dup

UMO tree corps attacks Dutch Elm disease

UMO elm tree being readied for high pressure injection as part of experimentation and research into the Dutch Elm disease.

Six men, equipped with pressurized tanks of chemicals, electric drills and handsaws, have been climbing all over the stately elms at UMO and Orono in an all out assault against Dutch Elm disease.

According to the coordinator of the Dutch Elm control project, Dr. Richard Campana of the Botany Department, this summer's program has centered around the use of experimental chemical in an attempt to retard the growth of Dutch Elm disease in already infected trees.

The infected trees are singled out after verification of the presence of several visible symptoms. According to Campana, climbers are sent up into the small branches to gather samples of young foliage. The visible symptoms include a gray-green or yellow discoloration of the younger leaves.

Internal samples of the wood are also taken with careful attention paid to any brownish discoloration in order to determine the extent to which to tree has been infected.

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UMO tree corpsman loads tank with Benlate solution which when injected into a sickly elm will hopefully cure it.

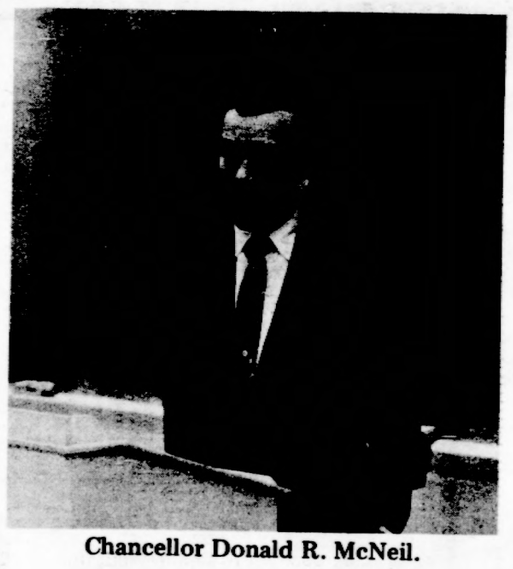
The Maine Campus

Summer Edition

—— Serving the University Community ——

Vol. 75, No. 37 | Orono, Maine | Wednesday, July 26, 1972

McNeil: 'paying precious little attention to have-nots'



Chancellor Donald R. McNeil.

The role of the communty college is being discussed in a four day symposium at the Bangor Campus of the University of Maine that was highlighted by a Monday luncheon address by Chancellor Donald R. McNeil.

The program, which continues through tomorrow, is being attended by representatives from 78 community colleges in both the U.S. and Canada. The organizers of the conference hope that the discussions will lead to a greater understanding of mutual problems and result in new solutions.

In his address, McNeil touched on some of the problems facing community colleges.

He said that the taxpayer is becoming very wary of programs that don't have a direct impact on the welfare of the community. Duplication of programs between various units of a state college system are another irritant.

McNeil strongly urged that community colleges not lose sight of their original goals and begin catering to people other than their original clientele.

"We have paid plenty of attention to the 'haves' and precious little to the 'have nots' said McNeil.

He further warned against becoming "overly impressed by affluence" and beginning expensive baccalaureate degree programs that result in increased tuition. This trend, he warned, would once again leave the people whom community colleges were designed to help without advance educational opportunity. Hence, he advised against higher admissions requirements and increased costs that would further discriminate against the "have-nots."

continued on p. 2

Fogler Library wins $7,272 in HEW grants

Fogler Library at the University of Maine's Orono campus has been awarded $7,272 in grants from the Federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare.UMO is the only institution in the state to receive money from the grant's program.

Of the $7,272 in funds, $5,000 has been awarded on a matching-grant basis with the remaining $2,272 being in the form of an outright grant.

According to Library Director James McCampbell, Fogler library will match the government money with money already in the library's book-buying budget.

The grant is a yearly offering of HEW to universities witlarge concentrations of minority and economincally disadvantaged students. The University of Maine at Fort Kent received the grant last year and UMO received nothing, said McCampbell.

In past years, however, UMO has received as much as $40,000, he added. This year, Maine's UMO grant ranked 51st out of the 55 states and territories in dollar amounts of grants awarded by HEW.

McCampbell said the money will be used for new acquisitions of library materials such as books and microfilm, etc. and would not be used to replace materials already on hand.

continued on p. 3

The Galloping Gluttons continue their gastric wanderings with two more encounters with local feeding spots on page eight.

Of mice and men

In a recent motion picture, the hero befriends and trains a family of rats that eventually grows to 12,000 gnawing, gnashing, toothy critters — you can imagine things get a bit out of hand.

The Jackson Laboratory in Bar Harbor must place a close second in rodent raising. The world's largest center for the study of mammalian genetics, the laboratory produces about 4,000,000 mice a year. The mice are inbred, hybrid, mutant-bearing and tumor-bearing mice for pathological research, half of which are sent to scientists across the globe.

Scientists at Jackson Lab are engaged in today's Biological Revolution. Mankind, say the revolutionaries, is entering a new era that promises the elimination of disease and undesirable hereditary traits and even death.

The Jackson Laboratory may be well on the road to tailoring a supra-human Ideal Man, free of disease and human flaw.

While scientists continue to perfect Ideal Man, the Mary Jane Restaurant on Main Street in Bar Harbor still welcomes the imperfect.

Jim Vardamis, your host and an internationally known chef, knows that no one can resist his flaming shish kebob on a sword or exotic seafood dinners, but...

You're only human, right?

Benlate bares bark beetles in elms

continued from p. 1

The experimental chemical Benlate is being injected under pressure into these infected trees in order to force the chemical into the upper branches of the trees.

Dutch Elm research has been conducted at UMO for the past 10 years but this is the first year Benlate has been tried. This year also, UMO was the only university chosen by the United States Forest Service to conduct a federally-funded research project in the area of controlling Dutch Elm disease.

However, the first indications of whether the project has been successful will not be known until September at the earliest, with the most important indications not becoming available until the spring.

The key to the success of the operation is the curtailment of the spreading of the disease within the infected tree, added Campana.

The tree corps is working not only with elms on the UMO campus, but is also working with the permission of homeowners in the local Orono area.

According to Campana, the corps is also involved with a preventive pruning and wounding program that has curtailed the spread of Dutch Elm disease in 50 American Elm trees on the UMO campus.

The American Elm was the favorite shade tree in America until Dutch Elm disease was introduced to this country in 1930.

Marked for cure.

Elms are a ubiquitous fixture in parks and college campuses. The elms that line the mall at UMO are all 36 years-old with the other trees on campus spanning a variety of age groups.

In 1930, a shipment of European elms were imported into this country for the making of furniture veneer. However, elm logs were not the only cargo in the hold of the ship.

The elms were infested with a fungus first identified in the Netherlands in 1921 and known as Dutch Elm disease. Along with the fungus were a few families of European Bark Beetles, the carriers responsible for spreading the disease from one tree to another.

In the ensuing years the disease which attacks the vascular apparatus of the tree has spread throughout the north-central and eastern states. The disease destroys in the elm what is the equivalent to the circulatory system in humans. The fungus blocks the passage of water and nutrients to the growing parts of the tree and the tree, if untreated, dies a slow death.

McNeil:

'serve students not ourselves'

continued from p. 1

McNeil also warned community colleges "not to act independently of other post-secondary school institutions."

"The post-secondary education needs of this country are varied and great. No one group--community colleges, four-year public or private universities or vocational schools--can do the job alone. If we are to meet the needs of the people with the resources available, all of education must join together in the effort."

The Chancellor stressed that community colleges must strive to help the people that are bereft by larger institutions and provide a means for "providing a second chance for adults and dropouts."

The need for flexibility was also discussed. McNeil said that community colleges must be able to change quickly with the needs of their enviornment. He said that communities that are the home of larger institutions should follow this lead and have a hand in planning programs etc.

"It is this concern for community involvement in planning which needs to be expanded to include other educational institutions, " he said. In this way the people who fund state institutions, the taxpayers, will be given a voice in how their taxdollars for education are beign spent.

"All of education will be faced more and more with accountability to the public" McNeil predicted. "Planning and cooperation are two things we know the taxpayer want.'

The Chancellor, citing UM studies dealing with unnecessary redundancies in the Super—University's curriculum s, said that the university's various campuses must be prepared to give up some of the programs that are repeated elsewhere so that new, more vital programs may be funded. He implied that other systems should follow this example.

He concluded his talk by saying "Above all, we must not lose sight of our basic objectives: To fight for low-cost education, to offer educational opportunity to all who need or desire it and to serve students, not ourselves."

Dr. Edmund J. Gleazer Jr. Executive Director of the American Association of Junior Colleges echoed McNeil's remarks. He said that "The community college cannot survive in isolation. It must involve itself in all aspects of community life while at the same time maintaining its independence."

The conference/workshop session grew out of an earlier conference at UMB that was entirely localized. Several of the people attending that thought a broader, more inclusive session would be beneficial. Fees collected from the represented schools will pay the entire expense for the entire expense for the four day session, which concludes tomorrow.

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Fogler gets grants

continued from p. 1

Totaling approximately $11 million, the grants were awarded under Title II—A of the Higher Education Act of 1965 for the improvement of college libraries located in every state, the District of Colombia, Puerto Rico, the trust territories of the Pacific Islands, and the Virgin Islands.

More than $9.3 million of the total is in basic and supplemental funds that went to institutions having serious deficiencies in their library collections. Unlike the supplemental grants, however, the basic grants require institutional matching funds.

The remaining $1.6 million were designated as special purpose grants and were awarded to institutions with special or unique educational needs. UMO received no money in this category.

The recipients are junior and community colleges, new and developing institutions, postsecondary vocational schools, and colleges and universities with significiant enrollments of economically disadvantaged students.

Grant funds awarded under Title II-A of the Higher Education Act are used by institutions of higher education for the acquisition of library materails such as books, periodicals, documents, magnetic tapes, phonograpph records and other audio-visual aids suitable for library resources.

Since the inception of the College Library Resources Program in fiscal year 1966, more than $111.4 million through 11,411 grants has been made available to institutions of higher education. These awards have resulted in the acquisition of approximately 12,5 million library volumes.

UMO received the grant this year due to the increase in Franco-American enrollment and the establishment of Franco-American programs, said McCampbell.

Lady loggers crash 'man's world'

Although UMO's Grounds and Services rejects the notion of a coed grounds crew, the university's forestry camp appears to be far less chauvinistic.

One year ago, a woman forester first breached the masculine boundaries of the camp, blazing the trail for four more women who are participating in the School of Forest Resources summer field program this year.

One woman student is at the forestry camp in Princeton and three are in the new wildlife program at the Univeersity's Machias campus.

Even clad in hard hat, leg protectors, heavy work shoes and swinging a pulp hook, Louann Wakeman of East Hartland, Conn., considers herself no different from the thousands of her sisters who have "crashed" previously male-dominated professions.

A third-year forestry student, Louann can cruise timber, yard pulp and even drive a bulldozer with the best of her 33 male colleagues on the 20-acre site near Big Indian Lake.

"Keeping up with the guys is sometimes difficult physically," said the vivacious 20 year-old, "but it's a challenge to my ingenuity. And of course," she added, "my crew partner helps me with some of the really heavy stuff."

When asked how she became interested in forestry as a career, Louann said, "You won't believe this, but I saw a lion shot on TV and it really got to me. I developed an interest in conservation and forestry in particular because it involves the use of natural resources as well as their preservation."

Known as "Samme" to her friends, Louann plans to work in a tree nursery after graduation from UMO.

Spending her second summer at the camp, Sally Medina of Kennebunkport, UMO's first "lady logger" and a senior forestry major, is an instructor and assistant to camp director Marshall Ashley. Professor Ashley praised Miss Medina's work and added that the presence of both girls at the camp has had a "civilizing effect" on the men.

"We tend to keep up our personal appearance and watch our language more closely when the girls are around," he said.

Because budget limitations prevent the construction of adequate facilities for women at the camp, both Louann and Sally board with families in the town of Princeton.

UMO Associate Professor Richard Hale, an instructor at the camp, sees no reason why women should not work with men in the woods.

"As in any profession," said Hale, "the forester needs a certain level of technical proficiency in order to be successful. Both Louann and Sally have that, as well as the respect of their co-workers."

The three women "wildlifers" are Linda Berkeley of Weymouth, Mass., Dorothy Kuziora of Bloomingdale, N'J" and Judith McGuire of Augusta.

Miss Kuziora plans to become a "public use specialist" — one who works to make park and wildlife refuge lands more available to the public.

"Women have more patience than men and therefore are more suited to this type of work," she said.

'72 valedictorian wins fellowship

Carolyn E. Reed, UMO's 1972 valedictorian, has been awarded a $3,000 fellowship for graduate study by the honor society of Phi Kappa Phi.

Miss Reed was one of 13 selected for the honor from a group of the nation's outstanding '72 college graduates. She is the daughter of Mrs. Clayton Reed of Farmington and plans to study medicine at the University of Rochester School of Medicine.

Phi Kappa Phi is a national scholastic organization with headquarters in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Founded in 1897 at the University of Maine, Phi Kappa Phi established its Fellowship Program in 1932.

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The Maine Campus
Summer Edition
Serving the University Community

July 26, 1972

The opinions expressed in The Maine Campus are solely those of the editors and do not reflect the official voice of the University of Maine.

EDITORIALS

Reaching the have-nots

During the regular academic year, every hour on the hour, a bus or two arrives from "South Campus" or "UMB" or "Penobscot Valley Community College" or whatever one chooses to call it.

The students who get off the bus look and act just about like everyone else here and after they drift into the Union, they mingle with the crowd and immediately the UMO and UMB students are indistinquishable. However, their programs, curriculum and general academic load are different from Oronians and this is as it should be. If anything, the difference should be more marked.

UMO has many shortcomings, but it still fits the bill as a four-year technical and liberal arts college. The things required to make it viable as such — relatively high admission standards and relatively high tuition — are necessary inconveniences for such a system under present conditions. Ideally, anyone who wanted a B.A. or B.S. should be provided with the opportunity to work for it whether or not their primary and secondary school education was adequate and regardless of their financial solvency.

That is a distant dream. In the meantime, we should be providing such people with at least some post-secondary educational opportunities, be it through vocational schools or community and junior colleges.

Some of the programs best suited to an economically depressed area are cropping up at the latter institutions and we applaud this. Dental and medical assistant programs, law enforcement and already existing programs are vital to a state's well-being. They should not be reserved for those who have money and stellar educational backgrounds when the "havenots" as Chancellor McNeil termed them in his address Monday are equally worthy and more needy of such programs.

Dr. McNeil made some excellent points in his talk to the community colleges workshop and conference. He pointed out that the Super-U system is doing a lot of soul-searching when it comes to redundant programs at the four-year schools at the expense of glaring holes in the two-year curriculums. We urge that such situations be ameliorated as soon as possible.

Students at a four-year institution often cringe when talk arises concerning program cuts there in order to expand elsewhere. Despite this, we urge that any weak programs here be weighed carefully against proposed programs at other levels such as at community colleges.

We at the four-year school may in the end be hurting ourselves, but, it is clear that the two-year schools provide a great service to those not as lucky as ourselves. This is a good place to put student idealism, rationality and practicality to good use even if some sacrifices have to be made.

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For more information write:
Editor, Maine Campus
106 Lord Hall

"I told you we could find a place for a woman on our staff."

reader opinion

ayyuhh

To the Editor:

I'm sitting here on my glassed in sun porch and thinking, because there ain't much else to do when it as thick-a-fog as it is now. It's thick-a-mud, it is.

I went up your way about a week back when my wife Clara had her gall stones out (they was big ones) and happened to pick up one of your newspapers. Well sir, I tell you, it was more than some interesting.

I kinda liked that one about the women trying to get on your grounds crew. We have some women down here that could do. Take Nester Faulkinham, for instance. She dug 1,347 bloodworms the other day and the tide had scarcely turned. She dug 8 bushel and three peck of clams last fall, and two of the tines on her hoe were broke.

No reason why she couldn't work on that there grounds crew you!

I also got a kick out about your oriented freshmen. I never did trust them foreigners anyhow. No need for them to go talking 'bout sex roles. They just come down to a Jonesport dance some Saturday night, they'll find out all they need, now I'll tell you.

One thing that's kinda foolisht is that stuffed bear you have up your way. Any body can tell its a fake. Never seen a black bear anywere near that big anyway.

Too bad your barns burned down, specially since its getting near hayin time. Poor cows muust be overworkded anyway, seems like, with that many people up there to give milk for. Course with all the bars around there and in that damnable Bangor you people probably get by just on hard liquor anyway.

Doubt you're too religious anyway, looked at that new church of yours and it could never hold all the people up there. Only good thing about it is if you don't get a barn up before snow flys yolu can put your chickens in it. They'd feel right to home.

Don't meand to be insultin now. Its just that you (and by you I mean the super duper U) cost me so much money. Every time the damn legislatcha gets togerther they all raise their hands at the wrong time and off goes another ten cents on every dollar. You build another one of them fancy greek buildings with all the columns and hollow stones (now you don't find them in Maine, and I know) we will give up every dollar and still owe a dime. I've been an hones man all my life, paid my taxes and put a dollar on the plate where it passed by but I tell you, there's a time when you've gotta say "whoa, that's just enough."

Well sir, that time is night. You're tryin to get 74.6 million dollars for that school of yours. I wouldn't give that to Jonesport-Beals high and their basketball team is a damn sight better than yours. Besides that, at 5% tax, and at $2 a pound, that's over seven billion lobsters that would have to be sold. Now I know there may be enough tolurists studpid enought to buy them, what with all them New Yorkers, but where are you gonna find seven billion lobsters this year? Or any year? Not in Moosabec Reach, not by a damn sight.

Well tide's getting down, gonna go down and scratch out two or three bushel and damn the taxman and the warden.

Oh yes, by the way, what's a freny?

C.B.
Beals Island, Maine

Masque production dated but funny

"You Can't Take It With You" but the audience at Wednesday evening's production by the Maine Masque Summer Repertory company managed to take home quite a few chuckles.

Although the play by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman was painfully dated with a "message" bordering on maudlin, its character sketches were the production's backbone — not to mention funnybone.

"You Can't Take It With You" was originally produced during the Depression and is a portrait of the eccentric Sycamore family and its encounter or rather collision with affluent black-tie society.

P. Michael Burgoin is excellent as Grandfather Martin Vanderhof, a "what-the-hell" septuagenarian who has evaded paying his income tax for over twenty years.

While so many actors mime unsuccessfully the movements and expressions of the aged, Burgoin gums and shuffles in the finest arthritic tradition. He tops a wry grin with a grandfatherly twinkle as he lifts his grey cheek to be kissed by his favorite but "straight" granddaughter Alice.

Beth Hartman paints Alice Sycamore a little too kindly. The Sycamores' eccentricities are an embarrassment to her when she falls in love with rich, conventional Tony Kirby. The Alice of the script grows crass, selfish and condescending to the point of boredom. Miss Hartman is too likeable, too sweet.

Susie Caron seems best suited for her crackpot roles, most notably as the howling invalid mother in last year's "Something About An Oyster" by UMO Dr. Arnold Colbath and now as zany Penelope Sycamore who began writing never-to-be-finished plays after a typewriter was delivered by mistake to the Sycamore's eight years before.

Miss Caron manages to get the kind of laughs that are more than polite with a strut and a cracked voice that is strictly Aunt Bea from Mayberry. Her "takes" are a little overdone at times, however, which robs her scatterbrain characterization of some credibility.

Her husband Paul, played by James Jackson manufactures fireworks in the basement with a former Italian milkman (David Emery) who came to dinner one night and just stayed for eight years.

Jackson is not the least convincing in his role, missing completely the air of unreality so apparent in the rest of the Sycamore's slightly insane family.

Emery, who has shown himself to be an excellent character actor in the past, falls in and out of an Italian accent with distracting regularity.

Chalmers Hood and Lucille O'C. Hood are both very good as the tedious socialite Kirbys who visit the Sycamores unexpectedly for a hilarious confrontation which ends with the mink-draped Mrs. Kirby sharing a cell with a busted stripteaser in the second act. Both Kirbys are excellent caricatures right down to the last "rawther."

No one really stole the show Wednesday evening but close contenders were Joy Esterberg as the Grand Duchess Olga Katrina — royalty reduced to waiting on tables — and Drucie McDaniel as Gay Wellington, a gin-guzzling actress in the casting-couch vintage.

We have to admit that Miss McDaniel is a very funny lush and we loved her embarrassing presence, but then again, this was undoubtedly the play's juiciest roles with the laughs already written in. Still — compliments for an intoxicating performance.

Joy Esterberg, although on stage only briefly, carried off her role as the Czar's blintz-baking cousin Olga very professionally. She avoids caricaturing the duchess, playing her simply and adding about the only pathos in the production.

The cast was noticeably weak in several areas.

Scott Kanoff's characterization of Dudley, the Sycamore's grubby friend from the breadline, is a little too oafish and one-dimensional.

The three actors who portrayed FBI agents raiding the Sycamore fireworks arsenal in the basement were hardly credible G—men but could have been very convincing Mafiosa.

Finally, Michael Mishou seemed competent enough but his mock Bogie "schweetheart" talk came out of the side of his mouth sounding more like Cagney — or was it George Burns?

There was generally too much slapstick in the production and too little professional timing. Fortunately, the cast managed to put it all together in the mass chaos of the arrest scene in act two.

The play had its only embarrassing moment in Vanderhof's lecture-monologue to the stuffy Kirbys on the evils of materialism, but it was brief and excusable since this opus originated in the '30's when Busby Berkley was still the bee's knees.

"You Can't Take It With You" will return to Hauck Auditorium July 28. If you missed it, try and catch it next time.

If you're over thirty, you'll know why you're laughing when Penelope drops names like Kay Frances. If you're under thirty — well, it's camp.

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FILMS

Clockwork Orange–'viddy this sinny some nochy'

by Bill Gordon

Stanley Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange" is a film masterpiece. Not only is it the best film since Visconti's "The Damned" (1969), it is the best cinematic vision of man's future — and a harrowing and frightening one indeed. This review's purpose has one goal in intention: to make everyone eligible under Clockwork's unfortunate "X" rating see it. Kubrick's film is more than simply important, it is a necessity.

After exploring man's density in space in "2001," Kubrick has brought his startling vision to earth and a London besieged by disorder and ultraviolence. Alex and his three droogs (friends) roam the streets at night seeking thrills by bloodying vecks (people). The sight of krovvy (blood) gives Alex and the droogs a strange sense of personal pleasure, always escaping the rozzies (police).

However, one night when they crast (rob) the domy (house) of the Catwoman, Alex's droogs turn against him and he is caught by the roozies. He is sentenced to 14 years in Staja (State Jail).

After two years of reading the Bible, which Alex undreampt of sensual and sadistic thrills, and being amongst vonny (smelly) perverts and prestoopnicks (criminals), Alex submits to the experimental "Ludovico Technique," an advanced form of brainwashing which turns Alex into a peace-loving, unsexual boy. With his glazzies (eyes) clipped open to viddy (see) films of ultra violence, Alex is conditioned to sicken at every attempt of violence or sexual encounter.

When Alex is released after "successful" treatment, the people who he maimed and tortured during his nochies (nights) of violence turn against him. What happens next is so frightening, especially when the real motives behind his treatment are revealed, that the audience can only sympathize with poor Alex.

Kubrick is a master film technician. Except for a slight overuse of wide-angle lenses which curve the picture, the cinematography is superb.and the sets and color composition are remarkable.

As in "2001" music plays a significant part in "A Clockwork Orange." When the droogs tolchock (beat' a man and have the "ole in-out in-out" with his wife, Alex does a "Singin' in the Rain " number.

Besides ultraviolence, Alex's other principle interest Ludwig van, notably the Ode to Joy fourth movement of the ninth symphony. Walter Carlos and his electronic moog invention performs most of the music during scenes of violence, while the Berlin Philharmonic does the rest. Undoubtedly the film's soundtrack album is a good addition to anyone's library.

Credit, however, should not be given completely to Kubrick. malcolm McDowell, who first appeared in Lindsay Anderson's If..., gives a performance of remarkable variation and depth. He should have won the Academy Award, and the film is undoubtedly last year's best, Bene Hackman and "The French Connection" seeming trivial in comparison. Fortunately the New York Film Critic's Circle did justly recognize the film.

Anthony Burgess, the man who wrote the novel back in 1962, should be mentioned, for Kubrick's screenplay follows (with minor changes) Burgess's book. the characters and their names are exactly alike, and entire lines of dialogue have been lifted intact from the novel.

The book has several faults, so in the end it is Kubrick who is the more important and commendable.

Many adaptations of even better sources have been disasterous; it is Kubrick's masterful use of the film medium that make "A Clockwork Orange" such a masterpiece.

Some may object to the sever scenes of violence in "Clockwork," but they seem somehow harmless in comparison to a more realistic film such as "The Godfather" which I found highly immoral in its glorification and acceptance of violence as a way of life. The "X" rating however is obviously the result of the nudity in the film, not the blood and violence.

The film has a few minor faults which the average moviegoer would never notice or realize and the Brewer Cinema at which it is showing is poorly constructed and as of yet the screen area up front is uncompleted with the picture not covering the entire area.

Yet "A Clockwork Orange" would seem great where ver it cinema experience. Using Alex's slang, "I.O my Brothers, urge you to viddy this zammechat hoorrorshow sinny some nochy."

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RECORDS

Leon Russell: musician behind the mystique

by David Sylvain

He's pretentious as hell. He's a performer first — and that's what's gotten Leon Russell where he is now.

Carney is Russell's genius and he won't be able to surpass it. His style is an interpretation of rock and roll. He has perfected it.

Russell is a phenomena. He has come the long and winding road to establish himself as one of the patriarchs of rock and roll.

Starting at the age of 17, Russell borrowed I.D.'s to play in Texas honkey- tonks. Twenty-two years later, he conceived, performed and produced *Carney*.

Russell's mannerisms do not betray his age, but his gray hair hints at his 39 years.

Russell creates a mystique. The musician is hiding behind the mystique — his music is sheathed. If you could give this album some kind of grade, it would have to be something like an 80. But, it is the elements rather than the collage which make Russell's music work.

Side one of *Carney* is conventional Russell. You've heard this sound before on Joe Cocker, *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* and *Bangla Desh*.

"Tight Rope" — the first song on side one breaks with the intro which sounds like "I Can't Quit Her." The predominant elements in this song are Russell's voice, piano and rhythm. Russell is one of the few artists who uses lyrics musically. Like the Rolling Stones, Russell reduces lyrics almost to a percussionary leve l The feel of "Tight Rope" is almost melodramatic. Throw in a 1930's music sound, some honky tonk piano and a rolling lyrical progression lie da-da-da-da-da and you have a circusy sound like "Tight Rope."

Russell is so damn pretentious and he gets away with it. The way he flaunts his voice out at you and draws it back like he's sticking out his tongue to taunt you.

"Out in the Woods" is a fantastic song. The stereo separation is fantastic. The tune starts off with all kinds of jungle sounds. Russell then proceeds to harmonize with himself. Out of your left speaker comes the Russell treble — coupled with a surface or close-feeling track. Out of the right speaker comes the bass Russell on the distant track. This effect is amazing in itself, but the tricks don't end there.

He also communicates on two levels in this song. There's the rock-rhythm element and the roll melody coming through on the piano. It is seldom that anyone mixes rock and roll in the same context. It's either easy on the rhythm and heavy on the melody or vice versa. Everybody knows that this has been true since 1967, except Leon.

"Out in the Woods" is so tight. There isn't a strain anywhere. He even has his studio musicians whimsically throwing in jungle bird whistles. Oh, the pretention. And the way he ends this tune changes the whole direction (well, almost) and slides in a soul choral arrangement doing Zulu.

"Me and Baby Jane" best betrays Russell's trademark. He throws his voice out at you and then swipes it back.

You want to know what Russell's style is? His style, his voice is like an organ — you know, the keyboard instrument.

Leon Russell

Did you ever watch an electric organ work — the billows chopping the sound, the circular billows whirling more and more fero ciously as the sound grew more intense - and the cutting, the reverberation —ta-da — that's Leon Russell.

"Cajun Love Song" has strings, pluckin' and some washboard sounding banging in the background. Fortunately, a melody appears within the tune, but, I'm sure that the Acadians are inclined to more romantic moods.

"If the Shoe Fits" is a swampy-roll tune. There's some good acoustic guitar. The Rolling Stones and Paul McCartney are mentioned several times within the body of the song — for reasons known only to Russell.

"Magic Mirror" is a tuneyou might have heard on your radio. Only the second half of the tune is played. The break in this song comes at the half-way point.

By the way — Leon is very big and effective on breaks (if you haven't noticed). This song turns into a so-called American Indian-type rhythm (tom-tom type beat) interwoven around a great melody.

Carney is a great album and teases the listener enough to continue the search for the album of the Seventies.

Take a chance on Paul Pena

There are two sources of major frustration to a reviewer. One is that the media (specifically the top-40 stations) push the same pablum to their listeners month after month so that some people really believe Donny Osmond et al are the only people making contemporary music.

The other frustration is that the reviewer gets countless records by unknown artists that would make almost everybody forget "Sugar Sugar" if only he could get them to listen.

Occasionally someone gets lucky. For ten months ever yone from Rolling Stone to the Jackman Station Free Press screamed, "hey look, this Derek and the Dominoes album is really dynamite!" (that's the Free Press talking, you understand).

Of course our erstwhile WGUY and WABI have no idea who Jim Gordon, Duane Allman and Eric Clapton are or were. But then in May a nice little 45 rpm record comes in the mail to them with a letter from some big DJ type and says "play this." Zap-everyone loves the song "Layla".

Chances are slim that the Maine Campus Summer edition is going to initiate any national music trend (we've tried before with H.Y. Sledge, Redwing and a few others and struck out rapidly) but here's another time at bat.

The record getting the push this time is Paul Pena. That's easy to remember. Its the name of the artist and the name of the record as well.

Paul Pena is 22, lives on Cape Cod, and hangs around the Boston coffee houses. There's nothing unusual about that, of course, in fact there are hundreds of people that do the same thing, and several of them perform on the album in accompaniment.

As often happens in a city where there are a lot of amatures fooling around there are a few with some real talent. Capitol records has had the good fortune of capturing them on plastic, but that may be as far as they get.

Like most ametures turned semi-pro, Pena will have his album do well around Boston (WBCN AND WNTN feature some cuts from it quite often) but like scores of other albums turned out by Capitol each week, it won't go anywhere because it didn't get 'the really big push.'

That's no reason for you not to buy it The reason for you not to buy it is because you have no idea what it sounds like. You know nothing about Paul Pena or his style in music (he wrote all but one to the songs he performs) and you won't hear it on the local radio stations or on a friend's stereo (chances are good that the Campus review copy is the only one in Eastern Maine.

Another frustration for the reviewer is that I can't hum you a few bars. As the chain gang warden in Cool Hand Luke would say "what we have here is a failure to communicate."

In an effort to ameliorate that, following are some words that will try, in vain no doubt, to describe sound.

Paul Pena is black, blind, and a guitarist. Despite all that he is successful in a world that isn't exactly kind to any of the three catagories.

Besides all that he sings in a rough, thhough accurate baritone that contrasts powere with delicate intricacies of his quiet songs and booms out foremost on his heavier material.

The Maine Campus is not the only group that has been impressed by his talents. H has played with the Mothers of Invention and the Grateful Dead on occasion, as well as playing behind the at-time solo Jerry Garcia. He has also played with such diverse talents as John Lee Hooker, T-Bone Walker, Kris Kristoffersen, James Taylor and Joni Mitchell.

All this information, though still does little to tell you what the record sounds like. Unlike the Grass Roots, not everything sounds the same so it requires more than a one word description. (The Grass Roots are "groovy", Led Zeppelin "heavy" and Shanana simply "greasy" so they are no problem.)

One of Pena's songs is Jazz-rock, three folk-rock, two gospel-rock (with no religious overtones though) and two that are rather undefineable. One is "Lullaby" which it isn't and the other is "Something to make you happy," which it does.

So you can risk the money on somebody you never have heard of or you can chewychewy along with Mke Jackson or the Partridge Family and be sure of the quality of the manufactured noise.

This is really frustrating.

The Galloping Gluttons

'Contradiction.. it's not especially English'

Bangor's the Red Lion Restaurant won the National Restaurant Association's 1970 "Great Menu Award."

Are you impressed yet?

The Red Lion is the only restaurant within a 50 to 100 mile radius that provides "elegant" dining. This presents a problem — they have no competition. As a result you pay exorbitant prices for good food.

The best one-word description that fits the atmosphere of the Red Lion is: contradiction.

The atmosphere is good. As you enter, your attention is immediately caught by the tudor-style decor. Your eye may follow the cross framed white stucco wall down to the far end of the room. Here the chef clad in his white hat is working in an open hearth.

As you walk through the dining area on the red carpet wiht shields and, of course, lions underfoot, you become conspicuous of your own presence.

You may be seated at a booth (always set for two) which is most comfortable. I wouldn't recommend squeezing in four. Or, you may be seated at atable which always seem as though you are on a crowded island no matter where you are.

As you are settling down you become aware of a rather colloquial, relaxed and elegant atmosphere complete with non-detracting piped in musak.

The contradiction: There is nothing especially English about the Red Lion. The pub at the entry end of the dining room is probably the closest copy of an English interior done in modern American style.

The ceiling an d wall beams are not the real thing — and the Armstrong suspended ceilings are most distressing.

"We bid ye welcome into our humble tavern. Draw ye up before the fire and warm ye." Really, I wouldn't make such a big thing out of the "English" atmosphere if they didn't. There is nothing humble about this restaurant. And as for drawing up before the fire, you must have to join the chef, because there isn't a fireplace in the vicinity.

If you have convinced yourself not to expect an English brogue from your waiter or waitress — you may settle back and enjoy truly excellent service.

As soon as we were seated we examined the Pewter plates. Next, we started to wonder how one should go about attacking the generous basket of assorted crackers with a crock of cheddar cheese implanted in the center. Just then, our waitress, (in one gracious sweep) plunged a knife into our cheese crock; said "Good Evening;" snapped our napkins onto our laps and asked if we would care for cocktails before dinner.

The cocktails (a Manhattan and a Tom Collins) were rare delights.

We had finished about half the cocktails and were about to look up for our waitress, but alas, she was before us to take our orders.

It was very easy ordering--everything is "dinner" style and includes potato, vegetable and salad—not to mention "Surprises from the Chef," a demi-loaf of bread on a bread board and for once an ample chunk of butter on a bread and butter plate.

Our "surprise from the chef" was a tiny pot of Boston Baked Beans, two knish, Kosher dill pickles. strawberry butter and garlic spread --all of which was wheeled down to us on a French serving cart.

After an ample "taste" of the surprises our never off-time wonder woman came with our salads. Although the ho use dressing—a "creamy Italian was a bit bland, the waitress grinding pepper on our salads from a huge mill made the set.

As we were about to give up on salads--the four-wheeled, e fficiency driven vehicle was in view and about to park before our table.

Down came the baked stuffed lobster, the roast prime rib (medium-rare, of course) the baked potatoes with sour cream and green beans almon dine. We decided later that everything was placed on the table in a formulated patter. Th us, we did not have to move one dish to get into EAT position.

After dinner came coffee. It was flavorful and hot. To keep your attention from waivering the gentleman is served a coffee bowl and the lady a demi-tasse.

Dessert? I didn't have the space left down there that a jelly bean would require-but, I had heard something about "Pumkin Bavarian Pie." My will weakened and my tastebuds won out.

"I'll show you the dessert cart, sir."

All I could see coming towards the table was a moving monstrosity eight stories high--wondered if it was remote controlled. No, there behind the cart was our waitress, smiling away.

Eight floors of assorted desserts --shortbread cookies, Cherry Cheese cake, Chocolate Bavarian, layer cakes and the Pumkin Bavarian.

As we settled back satiated our waitress brought the check.

It didn't hurt quite as much as the usual check for an elegant evening out and it was smothered in candy (sour balls and mints.) They sweeten it up. The tab was $21.63 with a 15% tip it came to $2488, or about $12.50 per person.

The contradiction:

While the food was really quite good, there was nothing served that was superlative or distinctive. The roast beef was no more than an inch thick and was a bit on the grainy side. Just before dinner when we thought we might like some wine a wine steward was sent over. We were not sure about wine and only wanted to see a wine list. However, the French looking fellow was very put out. He all but demanded to know what we were having for dinner. Maybe it was just me, but he acted as though we weren't capable of choosing the apprpriate wine. I think that he might make a good proprietor for "honest John's Used Cars." You know, couple the graciousness with eliciting guilt feelings from the customer--you get them every time.

Dining at the Red Lion is exciting. But, it isn't subtle. Dining can be exciting and subtle.

As "the Specialty of the House.. and for $6.95 I expected just a little better.

After dining at the Red Lion look at it as a production. This is where they are most successful.

Mainly, what makes it happen is first, the service, secondly the pre-planning, organization and arrangment and thirdly the ideas behind the actual preparation.

'Satisfied but not enthralled'

After ravaging the rouge feline (also known as the Red Lion), the gluttons sprung to their trusty steeds and ran hither and yon through the streets of town until our appetities returned. Rather than take chances on new grounds, we returned to scene of our previous raid.

However, we noticed that our saddlebags were depleted of funds and so we proceded into the front of the building and found ourselves in a completely different restaurant--Miller's International.

The difference between Miller's and the Red Lion are threefold. First, there is the food; second, the atmosphere; and third, the prices.

The food, for the most part, is quite good (the gluttons stormed the place last year and were satisfied though not enthralled). The atmosphere is neo-camel-cigarette-smoke grey avec (its an "international restaurant") tourists, truckers, and an occasional middle-class type with his three and three-quarter misbehaving children.

Then there are the prices.

Without listing the menu it is hard to give a comparison with the Red Lion or anyone else. In general it can be said that the food/price relationship is a good compromise for the average eater. The Veal Parmesian for instance, which one glutton had, was certainly not as good as Baldacci's but it is far more than half as good, for about half the price. A meal with cocktails for two can be had for about seven or eight dollars.

The prices for the drinks are about 25 to 50 cents less than the average tourist trap, but they are nothing special in either quantity or quality, so as a wise man once said (some beermaker if memory serves) "you get what you pay for."

One thing at which Miller's excels is service. If the unshaven, traildust covered gluttons are attended to correctly, chances are that you will be too.

We were.

Immediately upon being seated we were served with genuine ice water and given a hefty menu. As soon as our eyes wandered from the page the waitress was there for our order. The food arrived expeditiously through the rush-hour crowd, and after a moment of two of stuffing our aching gullets we were asked if everything was alright. (Unlike the HoJo query, we felt that we would be provided a reasonable recourse if things were not alright. Fortunately, we did not have to test this theory.)

The fish and chips ordered by one glutton were not as plentiful as those ordered at Helen's in Machias for instance, but then who wants to drive to Machias for fish and chips anyway? For Bangor, the meal was satisfactory--the two bottles of catsup the gargantuan glutton added to the meal were not at all necessary.

The steaks and other meat dishes may not hang over the side of the plate, but then you don't want your stomach to hang over the front of your pants (it already does? Eat at the Oronoka).

One last word of advice. While at Miller's do not, repeat, do not complain to the chef. There is someone that occasionally thunders out of the kitchen that stands six foot thirteen, weighs 400 pounds, has a scar across his balding head and looks mean. We didn't dare ask him who he was but he sure dressed like a chef (or a butcher).

After long and heated deliberation, the gluttons decided to rate Miller's 143.06.

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