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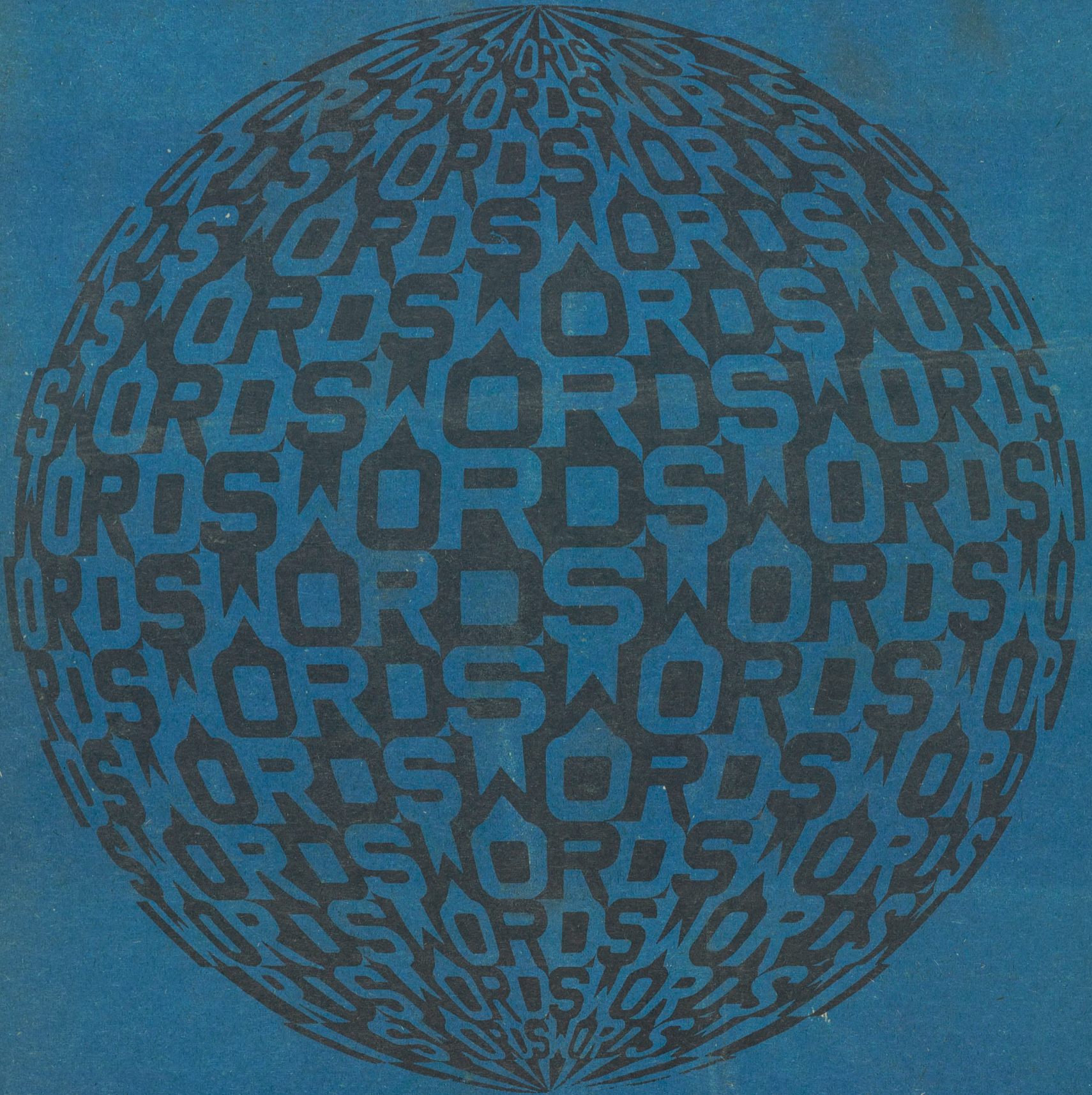
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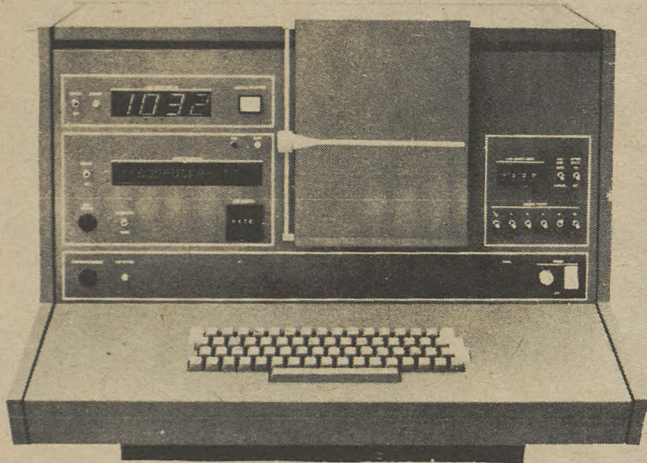
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Woodwind welcomes contributions of all sorts. We are particularly interested in feature articles and short fiction. Although we accept poetry, we have an enormous backlog. All articles are accepted on the basis of their own merit, not on the credits or reputation of the author. All materials submitted to Woodwind should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to enhance their chances of being returned.

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In Your Own Backyard

Edited by Clover Holcomb

BORN YESTERDAY TODAY: No updating was necessary for the eternal characters of this 1947 classic. The story line of governmental corruption has now become such a bitter subject that it should be a joy to see it again in this great play's context of comedy and innocence. *Born Yesterday* will be presented by the Georgetown Theatre Workshop, Inc., October 11th - 20th, with a matinee on Sunday the 21st. 3116 "O" St., N.W., Washington. For ticket information, call 337-2744.

YOU'VE DONE — NOW TEACH: Give a course on the subject that was never offered to you, with the point of view that your professor never had. Share what you have done or what you are doing with others through the Washington Area Free University. WAFU Coordinating Committee meets every Tuesday night at 8:00. Call 387-3437.

NEW THEME FOR YOUR PARTY: "The Changing Images of China" is the new film series being offered by the American Film Institute. This tour through the Western filmmakers' developing interpretation of the "China-image" will include *Shanghai Express*, *The Good Earth*, *La Chinoise*, *The Mask of Fu Manchu*, and *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*. The series will run from October 8th through 31st at the J.F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Information: 833-9300

PUPPETS: The drama of Allen Stevens & Company's *Patchwork* is taken from Aesop's fables, American, French-Canadian, and African folk tales and will be performed by 15 puppets. But the presentation itself is based on the company's research of past audiences: their findings that children like liver and squash; monsters and science fiction while being mystified by Women's Liberation and movie ratings are all reflected in the show. Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 10:30 and 11:30 am, Saturdays and Sundays at 11:00 am, 12:30 and 2:30 pm, at the Smithsonian's Arts & Industries Building, 900 Jefferson Dr., s.w., Washington. Call 381-5395.

PERMANENT PLANTING: See the Christmas Tree now. Rather than continuing the yearly tradition of cutting a new tree for the Christmas display on the Elipse, the Park Service has acquired a

BANG RECORD

Jerry Nitzberg, a 24-year-old Baltimore musician, has set the world's record for playing the longest continuous drum solo: 20 hours, 3 minutes, and 25 seconds. Nitzberg was the winning drum soloist in the WAYE Drum Solo Contest, broadcast over that Baltimore rock station.

The world's longest drum solo is 171 hours, 2 minutes, set by 20-year-old Oswald Hotel of Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, England, who began drumming on

Oswald Hotel of Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, England, who began playing on July 31, 1971, and ended on August 7. The rules of that contest, however, called for a five-minute break each hour. The WAYE rules allowed no breaks at all, making Nitzberg's record stand as the longest

40-year-old, 42-foot Colorado blue spruce, formerly from the foothills of Schickshinny, Pennsylvania. On October 11th, at noon, you may welcome its arrival to the Presidents' Park and wish it a successful transplant.

FREE NAVY: The U.S. Navy String Ensemble will give a free concert on Wednesday, October 10th at 7:30 pm, at the Rockville Library, 99 South Perry St., Rockville. They'll be performing again on Thursday, October 18th at the Aspen Hill Library, 4407 Aspen Hill Rd., Rockville.

SLY: A concert is being held by the University of Maryland, Baltimore County Student Government Association Special Events Committee in cooperation with the Black Student Union for the benefit of the Sickle Cell Anemia Foundation and The West African Relief Fund! The concert will star Sly & The Family Stone and Nazareth. Sunday, October 7th, 8:00 5401 Wilkins Ave., one mile west of the Baltimore Beltway Exit #12. Tickets will be \$6.00 for general admissions and \$4.00 for U.M.B.C. students. Call 455-2022.

SORGHUM FARM: Oxon Hill Farm will demonstrate the harvesting and processing of sorghum to Molasses. Free samples. Every Sunday through November, 10:00 am - 5:00 pm. Off Exit #37 of the Washington Beltway and Indian Head Highway, at 6411 Oxon Hill Rd., Oxon Hill, Md. Call 426-6700 or 839-1177.

KARNATIC MUSIC: Free concert of Southern Indian Karnatic Music featuring three celebrated Indian artists now on tour: on flute, Biswa Mapan; on violin, Shankar; on the mrdangam drum, Ranganapha. They will perform traditional and improvisational music on October 7th, at 7:00 pm, at the Tawes Fine Arts Center Auditorium at the University of Maryland. For more information call 454-2501.

STRINGS AND THINGS: An exhibit of hand-colored photographs by Pat Smith-Fox and stitchery wall-hangings by Chris Orvis will be featured at Talking of Michelangelo Gallery. The show opens October 14th and runs through November. For further information on this most unusual pairing of art media: 546-6001.

continuous drum solo.

Nitzberg claims that he prepared for the drum solo by banging heavy hammers and a boxing speed-bag three weeks before the contest. He also consulted with a psychiatrist so that he would be in the correct frame of mind. He fasted for 24 hours before the contest to cleanse his body for the ordeal that awaited him. Another "secret" Nitzberg used was to place an "Egyptian pebble" beneath his tongue during his performance. He claimed that before sitting down at the drums, he put himself into a trance.

Twice during his performance, a beautiful mystery woman came into the banquet room of the Towson, Maryland restaurant in which the contest was held, and gave him an alcohol body rub. The drummer seemed oblivious to her.

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ANN ARBOR: *Blues & Jazz*

Washboard Willie



One-String Sam



Dr. Ross



Mingus

By Richard Harrington
Ann Arbor, MI -- The Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival is rapidly becoming one of the most prestigious and artistically innovative festivals in the country. When it started, in 1969, it was purely a blues festival, sponsored by the University of Michigan. Its first budget was \$7,000 and it attracted only a few thousand people. When the fourth festival was held, with a budget approaching a quarter of a million dollars, it attracted more than 50,000 people to Otis Spann Memorial Field for the three-day event.

The lineup of talent has expanded to include jazz (mainstream and avant garde) and a healthy dose of rhythm and blues (particularly in the programs of Ray Charles and Johnny Otis). A signal of the event's importance was that it was broadcast in its entirety over 100 member stations of the National Public Radio System.

Unlike most festivals, Ann Arbor is sponsored by a non-profit organization, Rainbow Multi-Media (RMM) which channels its profits back into what it calls "self-determination projects," generally involving community project funding.

Pete Andrews, president of RMM, said that the group's aim is "a serious attempt at creating a truly alternative music business company which can do justice to the creative beauty and integrity of its artists and events while effecting change within society by becoming an essential part of it." These intentions manifested themselves in several ways. Among them:

- The Psychedelic Rangers, a force of several hundred community people serving as a combination welcome-wagon, drug counseling and information service, and as people's police. Throughout the festival, besides keeping the atmosphere mellow, they insisted that dealers of hard drugs — and particularly downs — leave the park, explaining that their job was to see that people stayed high, not to help them get down.
- The Children's Community Center, a very loose day-care center where parents could temporarily deposit their children. The Center was equipped with books, toys and art supplies, and the children were constantly entertained by either a puppet show or members of the San Francisco Mime Troupe (who didn't confine their acrobatics and play to the kids.)
- Several food systems, ranging from natural health foods to "Good Ol' Food" for those with a hunger for hamburgers and other All-American by-products.
- A video network which at night magnified multi-angled shots of the performers onto a large screen in the middle of the field, allowing

those further back a better view of what was happening on stage.

• Midway through the festival, a beautiful rainbow appeared over the Festival Field. Just how this was arranged was never explained.

The artistic success of any festival is dependent on the quality of the music. The concept at Ann Arbor has been to present a retrospective of the blues and jazz, as well as indications of the present state of those art forms, and possibly, their futures.

Many blues legends surfaced this year: John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed, Roosevelt Sykes, J.B. Hutto and Hound Dog Taylor. At the same time, many relatively unknown blues performers were exposed in a special, three-hour program called "Detroit Blues: Three of the Liveliest:

□ Arthur Gunter once wrote a song called "Baby, Let's Play House." "I made that number in '54 and Elvis Presley got it in '58," he recalled. Like many black blues singers, Gunter was done in by white musicians who co-opted his music, but he was luckier than most. "Presley made more money than I did, for sure. The record company split it down the middle: Presley made about \$100,000 and, after the record company split, I got about \$6,500."

The god of unpaid royalties did smile on Gunter recently, for he won \$50,000 in the Michigan State Lottery. Gunter was asked how this compared to his lifetime earnings from singing the blues: "There's no comparison. Singing, I only get jobs once in a while." His last job was four months before Ann Arbor.

□ Sixty-four-year-old One-String Sam had the most appropriate nickname at the Festival. About 40 years ago, he built himself a six-string guitar, but he couldn't master it. Rather than give up, he efficiently broke off five of the strings, and ever since, he's appropriated the "One-String" moniker.

Sam's instrument looks like anything but an instrument — more like a cross between a giant cricket bat and a fraternity hazing paddle. Buried on the head (which differs from the body only in that it is a bit narrower) is what might once have been a system of frets. The single string (actually, baling wire) is suspended between an empty aspirin bottle and a long-since emptied half-pint Canadian Lord Calvert. Sam achieved a basic rhythm by passing an equally empty peanut butter jar up and down the string. The blues have always been partly a story of empty bottles, but not all of them, apparently, were filled with liquor. The effect of Sam's music is more like a drone, with slight differences in pitch.

After his portion of the show, Sam retired between the performers' trailers and cadged a little money from several dozen more-than-willing spectators. He told them the story they all wanted to hear: 20 years ago, his woman was arrested. He hastily recorded a single titled "I Need \$100 to Go My Baby's Bond." Oh, yes, he did get the money — almost \$1,700 — and she did get out. Sam turned out to be a favorite of the backstage crowd, and he obviously relished the attention.

□ Washboard Willie is almost 65, and for 25 years he's been pounding on an assortment of drums, tambourines, castanets and, of course, the washboard. "It's rare," he said, "because it's my own style. Nobody beats it like I do." Many years before, Willie had been a drummer for ROTC programs, making a little side money by drumming along to jukebox hits in Midwest bars ("It gave them a better beat to dance to").

"Then one day," he recalled, "on a Tuesday, to be specific, at 11:30 in the day, the idea came to me to beat a washboard. I could make the same riffs that I made on the drum with less effort." He started to play for his own amusement, soon finding that people were intrigued by his performance.

"In Columbus, I got a job at Jerry McCarthy's Chevrolet dealer and one night all the boys went out together and told me to bring the washboard. We walked into a bar where a band was playing. I started beating my washboard, 'cause the drummer was playing out of time. I was giving him the beat, when the man walked up and hired me. Step by step, I got to where I am now."

Willie had just returned from a blues tour that stopped in six European countries and, after his segment of the Detroit show, he hopped into a car to head for Birmingham, Alabama. He said that he works a lot of bar mitzvahs and confirmations.

Although mainstream and progressive jazz were well represented at Ann Arbor (Yusef Lateef, Charlie Mingus, Count Basie), the most electrifying dimensions of this music were exposed through a bevy of groups whose presentation on the bill was not easily accepted. These young lions displayed a searing energy and intensity and demanded total audience attention — and often, participation. This concession was more easily made if one admitted that the vitality of jazz depends on its perpetual redefinition and exploration.

There are several points peculiar to this "revolutionary" musical concept. For the most part, the focus is on ensemble work, though solos are still frequent and featured. Structures seem to be more thematic, with emphasis

on free improvisation by all members of an ensemble. Because of this, the improvisations have a tendency to be violent and aggressive, rather than serene or mellow. Among the practitioners:

□ Ornette Coleman, perhaps the spiritual father of this free music. Coleman once explained to his bass player, Charlie Haden: "Forget about changes in key and just play within the range of the idea." After 15 years, Coleman retains a basic approach, one which wreaks havoc on rigid Western concepts of harmony, rhythm and melody. The renewed approach can perhaps be best described as "liberation from structure."

□ Infinite Sound, composed of Glenn Howell on bass and Roland Young on various reed instruments. There is a "music of immediacy," totally spontaneous, yet reflecting international influences.

□ Sun Ra, whose 22-piece Solar Myth Ark-estra astounded viewers both visually and musically. Sun Ra is the master of music drama, though the authentic regalia can, at times, divert the attention which his offerings require. However, it is not a case of flash covering vacuity, for the humaneness and spiritual empathy that color his music is paramount.

□ The Revolutionary Ensemble, "three creative musicians portraying change of consciousness through sound."

"Our music is all music," explained percussionist Jerome Cooper. "I hate to talk about the theory and technical aspects of improvisation, how we play. It relates to the cosmos. Everything is structured, believe me. As free as we might sound, it's very structured. We have movements that we write and play as an ensemble, and that's about the only thing that's written down, the themes. Everything else is improvised. The thing is... we listen."

Cooper's explanation, in a sense, covers much of the ideology behind the new music. "What we're trying to reach is a very high state of consciousness. That's all that music is — your state of mind. Jazz is a limited thing. You improvise and you're in tune with each other, mentally and spiritually. The music is the total of what you are. You cannot produce what you don't have inside. If you want to play creatively, you have to be that, inside."

"Everything has movement, everything is changing, everything develops."

At Ann Arbor, and through the NPR broadcasts, people were exposed to both the old and the new. And that, by itself, gave the festival as special grace.

performance

The Plieples Who Brought You Warp



WARP (clockwise from top): Lugulbanda, Dan Szelag; Prince Chaos, Ralph Glickman; Sargon Mary Koisch; Lord Cumulus, Pinkney Mikell.

By Ruth Stenstrom

With the inspiration of some high-energy rock music and a few Valkyries, plus an appreciation for the finer art in futuristic comics, Lenny Kleinfeld (*alias* Bury St. Edmund) and Stuart Gordon collaborated on one, then two more episodes of *WARP*.

As Phil Baloun — director of the Georgetown Theatre Company's production of *Warp* — puts it, Lenny and Stuart knew each other from the University of Wisconsin (Madison). Stuart had an idea to dramatize several comic books in six separate episodes. He called Lenny/Bury and asked him to come to Chicago to work with him, knowing that Lenny/Bury was also into comics.

Well, they changed their minds. Rather than copy the comic book characters (such as "Thor," "The Hulk," and "The Fantastic Four") they decided to invent a whole new thing. Stuart sketched out the plot and Lenny filled in the dialogue. So was born Episode One: "My Battlefield, My Body," in which David Carson, timid bankteller, realizes his true self after being transported into the 5th or 6th Dimension in a transcendental-epic-heroic-science-fiction-serial drama.

To be more exact, Episode One was written in conjunction with the Organic Theatre company in Chicago which first staged *Warp*. And, while Episode One was playing, Episode Two, "Slitherlust," was being written, and so on.

The show in Chicago ran for a year and a day at the Body Politic. For the closing performance, a *Warp*-athon was held in which all three chapters of the show were played, interspersed with appetizers, dinner and purple bananas.

The purple bananas, called *skliegks* or something like that, eaten by the *Plieples*, were written out of the Third Episode, "To

The purple bananas — called *skliegks*, or something like that — which were eaten by the *Plieples*, were written out of *Warp* for the Washington performance of the Third Episode, "To Die... Alive!" I assume that they were replaced by the equally entertaining *Wallakunzies*.

And for *Warp* history freaks, the Chicago cast re-opened on Broadway to standing ovations and lousy reviews. There were raves, too, but they were published too late and the show closed a week later. Stuart said, "... the show in New York was actually better than in Chicago, so we were especially devastated by its failure there. Broadway wasn't the right place for our show. We really wanted to be able to charge half-price for our tickets so that more people could see it. But the critics killed the show; all the audiences really loved it."

So the success of *Warp* in Washington has been "like a shot in the arm" for the Chicago cast, three of whom will be opening in Paul Sill's *American Revolution* at Ford's Theatre.

So who are these two freaks who have given us one of the most creative fantasies of our time?

Lenny Kleinfeld, 24, started out as a caustic drama critic at Wisconsin. He changed his pen name, he says, to avoid threatening phone calls about his reviews during the early a.m. He saw Stuart Gordon's play *The Game Show* — which would most likely be termed black comedy — loved it, and from there began a

working-friend relationship with him. And now, as is the way of all critics, for the 9-5 he writes for a TV advertising firm and symbolically wears mirrored sunglasses.

Less sarcastic and escapist, and more politically-community-conscious, Stuart, 26, has a backlog of inventive, controversial productions. *The Game Show* was a kind of take-off on *Let's Make a Deal*, in which people in the audience, say, show their appendix scars for \$5.00 and so on. "Only in *this* production," Stuart says, "the stakes get higher and people in the audience — plants — get mugged and raped for money." During the intermission, actors were free to roam about while the audience was kept in their seats by ushers dressed as stormtroopers. The atmosphere was very oppressive, "... and you can imagine how a person would feel when the guy sitting next to him — again, a plant — was clubbed and blood would come gushing out of his mouth. We were never able to finish because the audience would always riot at the same point."

Stuart became more controversial when he directed a modern-day version of *Peter Pan*. "Wendy was a suburbanite, Peter was a hippy, the Indians were Blacks, the pirates were police, and flying was... well, flying was..." "Flying," interjects Lenny.

The most disputed part, however, was a 10 minute nude dance sequence which raised an obscenity issue in Madison. "Actually, we paved the way for topless bars in Madison," said Stuart. But the show was forced to close, anyway.

From Madison, Stuart went to live in what he affirms is the most racially-mixed neighborhood in urban America — uptown Chicago.

There are even more native American Indians there per square mile than anywhere else in the states, he asserts.

Shows which he put on with the Organic Theatre in Chicago, are equally fascinating. In *Tarot Cards*, the cast had enacted sequences representing each symbol of the Tarot and they would perform the collective fortunes of the audience, which was divided up between earth, air, wind, and fire signs. Also, they produced an up-dated version of *Candide*, and *Poe*, a dramatic interpretation of the mysterious last weeks in the life of Edgar Allen Poe, the time in which he was missing before he was found dead on the street.

Currently, Stuart is working on an adaptation of Ray Bradbury's *Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* at the Hull House. In the play, a handful of young Puerto Ricans can almost afford to buy one dress suit — of a wonderfully white, ice cream color — which they all plan to share. An outsider, a messy, clumsy person whom the group intensely dislikes, is finally accepted into the group when they find they need his money. Although he tries to keep up the standards of cleanliness applicable to communal suits, he is hit by a car. "The first thing this crazy kid says is for them to take the suit off of him because he doesn't want to get it dirty. So immediately the attitude of the group changes toward him." The play, according to Stuart, is a combination of Marx Brothers and human relations.

So, how did Lenny and Stuart like the Washington production of *Warp*? "First of all," says Phil Baloun, they were intrigued by another group's interpreting their thing — along with the new version of the Third Epi-

sode which they had written, but had never seen staged. It was a real mindbender."

And what else did they do while they were in Washington? "They wanted to see Watergate. So they spent several hours there. They're people watchers." Phil just got a picture post card from Stuart of the Iwo Jima monument, saying "Wish we were here."

And for those of us who are here, *Warp*, with its zaps, musical and sound effects, will continue with still another Prince Chaos for at least another two weeks. After that, the Georgetown Theatre Company will be working on something of a Watergate-oriented script based on the lives of the Borgia family. That's for those of you who want to start thinking in the 3rd Dimension again.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA National Theatre

By John Reap

I have never written an unqualified rave before, but I haven't enjoyed an evening in the theatre so much since I first saw *Hair*, five years

ago. *Hair* shattered my conceptions of the musical theatre and seemed to promise a new life of vibrancy and excitement that scorned the outmoded conventions perfected in the work of Rodgers and Hammerstein. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* fulfills the promise of *Hair*, satisfies — at long last — the expectations the earlier musical aroused.

Two Gentlemen is based on Shakespeare's comedy of the same name, but while the original is not great, or even good Shakespeare, John Guare and Mel Shapiro have played the alchemist in their adaptation, and the Philosophers' Stone that transmutes the lead to gold is Galt MacDermott's music. MacDermott, you may recall, also wrote the music for *Hair*, but he has surpassed his earlier efforts and contributed a score that provides the texture of the show, and a rich and varied texture it is. The music bubbles along almost incessantly and provides John Guare's adroit and witty lyrics with a superlative medium.

Shapiro has staged *Two Gentlemen* with an exuberance that matches the efforts of his collaborators and Dennis Nahat's choreography provides the spectacle that any approach to Shakespeare, traditional or experimental, demands.

And the performers are superb. Larry Kert is a wonderfully professional musical comedian who brings to his portrayal of the amoral Proteus every trick of the trade. Frank O'Brien's Thurio is a delightfully ludicrous cartoon. I could name every member of the cast — for each of them was wonderful — but the limitations of space forbid.

Two Gentlemen of Verona is an absolute delight. It's the most fun you'll have in the theatre this year, so put off getting a record or two, mug your little brother, give up smoking for a few days, don't pay your rent; but go see it.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Kennedy Center

While nothing at the Kennedy Center's Shakespeare Festival has been as good as National's *Two Gentlemen*, it has been an exciting month for theatre. There is no better playwright than Shakespeare and it's impossible to imagine a better way for a cultural center to start its season than with a hearty dose of the master.

The most enjoyable of the shows was *Love and Master Will*, a selection of love scenes and sonnets, with a slight leaven from Marlowe and Raleigh. Christopher Plummer and Zoe Caldwell demonstrated the magic that good acting can create without sets or costumes, with nothing but superlative words and creative imagination. Another delight.

While Gwen Calfritz, whose foundation sponsored the festival, disliked *Measure for Measure*, I enjoyed it. It is not one of Shakespeare's masterpieces, and many critics have found the play repulsive, but — although I've never been able to read through it — I found it good enough on the stage. Michael Kahn's direction pointed up the comedy of the minor characters while Lee Richardson, David Rounds and Christina Pickles gave laudable performances.

Macbeth was more disappointing. This is one of the very great plays, and it can never fail absolutely, but Kahn's direction lacked the focus that could have made this a memor-

able occasion. Fritz Weaver was disappointing as a Macbeth who is on the brink of frenzy from his first appearance onstage; his subsequent terror at the apparition of the ghost of Banquo is consequently less effective. Weaver also demonstrated a disconcerting tendency to swallow his lines at his peaks of emotion. Rosemary Murphy was better as Lady Macbeth, but her performance lacked consistency.

The Hollow Crown was a pleasant enough evening of readings of writings about and by English monarchs, but there was almost no Shakespeare and very little else of substance.

But if the Festival was not a complete artistic triumph, it was wonderful to be able to breathe the atmosphere of the greatest genius of the stage, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* caps the festival with a real triumph. J.R.

STAR LITE. STAR BRITE. . .

By Bruce Pennington

"There I was in the chorus line, kicking, dancing and screaming my head off — it was *fa-bulusssss* — and after the show, Andy Warhol came backstage and asked me if I wanted to be in a movie." Such is the stuff of which legends are made. Such is the fantasy of youth. Such is the reality of Holly Woodlawn.

The reality of Holly Woodlawn includes showing up at the *Pier 9* the night before a real-life, Hollywood-style premiere in a twoday stubble and smelly old football jersey. It includes Smirnoff Silver. It includes simply elegant black evening gowns and a hot-red feather boa. It means a 26-year-old Puerto-Rican/Polish kid from Miami with a prominent overbite becoming a movie star and underground film cult-star.

Who hasn't entertained those fantasies — some of us have even tried to live them — of fame, recognized talent, and fortune? Holly Woodlawn has realized two out of the three.

Out of a chorus line in the Theatre of the Ridiculous to a feature role in the Warhol-Paul Morrissey film *Trash*, Holly earned praise from critics — after they recovered from their shock. According to Holly, "George Cukor — yaknow George Cukor, the famous director? — saw the film and *luuuuuuuuu*ved it. He nominated me for an Oscar at the Motion Picture Academy, but I didn't get one from them because they thought *Trash* was an underground film, so it wasn't eligible. The next year, people in underground films could get nominated."

Holly's latest film, *Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers*, is a realization of the fantasy of going-to-New-York-and-becoming-a-big-star. Another recent work, currently uncirculated, is *Broken Goddess*, a black and white short in the Grande Silente style.

In *Scarecrow*, Holly plays Eve Harrington, the beloved of a New York Scene star (fellatio for \$5.95) Margo Channing. Eve bids her parents in the New Jersey suburbs fond farewell, busses to town and checks into (where else?) the Chelsea Hotel.

Acting classes, roommate-hunting — aided by Marry Poppins (Tally Brown) — and the search for Mr. Right are all pursued with breathless abandon. The film glides from sight gag to sight gag: Holly as a man — or as a woman. It includes a scene-stealing, torrid blues solo by Tally Brown and an imaginative score including songs by Bette Midler, as well as some dynamic soul wailing in the title sequence.

Recently, Holly tested other turf as a talent showcase. An appearance at New York Heavy-Deca Continenta Baths was disastrous. "Oh, it was *awful*, darling! I got so smashed before I went on — I was so nervous, I just *bombed* — I was *terrible*. But next time, I'm really going to knock 'em dead." Rehearsals are now in progress — songs like "Toot Toot Tootsie" and an old Fanny Brice number for an October opening at an elegant, new, New York spa, Reno Sweeney's. "Oh, it'll be *fa-bulus*. I'm gonna sing (kinda), dance, tell jokes, everything. You're gonna *love* it."

Opening night for *Scarecrow* was a screaming success. Earlier in the evening, at the Pointer Sisters concert, the Louis Jordan group dedicated one of their closing numbers to "Those lovely ladies right out there in the front," provoking much mirth in that section. Then a crowd cheered the Star and group leaving the hall, nearly mobbing the star vehicle. One ardent fan actually swooned after getting a kiss.

Bouquets of roses and cucumbers were waiting at the theatre. Roberta Flack ducked in and was showered with kisses from the star of the evening. The audience roared at the movie, giving it a standing ovation. The sidewalks were littered with trails of glitter and molted boa feathers. And Holly Woodlawn's fantasy became successful reality for another night.

[*Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers* is currently playing *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, at *midnight*, at the *Janus I*]

records



MOTT

Mott the Hoople — (Columbia)

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

To say that this album is an improvement over their last album, *All the Young Dudes*, would not be doing it justice, because almost anything would be an improvement over *All the Young Dudes*. Being one to let bygones be bygones, and a long-time fan of theirs, I was willing to forget the album — actually, all but three songs — and approach *Mott* with an open mind.

The new album demonstrates that they have their clearest idea yet of what they want to sound like. A number of changes have taken place. David Bowie is no longer producer, which is no great loss. He may be great at a lot of things, but producing other artists isn't necessarily one of them. They are self-produced now, after a brief possibility of Roy Wood doing the honors. Verden Allen, whose keyboard playing added much character to the group, has left to do a solo album. Ian Hunter plays the keyboard parts on the album, while on their American tour an organ player and grand piano player toured with them. At their Washington gig, this didn't make much difference, since 90% of the time both instruments were inaudible. There's going to be more changes soon, because ace lead guitarist Mick Ralph has now left the group.

There are changes concerning the material as well. This is an all-original album, with no attempts at taking someone else's song and making it into a Mott the Hoople song. They did it with everyone from Doug Sahm to Sonny Bono to Melanie to Jesse Colijn Young. Perhaps they felt that the concept had gone as far as it would go. Or, perhaps, they realized their version of Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane" indicated that they were losing their touch. (Though in all fairness, their live version at the Kennedy Center was great.)

Lead singer Hunter has considerably sharpened his songwriting. His songs make for the best Mott album since their first, in 1970. Most of the songs deal with being a rock 'n' roll band, or being a member of one. Specifically, this is described in "Ballad of Mott the Hoople" and "All the Way from Memphis." Hunter's lyrics on *Mott* are the best he's written, playful but honest, and soul-searching at the same time.

"I Wish I Was Your Mother" is not quite as strange as it sounds, and it may have the best lyrics on the album. It's a case of getting inside someone's head that we get all too infrequently in rock. It's not kid's stuff. Neither is "Violence," which is the weirdest song on the album; a mad barrage of guitar and violin sounds with desperate lyrics and an oddly hypnotic chorus — as a dam of pent up frustration is burst upon us and the song gets increasingly out of control. Hunter handily demonstrates that he's no innocent, idealistic guitar strummer. He's saying something in all these songs, about what modern life and the rock 'n' roll world can do to you, if you let it. You get the impression that it very nearly did him in, but somehow he made his way clear to sing about it, and face up to the challenge again.

The Music is hard-driving rock, for the most part, but never stiff or repetitive. "Drivin' Sister" and "Whizz Kid" are built around gut-grabbing riffs, which is much the way they approach their live shows. "Honoloochie Boogie" is a bopping tune with a chorus that could have made it a hit single, but it flopped in its bid for airplay. Hunter's piano rocks along "All the Way from Memphis." Actually, the production on the record allows for their sound to be more varied than it was at the Kennedy Center, when it was very much a heavy guitar show.

The departure of Mick Ralphs could conceivably cause problems, but the songs on *Mott* show that Mott the Hoople is well on its way to being the front-line band that's always been lurking within them.

BEAR'S CHOICE:

The History of the Grateful Dead, Vol. I (Warner Brothers)

As my fifth grade teacher used to say, "If this is supposed to be a joke, I fail to see the humor in it." Actually, I think it's quite sad that a record containing such dull music is being associated with the once-hallowed Grateful Dead name.

As to why this LP was released, the band is getting out of its contract with Warners, but is still required to come up with an album or two before WB will let go. Think, for a moment, what we could have gotten: the Dead have always talked about the miles of tape they have from their legendary early days in San Francisco, and surely something from those archives could have been chosen instead of this travesty, recorded live at the Fillmore East in early 1970. Ironically, the Dead hadn't gotten near their big popularity at the time, and even more ironically, the band sharing the bill that weekend was the then-unknown Allman Brothers Band. How times change...

Remember those two albums of old Dead tapes released a few years ago? They were rough, poorly recorded, Avalon Ballroom shows from 1966, and yet those performances seem closer to the Grateful Dead spirit than the oatmeal on *Bear's Choice*.

Acoustic side one contains some unspeakably awful material, like their terribly tiresome version of "Wake Up Little Susie." Pigpen's spoken-blues "Katie Mae" is unlistenable, and... I can't go on. It's all too sad to dwell on. Side two, which is at least electric, fares not much better. Their 18 minutes of "Smokestack Lightning" is roughly 16 minutes too long, with those scattered moments of life too fleeting to enjoy. Several times the music fades out altogether, only to resurface with still mour guitar noodling by Jerry Garcia. The last song, "Hard to Handle," is yet another Pigpen vehicle which, by default, is the best thing on the album. Here at least, we have some of the notorious Grateful Dead spark.

If you want to know the history of the Grateful Dead, listen to their first four LPs: *Grateful Dead*, *Anthem of the Sun*, *Aoxomoxoa*, and (their best) *Live/Dead*. If you want to read about it, consult Michael Lydon's book *Rock Folk* (Delta), and thumb through old issues of *Rolling Stone*. Let's hope that the Dead does pull out some good tapes from the 1966-1969 era and releases them in subsequent volumes of their "History," or on their new label. *Bear's Choice* is just not what it was all about.

B.R.

YEAH!

Brownsville Station — (Big Tree)

Brownsville Station has finally faced up to it: they're out-and-out punks. Not that there was really any doubt, but the choice of material here shows they've finally owned up to their heritage and are intent on becoming the finest punk-rock band in the land.

Three songs in particular stand out: "Love, Love, Love," written by the infamous Terry Knight, would be in the punk-rock hall of fame if there were such a thing. Knight recorded it with the pre-Grand Funk Terry Knight and the Pack, and the Music Explosion recorded it, too, and probably many others mid-60's bands with stars in their eyes. BS's version is no different from Terry's, down to the last sneer. "Question of Temperature" is half punk/half psychedelic, originally recorded in 1967 by the Balloon Farm. "Smokin' in the Boys' Room" is as great as its title suggests; Brownsville's attempt at creating a new punk-rock anthem.

BS is also doing its best to pick up on currently hot songwriters — with mixed results. Their semi-hit single, "Let Your Yeah Be Yeah," was written by none other than reggae superstar Jimmy Cliff. They do it

more as a rock song, since to do it reggae would be too trendy. Their attempt at Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane" is a sloppy abortion, possibly the worst performance on their three albums. Besides the fact that they botched up the lyrics, the vocal is terrible, the playing mediocre at best... let's just say it doesn't work, and leave it at that. Curiously, they put the opening riff of "Sweet Jane" on another song, Hoyt Axton's "Lightning Bar Blues," and gave the Reed song a nondescript acoustic intro. Go figure that out.

As for the other stuff, there's a reasonably good version of Robert Parker's classic, "Barefootin'" and a few so-so originals. I've resigned myself to the conclusion that they will never reach the energy level of their first album, *No BS*, released in 1970 on Warner Brothers. This measures up to their last, *A Night on the Town*, which means it's good for what it is, something that is very common in the rock music world circa 1973.

B.R.

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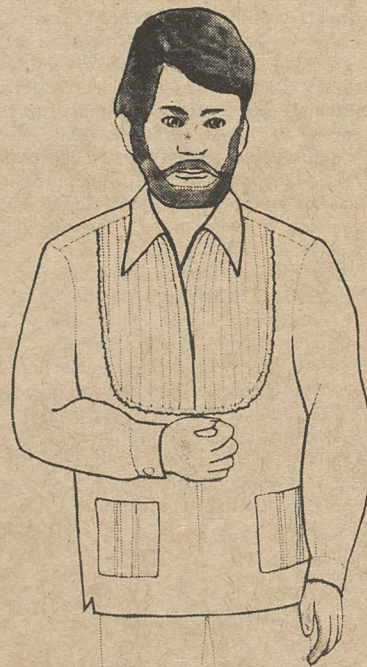
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fiction



A PORTRAIT OF MY LOVE

By David Wham

Who said that motherfucker isn't up there saying his beads, taking a lap for the Lord? Priest, shit. Monsignor or something like that is what he is. She told me so herself. Her in that goddam orange Hertz uniform the morning after. She was drawing up her pantyhose, shifting her skirt around, getting into the sweater. There were beer cans all around, squashed, their lips lumped with blackened ashes of cigarettes which we'd driven through them with a his. That was when it was dark and we were literally trying to mop up that filthy rug with our bodies. Strong. Strong as an ox, as Hera, leaning up to me all billowy and fine in the night that 135 pound pale flaring flame of Wisconsin farmgirl and the happiest mouth I ever kissed with

skin that had the texture of sanded wood with the slight flakes of powder on it. "This is something," I said, "I'd like to go on."

But she'd said no, there was somebody else. And then she told me about the priest who was high up in the Archdiocese— and high up on her. Like a kick in the nuts.

So I guess they've confessed. So I guess they've met and are at it again, those true lovers. Saying the beads up there in her wee apartment, taking a grand lap for the Lord. Oh, they have my brazenest blessing, they have, as I, Martin Luther Pipsqueak, go walking about under their windows, singing — singing "Faith of Our Fathers" and how Avis Tries Harder.

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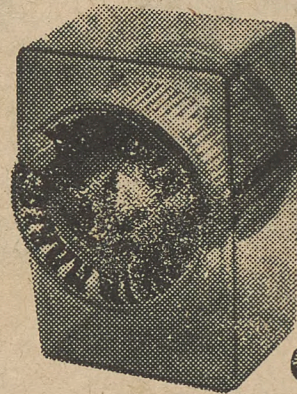
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WHOEVER SHE IS. . .

By Bonnie Newlon

The Washington Area Women's Center, 1736 R Street, N.W., is found among those high, lovely old townhouses that abound east of Connecticut Avenue, north of Dupont Circle. There's a bustling commercial intersection at 17th and R Streets, reminiscent of the neighborhood stores and restaurants which live well into the night in the boroughs of New York City. It's a vivacious area, one that seems to welcome the variety of inhabitants it has attracted.

The Women's Center is nestled inconspicuously among other row-houses. Since October, 1972, it has provided office space to over a dozen women's groups. The Washington Feminists, now defunct, began the original discussions which led to the founding of the Center. Hundreds of women responded to their call for a mass meeting in February, 1972, during which committees were formed to investigate various aspects of the Center's creation. One committee looked for funding, another for a location, others discussed the activities which should be housed and the policies that would guide them.

Gerri Trains, fund-raising coordinator for the Center, remembered these early days and the many weeks she and other volunteers spent painting, scrubbing, and plating the large, old home which was found for the Center. The two national organizations and several project-groups which it now houses, are a visual affirmation of the Center's concept: "women defining and serving their own needs, outside of the male-defined structures which prevail in our society." "We try to provide services that women can't get elsewhere," Ms Train said. The Center is non-profit and apolitical. "In a sense, we're a political entity, just by existing. There's a continuing argument of whether we should be more political, but this is hard to do through services. First, we try to meet each woman's immediate need. Many of us are involved in politics outside our Center activities. The major effort so far has been to keep the Center above politics: it's nice to have a place where everyone feels welcome."

Men aren't welcome, however. A decision was made in the beginning to exclude their participation because of the feeling that women had been historically abused by men. The Center provides "a haven... the feeling is that we would rather be with women," Ms Train explained. Men are allowed in on rare occasions. For instance, one of the project-groups provides abortion counseling to which

fathers may be admitted if the mothers make this request.

The Center is governed by two collectives. The General Assembly meets a minimum of twice each year and makes policy. The Coordinating Counsel includes representatives from every organization and project-group in the Center to implement the policy. There are no elected officers and no executive director — except on paper, to facilitate the incorporation of the Center. Three paid-staff members alternate the responsibilities of keeping the Center going. Maintenance of the building is a shared and constant activity among all who use the facilities.

About \$1,000 is needed to meet monthly obligations. The Center received a \$7,500 grant from the Eugene and Agnes Meyer Foundation during the past year, which has helped to ease its financial need. All of its operating funds have been derived from donations; many women have pledged a monthly sum which they continuously contribute to the Center.

About 65% of the women who use the Center are under 30. Almost all of these are white. "We haven't met any of the needs of the black or Spanish-speaking women yet," Ms Train thought. A mix of people from the city and suburbs come to use the Center, though. During peak periods, about 400 call for information or come in to participate in the activities each month. Ms Train recalled the experience of a previous women's center in Washington — unrelated to the present facility — which was forced to close by the internal power struggles between lesbians and straights. That lesson has been remembered by the R Street participants who welcome all women, regardless of sexual preference. It seems to be this somewhat self-conscious attitude of an open door policy which enables the Center to escape the "sorority syndrome." "Periodically, there's the accusation that we're a closed organization. It's a constant battle not to let it get to you. On those rare occasions when someone isn't welcomed right, we always hear about it," Ms Train said.

The staff has found that probably its most important job is answering the hundreds of phone calls received each month. "Many times the women calling just need someone to talk to. We've taken suicide calls, women who are hysterical, women who've been beaten and thrown out of their homes." A constant effort keeps the Center's resource file up to date so that women calling can be referred to other services in the area.

Volunteers are always needed to help run the Center. Each in-coming person is given perhaps an hour's orientation to the files, on-going projects, and current events. "It's a very informal system: they learn by being here. No one is expected to meet a rigid schedule. If a time doesn't suit, they can make other arrangements to come when they can," Ms Train explained. Anyone who's interested in helping is encouraged to "drop by the Center and talk to whomever's in the office. They may want to staff for awhile, learn what's available, and then get in a project-group."

Two organizations have offices in the Center: The National Organization for Women (N.O.W.), which is a broad-based, politically-active feminist rights group; The Women's Legal Defense Fund, (W.L.D.F.), which provides legal assistance and counseling in cases involving feminist issues.

Several project-groups also maintain offices in the Center. Unless otherwise noted, these groups can be reached at the Women's Center at (202) 232-5145 or (202) 232-7533.

□The Child Care Collective, which operates a cooperative child care room at the Center, open at this time only to those women participating in the Center's activities.

□The Credit Counseling Project, which fights discrimination against women due to sex or marital status in attempting to obtain credit accounts, personal loans and mortgages. Information can be obtained from WLDF at (202) 232-5293, or the Center.

□The Domestic Relations Project, which provides information about domestic relations law, teaches women to act as their own attorneys in divorce actions (*pro se* divorce), provides referrals, and organizes support groups for women in transition.

□The Employment Discrimination Project, which counsels women how to recognize sex discrimination in employment and fight it through legal channels.

□The Feminist Counseling Collective, which conducts problem-solving groups, individual crisis counseling, and organizes consciousness-raising groups at the Center as well as in the suburbs.

□The Women's Health and Abortion Project, which provides counseling in birth control and an information and referral service for obstetrics and gynecology, pre-natal care and venereal disease. It also helps sponsor a Women's Clinic on Wednesday evenings at the Washington Area Free Clinic, 1556 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. Call: (202) 483-4632 for

further information.

□The Library Project, which is in the process of creating a library of feminist readings. Volunteers and others wishing information may call the Center.

□The Newsletter Committee, which prints a monthly newsletter with a circulation of 1,300 people, detailing current events at the Women's Center. A \$2.00 subscription fee is requested of those able to pay.

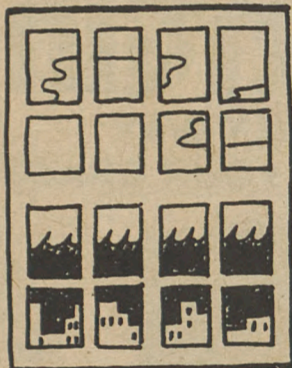
□The Rape Crisis Center, which is not located in the Women's Center, but operates a phone service from 7:30 a.m. until midnight at (202) 333-RAPE. Legal and medical information, psychological support, escorts to the police, hospitals, and the courts are provided, if needed. Classes in self-defense are offered on a continuing schedule.

□The Sojourner Truth School for Women, which organizes courses of instruction according to the current interests of the women participants. One of the most popular courses has been in automobile repair. A new schedule of courses is currently being organized.

□Sophie's Parlor, which is a recreation room in the basement of the Center. Entertainment is scheduled and donations are accepted. Meg Christian, a blues-singer/song-writer who accompanies herself on guitar, is featured bi-weekly.

Other projects are planned for the future. Any woman may present a proposal for a project to the General Assembly, and, if it meets the general guidelines of the Center, it is usually accepted. A sports project will begin in the near future. Another which is under study by the staff is a crisis project — an effort to respond to the emergency housing needs of inner-city women in distress and without resources. It is hoped that a three-month trial project can be undertaken sometime in 1974, if funding can be found, and that eventually, this can be an on-going activity offered through the Women's Center.

Ms Trains explained the reason for her involvement in the Center: she had been living and working in New York City, spending half of her day in a job with a social service agency and the other half as a volunteer in a radical organization. "I learned a lot from these involvements, but I didn't feel that either of these groups was accomplishing anything." One of her special contributions to the Center, now, is the knowledge of fund-raising, which she learned while working in New York. The Center needs her talents — and those of each volunteer and project participant — if it is to survive and grow.



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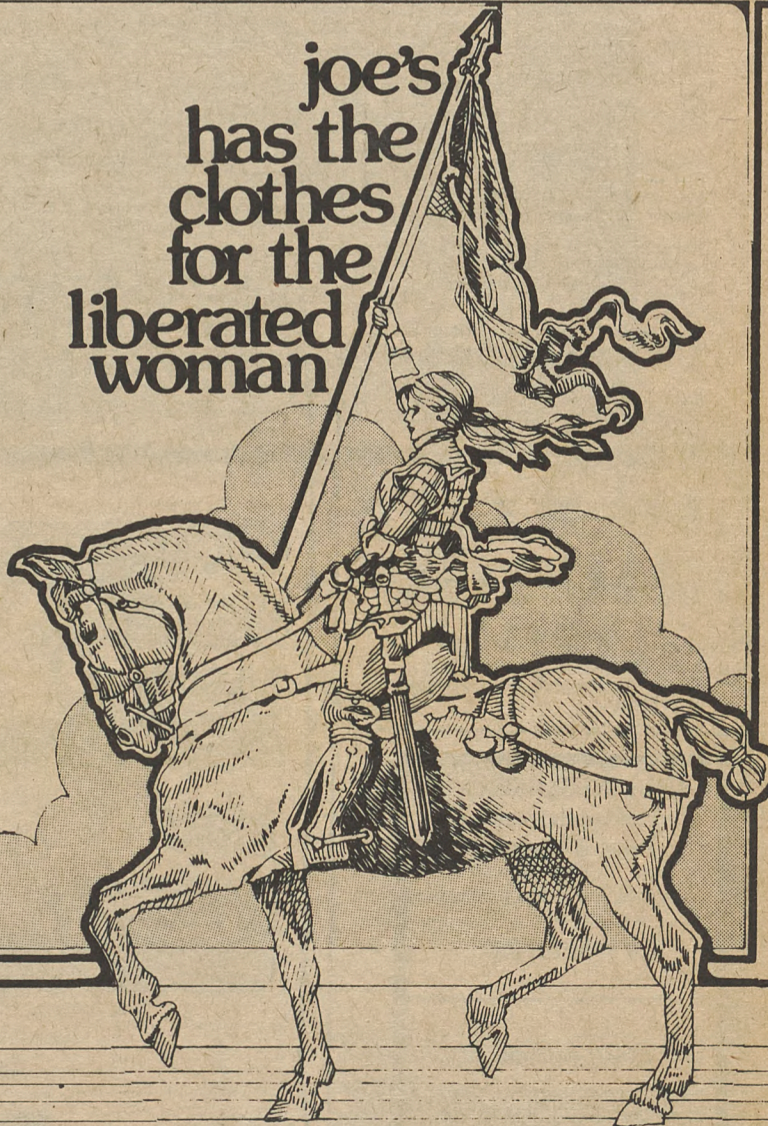
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WHAT TO DO WHEN THE OIL'S ALL GONE

By Ralph Peter Zaabo

Petroleum consumption in the United States is now around 15 million barrels per day. Most of this goes to run automobiles. A lot of the remainder generates electricity. The electricity is used not only for air conditioning and lighting, but for food processing and storage. The gasoline- and diesel-powered trucks that carry the food to the cities are also heavy users of oil. The pumping and purification of municipal water supplies requires energy that in many places also derives from petroleum fuels.

So, for those incurable worriers and born pessimists who await the day the oil gets turned off completely, here are some survival hints on how to get food, water and heating when the times get tough. Fanatic environmentalists can use some of these methods even today, as can any would-be dropouts who want to get out from under today's technological dependence. Bear in mind that man can live without air conditioning, refrigeration, a steak-a-day, automobiles, electric lights and hot water; that's the way it was for all but 70 of the last 2 million years. But he still needs food, water and warmth, and petroleum has a lot to do with the present supply of these essentials.

Thirty million people would be dead within 60 days if the oil were to be cut off. There are several ways to view this. One is that it is a pretty grisly thought — but it also means less competition for survival. And for the really hardy among us, it means that there would be as much as 3 billion pounds of high-quality protein waiting to be utilized. When the oil goes is when the squeamish become edible. Here are the suggestions:

Things to do now, before the rush begins

- Work real hard at forgetting all your previous dietary preferences and prejudices.
- Find a place where you can dig a great big hole in which to start storing combustible trash, while it is still plentifully abundant. It will make great fuel for those long, cold winters. Newspapers are good in this regard; they store flat.
- Keep lots of beer on hand. [See below.]
- Get used to eating less food. Most Americans eat about twice what they need anyway — not only in terms of total calories, but in terms of general food nutrition, too.
- Read books on food foraging. Find out how to prepare and enjoy — if possible — everything from dandelions to acorns.
- Find a way to collect and store rainwater, preferable in non-corrodable containers such as glass or plastic.
- Get a good BB gun and lots of BB's.
- Get a good knife and sharpening stone.
- Keep a good stock of canned goods on hand. Try to use and replace them in some way so that they are not stored for more than a year.
- Find out how to butcher small animals — and big ones, too.
- Find out how to make meat jerky.

Things to do when the rush begins

- Store as much water from the municipal water system as possible, before it goes off.
- Use your canned goods sparingly. Guard them. Try to be near the front of any raids on the local grocery stores; concentrate on non-perishibles: canned and dried foods.
- Start capturing and butchering stray dogs

and cats. Tan their hides and convert their meat to jerky. Save the entrails, as these, too, are a good food source. [See below for a suggested method of preparation and storage.]

- Be careful of your neighbors, especially those who used to have well-stocked freezers.
- Keep your eyes open for the edible plants recommended in the foraging books. Dry them and store them in a dry place.

Suggested exotic foods — how to gather and prepare them.

• **Insects** — Insects are about the least utilized food source in the modern world. They can be captured in butterfly-type nets as they fly toward your campfire. The many crawling insects can be easily gathered by just grabbing them or by digging a little bit. Do not establish preferences. Just remember this simple rule of thumb: If it moves of its own volition, it contains useable protein.

• **Birds and Small Game** — This is where the BB gun comes in handy.

• **Slugs and Worms** — As repugnant as they are, at first glance, slugs and worms provide a good source of protein. Besides, dietary repugnance is inversely proportional to hunger. [See below for preparation directions.]

• **Roaches** — This is where the beer comes in handy, you City Dwellers. Beer attracts roaches; they drink it and drown in it if it is placed in an open glass or bottle — or anything having steep walls, which, in their stupor, they will have trouble climbing. Beer in flat, low dishes is also an effective way to catch slugs — it just takes a little longer to dry them out after you catch them.

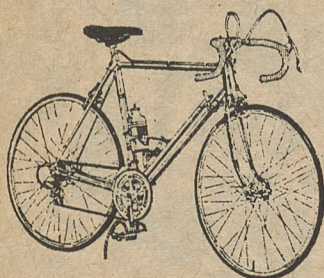
There are dietary limits at which even the hardiest call a halt, and beyond which only the psychotic continue. The eating of slugs and earthworms, if not at that limit, must be close to it. The following is a possible method of making slugs, insects and animal entrails not only palatable [and the term is used loosely] but safe to eat.

- Insects, slugs, worms and entrails should be thoroughly dried. This is best done by cutting large pieces into small pieces and either drying in sunlight or over a fire. In either case, they should at some time have their temperature raised to at least 300°F in order to deactivate the various organic poisons and bacteria and to make the protein more digestible.
- Using a mortar and pestle, or some such means, convert this dried material into a fine powder.
- While it might be nice to mainline this powder, more food value can be gotten if it is taken orally. If gelatin capsules are available, use them. Otherwise, design a method to compress the powder into pill form and then swallow accordingly.
- In a closed and sealed container that has been thoroughly dried and sterilized, these pills should be able to be stored indefinitely, which is especially good if you don't feel like eating them immediately after making them.

If the above suggestions are, for some practical or psychological reason, of no survival value if and when the crisis sets in, then here is the last suggestion:

- Find a high place with a hard surface beneath it and jump off.

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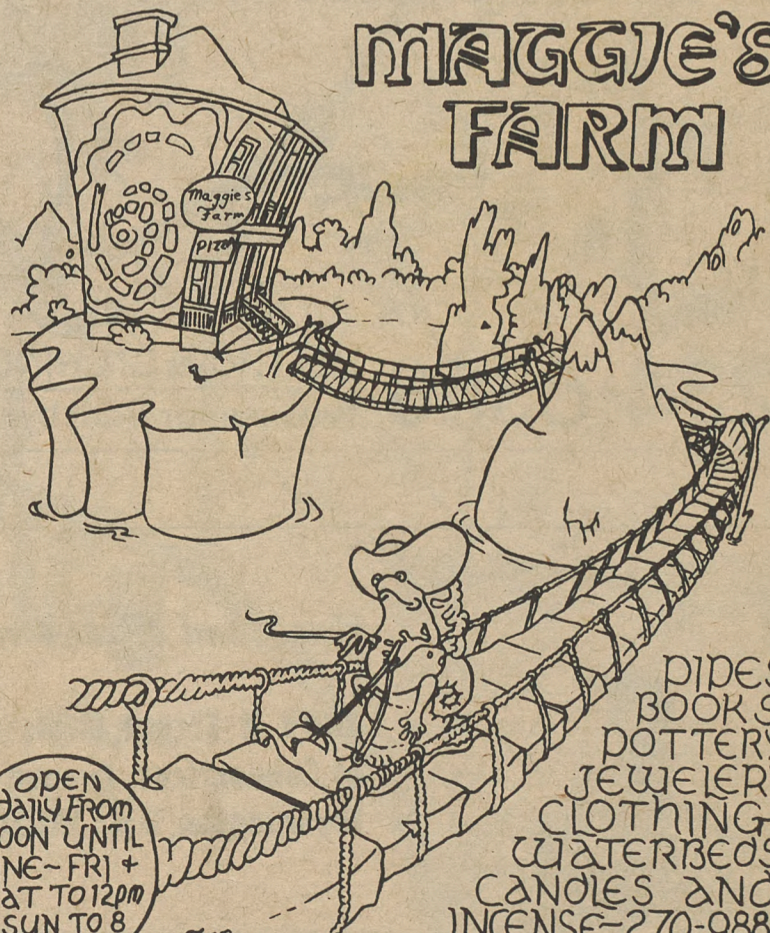
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VENGEANCE OF BEAUTY: Bickley at Henri I

By Laurie LeClair

Don't get ready to read a review or some art criticism. This is a *reaction* to one of the most exciting visual and psychological experiences I've had in a long time.

Go to Henri Gallery on P Street and see Cynthia Bickley's things so that you can react, too. "Things" is a good catch-all word for what Bickley does. Her works have all of the old "-esques" to them: "sculpturesque," "painting-esque," "environmentalesque," "povera-esque," and even "picturesque" (see *Wood Chuck in Impressionist Landscape*), but the freedom she assumes for herself makes her works not specifically any of these. The formal categories of her works are, in fact, incidental. They are Experience, and they are a highly personal conversation which Bickley is having with herself and into which she invites any curious person. But Bickley deals with her vulnerability and self-exploration in such an aggressive and almost offensive way that it is not necessarily an easy or casual conversation.

What it looks like and what it's made of: Layers and layers and glops and glops of polyester resin, shaped with polyethylene sheets and clay molds and pattern sheets of fiber-glass, the resin applied and re-applied and

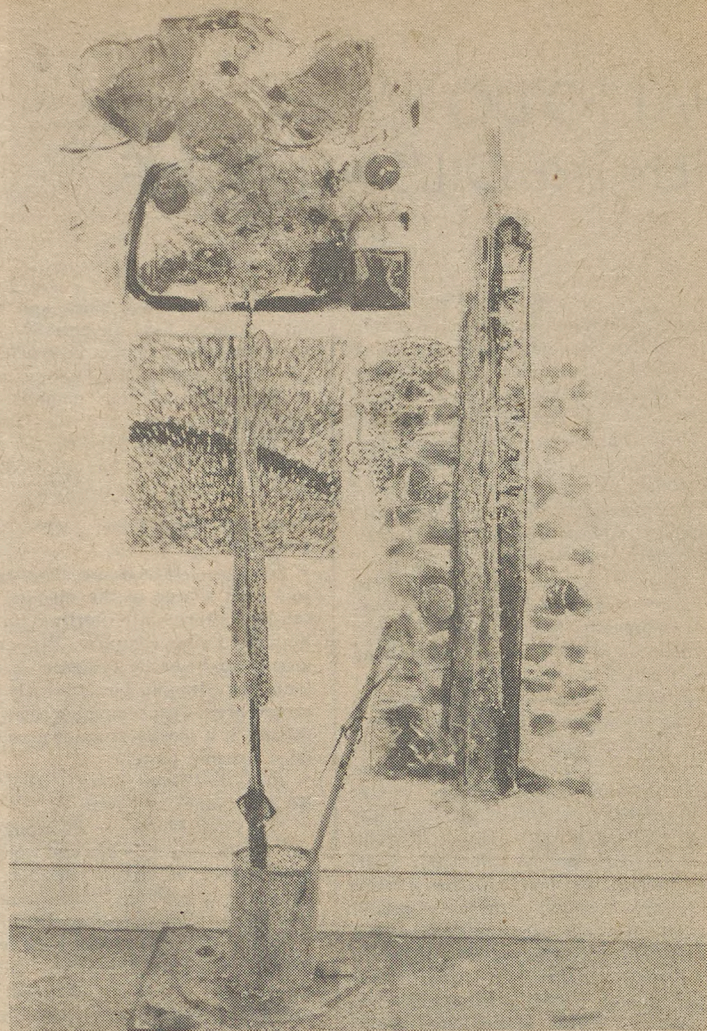
caressed (it looks like) to perfection with paint and fetishist objects such as fur, beads, knick-knacks and you-name-it. Mostly, they're free-form shapes, although there is a tree and a cross of sorts, and one can discern a leaf here and a fish there, and there most definitely is an umbrella stand (*Blue Line Referent*, see photo). One of the most interesting shapes is a triptych mirror piece that looks like an altar hanging (*Hill Impression: Orchid*). The piece that it took monumental audacity to present is a small oil painting on canvas of a wood chuck (*Wood Chuck in Impressionist Landscape*). Some of the works employ wood and some

hang like mobiles. . . etcetera, etcetera. . . go look at it if you want to know more of what it looks like. I came away even more impressed with the way it felt to my mind.

It felt as though I were permitted to witness a tantrum; that private kind of tantrum you hope someone will overhear because it happened for all the right reasons. It felt as though I heard a sigh of exhausted relief. The work radiates energy that would be the envy of General Electric. It is full of *slapped* together shapes and color and action, with meticulous attention paid to those fetishist details which I visualized her placing with neurotic care.

Bickley says she is reviewing all of the old Gestalt forms which her work has previously involved. She is finding new insights into old forms and working more specifically and more consciously with her "feline visions." She is also reviewing recent-past art which, according to her, has been all about the ugly and the sick things in life. She says, "We have a lot of beauty, in fact, and I am trying to promote that beauty with a vengeance." The vengeance in her work is probably the first thing you'll notice. Not only from the obvious quantity, but from the lush and almost tacky prettiness which is deceptively feminine. When I asked her about a content of feminist rebellion, Bickley, who has been involved with women in the visual arts, refuted it saying, "I don't want to be involved in the Conference for Women in the Visual Arts, I want to be involved in the Conference for the Visual Arts. I don't want to be a feminist anymore." Having reaped from it all that she felt was necessary, she no longer claims the feminist movement as a backdrop to her artistic activity.

Bickley has travelled to Europe and she has done a great deal of research into her ideas. She has also dabbled in numerous fields of interest. As a result of this extensive experience, she knows a lot and she will tell you so. But only to emphasize her conviction that "We

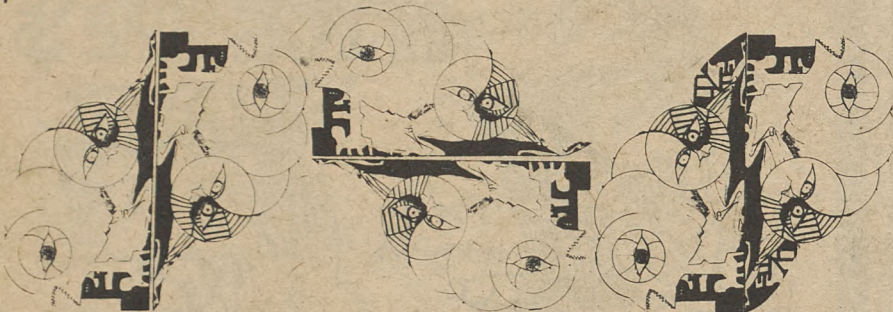


must use our heads. If we have a better idea, we should do it ourselves." She cites Marcel Duchamp as evidence of productive dabbling and says, "I want to explore variety as opposed to the sameness which has been going on. I hardly understand how an artist can repeat the same painting over and over again, let alone the same stripe."

For the biographically-minded: Cynthia Ann Bickley was born in Marshall,

Michigan, October 3, 1942. She attended La Brera in Milan, Italy; the Academy of Fine Art in Rome; Colorado College, in Colorado Springs; and the University of Maryland, where she eventually received her M.A. in Studio Art. She has served as an instructor of design at the U. of Md., and is now an assistant professor there. She lives in Washington, D.C. Her exciting work will be on exhibit at Henri I Gallery, through October 12.

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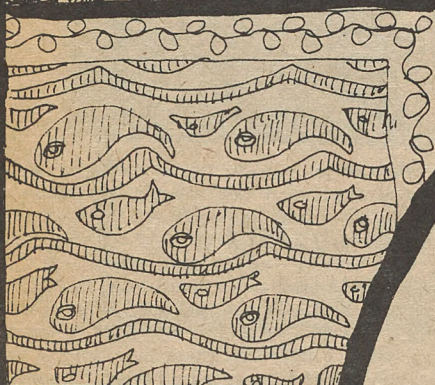
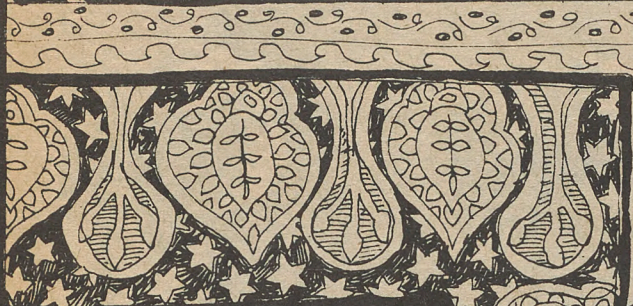
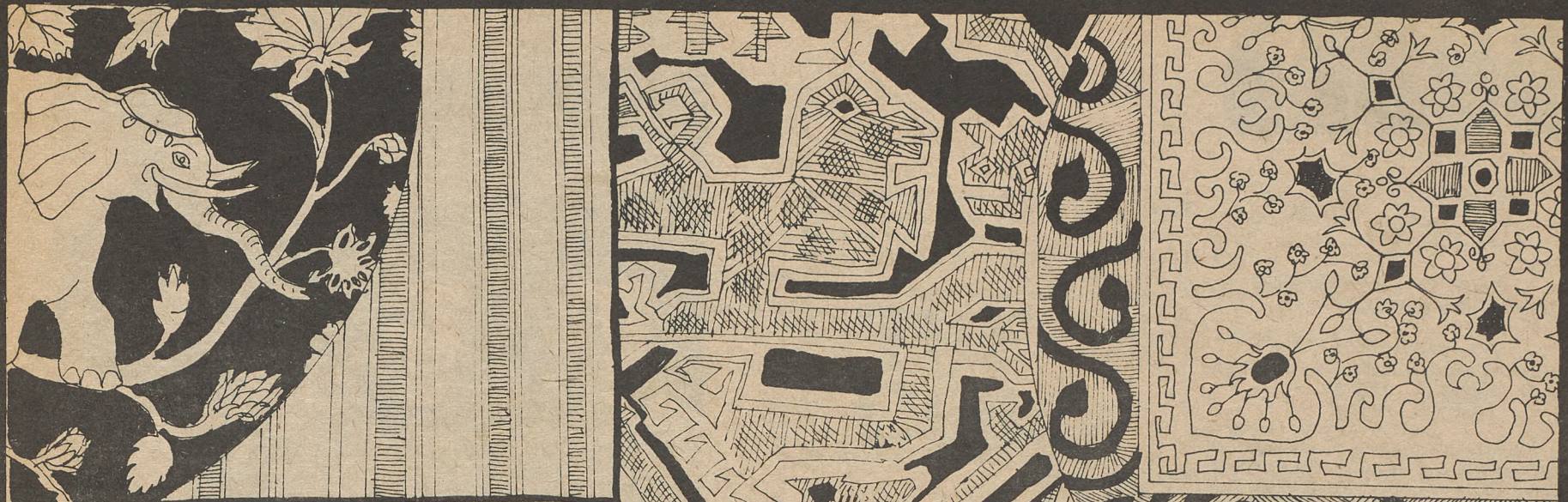


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BOOKS

THE MAKING OF STAR TREK

By Stephen E. Whitfield with Gene Roddenberry. (Ballantine Books), 414 pp., \$1.50, paper.

THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES

By David Gerrold. (Ballantine Books), 272 pp., \$1.50, paper.

THE WORLD OF STAR TREK

By David Gerrold. (Ballantine Books), 276 pp., \$1.50, paper.

Reviewed by Grant Carrington

To think it all began with the cardboard sets of *Captain Video!* And *Tom Corbett, Space Cadet!* I used to watch them religiously every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday when I was just discovering science-fiction, back in my early teens. Well, they all came back, bigger and better than ever, with Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock on the Good Ship U.S.S. Enterprise in 1966. *Star Trek*: an adult version of *Captain Video!* Well, almost.

It lasted three seasons and left, in its wake, a collection of young admirers — older, actually, than I was when I laughed at *Captain Video* — often referred to as "Trekkies," and a cult of Vulcan-watchers and Spock-lovers. (Is it really a coincidence that Mr. Spock was adored by a generation raised under the influence of Dr. Spock?) It has also spawned a *Star Trek* cartoon series and the three books under discussion.

The first of these, written by Stephen Whitfield, with the help of *Star Trek's* creator and producer, Gene Roddenberry, is now entering its 10th printing! Originally published in 1968, it is a fascinating introduction to the world of TV production and writing. Billed as "The Book on How to Write for TV! . . . The only book of its kind!" *The Making of Star Trek* fully meets the challenge. Anyone interested in any aspect of the TV industry — not just special-effects s-f shows — should own a copy of this book.

The book chronicles Roddenberry's attempts to sell the idea to CBS, only to be told that they had their own show, *Lost in Space*. Eventually, NBC picked up the show and the rest, as they say, is history. And most of that history is here: the two pilots that NBC asked for (no network had ever asked for two pilots before); the request to drop Spock from the show and his relegation to the background for the first six episodes, only to have NBC ask to have him given a larger role; memoes, memoes, and more memoes; the sketches of the Enterprise and its interior; samples of scripts and shooting schedules and story outlines. There're also biographies of the crew of *Star Trek* — not the actors — and more bits and pieces than could ever be covered in a short review. The book ends with a listing of all the *Star Trek* episodes, with a listing of the actors in each.

In 1967, David Gerrold, a student at California State College, sold a script, "The Trouble with Tribbles," to *Star Trek*. *The Trouble with Tribbles* is the story of that script, from inception through submission to production. Breaking into the world of television writing is not easy: it seems that you can't write for television unless you already write for television. *The Trouble with Tribbles* shows, by example, how the uncredited, would-be TV writer might break into the game. While some of the specific details might not be applicable to the general case, the general outline and many of the details should prove useful to the incipient script-writer. (But, as Harlan Ellison said at the Nebula Awards banquet a few months ago, "Move to Los Angeles, and be prepared to starve for three years.")

Gerrold describes how he got an agent; shows several preliminary attempts that failed; then finally goes into the full details of "The Trouble with Tribbles": the original story outline, a more detailed outline, and the final script, not to mention the actual details of production — including how to make a tribble.

Gerrold is a good writer, with a sense of humor, and the book is easy, enjoyable reading. Tim Kirk's cartoons add a lot to the overall, light tone of the book.

Anyone interested in breaking into TV as a writer should buy and study *The Trouble with Tribbles*.

The last of these three books, *The World of Star Trek*, also by Gerrold, is really of interest only to died-in-the-wool *Star Trek* freaks. It contains a lot that is already in Whitfield's book, plus a section on the "Star Trek phenomenon," primarily the following that *Star Trek* acquired, whose letter campaign brought the show back for a third season after NBC had cancelled it. The book ends with Gerrold's analysis of *Star Trek's* success and its appeal.

All three books are lavishly illustrated with photographs from the show, giving an overview of the various stories, as well as an inside look at the intricacies of the costumes, props, and set designs.

No one interested in the world of TV production should be without the first two of these books, but *The World of Star Trek* is for "Trekkies," only.

LOOKING BACK

By Joyce Maynard, Doubleday, 160 pp., \$5.95, (hardcover)

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

I've been putting off writing this review for a long time. It's not that I don't want to write it, or that I'm lazy, but I want to say the right things without coming on too strong. And I want to convey to you that *Looking Back* is worthwhile, even if it is physically slim for a stout price.

Let's get the details out of the way. Joyce Maynard wrote this book last year, at the age of 18. It is an expanded version of a cover story in *The New York Times' Sunday* magazine, and bits and pieces have appeared in other publications. *Looking Back* is about growing up in America; how the author is doing it, how others don't — and maybe never will. It is quite personal — you can only speak for yourself — but she is also very modest. Not once does she brag, nor does she make any mention of her writing career. If anything, she is too defensive about some things. She does a bit too much qualifying of her opinions, and she does not need to.

Maynard was raised in a small town in New Hampshire, going through the same trials and tribulations as everyone else, with the difference that she was that "person on the fringe," not quite in the group and not quite out. What she was, of course, was above them — a little smarter and more aware — yet still unsure enough to want to belong to the group; one of the many ironies of high school life. These

high school circles and cliques are funny things, especially after you're out of high school, but they live on in other forms all through life. I think it all boils down to sensitivity, and for some reason, you don't seem to stumble upon too many genuinely sensitive high schoolers, especially in small towns.

Looking Back is partly about waiting for things that never happen. She writes of anxiously awaiting becoming a teenager, after years of seeing the concept of "Teenage" glorified on movies and television; and finding out that not only wasn't it so glamorous, but that the attention of the media was on the no-longer-asleep college students.

Probably where this feeling is best expressed is in her account of her high school's reaction to various nationwide phenomena, and how so much was lost in the translation. The "Summer of Love" brought mainly its more commercial aspects of dress, music and language and — naturally — it paled in that trip from California to New Hampshire. Or, three years later, the vapidty of the whole Earth Day business: it seemed a senseless and useless gesture from a Big City-College standpoint at the time, but for the high school, it seemed like something to do, another grasp for something that would have some meaning. Similar things happened to her in political matters, and she discovered that beneath the gloss there is more of nothing.

She says she cannot really speak for her generation, and this is true. Most of the people in her generation haven't even done anything to get disillusioned. I'd say that she is more of an observer of how others in her age bracket act, because intellectually she must be placed among older people. Even if an 18-year-old wanted to get involved in something meaningful or relevant on a large scale, what is there left? As far as I can tell, 1970 was the last year for all that; the year the bubble burst, and a lot of people came to the realization that all these movements and mass actions just would not work. At the time, Joyce Maynard wasn't even out of high school.

The trouble is, even if large scale goals don't seem possible, people under 20 don't seem to want to do much of anything. They are preoccupied with what they think is hip: consequently, things like drug usage — on which Maynard has a typically perceptive view — come off as the opposite of hip. (Now, if only more people would realize it. . .)

Maynard has an insightful approach towards each subject she undertakes. Her views are



from experience, and some, just as important, from her lack of experience. She covers a good many subjects — too many, I think — and we probably could have gotten along without the bits on witchcraft, the eating habits of Americans, and one or two other items. When some of these pop up, you get too much of the feeling that she's saying "Glad you asked that!" — when you didn't.

But no matter, that is minor. What matters is that you should read this — if you're young, especially, but older people, as well, would

learn something about what the more intelligent segment of the younger generation is thinking. I read *Looking Back* a few days after graduating from college, when I was doing quite a bit of looking back myself.

It doesn't take much time to read Joyce Maynard's book. She is a very good writer, with a clean, lucid style that so few under-20 writers possess. I intend to check out some of her magazine articles, because I think it's important to keep up with what an articulate person like this thinks. You'd do well to do the same.

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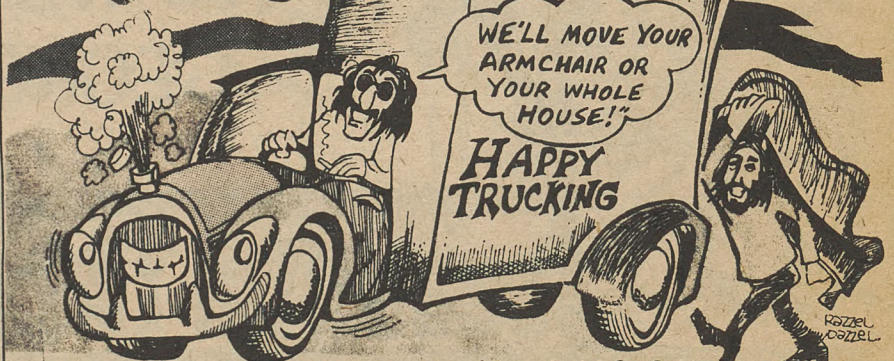


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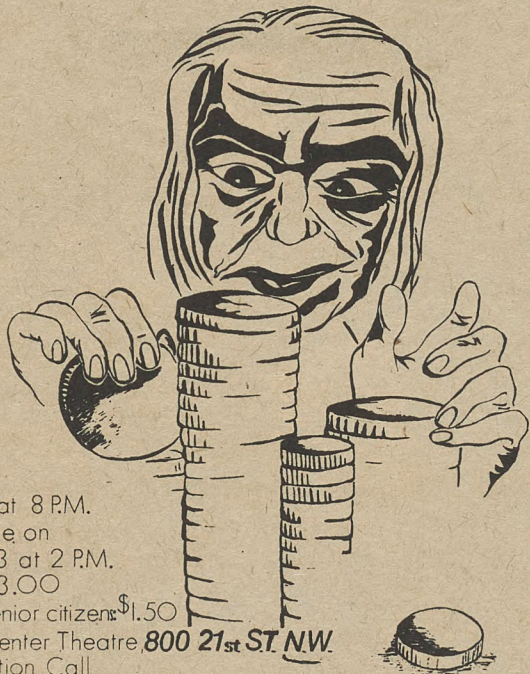


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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4

MUSIC

The Stylistics/Delfonics/Moments; T.P. Warner Theatre 8 & 11pm; 638-7264.
The Mikado; World Bank Aud.; 8:15; \$3, 763-7533.
Dick Wellstood, pianist; Blues Alley; 337-4141.
Gene Harris; Etcetera; \$4 cover; 466-8822.
Grits; Childe Harold; 9-2am; 483-6702.
David Steinberg/Danny O'Keefe; Cellar Door; 337-3389.

FILMS

Gay Divorcee/Damsel in Distress; Circle; 331-7480.
Citizen Kane/The 3rd Man; Biograph; 333-2696.
King Lear (6:30) & Throne of Blood (9); AFI; 833-9300.
Walking Tall; Dupont Circle; 785-2300.
M for Jones; Janus; 232-8900.
The Emperor Jones; Janus 2
Tribute to Allende; Cerberus or Janus; 337-1311.
I.F. Stone's Weekly; Cerberus 2

EVENTS

lecture—Evidence for Atlantean Civ. in W. Hemisphere; ISIS Ctr., Silver Spring; 8pm; \$3; 585-8900.
lecture—Transcendental Medit.; Davis Library, Democ. Blvd. Bethesda; 8pm.
poetry reading—Samuel Allen; Textile Museum; 2320 S ST NW; 8pm; free.
Ruby Keeler/Cyril Ritchard; Shady Grove; (301) 948-3400
dance—Ze'ev Cohen, Israeli; Theatre Project, Balto.; 8:30; (301) 539-3090.
lecture—Jane Fonda/Tom Hayden; Georgetown U., Gaston Hall; 4:15.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5

BIRTHDAYS

Reggie Brisbane (Claude Jones)

MUSIC

Nancy Wilson/Les McCann/John Lucien/Richard Willie; T.P. Warner Theatre; 8 & midnight; 638-7264.
The Mikado; \$4 (see Oct. 4)
Gene Harris (see Oct. 4)
U.S. Navy String Ensemble; Chevy Chase Library; 7:30; free; 530-5200.
Dick Wellstood (see Oct. 4)
Babe; Childe Harold; 9-2am; 483-6702.
Holly Near (folksinger); Women's Center, 1736 R St., NW; 7.
Herbie Mann; Cellar Door; 337-3389.
Paul Butterfield's Better Days w/ Freddy King & Nighthawks; DAR Comst. Hall; 8:30; \$4-\$5.50; 338-5992.
Virgil Fox; JFKC [sold out]

FILMS

Prime of Jean Brodie/Who's Afraid of V. Woolfe?; Circle
Citizen Kane/3rd Man (see Oct. 4)
Julius Caesar; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300.
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
M for Jones (see Oct. 4)
Tribute to Allende (see Oct. 4)
I.F. Stone's Weekly (see Oct. 4)
Short Films—Benefit for local peace-movement groups; midnight; Janus.
The Emperor Jones (see Oct. 4)
Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers; Janus 1; (see story)

EVENTS

ballet—National Ballet presents Courante, Carry Out & Raymond; JFKC Opera House; 8pm; 387-5544.
Ruby Keeler/Cyril Ritchard (see Oct. 4)
dance—Ze'ev Cohn; 8pm (see Oct. 4)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6

MUSIC

Nancy Wilson et al. (see Oct. 5)
The Mikado (see Oct. 4) \$4
Gene Harris (see Oct. 4)
Dick Wellstood (see Oct. 4)
Babe (see Oct. 5)
David Steinberg/Danny O'Keefe (see Oct. 4)

FILMS

Prime of Miss Jean Brodie/Virginia Woolfe (see Oct. 5)
Citizen Kane/3rd Man (see Oct. 4)
Let's Make Love (6:30) & Misfits (9) (AFI; 833-9300)
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
M for Jones (see Oct. 4)
Tribute to Allende (see Oct. 4)
I.F. Stone's Weekly (see Oct. 4)
The Emperor Jones (see Oct. 4)
Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers (see Oct. 5)

EVENTS

ballet—National Ballet presents Giselle; JFKC; 2&8pm
Ruby Keeler/Cyril Ritchard (see Oct. 4)
dance—Ze'ev Cohen; 8:30 (see Oct. 4)
lecture—Future of Health Care in U.S.—Dr. Kenneth Cruze Gate Coffeehouse; M St.; free; live on WGTS-FM
illustrated lecture—Rudolf Norny—Smithsonian Stamp Collectors' Mecca; Nat'l Mus. of Hist. & Tech.; 10:30am

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7

BIRTHDAYS

Vaugh Monroe, Al Martino, Martin Murray (Honeycombs), Judee Sill, Dino Valenti.

MUSIC

Nancy Wilson, et al. (see Oct. 5)
Joe Walsh w/ Barnstorm; Concert Hall, JFKC; 8:30; \$4-6; 338-5992
Marcel Rebot - Belgian violinist; Kenmore Jr. H.S., Arl.; \$3 (students: \$1.50); 3pm; 558-2161.
Nathan Milstein - violinist; Concert Hall, JFKC; 3pm; \$6, 75-7.50; 254-3723.
Nighthawks; Apple Pie; 333-3811.
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 9-12am; 483-6702.
South Indian (Karnatic) Music; Tawes Recital Hall, U. of Md.; 7pm; free. (see In Your Own Backyard)
Township Chamber Players; Towson St. Coll.; 3pm; (Sly & The Family Stone w/ Nazareth - benefit - Gym #2, UMBC; general admission \$6, UMBC students \$4; 8pm (301) 455-2229.
(see In Your Own Backyard)

FILMS

Boys in the Band/I Never Sang for My Father; Circle; 331-7480.

Citizen Kane/3rd Man (see Oct. 4)
Les Grandes Manoeuvres; AFI; 833-9300.
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
M for Jones (see Oct. 4)
Tribute to Allende (see Oct. 4)
I.F. Stone's Weekly (see Oct. 4)
The Emperor Jones (see Oct. 4)
Sunseed; Janus 1; 232-8900.

EVENTS

ballet—(see Oct. 5)
Ruby Keeler/Cyril Ritchard (see Oct. 4)
dance—(see Oct. 4)

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8

MUSIC

Nancy Wilson (see Oct. 5)
Theodorakis conducts Theodorakis; Concert Hall, JFKC; 8:30; \$2-\$7.75; 254-3776.
Bobby Hackett; Child Harold; 9-2am; 483-6702.
Bobby Hackett (trumpet) & Vic Dickinson (trombone); Blues Alley; 337-4141.
David Steinberg/Chip Taylor; Cellar Door; 337-3389.

FILMS

Boys in the Band/I Never Sang for My Father (see Oct. 7)
Sorrow & the Pity; Biograph; 333-2696.
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
M for Jones (see Oct. 4)
Tribute to Allende (see Oct. 4)
I.F. Stone's Weekly (see Oct. 4)
Louis XIV's Versailles; Walters Art Gallery; Balto.; 8:15pm; (301) 547-9000.
China; a documentary; AFI; 6:30 & 9pm; 833-9300.
The Emperor Jones (see Oct. 4)

EVENTS

Ruby Keeler/Cyril Ritchard (see Oct. 4)
play—Teatro Doble (Spanish-English theatre for children — "The Greedy Goat (el Chivo Egoista); All Souls' Church; \$1 children, \$1.50 adults.
dance—(see Oct. 4)
ballet—The American Ballet Theatre; JFKC; 8pm; 254-3600.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9

BIRTHDAYS

John Lennon, John Entwistle (Who), Jackson Browne

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 9-2am; 483-6702
David Kreider - pianist; Essex Comm. Coll., Balto.; 8:15pm (301) 682-6000.
Eddie Harris; Etcetera; 466-8822.
Bobby Hackett & Vic Dickinson (see Oct. 8)
David Steinberg/Chip Taylor (see Oct. 8)
Nancy Wilson (see Oct. 5)

FILMS

Home away from Home; Enoch Pratt Free Library, Balto.; 2pm; (301) 396-5430; free.
Castles & Cathedrals North of Paris; Walters Art Gallery; noon; (301) 547-9000.
The Emperor Jones (see Oct. 4)
Sorrow & the Pity (see Oct. 8)
From India: Devi (Goddess); The Music Room; Rosslyn Plaza; JA-7-7200.
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday/The Go-Between; Circle; 731-7480.

EVENTS

lecture—Intro to Transcendental Medit.; Aspen Hill Library; Rockville; 8pm
ballet—American Ballet Theatre (see Oct. 9)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10

BIRTHDAYS

Jamie MacKinnon (Sky Cobb), Ivory Joe Hunter, John Prine

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Oct. 9)
Louis Hollander - pianist w/ Balto. Symphony; Lyric Theatre; 8:15pm; (301) 727-7300.
Lillian Freundlich - pianist—Mozart; Peabody Conserv.; Balto.; noon; (301) 837-0600.
U.S. Navy String Ensemble; Rocville Library; 7:30pm; a freebie; 530-5200
Eddie Harris (see Oct. 9)
Bobbie Hackett & Vic Dickinson (see Oct. 9)
David Steinberg/Chip Taylor (see Oct. 8)
Nancy Wilson (see Oct. 5)
Nighthawks; Reading Gaol; 833-3882.

FILMS

Bitter Tea of General Yen; AFI; 6:30 & 9pm; 833-9300.
Zagreb Animated Film Festival; Cerberus 2; 337-1311.
Shakespeare Wallah/The Householder; Janus 2; 232-8900.
Sorrow & the Pity (see Oct. 8)
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
Chloe in the Afternoon/Claire's Knee; Circle; 331-7480.

EVENTS

festival—Fall Festival to Aid Blind Students; Telephone Pioneers of America; Balto.; 11am-2:20pm; (301) 393-3713.
ballet—The American Ballet (see Oct. 9)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11

BIRTHDAYS

Edith Piaf died, 1963.

MUSIC

Breakfast Special; Childe Harold; 9-2am; 483-6702.
Eddie Harris (see Oct. 9)
Bobby Hackett & Vic Dickinson (see Oct. 8)
David Steinberg/Chip Taylor (see Oct. 8)
Nancy Wilson (see Oct. 5)
Nighthawks (see Oct. 10)

FILMS

Home away from Home (see Oct. 9)
Repulsion; Essex Comm. Coll., Balto.; 8:15pm (301) 682-6000.
Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy; AFI; 6:30 & 9pm.
Zagreb Animated Film (see Oct. 10)
Sorrow & the Pity (see Oct. 10)
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
Chloe in the Afternoon/Claire's Knee (see Oct. 10)

EVENTS

lecture—Intro to Transcendental Medit.; Kensington Pk Library, Kensington; 8pm
Back-to-Earth Shoppe, Potomac; 8pm
Gaithersburg City Hall, Gaithersburg; 8pm
People Show; Theatre Project, Balto.; 8:30 pm; (301) 539-3090.
ballet—American Ballet Theatre - Tales of Hoffman (see Oct. 9)

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12

BIRTHDAYS

Brian Hyland, Melvin Franklin (Temptations)

MUSIC

Breakfast Special (see Oct. 11)
Eddie Harris (see Oct. 9)
Bobby Hackett & Vic Dickinson (see Oct. 8)
David Steinberg/Chip Taylor (see Oct. 8)
Nighthawks (see Oct. 10)

FILMS

Laura (6:30)/Advice & Consent (9); AFI; 833-9300
Zagreb Animated Film (see Oct. 10)
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
Caesar & Rosalie/Garden of the Finzi Continis; Circle 331-7480.

EVENTS

children's theatre—The Ugly Duckling; College of Notre Dame, Balto.; 3:30pm; (301) 435-0100.
The People Show (see Oct. 11)
lecture—The True Nature of Man - Swami Satchedananda; Georgetown U., Gaston Hall; 7:30pm; \$1.
ballet—American Ballet Theatre - Tales of Hoffman (see Oct. 8)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13

BIRTHDAYS

Paul Simon

MUSIC

Breakfast Special (see Oct. 11)
God's Trombones; Towson St. College; 8:30pm; (301) 823-1211
Yes; BALTO. Civ. Ctr.; 8pm (301) 837-0900
Eddie Harris (see Oct. 9)
Bobby Hackett & Vic Dickinson (see Oct. 8)
David Steinberg/Chip Taylor (see Oct. 8)
Richie Havens/David Bromberg; Georgetown U.; 625-3027.
Bruce Springsteen; JFKC; 8:30; 254-3776.
Nighthawks (see Oct. 10)

FILMS

Shanghai Express; AFI; 6:30 & 9pm; 833-9300
Zagreb Animated Film (see Oct. 10)
Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilization/Mahatma and the Mad Boy; Janus 2; 232-8900.
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
Caesar & Rosalie/Garden of the Finzi Continis (see Oct. 12)

EVENTS

theatre—Teatro Doble (see Oct. 8); Capitol East Comm. Ctr., 907 Md. Ave., N.E. 11am, 1 & 3pm; children \$1, adults \$1.50
children's theatre—Ugly Duckling (see Oct. 12) 1:30 & 3:30pm
People Show (see Oct. 11)
lecture—The True Nature of Man (see Oct. 12), St. Stephens Church; 7:30; \$1.
illustrated lecture—Philip K. Lundeberg & Howard P Hoffman — Time Capsule 1776: The Continental Gondola Phila.; Nat'l Museum of Hist. & Tech.; 10:30am
ballet—American Ballet Theatre (see Oct. 9) 2 & 8pm
Wedding—Peter Panyon + Elizabeth Strubel; 2pm; Easton.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14

BIRTHDAYS

Bill Justin, Justin Hayward (Moody Blues)

MUSIC

Wind Ensemble Concert; Peabody Conserv., Balto.; 4pm; (301) 837-0600.
Towson String Ensemble; Towson St. Coll.; 3pm; (301) 823-1211.
Belgrade Chamber Orch.; Goucher College; 8pm; (301) 825-3300.
Monserratcaballe (soprano) & Bernabe Martt (tenor); JFKC 3pm; \$5.50-7.5
Eddie Harris (see Oct. 9)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Oct. 7)
Freddie Hubbard; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Dave Mason; Catholic U.; 8:30; \$5; 965-9650

FILMS

Le Viol (6:30)/Persona (9); AFI; 833-9300
Zagreb Animated Film (see Oct. 10)
Sunseed; Janus 1; 232-8900
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
Caesar & Rosalie/Garden of the Finzi Continis (see Oct. 12)

EVENTS

children's theatre—Ugly Duckling (see Oct. 12) 1:30 & 3:30
People Show (see Oct. 11)
lecture—UFO Sightings: Now at Highest Point in Hist.; ISIS Ctr.; 2pm; \$2.50; 585-2886.
ballet—American Ballet Theatre (see Oct. 9) 8 & 2pm

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15

BIRTHDAYS

Barry McGuire, Mickey Baker (Mickey & Sylvia), Tito Jackson, Richard Carpenter.

MUSIC

Madeline Sullivan - vocalist; Blues Alley; 337-4141.
Freddie Hubbard (see Oct. 14)

FILMS

Archeol. of the Celtic People; Walters Art Gallery, Balto.; 8:15pm; (301) 547-9000
Peking—Before & After (6:30)/The White-Haired Girl (9) AFI; 833-9300.
Zagreb Animated Film (see Oct. 10)
If/Zero for Conduct/L'atalante; Biograph; 333-2696
Walking Tall (see Oct. 4)
Caesar & Rosalie/Garden of the Finzi Continis (see Oct. 12)

EVENTS

reading—Arnold Moss reads Ben Jonson; Library of Congress 7:30; free.

