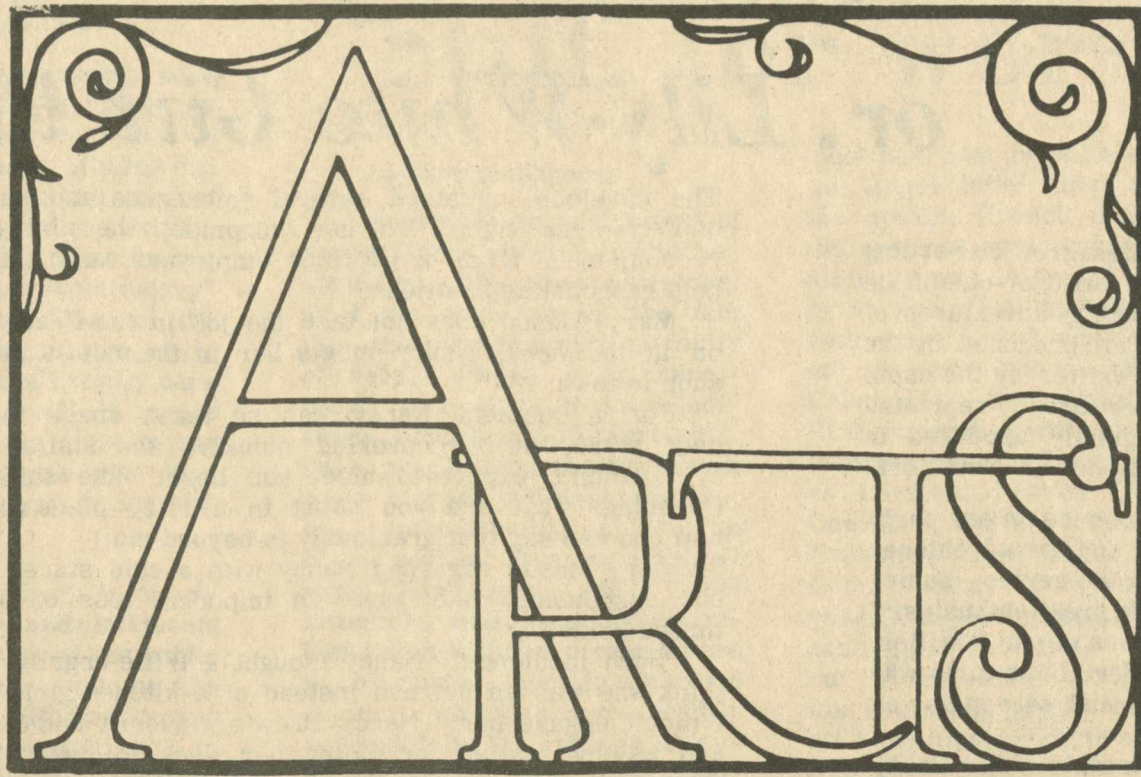


The Flat Hat



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SPECIAL ARTS ISSUE

TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1971

'Gimme Shelter' Puts Woodstock Myth in Focus

by Doug Green

Gimme Shelter, a film by David Maysles, Albert Maysles and Charlotte Zwerin. Starring the Rolling Stones. A Cinema V release.

It would be nice if Gimme Shelter could be seen on a double bill with Woodstock. After absorbing three-plus hours of peace and good vibes, your defenses would be down, ready for the shock the Maysles/Zwerin film will surely give you.

In a way, such a showing

would parallel the mental changes the whole rock culture (I call it that because "youth culture" and "counterculture" do not quite apply) went through from August to December 1969. I remember that at the November Moratorium march, whenever there was some small threat of violence, the marshals would exhort the crowd to "Remember Woodstock." Just a month later, that call had lost its potency.

As is now apparent, the fes-

tival trip climbed a two-year slope from Monterey to Woodstock, and is now engaged in an even longer decline. This past summer was a total bust as far as festivals were concerned, and while a lot of this could certainly be attributed to official repression, the spirit of the previous summer just wasn't there.

Gimme Shelter is not just about Altamont. The film was originally conceived as a documentary following the Rolling Stones U.S. tour, which was going to culminate with the free California concert. The first part of the film shows the Stones traveling, in a recording session, and playing concerts (the concert footage is all from Madison Square Garden, although it is spaced to give the impression of several different concerts). The Stones picked the perfect time to tour the country, the fall following Woodstock. Americans were ready for the return of the world's greatest rock and roll band, and the Garden footage shows it.

The ambience of a Stones concert can only be lived through, it cannot really be described. (I saw them in Baltimore, about two weeks before Altamont.) The film radiates the intense togetherness and exuberance of both the Stones and the audience. Yet even here are hints of the violence to come: some rabid fans rush across the stage and are pulled off bodily.

The Altamont footage is a continuous nightmare. According to Rolling Stones postmortem issue, the filmmakers had instructed their cameramen to shoot along the "peace and love" lines of Woodstock. The ugly events that followed rendered such an approach impossible.

For me the best part of Woodstock was watching that great wooden stage rise out of the greenery to the tune of "Wooden Ships." At Altamont the stage rises out of the barren ground as the soundtrack plays "Street Fighting Man." As the festival starts, the violent incidents increase in number and intensity,

until we witness an actual killing while the Stones play "Sympathy for the Devil."

While the film is in progress, it is interspersed with shots of Mick Jagger and Charlie Watts watching the rushes. The footage of the killing is played back in slow motion, and we see a young black man draw a gun. He is stabbed by one of the Hell's Angels who were hired for \$500 worth of beer to provide "security" for the concert. The camera focuses on Jagger's face as he watches the killing. All he can say is "It's horrible."

Turning from what is essentially a skillful and reasonably imaginative job of filmmaking, we must enter onto less solid ground and assess the movie's worth.

Americans, it seems, have a tendency to mythologize almost everything that is a) joyful; and b) sordid (with sordid leading joyful by at least five to one). Woodstock was a myth within a week. At Altamont, everyone from the filmmakers on down

was anticipating another Woodstock. I would imagine that a sizeable portion of them actually got it. How many of the 300,000 people were close enough to the stage to pick up on the violent vibrations? For that matter, how many of the people at Woodstock were really filled with peace and love? Remember, Woodstock had as many (nonviolent) deaths as Altamont. Just as it is ascribing

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George Harrison: Music Minus Ego

by Jaye Urgo

Since they have disbanded the four Beatles each have delved into an individual type of music. John is extending his derivative protest-rock to convey his cynical philosophy, Paul is still on his happily-married peace and contentment trip and Ringo is into the recently rediscovered field of the Nashville sound. George Harrison was always the loner of the group. He was the least flamboyant public figure when the group first appeared and was the one who stayed far from the focus of all the teeny-bopper years that the band received years ago. While perhaps the most mysterious member of the group, he remained detached from the commercial nonsense surrounding the group's interest in transcendental meditation. Finally, he has refused to become an ideological or political figure and has continued to produce the unpretentious, hopeful music that characterized the songs he wrote as a Beatle.

All Things Must Pass, his second solo effort, features Harrison's gently beseeching vocals and lyrical guitar throughout. The solid, unobtrusive background is provided by the members of Derek and the Dominoes, Badfinger, the Plastic Ono Band and others. Acoustic guitars, pianos, and an occasional steel guitar from Ringo's mentor, Pete Drake, produce a tranquil folksy setting for Harrison on many tracks. The sound that Harrison has produced on this album is not unlike much of the recently released lyrical rock that he received critical acclaim such as Dave Mason's Alone Together and Elton John's albums. The overall mood of the album is one of benevolent, reflective majesty. The lyrics are the philosophy of a rather young man of great experience and little bitterness.

The songs on the two "formal" albums fall into two groups according to production. The first group consists of songs using basic rock instrumentation, i.e. guitars, bass, piano, organ and drums. A few of these songs are very effective due to brisk renditions

and the inherent charm of the material. One such number is "Apple Scruffs" a lively, happy acoustic number pushed along by some very spirited harmonica. "If Not For You" is an impeccably rendered Dylan song performed in a soulfully joyous manner complete with acoustic and slide guitars and Dylan-esque key boards. Unfortunately, others of these basically-instrumented songs are not as good, including the saccharine hit "My Sweet Lord," and the hushed, nonsensical "I Dig Love." Foremost among the more heavily produced numbers are "The Art of Dying" which features some screaming Eric Clapton guitar, "All Things Must Pass," a spiritually-inclined herald of hope, and "Let it Down" and "Beware of Darkness," two eloquently stoic ballads. These songs include subtly-mixed orchestrations and are generally uncluttered; however, such songs as "Behind that Locked Door," "Awaiting on You All" and the two monotonous versions of "Isn't It

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Rich: 'If You Like My Playing Never Mind Me'

by Al Klopfer

I recently had the opportunity to talk for a while with Buddy Rich, one of the foremost figures in modern jazz, an undeniable virtuoso and the world's greatest drummer. Buddy and his band were performing a one-nighter at Langley High School in McLean, Virginia, my alma mater.

It has been said that Rich is the musical homologue of Don Rickles, and when I knocked on his dressing room door he sounded blunt and in a hurry, but he was receptive nonetheless and sincerely interested in the questions a group of admirers began throwing at him. When a musician gives of himself every night on the stand like Buddy does, it's unreasonable to ask any more of him. He is fond of saying, "I'm no Charlie Glamour. If you like my playing never mind me." Buddy is a beautiful man.

He wasted no time in asserting his optimism concerning the state

of modern music. "Jazz will be alive as long as there are people to play it." When asked about the influence of Blood, Sweat and Tears in combining jazz and rock, Buddy said, "They're excellent. This is where the big band sound is heading. They're combining a lot of things. The instruments, and voices, and the writing bring it all together." The writing in Rich's band has always been excellent, but as usual the drummer expressed his anxiousness to move ahead. He said a lot of the composers and arrangers who had been prominent contributors to the band's book are staying on the same course, and that they can do this with some success because they are "very prolific writers."

Bill Mayhugh of Station WMAL in Washington, while introducing Buddy and the band, said, "You all know what he's done, what he's accomplished, but he's most interested in what he's going to do." Rich and his compatriots

came on with some controlled thunder, transfixing the SRO crowd and knocking the notes out through the back of the auditorium and into the parking lot.

Throughout the versatile program there was a lot of recognition and applause, and when El Supremo went into his drum solo everyone in the room was in a one-to-one correspondence with Buddy's drums, hypnotized. There are no accolades that do a performance like Rich's justice. Musical experiences, good ones anyway, are hard to translate into words, and the only way to feel the full force of the Buddy Rich phenomenon is to see and hear it in person. The band is not really fully represented on record, either, because it is constantly changing and expanding musically. There were plenty of new faces on the stage, but some familiar artists were happily still on the band - first trumpeter John Madrid, an outstanding tenor soloist named Pat LaBar-

bera, and alto saxophonist Richie Cole.

After the last number, Buddy made his way to the mike, delivered a few succinct comments about his music and announced that he'd be back after a short intermission. As he walked back through the wings a teenager with Audrey Hepburn hair said to him, "I hear you save the best for last." Buddy turned and shot back, "I thought everything I did was the best."

As jazz writer Whitney Balliett once said of him, "modesty is for the imperfect."

DOC SEVERINSEN'S CLOSET (COMMAND) is one of trumpeter's most impressive recordings to date. He has always been honest about his desire to appeal to a wide audience, in the commercial sense of the phrase, and this date is no exception. This time out, however, Severinsen is more jazz influenced than ever before,

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Book Reviews: 'Military Men,' Faces in Stone

by Doug Green

MILITARY MEN, by Ward Just. Alfred A. Knopf, \$6.95.

Every so often, a book comes along that is so timely and so damned readable that one can't but hope that it will be a huge seller. The only major publication I've read lately that qualifies is Inside the Third Reich. Now comes another.

Ward Just is a Washington-based writer who has worked for both Newsweek and The Washington Post. He has been to Vietnam as a war correspondent and has published other books of both fiction and nonfiction. Military Men was previously condensed in The Atlantic as a two-part article.

Just has presented us with a valuable survey of the totality of the American Army. Nothing is missed: West Point, disaffected GI's, incredible new machines, counter-insurgency schools, the works.

This book, which is about 250 pages long, has far too much valuable information and insights to be pigeonholed as an "expose." Just is a sympathetic writer, and he understands his subjects thoroughly. He is respectful of the duty-honor-country tradition, but is not blind to the faults which are so glaringly present.

In fact, this book is as fine a job of creative reporting as I have yet seen. Just does not hide his own opinions under a guise of elusive objectivity, but neither does he leave us with the feeling of having read yet another propaganda tract.

This is altogether the most important book on the nature, function, and identity crisis of the U.S. military that I have yet read. It is crammed with anecdotes and revealing interviews. The author's careful but casual style makes it a joy to read. Just does not get lost in his own brilliance, as Norman Mailer is apt to do. In short: read it.

ANGKOR, by Jan Myrdal and Gun Kessle. Vintage Books, \$2.95.

"To write on Angkor is a necessary part of the struggle for liberation," writes Jan Myrdal. The book is subtitled "an essay on Art and Imperialism." The art is the palatial complex of buildings that is Angkor Wat. "You stand face to face with the

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NANCY DREW: 'Constant Perfection'

or, Lily-White Girl Puts Down Poor and Blacks

By Doris Conklin

Editor's note: Every kid in the United States grew up reading Nancy Drew, or the Hardy Boys, or Tom Swift, or one of the other innumerable series detailing the unending adventures of our clean-cut heroes. Those series were all produced by the same syndicate, and many of them were written by the same man. This article, "A Closer Look at Nancy Drew," reprinted courtesy of Liberation News Service, originally appeared in *Up From Under*, a women's magazine published in New York.

My friends and I read Nancy Drew mysteries in our early teens. Some of us got so caught up in Nancy and her adventures that we read all thirty or so of the books in the series--sometimes more than once. We read them with great enthusiasm, never realizing that we were reading put-downs of our families, our backgrounds, and ourselves. And I wonder if the girls who read them now--they are reasonably priced and as popular as ever--realize this either.

My memories of Nancy Drew consisted mainly of her flashy yellow roadster, and the way she and her friends were always stopping at roadside inns and tea rooms for chicken dinners. I also remember being frequently annoyed at her constant perfection: Nancy always won everything she attempted to win and was always best at whatever she attempted to do. But I enjoyed the mysteries, so I overlooked these things.

I didn't realize just how much I had overlooked until recently when I reread *Mystery at Lilac Inn*. I was astounded at the prejudice against working people that ran throughout the book. Everyone and everything good is from the middle or upper classes--and everything criminal, inferior, or undesirable can be traced to poor and working people.

Criminals or suspected criminals are often maids, waitresses, gas station attendants. They frequently look "foreign;" they usually speak incorrect English or slang, often misspell, use cheap stationery; and they are the only ones who have nicknames. Of course, they're also unreliable and untrustworthy. Here are a few examples:

Nancy hesitated, not because she was unwilling to help, but because for an instant she wondered if she might become victim of a hoax. Although the stranger used perfect English, she spoke with a slight accent...

From where she stood, Nancy Drew could not see the hard facial lines, but quite without realizing it she took note of the man's hooked nose...

Of all the guests, only two women insisted that the search would be an indignity. One of these, the dark woman who had attracted the attention of Mrs. Willoughby and Mrs. Potter some time before, tried to slip out the door...

"While this girl was working for you, did you ever miss anything?"

"No, I can't say that I did. That is, nothing of value. I suspect that she frequently took food from the kitchen, but that is an old trick of unreliable help, you know."

Working people are often identified by their ethnic background. The police all have Irish names--Kelly, Mallory, O'Shea, and Flynn. A servant is usually described as "an Irish woman," "a Scotch lassie," "a short inscrutable-looking Chinese," and so on. Nancy and her friends, however, all have names that sound like they are from the Social Register: Helen Townsend, Bess Marvin, George Payne, Ned Nickerson, Laura Pendleton. Their ethnic backgrounds are never mentioned because they are true Americans--high class White Anglo-Saxon Protestants.

What often leads Nancy to become suspicious of a person are characteristics that don't fit her conception of a poor or working person. The minute any of these people show signs of "insubordination" or dare to act as if they are equals, Nancy and her friends immediately consider them a threat. A perfect example of this is seen in Nancy's dealings with a possible maid for the Drew home:

As she swung open the massive oak door she beheld a tall, wiry, dark-complexioned girl who obviously was the one sent out from the agency. She had dark piercing eyes and stared at Nancy almost impudently. (Threatening people frequently have "dark, piercing eyes" in this book. And of course here eyes should have been lowered respectfully anyway.)

Nancy resisted the impulse to shut the door in her face. She did not like the girl's sly look. On the other hand, she thought that it might not be fair to judge by appearance alone. Accordingly, she smiled pleasantly and invited the girl into the living room.

The stranger seated herself on the davenport, and to Nancy's amazement proceeded to look the house over critically, darting quick little glances from one room to another. (How dare a servant look over a place where she might work.)

"She's prying," Nancy thought, Aloud she said, "What is your name?"

"Mary Mason."

"Can you furnish references?"

The girl made no response, but from a dirty (of course) pocketbook brought out an envelope and handed it to Nancy.

The envelope contained several references and Nancy glanced quickly over them. To her surprise, the girl came highly recommended from her former employers, and it appeared she held responsible positions.

Mary Mason does not take the job in the Drew home. Later on in the book, Nancy meets her in the most expensive dress shop in town:

For a moment Nancy was so taken aback that she could only stare, but, recovering quickly, she smiled pleasantly.

"I didn't expect to meet you here," she said graciously. (Meaning: what are you doing in a ritzy place like this? And how you can say that graciously is beyond me.)

Mary Mason regarded Nancy with a cold stare. Then, without responding, she gave an impudent toss of her head and turned aside.

"Such insolence!" Nancy thought a trifle angrily. "One would think she was an heiress instead of a kitchen girl! It was lucky I didn't engage her." Nancy Drew's curiosity had been aroused, and as she waited for Helen her eyes followed Mary Mason. "I suppose she works here," she told herself.

To her surprise, she saw the girl address herself to one of the saleswomen, and it was evident by her actions that she intended to purchase a gown.

"There's something queer about that," Nancy thought. "Surely, a girl in her circumstance can't afford to buy dresses at such a place as this!"

Of course, the obedient, docile, boss-worshipping employee is treated with kindness--but still condescension--and is above suspicion.

"Oh, Miss Nancy," she (Hannah Gruen, the Drew's housekeeper) began apologetically, "I'm dreadfully sorry to leave you in a mess like this; but my poor sister--"

"Of course you must go," Nancy told her quickly. "Don't worry about me. I'll get along somehow." (Brave Nancy, hair blowing in the wind.)

"A fellow surely appreciates a ride home after a hard day on his feet," Swenson (a factory worker) remarked, leaning back against the cushion. "I'm not yet accustomed to standing eight hours, but I'll be all right in a week or so. I'm glad to earn a little money by any means necessary after being out of work so long." (Meaning: I know working in a factory is nothing to be proud of, but I need the money.)

Whenever Nancy trails criminals, they always lead her out of her section of town and usually into a poorer neighborhood:

She was confronted with row upon row of tenement houses, all alike and of a dingy and uninviting appearance. Swarms of dirty children were playing in the streets, making it necessary for Nancy to watch her driving closely. (Did Nancy ever stop to think that the houses were equally or more uninviting to those forced to live there? Or that the children had no choice but to play in the streets?)

Nancy knew that only the most poverty-stricken lived along the docks. There were few persons to be seen in the vicinity, and those she did pass stared at her so hard and were so dis-

reputable in appearance that she hesitated to question them. (Meaning: Poverty-stricken equals disreputable. Of course the people stared. They knew Nancy was either slumming to see the show, or looking for someone for no good purpose.)

Occasionally a black woman slips into Nancy's lily-white life, naturally in the role of a servant.

"We'll do the best we can for you, Miss," came the not too comforting response. "But right now we have only one servant on hand--a colored woman."

"Send her out this afternoon," Nancy ordered in despair. "I must have someone immediately."

As she opened the door her heart sank within her. It was indeed the colored woman sent by the employment agency, but a more unlikely housekeeper Nancy had never seen. She was dirty and slovenly in appearance and had an unpleasant way of shuffling her feet when she walked. (Shuffling her feet! Can you believe that?!)

There is more, much more, in Nancy Drew books and others like them. It's through books like these that some children learn to reject their families and themselves, and other children have their prejudices reinforced.



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'Flat Hat' Hearing Tonight

The hearing by the publications committee of the Board of Student Affairs on the Feb. 12 Flat Hat's alleged printing of "obscenities" will be tonight in Campus Center Rooms A and B at 7 pm (not 8 pm, as was reported in last Friday's Flat Hat.)

Norman Kennedy, spinner and weaver at Colonial WmSbg., and native of Scotland will sing Traditional Songs and Ballads of the British Isles, in the Sit-n'-Bull Room of the Campus Center, March 4, 8:15.

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HARRISON
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a Pity" suffer from too much production (a la Phil Spector) and too little solid punch.

The Apple Jam LP is a sad waste of time as it represents no effort and very little imagination on the part of the brilliantly-talented musicians who played on it. "I Remember Jeep" is particularly disappointing because of thoroughly uninspired performances by Ginger Baker and Clapton. "Thanks for the Pepperooni" stabs at some old rock and roll but fails to accomplish much.

All Things Must Pass was a large-scale undertaking by Harrison that was mainly successful due to his talent and creativity. However, the album is marred by a few uninspiring songs and the inexplicably worthless jam album. All of us should be eagerly awaiting Harrison's next release in hope that it will be more uniformly excellent.

BOOKS
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stone faces of Angkor. Beyond a border there is a war. But when you yourself face this stone then the 'beauty' becomes a concrete reality. These faces of stone were hewn by sweating men in a bloody time of repression and revolt."

In his fascinating essay, Myrdal integrates the history of Cambodia and its empires within the context of the West's own long history of condescension to and oppression of Eastern peoples. To his credit, Myrdal does not indulge in any East vs. West romanticizing or self-conscious Orientalism of the type we have been over-exposed to in the past few years. Angkor for Myrdal is the final magnificent expression of a dying, despotic culture. "In the night, I thought of Manhattan. Of Paris. And London. Walk down these streets a thousand years from now. How much will remain?" Maybe our last expression will be Disneyland.

At any rate, Myrdal manages to show that the imperial state of mind is far more rooted in Western culture than we may realize, no mean achievement for such a small text. Most of the book is taken up with Gun Kessle's excellent photographs. Angkor is worth having and definitely worth reading.

THE HIGH SCHOOL REVOLUTIONARIES, edited by Marc Lubarle and Tom Seligson. Vintage Books, \$1.95.

Presumably everybody now in college also went to high school

at one time or another. No one should be surprised to find out that high schools haven't changed a bit--they're still as boring, irrelevant, and ridiculous as they were when we were there.

Some of the students have changed, though. Not much, not more than their elders now in college, but enough. It's too bad that when you come out against racial inequality, war, poverty, and all that stuff, you're immediately branded a "revolutionary" in some circles. Most of the "educators" that run our public school systems don't really care about education at all. A public high school is the first of the big degree factories you pass through on your way to Success\$ (as it were).

Anyway, this book is a collection of articles and statements by various inmates of the public and private school systems who are dissatisfied with the country and the school system. As in most other collections of the sort, the writing ranges from excellent to execrable, and the opinions

voiced likewise. Some of the authors are very confused, but at least they're trying. Most people seem to have given up altogether. It's a bad scene. The problems with books like these is that they never reach the people who need to read them. Oh well.

Paid Political Announcement:

The Williamsburg Concerned Citizens Committee Against War, Racism, and Repression will be holding a small rally (under 10,000) in the Sunken Garden on Thursday, March 11, to celebrate the vernal equinox. Public invited. Admission free. Entertainment: Rennie Davis, notorious public enemy (convicted of all sorts of nasties); Bill Bartels, itinerant wandering folk singer; and all sorts of flamin' groovies. Bring your friends. National media will be there. You too can be on Walter Cronkite.

Modern Opera Isn't Really Stiff, (or worse), Effete

by Steven Shrader

I accepted the assignment of reviewing selected operatic recordings with some reluctance, as I am cognizant of the fact that the overwhelming majority of people deride opera mercilessly and spurn it as a ludicrous, contrived, effete art form. Such people tend to view opera in a stereotyped fashion; i.e., they automatically envision an obese soprano wearing a helmet with Viking horns and a steel brassiere bellowing out an unhummmable Wagnerian tune. There is, of course, much in the world of opera which is more readily accessible to the average listener; in fact, opera in many countries is considered a popular art form. If Italian proletarians can sing opera arias as they unload docks and drive their cabs, how esoteric can opera be?

Having tenuously established this point, I will now attempt to recommend a few recordings which might be of interest to one who is not yet an opera aficionado. (Let me first say that all of the popular operas have been recorded many times, and my selections are based purely on my own taste.) The one opera which belongs in every record library is Puccini's melodious, poignant, beloved masterpiece La Boheme. This moving work, with a plot vaguely akin to Love Story, can be obtained in toto for less than five dollars on the budget Seraphim label. This recording is ably conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham and features outstanding virile singing by Jussi Bjoerling and Robert Merrill in the principal male roles of Rodolfo and Marcello. Victoria de los Angeles sings acceptably as Mimì, the sickly heroine, and the recorded sound (1950's vintage) is not bad. The RCA Boheme, though somewhat more expensive, is also excellent, offering Anna Moffo as Mimì and the resonant tenor of Richard Tucker as Rodolfo.

The next opera to be acquired by the budding opera fan might well be Bizet's Carmen, an opera brimming over with excitement, melody, and drama. A highly touted recording of Car-

men has just been released on the Angel label which restores the spoken French dialogue of the original performance. (This dialogue was later set to music by an assistant, and this is the commonly heard version.) For my money, though, the finest Carmen is the stightly older RCA recording with the golden-throated cast of Leontyne Price as Carmen, Franco Corelli as Don Jose, and Robert Merrill as Escamillo (the toreador.) Price's Carmen is above reproach both vocally and dramatically; Corelli can't quite get all the spaghetti out of his mouth to enunciate his French properly, but his is still the most exciting and virile Don Jose around; and the nonpareil Merrill sings the "Toreador Song" with great gusto.

If passion and murder are to your taste, Leoncavallo's I Pagliacci should by all means be included in your opera library. Many excellent recordings of this exciting and compact work are available; the best, in my opinion, is the Angel recording with Franco Corelli as Canio, Lucine Amara as Nedda, and Tito Gobbi as Tonio. The high point of this recording is Corelli's Canio--the robust, passionate voice of this great Italian tenor is ideally suited to this robust, passionate role. Corelli as Canio sings, acts, murders, etc. with incomparable elan, and the rest of the cast gives him adequate support.

Every listing of favorite operas contains several works by Giuseppe Verdi, the Richard Rodgers of the nineteenth century. His operas are loaded with attractive melodies and are the staples of most opera houses. The famous La Traviata is represented by a number of excellent recordings; my favorite is the London recording in which Joan Sutherland gives a superlative performance as Violetta and Robert Merrill gives the definitive interpretation of Germont. The only drawback in this fine recording is the pusillanimous tenor of Carlo Bergonzi, who consistently fails to take hold of his music. Rigoletto has also been accorded several outstanding recordings; I prefer the 1950's RCA version with Erna

Berger as Gilda, Jan Peerce as the Duke, and the great Leonard Warren, in mellifluous voice, as Rigoletto. The most famous Verdi opera, Aida, has been recorded excellently by RCA with Leontyne Price in the title role and Richard Tucker as Radames. For true Verdi connoisseurs, a recording of Otello is a necessity, a particularly fine version has recently been released by Angel with James McCracken, Gwyneth Jones, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau under the expert baton of Sir John Barbirolli.

It should be noted that all of the operas mentioned above are available in digested form on single records containing "highlights." These highlight recordings are anathemas to the true opera buff, but are probably sufficient for the less addicted listeners. Recently, Seraphim released a multi-disc set entitled the "Guide to Grand Opera" which attempts to survey the entire history of opera. This valuable set includes selected arias and ensembles from a wide range of operas, and includes such hits as "Largo al factotum" ("Figaro, Figaro, Figaro") from The Barber of Seville.

I realize that I have made many notable omissions from this list, including the entire German repertory. I have done so because these works are somewhat more complex and less accessible to the type of listener for whom this survey is intended. The works I have recommended include a great wealth of beautiful and exciting music, and would provide a solid nucleus for a more comprehensive opera library.

The Flat Hat Arts Supplement, phase two, was conceived, organized, laid out, and in large part written by Doug Green.

However 'twould not have been possible without the aid, assistance, and help of the following people:

Hovering Chief: T. McX.
Harassed Ad Manager: H-Ily P-tt-rs-n.
Beneficent Business Manager: Rob Jolly.

Theater Freek: Ron Payne.
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Plus all those anonymous souls without whom, etc.

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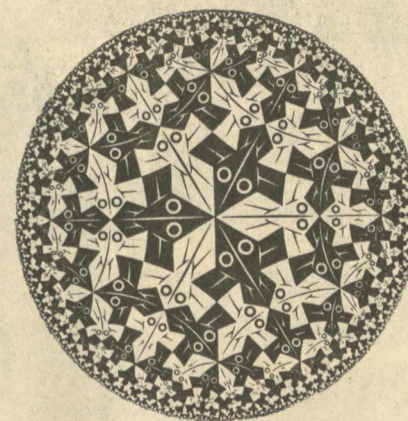
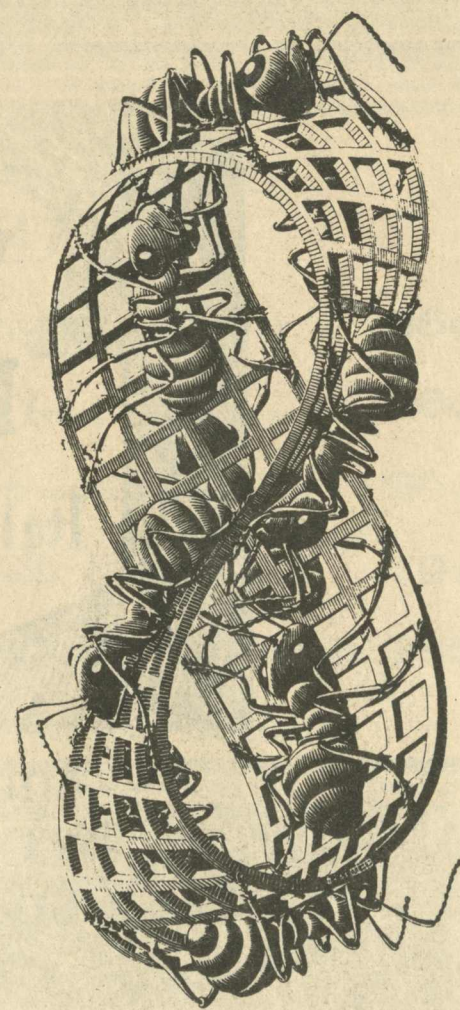
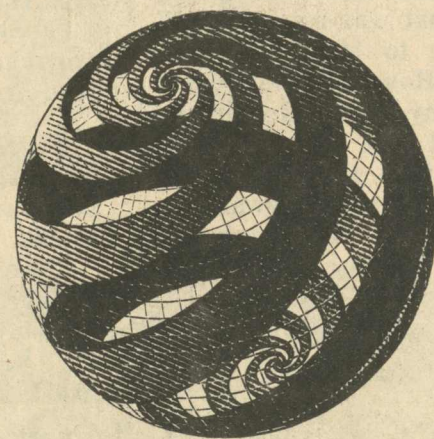
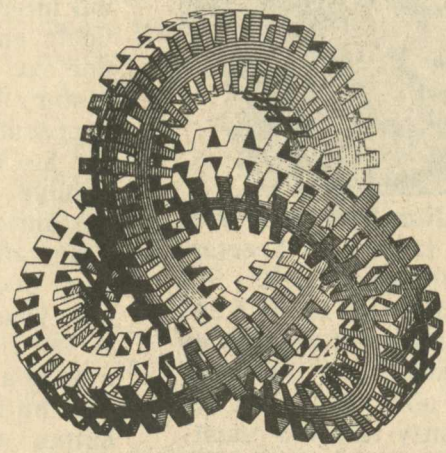
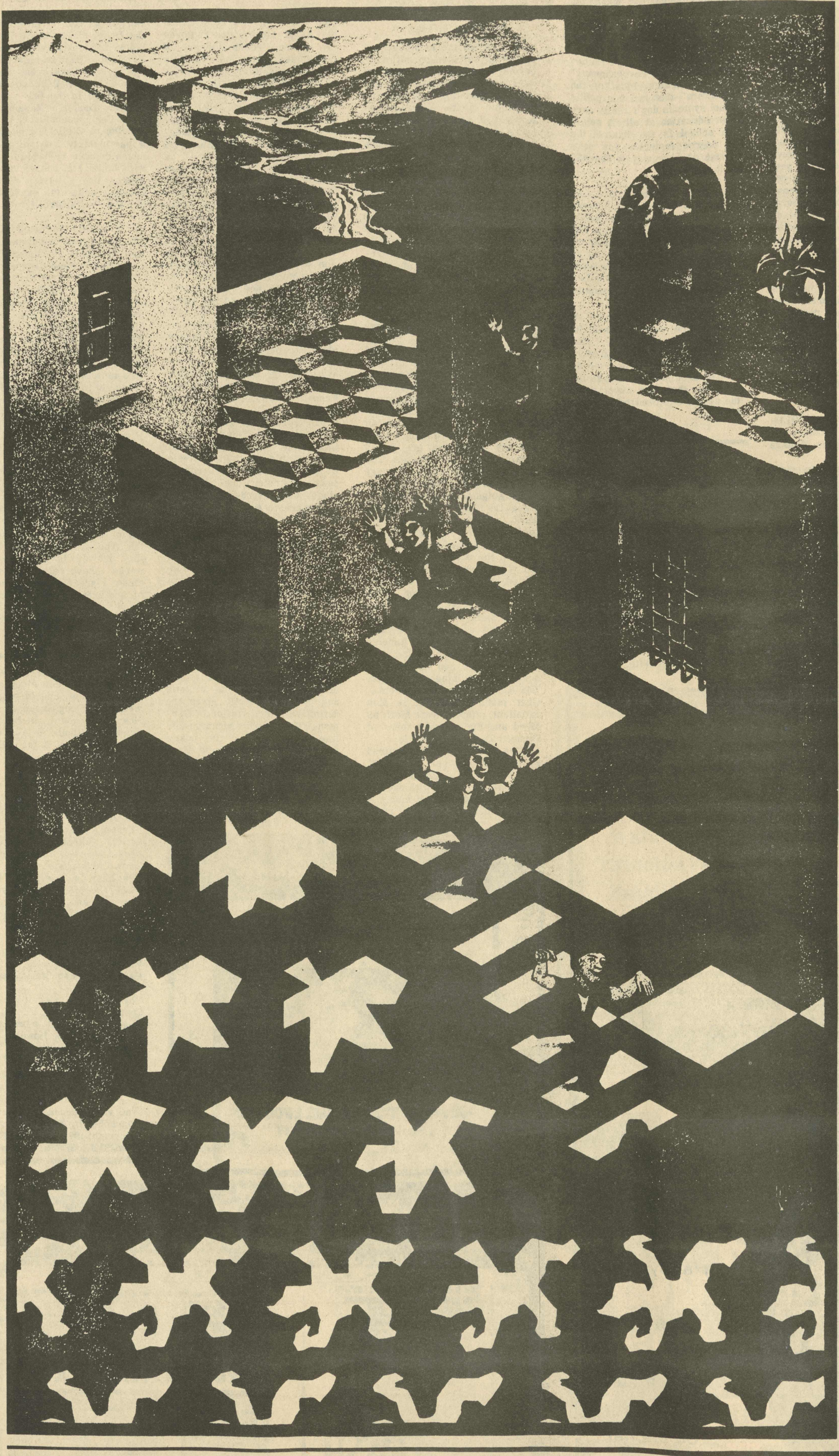
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in head shops in the form of black-light posters. Escher's artistic vision is surrealistic, analytic, and above all, highly personal.

The Graphic Work of M.C. Escher was originally published in 1961, but the renewed interest in Escher's work has occasioned this re-publication by Hawthorn Books. Curiously, in this "expanded" edition (annotated by Escher) only three prints are taken from the post-1961 period. The first five prints of the seventy-six included in the book are from the artist's representational period, when, as he states in the introduction, he devoted himself almost entirely to mastering the technical side of his craft. After 1935, Escher turned away from mere representation to interpretations of his own personal visions: "After a long series of attempts, at last--when I am just about at the end of my resources--I manage to cast my lovely dream of a defective visual mould of a detailed conceptual relief. After this, to my great relief, there dawns the second phase, that is the making of the graphic print; for now the spirit can take its rest while the work is taken over by the hands."

The basis of Escher's later work is hard to describe. It would be simplified to say that it is merely a series of visual conundrums utilizing elements of surrealism, but Escher has managed to create a weirdly convincing mixture of abstract, surrealistic, representational, and mathematical elements. All of these elements are combined in "Cycle". From the upper right, a grinning figure runs out of a building and down a stairway. He gradually loses his individuality and is transformed into a geometric pattern. The pattern continues its transformation across the bottom of the cut until, as it continues up the left side, it becomes a series of cubes and finally the figure began its cycle.

In this particular picture, the analytical elements are subordinated in the viewer's mind to the surrealistic, faintly horrifying image of the figure, with its features gradually fading (but the end) as it is transformed into pure shape. Of course, part of Escher's aim is to make the viewer aware of the essential "three-dimensionality" of the figure, but his intellectual objectives do not detract from the considerable evocative power of the image. "Cycle" is a universal image of dehumanization, and like other works dealing, however loosely, with a similar subject (Goya's "Disasters of War" and Picasso's "Guernica" come to mind). Occasionally, Escher's works become overtly horrible, as in "predestination."

world as logically impossible and internally consistent as that in "Relativity", in which three different worlds intersect with each other at right angles. As Escher says, "Contact between them is out of the question, because they live in different worlds and therefore can have no knowledge of each other's existence." The only means of communication between the worlds are staircases. In "Belvedere", one of the "impossible buildings," medievally-garbed figures engage in impossible actions. "In a three-dimensional world an impossible front and back is simultaneous and so cannot be illustrated. Yet it is quite possible to draw an object which displays a different reality when looked at from above and from below." Escher apparently has no formal ties with the Surrealists; his analytical studies of form and figure and mathematical aberrations are rarely found in that school. Yet certain elements are to be found in Escher's work; for instance, the juxtaposition of the strange and the familiar, the at times obsessive symbolism, the interest in dreams.

For those interested in exploring the weirdly personal world of Escher, The Graphic Work of M.C. Escher is a necessity. The reproductions are of the highest quality; the text is illuminating, providing the reader with the artist's own explanations of his works (some of which are as strange as the works themselves). Escher, while certainly not to everyone's taste, is at least being recovered from the obscurity his work has unfortunately enjoyed for many years.

The Graphic Work of M.C. Escher, new, revised and expanded edition. Translated from the Dutch by John E. Brigham, Hawthorn Books, Inc., New York. \$9.95. Maurits Escher's graphics are enjoying rare popularity these days. They have adorned the covers of albums by Mott the Hoople and The Mandrake Memorial and are to be found



continued from page 1

and his band's treatment of some current pop tunes (by King Crimson, Lennon/McCartney and-are you ready--The Beach Boys) is very tight and worth listening to. An original, "Bottleneck," written by the producer and prominent jazz composer, Don Sebesky, features Severinsen's electric trumpet and is a superlative chart. Tommy Newsom, who takes a lot of ribbing on the Tonight show for being such a straight dresser, comes on with some very hip tenor solos, and drummer Ed Shaughnessy contributes greatly throughout.

DIANA IN THE AUTUMN WIND (GNP) is a really great collection by the Gap Mangione Trio. Due to wider distribution of the small but high-quality GNP label, the album, recorded in early 1969, is now readily available in record stores.

Gap Mangione and his brother Chuck are musicians from upstate New York who had a very influential jazz combo in the early sixties, "The Jazz Brothers," which also featured Woody Herman's tenor saxophonist Sal Nistico. Chuck arranged some of the material for this record, and it is augmented by some of the best of New York's studio musicians, including trumpeters Clark Terry and Marvin Stamm. It got a lot of airplay the summer before last but never really got all of the recognition it deserved. Gap, who plays all of the keyboards, is a very creative jazzman and his trio is one of the most cohesive on the scene today. It benefits greatly from the presence of drummer Steve Gadd, who now plays for the Army's jazz band in Washington. A medley of things from The Graduate is one of the highlights of the album. It's worth looking for.

THE BEST OF GERALD WILSON (WORLD PACIFIC JAZZ) is just what the title implies, to the extent that you can single out highlights from among Gerald's vast number of great recordings. Gerald Wilson is one of the most talented and under-rated musicians on the west coast, and he has always been a prime force in big band jazz. The album is thoughtfully and skillfully edited and includes Viva Tirado, a composition which was one of Gerald's original hits and was recently made popular again by a Santana-like rock group, El Chicano.

Bret Stamps, a 1970 graduate of William and Mary, is now the staff arranger for the U.S. Army Field Band in Washington. The Field Band is the Army's official jazz unit, and it tours extensively.

Jazz fans are being confused by the complexities of corporate life. Transamerica, which owns United Artists and Liberty Records, decided to merge the jazz labels of each company. First UA Jazz and Solid State, the United Artists labels, were combined, as were Liberty's Pacific Jazz and World Pacific. At last report the UA conglomerate was merged into Liberty's Blue Note, and the World Pacific Jazz composite has all been thrown into the general Liberty catalog. Dissatisfaction was the result as pioneer record producer Dick Bock left Pacific Jazz, or Liberty, and formed his own company. Lee Morgan, an outstanding jazz trumpeter and Blue Note recording artist, implied at a concert last year for the Left Bank Jazz Society in Washington that many musicians are leaving the companies in a huff. Some of the artists from the four labels that stand to be affected are Kenny Burrell, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, Johnny Lytle, Buddy Rich, Gerald Wilson, and the Jazz Crusaders.

The Young-Holt Trio will be at the Cellar Door in Washington until February 27.

The annual recording by the North Texas State University Lab Band, the country's foremost college jazz orchestra, is a double record set and can be obtained by writing the school in Denton, Texas.



GIMME SHELTER

continued from page 1

Altamont. Just as it is ascribing too much importance to Woodstock to see it as the crystallization of the rock culture's aspirations (major disaster was only averted with the help of, of all people, the U.S. Army), so it is ridiculous to see Altamont as the beginning of the "death of rock," and presumably all that goes with it.

But that would be talking in real terms. The myths have thoroughly taken over, aided and abetted by the festival films. Woodstock and Gimme Shelter are both propaganda films rather than honest documentaries, even though both make half-hearted attempts to show the other side. Yet both succeed remarkably well in conveying the filmmaker's intent. I have seen Woodstock four times, and find myself responding to the same scenes over and over again: the construction of the stage, the mud slide freak-out, the thousands of people clapping in rhythm to Santana. I came away from Gimme Shelter feeling more brought down than the reality of the situation would warrant. The killing unfolds before your eyes, and you marvel at the impotence of these rock stars, who four months before had seemed to be the titans of a new peaceful empire. The violent myth wins in the end, and I now find it impossible to speak of Woodstock without at least a trace of irony.

It is probably pretentious to say that the film helps to remind us that we are only human, but it is true. We have the same faults as those we regularly castigate, and it is good to be reminded of this occasionally. Mick Jagger's face as he watches the killing is a reminder.

Myths do have their practical value. Woodstock will forever be remembered as the Good Trip, Altamont as the Bad Trip. Good

filmmaking has immortalized them in both cases, and hopefully we still have time to learn from both of them.

And one small sidelight: Gimme Shelter should effectively put an end to the genre of rock and roll films. And a good thing too. The thought of a whole stream of films detailing the adventures of Joe Cocker et al. is enough to curl the toes of even us rabid fans.

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Morrison's Troubled Soul

by Doug Green

Van Morrison is quite a unique performer. I saw him in concert with Sea Train and Janis Joplin at the University of Maryland this summer, and the audience reaction was mixed, to say the least. The ones up front really dug his performance, and after about half an hour, the ones in back began yelling for him to get off stage. I was in the middle. I wasn't wildly excited by everything that went down, but I was intrigued enough to want to hear more.

Morrison's new album is entitled Van Morrison, His Band, and the Street Choir, and it, like the performance, is uneven. Morrison is an excellent songwriter (for those of you who remember Way Back When, he was lead singer for Them and wrote "Gloria" and "Mystic Eyes"), but his song structures are not innovative, and too many of them convey the impression of having been heard before once too often. Still, there are several masterful songs on the album; among them "I've Been Working," "Virgo Clowns," "Gypsy Queen," and "Street Choir." The good material is good enough to outweigh the mediocre.

Morrison is a superb singer, one of the few whites who can sing rhythm and blues without

sounding ridiculous. His vocal phrasing, instrumentation, and song styles are borrowed (not stolen, as is usually the case) largely from black singers, nevertheless, his lyric orientation is highly personal and very revealing. His backup band is excellent (it is composed of rhythm and horns) and is very together and tight as well as loose and funky. Flat-out good, with heaps o' fine pickin'.

Morrison had a reputation a few years back for being a man with a troubled soul. Very little of that shows on Street Choir. He seems to have gotten himself together in much the same fashion as Dylan. A relaxed mood prevails, and small bits of studio talk are left in after some of the cuts (most of which appear to have been recorded without overdubs). Overpolish has killed many an album, and Morrison has fortunately avoided that trap.

Street Choir is a good, listenable album. Van Morrison is one of those performers who, working over the years without much fanfare, critical notice, public acclaim, or cash, has helped to raise the level of popular songwriting to its highest level. If you are a fan of rock and roll, Street Choir has much to recommend it to you.

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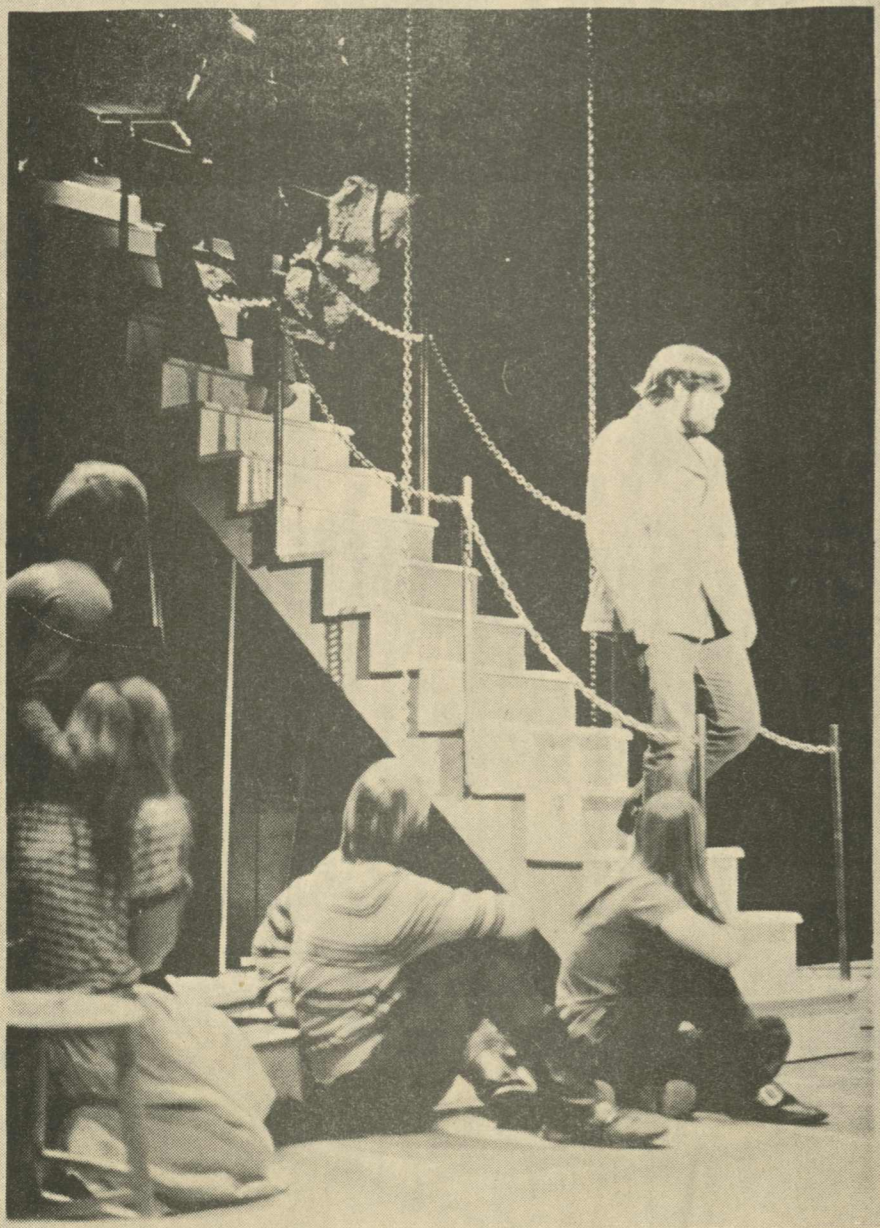
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Adding Final Touches To 'Man of La Mancha'



Theatrical Group Plans to Produce Musical 'Cabaret'

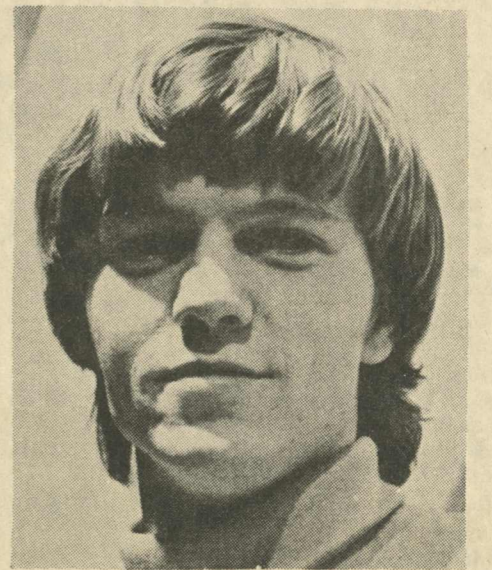
An interview with William Suber by Ron Payne

Q. Why did the Backdrop Club choose to do Cabaret?

A. It was always my favorite. I think we all felt that it is that kind of a show which not only allows but demands a dedication and excitement from the cast.

Q. Why is it your favorite?

A. First of all, it's unique. It, along with Company, is the only unique musical we know of right now. It tells of a time, a world really, that was completely a world of its own. A piece of history, yet it manages to remain extremely timely. For example, Van Druten's book gives nothing more than an example of that way of life. Somehow the musical has managed to show us how that way of life is also our own.



Q. What is the way of life that Cabaret deals with?

A. A man living in a world that's crumbling around him; and the tragic thing is almost anyone is able to leave that world or to change it, but most simply choose to stay on and smile. It points out how man can completely shroud his life with a pathy and a search for personal pleasure which can result in his own destruction. This is the reason Sally Bowles can say "Politics doesn't concern us" and believe it.

Q. What, in your opinion, does the M.C. represent?

A. I think, on a very basic level, he represents the decadence of Berlin at this time and dramatically he creates the cabaret atmosphere, more than any other character. None of the characters realizes what he is and the audience is constantly reminded of his decadence and degeneracy. Therefore the audience is put in the position, by the M.C., of being able to influence what he represents, and the audience is horrified because they are unconsciously responding to the same influences in operation today. He's a bridge between the characters and the spectators, between the dreams of an idealistic Cliff, or a politically naive Sally, and the realities of Hitler's imminent destruction of those dreams.

Q. Why should the student of William and Mary see Cabaret?

A. It is certainly an important play, having won countless major awards. It deals with something serious and important to people today, especially to the young who are still able to attempt changing what they think is wrong. It doesn't sing about pretty girls in Atlantic City, or even Impossible Dreams, but possible dreams and possible destruction. It's a damn good show.

Cabaret will be produced by the Backdrop Club, and will be directed by William Suber.

Tryouts - March 9 and 10 at PBK Hall.

Acting and Singing - March 9, 3-6 pm, and March 10, 7-10 pm.

Dance - March 9, 3-6 pm and 7-10 pm.