

# Neil Young pays friends tribute

By JOHN VANORE  
Reviewer

Neil Young. What's the first thing that pops to your mind when you hear that name? Most likely, though, the image of Neil Young, lo performer extraordinaire, comes to mind. The same artist who sculpted such masterpieces as "After the Gold Rush," "Everybody Knows Is Is Nowhere," and "Harvest."

The last album was recorded with the ashville Stray Gators, but the renowned Crazy orse played back-up on the other two.

"The extremely saccharine sound of 'Harvest' ew poor responses from critics who saw Young becoming a commercially-oriented recording ar. Since then, he has reverted to . . . expressing what's on his mind . . .," as he said in a lling Stone interview.

"Time Fades Away," the follow-up to "Harst," and "On the Beach" were marked by in-se depression. Desolation, with all its ramifi-cations, would best describe "On the Beach."

"Beach's" despondence and a lack of musical efficiency were the easier problems to solve in eparation for another release.

For "Tonight's the Night," Young has returned recording with Crazy Horse, minus Danny hitten, who died last year of a drug overdose.

"Tonight's the Night" is a musical obituary, or, Young's own words, ". . . an OD letter," ayed in memoriam for Whitten, formerly Crazy orse's lead guitarist, and Bruce Berry. Berry, ho also died of an overdose, was a longtime age hand for Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, d was very close to Young.

Young's departure from the pretty melodies of arvest" and its predecessors reaches its apogee re. There is no joy to this music. Young is ally immersed in his two friends' deaths; and s music with its ragged edges of despair and solation reflects this state of mind.

"Tonight's the Night," in its opening version, eats those fateful words — "Tonight's the ght. . . as though it were some sort of omin-is warning. It's the story of Berry, who, as ung so bluntly puts it, OD'd . . . out on the line."

For almost two years, "Tonight's the Night" as an unfinished project with only nine songs

completed, until Young's manager Elliot Roberts came through with three older songs on tape that related to the rest of the album. "Borrowed Time" and "Come on Baby Let's Go Downtown" were two.

Young accompanies himself on piano and harp on "Borrowed Time." He somberly tells how he's singing a borrowed tune ". . . alone in this empty room, too wasted to write my own."

Ultimately the most haunting song is "Come on Baby Let's Go Downtown," which was recorded at the Fillmore East four years ago. It features Young and the original Crazy Horse, with Whitten singing and playing lead guitar. Whitten and Young are locked in a guitar duel which causes each to strive for perfection.

Side Two shines because of instrumental performances and more. "Roll Another Number," with its harmonies, fits into the sweet mold of "Harvest"; but "Lookout Joe," featuring some excellent guitar, is down-right ominous.

True culmination of the depressive air of "Tonight's the Night" strikes with "Tired Eyes." The lyrics tell rather bluntly of how "Well, he shot four men in a cocaine deal/He left 'em lyin' in an open field/Full of old cars with bullet holes in the mirrors."

The lyrics and mood of "Tired Eyes" recall some of Young's more morbid moments, especially in "Ohio." The four casualties in the dope deal are a direct outgrowth of the "Four dead in Ohio," in the tale of Kent State. "Tired Eyes" is the net result of the preceding ten songs building in intensity to near-panic. The song relates strongly to the overall death/drugs/disaster aspect of the album.

The second version of "Tonight's the Night" concludes Side Two, and the listener feels he's gone full circle in Young's musical odyssey. This version is more disjointed, unarranged and desperate than the first. Young sums his emotions when he sings, in a quavering voice, of how he heard of Bruce Berry's death. "Cause people let me tell you, it sent a chill up and down my spine"

"Tonight's the Night," as an album, is a fitting musical obituary to two close friends. It contains some of his best music to date.

Thanks Ernie, (Musieland) for providing the album used for this review.

# Artist comes home

By DON MIDDLETON  
Battalion Staff Writer

In 1917 a stern German father sent his 19-year-old son to Texas A&M College to study electrical engineering. Had Berthold Schiwetz stuck by his decision to have his son become an engineer, Texas A&M might have been robbed of one of its most accomplished alumni — artist E.M. "Buck" Schiwetz.

In his studio on the first floor of the old Board of Directors' building, Schiwetz took time out from his work last week to talk about those and other days.

"I was born in Cuero in DeWitt county in 1898. We (a sister and three brothers) were brought up in the German tradition. We learned German before we learned English," Schiwetz recalled.

## Schiwetz flunks electrical engineering

"When I graduated from Cuero High School, I wanted to go to Chicago Artists' School, but my father said 'No, you're going to be an electrical engineer, my boy.' So I came to A&M and I flunked every course I took, except English," Schiwetz laughed. "I even flunked Blacksmithing and Manual Training — that had never been done in the annals of A&M."

An assistant English professor, D. B. Cofer, took special interest in the young man's problems. It is Cofer to whom Schiwetz attributes his successful transition from engineering to the arts.

Cofer took the young Schiwetz to talk with college President W. B. Bizzell about his unpleasant situation.

"Dr. Bizzell said, 'What's wrong Mr. Schiwetz? I just told him I had no use for it, I wasn't an electrical engineer, it was my daddy's instigation,'" Schiwetz said. "He (Bizzell) said, 'Well listen, I'm going to do something about that.' So he looked my daddy up in Cuero."

"Dr. Bizzell asked my daddy, 'Look here, what are you trying to do with this boy? He has the inclination to go into the arts and you're trying to deny him that.'"

The elder Schiwetz and Bizzell sat down and finally came to a compromise. They decided architecture would be an acceptable blend of science and the arts for Buck Schiwetz to study.

"So I went into architecture and made nice grades and got my B.A.," Schiwetz continued. "Then I stayed another year and worked on my Master's. I lacked four hours of getting it, but I left and never went back to finish it."

While Schiwetz was at A&M he was, among other things, an unofficial mascot for the 1917 football team.

"That's when Dana Bible had a 270-0 season," the artist recalled. "He also taught English."

"I lived in Austin Hall with the team. All they had every night was their bull sessions. So I took over the top floor of the Bat Roost, that's what we called Gathright Hall, to use as my office, since I was art director on the annual for two years."

When Schiwetz left A&M, he traveled to Dallas to serve his apprenticeship with various architectural firms.

"One thing I can say is that if I had gone to Chicago to the regular art schools, I would have been doing the same thing everybody does when they start out as an illustrator. Those people come a dime a dozen," Schiwetz emphasized. "But here I took architecture and it set me on the road in this particular realm I'm in now."

"I started out in architecture doing nothing but tracing and erasing," Buck remembers, "which is the usual routine. A Bachelor of Arts will get you a job but it won't hold it forever."

While he was eking out a living as a draftsman, Schiwetz was doing the thing he likes best in his spare time — sketching and painting the Texas landscape.

## Traveling spirit strong

In 1926 Schiwetz and his wife Ruby went to New York City and joined the artist colony in Greenwich Village.

"We had a hard life in New York, we were poor and hungry most of the time," Schiwetz recalled. "But New York City was the best place to be poor and hungry, because there were plenty of others in the same situation, so you were never lonely."

Then a friend of Schiwetz from A&M, Ray Franke, asked Buck to come to Houston and go into the advertising business with him. Together with two other friends they formed the Franke, Schiwetz, Wilkerson and Tips Advertising Agency.

"I handled the art for the Humble (Refining) account," Schiwetz said. "I had the opportunity to go around and work with the ranchers and farmers, and to go to Mexico and stay on planta-

tions. I had all these wonderful opportunities to absorb all this knowledge through my clientele. Of course one nice part about it was my expense account."

## Supervising SWC football broadcasts

Buck also supervised the broadcasts of Southwest Conference football games, working with broadcaster Kern Tips who was also a member of the ad agency.



Pencil sketch of the Texas A&M University Press, formerly the Board of Directors' Building, done in 1974.

"I had to run around and make sure everything went right," Schiwetz said of his radio days. "When something did go wrong, I was the one who caught trouble."

The wanderlust has always been strong in Buck Schiwetz. He has travelled all his life, portraying Texas in watercolors. But for the moment he is a resident of the Texas A&M campus.

Schiwetz is currently at work on a portfolio of eight paintings depicting the A&M campus in commemoration of the school's centennial.

His studio, first located in the office of the Association of Former Students, was changed when Schiwetz learned that the Board of Directors' house was scheduled to be torn down.

## Buck saves Directors' Building

"I was furious. The thought of tearing such a fine building down just made me mad," Schiwetz said.

It so happens that at the same time, Frank Wardlaw, director of the newly-formed A&M University Press, was also looking for a place to set up shop.

"I called Frank (a close personal friend of Schiwetz) up and told him to quit looking. I had found the perfect place for his Press. It was Frank who had convinced me to come back to A&M in the first place," Schiwetz said.

So now Buck Schiwetz lives and paints in the building he saved from the clutches of progress.

"I'm so happy to be here. I was 77 years old in August and I feel like life is just beginning. Being around young people again is invigorating to me. And I haven't met anyone yet who rubbed me the wrong way."

If anyone did rub Buck Schiwetz the wrong way, they might find themselves up on the bad side of another close friend of Schiwetz.

"Randy Matson is kind of my official bodyguard, he goes everywhere with me," Schiwetz said.

## Still painting at 77

Not even Buck Schiwetz is sure how long he'll be staying at A&M this time. Itinerant by nature, he tends to snub publicity and notoriety for peace and quiet of the Texas countryside. There, he doesn't have to worry about deadlines or painting things he really doesn't care to paint.

Schiwetz just recently recovered from an attack of paralysis which left his right arm, the one he paints with, immobile. In spite of that, he is painting as well, or better than he has in his life, although he is too modest to admit it.

At 77 years young Schiwetz is out of the advertising business and into the business of being Buck Schiwetz. Not Schiwetz the nationally famous artist, or Schiwetz the Texas legend — just Buck Schiwetz.



# Book follows seasons

By DON MIDDLETON  
Battalion Staff Writer

TEXAS HEARTLAND: A HILL COUNTRY EAR; Photographs by Jim Bones, Jr., text by John Graves (Texas A&M University Press, \$7.50).

Two years ago, Jim Bones, Jr., spent four seasons at Paisano, the ranch of the late J. Frank Lobbie. He photographed the hill country as it changed from season to season, its wildlife, plants and their interaction with the elements.

Then noted Texas author John Graves (GOODBYE TO A RIVER, HARD SCRABBLE) wrote down some of the history of the settlement of the hill country, in particular Paisano and how Lobbie came to own it.

The result is TEXAS HEARTLAND, possibly the most beautiful essay about Texas to come along in quite a while.

After Lobbie's death, Paisano was bought by several of his friends at the Texas Institute of Letters and donated to the University of Texas. It now serves as a retreat for writers, photographers and painters who come to live for a year at Paisano while they work.

One of those artists who lived and worked at

the ranch on a Doobie-Paisano fellowship was Jim Bones.

HEARTLAND is more than a collection of pictures. It is a story told visually. Bones has captured the mood of the country as it undergoes the transition from autumn to winter, winter to spring, then to summer and finally completing the cycle with the multi-colored hill country autumn.

"Any less of an author than John Graves might have been hesitant about writing an introduction to the photographs of this brilliant young artist. Maybe Graves was hesitant himself, but his brief history of Paisano and the surrounding area blend with the photographs perfectly, and is a testimony to Graves' talent."

Bones has written his own short introduction to the pictures, which more or less explains how he happened to come to Paisano to live and work. But his true accomplishment is in the photographs themselves.

It took the work of an extraordinary artist to tempt Press Director Frank Wardlaw to publish, for the first time in 25 years, a book of 84 full color photographs. And it is a remarkable book.

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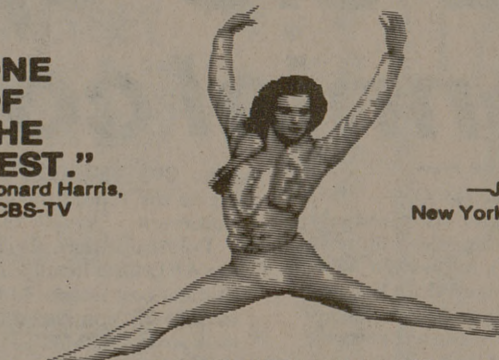
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