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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 fellow.

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 makes 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.

Diagnosed by what they considered the standards of an alien world, serious writers and artists complained that 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 1900 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 effect.

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 resisted, admission that the United States was no longer a haven for the world's "fugitive, outcast 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 inter-personal 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 "waif 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 "agny 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 dreamed 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 viscerally, 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.

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 backwoods 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 it 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 dictate 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 looseness and enthusiasm that "talking is creation," and like his paintings, finds it often provides as much surprise as amusement.
Henry Miller; a ticking time bomb

By Julie Tito
Staff Writer

Henry Miller doesn't tick like a clock. He's more like a bomb. The bomb is a literary one with an explosive capability to shake the sexual taboos of society, and the sex with each of Miller's books—Tropic of Capricorn, Sexus, Plexus, Black Spring, and Tropic of Cancer—the bomb was detonated. Miller, 86, did not make a name for himself as a writer. But the Rare Book Room's exhibit, dedicated to the controversial works of the man, offers us a glimpse of the man and gives some idea of his life and works.

The exhibit briefly colored international editions, vibrant paintings and scarred 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.

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 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's mother, a cold and conventional woman, strongly influenced her son's emotions, though even she couldn't stop 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 tramp who received his sister from her parents.

Miller finished 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 seven-year period as a dishwasher, acquired his first mistress and made his way to the West Coast where he met Emma Wilke, a woman who 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 the 1920s, he worked in his father's tailor shop. At 26, he married Emma Wilke, Beatrice Wickens, and a daughter was born to this: "Was tailor, personnel director in large corporation, ranch-man in California, a sailor, a wanderer. Was a six-day bike rider, a concert pianist, and, in my spare time, I practiced saint-hood. Came to Paris to study music."

His work is inaccurate; it should include, among others, candy, insurance and popcorn salesman, dishwasher, bartender, librarian, garbage collector, secretary to an evangelist, garage-jigger, and a tramp.

The mention of Paris refers to his more extended stay. He arrived and visited Europe the year before with his wife, just as his writing career began in earnest.

The Paris of the '20s was the Paris of the writers, the period during which it roared with a loud, hungry and dejected. But he was happy, happy and writing and living off the hospitable of Black Spring was published in 1934, Black Spring in 1939, Tropic of Cancer in 1939, Tropic of Capricorn was published in 1942. Both Tropic books were immediately banned in England and America.

When Tropic of Cancer was published in New York and catapulted the royalties from $250,000 to $250,000, before a love affair caused him to move previously banned books, starting with Cancer in 1961.

The censorship fervor 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 Fauny Hill had been, Miller's book was raked over the coals of censorship.

The issues at stake in any obscenity case were the right of a person to write whatever he wishes, 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 finding that the Supreme Court had interpreted through the standards of one segment of the national community.

The Defense argued that the book was banned in the battle over Cancer. Forming the vaudeville partnership with Eli Wallach and some politicians, Citizens for Decent came up with different figures when counting the four- and five-letter words on the Cancer text.

E. R. Hutchison, in Tropic of Cancer on Trial (Grove Press, 1963), said Miller reveals in his books 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. Look at before it was a cliche, 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 world 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 pleasant drug.

In The World of Sex Miller defines his attitude toward sex in a way which is much misunderstood, or rather, misquoted. "Love is the drama of completion, of the making whole. Personal matters of people's individual lives leads to deliverance from the tyranny 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 sauciness; for others, it is the road to hell."

In their ruthless condemnation of Miller's, graphic descriptions of the seedy side of life, many bypassed one ideas which set Miller squarely at odds with the American Puritan ethic. He has seen no redeeming value in work. In The Racy Crucifixions he wrote: "Work...is the very opposition of creation, which is play, and which, just because it is no basis for its own sake, 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 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 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 some meaningful definition. 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 78 years old and enjoys the freedom to paint, swim, take in movies and socialism, and write. He has married for the fifth time. As he said to his contemporaries in his essay 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.
Douglas: a ragtime pianist on the move

By Dave Stamps
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 the soda-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 sock floor of the bus. There was a grand piano in the back where I played. The bus had a sign on the front that said, Marvin's Garden."

"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. Eudore Blakie was there—he's 90 years old and the only surviving original ragtime pianist. He was amazing, technically and musically and as a performer. Just amazing," Douglas said with awe.

And when Douglas plays, his face gives a pretty good indication of what's coming out of the piano. Hunched shoulders, raised eyebrows and tilts of the shaved head reflect his illumination of the Joplin melodies to the hilt of their sanctimonious— but occasionally melodic—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 instead could do, 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 years ahead of what I can do," he pointed out.

"In Joplin's best rags, he was working for an accepted classical form, what has been called the outer content 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's 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 piano player 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 so fervent."

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.
Shostakovich: the Andrew Wyeth of music

By Dave Stearns

Staff Writer

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 8
Kiri Kondrashin conducting the Moscow Philharmonic.

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

Dmitri Shostakovich may look like Truman Capote, but this mild-mannered composer has written some very vivid, bohemian music under the influence of the Soviet Union.

But when composing music for himself, 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. 2, Shostakovich, at age 19, was buffeted by musical fads and political threats, which, given the young composer’s discomfort in his own country, the Soviet Union. The style of his music—uninfluenced by the simple, idealized art that characterizes Soviet propaganda—stated the historical realism.

Shostakovich’s Eight Symphony is a perfect example of this style, where simple methods—childishly simple rhythms, wandering lyrical sonorities—render dissonant cobbles of sound. These methods may comprise a traditional form, such as a toccata or passacaglia, but more than a dozen contrasting motifs put together result in a controlled chaos, that in technical terms is called polytonality and polyrhythm. And all the while, the composer utilizes his genius for exploiting unusual orchestral timbres and amplifying the percussive surface.

Programmatically, the symphony depicts the Nazi invasion of Russia in World War II. Each movement is characterized by clanging clamasies and lamenting melodies.

This new performance by Kiri Kondrashin and his orchestra explores the war-like temperamental given to the young composer, as well as the turbulent lives of musicians who became counterrevolutionaries, as Shostakovich meant it to be.

Kondrashin executes these fascinating feats of orchestration incisively and with far more emotional impact than his previous reading of the symphony on Everest’s records. The different sections are blended more on the Everest recording, which my light-weight ears find more listenable than the garish definition of timbres in the New Philharmonic’s version.

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.

Kondrashin’s reading is a politically-inflected reading of Shostakovich’s Second. Subtitled “October Revolution,” Shostakovich’s symphony is a curious little one-movement concerto for violin and orchestra. Shostakovich’s youthful genius but is flawed by its excessively wide range of style and individual patriotism.

The symphony’s polychoralistic beginnings make a rather disjointed contrast to the regimented chorus that ends the piece. Despite this, Kondrashin captures the victory and glory of the October revolution with the text:

We understood that our fate has only one name: Struggle! And this victory will be named October! October, madness in the workshops—and in the fields—October, Communist, and Lenin!

This choral passage was obviously a concession to the pro-Soviet Stalinist audience. It is also an implication that Shostakovich’s music can be as effective as propaganda, as well as in making music.

Ringo’s album has old Beatle charm and wit

By Ed Dunin-Wasowicz

Student Writer

Ringo by Ringo Starr


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 Al, Lenon, 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 Beatles.

The Bunny 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 the greatest show on earth, For what it was worth, It’s only thirty-two, And all I want to do is boogaloo.”

The album is weel-peekered 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 hardcore Beatlemaniacs or opening a new perspective for them.

The Beatles, per se, never really get together on any one number. McCartney 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 settle 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 Baymam).” Employing banjos, a mandolin, fiddles, an upright bass and an assortment of guitars, the number displays the agility and diversity 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 rocker 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 get you soon.

But you’re like the devil with horns in your head. What will I get 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 performance delivered by the Starrs, the album, it’s reminiscent of the old Beatles exit at the end of a production:

New I want to tell you the pleasure really was mine.
Yeah I had a good time singing and entertaining please.

Then it may not be the “Beatle album” that was expected, but since it’s probably the closest thing to quite a while to come, pick it up anyway.

And so, it’s goodnight from your friend and mine, Ringo Starr.”

Philharmonic’s version. Gould is much more musical than the disjointed symphony to a surging crescendo, while Kondrashin’s version is the more suitable portrayal of monstrous sound shape.

At the New York Times, "Good music/sills and-"

And effort. It may be frage, but it must be strong. Music canoht help you or anything else, but it can be wonderful without ideology.

Herb Kust does disagree with Shostakovich because his non-political music is far superior to his contrived Communist-influenced pieces. But my political hacks aside. Although they do have some interesting work, Seventh 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 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. Much Kondrashin moves at an energetic pace with his characteristic Russian virility. The dissonant triplets, which are part of the movement are transformed into massive orchestral twangings which embellish and color this rather cut-and-dried composition. The highly conservative nature of this close-up balances Shostakovich’s cryptic style of conducting, with the people’s unprecedented fire, especially when compared to Eugene Ormandy’s pale rendition.

But the real prize in this new set of Shostakovich recordings is the Violin Concerto No. 1, by soloist David Oistrakh, conducted by Maksim, conducting the New Philharmonic Orchestra. This concerto is a more adult version of Shostakovich’s absolute music—devoid of any pop cynicism—excuse—and is perhaps the best violin concerto written since Bartok’s 1923 piece. It is more bracing than occasionally profound work. It’s surprisingly fresh, a merger of the traditional and the avant-garde. Soviet violin master Oistrakh, one of the world’s leading players, handles the concerto an affectionate reading when it was first performed in the mid ’30s by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York under the direction of Leopold Stokowski. The recording, Oistrakh treats each note as if it were precious—and in this version, it is.

Notes are shaped into well-focused phrases and are a wide range of colors, he can accomplish this feat with so much ease. The orchestra appropriately subdued but with shattering strokes of color, whose lines are shaped into well-focused phrases of a combination of colors. This is a most satisfying recording of the concert which is the most satisfying album of thein recordings.

The violin cadenza, which links the third and fourth movements, is a white-painted passage in which Oistrakh alternates between screaming and singing notes. He blends in the soloist’s phrases into a dazzling display of virtuosity, and the orchestra appropriately subdued but with a kind of aural fireworks. The performing and recording of Mitropoulos, on the other hand, used the orchestra as a remote backdrop for the soloist.

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Concerning his performance of the concerto, thirty years later, Shostakovich is now exhibiting the possibilities of the brassless sonorities in the orchestra.

Shostakovich is now exhibiting the possibilities of the brassless sonorities in the orchestra.

Like Freddie, one could almost call him the Andrew Wyeth of the music world.

Daily Express, December 20, 1973, Page 8
The Boys of Summer: fondly reminiscent

By Steve Jeoukakis
Student Writer

The Boys of Summer by Roger Kahn

Harper & Row, 422 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 of us, baseball was fun. To fans of major league baseball, these fans are known 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 had 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 idol. 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 whose names he had only heard 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 .327 for the team where the 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 Ebbets Field for the big games, the Dodgers were either the "sums" 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 Bill Cox, have been all but forgotten while tending bar by the Jamaica River. The "Pony Express" Sofa are completely out of the picture now. Prescher Roe, a better spitterball 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 Mets until 1979, 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.
Viet artist paints
'Smiles,' 'Tears' series

By Jeff Jones
Student Writer

Sorrow, joy and calm are the three moods of men exposed to the visceral tableau of Vietnam wars, a 58-year-old Vietnamese artist has thoughtfully concluded.

Ten years ago Tran Dinh Thuy, an artist specializing in portraits, traveled through Southwest 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 mountainseers 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 1962 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 portrait 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. Lassure 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.

Daily Egyptian

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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', whiskin' and hollerin' 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, tells how he describes how he has kept alive his family's six generation tradition of making maple syrup and sugar in the woods every spring. Along with live presentation, which was shot during two maple syrup seasons, Graff reminiscences 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, Jew harp, guitar, fiddle and bass — set the mood, while Graff describes the process of dripping maple 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 eating," 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 ever."

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 and effort.

A mutual friendship of Davis' and Hinde's spurred interest in making the film. "He started 'So we went out into the elements to talk with him during year's filming and invited him 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. The film 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 for main source of heat, it's a small family, using "poetic license," Davis and Hinde chose to film 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 store 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 Murphyboro. 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 10 miles west of Carbonville where two brothers harvested with horse-drawn implements. Then the sound was applied to the stories of yesteryear that Graff relates. Other sound effects were taken from the sound 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 to the narrative.

Like boiling down the syrup, filmmaking boils 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 with ideas. "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; CHRS Statuette, Best in Category, Columbus, Ohio Film Festival; CINDY, Silver Award, Information Film Producers of America; and Baggie Award, Atlanta Film Festival. It is available locally through the Learning Resources Center at Morris Library.

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 Tisone
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 own small cottage in the woods the life of a sugar farmer. The sap gathers in the mornings in huge cauldrons over outdoor fires to eliminate excess water. The sugar itself, if cooked properly, is prepared in small tasty balches. Graff demonstrates each step with gusto.

Near the sugar "cane," one might say, Davis chose to film the syrup boiling in the sugar shack. The wood fire, the sticky, the morning and evening sun have the sugar "cracking" to small brown sugar that is a favorite ingredient in the confusing celluloid circle of so many modern films.

Not a very famous film but an award-winner, it is flowing poetry on film effective of all was the soundtrack coordinated with the still memory shots. The foot-tapping music with the purr of the piano and the purring of the loaf of bread, the whistling of the fire, the sap is gathered in pails on crisp, wintry mornings. Then it is boiled down into huge cauldrons over outdoor fires to eliminate excess water. The sugar itself, if cooked properly, is prepared in small tasty balches. Graff demonstrates each step with gusto.

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Daily Activities

3 Monday
Exhibit: Center for Vietnamese Studies, Dec. 5-7, Student Center Gallery Lounge.
George S. Counts Lecture: 8 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.
Student Comp. Concert: 8 p.m., Skryok Auditorium.

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

7 Wednesday
High School Counselors Conference: 9 a.m.-12 noon, Student Center.
Free concert set at Newman Center for folk music
"Music Folks," an evening of folk music, will be presented at the Newman Center, 715 S. Washington, from 8 to 10 p.m. Sunday.
Handling the informal program will be Larry McKeown, currently performing weekends at Lee's, Steve Bagman, folk singer and composer and Dave Starnes, 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., Skryok Auditorium.

6 Thursday
Meeting: Materials Appraisal Workshop, Student Center / Missouri Room.
Dinner: F.C.O., 7:30 p.m., Student Center Ballroom B.

7 Friday
Christmas Art Sale, 3-9 p.m., Student Center River Rooms.
Baldeo-Abbot Christmas Dinner Dance: 6:30-12:45 a.m., Student Center Ballrooms A, B & C.
SGAC Film: "Ballad of Cable Hogue", 8 & 11 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.
Dance: Alpha Kappa Alpha, 8 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 Children Film Series: "Babe 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 & 11 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., Skryok Auditorium.
SGAC Film: "Ballad of Cable Hogue", 8 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.

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S'Gershwin' to be re-aired
By Glenn Amado
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

One of 1972's most acclaimed musical specials, "S Wonderful, S Marvelous, S Gershwin," starring Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire, will be re- aired at 7 p.m. Monday on WSIU-TV, Channel 7.
The Gershwin tribute, originally presented on NBC as part of the Bell System Family Theater, also stars' Lena Horne, Chet Merrick, Peter Nero, Larry Kert, Linda Bennett and Robert Gistaffa.
Despite the galaxy of star performers, the undeniable "star" of the program is the music of George Gershwin. More than 30 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 Marvelous, S Gershwin" received Emmy awards for outstanding single program, direction (Walther Miller), choreography (Alan Johnson) and musical direction (Elliot Lawrence).

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Daily Egyptian, December 3, 1972, Page 9
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 day 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 setting them to music," Strini said.

Consequently, Strini will be presenting the first two movements of his work in progress (which is yet unfinished) 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 30 hours working on my composition, which is scored for guitar, singers, flute solo, 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 Beethoven, 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 Zaragi, 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. Zarati said.

Jim Schull'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 Tone" by Bryne Robbery, "Sonic Sculpture No. 2" by Joe Kryszak, "Gallop for Brass Quintet" by Richard Reese, "I Get What's Left" by Rich Davis, "F.D.R." by James Tice, and "Clarinet Sonata" by Gary Brinkman.


"The exhibitions will be open to all media: ceramic drawing, painting, collage, weaving, knitting, sculpting, photography, quilting, crocheting, papermaking, sculpture, jewelry, metal smithing, woodworking, luthier'swork, collage, glass, basketry, enameling, doll-making, weavings, binding or other arts and crafts," Ms. Zarati said.

"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."

"Representatives of both the University community and the residents of Southern Illinois are primary concern," Graubner said. "For this reason, entries from the University community may be limited to 30 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 453-6507.
New Snyock Manager

Jo Mack relocates her 'show business'

By Tom Flan
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, of course, and is part of a research campaign at Snyock Auditorium, where she is now in charge.

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 much rivalry in the south 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 be treated like a princess. 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 older children were made to go to school, "because I didn't know any better."

Jo learned to dance classes and graduated from high school as a member of the National Honor Society.

When she got in trouble, "because I didn't know any better," she and her mother moved from school, she learned to like classes and graduated with a minor in the Theater Department.

Eventually, Jo graduated from Springfield College with a major in the Theater Department. "I considered college for a while but discarded the idea when I realized it would take 300 times the amount in show business than anywhere else."

Women carolers to perform

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

The theme for this year's Christmas Carol concert will be "Songs from Around the World." The audience will be entertained with a variety of European carols from countries such as France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, as well as traditional American carols like "The First Noel" and "Silent Night." The concert will feature the Women's Ensemble, directed by Dr. Jennifer Brown, and guest artists from area churches and schools.

The concert will begin with a reading of a Christmas passage from the Bible, followed by carols sung by the Women's Ensemble. The program will also include instrumental performances by members of the Springfield College Wind Ensemble and the Jazz Ensemble.

The concert is free and open to the public. Donations will be accepted to support the Women's Ensemble. For more information, please contact the Women's Ensemble at 412-542-9444.
"Puttputt" program offered

By Dave Blazevich
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

Dance-enthusiasts will have an opportunity this week to experience a program of musical and dance performances presented by the college dance group. The "Puttputt" program will be offered on Thursday and Friday evenings at the Union Auditorium.

"Puttputt," the brainchild of dance teacher L. Rood, was conceived as a means of bringing the college dance group to the students. The program will feature a variety of dance styles, from classical ballet to modern dance, performed by the college dance group.

The first performance of the season will be held on Thursday, with the theme "Jazz." The program will feature a variety of dance styles, from classical ballet to modern dance, performed by the college dance group.

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