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SIREN

HARLAXTON COLLEGE
the British Campus of the
University of Evansville

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OUT ON THE WEEKEND

"Glad to meet you. Nice place this Manor. Uh, well, let's go."

And so began the fabled British-American Sleep Over for 35 Harlaxton students and their 16 English family hosts on Saturday. From late morning until mid afternoon groups ranging in number from two to six bid farewell to the Manor for the next 24 or so hours during which who knew what would happen.

Fears of impositions, terminal boredom, and a galaxy of imagined horrors were quickly dissolved when the students began chatting with their surrogate families. After all, these people volunteered to house students and if there was any pressure to meet any type of standards, it was upon them.

And as is a British custom these people rose to the occasion, faced the music, and emerged smelling like a rose. And grimaced at our cliches.

Space and time limitations don't allow a detailed account of all 35 students' experiences, but several participants jotted down their impressions of their time spent in a British home.

Mary Bledsoe: Marcia Armstrong and myself stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Thompson last weekend - and it was the closest to home we had been in a long while. In fact, we were spoiled rotten!

The tenseness of meeting new people disappeared instantly upon our arrival in their home and two great days of wining, dining, (...and dining and dining...) and fun had begun. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson introduced us to the ease and enchantment of an Old English atmosphere in a 16th century restaurant and pub on Honey Pot Lane as well as a tour of ultra-modern processing in his place of business.

But the best came on Sunday, Mother's Day, when we were adopted by Mrs. Thompson as her American daughters. The comfort sentiment and love shown us by this couple was equal to that of any home to be found in the States and the friendship and experiences gained by this meeting are to be remembered as an intricate part of growing to know England rather than that habit of only comparing it to the U.S.

Mark Tomer: Rusty Wilhite and I had a great time. Even though we were strangers in the house we felt right at home, which was a

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ATTENTION!

At a meeting of Faculty and administrative members last evening it was decided to waive final examinations this term. See story page 6.

It was indeed a full house at the John Potter residence this weekend. Bidding their hosts a greateful goodbye are, from the left, Nancy Haver, Mae Thompson, Chris Gibson, Clare Potter, Megan McKenna, Mrs. Potter, Allison Potter, John Potter, and Margo Barnes.

Save The Sterling

by J. Scott Giarc

I am proud to be a member of the Harlaxton Family.

During the current decline of British sterling in world markets, the Harlaxton College community in the shadow of the Bank of England has made favorable efforts to give weight to the pound. We have persistently exchanged our hard-earned Yankee Doodle dollars for slipping sterling so that we may invest in British products. Buying necessary commodities: beer, cigarettes and whiskey, for example. This helpful attitude is understandable. Americans typically are first to assist those we see faltering; especially where recompense follows. Here at Harlaxton we adhere to this heritage. In fact many students have enlisted the support of friends and relatives in the States who, with a wee bit of persuasion, have acquiesed to sending over more solid American money to spend in supporting the pound.

Actually, the Harlaxton and Grantham communities have been working together for some time to take full advantage of our typical American generosity. For example, four or five years ago when Americans first appeared the movie and play theatres closed. At first glance this seems odd. However, one must recall how socially oriented the English have become; then it easily follows how Grantham has wanted to spread our generosity to surrounding communities. Bus and rail transtation, therefore, is provided to entertainment centers like Nottingham, Leicester and even London wher movies and plays are available. Of course the return bus and rail transportation conviently stops operation before the completion of the show so that bed and breakfasts or hotel owners may also benefit from our typical American generosity. For their own part the Grantham shopkeepers have politely raised prices on those goods which we are likely to buy while not stocking other items so that, again, the other cities may profit.

The Harlaxton administration, it seems, has taken grasp of the plunging pound and provided means by which the rest of the community may spend money to support its recovery. The heat in the Manor House is kept very low so that we may buy beautiful British sweaters to keep us warm. In some cases warm British blankets have been purchased for the colder nights, and nice woolen house slippers for excursions to the chilly dining hall. Although the food is excellent by British university standards, and good by American standards, there is always as least one unappetizing meal carefully scheduled each week so that our typical American generosity may be extended to a local restaurant. The administration has provided us with the transportation industry in particular as a worthwhile investment for our converted dollars. The mini-bus service, for example, stops early enough to allow taxi-cab drivers some benefit when we wish to go into Grantham for the evening.

But the scheduling of the mid-term vacation is a better example. Here, the break was just short enough to make hitching impractical so that rail, bus, or renting a car could be utilized.

Thorough and considerate that the administration is, there are other possitilities within the Harlaxton community where students might spend their hard-earned Yankee Doodle dollar. One such place is the 'boys' shower area. Generally, Americans enjoy bathing in a warm room. Rather than having a cold area, as it now is, why not borrow the concept of pay heat popularly used in B & Bs. That is, providing a heating element for the room which may be operated by inserting coins. This could work with different prices depending on whether it was peak bathing time or off hours. This idea could even be used for providing hot water.

There may be other places you can think of to spend your money in trying to support the pound. If these are not immediately practical why not stop off at the school store? Here you can invest your money in a worthwhile Harlaxton necessity while at the same time help the Bank of England in providing financial assistance to British sterling.

Harlaxton tycoon Mike "Warbucks" Franden was caught in a philanthropic moment spreading his wealth throughout Britain via the general store.

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entertainment

Lou's Velvets: A Rare Breed

by Dave Lutz

Music fans, take heed! Whether you know it or not you are in an excellent position to purchase the long lost second Velvet Underground album, which is now only obtainable in the UK. What do you mean, who are the Velvet Underground? OK, I'll back up a bit and explain my excitement.

The Velvet Underground was (past tense; broke up in 1970) a New York based rock and roll band whose founder, leader, songwriter, guitarist and lyricist was none other than Lou Reed. I don't blame you if your initial reaction to a mention of Lou is either that of revulsion or hilarity. Lou has in recent days projected a ludicrous image which boils down to his having lost all touch with his Muse, direction, and reality. In short, Lou Reed is washed up and more to the point, burned out. Literally.

So to fully appreciate Lou, you must clear your mind of the present Reed reincarnations. Lou and the Velvets in their day were without equal. The band began as a rather loose conglomeration of highly inspired and derelict musicians who had common associations with the Warhol soaked environment of New York in the early to mid 1960s. This environment was replete with drugs of every imaginable sort, perversity, and above all a keen awareness of the avant guarde. All of which directly influenced the Velvets' music.

The first Velvet Underground album, released in the flower power era of the mid '60s enjoyed a reasonable amount of commercial success, owing much to the questionably appealing Warhol-designed album jacket. There was no trace of hippiedom contained in this LP, however. Some have described it as downright EVIL. The classic 'Heroin' made its first appearance on this record as did 'Waiting For My Man', both autobiographical accounts of drug addiction. 'Venus In Furs' is a horrifying account of a sado-masochistic encounter. And so on.

The stage was set and the Velvets seemed resolute and uncompromising in their musical mode. Unfortunately, the timeing was off and the listening public discarded the Velvet Underground as 'unprofessional' and WEIRD'.

As a result, the release of the second Velvet Underground album caused no great stir except in cultish circles. Marketing problems arose in the MGM-Verve record corporation and pressing of the album ceased after a small number of the LPs had been distributed.

Which brings us to the point. Polydor records in Europe apparently were more organized than their U.S. counterparts and continued to distribute the record for a longer period of time. With a little searching, the record can still be purchased in the UK.

Titled simply The Velvet Underground (MGM 2353022 Select) this record contains some of the best work produced by the Velvets. Some highlights:

"Some Kind of Love" begins ominously with the metronome beat of a cowbell followed by one of the sleaziest, slimiest guitar lines I've ever heard. Lou's vocals must be heard to be believed. Panting, groaning and wheezing throughout, Lou recounts a diologue between Tom and Margeurita who embark on an exploration of various, uh... alternatives to conventional courtship. Allusions to Marquis de Sade hint at their direction.

"Pale Blue Eyes" is a beautifully haunting song of poor old Lou's involvement with a married woman. The sparce guitar interlude combined with a simple organ and tamborine background paint an emotional picture of his yearning for this forbidden love.

"Beginning To See The Light" is a sheer joy. If you can sit still during this number, you are either (1) deaf, or (2) dead. Electric and acoustic guitars and a straightforward percussion create a steamroller drive which carries Lou's voice to unheard of peaks of exhileration. This song along with "Sweet Jane" and "Head Held High" from the Loaded album put Lou's vocal abilities among and above other esteemed rock crooners including Jim Morrison Mick Jagger, Steve Tyler and Robert Plant.

As is too often the case, recognition comes to artists too late; either after they have died or have retired. In Lou's case, I'm not sure which applies. Regardless, the Velvets' music hasn't seemed to age a bit since its original release and is still very enjoyable and important today. By scraping away the frills, prettiness and pretensions which often worm into rock, Lou and the Velvets wrote and sang of the other, seamier aspects of life, themes largely ignored by rock. This music dares the listener, presents a challenge to look street life square in the eye. Bruce Springsteen is enjoying a huge commercial success romanticizing street life. If this rock genre appeals to you, go one step further and listen to the Velvets. There you'll find what Springsteen only hints at.

Tuesday evening's Eight O'Clock programme showcased The Dance and Daily Life presented by students from Leicester College's Department of Interpretation. The students demonstrated how artistic stories can be brought to life through dance.

poetry

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
  Floats though unseen among us, - visiting
  This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower, -
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower
    It visits with inconstant glance
    Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening, -
    Like clouds in starlight widely spread, -
    Like memory of music fled,
    Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

--Shelley

TO THE MOON

I

  Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
  Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth, -
And ever changing like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

II

  Thou chosen sister of the Spirit,
That gazes on thee till in thee it pities...

--Shelley

THE FISH

In the cool curving world he lies
And ripples with dark ecstasies.
The kind luxurious lapse and steal
Shapes all his universe to feel
And know and be; the clinging stream
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides
Superb on unreturning tides.
Those silent waters weave for him
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,
Where wavering masses bulge and gape
Mysterious, and shape to shape
Dies momently through whorl and hollow,
And form and line and solid follow
Solid and line and form to dream
Fantastic down the eternal stream;
An obscure world, a shifting world,
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,
Or perpentine or driving arrows
Or serene slidings or March narrows.
There slipping wave and shore are one,
And weed and mud. No ray of sun
But glow to glow fades down the deep
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep);
Shaken translucency illumes
The hyaline of drifting glooms;
The strange soft-handed depth subdues
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,
As death to living decomposes -
Red darkness of heart of roses,
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies
And gold that lies behind the eyes
The unknown unnameable sightless white
That is the essential flame of night,
Lustreless purple, hooded green
The myriad jues that lie between
Darkness and darkness!...
And all's one
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,
The world he rests in world he knows,
Perpetual curving. Only - grows
And eddy in that ordered falling,
A knowledge from the gloom a calling
Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud -
The dark fire leaps along his blood;
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,
The intricate impulse works its will;
His woven world drops back; and he,
Sans providence, sans memory,
Unconscious and directly driven,
Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,
Of lights in the clear night, of cries
That drift along the wave and rise
Thin to the glittering stars above
You know the hands, the eyes of love!
The strife of limbs, and sightless clinging
The infinite distance and the singing
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around
The horizon, and the heights above -
You know the sigh, the song of love!

But there the night is close, and there
Darkness is cold and strange and bare;
And the secret deeps are whisperless;
And rhythm is all deliciousness;
And joy is in the throbbing tide,
Whose intricate fingers beat and glide
In felt bewildering harmonies
Of trembling touch; and music is
The exquisite knocking of the blood.
Space is no more, under the mud;
His bliss is older than the sun.
Silent and straight the waters run.
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,
And the dark tide are one with him.

--Rupert Brooke

"Wickedness is a myth invented by good people to account for the curious attractiveness of others." - Oscar Wilde

music

CONCERTFAX

ROLLING STONES - Leicester Granby Hall, May 14 and 15; London Earl's Court (21, 22, & 23)

RICK WAKEMAN - Birmingham, May 2.

ELTON JOHN - London Earl's Court, May 11, 12, and 13.

JONI MITCHELL - May 27, 28, and 29...CANCELLED.

DIANA ROSS - London's New Victoria, April 18, 19, and 20 (Two shows each date).

J.J. CALE - London Hammersmith Odeon, April 2.

JOHN DENVER - London Palladium, April 2.

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS - London's New Victoria, April 27 (Two shows).

JOSE FELICIANO - London's Royal Albert Hall, April 21; Leicester De Montfort Hall (27).

NEW RELEASES

"Presence" - Led Zeppelin
"I" - Patrick Moraz
"Wings At The Speed of Sound" - Wings
"Live" - Robin Trower
"Romantic Warrior" - Chick Corea and Return to Forever
"Greatest Hits" - Mott the Hoople

Music Recital

Phee Price and Jeanne Thompson will be featured in a music recital on April 7 at 8p.m. in the Great Hall.

Ms. Thompson will perform on flute and the seldom heard Harlaxton organ. Dr. Peter Franklin will provide accompaniment on her flute selections.

Ms. Price will sing compositions including works by 18th and 19th century Italian composers Schubert, and contemporary English numbers.

Suzanne's Shorts

The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary defines 'deplete' as: to reduce the fullness of, to empty out, exhaust. Ms. Suzanne Pelletier, student affairs advisor defines it as "my *@&'?% travel library".

One of Suzanne's services as student affairs advisor is to keep abreast of the particulars of travelling around England and the continent. Few will disagree that she has performed magnificantly in this capacity. Now is the time to show your appreciation by donating any and all information relating to travel. This means unloading your unwanted reams of pamphlets, maps, books, directories, and posters which might help Suzanne in her preparation of next year's travel programs. This material, of course will also be available for use by next year's Harlaxton student body.

Suzanne would also appreciate any type of information she could pass on as to recommend-B&Bs, eating establishments, shops, entertainment and whatever else may be of student interest.

Before throwing ANYTHING away, think first. That trash could be next year's weekend field trip.

And while on Suzanne, the lady with the money pail is offering cash for pre-recorded cassette tapes. Prices paid will depend upon how much she likes the tape. Simple enough.

HERE THEY ARE! The 1976 Harlaxton Aces basketball wizards. Kneeling, from the right are Dr. Gordon Kingsley, John Stingley Gordon Kingsley, Dave Smith. Standing from right, are Ian Taplin, Dr. Paul Bulger (coach), Steve Johnson, Sherman Burton and Mark Mathes. Not the most successful season (0-3) but a lot of fun.

How About It?

Here is yet another chance to rid yourselves of uneeded articles before returning home at the close of school. Tentative plans for a Harlaxton College rummage sale are being discussed but student suggestions and help prior to the sale are needed.

April 15 has been suggested as a convenient date for the event but no final decision has yet been reached.

If you have any ideas as to the feasibility or interest in this endeavor, kindly direct your remarks to Ms. Suzanne Pelletier, student affairs advisor.

Your Health

by Irene Crabtree

I have just finished reading a book which has made a tremendous impact upon me in that it has drawn together so many thoughts, feelings and questions I have been facing as I move from the student phase into the professional health world. I don't mean this to be a personal dissertation, but as a vehicle to share the insights I've gained through Michael Wilson's Health Is For People; for health is an interpsersonal responsibility concerning each one of us and not simply reserved for doctors and nurses and others whoe wear white hats!

What do most people think of when they hear the word 'health'? Bodily needs, lack of illness or disease. Surely the biological components of health but there are many other sides to the picture of 'health'. Mr. Wilson prefers to put our basic bodily needs under the heading 'hygiene'-our needs for food, water, medicine and clothing. 'Health', however, is a much broader concept; it relates to the quality of life - our human potential to live harmoniously with the environment. Hygiene, therefore, can be seen as a foundation for other potentials of life, a concept included within health.

The struggle for optimum health is a struggle for quality of life, for community, for fuller humanity. This places responsibility for the search for health on each of us as individuals. We live in a disease oriented, problem oriented society. There is a need for change in the climate of opinions toward promotion of health of the 'whole' person rather than concern just for the biological side of a person. Health includes such concepts as worth, communications, and the meaning of health is defined by all the members of a society who make the ethical and political choices involved.

This has not been a terribly concrete piece of information, but health is not a terribly concrete concept either! I would like to conclude with a few quotes from Michael Wilson's book, as they point out a rather unique interpretation of health.

"In sharing my loaf with another I may meet not only his hunger for food but also his hunger for a brother. Health is about sharing what we have with one another and sharing ourselves with one another. We make health possible for one another."

"Health is a public creation not a private specialism."

And finally, "It could be that the search for a friend...is not simply a search for care and relief from anxiety, depression, and loss of identity...but a search for meaning, for a chance to develop our humanity together, in fact a search for health."

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continued from page 1...

April Fools!

WEEKEND (continued from page 1)

feeling we hadn't had for a long time. We spent the time much like we would spend it with family, not doing anything special, but just enjoying being together. We didn't find the life very different from that in America maybe just a bit simpler. But home cooking, good talk and an easy feeling made the weekend.

Kathi Miller: Spend a weekend with an English family? Sure! Fabulous! Sign me up. Then as the actual event drew near the apprehensions set in. All the stereotypes of stiff-upper-lip reserved Britishers flashed through my mind as I nervously stumbled down the stairs to meet "my" family. Happily, the stereotyped images were instantly dissolved when I met Christopher and Nina Banham; their two children, Alexander (age 4½) and Sophia (age 20 months); and a family friend, Mr. Monroe, who was also visiting for the weekend. The experience was, for me, an unprecidented opportunity for discussion of comparisons between English and American lifestyles, food, language, school systems, politics, etc., etc. I found it to be an enlightening and happy experience. And the roast turkey was delicious!

Irene Crabtree: Kim Kingzett and I spent a relaxing and delightful two days with the Wallace family in Woolsthorpe. It's a sleepy little village just past Denton; the Wallaces' home sits on the edge of the Belvoir Castle grounds. We were treated to an inspiring sunset Saturday evening as we watched the Castle fade into darkness over a glass of sherry in the dining room. Lovely.... Accompanying this beautiful scene were the teasing voices of our two adopted brothers, Christopher, fifteen years and Paul, seventeen years -we both felt right at home! The best thing about our time with the Wallaces was simply being in a home again - sharing family squiks and squabbles, dad's "bad" jokes, mom's home cooking and bits of advice, laughing with all the family - it might have made us both a bit homesick. My only regret is that the family weekend didn't happen sooner!

On a beautiful sunny Sunday afternoon the English families and their American charges returned to the Manor for high tea in the dining hall. The kitchen crew should be commended for the huge array of sandwiches, pastries, and assorted goodies enjoyed by all.

By 6 p.m. all was back to normal (if there is such a state at the Manor) and other than tons of leftover sandwiches, what remained was a new perspective on British home life, and many new found friendships in this country, our home for the next three weeks.