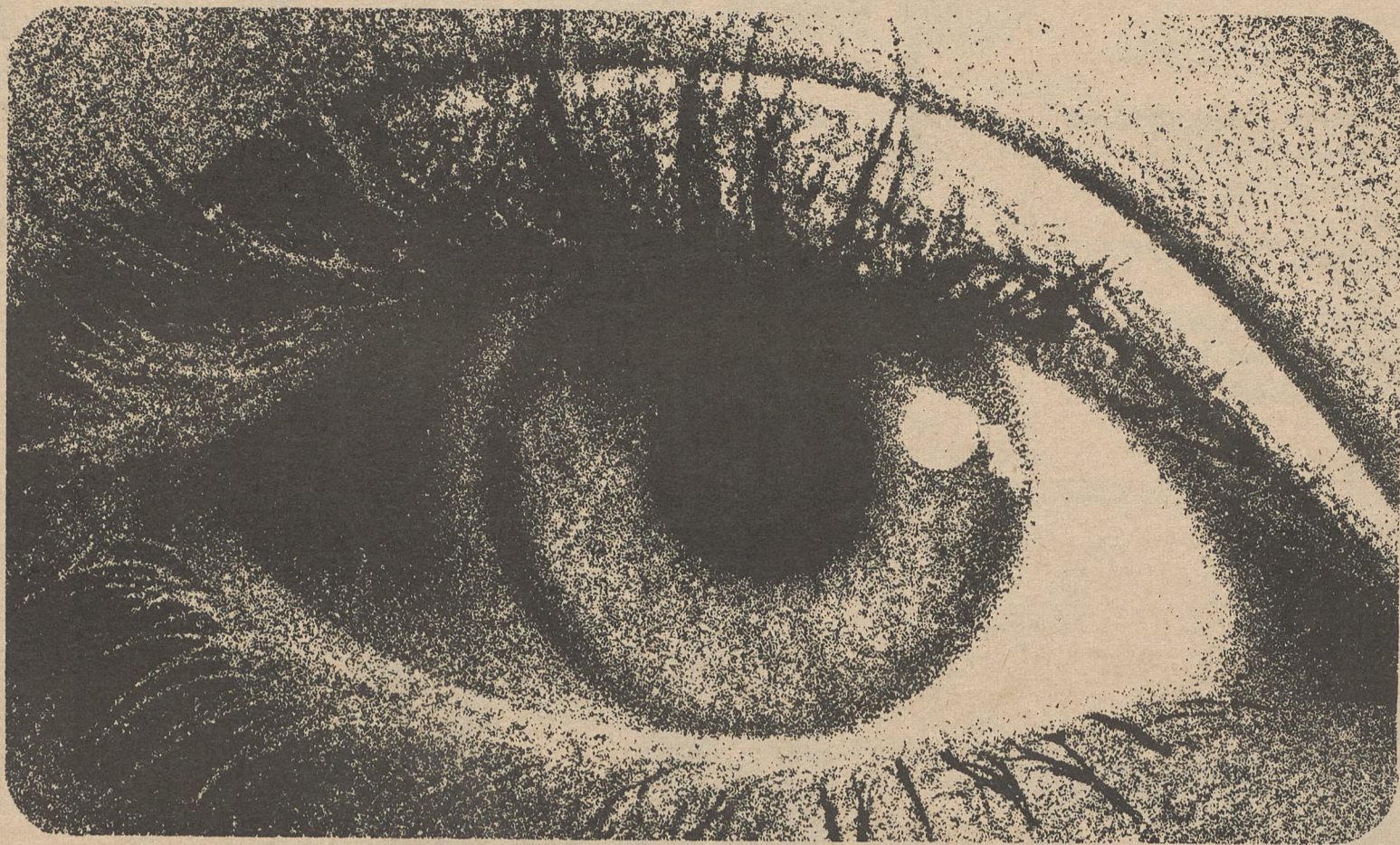


WOODWIND

An Arts Paper

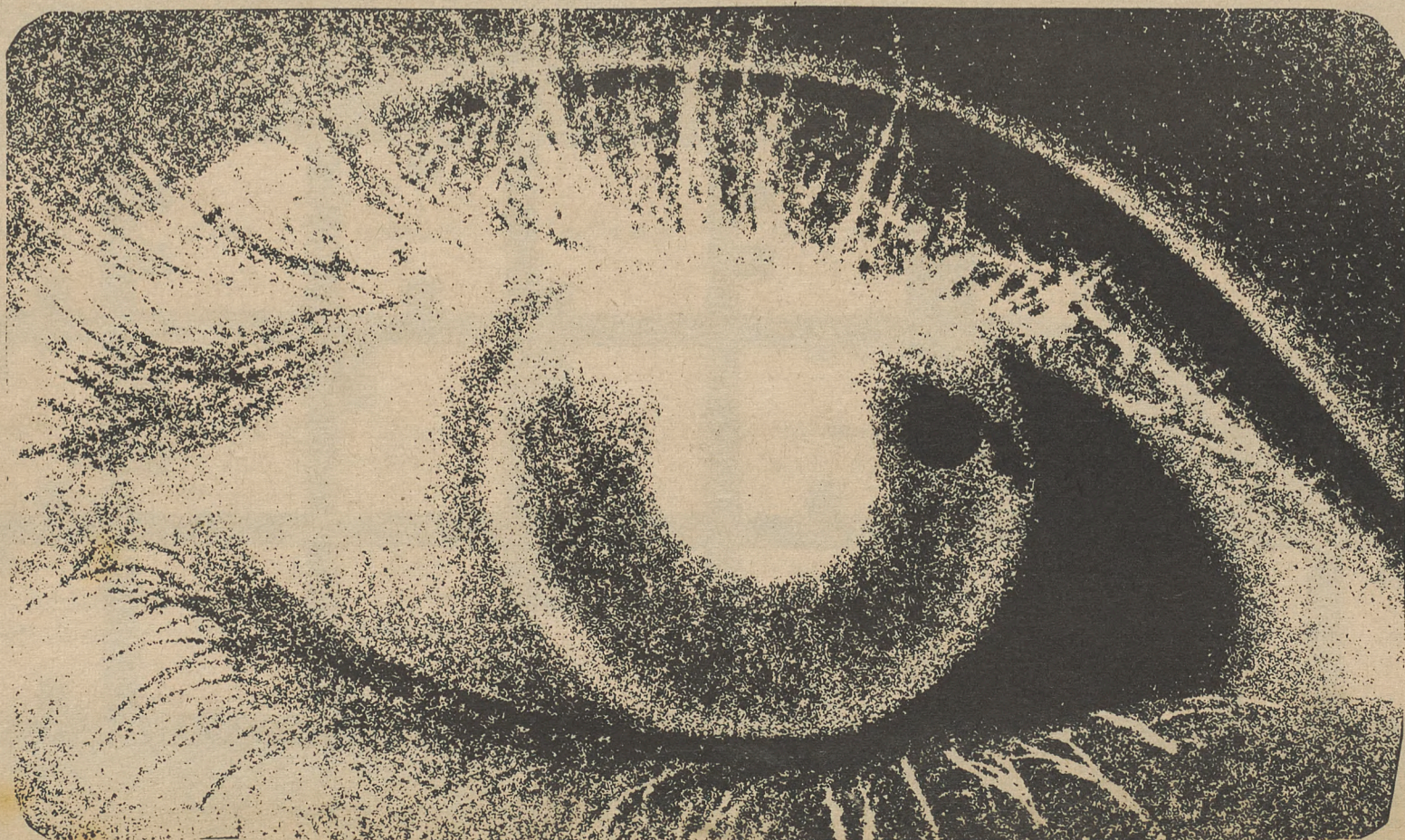
Washington, D.C.

free
introductory
copy



"you and i are technology, so superior to any we've ever devised...that camera looks pretty crude along side of my eye, and my eye has always had it's own light meter-it's got the whole works...and so i simply say, if you had that camera so it could also rebuild itself and keep itself going and improving itself for the next seventy years then you have something approximating the technology you and i really consist of..technology's not new...we've just been a little too crude at it...our society's got to be sure not to let somebody mislead us... not let our own ignorance mislead us into making the wrong moves..."

from the interview with
Buckminster Fuller (page 4)



woodwind

vol 2 no 1

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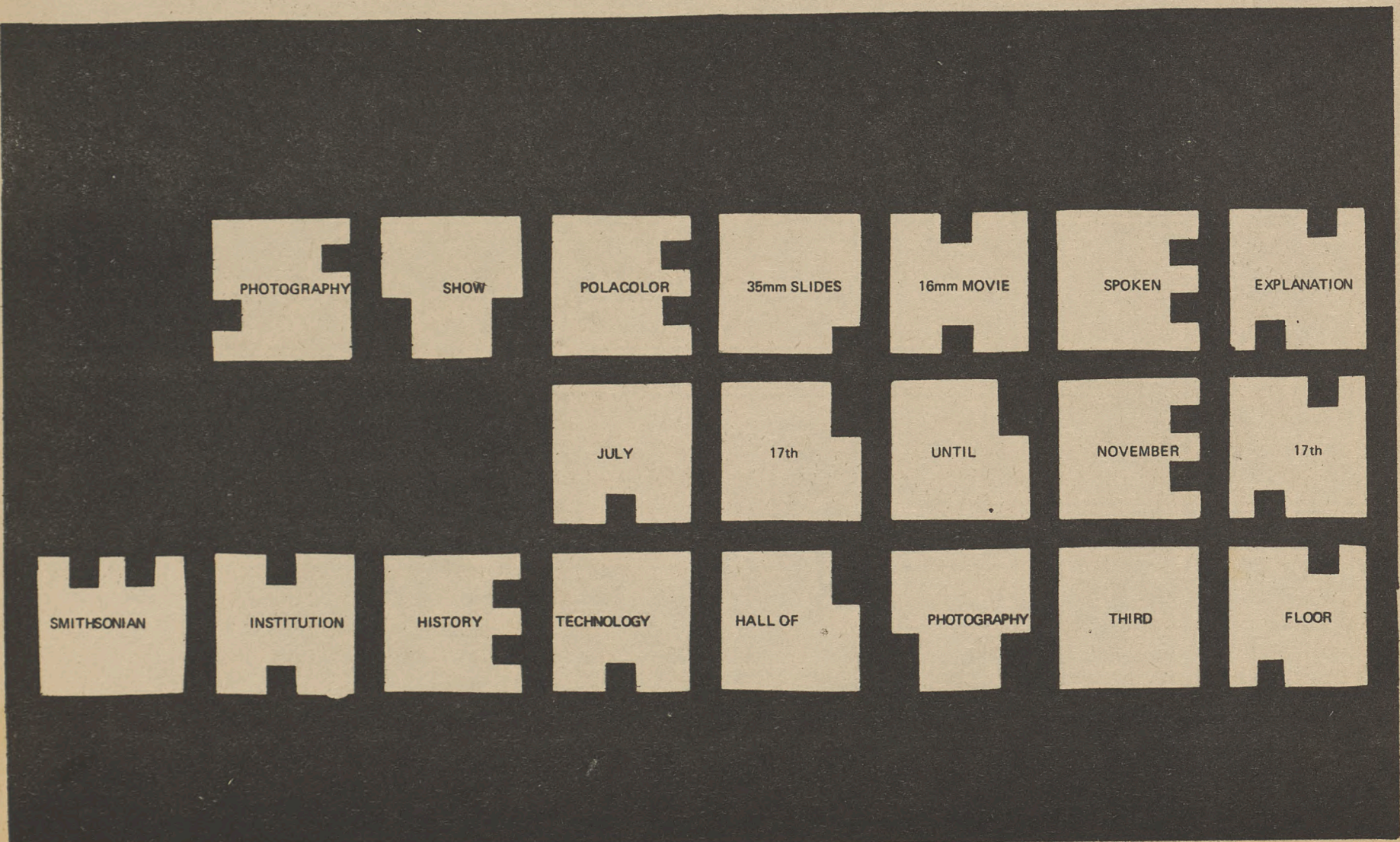
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people making this issue include
Buckminster Fuller, George DeVincent,
Grace Cavalieri, Dave Warren, M. Rutt,
David Evans, Ruth Stenstrom, Ken Geist,
Carolyn Currier, Stephen Allen Whealton
(on vacation), David Watt, Robyn Johnson
Ross, Donna Pollack, Moloch

Richard Harrington, editor



HELLO

3

Well, here we are again with an introduction and an explanation. Who we are, what we are, and why we are - and maybe we're explaining ourselves away. In the end, the paper speaks for itself. An arts paper, with no definition of what art is, only what art isn't. Art isn't rhetorical politics, art isn't mindless violence, art isn't childish impatience. Art can be bitterness and frustration rechannelled into the building of alternatives. And the frustrations of silence need not be so rigid when there is a vehicle to be heard from. That's why we exist. If our emphasis is on the arts, it does not mean that we are mindless of the problems around us. Only, we feel that there are different ways, more realistic ways, more humane ways to change things. WOODWIND is not just poetry and pictures and stories and articles. It is poets and photographers and writers and artists, many receiving their proper and needed attention for the first time. WOODWIND is one single step to believing in a creative community here in this oh-so-political town. One step towards that optimistic sense that can keep some of our best minds at home, where the work needs to be done.

This issue is free because a lot of people don't know what WOODWIND is. If it doesn't answer some questions, it can at least help define our directions. If those directions are agreeable, we'd like some company. If not we'd like to know why. It's nice to be involved with communications. So write to us or call us.

We always need material -- poetry, photos, graphics, etc. If you can write, why don't you write for us. Sometimes we just need bodies to help distribute the paper (it is sold on the street, a way to earn extra money). Everything is always hectic, because we've never had a real office (someday!) and most of the staff have other jobs. So if you like us and want to help, get in touch --- and be persistent 'cause sometimes the editor's head is very bad about memory and appointments.

We have no money. This issue is possible because of a large advertising campaign for this particular free issue. If you've got any extra money, we could sure use it. There's a lot to be done with this paper, and money is one factor that could do wonders. But we've never let anything like not having money stop us before. We think we've got a good thing going. And we'll keep on going. Strong.

NOTICES

free ads

Starting with the next issue (Sept. 30), WOODWIND will carry free classified ads. If you have something to sell, need something, have or need a job, need rides or housing, etc., write to 1318 35th Street, #2, Washington, 20007. We won't publish ads that reflect any type of chauvinist attitudes - so that means no fuck ads because they generally tend to be precisely that. Please include a phone number or address for possible verification. Some people can be hurt by "friends" playing jokes through the classifieds. So, feel free to use us.

calendar

The calendar is obnoxiously missing from the back of the paper. That's because it's hard to find someone to put one together. A bad calendar makes it seem as if nothing is going on. (Strangely enough, no calendar doesn't have the same effect.) Hopefully, we'll start having a good calendar next issue. If you have an event you wish to have listed, write to us.

4 BUCKMINSTER FULLER

This transcript is taken from a new journal called RADICAL SOFTWARE, just published in New York. RADICAL SOFTWARE encourages the dissemination of information concerning work done in technology, particularly in relation to video-tape and television. The paper's philosophy states that 'unless we design and implement alternate information structures which transcend and reconfigure the existing ones, other alternate systems and life styles will be no more than products of the existing ones... We need to get good tools into good hands - not reject all tools because they have been misused to benefit only the few.' It is a fascinating journal. It costs \$1, and can be obtained from RADICAL SOFTWARE, Room 110 51 5th Avenue, New York City 10003.

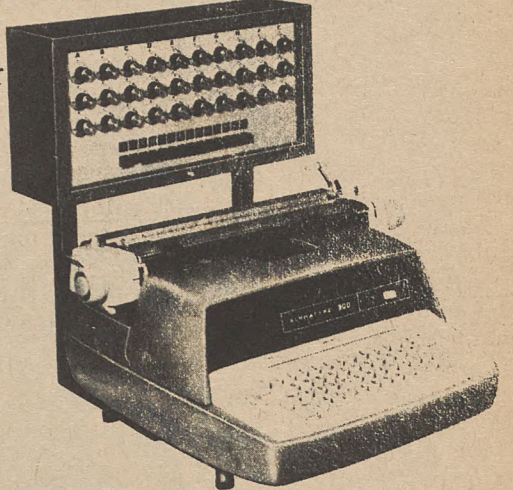
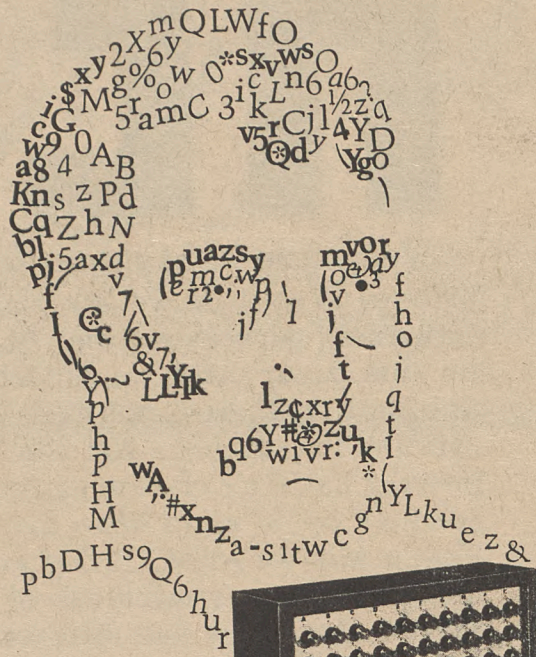
SOFTWARE

R. Buckminster Fuller

Pirated transcription of interview videotaped by Raindance Corporation^x

...and so we find what man's real function is, is sorting out his experience, developing what we call the normale, and being useful... we hear people talk about technology as something very threatening, but we are technology, the universe is technology... it's simply a matter of our understanding these things... that nature has these beautiful exchanges... and what's happened was this shortsighted--really scared--fear of man about whether he's going to survive... he's been told there's nowhere nearly enough to go around... therefore you've got to go out and look out for your side, look out for your family--he's got to hold this thing and make the short move...

...so when our young world, like that young girl talking so superbly on earth day, eight year old kid, pure wisdom pouring out, her eyes could see as clear, when she said we ought not to throw away, we ought to reuse, and things like that... that little girl was seeing that... and so the net from all of our extraordinary earth day is that we have all of humanity catching on to things that need to be attended to when they were assuming yesterday someone else was attending to... the fact that they were in such poverty... they had so little time... they had to work 12 hours or 14 hours a day... my first job i really was working 18 hours a day... you can't get anything done, you go home, i really didn't hardly have enough left to eat my supper before i fell down on the bed to sleep... so i find man didn't even have time to think, nor did he have the vocabulary... he didn't have the literacy... the literacy did not come as much out of school as out of radio... the people who had the radio jobs had good diction, good vocabulary necessary for it, so the kid could listen to a good vocabulary that papa didn't have... and so we really proliferated the capability to communicate... and now that we know how to communicate, we know there are many nuances of information... that little child, impressive beyond her wisdom was the beautiful resource of words that she had which came so spontaneously to her... when i was a little kid all that kids would say was "i don't like it" or "wow"... just make a noise because they didn't have the resources to express it... the same wisdom...



...i think the great beautiful thing that's happening in evolution here is that quite clearly we have gone through a great historical sequence of events... from man as so ignorant and his hunger so great, his needs so great, he doesn't know how to satisfy them so he goes through starvation and he goes through pain and disease... go back to the earliest pharaoh time... life was so bad that nobody thought of life as worthwhile in its own right... therefore the only way you could explain your having such experience was getting yourself ready for afterlife... so everybody thought about afterlife but the fact is part of the experience with so little to go around is that you could only think of the pharaoh having an afterlife... so the great economic drive, all the great ingenuity of the man who could see anything--artist, conceiver--was partitioned by the afterlife of the pharaoh... then in getting ready for the afterlife of the pharaoh you incidentally discover the levers... (in order to take care of the pharaohs what are you going to do?... you know there are thieves everywhere and he's going to need tools after his life so you've got to get all of these fine things under a great stone mountain so it couldn't be stolen and that's why you've got your pyramids...) so the Leonardo type, good-thinker, realizes the lever... he gets an army of prisoners and they use their levers to move those stones around and build that mountain... however, after the pharaoh dies, the Leonardo type dies, the people still remember about the lever... they still remember that the Leonardo type saw these people falling at the road... they needed food, quite clearly, connected food, so there's the Nile that would bring water into those side layers... and we have fertilization... when the pharaoh dies and that thinker dies, the ditches are still there and the levers are still there, and the people remember there's an accumulation of technical capability so when another man comes along he adds to the inventory of tools... what we may call the scaffolding to make ready for afterlife... finally there's such accumulation of tools and capability and a little more know-how everywhere--advancement... well, we may be able to take care of the afterlife of the nobles as well as the pharaohs... then the tools increase some more, as they did then, and we say, well, we can take care of the afterlife of the middleclass... and that is exactly where you come into Roman and Greek history--the individual family mausoleums... finally there's got to be so much tooling around that we've a Buddha and a Christ and a Muhammad coming around saying, you know, i think we can take care of the afterlife of everybody... and so really the great Christian era of 1500 is getting ready for the afterlife of everybody... the great cathedrals, fantastic things, and you should see the real pathos of that little human being going in there... the great joy that they're going to have afterlife... suddenly there's so much tools accumulated here and the know-how keeps accumulating, and man knows a little bit more about nature and what it can do, and so he says, you know, we can take care of the afterlife of the kind, as well as his living life, and still take care of everybody's afterlife... that is what we call the beginning of the divine right of kings... then the tools accumulate some more, and so now we can take care of the nobles in their present life, as well as the afterlife for everybody--the magna carta days... then we have so much more proliferation of tools that we know we can take care of the afterlife of everybody, and the king, and the nobles, and the middle class... that's the great Victorian era right up to all the brownstones in New York here... then suddenly the tools accumulated so much that Henry Ford said, you know, we can take care of the afterlife of everybody and we can take care of the living life of everybody... that's the beginning of the new era, but at this point the Leonardo artist-type says, up to now we were using our own hands to make end-products for the patron... so in the Victorian era you'll find the beautiful cabinet maker, and you'll find the beautiful shoemaker and tailor... fantastic craftsmen everywhere... but now he says, i can't make end-products for everybody... there aren't enough artists to make end-products for everybody... therefore, we'll have to have an entirely new kind of thing which is our industrial tools, our mass production... and that's what is really come to all of humanity...

Goodkin asks: "vertical or horizontal, which is best for you?"

...so what we've got to really come to now is developing awareness in that little child...we've got to proliferate the right kind of information...industrialization and technology is not something new...you and i are technology, so superior to any we've ever devised...that camera looks pretty crude along side of my eye, and my eye has always had its own light meter--it's got the whole works...and so i simply say, if you had that camera so it could also rebuild itself and keep itself going and improving itself for the next 70 years then you have something approximating the technology you and i really consist of...technology's not new...we've just been a little too crude at it...our society's got to be sure not to let somebody mislead us...not let our own ignorance mislead us into making the wrong moves...

...in your picture of earth day, if the young people go out with a broom and start collecting, and if they went further than picking out the paper from it and the metal and said we're going to find out how to get those recirculated, then we're really getting somewhere...each one of us is process...we're not things...and so it's fantastic--there's no scientist been asked to look at the plumbing...the best flushing toilet you have is so inefficient that we use 65 volumes of water to get rid of one volume of human waste--but it is waste, and it's very, very valuable chemistry...at the university of illinois way back in 1929 we found that the human excrement in one farm family has in it enough energy to run all the farm machinery...so these are the things--i hope your young world first is getting aware, and then getting to be critical and picking out things...and now we're really beginning to understand this need of a greater understanding of nature.

...it's very important for me to tell you that the word failure is invented by man just like the word pollution...it's a word of ignorance because nature can't fail...nature knows exactly what she's doing...but when man doesn't understand nature and thinks that this is the way nature behaves, and he tries to make it do this and that's not in her program then it frustrates him and he calls it a failure...but nature doesn't intend to have anything go on for very long...she's always transforming so she has a way of terminating, and when man wants her to go on beyond that termination point then he calls it failure, but it's not so...nature is intent on trying to make man a success despite himself, and despite his long, long history of his great ignorance where i'm trying to give you the way the breakthrough is occurring...we're still assuming fallaciously there's not enough to go around...you have to prove your right leave; you have to earn a living...was the old statement...the young world really feels now that's wrong...that the information we can get to the moon and do all this is very important because i think it tells man he can do anything he needs to do and he can make man work...

...he's got to learn that the space program is not something--(never mind that space stuff, let's get back on earth, let's be practical, let's be blase about the moon shoot...) the fact is our earth is a little spaceship...unless we catch on to the fact we are a space program ourselves and that we have just so much supply and we've got to learn how to run that big spaceship which we are onboard...to send off little spaceships to find out exactly what we need to be able to keep human beings doing...this is the only way we will ever find out about ecology...

how to print a better
non-image area

... on earth day i spoke at 4 universities...i asked each one of the audiences of kids if they could tell me how much of the earth was necessary to support each life...when you talk ecology that is a pattern of the science of the total process in life...what's necessary to regenerate it...each species is a relationship to the environment...we're not really qualified to use the word ecology until we get into that...but i'll tell you the way we'll find out is to send a man off into space...get him outside

where there's no air to be breathed; no water available; no foods...what do we have to have on board to keep him out there for a year? ... we've literally found now that it is possible--there are two space program researches where we have teams of six men each, sealed up in cylinders (completely different operations, really quite remote from one another, the russians are doing one and the same thing too)...those men are sealed for a year, and we give them preliminary equipment which you did learn by having scientists who are good ecologists and good chemists...putting everything in there necessary, they hope to keep the men going...they're connected by telephone (really very easy to talk in now--you have a window)...but they are now operating six men for one year on 350 pounds of apparatus and the whole apparatus being able to put in an airplane suitcase...that we could get everything you need to regenerate life...there is entropy so the system in the end has to have something added but you're able to have it sufficiently so you only have to add but once a year...this is really getting somewhere...so we come back on earth--we have 350 pounds suitcase size; even at the most expensive mass production for \$2 a pound; that's \$700 and you do away with sewers, all the water supply lines; all you need is a milk bottle or so a year to add into the system...on a rental basis per six men for \$700 you're down to \$200 a year capital cost; maybe \$1 a year you've got the equipment, and you go on any mountain top and really start living the highest standard...and this equipment when it gets first used by those men off in space due to the television relay system around the world you'll have possibly a billion people watching those six men all year round and you'll have every kid really catching on to this...here would be the great educational system about what the chemistry changes really are...

...at any rate i simply say we must be very careful...and we must not cut off things simply because the wrong people, with short and selfish and non-thinking motives have used tools...a pencil is a beautiful thing but you could literally jab it into a man's heart and it would kill him...so don't say that a pencil is lethal...we must not blame the universe...it would be like saying the universe is used in the wrong way, therefore it's better we not have any universe...if we accept universe at all, if we accept life, and really would like to have something best for it, then we've simply got to learn how to use our universe in the best way...and the universe is technology, and it's always evolving, it's always complex, it's not repeating, so we have to be catching on to our new technology and realize we really do have a machinery of mutual regeneration around the world which has been for the moment--it's so powerful, so confident--very highly exploitable by the ignorant man who happens to get to monopolize it...but in itself it's getting out from under him...because he has sovereign claims--well, look, you can't stop the radio waves from going out of the sovereign limits...



NOW,

Pataphysics, Culture Collapse, and a Letter from Minsky

Jim Collins

"Joan was quizzical, studied pataphysical science in the home. . ."

"Maxwell's Silver Hammer"
by Lennon and McCartney.

"'Civilization' is a metaphor which describes the aspirations of the individual in collective form. But a civilization dies in the measure that it becomes aware of itself. It realizes, it loses heart, the propulsion of the unconscious motive is no longer there."

Lawrence Durrell, The Alexandria Quartet; Clea

"The cliché is the armature of the absolute."
Alfred Jarry, Pataphysics

If you're not into Pataphysics, he admonished, you ought to be. Discovered, established, formulated and introduced in the late nineteenth century by a mad, pistol packing, ether-sniffing playwright Alfred Jarry, it is the "Science of Imaginary Objects" wherein all phenomena are reduced to their essential qualities, which are often non-existent. So that in the pataphysical discipline one does not call a bird a bird, but rather "that which flies." Time and evolution change the pataphysical vocabulary, of course; a complex organism's essential nature alters with its development. Thus when man's chief function appeared to be thought, he would be, pataphysically, "that which thinks." In a time of great creation man might be "that which builds." However it is clear that today, although the bird is still "that which flies", man is "that which destroys."

Also implicit in the pataphysical theory is the concept of the "oppity of unisites", in which any extreme, for better or for worse, may be reduced to its essence and examined until it becomes its opposite. Apparently Jarry had died enough times on ether to know experientially that the essential nature of death is birth, and that when life is created, death is born. One aspect of this world-view is that when a situation becomes particularly ugly and evil and horrifying one can be pataphysically positive that the essential beauty and glory of the situation or phenomenon is being revealed. Therefore, pataphysics is important for us today, a trying time, they say, what with everything dying off (America has always spoken in terms of "conquering Nature," and this has finally come true. We have indeed conquered and defeated nature, not through confrontation but by slow, parasitic action. Well Nature is the host and we are the cancer, the host is dying, and the cancer can't live without the host. . .). The opposites touch. Isn't it true that those who are most sincerely concerned about the death of Nature get some of the strongest hits they ever had from a nature trip now because they know it won't be here long? When Mama Nature had the upper hand no one appreciated her, in fact people were always smearing her face or splitting from her side to get to "the city." And now that she's in her terminal stages of a disease called mankind everyone holds her hand (but that's all).

Now, most of the talk about "saving the environment" is just that—talk. America is all mouth and is usually very pataphysical

about doing exactly the opposite of what it says it intends to do. To a fault. So if we say we're going to try to save the environment we can be quite sure the collective American will be towards obliterating it. There are simply a great many people who like pavement and pollution, who are dying and know it and would rather die the way they were born, in a city hospital, than under the sky somewhere in a purified atmosphere (there's a whole thing here about suicide, of course, which we might return to). But since Pataphysics is concerned with extremes, or at least definites, it will neither help nor hinder the vast majority of Americans, young and old, who have rather blah and wafna opinions about the whole deal (the Whole Deal). I mean, in Pataphysics we are concerned with essences and opposites, and since the thing about a blah and wafna attitude is that it cannot be distilled to any purer substance, and since the opposite of blah is another blah, the number of you who will actually be interested in Pataphysics is small. Which is to say that many of you are very blah turkeys. But those of us who are blah turkeys, bored by concepts, are the prime examples of the functioning of Pataphysics, for our lives are lived by clichés, and often they are quite comfortable, even happy lives which give the lie to any absolute about the "higher quest for truth." Well anyway the point about environmental death and the obliteration of us and the relevance of Pataphysics at this time is that when things get their worst they are also at their most significant. The trick is to stand the gaff and get beyond the horror into the beauty. Which is not to say that one should advocate final death blows for our culture and ecology but that if it seems inevitable rejoice in death because its all about birth, which is beautiful.

Two more things about pataphysical thought; all times are the worst and best of times. If times seem mediocre, it is you, the individual, because nothing is more intense, or less, than the present. So today's thing is not such a big deal, because civilizations have come and gone, and in a cosmic sense so haven't worlds. But again, since Now is the only time there is, it is also the most important time. Also, Jarry was aware that anything accepted as a constant is a cliché, and becomes a basis for all sorts of wild absolutes. Like, people who believe "an apple a day keeps the doctor away" may not know anything about apples, yet they have faith in the absolute, they believe it. Or take a cliché like "I think, therefore I am," or just "I am." Or any organized religion. In fact anything that has a name. Existentialism; peace; psychedelic; Pataphysics; God; etcetera. So in a sense one must be careful. But in another one need not care at all since everything is rapidly turning into dust and back into everything and there's no real cause for worry or sorrow.

II

M. Minsky is the contemporary reincarnation of Alfred Jarry. Below are excerpts from an unfinished manuscript written by Minsky within the past year.

"...for a long time I thought I was a new kind of artist; a cerebral artist, a pure artist, one who does not soil one's aesthetic vision by committing it to any tangible form. Then one day I found out that I was merely Me—a



colin taylor

neurotic. I had always hoped for a higher form of madness; but no, God in his infinite wisdom did not seek to grant me this wish. No, I must lead the dreary life of a neurotic. I must have the courage to pour my own juice in the morning because I lack the courage to take that final step. And yet I cannot help but dream of the beautiful moon-faced nurse who says to me, 'good morning Mr. Minsky. Shall we have our orange juice today and then shall we wheel you over to the sun room?' And then I wave my feeble, trembling arms and nod my quavering head, 'nnnnmmmmnnngggoo' is all I can say. But I was not meant to achieve such a height; I was meant to be just another neurotic, searching, deluding myself because I was taught that all wise men search and if I search I must be wise. But those who sought wisdom forgot. They sought wisdom and happiness in profundity. And yet the only people who manage to be happy are those who wallow in triviality. To be trivial and superficial, those are the only goals worthy of man. To go through life never having had the discomfort of a single original thought. An existence based on clichés; clichés are the highest form of wisdom. As thick as mud. red hot. ice cold. if you wanna change the system you gotta tell us what you're gonna do afterwards. People really think like that. And far from being bad I think it is beautiful. Woe to those who do not think in clichés. And these words which I give to you today thou shalt remember them in thy heart and teach

them to your children when you sitteth down and when you riseth up and thou shall put them on thy doorposts and wear them as frontlet before thy eyes. Ah, Jarry, tis thou who hath ravished my soul. 'Pataphysics is the science. . .'. Oh Jarry forgive me for I have strayed. But it is man's duty to stray. We affirm humanity by making mistakes. We affirm humanity by breaking everything. We affirm humanity by becoming fat, guilt-ridden neurotics. Of course everything I have just written is a pretentious pile of shit. And that last remark was also pretentious. As is this one. And that one over there. That one too, quick catch it."

"...as my dear mother was wont to say and may God bless her greying head, 'M., get your feet off the table,' and that is what we all must do, get our feet off the table, out the door and marching down the street. Else those wretches who wish to save western civilization will win. And we must never let that happen. Never never never. NO MORE GOVERNMENT AND NO MORE REVOLUTION AND NO MORE PROLETARIAT AND NO MORE CAPITALIST NO MORE WAR AND NO MORE ARMY AND NO MORE TAXES AND NO MORE SODA AND NO MORE CIGARETTE MACHINES AND NO MORE AEROSOL CANS NO MORE NO MORE OF THOSE STUPID IDIOTIC THINGS NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NO MORE."

PEOPLE

SOME PHOTOS by George DeVincent







His sexual organ is no
Laughing matter and
I used
To think
His stomach ache was
All wrong-
The fact he had a stomach
Made him think it ached
But
That's philosophy and
Doesn't belong
To so demeaned
An animal
As a skunk
With
Germs.

A skunk is full of germs
Though germs can be friendly
I realize
His aren't, I know, to cause
An odor so rank.
The left side of his head
Is down now
Making him look like
A bum on the sidewalk
With germs.
The possibility of a skunk
Is like bad wind in good riggings
And whether or not you
Believe in it - or believe it or not-
It can believe in you
Whether or not the dream
Of what a skunk does
Endures
In us -
It does.
For the sky is in me
And the sky is in you
And in us, a skunk does.

A skunk's never naked.
Ha! Quite! No!
His looks are
Proof of his diet,
He eats in a forest
Whirling
Bigger than the world
In all of us
Pouting like a bridesmaid
Floating at times
A skunk of distances
On that piece of purple
Sky,
Standing beyond explanations.
He is all we need
Eating blackberries and snow.

Now there are planes out
But no sky!
He's eaten that too.
From purple to
Black and white,
At the end where eternity and pain
And Love You cradle our
Dead bodies, he is.

Look. He licks from my hand.
I am more honored
Than possible,
This must be the ground
Where
Everything good happens
Here.
Practice standing here,
You, I, this animal friend.
Carrying my box or
Sitting by the dish,
He joins.
Yes. Theology said it,
The nun told us once
Of all the miracles...
How a black cow eats
Green grass and gives white milk,
Do not doubt
Anymore then
That dogs can have souls,
Or skunks.
From a sky; A voice looms
My Ant is Bigger Than Your
Dead Ant
And
Violators Will Be Towed Away.

It sounds like the truth
How do we know?
With nothing but
A skunk for a pet, a lover,
A hero,
A day behind his own mythos
Makes truth feel far.

Any suffering overlooked
Could be a sin
His, ours, either.
Small nights
Or
Black voices
For our four legged friends
Too.
And us.

Unexplained Controversies And
Mutinuous Actions

Betrayal and promise
Looking the same
Like they do
I'll be damned
If I know what to say
But that the only safety
Is opening yourself
To every danger



Daniel Berrigan

My love
From leaf to sky
Upward and on
Through wet white light
It could grow on the
moon
In the cold

Listening After Tennessee Williams.

Being unlucky is not
a necessity
One must cultivate it
Nearly
I don't just mean to be
I just am
Joined to the
Brutalized
Introduced in houses
Without heat
On the cold moment
Then
The lyric, the spectacle,
The safety
Of unavoidable tenderness.
Thank you.

Why Randall Jarrelled

I
I dare
All who loved him
Don't look here
If he knew
Everything
Yet had(everyone)
To win
His star on
Top branch
His step on
Most stair
Top beautiful cat
Who was left
To defeat...
Game called.

Is there a sadder time
Than this?
A November where he'll hide away?
Late, late, occasional Novembers,
My skunk
My skunk
Leaves.
My house
My house
Will be guarded
By the bee!
If anyone touches my hand
It will sting,
Sucking blood up
To depletion.

(Risk yourself
People don't die from bee
Stings
Or stinks
Or warts on their chins)
Allergic cats!
Black with white eyes!
Which can scare you!
That's what people die of
(No, no come back
I am still playing, working
Your rotten luck against
Yourself)

The skunk
Is young
See, hear, taste and smell him
He is

Poisoning our bread
Yet I want him to love
Me more than
I can love him.
Curious.

And I am sorry
This business of being serious
Is so funny
About skunk.
All we need is
(1) Paper water,
Tied in a bag,
Until spring
(2) An animal like a skunk
For a pet when
His worst is his best,
And we expect it,
(3) A nightfall without dead animals,
(4) A rate of candy
Which doesn't taste good
And we do not desire its currency,
(5) A backdrop not phoney

And no matter how long it
Takes
The primary cause of death
Will not be
Starvation
Unless
You fade before he does
(Your skunk)
Like an elephant's rose
Crushed!
And incurably sad
Skunk finds he can't cook you
Or he doesn't own
The Pots.

Grace Cavalieri

BUSTED FOR POSSESSION

The men in the street call one another,
"Your wife, I saw her at the bar"
That man lied,
The other answers
"What bar did you see her at?"
He recognized the lie,
Sick decay and bartered threats follow,
I run up the hill
Looking at their meanings,
How do they know
To understand such equivalents?
I cannot see their faces because of hre sun.

Returning on Sunday
I see my drawer
Is stolen empty
By those men
By big large men who
Say anything and believe nothing
Then wait for its disproof

Yellow squares cut from light
Fill my drawer
On this spinning earth
The drawer was empty

How did we happen to have
Birthdays in the dark
With apparently no basis in fact?
How could we own
Not even a little?
I do not own the day, its possessions,
Its empty drawer, its stolen article,
Anymore than the man who lies
By the bleeding woman
Can ever own her blood

Now the men are in the street
They are arguing again

One hates
The other understands it

In the drawer before it was empty
Were red and blue birds
Just some
But these could talk like birds
Who were all dressed up
They talked red and blue
In dignity and brightness
You can't know this but
It was like owning something
Which could never be sad

The men stand in the street
Telling half truths
And half lies
They seem to know which

How barren it is without
My few things
There's nothing left here
And I finally suffer without grief
It is two o'clock

The men scream outside
One answers that he heard
Something terrible but cannot
Tell it

More important than comfort
Is the time to go
It is time to go out in
The fields
To sleep in the field
Where I know what to hear.

The Society For Prevention of Cruelty

Sick Gorilla,
If the Good Lord
Had not wanted us to take
Care of you
He'd have sent us a well one

Gorilla,
It's a privilege
To love you
Finding common chords
From a distance

Like hermits
Against a backdrop of rock
Conquering dilemmas
With the beautiful lies
Engaged in
When dealing with gorillas.

Sometimes it's hard to find graphics that fit with poetry. So we repeat an idea we had many issues ago. This is a do-it-yourself page. Read the poems and then provide your own graphics. It's fun.

The Contract

How should it begin
This illustrious abnormality
This of balance contact
This one day every day
Enclosing of space
This covered wagon
This knight on a rocking horse
The invitation to meet
Where we parted last
L-O-O-K
I love you more than you love me
I stand still
Whipping the tree, saying, MOVE!
YOUR MOTOR'S NOT GOOD, BRANCH!

Oh do not tell anyone I've grown up
I have to rest this one leg awhile
Like a child until it comes alive
And carries me to be swallowed
By a prince
Where tomorrow is coming

Looking High

It's Found Money, I found
I said
Coins, wampum, ducat, gold
Draft, bill, boffo, blick,
Ours is not to question why
Even a canadian quarter
It was meant to be!
You know what I mean?
Revolution
Changing words for money
For political reasons
For power
Mine, all mine,
Spending, spending,
Memorizing what not to be
I become like---Oh no-
Hey God. Remember Him,
The revolutionary who doesn't
Grow old or rich or poor
And doesn't change his station
For political reasons
So I left it where I found it, all,
You know? You know what I mean?
I don't even think it was real
Actually. Really real, anyway.

GOING TO MISSOURI

My innocence is packed
All set to go
TWA ticket 491

Out west
There is a light
In a window

(They are sorry)
The room is bare
Due to priorities

Taken by the throat
By my heart
The language of

Self medication
Beats wild
"I will believe

In everything
Until something better
Comes along"

I rub my eyes
With the backs of my hands
Like a child

It is time to go
Your face
Unchanged as stone

Shines with my tears
My own eyes
Close like flowers

Oh my skin hates me
Now I am sure
It has never been old

Now
Fills with pestilence
Holes

It decomposes, falls
Off me like a lost sky
Leaving

Skeletons of bones
For stars
For energy, dark light

Go! Have a good time!
It's only a trip
Ta ta! You say

Goodbye goodbye
It's only weather
I inform myself

While drowning
In
Floods.

FILM NOTES

by Dave Warren

PERFORMANCE (Warner Brothers)

"Performance" is a hip, dazzling, highly original piece of cinema. Owing to censorship difficulties, the film's release has been delayed for about two or three years now. Its arrival at the start of the '70's is indeed timely for it is hard to imagine a film like "Performance" belonging to any other decade.

Chas, a cockney hood (James Fox) on the run, stumbles upon a basement apartment, in a London town house, that he rents posing as a juggler. His landlord is Turner, a rock star retired (Mick Jagger himself, sporting a coal-black, shoulder-length mane and a liberal, or liberated, amount of make-up) who lives in a tripped-out menage a trois with two bisexual lesbians (Anita Pallenberg and Michelle Breton). With a little help from his new-found friends, Chas goes on a magic mushroom trip which climaxes in tragedy for all involved.

"Performance" is the kind of visual mind blower that requires at least two viewings, each of which should reveal another level of meaning. Donald Cammell, who shares directorial credit with the film's cinematographer, Nicholas Roeg ("Fahrenheit 451," "Petulia"), is responsible for the many crisp gems of dialogue, subtle ambiguities, and suspenseful characterizations (yes, they are that unusual) contained within the highly literate scenario, which he wrote directly for the screen.

Nicholas Roeg's photography (reminiscent of his work on Richard Lester's "Petulia," imitative in fact) consists of an abundance of currently fashionable jump cuts and flash forwards, but it is highly suitable for the subject matter.

The direction by Messrs. Cammell and Roeg is flawless. It owes debts to Fellini, Losy, Richard Lester, Welles, Truffaut, Vadim, Resnais, Shirley Clarke, Andy Warhol, Bergman, Richardson, Radley Metzger, and Russ Meyer, and yet to no one. More collaborations like this one between writer and cameraman/director should be encouraged (remember Haskell Wexler's superb "Medium Cool"?) as they could elevate the current level of many films and perhaps revolutionize the film industry as well.

Mick Jagger has been hyped as the hottest new screen discovery since Rudolph Valentino. Rudolph Valentino? How about James Dean? Actually, any such hype is superfluous when dealing with a talent like Jagger's. After disappointing appearances in the drab, bargain-basement, sagebrush saga "Ned Kelley" and the interminable "Sympathy for the Devil," not to mention the repeatedly shelved "Only Lovers Left Alive," most people thought that Jagger had had it with films, that he would never find a suitable vehicle for his talents. They were wrong. Here he is in all his androgynous splendor, exuding bisexual charm, living up to his full potential as a sex symbol, letting it bleed.

Quoting Nietzsche, Jagger faces you, the audience, and intones: "Nothing is forbidden. Everything is permitted." This quote is the key to the entire film and Jagger's performance as well. Jagger has been a connoisseur of the New Morality for a long time and he projects this image on screen as well as on records, everyone's private demon finally set free and singing. His entrance is every bit as grand, in a downbeat way, as Greta Garbo's of Jean Harlow's in "Dinner at Eight." As an actor Jagger is sensational.

He may be simply be drawing from memory, or the part of Turner may be easily autobiographical. If so, let's hope another installment is on the way. He only sings two songs in the film. The first is a sorry attempt at singing blues (we all know how much better he can do). The second song, "Memo from Turner," is every bit as raunchy as anything of the "Let It Bleed" album and is one of the best things Jagger has ever done. Its lyrics are definitely not for the uptight and Jagger sings them with his usual fey abandon. In the film one of his lines goes: "The only performance that makes it... that really makes it... is that which achieves madness." Mick Jagger's does indeed.

James Fox shows an amazing amount of versatility in the role of Chas. In films like "The Chase," "The Servant," and "Duffy," he has played only passive, spoiled, weak, rich kids. As the sado-masochistic gangster he is remarkably believable. The strength of his performance keeps the picture from turning into a second-rate vehicle for Jagger.

The soundtrack is a potpourri of modern sounds. The Last Poets recite "Wake Up, Nigger" from their album, there is a lot of vocalizing by Buffy Sainte-Marie, Merry Clayton (who backed us the Stones on much of "Let It Bleed") and Randy Newman, plus a lot of hip incidental scoring by Jack Nietzsche. The best thing Warners could do for Jagger fans would be to put out the entire spoken and musical soundtrack on a three-record, deluxe edition, as they did with "Virginia Woolf." "Performance" is well worth it.

WATERMELON MAN (Columbia)

Jeff Gerber, a bigoted, loudmouthed suburbanite with an offensive sense of humor, wakes up one morning to find he has turned black (Godfrey Cambridge takes off his whiteface make-up.) His entire life undergoes a radical change. On his morning jog he is accused of robbery (no one knows what he has robbed, but they are sure he has robbed something or somebody), a buxom Scandinavian secretary suddenly gets interested in him, and he loses his wife (Estelle Parsons) and friends.

Black director Melvin Van Peebles fashions this bittersweet black comedy with razor-sharp wit; a torrent of rage lies just behind the laughter. Van Peebles knows from experience. He had to go to France to get to direct his first film, "The Story of a Three-Day Pass," because he couldn't get a job here. His luck has changed but the anger has remained. It will be interesting to see what his next film will be; it's half as good as this one, it will be a winner.

JOE (Cannon)

In a sense "JOE" takes up where "Easy Rider" left off. It begins with the death of an East Village speed freak at the hands of an enraged father, a suburbanite whose daughter the boy had given an overdose of pills. The incident, which the father dazedly confesses after a few drinks at a nearby pub, serves to form a bond of friendship between him and Joe, a loudmouthed, hard hat reactionary who envies him his deed. All that unites the two men is their ambivalent attitude towards youth, particularly heads--thus their attempts at socializing fall ludicrously flat. Neither of the two men are too sympathetically drawn; Joe is a crude, dogmatic, racist slob while his middle class counterpart is a dull, cold-hearted member of the "silent majority." Both men are boring, burnt-out cases. However their murderous sentiments towards contemporary youth should be familiar as they have, by now, been echoed by supporters of the current administration and today's headlines.

Though "JOE" is primarily an indictment of middle class intolerance, it is equally critical of hypocrisy among the young. The murder victim, for instance, supports his habit by passing off patent medicines as speed to unsuspecting teeny-boppers in addition to giving his girl an overdose that lands her in the hospital. Joe and his friend turn on a group of kids for free, who reciprocate by stealing the rest of the stash and their wallets. The question inevitably arises: Why? But the film offers no pat answers. The film seems to be saying that the suburbanite's narrow-minded conservatism is but one step removed from the redneck reactionary.

The acting is rather uneven. The suburban couple were a bit too brittle and unsympathetic even for the characters they were playing. The father, in particular, has the irritating habit of registering every strenuous emotion by wildly rolling his eyes like a reject from "Dark Shadows": he appears, every so often, to be teetering between a parody of Vincent Price at his worst and Ophelia doing her mad scene. Fortunately his portrayal, if not his character, is a minor one. For estimable acting one need look no further than that of Peter Boyle, the sensational newcomer who plays Joe with such conviction that he casts an aura of believability around the performance of each and every one of his fellow actors. A former priest with limited acting experience, Boyle may find himself a contender for an award for his portrayal of Joe Boylan. Susan Sarandon transmits the same, lost Keane waif-like quality that she has on TV (she's the main star of "A World Apart," one of the few believable soaps around) to the role of the spaced-out daughter in which she is brief by very good. Hopefully she will not get typecast as the perennially mixed-up adolescent.

A cold, barren New York winter sets the scene well as the tone of "JOE." The city has never looked bleaker with its starkly photographed natural grays, browns, blacks, and whites, which tends to soften the film's shockingly violent climax somewhat. Like "Easy Rider" and "Medium Cool," "JOE" is a movie of devastating impact that makes several meaningful statements about contemporary life. Its intentions and its accomplishments far exceed its modest budget.

THEY CALL ME MISTER TIBBS (United Artists)

Another chapter in the decline and fall of Sidney Poitier's lackluster career. Paul Newman reportedly refused huge sums of money to star in a sequel to "Harper" as did Steve McQueen when approached with another "Bullitt." Why, then, didn't Poitier follow their example? He plays Virgil Tibbs of "In the Heat of the Night" as though he was sick of the role when the film started. You wouldn't think a director could make San Francisco (the film's locale) look drearier than the small southern town in "Heat," but Gordon Douglas mangles this dubious feat with flying colors. The script calls for Tibbs to investigate a family friend accused of murdering a prostitute. The friend is a Catholic priest and a civil rights leader in a black neighborhood (are you ready for that in 1970?), played by crafty-eyed (even when he is playing for sympathy) Martin Landau. There isn't an ounce of credibility anywhere in this film (I suggest the next time the screenwriter visits 'Frisco that he visits somewhere other than Telegraph or Nob Hill) and for a movie that poses as a mystery, not ten minutes of suspense. Anyone with sense will guess the ending long before the central character, Mister Tibbs. Another couple of movies as dull as this and Poitier won't have to worry about a career. At least not as an actor. Let's see how well he can direct since he's formed a production company. . . .

RAVEN'S END is Bo Widerberg's second film. (His first has not been released here, while the other two are ELVIRA MADIGAN and ADALEN '31) In a way, it is the antithesis of the "modern film". Its pace is slow and deliberate--and compassionate. Set in a 1936 Swedish working class district, the story concerns Anders, a young would-be novelist securely confined by his social background. Only, Anders has the additional burden of an alcoholic father and a tense parental relationship. The son loves the father in one sense (tradition) and also despises him for his inverted pride and irresponsibility. It is against these people and this setting that Anders' struggles, setting the theme of the film.

In terms of action, the film moves very slowly. But what makes it such a superior film is the depth of characterization depicted by the three major characters and the sympathetic eye of the director. Thommy Berggren is marvelously believable as the sensitive young writer caught up but not yet trapped by his environment. The photography and editing (black&white and gently-paced, respectively) add an extra dimension to the film. And the attention for natural details reflects Widerberg's uncanny awareness of the spirit of the whole. There are no superfluous props, no irrelevant actions. RAVEN'S END is that rare type of film, intelligent and persuasive and having to it the bittersweetness of reality. (As it plays for one week only at the Biograph [starting on the 16th] try to plan to see it. Also on the bill is a collection of shorts from France, SIX FROM PARIS, including shorts by Godard, Chabrol and Erich Rohmer.)

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"PERFORMANCE is a stunning film. Stunning in the sense of a body blow, and if 'Woodstock' presented one sort of reality, PERFORMANCE presents another; the dark Yin to 'Woodstock's' Yang."



Mick



Jagger

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Hear Mick Jagger sing "Memo From Turner" in the original soundtrack album on Warner Bros. Records and Tapes

DRAMA

DIONYSUS WANTS YOU

by David Evans

Jane Miller is pretty, has a pleasant voice, and is easily the best dancer in the company of "Dionysus Wants You!" She is also hopelessly miscast as Agave, the incredibly demanding role of a mother coming to the realization that she has slaughtered her own son. Incongruities such as this characterize Richmond Crinkley's adaptation of the Bacchae currently appearing at St. Mark's Church in Southeast.

The show is an interesting and enjoyable failure. There is a contagion, a sort of uninhibited ease thrown off by the cast, which necessarily infects the audience. It's difficult not to share their pleasure: if an imitation of Field's is half assed, it doesn't make that much difference, because you're part of the group--see, they've gotten to you already--and you can't help but appreciate the effort, smiling helplessly you shake your head in dismay.

But there is presumably a more serious purpose to reinterpreting Euripides' Bacchae than the creation of a relatively innocuous group delight. Apart from Malcolm Groome's fine performance as Dionysus (the Satyr), I am not convinced that the effort is really ever made.

The Bacchae is the story of the conflict between the boy-god Dionysus and the boy-king Pentheus, and the ultimate havoc wreaked upon the city of Thebes by Dionysus for Pentheus' failure to acknowledge his divinity.

Dionysus first entices the women of Thebes to join with him in the mysteries of Bacchanalian rites and then persuades the blasphemous Pentheus to spy upon their orgies dressed as a woman. Once there, he is revealed and killed, Agave (blinded by the frenzy of the rites) striking the first blow. Returning to Thebes with the head of the supposed lion cub she has killed, she is confronted by Cadmus who guides her to recognition of the atrocity she has committed. Finally they are banished from Thebes.

In attempting an adaptation of the Bacchae---and more explicitly in the title he has chosen---Crinkley is clearly joining forces with Norman O. Brown's call, made in the mid-sixties, for the resurrection of Dionysus. The emphasis is NOW. A capacity to play. To free oneself. To experience ecstasy.

I am convinced that Euripides' concern was a far different one, stressing equally the dangers of disbelief and religious passion. But Crinkley is more than within his rights in attempting to rewrite Euripides. In the 19th century, rationalists and free-thinkers were fond of productions which belabored the evils of religious extremism. There is really no higher tribute to the author than turning again to his work to attempt to find there some response to the needs of the present. It is a measure of Crinkley's dramatic and historic sensibility that this is what he sets out to do. And in a sense the failure of Dionysus Wants You tells us as much about the continued need for such efforts as a successful production might have.

Many of the innovations, while of literary interest, are theatrically irrelevant. From one hearing I found it difficult to see how the new translation by Anthony Holden in any way appreciably improves on the easily available Arrowsmith translation. The introduction of the two Dionysae, while effective for the first few moments of the play serves no real purpose that I can see except as an excuse for the amusingly campy picture projected on a screen at the end of the play. The inclusion of My Sister, My Love or Jaberwocky, though intriguing ideas, are simply at odds with the immediate mood of the play.

The use or misuse of rock in the show seems to me indicative of the way the script itself is treated. Save for the psychedelic Jesse James and Burn Down Burn (sung by Cynthia Wright, the best rock voice in the cast) which highlight specific events, much of the music, though nice enough, seems merely interjected to provide an aura of contemporaneity.

The utilization of so young and relatively undisciplined a cast merely heightens this sense of affectation. For all practical purposes, again with the exception of Groome, the play itself is ignored. Even were it to be adapted in the way I assume Crinkley intends, the show as I understand it demands one of two interpretations. Either it should be given a stark and ritualistic performance or a presentation of mature and complete characterization. The latter would necessarily exclude rock but either should emphasize the violence done to established norms implicit in the individuals' growing capacity to enjoy. Neither is given.

There is the play. There is the music. There is the cast. Menage à trois perhaps, but without even an illicit union emerging.

Crinkley understands the demands which he has placed on himself but only partially succeeds in actualizing them. The repeated images of the pangs of child-birth are appropriate to the play, and essential to its immediacy. But they do not tie in to the focus of the production; they are simply there, suggestive but incomplete. There is a beginning made in coming to terms with the real horror of Pentheus' slaughter, but it is only a beginning as the scene is played down in order to emphasize the jovial cast and audience "Everybody Get Together" romp at the end.

Again, pleasant enough. I mean, everybody's up there, holding hands and having a nice time, but an amazing cop-out on what, I take it, Crinkley has set about to do.

In the cast, apart from those mentioned, Kene Holliday as the aged prophet Tiresias and Jack Hofsiss as Cadmus do a good job with what little is given them. Linda Earp, who has several songs, comes off as something of a pubescent Brenda Lee. Doug Ball as Pentheus, despite a strong stage presence and fine voice, is stiff and apparently incapable of providing an effective foil to Groome's Dionysus. Robin Moyer's silent Dionysus (the god) impressively holds one's attention if for somewhat uncertain (the script's fault, not his) purposes.

HARRY, NOON AND NIGHT

by David Evans

Whether from a rampant escapism driving the supposed hoardes of would-be Washington theatregoers to weekend retreats, or more likely from an innate fear of confronting honest theatre in less awesome surroundings than Arena Stage, it is pathetic that so wildly original and effective a play as "Harry, Noon and Night" should be performed to a half empty house on a Saturday night.

Appearing at the Theatre Lobby through October 3rd, Robert Ribman's play is the product of a high (both senses, I suppose) and delightfully manic comic imagination. Not so much the story as the portraits of Harry (reporter for American House and Garden? frustrated young American artist? neurotic everyman?) and Immanuel, his homosexual, hunchbacked patron and roommate. The intrusion of Archer, Harry's older brother from Ohio, come to take Harry home, serves not so much as the ploy of an ostensible plot, but rather as a backdrop against which to measure the real and therefore pained insanity of the two central characters.

It is not a perfect play, but it is a remarkably good one. The performance of Richard Defabees, as Harry, exhibits his considerable potential as an actor. His actions in the third act seemed unfortunately weak, but his the sort of actor who is continually growing and by the time this review is in print he should have resolved many of his problems. Despite a magnificent sense of timing, Peter Roidakis consistently overworks the character of Immanuel. Surely one of the richest and zaniest roles in contemporary theatre, the part demands a subtlety and understatement which it is just not given.

Louis Scheeder's direction provided a direct and honest presentation of the play. His set design was admirably suited to the play. The only complaint would be with the second act which was at first brilliantly funny, but finally overdrawn and wearying. Again this problem of pacing may well have resolved itself in the two week interval between review and publication.

AROUND TOWN

by Ruth Stenstrom

Interested in acting? Louise Brandwen of STAGE STUDIO has announced a new schedule of evening classes for a 15-week session, beginning the week of October 4. Mrs. Brandwen's unique course offers the student the best opportunity to discover his acting potential with an emphasis on the Stanislavski method. The building which houses STAGE STUDIO, located in the rear alley of Connecticut Avenue (east side) between Q and R Streets, is a vivid example of the students' experience there. (It is also one of the few totally "Supergraphic" buildings in D. C.) For more information about the classes, ranging from beginning to advanced, call Mrs. Brandwen at 462-3666.

BACK ALLEY THEATRE, one of the few community theatres in Washington, has announced its first production for the 1970-71 season, the controversial "Fortune and Men's Eyes" by John Herbert. To be directed by New Yorker Mark Mason, the Washington premiere of this play reflects the experience of Mr. Herbert, an ex-convict, by exploring the horrors of the prison system as it affects the lives of four young cell-mates.

The play will run from September 17 to October 11, Thursday through Sunday evenings at 8:30 p.m. Tickets can be bought at the door for \$3.50 (\$2.00 for students). Back Alley Theatre is located at 1365 Kennedy Street, N.W. (near Carter Barron). For more information call 723-2040.

The National Collection of Fine Arts at 9th and G Streets, N. W. (enter on the 9th or F Street side) has just begun a free series of experimental and international art film showings called THE CREATIVE SCREEN. The movies are shown from 11:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. every half-hour. If you're working or shopping Downtown, you might want to stop in for one of the following programs; to browse around or to relax in their secluded inner courtyard.

INTERNATIONAL ART FILMS

Thursday, September 17

Saturday, September 19

"THE TROJAN HORSE"

The evolution and success of the dragon-like "parade sculpture" created by renowned artist C. Frederic Hobbs who states "This work presents new challenges: new ways of seeing three-dimensional objects and experiencing poly-sensory bombardment; with a living dream-vision-hallucination." Produced for the San Francisco Art Center, the film is made with a light touch and a superb musical score. A delightful example of the involvement that can occur when art is taken to the public in the everyday environment.

Thursday, October 1

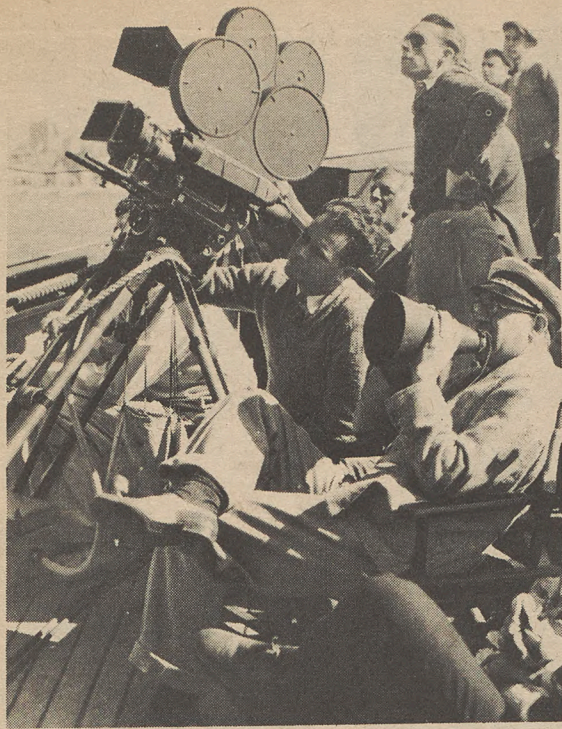
Saturday, October 3

"EMAK BAKIA" (France—1927)

Directed by Man Ray when Paris was the headquarters for European experimental films during the twenties. Some sequences filmed at the Basque villa of Emak Bakia (meaning Leave Me Alone). True to its director's Dada allegiance, he describes this film "An assemblage of deforming mirrors, electric turntable, crystals, special lamps, people but no professional actors . . . using all tricks that might annoy certain spectators".

"A BOY ALONE" (France—1967)

Produced by Jacques Barr. A moving sensitive story of a young boy in Paris seeking contact with other human beings. Superb color photography—excellent mood musical score.



American Film Institute Theatre



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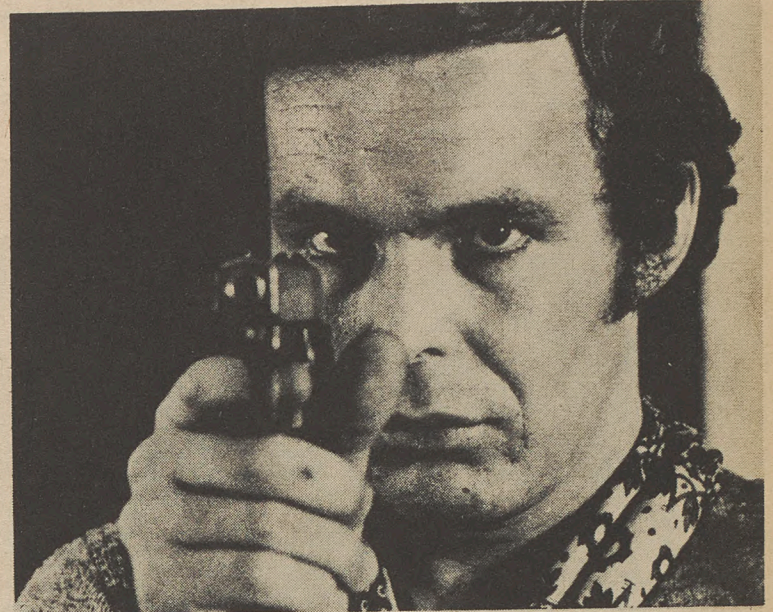
A retrospective of the films by one of America's greatest directors. The most complete collection of his films ever shown. For a complete listing, see page 18.



RADICAL DISSENT: THE DOCUMENTARIES OF EMILE DE ANTONIO

The collected works of one impassioned film-maker
(see listings on page 18)

The new American Film Institute Theater opens at L'Enfant Plaza September 18 with a burst of film programmed to give you a taste of the variety of programs in store for the future. The theater will run 364 days a year from now on and will present every style and period of film from America and abroad. The opening series are described on the next few pages, and looking ahead, there will be nine different film programs every week, 52 weeks a year---oldies, experiments, previews of new releases, celebrity visits, discussions, and books and magazines on sale in the lobby.



NEW CINEMA

A collection of some of the finest new films, from both here and abroad. (see listings pages 16 and 17).

Each film is shown only once and you must join or come with a member to take advantage of them. Tickets are \$1.25 and each member can bring up to two guests at \$1.50 each. (Fill in the coupon on page 18, and mail it or bring it to the theater 9-5:30, Monday-Friday). You will receive a membership card and the regular illustrated program brochure. You are advised to buy tickets in advance. Booking for the first program of films opens September 14.

American Film Institute Theatre



MON SEP 21 8:00 PM



POUND
A film on animals in a pound, impersonated by people, and made by the director of *Putney Swope* has to be the most bizarre film of the year. Inevitably the humor is sharp-flavored, some will find it devastatingly funny, others in very poor taste. Sample: the penguin dies and enters the penguin heaven, a very formal champagne party amid

blocks of ice, to be greeted by his fellows. The important thing is that in a period of crude or well-mannered derivations, Robert Downey is making films like no-one else. — M.W. (1970. With George Morgan, J. Errol Jaye and Carolyn Groves. Courtesy of United Artists.)

WED SEP 23 8:00 PM



TIME OF ROSES
The first major film from Finland to be released in the United States. The director, 36-year-old Risto Jarva, is now completing his sixth feature film, and is considered one of Finland's most promising young film-makers. *Time of Roses*, his fifth, is a taut black-and-white film on the hypocrisy of present-day governments, as viewed in perspective from the year 2012. As a political, semi-tract, *Time of Roses* is an original, literate and altogether striking piece of film-making. Its composition is pure and it makes its point in often fascinating images devoid of tricks or cliché. — Nick Yanni. *Motion Picture Daily*. (1969. With Riiva Vepsa, Anto Tuominen. East Coast premiere. By courtesy of E.Y.R.)

American Film Institute Theatre

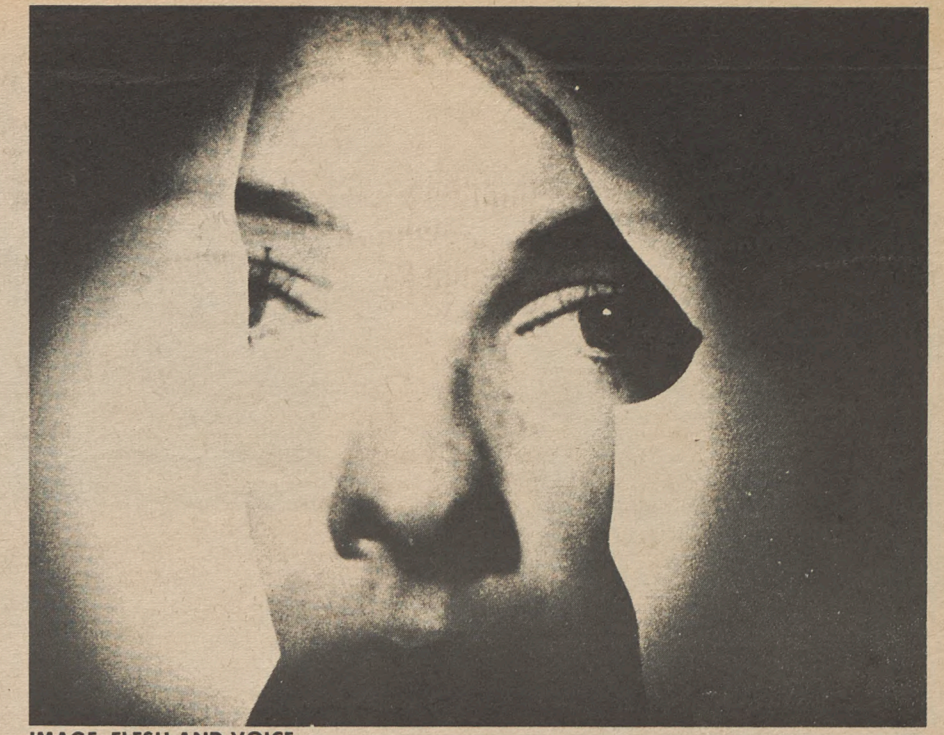
MON OCT 5 8:00 PM



LION'S LOVE
"A beautiful, cockeyed movie about a ménage à trois — Viva, Jerome Ragni and James Fado — who live on a Hollywood hilltop in a rented house with a giant bed... arguing cheerfully about who's going to get the coffee and making crank telephone calls ('Hello, Bank of America? I'd like to order \$200 to go...'). — Vincent Canby. If

this sounds like high camp Marx Bros., then you should add a dash of fin-de-siècle decadence, a remote view of current events, the corrupt glitter of Los Angeles and the other-worldly, Pre-Raphaelite beauty of Viva to know what it's really like. (U.S.A., 1969. Directed by Agnes Varda. Color. 115 mins. Courtesy of E.Y.R. Programs.)

MON OCT 12 8:00 PM



IMAGE, FLESH AND VOICE
A masterpiece of imagination and technique, one of the finest experimental films of the last ten years. It makes immense demands on the viewers, but the rewards are commensurately high. — Ed Emshwiller, who will be present to discuss his feature, describes it as 'a film about Images (visual and psychological), Flesh (sensuality), and Voice (as a revelation and as a textural element in the film)'. The pictures range back and forth

from the completely spontaneous to very formal choreography. The voice track, a collage edited into thematic sequences from a mass of interviews and informal discussions, gives an inner portrait of men and women candidly revealing their relationships. It is a non-story telling feature film, a structured interplay of sound, image and sensual tensions. Also two shorts, *Three Dancers* and *Dance Chromatic*.

FRI SEP 25 8:00 PM



RIGHT ON!
The black experience on film and in poetry. A fusion of the blues, sanctified church, street theater, soul music and ritual, devised in a Harlem workshop, recreated as the first film made out of poetry. It's stunningly shot, the three actor/poets declaiming on a Harlem rooftop, with the fairy towers of mid-Manhattan glittering in the distance. Intercut are grainy shots of life in the streets and clubs below. The themes and moods change dramatically, from the tender, to the celebration of race, to bitter irony, to a celebration of sexual love. Director, Herbert Danska and co-producer Woodie King Jr. will be present to discuss the making of *Right On!* (Note: This is the Washington premiere; the film will soon begin a run at the Biograph in Georgetown.) — M.W. (1970. With Gylan Kain, David Nelson and Felipe Luciano. Courtesy of Leacock-Pennebaker.)

The American Film Institute Theater is but one facet of the American Film Institute. The Institute serves both as an educational organization and as an archives for the preservation of the American film. The Theater, which began operation last year, tries to bring the best programs to as wide an audience as possible, through carefully planned series and retrospectives, and theme-centered series. These series generally show both American and foreign films, some old, some new, but all fine. To take advantage of the Institute constitutes becoming a Member, but Membership is reasonable (\$10 a year, and \$5 for "students"). Support the AFI Theater program.

Note: The AFI Theater is a non-profit, non-government organization.

OPENING SEASON AT L'ENFANT PLAZA SEPTEMBER 18-OCTOBER 24

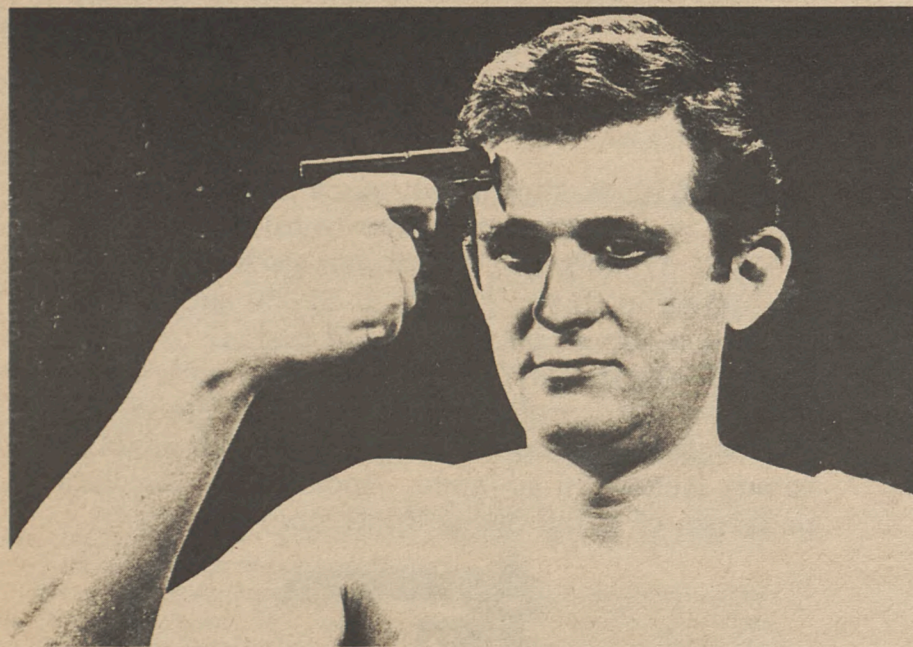
DYNAMITE CHICKEN

Combining graphic animation, live action, old newsreels and film clips, music, dance, irreverent burlesque, guerrilla theatre and poetry, *Dynamite Chicken* might best be described as a McLuhanesque multi-media screen magazine, a colorful, contrasting mosaic of contemporary entertainment, information and commentary — hip, slick, raunchy, funny, sexy, satiric, intelligent, beautiful, honest and poignant. Participating are such diverse and talented artists and performers as Joan Baez, Ace Trucking Co., Al Kooper, The Velvet Underground, Ordine, Andy Warhol, Lenny Bruce, Malcolm X, Sha Na Na, Leonard Cohen, Allen Ginsberg, Al Capp, Peter Max, The Muddy Waters Blues Band, Cat Mother, Jim Hendrix, and representatives of such radical groups as The Black Panthers, The Mattachine Society, the Nixon administration and the Ecumenical Council. To name but a few. (1970. Directed by Ernest Pintoff. Courtesy of E.Y.R. Programs.)

WED OCT 14 8:00 PM



MON SEP 28 8:00 PM



FUNNYMAN
San Francisco and a wild stretch of Pacific coast are the locations. Peter Bonerz, star of *The Committee*, a satirical cabaret, is the subject — a clown who tries to make people laugh, and tries for deeper significance. John Korty balances the pathos and humor to achieve a delightful, gentle film that has been unjustly neglected. The comedian's brilliance in the sophisticated

city, and his initial unease in the fishing village to which he retreats, are marvellously well observed. — M.W. (U.S.A., 1967. Directed by John Korty. Part color. 100 mins.) Also, Korty's *Imogen Cunningham*. **Photographer** — 20 mins. JOHN KORTY HOPES TO ATTEND THIS SHOWING AND TO DISCUSS HIS WORK WITH THE AUDIENCE.

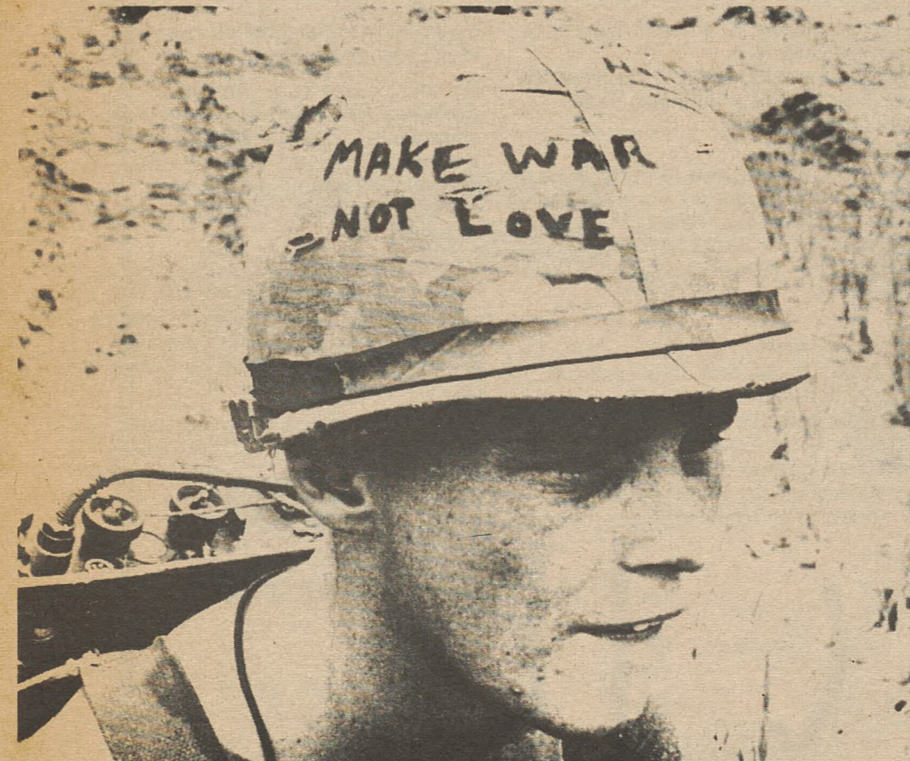
SAT OCT 3 8:00 PM



KES
Like Truffaut's *Four Hundred Blows* this is one of those rare films that successfully captures the experience of being a child. No false sentiment, no star performances, just an energetic and imaginative 15-year-old realizing his dream of training a hawk. The film was shot entirely on location in Yorkshire, England — and, as in Truffaut's

film, the grimy cobbles and wild countryside are made to seem beautiful. The performances of the local boy, David Bradley, and of the fledgling hawk, are quite extraordinary. Sad, funny and utterly convincing. Kes deserves a wide audience. — M.W. (Great Britain, 1969. Directed by Ken Loach. Technicolor. 113 mins. Courtesy of United Artists.)

FRI OCT 16 8:00 PM



IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG

A highly effective attack on American policies in Vietnam: a collage of historical footage, interviews, speeches by political leaders and television out-takes (including Colonel Patton, son of the World War II General bragging of his soldiers as a bloody good bunch of killers). De Antonio remarks

that 'I'm not anti-American, as most people think. I'm anti the policy of our Government. I think the artist who is interested in his society has always had a critical view of it. *In the Year of the Pig* marks the high point (to date) of his disenchantment with the system.' — M.W. (1968. 95 mins.)

SUN OCT 18 8:00 PM



PREMIERE — FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE

Joseph Losey has a fondness for enclosed, claustrophobic settings, but his new film is shot entirely outdoors. Two prisoners are on the run, relentlessly pursued by a helicopter over 400 miles of hostile terrain. *Figures in a Landscape* works both as a gripping adventure tale and as an allegory of human behavior. One of the men (played by Malcolm McDowell, last seen in Lindsay Anderson's *I*) is propelled by reason and

perception, the other (Robert Shaw, who also wrote the screenplay) relies upon pure animal instinct to light their pursuer. The helicopter, though chillingly inhuman, is the third member of the cast. Visually stunning, excellently acted, this is one of Losey's best films. — Robert Gitt. (Directed by Joseph Losey. 1970. 95 mins. Courtesy of Cinema Center Films.) Also *French Game*, 10 mins. directed by Bob Glazer.

retrospective

Asked which American directors most appealed to him, Orson Welles replied, "the old masters. By which I mean John Ford, John Ford and John Ford..." With Ford at his best you feel that the movie has lived and breathed in real world.

Ford's half-century of achievement is so vast that, like the epic landscapes of the south-west in which so many of his films have been set, it is hard to comprehend it all. Some of the landmarks are familiar, but many of the lesser-known films provide even greater pleasure. The variety is extraordinary. As Andrew Sarris described it: "In the work of no other director is the pastness of experience so vivid and the force of tradition so compelling. No other director has ranged so far across the landscape of the American past, the worlds of Lincoln, Lee, Twain, O'Neil, the three great wars, the Western and trans-Atlantic migrations, the horseless Indians of the Mohawk Valley, and Sioux and Comanche cavalries of the West, the Irish and Spanish incursions, and delicately balanced politics of polyglot cities and border states.

But Ford is more than a series of splendid historical tableaux. He has filmed in the heat of war and in the quiet of his native Ireland. He has made highly emotional dramas, rambunctious comedies and, in *Grapes of Wrath*, an impassioned plea for social justice.

All these films are characterized by a warm humanity, a celebration of character and courage, a deep sympathy for failure. Ford has a poet's eye for the absurdities of life and a relish for its moments of glory. He can linger appreciatively over a scene and then send the film galloping forward with the momentum of a cavalry charge. He is not afraid of sentiment, and uses it masterfully to reveal depths of character in an otherwise spare and concise narrative.

All of these qualities make John Ford's work the finest expression of the American cinema, a tapestry full of unexpected delights. We are proud to be mounting the most comprehensive tribute yet screened - by courtesy of the University of Maine, which originated the project, and will be showing many of the films later this year, through the generous co-operation of many of the producers for whom John Ford worked, and with the invaluable assistance of The Museum of Modern Art, which supplied many of the prints. - M.W.

RADICAL DISSENT: THE DOCUMENTARIES OF EMILE DE ANTONIO

Artistry and professional skill are important attributes of Emile de Antonio's work; however, both are means to an end: the political message. He describes his politics as "Libertarian Marxist," his targets have included the Warren Commission, the Vietnam war and, in the film he is now preparing, Richard Nixon. More scrupulous and effective than many critics, he allows people and events to speak for themselves, and once refused Paul Newman's offer to provide a commentary to *Point of Order*. He believes that his films serve as a corrective to the official version of events; his is the television report we didn't see. He brings a passionate conviction to every subject he tackles, and will be at the Theatre on September 23 to discuss his approach to television and the cinema. - M.W.

- Saturday, Sep. 19-3:00 & 8:00pm YOUNG MR. LINCOLN
- Sunday, Sep. 20- 3:00pm- THREE BAD MEN
- Sunday, Sep. 20- 8:00pm- THE IRON HORSE
- Tuesday, Sep. 21-8:00pm- FOUR SONS & STRAIGHT SHOOTING
- Thursday, Sep. 24-8:00pm- ARROWSMITH
- Saturday, Sep. 26-3:00pm- THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND
- Saturday, Sep. 26-8:00pm- STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND & PILGRIMAGE
- Tuesday, Sep. 29-3:00pm-THE WHOLE TOWN'S WALKING & THE LOST PATROL
- Wednesday, Sep. 30-8:00pm-SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON
- Thursday, Oct. 1-8:00pm- GRAPES OF WRATH
- Saturday, Oct. 2-3:00pm- DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK
- Sunday, Oct. 4-3:00pm- MARY OF SCOTLAND
- Sunday, Oct. 4-8:00pm- STAGCOACH & THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS
- Tuesday, Oct. 6-8:00pm- THE LONG VOYAGE HOME
- Wednesday, Oct. 7-8:00pm-HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY
- Thursday, Oct. 8-8:00pm- THEY WERE EXPENDABLE
- Saturday, Oct. 10-3:00pm- FORT APACHE
- Saturday, Oct. 10-8:00pm-MY DARLING CLEMENTINE & THE RISING OF THE MOON
- Tuesday, Oct. 13-8:00pm-THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT
- Thursday, Oct. 15-8:00pm-THE QUIET MAN
- Saturday, Oct. 17-3:00pm- RIO GRANDE
- Saturday, Oct. 17-8:00pm- WAGON MASTER & SEVEN WOMEN
- Sunday, Oct. 18- 3:00pm- THE SEARCHERS
- Tuesday, Oct. 20-8:00pm- THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE
- Wednesday, Oct. 21-8:00pm-DONOVAN'S RED
- Thursday, Oct. 22-8:00pm-CHEYENNE AUTUMN
- Saturday, Oct. 24- 3:00pm-THE HORSE SOLDIERS
- Saturday, Oct. 24-8:00pm- THE LAST MURRAY

FRI OCT 2 8:00 PM

POINT OF ORDER

FRI OCT 9 8:00 PM

RUSH TO JUDGMENT

FRI OCT 16 8:00 PM

IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG

MON OCT 19 8:00 PM

AMERICA IS HARD TO SEE

SUN, SEP 27 3:00 & 8:00 PM

THE BEST ANIMATED FILMS PROGRAM ONE (1969)

"The art of animation has never been higher than it is today, nor its fortunes more uncertain. New animation techniques, developed by imaginative film makers while exploring implications of man's ever growing technology, have greatly enlarged the area of visual possibilities. Yet it is increasingly difficult to see serious animation on theater screens. At the very moment when a talented new generation of animation artists is reaching artistic maturity - armed with an expressive power unknown until now - opportunities for new work to be screened are drying up. To combat this state of affairs, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art was persuaded five years ago to mount an annual animated film exhibition which found instant acceptance by the Los Angeles community. This exhibition now tours the country each year, bringing to enthusiastic audiences a balanced look at the state of animation in the world today. - Philip Chamberlin.

The AFI Theatre is delighted to present the 1969 and 1970 International Animated Film Exhibitions, representing some of the finest new work from all over the world. Courtesy of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the International Association of Animated Film Makers and the International Tournee of Animation. Each program runs approximately 110 minutes.

SUN, OCT 11 3:00 & 8:00 PM

THE BEST ANIMATED FILMS PROGRAM TWO (1970)

FRI OCT 23 8:00 PM

POLITICS ON TELEVISION

Emile de Antonio will personally present his film, *That's Where the Action Is*, on the New York Mayoral election of 1965. Made for BBC television, it has never been shown in America. The program will include other examples of political television and a discussion of what should and shouldn't be shown. Full details will be posted in the theatre lobby. - M.W.



HOW TO GET TO L'ENFANT PLAZA

By Car
The main approach to L'Enfant Plaza is located at Independence Avenue and L'Enfant Promenade (formerly 10th Street) SW. Once you are inside the Plaza, follow the signs for parking and AFI Theatre; they lead to the lower level. The new theatre is located immediately adjacent to inside, supervised parking (50¢ for all evening).

From Silver Spring, Bethesda, Georgetown:
Take Rock Creek Parkway to the Lincoln Memorial following the sign to Independence Avenue. Turn right off Independence at L'Enfant Promenade, between the supporting columns of the Forrestal Building.

From Northwest:
Take Pennsylvania Avenue to 7th Street and turn right. Follow 7th to D Street SW and turn right. Follow D to Lower 10th Street (you will be under the Plaza). Turn left to parking and theatre.

From Arlington:
Cross Arlington Memorial Bridge and take second exit from Lincoln Memorial Circle. Turn left at traffic light onto Independence Avenue which goes directly by the Plaza entrance at L'Enfant Promenade (formerly 10th Street).

From Alexandria:
Take the 14th Street Bridge to second traffic light. Turn right onto Independence Avenue. L'Enfant Plaza entrance is to the right at the second traffic light on Independence.

From Southwest, Southeast, and Prince Georges County:
Take Southwest Freeway to 7th Street SW Exit. Follow signs to L'Enfant Plaza Parking and theatre.
From Northeast:
Take New York Avenue to Public Library (Mount Vernon Square). Turn left down 7th Street to D Street SW. Follow D to Lower 10th Street (you will be under the Plaza). Turn left to parking and theatre.

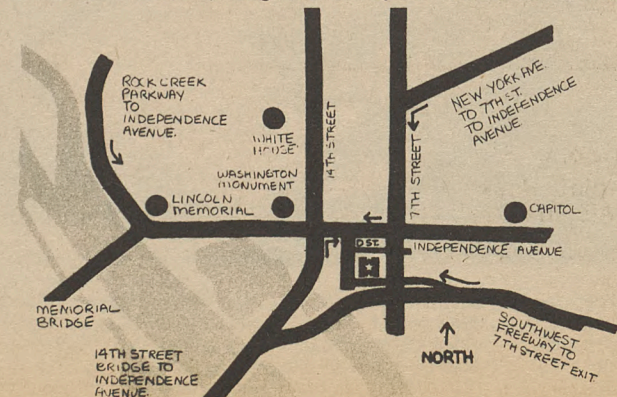
By Public Transit
Route 30, 32, 34, and 36 buses from Friendship Heights stop at 7th and Independence Avenue, just a few blocks from the Plaza. Inbound buses are marked with their various street destinations. Outbound are all marked Friendship Heights and may be

boarded on Independence Avenue to the east of 7th Street.

Route 52 buses from 14th and Colorado, NW, stop just in front of the entrance to L'Enfant Plaza at Independence and L'Enfant Promenade (10th Street). Inbound they are marked Navy Yard; outbound, 14th and Colorado.

V4 and V6 buses from Ridge Road and 33rd & Blayne NE stop at Lower 10th Street and D, by the lower level of the Plaza. Inbound they are marked Bureau of Engraving; outbound, with their final street destinations.

Transfer information for any of these bus lines is available from D.C. Transit Route Information at 832-4300. The bus company informs us that these buses run until past midnight.



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I'm not a student, here's \$10.

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mail this coupon to:

AFI Theater Membership
L'Enfant Plaza SW
Washington, DC 20024

Note: The AFI Theater is a non-profit non-government organization.



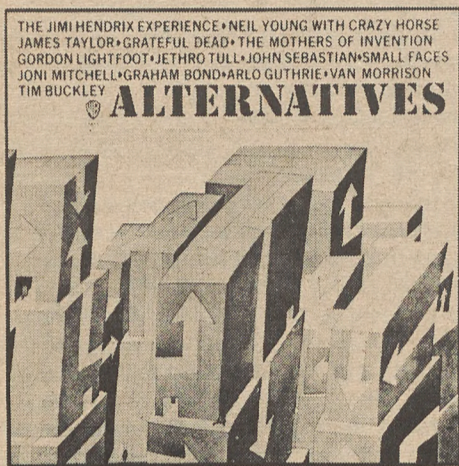
LITTLE RICHARD
The Rill Thing
(Reprise Album 6406)



NEIL YOUNG
After The Gold Rush
(Reprise Album 6383)



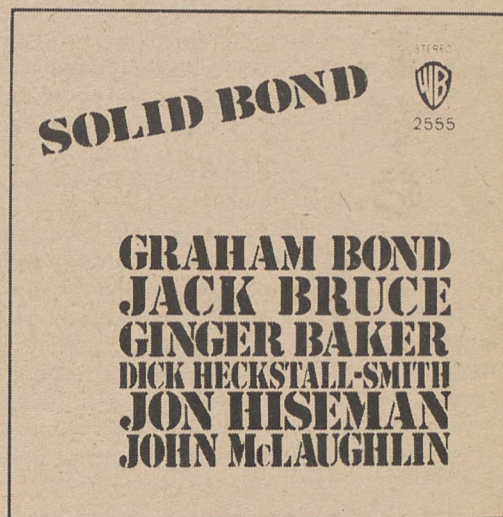
Jimi Hendrix Experience/Otis Redding
At The Monterey Pop Festival
(Reprise Album 2029)



VARIOUS
Alternatives
(Warner Album 1873)



ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK
"Performance"
(Warner Album 2554)



GRAHAM BOND
Solid Bond
(Warner Album 2555)

MUSIC -the best-



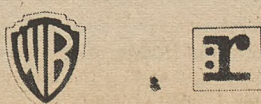
DEEP PURPLE
Deep Purple in Rock
(Warner Album 1877)



THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION
Weasels Ripped My Flesh
(Bizarre/Reprise Album 2028)



BLACK SABBATH
(Warner Album 1871)



MR. JOHN KORTY MAKES FILMS

JOHN KORTY INTERVIEW

by Ken Geist

KG: All three of your films deal with troubled romances. The last two have predominant back to nature themes. Do they have other connectives as well?

JK: Outside people see connectives in a body of work that the person doing it never sees... One of the things for instances, that really stopped me in my tracks--it never occurred to me--was after somebody had seen *CRAZY QUILT* and *FUNNYMAN* said, "What is this thing you have about bugs?" And I said, "What do I have about bugs?" and he said: "Well, you're obsessed with bugs, insects, because *CRAZY QUILT* was all about a termite exterminator, and the commercials in *FUNNYMAN* are for insecticides."

KG: I see. It's this Bunuel thing that comes out in you.

JK: It never occurred to me. First of all, you never see a bug in either of the films. I have never photographed one. But it was really funny because then I stopped and thought, "Maybe I do have a thing about bugs." First of all, in *CRAZY QUILT*, it was Allan Wheelis who made up the fact that Henry was a termite exterminator, so I simply used that as part of the story. And in *FUNNYMAN*, a writer that I had worked with suggested an insecticide as being a funny product. Then I realized that even though that could seem like a connective, in neither case did I originate the idea.

KG: You don't have a hang-up about bugs. It's purely coincidence, right?

JK: That's right. (facetiously) I'm trying to get free of it. Actually, what I wanted to do in making these three films independently was to make them three fairly different films. Simply because I don't think any artist likes to repeat himself too much. I mean, even Jackson Pollock, though it's hard to tell some Jackson Pollock paintings from others, but in terms of my interest, I get very quickly bored with one kind of subject, and I felt that I wanted to do something at that stage with *FUNNYMAN*, broadly entertainment and more comic and I wanted to do something kind of looser in structure... I think that with *RIVERRUN*, I wanted to do something that was much tighter. For instance, the idea of the three main characters-- I felt that's kind of the ideal dramatic minimum --to take a very tight story, and involve a triangle of some sort, and to just do as much as you can within a limited room. I mean, it's purposely limiting your palette in certain aspects, so that you can do more within that. By the time I made *RIVERRUN*, I think the thing I felt about the first two films is that they were too diffuse, that there were too many characters that were going off, unraveling the story line. Of course, it's a pendulum, and I think every artist goes a little to the left, and a little to the right, so that he sometimes over-compensates. One of the things I'm unhappy with, in *RIVERRUN*, is that, in some cases, I think it's too structured. After the opening, which I think is the place where it's awkward and a little bit slow, then it builds in a very definite, tightening sense, to a climax, which as you know, is quite strong. But I wanted to do that once--I felt that the other films had not ended strongly, they had not had a strong form to them, and I wanted to do something that did. Now, the next time around, I'll probably want to do something different from that, but I think that it's really the role of critics and outside people to make connections between works.

KG: One of your admiring critics, Judith Crist, who likes *RIVERRUN*--her two major objections have to do with the ending, thinks is a bit melodramatic, and also has somewhat of an over-emphasis on natural photography. But I gather from what you said in *Show Magazine*, that that's really your preoccupation, that you really do want more shots of nature, and that you have a passion for a lot of still photographs, whose kind of work you'd like to incorporate into films.

JK: I would not like for people to think that those parts of *RIVERRUN* are simply there as pretty postcard views, or that the emphasis on landscape is a romantic kind of lyricism. What I really wanted to do in the film--maybe I didn't balance this enough--was to give a picture of life which included both the most beautiful things and the things that were strongest, and most tragic, and so forth. The melodrama-- I knew when I started the film that there would be that problem. I felt that I was not really making a realistic, documentary cinema-verite type thing about how young people live

in 1968. But I felt that I wanted to achieve certain things in the form. I wanted certain materials in the film. And though the story was not really a fable, I'd really rather not have it taken in a completely literal sense. Some people asked me afterwards, "Are you making a case for natural childbirth?" I don't see it that way. I think that the main impetus for the film was I saw something in my mind's eye which involves certain materials. That's why, if you remember, in between the opening titles there are certain shots. There's the texture of a barn door that swings open, and there's a shot of a dead lamb, and there's a shot of grass with frost on it, and some reflections on water. That's very important to me, because I feel that what it's doing is laying out the materials, which is the way I make up a film, or at least the way I made up that film. Because my very first thought was that I want to make a film about water, and earth, and grass, and animals, and flesh, and blood--the things which the earth is made up of, just in the most physical way.

KG: The basics?

JK: The basics. And those were the materials of the film: the story and the plot and the dialogue were simply the vehicles that I used to get to where I wanted to go visually, and what I wanted to present.

KG: So you think of your plot then really more as of a skeleton, a device for the subject that you want to treat?

JK: Yeah.

KG: You mean you'd rather make your comment about life and death, and not worry as much about the coincidences of that?

JK: ... I hope that... I was right, in saying that the cumulative effect would be one in which people went out with a sort of intuitive feeling that they have seen the elements of the earth, human life and at least they've had a grasp of how real those things are, and I think very few films that I see can do that--give you the feeling that you're alive.

KG: I think that you've plugged into a very strong current. Even the people who aren't going to communes as such, feel this need to get away, especially from the city. There's a line in your film where the young couple are alone, and they talk about having kept one room unfurnished, empty, which somehow resonates for me... Do you think that it's a limitation, as a director, if an actor dries and can't cry? It is a problem, especially where takes are repeated, for someone to do a laugh or a cry. Have you more equipment now, to get around these acting problems.

JK: I think so. In that situation, now, I think I have a pretty good idea what most actors are capable of. If you are going to have a very strong emotional scene, where people cry, as a director, you then know what you have to do to build up to that. You can't ask something of an actor that's just impossible. You probably know this from the theater. You can't send someone out cold and say, "O.K. break into tears." Each actor, of course, has his own way of doing it. In fact, Louise Ober, the young girl in *RIVERRUN*, is not a professional--she had done nothing but college plays before. We had already picked John McLiam to play the father, and we have a very hard time finding a girl. I felt that she looked right, that she was physically right, but I didn't know about her acting ability. So I had her come out to my barn in Stinson Beach, and improvise a couple of scenes. One of them was the Father's finding out she's pregnant and not married, and when he asks her why, she throws up in his face his whole relationship with her mother, and how awful it was, and he's supposed to slap her. McLiam, being a professional actor, really slapped her. But they had built up the scene so well, that the moment his hand hit her face, Louise just dissolved in tears, and they were real tears. In fact, she never did it as well later on. It convinced me that she was the kind of person that had an emotional reservoir, as they say, and was able to do that kind of thing. A lot of girls would have just come back with a smart line or something.

KG: I wondered, in one of these articles where you speak about having dubbed all your pictures, making shooting, obviously, a great deal less cumbersome. I was unaware the film was dubbed when I saw it. It seemed like pretty natural sound. Is that difficult to achieve in the studio with artificial noise, or does it depend on who you have doing the mix because so many dubbed pictures sound flat, and remote, and unenergized unlike the way people sound when they are talking through activities and the like. What is the technique of achieving that?

JK: Well the technique of it is a lot of hard work and the director staying with it. The problem with a lot of dubbed pictures is that the director is too important or too busy to supervise, and so he turns it over to someone else. Of course the foreign language dubbing is usually totally out of his hands. We worked very hard, in fact, we did a lot of tests and research, because I knew it would be disastrous if the film came out with everybody sounding stiff and hallow. And we did it with our own equipment, in our own studio, spent probably twice as long doing it as it would have been done in Hollywood. Francis Coppola said it was the best dubbing he had heard.

KG: Has it improved substantially from film to film, your budding techniques?

JK: Yeah, certainly this is better than *CRAZY QUILT*. The funny thing is that I think most of film making is a balance, you're always compromising visual advantages for verbal or literary advantages. My own compromises tend to go in the other direction. For instance, shooting with location sound generally is a compromise to help out the dialogue, to make it sound more authentic and more spontaneous, but if you know what those cameras look like and how much they weigh, it severely limits the mobility of the camera.

KG: Did you participate in Earth Day?

JK: Actually the next film I'm going to do has a lot to do with ecology and the way that we've treated the land and the country.

KG: Is this *HAVE WE SEEN THE ELEPHANT*?

JK: Yes that's the tentative title for Warners. Do you know that phrase?

KG: No, I know a lot of elephant jokes.

JK: It's an interesting phrase and like a lot of things, it got me started on the idea. I was very interested in the Gold Rush period in Northern California, and I just have a feeling that, in spite of all the Hollywood westerns, it's never been done right. The Gold Rush, especially, had so many contradictory things happening, so many strange kinds of people, and it was one of the most vigorous times in American history. Crazy people arriving in San Francisco by the boatload. There were Italians who came to San Francisco to work in the gold mines to raise money for Garibaldi. Anyway, in a book of songs about the Gold Rush, one chapter is called, "Seeing the Elephant", and "seeing the elephant" is a phrase that has two meanings; the brighter meaning is like "painting the town red"--a man goes out "to see the elephant," he gets drunk and throws his money around and goes to the brothel and so on. But the most existential meaning, I guess, is that after a certain amount of that, he has really 'seen the elephant', it is the feeling that he's done everything there is to do, there's a total disillusionment with all of that, and he's like face to face with the kind of thing Camus and Sartre were talking about. And I like that different in those two meanings, and "seeing the elephant" is what so many of those men went through. Dozens, hundreds of them would make a fortune in the gold mine and would spend it in the most ludicrous ways possible. They would end up totally broke, depressed, and alone, and die in some snowstorm the next year. It was a time in which people's lives were condensed into six months sometimes. And of course it has a lot to do with the way America has lived since then. So *HAVE WE SEEN THE ELEPHANT*? is a kind of an analysis of what has changed and what hasn't changed in the last 120 years.

KG: You mean "the search for gold" in a different sense?

JK: Yes, and in the way that even the vigor of the country, at least with the people I associate with, there is a pervasive feeling that seems to be growing, that from here on everything is downhill, that the golden days were back there somewhere, and America is just sinking into the tar pits like a dinosaur. And that may be true, I don't know. I think you can only make a good film about something you have a question about it, if you're not decided. If you start out making the film and your mind is made up, you're simply propagandizing. But to me that's a very important question as to whether this country or the world in general is simply sliding into the ooze, of whether there is enough vigor, optimism, or spirit, somehow left to conquer the problems that are around. The ecology people are making it very clear just how big those problems are. The question is whether Americans are willing to give up enough of the supposed luxuries and comfort of our kind of life to get the air clean again and the water fresh and so forth. So my character in this thing is a kind of hermit-type poet who lives out in a cabin in the Gold Rush country.

He's deliberately tried to get away from the city, which I guess is my familiar theme. But he's a very citified person. He's different from the people around him. He's the kind of city boy that you could put anywhere and he'd still be urban, and his poetry is quite sophisticated and funny. But he's interested in the Gold Rush as a metaphor. And as he writes about it, characters start coming alive and visiting him. I'm not doing it with any magic stuff, with people walking through walls. The first time it happens is when the bumper falls off his VW bus and it's the ecology thing-- what do you do with a bumper? Where do you throw it? He's out in the country, and doesn't want to just leave it lying around, and being the kind of guy he is, he decides to give it a decent burial. He takes the bumper off into the woods, and with a shovel, he digs this big, long grave. He's just about to bury it, and he's crossing himself and doing the mass and so forth, and he turns around and sees something. He drops the bumper, and sitting on the edge of the grave, is an Indian, just swinging his legs and looking at him. As the Indian has just come back to life, his first conversation with him should be very low pressure--nobody says, "My God, you're a ghost." They talk about how things were, and how they are now. Through the rest of the film the Indian kind of walks around and looks at things. I want to get a feeling of pathos to it. It seems to me that an American Indian walking down the middle of Sixth Avenue these days wouldn't just be gawking at the skyscrapers. It's the quality of life--the reality of this world--that is so fantastically different. I think it would be very interesting to imagine how an Indian would feel not having seen anything for a hundred years in between. And other people come back, --old miners, prostitutes and all sorts of people. This guy talks to them, and they do things together, and get along famously. I don't know exactly how it's going to end yet, but I think it's a great vehicle, and what I like about it is that it allows me to bust loose a little bit from more conventional plots.

KG: At any rate, your fund raising days are over, hopefully?
 JK: Hopefully, although I didn't mind it. It's not easy, but I like the idea that it's there as an alternative, because if Warner Brothers, or any other major studio that gave me money, if the film didn't work out the way I wanted, or if I felt I was being restricted, I can always say, look I don't have to get money from you people, I can go out and raise it.
 KG: How did you, coming to San Francisco from the East, find Herbert Gold and all those people willing to give small contributions? How did you sell your first venture?
 JK: It's really hard for me to reconstruct how it all happened. It was a very slow process. I lived there for two full years before I started CRAZY QUILT, and during that time I made some short films. Certainly one thing that helped, although I didn't plan it this way, was that the short story it was based on, was by Allan Whellis, who is a San Francisco psychoanalyst and a part-time writer, and being in their community of doctors, he had lots of friends... So some of the first investors were psychiatrists and doctors, even dentists. And they, in turn, would lead to other friends. It really branched out very slowly. Some people asked me how the whole CRAZY QUILT thing happened, and I say I spent a year raising money and, in my spare time I made a movie. Because really most of the time went into fund raising. We had three millionaires involved in that film, and the most that any of them invested was four thousand dollars. And that was purposely, I didn't want to try to get all the money from one person, because then I felt I would be in a bind, so I deliberately spread things around.
 KG: You were saying in an article I read that you could tell by audience response when they were restive, bored and what not. I know in both in my Broadway theater experience and the few Hollywood previews I've been involved with, people become very leery about coughs and so on, and I found things get changed very quickly. Do you change that much according to the reaction of the audience?
 JK: No. With FUNNY MAN we cut only about four or five minutes from the composite print before it was shown at Lincoln Center. All the films, once they have been shown at festivals, I don't think there has been any cuts. Not that I wouldn't like to cut them. It's one of the dilemmas they say about painting. It takes two people, one to paint the picture and one to hit him over the head when it is finished. That's the way it is with film. If I had the time and the money I would love to just fiddle around with RIVERRUN for another year. I could improve this and that, and I could have re-cut and re-shot certain scenes. But, first of all,

I didn't have the time or money; I had to get out, and stretch for something else. I think there is a certain destructiveness in that too. I mean, you get to a certain point creatively, and you have to say that the baby has been born and I'm not going to mess with it, even though I know I could possibly improve it for myself. I think the changes I would have made in RIVERRUN would have made me feel 100% better, and would have made maybe 2% of a difference to an audience... on RIVERRUN I had an assistant director, and I realized how important that is -- I wished I'd had one before. He was a nice guy, but he had gone to the film school in Paris EDEC, and he's going to be a film-maker himself, of course, and at certain points early in the shooting, I realized he was kind of second-guessing me and that was the first time that had happened. On all of CRAZY QUILT and FUNNY MAN I had done the shooting in a fairly intuitive way. When two people were talking, I knew I had to get a certain amount of footage on or: and a certain amount of footage on the other, and that was it. When we started doing RIVERRUN, I would set up a shot, and I'd start to put the camera down, and my assistant would be shaking his head to himself, nope, wrong place. (laughter) Finally at one point, when I started to put the camera someplace, he said, "you're on the wrong side of the line." And I said, "What line? Where's the line?" And, as you probably know, in classical film education there is a rule that between the two actors there is a line and if you start to shoot on this side of the line the camera has to stay that side, which is a good general rule, but there are certain ways you can break it. I was really kind of put off for awhile, but then I thought it was really kind of funny that here I was, a semi-established director, I'd made two complete features and I didn't know what the hell the line was. (laughter)

You look at CRAZY QUILT, and, as far as I know, I never crossed the line. I never violated the basic rules of camera set-ups and directing, but I did all of that intuitively, and I never knew that I was consciously following any kind of theory of constructing a film. The same with editing and lots of things. I just never had a film course actually. My entry into film was through so many back-doors; documentaries, animation, commercials -- and it was really sort of trial and error and I think in a way that that's better because I think if I had gone to IDHEC or UCIA or somewhere, I probably would have come out with those theories so much in the forefront -- I would have been so worried about breaking the rules, that I never would have come up with a lot of other ideas. The rules only take you so far then you have to come up with some ideas of your own.
 KG: Did he have other reservations, your assistant director, voiced or unvoiced?
 JK: Oh, yeah, I think so. That's one of the hard things for anybody to realize when they start to direct a film. You have to find a balance between how much of an authoritarian you're going to be, how confident and close-minded you're going to be, and say, "by God this is my film and I'm going to make it this way," and at the same time use good suggestions from other people, and not give them the feeling they should shut-up and mind their own business. But the other problem with a lot of the younger crews is that anybody twenty-three years old who is holding up a light, tends to have an idea how the scene should be done. I was interested to read that Godard just did a film where every scene was decided on democratically. Eric the Red, (Daniel Cohen-Bendit) was involved in this, and it was all communally organized, and everyone got the exact same salary and I'm really interested to see how that film turns out.

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Counternotes

It's too bad that some great performers have to live down their pasts. A case in point is John Phillips, once of the Mamas and Papas, and now alone. While a member of "the group" he was a medium force, a good writer and responsive to the idea of "group". Then the split and a return to gigs, like the recent one at the Cellar Door. Too few people were treated to the gangling giant who is John Phillips. If there is now a return to a gentility and humaneness in music, Phillips is one of the primary exponents. Backed by soft drumming, bass and piano, Phillips soothed and enthralled his audience, singing all his own songs and just continuing to sing until he had no more songs. It was a lovely experience and many of the songs are on his first solo album JOHN PHILLIPS (Dunhill DS50077). The songs are uniformly gentle, celebrating the joyful life of sun on the West Coast and the crazy wonderful people that populate that country---"April Annie" "Malibu People", "Down the Beach"--other lulling ballads. The album poem says "there are thirty million Johns in the world today, but there is only one John the Working of L.A." Right on.

I have mixed reactions to THE OXPETALS (Mercury SR 61289). They range from good to great. A very together bunch of people, traces of the Dead (recent vintage) and middle Beatles, particularly in the vocals. But they have their own character, their own Karma, and it is good. Doing all original material, the unity of the group is shown by the fact that while the album has a total sensitivity, four writers contributed songs. The poetry is quite fine throughout, and one senses the beginning of something good. A strong piano works as a bass to several songs, and there is a free-flowing movement throughout the album. One brief set of lyrics: "Stephanie/Your bed is wrinkled/Who was there last night?/Was his music bright- was he nice?/Did he take your hand/When he said he had to go?/ A pretty girl with a place to sleep/He was glad to meet you/wasn't he?/ Stephanie/Your smile is practiced/and you can't unplan it/You're no the one who ran it/long ago/ Back when it was real/But it wasn't quite as free./A pretty girl with a place to sleep/He was glad to leave you/wasn't he?" (words by Guy Phillips)

The soundtrack to PERFORMANCE (Warner 2554) makes more sense after you've seen the film, because then it provides flashback images. A seeming pot-pourri, with Randy Newmann, Merry Clayton, Buffy Sainte-Marie, the Last Poets, and of course Mick Jagger; it can fall together. Highlights are Ry Cooder's bottleneck guitar work and of course Jagger's Memo from Turney which has all the frenzy of the best of the Stones. It is another tour-de-force for Jagger.

Fairport Convention, minus Sandy Denny, comes back strong in FULL HOUSE (A&M SP4265). The focus, or intensity of the group, is now seemingly centered of fiddler Dave Swarbrick, Fairport's impish little crazy man. The cohesiveness of the group is a very important factor in their rejuvenation of trad English music. Some people resent the idea of electric ballads, but one has only to listen to see the good that can be done. On this album, there is the usual strong instrumental work, particularly by Swarbrick and lead guitar Richard Tompson. My personal choice is "Sloth", a long, lovingly consummated song that contains one of the most haunting chord changes I've ever heard.

Sandy Denny, minus Fairport Convention, now appears as part of FOTHERINGAY (A&M SP4269). Her vocals are still outstanding, but perhaps the group needs a little more time to develop the cohesiveness that is partially lacking on this album. Most of the material is by Miss Denny and Trevor Lucas (with Dylan's "Too Much of Nothing" and Lightfoot's "The Way I Feel" serving as nice contrasts.) There is a potential here, of a less sedate Pentangle, but the potential is not yet fully realized.

There are luminaries in all phases of life and surely Neil Young is one of rock's. AFTER THE GOLD RUSH (Reprise RS6383) is the latest Young offering, and needless to say, it won't disappoint. Like most of Young's earlier work, the more you listen to it, the more you appreciate it. All except one song come from Young. "Southern Man"--one of Young's songs which he once predicted would keep him from getting gigs in the South, is a very powerful song. It becomes redundant to describe Young's songs. They build, and starting from their traditionally solid foundation, you can get an idea of where they go. They are tense and gentle, brittle and caring- multitudinous divergencies of theme and feeling that create a whole. Of local note- Nils Lofgren (who heads Grin besides backing Young) appears on the album, on the keyboard and in some vocals. Hopefully, Grin's first album will also appear soon.

Your reaction to MUNGO JERRY (Janus SJX 7000) will depend on your predilection for the jug-band sound. That's what mungo jerry is, a simple, pile-driving jug-band, better than most. The group is obviously enthusiastic, and that kind of quality tends to be infectious. The vocals are clear, and the backup is basic- though the fiddle work at times gets a little more complex than one would expect. This kind of music has a tendency to take you back a few years- it's a fun trip, but it tends to be brief.

BLACK SABBATH (Warner 1871) has listenability only beyond the hype. Supposed to be significant to the occult, the album only succeeds as a kind of inverted homage to the defunct Cream. Maybe that's where it derives its sense of the occult-trying to bring back to life a dead musical style. As such, the album is fairly successful.

Donovan is back and OPEN ROAD (Epic 30125) is his best album in recent years. Now with a regular group (John Carr on drums, Mike Thompson on bass/guitar, and Mike O'Neill on piano), Donovan has evolved a new, more socially concerned sound. That is, the lyrics tend to have an intelligent, questioning and prodding bite, songs like "Riki Tiki Tavi", "Poke at the Pope", and "New Year's Revolution", while still maintaining the gentle lilt that is the mark of Donovan's music. On this album, Donovan is almost just part of the group, a move perhaps reflecting a new awareness and direction for him. A very listenable and rewarding album.

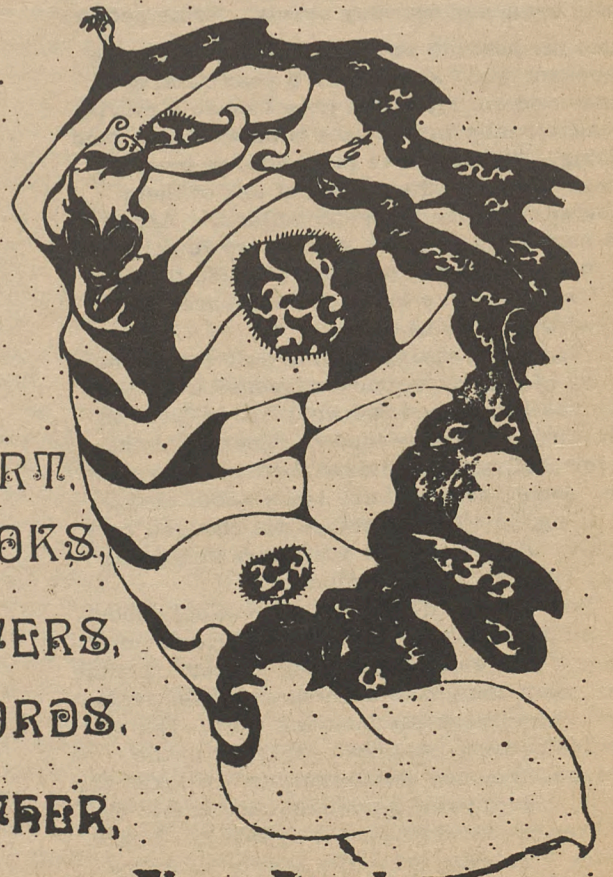
John McLaughlin's first solo album, DEVOTION (Douglas 4) is a fine outing by one of the most respected guitarists in the business. No vocals, just the solidest, strongest hard-rock guitar to be heard in quite some time. The wonder is that this is as good an album as it is. McLaughlin succeeds because he is the master of his instrument and not the slave of his equipment. He doesn't drown himself in effects and technological tricks. He plays it straight, and for the listener, the reward is heavy, hard rock, crystal clear and intelligent. Working on this album are Larry Young on organ, and Buddy Miles and Billy Rich (from the band of Gypsies). Miles surprises by the fine work he does in his drumming- not too ponderous this time. A very fine album, meant to be played loud and listened to carefully. This is the essence of music.

In one of the songs on DEEP PURPLE IN ROCK (Warner 1877), there is the line "got a long story that i wanna tell/to a rythm that i know so well." It explains the basic sound of Deep Purple, and that rythm is solid, hard rock. This album contains some of their best. "Speed King", "CHild in Time", "Flight of the Rat"... None of the classical overtones of Deep Purple with the London Philharmonic of a previous album. This album marks a return to a rock root- and it is perhaps a return for the better.

JOE COCKER - MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN (A&M SP 6002) I don't think this album needs much review. It's got Cocker and maybe that's all you need to say... it's got the whole troupe of crazy musicians... all the songs, from "Honky Tonk Women" to "The Letter" to "Deja Lady"... the story of how the group got together... the taping of the shows at the fillmore... the rumors... the scandals... the great music... anyways- it's a double album and somewhat of a gas.

For many years now, Pearls Before Swine has had a steady and downright faithful following in the underground- but they've never become well-known, partly because they were a poet's soft-rock band, and that poet was Tom Rapp. But their songs are respected, and now this third album continues the tradition. THE USE OF ASHES (Reprise RS 6405) is the title of the new album, and as usual it is Rapp's child. Ten songs, or poems with music, all the songs very strong, too often stronger than the music. Rapp's strength is then obviously in his words, and they bear listening to- "Rocket Man", "When the War Began", etc. Such beautiful words are rare. In a sense it's true that they do affect a mood beyond the music. I think the next step would be a book of Rapp's poems. But we should be thankful for any poet in this day.

You sort of have to like Mother Earth. They're consistent and they're fine. They were one of the first bands to develop a communal entity, and they've always had a very strong, together sound. So now they're latest album, appropriately called SATISFIED (Mercury SR61270) appears, cementing Tracy Nelson as one of the top singers, not just another imitative one. Their choice of material is well-suited to the make up of the band- "Groovy Way", "Take Me In Your Arms/Hold Me For A Little While", "Ruler of My Heart". It is a very rocking album- with outstanding organ work by Andy McMahon and pedal steel by James Day. Additionally, the album design (particularly inside) is absolutely beautiful. A top-rated album.



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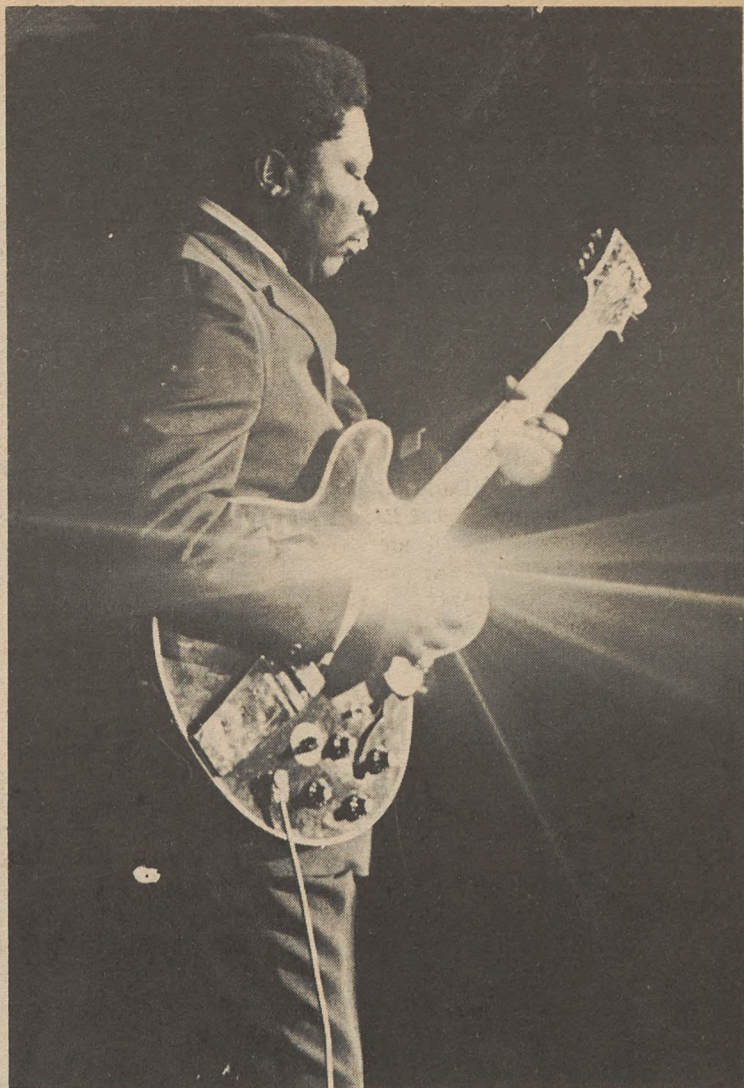
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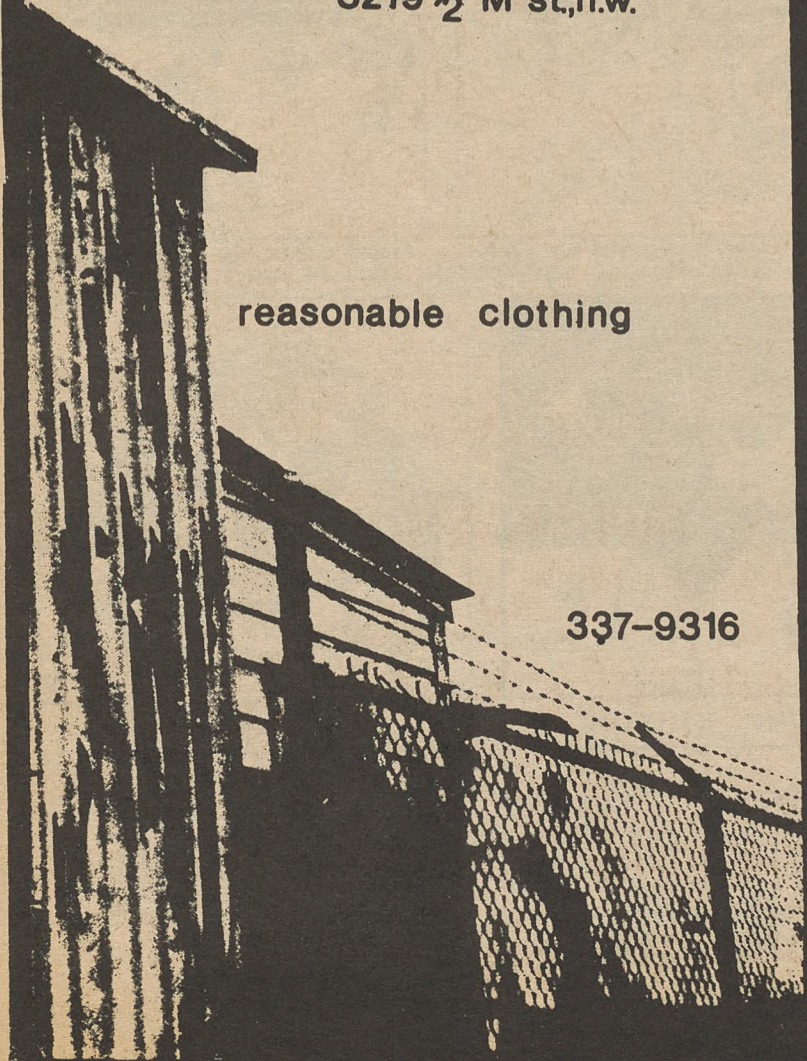

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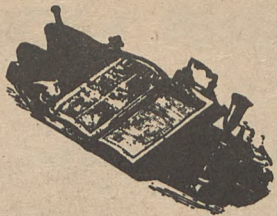
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THE DAMNED CHILDREN-Julius W. Hobson gives a concise and novel analysis of the status of public education. A better man for the job would be hard to come by. Focuses include finance, teachers, equipment, and the social backgrounds of the pupil. With photography by George DeVincent, this helpful paperback is available at \$1.50.

A SPAN OF BRIDGES - H. J. Hopkin's book is a fascinating history of the bridge from Rome to today. The reader is spared the detailed end of the engineering as an engineer gets it, and is presented with the bridge as the fine expression of function, and certainly among the best art produced by man. The excellent writing and the excellent photos hold one's curiosity rigidly from first page to last. Published by Praeger in 280 pages, in hard cover at \$12.50.

FESTIVAL! - The phenomenon of the American Music Festival craze is presented here by Collier publishers complete with photos and commentary on those who produce it and those who digest it. The scope of the music and people is as wide as the festivals are geographically far apart, Montorey to Newport. In 190 pages, a \$3.95 paperback.

THE RSVP CYCLES- Lawrence Halprin's book is subtitled "Creative Process in the Human Environment". It might more accurately be described as an unnecessary essay expanded into a book by use of unnecessary photographs and nebulous drawings. The only interesting parts deal with work done by others (on which he bases his ideas, we are to assume). Nevertheless this cryptic work fails in shrouding the fact that Mr. Halprin ought to add a great deal more process in his explaining and developing of creativity. Braziler, 200pages, \$14.

SURREALISM-ROAD TO THE ABSOLUTE- The revised edition of Anna Balakian's work on the idea of Surrealism serves to reaffirm the impacts that the movement, and its outcomes exerted on the civilization of this century. Her analysis concentrates more on the ideas than the painting and names such as Apollinaire and Eluard appear more often than Dali and Miro. Although first published in 1959, the book still stands as one of the best and most serious in-depth works on the subject. Published by Dutton in hard cover at \$7.95 in 260 pages including illustrations.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURAL STYLES- Survey studies at best end as survey studies; there is nothing new in this work by Fritz Baumgart except for clear and concise organization of a great deal of information, and that is no easy item. Trends in architecture from Egypt to today are explained fairly and specifically, and very painlessly to anyone who knows nothing about architecture (that includes just about everyone). Fine photographs and generous drawings assist the text. Published by Praeger in paperback, in 300 pages at \$4.95.

BEETHOVEN-Concentrating on minutiae and personality, H. C. Robbins Landon studies the composer's life with all its fancy and myth. Undoubtedly the book is glossed up a bit for the year of celebration. It is very glossy indeed, but better work on Beethoven is more cheaply and more enjoyably available, although not published in a birthday year. Macmillan publisher at \$22.50 in hardcover, illustrated.

THE DUALITY OF VISION- Walter Sorell's book shows how writers painted, painters composed and back and forth and so on. This unusual and curious book studies good paintings by Strindberg and bad ones by Henry Miller. Regardless of personal decisions as to value though, Sorell exposes aspects of well-known figures that are usually overlooked but are still important to an understanding of themselves and their work. Published by Bobbs Merrill at \$15.00 in 350 pages. Illustrations in black&white and color.

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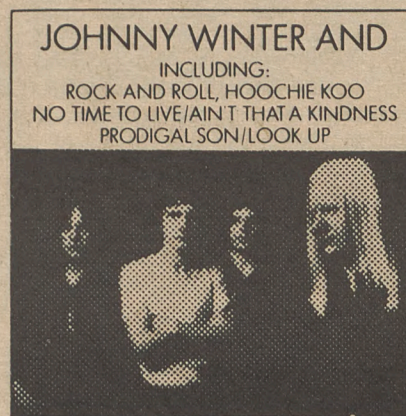
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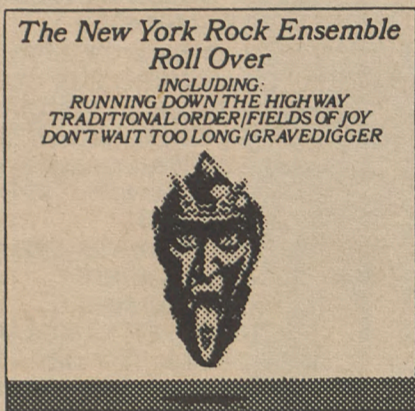
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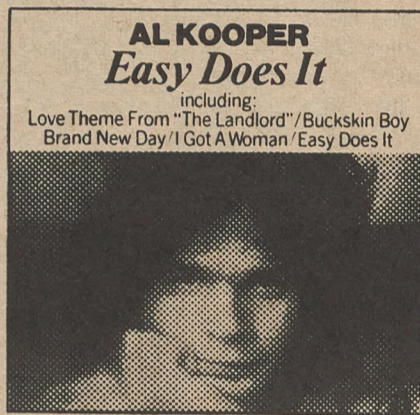
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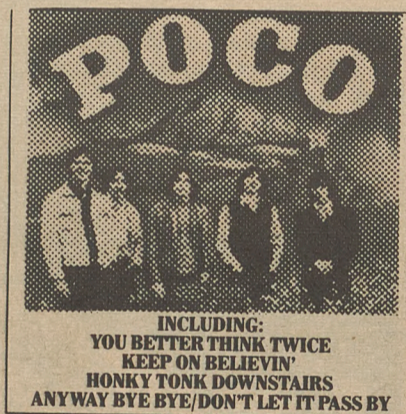
G 30031*

Al Kooper's new album is full up with new and old tunes, all done in his own inimitable style. Listen to "Brand New Day," the main theme of the movie *The Landlord*.



E 30125

Donovan is in a new setting with this album—he has formed a group with Mike Thomson, bass, vocals and guitar and John Carr, drums and vocals. He'll be touring in the Fall with this act, called like the album, "Open Road."



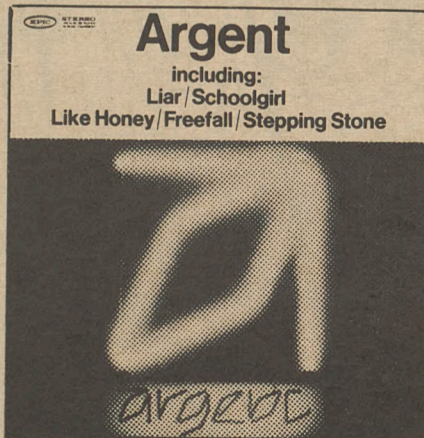
BN 26522*

Poco's second album, the follow-up to "Pickin' Up the Pieces." Jim Messina, group member and producer, has given Poco a new sound that's guaranteed to make you dance.



BN 26564

This British artist's first album was already released in England to great success. Listen carefully to the poetry and musicianship of this brilliant young composer-performer.



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BGP 350†

20 of The Everly Brothers' biggest hits in one great two-record set at a special low price. Includes "Wake Up Little Susie," "Rip It Up," "Bye, Bye Love" and "Bird Dog."

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The Mark of Zorro—Z—serves as more than a logo for that sword-toting, black-masked hero who fought the Spanish oppressors. It is also a symbol of hope, of good countering evil. There have been many Zorro-like men in different cultures, at different times, and now the Mark of Zorro has begun to strike the New York area—unannounced, and unwelcomed by authorities. But don't look for the inscribed 'Z' on the bellies of pompous sergeants, or on the asses of common foot-soldiers, or even on the *Wanted: Dead or Alive* posters. This modern day swiftfoot has changed the weapon from the sharpened tip of the sword to the furry side of a paint brush roller. The Mark has been changed from the jaggedly sliced 'Z' to the neatly stenciled streetpainting, and the name from the mysterious Zorro the fox to Barry Bryant and compatriots.

Streetpainting is an art form that Barry had first experimented with when he was producing the electronic-rock group Silver Apples. However, the original purpose was specifically advertising the group. "Information and trying to sell my ideas in a sense of advertising, is what originally began this interest in streetpainting. I used to go out all over the streets and stencil Silver Apples to advertise them. But I guess the art form really started when I was born. I was an identical twin and I was very much fascinated by an object and its mirror image—and that's what my work is all about." Unless you've actually seen Bryant's work, it may be hard to visualize the entire effect, and it may be hard to accept streetpainting as an art form. "I begin," Bryant says, "by spraying one side of the stencil, which usually varies in size (the smallest one being four inches, and the streetpainting's being eight feet) and to get the other side of the mirror image, I simply flip the stencil over, and spray the other side—stenciling, stenciling, stenciling, stenciling—that's just like my paintings, they're repetitious, a repetition of themselves." What is the purpose of a streetpainting? What place in the art world does it have? Bryant believes his art is a very important part of the public art, as well as playing an important role in the present social movement.

"Public art is the most primitive form of art. Thousands of years ago, they painted on the street. Today they still paint on the streets in Europe. In Berlin, there's a whole street that's given to the artists to do their portraits or anything they want. Public art is portrayed in a situation where the public can view an iconological object that would be considered precious inside of a place, and that would not be readily available to the public. My art is public. It's a painting or a drawing—it's a statement. It's information, and it isn't necessary to draw the line between drawings and paintings. That's simply a matter of magnitude or the initial idea of being a drawing. My paintings are just blow ups of my drawings. There's nothing

different about them. They become more dynamic when they are large, and I do a particular painting in a particular place; and the information in the painting of the word "ECOLOGY," "BUY PORNOGRAPHY" or "OXYGEN," deals with what is going on in that particular place. And in that sense my work is very environmental (ECOLOGY was painted in the street in front of the United Nations; OXYGEN was painted in front of the Auto Show at the Coliseum on 59th St.; ARTLESS was done in front of the O.K. Harris Gallery on West Broadway, and most recently, XNIXONX in front of the Museum of Modern Art on 53rd St.). Bringing a change in the social order can best be done by creativity of the artists and the students; the guns are for the machine-men. I believe in today's society, or any society, it is the artist's responsibility to construct situations for the society to live in."

The actual beginning of the series of "art events," as he chooses to call them, began in Seattle, his birthplace, on Jan. 4, 1970. It was a painting of the name Barry Bryant, and its mirror image, upside down and backwards in the street.

"The painting was commissioned by a collector in Seattle who had similar feelings about Seattle's art world, what was going on there in terms of art. We had a discussion about our way of life, and the changes that must take place in our country, and that's why she commissioned me to do the painting. I did it in an area of the city where the galleries, architects, photographers, and so forth are a very struggling part of the city. People pour their lives in it for several years, and the majority of the people don't even know they exist.

"The reaction to the painting was much like the reaction to Spiro Agnew when he was nominated to the Vice-Presidency of the United States: WHO IS HE! Within minutes, the entire press was there and I was number one headline over basketball and Vietnam—I was so happy. I was thrown in jail and the City Sanitation Department tried to remove the painting with chemicals. But the chemicals ate into the asphalt and now my name is permanently etched in the road. I was arrested for using public property for private purposes without a permit. My purposes are not private, they are very public."

After that first painting in Seattle, Barry returned to New York where he evaluated his previous art event: that was the beginning of streetpainting as a social-artistic statement. "ECOLOGY" was the next painting.

"I did ECOLOGY in front of the United Nations on Feb. 4, 1970. I did that on First Ave., in the street, and that was my first painting in New York. The reaction to it wasn't similar to that of Seattle's. But I was busted again—police brutality. It was weird, you know, nine cop cars came and surrounded the two of us who had remained. The cops made a perfect

STREETART

circle around us, and they waited about two minutes. They were waiting for us to run, but we just sat there looking stupid. Then finally, somebody gave the signal and all 18 cops jumped out at once and ran towards us with their hands in position to grab their guns. They said 'Where's your weapons?' Each one searched us several times and pushed us against the wall. They were trying to figure out what it was—was it a secret message from Mao? Then finally, out of bewilderment, one of them came over and questioned. "Tell us what it is, tell us what it is. What does it mean? Is it a message from your commie friends?"

Following ECOLOGY, Barry struck with OXYGEN and ARTLESS, again making a social-artistic statement. OXYGEN was in reaction to the Auto Show. "If General Motors can put smog all over the highways, I can paint OXYGEN on the street." ARTLESS was again social statement attacking the art world. After a discussion with Ivan Karp of the O.K. Harris gallery on art, Barry decided that it was necessary to give his description of the art world. "That's the situation of the art world; it describes it perfectly. It's artless, it's got no form."

There were three New York paintings up to June 1—his most recent painting—and one that I had the opportunity to observe.

At 12:00 midnight, Monday June 1, about 12 people gathered at Barry's penthouse and prepared the stencils. At approximately 3:00 Tuesday morning, we completed the stencils, and discussed the strategy for doing the painting. On a very precise schedule, we made our way in a truck, one bicycle, and a car to our destination, The Museum of Modern Art on 53rd St., between 5th and 6th Avenues. We circled the block once, scouting

the area, and then returned. Then in one swift motion, the painters, the stencil-bearers, the cop-watchers, the maintenance crew, all emerged from their vehicles and within seven to eight minutes, the word XNIXONX was painted twice, one above the other. The watchman for the museum was as bewildered as the watchman for the Donnell Library across the street. We packed up and split, safely, without any interference from the cops.

The purpose of the XNIXONX painting was to show the artist's disdain for the Board of Directors and their support of Nixon and the war in Vietnam. On June 2, a block party for the directors of the museum was scheduled and they had a protest waiting for them, even while they slept Monday night. After completing the painting, the stencils were taken to the Dwan Gallery on W. 57th Street and dumped on the floor of their new exhibit—"Language IV"—Zorro struck again.

Barry's art has been called pop art by many people, but I don't think it is. His art is that of social criticism; he is using a very public means to criticize a world which he cannot physically change. I wouldn't consider Bryant's work in the same breath with Warhol, Lichtenstein, Rosenquist, etc. I think his work is more direct, and simpler. He doesn't deal with subtleties, he gives a direct statement. Streetpainting is an art in itself, and the way Barry utilizes it, it is important.

"My art doesn't belong to any school, although it has been called 'conceptual.' My art is what is going on in the streets, what is going on on the college campuses, what is going on in the world. It is part of the movement."

Allan Richards, ORP.

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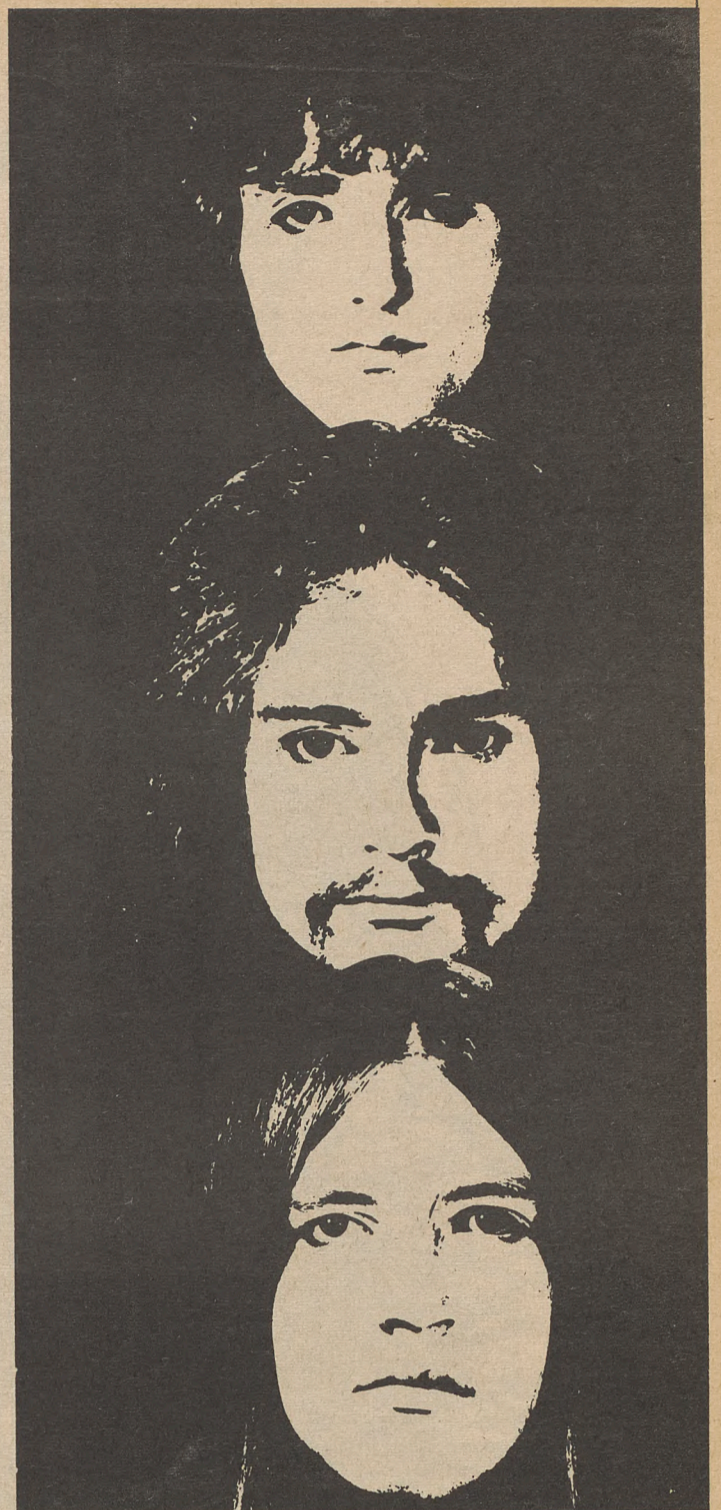
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