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Daily Egyptian Staff

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Family Supper, by Ralph Fasanello

Reproduction by Elliott Mendelson

Magazine

# Daily Egyptian

Monday, December 3, 1973 — Vol. 55, No. 54

Southern Illinois University

# Fasanella: an artist regaining his roots

**Note:** Ralph Fasanella, a primitive Depression-era artist whose paintings depict the conflict between humanity and machines, is the subject of a book just published by Alfred A. Knopf entitled, *Fasanella's City*.

By Ken Townsend  
Staff Writer

Ralph Fasanella is a fascinating fella.

Traditionalist by nature, Fasanella is among the group of Depression-era artists whom Archibald MacLeish once commended for their defense of the "rule of moral law, the rule of spiritual authority and the rule of intellectual truth" against the "fascist revolution of gangs."

But he is much, much more. His short, stocky and comfortably rumpled exterior is at first deceptive; it masks a mind blessed with irrepressible, relentless imagination that keeps surprising even its owner.

Fasanella has committed to canvas scenes of the American melting pot, rich in simplicity but vivid in detail. His paintings depict the struggles of the early labor unions and life among those Americans whose first glimpse of the land paved with streets of gold was Ellis Island.

Fasanella's life was not one which had been blighted by a newly-christened machine age, but enriched by it. During the post-Versailles years, the machine exerted a more profound influence on the pattern of American culture than at any other previous time in history. The machine brought with it a premium on conformity, and its application to practically every phase of life was the single most important factor in undermining American individualism.

According to historian Harry Carman, the great mass of Americans, immigrants included, accepted without question the uniform modes of thought and behavior imposed on them by a machine civilization; but a small minority of intellectuals protested that

the United States was being transformed into a nation of automatons.

Disgusted by what they considered the standards of an alien world, serious writers and artists complained that no place for creative individuals existed in a society "where men were ants and the anthill was more important than those who had made it." Thus, Carman writes, the United States developed two cultures; both were undeniably American, but they had little else in common.

When immigration was restricted, the growth of the cities, the mass consumption of American goods, and the development of the radio, motion pictures and automobile, all contributed in varying degrees to the weakening of the regional and cultural diversity that had once typified American civilization.

It was the drastic restriction of immigration during the Harding and Coolidge Administrations that especially deprived the United States of an element that had always made a major contribution to the nation's cultural diversity. The Emergency Quota Act of 1921 restricted the number of immigrants to three per cent of the number from each nationality that had been living in the United States in 1910. The Immigration Quota Act of 1924 made 1890 the base year and lowered the ratio from three to two per cent. Provision was also made for the establishment of a committee to propose individual immigration quotas for each foreign nation; and in 1929, Congress put these quota requirements into law.

In economic terms, the new legislation served as a fitting epitaph to the passing of the frontier. From the humanitarian viewpoint, the end of unrestricted immigration was a tacit admission that the United States was no longer a haven for the world's down-trodden and oppressed. For years Americans had argued over the effectiveness of the American melting pot; but now the argument was academic, for there was practically nothing left to melt.

Alarmed at the passing of tradition

and the startling deterioration of interpersonal labor-management relations, Fasanella threw himself full force into the current of events, practically emerging as an intellectual in the midst of thorns.

Turning to painting at the age of 30 because he felt he was losing his roots, Fasanella by 1944 was already known as a successful organizer for the United Electrical Workers of the CIO. However, according to his biographer, he had become restless and felt no growth in himself and resented being crowded by the developing institutional character of unions, their increasing rigidity and apparent move from what

Fasanella called the "wail of the working man."

And so he began looking backward to his own childhood in the Italian tenements of New York City. He lived again the "agony of his father the iceman and his mother the buttonhole maker."

The physical and spiritual environment of vitality and exhaustion, of intensely close, comforting family in the midst of dark and noisy tenements, had been the nourishing ground out of which his politics and anger had grown, and he "could feel it" no longer, his biographer wrote.

Fasanella dreamt of strong, humane unions concerned with the intellectual growth of their membership once the economic powers were realized. These are the factory workers of his paintings, well versed and well nourished.

Although bitter because the more visceral, human concerns have been replaced by a love of things, Fasanella remained sympathetic to this "disease of America." Fasanella desired to connect the sweat of the Italian immigrants he had grown up with to the strong intellectual drive of the middle class, a side effect of the machine age which fascinated him.

Thus when he painted his somewhat crude, early American-style pictures, he was applying those virtues of honesty, charity and love which he saw fading into the past to the starkness of the present. He resurrected the little-known figure of the immigrant, which earlier had either been romanticized or stripped of dignity, and treated it with an understanding that made them both individuals and Americans in their own right.

Employing a realistic approach that was tempered by sympathy for his subjects, Fasanella sought to demonstrate Thomas Hart Benton's dictum that "no American art can come to those who do not live an American life, who do not have an American psychology and who cannot find in America justification of their lives."

Now going on 60 years of age, Fasanella still lives in New York City, raising a belated family and indulging in his two favorite vices, coffee and cigarettes. His hangout is brother Nick's gas station where he pumps gas and receives his "daily aggravation."

He still insists on working where there is "life" and companionship and "someone to talk to." Being the loquacious sort, Fasanella believes that "talking is creation," and like his paintings, finds it often provides as much surprise as amusement.



Family Supper.



Mercy Machine Shop.

# Henry Miller: a ticking time bomb

By Julie Titone  
Staff Writer

Henry Miller doesn't tick like a clock. He ticks like a time bomb. The bomb is a literary one with an explosive called individualism and a fuse called sex. With each of Miller's books—*Tropic of Capricorn*, *Sexus*, *Plexus*, *Black Spring* and, most notably, *Tropic of Cancer*—the bomb was detonated.

No man can be capsulized, especially not a man like Miller. But the Rare Book room's exhibit, dedicated to the controversial author, at least offers a glimpse of the man and gives some idea of what makes him tick.

The exhibit's brightly colored international editions, vibrant paintings and scrawled letters reflect the successful writer Miller has become since his works were accepted in America. The reflection is somewhat distorted, though, since the real image of Miller was forged in his, many years of poverty and failure.

If it is important to know about the life of any writer, it is essential to know about Henry Miller's. Though we may sometimes overestimate the effect of a person's experiences on their work, there is no risk of that with Miller. Nearly all his literary production is autobiographical.

Miller was born in Yorkville, N. Y., in 1891. He spent most of his youth in Brooklyn, the member of a German-American family headed by a less-than-successful tailor. Miller's mother, a cold and conventional woman, strongly influenced her son's emotions, though even he admits not knowing the extent of that influence. The family was completed by a feeble-minded daughter. In his second published novel, *Black Spring*, Miller writes compassionately of the poor treatment his sister received from her parents.

Miller finished high school in Brooklyn, but lasted only two months at City College of New York. Instead, he chose the world as his instructor. He held a number of jobs, entered a seven-year period of rigorous athletics, acquired his first mistress and made his way to the West Coast where he met Emma Goldman, the famous anarchist. Miller calls that meeting a spiritual and intellectual turning point in his life. Though he could not accept the Party, he dabbled in Communism for a while.

Back in Brooklyn in 1914, he worked in his father's tailor shop. At 26, he married his piano teacher, Beatrice Wickens, and a daughter was born to them in 1919. In 1923 he left his wife and child to marry June Edith Smith, a taxi dancer who was to become the model for many of the heroines in his novels. His second marriage lasted 10 years.

Miller describes his early life like this: "Was tailor, personnel director in large corporation, ranch-man in California, newspaper man, hobo and wanderer. Was a six-day bike rider, a concert pianist, and, in my spare time, I practiced saint-hood. Came to Paris to study vice."

His list is inaccurate; it should include, among others, candy, insurance and encyclopedia salesman, dishwasher, bartender, librarian, garbage collector, secretary to an evangelist, gravedigger and speak-easy owner.

The mention of Paris refers to his move there in 1930. He had visited Europe the year before with his wife, just as his writing career began in earnest.

The Paris of the '30s was the Paris of the Depression, and Miller experienced its hunger and dejection. But he was happy, writing and living off the hospitality of friends. *Tropic of Cancer* was published in 1934, *Black Spring* in 1936 and *Tropic of Capricorn* in 1939. Both *Tropic* books were immediately banned in England and America.

World War II drove Miller back to New York and curtailed the royalties from his books, but he kept writing. Before a love affair caused him to move

to California in 1941, Miller wrote *The Colossus of Maroussi*, *The World of Sex* and *Quiet Days in Clichy*, along with the beginning of his autobiographical trilogy, *The Rosy Crucifixion*.

In 1944 he moved from Los Angeles to Big Sur on the Monterey peninsula. He enjoyed life there; but it was nearly 1950 before he was making any reasonable income from his writing. In 1944 he wrote, "I still owe roughly \$24,000. This is what it has cost me to write as I pleased for the last 20 years."

During World War II he became the spokesman for conscientious objectors on the West Coast and courageously wrote the pacifist pamphlet, *Murder the Murderers*.

Miller grew famous in his Big Sur home as the "original beatnik," a Bohemian soul. As soldiers bought his books in Paris after the war, his renown increased. And then came Miller's greatest "break" of all. Barney Rosset of Grove Press published all of his

Literature. The National Organization for Decent Literature, the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice and a host of other organizations, individuals, and most influentially, judges. The loudest cries in defense of the book came from writers, many people involved in higher education, groups like the American Civil Liberties Union, the publishing industry and, most fortunately for Miller, some judges.

The certainties that always accompany obscenity cases were part of the battle for *Cancer*. For example, it's a sure thing that no book will be attacked until it is published in paperback. Whether the basis for this is psychological or merely economic, few hard-back books are objects of obscenity outcries. It is also notable that many who joined the outcry for decency had never read the book (except for the "dirty" parts, of course). And it's often true that the attackers can't always get the facts straight; different courts often

of the ego. Sex is impersonal, and may or may not be identified with love. Sex can strengthen and deepen love, or work destructively....For some, sex leads to sainthood; for others, it is the road to hell."

In their ruthless condemnation of Miller's graphic descriptions of the seamy side of life, many bypassed one idea which set Miller squarely at odds with the American Puritan ethic. He sees no redeeming value in work. In *The Rosy Crucifixion* he wrote: "Work...is the very opposite of creation, which is play, and which, just because it has no *raison d'être* other than itself, is the supreme motivating power in life."

Miller has been described as belonging to "a vociferous minority whose position is not only opposed to the basic Judeo-Christian morality of the Nation...but actually seems to violently advocate its overthrow." Miller would hardly describe himself as



previously banned books, starting with *Cancer* in 1961.

The censorship furor that followed brought Grove Press over \$250,000 in bills for defending Miller. It brought Miller infamy as the writer of dirty books and fame as the standard bearer of freedom of expression. And, incidentally, it brought together Miller and his friend and attorney Elmer Gertz of Chicago, who loaned the Miller exhibit to Morris Library.

Court battles over *Cancer* took place throughout the country, from local to state levels and finally to the U. S. Supreme Court. Just as *Ulysses*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Fanny Hill* had been, Miller's book was raked over the coals of censorship.

The issues at stake in any obscenity case are the right of a person to write whatever he wishes, for whatever reason he wishes, and the right of the citizen to choose to read or not read whatever he wishes. It is a constitutional matter, a matter of either taking the First Amendment at its word or filtering that idea about freedom through the standards of one segment of the national community.

The lines formed quickly in the battle over *Cancer*. Forming the vanguard against the book were most clergymen, some politicians, Citizens for Decent

came up with different figures when counting the four- and five-letter words in the *Cancer* text.

E. R. Hutchison, in *Tropic of Cancer on Trial* (Grove Press, 1968), said Miller reveals in his works more than the vast majority of autobiographers care to reveal, and more than most biographers can reveal. Because this is so true, any battle against *Cancer* was a battle against everything the author stood for.

The book deals with Miller's lean years in Paris. The world he writes about is obscene, so he used obscenity. Long before it was a cliché, Miller was telling it like it was. His work is not pornography, which makes every attempt to make sexual matters appealing. It is admittedly obscene. It is cold, ugly and often brutally funny. Life was obscene as Miller saw it, and he merely told the truth as he saw it.

Those who equated Miller's writing with drugs as an evil influence on the country's youth, must have mystified the writer, for who can consider truth a bad thing?

In *The World of Sex* Miller defines his attitude toward sex in a way with which few ministers would disagree:

"Love is the drama of completion, of unification. Personal and boundless, it leads to deliverance from the tyranny

of a Christian, but if there is anything in this country he would like to overthrow, it would be the spiritually deadening trends toward dull work and war.

"We are not afraid to kill, by the million if our honor is at stake," he wrote, "but we are deathly afraid of a few good old Anglo-Saxon words...in print."

In June 1964, the U. S. Supreme Court ruled in favor of *Tropic of Cancer*. Miller, Grove Press and the First Amendment had won. The book was judged to have some redeeming social value.

Nine years later to the month, the present Court decided that obscenity matters must be handled at the community level, and literature must have serious social value. Miller and many other writers, publishers and filmmakers are now nervously expecting to fight again for what they had won almost a decade ago.

Henry Miller now lives in Pacific Palisades, Calif. He is 79 years old and enjoys the freedom to paint, swim, take in royalties and acclaim, and write. He has married for the fifth time. As he would admit, his one companion always is the typewriter. He has fulfilled his great desire "simply to become a writer."

As his friend and foe alike will admit, he did it the hard way.



# Musical ghosts penned in piano lid



Photo by Tom Porter

A George Steck piano, autographed by many of the greats in the musical world, holds lingering memories for Mrs. Ernie Fichtel.

## Douglas: a ragtime pianist on the move

By Dave Stearns  
Staff Writer

Jan Hamilton Douglas plays the kind of ragtime not heard on player pianos in Shakey Pizza Parlors.

He plays classical, ragtime piano, more specifically, the ragtime of Scott Joplin, the first black composer to publish music in the United States and the king of ragtime music. Although Joplin's refined rags don't find their way into pizza parlors, Douglas has found his way into ragtime performances in such places as a sod-carpeted CTA bus, an International Ragtime Bash in Toronto, and at the black composers' concert held last Thursday in the old Baptist Foundation Chapel.

Backtracking a bit to the CTA bus episode, Douglas recalled, "The bus was an art show in Chicago, and there were flowers planted in the sod floor of the bus. There was a grand piano in the back where I played. The bus had a sign on the front that read, 'Marvin's Gardens.'"

"And at the Ragtime Bash in Toronto, we started playing on a Saturday afternoon, and played till two or three in the morning, each guy playing a couple rags. Eubie Blake was there—he's 90 years old and the only surviving original ragtime pianist. He was amazing, technically, musically and as a performer. Just amazing," Douglas said, with far-away eyes.

And when Douglas plays, his face gives a pretty good indication of what's coming out of the piano. Hunched



Jan Hamilton Douglas

shoulders, raised eyebrows and tilts of the shaved head reflect his illumination of the Joplin melodies to the hilt of their sauntering—but occasionally melancholic—style.

Joplin himself was not a noted performer or pianist. "The ragtime pianists used to have cutting sessions where they'd all get together and see who could play the fastest and the fanciest. Because Joplin was only an adequate pianist, he moved more and more toward the things he could do well, such as taste and style instead of bravura playing," Douglas explained. "His rags became harmonically and melodically complex. They are demanding in musicianship rather than speed."

After studying Schubert and Beethoven, Douglas was surprised to find that he could not adequately sight-read anything in a book of Joplin rags when he first began to play them two-and-a-half years ago.

"It was a turning point for me," he recalled. "Before that I had no desire to perform. But the concept of what my performances should be is always two light years ahead of what I can do," he pointed out.

"In Joplin's best rags, he was working for an accepted classical form, which runs the gamut from the intellectually astute and artistically exacting to non-intellectual, more spontaneous folk flavor," he continued. "But what interests me is not whether it's in classical form, but whether it is good music. And Joplin's music is what I think is good."

"A lot of ragtime performers would play the pieces as fast as they could, like a player piano role. But Joplin's rags are so complex that they have to be played at a speed slow enough to render them intelligible. When I play his music, it just bubbles for me, it's effervescent."

Douglas is in the process of writing three rags, one of which is dedicated to his parents. "Somehow, my parents dictate the way the rag should feel and sound. It's a good, warm sound, and this is the gift that I feel best giving them," he said.

Douglas's career as a ragtime pianist is growing. Negotiations are open for lecture-recital performances in Detroit, Indianapolis, Grand Rapids and New Orleans.

"My ultimate goal is to continue to play rag," he said. "I'd like to be involved in forming a national ragtime library and in finding ragtime music that has been lost through the years," he added.

By Glenn Amato  
Staff Writer

Ghosts—musical ghosts—drift through the impeccably furnished living room of Mrs. Ernie Fichtel.

You can sense these spirits hovering about as you settle into a chair, sip coffee and nibble cheese on bread. Their names comprise a list of greats and near-greats from the world of music for the past 39 years: violinists Toscha Seidel and Patricia Travers...cellists Marcel Hubert and Gregor Piatigorsky...sopranos Rose Bampton and Dolores Wilson...tenors Charles Hackett and Leopold Simoneau...baritones Walter Cassel and Robert Weede...pianists Emile Baume and Sascha Gorodnitski.

A visitor to Mrs. Fichtel's home is wafted back to a gentler era—an era, Dorothy Parker once wrote, when people spoke softly, dressed graciously and sent gentle ripples of excitement through a room by the mere fact of their presence.

This era is dead, probably because it was too complacent to survive. We have great musicians today, but all too often the beauty of their work is shrouded in gloom—a gloom brought about by historical inevitability and the turn of contemporary events.

We have fond memories of that happier, more restful era. But Mrs. Fichtel's memories are permanent.

A great George Steck piano sits in a corner of her living room. It is an impressive sight in itself, but it is what is under the lid that conjures up visions of the past.

Signatures leap out at you. Musicians' signatures. They visited Mrs. Fichtel and, in return for her hospitality, signed their names with a flourish under the lid. The signatures are bold, testifying to the musicians' greatness and gratitude.

As a long-time member of the Southern Illinois Concert Association, Mrs. Fichtel often found herself in the enviable role of hostess to visiting musicians.

"Years ago," she said, "musicians would often stay a night or two after performing in concert. There were no planes in those days; everyone came in on the train."

Mrs. Fichtel was often asked if her piano could be utilized as a practice in-

strument. When the musician was finished, Mrs. Fichtel would ask him or her to autograph the space under the lid. The result, naturally enough, is an unusual autograph collection.

Some musicians cling to Mrs. Fichtel's memory more closely than others.

"Baritone James Pease arrived once with his accompanist," Mrs. Fichtel said, "and they hadn't had an opportunity to assemble and work on their program. They ran through their selections for the very first time on my piano, and the actual concert went very well."

Cellist Leonard Rose once ate and put together an entire concert in Mrs. Fichtel's living room.

"He worked right up to the last minute," she remarked. "I don't think he paid much attention to what he was eating."

There were no motel accommodations at that time, and Mrs. Fichtel cannot recall any musician inflicting his or her ego problem on any Concert Association member. "They were all very polite, very gracious," she said.

Soprano Helen Traubel once arrived in Carbondale with her husband and discovered that it would be necessary to stay at a local hotel.

"Since the hotel was not known for comfort and the weather was very hot, I expected repercussions," Mrs. Fichtel said. "This wasn't the case at all. Mrs. Traubel didn't say a word, nor did she affect any prima donna airs."

Some musicians have gone on to establish fabulously successful careers for themselves. Baritone Robert Weede sang for a number of years with the New York Metropolitan Opera, while soprano Dolores Wilson starred as Eliza in *My Fair Lady* and as Golde in *Fiddler on the Roof*.

The Southern Illinois Concert Association itself continues to thrive. From an annual beginning budget of \$1,500 in 1935 to one in excess of \$9,000 this year, it has grown through the combined efforts of the thousands of persons in Carbondale and throughout Southern Illinois who love great music.

The ghosts in Mrs. Fichtel's living room are friendly ghosts. They beckon you to let the past return and wash over you. And it is something you want to do...something you are only too happy to oblige.



Photo by Tom Porter

A cross-section of the signatures beneath the lid of Mrs. Fichtel's piano.

# Shostakovich: the Andrew Wyeth of music

By Dave Stearns  
Staff Writer

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 8  
Kiril Kondrashin conducting the  
Moscow Philharmonic  
Angel-Melodiya Records, 1973.

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 1 in F  
Minor and Symphony No. 2 in B (Oc-  
tober Revolution)  
Kiril Kondrashin conducting the  
Moscow Philharmonic and RSFSR  
Russian Chorus

Angel-Melodiya Records, 1973

Shostakovich: Violin Concerto No. 1  
in A Minor, Op. 99  
David Oistrakh (violin) and Mak-  
sim Shostakovich conducting the  
New Philharmonic Orchestra

Angel Records, 1973.

Dimitri Shostakovich may look like  
Truman Capote, but this mild-  
mannered composer has written some  
vivid, bombastic music under the in-  
fluence of the Soviet Union.

But when composing music for him-  
self, rather than the state, Shostakovich  
has given us some highly worthwhile  
music in the tradition of the post-  
Romantics.

After the initial success of his  
brilliant Symphony No. 1 in the mid  
'20s, Shostakovich, at age 19, was buff-  
eted by musical fads and contradicting  
political threats from the ever-changing  
government of his home country, the  
Soviet Union. The style of his com-  
munist-influenced work is comparable  
to the simple, idealized art that charac-  
terizes Soviet propaganda posters. Sta-  
lin called it "social realism."

Shostakovich's Eight Symphony is a  
perfect example of this style, where  
simple methods — childishly simple  
rhythms; wandering unlyrical melo-  
dies; and arid, occasionally unison  
sonorities — render dissonant collages  
of sound. These methods may comprise  
a traditional form, such as a toccata or  
passacaglia, but more than a dozen con-  
trasting motifs put together result in a  
controlled chaos, that in technical  
terms is called polytonality and poly-  
rhythm. And all the while, the com-  
poser utilizes his genius for exploiting  
unusual orchestral timbres and  
astounding shifts in dynamics.

Programmatically, the symphony de-  
picts the Nazi invasion of Russia in  
World War II and does so with shat-  
tering climaxes and lamenting melodies.

This new performance by Kiril Kon-  
drashin and the Moscow Philharmonic  
exploits the symphony's war-like  
tragedy and bitterness in all of its pier-  
cing bombast, as Shostakovich meant it  
to.

Kondrashin executes these  
fascinating feats of orchestration in-  
cisively and with far more emotional  
impact than his previous reading of the  
symphony on Everest Records. The dif-  
ferent sections are blended more on the  
Everest recording, which my lily-white  
ears find more listenable than the  
garish definition of timbres in the new  
Angel recording.

This symphony is so blatant that it is  
rarely performed. Only two recordings  
of this piece are available and they  
come from the Soviet Union.

Another Kondrashin reading of a  
politically-influenced symphony is  
Shostakovich's Second. Subtitled "Oc-  
tober Revolution," the Second Sym-  
phony is a curious little one-movement  
work, which bears the mark of  
Shostakovich's youthful genius but is  
flawed by its excessively wide range of  
styles and self-conscious Soviet  
patriotism.

The symphony's polytonal chaotic  
beginnings make a rather disjointed  
contrast to the regimented chorus that  
ends the piece. And the singers exalt  
the victory and glories of the October  
revolution with the text:

The tall factory chimneys stretch to-  
ward the sky  
Like feeble arms unable to clench their  
fists . . .

We understood that our fate has only  
one name: Struggle! . . .  
And this victory will be named Oc-  
tober! . . .  
October is gladness in the workshops  
and in the fields . . .  
October, Communism, and Lenin!

This choral passage was obviously a  
concession to the proletarian Soviet



## Ringo's album has old Beatle charm and wit

By Ed Dunin-Wasowicz  
Student Writer

Ringo  
by Ringo Starr

Apple Records, 1973

This is it! The Beatles Return Album  
everyone has talked about so long.  
Though falling short of its expectations,  
Ringo, by Ringo Starr, is a well-  
produced, diverse album that definitely  
has that old Beatle charm, and more  
importantly, wit.

The opening number, "I'm the  
Greatest," written satirically by John  
Lennon, and sung ironically by Ringo,  
as all the songs are, delivers the  
message of the album and sets the  
mood. This is Ringo's coming-out  
album, where, for a change, he is  
spotlighted rather than one of the other  
ex-Beatles.

The Billy Shears (remember him and  
all his friends?) lament that kicks off  
the show, reviews Ringo's past with the  
Beatles and his transition to the present:

I was in the greatest show on earth,  
For what it was worth,  
Now I'm only thirty-two,  
And all I want to do . . . is boogaloo.

The album is well-peppered with  
boogaloo numbers, such as "Hold On,"  
by Randy Newman; "Oh My, My," by  
Ringo; and "You're Sixteen," a rock  
and roll-boogie song by Richard and  
Robert Sherman. These songs have an  
either-or potential for turning off hard-  
core Beatlemaniacs or opening a new  
perspective for them.

The Beatles, per se, never really get  
together on any one number. McCart-  
ney makes one contribution to the effort  
and plays mouth saw on another.  
George Harrison wrote three songs, two  
in collaboration with other people.

Paul and Linda are still loving each  
other to death in his entry, "Six  
O'Clock." But the song shows that  
McCartney may finally be out of the  
bubblegum music era and ready to set

composers. But interspersed between  
the phrases of the chorus are kinetic  
embellishments whose meanderings  
achieve a strikingly beautiful jux-  
taposition.

This new version bears the mark of  
Kondrashin's deliberate conducting  
style which, when applied to this piece,  
renders inferior results when compared  
to Morton Gould and the Royal

Philharmonic's version. Gould is much  
more skillful at bringing the chattering,  
disjointed symphony to a surging  
crescendo, while Kondrashin treats the  
passage more like an uncontrollably  
monstrous sound shape.

At the age of 24, Shostakovich told the  
New York Times, "Good music lifts the  
heartens and lightens people for work  
and effort. It may be tragic, but it must  
be strong. Music cannot help having a  
political basis. There can be no music  
without ideology."

Here I must disagree with  
Shostakovich because his non-political  
music is far superior to his contrived,  
Communist-influenced pieces — setting  
my political biases aside. Although they  
do have their fine moments, the Second  
and Eighth Symphonies, along with a  
few others, are best left in the Soviet  
Union.

But Kondrashin's version has, on the  
same disc as the Second Symphony, an  
excellent version of Shostakovich's First  
Symphony. Considered one of his best  
scores, the First Symphony is very  
simply put together, with clearly defined  
melodic statements and developments.  
For the most part, it is a series of solos  
backed by the orchestra, which Kon-  
drashin moves at an energetic pace with  
his characteristic Russian vitality. The  
dissonant transitions between parts of  
the movement are transformed into  
massive orchestral swamps, which  
embellish and color this rather cut-and-  
dried composition. The highly conser-  
vative nature of the symphony counter-  
balances Kondrashin's mighty style of  
conducting, which gives the piece un-  
precedented fire, especially when com-  
pared to Eugene Ormandy's pale ren-  
dition.

But the real prize in this new set of  
Shostakovich recordings is the Violin  
Concerto No. 1, by soloist David  
Oistrakh and Shostakovich's son,  
Maksim, conducting the New  
Philharmonic Orchestra. This concerto  
is a more mature example of  
Shostakovich's absolute music — devoid  
of any programmatic or political ex-  
cuses — and is perhaps the best violin  
concerto written since Bartok's 1938  
piece. It is a reflective, sensitive and  
occasionally profound work. It's sur-  
prising the concerto is not more popular.

Soviet violin master Oistrakh, one of  
the world's best violinists, gave the  
concerto an affectionate reading when it  
was first performed in the mid '50s by  
the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra  
of New York under the direction of  
Dimitri Mitropoulos. But in the new  
recording, Oistrakh treats each note as  
if it were precious — and in this version,  
each note is.

Notes are shaped into well-focused  
phrases, reflecting a profound un-  
derstanding of the concerto and its  
expressive possibilities. These  
possibilities, which are only suggested  
in the 1955 recording, are enhanced by  
young Shostakovich, who keeps the  
orchestra appropriately subdued but  
still gives Oistrakh a confident and  
mood-setting backing. Mitropoulos, on  
the other hand, used the orchestra as a  
remote backdrop for the soloist.

The violin cadenza, which links the  
third and fifth movements in a wildfire  
passage in which Oistrakh alternates  
between screeching and singing notes  
with split-second speed, gracefully  
moving his instrument to the outer  
limits of its potential.

As rather a kicker to the cadenza, a  
lively Slavic dance follows with  
Shostakovich exploiting the possibilities  
of the brassless sonorities in the or-  
chestra.

Concerning his performance of the  
concerto, Oistrakh said, "My  
fascination with it grew day by day until  
I was completely under its spell. It  
pleased me so that I studied it, thought  
about it, lived for it."

Indeed, Shostakovich's First Violin  
Concerto is a wonderful piece of music  
and Oistrakh's new performance is  
definitive. The piece ranks with  
Shostakovich's First, Fifth and Tenth  
Symphonies as one of his best scores.

At his best, Shostakovich offers a  
modern but post-Romantic relief from  
the explosive serial and electronic music  
that has stormed our ear the past few  
decades.

Like Prokofiev, one could almost call  
Shostakovich the Andrew Wyeth of the  
music world.

tle down to good music. This is the most  
sophisticated number he's produced in  
a long time.

Harrison has always had a way of  
surprising people. Just when you start  
to think he will be lost forever  
somewhere in India, he bounces back  
with a country cut, "Sunshine Life for  
Me (Sail Away Raymond)." Employing  
banjos, a mandolin, fiddles, an upright  
bass and an assortment of guitars, the  
number displays the agility and diver-  
sity available in the country music  
spectrum. (Are you reading this, Sir  
Robert Charles Griggs?)

One number that may definitely  
cause a few raised eyebrows in the  
feminist set is "Devil Woman," a lust-  
rock number with a fuzz electric guitar  
which plays around a hard-driving  
drum background that accentuates the  
lascivious message:

Your eyes are green and your legs  
are long,  
And if I'm gonna get you, well I gotta  
be strong,  
But you're like the devil with horns in  
your head,  
The only way I'll get you is to get you in  
bed.

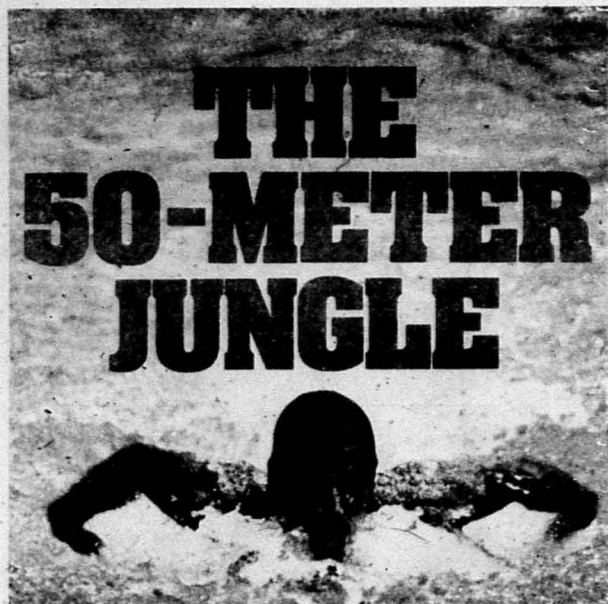
Then there's the grabber, the closing  
song, "You and Me (Babe)," by  
Harrison and Mel Evans. A final salute  
to the audience delivered by the Starr or  
the album, it's reminiscent of the old  
Beatles exit at the end of a production:

Now I want to tell you the pleasure  
really was mine,  
Yeah I had a good time singing and  
drinking some wine,  
Though I may not be in your town, I can  
still be found,  
Right here on this record spinning  
round, with the sounds."

It may not be the "Beatle album"  
that was expected, but since it's  
probably the closest thing to it for quite  
a while to come, pick it up anyway.  
"And so it's goodnight from your  
friend and mine, Ringo Starr."



# Training makes the difference in swimming



## 'The Boys of Summer': fondly reminiscent

By Steve Jesukaitis  
Student Writer

The Boys of Summer  
by Roger Kahn

Harper & Row, 442 pp., \$8.95

With the pitching of Labine, Erskine, Roe and Black, they could match the great pitching staff of the 1973 New York Mets.

With the power hitting of Robinson, Furillo, Snyder and Campanella, they could equal the "Murderer's Row" of the 1927 New York Yankees.

And with the moxy and never-say-die attitude of Cox, Hodges and Reese, they could capture the hustle and spirit of the "Gas House Gang" of the 1941 St. Louis Cardinals.

Who are these men and why do they deserve such high accolades?

To most people, especially baseball fans, these men are the old Brooklyn Dodgers of 1952, but to Roger Kahn, they are fondly referred to as "the boys of summer."

Kahn depicts a team whom many feel was one of the greatest baseball teams that ever played the game. It was a team that had blown a 13-game lead in 1951 and lost the pennant on the final day and final out of the season, but came back to win the pennant the next two years.

It was a team composed of three black players, Roy Campanella, Jackie Robinson and Joe Black, when the major leagues still frowned upon blacks playing baseball. The Dodgers didn't care what color their fellow players were. All that mattered was whether or not they won each game they played.

But most of all, it was a team that had a certain charisma that sought out and won the hearts of its baseball fans. Each man possessed a unique quality that gave the team a legendary status. Kahn tells how they gained their status and how the boys became men.

The year is 1952, and Kahn is a cub reporter for the old New York Herald Tribune. Although only 25, Kahn has been assigned to cover the Brooklyn Dodgers, his boyhood idols. Kahn writes about the ballplayers with a certain reverence, like Mark Twain wrote about the mighty Mississippi River. He came to know and worship the players to such an extent that it was hard for

him to remain impartial in his reporting.

Kahn speaks of Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Robinson as the team leaders. He describes Reese as a small-built man, but having leadership qualities that few big men possessed. Kahn said Reese spoke little, but when he spoke, everyone listened. Kahn describes Robinson as a natural leader. He was a man who did things, and usually did them right.

Kahn reported on the Dodgers for two years, the years the Dodgers won two National League pennants, only to lose the World Series to the New York Yankees each year.

The Dodgers, as the author describes them, were up and down, but they were never out. He talks of men like Duke Snyder, hitting .175 in July, then hitting .400 in September when the team really needed it. He writes about the New York Giants closing in fast as they did in 1951, only to have the Dodgers play their best ball and bury the Giants as well as the memory of the previous year.

To the 35,000 fans who usually jammed Ebbetts Field for the big games, the Dodgers were either the "bums" or the "darlings" of baseball. As Kahn describes them, the Dodger fans were hot and cold but they stuck with the Dodgers in both the good and bad years.

Kahn finishes his book by visiting all the former Dodgers 15 years later. Some have become successful men — like Joe Black, a vice-president for the Greyhound Bus Co. — while others, like Billy Cox, have been all but forgotten while tending bar by the Juniata River in Pennsylvania. Some are completely out of the picture now. Preacher Roe, a better spitball pitcher in his prime than Gaylord Perry could ever be, works his farm in the hills of Arkansas. Such men as Reese and Robinson have remained in the public limelight, but only as figureheads. Except for Gil Hodges, who managed the New York Yankees until 1970, the old Brooklyn Dodgers are out of baseball.

The "boys of summer" have now become men. Maybe they were never boys at all. Maybe they were only men playing a boy's game.

By Larry Marshak

The 50-Meter Jungle  
by Sherman Chavoor with Bill Davidson

Coward, McCann, Geoghegan, Inc., 223 pp., \$6.95

Author-trainer Sherman Chavoor gives readers a first-hand view of a decade of amateur swimming. From the early 1960's through the 1972 Olympics.

Chavoor writes about little-known swimming world facts, the changes made in the sport and the changes which are needed. However, the title may be a little deceiving, as Chavoor touches on other sports and joins other sports figures in attacking the definition of an amateur.

The main portion of the book describes the struggle of Mark Spitz, who won seven gold medals in the 1972 Olympics. Chavoor tells how Spitz overcame his early problems both in and out of the pool.

Other great swimmers such as Debbie Meyer and Mike Burton are discussed, but these swimmers had to overcome a different set of problems than Spitz.

To make it to the Olympics, Ms. Meyer and Burton had to learn to cope with Chavoor's harsh training techniques. Chavoor's harsh training regimen seems almost cruel, but results have been amazing. Burton was the so-called guinea pig in Chavoor's training experiments. The results were two gold medals in the 1968 and 1972 Olympics and a handful of world records in long-distance swimming. Burton began swimming in his early teens, quite late for a swimmer, but under Chavoor's guidance he picked up the techniques rapidly.

Chavoor, who cannot swim a stroke, uses psychology as one of his main training tools. The other tool is physical and grueling. Chavoor has his students swim 14,000 yards a day to get into shape. Other coaches once worried about the effects of 14,000 yards on

swimmers' minds and bodies. But most coaches switched to Chavoor's techniques after they saw Burton knock 13 seconds off a world record.

The Spitz story continues throughout the book as he is forced to leave Chavoor's school and enter other school. Spitz' religion was one hangup — probably the worst — he had to overcome. Swimming was and still is a middle-class sport and includes few ethnic minorities. Spitz, a Jew, finally overcame this problem after the 1968 Olympics.

Chavoor, however, is more than a coach to Spitz and most of his other pupils. He is a second father-figure, to most. He is rough in the pool and out of the pool, but goes out of his way to help one of them in trouble.

The author also turns to a discussion of amateur athletics and how the Olympics should be changed. (The so-called amateur performs his skill without pay while the pro athlete is paid for his services.) Chavoor points out that college scholarships worth up to \$31,000 are given to amateurs. Other countries give commissions in the service and state jobs to amateurs. Their job is their sport.

Chavoor suggests allowing pros to compete in the Olympics if they compete in a sport other than their specialty. He also recommends that amateur athletes earn money from their sport, for example, by writing books or being a television commentator.

Chavoor also thinks the Olympics should become less nationalistic. He favors the elimination of many relay races and the establishment of a permanent site for the Olympic games.

The taken-for-granted sport of swimming might take on a different aspect for many readers, thanks to this book. Just like any sport, in swimming, training makes the difference.

Larry Marshak is night editor of the Daily Egyptian and former Sports editor of the Temple (Tex.) Daily Telegram.

## Sagas of the gridiron should appeal to young

By William E. O'Brien

Power Football  
by Murray Chass and the Editors of Pro Quarterback

E. P. Dutton & Co., 218 pp., \$12.95

Football is America's great spectator sport. Each weekend from early in August until the last bowl game in January, the game is watched avidly by more persons than view any other athletic activity in the United States. Its detractors, including the millions of neglected housewives, insist it is brutal, organized mayhem.

Although pro ball is rough and demands strength and stamina, it is not a game where "dirty tactics" are overlooked or accepted. The performers reflect excellence and expertise in terms of knowledge and execution, and they live by the rules. It is true, however, that many play despite injuries and severe pain. Its avid fans call it "power" football, a contest which matches brains and brawn.

The gladiators who attract the most attention are the runners, the quarterbacks and the linebackers. Their stories are the sagas of the gridiron. Murray Chass, a sportswriter for the New York Times, and the editors of Pro Quarterback have compiled in this book the individual stories of the stars in each group.

The outstanding ball carriers include such familiar names as Larry Brown, Larry Conka, Franco Harris and Calvin Hill. The linebackers number among the list of stars such performers as Dick Butkus, Willie Lanier, Mike

Lucci and Tommy Nobis. It is easy to guess the quarterbacks selected, headed by Joe Namath, Johnny Unitas, Bob Griese, Fran Tarkenton and Len Dawson.

There are no stories about players who are linemen, centers and who "work in the trenches," but it can be inferred that without these performers, the heroes mentioned would have a very difficult time during an afternoon of professional football.

Action shots of all these luminaries are presented in full color which reveal more graphically than words the frustrations, the pain and the players' moments of exaltation. For armchair athletes the text discusses briefly and simply the strategy of both offense and defense keyed around the three categories of players. The emphasis, however, is focused on the individuals, how they achieved stardom, and the sacrifices which have been the price of their success.

Stories told in this book generally cover the area and efforts which fans are not likely to recognize simply by witnessing a professional football game. Inside information concerning the great players and their positions is interesting and very well presented for anyone who would have an interest in football, but not necessarily a detailed knowledge concerning in-depth strategy. While football fans of all ages will enjoy this book, it has a special appeal to younger readers who dream of following in the footsteps of their heroes.

William E. O'Brien is Chairman of the Recreation Department and an NFL referee.

# Viet artist paints 'Smiles,' 'Tears' series

By Jeff Jouett  
Student Writer

Sorrow, joy and calm are the three moods of men exposed to the visceral tableau of Vietnam wars, a 55-year-old Vietnamese artist has thoughtfully concluded.

Ten years ago Tran Dinh Thuy, an artist specializing in portraiture, traveled throughout Vietnam and Cambodia painting a series of portraits called "Smiles," which featured the mood of joy reflected in his countrymen.

Now the agonies and tribulations of war and unrest in the Vietnamese people are surfacing in their expressions in his second portrait series, called "Tears," which Tran is in the process of painting.

Portraits from the "Smiles" and "Tears" series, as well as other portraits and landscapes in pastel, water color and oil, are among Tran's art exhibited in the Student Center Gallery Lounge beginning Monday, Dec. 3, and running through Friday, Dec. 7. The exhibit, Tran's first in the United States, is the fifth annual Vietnamese art show sponsored by the Center for Vietnamese Studies at SIU-C.

Tran draws his inspiration from the faces of man. "I try to capture what emanates from the human eyes and let the eye expression bring out the personalities of my subjects," Tran said. Faces of tribal mountaineers in Vietnam's central and northern highlands have particularly appealed to Tran.

"I have to like it — to feel the desire to do it — before I can begin to paint," Tran said as he smiled.

The artist has resided in Saigon since 1942 and does much of his painting in a studio adjoining his house. He has exhibited publicly several times in Vietnam, the most recent at an October exhibit in Saigon. Three of Tran's portraits are included in a book entitled, *Contemporary Vietnamese Art*.

"I paint everywhere I go," he said, adding that he plans to sketch many faces while touring the United States

for the first time. Tran is currently painting a portrait of SIU linguistics professor Charles Parish.

"I have to be in contact with my subjects," Tran explained. "I must get to know him or her. While we are talking I observe their characteristics and study what their conversation and gestures reveal about their personalities."

"Then, ideally, I talk back and forth to my subjects while I paint," he continued. "I need to see them relaxed and at ease. If we speak different languages I want my subjects to talk to some third person so that they can relax while they sit."

Tran learned portraiture techniques as a child by studying Oriental and Western art books. He has never been to an art school; thus his technique is a curious mixture of Eastern and Western art styles.

Tran strives to portray aspects of Vietnamese psychology and culture in his portraits, but his main concern is the diversity of man.

"On the one hand man is superior to all other animals," he said. "But then there is so much variety — even twin brothers are very different."

Carbondale is the first stop on Tran's U.S. visit. He finds his host, Nguyen Dinh-hoa, director of the Center for Vietnamese Studies, to be most gracious. He has found Americans to be kind, hospitable and helpful, he remarked.

Following his SIU exhibit, Tran will explore possibilities of displaying his art in Washington, D.C. He has also been invited to show his portraits at the Vietnamese Students Convention in Chicago around Christmas.

His exhibit in the Student Center will be opened by Vice President J. K. Leasure at 1:30 p.m. Monday. The public is invited to attend the opening and the week-long exhibit.

Tran plans to be present at the exhibit for most of the week and an interpreter will be provided by the Center for Vietnamese Studies so visitors may talk with the artist.



Deep in Thought. Watercolor.



Jungle Call. Watercolor.



Tran Dinh Thuy



My Last Village in North Vietnam. Pastels. Part of the "Tears" series.

## Daily Egyptian

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Photographers: Rick Lewis, Dennis Mahan, Tom Pol-

ter.



# An award-winning film of a vanishing time

By Linda Lipman  
Staff Writer

A 30-minute film about a 72-year-old maple sugar farmer has recently entered and won in five international film contests.

Why? Because *The Maple Sugar Farmer* shows the tenderness of an old man, his natural love for the woods and his simple life — a life of hard work during a time which shows "how happy people was and how poor they was," a time which is vanishing from America today.

The hundreds of hours of filming, editing, researching and sitting on logs at dawn to capture Sherman Graff tapping the maple trees and boiling down the sap, can be credited to W. Craig Hinde of the film production unit at SIU, and to Robert E. Davis, Chairman of the Department of Cinema and Photography.

Comparing the modern age to the past, Graff cannot help but conclude, "We have undoubtedly lost something." Modern machinery accomplishes 20 times more work in one day than "we had done," but the singin', whistlin' and hollarin' in the fields is gone.

"Occasionally you find someone like Graff, but when he is gone, that will be the end of the era," Hinde said. "You can read about the depression and farming with horses, but seeing the film brings the era home in a way an historical survey could not."

The heart of the film is a recollection of a way of life. The film's subject is syrup making, which in turn serves as the framework for a film about an era which is being "hung," Hinde explained.

Graff, the sole narrator in the film, shows and describes how he has kept alive his family's six-generation tradition of making maple syrup and sugar in the woods early every spring. Along with live presentation, which was shot during two maple syrup seasons, Graff reminisces about days gone by, days where "large families had many chores and didn't fuss about his job or her job, but did their jobs until the work was done."

Original country music — spoons, Jews harp, guitar, fiddle and bass — set

the mood, while Graff describes the process of drilling the trees, guessing at harvest times, boiling down the water on an outdoor log fire at dawn ("when that fire feels awful good") and returning to the wood fire stove to boil down the maple again for purification and baking. "And it's out of this world when it comes to eatin'," Graff adds. Pouring the syrup through a cheesecloth into a milk can wouldn't be approved by Good Housekeeping, but Graff enjoys himself as says, "I never did wish to live my life over."

Decisions on the length of the film and the conversation to be used were gauged for a fourth- to sixth-grade audience. Three stories telling of Graff's one-room schoolhouse and his childhood experiences through the eighth grade, were actually tested for audience response by grade-school children before two of the stories were selected for the film.

Numerous still historical photographs and drawings of Graff's family, his home, surroundings and schoolhouse are used in the film to depict Graff's stories. Several photographs were personal property of Graff, others came from neighbors, and many were borrowed from the Wisconsin State Historical Society and the Library of Congress' collection of historical photographs. "People in the area were gracious in allowing us to use applicable photographs," Hinde said. Collecting and selecting the photographs took much time, he added.

A mutual friend of Davis' and Hinde's spurred interest in making the film, Hinde continued. "So we went out into the elements to talk with him during syrup season and invested the money to shoot a roll of film."

The first roll was taken to ACI Films, Inc., a nationwide distributor in New York, for approval and financial backing. Davis and Hinde then proceeded to more than one year of filming and production in various sessions.

Although the film depicts Graff living alone in a small cottage with a wood stove, in actuality, using "poetic license," Davis and Hinde chose to film in the interior of a home owned by two young SIU art students who, in fact, use the wood stove and farm in their own garden. Hinde said Graff took to

cooking the maple syrup on the old-fashioned stove "like a duck to water" and remembered his own stove of years ago. "If Graff had his preference, he would live this way, but Graff is married."

The photo used of the exterior of the home and the rolling hills was still another home Davis and Hinde found near Murphysboro. Graff's original home is under Kinkaid Lake. The two filmmakers taped sound effects for the farm scenes early one morning at a farm about 85 miles west of Carbondale, where two brothers harvest with horse-drawn implements. Then the sound was applied to the stories of yesteryear that Graff relates. Other sound effects were taken from threshing machines and steam engines in Pinckneyville.

Several of the sound sequences combine five tracks of tape into one composite sound, using the narrative, music and sound effects. The sound editing was a tedious, meticulous activity from which the visual was matched. "The editing was done shot by shot," Hinde said. "You can't do one and then add the other. You have to structure the film with the narrative."

Like boiling down the syrup, film-

makers boil down hundreds of feet of film to achieve an efficient, articulate piece of film. For *The Maple Sugar Farmer* Davis and Hinde condensed four times the amount of film they actually used, without eliminating the feeling of the man and his work.

"The film was personally fun to make and we hope it has some value. If we break even on production costs, we will feel the film has done well," he continued. Money was not the primary motivation for Hinde. Educational films are not money-makers like theatrical productions, he explained.

Hinde said he anticipates no future films at this time, because of the personal expense and time involved. But he said people are constantly approaching him asking, "Did you hear about the old-timer doing something of interest?"

*The Maple Sugar Farmer* received the CINE Golden Eagle award; San Francisco Film Festival, best in category; CHRIS Statuette, Best in Category, Columbus, Ohio Film Festival; CINDY, Silver Award, Information Film Producers of America; and Bronze Award, Atlanta Film Festival. It is available locally through rental at the Learning Resources Center at Morris Library.



Photo by Linda Lipman

Robert E. Davis and W. Craig Hinde, producers of *The Maple Sugar Farmer*, have recently won five international awards for the film.

## 'Maple Sugar Farmer' is flowing poetry on film

By Julie Titone  
Staff Writer

*Maple Sugar Farmer* fills the senses like the symphony of crystal maple sap dropping in pails on a clear winter morning.

Filmed in color by SIU's W. Craig Hinde and Bob Davis, *Maple Sugar Farmer* is 30 minutes of documented life. It's the country life, the Southern Illinois life. It's the cherished life of one Sherman Graff, the maple sugar farmer.

To aid their effort to capture some of the character America is losing, producers Hinde and Davis could have found no one better than Graff. The old farmer has set into his wrinkled face clear, lively eyes that equal the vibrance of his voice. His narration is unpretentious and amusing. In the words he used to describe an old horn owl, he is "a character."

Words used by the country men are probably best to describe everything about the film.

"Clear as vinegar" is the way Graff spoke of the clarified maple syrup. His figure of speech also could describe the film's photography. The woods, the fire, the morning and evening sun have the viewer expecting to smell pine and woodsmoke and dew-wet grass. The scenes' relaxing pace is a far cry from the confusing celluloid circus of so many modern films.

No number of exclamation points would be adequate to describe the soundtrack. The taping of Graff's narration in the woods, with a background of birds and rustling trees, added immensely to the authenticity of the film. Most

effective of all was the soundtrack coordinated with the still memory shots.

The foot-tappin' music with the parlor dance scene, the sounds of men and horses hauling timber, the giggling, murmuring classroom noises — each of these and many more complemented the old photographs.

These still shots, composing half the film, showed great attention to detail. Archives and museums all over the country were searched for the "perfect" pictures. And if, in the words of Hinde, "poetic license" was used with the pictures and locations not related to Graff's life, that license is justified. The work is poetry on film.

The production of maple sugar, like the production of good cinema art, is a planned and painstaking process. First, the sap is gathered in pails on crisp wintry mornings. Then it is boiled down in huge cauldrons over outdoor fires to eliminate excess water. The sugar itself, if cooked properly, is prepared in small tasty batches. Graff demonstrates each step with gusto.

Not a very professional review, one might say. She didn't find anything wrong. Well, I did. But it's not in the film itself. The problem, again in the words of the farmer, is that "we have undoubtedly lost something."

That haunting something is what Hinde and Davis have put on a reel of film. It is a time not only of unpolluted air and streams, but of a man's untainted, unembarrassed love of his work. Having seen *Maple Sugar Farmer* and walked through those southern hills myself, I think that, with Graff, I just might "choose to go back... to go back."



Sherman Graff boils down the sap from maple trees to prepare maple syrup.

# Daily Activities

3 Monday

Exhibit: Center for Vietnamese Studies, Dec. 3-7, Student Center Gallery Lounge.  
George S. Counts Lecture: 8 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.  
Student Comp. Concert: 8 p.m., Shryock Auditorium.

4 Tuesday

Illinois Dept. of Transportation: 8 a.m.-5 p.m., Student Center Ballroom A.  
High School Counselors Conference: all day, Student Center.  
Basketball: SIU vs. U. of Wisconsin, 7:30 p.m., Arena.  
SGAC Concert: "Blue Oyster Cult", 8 p.m., Shryock Auditorium.

5 Wednesday

High School Counselors Conference: 9 a.m.-12 noon, Student Center

## Free concert set at Newman Center for folk music

"Music Folk," an evening of free folk music, will be presented at the Newman Center, 715 S. Washington, from 8 to 10 p.m. Sunday.

Headlining the informal program will be Larry McKimmy, currently performing weekends at Leo's, Steve Hagerman, folk singer and composer and Dave Stearns, music critic for the Daily Egyptian.

The event is open to the public and admission is free.

### Art exhibit

An exhibit of 20th Century Masterworks from St. Louis Collections will be presented in the Special Exhibitions Galleries of the St. Louis Art Museum from Dec. 2 through Feb. 3. The Exhibit is drawn from private and institutional collections.

Ballrooms B & C.

University Wind Ensemble Concert: 8 p.m., Shryock Auditorium.

6 Thursday

Meeting: Materials Appraisal Workshop, Student Center Missouri Room.  
Dinner: P.E.O., 7:30 p.m., Student Center Ballroom B.

7 Friday

Christmas Art Sale, 3-9 p.m., Student Center River Rooms.  
Baldwin-Abbott Christmas Dinner: 6:30-12:45 a.m., Student Center Ballrooms A, B & C.  
SGAC Film: "Ballad of Cable Hogue", 8 & 10 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.  
Dance: Alpha Kappa Alpha, 9 p.m.-12:45 a.m., Student Center Ballroom D.

8 Saturday

SCPC Christmas Art Sale: 12 noon-9 p.m., Student Center River Rooms.  
SGAC-Childrens Film Series: "Babes in Toyland", 2 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.  
Basketball: SIU vs. U. of Missouri, 7:30 p.m., Arena.  
SGAC Film: "Ballad of Cable Hogue", 8 & 10 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.  
Dance & Buffet: University Women's Club, 9 p.m., Student Center Ballroom D.

9 Sunday

SCPC Christmas Art Sale: 12 noon-5 p.m., Student Center River Rooms.  
Graduate Recital: 8 p.m., Shryock Auditorium.  
SGAC Film: "Ballad of Cable Hogue", 8 p.m. only, Student Center Auditorium.

## 'S Gershwin' to be re-aired

By Glenn Amato  
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

One of 1972's most acclaimed musical specials, "S Wonderful," "S Wonderful," "S Wonderful," starring Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire, will be reprised at 7 p.m. Monday on WSU-TV, Channel 8.

The Gershwin tribute, originally presented on NBC as part of the Bell System Family Theater, also stars Leslie Uggams, Ethel Merman, Peter Nero, Larry Kert, Linda Bennett and Robert Guillaume.

Despite the galaxy of star performers, the undeniable "star" of the

program is the music of George Gershwin. More than 50 selections are performed, ranging from ballads such as "Embraceable You" and "Someone to Watch Over Me" to bouncy rhythm tunes like "Lady, Be Good" and "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" to selections from "Porgy and Bess."

"S Wonderful," "S Wonderful," "S Wonderful" received Emmy awards for outstanding single program, direction (Walter Miller), choreography (Alan Johnson) and musical direction (Elliot Lawrence).

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# Gallery to take entries

Entries for a series of regional art exhibitions to be held Jan. 7 through Feb. 22 at Mitchell Gallery will be accepted Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at the University Galleries Office.

The entries must be hand delivered to the Office at 600 W. Freeman St.

Any resident of the 17 southern-most counties of the state may submit a work to the exhibitions. These counties are: Alexander, Pulaski, Massac, Union, Johnson, Hardin, Pope, Williamson, Jackson, Saline, Gallatin, Randolph, Perry, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson and Washington.

The exhibitions are open to all media: ceramic drawing, painting, needlework, weaving, knitting, carving, photography, quilting, crocheting, printmaking, sculpture, jewelry, metalsmithing, wood-working, leatherworking, collage, glass, basketry, enamelling, doll-making, wreath-binding or other arts and crafts.

"All items must be hand-made and self-conceived," Ernest Graubner, assistant curator of galleries, said. "Works which have been constructed from commercial molds or works whose design has been executed by someone other than the exhibitor will not be considered."

Exhibit sizes must be no larger than 48 inches in width for self-supporting, three-dimensional works. Exceptions to size limitations may be items which can be folded and displayed in a smaller size, such as quilts.

Since the exhibitions will show all submitted work, each person is limited to one entry.

Representation of both the University community and the residents of Southern Illinois is a primary concern," Graubner said.

"For this reason, entries from the University community may be limited to 50 per cent of the total works entered and will be shown on a first come, first served basis."

For additional information and to obtain exhibition labels which must be attached to the work, exhibitors should write or telephone University Galleries at 453-3493.

## ADVANCE REGISTRATION FOR WINTER QUARTER ENDS DECEMBER 11!

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Student Composer Jim Scholl

## Student compositions played in concerts held this week

By Dave Stearns  
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

Composing music is often a lonely process.

"A student has a long road before he emerges into a finished composer. At times he feels isolated and finds it difficult to be motivated," said Alan Oldfield, associate professor of music composition.

Tom Strini is one composer who had motivation problems at the beginning of the quarter. "Dr. Oldfield suggested that I consider poetry settings. I read some Chinese poetry, and could imagine them set to music," Strini said.

Consequently, Strini will be presenting the first two movements of his work in progress (which is yet untitled) on the Graduate Student Composers Recital, 8 p.m. Monday in the Home Economics Auditorium. "Without a doubt, composing is a lonely process—it precludes a lot of activities. Last weekend I spent 20 hours working on my composition, which is scored for guitar, singers, flute oboe, string bass and percussion," Strini said.

And with this dedication, Strini who has a B.A. degree in composition, hopes to be "the greatest composer in the world. Like Bela Bartok. You have to think positive, you know."

"Composing is something that

you're never through with. There's always more to do," he said.

On the other hand, Nadine Zarar, whose "Theme and Variations No. 39" for woodwind quintet is on the program, doesn't share Strini's feeling of isolation or ambition.

"I've learned that if you do something by yourself, you get it done exactly the way you want it. I prefer working alone, then I'm in total control. But then sometimes there are a few surprises that come out in a performance, and then you have to go back and work them out," Ms. Zarar said.

Jim Scholl's "Mount Marcy Suite" will be presented at the Undergraduate Composer's Recital, 4:30 p.m. Wednesday, in the Old Baptist Foundation.

Monday night's program of graduate-student composed music includes "Soup" and "Sonic Tonic" by Bryce Robbley, "Sonic Sculpture No. 2" by Joe Krzyziak, "Galop for Brass Quintet" by Richard Reese, "I Get What's Left" by Rich Davis, "T.D.M.B." by James Tice, and "Clarinet Sonata" by Gary Brinkman.

Wednesday night's undergrad program includes Steve Koerber's "Wind Quartet," Ken Hayden's "Circles of Purusha," Charki Dunn's "Three Etudes for Chorus," William Stacy's "Violin Concerto," and Dave Rice's "Suite for Bassoon and

Piano," John Zolk's "Faith Part Two," Mark Thomas's "Brass Quintet," Ray Zahra's "Chamber Music (James Joyce) Poem Three," and J.M. Rankin's "Segments."

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# Jo Mack relocates her 'show business'

By Tom Finan  
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

When Jo Mack talks about show business, the emphasis is on the word "business."

The Theater Department threw a cake and coffee party when Jo left her job as manager there early this quarter. The move was short, however — just across campus to Shryock Auditorium, where she is now operations manager.

Jo's childhood reads something like the scenario of a Shirley Temple movie. Her mother was a dancer with the Billy House company, which did mostly reviews and some "book" shows. Jo first appeared in one of the book shows at the age of two.

From then until she was eight she traveled with the company and loved the life.

"It was fun to dress extravagantly, call room service for breakfast, and I loved the trains. Even as a child I wore a fur coat, but it didn't seem unusual at the time — that was just the way everybody I knew lived."

The late Irene Ryan (Granny of "The Beverly Hillbillies" and her husband were with the Billy House company at the time and taught Jo, "a great deal."

Finally, when she was around eight, "the authorities that make children go to school," caught up with Jo and she was sent to a private school taught by nuns near her maternal grandmother's home in Springfield.

At first she got in trouble, "because I didn't know any better," but finally, after a switch to a public school, she learned to like classes and graduated from high school as a member of the National Honor Society.

She considered college seriously for a while but discarded the idea when she realized, "I could make 200 times the amount in show business than anywhere else."

"I never reached anywhere near star status. To me show business was just that, a business. I wasn't very stagestruck. I had been raised in it, it was just like scrubbing floors, except it paid better."

Playing the state fair circuit and "club dates" (dinners which large corporations used to sponsor for their employees) Jo developed a reputation as a "90 per center" which meant that I could be counted on to deliver to an audience about 90 per cent of the time. This was fairly hard on uncertain stages, with pick-up musicians.

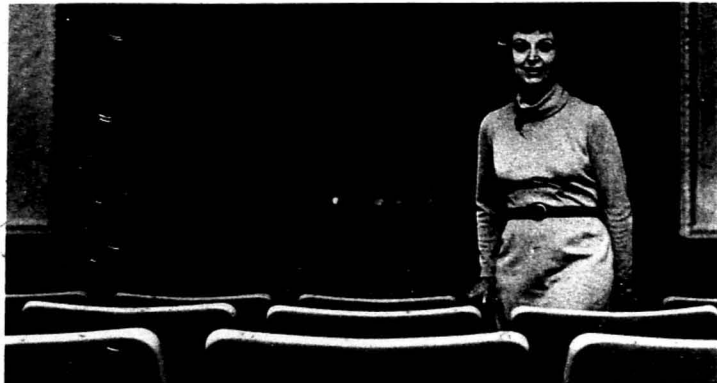
While she was developing her reputation as a dancing comedienne Jo was also sharpening her business acumen, often through hard knocks.

Although she only went through one lean time, when she attempted to break out of the dancer mold and get into comedy, Jo realized she could retain more of the fruits of her work if she was her own middleman. She booked her own dates, managed her act herself and wrote her own material.

Rumors have popped up from time to time at SIU that Jo's name is her stage name. It is and it isn't. She was christened Elizabeth Josephine, but she could never stand the nickname Betty, so she picked up the Jo when she started her career.

A road manager once took off all the money from a show and when the performers sued Jo lost her case because her legal name wasn't on the contract. She immediately changed her name legally.

By dint of some serious saving Jo was able to buy a quarter of a block in Springfield when she was expecting her son, now a student at Sangamon State University. That quarter block became the foundation for Mack Enterprises, a company consisting of a road company, three dance studios, a dancers retail supply house and a wholesale dancing supplies business.



Jo Mack

When her son finally reached the age where he could decide what he wanted as a career, he elected not to enter the family business. Jo decided to sell everything but the retail store, which is run by a manager, and give herself some more free time.

She went to work at the State Fair in Springfield in charge of special productions. It was there that she came in contact with the SIU Theater Department through a play which Christian Moe had written for the fair.

Accepting an offer to manage the Theater Department, she stayed there for four and a half years, her bustling compact figure a familiar sight around the Communications Building as she arranged details for shows and generated a crew of students, many of whom have kept in touch with her after they graduated.

When a former theater management student of hers decided to leave his job at Shryock Auditorium Jo told him to go ahead and "throw her name into the hat."

William Dean Justice, under whose administration Shryock falls, agreed to change the job description from a technical one to management and public relations orientation in order to hire Jo.

So far, her duties have been to make sure that the human machinery involved in getting a show on schedule is in working order.

When Theodorakis played at Shryock the cast had transportation troubles and arrived in Carbondale late and hungry. Jo had to call her husband, who was getting dressed for the show, and tell him to instead bring sandwiches and soft drinks for the cast.

"Having been on the other side of the footlights gives me a better idea of what a performer needs," she said.

She feels she has been very lucky in her career.

"I'm very grateful for the opportunities I've had in business. I never felt it was necessary to fight for my rights as a woman. People have always accepted me at face value."

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## Women carolers to perform

Christmas carols from America and Europe will be featured at the annual Women's Ensemble Christmas Carol concert at 8 p.m. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at the Old Baptist Foundation Chapel.

"The girls had trouble learning French pronunciations for a medley of French carols," Charles Taylor, conductor of the ensemble said.

"Our library emphasizes European music," Taylor said, "and we basically selected the music we already had on hand."

The emphasis on universal celebration is entirely new to the girls, Taylor said. But will allow solos by Mary Jane Paulich, in "Hasten Swiftly, Hasten Softly," Louella Beckman in "Susanna," Cynthia Ann Ryan in "Behold that Star," and "What Strangers Are These?"

Christmas is the richest time of the year for choral music, Taylor said, and the ensemble will perform a variety of music. Thirteen girls are members in the ensemble. Two instrumentalists, Dawn Jung on flute and Bruce Harris on drums, will accompany the girls on several numbers.

### Youth orchestra

The 127-member Saint Louis Symphony Youth Orchestra will open its three-concert series on Friday, December 14, 8:30 p.m. at Powell Symphony Hall.

The first concert program will include Berlioz' Benvenuto Cellini Overture; Corelli's Concerto Grosso in G Minor, Opus 8; Ginastera's Suite from the Ballet "Estancia"; Rimsky-Korsakov's Christmas Eve Suite.

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## "Potpourri" program offered

By Dave Stearns  
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

Dance enthusiasts will have an opportunity this week to witness a potpourri of sensual experiences encompassing rare black zinnias, en travesti dancing, pulses and syntheized Chopin—all in the context of modern dance.

"Dancing as the Moon Behind Winter Trees," a collection of dances created by Lonny Gordon, Moira Logan and Holly Gatchings, will be presented at 8 p.m. Tuesday and Wednesday by the Southern Repertory Dance Theater. Tickets are 50 cents at the door.

The title was inspired by author Archibald MacLeish and lithographer David Folkman according to Lonny Gordon, the Dance Theater's director. "I got the idea from David's paintings. He helped audition the company this fall and also he is moving to Houston so this show is sort of a farewell to him."

This farewell encompasses the music of the 1930 pressing saxophonist, Henry Roedel, which inspired Ms. Logan to create what may turn out to be a suite of dances. The first section of this work-in-progress, "Sparkle Plenty," is on the program.

"Our music is usually a little more free form than Roedel's, but I like to push myself first and then I never explore it before." Even though the music is from that 30's and the dancers relate pretty directly to the music," Ms. Logan said.

"Creating a dance is such a fragile thing. It's like an birth, sometimes it's hard to sometimes it's easy depending on what you've set out for yourself. Creating a dance is not like writing a play, when you know pretty much how the play is going to come out," she said, explaining that she sometimes doesn't realize what she is unconsciously pressing in the dance until it's completed.

Dance instructor Holly Gatchings, who came to SU this winter from the University of Hawaii, will present "Pulses," as Jim Daab-Conni Brazelton duet. Dressed in leotards painted with veins and artery designs, the dancers will perform to an accompaniment of simulated heartbeats.

"I made the appointment to perform in Hawaii, where simulated heartbeats were used to train medical students. The dance reflects both the physiological workings of the heart as well as its emotional connotations, such as romance, hate and broken hearts," Ms. Gatchings said.

Here the piece on the program, "Pulse," is a satire on traditional ballet. "The dance is a scherzo and contrasts the movements of aristocratic people," she said. "The accompaniment is a piece by Chopin, a dancer's composer played on a synthesizer."

"The music has been distorted away from its classical form, just as the dance distorts classical ballet," Ms. Gatchings explained. "We're having fun rehearsing this piece. I'm demanding a lot from the dancers technically and we're always surprised to know that we can push ourselves a little further."

"Black Zinnia" is a new piece by director Gordon. The title comes from the rare strain of flower that requires a great deal of sunlight is hearty, yet restrained.

"The dance contains three phases of movement that are constantly reworked and re juxtaposed. The dancers chant, clap and hum throughout the dance," Gordon said. "I created it for my aunt. She's an elegant, hearty and rare creature, a woman of the Southwest

United States, where black zinnias grow. She is also a primitive-style painter—her works are becoming collector's items."

Student composer Bryce Robbly is composing an electronic score for "Black Zinnia," which was originally performed by the Five College Moving Company.

In addition to these new dances "Dancing as the Moon Behind Winter Trees" will feature reconstructions of three dances presented in the Southern Repertory Dance Theater's show last spring. Among them is "Crossings," as Gordon danced that time, occurs the same way twice because of its improvisatory nature.

"The dancers yell 'Glorboddle' individually as an expression of their feelings toward the All-American city, which is symbolized by the red baseball caps the dancers wear," Gordon said.

Another reconstructed Gordon dance is "Fragile Nerv," which will be accompanied by the song, "Glorboddle Ladies," written by Dance Theater member Jim Daab.

"The dance features two women and two men and the men dance en travesti or in women's clothing. The men are costumed in this manner because they could bring out a quality in their dancing that the women could not. They provide the kind of movement that I wanted. The dance is a takeoff on tango, bossa nova or nightclub dancing, but we hope that it's a little better than that," he said.

Moira Logan's "Tendency," which was presented last year by the company and is on the current program, "is a strong statement about violence and tenderness," Ms. Logan said.

After the performances in Flurr, the Southern Repertory Dance Theater will present the program at 8 p.m. Dec. 8 and at 2 p.m. Dec. 9 in the Free Street Theater in Chicago.



"As the moon behind winter trees"

Top left: These black zinnias are (left to right) Kate Marshall, Melissa Nunn, Patricia Powell, Lisa Thompson, Susan McGath and Cathy Oda.

Above: Jim Daab and Conni Brazelton in a sequence from Holly Gatchings' dance, "Pulse."

Below: Heads of the dance program Dance instructor Holly Gatchings, Associate Professor and Director of the Dance Company Lonny Gordon and Dance instructor Moira Logan.

Photos by  
Tom Rotten

