

# Woodwind

## WOODWIND

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AN ARTS PAPER

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We welcome contributions of all sorts. We are particularly interested in feature articles and fiction. Although we accept poetry, we do have an enormous back-log. All articles are accepted based on their own merit, not on the credits or reputation of the author.

All materials submitted to WOODWIND should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

## In Your Own Backyard

Edited by Clover Holcomb

**YOGA CLASSES:** September 26th through October 24, every Wednesday. Morning classes 10:00 - 11:15, Evenings 6:00 - 7:15 and 7:30 - 8:45. Classes are limited—pre-registration required. 4813 Drummond Ave., Chevy Chase, 652-2286.

**THERE ARE STILL WEEKENDS:** Audiences, the Boston Repertory Theater and Bob Brown Marionettes will celebrate and explore the possibilities of myths and legends from around the world. Exhibits, demonstrations and performing arts are especially dedicated to introducing children to mystery and action. Tickets will be \$1.00. September 15th & 16th at Wolf Trap Farm Park. Call 532-0304.

**BUG WALK:** Professor Floyd Harrison will introduce you to friend and foe of the area insect culture. Meet at the Nature Center, Military and Glover Rds., Sunday the 16th at 2:00 p.m. Call 426-6829.

**ILLUSION:** The optical effect of the works of Frank E. Bunts is achieved through a technique which involves the active participation of the viewers' eye. The surfaces of the paintings seem to twist and weave as the viewer moves through the gallery. Franz Bader Gallery, 2124 Pennsylvania Ave. Through September 29th.

**CHILD STARS:** Auditions for the fall production of *Hansel & Gretel*, open to children between the ages of 9 through 14. September 11th at Stewart Art Center, 2400 North Underwood St., Arlington. For further information, call the Arlington County Performing Arts: 558-2161.

**FILM IN PROCESS:** "The Making of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid"—an inside look at the production of the film. George Roy Hill, director; William Hill, script-writer; Paul Newman and Robert Redford talk honestly and analytically about their jobs. Shows the costs and problems of the filmmaking process. Takoma Park Branch Public Library, 5th & Cedar St., N.W., on the back lawn. Thursday, September 13th. For more information on the film series, call 727-1385.

**EXHIBIT:** Of the photography of Cynthia Brumback, Cesar Del Valle, Tommy Noonan, Tom Shuler & the sculptured pots of Bernie and Herb Israel through September 30th at Talking of Michelangelo Gallery, 655 C St., S.E., Washington, D.C.

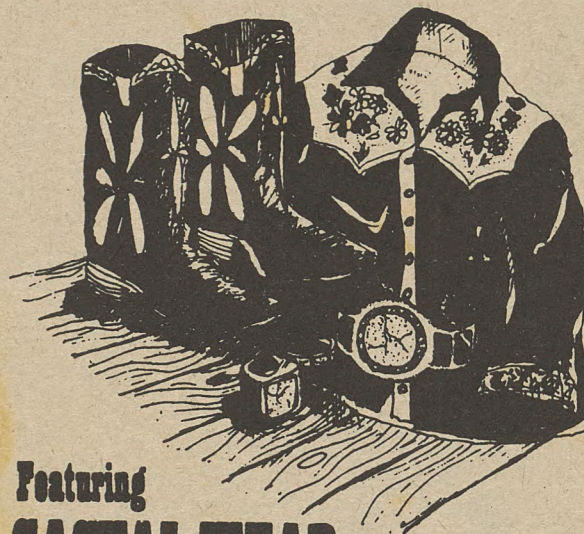
**FREE TIME:** Volunteers are needed to participate in a tutorial program for elementary school-age children in downtown Washington. Sponsored by the First Congregational United Church of Christ, 945 G St., N.W. Call: 628-4317.

**SHIPS:** The Evolution of American Warship Construction will be discussed by Dr. Philip K. Lundeberg on September 15th at 10:30 a.m. Auditorium of the National Museum of History and Technology, Constitution Avenue.

**CUPPING:** Illustrated lecture on the history of the medical practice of cupping, by Doris J. Leckie, 10:30 a.m. Auditorium of the National Museum of History and Technology, Constitution Avenue.

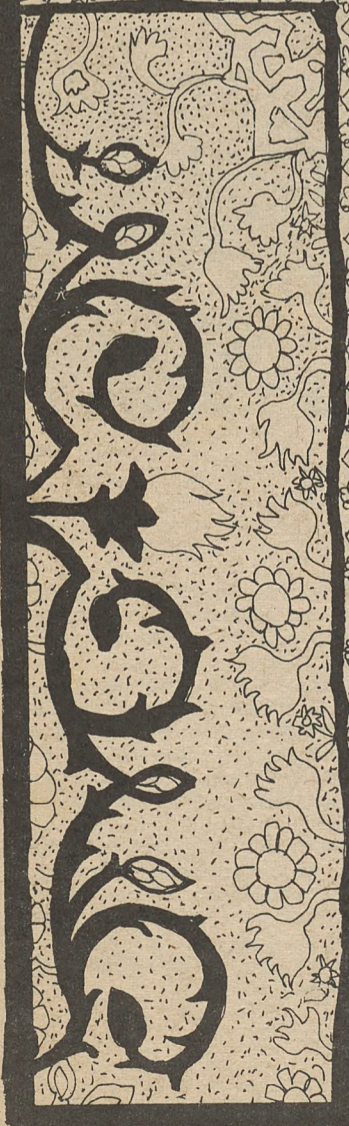
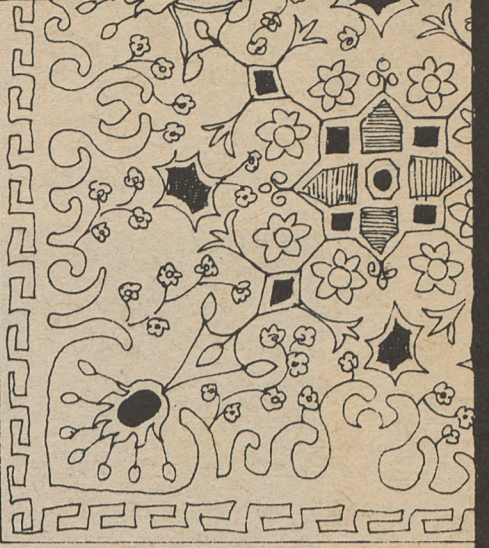
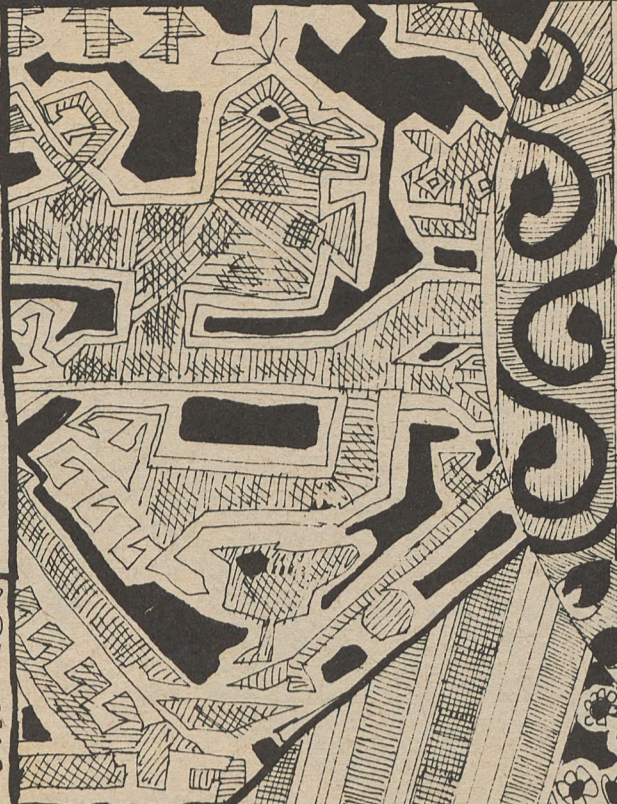


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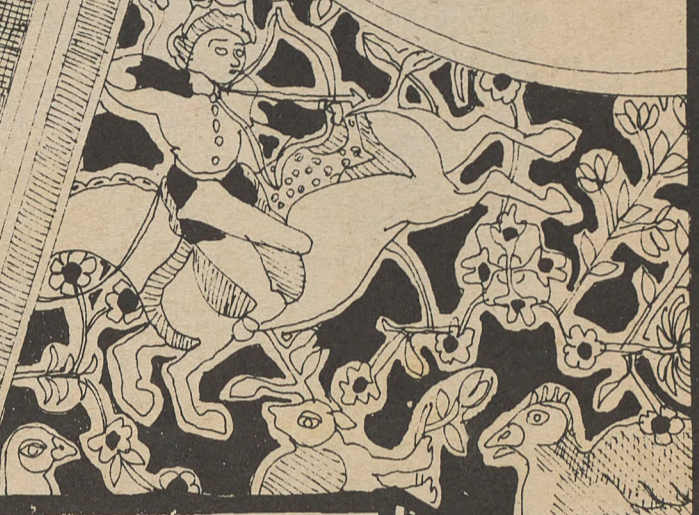
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By Richard Harrington and Chick Corea

## CHICK COREA



### LIGHT AS A FEATHER

In the early Sunday morning hours that ended his week's stay at the Cellar Door, Chick Corea walked around the club, tired, smiling, greatly contented. Despite the hour, (it must have been three a.m.) his two children, Thad and Leelee were in the club, alternately hugging their father and being embarrassed by all the attention they were getting from the waiters and friends of the club. An unguarded moment found the father and the children clustered around the piano, from which fell delicate melodies that might have been lullabies if played at home.

From that moment, I went back a few days to another closing. It was Wednesday, and three people were twirling down M street, shouting "I feel so good, I don't ever want to

go home!" The amazing thing about Chick Corea is that he can make you feel so good, and at the same time, *make you feel so introspective*. In a *Downbeat* piece titled "The Function of an Artist", Chick wrote: "What a beautiful feeling it is for an artist to play music to people and see them experience your own joy and exhilaration in the playing! What a joy to see them bounce and bubble and dance when you do, to see them experience your cares of a particular phrase, and the serenity of a broad, long and restfully expanding passage—and just flow with you through so many lovely games and be left, you and they, totally fulfilled. This is the joy of a true art experience—and this is a very powerful thing."

Chick Corea's been playing the piano for one hell of a long time—he's been a part of Miles Davis' music, as well as Herbie Mann's and Stan Getz's. Even Mongo Saatamaria's. You'd never know from looking at his serene presence that he had pulled so much time with so many different people. It's all centered in his eyes—they sparkle with excitement, with the joy of the player, with the satisfaction of true communication.

If Chick's found the proverbial "groove", it is a very conscious effort aided by some proper musical friends—Stanley Clarke on bass, Bill Connors on electric guitar, Jemmy White on drums. The sound of the group, billed as Return to Forever, is of the same intensity we have come to associate with

groups like the Mahavishnu Orchestra—but there is a more definite *jazz feeling*. After all, *Chick and most of the band come from that particular tradition*.

Whether dealing with cosmic themes ("Hymn to the Seventh Galaxy") or ethereal qualities ("Sometimes Ago"), the music of Return to Forever, under the leadership of Corea, is vital, exciting, moving, inventive—the proper adjectives could probably fill out his page.

What I have done here is to fashion portions of an interview into a single piece, sort of a "as told to . . ." Occasionally, I have inserted some explanations of particular points, but for the most part, the piece is the flow of conversation with a highly intelligent and motivated individual.

(The noticeable thing about Chick Corea is the consciousness that permeates his music, as well as his life. If the two are connected, it is not just coincidence, it is effect.)

It stems from a real close look that I took about a year and a half ago at what I'm doing as an artist. Prior to that, I was involved in acquiring tools to play with, I was a student of different forms of music. I was into learning to play, dissecting what this guy did with his music, and what that guy did with his music, as a student would do. It was all fine, but what I found began to happen was that I was trying to create a form of music rather than establish a communication with the form. I never went home after a job feeling really fulfilled. I wanted to know why. I like to feel fulfilled. I started asking more pertinent questions, like "What is the purpose of what I do?"

I recognized a relationship which I hadn't looked at before, which was me as a cause point, on a handstand, creating something, sending something across to people who have come willingly to receive something. What I was doing before was without actually having any intention of giving anything. I was just playing something that was grooving me out. I looked across to other people and I saw, "There they are!" How do you give someone something?

Then I thought about situations in my life where I'll have relationships that do feel good, and usually the keynote there is understanding. Something will pass from me to another which will be originated by me, but which the other person will get, will understand. By having gotten that, there'll be some contact and he'll be able to originate something to me. We'll get a two way thing going, and that's what communication is. When one person gives another something of his own, he originates. The other person gets it for two reasons. Because the sender or giver loves this person enough to want him to get it. And because the receiver is willing enough to be there to get it. So, something happens, and there's actually contact between people, and it feels good.

I thought, "I'm pretty proficient at a lot of techniques in music. I can do anything I want with forms of music. But what do I really want to do with music?" I want to make people feel good. I want to communicate something to them which I would like agreement on. Not rebellion, anger, chaos, frustration, pain—what I want agreement on is happiness, good feeling. An agreement on the fact that things can get better. Agreement that we are here together and it isn't all roses and cherries, but it can be beautiful, we can make it that way. That's why the idea of communication is very important, because if nothing passes across that distance between the sender and the receiver, or the artist and his audience, or if what's passed across is misunderstood, and the intention of the artist isn't gotten, then people stay separate. Separateness is not part of my ideal of what a beautiful society should be like.

(In the *Downbeat* piece, Corea had written: "The masses of people look to artists for a life style and a dream of the future, not to those apparent power, such as government, the medical profession, the educational system, newspapers and the mass-communications. Though these institutions have a functional job to do, it's the artists who ultimately influence the masses of people and promote and seek agreement on how life should be.")

The opportunity is there. I'm not saying that an artist should or must assume responsibility, because no one should or must anything. A person feels good when he does what he's willing and able to do. My whole thing in promoting this idea is to show that this situation does exist, and that the possibility of taking advantage of a very natural phenomena is there—the natural phenomena being that an art form, or creating art, or living aesthetically, is a much desired thing with people, because it's very close to a natural way that people are. People are naturally, deep-down, very aesthetic. The most bulky looking person, deep-down, is very aesthetic and very beautiful. It's a much desired state to be in, to communicate in.

There was a marked change in my life that came about from this viewing of things that I've spoken about. One of the decisions I made was to write a whole bunch of new music, to play to people in a new way. One of the first pieces I wrote was titled "Return To

Forever". What I saw was that when people resolve a problem that they have, or become a hit happier, or when they enhance an ability that they have, the phenomena is not so much something being added to them as them rediscovering something that's always been there. So that's the idea of return, which people, in their own way, are trying to do. Forever is, to me, when someone is being very much himself, he becomes very much cause over time, to the extent that he can be, without feeling the effect of time. The word implies to me that when you lose the idea of time and you just continue to do and feel great about it, it's an everlasting thing.

(The idealism of the group extends beyond the music. The consciousness is quite high, the ideas are followed through)

It's a view that extends from outside myself and into the lives of others. There's a million games and a million cross-purposes and there's a lot of chaos and there's a lot of beauty hidden under the crap. What's happened is that the very natural goal of having what might be called a Utopian society—to simply have a better society, improved conditions for living—has been rekindled in me. I really see the possibility that by experiencing it in microcosm with my own group, seeing that it is possible to live ethically with another person, to have fair agreements, to never hold in something that you feel, but always speak and therefore maintain honest relationships—to see the results of that life feels very good. My desire is to want that to happen more and more, so that I can walk into a restaurant in some small city and see the waitress shining behind the counter instead of depressed into her apron.

It feels good to have worked on something, to have an idea, to have had a dream of how I want to live, and work on it, suffer through the first parts economically and with whatever effort has to be put up physically. To me, I see the success of it by seeing the eyes of someone in the group shining, coming up to me and saying how great they feel.

Without having a degree of agreement about what we're doing, it's not possible to do it to any effective degree. We agree that what we're doing is creating something beautiful to give to people.

(After the changes within his mind, Corea set about restructuring the content and format of his music)

Right in this period when I began to write new music, I also needed money. So I came back to New York after not having been there for a long time, and just put out to all the people that I had known that I was back in town, needing work. One of the guys that gave me work was Joe Henderson, and we had a gig in Philadelphia. That's where I met Stanley. I had never seen him or heard him before. From the first note that we played together, it was instant recognition of one another, and an instantaneous friendship. It was a very easy natural thing. We started to play together. Any musical projects that I had, I would call him. Then, after a while, we created our future goals more and more together until we have a whole thing created now that we're pursuing.

(After recording a mellow, bossa-novish type album for Polydor ("Light as a Feather"), it was quite surprising to come across the intensity and drive of the new band. Especially noticeable was the absence of Flora Purim, whose vocals had, to my mind obstructed the instrumental strength of the album.)

Part of it was intentional part of it was inevitable. The intentional thing was that I wanted very much to have an electric guitar. I wanted to write music for electric piano and guitar. The electric piano I wanted to use because my intention with the group was to play for larger and larger audiences. I've experienced playing acoustic music in those situations, especially acoustic music with a drummer. It's a frustration to amplify a wood bass and a wood piano. The delicacy of the instruments get distorted. So I've just developed an affinity for this electric fella and decided to have something compatible with it. Also, Airoto, who had been playing with the other group, has always wanted his own group, which is a very natural thing. So, at the right moment, he and Flora (his wife) left the group. Stanley and I were left, and we decided to put a new group together with the idea that we had previously of being electric.

Also, right after Airoto left, I found Bill (Connors) in San Francisco. We had a trio gig,

and my friend Steve Swallo also had a little trio in which Bill was playing. Steve knew I was looking for a guitarist, and he was loving enough to want the best for Bill, knowing that he hasn't got a lot of work. Bill came down, sat in, and I immediately loved his sound the way he played.

(Occasionally, audiences interpret music as a way of life, they look for answers, maybe only for guidance. And they expect—something.)

People find it hard to differentiate things. What I'm telling you now is my viewpoint, how I see things. One part of my ideal is that others have their own reality and what's true for a person is true for him. Another part of it is that realities should never be enforced on others. There must be meeting grounds somewhere. My purpose with playing music to an audience isn't to change them. I'm not about trying to change people directly. I'm about wanting to establish a really nice communication with someone, knowing that by that, some good change will happen anyway. I want to keep it real light, not heavy, and very unintellectual. The phenomena is at the end of a performance—smiling faces and a real good feeling, an experience that people can take with them and relate to and think about. When people come to me after a set and say that the music made them feel good or made them relax, something positive, I feel fantastic.

(With the inevitable success of the group, it is unlikely that Return to Forever will be able to play small clubs like the Cellar Door.)

I don't foresee totally giving up intimate situations, for one very personal reason, which is that at certain points, after the group is really established and we are operating in a normal way, I want to play the wood piano more and more, not with the group so much as in a different situation, either solo or with some acoustic music. I'd like to reserve that for smaller situations.

The purpose I have with the group is to play larger, concert environments. The equipment that we have is geared to that. The way I'm writing the music is also geared toward a large environment. I want to communicate my music to a lot of people, and to play for an audience of 4,000 and to really create a common agreement about what's happening is a fantastic feeling, a very positive one. Another idea has to do with my idea of evolving the music business, which is a secondary thing, but that actually happens. As I gain respect as an artist, as I open up com-

munication lines with lots of people, I get put in a position where I can dictate policy as far as what and how something gets put on record.

(In fact, Corea has his own production company, Forever Unlimited which has brought forth the "Light As A Feather" album, as well as Stanley Clarke's solo album, "Children Of Forever".)

What I want to do in the music business is provide a really sane framework that artists can come through, and, untainted, get their product to masses of people, without money motivation. I've found it possible, in economic terms, to have what's called a viable product and have it also be beautiful. All it takes is the intention of the artist to really communicate something and do it beautifully the way he wants. It becomes what commercial people call viable, which has been equaled with bad and dishonest. It doesn't have to be.

If more artists would take the responsibility of seeing that their products are handled properly, we could see some fantastic changes in the art culture of this country. That's a little side affect that has something to do with evolving a society.

(If the success of the group has been gratifying, Corea has the intelligence to keep it in perspective.)

At the moment, my interest is very far from technical discoveries in music. It's so easy to formulate a new technique. The simplest thing in the world is to go into a workshop and throw together some new sounds or some new way of putting sounds together. But that endeavor, to me, is a trap. It's a thing of trying to get the perfect baseball bat... where what you need is the perfect concentration to hit that ball over the wall. My interest at the moment has more to do with how to bring two worlds together... the world of my furthest out imagination, of things that happen within me and putting them in a form that I can communicate to people and really space them out. I'm more interested in my composition, how to compose and prepare music and also how to maintain and evolve in a really sane, beautiful group of musicians so that our lives becomes lives like people. Lives that we can really live sanely and happily, playing our music as a group. Not getting pulled into the usual things that happen when people become very successful and have a lot of responsibility by having a lot of respect from a lot of people. It's a hell of a task. We're winning at it, we're making it.



# The Nighthawks



by Bruce Rosenstein

Not many people go to rock music nightclubs to listen to the music. Though they're hearing the music, the majority are present for other activities: to drink, to pick up someone or be picked up, to be among crowds, or because there is nothing else to do. Most clubs feature either jukeboxes or live bands who may as well be jukeboxes, but there are clubs where live, quality rock music can be enjoyed.

In Washington there aren't many, however, and partly because of this, there aren't that many bands around to play them. The Child Harold has music constantly, and quality music at that, but there is no dancing and it's hard to squeeze a rock band into their "stage" area. There are other places to dance; like The Keg, The Bayou, Crazy Horse, and a few others, but their bands lean towards a more Top-40 oriented repertoire.

Which brings us to a club tucked away on M Street in Georgetown, near Sunny's Surplus and across the street from The Cellar Door. It's called, for some reason, Apple Pie. They have live bands twice a week, but only one of those nights, Wednesdays, is what we're talking about now. That's Nighthawks night.

Going to see The Nighthawks is probably like what it was like in 1967 seeing the early bar gigs of The J. Geils Band, or in 1962 witnessing early Rolling Stones shows before they became big. Despite the less-than-delightful surroundings, the music is the focal point—it is raw, it's loud without being aggravating, it's driving, and it's suitable for listening or dancing. Or both, if you can manage it.

The Nighthawks play material that both the Stones and the Geils Band teathed on; old blues and 'fifties rock 'n' roll. Also they play current songs, some well known, others no so well known.

Early in a set they may be doing an old blues like "Farther On Up The Road" or Wet Willie's arrangement of Otis Redding's "Shout Bamalama." Their sound doesn't take long to sink in. Lead guitarist Jimmy Thackery is up there coolly knifing out some slide guitar, while inches to his right singer/harp player Mark Wenner is growling the lyrics in between blowing the meanest harmonica heard in these parts. His heart, soul, and breath reserve is into it. Looking a bit like a rugged Dustin Hoffman, each of his arms is well tattooed, and he's wearing an artillery belt slung across his shoulder, with compartments for scores of different harps. To his left, in the club's curious iron-fenced enclosure, is Peter Luigi Bonta, sometimes playing piano and sometimes playing guitar. And sometimes singing. Mark does most of the vocals, but Peter and Jimmy each sing lead on some songs, and when you hear Peter sing a few times you'll wish he sang more. He's got an interesting voice, probably the most distinctive of the three. It presents an alternative to Mark's harsher vocals, when an alternative is called for. Newcomer Larry Bolet is on drums, and together with Ace, the bass; business-like on stage right, they give the Nighthawks' sound its rock solid foundation.

They don't waste time in between songs, no futzing around, it's just Wham! into the

next song. They also do some breathtaking segues of songs. One opens with a Delaney Bramlett song, "Living On The Open Road" featuring Jimmy on slide guitar playing a part which Duane Allman did on the original recording. It's a killer. From there they neatly go into a steadily climbing, fully electric version of an acoustic guitar piece, Leo Kottke's "Machine Gun #2." It starts with Jimmy playing slow and ominous, and gradually builds in volume and intensity. Finally the whole band is surging and they're into the Stones' "Stop Breaking Down."

Their current rock material includes The Allman Brothers' "One Way Out" (actually a Muddy Waters song); and three songs by West Coast rock greats Little Feat: "Tripe Face Boogie," "Teenage Nervous Breakdown," and "Walkin' All Night." From the J. Geils Band they do "Pack Fair and Square," "First I Look At The Purse," and Mark's harmonica *tour-de-force* "Whammer Jammer." You have to be damn good to carry this one off, and he is. The instant they finish the song they go off into something else, with Mark singing, no less.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Nighthawks have been together since last January with basically the same personnel as now. In summer, 1972 Jimmy and Mark were in a band called the Nighthawks with Bill Holland, a local writer/musician who had his own bass player working with them.

This arrangement didn't last long, and Mark and Jimmy went for months with the band in "total chaos," with a wide assortment of bass players joining them from week to week. Jimmy remembers they would "come in and play, get their \$35 and leave." The next time the same process would take place, only with a different face. Coming in to help out at various points was Chris Donald, Sha Na Na's guitarist, a Bethesda neighbor of the band who went to Columbia University with Mark. Chris even brought down Bruno, Sha Na Na's bassist, for the \$35 special one night.

During the August-January period, the band did most of their gigging at a small basement club on Connecticut Ave., The Far Inn. "Because of our personnel shifts, most of what we did was long jams," Jim says. "The good thing about that place is that it's one of the few places a new band that doesn't play Top 40 can get a chance to start."

Finally last January the band took shape with the addition of Ace the bass, drummer Lee Smith (very recently replaced by Larry Bolet) and Peter Luigi Bonta on guitar, piano, and vocals. They have been playing regularly ever since. Although they've done things like rent an American Legion hall to hold their own dance, most of their gigs have been at two local clubs, the Graffiti and Apple Pie. The Graffiti mainly attracts a younger, car radio listening, beer drinking crowd. Apple Pie, during the eight months or so that they regularly featured The Dubonnettes, got a reputation as a place for the glittery, moneyed, imaginatively dressed, ambi-sexual crowd. With the Dubonnettes there twice a week, a stack-heeled, shagged, glittered, glam-

rock clientele was built up. It didn't become a gay bar, so much as a club of confused sexuality. When the Nighthawks play, the crowd is more like a cross between the Graffiti people and the Pie people. There's a few more blue jeans and a few less eight-inch heels. Sometimes the view from the stage (right on the floor, inches from the dancers) gets interesting. Mark says "All the heavy stuff goes on right in front of us. That's really where the show is. Last night there were two girls dancing in front of us, part of the time with two other guys. And they were much more preoccupied with each other than the guys. They got into some heavy stuff."

Obviously, the band can't survive on just one sure gig a week. A sensitive area for most local level bands who consider themselves progressive is whether or not to go into the business of playing the Top 40 bars. There are two sides to the argument: 1) if you get in well enough, it can mean a certain degree of security with good pay; but 2) you know the people aren't there to listen to you play your music. They're there for endeavors which are only aided by the music. They want to hear songs they are familiar with. You can't play songs of your own choosing, for the most part, because your set has to consist of popular, readily recognizable songs. Some bands steadfastly refuse to put themselves through this and try to get along other ways, which sometimes involves skipping a few meals. Mark points out that "the best musicians I know aren't in bands." Others opt for it. "You can see why a musician who has been scuffling around for a long time getting fucked over, would settle down into playing clubs for good pay," he continues. There are bands in Ocean City that make three to five thousand a week playing clubs, so you can see how it would be tempting.

Hoping to find some middle ground between the Top 40 and more progressive (or less restrictive) clubs, Mark is seeking out some of the straighter places to try and get the Nighthawks additional gigs. We wouldn't play songs we didn't like and we wouldn't let them force songs on us, but we could put together sets of recognizable songs. We play J. Geils songs, and they've had two hits, so people would recognize that. Plus we'll dangle the 'oldies' thing in front of them. People go for that. We do a Little Richard medley, songs by Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis; even Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett. So that shouldn't be much of a problem."

It should be interesting to see if they can rock a straighter crowd. If the club-goers have their faculties about them, their ears open at least part way, and the right amount of alcohol in them, I think they can do it. If they're not moved by their Stones' songs, or their high-octane version of "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," there's something wrong. Still, Mark says, "They like to hear things they can sing along with. Even if it's only on the chorus. Watch people dancing at a club like that, and you'll see a lot of them with their lips moving." Not necessarily towards someone else's, it may be added.

Mark thinks the Nighthawks can compete with the polished Top 40 type acts in their

own setting. "We've gotten to the point where we're slick. Not slick like a band like The Octagon, with horns and everything. Not for a club like The Black Greco or Ventuno's 21. Regardless of what type place they play, their stage show is coming together. They haven't gone so far as to choreograph things, but they like to move around on stage and would do it even more with the added space of a concert stage. Since most clubs have quite cramped stage areas, moving around has to be kept at a minimum. And at a place like the Graffiti they tend to lay back a bit and not physically project as much. Along with individual movements, they present something to look at, generally not dressing in street clothes. Mark says it's "carrying out your fantasies on stage. It's very therapeutic. It makes your real life more sane: Peter can wear his cowboy shirts and I can wear my soul-musician clothes. Some bands take the musical snob attitude of 'The music's the only thing.' Well it's not."

The Nighthawks are playing American music, the same type of material that made up the early live and recorded work of the Stones. The songs on the first Rolling Stones album are very similar in origin to what the Nighthawks are playing now, in their early days. "Almost none of it was original," Mark points out, "and what was listed as original was just rewriting a Jimmy Reed song with different lyrics and crediting yourself. I could do stuff like that, but what's the point in it?" What the Nighthawks prefer to do is play non-original songs, but inject their own character into it. Mark says, "You have to put something of yourself into a song. You can say Jimmy is patterning certain things after B. B. King's style, but his own style comes out too. It's the same thing when I do 'Whammer Jammer'. There's no point in playing it exactly as it is on the record."

Odd things can make you appreciate how good they are. They do a Little Feat song called "Walkin' All Night" about a "side street swinger". I'd heard the original version many times and thought it was all right, but not as good as other Little Feat songs. When I heard the Nighthawks do it I realized that I liked it better, but what's more I liked the way they did it. When I listened to the recorded, original version again I saw that it plainly wasn't as exciting; it needed that live drive the Nighthawks give it, and the record didn't have it.

The band feels that they don't have to worry just yet about writing their own songs. Somebody has done it before, and having original material that sounds like a flash is ultimately not as good as taking someone else's song and doing it your own way. Considering all the good songs around, many of them hard to find but worth the search, the possibilities are endless.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a point in a band's set, sometimes it never comes at all, but there is a turning point when everything starts to click. It begins to happen on stage, it jells, and if you're paying attention, the same feeling happens inside you. It's a combination of what's happened earlier in the evening, how the crowd is responding, how everyone is feeling, and it certainly has something to do with the alcohol seeping in and doing its thing. All the instruments lock into the same common, abstract voice. Everyone feels all right, and nobody's asking any questions. With the Nighthawks, the point will often come during one of their three-in-one medleys, like the Little Richard one with "Rip It Up"/"Tutti Frutti"/"Long Tall Sally." But even more powerful than this is the boogie medley starting with the Stones' "Shake Your Hips." It goes into the blues song "Mellow Down Easy," made popular by Paul Butterfield, with the band stretching out for some extended playing. Then they proceed into a rousing Moby Grape song, "Going Nowhere," which instead of going nowhere slides back into "Shake Your Hips." The effect is satisfying and exhausting. After a good set, you're drained, and grateful for the upcoming break.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where to go from here? Well, being a local band, the Nighthawks face the same problems as the others; not enough places to play, a seeming indifference on the part of the local community to support home grown talent, and the general unwillingness of local promoters and college bookers to put local bands on their concerts. And all that is aside from the problems they have by being a band playing in bars. Their future may lie in another locality, or in making records, but if Washington does have a renaissance for local musicians, you can bet the Nighthawks will be in the vanguard. By the time you read this, they will already have done a week at the Cellar Door as the supporting act for headliner Linda Ronstadt, something they gained

cont. pg. 14

# A WASHINGTON FIRST

## THE INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S FILM FESTIVAL

By Ruth Stenstrom

From September 19th until October 2nd I plan to be camping out at the movies, for thanks to the Washington Area Women's Center and the Janus Theatre, Washington is going to be blessed with its first Women's Film Festival. To be more exact, it will be an international festival with films from ten countries, including the U.S. Billed as "Films by and about women . . . as they see themselves," the program is offering 52 films with so many different and fascinating perspectives on women, life and film that just reading the program notes I was overwhelmed.

Six of the films will be making their U.S. premiere. They include a comedy-spoof of gangsters, *Papa Les Petits Bateaux*, by French director Nelly Kaplan; *Georges Qui?*, a portrait of Georges Sand by Michele Rosier; *The Guest*, an Italian film by Lilliana Cavani which in retrospect explores the fantasies and realities which prompted a woman's "madness" and institutionalization; *Dream Life* by Canadian filmmaker Mirielle Dancereau and a Hungarian film by Marta Metzarus—*Good Riddance*.

Also there will be films from the People's Republic of China; Czechoslovakia, Ghana, Sweden, Germany and Great Britain.

This will be the first time many of the films will be shown in the D.C. area. Two highlights of the festival program are sessions with the filmmakers themselves. On Sunday evening, September 23, Rosalind Schneider will do a presentation of her films, which were screened at her one-woman show at the Whitney Museum in New York last March. Included in the program of short films is *Parallax*, a 3-screen film exploration of body relationships in a dance abstraction. She will

also talk about film and her work.

And Saturday evening, September 29, there will be a benefit program for the Women's Center in which a filmmaking collective from New York, Women Make Movies, will present their films and a film workshop. *Women's Happy Time Commune* will be the feature attraction, as a spoof of frontier women in the Old West who break all conventions to form a commune. Four other short films explore rape, love-hate relationships, housewife as artist and an unpredictable afternoon in the life of an older woman.

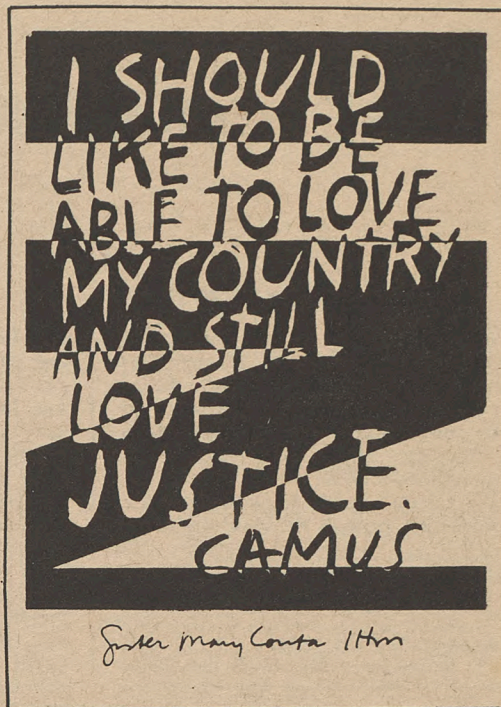
Other filmmakers in the festival include contemporaries Mai Zetterling, Kate Millet, Agnes Varda, Constance Beeson, and Maya Deren who pioneered in the New American Cinema movement in the forties, and Germaine Durlac, a surrealist who worked in the twenties.

Obviously the list goes on and there isn't enough room to print all of the adjectives I could think of to describe the festival . . . brilliant . . . exciting . . . creative . . . original . . . humorous . . . surrealistic . . . mystifying . . . demystifying . . . relevant . . . stimulating . . . the endless possibilities and dimensions of women's creativity from all over the world.

I expect to be surprised, challenged and gratified by the festival.

It's about time women received an appropriate format on the American screen, and thanks to the Women's Center this will be the first of I hope many women's film festivals in Washington. And thanks to the Janus 2 theatre, half of the proceeds will benefit the Women's Center. I can't think of a better way to spend my money.

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# WHOEVER SHE IS . . .

by Bonnie Newlon

We each probably have feelings about the movement that has been labeled "Women's Liberation". But who knows exactly what it is? Or is there any one definition that fits this conglomerate of activities?

To this participant observer, it is cultural change—with infinite, and at this point in time, unfathomable repercussions.

We once accepted the white middle class as the cultural norm. Its leaders were mostly men; it proscribed, sanctioned, and rewarded their endeavors. It also preached freedom, equality, and human dignity—a lesson everyone learned pretty well. As a result, with pains like those we associate with childbirth, the culture is parenting a new being. The groups that had been denied the cultural ideals in one sense or another are beginning to assert their place and claim their inheritance.

The internalization of the values of freedom, equality, and human dignity has touched the spirit of women, at a level deeper than the individual personality. The influence of these ideals will affect not only every sphere of the individual woman's life, but also every sphere of human life in general—social, psychological, economic, political, artistic, technological, and philosophical.

The Women's Movement is appealing—it's such a positive thing. Women are getting together to challenge what they see as unfair

and unequal treatment in jobs, medical care, and legal status. They're banding together interracially to provide services and activities tailored to feminine needs—like daycare centers, libraries of feminist readings, rape counseling centers, employment counseling projects, rap sessions, and entertainment centers. As a woman, all of this fills you with a new sense of awareness of yourself and other women that you know, meet and watch, and perhaps most importantly with a sense of pride in being a woman. The movement is something you want to be a part of and share—it isn't a revolution necessarily, but more of a growth and building process for 20th century humans. Sort of like entering a new frontier, we're leaving outmoded, unproductive, and unworkable ideas behind us. There's a sense of anticipation and excitement to be felt.

We begin with the viewpoint of a woman who wants to find out what is happening in our area relative to the feminist movement. We are uninformed, groping now, starting at zero. The focus of the column will be to find and interview the groups and individuals, both public and private, who are working on feminist issues. We will talk with women in varied careers who have achieved a measure of recognition, to better understand the process of their individual growth. Through this pursuit, hopefully, the diverse aspects of the feminist movement will become a composite picture.

Our journey toward awareness begins with the Women's Fair sponsored by N.O.W. (the National Organization for Women), held on August 25th in the President's Park at 15th and E Streets, N.W., in celebration of the 53rd Anniversary of Women's Suffrage (which was granted on August 26, 1920, by the passage of the 19th Amendment to the Constitution). It was a hot, cloudy day which turned bright as the afternoon progressed. About 1500 people came and meandered through the exhibits of things by and about women. A mood prevailed of quiet, open enjoyment—both on an individual and collective level. There was so much to ponder, a consistent effort had to be made to stop at each booth or display.

Paintings, prints, and photography by women artists were plentiful—all interesting and sensitively executed. Many craft items by local craftswomen were displayed including jewelry, pottery, patchwork quilts, articles decorated with needlepoint and crewel work, and tie-dyed clothing. The visual mix of people and things lent the sense of a jovial, cosmopolitan marketplace.

There were about 40 booths representing various women's groups in the metropolitan area—varying from Gay Rap to the League of Women Voters. The diverse interests of these groups is shown by a partial list of those represented at the Fair:

The D.C. Government Commission on

the Status of Women  
Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor  
D.C. Charter Chapter of Federally Employed Women  
Rap on Corrections  
Equal Employment Opportunity Commission  
D.C. Women's Political Caucus  
Women in Cable (referring to cable T.v.)  
Women's National Abortion Action Coalition  
Washington Area Feminist Theatre  
Women's Legal Defense Fund  
National Committee on Household Employment  
*Off Our Back* (a newspaper)

A "Children's Play Area" was fenced off at one corner of the park, so that mothers could mingle freely around the Fair knowing that their children were being cared for. It was staffed and featured a Jungle Jane and free refreshments for the children.

Musicians played and sang, and speakers told of upcoming political and legal battles of the next year. An issue repeated in several speeches was the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution. The need for voluntary and financial support was stressed by the women speakers, and we will be interviewing the groups involved in later columns.

It was a day of synthesis, celebration, and new beginnings.

# THE COOKINGEST RHYTHM SECTION IN TOWN

by William Holland

Take a close look at your first Roberta Flack album cover, the one with the yellow border. The shot was taken at Mr. Henry's four years ago. In the background of the photo you can see a bass player and a drummer. They now happen to be the cookingest rhythm section in town.

Yes, friends, humbly disguised as sensitive accompanists, Marshall Hawkins, bass player, and Bernard Sweetney, drummer, have stepped out quite a bit in the last five years. One could accurately say they are the cornerstone of whatever serious contemporary music scene there is in town.

Oh, there's some other heavy duty hometown cats all right—Andrew White III and Eric Gravatt, both of Weather Report, Donald Byrd and most of his group—but by and large these Washingtonians have chosen not to stay in town, but to seek money, reputation and an audience on the road and in the recording studio.

"It used to be," Bernard Sweetney explained, "that you had to go out on the road you know, like I played with Jimmy Smith for awhile, but after awhile it seemed to me that the music was what was important, not where you played it. Like I could do a commercial thing, but why? I've got what I want right here."

"In every city where there's a scene," Marshall said, "there'll be a rhythm section that, well, fits together. You know you've got something. It doesn't always happen. But me and Bernard, man, we can get into a thing ..."

No record companies are pounding at the doors, however, but no matter, the groups Marshall has assembled play the most exciting new music in town. The real fine powerful stuff.

Hawkins continued to explain how certain rhythm sections click. "It's not always a

hometown scene, of course. Sometimes cats find each other in a band. Like Ron (Carter) and Tony (Williams) who played with Miles. And Philly Joe (Jones) and Paul Chambers before them. It just explodes, you know?"

Born in Washington, and always close to music, Hawkins didn't pick up the bass until he was in his late twenties. He is now 39.

"I had a lot of work to catch up on," he chuckled. "But I worked and got to know the scene here. Back then, the Bohemian Caverns had so much music coming in, man. Eric Dolphy, Coltrane, all kinds of music. At that time, the rhythm section team in town was Keeter Betts and Bertell Knox." (Both played and still play record dates as well as with many of the visiting mainstream modern musicians who visit Washington, including Charlie Byrd, Mose Allison and a number of other pianists). "I learned a lot from listening to Keeter. He's a bitch."

Sweetney remembers those days too, before the riots scared away the patrons and the Caverns and many other clubs closed. He said he'd played in r & b bands here as a kid, and started hanging around the Caverns for the jam sessions.

"That's where Marshall and I met. He was already into writing and playing advanced stuff, getting musicians together. We started working together in the mid-Sixties. We backed up Shirley Horn. Even went on the road for a little while with her."

"Later on, I started working with Roberta, then I got Marshall to join the group. It was nice."

Hawkins also went on the road—with Miles Davis. But he says that he wasn't satisfied with himself. "There's got to be that marriage thing in the rhythm section, so you can feel and anticipate what the other's going to do. And Miles' musical direction was changing too." He came back to D.C., pushing even

harder "to psych out my own turf" as he puts it, beginning to initiate a series of concerts, some casual, some formal and elaborate, that seem to be working.

While holding down a paying gig (and sometimes with no gig to support him), Hawkins began the serious task of writing and orchestrating compositions for quartets, octets—different settings and varying personnel.

"It depended who was in town and who could get into it," he said. Besides Sweetney, the musicians who have played and still play these concerts including an overwhelming wealth of local talent: tenor saxophonist Buck Hill; trumpeter Kenny Reed; Andrew White on tenor and soprano sax and other reeds, flutist Lloyd McNeil, drummers Eric Gravatt and Keith Killgo, pianists Gene Rush, Kevin Toney, Harry Killgo and many others.

The music has been in that untamed field beyond the post-bop bands like the Horace Silver group and the Art Blakey Jazz Messengers. Always experimental, always explosive, it also has not strayed too close to those who consciously or unconsciously imitate the "in" sound, whether it be Ornette or Pharoah Sanders or whatever.

"It's a very spiritual thing and you have to respect it," Hawkins added. "Music is a very powerful thing. It's an extension of yourself, it's a living organism, it evolves, it has cycles. You just can't make up some style, it's got to just come out. You've got to be dedicated."

"I think the young audience is demanding something else beyond what they've been hearing. I think Miles, for example, is responsible for the total evolution in the taste of young audiences. It's great to see kids coming out to hear this music—you establish that eye contact—and they're smiling with you or they're digging it real hard. I mean, that's the point!"

The main problem, Sweetney and Hawkins will say, is that they just can't afford to play together as much as they like. Every weekend, the two men work in Marshall's group at the Top 'O Foolery, on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Circle Theater. The place is usually packed. Hawkins has also been presenting a group about once a month at the O Street Theater.

But the bills have to be paid too. Until a few weeks ago, Hawkins had an all-week gig at Goncho's, the posh Southwest supper club, playing in a trio with pianist Dick Morgan—for folks eating, drinking and talking.

Sweetney, who is married and a father, is sort of house drummer at the Foolery, working with the Fred Williams group and pianist Ellsworth Gibson.

While the musicianship is certainly high, and the sense of accomplishment a lot more than, say, going on the road with a soul band with a hit 45, the two men would really like to devote all of their energy into their own music.

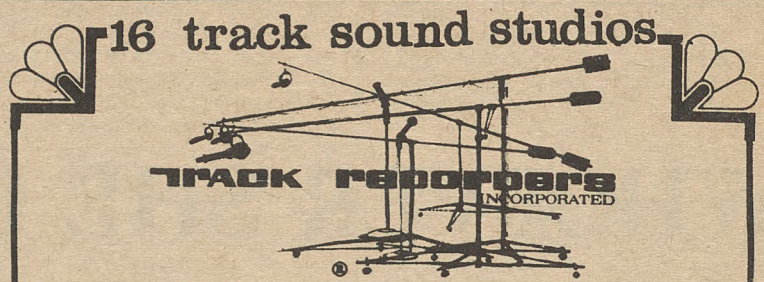
"Oh, the audiences are getting bigger," Hawkins said hopefully, "but where are we going to play now? I'm hopeful that we'll put down enough good music that the word will spread."

"Music exhales and inhales. Every other decade music just undergoes big changes. And the pulse is getting faster!"

But for now, it's a Sunday session here, a concert there. And too many nights playing in bars, fighting audiences who barely hear the more commercial tunes they have to play to get alone. The urge to take a big money gig must get strong. Make some big change, then retreat.

"Nope," Hawkins replied. "I'm pretty set. I want to compose and play my own music and that's what I'm going to do."

Sweetney feels the same. "I'll do it here."



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# COUNTERNOTES

by Bruce Rosenstein

## THE SWEET (Bell)

"Little Willy" was the kind of song that you could never quite decide if you liked. Despite its hard and heavy guitar intro and generally strong guitar throughout, too many people dismissed it as mere fluff just because it was played on Top 40 radio.

Well, it's about time we stopped being prejudiced against certain songs or artists merely because we don't like the type of radio stations playing them. "Little Willy" may have had silly lyrics, but it was catchy, memorable, and heavy as you could hope for. It gave Top 40 some class this Spring. The Sweet's music on this album is a collection of singles, showing they know how to get people to listen to a song, and keep them there. Most of the post-"Little Willy" songs (it was a hit in England long before it caught here) are a bit less commercial and even heavier but most of them could still have a shot at the Top 40.

"Wig-Wam-Bam", for example, was obviously the follow-up to "Little Willy". It sounds like nearly the same song, but it has its own charm. The lyrics are just as silly, but better. The guitar is just as heavy and insistent. Two other recent British hits are the best songs on the album: "Blockbuster" (currently having a go at the charts here) and "Hell Raiser". They've got everything going for them: devastating lead guitar, adequate, say-nothing lyrics, and catchiness.

The best way to approach The Sweet is not only to accept them for what they are, but to realize that their inspiration is drawn from two mighty sources: pre-Tommy Who material (nearly every guitar riff on this album has been done at one time or another by Pete Townshend) and the giants of late sixties "mod rock", The Small Faces. Not that The Sweet is anywhere as good as those groups, but they'll never try to tell you they are.

The Sweet have been mainstays of the British charts for two years now, and there's no reason to think they're going to stop now. We Americans are far behind, but "Blockbuster" or "Hell Raiser" reaching hit status quick would be a start. All this, plus "Little Willy" is on this album. Give in—you could do a lot worse.

## ALLADIN SANE David Bowie (RCA)

Well so what if it's not as good as *Hunky Dory* or *Ziggy Stardust*? Is the function of an artist necessarily to continually improve upon what has come before? True, David has done this on every album up until now, but *Ziggy Stardust* was the end product of a particular stage of Bowie's career. It took and refined the heaviness of *The Man Who Sold The World* with the lyrical awareness of *Hunky Dory* and came out a masterpiece.

*Alladin Sane* logically would have fit in before *Ziggy Stardust* or possibly even before *Hunky Dory*. It is Bowie at his simplest. It was created in a time when he was finally getting his long elusive mass popularity; during last year's American tour. It is a simple album for complex times; accessible to his new fans, and because of their fanaticism, has been easily accepted by his old followers.

To me, it is not so much important that *Alladin Sane* is Davie Bowie's impressions of America put to song. Christ, you and I know what it's like living here. We know about the paranoia, the impending sense of doom, the hopelessness, frustration—the everyday stuff that keeps us going. So we don't need David to clue us in on that. Even if he has seen more of America than most of us. What is important, is that this is a good rock album that shows that even though he's found fame, he still can play his music; which is all we can ask of him. From the beginning, you know that everything's going to be all right. When Mick Ronson hits with that thunderous opening guitar riff, all doubts are dispelled.

The song is "Watch That Man". It is the most grabbing cut on the album, a perfect choice for opening the record. Bowie has gone the only way he could—he has decided to rock out. *Alladin Sane* is his rockin' album to date, thankfully keeping the melodramatic stuff to a minimum. A lot of the success is attributable to Mick Ronson. His guitar keeps David's music in touch with reality. The whole band, whatever they're calling themselves these days, plays quite well, and Bowie's lucky he has them. Consider that Ronson and the boys have redressed the "Bo

Diddle" riff not once but twice on the album. It's nice to know they remember where it all started. When "The Jean Genie" was first released as a single last year, I couldn't believe that they would stoop to "I'm A Man" rip-offs just like every other 1964 British hard rock bands, but a few more listenings and the genius of the whole move sank in. Believe me, "The Jean Genie" is not a throwaway cut—it is absolutely essential. The other Bo Diddley inspired song is "Panic In Detroit." It's killer rock in the great Detroit tradition of MC5, Alice Cooper, Stooges, assembly lines, and countless unknown rock bands. I really like "Cracked Actor," which has nice simple, graphic lyrics and earthquake guitar from Ronson.

There are, as would be expected, songs which don't fit into the primal rock & roll category of "The Jean Genie," "Watch That Man," and the like. I don't think they are as good, because they tend to take themselves too seriously and border on the melodramatic. Biggest offender on this LP is "Time." The title cut gets into some fairly pleasant jazz things. "Drive In Saturday" grows on you, and it's similar to much of the material on *Ziggy Stardust*. Their version of "Let's Spend The Night Together" isn't particularly memorable. They don't exactly try to tackle The Stones on their own turf, because when you get down to it they can't.

I haven't bothered to get much into the lyrics on *Alladin Sane*. They may come some time later. That may be hard, however, because I very rarely listen to it anymore, four months after its release. Not that I'm no longer fond of it, but there are other things to listen to now. I see that David's announced his retirement from concert performances. Too bad, I never got a chance to see him. He'll probably reconsider one of these days. Until then, I'm sure he'll do something worthwhile. We may not have agreed with all of his activities, but he always seems to come out all right.

## BLUE SUEDE SHOES Johnny Rivers (United Artists)

Back in the early and mid-sixties, through his hit singles and albums, and appearances at the fabled Whisky a Go Go, Johnny Rivers, the young rocker from Louisiana, turned a lot of people on to blues and reminded them of the greats of 'fifties rock'n'roll.

Now, nearly ten years later, with a whole new generation waiting to be rocked, Johnny is once more turning us on to our rock heritage. Late last year he pulled the double feat of showing us our roots with his magnificent version of Huey "Piano" Smith's "Rockin' Pneumonia and Boogie Woogie Flu" and introducing a lot of people to reggae. The latter was accomplished with knockouts like a reggae version of Van Morrison's "Brown-Eyed Girl." The album was even titled *L.A. Reggae*. His new album is like a history of rock'n'roll. Side one is labeled "1955-1965"; almost the beginning of rock'n'roll to when things started changing.

Johnny lays it all out for us: the title cut is of course Carl Perkins' best known song, a hit for both him and Elvis Presley and what's more; an unofficial anthem for a generation. On this LP it represents the rockabilly part of rock's evolution, but it's done in a fast, free-wheeling style with superb piano by Michael Omartian. Whoever played lead guitar on this cut absolutely outdid himself. It'll leave you breathless. Next is a medley (if you can call it that) of The Coasters' "Searchin'" and Johnny Otis' "So Fine." This is done closer to the original, with Larry Knechtal in his usual great form on piano. Early 'sixties r&b comes next with the sweet soul of Curtis Mayfield's "It's All Right." Moving closer to home we have "Hang On Sloopy," but what a "Hang On Sloopy." It's done as a reggae song, and could be a hit single. Keeping Johnny off the charts is practically a crime, and I don't know how we've survived the summer without him on the radio. Capturing the super energy of the mid-sixties is the Byrds' classic "I'll Feel A Whole Lot Better." Johnny's vocal and the lead guitar on this are unreal. It would probably be asking for too much for this to be a hit. It's too good. After that pitiful Byrds reunion album, it's nice to know that someone remembers what the rock of that period sounded like. The biggest surprise of the LP loses side one, a great version of Neil Diamond's "Solitary Man." I never cared much for this song, or its author, but Johnny's transformed it into a whole new thing.

Side two, labeled the "boogie side", is mainly concerned with the r&b roots. After a

so-so opener, "Over The Line," written by pianist Omartian and Patti Dahlstrom, Rivers moves into a good boppin' version of Johnny Otis' "Willie and the Hand Jive, followed by a not too bluesy "Got My Mojo Workin'" and finally a classic if there ever was one, "Turn On Your Love Light." The performances on side two are good, but the material and energy level is much greater on side one. *Anything* on that side could be a hit.

Listen, we've been accepting too many weak substitutes for real rock'n'roll. If *Blue Suede Shoes* and *L.A. Reggae* don't convince you that the Johnny Rivers of the seventies is must listening, then nothing will.

## WORKSHOP—NRBQ (Kama Sutra)

Few bands have been kicked around like NRBQ. Launched in mid-1969 amid outrageous amounts of hype from Columbia Records, they proceeded to flounder among hosts of failed ventures, including an album recorded with Carl Perkins, which sounded like a great idea but which didn't sell any records. Following that they were all busted, and parted company with Columbia.

In Spring, 1972 came *Scraps*, a triumphant return and a fresh start with a new label, Kama Sutra. It didn't sell either. The presence of several potential hit singles added to the incongruity of the situation. *Workshop* is their newest, and they're still a great band. NRBQ is an American band more than anything else; listening to their album is like going through an encyclopedia of musical styles. Within a loose framework of rock'n'roll they zoom through boogie woogie, country, straighter jazz, rockabilly, and more adventurous jazz (there was a Sun Ra piece on their first LP). On *Workshop* the stuff that works best is boogie woogie and rockabilly. (Remember how their initials once supposedly stood for "New Rockabilly Quintet"?)

"Get That Gasoline Blues" is a wild piece of boogie woogie that is probably the most distinctive cut on the album. It is similar to some of the things Asleep At The Wheel is doing—most notably "I've Been Everywhere"—and *Workshop* goes quite well with AATW's album, *Commin' Right At Ya*. The overriding message of both is *fun*. "RC Cola and a Moon Pie" is in the same vein, but less novelty oriented.

Their rockabilly isn't pure, which means it's not strictly copied, and it swings a little more than it rocks. They've already worked with Carl Perkins, one of the original masters of the genre, so what would be the point of slapping out something just like it appears on an old Sun 45? The fact that they are one of the few rock bands into this style is enough. Their "Hearts Of Stone", for instance, is endearing but not nearly as raw as John Fogerty's recent version. "Just To Hold My Hand" is closer to it, short and sweet with a country rocking guitar leading the way.

With all this talk of differing styles don't think they've forgotten the value of straight hard rock. They know how to open an album side to hook you in. "C'mon If Your're Comin'" and "Deaf Dumb and Blind" coax the listeners out of their seats with simple, unaffected rock. Still, it's got the good-time stamp which is the band's trademark.

Mention must be made of the instrumentation on *Workshop*. NRBQ is a band which can integrate horns into their sound without having them sound totally out of place or as needless background. Even on the rockabilly/country songs the horns sound like they belong with the song, and not back at home. The best instrumental work comes from the keyboards of Terry Adams. Al Anderson is now a full-time member on guitar and vocals. Previous to joining NRBQ, Al was leader of Wildweeds, a country-rock band, and Ian Matthews recorded a couple of his songs. Rumor has it that Ian once was going to form a band with Al.

NRBQ is a lot of fun. Why don't you pick up *Scraps* and *Workshop* and help save them from any future horrible fates?

## O LUCKY MAN! (Soundtrack) Alan Price (Warner Brothers)

1973 has proven to be a year of, if not some superb movies, at least some superb movie soundtracks. The most outstanding is the reggae music of *The Harder They Come*, with something to be said for *Pat Garrett and Billy The Kid* and *American Graffiti*. But Alan Price's soundtrack to *O Lucky Man* is certainly the best integrated, coherent original film score of the year.

Like *Pat Garrett* but unlike *The Harder They Come* or *American Graffiti*, the music here was created specifically for the movie. Still, it is music which can be enjoyed without having seen the film, but you are missing a lot by not seeing the movie and experiencing the music. The thread of communication between Price and director Lindsay Anderson appears to have been very strong. The music is not just background; it is essential to the story as Price and his band have roles in the film.

Without getting too deeply into the movie, which is not my purpose here, basically we follow the misadventures of Mick Travis, played by Malcolm McDowell as he tries to become rich and successful. He starts as a coffee salesman, and winds his way through some gruesome and comic incidents in churches, big business, small business, prison, a sinister military research center, and the savage bowery of London. Most of the action takes place in out of the way British country villages. Through it all Travis takes what comes his way, and tries to remain wide-eyed, undaunted, and optimistic come what may.

As Mick goes through his ups and downs over the course of three hours film time and ten years story time, Price and his band, (guitarist Colin Green, bassist Dave Markee, and drummer Clive Thacker) are shown performing each of the songs in a dark, mirrored, rehearsal room, sitting on chairs in a circle. Anderson uses them as a counterpoint to what Mick is going through in his efforts to get ahead. They seem to represent stability, and the spirit of "keeping at it." They are continually in that same room, still rehearsing, still slogging it out. For all we know, they could hardly ever be really working, playing gigs. The only hint we have of this is a scene where they are travelling at night in their van, and pick up Travis after knocking his bicycle off the road following one of his more horrifying incidents. They perform the songs straight-faced, and in contrast to Mick's innocence, they are world-weary. Their fate appears to change at the movie's end, but I won't spoil that for you.

Price, of course, was the keyboard player for the original Animals, and later led The Alan Price Set; having a British hit with Randy Newman's "Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear." Price still seems influenced by Newman. It is reflected in his ironic, witty lyrics, his piano centered songs, and in his vocal style. The band is a tight little unit, never flashy, all the while playing through and around Price's piano, fleshing out the sound. Alan, meanwhile, is pictured cigar chomping, untrendily dressed, the leader of the band. And wait till you see how the movie introduces his hands.

The best song is the title cut. The lyrics come together best here, the band cooks in their exciting, yet business-like manner, and while expressing the outlook of the movie, it goes beyond it, which songs like "Justice," and "My Home Town" may not be capable of. "O Lucky Man" breathes irony, for as we see what seems to be lucky can turn out to be most unfortunate. "Poor People" and "Sell Sell" are strong songs which relate perfectly to the film; the latter guiding Mick through his first job and the former a picture of what's going on in Mick's head. "Look Over Your Shoulder" is foreboding and prophetic, much to Mick's dismay and while "Justice" is a bit less subtle than the others, it still presents the cold truth to the much maligned Mr. Travis.

*O Lucky Man* the movie and *O Lucky Man* the soundtrack are both worth your time and attention. Malcolm McDowell, Lindsay Anderson, and Alan Price are all masters at what they do. They've done it together here, and the results are delightful.

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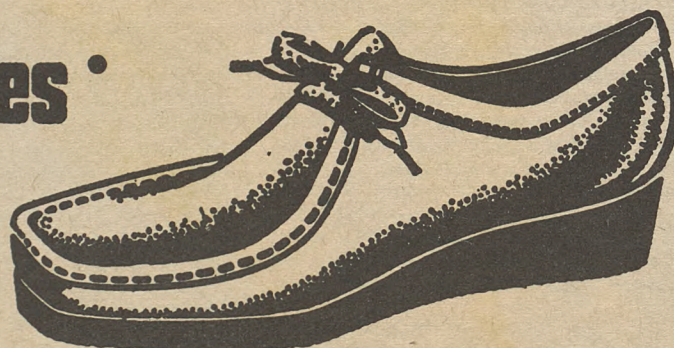
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# fiction

## La Cola del Diablo

by Rene F. Cardenas

Sergio's Bar, in the Mexican part of Modos, Texas, was the only one which could boast of its long life, for other neighborhood bars changed owners, changed their names, or changed locations. But Sergio's Bar had always been there, even before the memory of most of the old men of the neighborhood, which was called Quinta de los Remedios, which means something like Farm of the Remedies as far as I can tell.

Sergio's Bar must have been family-owned to have been that old and that established. I never thought about it as a kid except that it was a place where some of the older men disappeared when they got paid and some of us kids sometimes had to go in there and ask for Don Pedro, or Tave's pa, or Nene la Mona's daddy. We approached the place with reluctance, even misgivings, for it was a man's recess where little boys should not intrude. Later, when I was older, it was a place to meet others in the Quinta, and now and then we met or remet someone there from previous times. It was odd how men would come into the bar when they would not be seen anywhere else in the Quinta, as if the bar existed on the very outskirts of the neighborhood.

But it didn't. It was almost in the middle of the Quinta and in fact, stared face to face two other cantinas across the street. And it was the other two places which were the bad ones. In the one, a couple had been killed, and in the other, fires had once broken out in the dead of the afternoon. Sergio's Bar was not quite as rowdy since Chino Marron insisted on a homey atmosphere and although on Saturday nights a political, economic, or religious theme would erupt in angry words, Chino's "Hey-hey," usually quieted things down. Once, some old woman, who used to come in with her picker brother when the cropping was over East Texas way, began kicking at the multi-colored juke-box, saying that if it wasn't Infante or Negrete, it was nothing. Not only was she sent out but she was told never to come back unless it was to receive a hit on the tower. The debate, held half in the bar and half out on the sidewalk, gave the neighborhood one of the most scandalized and hilarious scenes that month, and it was a long time before it ceased to become a topic of talk.

People came as regulars, and they left years later, having either become subject for talk, or having built up enough matters to make their ears burn far away from Texas. A couple of old geezers usually came in on a daily basis, some other younger ones used the bar for meetings and then split for other greener areas, and some of the kids who had just become of age used the pool table as the only game in town.

El Pooki, for example, had been damn near demolished by an overturned trailer van he had been unloading over by San Antone. One of the cranks on the parking stand of the van had suddenly slipped, shifting the load and the whole thing came down, squeezing El Pooki between it and some concrete steps. There had been some money from the trucking firm but it soon disappeared and now he lived on Social Security and occasional funds from his much-dispersed family. He was a fat man with a withered leg, and he liked to drink his beer slowly, parsing it out until supper was past and he had to limp home drunk.

Juan Chung, for another, was part-Chinese and part-Mexican, and he had long been retired by a railroad. He had once had a bakery but a truck had crashed into it and ended his post-retirement bliss. Now he took to drink and only went home when Chino refused to sell him more. He was tall and muscular around the forearms, but heavy in the gut, like a longshoreman gone to seed.

Fausto Jota was a great-grandfather with a large family who provided for his needs. His wife was forever at some relative's home, either taking care of kids or nursing some sick ones. Fausto said he had been a Mexican army officer, a gun-runner, and a builder of churches but no one listened to him. He was too old.

The three of them usually sat at one of the tables by the wall, drinking their beer slowly, then quickly, or slowly and then slower, depending on available money and the heat of the argument. When one of them became drunk, he immediately turned into a target of attention for those of us without much else to talk about other than work, lies and young fantasies.

It was on a hot, summer Saturday night, when Chino had opened the side shutters to allow a fatigued wind to fan our beaded faces, that Fausto lurched up and disappeared past the juke-box, around the pool table, and on to the back where the rest-rooms were. Three of us—Paco Muralla, La Bamba, and myself—were jawing about whether or not the Army was better than the Navy or Marine Corps, when a startled Fausto sped back into the room, not having bothered to zip up his fly.

"It's there, it's there!" he said in a hoarse voice, pointing back toward the empty pool table.

"What, what, what?" asked the wiping Chino.

"It's there. I saw it!"

"What, old man?" asked La Bamba, giving me a sharp poke in the ribs. "Your newest grandchild?" This was good for a hearty laugh but the fright on the old man's face cut it short.

"Go see. You go see," he told us angrily.

"What did you see, old man drunk?" asked Chino, putting a hand through his curly hair.

"A tail, a brown tail," he said, sitting down and nodding eagerly to his two companions, who only stared at each other.

"A Coca-Cola the color of coffee?" repeated Paco and gagged on a swallow.

"Yes, no. Go see."

Chino shook his head and then gave La Bamba a nod. La Bamba had once been a terrific dancer but his wife had left him and he now worked at odd jobs around the trucking area in Modos, and drank to forget as they say. He was quickly getting fat but was still light on his feet. He went to the back and we saw him lean over by the back wall. Suddenly he jumped back, landing on the table. He turned on his rump on the green felt and came out on the other side.

"Son! Son of a screwed," he exclaimed. "Get a gun. Quickly."

Then we all got up and went to the back. I hefted an empty bottle just in case. Chino came armed with the mallet he kept behind the bar.

It was enough to turn a man's stomach, it was so ugly. The thing was a tail, all right. It was gray in color (not brown) and was about three feet long. It stuck out of a hole by the floor and stretched out until it almost reached the pool table leg. Its surface was a tough hide with short bristles over it. La Bamba, quivering in his courage, touched it tenderly with a foot and the damn thing swished, scattering us to various parts of the cantina.

"Aha!" exclaimed Chino, and went out the back door. We watched the tail from a distance, expecting its removal from the outside. But nothing happened. The bartender came back a few inches smaller and went behind the bar to unlock his special stock.

"Bamba, you stay there and keep an eye on it," he yelled out as the rest of us lined up to receive our extraordinary dole from his illegal offering. It was the best scotch and it went down like sacramental wine in that dusty place.

"I told you, but you wouldn't believe me," laughed Fausto. He was happy now, the hero of the moment. Chung turned to each of us, trying to read in our eyes some explanation of the matter, a joke perhaps some scientific happening.

"And outside?" asked Paco, peering over his shoulder for the rest of the thing to come prancing in, all green and multi-horned like a conscience.

"Nothing," said Chino, pouring out another round with a tinkling to each dip of the bottle. The wall out there is only about one foot thick. There is the yard and some barrels but there is nothing else. Whatever it is, it must be in the walls."

"Nah," said El Pooki, "That's a rat's tail. I've seen plenty of them in this neighborhood. And I'm telling you that that tail has a body in front of it!"

"That's right, Chino," put in Fausto. "It's not a snake or anything like that. It's a large animal."

Chino winced and turned to me. "Collich, you got some education. What in the screwation is that?"

"It moved!" yelled Bamba, inching back abruptly and hoisting his chair.

"Just tell us if it comes this way," laughed Fausto and that got us a nervous titter.

"I think that El Pooki's right," I told Chino. It tapers off to a point, like a rat's.

And the base of it is thick, as if it was on the end of an animal's rump. But if you couldn't find the rest of it outside . . ."

"It moved again," Bamba yelled, lifting up a leg as if from a puddle.

"Don't split yourself," laughed El Pooki.

"I never split," cried Bamba angrily but without taking his eyes off the floor.

"Wait 'til I tell . . ." began Fausto, zipping up his fly.

"And maybe we ought to call . . ." put in Paco.

"Nothing of that," said Chino. He lumbered over to the windows and shut the flagging breeze out. Expectantly, we returned to our tables. Paco stayed at the bar but when the bartender gave him a high brow, he sighed and came to join me.

Chino stood in the middle of the butt-littered floor and frowned at the universe. "It is this way, people. If we tell the world, they will blow my kite. Health inspectors, the cheese police, the liquor control bums . . . all of them. No, I can't allow that."

"But it's there," exclaimed Chung, "It is a marvel. Maybe even a testimony to God's strange ways."

"Quiet," growled Chino, "In that manner died a Chinaman. I tell you that I don't want you to tell anyone. If you do . . ."

"You can't stop us . . ." Paco began to say.

"A hundred and sixteen dollars in bar bills and personal loans!"

"But this is a disgrace. That could be the devil's own tail and all should see it," stammered El Pooki.

"The business with the little girl seven

months ago. In back of the bar, old man."

Bamba came out and stared at us incredulously, his lower lips trying to follow his eyebrows up and down. "We could make a fortune!"

"Your name will be garbage in Los Remedios."

"But Little Chinese . . ." pleaded Fausto, the finder.

"If you want to keep coming in here . . ."

We nursed our drinks as Chino kept a watch out the main front door, as if someone or something else was to visit us. He went behind the bar after a while and put away his bottle. Talking almost to himself, he said, "I'll put a box on it when I close up tonight. We will be the only ones who will know what it is. But we won't tell anyone, know?"

They all nodded silently and one by one looked at me.

"And you, Collich?" asked Chino the strong.

I took a sip of warm beer, which tasted something like dust from summer stalks. "I'm leaving town next week. Maybe tonight. I make no pacts."

I did leave Modos and travelled to many places. Several years later I returned and found that Chino had died and that Sergio's Bar had another bartender. But the box was in place, nailed to the floor. No one could tell me what it was for. The new bartender, an effeminate guy with curls pasted to his forehead, said that the box covered some electricity wires and that as long as the lights came on when he pulled the switch, he wasn't going to bother things.

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# BOOKS

## 62: A MODEL KIT

By Julio Cortázar.  
Pantheon. 281 pp. \$6.95.

The title of this interesting novel derives from Chapter 62 of Cortázar's previous work *Hopscotch* in which Morelli, the somewhat idealized writer, postulates a novel that would resemble a random assortment of notes, and with characters whose actions could not be explained by "current instrumental psychology." This is Morelli's reaction to a newspaper article he has read on a medical scientist who states that he has found that human behavior can be attributed to certain chemical reactions in the brain.

The question is, how well does the present novel fit the theory? Well enough I suppose, but to me it doesn't matter much. Despite its experimental quality *62: A Model Kit* has what still seems to be a main attribute of any good novel: to introduce the reader to a world he is unaware of but which instantly interests him. In this case, Cortázar writes about the lives of the bohemians and expatriates living in present-day Europe, a world he explored more deeply and to better effect in *Hopscotch*.

The plot of *62: A Model Kit* does indeed resemble a series of random events, although as the novel unfolds we see how the lives of the characters are intertwined. The changing love affairs, an unveiling of a comic sculpture, lesbianism, vampirism and a rather impromptu murder are some of the main elements of the story. Overriding it all is the powerful metaphor of the "city," which is neither the Paris, London or Vienna that are the settings, but something more: a place of unknown streets and endless facades, vaguely familiar but ultimately unknowable. It is in the "city" that life takes on another dimension for the characters, the macrocosm to the microcosm of their everyday, although eccentric, lives.

One doesn't get to know the characters of *62: A Model Kit* very well, and this is due, I believe, to the episodic structure and the heavy use of the interior monologue. One only sees the characters in dramatic moments and their reactions are always revealed in the

ebb and flow of their thoughts. Cortázar has an unsettling habit of placing the thought processes together, so that sometimes it's hard to figure who is reacting.

If there is a central character—and one has strong reservations about this—it would be Juan, an Argentine writer and translator, whose weird and evocative monologue opens the book. His task is to observe the evil Frau Marta in a rather drawn-out and fanciful excursion into modern-day vampirism. Juan is the ex-lover of Helene, who it turns out is lesbian, and is so ruthlessly dispatched in a final sequence by the jealous boyfriend of the girl she seduced.

All of which is strange and sometimes quite interesting but ultimately I don't know how consequential. Perhaps because of the self-limiting aspect of writing from a theory, and perhaps too because Cortázar doesn't have much to say—not nearly so much as in the cornucopia of *Hopscotch*—*62: A Model Kit* ends up to be rather disappointing.

Still, the book is appealing, if not completely satisfying, because the lives of his characters are worth reading about. Cortázar may not be a "great writer" in the accepted notion because of the experimental quality of his fiction and because of the rarified world he deals with, but there is much humor and humanity in *62: A Model Kit*. What may seem to some as the trivial concerns of his characters really reflect larger issues—the value of friendship, the importance of intimacy and love, the ability to enjoy and continue to experience the wonder and strangeness of life contrary to middle-class ideas of responsibility and maturity. All things are possible even in the paradise or hell of the "city."

For the New Intellectual by Ayn Rand, The New American Library, 1961, 192 pages.

Reviewed by Deirdre Baldwin

For the New Intellectual is a compendium of the scriptures of Ayn Rand. It is a valorous attempt to spell out the gospel of capitalism. It is supported by the premise

that the task has been left to Rand by default there being no other spokesman to pick up the thread of philosophy and weave it into a durable American fabric with which durable Americans might cloak their actions. It proceeds from a 'notion of things as they are' according to Rand. She cites the American Intellectual as maudlin boob and the American System of free enterprise as the closest thing to a resurrection that this century has known.

Ayn Rand's impact on the female community of intellectuals will never be fully realized until a female philosophy develops considerations which go beyond sex roles. Certainly this has been accomplished for France if not for Europe by Simone de Beauvoir, and I refer here primarily to her novels, specifically to *The Mandarins* respecting all the while her feminism. She is a potent historical and philosophical figure precisely because she has integrated feminism and existentialism.

We need it to happen in America, an integration of thought, not the way it happened for Ayn Rand, but with her energy, sense of purpose and love of reason.

"The majority of those who posture as intellectuals today are frightened zombies, posturing in a vacuum of their own making, who admit their abdication from the realm of the intellect by embracing such doctrines as existentialism and Zen Buddhism." This was her challenge in the essay which introduced this book of the same name. She has a right to make this pronouncement because Ayn Rand proceeded from the beginnings of the American Intellect, from the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and would accept nothing short of an American's philosophy for Americans. If we reject Ayn Rand, which as feminists we must, what's next?

What makes this volume of plemic and rhetoric worthy of consideration over a decade later is:

one—that a number of issues raised by Rand, the inefficacy of philosophical systems which precede [hers] to suggest

a direction for an integrated American philosophical thrust, the impotency of the American intellectual which has relegated him or her to a purely defensive position, the necessary examination of the seeming dichotomy of money and morals which remains unresolved, are still VITAL.

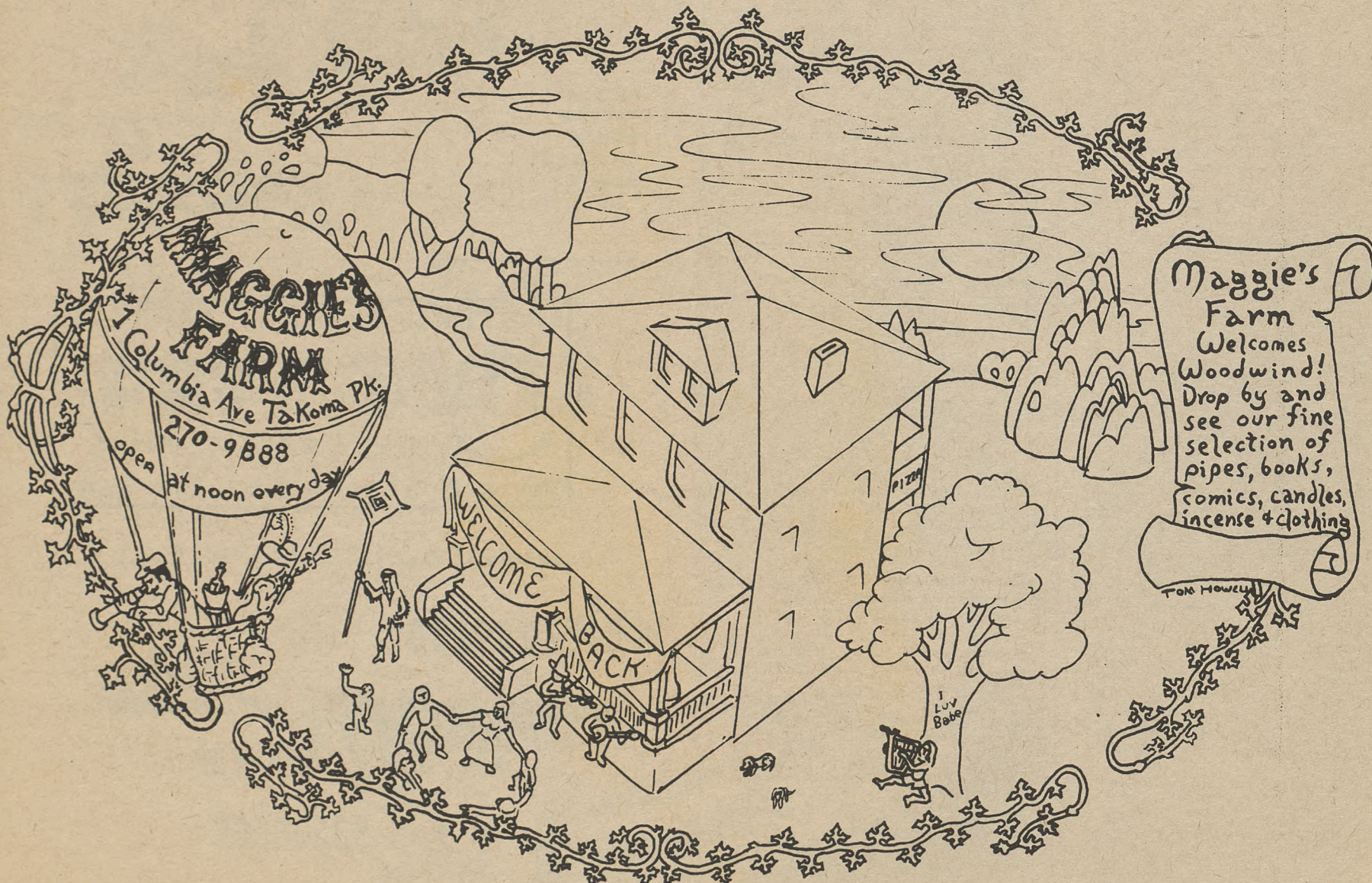
two—the acceleration in this past decade of the Women's Liberation movement.

three—the state of the American novel which was in no way improved by the unimaginative proselytizing of Rand as exemplified in excerpts included from *Fountainhead*, *Atlas Shrugged* and others.

I should like to concern myself primarily with that second reason. What I see in Rand is an immense energy, a keen mind and an effort to integrate experience that refuses to be thwarted. She is so entirely the victim of a chauvinist society that she crosses that fine line between victim and persecutor to become unvictimized. And one must take note that in so doing she has charted an undeniable connection between capitalism and chauvinism. And her message to Women's Liberation must be this, that sexual politics is the tip of an iceberg.

In *Atlas Shrugged* (excerpted and subtitled "The Meaning of Sex"), Rand totally overlooks the implication of gender, confining herself to sex as a notion of 'what men have' and allowing that they can have [it] with either a "heroine" or a "brainless slut." Obviously she has identified with the former and it's terribly right, for she has vindicated the chauvinist male, taken his voice, his intention and martyred herself to its 'good' like a regular Joan d'Arc. It matters neither woman nor material, she has struck the note of acquisitiveness and its relation to self-concept, raised the ugly discord of an 'other' based society and left us with a perturbed vacuum that demands a response from women. Her character Francisco D'Arconia (and here is proof of metaphor) asks, "What glory can there be in the conquest of a mindless body?", and earlier

cont. on pg. 14



# art

(Review of Yuri Schwebler exhibition -  
by Nina Felshin)

A place that offers more than just a refuge from steaming sidewalks this summer is the Phillips Collection sculpture garden where a poetic exhibition of sculpture by Washington artist Yuri Schwebler is on view. The exhibition, titled, "Two as Three", includes five works.

Schwebler, whose glass column highlighted the Pyramid Gallery's Beverly Court show last January and who more than a year ago proposed turning the Washington Monument into a sundial, emerges in his current exhibition as perhaps the most promising sculptor to surface in Washington recently.

The real poetry of Schwebler's exhibition resides in the harmony he has created between the works and the environment. Planned specifically with the Phillips garden in mind and executed *in situ*, the works form an integral part of the space they now occupy. That other contemporary artists, including Rockne Krebs and Sam Gilliam here in Washington, share this concern in no way detracts from Schwebler's achievement.

The most beautiful example of this interrelationship occurs in the piece in which three golden plumb lines are suspended into the space from a height of at least thirty feet above the ground. The golden lines, glowing in the sunlight, become a visual escape route that suddenly draws one's eyes upward through a gently shimmering pattern of leaves and sunlight.

Like the Constructivists, whose theories of more than fifty years ago have had a tremendous impact on modernist sculpture, Schwebler is also interested in defining space as opposed to volume or mass. Although he does so in all five pieces by employing a transparent and reflective material—glass—and by drawing in space with tension wires and golden string he succeeds most brilliantly in the piece which, in my opinion, is the finest in the show.

At once the largest and the simplest, this work consists of two pieces of 4' x 8' glass juxtaposed in an inverted V configuration and set on I-Beams. Plumb bobs are suspended within the glass structure which is supported by tension wires. Although the materials employed are cool, even cold, the total environmental experience evoked by this piece is sensuous. The linear, formal character of the sculpture contrasts beautifully with the natural phenomena that inhabit the garden. Because of the nature of glass these same phenomena find their way into the work itself.

Beyond the desire to render space visible, Schwebler uses glass because it allows him to reveal and, therefore, emphasize, the structural elements of the pieces and the process involved in making them. Structure, qua structure, is an important concern to this artist.

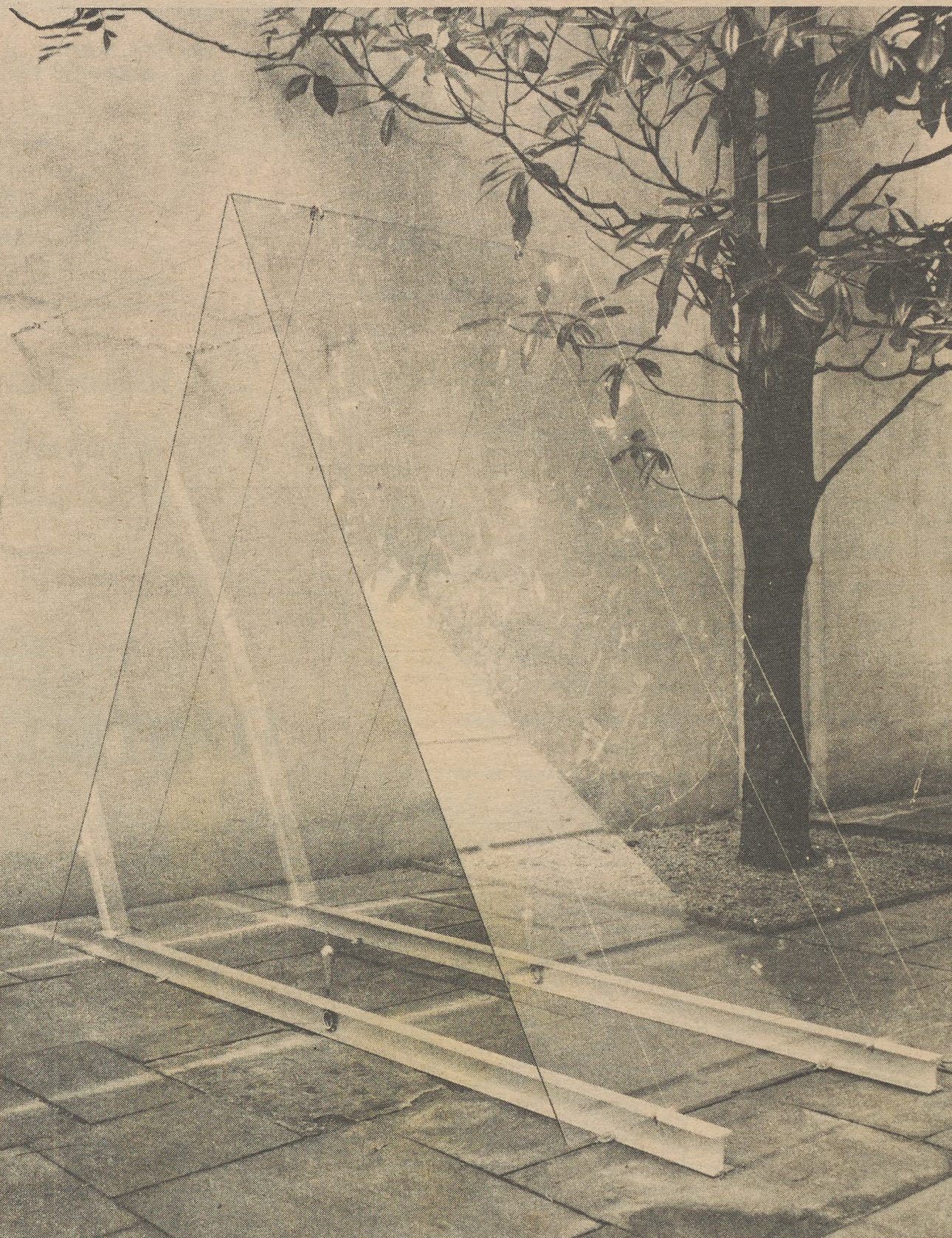
He employs plumb bobs and levels (the latter are set in the I-Beams) because "they are standards that are true" and because he likes tools. Plumb bobs also happen to be beautiful objects.

Although the three other pieces in the exhibition do not, in my estimation, quite measure up to the two I have mentioned, they are nonetheless strong and successful works. The problem, for me, relates to their installation rather than anything inherent in the works themselves; they do not seem to interact as harmoniously with the environment as the other two pieces.

Schwebler himself acknowledges that certain considerations, beyond purely aesthetic ones, had to be taken into account in installing the show.

Like any worthwhile art Schwebler's work makes demands on the viewer. The experience it provides, however, is well worth making the effort required to really "see" these pieces. The exhibition closes at the end of September.

Nina Felshin



## THE FOX AND THE RED BIRD

Once upon a time there was a red fox who lived in the forest. And the red fox, hiding in the bushes in the forest, happened to notice that a little red bird had been born in a nest, high up in the treetop.

"A red bird. Just the thing," thought the red fox. "But I don't want just *one* red bird. One will only whet my appetite. Where are the other little brother and sister red birds?"

So the fox watched the nest, hoping to see brother and sister red birds that he would be able to make a meal of. But the fox watched and watched, and there were no more birds to be seen. This puzzled the fox, so he looked harder and harder every day, always expecting to see more and more red birds.

One day, while the fox was crouched in the bushes watching the nest high up in the treetop, he saw the mother red bird knock the little red bird down into a pile of leaves. Then, the mother bird flew down to the pile of leaves and flapped her wings. The little red bird watched her. And the fox watched them.

Every day, the fox returned to the same bush, hoping to see many red birds. But he only saw the mother and the little red bird, who by now was learning to fly.

The little bird beat its wings and flew a few feet off the ground. Then it beat its wings harder and flew many feet off the ground. And soon, the fox saw, it could fly very well indeed.

One day, when the little red bird was flying around the tree, the fox crept out of the bushes and hid behind the tree trunk. But the little red bird saw the fox and would not land.

"Come down, come down," said the fox. "One little bird the size of you will only whet my appetite. Come down and I will tell you something."

So the little red bird landed some distance away from the fox and said, "Fox, what will you tell me?"

And the fox thought and thought, in his fox heart, of what he could say to the little red bird, but all he could think of was that little birds should stay away from foxes.

"Well, fox, what are you going to tell me?" asked the bird.

And the fox thought and thought. But he could think of nothing to say.

"Come here and tell me something, little bird, and then I will tell you something," the fox said.

The little bird flew nearer to the fox and flapped its wings.

"Well?" said the fox. "And what are you going to tell me?"

"This," said the bird. "How to fly!"

The fox considered this. "But I can't fly," said the fox.

"Try," said the bird. And it flapped its wings harder and harder.

The fox flapped his tail. Then the fox flapped his tail harder. And then, the fox slowly began to rise into the air, tail flapping back and forth. The fox could fly.

"Well?" said the bird. "You promised."

The fox thought deep within his fox heart. A rumbling passed through him. He squinted. And from deep within, he heard: "Little birds should not associate with foxes."

The poor fox. He knew he couldn't tell the little bird that. The fox was very upset. And while he worried, he flapped his tail. And as his tail flapped, he rose off the ground and began to fly.

Soon, the fox realized that he was flying over the town. But the fox was not the only one who realized this, for Mr. Brown, rocking on his front porch, saw the flying fox and called to his neighbour Mr. Smith, "Look! A flying fox!"

"Look! Look!" Mr. Smith said to his wife in the garden. "A fox that can fly!"

And Mrs. Smith looked up and rolled her eyes, for she had never seen a flying fox before.

"Oh no," thought the fox. "I'd better get out of here." And away he flew, red tail flapping in the breeze. But the worried fox had not solved his problem. "What can I tell that little bird, so he will realize that I am a clever fox?" the fox wondered, as he flew back into the forest.

When he was almost to the little bird's tree, there was a rumbling within his fox heart. The fox squinted. He had an idea.

"Hello, fox," said the little bird. "Come with me," said the fox, without further ado.

"But you must tell me something," said the little bird.

"Come with me," insisted the fox. So the little bird climbed upon the back of the fox, and away they flew until once again they were over the town.

"The flying fox!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, almost falling out of his rocking chair.

"Come and see the flying fox," said Mr. Smith to his wife in the garden. "Come see the flying fox!"

Mrs. Smith hurried to the front lawn and looked up, just in time to see the flying fox pass overhead, red tail flapping in the breeze. "Ooooh," the people exclaimed. "A flying fox!"

"What will you tell me, fox?" the little bird asked again. And the fox looked down, beating his tail faster and faster, and turned in a great circle and passed over the crowd again. "The people are fools," the fox said.

cont. from pg. 6

as a reward for winning the Door's "Best of the Hoots" competition.

The situation would be on its way to being solved if more people would go out and see the bands when they do play. The Nighthawks play the Apple Pie each Wednesday night. If you have to get up early Thursday mornings for work or school you can go to see them earlier, around 9:30, and leave when you have to. If you don't have to get up early, you can stay as late as you please. But, I warn you, once you get there and start listening to the Nighthawks, you won't want to leave.

cont. from pg. 12

in the text, "He [man] does not seek to gain a value but to express it." He infers first that glory is a handmaiden of conquest affected toward the properly repositied female, and secondly that mindfulness does not exempt a body from conquest.

D'Arconia also states, "But the man who is convinced of his worthlessness will be drawn to a woman he despises—because she will reflect his own secret self, she will release him from that objective reality in which he is a fraud, she will give him a momentary escape from the moral code that damns him." If it is in truth D'Arconia speaking, he is indeed an enigmatic character. One might allow this as a characteristic of the objectivist. But it is for me truly Ayn Rand's clear speech of the despised woman and on this particular ground she seems to have a firm foothold.

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\*35 big dealers tables containing 1000's of rare and sought after comic books — 1938 to present, Original comic book art, Science fiction, Old Toys, and other related memorabilia.

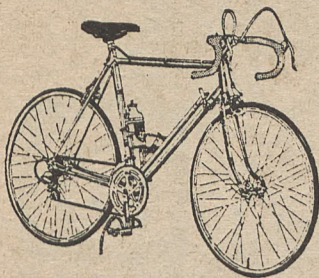
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Upstairs



## LADYBUG

On the third and last night  
Of my February convalescence from death  
Surprisingly a ladybug crash-landed, ruby-  
Black, a single drop of blood, against my  
White sheet,

which I carefully folded back.

I rose, I scooped the bug onto my book,  
I headed for the door and then remembered  
February.

No ladybug could last long in my winter.  
Besides, there was the storm door to unlock.

I headed for the bathroom,

flicked the bug

Into the bowl,

and missed.

It crunched

Against the tile.

It crawled away.

It caught inside a tuft of dust and hair  
And once again I scooped it on my book  
And flicked it,

and then flushed it,

in its cage

Of human hair, a drop of blood,

away.

And then I was ready to live again.

It was a far, far better thing. I was  
Recalled to life, recovered, conscious of  
Blood coursing through the February night.

I took the nippers back to bed, began  
To groom my cuticles, chewing dead skin.

John Pauker



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100 ECOLOGY SAFE PRODUCTS:

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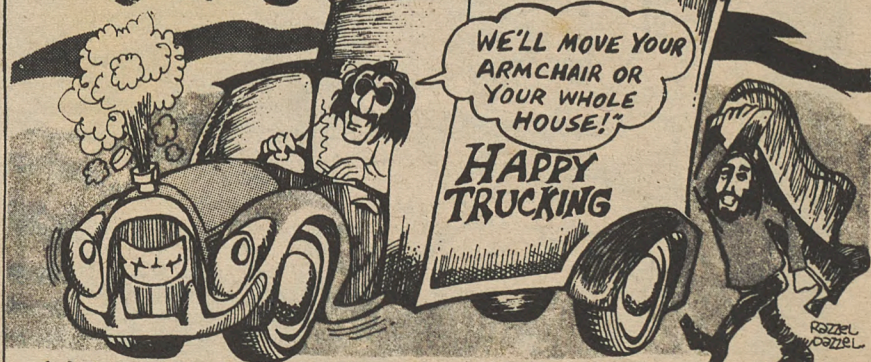
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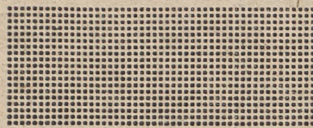
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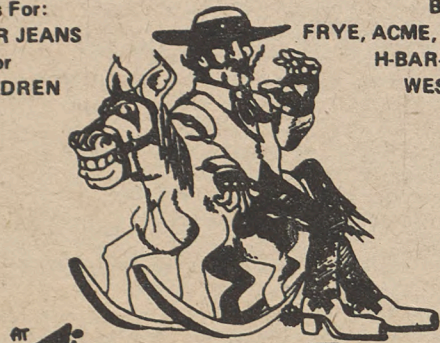
- '70 Telecaster w/Les Paul Humbucking
- '73 Telecaster thinline
- '59 Gibson L-7 electric
- Rickenbacker 12 str. electric
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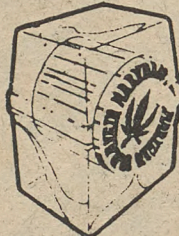
Section C-(Thurs. -Sun) Oct. 4, 6-10pm

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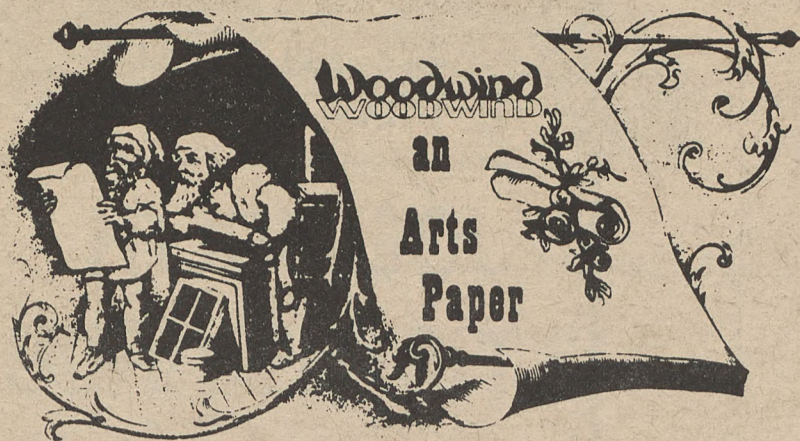
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September 11, 1973

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But we're back now, as big as ever and, we hope, even better. We've used our suddenly-found free time to improve everything about Woodwind, from our offices to our equipment to our staff. We're sorry for any inconvenience our disappearance may have caused, but we're back in business. We'd like to thank our advertisers for standing by us when we needed them, and for hastening our return.

We're still short of the backlog of copy we'd like to have, especially short fiction and graphics. We're very interested -- as always -- in articles and stories you'd care to submit, and we'd like to encourage you to do so.

It's a good time to start off again, and we'd welcome your help.

STAFF

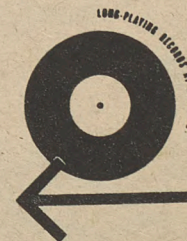
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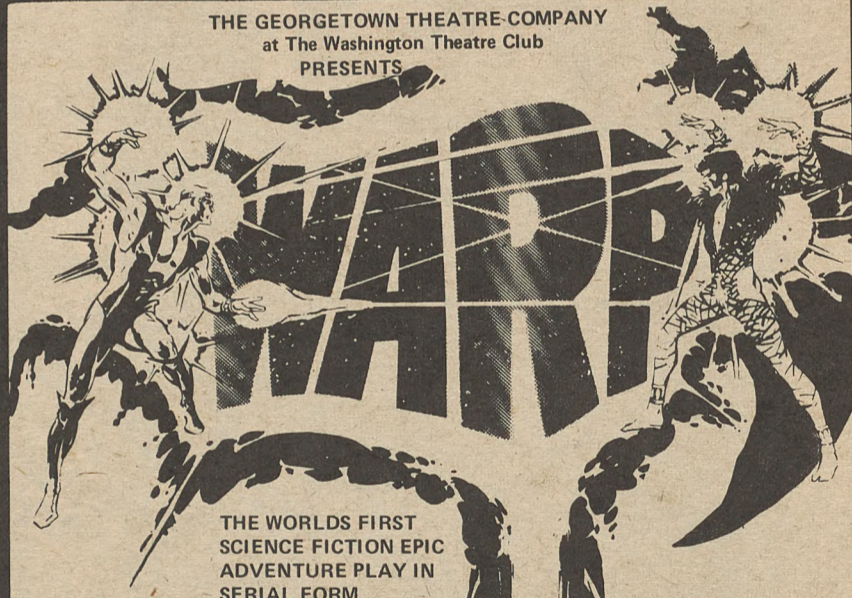
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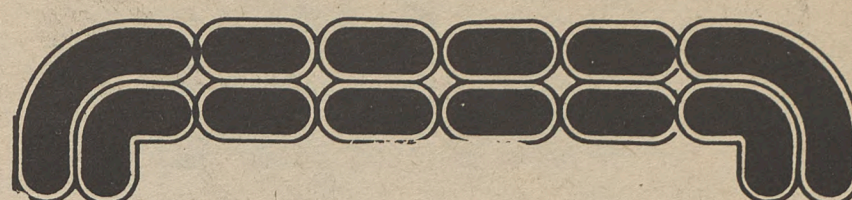
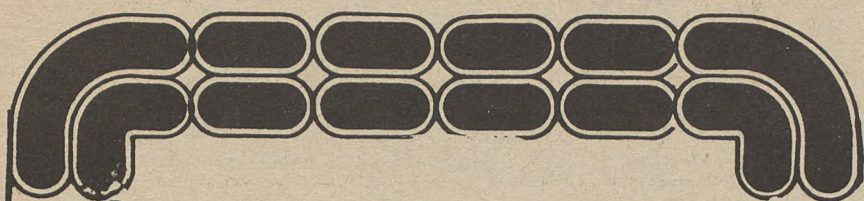
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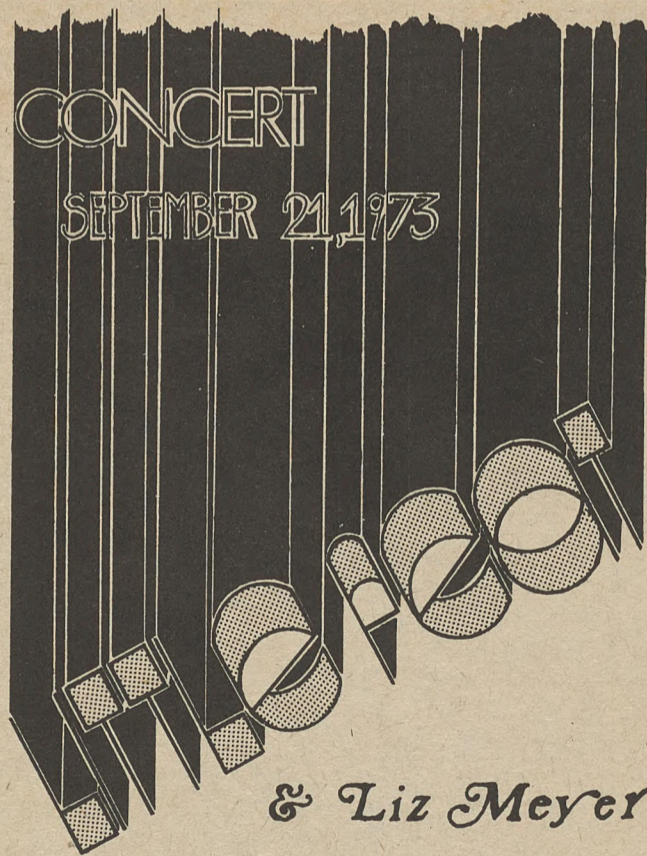
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# CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

## WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

### BIRTHDAYS

Maurice Chevalier, Jerry Beekley

### MUSIC

Lee Kottke/Lisa Rafel; Cellar Door; 337-3389  
Dionne Warwick; Shady Grove; 948-3400  
Rahsaan Roland Kirk; Etcetera, 1825 M St., Reservations; 466-8822

### FILMS

Niagara; 6:30 pm; AFI; 833-9300  
All About Eve; 9 pm; AFI; 833-9300

### EVENTS

Art—New Work by Eight Artists; Jefferson Place Gallery, 2000 P St. N.W.  
Theatre—The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—G.W.U. Drama Dept., 800 21st St., 8 pm; 676-6178  
Theatre—Cervantes—The American Theatre, 429 L'Enfant Pl., S.W. 488-3305 (through September 30)  
Lecture—Transcendental Meditation—Wilde Lake High School, Columbia, Md. 8 pm

## THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

### BIRTHDAYS

Dick Haymes

### MUSIC

Leo Kottke/Lisa Rafel (see Sept. 12)  
Rahsaan Roland Kirk (see Sept. 12)  
Charlie Pride; Merriweather Post Pavillion; 8 pm; 953-2424  
Conway Twitty; Stardust Inn, south of Beltway exit 36 on Rt. 301; 843-6333

### FILMS

the wild child/Two English Girls; Biograph; 333-2696  
Film in Process: The Making of Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid/Dracula-Sterling, 1962; Public Library, Takoma Pk. branch, 5th & Cedar Sts., N.W., 8:15 pm; Free; 727-1385  
Bang the Drum Slowly (6:30) Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (9 pm); AFI; 833-9300

### EVENTS

lecture—Ray Scherer, NBC News; The Women's Nat'l Demo. Club, 1526 N. Hampshire Ave., N.W., 12:15 pm; AD 2-7363  
lecture—Transcendental Meditation—Gaithersburg Town Hall, 31 Summit Ave., 8 pm  
volunteers—Needed to tutor elementary school-age children in downtown D.C. Please call 628-4317

## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

### BIRTHDAYS

Barry Cowhill, Ed King, Paul Kossoff

### MUSIC

Lee Kottke/Lisa Rafel (see Sept. 12)  
Rahsaan Roland Kirk (see Sept. 12)  
Donny Hathaway; Constitution Hall, 18th & C Sts., 7:30 & 10 pm; Ticketron  
Tom Rivers/Adrian DeCarol/Bill Brogan; Iguana Coffeehouse, Luther Pl. Mem. Ch., 1226 Vermont Ave; 8:30 pm; 667-1377

### FILMS

the wild child/Two English Girls (see Sept. 13)  
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (6:30) Niagara (9 pm); AFI; 833-9300

## SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

### BIRTHDAYS

Roy Acuff, Charlie Byrd, Clover Holcomb

### MUSIC

Leo Kottke/Lisa Rafel (see Sept. 12)  
Rahsaan Roland Kirk (see Sept. 12)  
Mat & Carol/Kelly Lane/Wes Brooks Ayres; Iguana Coffeehouse (see Sept. 14)

### FILMS

the wild child/Two English Girls (see Sept. 12)  
How to Marry a Millionaire (6:30) River of No Return (9 pm); AFI; 833-9300

### EVENTS

auditions—Opera Theatre of Northern Va. to hold auditions for young singers; 2 - 5 pm; Arlington County Performing Arts; 558-2161 for appt.

## SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

### BIRTHDAYS

Betty Keely, Bernard Calvert, Joe Butler, Kenny Jones

### MUSIC

Rahsaan Roland Kirk (see Sept. 12)

### FILMS

the wild child/Two English Girls (see Sept. 13)  
A Nous La Liberte, 6:30 & 9 pm; AFI; 833-9300

### EVENTS

concert—Children's Service by STREET 70 for Internat'l Children's Day; Wolf Trap; 10:15 am; \$1.00  
croquet tournament—Ellipse; 10 am; open to anyone over 17; 426-6700

## MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

### BIRTHDAYS

Hank Williams, Bill Black, LaMont McLemore

### MUSIC

Tommy Smothers; Cellar Door; 337-3389  
Cleo Laine & John Dankworth (jazz); JFK; 8:30 pm; Ticketron

### FILMS

Claire's Knee/Chloe in the Afternoon; Biograph; 333-2696  
River of No Return (6:30) How To Marry a Millionaire (9 pm); AFI; 833-9300

## TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

### BIRTHDAYS

Frankie Avalon, Michael Hogan

### MUSIC

Tommy Smothers (see Sept. 17)

### FILMS

Claire's Knee/Chloe in the Afternoon (see Sept. 17)  
Rediscover: The Primitive Screen (6:30) The Kiss/Early Abstractions (9 pm); AFI; 833-9300

### EVENTS

theatre—Two by Samuel Beckett (Krapp's Last Tape & Net I) with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy; Arena Stage, 6th & Maine Sts., S.W.; 638-6700

## WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

### BIRTHDAYS

Brook Benton, Nick Massi, Brian Epstein, Cass Elliot

### MUSIC

Tommy Smothers (see Sept. 17)

### FILMS

Claire's Knee/Chloe in the Afternoon (see Sept. 17)  
Washington's First International Women's Film Festival; Janus Theatre, 1660 Conn. Ave.; Matinee \$2.10—Evenings \$2.60—7 tickets for \$12.50; for info. 387-5971 (see story inside). Matinee: A Very Curious Girl/The Seashell & the Clergyman/Fun on Mars. Evening: Papa Les Petits Bateaux/Meshes in the Afternoon/Two Right, Two Left, Drop One.  
Much Ado About Nothing, AFI, 6:30 pm 833-9300  
Shakespeare Wallah, AFI, 9:00

## THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

### MUSIC

Tommy Smothers (see Sept. 17)

### FILMS

King Kong/The Most Dangerous Game/Biograph, 333-2696  
Shakespeare Wallah, AFI, 6:30  
Much Ado About Nothing, AFI 9:00  
Women's Film Festival: MATINEE: Same as Wed. Evening Program. EVENING: Same as Wed. Matinee Program

### EVENTS

concert—U.S. Navy Band; Little Falls Library, 5501 Mass. Ave., Wash., 7:30, Free, 530-5200

## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

### BIRTHDAYS

Leonard Cohen

### MUSIC

Tommy Smothers (see Sept. 17)

### FILMS

King Kong/The Most Dangerous Game (see Sept. 20)  
Taming of the Shrew, AFI, 6:30  
Forbidden Planet, AFI, 9:00  
Women's Film Festival, MATINEE: Cleo from 5 - 7/Izy Boukir/Charlie Co./Schmeergantz. EVENING: Same as matinee. (see Sept. 19)

### EVENTS

opera—Opera Society of Wash.—Verdi's Macbeth; JFKC; 8:00; 254-3600

## SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

### BIRTHDAYS

Joni James

### MUSIC

Tommy Smothers (see Sept. 17)

### FILMS

King Kong/The Most Dangerous Game (see Sept. 20)  
Forbidden Planet, AFI, 6:30  
Taming of the Shrew, AFI, 9:00  
Women's Film Festival, Matinee & Evening: Dream Life/How the Hell Are You/Women and Children at Large. (see Sept. 19)

### EVENTS

opera—Opera Soc. of Wash.—Verdi's Macbeth, 8:00 (see Sept. 21)  
radio—WAMU-FM 88.5—Beatle Weekend Special; 5 pm - 1 am.  
radio—WAMU-FM 88.5—Bluegrass w/Gary Henderson, every Sat. morning, 7-11 am.

## SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

### BIRTHDAYS

Ray Charles, Steve Boone, Tim Reese

### MUSIC

Randy Newman; Cellar Door; 337-3389; Advance tickets at WHFS or the Cellar Door; 8:30, 10:30, 12:30; \$4.25

### FILMS

King Kong/The Most Dangerous Game (see Sept. 20)  
Le Million, AFI, 6:30 & 9:00  
Women's Film Festival, MATINEE: The Lizards/It Happens to Us/Riverbody. EVENING: One Woman Show by Rosalind Schneider who presents her films Irvington to New York/Still Life/Abstractions/Dream Study/Orbitas, Paralux

### EVENTS

opera—(see Sept. 21)

## MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

### BIRTHDAYS

Gerry Marsden, Anthony Newley, Don Kerr

### MUSIC

Randy Newman (see Sept. 23)

### FILMS

Fellini Satyricon/Fellini's Roma; Biograph; 337-2696  
Seven Year Itch, AFI, 6:30 & 9:00  
Women's Film Festival, MATINEE: Same as Sunday matinee program. EVENING: Something Different/After the Vote/Holding/Chowful. (see Sept. 19)

### EVENTS

opera—(see Sept. 21)

## MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

### BIRTHDAYS

Gerry Marsden, Anthony Newley, Don Kerr

### MUSIC

Randy Newman (see Sept. 23)

### EVENTS

opera—Opera Soc. of Wash.—Verdi's Macbeth [8 pm] (see Sept. 21)

### FILMS

Fellini's Satyricon/Fellini's Roma; Biograph; 333-2696  
Seven Year Itch 6:30 - 9

## TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

### BIRTHDAYS

Joseph Russell

### MUSIC

Delaney Bramlett/Jimmy Buffett; Cellar Door; 337-3938

### FILMS

Satyricon/Roma (see Sept. 24)  
Rediscovery: D. W. Griffith and the Narrative Films, 6:30;  
Night of the Hunter, 9:00

