

1-1-1972

## Muse 2

Southern Illinois University Edwardsville

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# MUSE



Political Polemics '72





# Gubernatorial race contest of symbols

Walker walked; Simon wore bow tie

Walking Dan Walker (upper right) walked the length of the state in his campaign for governor of Illinois and his feat proved to have the vote-getting appeal that Lt. Gov. Paul Simon's (left and lower right) polka dotted bow tie lacked in the March 21 Democratic primary.

Walker walked and spoke at SIUE several times during his campaign, always demanding that Simon debate with him on Simon's proposed state income tax increases. The lieutenant governor, however, resisted. Walker also condemned Simon as a puppet of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic

machine.

Simon has also made several appearances at SIUE. His most memorable visit was last February when his publicity people recruited several students to take part in a mock press conference to be filmed for airing on television. All participants were paid \$1.

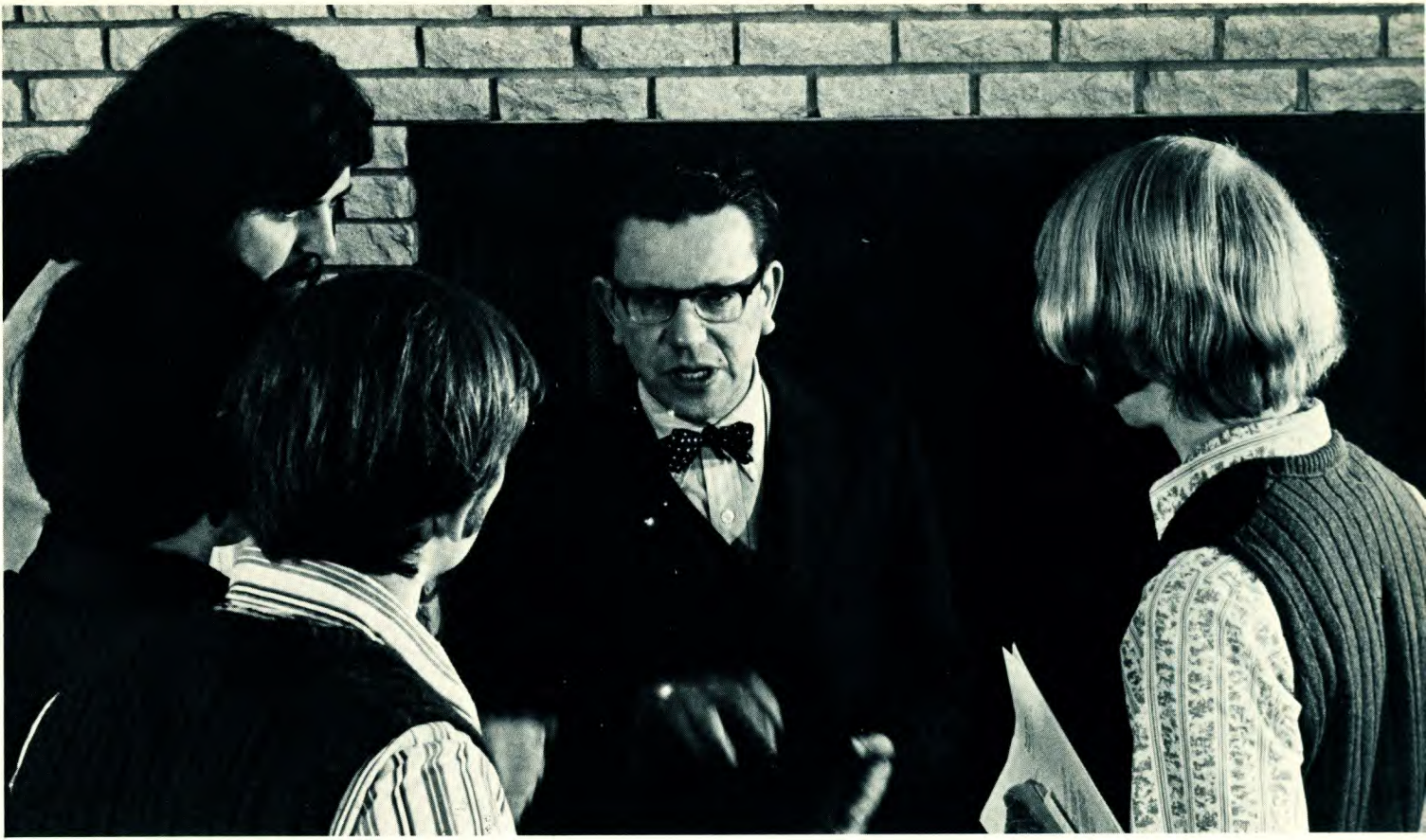
Unfortunately for the Simon people, Daily Alestle humor columnist John Frey attended the session and a searing article followed.

Plans for television use of the mock encounter were dropped soon thereafter because Simon felt it appeared too structured.









McCarthy:  
"Join my  
team"





# Muskie: The man to beat

Photos by  
John Milazzo







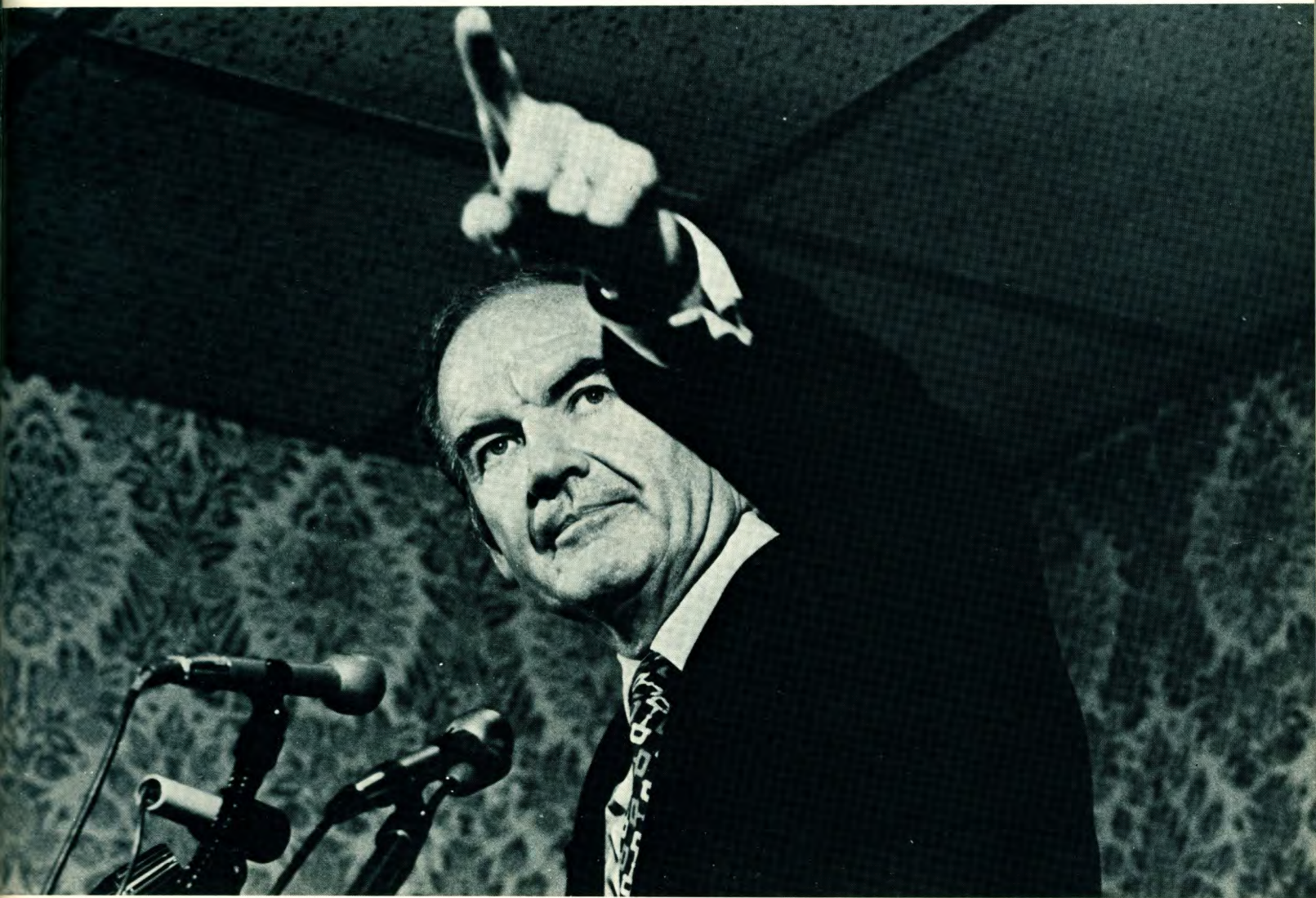
## Losing at SIUE

Pierre Salinger spoke at SIUE in behalf of the Presidential candidacy of South Dakota Senator George McGovern in February. The former California Senator and press secretary to John Kennedy met with dismal failure in his plea for student support of McGovern, however.

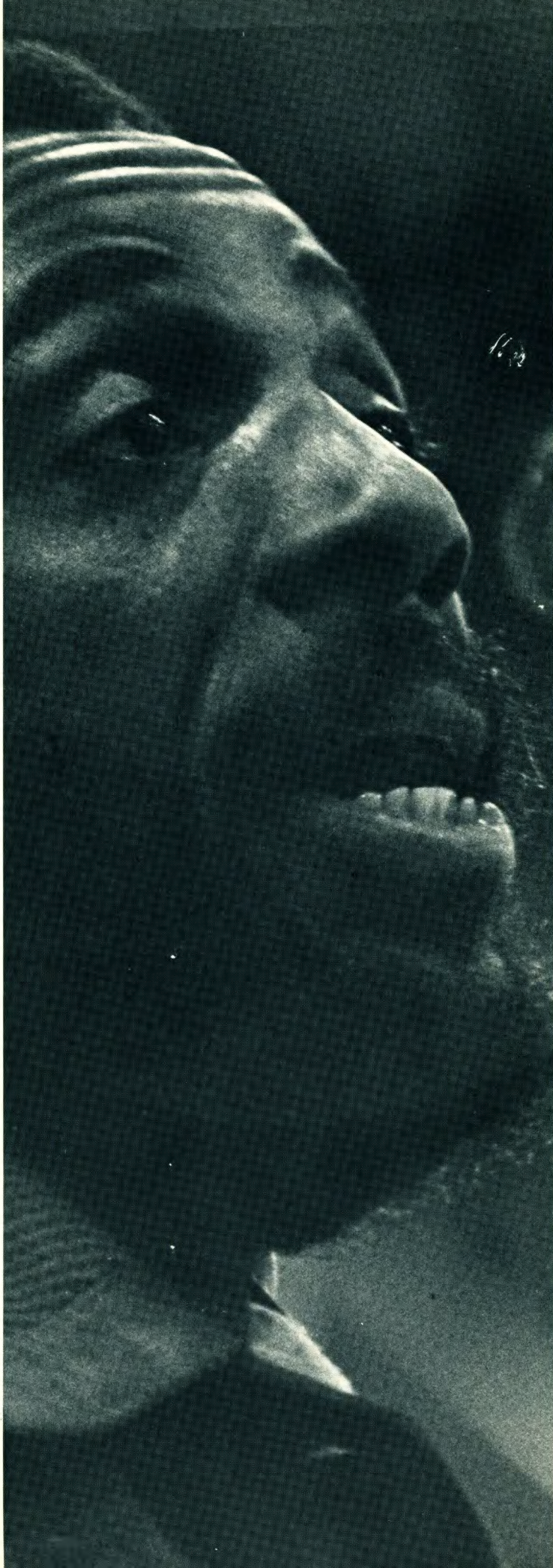
A member of the campus committee for McGovern, Michael David Welge, said he never did find out what happened to the dollar in the basket.











## Dick Gregory

He hungers for peace  
while the war machine  
hungers for death

Student photographer Nick Brooks caught these glimpses  
of the famous comedian at Washington University.















# Frost relates student frustration

Frost fumbled in his pocket for the key to the blue Nova. It had been a long day and SIUE was beginning to get him down. The half-mile walk from the Science Building to parking lot nine and the icy December wind had chilled him to the bone. Now the prospect of driving 30 miles home made him edgy.

By the time Frost found the Nova, he had broken into a trot, but something was missing, the familiar jangling of the keys in his pocket. Panic set in as he realized he had locked his keys in his car. Desperate, he ripped apart a spiral notebook and began prodding the lock in an effort to get the door open.

In and out, in and out, sweat was forming on Frost's forehead; it was hard, but the lock wouldn't budge. A grey mist began falling and the lock began to ice up. Then Frost gave up. He was filled with frustration, anger and a sense of loneliness, but that seemed to characterize his last year at SIUE (or Edwardsville Senior High School, as it is called by some of its more cynical students).

One of Ma Bell's handy-dandy telephone boxes was right down the street and Frost headed in that direction with the thought of sending for the cavalry. "Hello mother? No mother, I haven't had an accident, no, everything is fine...I'm sorry I'm late, but you see, I've got this problem...yes mother...no mother...mother, you're not listening...I've locked my keys in my car...no mother, they didn't teach me that in college...just bring me the extra set...yes mother...yes mother...good-bye mother...good-bye." Good-bye Muther.

After studying the alternatives, Frost decided to sit on the little hill near lot nine and wait for his keys. He was bitter and he knew why. It was that concrete and brick monster barely a half-a-mile away that was influencing the beast in himself. It hadn't always been like that. He had been happy before and he was happy when he was away from school. But over the last year, he had become increasingly involved in SIUE through his job as student affairs editor of the Daily Alestle and his involvement in student government. It seemed his happiness varied proportionally with his distance from the Daily Alestle and SIUE.

Frost noticed that same look of frustration and isolation on many students he had encountered at the school on the bluffs. His ability to do this was no ordinary capability, but then Frost was no ordinary student. At times he regarded himself as a cross between Jesus Christ and Buddha, the former in respect to his keen insight and the latter because of his somewhat less than statuesque figure. The fact is that the average face of the average SIUE student consists of 60 per cent blandness (an effective form of self protection), 5 per cent fear, 5 per cent isolation and alienation, and 30 per cent anger and frustration.

There are many reasons for frustration at SIUE--one of them stems from the very purpose of the university itself. SIUE was formed to provide low-cost education for those students in the Metro-East area who could not afford to go elsewhere for a college education. SIUE was founded on the philosophy that every citizen in Illinois has the right to higher education, whether they are intellectually capable of handling it or not. Thus, the requirements for attending SIUE are practically non-existent. In itself there is nothing wrong with this, but it lends itself to a student body that has a massive inferiority complex. SIUE students often regard themselves as second class students unable to go to the Big U. because of expenses or the ivy league schools because of grades.

As a result, the student body at SIUE is a motley collection of educational misfits, Vietnam veterans, housewives and poor intellectuals with holes in their shoes and a cold water flat in Edwardsville that is as widely scattered as the Crab Nebula.

This inferiority complex is rooted deep, but students here refuse to admit it. They would rather blame apathy. Apathy, the scapegoat that stems from their own inferiority complex. Student activities do not succeed at SIUE because students do not believe that they are good enough to make them succeed as at other universities. How many times have students heard the remark whenever there is a food drive, a demonstration or even a dance, "What do they think this is, U. of I.?"

If the average SIUE student is frustrated with his own impotence, he is also frustrated by an institution that is unresponsive to his needs and an educational philosophy that is obsolete.

The student attending SIUE in 1972 was part of the postwar baby boom. His parents, after World War II, were part of a society that was on



the verge of affluence. The opportunities were there for those with the ability to grab it. Higher education became more important as society became more complex.

The average father found himself unable to grasp the opportunity because he lacked the education. He was determined that his son would not make the same mistake and so, from the first grade on his kids were told, "Get a good education so you can get a good job." Even television hammered at the kid, "If you are in school, stay there; if you are not, get help." During the '60s and late '50s for example the money spent for education more than doubled as the babies from the baby boom grew up. Education probably experienced a growth rate unequaled in history. The teaching profession, for example, became desperate for qualified teachers to meet the growing demands and educational facilities were geared to providing teachers to fill the gap.

With very little planning and foresight, liberal arts institutions began turning out teachers at a phenomenal rate. Education is used only as an example. Other areas are equally guilty. The result is an institution like SIUE with an enrollment of 12,000 students, 9,000 of whom are in education or fields that emphasize teaching, such as English, and a job market that in 1972 offers only 50 teaching positions in the tenth largest metropolitan area in the country.

The job market is closing, not only in education but in everything else. College graduates now find themselves in the peculiar position of pumping gas or waiting on tables instead of working at the high-paying prestigious job they were promised. Graduate schools are overcrowded as a result and the feeling seems to be to stay in school as long as possible.

The trend in education seems to be away from liberal arts and sciences and to the vocational-technical institutes, such as the junior colleges. This doesn't do much for the liberally educated who have nothing tangible to merchandise but who experience the frustration just the same.

The administration at SIUE is another source of pain and frustration for students. The administration is shaped like a pyramid with the president at the top, the vice presidents under him and on down the line. It is significant to note that the Egyptians buried people in their pyramids and bureaucracies are doing the same thing today. At least, it seems the administration at SIUE kills its victims first. It has developed a form of euthanasia called the Univ-

ersity Senate. The University Senate was formed two years ago by President John S. Rendleman as an advisory body. It immediately began to assume more power than Union Electric and has become similar to Frank Norris's "Octopus". The average student is oblivious to politics on campus, he only feels the results.

Higher education in the state of Illinois and indeed in the whole country has been given the kiss of death, partly as a result of the new thrust of education in the '70s and partly as a result of the violent '60s. The present college student, while not conscious of all the change, nevertheless feels the result of it. He is beginning to doubt the reason for his presence at an institute of higher learning. If degrees are a dime a dozen, as he has been led to believe by the low priority higher education has been given, why take the time and energy just to graduate and then be unemployed? Why not enjoy life? Is the need for a degree that deeply ingrained? Does an "A" mean that much more than a "C"?

The SIUE student is torn between his doubt of the need for a college degree and his upbringing which says that only the academically strong will survive economically. What happens when a student enjoys a class, is stimulated intellectually, and leaves with more knowledge than when he went in and still gets a C because the grading system is geared to punish instead of reward?

Frost was somewhat relieved when the alternate set of keys arrived. He was wet and tired and could think of nothing else than curling up next to the fireplace with a good book and listening to his brother play war and his mother scream at him for not writing that term paper that was due last week.

Frost's hands were trembling as he stuck the key into the lock and turned it. It broke off with a snap.

**DON FROST**



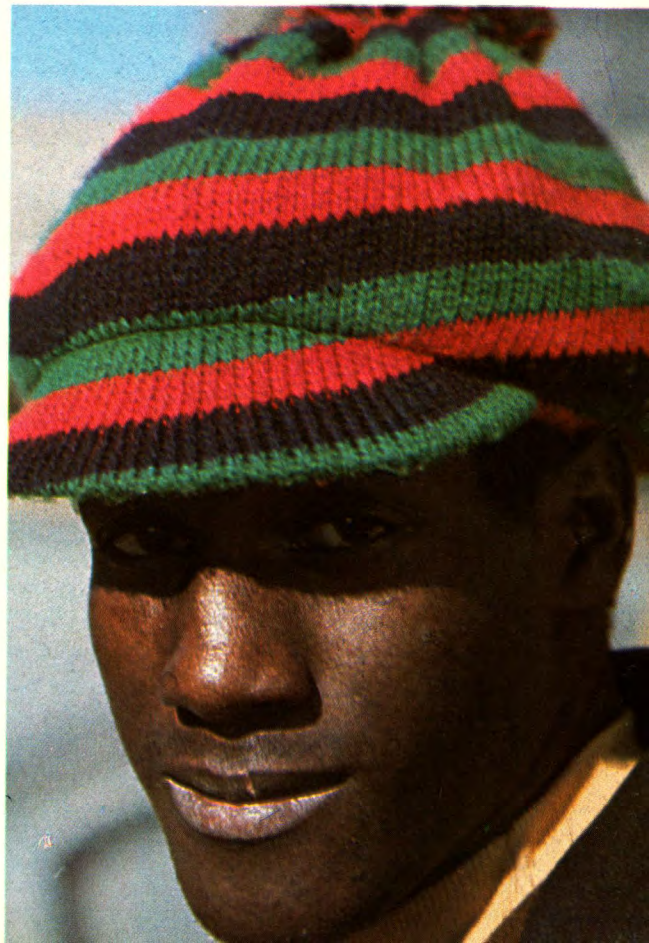
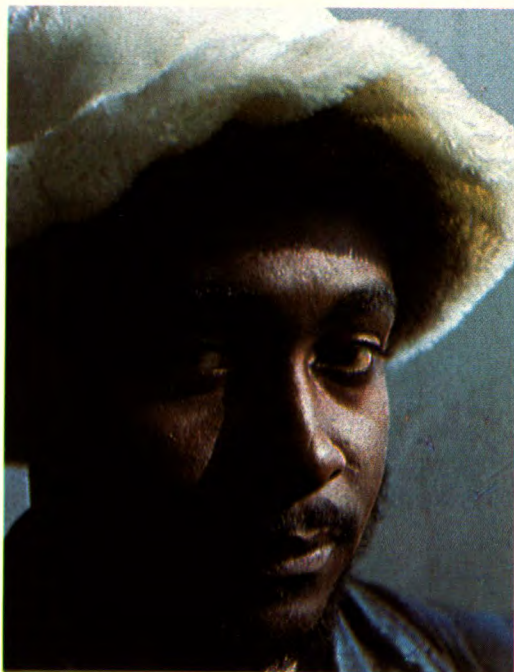






## Black Dudes

"Black dudes" is the subject of this photo spread done by student photojournalist Jerry Thirion. To accomplish his task, Thirion walked around campus and caught well-dressed black SIUE students with his camera. Pictured are some of the more colorfully dressed black dudes.







Photos and text  
by Don Frost





# The Daring young man and his 'freying' machine

Having your priest practically excommunicate your grandmother is an unusual occurrence for most people, but such things have become commonplace for Daily Alestle humor columnist John Frey. Frey's column, "American Freyed," is a satirical look at the world in general and SIUE in particular.

Last November John wrote an article about his days in the Catholic school system. In one of the more famous of these columns he portrayed the suffering and fear a young Catholic experiences in going to confession for the first time. The column was reprinted in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Once the paper hit the newsstand, things began to happen. He received several phone calls, one from a lady who told him he was going to hell when he died. The pastor of John's church read the column and told John's grandmother that he was a sinner for mocking the church. The ladies at church began to make it rough for his grandmother and she began to find excuses for staying away.

After the Post-Dispatch column, John wrote several more on his life in Catholic schools. He began to be considered an authority on Catholic education and received several offers to speak at Holy Name Society meetings and Catholic ladies organizations.

But while the Catholics were hassling John, he was hassling the academic community at SIUE. One of his columns on how to tell a teacher that class time is up—brought about a lengthy abstract from Dr. William Hamrick of the philosophy faculty.

Hamrick condemned John for fostering what he called the "production-line philosophy of education." This triggered a series of replies from other faculty members both attacking and praising Hamrick. In the meantime, John was about to hear from a delegation of Pakistani students.

In a column about the cafeteria, he made reference to a student eating like a starving Pakistani.

This brought the whole Pakistani population of SIUE to the Alestle offices seeking an apology. John refused at first, but later wrote a note in the Alestle explaining his intentions in making the remark.

John Frey does not seem to be a person who would enjoy controversy. He is almost shy at first meeting and rarely is seen talking to more than three people at a time.

Despite his shyness, John is somewhat nonchalant about criticism. He is a man of conviction and will not back down from any kind of a fight.

When the woman called and told him he was going to hell, John replied caustically, "I don't care. I don't believe in hell anyway."

His reply to the Pakistanis was similar. He apologized for not knowing about nutrition in Pakistan but said he would not withdraw the statement.

In the past, John did not always receive the amount of feedback his columns deserved. This year has been different, though, and he receives mail daily.

John believes that one of the reasons for all the feedback this year is that the Daily Alestle has been running his column on the front page.

Over the last nine months John has also been writing about more controversial topics, such as his Catholic school system series.

Law School seems to be the next stop for John after he graduates from SIUE in June with majors in government and history. He has already been accepted at Georgetown University in Washington D.C. and Harvard is reviewing his application.

John has also received an offer from the Lindsay-Schaub newspaper chair to become a columnist for them, but he declined saying that if he becomes a lawyer he will be able to change the system from within instead of just writing about doing it.



Photos by Tim Garvey and Charles Bosworth



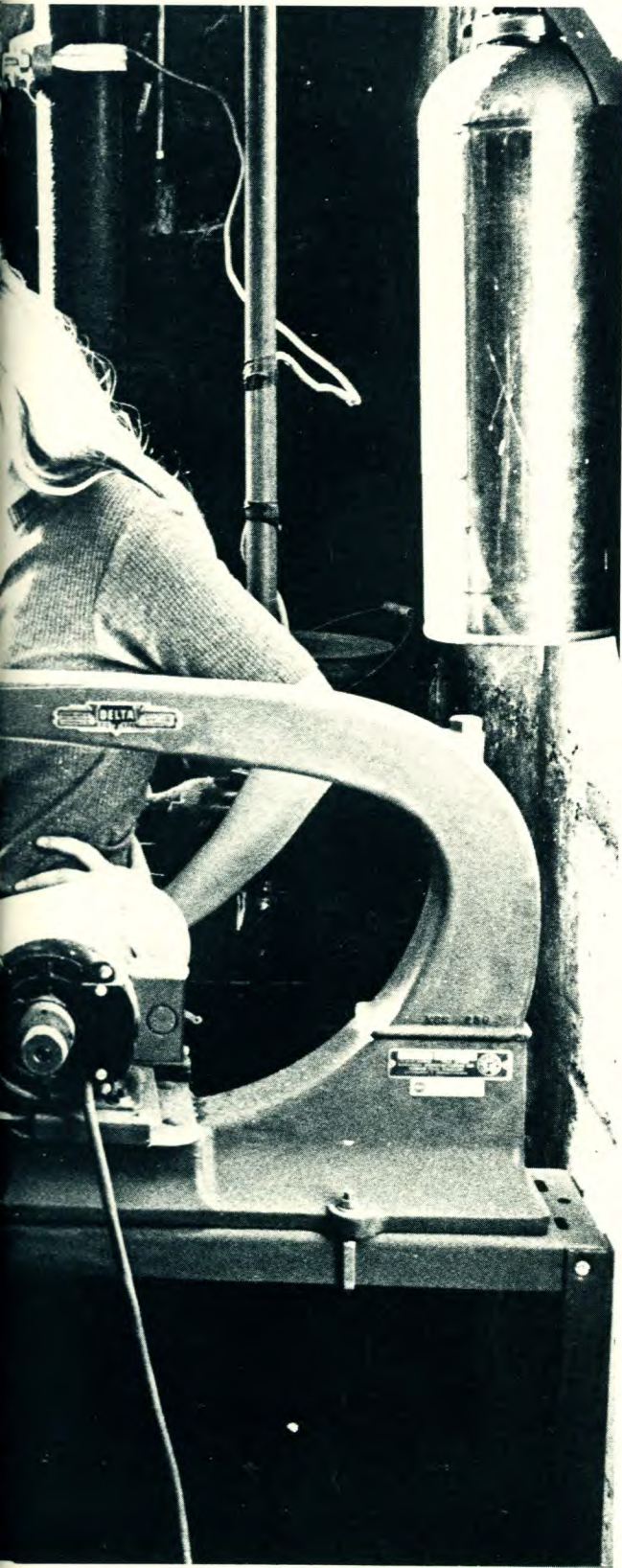
## Wagner craftsmen create art

It had been a long day at work and Arthur came home hot and tired. He had spent four busy hours with a blow torch in hand and another four behind a drill.

"Some days it just seem worth it. All that work and the pay is lousy," he complained.

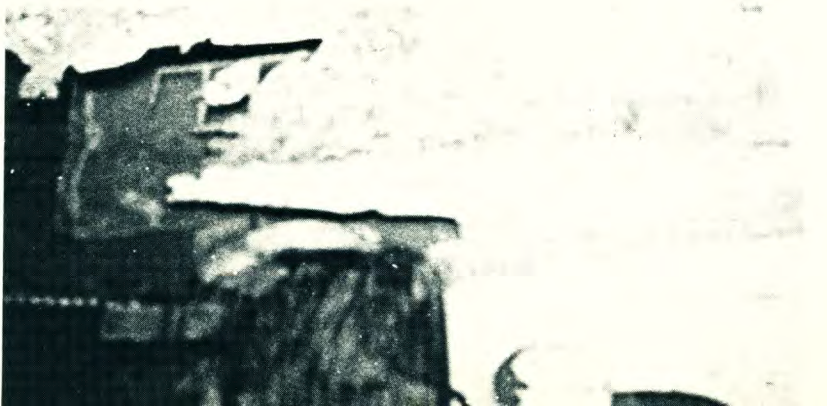
"But, dear," his wife soothed him, "how many people can say they're an artist?"





The analogy may appear a bit extreme, but the day of the artist as a technician, as a mechanic, is increasingly upon us. As the tools of the artist become increasingly complex so must his skills become more technically oriented.

As the position of the garbage collector as maintenance engineer gains status in society, one wonders if the artist as mechanic will lose prestige.











Michelangelo's body  
shop makes  
better bodies













XP100103-10/1/71 GODFREY, ILL: James Burke(L), a member of the Illinois Bureau of Investigation (IBI), arrests Robert Goree(R), during a narcotics raid in Godfrey, 10/1. Goree was charged with possession of control drugs and not possessing a firearm identification cards. At least fifteen others were arrested in narcotics raids 10/1 in Madison and Jersey Counties. The IBI said it conducted a five-month investigation prior to the raids. This photo was released by the Illinois Bureau of Investigation. UPI TELEPHOTO afp/ho



BY EARL MAUCKER

The time was 10:20 p.m. on a Saturday. Seven young people, huddled in the living room of a rented house in a small Madison County village had gathered to experience a "high" from a newly acquired source of marijuana.

Outside the house the stage was set. The local police chief was sitting in an unmarked car across the street. Two squad cars, filled with three officers each, were sitting less than two blocks away. A handful of deputies were just around the corner and a newspaper reporter was stationed patiently nearby.

The pipe was lit, the order was given to move in and seven more students faced prosecution for possession of narcotics.

"I hate to deal with these young people and see the effects of drugs," the chief commented. "But as long as the laws are on the books, we have to enforce them."

The circumstances that led to the drug bust of the seven persons began almost two

weeks earlier following a complaint from a citizen living near the rented house.

The neighbor contacted the police chief and complained that several occupants of the house were having "numerous" pot parties and demanded something be done about it.

Then one night the chief went to the complainant's home and watched through a bedroom window at the activities going on in the rented house to confirm the illegal use of drugs.

"They were smoking grass all right," he said. "I saw the suspected drug users passing a cigarette around until it got so small they put it into a weird looking pipe and then passed the pipe around."

He added that the group then put what was left of the suspected marijuana into a large sack and stored it in the basement.

The next day the chief went before a local judge and requested a search warrant to give him legal grounds to search the property,



## Drug busts source of paranoia blues

persons on the property and any autos on or near the property.

The following evening two officers staked out the property, but, as the chief said, "came up with a dry run."

Finally on Saturday night, after watching several persons file into the house, the additional men were summoned and the bust was on.

"We had pre-arranged plans—two officers had orders to break down the doors when they got the signal and two other officers were to immediately follow," the chief said. "We have to go in immediately because the kids have a habit of flushing evidence down the toilet."

The chief said the kids were "shocked and dismayed" when the doors were broken down and police flooded into the living room.

"One of the youngsters headed for the bathroom with a jar of marijuana, but he was stopped by an officer who came in a back door," the chief said. "The others were found

in the living room passing the pipe."

He said all the auto's were then checked and various narcotic items such as needles and syringes were found.

The seven youths were booked under the Cannabis Control Act (A new Illinois law dealing with possession of drugs that went into effect last August) and all were released on \$100 cash bond.

In an effort to keep from blemishing their records, the chief met with the state's attorney and had the charges reduced to disorderly conduct.

"I figure the penalty is the same as a traffic ticket," the chief said. "If we can issue a warning and slow the traffic down, it's what we want."

He added that he just wanted to shake the young people up. "The bust and following publicity usually does the trick," the chief said.

"If you are going to dance," he said, "you have to pay the fiddler."





# Imported protestors demand Allen' tenure

By Lerinda Luecking

A hundred students from SIUC attended the Board of Trustees meeting here in February to protest the Board's refusal to grant tenure to Douglas M. Allen, a philosophy professor at SIUC.

The controversy arose after Allen was refused tenure at the November, 1970 meeting of the Board and again at last December's meeting.

At that time, the Board was also asked to rule on a complaint levied against Allen by Leland G. Strauber, another SIUC professor.

The complaint originated from an incident which occurred in March, 1971 at a public lecture given by Prof. I. Milton Sacks at the Carbondale campus.

According to a report of the incident provided to the Board members, Stauber, charged that Allen made a statement at that meeting which indicated that the cause of disruptive behavior among the audience was events in Vietnam. Stauber claimed

that Allen thereby justified and encouraged disruption and exhibited an attitude of disregard for the principles of academic freedom.

The charge expressly denied Allen's participation in or complicity in planning or carrying out the harassment or disruption, but alleged that Allen's statement was a "flagrant violation of his duty to exercise appropriate restraint and to show respect for the opinion of others."



The Board determined that no disciplinary action was warranted on the complaint, but then refused to grant Allen tenure by a 3-2 vote.

According to Mitchell Hadler, Carbondale student senator, Allen has publicly criticised the Agency for International Development (AID) funded Vietnamese Studies Center on the Carbondale campus. That center has been under frequent attack from many faculty and students for overspending and underresulting.

"Because of his criticism of the Viet center, the Board of Trustees has tried to get rid of Doug Allen twice within one year," Hadler said, "The only reason given this time was that he has been divisive on campus."

When Allen became eligible for tenure last summer, his department with the chairmen's endorsement recommended that it be given to him. President Robert Layer also wrote a recommendation for tenure. The American Association of University Professors gave their support to him.

After Allen was denied tenure in December a Committee to Defend the Right to Speak was formed at SIUC. They circulated a petition that was signed by 5,000 students and faculty which asked the Board to rescind its December decision. It was presented at the February meeting by the protestors.

Despite these recommendations and despite the urging of Board members Earl Walker and W. Victor Rouse, three members of the Board





voted to withhold Allen's tenure. They were Ivan Elliott, Martin Van Brown and Board Chairman Harold Fischer.

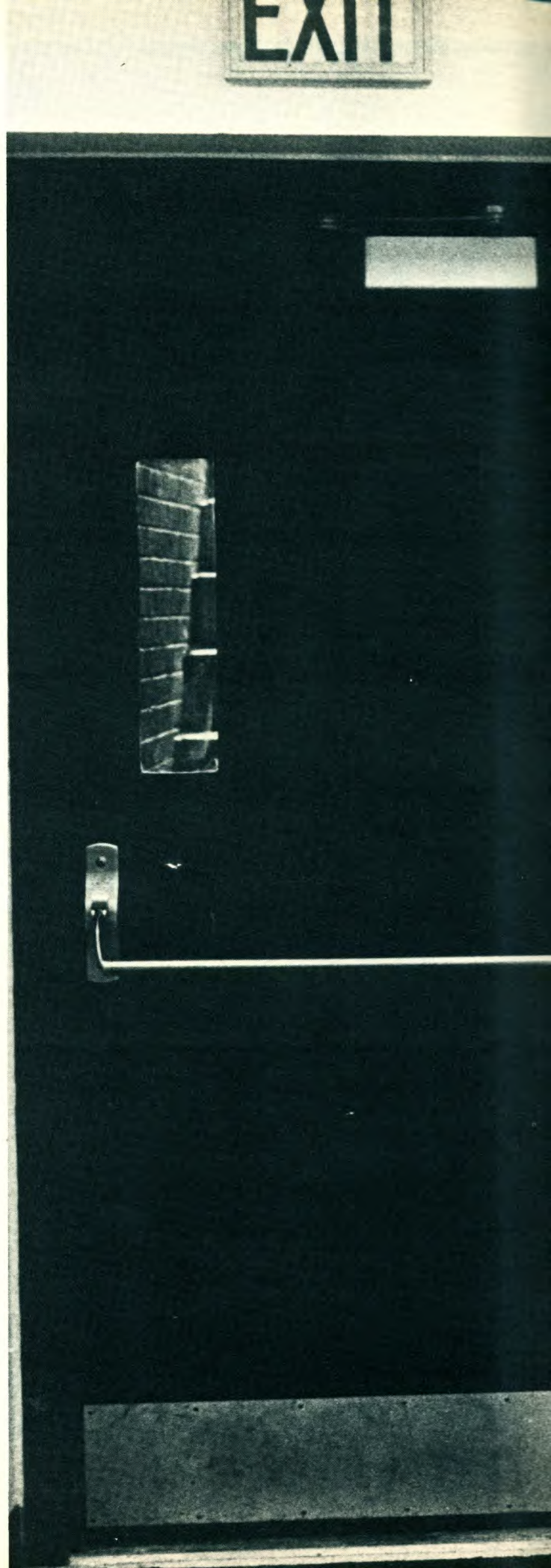
Photos by  
Don Frost





## Musical Stairs

An empty corridor, a spare stairwell, a private public thoroughfare--music students have and will continue to use any available space where they can practice with a minimal amount of disturbance. The number of practice rooms in the basement of the Communications Building falls far short of the number of rooms needed and music students are forced to practice where they may. Student photographer Charles Bosworth recorded them in action.





Shelter  
TAKE COVER  
When Siren  
Sounds



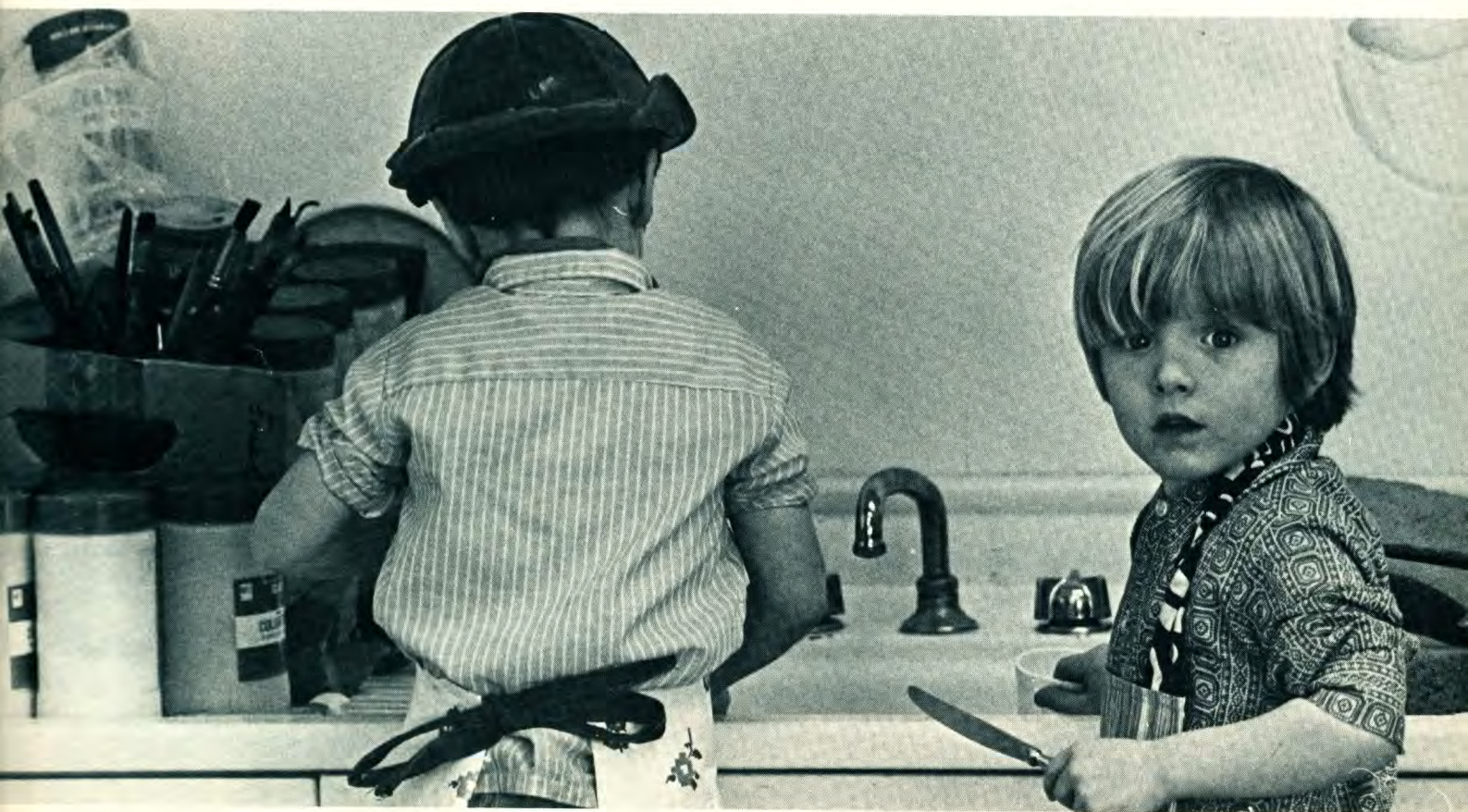




## Artistes abound at children's center

The arts and crafts room is by far the children's favorite place at the campus Day Care Center. The 40 children enrolled each quarter at the facility which is located in a tract house near the old security office spend much of their time creating artistic masterpieces.

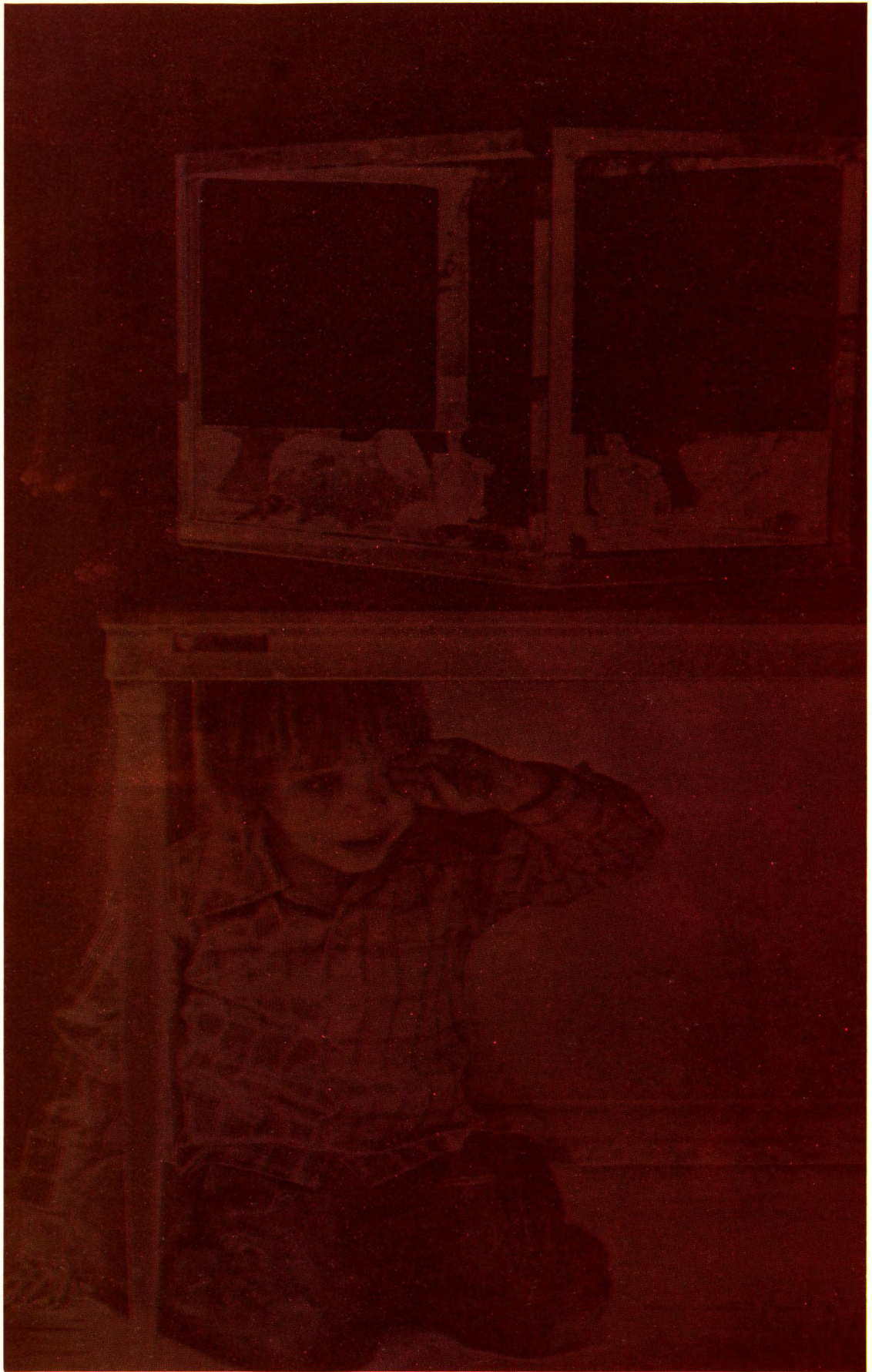
















Photos by  
Tim Garvey  
and  
John Milazzo







## William Kunstler

### Satan, Messiah or man

The Revolutionary could never be mistaken for a politician for he has the iron presence that every politician in the world lacks. Some call it charisma, but for the Revolutionary it is an ironness of will that comes from a foundation based on truth.

Some might call him superhypocrite, for he moves among the guardians of the law - working in their system to destroy it. He appears to bow to the will and the letter of the law, but like the true Revolutionary he is, he makes no compromises.

To some, the Revolutionary is the personification of Satan. To others, he is the Messiah. To all too many, he is only a man.

There is a thin line between a radical and a revolutionary. William Kunstler, Chicago Seven defense attorney who spoke at SIUE last January, has crossed that line.

DON FROST









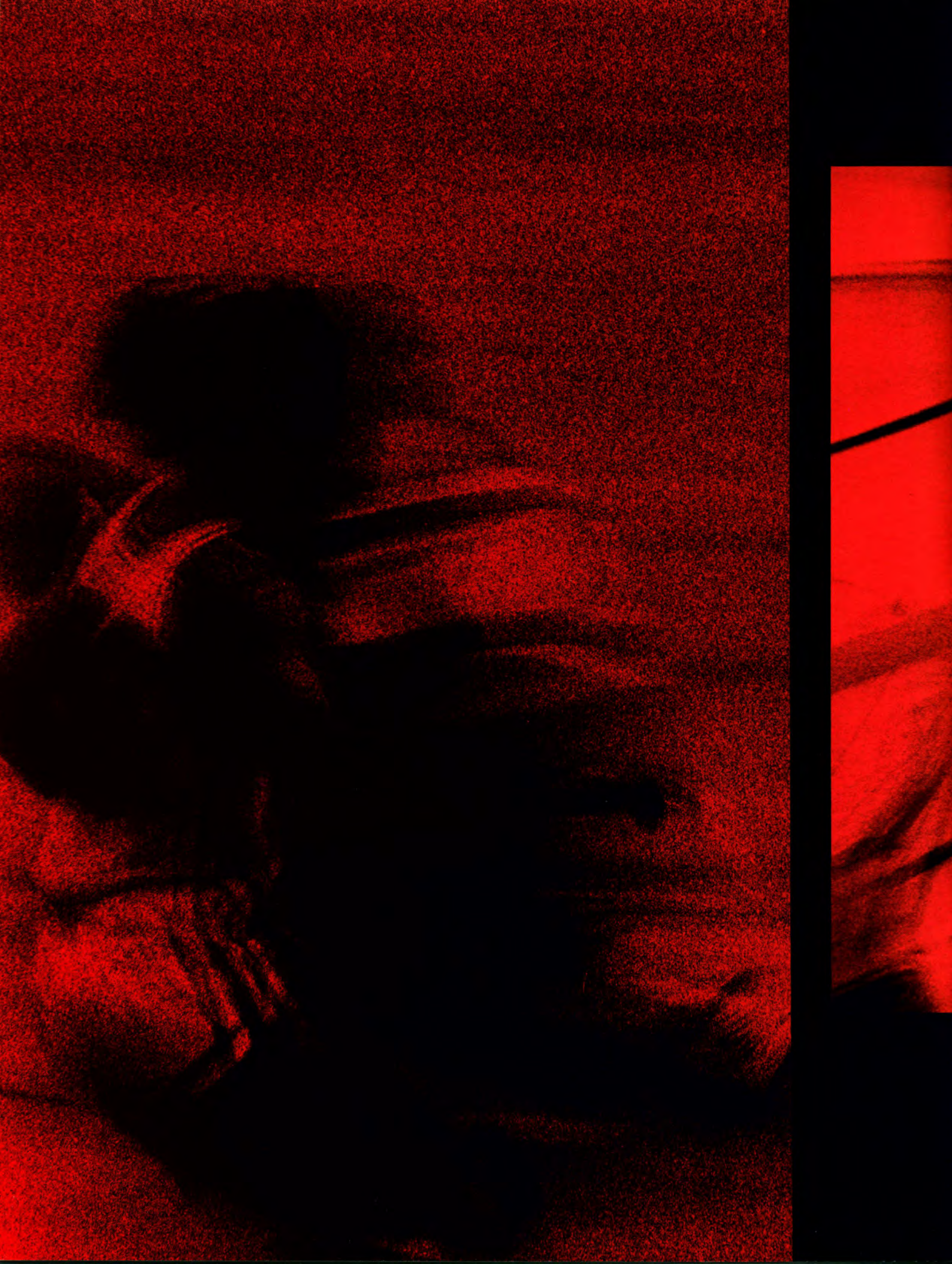
An unusual perspective on a Cougar basketball provided these photos which symbolize the action of sport. Unfortunately the Cougars record (5-21) didn't reflect the action shown in these photographs.

## The Fury of Sport



Photos by  
Tom Shanklin













## Abstractions on dance . . .

A "Modes of Modern Dance" concert was held at SIUE in early February. Students from Principia College, SIUE and Katherine Dunham's school of dance at the East St. Louis center participated.





Photos by  
Nick Brooks



# Life of groupie has travel benefits

BY TOM BRAVE

Finding Gretel the Groupie in the cafeteria at 11 a.m. was hard enough. Finding a place to talk there undisturbed was even harder. But trying to ask her about her life as a groupie with my mouth full of salad was undoubtedly the hardest.

Feeling generous, an unusual feeling on my budget, I bought this attractive 18-year-old sophomore a salad (she likes Thousand Island). We then got down to business.

Gretel is not your average groupie and she would be the first to tell you so. She wears her hair in a shag and her dangling earrings are faintly visible through her hair.

Anyone who does not know Gretel can tell from her clothes just who her favorite group is. Her jeans are patched in the fashion of Roger Daltrey. Her shirt is a hand-me-down from John Entwistle (he wore it at the group's MRF concert). And her jacket spells the group's name out in large letters—WHO.

I decided that the most logical first question to ask was how she got started in the business.

"It all started with the Beatles," she said. "You see, sometimes there's a desire in a person to meet famous people.

"I was only 13 when the Beatles came to St. Louis and I got their autograph. That same year I went to a Rolling Stones concert and tried to get through the crowds to see them."

Gretel explained how she went into a sort of dormant stage until earlier this year when she helped in bringing Mohammad Ali to SIUE.

"I began to learn a few tricks," she said, "and I spent seven hours with Ali."

At about that same time, Graham Nash and David Crosby were performing in St. Louis. Gretel and a friend arrived at the auditorium quite early and decided to take a walk.

"We walked around back. A limousine was parked there, and a man was leaning against it. As we came closer, I realized the man was Graham Nash. He told us to come in and we talked with him for a short time. We have seen

'I'm not out for these people's bodies; I just want to talk!'

'I began to learn a few tricks and spent 7 hours with Ali'

Nash and Crosby in Chicago since then, also."

Then, this past summer, the ball really started rolling for Gretel. She attended the Rod Stewart concert at the MRF with a girlfriend.

Gretel did not get to meet Stewart there, but she found that there was to be a party where he was staying at the Edwardsville Holiday Inn.

She took a bite of her salad. "We went to Room 145, where he was supposed to be, and knocked on the door. Stewart answered.

"We talked and ate breakfast with him. Then he asked if we would like to see some movies of his performances."

Gretel gave me the impression that she was less than pleased with Stewart. "He's a real bastard," she said. "He comes on like, 'Who wants to ball me next?'"

She cited two further examples of what she called Stewart's rotten character. "We ate breakfast with Stewart and two guys from Chicago. Stewart stuffed himself. When it came time to pay the bill, he threw a quarter on the table and told the other two to pay the rest. And he had rolls of money!

"When my friend asked him for an autograph, he said 'Now?' And he wasn't doing anything. He just gave us a 'Be thankful you're lucky enough to be with me' look." Gretel continued.

In short, Rod Stewart was a bad experience for Gretel. She then carried the impression that all rock groups were like that.

Then, on that fateful night in August, which made history at the MRF, the Who appeared. Of this concert, Gretel says, "That's the best \$2 I ever spent in my life."

That night, everything happened almost by coincidence for Gretel. She thought there was no chance to meet the Who.

After the concert, she and her friend walked to the back of the tent. When about an hour and a half had passed, few people were left. The Who had not come out so she decided to leave.

"As we were coming around the front of the



tent, some guys putting the Who's equipment away asked us if we would like to meet the Who. They said the group was staying at the Holiday Inn, but we didn't know if we could believe them.

"Just then, some English guys came up and said, 'Why don't you hop in the equipment truck and we'll take you along.'"

She decided to take a chance, so she and her friend jumped on the truck.

"We went up to their rooms and their doors were open, but nobody was there. So I went out on the terrace.

"As I stood there, Pete Townshend and Keith Moon walked up to me. Both began pulling on my arms and legs. John Entwistle joined in also. John pulled hardest, so I ended up with him." About 4 a.m., the phone rang in our room. My girlfriend was calling from Keith's room. She said, 'Hey, Gretel, how would you like to go to Chicago for three days?'"

Gretel assumed that her friend was joking. Even when Moon said the group would pay their way, she was unsure.

"I told them I'd have to go get my clothes at home, but they said they'd buy us new clothes. I said, 'No, no.' I could see myself stranded in Chicago without clothes."

Gretel sipped her Coke as she explained that the Who planned to have her and her friend iron their clothes and run errands for them in Chicago.

After Gretel went back for her clothes, they rode to the airport in a limousine with the Who. She and her friend rode first-class with the group-and a limousine took them to their hotel in Chicago.

"The hotel," she said, "was fantastic. We stayed there for three days and went to the Who's concert each night."

Gretel told me anecdotes too numerous to mention. Since the trip to Chicago, she has followed the Who to Memphis and New Orleans.

She said, "I don't care so much now to meet other groups. The Who members are so down-to-earth and nice—nothing like Rod Stewart. And they aren't hung up on drugs."

Throughout Gretel's escapades, she has picked up (I use the term loosely) many souvenirs. Among them are an autographed copy of the Who's latest album; Roger Daltrey's hair, harmonica and room key; Pete Townshend's guitar strap and picks; towels, pillow cases and an empty wine bottle.

I asked Gretel what distinguishes her from most groupies.

She replied, "Most groupies are forward, they wear special clothes and most of them are dense.

"The Who can't stand most groupies. They usually ignore them," she said.

Gretel, on the other hand, has rather high morals and the Who liked her for this, she said.

The groupie said she heard from a reliable source that Roger Daltrey said of her: "She's a fine, nice girl. She's no groupie, that's for sure. I remember her from Chicago. Her and her friend were really nice. It's nice to get away from those fucking groupies."

I asked Gretel what the benefits are in being a groupie. She smiled and said, "You get to travel free. Before, I had never seen Memphis, Chicago or New Orleans. And those three days in Chicago really showed me what to look for and how to act."

Another benefit, she said, is that one meets new and interesting people. Gretel laughed as she added, "You also get to pick up free items."

Being a groupie also has its disadvantages.

"Friends make snide remarks about you being a groupie, although deepdown they know that they'd like to go, too. It's just a cover-up for how they really feel.

"They can say, 'Well, Pete Townshend is just an ordinary person,' but if he came up to them, they'd be gasping for the next two years."

Another problem that stands in Gretel's way is school. Because of classes she missed the Who's Denver concert and they won't be back in America for two years.

Gretel informed me that the personnel who handled the Who tour are also handling the Rolling Stones and John Lennon tours coming soon. She now knows several people from the personnel and hopes to meet Mick Jagger and John Lennon.

"I'm not out for any of these people's bodies," she said. "I just want to talk with them."

Gretel used to dream about meeting people, but others used to say, "Forget it, Gretel, you'll never get to do anything like that."

Her mother used to say, "It's just a phase you're going through. You'll settle down with a nice young man with a decent job and haircut."

Gretel said as she finished drinking the last of her Coke, "Someday I want to settle down and be an art teacher, but I also want to travel and meet people."

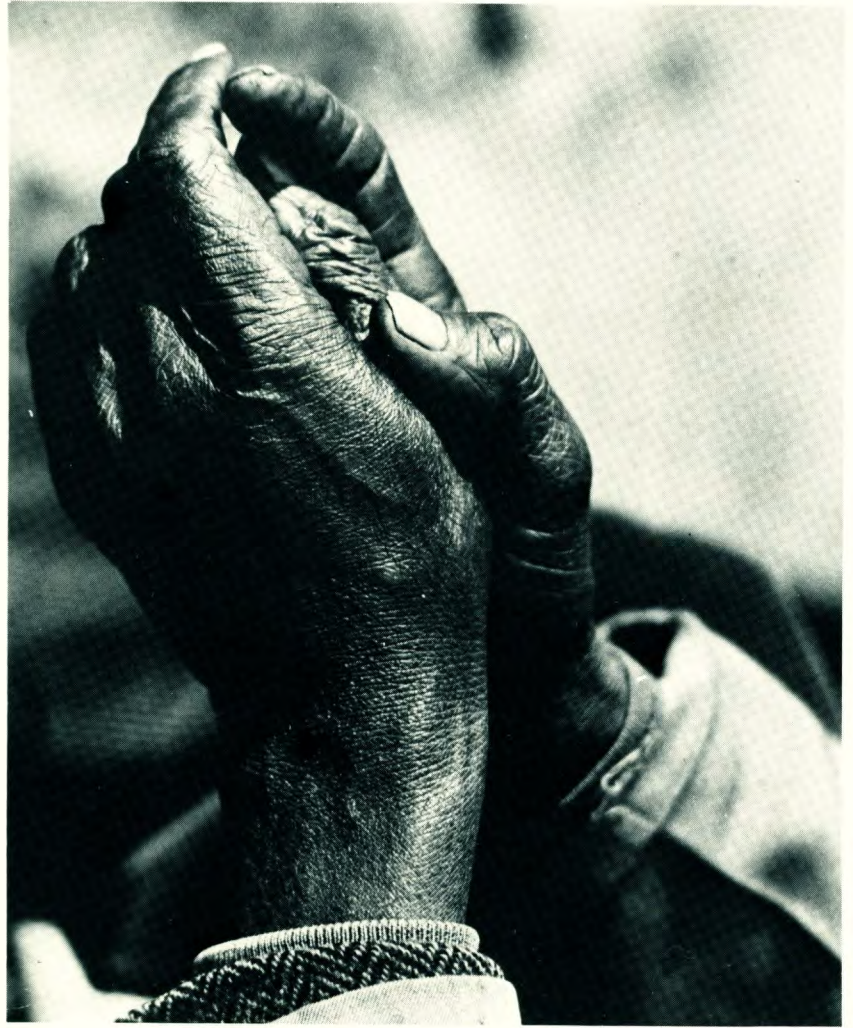
Well, if Gretel ever does settle down, she'll have a lot of tales to tell the kids.





UP.  
YOU MIGHTY  
RACE





## Student photographer captures mood of St. Louis neighborhood

Student photojournalist Nick Brooks shot these mood photographs over a two month period in St. Louis. The neighborhood is located in an area bounded by Jefferson, Franklin, Delmar and Liffingwell avenues.











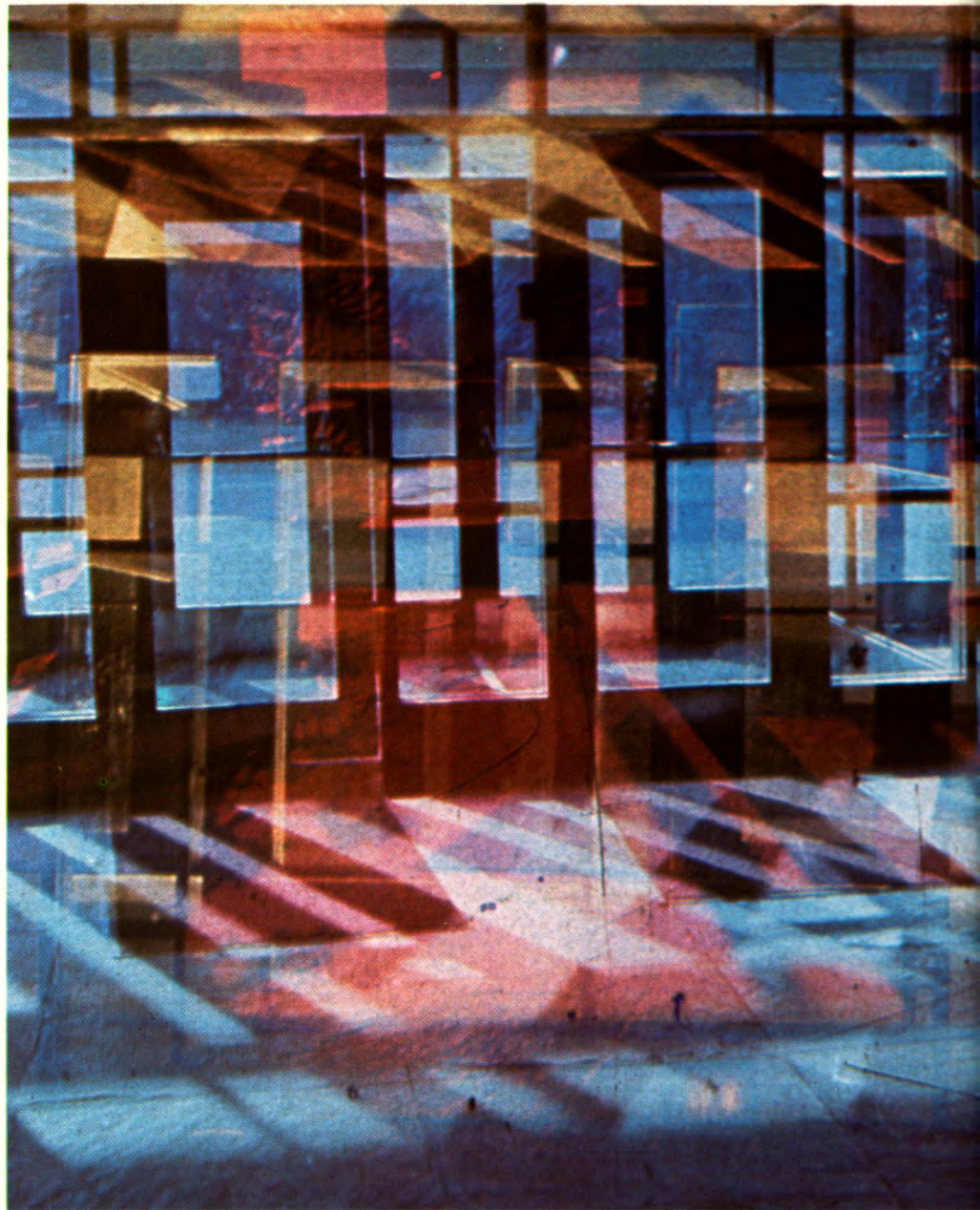








# The great floating monolith





Photos by  
Don Lewis







## ... gargantuan structures of brick, glass and granite

BY LERINDA LUECKING

GOB, University Center, Science, Communications, Peck, Lovejoy--the \$32.8 million body of SIUE—sits on the bluff and overlooks its wide expanse of parking areas. Obviously, it is the king of commuter colleges with a student population of 12,000.

Not just BIG, the buildings of the academic core are gargantuan structures of brick, glass and granite that house the spirit of the university, the students—both those who give and those who receive grades.

SIUE's body was conceived and realized in the '60s when the much-talked about "thrust" of this university was described by school administrators as "forward-looking." The archi-

tecture of SIUE, with its well-defined geometric order, symmetric beauty and yard upon yard of plate glass emphasizing the newness and modernity, reflected the spirit and drive of its first inhabitants. Faculty, many from the parent institution in Carbondale wanting to be pioneers in the adventure, and students came together on the tract of land outside Edwardsville to create the university.

These days, however, the scope of SIUE has changed. The university is years and buildings behind schedule in its development. Just how far behind it is impossible to determine since the master plan for this campus has already been altered three times. If there is any thrust left at SIUE, mired in the red tape of bureaucracy, budget battles and political bargaining, it is an attempt to tread water.

In February the Board of Trustees voted to scrap plans for the construction of a fine arts





building because the cost of the structure as planned was termed extravagant by school administrators. Exercising the philosophy that has been developing over the last year, administrators said a more conservative, utilitarian building would be more realistic in fiscally critical 1972. The building is now in the designing stages.

Two general classroom building are currently under review by the Bureau of the Budget, according to Marvin Gaston, head of architectural services. A proposed Student Center to be built behind the University Center at a cost of \$5 million has not yet been approved by the Board. Construction of more on campus housing that would house an additional 1,000 students is currently under discussion in regard to funding. The Board does not want the entire student population to pay for the living facilities of a small percentage of students. The Tower Lake apart-

ments are being paid for in this way through the general revenue fund. Students pay tuition into this fund.

The structure that is nearest to being constructed at SIUE is the \$240,000 intramural bubble gym. Because the cost of this structure will be \$62,000 over the original estimate, the Student Senate voted in March to release the extra money necessary to complete the project from Student Welfare and Recreation Fee funds. It may be completed by next year.

If the students as the spirit of SIUE seem at times to be stagnating, it is because the structures that make the university a reality are not growing.

The buildings now are looking a bit worn, cracks in Lovejoy Library, water spotting in the Peck stairwells, occasional broken doors in the University Center.









Wild  
Winter





Photo by Tom Shanklin



# Portfolio



Photo by Rob Murphy





Photos by  
Nick Brooks













Photo by Don Lewis



# TIP

## Drug program solves money problems

Behind on the rent? Have the food stamps run out? Won't Vanzo's extend credit for a beer? Need a little extra bread, bubba?

If that's the case, just pick somebody you really hate . . . plant some grass or a tab into their pocket . . . make a quick phone call to the fuzz . . . collect a \$100 check . . . and make your break.

Sound far-fetched? Not if you live in Webster Groves, Mo. TIP—"Turn In A Pusher"—begin operating recently in that law-abiding community across the river with financing from the local Kiwanis Club.

Concerned with the widening use of nonalcoholic stimuli by Webster Groves youths, the civic-minded Kiwanis pay informers \$100 for information which culminates in the issuance of an arrest warrant for the sale of drugs.

Theoretically, the Kiwanis Club wishes to eradicate those persons who deal in the more dangerous drugs—LSD, heroin and cocaine. It is hoped that TIP will provide the leads necessary to apprehend the money-men of drugs rather than the occasional marijuana smoker who is the usual target of police action.

On paper, the Kiwanis good guys have a workable approach. However, unless the club members are on an unreality trip of their own, they should be made aware of what they are starting.

What type of people will be attracted by the awards offered by TIP? First, the cranks. Persons seeking to send the police all over the community searching for the pot of pot at the end of the rainbow will dial TIP. Also, persons with warped minds might consider it a fine practical joke to hassle their friends and increase the already rampant paranoia that exists among the young by providing police with names.

Second, and most important, young persons having the same admirable traits of their elders—avarice and spite—will find TIP a useful resource. The promise of a \$100 check coupled with a strong dislike of a particular person is an impelling temptation to just dial seven numbers.

Ironically, the \$100 reward could even be used by the informer to buy a kilo of medium-grade grass or an ounce of hashish.

The potential for abuse of the TIP program is strong. Offering financial remuneration for informing on a fellow human being only encourages the worst of human traits.

Perhaps it is naive but could not the Kiwanis eliminate the money from the scene? If a more indirect approach were used the stigma attached to informing would be erased and the TIP program might be more successful. After all, very few people really feel affection for the true dealers in the dangerous and debilitating drugs of cocaine and heroin.

Why not offer a person addicted to heroin a chance for free methadone treatment and immunity from prosecution for turning in a pusher? The Kiwanis alone could not support this expensive cure but it is possible that other civic groups could contribute funding.

This same approach could apply to people who are really into cocaine and other hard drugs.

If Webster Groves, and the other communities which are about to implement a TIP program, would reconsider the incentives to be offered to informants, the response might be more successful -- both to the individual who is strung out on hard drugs and to the police seeking to put pressure on the money-men of the counterculture.

JIM LANDERS



# Table of contents

Political polemics .....	1
Dick Gregory .....	8
SIUE frustration .....	10
Black dudes .....	14
A look at John Frey .....	16
Wagner craftsmen create art .....	18
Drug busts source of paranois blues .....	24
Imported protestors demand Allen's tenure .....	26
Musical stairs .....	28
Artists abound at children's center .....	30
William Kunstler: Satan, Messiah or man .....	34
The Fury of Sport .....	36
Abstractions on dance .....	40
Life of groupie has travel benefits .....	42
A look at a St. Louis neighborhood .....	44
SIUE architecture .....	50
Wild winter .....	54
Portfolio .....	56
TIP, drug program .....	62

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Editor: Tom Shanklin  
 Associate editor: Rob Murphy  
 Assistant editor: Lerinda Luecking  
 Photographers: Nick Brooks, John Milazzo, Don Lewis, Don Frost, Tim Garvey, Charles Bosworth, Forest Lovell, Jerry Thirion and United Press International.  
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 Fiscal officer and advisor: Bill Ward



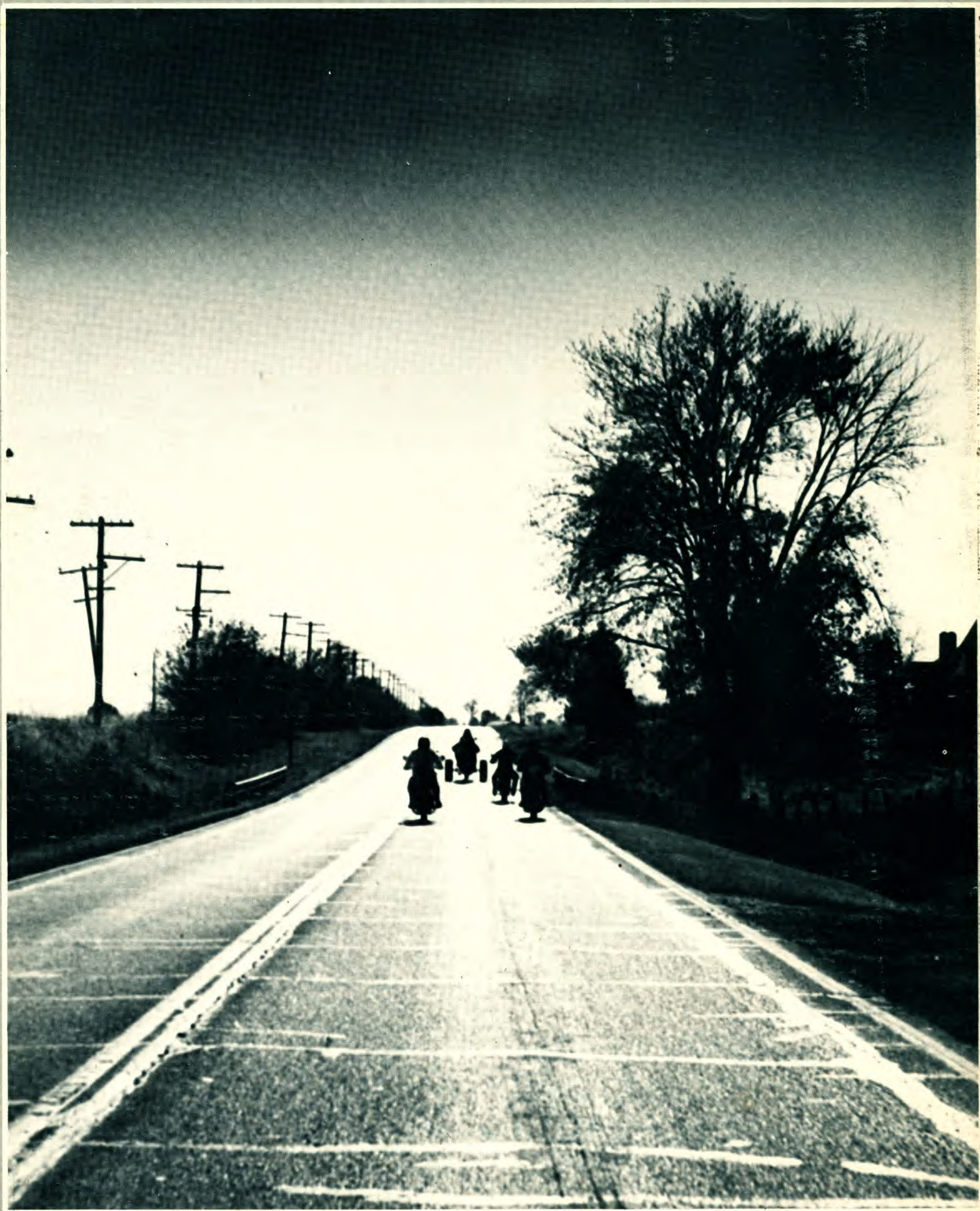


Photo by Tim Garvey