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"Nostalgia ain't what it used to be."
Peter DeVries
Carry me back: rich lode for purveyors of pop arts

By C. Anne Preston Staff Writer

Three years ago, the nostalgia craze swept the United States as America prompted Time essayist Gerald Clarke to ask, "How much does a person need to take?" He observed, "We seem to be no more enduringly lost in what we look back to than ever before, and the look back is towards the undisturbed past."

Set to premiere on Broadway in the next two months are two musical revivals - "No, No, Nanette" with Alice Faye and "Yesterdays" with Bing Crosby. 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 "The Waltons: The Next Generation." Universities around the country are packing them in for revivals of films classics starring Steve McQueen, Robert Mitchum, and Marlon Brando.

The fashion industry, perhaps the hardest hit of the nostalgia craze, leads the vanguard by promoting oversized bows, tulle dresses, western wear, and ankle-strap shoes with bow ties, western style. Even thelasts and more people, disenchanted with urban life, are returning to the country to "grow our own food and live off the land."

What does such a pervasive fad mean, and how does it fit into the "続ける" world of today's culture? Loyola University professor Peter Nance has a hypothesis that people are looking for a "simple" world in which "the pace is slower and the dress is more casual." They are looking for "a world where they can take a deep breath and enjoy life." Nance believes that people are "turning back on the past, on the memories of the 1930s and 1940s, on the 'good old days.'"

Perhaps Americans can steer their way through the commercialization and the overwhelming 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."
Music makes me homesick

By Dave Sterns

Music gets homesick too. So it goes back to where it came from — deep in its own outer realm. Acid rock's ear-crashing intensity scared as well as intrigued and probably frightened the hell out of people creating it.

That's where nostalgia all started, with acid music. It's been taken for granted that the first successful piece of mind-expanding music was the Beatles' 'Sgt. Pepper' album, which also contained one of the first examples of refried musical roots: "When I'm Sixty-Four," one of the most tangentially progressive groups of the '60s, tacked a British ballad musical ditty on the end of their "Disraeli Gears" album. And the Jefferson Airplane improved on 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 all the music of which all of the played with which was popular when our parents were young. It offered satire, comic relief and at best, a serious re-appreciation of the fifties, which didn't have the halo of cause of our homesickness or perhaps because we suffered future shock over the literalness of our childhoods. The new lives and the world's recklessness. Nostalgia eventually expanded into our own past, exploiting the late 1950s and early '60s — and it let us curl up into a fevered position. It was warm, secure and nothing challenging or new. It was all about rediscovering that also rediscovered country and western music (The Band, James Taylor) and blues (B.B. King and Janis). No longer there was the inventiveness that made 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 '60s Beatles.

When popular music quit moving forward, it became primarily functional; something to snuggle up to, to 'be 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 unease-enriched 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. It's not very marketable.

But the wound of pure nostalgia is a bitter pill. Wouldn't you rather see Ann Miller's "Great American Soups" commercial than sit through ten minutes of a forgettable movie? Wouldn't you rather listen to Bing Crosby and his 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, reliving his golden days, his '50s. Meanwhile, even our serious rock groups were integrating these dusted-down nostalgic elements into their own rock 'n' roll. The new success formula could be called thalidomide nostalgia, miniaturized to ultimate palatability. David Bowie and Alice Cooper both use the same basic format, adding their own outrageous lyrics and stage show.

There are a few groundbreakers in the jazz field such as Andrew Gold, and some half-hearted inroads to the classical field, exemplified by Keith Jarrett's 'Spektral,' a sophisticated piece. In terms of the top 40 albums, pop music shows a steady progress and ability to accept rebirth. Nostalgia is no longer harmless, it's restricting.

Going back to pure nostalgia, we have a new breed: Judy Garland, making a comeback in "No, No, Nanette" and the Andrews Sisters trying again as well. Judy Garland, who died in 1969, popularized that certain magic to go, as demonstrated by the accompanying personal impression.

"My dear lady, I've got rainbows up my arse!" quipped rainbow-ridden Judy Garland when she ascended 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 lifestyle and an unappreciable 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 ..." (a nod to her role as Jeepers Creepers). "I've sung a new song. . . ." (Clive Brooks was a guy! 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 wisely enthusiastic.

At her last appearance in Chicago in 1966, people stood on their heads screaming, "Judy you're beautiful, Judy I love you." She appeared as a grotesque caricature of herself, with doll-plain makeup, her eye sockets coated with green eyeshadow, the glint in her hair matching her splattered pant suit.

They rarely let her on TV looking like that.

On that particular evening in Chicago, however, she could not stop smiling — 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 exists in 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 amphetamine and a heavy drinker.

Particularly in the past year, re-discovered Judy Garland performances have flooded the record market. In the recollection of larger cities, one finds a hit 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-top abducted by a mad murderer. There is a radio version of the film "Mme M. 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 old charlies." Judy: "Oh, clutch me Cru!"

So goes the dated music. Musically, these rauco performances sound rather thrown together, entertaining but with little depth. Garland freaks get a job from hearing her sing a Ford Hardtimes 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.") But listen to her last recording (Judy: "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, not only the end, became apologetic for her broken-down talent..."

But according to Judy's last husband, Micky Deans, his 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 Micky Deans (or perhaps some new husband) — watching her movies on TV. As she often did when she was blue.

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I am looking at myself. In my 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 $1.50 to $2.50.

A woman's "bust confiner" in 1919 went for 80 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, unt-weezed brows and pale polish. The red fingernail nails, lipstick, rouge and fine brows, popular in the '30s and early '40s are more than acceptable today. They're "in".

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-socketed clogs and Carmen Miranda open-toed heels are out of the '40s.

Draped uneven hemsline and the puff sleeves that we see today were part of the '40s. Other skirt lengths come from all eras. The shortest skirts over rose before the mini skirt of the '60s was to knee-length during the '30s. Now women wear their skirts (who sees women in skirts?) any length they please. Everyone knows we have legs, why not 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, 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 '60s and were worn through the '70s. Women began wearing cuffed baggies in World War II, but the fabric is, and it's more expensive.

Now these baggies fit snugger in the legs, and wear 'em slightly higher, almost knee length and wear 'em with patterned stockings. The socks come out of the early 1960s.

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

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

Practically 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 new materials for a major portion of modern wardrobes. Not so in the good old days. In a multitude of ways, technology forces change and makes improvements in fashion. (If World War II hadn't grabbed up the national supply of steel for armaments, women might still be wearing those starched 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. Many years for less complicated days, so we dress the part. But there is more to it than that.

In other 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: 30's-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 dainty footwear for women on the go.

As women began to wear more traditional masculine attire, men saw fit to add a little more color and shape to their wardrobes, without fear of ridicule. A la the 20's, 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 repeat of, women's lib. In frilly, fluty, 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 30's 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 30's and before.)

One young designer who is into the '30s look has the very old-fashioned philosophy that looks are everything. She calls herself "Delores Deluxe," and she says: "I want to design for people who don't mind being uncomfortable...like things that are totally impractical and not-useable."

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 20's, 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 freedom in using clothes to reflect personality. People are less likely to be stuck in a rut 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, 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.
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 parodies and high-stepping, Broadway distorted another reflection — the reflection of 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.

No one wants to keep old comic books dusted polished and presented as an anklepicture of the present. But somewhere along the way, nostalgia is not the whole thing that comes along with the six o'clock news. Entertainment becomes pure boredom.

It's not to say that because reality should never try to ignore for more.

People who, for old comic books still have that unique sound. But the nation was so into collecting reminders of the past that the nostalgia kick could be measured by cash receipts. People who wore Mickey Mouse watches, stayed up late to catch W.C. Fields and paid $30 for old comic books flockled to see Ruby Keeler kick up her heels in the hoof-flopped 1925 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 is all the audiences were asking — to be happy. Not moved, inspired, entertained, but just happily entertained.

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

"You Made Me Love You" is one of the songs in Irene. The five words in the title could well apply to both Reynolds in this musical and Keeler in No. Nonette. Both actresses had the zest, talent and reputations to keep each show going for several years. Audiences loved them both, and both were surrounded 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. Nonette 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 Nonette kept cash registers ringing. The sound has kept producers and promoters singing the praises of theatrical returns. The continuing search for the right combination of talent and timeliness has promoted a nearly endless list of revivals, including Gigi, Mally 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 1960s.

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 1939, the sisters, a shoulder-dropping, harmonizing trio, began a long career of keeping America swinging to the jazzy likes of "Bel Mes Du Schoon," "Rum and Coca-Cola" and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." No sister act has duplicated their unique sound (though bete Midler has come close) — a sound that sold more that 50 million records and accompanied the 17 movies they made for Hollywood.

There are only two sisters now. (La Verne died in 1967). Marge and Patty, now 50-ish, matronly, short-haired ladies, still have that unique sound. But will they, accompanied by actress Janie Bell 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 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. In just old enough to recall some of the "good old days" depicted. But after awhile, the newness of oldness must wear off.

Nostalgia, in many, has become old hat. For the younger theater-goer, the thrill of escaping into a past that was never his
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 1952 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 "barocco" 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 musical reminiscence of their younger days at the theater.

The major fault of this kind of oldies-but-goodies that highlighted many revivals. But Follies was not a revival. It was a statement about revivals.

Three ladies with heydays 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

Color Reproduction Credits
Photography by Eliott Mendelson
Separations and Presswork
by Steve Robinson and Wayne Patrick

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Show biz is back

By Tom Flan
Staff Writer

Radio is making a show business comeback.

That doesn't mean Broadcasting has found its way into a new art form, as is the case with the recent New York assistant police commission who had already been roped into the show. This has given a description of some "dangerous criminals as radio "jocks" who have been roped into the show. The former assistant commissioner, who had been hired so the show could use his name, was given a description of some "dangerous criminals as jocks" who have been roped into the show. The former assistant commissioner, who had been hired so the show could use his name, was given a description of some "dangerous criminals as jocks" who have been roped into the show.
'Nanette' tickles like sparkling champagne

By Diane Midtalko
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 SU student population. Ms. Burnett estimated as there was a nostalgic 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 could Nanette, mere froth that it is - "It has no plot line," Ms. Burnett said - become a phenomenon?

The production ran for over two years on Broadway, broke records on the road and has made a bundle for its producers. Besides proving its mass appeal, Nanette, with few exceptions, has won critical raves.

"People have a selective memory for the 'old times,'" Ms. Burnett theorized. "When they reach far back enough, they don't remember the bad things.

To put it another way, Don Doss in his book The Making of No, No, Nanette, describes the show's Broadway opening: "As had happened so many times before, the audience was transported to an earlier time, a happier time, when girls were beautiful, jokes were funny, songs were lovely, and the biggest worry in life was whether or not it might rain during an Atlantic City holiday (and it never, never did)."

Doss goes on to say that audiences, viewing Nanette, don't even really see what's happening on the stage. They see instead, he believes, reel after reel of old Busby Berkeley movies running through their heads. They see snapshots from the family album. They see their youths, when 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 Pygmalion 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 '70 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 1979 Nanette lost and gained personnel at a dizzying clip, too. There were over 20 changes in the cast and production 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 against 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 '30s, 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 sily 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, almost every period costume (designed by Raoul duBois) for the cast of 21 are eye-fillers.

Nanette offers songs like "I Want to Be Happy," and "Tea for Two," and - you know the rest.

Who could ask for anything more?
Women are slowly entering the field of broadcasting, which is unusual for a young woman of 26 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 shows aired on 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, 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, and on the wall is a poster with "instrument list," the list of instruments kept under the chairs and on the floor.

The bulletin board is filled with papers and notices that overlap and cover one another. 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 Chorale, Women in Broadcasting. She is hoping to introduce more women to the field of broadcasting.

"I was faced with many problems she has encountered as a woman in a field dominated today by men," she said. "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 and education, she did remember one small problem.

"I was given a show with Tuesday films 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 for the station. This fall she came to Choral Ensemble 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, "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 WSIU. 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, she doesn't moderate. Once we get into the studio that particular group has control over the show."

"Things are never dull around here."

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)

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 needed a piece for the female chorus of Gabriel Faure's "Requiem" for a recent publisher's concert, 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 the mixed female chorus was thinning the harmonic texture. The bass parts are played by the organ accompanying— all to better suit the timbre of female voices. The choral structure, progressions and use of harmony suggest early 20th century music," Taylor said. "But the piece is very restful 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.

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Page 10, Daily Egyptian, March 4, 1974
No, No, Nanette

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

Course aims to view women's gifts to art

By Joanne Resther

A course aimed at bringing SUU 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 Art: The Women's Center, 49 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'Keefe?" was another course title Ms. Greenfield suggested.

Ms. Greenfield showed slides of some of the works 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 "well 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 don't know about." One reason for this, she said, is the education women get. Women have to be "very protected and very sheltered," Ms. Greenfield explained.

Drawing from the nude is one of the great skills for an artist, she said, but, "If women drew from a figure, the figure was draped or clothed."

A more contemporary example of this is Ms. Greenfield's under-graduate course she took at the University of Colorado. The teacher was discussing Sandro Botticelli's painting "Birth of Venus."

The woman who portrayed Venus was Botticelli's mistress. But the man teaching the course couldn't bring himself to refer to the woman as Botticelli's mistress, so he called her a friend of the family."

Ms. Greenfield said another obstacle to the recognition of women artists is that, "Women were not getting together and talking about their art. Men have always done that."

She pointed out that in New York City, several groups of women have formed to help each other become established and have been successful.

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 planters 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 mushrooms, as well as three other dressings. When we returned to our table, we had no choice but to abandon conversation because of the lake. 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-liked. An attendant was stationed nearby to identify the duties. In- cluded was fried Newburg, trout, catfish, shrimp creole, frog legs, deviled crab, system locker-filler, clams casino, crabmeat-stuffed lobster, wild rice and asparagus, to list about 25 per cent of the selections. We tasted 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 halved strawberries 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 cherry 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 $26. Menu rates would have totaled about the same.
Wind ensemble to run gamut of band music

By Dave Stoumas
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 Symphony Band, composed mainly of music majors dedicated to performing the latest band literature.

The Concert Wind Ensemble will perform a program of contemporary 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 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 Basset'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 Basset in his score's program notes. "Yet, at the same time there is no denying that some guide to listening, even if beyond the limits of the work itself, can be of real benefit to the layman."

Consequently, Basset 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 indiscernible sounds to convey water colors.

Also on Monday's program is a marimba concerto, which will feature Tim Akin, a senior at Murphyboro High School, on marimba, and guest conductor Sam Floyd.

"The piece is a major work, and an optional concerto at his age," Siener said. "He's been offered several university scholarships."

An exceptionally witty commission on the program is Robert Jager's "Quincus — A Satirical Suite for Band." Jager explained the cryptic title in the program notes saying, "Quincus 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 puns fun at contemporary composers, who often seek out unlikely titles."

Other satire used in the piece includes a take-off on the overused "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 Wachtman'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 at the University Symphony Orchestra.

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 Aug. 27 through Sept. 4.

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

Danny Thomas was born to immigrant parents from Syria (now Lebanon). The 60-year-old performer has received service citations from religious, educational, cultural, civic, medical and Brotherhood groups.

Reserved seats are available by writing P.O. Box 182, Du Quoin of calling 618-926-5286.

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