

Careers for Women, 12 noon-2 p.m., Student Center, Missouri Room

Basketball: SIU vs. Indiana State, 7:35 p.m.

25 Friday

Films: "Schlitz Movie Orgy, 1-4:30 p.m., Student Center, Ballrooms C & D

Films: "Schlitz Movie Orgy, 7:30-10 p.m., Student Center, Ballrooms C & D

26 Saturday

Film: "2001 Space Odyssey, time to be announced, Student Center Auditorium

Elizer Bar Mitzvah Dance, 8-11 p.m., Student Center, Ballroom B
Chinese New Year Dance & Reception, 9 p.m.-12:45 a.m., Student Center Ballroom A

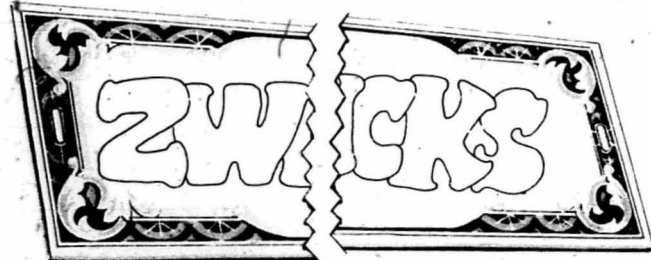
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Brian Estes in Calipre Stage presentation

Multi-Media show returns to Shryock

By Dave Stearns
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

In 1972, Lawson Hall was taken over by some "electronic wizards" and turned into a multi-media happening in which each room was an individual mind dazzler.

Last winter's multi-media show, which featured depictions of hell and other things played to a jam-packed audience in the Home Economics Auditorium and had to turn away a few hundred students because of limited seating capacity.

This year's Multi-Media Concert will be held in the more expansive quarters of Shryock Auditorium (8 p.m. Sunday, Jan. 27) and will feature original music by Alan Oldfield, Will Gay Bottje and Bryce Robbley, an original dance by Lonny Gordon and film by Phil Laorie, amongst others.

Oldfield, a professor of composition, will present "Music for Oboe and Tape" and "Words of Wisdom," the latter being scored for 12 saxophones and a child speaker. "The saxes will be grouped in two's in the balcony and on stage," Oldfield said, referring to "Words of Wisdom." "Each sax duet is different from the others and they will play simultaneously while relating to each other.

"There'll be a child speaker on stage, who will have a series of pictures. Since he can't read, he will be telling about the pictures through a microphone. Also, the speed of his speech will interact with the way in which the saxophone music will be played," Oldfield said.

This year's offerings from Bottje, a professor of music composition, include "Modalities I," "Sax Quartet with Tape" and "Confluences for Voice, Flute and Frequency Shifter."

In discussing confluences, Bottje said, "I used the frequency shifter

to produce summation tones or different tones of two signals, which modifies the timbres of the sounds."

Two student composers, Phil Laorie and Bryce Robbley, will present their pieces of sound wedded with visuals. Laorie's offering is an electronic score and film titled "Kata" and Robbley has composed electronic scores for Lonny Gordon's dance "Black Zinnia," and Frank Payne's film, "Focuses."

Charles Ives, an American composer whose work remained obscure until recently, composed three pieces for quarter tone pianos, which will be performed by SIU graduate Robert Chamberlin at Sunday's program. "The composition is for pianos tuned a quarter tone apart, which is like listening to 'music in the cracks,'" Bottje said.

Other added attractions include a new film and tape piece by Peter Lewis of the University of Iowa, pre-program happenings by a group of Webster College students under the direction of Zorn and synthesized visuals made at SIU-Edwardsville, which will be shown in the Shryock lobby before and during the program.

"But if you really want to know what happens, come to the concert," Bottje quipped.

Calipre Stage presents three-part reading hour

The Calipre Stage will present a "Reading Hour: War and Other Happy Times" at 8 p.m. Jan. 25 and 26 in the second floor of the Communications Building.

The program will consist of three separate sections. "Winning Hearts and Minds," a compiled script of the poetry of Vietnam Veterans, will be read by Brian Estes, an ex-marine and a sophomore majoring in oral interpretation. Estes said he hopes to "articulate through the poetry much of what we saw and suffered in Vietnam."

O'Connor and adapted and directed by Ed Walker also will be included on the program. "The Crop" is billed as a glimpse into the creative process with strong social overtones.

The third part of the reading hour will be "The Poetry of Kenneth Patchen" which has been compiled and directed by Robert Zafran.

Cast members of the productions are Michael Mullen, James A. Perich, Martina Turowski and John Wieting. Admission is 50 cents.

For reservations call 453-2291 or 453-2292 between 1 p.m. and 4 p.m. Monday through Friday.

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London Branch conducts the SIU Jazz Ensemble in preparation for a concert scheduled for 8 p.m. Feb. 13 in Shryock Auditorium. (Staff photo by Dennis Makes)

Jazzing it up

Stage set for annual edition of Quarter Night productions

By Julie Titone
Staff Writer

The stage has been set for a student takeover.

The stage is in the Laboratory Theater of the Communications Building, and the occasion is the department of Theatre's annual Quarter Night, held this year at 8 p.m. Jan. 25, 26 and 27. The students are the writers, directors, performers and stage crews presenting three one-act plays.

Two comedies and one drama will highlight this year's Quarter Night, so named for the admission fee of 25 cents. The plays were selection by a student-faculty committee at the end of fall quarter. The directors, also chosen by the committee, chose a script from the five presented to them.

The evening will include time after each play when all students involved with the play will be present for discussion with the audience. "Night Train," written by

graduate student Martin Jones, is a comedy about a group waiting in a train station who are harassed by a young couple. Junior Jane Natal is director, assisted by Lauren Marxen. The cast of seven includes Samir Kahlil as Dado, an old foreigner; Patrick McCammon as a black soldier; Jerry Bader and Diane Breitweiser as Norman and Ethel Christie, as a middle-aged couple; Scott Salmon and Margaret Fones as Rick and Bonnie, the young couple; and Joe Nunley as the conductor.

"Now Let Heroes Pass" by graduate student Michael Moore tells how the West was lost, the other side of the Indian-Pioneer story. Directed by senior Donald Waters with assistance from senior Bonita Blandi, the play's cast includes Kevin Purcell as the priest, John Speckhart as the banker, Dan Dunn as the senator, Gary White as Little Fox and Tom Cannella as the narrator.

Lewis Bolton, also a graduate student, has contributed a spoof entitled "Crossword Puzzle" to Quarter Night. The play concerns the plight of a college student who, with the help of his Irish landlady, is trying to escape the domination of his Jewish mother. Junior Everett Williams, with the assistance of Zo Nutt, directs Michael Myers as Percy, Lynn Crocker as Solly and Joan Dietrich as Victoria.

Subscriptions still available for American Film Theatre

Subscription rates for college students and faculty are still available for the remaining five films of the American Film Theatre.

Still to come in its premiere season are "Luther, starring Stacy Keach; "Three Sisters," starring Laurence Olivier; "Butley," starring Alan Bates; "Lost in the Stars," starring Brock Peters; and "Rhinoceros," starring Zero Mostel.

Performance dates are Jan. 21 and 22; Feb. 4 and 5; March 11 and 12; April 8 and 9; and May 6 and 7. Matinee subscription rates for

these five films is \$10, single admission stand-by tickets are priced at \$2.50 per ticket. Evening performances are priced at \$20 per subscription and \$5 for single admission.

The subscriptions and single admission tickets may be purchased at the Fox Theatre, where the movies are shown.

"Attendance of the films has been just fair," said Herman Alred, Fox Theatre manager. "Maybe, its because people must pay high admission prices or commit themselves to attend so far in advance."

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Jan and Dean's "Popsicle Man"

Recycled-popsicle sticks have taken the weaving world by surprise.

Popsicle sticks, long a favorite material among arts and crafts instructors in summer recreation programs, have been recycled by a Crainville resident to construct a backstrap loom.

Kathleen Crabb, with the help of her 2-year-old daughter Josi, built the weaving loom out of popsicle sticks and a few hours of drilling and sawing.

"I saw an article in Ladies Home Journal a few months ago on how anyone could make a simple, wooden loom out of popsicle sticks and a few other pieces of wood," Ms. Crabb said. "So Josi ate the popsicles, and I decided to build one. The only really difficult part was drilling the holes in the sticks for the warp strings."

The warp strings are the ones suspended length-wise on the loom, while the shuttle string is woven between the warp strings.

Ms. Crabb explained that the loom is a simplified form of the backstrap loom, one of the oldest types of looms known. The ends of the warp strings are looped through a piece of wood tied around her waist, thus derives the name backstrap loom.

Lifting and lowering the heddle (the wooden frame that serves as a guide for the warp strings,) the shuttle is woven

between the strings. After making one "pass" through the warp strings, the heddle is pulled inward, tightening the strings in the pattern.

"The time it takes to make a placemat or a purse, for instance, depends upon the intricacy of the design. Although I started using the loom only a few months ago, I'm experimenting with different types of patterns and designs now," Ms. Crabb added. "I hope to make a wall hanging for the house we just moved into last week."

Using either macrame cord or rug yarn, the loom can be used to weave wall hangings, scarves, potholders and perhaps even a picture frame.

While sitting erect to keep the warp strings at the proper tension, Ms. Crabb explained that she had not used a loom until recently.

"I taught myself the basics of weaving, which isn't too difficult on this small of a loom. I started with very simple patterns, and began to use more detail as I became familiar with the loom," she explained.

"I've made a couple of purses as Christmas gifts, some potholders and a small wall-hanging. I'd like to weave some placemats to set all of my plants on, but since we just moved last week, I haven't had too much free time.

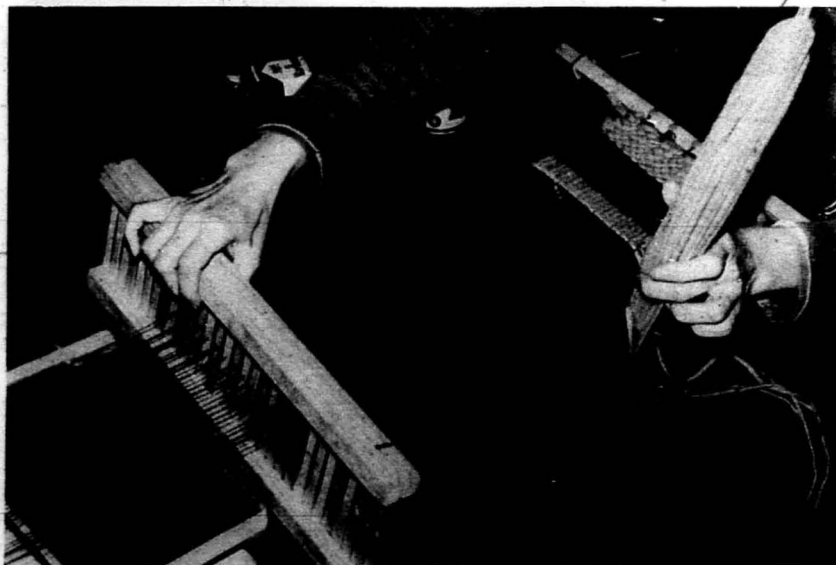
"I guess the best thing about the loom is that it cost about \$2.00 to build. Plus, I can weave Christmas gifts now instead of buying them. I really like it because it's so easy to use, and so inexpensive."

Now, anyone for a popsicle?



Kathleen Crabb begins another woven creation on her homemade popsicle loom.

*Text and photos
by Bill Layne*



Ms. Crabb experiments with different types of patterns and designs in her home.