A goblet blown by Bill Boysen, assistant professor of art.

Photograph by Elliott Mendelson
Art faculty display their infinite faces

By Dave Stearns
Staff Writer

The infinite faces of art may be stuffed, blowed or formed in or out of focus.

"Mindscapes or autobiographical icons that have emerged from the School of Art faculty will be showing their faces at the Mitchell Gallery Nov. 9 - Dec. 7. Perhaps you still recognize some of the objects as things you see every day. Others will be almost recognizable, like a sleep-coated dream that you could never quite remember.

One such object is "Foamy," by Can­dee Rod Mcداد. "Foamy" is an eight-foot tie-died stuffed object that is a composite of different animals. "I've been into animal imagery lately, and they are sometimes shown in fantasy environments," she explained. "My work has no social comment, it's just things I dream up. I stuffed "Foamy" with shredded foam, and it stuck to everything. So I had to take my clothes off to finish the stuffing," Ms. McCade said.

Her other entry in the show, "Electric Mama," is a tie-died, hatted and painted work depicting an elephant image nursing offspring. The artist explained that the title comes from the original exhibition of the work, which had blinking lights behind the translucent cloth of the bath. However, the lights will not be used in the Mitchell Gallery exhibition.

Bill Boysem is working with organic shapes such as glass. "An organic shape is not symmetrical or machine-like, you could find similar forms existing in nature," he said.

Boysem is exploring sculptural poten­tialls of glass, which is almost a complete departure from the medium's common utilitarian functions, such as drinking glasses and bottles.

"I'm interested in the sculptural form - how it penetrates the space around it and the space within it. Glass allows you to investigate the interior volume of a form as well as the exterior, since it's transparent. I'm also interested in how light reacts to the form," Boysem explained, holding up as an example a kidney-shaped piece of glass partially covered with silver spray paint. "I'm trying to give the effect of the form floating in space, so the organic-shaped piece of glass in my sculpture will be suspended in a rectangular Plexiglas enclosure," he said. "The enclosure is part of the total sculptural form. The rigid Plexiglas enclosure will juxtapose with the organic form of the glass object inside."

"The space between the Plexiglas and the organic form - the negative shape between the glass form and the enclosure - is every bit as important to the piece as the glass itself," he declared.

Brent Kingston didn't feel like having nonsense written on the wall hanging, but I don't care what the letters actually say. I just like the way the letters look together," Ms. Lintault said, adding that she is not a student of witchcraft. In making wall hangings of this sort, she had to work out the complete design before making it. "So after I start making the wall hanging, it's very dif­ficult to change the design. Putting the wall hanging together was rather boring and repetitious," she added.

Two artists entering the show are

Jean Lintault

Glass is more frustrating to work with than other artistic media, he said, since there is always a too between the artist and the glass with which he is working. "And the tool places limitations on what an artist can do," Boysem added.

Negative space is also a concern of Joan Lintault, who is submitting a wall hanging entitled, "Magical Chant to Conjuring." Ms. Lintault explained that she uses pieces of white cloth with stuff­ing inside to make a protrusion - form­ing a design. A chant for conjuring up the devil is written on the wall hanging. "I picked the chant because it's in a foreign language," she said. "I don't care if anyone understands the chant or knows what it is. I'm interested in the negative space around the letters."

Concerned with everyday objects depicted realistically, the artist is entering a ceramic screw about a foot tall and two inches thick. "A lot of people think there's a phallic significance to it, but there isn't," she said. "I just like to make ob­jects with clay that aren't normally made out of clay, like trucks or pots with plum­ming fixtures."

Ms. Cole is also entering miniature trucks made from slabs of clay. "One is a pick-up truck and the other is an Old Model T Van. They both have moveable wheels, like a toy." Joel Feldman's entries are larger­than-life pasted drawings of dishes. "I'll choose one object for a drawing, I can get to know it really well, whereas if I work in a historical framework or a

Michel Cole

Brent Kingston

Daily Egyptian

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Daily Egyptian, November 5, 1973
"Foamy," by Candee Roth McDade.

A goblet by Bill Boysen.

"Weather Vane." by Brent Kington.

Photographs by Dave Stearns

"A Pair of Trucks" and "A Screw," by Michel Cole.
The Calipre Stage sows wild Oates

By Tom Flann
Staff Writer

In a game of word association, "vats" for most Americans, calls to mind the smug Quaker.

But for Gothic novel devotees, feminists and a growing camp of followers, the word conjures up Joyce Carol Oates, reedy, epiphemeral inventor of a devastating garden of earthly horrors which she deftly manipulates to arrive at her own particular variety of truth.

One of her short stories, How I Contemplated the World from the Detroit House of Correction and Began My Life Over Again, is, as the syngodic title indicates, an account of one such spiritual genesis. It is also the name of a readers' theater production to be presented on the Calipre Stage Nov. 11 at 8 p.m.

The production, adapted and directed by Martin Jones, will include an interpretation of this short story plus selected poems by Ms. Oates.

"Simon has a deadly face, only desperate people fall in love with it," the high school heroine of House of Correction writes.

The author taught in Detroit schools for five years before moving across the Detroit River to the University of Windsor with her professor-husband Ray Smith, where they both currently teach in the English department. The short story is a personal account, written in the form of an extended essay, by an upper middle class high school student who identifies herself in the text as "the girl.

In a rambling scenario she recounts, for the reader her beginnings as a shoplifter in the very best Detroit stores. But she is always saved by her parents' connections from any more than minimal recompense for her actions. Disguised, she seeks solace with Clarita, who is "twenty, twenty-five, she is thirty or more?" Pretty, ugly, what?

"She is a woman lounging by the side of a road in jeans and a sweater, hitchhiking, or she is slouched on a stool at a counter in some roadside diner. A hard line of jaw. Curious eyes. A low voice. Behind her own precessions move. An odor of tobacco about her. Unwashed underclothes, or no underclothes, unwashed skin, gritty toes, hair long and falling into strands, something recently.

Clarita becomes the girl's new mother figure and ideal. Her father figure - confidante, muse, lover and eventual pimp - is Simon, Clarita's junkie boyfriend and sometime report who describes their relationship like this.

"There is no reality only dreams. Your neck may get snapped when you wake. My love is drawn to some violent end. She keeps wanting to get away. My love is heading downward. And I am heading upward. She is going to crash on the sidewalk. And I am going to dissolve into the clouds.

It is Simon who turns the girl over to the police in the end, sick of her desperate love and hysterical terror. Back with her parents she feels the coldness of the big homes and big cars. "Why do I shiver? I am now sixteen and sixteen is not an age for shivering. It comes from Simon who is always cold."

Reconciled finally to middle class existence, the girl concludes ironically. "I am home."

That is Oates, Syracuse farm girl and college honor student who still bears the traces of the overt Goody Two-Shoesism that has tended to nauseate some critics, could produce such powerful portrayals of growing up in a modern city may seem nothing short of astonishing.

But she continues to produce quality work in prolific quantities: three plays, four collections of stories, two volumes of essays, a collection of essays on tragedy, and book reviews numbering into the hundreds. Her work makes her, at the ripe age of 35, a living phenomenon in American letters.

In less than 10 years she has published five eerily disturbing novels — With Shuddering Fall, A Garden of Earthly Delights, Expensive People, Them, for which she won the National Book Award in 1970, and Wonderland.

While she is not a rampant feminist, her husband still carefully skirls any interference with her career and she has won a place in the ranks of women's consciousness literature for her insights into the oppressive forces which have shaped a woman's role in society.
Bonnie switches from country to commercial

By Dave Stevens
Staff Writer

Bonnie Raitt singing like Carmen Miranda? And Aretha Franklin, too?

Bonnie Raitt’s new album, Takin’ My Time, is a campy commercialized switch from her first albums, which were flavored with country blues and Dixieland jazz.

Takin’ My Time is surprising because she makes the change so easily. But this bid for a different, wider audience goes against the grain of Ms. Raitt’s earlier anti-commercial proclamations and love of traditional country blues.

Ms. Raitt’s first album was recorded in a garage on a Minnesota farm. “I want to stay away from being hyped up by the media and polished commercial records,” she said last spring in Carbondale.

Ms. Raitt has always been versatile in expressing a wide range of moods in her voice. She can be a wise-guy barroom queen singing, “Woman be wise, keep your mouth shut, don’t advertise your man,” or a devastated little girl singing, “You can give my soul to Abraham, you can give my bones to Canada...for I have seen the Prince of Darkness on his charger ride.”

Here on her new album is “Wake She Go Do,” a tropical calypso song reminiscent of a Chiquita banana commercial. Her voice easily adapts itself to a Jamaican accent, and her performance is shamelessly lusty. “Let Me In” is full of those close Andrews Sisters harmonies that bring visions of a 1920s chorus line of flappers. These cuts are entertaining, but it’s rather disappointing that Ms. Raitt is jumping on the nostalgia bandwagon, which is pretty crowded these days.

Ms. Raitt sounds as though she’s trying to imitate Aretha in “You’ve Been in Love Too Long,” a spirited soul number. In fact, this is her most spirited performance on record, for she sounds as though she is wrenching her sweet voice to the breaking point.

The remainder of the cuts on the album are in a pop folk vein, which is more like her previously fine music. She sings poignant, melancholic renditions of a new Joel Zell song, “I Gave My Love a Candle,” “Cry Like a Rainstorm” and Jackson Browne’s “I Thought I Was a Child.”

But the most soulful and perhaps the best cut on Takin’ My Time is her depressed, boopy performance of a new Randy Newman song, “Guilty.” Lyrics go like this: “I got some whiskey from a barroom, I got some cocaine from a friend. You know how it is with me, baby, you know I just can’t stand myself. It takes a whole lot of medicine for me to pretend that I’m somebody else.”

But even these more serious songs are cluttered, rather than enhanced, by too many extraneous and heavily over-dubbed instruments. “Guilty” for example, is prettied up with a soul-band arrangement, which is unneeded fluff.

The only song in which Ms. Raitt’s excellent voice is not the breaking point is Few of Your Lines/Kokomo Blues.” Here she is playing country blues better than ever, which brings pleasant memories of her two excellent performances in the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, May 17, 1971, and March, 1973.

From listening to Takin’ My Time, one can only hope that she will not lose sight of her natural blues talent as she sells herself to commercialism.

Menuehin churns out a curious musical mutt

By Dave Stevens
Staff Writer

Jalousie

Music of the Thirties

by Yehudi Menuehin, Stephane Grappelli & The Alan Clare Trio

Angel Records, 1973

Breeding different styles of music together can result in some rare and fascinating sounds. It can also result in a curious musical mongrel. One such mutt is Jalousie, by classical violinist, Yehudi Menuehin, and jazz fiddler Stephane Grappelli.

With the violins from the white ends of the musical spectrum playing old standards from the 1930s (such as "These Foolish Things" and "Night and Day"), accompanied by a nightclub-style jazz trio, the converging musical forces mix into dull dinner "muzak" — the kind of stuff you might hear being piped into a restaurant.

Menuehin, noted for his virtuozi interpretations of Handel, Mozart and Vivaldi, captures the sentimentality of the 30’s, which he describes as the tunes he used to whistle on the way home from a date. Unfortunately, Grappelli’s jazz improvisations stomp all over Menuehin’s "moonlight and love song" mood. But at the same time, Grappelli restricts his improvisations to the songs’ basic structures. Consequently, he has little room to let loose and creatively jam as the recording suggests he is capable of doing.

Nostalgic feelings are synapsed away when accompanied by the stark Alan Clare Trio. The 30’s becomes a skeleton, a jumping-off point for jazz musicians. In this jazz style it really wouldn’t matter if they were using Stephen Foster or Paul McCartney material.

A few concessions are made to Menuehin by the outnumbering jazzists, which means an occasional baroque or minuet-style passage tacked onto the beginning or end of a song. But this is insignificant when a transition is made into the nightclub style jazz that dominates the album.

The combination of the three styles, classical jazz and romantic nostalgia, produces a happy medium that can be found in the Grappelli-authored song, "Jermyn Street." Here Grappelli plays piano and gives Menuehin the upper hand in interpreting the song. The result is a highly expressive piece of music that stands well above most songs on the album.

But in following songs, "The Lady is a Trampy" and "Cheek to Cheek," the musical fight for domination continues. Who wins? Menuehin, Grappelli, the jazz trio or Irving Berlin? Who cares?

The idea behind this recording was worthwhile, but Jalousie belongs on the dusty shelf with the Nice’s "Five Bridge’s Suite" and other musical mistakes.

New ‘Dead’ album has creative, striking sound

By Linda Lipman
Staff Writer

Wake of the Flood

by The Grateful Dead

Grateful Dead Records, 1973

A group that has been around as long as the Dead can put out anything and it’s going to sell because of the mysticism behind the name.

But Wake of the Flood, the first release on Grateful Dead Records, has used the band’s natural talent of principle songwriter, Robert Hunter; lead vocalist, music writer and guitarist, Jerry Garcia; and other members of the band as a departure point to add creative and striking sound.

The Dead have developed a distinctive style which has proven to be successful. This style, a sort of rock-country smoothness or “Dead beat,” hasn’t had much competition with the addition and incorporation of a new strong but subtle brass section and violin.

The added instrumentation in a number like, “Let Me Sing Your Blues Away,” simply leads to a fuller sound. An especially fine number, “Weather Report Suite,” written and sung by rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, features guitar, violin, some brass and Keith Godchaux on piano. The number is well-written and arranged, differing from many of the previously released improvised recordings. The “trucking” rhythm jams and quieter parts have gone. It’s time for the music to stand for its own worth and genius. Some Dead freaks may not like it, or at least they will think the Dead have slowed down.

But the Dead have just encountered another creation and a new baby, the recording company, which can be raised to maturity. Some of the cuts have been heard in concert over the last year, but they were integrated with the truckin’ tunes, previously recorded.

Wake of the Flood, on Grateful Dead Records, exists as a way to get the music to the audience without compromising the Dead’s own musical standards. The band says they want to recycle their higher per-unit profit back into further creative possibilities.

Usually when a band has “made it,” they don’t fool around with “creative possibilities.” They can keep turning out the same “hit tunes.” In this way, as a band who has made it and made it through mistakes than most bands who would have broken up long ago, the Dead still haven’t hit on their total possibilities as musicians and legends. We think they have, but we know more can be expected for “Dead heads” everywhere.
‘Mainspring’ a simple account of the complex

By John Biland
Student Writer

The Mainspring of Human Progress by Henry Grady Weaver
The Foundation for Economic Education, Inc., 363 pp., 95 cents

"There are no simple explanations.
How often have students at SU and elsewhere heard that? What is meant is, 'You can't understand this. I am fit to judge what it means and you are not.
Those not willing to accept this condescending, elitist presumption should read The Mainspring of Human Progress.
Here an alternative view is presented, and presented simply.

What is the mainspring of human progress? Is it freedom. And what is freedom? Weaver tells us, and tells us simply.

Although his explanation of freedom is simple and logical, it grips the heart.
Read it and you will know why governments do not teach their people what freedom really is. They are afraid to.
Man cannot be free unless he understands what freedom is. When he finds out, he will have the possibility to use freedom.

Weaver makes clear that freedom has an even better claim to its existence than its basic righteousness and justice.
Those who are ruled often starve. Free men do not. Current events, such as the Russian wheat deal, bear this out.

'Taste this one carefully, and not too much at a time. It was distilled by the master distiller, and it is powerful.'

‘Dream Team’ nothing to lose sleep over

By Charles T. Lynch

The Dream Team by Joe McGinniss
Random House, 213 pp., $6.95

"What do you do for an encore?"
People who have had a degree of success have been plagued by this question for years. After The Selling of the President 1968, Joe McGinniss looked around for an encore. The Dream Team just filled the bill.

It’s not impressive.
Structured as a novel, it’s really a long epode involving some people with whom it’s pretty difficult to feel any sympathy or even interest. An unnamed author who has been torturing the hinterlanders plugging a reasonably successful book, Jennifer, a reporter about to leave her job on a small paper; and Blaine, a radio personality almost completely lacking any off-air charm.

The author is, of course, autobiographical. Through him, McGinniss reveals some deep-seated bitterness against the media. For example, Jennifer ‘... worked for a small suburban paper of which she was ashamed.’

And although Blaine did not have the mechanical pronunciation of the professional radio man, he is nevertheless ‘the rudest person I’ve ever heard.’ And Jennifer ‘... wanted to be just as nasty in real life. But talk about success — God, he’s got the hottest show in town.’

McGinniss philosophizes to some extent about the author with the unexpected success.

'I had envisioned, at the start of my career, perhaps 30 years of satisfying effort; a reputation for integrity and skill, a small suburban paper which, quietly, like ripples in a pool. But my ultimate goals had been achieved before I’d scarcely begun. I still had 30 years to go and I had come to the end of my map.
Dooms of roads ran off the edge and I didn’t know where any of them led.'

The reader may not equate McGinniss with the author with a reputation for integrity, but McGinniss obviously does.

The book brings the three principals to a point where all three play the horses and display a callous disregard for each other’s feelings. The idyl starts to disintegrate when the author tells Jennifer not to answer the phone in their suite because it might be the author’s wife.

The writing is shallow and superficial even careless. On page 87, Jennifer is kissed publicly by the author. ‘She blushed. It was the first time she had seen her blush. I do not think she considered blushing part of her image.’

Unfortunately, neither McGinniss nor his editors remembered that in the couple’s earliest meeting, the author made a reference to ‘indoor sports,’ and Jennifer reacted. ‘She blushed,’ he wrote. So much for consistency.

The Dream Team? It’s a throwaway, as is much of the story. For example, McGinniss brings to New York a collection of ‘the smartest, prettiest girl reporters in the country’ (in cases, they’re being called the Dream Team. But after the first mention, we hear nothing more about them.

McGinniss left in the minds of many readers strong doubts about his writing skills (to say nothing about his integrity) in The Selling of the President 1968. This book does nothing to dispel those doubts.

Charles T. Lynch is an assistant professor of radio-television.

‘Nuremberg Fallacy’: unconvincing opinions

By H. B. Jacobini

The Nuremberg Fallacy: Wars and War Crimes Since World War II
by Eugene Davidson

Far from being what its title might seem to imply, this volume is not a cynical denunciation of Nuremberg. It progresses in reserved, informative style through three stages.

First there is a brief account of the nature of aggression, of the real-political character of the modern world and of the post-Nuremberg setting. Secondly, by far the largest part of the volume is devoted to a survey of five of the post-World War II areas of conflict: the Suez crisis, Algeria, the Arab-Israel conflict, Indochina and ‘The New Colonialism: Russia in Eastern Europe.’ A brief finale seeks to derive insights and conclusions from the foregoing.

Quite apart from the principal thesis of this book the first and second parts are well-developed, readable and instructive. At the very least it is a useful survey of the five areas of conflict. In each case the account is detailed, reasonably comprehensible and devoid of the sort of bogged one-sidedness which has often characterized such accounts.

The reader assumes through all these details of man’s inhumanity to man that the punch line will inevitably be that since aggression and brutality are commonplace and the rule rather than the exception, the totality of Nuremberg was something of a joke; a misconceived aberration at best.

This expectation is at most only partly realized and then only in regard to the counts pertaining to aggressive war. (The Nuremberg Tribunal tried the defendants on one or more of four ‘counts.’ ‘Two of these pertained to the conspiracy to wage aggressive war; the other two were to the waging of aggressive war. The other two counts were those of war crimes and of crimes against humanity.’)

The evidence itself is well-marshaled but the conclusions are not convincing—at least to this reviewer.

In his concluding section, Davidson clearly shows that states are likely to act in ways which maximize their security needs as they conceive of them. In no sense, however, does he condone behavior in violation of the more narrowly defined laws of war.

Instead, he convincingly questions the patterns of violations, and implies that there has often been a level of laxness on the part of the military command structure which has been not only illegal, but unnecessary, undesirable and counterproductive as well. It is a perceptive and convincing presentation.

On the matter of what Nuremberg viewed as the supreme crime, the waging of aggressive war, the account is also persuasive. After noting the many variations, the conclusions are less so. In sum, the theme here is that aggression is not only impossible to define, but it is essentially that aggressive behavior is dictated by overriding concerns of national interest as seen in the eye of the beholder.

Moreover, his own account demonstrates the frequency of such behavior and the impossibility of judicial retribution in a Nuremberg in all wars which end short of complete defeat (as World War II). There is little reason to quarrel with the evidence. It is clear and depressing. But the data can lead to conclusions other than Davidson’s.

That there was a one-sidedness to Nuremberg cannot be denied, and that aspect of those trials should not be repeated again, even in the improbable event of there being an opportunity to do so. But Nuremberg is an accomplished legal fact, and it reinforces the legal obligations of humane behavior which Davidson himself recognizes as valid.

But Nuremberg and its aftermath have had impact on national norms which apply internationally, internally. It is often not as fully in evidence or as enforceable as may seem desirable, but some elements of impact are demonstrably there.

Until about 1928 aggressive war was still quite legal; today it is not, though there are a few illusions about it. Kerensky and Nuremberg were not the millennium, but they were certainly a small step in the right direction.

H. B. Jacobini is a professor of government.

Graham Greene, whose Collected Stories have just been published by The Viking Press ($16), has written three stories which appear in book form for the first time.

Page 6, Daily Egyptian, November 5, 1973
Sci-fi back from the twilight zone

By Tom Finan
Staff Writer

Good Neighbors and Other Strangers by Edgar Pangborn
Colliers, 194 pp., $1.50

Frontiers 1: Tomorrow's Alternatives, 158 pp.


Edited by Roger Elwood
Colliers, $1.30 each

The Eye of the Lens by Langdon Jones
Colliers, 172 pp., $1.25

The Chameleon Corps and Other Shape Changers by Ron Goulart
Colliers, 216 pp., $1.50

Digging into this latest offering of short stories from Collier's after a sci-fi dry period of several years, it somehow seems grossly unfair. Science fiction writers are not only some of the most original thinkers, but in offering their mind-expanding visions to the reader, they often include something of genuine literary value.

In the Goulart collection Ron Goulart and Edgar Pangborn particularly bear this last statement out.

In The Chameleon Corps and Other Shape Changers, Goulart, fluffed by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch as "science-fiction's best humorist," shows a great versatility and satirical style while dealing with a simple theme.

The first half of the book, dealing with the adventures of Ben Jolson, is well-written, interesting and often excruciatingly funny.

Jolson, hooted into the Chameleon Corps at age 12 by his father, has been indoctrinated and changed so much chemically and physically, that he is often in doubt himself about what certain metabolic changes will occur.

After five years of active duty, changing his shape to serve on bizarre missions and often taking advantage of the identities he assumes for his own larger benefit, he has moved into semi-retirement as owner of a warehouse attached to his home, from which he dispenses beer.

CC continues to call him back to duty, however, something which he accepts but is determined to carry out in his own way as he handles assignments in which slyly places as the planet Taragon.

Jolson is forced to resort to various ruses to avoid becoming the recipient of some ill-intentioned blaster rays.

Although CC men usually maintain converting themselves into animamate objects at one point turns himself into an orange throw pillow to avoid being assassinated in his sleep.

In another juncture, he tosses a television set out a hotel bathroom window and doesn't realize quite into change into an orange, a leading pair of would-be killers to engage in this exchange:

"Lord Boss, be divined."

"Dived!" a high-pitched male voice asks from behind the door.

"Out the damn window."

"Three stories."

"Fear makes people do odd things," said the girl.

In working which Jolson muses, "People were always moved to philosophy by his escapes."

In a typical juncture, Jolson doesn't fare much better. He doesn't encounter Jolson as much anymore, but when posing as a mongrel he is kicked, and ponders on whether or not to bite his assailant's hand. As an animal, however, he is forced to remove his clothes, with the result when he reaches his far removed destination, he is forced to wander around naked until he can steal some clothing.

Despite the fact that he claims not to have any attitudes of his own, Jolson manages to win the reader's attention and respect and, in the tradition of good science fiction, one way or another he always completes his mission.

While the theme of shape changing is carried on in the second half of the book, Goulart manages to inject a different context and maintain interest in each of the stories, whose plots vary from a town whose populace turns into cats at regular intervals (for therapeutic reasons), to a would-be suitor who changes into an elephant on national holidays. Always the Goulart sense of humor is present.

Along the way Goulart manages to satirize bureaucracy, plasticity, automation ("The computer handed him a piece of lint"), and generally has a good time projecting and amplifying the problems of the present into the future.

In contrast, Edgar Pangborn, author of Good Neighbors and Other Strangers, projects a very personal humor into his stories but prefers to work in a more carefully crafted literary vein. His characterizations, such as the small town bartender in "A Better Mousehole," are well developed. He conveys this understanding of individuals throughout his stories in a number of different settings.

His humor is often dead, as in "Good Neighbors," where an alien family sends an apology for their stray four-square-mile pet which has managed to die on top of Radio City Music Hall.

If Perlingshetti wrote science fiction (and who is certain he doesn't?), Langdon Jones' The Eye of the Lens would undoubtedly be the sort of thing he would write - it's that obscure. In Richard Brautigan's The Abortion there is a library where all the books are stored that will never be read or should never be read by anyone. At first reading the Jones book might fit in quite well with works by other great strange ones of our times - certainly it is not 1 a.m. reading. But on second examination in broad daylight, his series of studies of futuristic machines and places through The Eye of the Lens bears scrutiny.

Descriptions are excellent and exposition is extremely detailed, but people in Jones' stories seem to be as mechanical as the world in which they live, which may be a comment on society, but it certainly causes the plots to drag a bit.

Frontiers 1 and 2 are a collection of superb sci-fi stories by 21 extremely talented authors. In these collections the reader can experience everything from "Mommy Loves Ya," the story of a destroyed civilization subsisting on rat meat (and in a pinch, human flesh) to "From All of Us," in which we see people considered to be mentally retarded developing their own powers of telepathy and matter transport.

True, its $7.25 for the six books, even in paperback, but this new Collier collection of sci-fi stories does provide the opportunity for some mind expanding reading. Who knows, you may reach the outer limits.

Cultural calendar

SIU

6 Music recital, Collegium Musicum, Old Baptist Foundation Chapel. 8 p.m.

7 Mary Privatsky organ recital. Shryock Auditorium, 8 p.m.

9 Three Dog Night concert. SIU Arena, 8 p.m.

9 - Dec. 7 Faculty art show, Mitchell Gallery. 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

CHICAGO

6,12,15 "Siegfried." Chicago Lyric Opera.

NOW thru 11 Twentieth century classics to be performed in four sections. Museum of Contemporary Art...

NOW thru 22 Ninth annual Chicago International Film Festival.

NOW thru 22 "The Day after the Fair." Studebaker Theatre.

Photo by Tom Finan

Sceptor the robot takes some time out to browse the new Collier's science fiction selection. Besides reading, Sceptor solves math problems, discusses English and science and is known to groan and laugh at his friends. He is currently not speaking to his builder, David Jameson.
The Tenderness Lover was not compiled as a substitute for Whitman's masterpiece, Leaves of Grass. However, it is a good introduction to Whitman. Its well-chosen passages are passageways to the excitement that Whitman could capture.

Most poems picked by Lowenfels are from the nine editions of Leaves of Grass published in Whitman's lifetime. But in many instances, erotic lines or passages the poet had changed of his own accord or was pressed to delete, are restored. The editor chose what he considered the most representative in the changing versions, hoping to capture Whitman's genius as reflected in his own words.

"The Poems" is the title of the book's first section. The first poem, "Recorders Ages Hence," is a perfect example of the use of Whitman's injection of self into his writing. In many instances that "I" is an exaggerated version of the poet, a universal lover. But it is easy to believe that, in this particular poem, the real Whitman was speaking.

"Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover," "The friend the lover's portrait, of whom his friend his lover was fondest," "Who was not proud of his songs, but of the measureless ocean of love within him, and freely poured it forth." The next selections are taken from "The Song of Occupations," "Starting From Pausnamok" and "Song of the Open Road," poems included in Leaves of Grass. In these poems Whitman proclaims the worth of all people, over things; he announces that the poetic "he" is to be the bearer of all news of love; and he asks for a companion, a co-lover of life.

"Children of Adam," part two of the Tenderness Lover, is a catalogue of the joys of sex and sexuality. "All hopes, benefactions, bestowals, all the passions, loves, beauties, delights of the earth ..." are among the wonders of sex, writes Whitman in "A Woman Waits for Me." For the words in these poems, Whitman's works have been burned, binned and left unpublished. His courage, his need to express himself, certainly equalled the passion of lines like these: "Arms and hands of love, lips of love, phallic thump of love, breasts of love, bellies pressed and glued together with love.

"Earth of chaste love, life that is only life after love,

"The body of my love, the body of the woman I love, the body of man, the body of the earth.

None of Whitman's poems raised as much controversy as those woven with references to homosexual love, the poems of "Calamus." Walt Whitman could respond to and record love between men because he saw it as simply one more extension of universal love. Whether he described a physical relationship or mere comradeship (though he would never describe any friendship as mere), he could not see it otherwise. Whitman was engaged between men from any other emotion. Men, he knew, could be as elated or as depressed by other men as they be by women.

"Of a youth who loves me and whom I love," Whitman wrote, "silently approaching and seating himself near, he may hold me by the hand. A pity that anyone should be so shocked by the idea and not, instead, be astonished by the thought.

"Drum Tags," the only section of The Tenderness Lover not written during the first five years of Whitman's poetic career, appropriately draws the book to a close. It deals with Whitman's experiences in the Civil War, providing ample material on the poet's favorite topic of love. But Whitman's war poems, although filled with comradeship for the soldiers he nursed as a volunteer, is tinged with weariness. The war brought bitter times, but Whitman's early optimism had dimmed. But for all the blood and barding and bereavement, he did not despair:

"And as to you Death, and you bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to try to alarm me.

In the introduction, Lowenfels discusses the progress of Whitman's poems and tries to sort out the actual affairs of the poet's life.

The biographical conclusions drawn are of great importance. Possibly Whitman was a homosexual. Undoubtedly he exaggerated his love affairs and even fabricated some "children" to brag about. But of real importance, as the editor wisely points out, is the essence of himself that Whitman poured into his works. It is an essence captured in the introductory title, "Walt Whitman's Many Loves."

"Washington,
Oct. 19, 1871,

Dear Sir:

In return to your letter of September 5, (I beg pardon for not replying to it before), I have to inform you that some time ago I found a book called "The Leaves of Grass," and have since not been able to find any other copies of the original leaves of Grass - but Whitman he still has them to sell the world.

Pennsylvania University of the Arts, 212. 32nd St.

Walt Whitman, the first edition 1891, complete, to sell myself.

A letter from Whitman contained in the rare book room's 1855 edition of Leaves of Grass.
Jazz pianist cuts Wilder album

By Mary Campbell
AP Newswire Writer

Jazz pianist Marian McPartland has rented a piano so that Arthur Rubinstein has played on, rented a well-known recording studio, or-dered a four-color album cover and her newest, and most expensive to make, record album is nearly ready to come out.

The album, "While We're Young," contains tunes by composer Alec Wilder.

Miss McPartland says, "Alec Wilder has been writing this music for me—he writes everything from little piano pieces to classical sonatas and a lot of them for around and nobody plays them. I decided, 'I'm not going to just play these things, but I'll record them.' I recorded six of the pieces he wrote for me and four of his well-known pieces, 'While We're Young.'"

Wilder, "To Tell It in the Country" and "Trouble Is A Man."

"I went to all kinds of trouble to do this right. That's the most gorgeous piano I've ever recorded on. It's ruined for me. I'd like to bring it to Greenwich Village and do an album. 'Live at the Cookery,' but I don't know if I could get it through the door."

"I met Alec Wilder maybe 20 years ago at the Hickory House. But I didn't get to know him until about six years ago. When I was working in Rochester, I invited him to my club and he came and we suddenly started to hit it off like crazy. About three years ago, he gave me a "Waltz for a Friend." I learned it and started to play it at the club. When I made 'A Delicate Balance,' I recorded it; it's on that album.

"He suddenly got into this positive spate of tunes. As fast as I'd learn one, he'd write another. I must have about 15 of them. I haven't had time to work them all out; some are hard."

The newest album out on Halcyon is called "Live at the Monticello," and features her and her further husband, pianist Jimmy McFar-tland. She had wanted to do an album featuring Jimmy and guitarist George Barnes, but Jimmy didn't think his lip was ready, so she invited him up for a concert in Rochester, which was recorded.

"If we got something, fine, and if we didn't, we wouldn't use it. Some Rochester guys recorded and they did a beautiful job. It didn't turn out half bad."

"I don't play authentically in Jimmy's Chicago style but I can fit in and not sound ridiculous. I can be flexible enough to know what I should play in his kind of band. Ac-tually I was enjoying myself a lot more than if I were trying to enforce my own harmonic ideas."

"When I first came over here, I was still feeling my way. I plunged right in playing Jimmy's music. When I started my own trio, I kind of grew away from old-style music; I got to thinking it was kind of silly."

"I can seem to enjoy playing his kind of music so much more now. I guess I play progressive jazz. I was influenced by all the records I listened to. Duke Ellington, Teddy Wilson, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson."

Other albums on the Halcyon label are "Interplay" and "Ambiance" by Miss McPartland, "Elegant Piano" by Miss McFarland and Teddy Wilson and "Cooking at Michael's Pub" by Pianist Dave McKenna. Halcyon Records are $5.95 from Box 4280, Grand Central Station, New York.

"Obviously I'm not in it for the profit motive or I wouldn't be doing this. There must be some other thing I enjoy doing about it—getting records done and getting something out I'm proud of, I guess.

"She is busy performing live, is booked for the coming year, gives lots of performances and workshops for school children, where her warmth of personality is a decided asset, and she composes some songs herself. "Twilight World," with lyrics by Johnny Mercer, recently was recorded by Tony Bennett.

Her own childhood, in England, was happiest when she was playing piano. "I felt like a big nothing. My sister was always the favored one and I always felt as if I was on the outside looking in. And not only in the family—at school. I never in the favored groups. But I became a shining light whenever I sat down at the piano."

"I've never felt as self-confident as I do now. I've got involved in things I never thought I could and made it come off. Now that I've learned to be self-sufficient, I really dig it."

Hollow Hills tops Best Seller list

(Compiled from Publishers' Weekly)

FICTION
1. The Hollow Hills, Mary Stewart.
2. The Billion Dollar Sare Thing, Paul E. Erdman.
5. The Salamander. Morris West.
8. Facing the Lions. Tom Wicker.

NONFICTION
1. The Joy of Sex. Alex Comfort.
5. Pentimento. Lillian Hellman.
7. In One Era and Out the Other. Sam Levenson.
Premiere upcoming in New Orleans

NEW ORLEANS (AP)—The New Orleans Philharmonic will include a world premiere during its 1973-74 season—"Ponce de Leon" by Spanish composer Leonardo Balada. It is for narrator and orchestra, with text by Dr. Theodore Bearley, director of the Hispanic Safety of America.

Narration will be by actor Jose Ferrer, a native of Puerto Rico.

Artists from 11 countries will appear as guests during the Philharmonic season, most of them from Spanish-speaking countries.

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ADMINISTRATIVE OPENING

JOB TITLE: Administrator for the Southern Illinois Mental Health Clinic

JOB DESCRIPTION: (Salary $12,000 to $15,000 annually) Personnel and fiscal officer for the Southern Illinois Mental Health Clinic and executive officer for the Board of Directors of the Southern Illinois Mental Health Clinic.

MINIMUM QUALIFICATIONS:

1. A Master's degree or a Bachelor's degree with work experiences equivalent to the Master's degree.
2. College credits or equivalent experiences in personnel and fiscal accounting.
3. Evidences of ability in writing reports.
4. Evidences of success in meeting reporting deadlines.
5. Evidences of good interpersonal relationships with superiors, peer groups, and subordinates.

CLINIC DESCRIPTION: The main unit of the Clinic is located at 975 S. 13th St., Murphysboro, Illinois. A secondary unit, Care House, is located at 408 W. Freeman St., Carbondale, Illinois. The Clinic has an annual budget of about $250,000 and a staff of seventeen. The Clinic has a working relationship with Southern Illinois University at Carbondale.

APPLICATION PROCEDURE: Write to:
Chairman, Board of Directors
Southern Illinois Mental Health Clinic
P. O. Box 709
Murphysboro, Illinois 62966

Include:
1. Educational transcript and experience resume, examples of writing ability, sources or letters of recommendation, office and home addresses and phone numbers.

DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS: Monday, November 19, 1973
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Georgian writes book about visit back home

NEW YORK (AP) — George Papashvily says you can go home again.

He did it. After 40 years in America, he and his California-born wife Helen visited Georgia in the Soviet Union. In addition to curing his homesickness, the trip provided material for a new book, "Home and Home Again."

"Georgians are perennially homesick," said Papashvily, a sculptor. "Very few of them ever leave home. When I first came to the United States, there were perhaps 100 Georgians in the whole country. I only met one."

A handsome man whose hairline has receded and whose gray mustache is immaculately groomed, Papashvily left his homeland in 1914, tired of war and anxious to find a new job. His first years in the United States were the subject of a book called "Anything Can Happen," which was made into a movie.

Papashvily and his wife, the real "writer" in the family, live on a Pennsylvania farm that is part of a wildlife preserve. It is a long way from Tbilisi and Papashvily's home village of Kobanadzor.

"This is the book we should have written first, with its stories of Georgia's early life," Mrs. Papashvily said in an interview here. "It looks at village life and the supportive concepts of the family. The joy they got from life, despite its hardships, continues today."

She says she was armed with a drawing of the Papashvily family tree, drawn from her husband's memory, when they traveled to Russia. She found it a good thing to have, for unlike him, she did not recognize family features in children and grandchildren.

"People were just as warm and friendly as I remembered," Papashvily added. "My family had always talked about my return, though our correspondence had been erratic because of the revolution and World War II."

"My favorite Aunt was dead, but her son had carried on a tradition she started. When wine was made each year, some was always put aside for me. Always there was wine there five years old. When I didn't come, they drank it and replaced it."

"When we went home, there was the wine in my jar, saved for me by the family," he recalled.

**PBS to air program on autistic children**

"Time's Lost Children," a documentary looking into the mysterious world of the autistic child from the perspective of his parents, teachers and doctors will be seen at 8 p.m. Monday, on channel 1 over the Public Broadcasting Service.

Infantile autism is one of the most puzzling problems affecting the very young. The autistic child lives in a world of his own, often so withdrawn that it becomes impossible to permeate the walls he has built.

The documentary examines the traits of autism and the dedicated daily attempts to help return these children to the real world before their retreat becomes irreversible.

The causes, and consequently the possible cures for autism remain elusive, and the fight to save the autistic child is a fight against time. Doctors have found that if these children are not helped in the earliest stages, their lives become virtually impenetrable.

The autistic child is not retarded. Many are very intelligent and physically attractive. However, this is part of the problem. Often the symptoms of autism are not evident until a seemingly normal child reaches the age of two or three.

Much of the documentary is filmed at San Diego's Leo Nims Psychiatric Center, a progressive learning center for autistic children. In the film, autism was treated with tranquilizers and physical therapy. Included in this film are examples of the behavior modification technique presently employed at the center, and articles on various treatments and advances that have been made.

"Time's Lost Children" is a production of KPSB-TV, San Diego. The producer is Dr. Donald R. Martin, Instructional Television coordinator. The executive producer is Dr. Gerald Perlmutter, the University of California, San Diego. The cinematographer is Wayne Smith.

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Highway 51 North (Next to Stoufer Lumber Co.)
Charles Wright

Poet to recite own work

Charles Wright, a poet who has been described as "a relentlessly passionate man," will present a reading of his work at 8 p.m. Tuesday, Nov. 6 in Morris Library Auditorium.

The free program is second of four poetry readings presented this quarter by the Department of English.

Wright's presentation follows on the heels of the September publication of his new second poetry collection. "Hard Freight. This volume and another previously released collection, "The Grave of the Right Hand," have both been published by the University of Georgia Press. The program regularly publishes small collections of outstanding contemporary poetry in English, for which the single criterion of acceptance is excellence.

Wright's two smaller collections of poetry are "The Dream Animal" and "The World of Women." "The 3-year-old poet was born in Pickwick Landing, Tenn. and grew up in the South. He graduated from Davidson College in North Carolina in 1957, and is a co-founder of the Army Intelligence, three of which were spent in Vienna, Italy. He received a master of fine arts degree from the University of Iowa in 1963.

Wright has worked extensively in Italy. He returned there in 1962 for two years, a Fulbright Scholar, translating the Italian poet Eugenio Montale. He served for one year as Professor of Poetry at the University of Newcastle, Italy, on a Fulbright Lectureship.

"My poems concern those half-truths and fictions of the American Dream with which—and behind which—we live from day to day," said Wright. "They contain certain reactions, responses, asides, perhaps, even for me, answers to the daily, Rorschach tests that we wield.

Since 1966 he has taught at the University of Cincinnati, University of California, Irvine

By Dave Storms

DAILY KANSAS STAFF WRITER

Nine outstanding graduate students from the School of Music will perform in the Fall Honors Recital at 8 p.m. Friday, Nov. 9 in Shryock Auditorium.

Performing Seokkyung's "Sonatas" or "Pieces for Solo Flute" by Suzanne Govier. The piece is based on Korean folk music— the influence of Bartok and Kodakaya is evident—and is well written to exploit the potential of the horn, especially the haunting, singing qualities of the instrument," explained Mr. Nadal, Ms. Govier's private teacher.

Ms. Govier commutes from Cardonvale to Evanston, Ill. where she lives in a small apartment and is an avid photographer. She has also studied under James Englefield at the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Ms. Govier will also perform in a newly formed brass quintet, which will do "Suite from the Montserrat Hills," by the Canadian composer Moreley Calvert. The quintet plans to stay together all year, and consists of trumpeter Wayne Miller, trombonist Harry Lamb, trombonist Maimo Petersen and tuba player Glenn Knowlton.

Alex Montgomery, veteran of last year's Music Faculty and Student Union's opera "Don Giovanni" and Men's Glee Club's "Sing Out and Dwell," will sing "The Trumpet Shall Sound" by Handel and the "Toreador Song" from Bizet's "Carmen." Montgomery, who is a baritone, will be accompanied on piano by Terry Martin.

After performing a successful rendition of the first movement of Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, with the University Orchestra, he will play Rachmaninoff's "Estude Tableau for Piano" and "Etude Fugue" for Piano.

Ms. Nicholson's private teacher, Sevres Barwick, said that this piece will also be included in her solo recital, which will be performed later this year.

Another Barwick student performing on Friday's program is Nancy Pressley, who will play the first movement of Barber's "Sonata for Piano." "She will play the other three movements of the sonata, which is a technically highly demanding work in twentieth century piano literature, at her Dec. 9 solo recital," Barwick said.

Wright has been described as "a relentlessly passionate man," and he will present a reading of his work at 8 p.m. Tuesday, Nov. 6 in Morris Library Auditorium.