

WOODWIND

An Arts Paper

Washington, D.C.

FREE

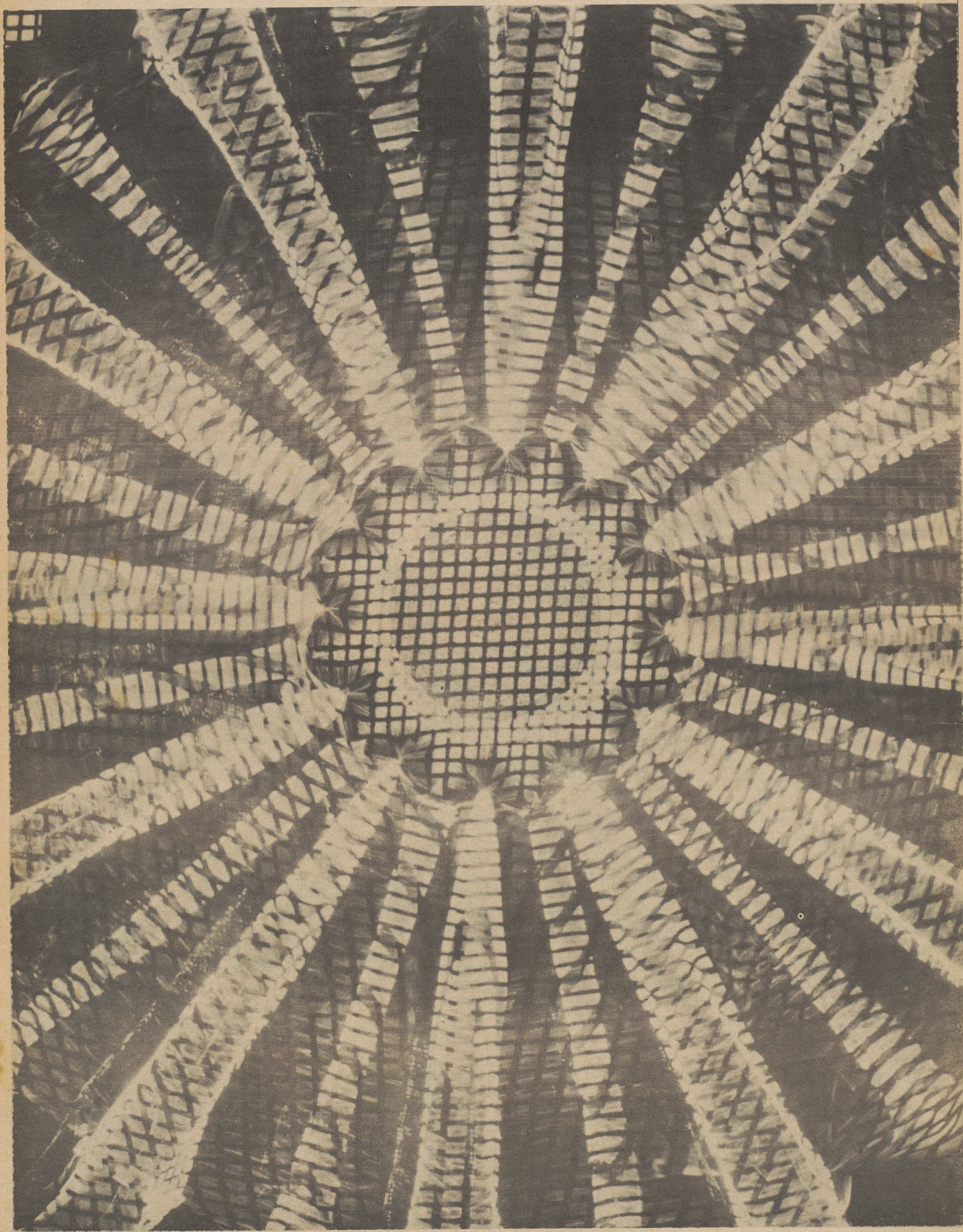


photo by Stephen Allen Whealton

woodwind vol/2 no 4

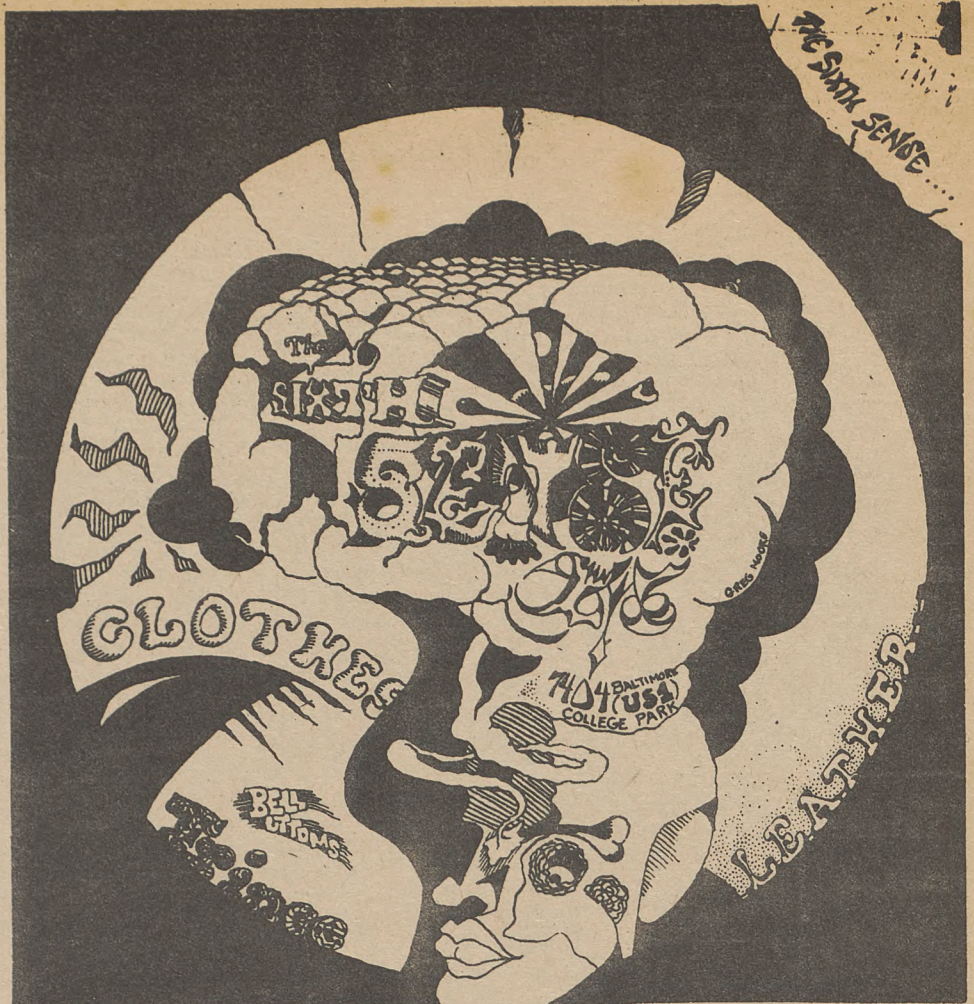
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washington area free university

3

The WASHINGTON AREA FREE UNIVERSITY(WAFU) is an oasis in the often depressing rigmarole of education. It has been in existence for several years now, fluctuating with the needs of a moving community and reflecting an interest in the sharing of knowledge and experience, as opposed to the indoctrination of the mind. To that extent, WAFU is itself an experience, rather than a system. A joyful, attuned experience, centered around the people who participate and perpetually reaching out to others who seek alternatives.

WAFU is exactly what its title implies--FREE. Courses are naturally uncredited, but credible. A course only exists if there is a desire for it. For instance, anyone who wishes to organize a course, or anyone who wishes to participate in a non-existent course, has only to let WAFU know, and an attempt will be made to organize such a course.

Courses take place all over-- on some campuses, in churches, or even at participants' homes. They are, to a degree, informal, though there is naturally a sense of organization to make them work. A partial listing of courses now available is reprinted below. The best information is to be found in WAFU's monthly catalog-paper, THE TIN DRUM(which can be found on most campuses and in many head shops), or by calling the WAFU office at 387-5437. THE TIN DRUM, besides containing a list of available courses, prints poetry, graphics, and articles relating to alternative education systems.

To quote the recent issue, "WAFU is a good thing. Like almost all good things, it requires a great deal of hard work-- and money. So, if you're a person with any sort of skill--or no skill at all--who wants to see WAFU grow, or if you're a person with lots of money--or even a little--who would like to give some, contact WAFU soon. WAFU meets constantly. Call us 387-5437 or come to our Tuesday night meetings, at 1724 20th Street, NW, 2nd Floor."

COURSES(no order)(at least no real apparent order)

W. E. B. DuBois School of Marxist Studies.....	
Dr. Alfred P. Henley.....	call 723-2605 or 942-2288
Urban Crisis and the Establishment	
Sammy Abbot.....	above numbers.....
History of Black America.....	
John Gibson.....	above numbers.....
Dialectical Materialism and the Scientific Method.....	
Abraham Bloom.....	above numbers.....
Imperialism and Colonialism.....	
Sidney Efress.....	above numbers.....
Revolution and the Working Class.....	
Hudson Wells.....	above numbers.....
Principles of Marxism:An Introduction.....	
Alfred Henlev.....	above numbers.....
Political Economy of Capitalism.....	
no instructor named.....	above numbers.....
Analysis of Power.....	
Susan Cordis ,Susan Davis.....	483-3166.....
Revolutionary Struggle and Practice.....	
Committee to Defend the Panthers.....	462-6789.....
Women's Liberation(four week course, repeated).....	
no co-ordinator listed, takes place at GWUStudentCenter, Tuesdays, 8-10, Room 415.....	
Proxy Power.....	
David Westman.....	483-5802(evenings).....
The Creative Community.....	
Gee.....	ja8-1060, 7-10pm--
Communal Living.....	
Rick Hewitt.....	270-6077.....
Commune.....	
(forming of) David Yamana, leave message for.....	387-5300.....
Survival Workshop for Spaceship Earth.....	
David Dunnell.....	543-2609.....
Gay Liberation.....	
no co-ordinator listed.....	265-2181.....
Body Therapy.....	
Bobby Ellies.....	387-5300.....
Experimental Music.....	
Phil Larrimore.....	232-9402.....
Film Making.....	
(needing an instructor), call Kyla Bowled.....	332-1173.....
Photography:Cross Fertilization.....	
John Thronton.....	667-3765(after 6).....
Pamphleteers' Workshop.....	
David Elsila and Pat Strandt.....	737-6141.....
Art Technique.....	
Micael Kroethe.....	548-0950.....
Body Movement.....	
Delphy Vaznaugh.....	333-8965(8-10:30pm).....
Radio and Rock Music Programming.....	
Joshua Brooks(of WHFS).....	656-0770 or 924-2286.....

We realize that it is hard to get an impression of a course through its title alone. For the most part, they do speak for themselves, but if you see one that looks interesting, you can call either WAFU or the course co-ordinator listed by the course. They can give you more complete information as to content and time-meetings-etc.

In a future issue, WOODWIND will have a story on the birth and life thus far of this very worthy organization.

Georgetown University also co-ordinates a free series of courses with WAFU. The courses are as follows; INFORMATION SCIENCE.....
EVOLUTION.....INTRODUCTORY SPANISH.....
INTRODUCTORY JAPANESE..... ANCIENT GREEK..... MARX.....
INTRODUCTORY DUTCH.....INTRODUCTORY DANISH/or GERMAN
SEMINAR IN NEW APPROACHES TO LITERARY CRITICISM.....
SOCIAL ANALYSIS..... OPEN SEMINAR ON WOMEN'S LIB.....
EVOLUTION OF SOCIAL VALUES DURING THE RELATIVELY SHORT
LIFE OF AN ADVANCED SOCIETY..... MID-VICTORIAN APPROA
CHES TO INTERPRETIVE EXEGESIS OF ANIMAL ICONOGRAPHY OF
PRE-HYKSOS PHAORONIC EGYPT(?)..... WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY..
AMERICAN HISTORY FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THEM THAT GOT
SCREWED..... GU SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA..... PAINTING...
HENRY MILLER..... DYLAN..... CREATIVE MEDIA..... AND MORE

Poetry as Process.....	
A. Shandell.....	965-1798(5-10pm).....
Writing Creative Prose.....	
Denis Ledoux.....	387-3431.....
Beginning Folk Guitar.....	
Tony Heatwole	654-9147 or 652-6473
Folk Dance(needs instructor and participants).....	
Steve Gault.....	483-4122(Eve.)or 437-5454
Multi-Media Programming.....	
Steve Prindle.....	638-6680.....
Macramé	
Zoe Brenner.....	332-1125
Outlaw Ideology.....	
Steve d'Arazen.....	462-1532.....
Basic Marxists Economics & Sociology.....	
Eric Lerner.....	667-4566.....
Nutrition, Health Foods and Organic Gardening.....	
Bill Painter.....	338-5010.....
Bread and Yogurt Making.....	
Ron Ross.....	963-4434(days).....
Wine and Cheese Appreciation.....	
Fred Weck.....	333-8822.....
Making(Baking) Bread.....	
James Kiefer.....	656-9319(eve.)&496-1487.....
BackPacking and Camping.....	
Chris Beattie.....	565-3521.....
Bike Mechanics.....	
Lucky Wentworth.....	338-5010.....
Basic Motorcycle Mechanics.....	
Kilcullen.....	549-1355.....
Home Repairs.....	
John Henshilwood.....	387-5300.....
Survival and First Aid.....	
Dan Hinton.....	683-2180.....
Spoken German.....	
Hilary Killcullen.....	549-1355.....
Ecology Action Tactics.....	
Bill Painter.....	338-5010.....
Ecology as a Subversive Science.....	
Tom Andrews.....	338-5010.....
Philosophy and Technique of Transcendental Meditation.....	
Robert Cranson, Charles Donahue.....	387-5050.....
Interpersonal Communications (Encounter).....	
Don Barrett.....	547-1447(after 8pm).....
Between Sound and Silence.....	
John Lagerwerff.....	577-9578.....
Subversive Education for Social Change.....	
Joe Reiner.....	462-3990.....
Problem Solving and Learning.....	
Richard Weiner.....	347-0383 or 546-9442.....
The World of the Occult.....	
Ask for Susan or leave name and number.....	483-3883.....
Couples Rap-Encounter.....	
Don Barrett.....	547-1447(after 8pm).....
Spiritual Experience.....	
Phil and Beth Pease.....	927-5975.....

BIRDS

In the sacred halls of intellect,
 like beggars at the temple,
 we reverently drink the intoxicating fruits of our own intelligence.
 Climbing the white staircase towards the alters
 we forget the making of the wines.
 We have screened away like sunlight the dusty vines
 and the calloused hands of laborers.
 The taste is sweet, the uses many, the supply...
 We cannot foresee catastrophe,
 not here,
 not in the cool vessels of our knowledge.
 Indeed not here.
 Enough sacred blood is...salvation? Surely.

Now in our pondering in the garden
 we are disturbed by the fancies of birds,
 whose songs mask our thoughts
 and antics distract them.
 These birds have never left this garden,
 not since birth.
 Why then do our minds stretch so
 to know how each survives,
 creating the beautiful,
 yet knowing it not?
 Where are our chains?
 What else lurks here
 in the darkness of these vessels?

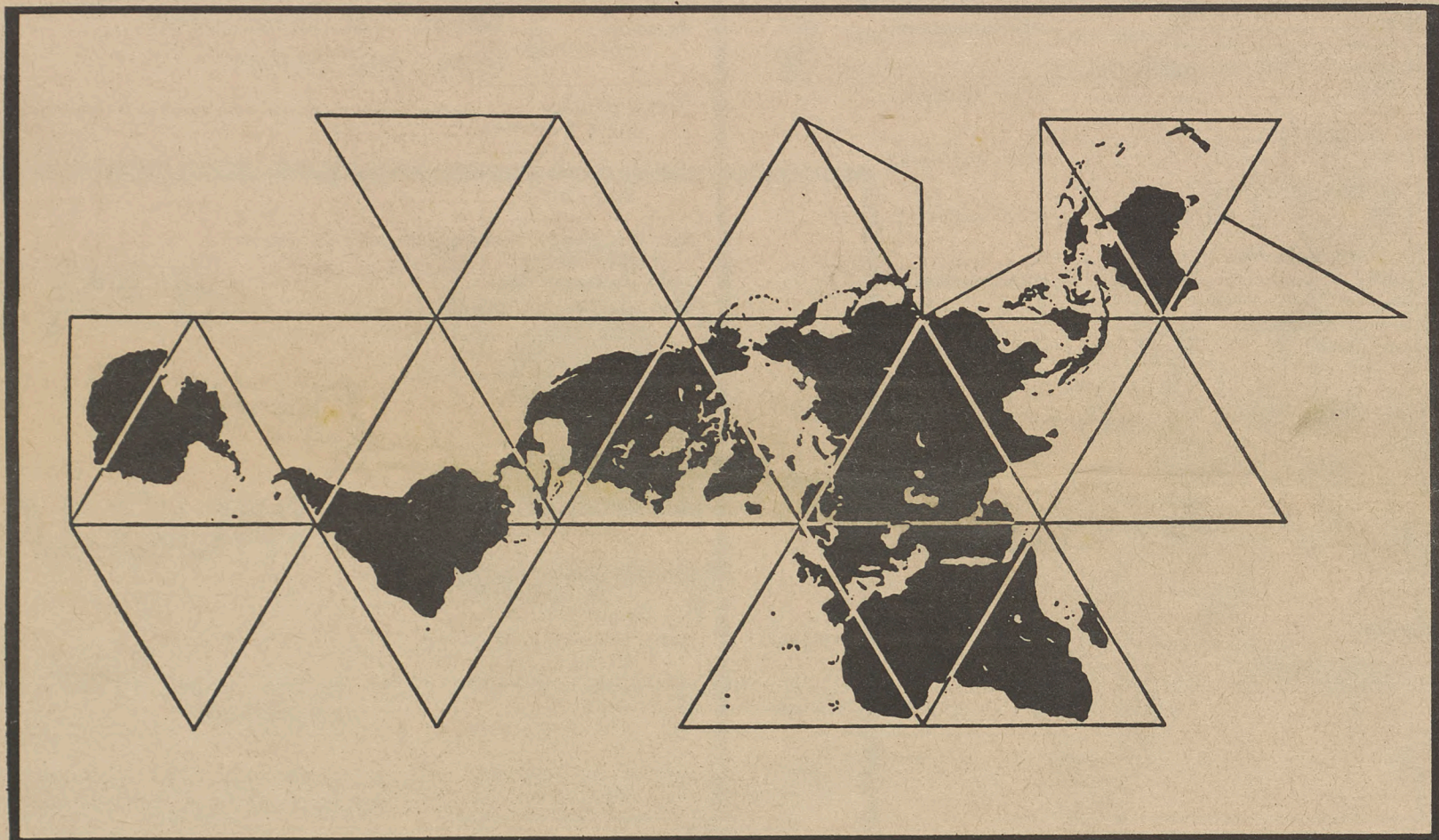
Turn on the marble stairs
 and run down again to the roots of them.
 (We will never find the broken stair.
 We are no more than drunken fools.)

Spill this wine.
 Run back naked to the infinite forest,
 and once again confront
 the yellow eyes of wolves.

sue tichey

CONFESSION FOR BROTHER RICHARD

I didn't like you that morning.
 I forgot, until evening, that you were another human being.
 I didn't like your accent
 or the way you acted,
 physical,
 defensive,
 antagonistic,
 waging your private war with Jim.
 I told someone you thought you were God.
 She smiled along with me.
 I couldn't believe you.
 I couldn't touch the things you spoke of.
 You defended when we mentioned parents
 because you'd left yours,
 like the girl we talked about.
 You didn't like her.
 Her reasons weren't good enough.
 But she had been what you had been, and left behind.
 If Jacky hadn't, I would never have listened again,
 never known why you were,
 or that you, like me, like others,
 felt so much. We talked about feeling and loving,
 simple things,
 touching and crying.
 We touched, the three of us.
 We cried. We sang.
 The blind boy hated us and our songs,
 and we tried to touch him, too.
 You knew we'd all done it,
 bitten off more than anyone could chew.
 You said only God could chew it.
 This was your calling.
 I have received my calling.
 I was born to be a human being.
 For the rest of my life I will be nothing else.



APOLOGY TO MY COUNTRY

Life has retreated to the deepest heart of the earth.
 Color has run back to its source
 in the center of the globe,
 and the corpses of the trees stand
 in morbid testimony to the winter.
 Like the fingers of dying men
 their branches grope unconsciously at the falling snow,
 not knowing what they hold.
 In punishment for their defiance
 the cars are stopped in their tracks
 like so many ice-burdened cattle,
 and the winter's macabre laugh shrills down
 to the deafest ears.
 The months stretch like history
 towards the renaissance of spring.
 But listen.
 In winter's own silence her passing whispers"
 a word dropped like the fall of melting snow,
 and the faint singing of the filling gutters.
 I am tired.
 In a listless dream
 I join the chating of the first thaw.

RUNNING OUT OF WATER

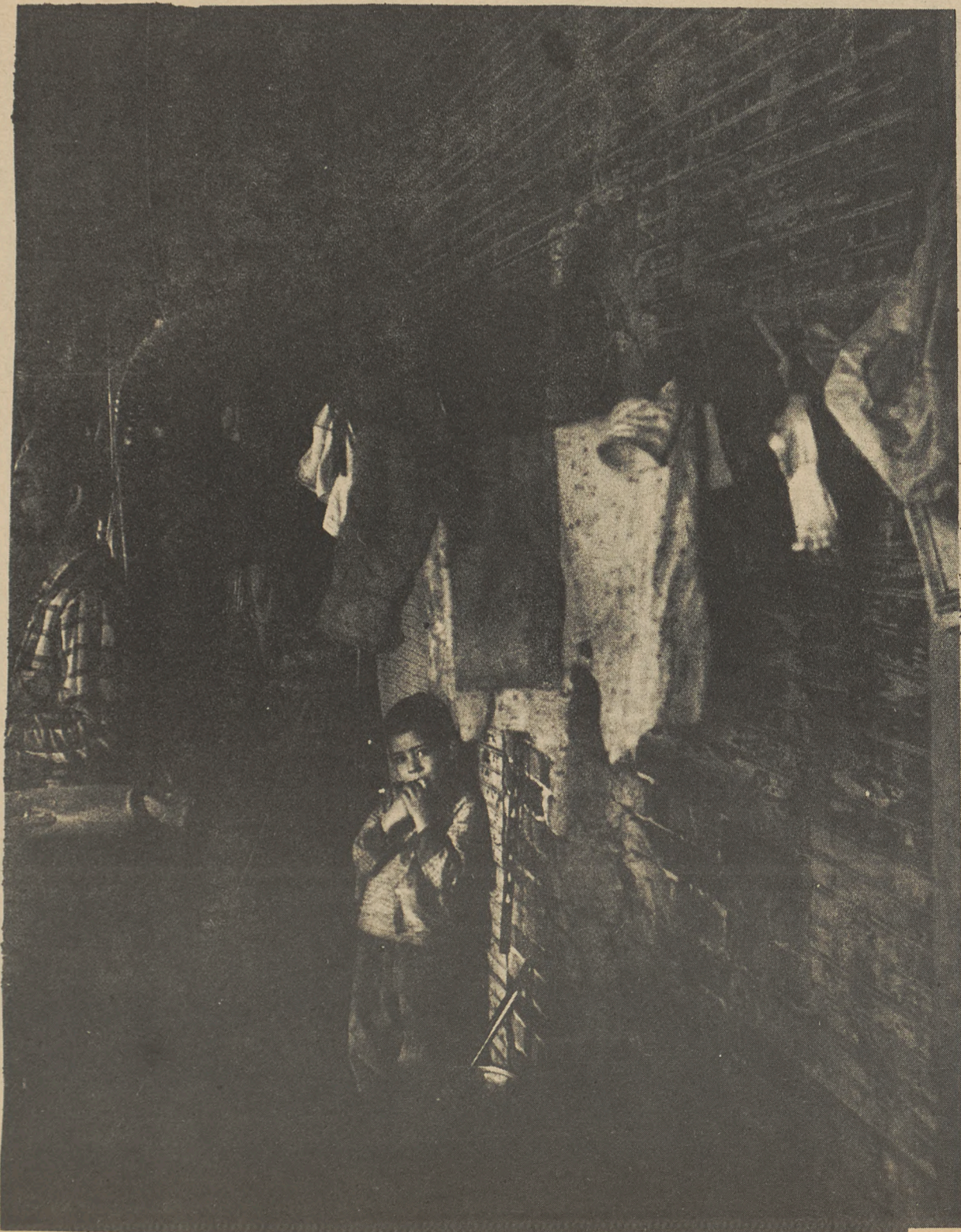
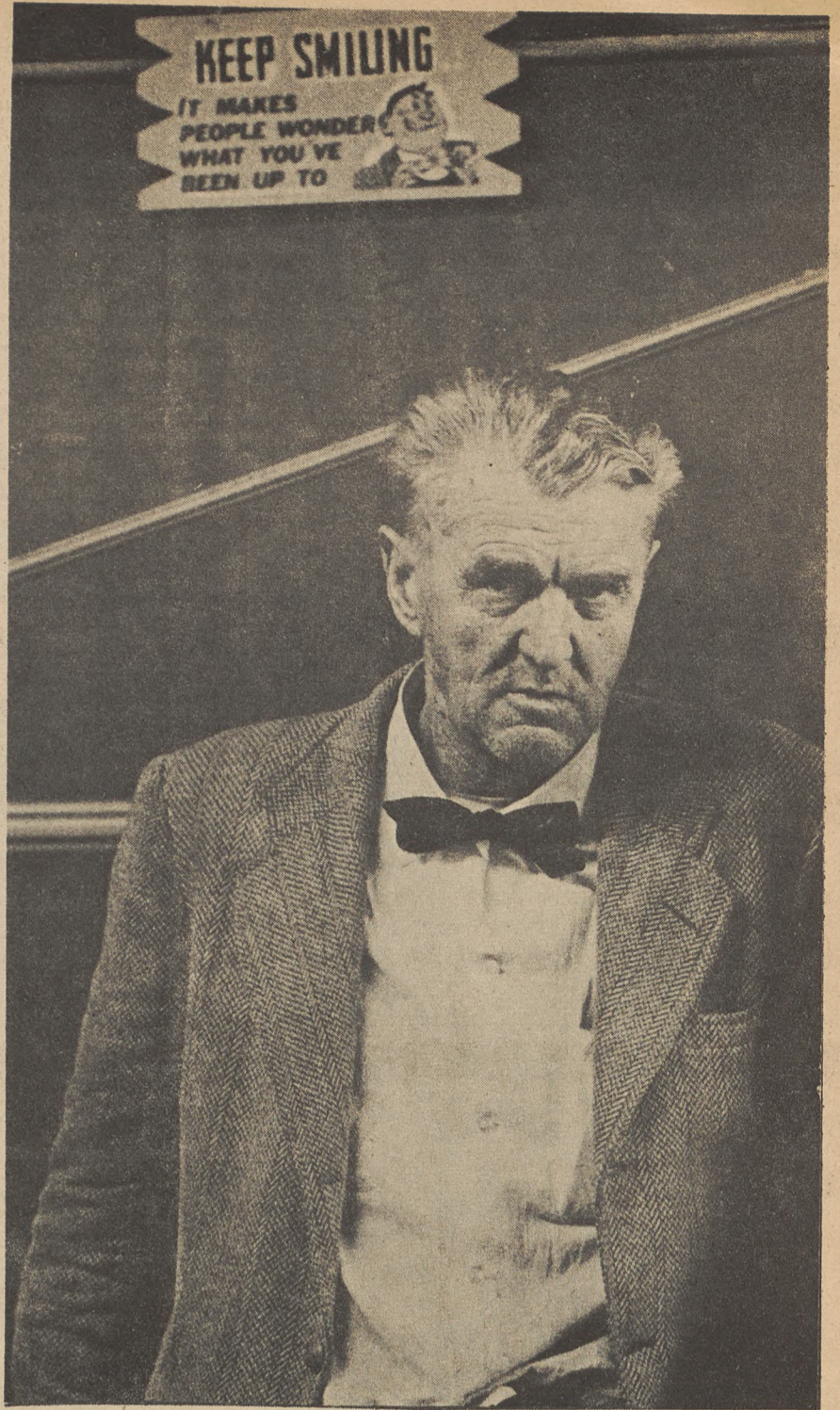
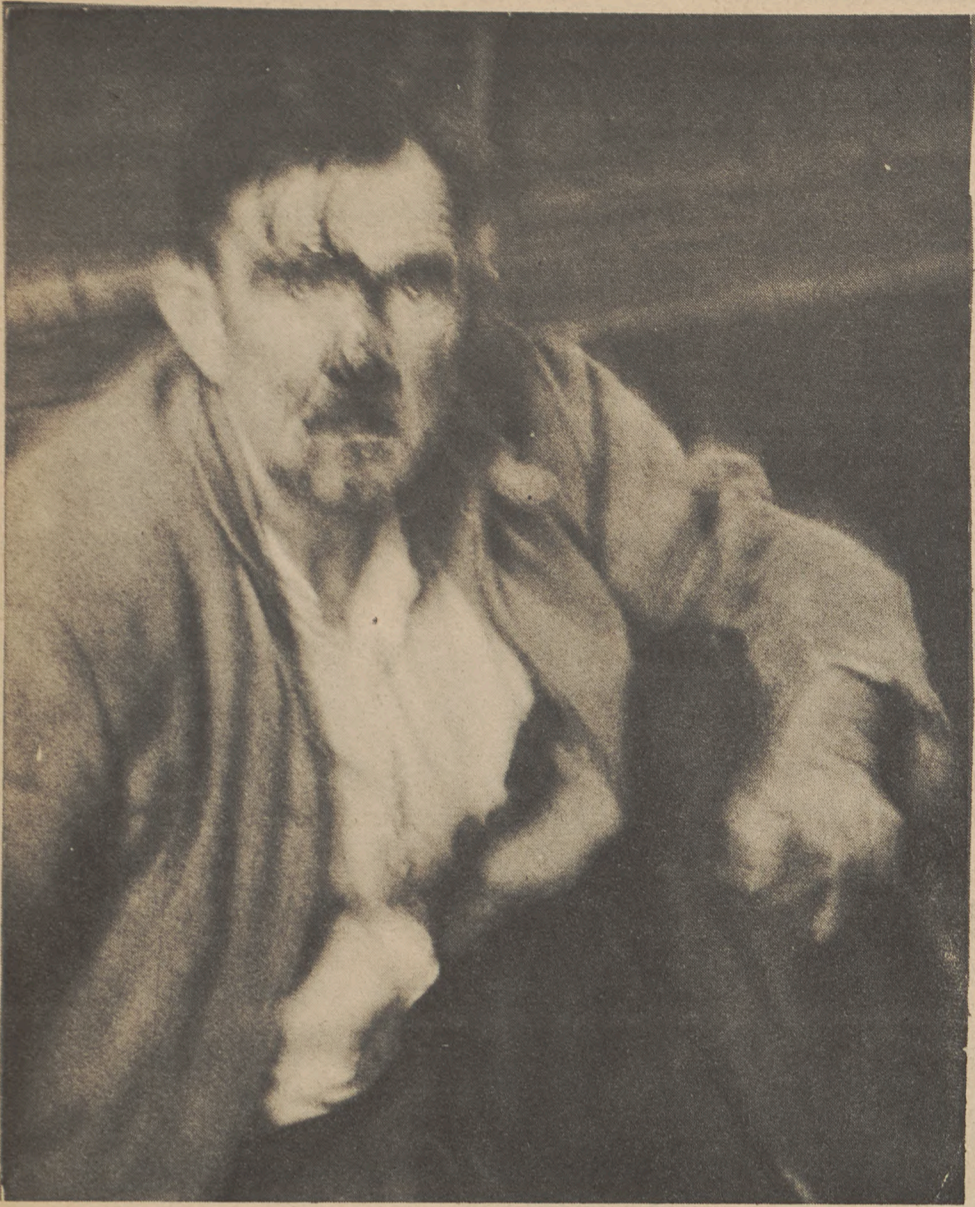
The coals are carried lightly now,
 tossed in a handbag over my shoulder,
 They smoulder,
 used to fire a smile,
 a sob,
 juggled from hand to hand in a demolition derby
 of springing steps, big nights, and constructive reading,
 never left long enough
 to burn.
 The water of Friday nights
 falls steaming from my fingertips.
 I am out alot when you call,
 but the door was taken long ago
 by the blind and helpless firemen;
 and boredom,
 years,
 and fantasy
 steal close when my back is turned,
 to blow softly in the door.
 Some night now when the moon rises,
 a spark,
 when it slides into the sky above the jagged road,
 ignites;
 And it goes roaring past control.
 I have used every drop of water I know,
 and I have only so far to run.
 I've been taught no firedrills.
 We all thought the water would do.

SOME PHOTOS by George DeVincent

George de Vincent is perhaps the finest photographer in Washington. While always a pleasure to publish fine photography, it is a singular honor to be able to publish George's photographs. If these photos seem stark and bleak, it is because they capture a reality we too often avoid-- by not looking into the eyes of the people who live around us. With these particular photos, you cannot avoid the eyes--and you can easily understand why George is considered one of the finest photographers in America, that rare mixture of compassion, realism and understanding.

RH





George de Vincent



George de Vincent



A Note On The Type

Like
Unexpected windshadow
I remember you,
A rabbit quivers with it
In my arm.

The sky moves.
It is weather degrees with cold,
I have stared up at the light,
Using tastes so one can live
On root and berry
Deside the full bowl.
I sleep without fear like
The antelope moves, slow,
Even while hunted.
I have settled like cloth on water
Down to knowledges left
When we know nothing
Reconciled with knowing too much,
These wed
Final as ink in this well.

The fidelities we longed for
Do not exist
And what we hate waits
Like a grease to the skin,
O uncling.
Like the grass from its earth,
Grow its beautiful grain
From blank stone to
Our unfinished house.
There is a morning from
(me) (here) (to) (sun) (you) (there).

At dark
The distances will get us by,
Circling moons
Counting conditions of climate
Comparing scopes and meanings
To last night's tear,
I now toast our health
"A Tear To Our Good Health"
Which I blow down a long pipe,
A bitter and narrow fruit,
Glistening and hard as an eye,
I send down a very long pipe
From my mouth
Across empty towns
To your ear.



There Is A Farm

house beside me
Rising
The ladder
Passes
The carcass
Wet with
Blood
For the pit
Beneath

Everyday
Today
It is
Occasioned
By bouquets
Of breakable
Birds

I sing
Them
Screaming
Louder than God

WHAT PLACE is this

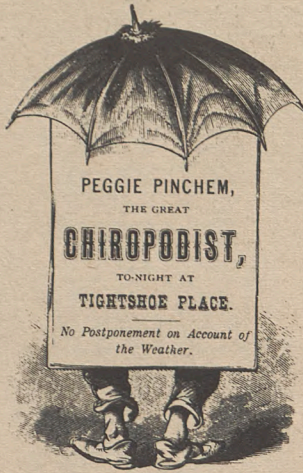
Under which
Its sky
Children die

Desolate
Conspirators
Still
As large
Attempting

And all
We have
Is
Each other.

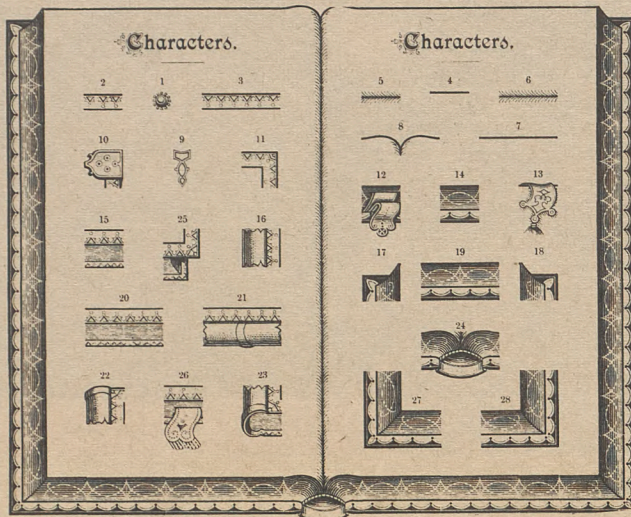


Grace Cavalieri



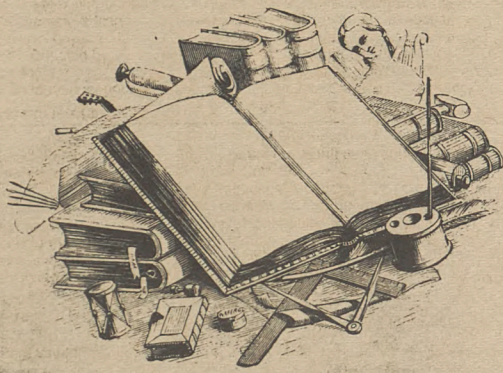
My Body On The Beach

My body on the beach
Hearing my throat
Getting a little crazy
With a curious
Vitality like a
Weapon of conception
Giving off old cells
Separate, alternate
Closing, smiling
Trembling, after appetite.



Redeeming Social Values

Riding ahead on the cycle, the
Wind's faster in my jacket
I have nothing more to say
Easier clouds deserve
My air.
You say conflict is better
Than nothing
My father says his money
Will outlive him
My neighbor says "But you've never
Lost a son"
The black dentist on the block
Turns white
So I'm on the lamb
Running
Shaving all hair off my body
Like a champion swimmer
To save one tenth of a second
Every two hundred yards.



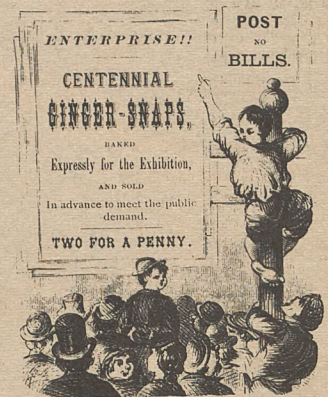
Advent

Running breathing surviving
The midnight dawn
Sun
The light on my shoulder
The cry on my jaw
Withered sky
Wrinkled stone
moving
Through centuries
On this purple circle
to this bone
And the space without it
laughing
Not similar to the dead.



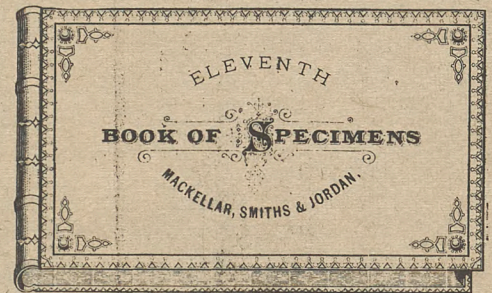
Life And Death In Christ's Own Time

In my famous brand name waltz gown
The fortunes of due processes
Are imponderable as ever
Foreshadowing all which is
Palpable
All rendered us, all us,
Treated summarily in our
Non run problemless pantyhose
Where are the inevitable conclusions
Promised?
The premise to the goals?
And why not now?
Because it is a military necessity
That's what
Kissing our gold tooth, they do,
Whenever they catch our smile
But surely, surely it is time to escape
Conflict, result, conflict, result,
There is a tale told that
Things are related to us, all,
And soon, soon we are to spring to it,
From our actions out of our clothes
Antinomian
Look it up, then do it with your life
Tougher than teflon to the pan



The Contract

How should it begin
This illustrious abnormality
This off-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.



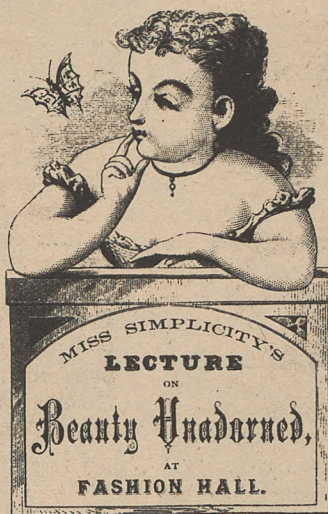
Down The Road

Ten percent of the people
Own ninety percent of the land
Doesn't this virulence make them
Allergic to the sky?
For sure: Can sky meet its horizons
On such percentages
Showering birds as if on good grain?
Those ninety percent, people left
Unattended, dormant, they without
Proper feathers, they rigidly in
Or its comb
Inexplicably, the winners
Who sign their names, vice and distribute
Once are our non-winners
Winning the day for the losing team
Losing the day for the winners.

Days that future passed are gone
 and left behind by a swiftly
 moving time
 But I remember
 when
 in my awkward youth
 on crisp red and orange sundays
 father and I would cycle
 through the town
 Soaring past staring churchgoers
 We would wave and smile
 then return to our religion of riding
 On bright
 sunny afternoons in
 green waving meadows
 We would fly kites
 lying on our backs gazing
 upward at the heavens and
 at white birds that flirted
 with out crafts
 Then latter being bigger
 and stronger we built a
 magnificent yellow kite
 taller than me and wider
 than my arms spread
 Flying day came and I
 was filled with child's
 chills of anxiety
 Launching out the kite
 rocketed skyward
 String whistling burning
 my hands as it went
 Dancing and darting like
 a carefree boy
 Then slowly like an aged
 man
 it began a drunken
 march across the sky
 Then suddenly with a snap
 As if cutting the umbilical chord
 It was free and
 we watched it waft away
 floating till it was
 like a tiny man
 on a far off hill or
 a star made small
 by time and distance
 We stood each perspectivevly
 proposing theories
 as to what would happen
 But it was gone forever
 like these days
 Days that future passed
 Days only to remember

I hear
 silentness;
 which lives
 within the
 early morn
 ing haze.
 Silent
 Silence.
 Strange
 But I
 can hear
 so many
 sounds

Sitting in Rosemary's
 Antique Shop along
 with Rosemary and
 her antiques
 Was a beautiful young girl
 She sat in an over-stuffed
 chair bearing no resemblance
 to Rosemary or the Antiques
 But existing and strangely
 becoming a part of the whole



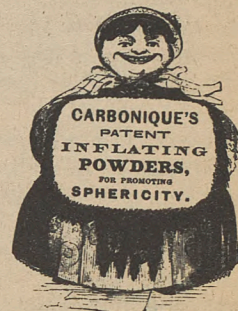
The field was bare
 except for dry boney brown stalks
 Stalks left from a harvest
 Stalks forming a skeleton of
 the once living
 And blackbirds came to pick
 the meat that was left
 on the bones



The rain has stopped
 and a
 wet branch
 drops
 under the
 weight of a
 mockingbird

I'm
 sea
 rch
 ing
 for
 som
 eth
 ing
 NEW.
 It
 may
 be
 yellow
 or
 blue
 or
 red,
 but
 due
 to
 man's
 cons
 tant
 yea
 rn
 ing,
 what
 is
 new
 to
 day,
 to
 mor
 row
 is
 dead.

cat you walk so slyly
 through the grass
 Your shadow
 in the setting
 sun
 leaps ahead towards
 an unsuspecting
 sparrow



by RICHARD R STEWARD

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THEATER

NATURAL AND UNNATURAL ACTS-

The second selection of the newly formed Folger Theater Group this season is a new play about Lord Byron, "Natural and Unnatural Acts", by novice British playwright Michael Menaugh.

I would have liked to say that contrary to the publicized opinions of other Washington drama critics, that it really is a good play or has some merit. Yet, the production fails on almost every level of appreciation.

A major fault is the quality of the written play. One would think that the story of a beautiful man with a club foot, who was berated by his mother, who had passionate love affairs with his sister and his page, who was a great controversial poet and literary figure, who had a stormy marriage, who was known for his drunkenness and his lusty affairs with other women and who heroically and romantically joined the fight for Greek independence would not only be exciting, but also romantic and perhaps provocative.

Menaugh's work, unfortunately, lacks most of these qualities. There is no action, suspense, originality or any deep involvement at all with the characters. It is almost totally composed of vignettes and monologues, which offer the actor little more than the opportunity for elocution exercises or for displaying a stylized version of how people must have expressed themselves in the early 19th century.

And as for action, most of the time one feels that everything of any interest at all has happened backstage. What remains are usually narrated newspaper account-like allusions of the pursuits and infamy which occupied most of Byron's life. The most we are allowed to see of the people who purportedly were of consequence to his life is generally their coffins. Surely a casket can have dramatic impact, but three funeral orations in a row is really a bit too much.

And where is the bawdy Byron? If Byron was a lusty man, where are the whores he consorted with? If he was so outrageously drunk, where are the drunken orgies? It seems that Menaugh was reluctant to show us this part of Byron's character, but is willing to have every character tell us about it.

To further complicate matters, Menaugh has seemingly tried to combine a Shakespearean period approach with several dramatic techniques that are now in vogue-- characters playing multiple roles, quick changes of time and place, stream of consciousness dialogue, and an emphasis on psycho-analysis. The result is very contrived and devoid of either plot or a meaningful theme.

Great direction might have saved the play, but Richmond Crinkley has only added to the bland monotonous intensity of the evening in his stylized interpretations. The development of human relationships and inter-personal exchanges and responses must have been categorically denied. Speeches of love and hate are directed at the audience--and in moments of emotion on the actor's faces are almost always hidden from our view. Action and dialogue seemed forced and planned, meaningless and unjustified.

A welcome exception is the interpretation of Byron's sister, Augusta Leigh, by Kaiulani Lee. Her character is both believable and refreshing. Also in a minor role, Michael Franz emotes great feeling and wins our empathy as Lukas, Byron's Greek page.

One could not doubt that the lead, Douglas Ball, physically conveys the statuesque countenance of the dashing young Byron. One can also be convinced of his excellence in his field. Yet the man of passion, or of bitterness or of human weakness is kept from us. Every word is spoken with the same level of intensity. What may have passed for good dramatic interpretation, only rarely involved the audience in a believable performance. And these glimmers of potential were almost always abruptly stifled by a change of mood or another funeral.

The best aspects of the play are technical--the dramatic lighting effects of Richard de Fabbes and the electronic music of Claudia Burns. Also, one cannot neglect to mention the pleasure of participating in the debut of the Folger Library Theatre as a "living stage". And while NATURAL AND UNNATURAL ACTS does not succeed, one must commend the efforts of the Folger group for chancing an untried and hence risky play with Washington audiences.

RUTH STENSTROM

THE NIGHT THOREAU SPENT IN JAIL is an innocuous commercial popularization of one of the most irascible and volatile iconoclasts in American history. As portrayed in Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's new play, Thoreau emerges as something of an amiable eccentric. Perhaps the most influential of political thinkers in modern times (next to Marx), he is characterized chiefly by an adolescent rebellion to Emerson's domesticity. A fervent abolitionist and passionate defender of so mercilessly violent a figure as John Brown, Thoreau is shown for the better part of the play cataloging varieties of plants and joking with the children.

("Ellen, that makes 101 varieties of grass in the meadow!"--is it possible that the vision of "Walden" and "Civil Disobedience" are really so disparate?)

Telescoping arbitrarily chosen and presumably crucial events from his life during the brief period he spent in jail for refusing to pay taxes (in protest of the Mexican-American war) we see Thoreau gently chiding his mother, teaching those wonderful kids, shyly courting the throaty Ellen Sewall, frolicking with his brother, challenging his mentor Emerson and conversing with his earthy cellmate. All in all a remarkably convivial revolutionary.

Which, while having little to do with the man or his ideas, is going to rake in one hell of a lot of gelt for Messrs. Lawrence and Lee, and more than likely will win them the Pulitzer Prize. Revolutionaries are good business. Headshops may be closing but the number of limousine liberals on Ramparts subscription list is constantly increasing.

Even television is cashing in on it with *The Young Rebels*. Put them in period dress and make certain that they say nothing too offensive, and baby, let me tell ya', they'll sell.

Not only do they have the contemporaneity of "TNT--The Now Thoreau" as the playwrights so cleverly put it, on their side, but they have ART as well. "There's this really heavy dream he's got. Yeah. Heavy! Only, a little weird. Y'know what I mean? All about slaves and the civil war and stuff. Only it's maybe fifteen years before. Y'know what I mean? Heavyweird. Yeah, that's it, kind of arty." Not to mention that the play is so unevenly and erratically structured that it suggests aesthetic intent.

The performances range from delightful to competent. Michael Fairman, though jumping lines throughout the first act, is adequate as Thoreau and Richard Bauer is appropriately pompous as Emerson. Ned Beatty brings extraordinary life to the role of Bailey, Thoreau's cellmate---and Jill Eikenberry, as Ellen Sewall, seemed to possess a magnetic presence on stage.

Ray Mungo wrote of the stench rising from the Concorde River as he followed the path set by Thoreau on a canoe trip more than a century before. It is as if Lawrence and Lee had set about to bottle that same water which carried Thoreau but in their eagerness to get it to market never paused to note either the sludge or the odor.

DAVID EVANS

It is getting to the point where the only valid theatrical experience available in Washington is to be had in the strip of joints on 14th Street or in the amateur experimental theatre productions of the Theatre Lobby or the Back Alley Theatre. WTC's and Arena's current offerings are bland at best. Ford's Theatre is providing outdated comedy of what one might call outdated production.

In the face of such competition, it's almost a backhanded compliment to say that Theatre Lobby's current production of THE WHITE HOUSE MURDER CASE is easily the best show in town. And that's a pity. For Jules Feiffer's devastating comedy brings to the stage all the pathos, venom and humor that one has come to expect from his cartoons.

The play's only faults stem in fact from the play's adherence to the medium of the comic strip. The use of Nerve gas in the war against Communist aggression in Brazil--as a backdrop for the murder of the President's wife--stabbed to death in the cabinet room with the shaft of the Attorney General's golf club on which is stapled the placard MAKE LOVE NOT WAR--is an ideal setting for Feiffer's wit to run amuck in. The characters are in fact caricatures and are thus able to move through the chaos set before them with deft and unnerving certainty. It is only when confronted with the relative sanity of the President's wife that the play begins to drag and, though continually reviving itself, even Feiffer's humor begins to run a little thin. But who should complain? Agnew stopped being funny two years ago Tuesday.

The production is well-conceived and the pacing is a delight. The performances are for the most part satisfactory, with Al Sugg as the laconic cigar-smoking Attorney General particularly good.

DAVID EVANS

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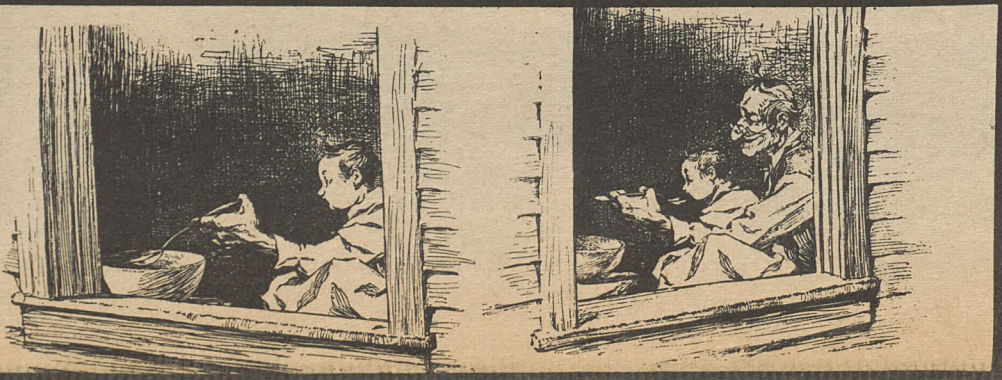
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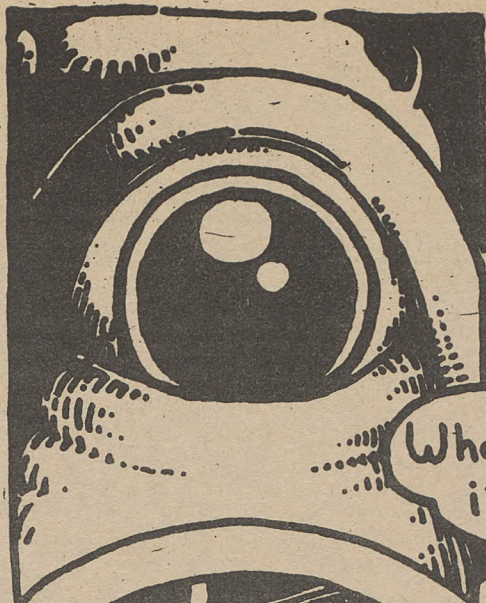
not
Columbia
Duke
Takoma park

SAGITTA is
more than just
eating
tue thru sun (closed
5pm 1am
mondays)





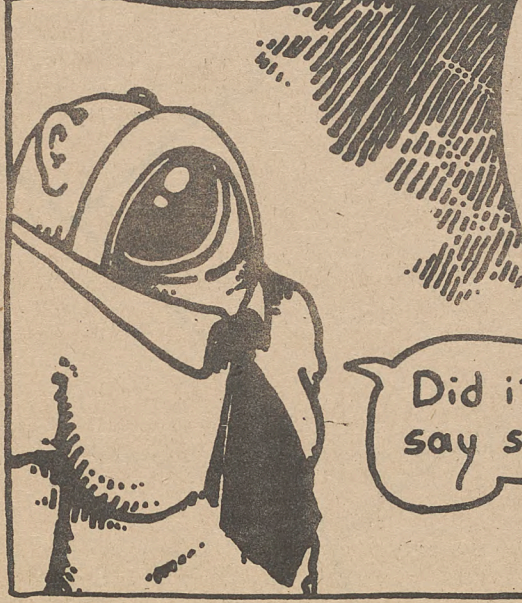
My goodness!
Isn't that the
strangest thing you've
ever seen?



What is
it?



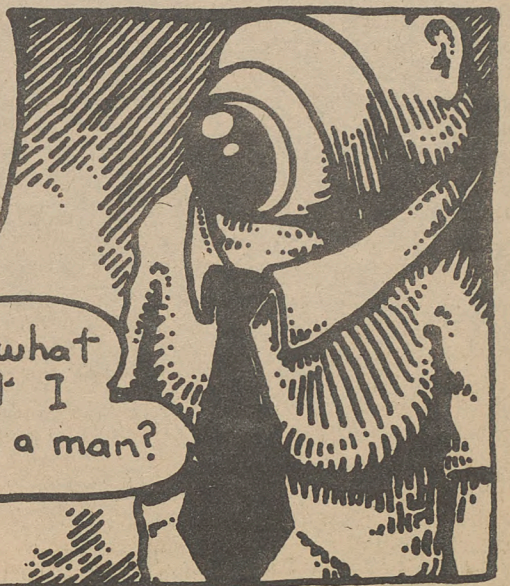
Where did
it come from?



Did it
say something?



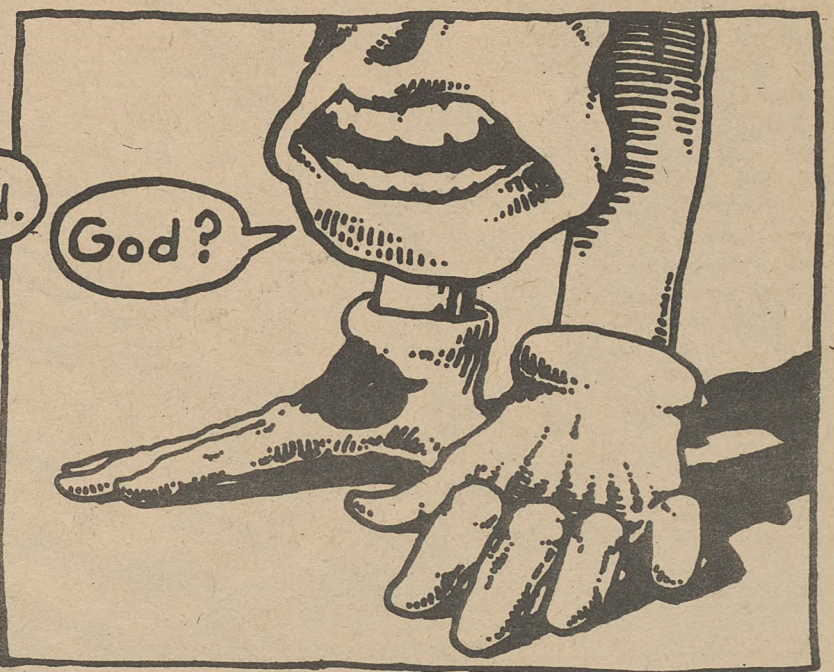
I'm a
man.



And what
might I
ask is a man?



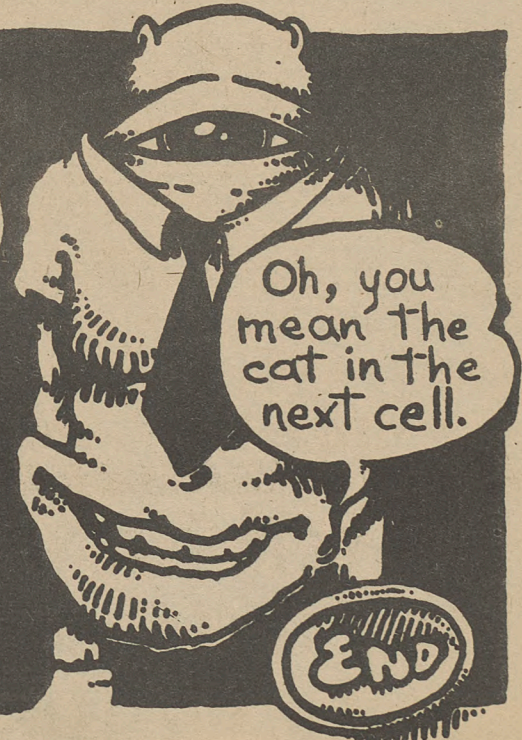
Why, man's the
son of all-mighty god.
We're even made
in his image.



God?



Yeah God! You know...
the creator of heaven
and earth; the holy
being who gave man
life and this earth
for our own.



Oh, you
mean the
cat in the
next cell.

END



**SOME PERSONS TAKE
NATURE SERIOUSLY**

FOURTEENTH COOLIDGE FESTIVAL

Washington, DC is no oasis for any of the arts, whether fine or popular, traditional or modernistic. Unlike most large cities, however, Washington has a peculiar sporadic compensation for its basically provincial character. The presence of the Federal Government here occasionally makes our city into a temporary mecca for one or another of the arts. Akin to this is the continual presence of the Smithsonian facilities and the National Gallery.

Next Spring, the Pan American Union will hold the Fifth Inter-American Music Festival gathering composers, performers and other musicians from all over this hemisphere. This fall there has been the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation's "14th Festival of Chamber Music, put on by the Library of Congress.

Several musical minded ladies gave money to the Library of Congress to make this Festival a continuing affair. Most important, naturally, was Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. She commissioned and paid for a number of this century's most interesting chamber works. In addition to Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Gertrude Clarke Whittall and Mrs. W. Duncan McKim made donations to the Library of Congress which have exerted a continuing positive influence upon the state of Twentieth Century Music.

On October 30th and 31st, 1970, these ladies' foundation (along with the foundation begun by Serge Koussevitsky) collaborated to present the world premieres of eleven chamber works. The Claremont String Quartet and the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble were featured as performing groups. Soloists ranged from Nathan Milstein, Rafael Druian, and Marni Nixon on the one hand to Michael Dash, a local black boy soprano, and Richard Dirksen, precenter of Washington's National Cathedral, on the other. The music was no less varied. It ranged from Juan Orrego-Salas' exquisite and moving conservative piece entitled "Words of Don Quixote", to John Eaton's live-electronic "MASS" for soprano, clarinet, and multi-farious electronic synthesizers, recorders, etc.

Several strands of contemporary musical practice and thought were represented. It is to the credit of those who chose the Koussevitsky and Coolidge commissions that none of the works were colorless or badly written. I have been to many, many concerts in which all of the pieces of modern music were much worse than the worst one in the Coolidge Festival.

One strand of American classical musical tradition which was represented well was the mathematical, structural, and totally-organized strand. Milton Babbitt, well recognized as the leading spokesman of this intensely cerebral music, presented his "Fourth String Quartet". To my taste, Babbitt's electronic pieces are wonderful and his instrumental pieces are boring. This was instrumental, and, sure enough, boring. Charles Dodge, the youngest composer represented, offered his electronic piece, "Changes". Unlike Babbitt, his electronic pieces are not wonderful. In fact, they reminded me of Babbitt's instrumental works - boring in the same ways. This is progress.

The "John Cage School" VERY loosely conceived, of American music, was represented by a Canadian, R. Murray Schafer. His piece recalls John Cage primarily because of the freedoms it gives to the performers. These freedoms have become a traditional part of new musical performance practice mostly because of the influence of John Cage and his writings. "SAPPHO", for soprano and chamber ensemble, was beautiful, inventive, and impressive.

There were several non-American composers represented as well. Luigi Dallapiccola, who is one of Italy's best known living composer's, is one of my favorites. His "SCIUT UMBRA" was lyrical, delicate, and beautiful. It was sung very well by Jan de Gaetani, and performed with equal success by the members of the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble who accompanied her. It was one of the high points of the Festival.

Jean-Claude Eloy, who has been associated with his teacher, Pierre Boulez, showed us that he has broken loose from his mentor's influence with a new piece, "FAISCEAUX-DIFFRACTIONS". It was original and fascinating. Unfortunately it had the distinction of being much too loud and much too long. I began by liking it and ended up disliking the piece and feeling unkind thoughts toward Mr. Eloy for his loud-and-long-windedness.

The most unusual piece was John Eaton's "MASS". It was scored for Soprano, clarinet, three Syn-Ket electronic devices, one modified Moog Synthesizer, and much other electronic paraphernalia. The clarinetist, William O. Smith, and the Soprano, Miciko Harayama were extremely impressive in the range of expressive nuances which they produced. The composer was equally impressive in the inventiveness which he showed in co-ordinating the efforts of his various 'live' electronic performers. The result, however, was not very satisfying. In trying to achieve a kind of 'expressionism/1970' the composer failed to provide enough links with humaneness or with his listener's musical backgrounds and experiences to achieve what seemed to me to have been his aims. It was impressive, but it seemed shallow.

The undisputed hit of the Festival was the piece by George H. Crumb, entitled "ANCIENT VOICES FOR CHILDREN". A small part of the reason for this popularity, no doubt, was the fact that Crumb used a boy soprano as one of the two soloists - and a local black boy as well. The other singer was Jan de Gaetani, who also did well in the Dallapiccola.

The real reason we liked the piece, however, was that it was simply good music. Crumb has proven himself to be one of our very best composers. His music sounds like nobody else's. It is beautiful, it is moving, it is delicate, and it is emotional. Crumb's imaginative ability with sounds is impressive. His ability to create an emotional mood is matched by his ability to re-create a familiar, but elusive cultural aura. As an example of the latter, his works often make use of sounds which seem Japanese or Chinese.

In ANCIENT VOICES OF CHILDREN, the cultural aura which Crumb evoked was a Spanish one. This was in keeping with the Garcia Lorca poems which provide the text. The singers gave several examples of their virtuoso powers. They sang very loudly and very softly; skipped about, and changed intonation abruptly; all of these gymnastics, however, contributed directly to the emotional message. They did not detract. Crumb's use of percussion, reverberative electronics, and other unorthodox techniques had the same effect - they served to enhance the message. It was one of the most enjoyable pieces I have ever seen or heard.

Each concert had its complement of Beethoven pieces, framing the world premieres. The best of these was the "String Quartet in F minor, Opus 95". The latter was given a beautiful performance by the Claremont Quartet to close the Saturday night performance.

In 1976, if things continue to go as in the past, there will be another festival. I hope to be there.

stephen allen whealton



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Counternotes

Donald Byrd : ELECTRIC BYRD ; an analysis

Donald Byrd has taken a giant step forward by successfully integrating jazz and electric. While superficially utilized by less competent artists seeking to widen their audience, this album seems the natural follow-up in Byrd's musical evolution. The Detroit-based trumpeteer grew with the "hard bop" innovators in the late 50's, training and blossoming as a technically adroit soloist in Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. As a composer he is lyrical and kaleidoscopic in timber. Byrd creates a virtual travelogue, an aural vista of the imagination. Running the gamut of emotions, he produces highly textured compositions encompassing the basic structural concepts of jazz, yet never losing the mysterious complexity of a darkly primeval spirit.

Academically speaking, Byrd has taken the three primary characteristics of bebop and endowed them with new life. The disintegration of the rhythmic section allows for full use of polyrhythms. The bass supplies metrical continuity, while the drums and percussion maintain a contrary rhythm. Such variety allows the soloist to open up, free from the boxed-in effect of parallel repetition. Any amateur venturing into such structural territory inevitably produces a sonorous anarchy. But with first rate musicians, ELECTRIC BYRD has become rhythmically richer and more eloquent. The combo has made full use of bop's decomposition of beat by overlaying sheets of sound metrically heterogeneous. The third characteristic, non-continuity, complements the latter by allowing soloists to play with a lattice form: spaces and stops used as windows through which to view the rhythmic backdrops.

"Estavanico", first of the three Byrd compositions, employs theme and variation as the framework. Airtio Morreira displays unmatched genius, opening the piece with a percussive introduction. The theme is stated by the woodwinds in a cool rift combining with the trumpet and drums reiterating the melody. The guitar and bass function as a rhythmic foundation. Byrd launches the variations, freed from the linear melody in his first trumpet solo. Mickey Roker subtly backs on the bass. Flute and trumpet meet and Byrd emerges for a second solo in which his tone is particularly lucid. Using the echo effect prevalent throughout the album, the flute passage conjures up the ethereal. The electric piano joins playing horizontal patterns which crystallize into a solo by Pepper Adams on baritone sax, who's strong, scalar notes both soar and grind. A wa-a-wa effect leads back into the flute's restatement of the theme, which is then restated collectively. Donald Byrd enters for a final solo of pulsing, spaced notes, darting to rests, and warily approaching a quiet end.

"Xibaba" is a composition by Airtio Morreira combining the two basic melodic designs forming a loosely structured work. Donald Byrd dramatically sets forth the melody with Duke Pearson at electric piano sharing the opening measures. Pearson continues with the left and right hands playing parallel roles, then streaming into free meter for a solo. Bass and conga drums flow into the tenor sax and trumpet which jointly state the theme. A brief flute interlude explores the scale. At this point, harmony punctuates the composition's end by interweaving the melodic lines as stated by the various instruments.

"The Dude", Byrd's third composition, radically departs from the introspective nature of the previous pieces. In the first measures, Ron Carter walks his bass in a raucous upbeat rhythm followed by parallel guitar and drum riffs. The melody is stated in a simple linear pattern with the rhythm assuming equal importance. The brass states an auxiliary melody, accenting the simple repetitive form. This is the final piece; it completes the album on an optimistic note.

Structured, moody, exciting, ELECTRIC BYRD is the gem of the new Blue Note releases.

MERRIL GREENE



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Two new artists have attempted a McCartney-ish total album—that is, doing all the work through over-tracking, including vocals, instrumentals, and original material. Though comparisons sometimes seem odious, one can't help notice references, or perhaps more correctly, influences.

EMMIT RHODES (Dunhill DS-50089) is so much like McCartney that it blows my mind. Not just his voice, but his material and manner. It could have been a drawback with a lesser artist, but if you shrug off the comparisons, you can discover a nicely rounded artist whose forte is simplicity. Simple structures, consequential lyrics. There is a sense of repetition in many of the songs—not an exact one, but a sense, in "Somebody Made For Me", "Live Till You Die", and "With My Face On the Floor". If you do like the Beatles, you'll like this. As a matter of fact, I've messed up several people by playing this record and saying it was the Beatles "lost record". They believed it. I guess my last impression is that the album is mellow, and very pretty to listen to.

The other album of this kind is RUNT (Ampex A10105). Runt is Todd Rundgren, who for several years led and wrote most of the material for a group called Nazzy. Generally, he is also acknowledged to be one of the best engineers in the business, having worked with Butterfield, Ian & Sylvia and The Band.

There are twelve songs in all on this album, with, ironically, the best songs lumped together on the first side—"Broke and Busted", "Believe in Me", "Once Burned" and "We Got To Get You A Woman" (which has been receiving some airplay.)

There are references to Laura Nyro, particularly in "Get You a Woman". It almost seems like a stylistic homage, well done (natch). Rundgren's voice lies somewhere between Neil Young, John Simon, and our own Bob Brown, but it is well suited to the material. This album has many flashes, particularly throughout "I'm In The Clique". There is rock and there are some fascinating classical-modernistic flashes. "There Are No Words" is beautiful, and all too brief. A noticeable album.

STEPPENWOLF 7 (Dunhill DSX 50090) is just more Steppenwolf-hard, intelligent rock. More time is given over to the instrumentals, for example, the very strange "Earschplittenlundenboomer", which is almost a departure in texture for this basically heavy group. "Fat Jack" and "Foggy Mental Breakdown" get it back on in the usual style. Steppenwolf music is usually simple (MONSTER being the exception) in concept, and has always been hard to describe. You either like it or you don't. So what else is there to say, except that the album jacket is very fine, front, back and center.

Joan Baez is an institution—perhaps a people's institution more than anything else. As fine an example of the committed artist as we have, her life and her music have been reflections of her love of mankind. It seems so much less than ten years ago that we first took serious notice of her in Old Boston. The years have witnessed the growth of one of the few artists (particularly in her field) to build a career mostly on interpretations of other peoples' material. Of course, having a friend like Bob Dylan can direct a lot of material your way. This album, JOAN BAEZ—THE FIRST TEN YEARS (Vanguard VSD-65607/1) is a gentle sampling of her broad range: "Silver Dagger", "John Riley", "Geordie"—I remember when I first heard those songs and they reawakened a sense of the traditional, at least it was a direction. Songs of love and protest from Phil Ochs, Tim Hardin, Donovan, Jagger and of course Bob Dylan (six of his songs). Love of mankind is beauty and Joan Baez is a beautiful person. Only listen...

JANEY & DENNIS (Reprise RS 6414) are from the old days—folkish, good timey, strong and alive. Doing almost all original material, they bring back that sense of togetherness that was a current five or six years ago, but has been replaced by either the slick or the harder sound of recent years. Best cuts are "Northern Boy", "Take It From a Friend" and "Another Day". Both singers have fine voices, with Janey's voice standing up a little more strongly, particularly in the harmonies. I hope there is still a niche for this one.

Sly and the Family Stone find themselves in the unusual position of being a good band with bad luck and misfortune. Some of it they are responsible for (like skipping gigs) and some not. No matter they make good music. Epic has released two collections—A WHOLE NEW THING (E 30335) and DANCE TO THE MUSIC (E 30334). The first is old stuff, staple for the group, but not second-nature-to-us-music "If This Room Could Talk"... "Let Me Hear From You"... "I Hate To Leave Her"... the second album has the well-known hits, like "Dance To The Music"... "Higher"... and "Are You Ready". Get it together Sly. Your music is too good to come to us only through records.

Too often in the shadow of the late Janis Joplin, Big Brother and the Holding Company were nevertheless a fine band with a sound that was very much their own. Their latest efforts are well captured on BE A BROTHER (Columbia C30222). The addition of Nick Gravenites on vocals (and as a writer) turns out to be a good move. One of Gravenite's songs, "Joseph's Coat" is one of the highlights of the album, part of a very good first side. "Keep On" is thematically related to the old Big Brother style of the days with Joplin. "Home on the Strange" is an instrumental, well-constructed and featuring a very simplistic, but well-done guitar solo—there is a jazz feeling to this song. "I'll Change Your Flat Tire, Merle" is a very funny parody-homage to Mele Hagard and country music in general. "Mr. Natural" does the same for heads. It's good to see Big Brother back and together.

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TUES NOV 3 8:00 PM SPECIAL



BEST STUDENT FILMS OF 1970

Award-winning films from the recent Fifth National Student Film Festival. An extraordinary collection of highly original work, chosen from the best student films submitted from all over the country. There are outspoken political satires and outrageous comedies; here are the professional filmmakers of tomorrow. The NSFF is sponsored by the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, in cooperation with the AFI, the Motion Picture Association of America and the U.S. National Students' Association. Program runs around 95 mins.

WED NOV 4 8:00 PM WOMEN'S LIB



WOMAN OF THE YEAR

"Katharine Hepburn, looking hungrier and more wonderful than ever, gives polychrome parties, writes a column on international affairs, gets chosen as America's 'Outstanding Woman of the Year,' and marries in the meanwhile. Spencer Tracy, who covers baseball matches for the same newspaper. The cat-and-dog episodes are delicious; especially one remembers a wedding night, with Tracy sitting in a back room in a dressing gown while a committee

welcomes a distinguished refugee, and the quarrel that results in Katharine attempting to cook breakfast as a wife should." —William Whitebait. In short, it's an idealized portrait of the liberated woman for the first ten reels, and a triumph for male chauvinism in the last. What shall it profit a woman that she gain the entire world and lose her ability to make her husband breakfast? (1941. Directed by George Stevens. 112 mins. Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

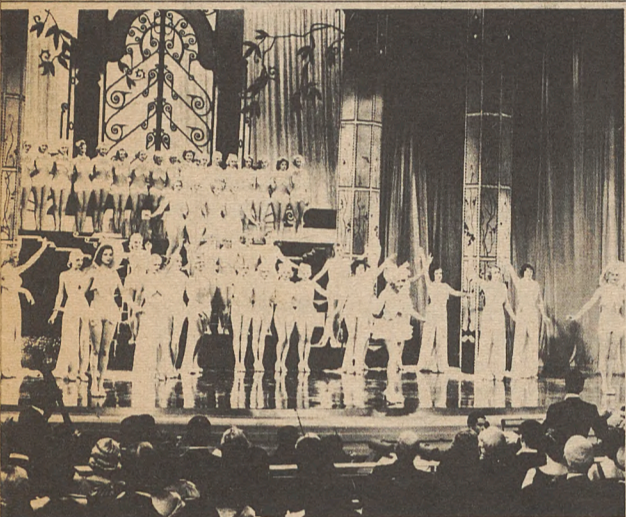
THURS NOV 5 8:00 PM FRANCE 60-70



BALTHAZAR

Robert Bresson is a lone figure, largely unknown to the cinema-going public, yet acclaimed by many critics as one of the world's great directors. A devout catholic, his work is infused with the principles of grace and penance. In *Balthazar* he discovers his perfect Christian hero, the symbol of innocence martyred by man's sinfulness, in an ass. A thoroughly extraordinary work, seemingly simplified to a point of extreme austerity, yet remaining enigmatic, mystical, richly poetic and fascinating. Anne Wiazemski, as the girl whose fortunes are inextricably bound up with Balthazar's, made her first striking screen appearance in this film. (1966. 95 mins. Courtesy of New Line Cinema.)

NOV 6 8:00 PM WOMEN'S LIB



Every title is a give-away; no better title of woman as object than Busby Berkeley's dazzling extravaganzas, the mas in symmetrical patterns, flashing calico toothy smiles and perfect thighs. It's also the backstage story about a struck girl tapping her way to stardom some amusing satire on contemporary

morality. Ezra Ounce, eccentric millionaire and founder of the Ounce Society for the Elevation of American morals ends up (of course) at the feet of those "glorious dames." (1934. Directed by Ray Enright. With Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler. 92 mins. Courtesy of United Artists.) Short to be announced.

SAT NOV 7 3:00 PM FLAHERTY



MOANA

A fascinating portrait of Samoan life—the real, uncorrupted thing. Each sequence is brilliantly realized—the catching of fish, the hunting of game, the making of clothes from bark and the agonizing tattooing of a young man—altogether they add up to a really beautiful record of a vanishing culture. Every frame of this film (which was acclaimed in our Paramount season) is captivating; a triumph of Flaherty's skill and insight. —M.W. (1926. 80 mins. Piano accompaniment by Arthur Kleiner. Courtesy of Paramount Pictures.) Short to be announced.

SAT NOV 7 8:00 PM WOMEN'S LIB



MANHANDLED

The flapper comedies of the 'twenties, exemplify the traditional Hollywood conflict between uninhibited hedonism and conventional morality. In *Manhandled*, Gloria Swanson is a shop-girl whose boyfriend leaves her temporarily to make his fortune in the big city. Not to be outdone, she launches herself on a life of pleasure and luxury, she eludes pursuit by three different wolves to return safe and unscathed to her original beau. (1924. Directed by Allan Dwan. 90 mins.) Also:

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

Wittily shows how a divorce (between two of the most stylish players of sophisticated comedy in this period, Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor) is averted by their mutual concern for the moral safety of their daughter. Between times there is a good deal of fun at the expense of movie idols and film fans. (1925. Directed by Mal St. Clair. 80 mins. Both films shown by courtesy of Paramount Pictures. Piano accompaniment by Arthur Kleiner.)

SUN NOV 8 3:00 & 8:00 PM MARY PICKFORD



MY BEST GIRL

As a small-town shop girl in a five-and-ten-cent store, Mary Pickford made, amazingly, the only straightforward boy-meet-girl comedy-romance of her career, which is also one of her greatest pictures. Mary's home life is captured with a marvelous mixture of warmth and satire, and in her disastrous attempt to bring her new sweetheart (Buddy Rogers) home for dinner, all the mishaps occur as naturally as they do in the insane world of W. C. Fields. Taylor didn't miss a thing; everything bad that could possibly happen happens—the sister is screaming at the parents; the mother is crying with the sister; the

ex-boy-friend shows up, and a cop barges through on his trail. Beyond all its comedic inventiveness, the mainstay of *My Best Girl* is that it depicts the kind of love affair that everyone, at least at one time, has wanted to have. —B.C. (1927. Directed by Sam Taylor. 90 mins. Piano accompaniment.) Also: *The Birth of a Legend*, 1964, 30 mins, a compilation illustrating highlights of Miss Pickford's career.

Mr. Buddy Rogers will make a personal appearance on stage to introduce the 8:00 pm showing and talk about Miss Pickford's achievement.

NOV 9 8:00 PM MARY PICKFORD



A LITTLE RICH GIRL

Making 23 feature-length films this is the first in which Mary impersonated throughout an entire picture, and at 24, her portrayal of the 10-year-old Gwendolyn is remarkably aptive and completely believable. The whimsical fantasy and is simplistic in that it is told from a child's point of view. An anti-capitalist film, critical of who are too concerned with making money and the superficialities of society to live, the film shows how parental neglect caused near tragedy. One of the fascinating highlights of the film is a real and allegorical dream sequence led by the administration to Mary of a kiss overdose of sleeping drug. Its re-impersonation, and its characters' events provide an early concept of an idiosyncratic experience. —B.C. (1917. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. 70 mins. Piano accompaniment.) Short to be announced.

TUES NOV 10 8:00 PM MARY PICKFORD



REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

At once a definitive portrait of the essential Mary Pickford, a panorama of rural America around the turn of the century, and a truthful portrait of a girl growing up. As the precocious and mischievous, but totally disarming and irresistible Rebecca, Miss Pickford demonstrates both boisterousness and subtlety, both restraint

and vigor, and all shadings of expressiveness therein. With this film she proves today, with seeming effortlessness, that she was years ahead of her time. —B.C. (1917. Directed by Marshall Neilan. 70 mins. Piano accompaniment.) Short to be announced.

WED NOV 11 8:00 PM MARY PICKFORD



STELLA MARIS

Distinguished by what is perhaps Mary Pickford's most shattering performance, *Stella Maris* emerged as her most courageous and certainly most unusual film. Miss Pickford plays a double role in this psychological tragedy, and when the first shot of America's Sweetheart as Unity Blake, a deformed and ugly cockney slavey, appeared on the screen, a whole nation of film-goers was stunned. Made at the height of her popularity when Miss Pickford could have done very well even in the most trifling of films, *Stella Maris* stands today as testament to her artistic integrity. Not only thematically advanced for its time, the film also boasts shots of Mary as both characters in the same frame, which, even today, are amazing. —B.C. (1918. Directed by Marshall Neilan. 70 mins. Piano accompaniment.) Short to be announced.

THURS NOV 12 8:00 PM MARY PICKFORD



POLLYANNA

The first Pickford film to be released by the United Artists Corporation, newly formed by Miss Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, and Griffith, was *Pollyanna*, and it has become one of Mary's best-remembered classics. All the charm of the famous novel was brought to the screen with loving care and a degree of artistry whose deepest roots can be found only in sincerity of intent. Portrayed by a lesser actress, Pollyanna, the eternal "glad girl", could have become unbearable after the first ten minutes, but not so in Mary's interpretation, for she tempered her Pollyanna with honest sentiment and an ever-present awareness of the realities of life. —B.C. (1920. Directed by Paul Powell. 70 mins. Piano accompaniment.) Short to be announced.

FRI NOV 13 8:00 PM MARY PICKFORD



SPARROWS

In the genre of thriller melodrama, it would be hard to top *Sparrows*, Mary Pickford's super-production of 1926. For *Sparrows*, which is set on a southern baby farm, an entire swamp, complete with quiksand and alligators, was built on the lot of the Pickford studios in Hollywood. The swamp was a masterpiece of murky eeriness and not only instills a foreboding mood through the picture but provides a chilling background for the climax of the film when Mary and the children imprisoned on the farm escape at night. The taut suspense of their flight is heightened by Charles Rosher's uncanny photography, which makes everything seem to come alive with dank sliminess and by some rapid cutting which piles detail upon detail at great speed. —B.C. (1926. Directed by William Beaudine. 100 mins. Piano accompaniment.)

NOV 14 3:00 PM MARY PICKFORD

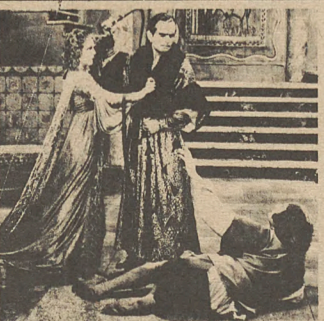


LONG-LEGS

Long-Legs is an hilarious and satirical film—the story of Judy Abbott, an infant wrapped in a paper and abandoned in a trash can, subsequently raised in an orphanage. It delightfully traces her development to maturity, but there is an underlying current of social comment; the picture is a scathing expose of idly run orphanages and the

ridiculous and unjust priorities of the rich who fund them. A true subversive, Judy is also a marvelous comic—notably in the scenes where she and a little boy and a dog all get into and slapper around with an expressive dog that Chaplin would have envied. —B.C. (1919. Directed by Marshall Neilan. 85 mins. Piano accompaniment.) Short to be announced.

SAT NOV 14 8:00 PM MARY PICKFORD

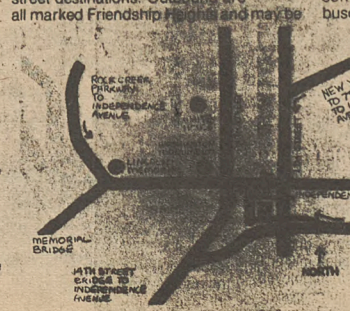


THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Mary Pickford's only co-starring venture with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, was a successful, if liberal, screen adaptation of Shakespeare's play and emerged as one of the most advanced of the early talkies. Packed with amazingly fluid and expansive talking shots and scenes with skillfully varied camera setups, *The Shrew* managed to escape the tyranny of the sound barrier. Although Miss Pickford (and the rest of the cast) is a product of the production experience largely because of continual arguments with Fairbanks during the production, the off-screen difficulties are evident in the final print of the film, and the two work magnificently together. —B.C. (1929. Directed by Sam Taylor. 80 mins.) Also: Excerpts from *Secrets* (1933).

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 on Independence at L'Enfant Promenade, across 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 left. Follow D to Lower 10th Street (you will be under the Plaza). Turn left to 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.



BOOK & FILM

CARRY IT ON, a film with Joan Baez and David Harris, at Cerberus 3.
GOLIATH, a book by David Harris, Avon, 1970, 160pp., 95¢, paper.

CARRY IT ON provides the emotional content and GOLIATH the intellectual rationale for that which the film and the book share: the idealism of non-violent revolution. At a time when non-violence seems to have been lost somewhere between government repression and terrorist bombings, there's Harris and then his wife proclaiming on the screen: "Human life is sacred." This belief, they assert, is the only basis on which a revolution can be built; it is a principle to which mankind has paid little heed despite the many events in history called revolutions. This is the message that Harris and Baez want to give us in what could be considered a propagandist film for non-violence.

There are clips of Harris rapping with students about the Resistance, a scene where the Federal marshalls bust Harris for refusing induction; shots of Baez in concert, at rehearsals, sleeping in a plane, visiting her husband at the pen, clowning at home, speaking at a humanist convention, and putting down Joey Bishop on TV. Interspersed are letters from Harris.

And though there is a message, the film conveys, more than anything else, a mood; the feeling of great spiritual strength which these two people must have to carry it on.

The mood has several levels. On one level it is the story of thousands of men who have been imprisoned for resisting the draft, whose wives, if they have wives, may or may not be pregnant--as Harris' was. On another level, it is a glimpse at two private individuals: a young man, intelligent, well-spoken, self-assured yet seeming a little embarrassed by his presuming to teach young people about the draft and about the theory of non-violence; a young woman with a good sense of humor and deep convictions who answers hostile questions about her belief sharply because she used to be afraid but now she is angry. It could be any pair of us.

But it is Baez and Harris; and in spite of declarations that they do not want to be idolized, their being celebrities magnifies their personal determination and faith. Yet, with an ironic twist, their private determination and faith magnifies ours (if you happen to have any left).

The movie is about Joan Baez and David Harris. But mostly it is Baez. Mostly Baez because her singing permeates the picture, and I can't help but think that I don't know if their idealism will work (though I wish it would), but God! isn't her voice beautiful--even for the ten thousandth time.

GOLIATH is the kind of book you feel you should underline the significant phrases in. One I underlined is: "I am unable to speak for us all. I will speak for myself. The America I have experienced, for all its potential comfort, is death to man. The only response to America I can imagine is life itself."

Harris's book is a philosophic, intellectual, and vague statement of his principles, his outlook on life, and how he thinks this country can be salvaged. His concept of "Doing" is basic to the rest of his philosophy. He devotes a chapter to define "doing", which reminds me of the existentialist definition of "Becoming". "We are in a constant state of becoming" wrote Sartre (or was it Kierkegaard?)

Harris writes: "Doing does not simply affect its object. Doing is a cycle strung between doer and done to. It is our experiencing. We are located in this dynamic. Doing shapes our experience, our experience shapes our selves, and ourselves do."

Perhaps it is this kinship with the existentialist point of view which enables Harris to continue believing that a country which jails or forces into exile the best of its youth is salvageable by the very people it alienates. For in a world where everything is constantly in flux, the possibility of a revolutionary change for the better exists even at the time when the world seems most doomed (or if you really want to be existential about it, exists most when that world seems most doomed).

In both the existentialist "Becoming" and Harris's "Doing", nothing is static, every state of being is looked upon as a process, and is animate, organic. In both cases there is paradox. In the case of Harris's doing, the paradox is that "doing" is the person doing something (or actor), the thing which is being done (or action), and that which is acted upon. Simultaneously, "doing" is the interaction between actor, action and that which is acted upon. In this sense, Harris tells us that America is "doing", and that we are "doing" America.

If you can deal with the heaviness of "Doing" (and you've gotten this far in the review so you might make it), you still have a chapter on the Greek definition of politics, or polis, before you get to some lighter material which Harris wisely puts in on some goings-on in Chicago and a flight from Chicago to California during which Harris has what I'd bet is a made-up dream about violence and death. The author continues to use this device of lacing his abstractions with concrete experiences which serve at once to rest your mind up for the next set of abstractions, and as a metaphor for those abstractions. It is a good device in a book like this.

In his chapter on "Life and Death". Harris discusses the future of America in terms of Eros (life) and Thanatos (death), the two conflicting universal forces which the Greeks said shape existence. He sees contemporary America as being under the influence of Thanatos:

"We have been superseded by the life of the state; when we might bloom we are directed; when we might learn, we are instructed; when we might heal, we are wounded; when we might see, we are told to mask ourselves and pretend that what is, isn't, and that what isn't, never will be."

Harris sees the revolution of life in America as taking part on both the individual level and the community level. On the individual level, each person would be able to run his own life. On the community level, the growth of collectives would be based on a feeling of fraternity and decisions would be reached not by voting, but by consensus. The authority of the state, Harris says, can be overcome by denying that authority:

"A new reality can deny the state the lives it feeds off. This process continues until the orders of the state are ignored, and it splits apart like the shell of an egg, exposing a new reality. At the edges of this process... it takes the form of noncooperation, occupation, boycott, strike and organized disobedience... America will not function without people to do it."

Thus Harris is advocating nothing more surprising or newer than passive resistance. It is inspiring to hear from people like Harris and Baez that they still believe that the non-violent approach will bring about revolution. But we are faced with the reality that fewer and fewer persons are willing to use this method. Is this because there are more people involved in "revolutionary" activities than five, ten years ago, and this brings a tendency towards anti-intellectualism and mob-type thinking (or rather, non-thinking)? Is it because the same people who were non-violent activists five, ten years ago have seen their tactics grow less and less effective? Who pays attention today when 500,000 people peacefully march on the White House to protest the war? What effect have thousands of draft resisters had on national policy?

Do we throw bricks because that's the only way to get anyone to listen, or because it's easier?

JUDY WILLIS

NEW NUMBERS, POETRY BY CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

This book was written in order to change the world
And published at \$1.95 (softback), \$4.00 (hardback), by Knopf
of 201 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
in 1970.

It is generously scattered with dirty words
particularly on pages 9, 31, 37 and 45,
and was written by © Logue
a sexy young girl living among corrupted villagers
who keeps her innocence through love;
its weight is 7.926 oz.,
its burning temperature is Fahrenheit 451,
its LCCCN is seven five dash nine eight double-six zero,
and it was printed in Brattleboro, Vermont by
Book Press.
On the day of publication its price would buy
11 cut loaves,
3 yards of drip-dry nylon,
25 gallons of boiling dishwasher,
5 rounds of M1 carbine ammunition,
or a cheap critic;
what do you expect for \$1.95--Paradise Lost?

This book is dedicated to new men,
astronauts meter-maids Chinese Ambassadors
quizmasters disc-jockeys South Vietnamese
rocket-designers thalidomide babies
anchormen skindivers African Generals
Israelis and launderette manageresses
multi-lingual porpoises left-wing doctors
draft-dodgers brainwashers bingo-queens con-
crete poets pollsters commuters computer-
programmers panels of judges gas-chamber victims
abstract expressionist chimpanzees
surfies and self-made millionaire teenagers
skydivers aquanauts working-class playwrights
industrial spies with identikit smiles
intrusion specialists and four-minute milers
motivation researchers and systems analysts
noise abatement society members
collective farmers and war criminals
transplanted heart men and water-ski champions
the Misses World and those I love.

If this book doesn't change you
give it no house space;
if having read it you
are the same person you
were before picking it up,
then throw it away.

Not enough for me
that my poems shine in your eye;
not enough for me
that they look from your walls
or lurk on your shelves;
I want my poems to be in your mind
so you can say them when you are in love
so you can say them when the plane takes off
and death comes near:
I want my poems to come between
the raised stick and the cowering back,
I want my poems to become
a weapon in your trembling hands,
a sword whose blade both makes and mirrors change;
but most of all I want my poems sung
unthinkingly between your lips like air.

Bob Dylan's book, TARANTULA, is on sale in the public cafeteria---
and a tasty meal it is. Ingredients include passing mention of "Farewe
America" (that book covertly banned from the US and Great Britain which
speaks among other things about how HL HUNT assassinated Kennedy,
Texas glory, and the crumbling towers of book stores in Amerika-2000).
And Vetkovsky (mystical winged scientist whose knowledge got kidnapped
in the 50's cause the science (god) community couldn't dig on the spacious
uncertainties presented by his theories, i.e. he refutes the current theory
of evolution, the ice age, and recounts the catastrophic source of men's
gods). And lots of surreal bear stories - camels, too.

Moving to the typewriter dance, your ideas get done joyously and to
Les Assis: Oh masters of the chain, your asses are all s gare.

Blue TARANTULA crawling will appear---

-Mon and wed, Nov. 2&4 at noon till--- at the Corcoran Art School

-Mon at 8pm at GTFree U Dylan Class

-At Lisner for the Pete Seeger concerts

-And all forthcoming events

-Look for it (interstellar Tarantula traverses)--the blue covered
TARANTULAS are amongst you. Listen for further announcements
from Josh on WHFS.

Do not churchize his nakedness or shut out the night of right, and above
all else, be all else; so being, don't do your ideas - everybody's got those
let the idea do you.

So, c'mon, there'll be a party waiting. It's very easy to single us out,
so don't say you didn't know we were there. When you arrive and you
hear some azure yelling--it'll be us, that's who.

BRIEFS

IN BRIEF- THE ENVIRONMENTS & THE MEDIA ARTS

THE NIXON POEMS- This, the latest of avant-garde satire for the masses is authored by Eve Merriam. More interesting than the written word though, are the pop surrealist pictures and graphics by John Gerbino. Attractively displayed on the cover is a sinewy Richard Nixon clad in a jock strap. Available in paperback at \$2.95, 100 pages, published by Atheneum.

FLAVORS- Mason Williams, previously of FCC RAPPORT and READING MATTER reappears with poems, notes and cartoons strictly for the die-hard. In paperback, 110 pages, at \$2.95, published by Doubleday.

WILL THEY EVER FINISH BRUCKNER BOULEVARD? Ada Louise Huxtables excellent analysis & criticism of the environmental-architectural scene is most enjoyable reading on this much hacked subject. More individuals with such perception would serve to reaffirm the hopeful humanizing of civilization within at least the next century. Her comments and easy essays recognize the brilliance of the CBS Tower in New York, and the idiocy of the Rayburn building here in Washington. Complete with recipe of "How To Kill A City", and photos too, this book sells for \$7.95, 270 pages, published by Macmillan.

RED HOT VACUUM - This anthology of works by Solotaroff presents analysis and criticism on such figures as Burroughs, Roth, Grass, Satre, Katherine Anne Porter and James Purdy. For those with much fiction reading under their belt. Available in paperback, at \$3.95, 330 pages, published by Atheneum.

BEYOND HABITAT- Since artists and architects writing on their own work are mostly a bore, this work by Moshe Safdie is a pleasant surprise. In an easy and comfortable monologue he unveils his ideas and impressions, and the trying endeavors of attempting to be an innovator on a world scale. Published by MIT in hardcover, with fine illustrations, at \$12.50.

FROM CLICHE TO ARCHETYPE- Author Marshall McLuhan continues to expound on how to be a cure-all in sociology, environments and communications. Drawing heavily on past civilization and literature to build his hypotheses, McLuhan succeeds in presenting himself a bit more coherently than in the past. With design by Wilfred Watson, this book is in hardcover of 200 pages, published by Viking at \$7.50.

MIES VAN DER ROHE FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT LE CORBUSIER

SKIDMORE, OWINGS, MERRILL- These four volumes published by Simon Schuster review the works of the respective architects. The brief introductory texts are basic at best, but the photographs, certainly the lion's share of the pages, are usually exceptionally appealing. Drawings and plans are well reproduced. Volumes on seven other architects are planned for future publication. Each is about 130 pages at \$7.50.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS A NEW AMERICA - This giant anthology is subtitled "The Beginnings of a Long Revolution :1-A Comprehension; 2- A Guide; 3-A Handbook;" etc. to "7- Work in Progress". And that is a very good summation of the words and photos. Drawing from a gargantuan bibliography, writings include Berrigan, Hoffman, Chavez, Chomsky, Tolstoy, Thoreau, and hundreds of lesser knowns, equally thoughtful in seriousness or nonsense. This telephone book volume leaves to trend or opinion returned in its 750 pages, with a format better than most books specializing in graphic design. Published by Pilgrim Press and Knopf, at \$5.95- best bargain of the month.

M. RUTT

TRUCKIN' WITH FURNEY CATCH, by Armadilla Marcus: 140 pages, illustrated. \$1.95 could get you a hit of acid or TRUCKIN'. Get off on the later.

Many supposedly literary-oriented people for reasons unknown haven't let themselves get into TRUCKIN'. No matter. Many good things concerning TRUCKIN' have been voiced by people who are life-oriented.

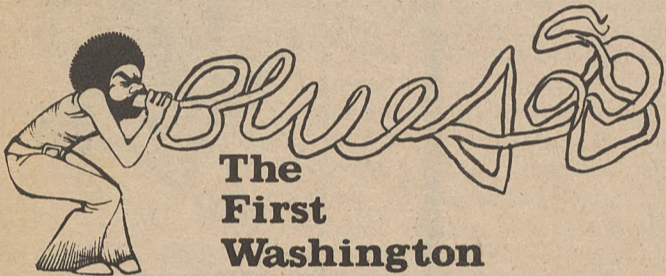
While you're truckin' with Furney Catch, you view the absurdities with which you're surrounded in a style that has never been and never will be duplicated. The experience that TRUCKIN' provides is not that of Tom Wolfe-ish detachment, but rather venomous irony.

Furney's travels include social, military, governmental, religious, and other varieties of insanities. The book converges with the simple explanation of the way things are.

The illustrations throughout the novel are displayed in sublime chasteness. Enough of words; no more need be said.

TRUCKIN' WITH FURNEY CATCH is soon to be nationally distributed. Presently you can pick up a copy at any Washington head shop or order it through the Ice Cream Spaniard Publishing Company, P. O. Box 102, Washington, DC, 20004.

BRIDGET LONG



The First Washington Blues Festival

THURSDAY

B.B. King
Muddy Waters
Harambee Singers
African Heritage
Richie Havens

FRIDAY

Howlin' Wolf
J.B. Hutto
Luther Allison
Mississippi Fred McDowell
Furry Lewis
Libba Cotton
Howard University Gospel Choir
Reverend Robert Wilkens

SATURDAY

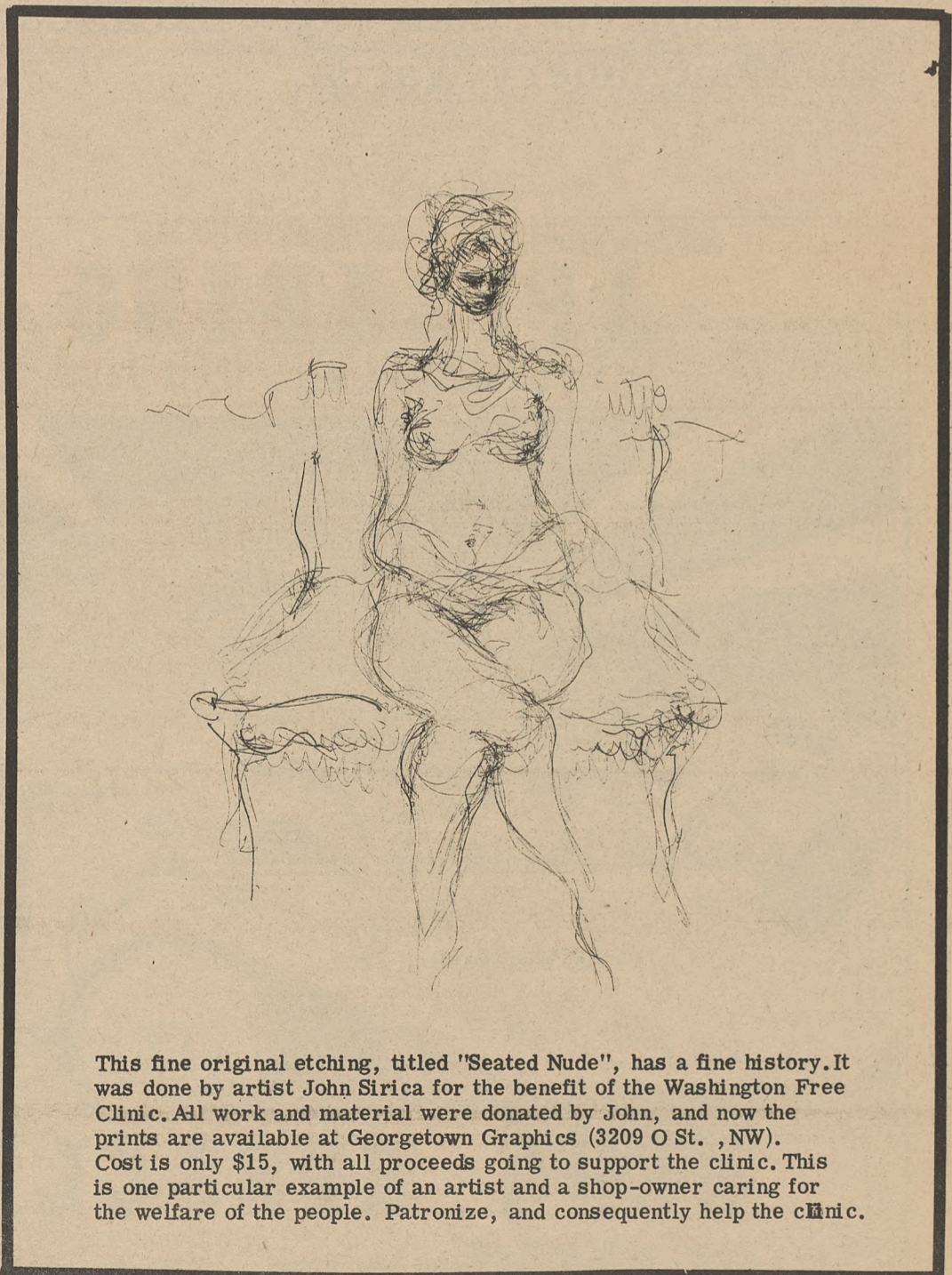
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Big Boy Crudup
Mance Lipscomb
John Jackson
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Three Nights: \$5.00 Per Show
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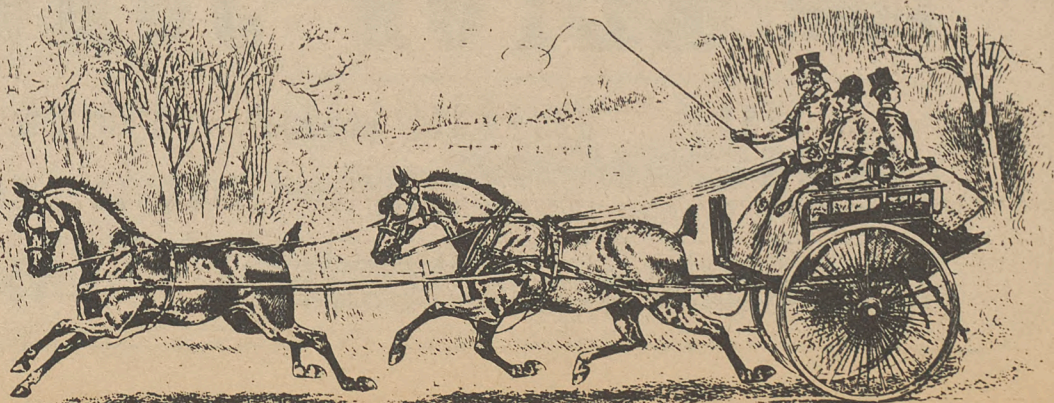
Crampton Auditorium
Howard University
6th and Fairmont Streets, N.W.

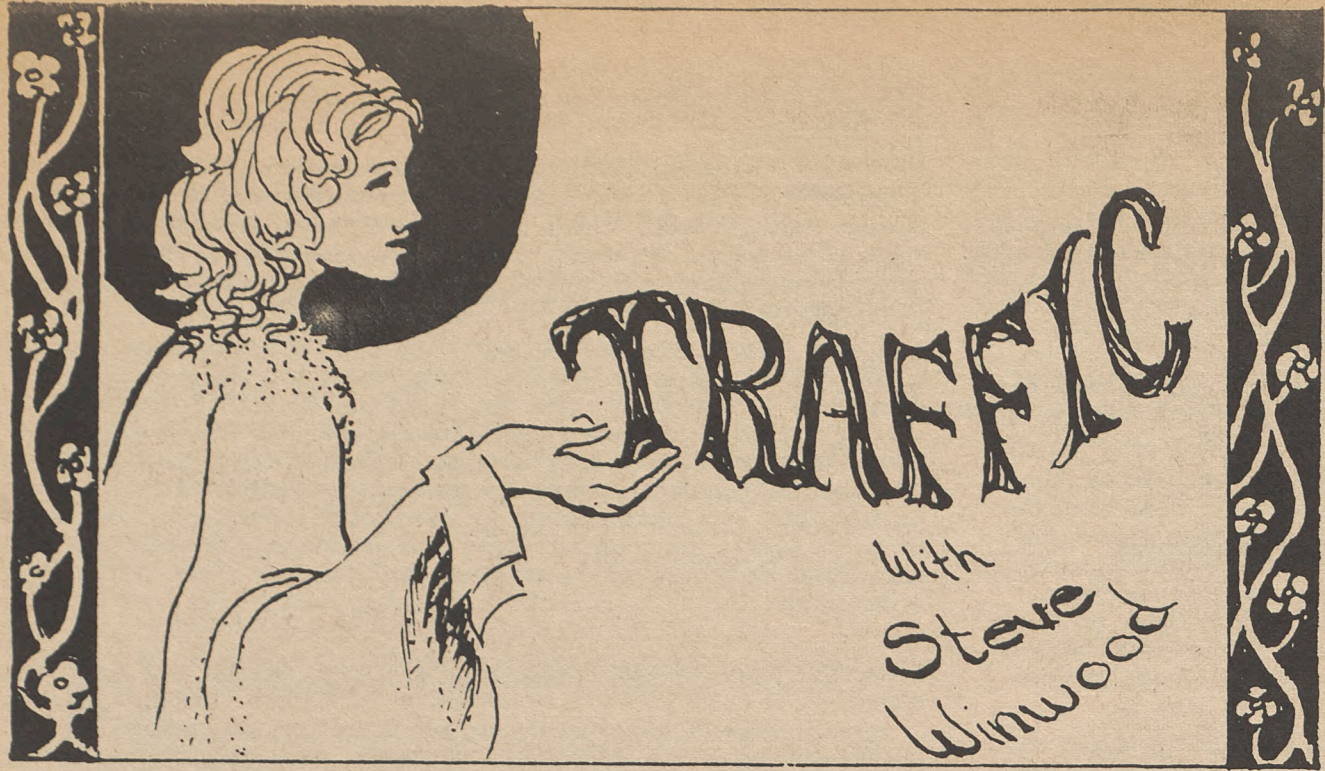
Information & Tickets: (202) 332-1811

A NEW THING PRODUCTION in cooperation with the Blues Advisory Committee and The Friends of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.



This fine original etching, titled "Seated Nude", has a fine history. It was done by artist John Sirica for the benefit of the Washington Free Clinic. All work and material were donated by John, and now the prints are available at Georgetown Graphics (3209 O St., NW). Cost is only \$15, with all proceeds going to support the clinic. This is one particular example of an artist and a shop-owner caring for the welfare of the people. Patronize, and consequently help the clinic.

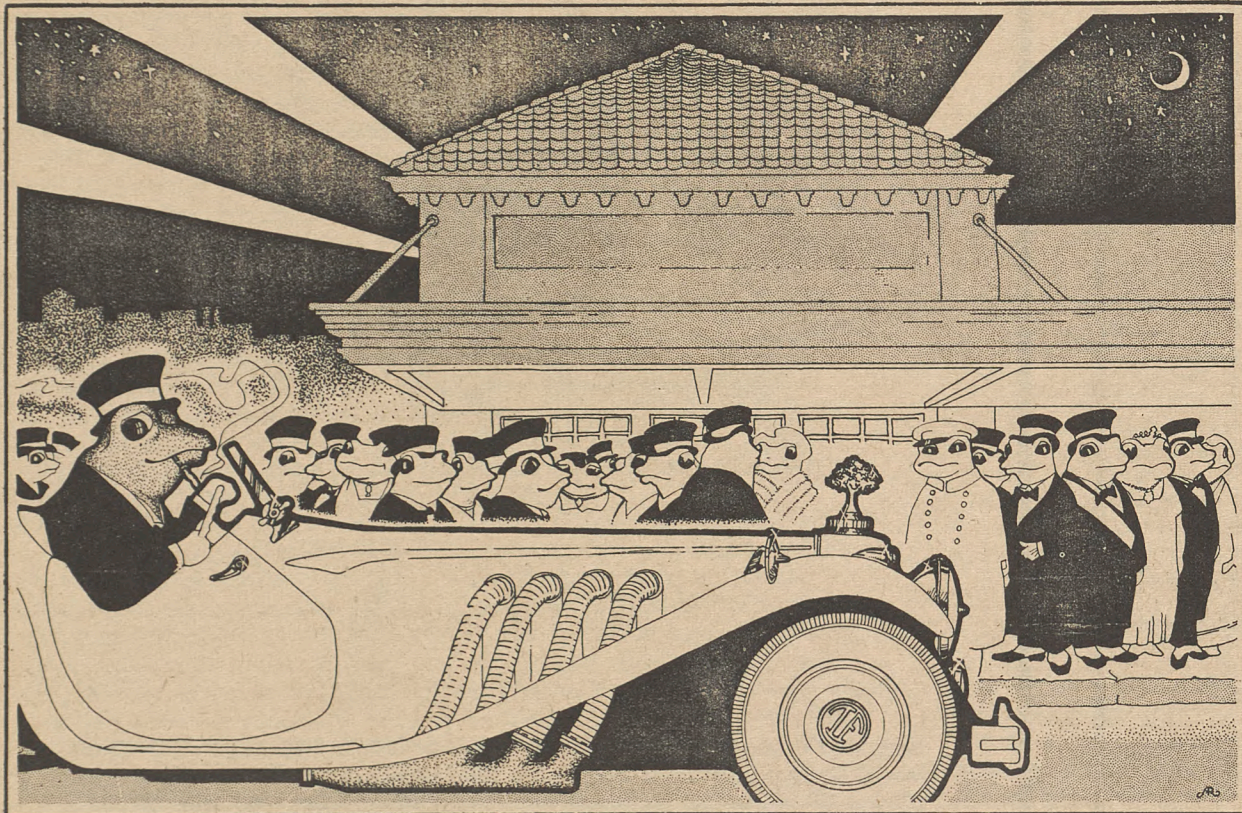




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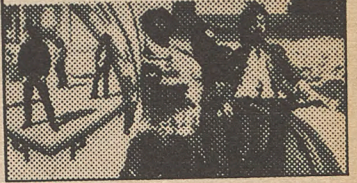


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BAD GIRL SONGS

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Wheatfield/ Bad Girls

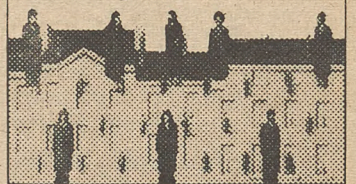


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Tony Kosinec writes and sings his songs with unbelievable sensitivity.

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"Dreams" is a number of well-known musicians who will be the brass group.



*Also available on tape.

GALLERY

N. E. THING CO. SHOW AT THE PROTETCH-RIVKIN GALLERY

by David Tannous

If you want to get along with him, don't call Iain Baxter an artist. For Baxter, Canadian entrepreneur and self-proclaimed President of the N. E. Thing Co., Ltd., the traditional definitions and terms applied to art and artists must be changed, and he has already provided some new words to describe what he is and what he does. Thus, "art" has been elevated to upper-case status (as an executive is kicked upstairs to become Chairman of the Board), and, as ART, has become an Aesthetically Rejected Thing. To replace it, Baxter has devised something called ACT, or Aesthetically Claimed Thing, and a number of these have played museums across the world from New York (the Museum of Modern Art's Information Exhibition, just completed this September) to Brazil (the Sao Paulo Biennial, September to December, 1969) to Italy (The Concept Art show in Turin, June 1970).

Washington will get its first look at Baxter's work Friday, November 6th, from 8 to 10pm at the Protetch-Rivkin Gallery, 1034 33d Street, NW, when a new show devoted to his ACTs opens for a month's run. The principle piece will be a new ACT specially created for the show: a set of six clocks, one for each of the North American time zones, with a photograph below each clock. All the photographs were taken of the same subject matter at the same moment in time, and each photo shows how the subject looked at that particular instant in one of the six time zones. The nature of the subject matter will be kept secret until Friday night.

In nomenclature, at least, Baxter has reversed the traditional Western progression from business to art. John Adams described this movement in a letter written to his wife in 1780: "I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce, and agriculture, in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain." In contrast, Baxter has no intention of studying statuary, tapestry or porcelain. He shuns any "artistic" label and prefers simply to be known as President of the N. E. Thing Co. (NETCO). Something else he has in common with big business is his fondness for acronyms and first-letter abbreviations. He believes that each word is "a complete concept in itself" which can be described by "its component parts (each letter)." In this way, "concept" becomes Concept On New Causes Effecting Perceptual Thinking, and "concept art" is Coming On New Causes Effecting Perceptual Thinking And Recording Them.

Together with ACT and ART, other abbreviations that figure in the NETCO dictionary are SI (Sensitivity Information--all cultural information) and its component parts: VSI (Visual Sensitivity Information- what used to be 'fine' art or "visual" art), SSI (Sound Sensitivity Information--music, spoken poetry singing, oratory), MSI (Moving Sensitivity Information--movies, dance, mountain climbing, track), and ESI (Experiential Sensitivity Information--the theater). These new terms, new words, and new definitions, Baxter believes will help people free themselves from old, unexamined ways of looking at art and to realize how much all of it is interrelated, no matter what form a particular "art work" might take. All art, then, is merely Sensitivity Information of one kind or another, and thus almost anything can be called art. It follows that for Baxter anything which transmits VSI becomes his artists' instrument or material; in this group are included not only the camera, but the telecopier, telex, telephone, telegram, letter, video-telephone, and television, as well as the archaic method of personal conversation.

The works that result from this philosophical base show how far Baxter is willing to stretch accepted ideas of what is art. One major piece is the "Circular Walk Inside Arctic Circle Around Inuvik, N. W. T., Canada". This is a walk taken on September 26, 1969 by two Presidents of NETCO--Baxter and one unnamed other--following the 3 1/2 mile, 10,314-step perimeter of the town of Inuvik in Canada's Northwest Territories. One of the Presidents was equipped with a pedometer and a camera, with which he took 140 pictures of the other president during the walk. These photos, together with an ACT certificate, are the documentation of the event. Another NETCO work is the Telex transmission from Baxter's headquarters in Vancouver to the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The message consists of a "Self Portrait From Memory" describing Baxter for the Information Exhibition. The portrait features a "normal shaped nose", "Average lips", "long black eyelashes" and "sideburns to the bottoms of ears".

A third special project is the establishment of a global art information NETWORK. Baxter plans to send VSI by Telex and Telecopier from NETCO headquarters to terminals installed in participating institutions and art galleries around the world. The effect of the NETWORK, according to the NETCO information bulletin, is that "distances break down; inter-connected Art Works can be accomplished between the participating stations, and TRANSCOMMANDS can be carried out." Some of the inter-connected Art Works and TRANSCOMMANDS already send to American and Canadian museums and galleries during the last year are the following: "You have just picked this up. Look at it as VSI." "This statement will be, is being, has been sent by telecopier." "Put a fairly large rock in the crotch of a deciduous tree."

Not all of NETCO's work is as recent as the ACTs above. Among the triumphs of the past was the 1966 BAGGED PLACE, which consisted of a four-room apartment completely bagged in plastic for the Festival of Contemporary Arts at the University of British Columbia. Then there was PILES in 1968, also at the University of British Columbia. This work was a display of various piles, together with a publication and map called "Portfolio of Piles".

A group of later and earlier pieces will be included in the Protetch-Rivkin exhibition to give a full expression of Baxter's and NETCO's efforts. Baxter himself plans to attend the opening of the show, where he will be available to explain his works more fully and to answer any questions. There should be a good number of those.

AFTERMATH-----by Merrill Greene

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Ageless walnut-tiled floors and potted palms preserve the naked elegance of the Fendrick Gallery, allowing the energy of its contemporary graphics to fill the room. Presently exhibiting, George Segal and Gene Davis respectively materialize "the massive" and "the mobile", substantial proof that the Theory of Opposite Attraction still works.

Six Serigraphs, Segal's portfolio of silk-screen prints engages the fundamentals of shape and composition to transmit the urgency of an idea. Segal's style could well be sub-titled "condition of the world". He uses massive objects devoid of emotion or stigma: a chair, a radiator, an empty window. They are pictured without details, and are only visible in part. The elements refuse to interact. Remaining isolated, they fight for total exposure in the limited space within the frame. Segal does introduce life into a few pieces in the portfolio: contorted bodies or crazed, frightened faces. The artist has used a pastel-like media applied with bold strokes; the mysterious silk-screening process of his German printer achieves incredible technical perfection. Daniel Fendrick has devised an imaginative plexiglass mount suiting the temperamental character of new art.

On the contrary, I found it nearly impossible to pin down the spirit of Gene Davis' art. His six screenprints of Series Two and the single lithograph, Halifax, are no exception. Any motive to the contrary notwithstanding his paintings seem idiotically happy--a simultaneous celebration of the primitive past and hopes for a future return to nature. He bombards the senses producing immediate if temporary impressions. Gene Davis' art is movement, more specifically, the same movement. And history has shown that nothing so monotonous lasts for very long.

Two sculptures by George Segal round out the Gallery's exhibit. Girl on a Chair is the plaster shell of a nude seated precariously upon a red chair. Enclosed in a black box, the partial figure has its back towards the viewer. Immediately aware of a social connotation, I saw empty people isolated in their self-imposed vacuums. The piece has been mounted upon a plywood shipping crate with stenciled letters naming title and artist, providing a contrast which contributes to the total success of the piece. Sleeping Girl employs the same style, again using the "plaster shell-box" technique. Along with Segal's uncanny sense of composition, he wisely avoids another moral show-down, leaving us with a simple, elegant sculpture.

The Segal-Davis show is, more than anything else, a visual experience. By combining the sensual aggressiveness of Davis with Segal's morally imbued work, I was able to find my own counterpoint. The exhibit has provided a foundation upon which to build new thoughts. I, for one, am still building. Now, that's the sign of good art!

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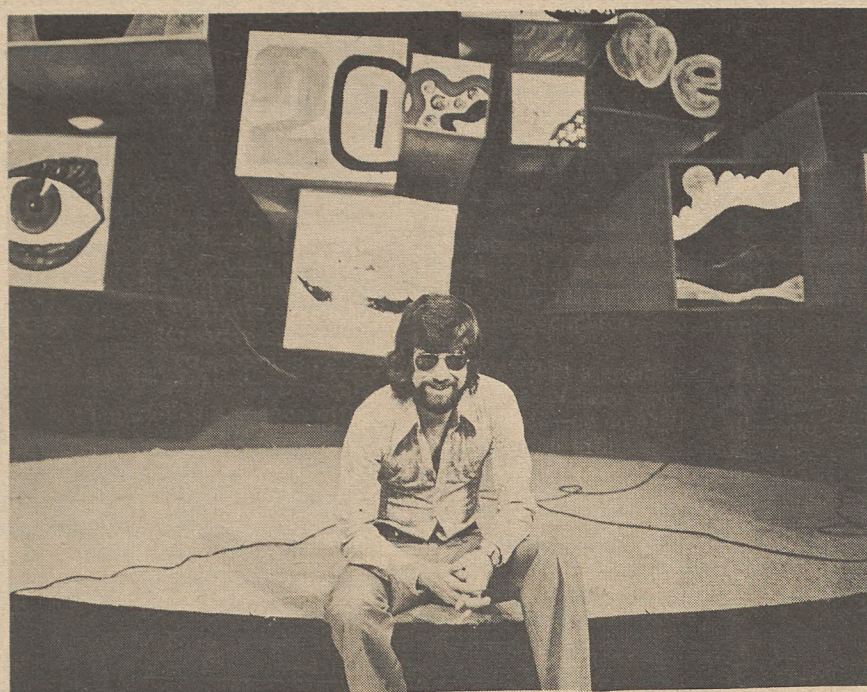
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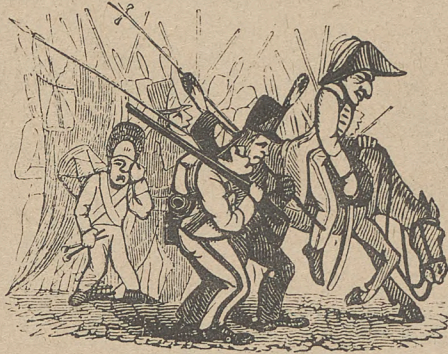
TUESDAY, NOV. 3
 8pm-Experimental films, GWU, Student Center
 8pm-AFI(see page 17)
 8:30-L. A. PHILHARMONIC, with Zubin Mehta at Constitution Hall



MONDAY, NOV 9
 8pm-AFI(see page 17)

TUESDAY-NOV 10
 7:30 Experimental films at GWU, (see Nov. 3)
 8pm-AFI(see page 17)
 8:30-National Symphony. Constitution Hall, Alicia de Larrocha, piano

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4
 7:30pm-DISNEY ON PARADE, in Balt. Civic Center
 8pm-AFI(see page 17)
 8:30-L. A. (see Nov. 3)



WEDNESDAY, NOV 11
 BENE FIT FOR WOODWIND AT THE EMERGENCY WITH THE GOOSE GREEK SYMPHONY-ONLY \$2.50 STARTS AT 8PM--COME--
 8pm-AFI(see Page 17)
 8:30-National Symphony(see Nov10)



THURSDAY, NOV. 5
 7:30pm-DISNEY(see Nov. 4)
 8pm-AFI(see page 17)
 8pm-BLUES FESTIVAL(see page 19)
 8pm-"BULLIT", GWU Student Center
 8:30- DIE BRUCKE (German Theatre) at Lisher

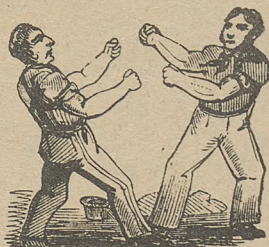
THURSDAY, NOV 12
 AFI(see page 17)

FRIDAY, NOV. 6
 4:15pm/8pm-DISNEY(see Nov. 4)
 8pm-BULLIT(see Nov. 5)
 8pm-AFI(see page 17)
 8pm-BLUES FESTIVAL(see page 19)
 8pm-ROCK FOLK FESTIVAL at Gaulladet, \$1 students, \$2 others
 8:30-BALLET FOLKLORICO of MEXICO, Constition Hall
 9pm-CRANK at Emergency
 9pm-Coffehouses at Pipeline(St. Albans') Iguana(Thomas Circle) Agapa(3407 M St. NW) The Gate(3346 M St. NW)
 Midnight movies at the Circle



SATURDAY, NOV. 7
 11:30/2/8pm-DISNEY(see Nov. 4)
 3/8pm-AFI(see page 17)
 8pm-BLUES FESTIVAL(see page 19)
 8pm-FOLK ROCK FESTIVAL(see Nov. 6)
 9pm-CRANK at Emergency
 8:30-PETE SEEGER at Lisner Coffehouses(see Nov. 6)
 Midnight films at the Circle

SUNDAY, NOV. 8
 2 & 6pm-DISNEY(see Nov. 4)
 2:30-TRINIDAD TRIPOLI STEEL BAND at Lisner
 3 & 8pm-AFI(see page 17)
 8pm- CHORAL ARTS Society, BACH concert, National Presbyterian Church
 8pm-LEON RUSSELL and ELTON JOHN in Baltimore(see page 20)
 8:30-PETE SEEGER at Lisner



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