

March 1974

3-4-1974

The Daily Egyptian, March 04, 1974

Daily Egyptian Staff

Follow this and additional works at: http://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/de_March1974
Volume 55, Issue 115

Recommended Citation

, . "The Daily Egyptian, March 04, 1974." (Mar 1974).

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by OpenSIUC. It has been accepted for inclusion in March 1974 by an authorized administrator of OpenSIUC. For more information, please contact opensiuc@lib.siu.edu.



Daily
Egyptian
Magazine
Southern Illinois University

Monday, March 4, 1974, Vol. 55, No. 115

"Nostalgia ain't what it used to be."

Peter DeVries

Carry me back: rich lode for purveyors of pop arts

By C. Anne Prescott
Staff Writer

Three years ago, the nostalgia craze sweeping America prompted Time essayist Gerald Clarke to ask, "How much more nostalgia can America take?" He observed, "We seem to be not so much entering the new decade as backing away from it full steam." Even now, as we approach mid-decade, Americans are still wrapped up in glorifying the 1920s and 1930s. Nostalgia shows no signs of waning.

Set to premiere on Broadway in the next two months are two musical memories from the '20s — *Good News* with Alice Faye and *Over Here!* starring the Andrews Sisters. CBS Radio has brought back the radio drama, while CBS-TV, capitalizing on the phenomenal success of *The Waltons*, has premiered a new and similar series called *Apple's Way*. Universities around the country are packing them in for revivals of film classics starring Greta Garbo, Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis and Clark Gable.

On the music scene the "acid rock" of Led Zeppelin, Iron Butterfly and the Jefferson Airplane is giving way to more tender, sentimental and melodic tunes. The Pointer Sisters, garbed in what Life magazine would have called "the lady-is-a-tramp look," are crooning their way to the top of the charts, thanks to the national notoriety Helen Reddy gave them last summer. Even Lawrence Welk, the bubble gum of champagne music, is appealing to those who can't remember when his hair wasn't gray.

The fashion industry, perhaps the harbinger of the nostalgia craze, leads the vanguard by promoting oversized bow ties, double-breasted jackets, two-tone shoes, tulle dresses laden with ruffles, ankle-strap shoes with bow ties, wedgies, chubby jackets of the '40s, gold lame gowns of the '30s and, to accent it all, dark fingernail polish and red, red lipstick.

The pop arts, perhaps more than the elite arts of high culture, have exploded into America's consciousness with the rebirth of antiquing, spinning, weaving, candlemaking, embroidery and bread-baking. Even the humble trade of farming is being eulogized as more and more people, disenchanted with urban frenzy, return to the country to "grow our own food and live off the land."

What does such a pervasive fad mean? Of course, it means money.

The receipts for No, No, Nanette, (which the National Observer's Clifford Ridley called "a particularly egregious hunk of nostalgia") would make Midas' coffers appear bare in comparison. Nanette's example as a three-year smash hit goaded other producers to resurrect ghosts of the 1920s, plays like Sigmund Romberg's *The Desert Song* and *The Student Prince*. Manufacturers of Mickey Mouse watches re-opened the factories when adults, and not children, clamored for timepieces showing the saucer-eyed mouse with the toothless smile. The Yuletide season wouldn't seem complete without Bing Crosby's

"White Christmas" or Guy Lombardo's "Auld Lang Syne." Vintage Montgomery Ward catalogues, once banished to the outhouse, are selling for \$5 apiece. Nostalgia is even credited with giving *The Saturday Evening Post* a second chance at immortality.

Also in a literary vein is the Nostalgia Book Club, a book- and record-of-the-month club, while books for comic fans, like *The Celebrated Cases of Dick Tracy and Arf (The Life and Hard Times of Little Orphan Annie, 1935-1945)*, sell for about \$15 each.

Hollywood, never an industry to lag far behind in cashing in on the public's fancy, has produced a spate of films recalling the years between the wars, including *Bonnie and Clyde*, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, *The Last Picture Show* and *Paper Moon*, the engaging story about a film-flam artist in the 1930s.

Taking its cue from Hollywood, television stations across the country are resurrecting W.C. Fields and Marx Brothers films. In the Carbondale viewing area alone WSUI-TV shows at least one 1930s film every night it operates. KMOX-TV in St. Louis features the Bijou Theatre "with double and triple film features" until the wee hours of the morning.

But what makes Americans yearn for the past, sink thousands of dollars into movies, books and art deco objects, and engage in what London Wainwright calls "an exercise in hopelessness?"

The most prevalent theory is that John Kennedy's assassination, followed by race riots, Vietnam, student protests, Kent State, the "new morality," and the murders of Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr., were too shocking for the American public, a stabbing reminder of man's inability to deal effectively with the machine, the environment and even himself.

Indeed, a study of the word nostalgia seems to support this hypothesis. The word is derived from the Greek word *nostos*, meaning "return home," and the Old English word *gesean*, meaning "to survive." Perhaps people believe that if they can "return home" to a less complicated life they can survive in the present. In a word, they are homesick.

"In a real sense," Wainwright said, "life tends to be circular, a round trip. As one develops an awareness of the end, he is drawn more and more to the beginnings."

At the same time, however, as Wainwright notes, nostalgia, that "wispy cousin" of memory, "picks its way daintily through the ruins" of some of the sobering facts of the '20s and '30s, facts like Prohibition, Al Capone, breadlines, the worst depression this country has ever experienced, and "the genocidal catastrophes of World War II, complete with Adolf Hitler and our own contribution to the holocaust, the atomic pulverization of Hiroshima and Nagasaki."

Not to be ignored in this same time period, though, were the solid, if not Puritanical values engrained in everyday life, values such as the work ethic, honesty, sincerity. Americans had their hero images, from the celluloid fantasies of Clark Gable to the charismatic "mah friends" approach of Franklin Roosevelt. The popularity of Sen. Sam Ervin as the folk hero of the youth cult underscores the compelling need to return to homespun virtues of candor and honesty.

Poet Archibald MacLeish once said, in very unpoetic fashion, that the wave of nostalgia represents a "return to history for ideas about how to get out of this mess." People are seeking examples of leadership in history, they want to "look back to times when people believed in something."

Looking back over the past 20 years of so-called leadership, MacLeish's theory becomes quite credible. After World War II we had Dwight Eisenhower, who once told his predecessor Harry Truman that he was "proud" of never reading a book during his eight years' tenure in office. Kennedy's Alliance for Progress was as dismal a flop as Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty. Richard Nixon inherited the Vietnam war from Johnson and

then forged forth with his own Armageddon. Some sociologists even theorize that the nostalgia craze would have slipped into obscurity if the Watergate scandal hadn't exploded into the American consciousness. Now Sam Ervin Fan Clubs dot the countryside and T-shirts bearing his caricatured face sell by the thousands.

Dr. Thomas Harris, who authored the runaway best-seller on transactional analysis, *I'm OK—You're OK*, said, "Watergate has had quite an impact on the country. People are turning back on the uncertainties and the complicated. We seem to have lost our sense of direction . . . our moral values. We're looking toward things that gave us comfort in other times."

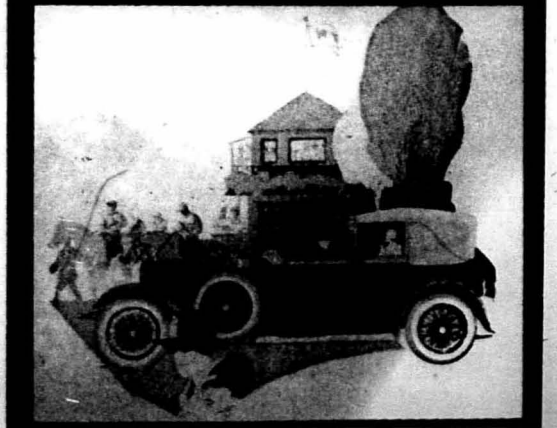
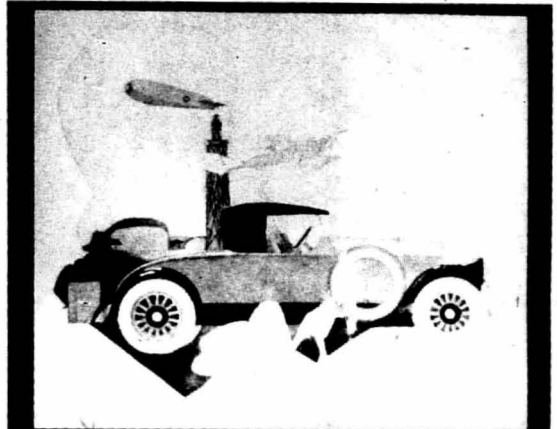
Future Shock author Alvin Toffler adds, "Mounting evidence that society is out of control breeds disillusionment with science. History is a great alternative to the super-industrial environment we don't know how to live in." As Marshall McLuhan wrote in *The Medium Is the Message*, "We march backwards into the future."

Perhaps at the core of all these opinions lies a simple but appalling truth: Americans, especially the young-

er generations, are too serious, too unable to laugh without tinges of sarcasm, irony or cynicism. Technology has outstripped humanity. As Carly Simon, plaintive chronicler of life sings, "I remember a time when our fears could be named, when courage meant not refusing dares . . . Now we are grown-up with debts and regrets and broken hearts and sentimental schemes. Now every tender failure seems to overthrow old dreams . . . It was so easy once never taking any stands . . . never making any plans . . . just holding hands."

If there's one common denominator of the decades of the '20s and '30s that supercedes even the virtues of simplicity and honesty, it is innocent humor or, to use a nostalgic word, mirth.

Perhaps Americans can steer their way through the commercialization and the overblown memories of "the good old days" to find relief in enjoyment, candor and honesty. If they can then perhaps we can all share in the unbridled optimism of poet MacLeish, who opined, "The results of this looking backward can only be good."



Daily Egyptian

Published in the Journalism and Egyptian Laboratory Monday through Saturday throughout the school year except during University vacation periods, examination weeks, and legal holidays by Southern Illinois University, Communication Building, Carbondale, Illinois, 62901. Second class postage paid at Carbondale, Illinois.

Subscription rates \$9.00 per year or \$3.00 per quarter. Policies of the Daily Egyptian are the responsibility of the editors. Statements published do not reflect the opinion of the administration or any department of the University.

Editorial and business offices located in Communication Building, North Wing, Phone 535-3311. Howard R. Long, Editor and Fiscal Officer; Adrian Combs, Business Manager; Edward Horn, Managing Editor; Larry Marshak, Night Editor; John Curtner, Advertising Manager; Sharon Walters, Classified Advertising Manager; Jean Carman, Office Manager; Phil Roche, Production Superintendent; Steve Robinson, Art Production Superintendent.

Graduate Assistants: Dave Eason, Robert Evans, Bruce Garrison and C. Anne Prescott. Student News Staff: Dave Ambrose, Tom Finan, Dan Haar, Mike Harvey, Gary Houy, Charlotte Jones, Kate Klinger, David Korbath, Linda Lipman, Terry Martin, Randy McCarthy, David Miller, Diane Mizalzo, Carolyn Mils, John Morrissey, Brenda Perkins, Ken Piskarski, Dobby Rasmussen, John Russell, David Stearns, Julie Tibone, Mark Tupper, Randall R. VonLuki, Leah Yates. Photographers: Richard Levine, Dennis Makes, Craig Stocks.

Music makes me homesick

By Dave Stearns
Staff Writer

Music gets homesick too.

So it goes back to where it came from — just as it hits an awesome outer realm. Acid rock's ear crashing intensity scared as well as intrigued us and probably frightened the hell out of people creating it.

And that's where nostalgia all started — with acid music. It's taken for granted that the first successful piece of mind exploring music was the Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper" album, — which also contained one of the first examples of reformed musical roots: "When I'm Sixty-Four." Cream, one of the most torturously progressive groups of the '60's, tacked a British music hall ditty on the end of their "Disraeli Gears" album. And the Jefferson Airplane improvised a country barnyard jam on "Bless Its Pointed Little Head." It was all harmless fun.

From there, the Monkees, Chad & Jeremy and Sopwith Camel came out with ricky-ticky tempoed numbers — all of which played with the music that was popular when our parents were young. It offered satire, comic relief — and at best, a serious re-appreciation for our musical heritage. We liked it because of our homesickness or perhaps because we suffered future shock over the frightening consequences of our lives and the world's recklessness. Nostalgia eventually expanded into our own past, exploiting the late 1950's and early '60's — and it let us curl up into a fetal position. There was warmth, security and nothing challenging or new.

It was all part of a backward move that also rediscovered country and western music (The Band, James Taylor) and blues (B. B. King and Janis). No longer was there the inventive song structure of the early Jefferson Airplane, the irrational lyrics of Jimi Hendrix, the experimental improvisational meanderings of the Grateful Dead or the eclectic cerebral significance of the late '60's Beatles.

When popular music quit moving forward, it became primarily functional — something to bring you up when you're blue, something to dance to — not something to analyze.

Well, why not? This move back has selectively enriched our musical scope. That's easier than exploring new uncharted realms. It was selective in the sense that nostalgia only encompassed happy things. For example, World War II marching songs have remained forgotten, even though they stood side by side with the now-revived Andrews Sisters tunes of the '40's.

But the womb of pure nostalgia is a bit too cramped. Wouldn't you rather see Ann Miller's "Great American Soups" commercial than sit through 90 minutes of a crusty old Busby Berkeley movie? Wouldn't you rather listen to Bette Midler mimic the Andrews Sisters than listen to an entire album of the real thing?

Excluding Broadway productions, about the only authentic nostalgia that has gained considerable popularity is personified by Chuck Berry. Berry came back doing what he always did, revealing its validity as a basis for what we have today. Also, we could be satirically amused by Berry. He filled the same function as the frothy satire offered by Sha Na Na and Grease.

Meanwhile, even our serious rock groups were integrating these dusted-off forms to crystallize basic rock-and-roll. The new success formula could be called thalidomide nostalgia — modernized to ultimate palatability. David Bowie and Alice Cooper, for example, use the same basic framework, adding their own outrageous lyrics and stage shows.

There are a few ground-breakers in the jazz field, such as John McLaughlin, and some half-hearted inroads to the classical field, exemplified by Keith Emerson and the Moody Blues. But in terms of the top 40 albums, pop music stays in the shadow of the past, afraid to accept rebirth. Nostalgia is no longer harmless, it's restricting.

So much for pop music.

Going back to pure nostalgia, we have noticed an elderly Ruby Keeler making a comeback in "No, No, Nancie" and the Andrews Sisters

trying again as well. Judy Garland, who died in 1969, possessed that certain magic too, as demonstrated by the accompanying personal impression.

"My dear lady, I've got rainbows up my arse!" quipped rainbow-ridden Judy Garland when accosted in a ladies' washroom by an enthusiastic fan.

And Judy wasn't kidding, for she eventually overdosed on what made her incomparably great — broken dreams, a precarious life style and an unquenchable thirst for love. It was all there in her voice. She was a love monger. Near the end her voice begged for it as she sang the same songs over and over to get it — while her voice became more frazzled and brittle.

"Now I'm going to sing a new song," she would announce. "And I haven't sung a new song... since Clive Brooks was a girl! Was he?"

Her audiences loved her humor — almost ANYTHING she did. It was good enough for them that she even showed up for her concerts. As the voice got worse, the legend grew greater and audiences more wildly enthusiastic.

At her last appearance in Chicago in 1966, people stood on their seats screaming "Judy you're beautiful, Judy I love you." She appeared as a grotesque caricature of herself, with doll-pink make-up, her eye sockets coated with green eyeshadow, the glitter in her hair matching her spangled pant suit.

They rarely let her on TV looking like that. On that particular evening in Chicago, however, she could not stop smiling — not even during the sad songs — as if to say "I'd like to hate myself in the morning and raise a little hell tonight." Unusual. On television it was common to see tears in her eyes while she sang.

The most constant factor in Judy's life was her close rapport with audiences — which still vividly exists five years after her death. Judy is a favorite subject of drag queens and female impersonators. Jim Bailey being a prime example. Several Garland biographies have hit the market. They depict her as a neurotic monster, a pathetic addict to amphetamines and barbiturates.

Particularly in the past year, re-discovered Judy Garland performances

have flooded the record market. In the record stores of larger cities, one finds a bin marked simply "Judy" — no last name is needed. Many album covers feature only a picture and the name "Judy." ("Garland" is somewhere in the fine print.) Most of the recordings are of old radio and television performances with very poor tone quality. There is, for example, "Drive-In," a half-hour radio murder mystery in which Judy plays a car-hop abducted by a mad murderer. There is a radio version of the film *Meei Me in St. Louis* and an album of Judy's guest appearances on Bing Crosby's 1951 radio show.

Bing: "Hiya Judy! Let's limber up the lipstick!"

Judy: "Oh, clutch me Croz!" So goes the dated screwball humor. Musically, these radio performances sound rather thrown together, entertaining, but with little depth. Garland freaks get a jolt from hearing her sing a Ford Spark Plug commercial with Dick Haymes, or a medley of children's TV show themes or a parody of Jeanette MacDonald or even spirited World War II propaganda songs.

The fine stuff is widely scattered throughout these collections. One is Judy's heartfelt 1946 rendition of "Liza," a song written for her daughter. (On "The Judy Garland Musical Scrapbook.") On "Judy and Her Partners in Rhythm and Rhyme," she sings a stunning duet with Vic Damone of a West Side Story medley and offers a top notch performance of "Too Late Now."

Music from her old movies also has been resurrected from the MGM vault, including soundtracks of *Easter Parade*, *The Pirate and Summer Stock* — all slick and sweet. A real collector's item is the soundtrack from *Annie Get Your Gun*, a film Judy started but did not complete because "the MGM lion bit me," as she once quipped. Actually, she was fired because of her temperamental nature. The firing led to a suicide attempt and nervous breakdown.

The role of Annie was unique in Judy's career and her performance on the soundtrack is unique for its recklessly lusty fashion. She mimics Howard Keel

in "The Girl That I Marry," and screams her bloody head off in "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better." Judy's replacement in Annie was Betty Hutton. Between the two there is no comparison.

Of all these albums, the best is "Judy Garland," a collection of nightclub performances on a German label — circa 1964. The voice is clear and confident, but dominated with melancholy bordering on morbidity. There is none of the euphoric joy that usually came with her finer performances and is a pathetic example of pure blues.

But there are some young Judy Garlands around today. The nostalgia craze has gone full circle; her schtick is once again in style. We have Judy's daughter, Liza Minelli, whose powerful belting voice has expression in every quiver. But Liza seems strong enough to take care of herself. Judy could not.

We also have Bette Midler. Listen to Midler singing "Am I Blue" and then put on "Stormy Weather" from "Judy at Carnegie Hall." The phrasing and style of inflections are identical.

Suppose Judy was still alive? Would she share Midler and Minelli's wide popularity? In her prime, Judy certainly had enough wit, tackiness and vocal style to outshine both of them.

But listen to her last recording (Judy: London, 1968) made a few months before her death. The voice struggles and strains to only occasionally reach the notes she had been able to hit thousands of times before. Even "Over the Rainbow" had to be transcribed down a few steps. Her pictures show her as a haggard circus clown with eccentric taste in clothes.

The only thing that never seemed used up was her crusty wit and charisma, which unfortunately, near the end, became apologetic for her broken-down talent.

But according to Judy's last husband, Micky Deans, her final recording was a performance from which she drew confidence and encouragement!

No, if Judy were still alive, she'd be better off at home with Mickey Deans (or perhaps some new husband) — listening to her old albums and watching her movies on TV.

As she often did when she was blue.



Fashionable nostalgia

By Linda Lipman
and
Julie Titone
Staff Writers

Look at yourself. In your mod, cuffed pants, wide-lapelled blazer, plaid socks and wedgies. 1974?

Not really. Just a rehash of the past 50 years or so. Looks a little different than the baggies of the 1940s. That blazer doesn't have the heavy shoulder padding and wool has been replaced by rayon, silk by nylon.

Fashion follows a trend. The trend during the World Wars was for women to work, thus look the part and wear the trousers. Women are working again, not out of necessity, but because they want to. "Pant suits" as we call them now, aren't really new. But the fabric is, and it's more expensive.

The frilly smocks of today were the "middy blouses" of Sears Roebuck in 1919. Those blouses sold for \$1.59 to \$3.59.

A woman's "bust confiner" in 1919 went for 68 cents. Today the "no cup" bra sells for \$2.50 to \$6.

But most fashions we see today are revivals of the 1930s and early '40s. The motif is the same, but the emphasis has changed.

A Patou back dress in 1930 meant no back at all. For the past few summers and in evening wear, women with good figures or bad wear halters and backless dresses. Revealing tops have always been in.

Brightness in make-up has returned, after the 1960s era of white lips, untweezed brows and pale polish. The red finger nails, lipstick, rouge and fine brows, popular in the '30s and early '40s are more than acceptable today. They're "mod."

And the shag? The "innovative" hairstyle traces back to the '30s and '40s, in that the hair is cut close to the head, rather than the bouffants of the '50s and '60s.

In formal wear, the one-shoulder long dresses and spaghetti straps recreate the scene at the dances in 1935, and accompanying thick-soled clogs and Carmen Miranda open-toed heels are out of the '40s.

Draped uneven hemlines and the puff sleeves that we see today were part of

the '40s. Other skirt lengths come from all eras. The shortest skirts ever rose (before the mini skirt of the '60s) was to knee-length during the '20s. Now women wear their skirts (who sees women in skirts?) any length they please. Everyone knows we have legs, why not wear something a little longer and more comfortable?

Nostalgic fashions are coming out of Paris this year. Can't fashion designers think of anything new to do with material? Designers do try new fashions and hope they will sell, but when they don't sell, designers go back to making what the people want. People today want whatever they can find from yesterday.

The impractical leather space age designs of the '60s are way out. And paper dresses have seen their day.

Paris fashions include top-of-the-calf lengths in fuller skirts, looser kimono sleeves of 1947 and wider armholes in blouses. With these outfits, we see 1930s accessories, gloves and large beads. But pants are just as appropriate these days, and women are not about to change their minds on this.

Men have dipped into the past for many of their formal and semi-formal styles, too. The bow tie of 1948 has returned but with a butterfly effect. Guys are wearing the bow ties not to evening dances, but to work or afternoon social gatherings. They never could decide if they wanted their neckties thick or thin anyway.

The thin ties of the '50s went with narrow lapels and tighter pants. Wider lapels, wider pant legs and wider ties were shown several years later.

The looser fit baggies made their scene for men in the '20s and were worn through the '50s. Women began wearing cuffed baggies in World War II, but really didn't start wearing slacks outside the home until the '60s.

Now these baggies fit snuggler in the hips and have more flare at the cuff. It's a different look. At the home front, straight leg blue jeans, bought extra long and rolled up a few times, were the popular malt shop attire during the '40s. Now we've got the same idea about rolled up jeans, but we roll 'em slightly higher, almost knee length and wear 'em with patterned stockings. The socks come out of the early 1900s.



From her beret to her open-toe sling-back spectators, she personifies the late 1930's. But wait...it's 1974.



The liberated stride. On the left, a St. Laurent tailored pantsuit from this year's Spring showing in Paris. At right a lady golfer from the pages of a 1930's Harper's Bazaar.

the past wears well

Why do styles recur?

One obvious answer has nothing to do with psychology, but rather with design. Simply put, there are only so many ways that material can be draped, cut and stitched to accommodate the human body. Designers are forced to elaborate and update basic styles of their predecessors.

Practicality also dictates that we never can return completely to yesterday's fashions. Materials have changed. Nylon, dacron, rayon, permanent press and a plethora of knits are the raw material for a major portion of modern wardrobes. Not so in the good 'ole days. In a multitude of ways, technology forces change and makes improvements in fashion. (If World War I hadn't grabbed up the national supply of steel for armaments, women might still be wearing those staunch corsets.)

But psychological motivation for the revival of fashions can't be denied. The very urge to wear clothes, to alter one's basic form, is an urge belonging to the human race alone. Nearly every one of man's "alterations" has some kind of psychological basis.

Why are many of the "latest things" actually 20, 30 or 40 years old? Why are trendsetters simply trend repeaters?

One prominent theory is that we are seeking consciously or unconsciously, an escape from the pressures of modern living. We yearn for less complicated days, so we dress the part. But there is more to it than that.

In several ways, the women's liberation movement has influenced fashion design.

Women, as they join the work force in greater numbers and in more varied roles, demand more practical clothes. The result: '30s-style loose, cuffed pants and below-the-knee skirts, in which women are free to move without the great amount of caution required by miniskirts. More comfortable, broad-toed shoes have replaced daintier footwear for women on the go.

As women began to wear more traditionally masculine attire, men saw fit to add a little more color and shape to their wardrobes without fear of ridicule. A la the '20s, they choose brightly colored shirts and eye-catching suits and shoes.

Some of the latest fashion news from Paris is a reaction against, rather than a reaction to, women's lib. In frilly, fluttery, flowing fashions, the models seem to be saying "look at me — I can do anything, go anywhere that a man can — but I'm going to be feminine about it. Liberated women can still be ladies."

The chic '30s look which has turned up in this year's high fashion shows is also a statement from male fashion designers. These men seem to be actively promoting the softness they would like to see in

women, a softness they fear is vanishing.

Women have come a long way. They (and their male counterparts) seem less susceptible to the whims of fashion. But the early-century women who so unhealthily corseted themselves have descendants who just as eagerly wear dangerously high platform shoes.

(Which brings up an interesting point. In the Orient, the stilted shoe was long valued both as a symbol and instrument of woman's submission. The high heel, in one form or another, is as popular in 1974 as it was in the '30s and before.)

One young designer who is into the '50s look has the very old-fashioned philosophy that looks are everything. She calls herself Dolores Deluxe, and she says "I want to design for people who don't mind being uncomfortable...I like things that are totally impractical and non-usable."

Well, there's something for everybody — but probably not very many for Dolores.

The search into the past is a good deal more than a nostalgia trip or a yearning for the good old uncomplicated days. It is a search for identity.

Look around. People are wearing different things. In the '20s, a woman couldn't be the bee's knees if her hair wasn't bobbed, and a man wasn't the cat's pajamas unless he wore a raccoon coat. Today, there is a greater stress on using clothes to reflect personality. People are less likely to be ostracized because they aren't wearing this style sweater or that length skirt.

The new attitude toward clothes involves more than fashion. It involves costume.

In an article entitled "The Politics of Costume" (*Esquire*, May, 1971), Blair Sabol and Lucian Truscott IV examine the idea of clothing as an extension of personality. Costumes, they contend, have nothing to do with fashion. "A costume is an idea, not a look—it's part of the person wearing it, not just a mere body wrapping. Costumes can be something old, something new, something scavenged, something borrowed."

The "something old" styles are simply giving the individual more freedom to express him or herself. Does she feel like being a sultry Garbo tonight? He, a dashing Gatsby? Or maybe the feeling calls for Super-Funk. Maybe ultra-modern and geometric or blue jeans and comfortable.

Nostalgia can be fun. And the best thing about it is there are no absolutes. The only fashion dictate is self-expression.



The Gatsby look, revived perhaps by interest in the upcoming film version of Fitzgerald's novel, is the "in" thing for the 1974 male.



Flowing, diaphanous...the goddess look never seems outdated. On the left, it's a Dior '74; on the right, the 1925 original. Even the hair—blonde, wavy—remains the same.





Fanny Brice

Onstage memories

By Julie Titone
Staff Writer

For the last four years, Broadway has reflected the growing national preoccupation with nostalgia. Scripts (and some performers) have been taken off the shelves, dusted polished and presented as an escape from the endless problems of the present. But somewhere along the way, amid the flurry of parasols and high-stepping, Broadway distorted another reflection — the reflection of reality.

Reality. It's that thing we awake from daydreams to become part of, the something that comes along with the six o'clock news. It is something that theater should never try to ignore for more than a very short time, because pure entertainment becomes pure boredom when not mixed with the gut-level ingredients of life.

That is not to say that because nostalgia is not the whole picture it has nothing to do with reality. When *No, No Nanette*, the "new 1925 musical," opened on Broadway in January, 1971,

songs in *Irene*. The five words in the title could well apply to both Reynolds in this musical and Keeler in *No, No Nanette*. Both actresses had the zest, talent and reputations to keep each show going for several years. Audiences loved them both, and both were supported by enough talented cast members, lively choreography and catchy tunes to fill the theaters night after night.

But when the two ladies went searching for other pots of gold as talented people are apt to do, things looked bad for the shows. *Nanette* folded in New York after Keeler left, and there are predictions of doom for *Irene* since Jane Powell took over the title role.

Irene and *Nanette* kept cash registers ringing. The sound has kept producers and promoters singing the praises of theatrical reruns. The continuing search for the right combination of talent and timeliness has promoted a nearly endless list of revivals, including *Gigi*, *Molly* (a musical version of the old Gertrude Berg radio series, "The Goldbergs"), *The Pajama Game*, *Damn Yankees*, *Good News*, *The Women*, *Applause* (a musical version of "all about Eve"), *Harvey*, *Our Town*, *Private Lives* and *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. And of course there was *Grease*, the long-run Broadway hit about, but not revived from, the 1950s.

Particularly interesting is the Broadway debut of the Andrews Sisters in *Over Here*, a play set in World War II America and scheduled to open at New York's Shubert Theater in early March. In 1938, the sisters, a shoulder-dipping, harmonizing trio, began a long career of keeping America swinging to the jazzy likes of "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen," "Rum and Coca-Cola" and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." No sister act has duplicated their unique sound (though Bette Midler has come close), a sound that sold more than 50 million records and accompanied the 17 movies they made for Hollywood.

There are only two sisters now. (La Verne died in 1967) Maxene and Patty, now 50-ish, matronly, short-haired ladies, still have that unique sound. But will they, accompanied by actress Janie Sell as a kind of third sister in *Over Here*, be able to hold audiences as they did 30 years ago? Will they appeal to people living in the midst of seemingly solutionless crises the way they appealed to those united-against-evil Americans of World War II days?

If the Andrews Sisters survive on the nostalgia circuit, it will be because there is more to their show than just a rehash of old material.

With few exceptions, the revived shows have not been successful. For one thing, many of the old plays had weak story lines, poor lyrics or both. Massive adaptations and changes had to be made in roles, dances and music just to keep modern audiences awake. (For example, only five songs from the original production made it into revival of *Irene*.)

A second factor in the failure of many of the latest revivals is the nature of the audience. The average Broadway theater-goer is middle-aged — just old enough to recall some of the "good old days" depicted. But after awhile, the newness of oldness must wear off. Nostalgia, to many, has become old hat. For the younger theater-goer, the thrill of escaping into a past that was never his



Debbie Reynolds and the chorus execute a razzle-dazzle piano top production number from the revived musical *Irene*.

the nation was so into collecting reminders of the past that the nostalgia kick could be measured by cash register receipts. People who wore Mickey Mouse watches, stayed up late to catch W.C. Fields and paid \$30 for old comic books flocked to see Ruby Keeler kick up her heels in the loosely-plotted 1920s musical. People who had been turned on by electronic vibrations happily hummed and sang along with the ukulele-plunking finale: "I want to be happy, — but I won't be happy — till I make you happy, too."

That's all the audiences were asking — to be happy. Not moved, inspired, enthralled, mystified, educated... just happily entertained.

Nanette was joined by *Irene*, another lovely lady in another revived fairy-tale, fairly pale plot. Debbie Reynolds took the part of *Irene*, a lovely Irish immigrant who decides, circa 1919, to move from poverty to posh. In *Cinderella* style (*Irene* even loses a shoe) she proceeds to maneuver for a rich bachelor (played by Monte Markham) and climb the social ladder from Ninth Avenue to a Long Island estate.

"You Made Me Love You" is one of the



John McMartin as Ben Stone in the bittersweet *Follies*, performs a Fred Astaire ode to the good life.

a theatrical folly

soon becomes dull. One writer suggested that the sophisticated young might be able to feel a kind of superiority by laughing at older, simpler times. But that kind of joy is not palatable for long, flavored, as it is, with the present.

The major problem with nostalgia is the impossibility of transplanting the atmosphere of which a play was originally part. Nostalgia is a selective phenomenon, only encompassing the good about the past. A Time essayist said it well:

"The eye of memory takes in 1936 and the elegance of an Astaire dance or the froth of a Lubitsch comedy; it is blind to Depression breadlines. It catches the shapely legs of Rita Hayworth in 1944's hot pants but neglects the 500,000 U.S. war casualties of that year. It is amused by the crew cuts and slang of 1953 but forgets the anti-Communist hysteria and fear that followed detonation of Russia's first hydrogen bomb."

To date, only one play has pointed out that it is not only ridiculous, but undesirable to immerse the country in a hopeless effort to bring back the past. Appropriately, the show was named *Follies*.

Follies, which opened in 1971, was largely the effort of producer-director Hal Prince, a 43-year-old theatrical miracle worker whose hits have included *Pajama Game*, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Cabaret*. As a sort of metaphor for *Follies*, Prince used Eliot Elisofon's picture of Gloria Swanson amid the ruins of Manhattan's Roxy Theater, a "barococo" movie palace that was demolished in 1960. Like Swanson, the characters in the play link the past and the present.

The score for *Follies*, which was revamped by composer-lyricist Stephen Sondheim, is roughly derived from a never-produced play, *Girls Upstairs*, a backstage murder mystery set in melody. *Follies*, as it was reconceived by Prince, bears little relation to that book. It has, as a matter of fact, very little plot.

Follies revolves loosely around the reunion of the celebrated personnel of an old, soon-to-be-demolished Broadway theater. The gathered group (an obvious parallel of Flo Ziegfeld's *Follies*) joins in an often haunting, sometimes spectacular music-and-dance reminiscence of their younger days at the theater.

The cast included the kind of oldies-but-goodies that highlighted many revivals. But *Follies* was not a revival. It was a statement about revivals.

Three ladies with heydeys in the past portrayed three theatrical stereotypes gathered for the reunion. There was Alexis Smith as Phyllis, the leggy brunette who married well; Dorothy Collins as Sally, the third-from-the-left blonde who didn't and Yvonne De Carlo as the wise-cracking queen bee of the chorus line. These women, their husbands and their memories gather at the theater site to survey what they were and what they have become.

Somewhere between the search for what they were and the realization of what they have become, the showgirls - turned - middle - aged ladies discover some meaning in their lives. There are show-stopping, high-kicking scenes, jokes and fabulous costumes - and beneath the glitter, a statement about the past.

The past is past. Nostalgia is a folly.

Why rehash what was when you can be living what is and forming what will be? Critics liked *Follies* but many theatergoers did not. Possibly it made some uncomfortable to remember the past in something other than the perfect tense.

Although it was a tale about illusions and delusions, *Follies* zapped a shot of reality in Broadway's arm. *Follies*, not a success at the box office, did succeed at reflecting the truth behind the nostalgia craze.

That craze should come to an end, and quickly. American theatergoers want more for their money than folly.



Marion Davies



Alexis Smith (Phyllis), Mary McCarty (Stella) and Dorothy Collins (Sally) ask "Who's That Woman?" in a glorious and ghostly number from *Follies*.

Color Reproduction Credits

Photography by Elliott Mendelson

Separations and Presswork

by Steve Robinson and Wayne Patrick

Show biz is back



By Tom Finan
Staff Writer

Radio is making a show business comeback.

That doesn't mean Broadcasting has finally decided to do the humane, decent thing and commit financial suicide by giving the coup de grace to the Top 40 jocks.

It means radio drama has returned to the airwaves, an event as monumental, in its way, as the return of Halley's Comet. In fact, this reborn star made its entrance in January by the dismal flicker of Kohoutek.

The comet, or "The Cosmic Flopper," as Russell Baker christened it, got far better first reviews than the experimental CBS Radio Mystery Theater which critics almost mysteriously panned.

The final proof, however, is always at the box office. While the public quickly lost interest in Kohoutek, Mystery Theatre skyrocketed to the tune of 67,367 pieces of favorable mail in its first two weeks on the air.

Of course the show had a ready-made audience, the critics argued. Half were raised on radio and the others, who shared their infancy with television, considered it a novelty. The main thing the critics objected to about Radio Mystery Theater was that it wasn't television.

Granted, they said, the show has E.G. Marshall as host, and a talented company of actors and actresses, but it's the same thing that was done 30 years ago. The critics lambasted the use of many old techniques, particularly the use of sound effects.

In his book, *The Great Radio Heroes*, Jim Harmon describes the use of these effects on one of the favorite shows of its day *Gangbusters*:

"... Crooks would break into a store through a back window (Smash! CRASH! Tinkle! Tinkle!), walk slowly through the back room (Thud - thud - Thud - thud - Thud), open the door (Snick - snack - screech), only to discover the terrified man who ran the place ('Arrrgghh'), and proceed to beat the secret of the money's location from him (Sock! BIF! Groan! Sock! 'Arrrgghh')... Of course they would be cornered by the tireless knights of the law leaving the scene of the crime (Waaaaaannnn! Rat-a-tat-tat! Bang! Pow! BAM! RAT - A - TAT - TAT - TAT - TAT!). And blind, and by then possibly dead justice would triumph again."

An advocate of sound effects is a *Gangbusters* star Harlan Mendenhall, lecturer in the SIU School of Journalism. Mendenhall managed to sandwich a few years as a writer for *Gangbusters* into a freelance career during which he presided over a short order kitchen of pot-boiler magazine articles.

Mendenhall joined the staff of Phillips H. Lord's show in 1939 and remained until 1942, when he was drafted.

"We had two sound engineers, with master's degrees in engineering," Mendenhall recalls with a chuckle. "These guys could do anything. We used to try to dream up sound effects we thought they couldn't reproduce."

Mendenhall catches the Mystery Theater whenever he can and enjoys it. Part of the reason for its popularity, he feels, is that people have to use their imaginations.

"In radio we painted pictures," he contends, but adds the painting was

more often a sketch, allowing the audience to fill in the details. Part of this painting, he says, must be done with sound effects, "because what you are working with is sound."

There were three writers working full time on *Gangbusters* when Mendenhall joined the show, so he had to produce a half-hour script every three weeks, which at first was not as easy as it sounds. The show was performed on a Thursday night, live, which meant the script was due Monday night.

One of those Monday nights the script almost didn't make the deadline. Mendenhall was living in the artists' colony in Greenwich Village at the time. One weekend before the deadline, a woman writer neighbor suggested Mendenhall accompany her to a family retreat in Connecticut where, she said, they could get some work done.

Mendenhall's work went well in the country quiet, but there was a slight problem about getting it back to New York. Connecticut was hit by a blizzard, cutting off all transportation.

Back in those days you could expect a telegram to be delivered on time, so after a frantic call to his boss, Leonard Bass, Mendenhall sent the entire script by telegram.

Gangbusters depended heavily on research. The episodes were based on actual events, at first from FBI files. Later, when J. Edgar Hoover became miffed at the use of gunfire rather than good, hard police work to solve cases, the shows were based on local police cases.

To obtain information about the latter, the writers kept a string of newspaper reporters on hand to dig out old clips from newspaper morgues and question gangland members' former acquaintances about details of mannerism, speech and appearance.

After careful research the task was to write a script that followed the show's format but stuck fairly close to the truth. Actual gangster's names were used, but the names of all others were fictionalized, unless permission could

be obtained, "to protect the innocent." The show always closed with the host, a former New York assistant police commissioner (who had been hired so the show could use his name) giving a description of some "dangerous criminal" still on the loose.

Mendenhall relates an anecdote about this retired police official that provides insight into the problems of "live" radio. The former assistant police commissioner was in the habit of drinking his lunch. After the cast struggled through a production during which the fellow was totally bombed, producer Bass decided on preventative action.



Mendenhall ponders plot.

Another actor was hired to mimic the police official and paid to "sit on his duff" in case the former minion should decide to float in for another performance. Finally the polluted policeman stopped coming in altogether, but the show continued to pay him full salary

for the use of his name while the mimic performed.

Mendenhall said the live radio resulted in a lot of alcoholism. "I don't know if it was the pressure or what."

Besides the semi-realistic *Gangbusters* there were also shows based totally on fantasy such as *Captain Midnight* with his code-o-graph, *Jack Armstrong* and mystery shows such as *Lights Out*. Mendenhall wrote a few scripts for the latter show on a freelance basis.

Another famous fictional radio hero was the Lone Ranger, whose adventures are being re-syndicated and are aired locally on WTAO-FM, Murphysboro.

The CBS Radio Mystery Theater is broadcast live from New York each evening. It is taped and played at 11 p.m. each night by KMOX radio, St. Louis, which can be picked up in Carbondale.

Ken Garry, assistant director of WSIU said the station is in the process of investigating ways to put more drama into its programming schedule.

WSIU is considering the possibility of buying broadcast rights to a number of old radio shows such as *Fibber McGee and Molly*.

Recently, trade ads have touted the glories of a series of radio "dramas" produced by a Little Rock, Ark. firm, Seventy-Four Associates, Inc. The firm is trying to package "drama" into three-minute segments which can be placed in radio spots normally occupied by records. The rationale is that the nature of radio has changed and people will no longer listen to a half-hour radio show. The producers of *Mystery Theater* might differ with that statement.

One thing is certain, however. Radio, that once golden showcase for writers like Archibald MacLeish and actors like Boris Karloff, is on the comeback trail.

Technology meets the arts

By C. Anne Prescott
Staff Writer

Barbra Streisand and Andy Warhol are two of its most celebrated collectors. Its fanciers set world spending records to purchase stools or desks or murals crafted in its style. Last month 30,000 people crowded into New York's Radio City Music Hall to gaze in awe and reverence at some of the best — and worst — examples of this school of art.

What has so captured and enthralled the sensibilities of everyone from the radical chic to the paint-by-number fanatic? Art deco, the art form most recently revived by a nostalgia-crazed public.

Art deco held the artistic spotlight between the World Wars. It was derived from the celebrated 1925 "L'Exposition Internationale des Arts Decoratifs et Industries Modernes" held in Paris. Here was an idiom which encompassed a wide range of expression — from furniture, metalwork, ceramics and textiles to murals, paintings and posters. Its influences were equally diverse. Cubism, art nouveau and pre-Columbian, African, Egyptian, Southwest Indian and Aztec cultures all found their way into its expression.

The key to art deco is its revolutionary style, a style which imposed itself on almost every form of design, a style which epitomized a socio-cultural kernel of conflict felt by everyone in this country and abroad, from the president of General Motors to an English chimney sweep.

Art deco came into prominence as a revolt against the whiplash curves and exuberant organic forms of art nouveau. The timing was perfect; the '20s and '30s saw the conflict between art and industry hit its peak. Art deco strove to resolve this conflict, to use technological advancements and adapt design to the requirements of the assembly line while still retaining the unmistakable imprint of the artist.

For the most part the proponents of art deco succeeded. Witness the tapering flank of the Chrysler Building's spire, the oft-copied fashions of Coco Chanel, the obviously elegant workmanship of Parisian cabinetmaker Emile Jacques Ruhlmann, the sumptuous interior of Radio City Music Hall.

But vulgarized versions of Paul Poiret's fashions, Rene Lalique's glass and Jean Puiforcat's silver are, in the words of Art News' contributing editor Marvin D. Schwartz, "as shoddy and phony as anything done in traditional styles." Still he adds, "it is hard to resist the worst because it is so strange, and there are a lot of collectors who are busily buying the sadly awful commercial art deco."

The "connoisseurs of kitsch," however, are far outnumbered by knowledgeable critics willing to set a world's record of \$37,500 for a four-leaf screen by the Irish-born artist Eileen Gray, of \$7,140 for a stool designed by Pierre Legrain, or \$10,000 for a Legrain bench exhibited in 1923 at the Salon des Artistes-Decorateurs. The striking veneers and intricate inlays of Ruhlmann's furniture fetch around \$30,000. As Schwartz explains this phenomenon: "Prices are determined by elegance and rarity rather than by degree of innovation, so that the most expensive pieces available are lavishly executed examples."

The art deco revival was thrust into prominence in the United States by the Fall 1970 exhibit at New York's Finch College, though four years earlier a Paris exhibit organized by the Musee des Arts Decoratifs had seriously re-examined the style. The Finch exhibit was incorporated and greatly expanded at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, where nearly 1,500 items were lavishly displayed. The Brooklyn Museum installed its first art deco room in 1971, and plans to stage next year a major exhibition, "1925 Revisited," in which they hope to re-create as much as possible of the Paris exhibition.

But why was art deco revived in the first place? Surely only a handful of the 30,000 viewers at Radio City's bazaar could afford to pay the outlandish prices for original work. Undoubtedly, the ones in the market to spend a modest sum settled for a 1939 World's Fair pennant costing \$15. Why would a style developed 50 years ago, along with radios, cars, airplanes and steamships, hold such fascination in an age when astronauts spend months in space?

Perhaps it is because art deco, by simplifying nature, created what one critic called "beautiful remembrances of what was a carefree era for a very few." Maybe in an age of Skylabs and throwaway diapers and gas rationing, people are looking for a more carefree and simpler life and their art reflects their desires. Maybe the common man would not like to know as much as he knows now about corruption and crises and war. Maybe he would like to believe, as the art deco artist did, that man could work with machines and not emasculate himself in the process.



'Nanette' tickles like sparkling champagne

By Diane Mizialko
Staff Writer

If you want to be happy, the '70s revival of *No, No, Nanette* should do the trick. For over three years theatergoers have flocked — rejoicing — to drink in *Nanette's* effervescence. Like sparkling wine, it makes the world go away.

Soon, as part of SIU's Celebrity Series, *Nanette* will uncork her private-label champagne for a Carbondale audience. *Nanette* will bubble across Shryock Auditorium's stage for one night only — 8 p.m., March 8.

Of course, *Nanette* doesn't say a darn thing of consequence. It's "non-communicative theater," as Hazel Burnett, who oversees Celebrity Series for the office of special meetings and speakers, said. But it's fun.

It's so much fun that Ms. Burnett said she expects a sell-out crowd. She also expects a slightly older audience than, say, the audience which applauded *Grease* recently. (Half of the audience for *Grease* was drawn from the SIU student population, Ms. Burnett estimated and *Grease* was a nostalgia piece, too. But let's face it, between 1925 and 1955 there were not 30 but several million light years.)

Our decade is very, very serious. The problems are so very intense. How

things were so much easier and happier. Maybe so.

If you think about it long enough, there's something almost eerie about the *Nanette* phenomenon. The 1970 Pyxidium Ltd. production somehow conjured up old ghosts from the Roaring Twenties. The ghosts showed up clothed in the cobwebs of coincidence. Consider:

The original *Nanette* was forced to open out of town (in Detroit, yet) in April 1924 and play to audiences in Cincinnati and Chicago before all the wrinkles were ironed out. (The wrinkles fell out in Chicago, where *Nanette* still holds the record as the Windy City's longest-running stage production.) The show finally opened on Broadway in September 1925.

The '70s version of *Nanette* was forced to open out of town because rumors of production ills persuaded Broadway theater-owners the show was a bad bet. It opened in Boston in November 1970 and played Baltimore, Toronto and Philadelphia before reaching Broadway in January 1971.

Before hitting Broadway, the earlier *Nanette* changed directors, underwent a score revamp and endured nine changes in the casting of major roles.

The 1970 *Nanette* lost and gained personnel at a dizzying clip, too. There were over 30 changes in the cast and produc-



Evelyn Keyes, star of vintage movies, stars once more in *No, No, Nanette*.

tion team while *Nanette* struggled towards Broadway. The lead male role, for example, changed players three times. The book was completely rewritten from the 1924 original and wasn't completed until the morning of the Boston opening. The score underwent extensive additions and subtractions. The problems of the new *Nanette* climaxed in a suit between the producers.

The final coincidence — the only one that really counts — is this despite horrendous problems, both the original and the revived *Nanette* were smash hits everywhere.

The Celebrity Series *No, No, Nanette* has a shivery coincidence of its own. On Broadway, *Nanette's* female lead was played by the legendary Ruby Keeler. Part and parcel of the Keeler mystique are memories of her stormy, much-publicized marriage to the "Jazz Singer," Al Jolson. (Legends should never marry, it seems.)

When, in the '50s, a movie was made of Al Jolson's life, the actress chosen to

play Ruby Keeler was Evelyn Keyes. At SIU, on March 8, the role which Ms. Keeler created on Broadway will be played by Evelyn Keyes. Ah, come on now, this is all reality. And who needs it? Certainly not *No, No, Nanette*.

Nanette, instead, offers a silly plot about a philandering Bible publisher, Jimmy Smith, his wife Sue, their playful ward, *Nanette*, and a crazy mixed-up weekend in Atlantic City. The old-fashioned, meandering story rambles through three old-fashioned acts and stops dead for each musical number.

Nanette, instead, offers a chorus line of girls in modest Twenties-style bathing costumes and boys in argyle sweaters and knickers. In fact, all the period costumes (designed by Raoul duBois) for the cast of 33 are eye-fillers.

Nanette offers songs like "I Want to Be Happy" and "Tea for Two," and — yes — tap-dancing and soft-shoe. Who could ask for anything more?

PYXIDIUM LTD.

PRESENTS
EVELYN KEYES
BENNY BAKER
BETTY KEAN

THE NEW
1925 MUSICAL

No, No, Nanette



BOOK BY OTTO FRANZ
HARBACH—MANDEL

MUSIC BY VINCENT YOUNANS
LYRICS BY IRVING CAESAR—HARBACH

LIBRETTO BY DENNY SHEARER

PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY
RAOUL DU BOIS

MUSICAL DIRECTION & VOICE ARRANGEMENTS BY
BUSTER DAVIS

CASTING BY
RALPH BURNS

DANCE MUSIC ARRANGED & REHEARSED BY
LUTHER HENDERSON

CASTING & MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED BY
DONALD SADDLER

ADAPTED AND DIRECTED BY
BURT SHEVELOVE

Tour Supervised by Theatre Now, Inc.
© 1970 Theatre Now, Inc.

When, in the '50s, a movie was made of Al Jolson's life, the actress chosen to

play Ruby Keeler was Evelyn Keyes. At SIU, on March 8, the role which Ms. Keeler created on Broadway will be played by Evelyn Keyes.

Ah, come on now, this is all reality. And who needs it? Certainly not *No, No, Nanette*.

Nanette, instead, offers a silly plot about a philandering Bible publisher, Jimmy Smith, his wife Sue, their playful ward, *Nanette*, and a crazy mixed-up weekend in Atlantic City. The old-fashioned, meandering story rambles through three old-fashioned acts and stops dead for each musical number.

Nanette, instead, offers a chorus line of girls in modest Twenties-style bathing costumes and boys in argyle sweaters and knickers. In fact, all the period costumes (designed by Raoul duBois) for the cast of 33 are eye-fillers.

Nanette offers songs like "I Want to Be Happy" and "Tea for Two," and — yes — tap-dancing and soft-shoe. Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

Carvoting at seaside, these Atlantic City beauties enliven *No, No, Nanette* with their "Peach on the Beach" production number.



Female broadcaster wants women in field

By Gary Delsohn
Student Writer

Women are slowly entering the field of broadcasting but it still is unusual for a young woman of 24 to be as active and successful in it as Virginia Mampre.

Ms. Mampre is the only female instructor in the Department of Radio-TV. She also is the director and producer of two television shows for WSIU-TV.

Her office, located in the Communications Building, is small and cramped, with almost every inch of space taken up by papers, announcements, posters promoting "viewpoints," the television show she created her, and other odds and ends, related to her work.

One look at the order of her office tells just how active and busy she is. Under the telephone is a stack of papers that seem to be in no particular order. Promotional posters are all over the walls, lying under the chairs and on the floor.

The bulletin board is filled with papers and notices that overlap and cover each other. There seems to be no semblance of order, but she seems to be able to quickly locate anything she needs.

Another of her activities is organizing and coordinating Carbondale Women in Broadcasting. She is hoping to introduce more women to the field of broadcasting.

"She dismisses any problems she has encountered as a woman in a field dominated today by men. 'I've been very lucky. For a woman to succeed she must be persistent.' Her obvious persistence must be noticed and admired.

Relating back to her undergraduate days at the University of Iowa, where she majored in speech, theatre and education, she did remember one small problem.

"In one of my early film production classes skin flicks were the big thing then," Every film that

was made for the class was a skin flick, until mine came along." With a laugh she added, "Everyone always knew my films."

Ms. Mampre was born in Evanston, a Chicago suburb. She was serving an internship at WTTW in Chicago and, because the persons there liked what she did, she was asked to stay on.

Soon she was an assistant director at the station. This fall she came to Carbondale with the knowledge she would be producing and directing her own television show.

"You're in Good Company" is the name of the show and Ms. Mampre puts a great amount of time into its production. One of the members of the floor crew, Martin Rose, said,



Reel-to-reel show

Virginia Mampre, the only female instructor in the Department of Radio-TV, works in the editing room on film for one of her local shows. Ms. Mampre is the director and producer of two shows aired on WSIU-TV. (Staff photo by Dennis Makes)

"She's always on the move.

"Virginia does the whole thing, even things that the floor managers are supposed to do. She is always pulling people up by the bootstraps and seeing to it that everybody's energies are being directed towards the proper things."

"Viewpoint" is a show she brought to SIU. It's on Public Access television and WSIU "invites any group or organization within Channels 8 or 16 in viewing area to use our facilities."

"We have a host, Ms. Mampre said, but he only introduces, he doesn't moderate. Once we got into the studio that particular group has control over the show."
"Things are never dull around here.

There are always five or six things going on around here at once," she said with a tired sounding sigh.

Evidence of this is the new show she has planned. "You're in Good Company When You're a Friend of WSIU" will be a live telethon hosted by Dave Terwische, host of the regular version of "You're in Good Company". It will air March 9 and

10. Ms. Mampre said she hopes this show will help get persons active in public television.

Virginia Mampre has done pretty well in a field that in the past has not been overly kind to women. Men in the broadcast business look out. Virginia Mampre is bound to convince a lot of women to compete for your jobs.

710
BARGAIN TABLE
presents
School Supplies

BALLPOINT PENS
retail price 19c
Now 2 for 15c

FELT TIP MARKERS
retail price 49c
NOW ONLY 25c each

3 SPIRAL NOTEBOOKS
retail price \$1.95
NOW ONLY \$1.49

**huge reductions on many
other supplies & accessories**

Faure's 'Requiem' chosen for choral ensemble concert

Vocal literature for Women's choral ensembles is not terribly common.

So when director Charles C. Taylor found a transcription for female chorus of Gabriel Faure's "Requiem" at a recent publisher's convention, he decided to program the piece for the Winter Quarter Women's Choral Ensemble Concert, which will be presented at 8 p.m.

Tuesday in the Old Baptist Foundation Chapel.

Among the adjustments that had to be made in the transcription from mixed to female chorus was thinning the harmonic texture. The bass notes are played by the organ accompaniment—all to better suit the timbre of female voices.

"The chord structure, progressions and use of harmony

suggest early 20th century music," Taylor said. "But the piece is very romantic in its conception. For example, the 'Libera Me' passages are highly romantic, like the Mozart Requiem."

"Faure was a master of orchestral colors and this carried over into his choral music."

The concert is open to the public and free of charge.

Daily Activities

4 Monday

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

Paul Hill Chorale: 8 p.m., Shryock Auditorium.

7 Thursday

Symphonic Band: 8 p.m., Shryock Auditorium.

5 Tuesday
Basketball: SIU vs. Detroit, 7:35 p.m.

8 Friday

Film: "Sex Madness," 7 & 9 p.m.,

6 Wednesday

Student Center Ballrooms A,B.
Film: "Candy," 7:30 & 10 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.
Celebrity Series: "No, No, Nanette," 8 p.m., Shryock Auditorium.

9 Saturday

Solo & Ensemble Contest: 7:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., Shryock Auditorium.
Film: "Get Carter," 7:30 & 10 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.
J. Geils Band, 8 p.m., Arena.

10 Sunday

Film: "Sex Madness," 7 & 9 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.

Art Supplies

DEXTER Mat Cutter



Receive FREE Mat Board
(30" X 40" any color)
With Purchase Of Mat Cutter

**Buy 2 PADS
of NEWSPRINT...
Receive 1 Pad FREE**

LIMITED
SUPPLY

STILES

Office Equipment, Inc. Carbondale

**Need a place to stay?
See Glen Williams
Rentals!**

1 bedroom apartments

completely furnished

private apt. \$300/qtr.

\$165/qtr. with a roommate

502 S. Rawlings Carbondale 457-7941
3 Blocks from Campus

Holland's Penny-Pincher Treat



10 oz. mug of Heineken

and Lum Dog

\$1.00 with coupon

(good thru March 19, 1974)

701 E. Main

549-5632



plus a FREE

with a mug
of Heineken



Bar Plaque

Hurry, supply
is limited!



No, No, Nanette

Andrea Walters and Benny Baker sing out "I want to be Happy" in a scene from "No, No, Nanette." The musical will be presented at 8 p.m. Friday in Shryock Auditorium.

Course aims to view women's gifts to art

By Joanne Reuther
Student Writer

A course aimed at bringing SIU up to date on women in art will be offered summer quarter said Sylvia Greenfield, assistant professor in the Department of Art.

"We are five years behind the times," Ms. Greenfield commented at a program entitled "Women in the Arts" at the Women's Center, 404 W. Walnut.

"The course isn't planned yet," she said, and it could be either a studio situation or an historical course. She mentioned several possible topics such as women as sex objects, women as art patrons, contemporary women painters and the image of women in Greek art.

"Old mistresses — if DeKooning is now an old master, what is Georgia O'Keeffe?" was another course title Ms. Greenfield suggested.

Ms. Greenfield showed slides of sculptures and paintings of women from prehistoric to modern times. She stressed the presentation of women in these works as "idealized."

"I don't think these are the images of real women," she said.

One member of the audience commented that the women in the paintings are "soft and passive, and always at the mercy of something else."

Ms. Greenfield also showed slides of artwork done by women, and read a list of relatively unknown women artists. The list included women painting in the twelfth century, as well as artists from later periods.

Although many women have "made it in the arts," Ms. Greenfield explained, there are many "we just do not know about."

One reason for this, she said, is the education women get. Women had to be "very protected and very sheltered," Ms. Greenfield explained.

HICKORY LOG RESTAURANT

CATFISH DINNER
(8-12 oz. catfish, cole slaw, hush puppies, & hot roll)

\$2.20 - \$2.40

(Price varies with size)

CARRY-OUT SERVICE

Available on all our menu items

MURDALE SHOPPING CENTER

Everything's warm, tasty at the Plank--except bouillabaise

By Diana and Elliott Mendelson

If you plan to have dinner at The Plank, just east of Carterville on new Route 13, make an advance reservation. We recently dined there without an appointment — at 6:30 p.m., when we arrived, we created no problem; by 8 o'clock the need for a reservation was obvious.

The Plank's decor is in quiet good taste; it resembles the interior of an old ship's dining room. Special touches create the illusion. Most notable of these are the candle-lit hurricane lamps on each table and the huge steering wheel forming the canopy-glass rack over the bar.

We were seated far to the left of the main dining room by a hostess. Once at our table, Carrie, our waiter, greeted us with an honest smile and menus. He described the seafood buffet for which The Plank is noted. The menu included an adequate soup selection, various cheeses, and a good choice of seafood and meat entrees. After a well-made drink from the bar, we opted for the buffet.

The salad bar was complete, consisting of tossed greens (fresh and crisp), side platters of Swiss and cheddar cheese, olives, celery, carrots and other salad ingredients, corn relish, deviled eggs, tuna salad, bean salad and many others. The blue cheese dressing was rich and thick; other garnish meats included crumbled bacon and Roquefort, as well as three other dressings.

When we returned to our table, we had no choice but to abandon conversation because of the juke box. Someone had discovered it in our corner of the dining room.

We trekked back to the buffet for our main course. The first disappointment was the bouillabaise, which was lukewarm and lacked body. Dinner selections were many, all attractively presented and well-lit. An attendant was stationed nearby to identify the dishes. Included were seafood Newburg, trout, catfish, shrimp creole, frog-legs, deviled crab, oysters Rockefeller, clams casino, crabmeat-stuffed lobster, wild rice and asparagus, to list about 75 per cent of the selection. We sampled most of the above and were disappointed with everything except the

vegetables. Our food was only warm, with the heavy taste of most foods prepared to sit for awhile.

For dessert the buffet offered various gelatin concoctions. We found, on the dessert table, a huge bowl of fresh boiled shrimp and a large tureen of herring. We could only wonder if this was the management's way of saving on inventory.

We hoped for something more exotic so we ordered cherries jubilee from the menu. Carrie brought the ingredients to the table for assembly. After some trouble with the cognac, the cherry mixture was ignited and poured over half-melted ice cream. The sundae was mediocre.

The cost of our meal including two drinks, a split of wine and "all you can eat" from the buffet was \$36. Menu rates would have totaled about the same.

CHAPMAN MOBILE HOME PARKS RENTALS SPACES & MOBILE HOMES

LARGE PATIO LAUNDRY SHADE TREES LARGE LOTS

OFFICE

CHAPMAN MOBILE HOME PARK **457-2874**
MOBILE HOME PARKS OR
CARBONDALE 549-8732

WILLOWOOD MOBILE HOME PARK
R. J. CARBONDALE
211 S. WILLOWOOD
CARBONDALE, ILL.
1. 1/2 M. S. W. W. A. FISHING LAKE

SOUTHERN MOBILE HOME PARK
R. J. CARBONDALE
1. 1/2 M. S. W. W. A. FISHING LAKE

Use the DE Classifieds

MONDAY SPECIAL

MOSTOCCHIOLI
All You Can Eat
\$1.79

Papa **549-7242**

204 W. College

SALUKI CURRENCY EXCHANGE

- Checks Cashed
- License Plates
- Money Orders
- Title Service
- Notary Public
- Travelers Checks

549-3202

Carbondale Western Union Agent

Compu-Trust Shopping Center

Daily Egyptian

336-3311

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING ORDER FORM

Any cancellation of ads subject to a minimum charge.

1 NAME _____ DATE _____

2 ADDRESS _____ PHONE NO. _____

3 **KIND OF AD**

<input type="checkbox"/> Full Page	<input type="checkbox"/> Single Column	<input type="checkbox"/> 1/2 Page
<input type="checkbox"/> 1/4 Page	<input type="checkbox"/> 1/8 Page	<input type="checkbox"/> Ent. Classified
<input type="checkbox"/> Help Wanted	<input type="checkbox"/> Employment Wanted	<input type="checkbox"/> Auto. Applications

4 **RUN AD**

<input type="checkbox"/> 1 DAY
<input type="checkbox"/> 3 DAYS
<input type="checkbox"/> 5 DAYS
<input type="checkbox"/> 20 DAYS

START _____

Allow 3 days for ad to start if mailed.

5 **No. of lines** 1-day 3-days 5-days 20-days

2	\$.80	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$6.00
3	1.20	2.25	3.00	9.00
4	1.60	3.00	4.00	12.00
5	2.00	3.75	5.00	15.00
6	2.40	4.50	6.00	18.00
7	2.80	5.25	7.00	21.00
8	3.20	6.00	8.00	24.00

Minimum charge is for two lines
CHECK ENCLOSED FOR \$

6 DEADLINES: 2 days in advance, 5 p.m.
Except Fri. for Tues. ads.

7

8

9

10

Mail order with remittance to Daily Egyptian, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Ill., 62901

Wind ensemble to run gamut of band music

By Dave Stearns
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

"Concert Wind Ensemble" is a misleading term.

Director Mel Siener defines the ensemble as a 55 piece concert band (which makes it a bit smaller than the University Symphonic Band), composed mainly of music majors dedicated to performing the latest band literature.

The Concert Wind Ensemble will perform a program of contem-

porary music at 8 p.m. Monday in Shryock Auditorium.

"Here's the concept - between the Symphonic Band and the Concert Wind Ensemble, we try to run the gamut of modern band music, from classical to semi-classical to popular," Siener explained. "Consequently, the students leave here with an up-to-date knowledge of contemporary band literature. And the students will be prepared to perform most anywhere, from symphonies to musicals."

One impressionistic piece on the program is Leslie Bassett's "Designs, Images and Textures," which like Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition, invites the listener to associate music with visual art.

"Such association is by no means a requirement for intelligent and perceptive listening, since music, as we all know, is never sufficiently graphic to allow widespread agreement on what the true visual image might be," wrote Bassett in the score's program notes. "Yet, at the same time there is no denying that some guide to listening, even if be beyond the limits of the work itself, can be of real benefit to the layman."

Consequently, Bassett respectively named the five movements, "Oil Painting," "Water Color," "Pen and Ink Drawing," "Mobile," and "Bronze Sculpture."

The composer conveyed these titles in the music with various compositional devices, such as numerous independent motives to convey pen sketches and clusters of quiet and indistinct sounds to convey water colors.

Also on Monday's program is a marimba concerto, which will feature Tim Akin, a senior at Murphysboro High School, on marimba, and guest conductor Sam Floyd. "The piece is a major work, and Tim is an exceptional musician at his age," Siener said. "He's been offered several university scholarships."

An exceptionally witty composi-

tion on the program is Robert Jager's "Quincunx - A Satirical Suite for Band." Jager explained the cryptic title in the program notes saying, "Quincunx is a mathematical term meaning an arrangement of five objects in a square or rectangle, one at each corner and one in the center. The title itself is a sort of satire since it pokes fun at contemporary composers who often seek out unlikely titles."

Other satire used in the piece includes a take-off on the over-used

"Dies Irae" melody as well as a sumptuous polyphonic texture applied to the folk song, "I'm Riding Old Paint."

"Since imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, I hope that certain composers will not be too upset," Jager wrote.

Completing the program is Robert Washburn's "Symphony for Band," and Russell Alexander's Sousa-style march, "The Southerner."

The concert is free of admission and open to the public.

Chorale will give night of native American song

The Paul Hill Chorale and Chamber Orchestra will be featured in a musical program to be presented by Southern Illinois Concerts in Shryock Auditorium at 8 p.m. Wednesday.

The program is to serve as a prelude to the Bicentennial celebration in Carbondale.

Admission to the concert is by membership card only.

The Paul Hill Chorale is the performing entity of the National Choral Foundation, Inc. The chorale has performed at the Kennedy Center, at New York's Lincoln Center and with the National Symphony Orchestra.

The program, a panorama of native American song, includes religious music dating back to 1770, seldom-heard Negro spirituals, 19th-century parlor songs, and a collection of political campaign songs. The orchestra is supplemented by banjo, guitar and an old-time harmonium.

The Paul Hill Chorale gained nationwide recognition when it was cited for its performance in the Emmy award winning production of Menotti's "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore."

The final concert in the 1973-74 Southern Illinois Concerts will feature Frank Guarrera, Metropolitan Opera baritone scheduled for April 21.

Danny Thomas slated to appear at DuQuoin Fair

Comedian-singer Danny Thomas is scheduled to appear in a six-night stand at the Du Quoin State Fair August 27 through Sept. 1.

"The Danny Thomas Show" will last two-and-a-half hours and will include a number of variety acts.

Thomas was born to immigrant parents from Syria (now Lebanon). The 60-year-old performer has received service citations from 48 religious, educational, cultural, civic, medical and brotherhood groups since World War II.

Reserved seats are available by writing P.O. Box 182, Du Quoin or calling 618-542-2126.

HETZEL OPTICAL CENTER

415A S. Ill. Ave.

Telephone 457-4919

Specializing in eye examinations, contact lenses and complete optical services

THE LOGAN HOUSE		THE LOGAN HOUSE	
SUNDAY . . . MONDAY & TUESDAY		ARE	
"Beef Of Baron" Nights			
5:00-9:00			
\$ 3 9 5			
Choice Standing Texas Beef . . . Cooked to a perfect juicy center in its natural juices and carved at your table.			
<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;"> <p>"Beef Of Baron" Special includes our new Salad, Choice of Potato and Hot Homemade Bread. Plus A complimentary glass of wine with each "Beef Of Baron" Special!</p> </div>			
And . . . SECONDS ARE "ON THE HOUSE"			
<p style="font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; margin: 0;">The</p> <p style="font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold; margin: 0;">LOGAN HOUSE</p>			
<p style="font-size: 0.8em; margin: 0;">"Trying To Serve You More in 1974" DOWNTOWN MURPHYSBORO 687-2941</p>			
THE LOGAN HOUSE		THE LOGAN HOUSE	



536-6602

It's the Hot Line
to a
Cool Deal!

a very special
number to call to
place a
**DAILY EGYPTIAN
Classified Ad!**

